

The Best Of

SUPER CLASH

[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 the sounds of some high energy synth come up as we fade to a studio set with a giant version of the SuperClash logo hanging in the background. On the set sits two chairs facing one another with a coffee table between them. Sitting in one of the chairs, taking a hit of coffee from an AWA mug (available at AWAShop.com now) before putting it down on the aforementioned table is AWA interviewer extraordinaire, Sweet Lou Blackwell, in a black suit with white dress shirt and bright red tie. He grins as the lights come up, the music fades, and the show is his to begin.]

SLB: Hello everyone, and a good evening to you wherever you may be. My name, of course, is Sweet Lou Blackwell and this is The Best of SuperClash. As you all know, the AWA's biggest event of the year, SuperClash VIII, is just a few days away

at this point - coming to you LIVE on Thanksgiving Night from the Superdome in New Orleans and if you don't have your ticket already, forget about it because that show is SOLD OUT, fans! Of course, you can still join us LIVE on Pay Per View - check with your local cable or satellite operator for more details on that. But tonight, we're not going to be looking forward to the big event on Thanksgiving... we're going to be taking a look back at the history of the show they call SuperClash.

[We cut to a closeup of Lou, the logo now over his shoulder in an on-screen graphic.]

SLB: Now, as many of you know, the first year that the AWA was around in 2008 - there wasn't a SuperClash at all! We did have a show that year on Thanksgiving but it went by a different name altogether... so it was Thanksgiving Night in 2009 from the Dallas Memorial Auditorium that wrestling fans all over the world got to celebrate the very first SuperClash. And on that night on good ol' WKIK, this is what fans saw as SuperClash went on the air for the very first time.

[The shot of Blackwell fades out and is replaced by a blackened screen and the soft piano opening to Guns N' Roses' "November Rain." The voice of Gordon Myers is heard over the start.]

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

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

The night when all the biggest matches were held.

The night where careers were built and legends were made.

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

On this night, the AWA returns to those days for the biggest event of 2009. It is SuperClash."

[Slowly, a black and white shot of Rough N Ready doing battle with the Bishop Boys fades in.]

"It is SuperClash where a bitter blood feud sees its' final showdown."

[The shot is replaced by a slowly fading still montage of the ten men in the Steal The Spotlight Showdown.]

"It is SuperClash where ten men will attempt to seize the day to become the next big thing in our industry..."

[An old still photo of a bloodied Mark Langseth clinging to a golden title belt appears.]

"...and one man takes the first step on a long road back to the top of the mountain."

[Langseth is replaced by Raphael Rhodes with a photo of a smirking Ben Waterson nearby.]

"It is SuperClash where one man must make a career-defining decision..."

[The powerhouse, Gary Bright, on one side of the screen while the mighty Tumaffi stands on the other.]

"...and two others battle in a career-defining clash of titans."

[Kevin Slater. Shane Destiny. Pure X.]

"It is SuperClash that can reveal the destiny for the past, the present, and the future of our sport."

[Fade to a sneering Calisto Dufresne and Adrian Freeman - and then add in City Jack with his eye heavily bandaged.]

"It is SuperClash where one man defies the doctors, the promoters, and the fans to step into the ring with two men who would like nothing more than to end his career on this Thanksgiving night."

[And finally, to a shot of the AWA National Champion Stevie Scott and his top challenger, Juan Vasquez.]

"It is SuperClash where a champion battles all the odds and a challenger strives to prove that HE is the best in the world."

It is SuperClash where careers are made.

It is SuperClash where legends are built.

It is SuperClash where memories are forged in the fires of competition."

[The SuperClash logo slowly fades in.]

"It is SuperClash...

...and it has arrived."

[As we fade from the logo to a shot of the screaming Dallas crowd, Sweet Lou's voice comes through in a voiceover.]

SLB: There was a lot of tremendous action that night in Dallas, fans... but one match that stands out to me on that night was City Jack risking permanent injury to stand alongside his partner, Tin Can Rust, when they did battle with the team that tried to end Jack's career - Calisto Dufresne and Adrian Freeman. Let's take a look...

[We cut to a shot of the ring where Melissa Cannon, then the AWA's ring announcer, is standing.]

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

[Big cheer!]

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

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

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

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

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

BW: Brilliant, isn't it?

GM: Disgusting if you ask me.

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

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

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

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

MC: And their opponents...

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

MC: At a total combined weight of 583 pounds... City Jack and Tin Can Rust...

KENTUCKY'S PRIIIIIIDE!

[The cheers get louder as Tin Can Rust and City Jack steps out from the entrance. Both men have a look of business tonight, ready for a fight in this Unsanctioned match. Rust is dressed as usual in his black wrestling tights and boots, with a simple "Kentucky's Pride" black t-shirt. He also wears his half of the AWA tag titles around his waist.

Jack wears his normal wrestling garb of a dark brown wrestling singlet, black boots, sweatbands around his forearms, and a black "Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death" t-shirt. He has his title belt over his shoulder - for a moment - before shooting it up into the sky as he and Rust walk down to the ring.]

GM: Now these two men look ready for a fight!

BW: Are you kidding me? Rust looks like a man who had his Jello stolen at the old folks' home. And City Jack is a right hand to the eyeball away from being half the man that Stevie Wonder is!

GM: Give me a break! That's disgusting!

[When the two finally get to the ring, they look at each other and nod, before finally ascending the step and making their way through the ropes.]

GM: Listen to these fans... to this crowd... this place is going nuts for Kentucky's Pride! What an atmosphere we've got going on here tonight in Dallas for SuperClash! This truly is the biggest night of the year!

[City Jack stands in the corner, glaring across the ring at Dufresne and Freeman before handing his title belt over to the official...

...and then SPRINTING across the ring, cocking his arm back for a Metropill and taking a full swing at Calisto Dufresne who throws himself through the ropes to the floor alongside his partner!]

GM: Oh yeah! Oh yeah! Injured eye or not - City Jack is ready for a fight! He wants Dufresne... he wants him so badly! These two have had a blood feud raging for YEARS and tonight, we may finally see it come to an end, Bucky.

BW: It has to end, Gordo. I don't think either of these two men can truly be happy in this business until they put the other on the shelf for good. That's how much these two men hate one another.

GM: The referee is forcing City Jack back... trying to keep him at bay so the challengers can get back inside the ring...

[Referee Marty Meekly gets Jack to retreat back to his own corner where a surprisingly calm Tin Can Rust talks to his partner, trying to settle him down a little bit. Rust huddles up with Jack, talking softly to him to which Jack replies with a nod but keeps his eyes locked across the ring where Dufresne and Freeman are getting back to their corner.]

GM: It looks like Adrian Freeman's going to start it off for his squad... and yes, Tin Can Rust has managed to get City Jack out of the ring so he can start the match.

BW: That's the smart way to do it. City Jack's injured, he's hurt, and he can't be the usual contributor in there. BUT... at some point, Rust will have to tag him in and who knows what'll happen then.

GM: That's for sure.

[Marty Meekly signals for the bell as Tin Can Rust marches out of the corner to the middle of the ring, glaring at Adrian Freeman who is taking a few last words from Dufresne before walking out to the middle as well.]

GM: We've got ourselves a staredown! Right in the middle of the ring!

BW: Adrian Freeman has no fear of a man bigger than him. Everyone he's ever fought has been bigger than him...

[The Australian is full of fire, running his mouth in the direction of the champ...

...and then makes the mistake of jabbing a finger in the chest of Tin Can Rust, eating a hooking haymaker to the jaw that knocks him flat in response!]

GM: Ohh! What a right hand by Tin Can Rust!

[Freeman scoots back to the corner, hands raised in defense as Rust stalks over him, waiting to take another shot...

...and then lunges forward in a double leg takedown, fighting for it, and then managing to trip Rust, knocking him down to the mat where Freeman crawls across him, frantically throwing fists at the face of the veteran.]

GM: Freeman showing some of those technical skills. We saw Shane Destiny and Pure X out here a little earlier and we talked about them perhaps being the best technicians in the game. Well, this is the other man in that argument.

[Scrambling to his feet, Freeman throws stomp after stomp after stomp down on Tin Can Rust. He reaches down, hauling Rust to his feet and blasting him with a back elbow to put TCR against the ropes.]

GM: Whip by the challenger... no, reversed!

[The Australian hits the ropes, rebounding off the other side...

...and a BIIIIIIIG backdrop sends Freeman flying through the air before he crashes down to the canvas in a heap!]

GM: Ohhh my! Freeman was up in the lights on that one!

[Freeman staggers up to his feet by the ropes...

...and a running clothesline takes the Australian over the ropes and down to the floor! Huge cheer!]

GM: Oh yeah! Tin Can Rust dumps him over the top to the floor!

BW: And this is Unsanctioned... so Rust could follow him out there and wallop him with a chair, choke him with a camera cable, smash him with the ring bell... anything goes in this one!

GM: It looks like Rust is staying in the ring though. He's glaring out over the ropes at Freeman but he's not following him out there for the fight. Not yet at least.

[Out on the apron, City Jack drops down to the floor, quickly moving around the corner to where Freeman is down on the barely-padded concrete...

...and snatches Freeman off the floor, cracking him with a right hand to a big cheer!]

GM: Whoa! City Jack's taking the fight to Freeman on the floor!

[He grabs Freeman by the hair, slamming his face into the ring apron as Marty Meekly shouts for Jack to get back to his corner. An angry Jack shoves Freeman under the ropes where Tin Can Rust is waiting with a series of stomps to the body.]

GM: Rust dragging Freeman up off the mat, shoving him back into a neutral corner...

[Rust steps back, throwing a hooking punch to the body. A second one lands as well, causing a dull "SMACK!" to echo through the building before Rust throws a back elbow into the corner.]

GM: Good grief! Rust is all over him and Adrian Freeman may be regretting getting into this match right now. Rust drags him out of the corner...

[The veteran hoists Freeman into the air, slamming him down on the mat...

...and points a warning finger at Calisto Dufresne before stomping down hard on the head of Freeman.]

GM: He's sending a message to Dufresne... telling him this is coming for him too...

[With Freeman on the mat, Rust hops up, dropping an elbow down across the chest before rolling over into a lateral press.]

GM: There's one! Two!

[Freeman fires a shoulder off the mat at two. City Jack shouts a few words from the corner at his partner who looks over, shaking his head at the master of the Metroboom.]

GM: I think Jack just told Rust not to cover him yet. We know how much Tin Can Rust loves those tag titles and how much he wants to keep them. They've held those titles for close to a full year now, Bucky, and Tin Can Rust wants to keep them even longer.

BW: Yeah, but City Jack wants to punish these guys. He wants to hurt them like they hurt him. Can you really blame him?

GM: I can understand his feelings but at the end of the day, they need to keep the titles so Rust is doing the right thing.

[Rust drags Freeman off the mat, shoving him back to the neutral corner...

...and POPS Freeman across the chest with a big chop!]

GM: Ohh! Big chop by the champ...

[Grabbing Freeman by the hair, Rust hauls him out of the corner, firing him across the ring...]

GM: The Australian off the ropes... ducks the clothesline...

[And gets CREAMED with a right hand from City Jack to a big cheer!]

GM: Jack caught him! Haha! And these fans are loving it!

BW: Who cares what the fans think?! Freeman needs to make the tag to the Ladykiller! Get him out of there!

[The camera catches Rust shaking his head at his partner again as Jack extends his hand, calling for the tag.]

GM: City Jack wants the tag but I think... it looks like Tin Can Rust isn't so willing to do that. He's trying to protect his partner from further injury and who can blame him for that, Bucky?

BW: How much longer is Jack going to tolerate being handled though?

[Rust drags Freeman off the mat again, firing him into the neutral corner. City Jack shouts in Rust's direction, actually drawing TCR's attention for a moment before he charges in...

...and runs RIGHT into the buckles as Freeman sidesteps the charge!]

GM: Ohh! Rust hits the buckles!

BW: That was City Jack's fault! Jack caused him to hesitate on the charge to the corner and Rust paid the price for it!

GM: Rust is dazed and...

[Freeman THROWS himself into a huge Lariat that knocks Rust off his feet, taking him down to the mat. The Australian pushes up to his knees, shaking his head before crawling over to slap the hand of Calisto Dufresne to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: And for the first time in this one, here comes the Ladykiller.

[Dufresne immediately goes to work with kicks to the ribs of Rust, over and over to the right side of the body. He winds up and drops a knee in the same spot, pressing his weight down on the knee into the ribcage.]

GM: Dufresne's going after the ribs of the champion.

BW: He's trying to take the air out of him... trying to force him to bring City Jack into the match...

GM: The Ladykiller's back to his feet...

[A hard stomp to the ribs sends a shout up from Tin Can Rust. Dufresne smirks as he stalks around his downed prey, circling him...

...and then drives another hard stomp into the ribs. City Jack shouts encouragement to his partner from across the ring, clapping his hands to try to rally his friend.]

GM: Jack's trying to get his partner up... trying to rally him and-

[And Dufresne takes the opportunity to mock City Jack, clapping his hands just like Jack did a moment prior...

...which brings City Jack into the ring, full of fire as he tries to get to Dufresne.]

GM: Here comes Jack! Here comes- no! The referee cut him off!

BW: Let him go! This is Unsanctioned!

[Marty Meekly manages to get between Jack and Dufresne, wrapping his arms around Jack's waist and trying to keep him at bay. A grinning Dufresne waves "goodbye" to Jack before leaping up and dropping another knee down into the ribcage of Tin Can Rust.]

GM: Dufresne is such a pompous jerk, Bucky. I'm sorry but it's true.

BW: He never denied that, Gordo.

GM: Kneeling on the ribs now...

[Balling up his fist, Dufresne slams down hammerfist blows into the ribcage over and over... and then a straight punch to the ribs to polish off the attack. The Ladykiller gets back to his feet, smirking at City Jack who has been removed from the ring.]

"This one's for you, Jack!"

[And delivers a PUNISHING punt kick to the ribcage that causes Rust to roll under the ropes to the ring apron.]

GM: Rust is out on the apron now...

[Dufresne quickly dashes to the ropes, bouncing off, and dropping down into a baseball slide that connects with the same injured ribs, knocking Rust off the apron

and down to the floor where Adrian Freeman quickly joins him, stomping and kicking the ribs as well.]

GM: Come on, referee!

BW: Unsanctioned!

GM: I know, but, there's gotta be some enforcement of the rules, doesn't there?

[Out on the floor, Freeman hauls Rust off the barely-padded concrete, wrapping his arms around the waist...

...and DRIVES Rust spinefirst into the ring apron!]

GM: Ohhh!

[With Rust leaning against the apron, Calisto Dufresne unravels a strip of white tape from his wrist, leaning through the ropes to loop it around Rust's throat!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[The referee protests as Dufresne pulls up on the tape, effectively strangling Tin Can Rust while Freeman continues to throw forearm smashes to the body of the veteran.]

GM: Rust is being doubleteamed with a vicious assault by Dufresne and Freeman! The challengers have come to fight as well!

[After a bit, Dufresne releases the tape allowing Rust to slump down to his knees on the floor. Across the ring, City Jack pleads with his partner to get back to his feet.]

GM: Freeman's still out on the floor with Rust, dragging him up now...

[He grabs Rust by the wrist, FIRING him into the steel barricade with an Irish whip!]

GM: Ohhh! Rust hits the steel right there!

[Freeman climbs back up on the apron as Dufresne steps through the ropes, dropping down to the floor...

...and kicking a wide open Rust in the ribs!]

GM: Good grief! This is an out and out assault on the ribs and back of Tin Can Rust by the challengers and City Jack is living and dying with every blow in the corner!

[Dufresne strikes a boxer pose, bobbing and weaving to mock the crowd as he throws looping hooks to the injured ribs over and over and over. After a bit, he pulls Rust off the railing by the hair, dragging him over to the ringpost and shoving him back against it.]

GM: What in the world is he doing now?

[Leaning over, Dufresne rushes in and DRIVES his shoulder into the ribs of Rust, smashing him back against the steel!]

GM: Ohhh!

BW: He's gonna break Rust in half... and then count his rings to see how old he REALLY is!

GM: Would you stop?

[Dufresne backs off, ready to strike again but Rust is doubled up. He waves his hand, shouting "Get up!" to the man who is one-half of the National Tag Team Titles but Rust stays down, actually falling to a knee.]

GM: Rust can't even stand up out there on the floor right now...

[A disgusted Dufresne moves in, yanking Rust off the mat by the hair...

...and EATING a right hand for his efforts, getting knocked down to the thin padding! Big cheer!]

GM: And I think Tin Can Rust might have been playing a little bit of possum, Bucky!

[Stepping forward, Rust grabs the legs of Dufresne under his arms and falls back with them, catapulting Dufresne up...

...and RIGHT into the steel ringpost!]

GM: OHHH! DUFRESNE TO THE STEEL!!

[The Ladykiller is stunned, clinging to the ringpost to stay on his feet as Rust slowly gets up, clutching his ribs. Grabbing Dufresne by the trunks, he fires him under the ropes before climbing back up on the apron.]

GM: Rust is on the apron...

[But before he can get back in, Freeman races down the apron and clubs him with a forearm to the back of the head. A couple more blows follow before Freeman grabs the top rope and jerks back on it, snapping Rust off the apron...

...and down into a heap on the floor!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHHH!

BW: I love it! Kentucky's Pride, even in an Unsanctioned match seem to have trouble breaking the rules but Freeman and Dufresne... this is like a new level of freedom for them! Dufresne was in trouble but Freeman just saved him and put Rust down and down HARD, daddy!

GM: Tin Can Rust got snapped back off the ring apron and hit that thinly-padded concrete VERY hard! And the National Tag Team Champions are in some serious trouble at this stage in the match.

[Freeman drops down to the floor, dragging Rust to his feet and rolling him under the ropes where he shouts at Dufresne to make a cover. A dazed Dufresne dives across Rust in a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[The crowd breathes a collective sigh of relief as City Jack slips in and buries a forearm on the back of Dufresne's neck to break the pin...

...and sticks around to throw a few more right hands at the Ladykiller before Marty Meekly intervenes once more, forcing City Jack away from Dufresne and back to the corner...

...which allows Adrian Freeman to illegally enter the match, kicking Rust repeatedly in the ribs before making his exit again.]

GM: The referee was distracted and that allowed Freeman to do some damage...

[Pushing off the mat, Dufresne delivers a few kicks of his own before dragging Rust by the foot to the corner where he slaps the hand of Freeman.]

GM: There's the tag by the challengers... Freeman back into the match legally now...

[A hard kick to the ribs forces Rust to roll over to his stomach where Freeman drops a knee down in the spine. Kneeling on the lower back, he reaches over to grab a handful of Rust's face, yanking back into a modified surfboard.]

GM: Ohh! This is a very painful hold for Rust to be in - especially with the injuries to the ribs and back he's suffered in this match so far.

BW: Listen to him screaming at Rust to quit... demanding he give it up...

GM: There's no way... no chance that Kentucky's Pride submit to these jackals...

[After a few more moments, Freeman climbs to his feet, glaring at Rust who finally starts to try and crawl to his corner where City Jack is waiting.]

GM: And for the first time, we see Tin Can Rust looking to his corner, knowing he needs to make a tag to City Jack...

[City Jack slaps the top turnbuckle, shouting encouragement to his partner as Rust continues to crawl...

...until a leaping elbowdrive to the kidneys cuts him off!]

GM: Ohh! Another hard shot to the lower back by Adrian Freeman!

[And with Rust already on his belly, Freeman straddles him facing away, reaching down to grab the legs and crank back in a Boston Crab!]

GM: Boston Crab! The Boston Crab is applied by Freeman! And if he drops down to a knee, putting even more pressure on the spine, it'll be the Deep Freeze - something we've seen him finish off a lot of opponents with.

BW: If he slaps on the Deep Freeze, we've got new National Tag Team Champions, daddy!

GM: You could be right about that!

[Freeman cranks back, screaming with effort as he tries to wrench the back even more but Rust is fighting it every step of the way, using his powerful legs to push back, avoiding giving Freeman enough leverage to drop down to a knee and sink in the Deep Freeze!]

GM: Rust is fighting it... this veteran... this warrior... he's fighting the Boston Crab!

BW: Freeman continues to scream at him to quit... ordering him to give it up...

GM: But Rust isn't doing it! Rust is crawling... inching closer to his partner!

[The crowd roars as Rust drags Freeman across the ring, his fingernails digging into the canvas as he pulls his body closer and closer to his waiting friend and partner...]

GM: These fans are on their feet, cheering him on... trying to inspire him to get there...

[But when he gets too close, Freeman simply turns the Crab over...

...and drags him by both legs across the ring towards their own corner where he slaps the hand of Calisto Dufresne.]

GM: Well, there's a tag but it's not the tag these fans wanted to see.

[Freeman pulls Rust off the mat, blasting him with a forearm to the jaw that knocks him back to the buckles as Dufresne comes in. The Ladykiller pulls Rust out of the corner and into a double underhook.]

GM: What's he going for here...?

[Dufresne hoists Rust into the air, flipping him over, and dropping him DOWN across a bent knee!]

GM: Ohhh! Some kind of double underhook into a backbreaker!

BW: That might do it!

GM: We've got one! We've got two! And ohhhh so close but Rust gets the shoulder up at two!

[An angry Dufresne throws a few clenched fists to the jaw before climbing back to his feet. He points at City Jack before leaning down to drag Rust back to his feet, whipping him into the neutral corner. With a pump of his fist, Dufresne charges across the ring, hopping up to the midbuckle where he mocking pumps his fist again before throwing right hands at the skull of Rust.]

BW: Haha! Dufresne is counting off his punches in the corner!

GM: He's the only one. He thinks this is funny but he's the only one laughing.

BW: I thought it was funny.

GM: Why am I not surprised by that?

[At the count of ten, he pauses, mockingly trying to rally the fans...

...which allows Rust just a heartbeat of time to duck out from under Dufresne, reaching up to grab the back of the trunks, and HURL him down off the ropes and onto the back of his head on the canvas!]

GM: Oh yeah! Oh yeah! Rust puts him down hard!

BW: He pulled the tights!

GM: Whatever it takes in this one, Bucky... whatever it takes....

BW: I'll remember you said that!

[Rust immediately falls to all fours, looking up at his friend and partner who still has his hand outstretched. With the crowd roaring for the exchange, Rust starts to crawl across the ring once more. On the other side of the ring, Dufresne rolls over to his stomach, also trying to crawl across the ring and make the tag.]

GM: And we've got a race on our hands! Who can make the tag first?

BW: Dufresne's closer to the corner!

GM: But these fans are solidly behind Kentucky's Pride! They want to see City Jack in there so badly! They want to see him exact some payback on these two jackals!

[With the roaring crowd on their feet, Rust draws closer and closer...]

GM: TAG! Dufresne brings in Freeman!

[The Australian stumbles coming through the ropes in a hurry, sprinting across the ring to...

...an ENORMOUS CHEER as Tin Can Rust makes a DIVING tag!]

GM: HEEEEEEERE WE GO!

[City Jack enters the ring, fire in his eyes. Adrian Freeman immediately throws on the brakes, trying to backpedal...

...and getting MOWED over with a running clothesline from City Jack!]

GM: Freeman goes down and-

[Jack approaches the challengers' corner, reaching over the top rope to yank Dufresne to his feet on the apron...

...and hiptosses him over the ropes into the ring as well!]

GM: He brings Dufresne in the hard way!

[A fired-up City Jack leans down to slap the canvas with both hands and then points right at a kneeling, pleading Dufresne!]

GM: Now you want mercy? Now you want forgiveness?!

[Jack shakes his head, approaching Dufresne...

...who springs to his feet, trying to throw a right hand but has it blocked and countered with a right hand of his own!]

GM: Ohh! Big haymaker by City Jack!

[A series of haymakers knocks Dufresne back into the corner where Jack grabs him by the arm, whipping him from corner to corner, and charging in after him...

...where he slightly leaps at the last moment, crushing Dufresne in the corner with a big splash!]

GM: OHHHH! RUNNING CORNER SPLASH!!

[Pumped up, Jack does a little jig before pulling Freeman off the mat, whipping him to the opposite neutral corner, and charging right in again...

...SQUASHING Freeman in the buckles with another running splash!]

GM: Dufresne and Freeman are getting rocked by City Jack and he's all over the place in there!

[Jack promptly hops up to the midbuckle over Dufresne, pumping a clenched fist before raining punches down on the nefarious Ladykiller!]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Jack hops down off the midbuckle, leaving a dazed Dufresne in the corner...

...and then points at Freeman to the roar of the crowd. He marches across the ring, stepping up to the second rope again.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[And then drops back down, grinning at the reaction of the crowd. He grabs Freeman by the back of the head, dragging him out of the corner...

...and HURLING him over the top rope and down to the floor!]

GM: OHHH! HE CLEARS OUT FREEMAN!

[Marching across the ring, he grabs Dufresne by the hair as well...

...and HURLS him over the top rope, right out on top of his partner!]

GM: The challengers have been cleared from the ring by City Jack and-

BW: This could be a HUGE mistake!

GM: City Jack's going out after them!

[Tearing through the ropes, City Jack drops down to the barely-padded concrete. He reaches down to drag both men back to their feet...

...and SMASHES their skulls together to the cheers of the crowd! Freeman stumbles away, falling to his knees near the timekeeper's table while Dufresne falls back into the barricade.]

GM: Jack's on a rampage, Bucky!

BW: I may not like the man but you gotta understand his thinking tonight. These two tried to take his eye... take his vision... take his livelihood. Of course you're going to do whatever it takes to get even.

[Moving over to Freeman, Jack yanks him up by the hair, and SLAMS his face into the ringside table! With Freeman laid out across the table, Jack spins around to move towards Dufresne.]

GM: Jack's taking them both on at the same time! Rust is hurting and his partner is all over both of their challengers...

[Jack grabs Dufresne by the wrist and with a quick gesture of his hand, he has some ringside photographers clear out before he goes for an Irish whip...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by Dufresne!

[The big whip by Dufresne sends Jack smashing into the ringside steel barricade, leaning against the metal as Dufresne drops to a knee, trying to catch a breather.]

GM: Jack hits the railing hard... here comes the Ladykiller!

[With a head of steam, Dufresne tears across the ringside area, racing towards the stunned Jack...]

...who drops his head down HURLING the Ladykiller over the barricade and down into a heap in the crowd at ringside!]

GM: OHHHH! INTO THE CROWD!

[The crowd continues to roar as Jack collapses to a knee inside the railing while Dufresne lies motionless just beyond the barricade, ringside fans barraging him with harsh words and more than a few beverages.]

GM: City Jack dropped his head and threw Dufresne into the crowd, Bucky!

BW: Well, this match is Unsanctioned so anything goes out there but I'm not too sure that City Jack wants this match to be THAT much of a street fight. He's still a badly injured competitor that becomes a lot more vulnerable outside the ring.

[Getting back to his feet, Jack steps over the railing, moving in on his fallen rival...]

...who POPS up, driving a balled fist into the groin of the Kentucky native!]

GM: OHHH! LOW BLOW, BUCKY!

BW: Anything goes! Unsanctioned, daddy!

GM: That'll drop anyone in the game and City Jack is down on his knees from that one. Calisto Dufresne was waiting for him and made him pay the price for coming out after him.

[The Ladykiller grabs Jack by the head, dragging him over towards a vacated steel chair...]

...and SMASHES Jack's skull into the chairseat!]

GM: Facefirst to the steel! Dufresne drives him to the steel!

[Leaving Jack's face draped on the seat of the chair, Dufresne steps up onto the adjacent seat, looking out over the jeering crowd...

...and STOMPS on the back of the head, driving Jack's face into the steel again!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Hey, City Jack would be doing the EXACT same thing if he had the chance, Gordo.

GM: You could be right, Bucky, but right now it's Calisto Dufresne doing the damage. Two shots into that steel chair... either of which could have gone right after that injured eye.

BW: All's fair when the National Tag Team Titles are on the line.

[Still standing on the chair, Dufresne smirks at the reaction of the crowd and shouts out "ONE MORE TIME?"]

GM: Look at this guy... trying to get under the skin of the crowd now...

[The Ladykiller raises his boot again, holding it high to taunt the crowd...

...but as he brings it down, City Jack rolls over, catching the foot in his hands!]

GM: Jack caught him! Jack caught the foot!

[Dufresne struggles against City Jack's grip, trying to free himself...

...but Jack pushes up, shoving Dufresne off-balance and sending him spilling over the row of seats and into the next!]

GM: Oh yeah! Jack upends Dufresne!

[And immediately dives on top of him, throwing right hands as quickly as he can on Dufresne's skull. The Ladykiller is sprawled out over a row of seats, fans all around screaming for City Jack as he pummels his most hated enemy.]

GM: Listen to these fans! They're on their feet screaming for City Jack as he feeds Dufresne a knuckle sandwich time and time again out in the crowd!

[Grabbing Dufresne by the hair, Jack SLAMS the back of his head into the seat of the chair!]

GM: Good grief!

[Still holding the hair, Jack repeats the act, sending a loud "CLANG!" into the air from the impact. Jack climbs off the chair, pulling Dufresne up a bit, and then draping his throat across the back of the chair...]

GM: He's choking Dufresne on the chair!

[The camera spins around Dufresne, seeing a rapidly turning red face as the Ladykiller struggles against City Jack who continues to strangle him on top of the metal chair...

...and then DRIVES an elbow down to the back of the neck, smashing the throat against the steel.]

GM: Dufresne's getting a little of his own medicine tonight at SuperClash, Bucky.

BW: Well, I hope the Ladykiller was ready for a fight like this because City Jack's bringing the fight to him so far in this one.

GM: Jack hauls him up by the hair again... ohh! What a right hand!

[The impact of the haymaker sends Dufresne stumbling away, down the row of seats towards the entrance aisleway.]

GM: Dufresne gets popped and Jack's in hot pursuit...

[Another huge haymaker sends Dufresne falling backwards a few more steps, clearing the row of seats and leaning against the thin rope diving the crowd from the aisle as Jack follows him there.]

GM: The Ladykiller's on his feet but he looks like he's starting to- OHHH! Another right hand!

[The impact of this hooking haymaker sends Dufresne sprawling over the rope, crashing to a heap on the floor...

...where Jack yanks him to a seated position, looping the aisle rope around his neck!]

GM: Whoa! City Jack has snapped!

[The crowd roars as Jack pulls up hard on the rope, leaving red welts behind where the rope is rubbing against the neck and throat of Dufresne. The Ladykiller tries to slip his fingers under the rope, trying to take away some of the leverage that the big Kentuckian is putting to good use.]

GM: Jack's trying to strangle Dufresne! Maybe all those attacks on City Jack aren't seeming like such a good idea to Calisto Dufresne anymore, Bucky!

BW: You're probably right on that one. Where in the world is Adrian Freeman in all this?!

[Jack releases the rope after a bit, pulling the gasping Dufresne back to his feet, hooking him under the arm...

...and HURLING him through the air in a hiptoss, throwing him down onto the row of steel chairs!]

GM: OHHHHHH!

BW: That'll send you straight to the chiropractor, daddy!

GM: It certainly will and I can barely hear myself think right now, Bucky! These fans are going absolutely nuts for everything that City Jack does!

[Working his way through the crowd, Jack grabs the downed Dufresne by the hair, yanking him off the chairs and into the aisle...

...where the Australian, Adrian Freeman, is waiting to blindside Jack with a lunging forearm to the back of the head!]

GM: Ohhh! And you asked where Adrian Freeman is... I think we just got an answer to that...

BW: We certainly did and a brilliant sense of timing for Freeman!

GM: Freeman's all over Jack, stomps and kicks to the head...

[After a bit of stomping, the Australian grabs Dufresne and together, they hoist Jack back to his feet, dragging him towards the ringside barricade.]

GM: It looks like the challengers are trying to get Jack back in there now...

[Near the railing, they both hook Jack under the arm, hiptossing him over the barricade and onto the thin padding at ringside!]

GM: Ohhh! Down HARD on the back! And now the two challengers are climbing over- wait a second!

[An elderly ringside fan rises from his aisle seat, screaming at Dufresne, waving his wooden cane back and forth...]

BW: Hey look! Dave Cooper's out at ringside!

GM: Would you stop?

[The Ladykiller turns his attention away from Jack for a moment...

...and SHOVES the fan in the chest, knocking him backwards into a couple of other fans who get right up in the Ladykiller's face as well!]

GM: We could have a situation out here, fans. We may need to get-

[Smirking, Dufresne leans over to snatch up the fallen wooden cane, pointing it at the elderly fan before hurdling the railing, taking the cane with him.]

GM: Dufresne just stole that fan's cane!

BW: The old man had it coming. He's lucky that's all that happened to him.

[With Dufresne trailing behind, Freeman fires City Jack under the bottom rope, rolling in behind him. The Ladykiller climbs up on the ring apron, stepping through the ropes, spinning the wooden cane round and round the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: I don't like the looks of this one bit.

[A quick cut reveals Tin Can Rust finally climbing back up on the ring apron, leaning over the ropes clutching his ribs as he shouts for his partner to make a tag.]

GM: Tin Can Rust wants a tag but I'm not sure if that's a good idea. He doesn't look much better than Jack does, Bucky.

BW: Both of these old-timers look to be a misstep away from tumbling into an open grave, daddy.

GM: Wait a second... what in the world is he...?

[The crowd buzzes with concern as Freeman hauls City Jack up to his feet, holding him steady by the back of the head, turning his face slightly to face Calisto Dufresne...

...who taps the cane on the canvas, imitating a blind man as he "tries to find" City Jack.]

GM: Disgusting.

BW: Kinda funny if you ask me.

GM: Freeman's holding Jack... holding him there for- no!

[Dufresne pauses, rearing back with the wooden cane...

...and SMASHES it down across the heavily bandaged eye of City Jack!]

GM: OHHHHHH!

BW: I think I heard that cane crack!

GM: City Jack dropped like he'd been shot, Bucky!

[The veteran crumples to the canvas, both arms immediately up over his face, trying to protect the eye. A smirking Calisto Dufresne walks around the downed City Jack, still clutching the cane as he glares down at his rival...

...totally oblivious as Tin Can Rust races into the ring!]

GM: Rust is in!

[Rust POPS an attacking Freeman with a right hand, knocking him off his feet. He spins around, hightailing it towards Dufresne...

...who bails from the ring JUST in time!]

GM: That coward Dufresne bailed out of the ring... Tin Can Rust is LIVID!

[Scampering to his feet, Freeman charges in again...

...and gets caught under the arm of Tin Can Rust who spins around in a full 360 before DRIVING Freeman down to the canvas with a sidewalk slam!]

GM: OHHHH! CAN CRUSHER!!

[Rust throws himself across Freeman, reaching back to hook the leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE- OHHH! DUFRESNE BREAKS UP THE PIN!!

[The Ladykiller immediately starts stomping and kicking the downed Tin Can Rust. He grabs Rust by the wrist, dragging him to his feet, and firing him into the ropes.]

GM: Irish whip by Dufresne... boot to the gut...

[Stepping into a front facelock, Dufresne sets for his finishing DDT...

...but Rust straightens up, backdropping the Ladykiller up and over!]

GM: Oh my! What a counter by the champ and-

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: SLEEPER! RUST HOOKS THE SLEEPER!

[Dufresne immediately starts firing his arms back and forth, trying to escape the tight sleeperhold applied by the tough and grizzled veteran.]

GM: Rust is trying to cut off the flow of blood to the brain... trying to crimp that neck and put the Ladykiller down!

BW: Dufresne needs to get out of this and he needs to do it fast! The referee has lost all sense of who is the legal man so he's counting pinfalls on Freeman one second and submissions on Dufresne the next! This is totally out of control!

GM: Well, we knew it would be. This is Unsanctioned and anything and everything goes in this one!

[With the crowd roaring, Rust swings Dufresne back and forth, trying to take all the wind out of his sails, trying to tighten his grip on the AWA National Tag Team Titles.]

GM: Rust has him in the middle of the ring! Marty Meekly is right there to check... he's trying to check on Dufresne but Rust is swingin' him around like a rag doll!

BW: This is bad! This is real bad!

GM: Tin Can Rust has those big arms around the neck and-

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE BROKE THE CANE!! HE BROKE THE CANE!!

[Adrian Freeman stands tall over a downed Tin Can Rust and Calisto Dufresne, holding half of a broken wooden cane in his hand. Even the Australian looks a little surprised at the wooden cane splitting when he bashed Tin Can Rust across the back with it.]

GM: Adrian Freeman broke the cane over the back of Tin Can Rust!

BW: But more importantly, Gordo, he broke the sleeper as well!

GM: He certainly did that and... wait a... no!

[Yanking Rust back to his feet, Freeman hoists him up over his shoulder as a groggy Dufresne gets up, hooking a front facelock...]

GM: NOOO!

[Both men drop down, SPIKING Rust's skull into the canvas with an assisted version of the Wham Bam Thank You Ma'am!]

BW: WHAM BAM THANK YOU MA'AM FOR THE NATIONAL TITLES!

GM: That's it. That's gotta be it!

[But before Freeman can even attempt a cover, Dufresne yanks Rust up by the arm...

...and HURLS him through the ropes to the floor!]

GM: What the-?! I don't get it!

[Dropping to his knees, Dufresne grabs City Jack by the back of the head, smashing his fist into the bandaged eye over and over.]

GM: He's pounding that eye! The referee is right there...

[A quick camera cut outside the ring shows AWA ringside doctor Dr. Bob Ponavitch taking a close interest in what's going on.]

GM: The doctor is out there as well. He'll stop this if he needs to.

BW: He may need to!

GM: Another right hand to the eye! And another! The referee is telling him to open up his hand but he's got nothing to make Dufresne do that.

BW: Freeman is just standing there and watching... I think he's a little in shock that Dufresne threw Rust to the floor.

GM: If Kentucky's Pride comes back to win this, you can look back on that moment as the reason why.

[Jack lifts his hands, trying to get Dufresne back...

...but the Ladykiller slams his fist down in a hammerfist motion a few times on the eye socket!]

GM: Come on!

[With a maddened howl, Dufresne grabs at the bandages - yanking, ripping, and tearing until the white gauze comes free. The Ladykiller gets to his feet, throwing the bandages aside.]

GM: This is bad, fans. This is very, very bad.

[Smirking at the jeers from the crowd, Dufresne measures the stunned City Jack...

...and STOMPS down hard on the eye!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Calisto Dufresne's not gonna be happy with just the tag team titles tonight, Gordo. He wants another trophy! He wants City Jack's career! He wants City Jack's eye!

[The roaring crowd is screaming bloody murder as Dufresne raises his boot again...

...and SMASHES it down on the injured eye again!]

GM: Good grief! This is getting difficult to watch.

BW: I think it's likely to get worse before it gets better.

[Nodding to his partner, Dufresne backs off and gestures to Jack. Hands on his hips, Freeman shakes his head and then delivers a stomp of his own to the eye. A second stomp quickly follows much to the dismay of the crowd.]

GM: And now it's Freeman going after the eye as well!

[Backing up, Freeman takes two steps, leaps into the air...

...and DROPS his knee down solidly on the eyesocket of City Jack, a move that sends a howl of pain from the Kentucky native into the air.]

GM: Ohhh!

[Freeman stays on his knees, applying a lateral press.]

GM: One! Two! Th-

[Big cheer from the crowd as City Jack powers out of the pin attempt!]

GM: City Jack's not done yet! He's not done yet!

[An annoyed Freeman grabs Jack by the back of the head, holding it in place as he drives fist after fist after fist into the eye...

...and Dufresne swoops in with another hard stomp to the eye to polish off the attack.]

GM: This is an absolutely brutal attack on the eye by these two men. They're torturing this man!

[The camera cuts to the floor where Tin Can Rust has pushed up to all fours, clutching the back of his neck.]

GM: Rust is starting to stir on the floor. That DDT took a lot out of him plus the punishment he's taken all match... I'm surprised he's even moving, Bucky.

BW: You and me both, Gordo.

[We cut back inside the ring where Dufresne drags City Jack by the arm to the corner. Letting go, he backs to the corner where he hops up to the second rope...

...and leaps off, DRIVING his fist down on the eye again!]

GM: Middle rope fistdrop! The Ladykiller rocked him there!

[Dufresne applies another lateral press as the referee drops down to count.]

GM: One!! Two!! Thr- shoulder up! Shoulder up!

[This time it's Dufresne who is irate at the kickout, smashing the eye again with a haymaker. Up on his knees, he lunges forward, driving the point of his elbow into the eye!]

GM: Ohhh! Come on!

BW: What do you want the ref to do, Gordo? It's Unsanctioned!

GM: I know it's Unsanctioned but there's gotta be something... wait a second here...

[A suddenly-focused Dufresne grabs the broken cane off the canvas, holding it up...

...and staring right at the splintered end.]

GM: Oh no.

BW: And this entire building just realized what he plans on doing!

GM: He can't do this!

BW: Unsanctioned!

GM: I know that but... come on, Bucky... even Dufresne can't do this!

BW: Oh, I think he can!

[Reaching down, Dufresne hauls Jack into a seated position right in front of him. Across the ring, Tin Can Rust has pulled himself to his feet, leaning against the ropes as he tries to get into the ring as a smirking Dufresne raises the splintered cane...

...and JABS it down into the eye area!]

GM: OHHHHHH!

[The crowd roars with disgust as Jack flails back and forth on the mat, hands locked over his eye as he tries to get away from Dufresne. A bark from the Ladykiller gets Freeman on the mat as well, pinning Jack's arms to the mat as Dufresne raises the cane again...]

"PAY ATTENTION, OLD MAN!"

[And STABS the cane down into the eye area again!]

GM: This has GOT to stop! We need to get someone in there to stop this!

BW: It can't be done! There's no way to stop this man! This match is Unsanc-

GM: Damn it, Bucky! I know it's Unsanctioned! But this isn't right. This isn't right at all, damn it!

[Bucky goes silent at Gordon's shocking outburst. The crowd is buzzing with concern for City Jack as his injured eye starts to trickle blood from the corner of it as Dufresne raises the cane again...

...and this time actually DRIVES the cane into the eye, pushing it into the injured flesh as City Jack screams out in pain, crying, begging, screaming for mercy!]

"QUIT! QUIT, YOU SON OF A BITCH!"

[A screaming Dufresne is almost louder than City Jack as he demands that the veteran give up, submit away the National Tag Team Titles.]

GM: Dufresne wants him to give up... begging for him to give up but City Jack is not about to do that. He's not about to do that, Bucky.

BW: He may not have a choice, Gordo! At this point, it's the titles or the eye! Dufresne wants the titles but he'll take the eye as a consolation prize if it means driving City Jack out of this sport forever!

[Still pushing the cane down, Dufresne is completely livid, screaming at Jack to quit - almost in disbelief that City Jack has yet to give it up. Finally, Dufresne gives up, throwing the cane aside. He walks away from the downed and slightly bloody Jack leaving him behind for Freeman. The Australian flips Jack to his stomach, facing him towards Tin Can Rust who has finally gotten up on the apron...

...and SMASHES the eyesocket with a crossface!]

GM: Ohhh! What a shot!

[Freeman shouts at Rust "QUIT FOR HIM!"]

GM: The Australian wants Rust to quit FOR City Jack!

BW: Interesting strategy.

GM: Another crossface! And another!

[Blow after blow lands on the bloodied eye as the Australian continues to pummel him, shouting at Rust after every blow...]

...which finally draws Tin Can Rust into the ring!]

GM: Rust is in and-

[Freeman throws Jack down to the mat, rushing across to DRILL Rust with a clothesline that knocks the veteran down to the canvas again. A few stomps make sure he stays there as the Australian walks away, moving to grab City Jack again.]

GM: Freeman drags City Jack off the mat... shoves him to Dufresne...

[A still-fuming Dufresne slaps on the front facelock, nodding his head at the jeering crowd, preparing to spike him into the canvas.]

GM: He's calling for it!

BW: WHAM! BAM! THANK YOU MA-

GM: OHHHHH!

[The crowd EXPLODES as City Jack straightens up at the last moment, backdropping Dufresne out of the front facelock and down to the canvas before collapsing down to a knee on the mat!]

GM: Jack counters the DDT...

BW: Freeman's looking to put him away now as well.

GM: They really wanted to force a submission out of City Jack... well, Dufresne did at least. I think Freeman would have been satisfied with being one-half of the new National Tag Team Champions but Dufresne wanted to put his rival on the shelf for good.

[Freeman pulls Jack off the mat...

...and EATS a Metropill forearm that knocks him back into the buckles where Jack lunges forward CRUSHING Freeman with a clothesline!]

GM: Freeman staggers out of the corner...

[Into the waiting arms of City Jack who hooks him around the waist in a bearhug...

...then powers him up before bellyflopping into the Metroboom!]

GM: OHHHHH! METROBOOM!! HE GOT IT!!

[Jack collapses to the canvas after hitting the belly-to-belly suplex, completely exhausted and unable to make a cover of his prone opponent.]

GM: City Jack can't make a cover! He hit the Metroboom but he can't make the cover on Freeman!

[Staggering back to his feet, Tin Can Rust wobbles across the ring, throwing himself across the downed Freeman.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE- OHHHHHH!

BW: Freeman got the shoulder up! The delay in making the cover was all Adrian Freeman needed to get off the canvas in time. He broke that pin attempt and saved the challenge for the tag team titles! It's not over yet!

GM: But Rust isn't done! Rust is helping his partner up off the mat, dragging City Jack to his feet. He's trying to give Jack some instructions... trying to get his partner to work with him...

[A dazed City Jack nods his head at his partner, pulling Freeman off the mat...

...and applying another bearhug!]

GM: Wait a second! Jack's got the bearhug... he lifts him up...

[Which gives Rust the cue to hit the ropes, racing across the ring...]

GM: DARK AND BLOODY GROUND-OHHHHHHH!

[At the last possible moment, Adrian Freeman reaches down and RAKES the injured eye, forcing Jack to release him. The Australian pulls Jack down as well, causing Rust to race past...

...and go sailing OVER the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: OHHHHH! RUST IS OUT AGAIN!!

[Freeman grins at Rust sailing over the ropes to the floor as he drags Jack back to his feet...

...and gets POPPED with a Metropill that sends Freeman sailing back to the corner where he collapses to the canvas.]

GM: Down goes Freeman!

BW: But Jack's going for Dufresne!

[Yanking the Ladykiller off the mat, Jack cracks him with a haymaker to the jaw. A few big hooking blows follow before Jack fires Dufresne across the ring...

...and BULLDOZING him with a running clothesline in the corner!]

GM: OHHHHHHH!

[City Jack pumps his arm up in the air...

...and BLASTS the eye area with the Metropill!]

GM: OHH! Metropill to the eye!

[Grabbing Dufresne by the hair, Jack throws him down to the mat and quickly yanks him into a seated position. He slaps his elbow before dropping down to a knee...

...and SLAMS that elbow into the eye!]

GM: Payback! IS! HELLLLLLLL!

[With a roar, Jack raises the arm up, elbow pointed down and repeats the blow... elbow to the eye... elbow to the eye... elbow to the eye... elbow to the eye...]

GM: IT'S EYE FOR AN EYE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RING AT SUPERCLASH!

BW: You talk about Kentucky's Pride being old school... well, right now City Jack is going Old Testament, daddy!

GM: Another one! And another! And another! And another!

[Dufresne's head rolls back limply, unable to defend himself as Dr. Bob Ponavitch takes a lonnnnnng look from out on the floor...]

...when suddenly a lunging Adrian Freeman breaks up the assault!]

GM: Ohhh!

BW: Adrian Freeman may have just saved Calisto Dufresne's career!

[With Jack stunned, Freeman dashes towards the ropes...]

...only to have Tin Can Rust reach up and yank the top rope down, sending Freeman toppling over the ropes and out to the barely-padded concrete floor!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Jack gets to his feet slowly, looking out over the crowd. Nodding his head to their roars, he slaps his meaty forearm one more time as he leans over to pull Calisto Dufresne back off his knees...]

"WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!"

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[The crowd ERUPTS in a stunned reaction as a giant fireball lights up the Dallas Memorial Auditorium, sailing out of the hands of Calisto Dufresne and squarely into the injured eye of City Jack!]

BW: FIREBALL! FIREBALL!

[City Jack collapses to the canvas SCREAMING in agony as he clutches at his eye. Seizing the moment, Dufresne dives atop Jack, quickly taking the mount and in a flurry of motion, starts throwing everything he's got at the eye - fists, hammerfists, elbows - anything that will land.]

He's an absolute non-stop sea of activity as he continues to pound and pummel his arch-rival.]

GM: He burned him! He burned City Jack and now-

BW: And now he's beating the hell out of him, Gordo! He's beating that eye right out of his skull!

GM: Jack's trying to cover up... Jack's trying to protect himself... he's screaming in agony... my God, I can smell the burned flesh from here and-

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd falls silent as the referee leaps up, waving his arms back and forth. A stunned Dufresne backs off, looking down in disbelief at City Jack, fists still balled up and covered in City Jack's blood. The referee quickly moves to Melissa Cannon's side and with a nod, she raises the mic.]

MC: Ladies and gentlemen... your winners of the match as a result of a submission...

[Dramatic pause.]

MC: Annnnnd NEW AWA NATIONAL TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS...

"THE LADYKILLER" CALISTO DUFRESNE
AND
ADRIAN FREEEEEEEEEEEMAN!

[The crowd EXPLODES in jeers as Adrian Freeman rolls under the bottom rope, barely able to stand as he moves towards his partner who is still glaring at City Jack. After a moment, Marty Meekly arrives with the two title belts, handing them over to the new champions.]

GM: This can't be true. It can't be!

BW: It is! We've got new champions!

GM: By submission?! City Jack quit?!

BW: Did he have a choice? He'd been burned and was having an eye that barely works just absolutely beaten! I said it earlier - the title or your eye - and I think City Jack has chosen wisely.

[Adrian Freeman is absolutely ecstatic, clinging the title belt to his chest as he hops to the midbuckle. Dufresne stays stoic, the title belt slung over his shoulder as he stares at his bloodied and burned enemy.]

GM: I don't know what to say, fans. I really don't. We need to get some-

[The crowd cheers a bit as Tin Can Rust dives into the ring, crawling across the ring to cover up his partner, almost as if he's anticipating further attacks from the new champions.]

GM: Rust is in... but it's too late. It's too late for City Jack. It's too late for this match. And it's too late for the AWA National Tag Team Titles, fans. We've got new tag team champions. The year-long reign of Kentucky's Pride has ended in the middle of the ring tonight at SuperClash.

[As the celebration continues in the ring, we get Sweet Lou back on the voiceover.]

SLB: A tremendous tag team match soiled by the skullduggery of Mistery Dufresne and Freeman if you please... and when you add in this other shocking SuperClash moment...

[We circle wipe to a shot of that night's Main Event - Juan Vasquez challenging "Hotshot" Stevie Scott for the AWA National Title. As we join the match near its conclusion, Vasquez has Scott trapped in a figure four leglock, looking for a submission victory that would see the title change hands...]

GM: This might be it!

BW: But there's no referee! It might be it but we don't have a referee out here! That means no submission... no pinfalls... Meekly needs to get up and do this!

GM: He's moving a bit but he's still very dazed and-

[Suddenly, the crowd begins to buzz once more as Raphael Rhodes rises from his ringside seat, shoving the steel chair he was sitting on under the ropes. Stepping through the ropes, Rhodes walks to the middle of the ring, picking up the steel chair...]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: The moment of truth! Make your decision, Rhodes!

[Clutching the chair with white-knuckled hands, Rhodes looks from Vasquez to Scott... from Vasquez to Scott... a shout from Waterson makes Rhodes look up, glaring at the Agent To The Stars with the "offer you can't refuse."]

GM: What's he gonna do? Who's it gonna be?

[Rhodes looks down, closing his eyes, seemingly talking to himself for a lonnnnnng moment as the crowd is roaring, trying to cheer him to make the right decision.

Finally, his eyes open...

...and his decision is revealed!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: NO! NO! NO!

[As Rhodes drives the steel chair viciously down onto Vasquez, Blackwell's voice is heard again.]

SLB: With one decision... with one action... Raphael Rhodes had made his choice and launched the Southern Syndicate to the very top of the American Wrestling Alliance. Fans, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, we're jumping ahead in time to SuperClash II!

[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 we fade back up to Sweet Lou sitting in the studio.]

SLB: As the Best of SuperClash rolls on, we end 2009 with the Southern Syndicate reigning supreme and then head into 2010 with Juan Vasquez hot on their heels. 2010 saw a lot of battles between Vasquez and the Southern Syndicate and even saw Vasquez capture the National Title for a short time. But as the year burned towards Thanksgiving Night and SuperClash II - which took place from TWO venues - all eyes were on the Main Event which would see Juan Vasquez take on Stevie Scott for the second SuperClash in a row with the title on the line! Right now, I'm joined by the former champion and the Hotshot himself, Stevie Scott, to talk about that match. Mr. Scott, welcome to the Best of SuperClash.

[The aforementioned Hotshot, dressed in a pair of khaki shorts and a loud Hawaiian shirt is seated across from Blackwell, his feet in a pair of sandals up on the table between them.]

HSS: Sweet Lou, if I've told ya once, I've told ya a million times - Mr. Scott is my father. Please call me Stevie.

[Blackwell chuckles.]

SLB: Alright, Stevie... tonight, of course, we're looking back at the history of the biggest event in all of pro wrestling - SuperClash... an event that you had quite a hand in putting on the map.

[Stevie sheepishly waves a dismissive hand.]

HSS: I only wish I could've done more, Sweet Lou.

SLB: Moments ago, I mentioned that your battle with Juan Vasquez was the Main Event of the first TWO SuperClashes... a feat that no other match has accomplished since then.

[Scott bows his head.]

HSS: Juan may have finally revealed his true colors as a no-good scoundrel - by the way, I told ya so - but he made for a good Main Event opponent. The fans wanted to see me kick his tail and-

[Scott breaks out in one of his trademark STEVIEGRINS.]

HSS: Okay, okay... maybe back then they wanted to see him kick MY tail... but this week on Thanksgiving Night, they'll be cheering Ryan Martinez to the moon and back to put a world class beating on Vasquez... and I'll be happy to see it.

SLB: I think there are a whole lot of people who would agree with that... but right now, I want to know what it feels like to be a SuperClash Main Eventer. After all, there aren't a whole lot of people who've been able to stake their claim to that honor.

HSS: Nine men if my math holds up... and that number won't change after this weekend. In eight years, only nine men have been able to Main Event the Big Dance which makes it one of the biggest honors you can have in this sport, Sweet Lou. I knew it the night I laced 'em up and walked that aisle... but looking back, I appreciate it even more now.

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: You mentioned earlier that you wish you could've done more. I'm sure you're referring to your injury you suffered at SuperClash II that ultimately shortened your legendary career.

[Scott grimaces.]

HSS: Speak it the way it is, Lou... the worshipped hero Juan Vasquez dropped me on my head with a piledriver. He busted up my neck with a piledriver. Just like he's done to so many-

SLB: Just like you did to so many?

[Scott arches an eyebrow.]

HSS: An Old Testament kind of guy, huh? Maybe I had it comin', Lou. Maybe it was really an eye for an eye. But all I know is that every damn time I've tried to come back, I've had my eyes set on getting back in that ring for another SuperClash... and every damn time I had a doctor shake his head and say, "Not gonna happen," I think about SuperClash II and that night with Vasquez. I gave my all to this business. Everything. And Juan Vasquez took it that night. And I hope Ryan Martinez is listening to me when I say that SuperClash can be the greatest night of your life... and it can be the worst...

[Scott shakes his head.]

HSS: I just hope he's ready, Lou.

[Blackwell sits in silence for a moment before nodding.]

SLB: Mr. Sco- Stevie, thank you for your time.

[The Hotshot nods his head.]

SLB: Now, let's jump ahead to SuperClash III and one of MY personal favorite SuperClash matches!

[We spiral wipe out of the studio to the ringside area at SuperClash III in Southaven, Mississippi where we see a Spin The Wheel device has been rolled out and placed next to the announce table. The Wheel has a large black metal box on the bottom of it - quite ominous - and a large wooden box, almost the size of a casket, next to it.]

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

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

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

GM: Guess that explains the metal box.

BW: Shush!

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

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

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

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

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

[Another cheer!]

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

ANNNNNNNNTONNNNNN LAAAAAAAAYTON!

[A shrill and blood-curdling woman's scream is heard over the PA system for a few moments before turning into the sounds of Nine Inch Nails' "Meet Your Master." Another few moments pass before Anton Layton emerges from the shadows. Cloaked in his velvet-like black hooded robe, Layton throws back the hood

immediately, casting his dark gaze over the ringside fans. He strides down the aisle with quickness, ignoring the jeering crowd.]

GM: This guy is sick, Bucky.

BW: Well, duh.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GM: It almost looks like a casket.

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

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

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

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

ERRRRRRRRRRRRRRRIC PRESSSSSSSSSSSTON!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

...and then comes to a stop.]

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

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

GM: Ohh!

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

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

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

GM: What in the world...?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[The referee steps in, counting to four at which point Layton breaks the choke... ...and slams the point of his elbow down onto the throat!]

GM: Ohh!

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

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

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

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

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

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

GM: Preston's fighting back!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GM: Where's he going?

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

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

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

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

GM: Come on, ref! Get in there!

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

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

BW: I asked you first.

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

GM: What's going on here?

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

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

BW: You'd think so, yeah.

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

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

GM: Preston caught him!

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

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

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

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

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

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

GM: Ohh! He caught Preston setting too early!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BW: The Wheel's spinning!

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

GM: Goodbye First Blood, Hello...?

[The Wheel comes to a stop...]

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

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

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

BW: It's been years for sure.

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

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

GM: Right hand! Right hand! Right hand!

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

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

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

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

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

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

GM: HARD INTO THE BUCKLES!!

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

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

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

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

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GM: He certainly does.

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

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

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

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

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

GM: I suppose you're right.

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

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

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

[An angry Layton tries it again...

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

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

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

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

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

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

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

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

...and grabs Layton by the hair!]

GM: Oh no! He's gonna-

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

GM: GOOD GRIEF! HEADFIRST INTO THE STEEL!

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

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

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!" "OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LAYTON CRASHES DOWN TO THE CANVAS!!

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

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

[Preston shimmys up the pole...

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

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

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

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

"GET UP, YOU SON OF A BITCH!"

[The crowd "oooohs" at that.]

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

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

GM: We most certainly can not!

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

...and cracks a grin.]

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

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

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

[An angry Preston shakes his head...

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

GM: OHHH! A KNOCKOUT BLOW BY PRESTON!!

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

GM: ONE!!

BW: Uhh, Gordo?

GM: TWO!!!

BW: The Wheel is spinning!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BW: That's what I said!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GM: He's got Layton staggered, fans!

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

GM: What a right hand and Eric Preston has taken this fight out to the floor! BW: It's not exactly where Preston wants this fight... or is it?

GM: What is that supposed to mean?

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

GM: And?

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

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

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

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

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

GM: Ohh!

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

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

GM: Good grief!

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

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

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

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

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

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

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

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

BW: Preston's done.

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

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

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

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

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

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!" "OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good god!

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

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

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

GM: Neither am I.

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

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

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

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

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LAYTON SHOVES DOWN THE REFEREE!!

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

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

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

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

GM: That's crazy!

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

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

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!" "OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

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

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

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

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

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

BW: The Wheel, Gordo! The Wheel!

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

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

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

[Preston shakes his head...

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

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

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

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

GM: DREAM MACHINE!! DREAM MACHINE!!

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

GM: ONE!!!

BW: THE WHEEL!

GM: TWO!! THR-

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

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

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

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

...and pulling out the leather strap.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BW: Southaven.

GM: Whatever!

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

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

GM: He's pulling Layton off the-

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

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

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

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

BW: Think he can make Preston submit to this?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!" "OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

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

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

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

BW: Preston did that on purpose!

GM: You may be right, Bucky.

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

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

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

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

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

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

"PRES-TON!" "PRES-TON!" "PRES-TON!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[And then...]

GM: HE QUIT! HE QUIT!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd EXPLODES!]

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

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

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

[Preston continues to celebrate his victory as Blackwell's voiceover returns.]

SLB: Now, that's the kind of feel-good moment I hope we all get this week at SuperClash VIII in New Orleans. Fans, we're going to take another quick break but when we come back, it's time to take a look at SuperClash IV so stick around!

[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 back up on a shot of Sweet Lou Blackwell sitting in the studio.]

SLB: Welcome back, AWA fans, to the Best of SuperClash - our trip down Memory Lane as we take a look back at some of our favorite moments and matches from SuperClashes gone by. And coming up right now, we're going to take a look at one of the most brutal... one of the most violent matches in AWA history... a match that truly defines the term "Parental Discretion Is Advised" and it certainly is right now as well. Of course, I'm talking about SuperClash IV and the Barbed Wire Match that went down between the Last American Badass, Alex Martinez, and the man who had tormented him for over a year under the hood of The Dragon, William Craven. This match takes on special meaning for AWA fans this week as we are now just days away from the final match of Alex Martinez' storied career. Joining me right now is a man who witnessed many of the biggest moments in that career, current AWA co-owner and acting Director of Operations, Jon Stegglet.

[The shot pulls back to reveal Stegglet in the other chair.]

SLB: Mr. Stegglet, I know it's a busy week for you so thanks for taking the time to be here with us tonight.

[Stegglet nods with a smile.]

JS: My pleasure, Lou.

SLB: Mr. Stegglet, you and Alex Martinez go back a very long time...

[Stegglet chuckles.]

JS: Yeah, Alex likes to make sure everyone knows he had a career before he came to Los Angeles but... well, I was there the first day he walked into that EMWC locker room. Shook his hand. Welcomed him aboard. And I guess - one way or another - we've been connected ever since.

SLB: So, I'd imagine the thought of his career ending this week is rough on you.

[Stegglet pauses, slowly nodding.]

JS: Lou, when you've been around the sport as long as I have - going on... what? Twenty plus years now? You see a lot of friends go. And in this business, you see a lot of people you thought were friends go too. Alex Martinez is my friend. And I'm proud of that. So, yeah... the thought of walking into that locker room and him not hanging around, lacing up the boots - even every once in a while - that's a tough one for me to swallow.

SLB: Some might argue that the end of Mr. Martinez' career is... well, overdue. That he hasn't really been an active part of this business for some time now.

JS: Well, Lou... if some idiot out there thinks Alex should've hung 'em up before now, I'll pay good money to see them tell him that to his face. And besides... he's Alex Martinez. He's a legend in this sport. More World Titles than some people get wins in this business. A Hall of Famer. A bonafide box office bonanza every time he gets in the ring. All those things mean to me that he can come and go whenever he wants and I'm fine with that... well, I was fine with it anyways... because he seems serious to me. This is it, Lou. This Thursday is it.

SLB: Mr. Stegglet, this is pro wrestling. There are a lot of retirements and a lot of-

[Stegglet interrupts.]

JS: No.

SLB: No?

JS: No. Not this time. Not this man. Alex Martinez is a man of his word. If he says he's done... he's done.

[There's a moment of silence between the two. Uncomfortable silence even.]

SLB: Alright then. Mr. Stegglet, if you could say something... anything... to Alex Martinez, your friend, before he goes out to that ring on Thanksgiving... what would it be.

[Stegglet pauses, thoughtfully looking off-camera.]

JS: I would want him to know how very proud I am - we all are - of everything he's done and accomplished in his legendary career. And I'd want him to go out there one more time, give it all he's got, and give the fans one more night to remember.

[Stegglet smiles, nodding.]

SLB: I think he'll appreciate that message, Mr. Stegglet. Now... we're going to take you back to SuperClash IV and that brutal Barbed Wire Match against William Craven... and remember, parental discretion is advised.

[We fade from Stegglet and Blackwell to the ring at SuperClash IV where apparently the ring crew has been quite busy. The first thing anyone would notice is that barbed wire has been looped from top to bottom, stretching out over the length of the ropes from post to post - there are gaps in the loop, exposing the safety of the ropes, but there are several spots where the ropes are most certainly covered by the razor-sharp wire.

Just beyond the ropes, the ring crew has stretched three straight strands of barbed wire from post to post as well - forming a second set of ropes if you will, sure to prevent any attempts to escape the violence within.

There is most certainly a buzz in the air from the fans as the anticipation builds within the Los Angeles Sports Arena. What are they about to witness? How bad will it get? Is it truly the last night one of these men will be able to compete in this business? Has the Extreme finally arrived?]

GM: Wow.

BW: In a word, you got it.

GM: Fans, I have to admit that this is a day I did not anticipate coming in the AWA. I knew we'd have steel cage matches... matches with chains and dog collars and bullropes... I knew we'd have no DQ matches, Texas Death, Lights Out... call it whatever you want. But this? This I did not see coming.

BW: I'm not sure it ever would have if it wasn't for our special guest joining us here at ringside right now.

GM: Mr. Blue, welcome to SuperClash IV.

[We cut to ringside where, yes indeed, former EMWC owner Chris Blue has joined Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde at the commentary table.]

CB: Thanks, Gordon. It's my pleasure to be here to help bring the best wrestling in the world to the people of Los Angeles again.

GM: Bucky Wilde tells it true. This match is YOUR responsibility. You signed it using the powers given to you by your contract to co-promote this event. Are you feeling any remorse at all?

[Blue looks puzzled.]

CB: Remorse? Are you kidding me? Alex Martinez and William Craven are two of the most violent men in the world. How did you expect them to settle their differences? Chinese checkers? A game of Scrabble?

BW: Maybe a Table of Peace.

[Blue glares at Bucky.]

CB: Cute. The fact is, Gordon, men this violent needed a match like this to settle their issue once and for all. We could have gone on for months, escalating the stipulations as these two tried to end one another but I'm stopping that cold here tonight. One way or another, this ends tonight.

GM: I see. And do you have a prediction for us?

CB: I predict that the parents at home are gonna want to put the kiddies to bed right about now.

[Gordon shakes his head.]

GM: Let's go up to Phil Watson for the introductions.

[The shot pans several feet to the left - Phil Watson obviously deciding to do this work from the safety of the ringside floor.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a one hour time limit and is the very first AWA BARBED WIRE MATCH!

[Big cheer from a crowd that remembers their Extreme roots!]

PW: There will be no countouts... no disqualifications... anything goes inside this barbed wire prison.

And now... introducing first...

[There's a long pause...

...and then the crowd ERUPTS at the familiar sound of Fight's "Little Crazy."]

#It's alright...#

#It's alright...#

#It's alright...#

#I'm just... a little crazy!#

[The ripping guitar coming after Rob Halford's vocals brings the partisan crowd to their feet, screaming their heads off in tribute for their city's favorite son. The

camera closes on a boy, no more than ten years old, swinging a homemade sign that says, "WELCOME HOME, ALEX!" with a big smile on his face.

We cut back to the entrance ramp where smoke has started to pour through the curtain...

...and for the first time in a year, Alex Martinez strides through, ready for battle.]

GM: There he is, fans! Alex Martinez is back!

[Standing at the top of the aisle, his expression calm but intense, the Last American Badboy turns his head, looking out at the fans who've supported him for so many years. There's the slightest hint of a smile as he takes it all in.]

PW: From Los Angeles, California...

[HUUUUUUUUGE CHEER!]

PW: He stands seven feet tall and weighs in at 350 pounds... THE LAST AMERICAN BADBOY...

AAAAAAAAAAAAALLLLEX MAAAAARRRRRTIIINEZ!

[Martinez gives a nod, taking his first steps towards the ring. All around, the fans cheer and scream, hands reaching up from their spots on the floor to touch him. The stoic Martinez seems not to notice or care as he strides with purpose down the aisle. He's wearing his trademark black leather jacket but has foregone his usual full-length wrestling tights for a set of jeans to protect him better from the barbed wire. His fists are, as always, covered in black fingerless gloves and his right elbow is covered in a black pad.]

GM: Listen to this reaction for Alex Martinez!

CB: That's not just a hometown pop either, Gordo. This is a man who has been greatly missed by wrestling fans all over the world in the year he's been out of action.

GM: It was one year ago at SuperClash III that William Craven revealed himself to be The Dragon who had hunted and tormented Martinez for so many months before leaving him physically destroyed out here at ringside. It's been a long road back for Martinez here in the AWA, trying to get back to one hundred percent so he could come back and vanquish the monster who haunted him. Tonight, he gets to try to do exactly that inside this barbed wire hell.

CB: "Barbed wire hell." I like that, Gordon. Where the heck were you when I had Stegglet calling matches for me?

BW: We were down in Atlanta, trying to not get put out of business by you.

CB: Touche, Buckthorn. Coulda used you too, by the way. We saw earlier tonight how ungrateful Michaelson is for everything I did for him.

[Upon reaching the end of the ramp, Martinez stares at the barbed wire covered ropes. He slowly reaches out a hand, grabbing at a piece of the wire and giving it a little tug. He walks along the ropes for a moment, considering his options, and finds a relatively safe spot to swing a leg over the ropes and barbed wire, stepping safely into the ring to even more cheers from the crowd.]

BW: Even gettin' in the ring is dangerous for these two.

CB: That's kinda the point, Bucky. Make it hard to get in and make it REAL hard to get out. The barbed wire will keep them both inside the ring and make sure this match ends decisively.

GM: I can only imagine how sharp that barbed wire is, fans.

BW: Oh, I went and checked it out before the show, Gordo... that's the stuff they use out on ranches back in Texas. One of the ring crew told me they call it "calf-killing barbed wire" 'cause if a baby cow wanders into it, they're making burgers for dinner.

GM: Lovely.

CB: Barbed wire matches have been around this business for decades, Gordon. This ain't no new thing we're doing here tonight. The territories down there in the South that you two love so much, they've been carving people up with barbed wire since the 60s.

GM: That doesn't make it right, sir.

[Martinez takes off his jacket, handing it over the ropes to a ringside attendant to reveal a Judas Priest t-shirt on over his torso, again providing some protecting from the skin-tearing metal, as his music fades. The big man begins pacing back and forth, watching and waiting as a nervous looking Michael Meekly tugs a heavy pair of gloves on over his hands and arms, also waiting for the carnage to begin.]

GM: Martinez in the ring, chomping at the bit for his match to begin. I'm being told that Craven's just ... backstage, waiting for something. Yes, yes he's delaying it himself?

BW: It's all psychology, Gordo, Craven's got Martinez worked up in a tizzy and now he's making him wait. I have it on good authority that he asked to come out second. It's all on purpose--

WHUMP-ump-ump

BW: --and I think he's done waiting!

[With the sound of a thunderclap, the lights go out, and the world is plunged into darkness. The expected music, however, doesn't play as the high-speed metal guitar instrumental beginnings of SIXX:AM's "This is Gonna Hurt" begins.]

GM: What is this?

BW: Nothing I'd listen to!

GM: This isn't Craven's music--

[Red letters knit into existence on the Empire Sports video wall, reading "It Gets Worse!" then unravel to form a single red line. The sounding of a horrible heart is heard, the line reverberating with every noise played over the PA.]

BW: It is Craven. Big show match! Big show music!

CB: I got chill bumps on my arm, guys! This is gonna be a war!

[Pumping with energy the lyrics begin as Craven emerges from the back, standing, flashing his sharpened teeth in a sneer towards the ring he waits again, his sleeveless vinyl ring robe blowing in an artificial wind...]

#Hey! (Hey!)#
#Hell is what you make. (Make.)#
#Rise against your fate. (Fate.)#
#Nothing's gonna keep you down, #

[Raising his wooden sword in one hand, Craven gives a primal scream.]

#even if it's killing you...#
#Because you know the truth...#

[Bringing his weapon down in a vicious death stroke Craven turns suddenly and stalks towards the ring.]

#Listen up! Listen up!#
#There's a devil in the church, #
#got a bullet in the chamber, #
#and this is gonna hurt. #

[Walking quickly down to the end of the ramp where the barbed wire blocks his path, Craven pauses as Phil Watson's found his voice.]

PW: And his opponent... Hailing from Detroit, Michigan! He weighs in tonight at 320 pounds! Ladies and Gentlemen, this is William Craven!

[Craven stares at Martinez beyond the barbed wire and lightly taps the skin-piercing barbs with his wooden sword. He turns his back on the ring, looking out on the crowd one more time before carefully ducking through the wire into the ring. One of the barbs catches on his robe, tearing a giant gash in the back of it as Craven yanks it loose.]

GM: Look at that! That wire just ripped a wide hole in Craven's robe!

BW: Now imagine what it can do to your skin, daddy.

CB: We're not gonna have to imagine for much longer 'cause it's about to be shown to us up close and personal.

GM: For someone who says he no longer cares for the Extreme, you certainly seem to be enjoying this, sir.

CB: I may not see the Extreme as a way of life anymore... but I certainly respect the hell out of what a match of this magnitude can gain by being put into that environment, Gordon.

[Craven stands across the ring from Martinez, thrusting his arms out to his side as his robe falls heavily into a heap on the mat to reveal his serpent- tattooed, muscular torso. The timekeeper moves into position to take the wooden sword from Craven who gives an impish grin, feints as if to hand his weapon off, then raps the timekeeper's knuckles painfully.]

BW: He's not giving up the sword, Gordo.

GM: And he doesn't have to. God help us all but Chris Blue has brought extreme to the AWA. Now not only might these two men not survive it but the company itself could be damaged beyond repair!

CB: Now you're just being melodramatic. If anything, I popped your buyrate a few more notches up the ladder and someone should be thanking me. Instead, you're all standing around crying about what I'm doing to your precious old school company. You'll see, Gordon. You'll see.

GM: Michael Meekly steps between these two men... he has no job in this but to count a pinfall or check for a submission... although in a match like this, you have to worry about things like excessive blood loss so Mr. Meekly's job may become VERY important before this match is over.

[Meekly gives some final words to a stony-faced Martinez who nods... and then to a wooden sword-wielding Craven who doesn't do anything but smile widely at the waiting Martinez...

...and there's the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Whether the fans of the AWA - or any of us for that matter - are ready or not, this match has begun!

BW: We should point out for those who haven't noticed yet. This is NOT a no-rope barbed wire match like those held in the EMWC.

GM: Bucky's correct. There have been barbed wire "ropes" set up outside the ring, just beyond the regular ropes, as well as barbed wire looped around the existing ropes in a pretty wide pattern. There are plenty of places for someone to still get maimed though.

[With the bell sounded, the referee gets the hell out of the way as the two men slowly step forward, inching a bit at a time out of their respective corners as the fans roar. Flash bulbs are firing everywhere to be seen throughout the Los Angeles Sports Arena, creating a very electric atmosphere as the two men get closer... and closer... and closer to one another...]

GM: Craven reaches out that sword, pushing the tip of it into the heart of Martinez...

[A good lip-reader might catch Craven saying something about "removing this from your chest" to which Martinez responds by slapping the sword aside, surging forward, and BLASTING Craven with a right hand to the skull!]

GM: Oh! Here we go!

[The seven footer unleashes, throwing haymaker after haymaker to the head of Craven, backing him further and further across the ring towards the barbed wire wrapped ropes. The crowd is roaring with anticipating, urging the big man on as he tries to back the man who tried to end his career into the barbed wire...]

GM: Craven's getting backed down!

BW: And unlike Martinez, Craven's out here with no shirt at all. He's a nutjob if there ever was one.

CB: Crazy but incredibly dangerous. I speak to that firsthand. And he doesn't fear pain at all. That's why he doesn't wear a shirt out here. He's okay with the idea of getting cut up by that stuff... he KNOWS it's going to happen so he's welcoming the idea of it.

[Two more right hands land, sending Craven just out of touch of the barbed wire now. He's staggering under the blows, just barely able to stay on his feet. The seven footer places his hands on Craven's shoulders, looking to push him back...]

GM: Martinez is gonna put him in the wire!

[...but Craven's not a small man either, mirroring where Martinez has placed his hands, pushing back with equal force to prevent the drive into the barbed wire!]

GM: Craven's fighting him off though, pushing back to avoid going into the wire!

BW: And now you've got two big bulls pushing each other around, trying to push one another into that stuff.

[The crowd is buzzing as they watch Martinez push forward an inch or two and then Craven push him back a few inches...]

GM: Who's going to get the advantage in this one? Martinez certainly has a size advantage but they're both among the strongest wrestlers in the world today. I'm not sure if-

[Suddenly, Craven switches his footing, swinging Martinez around to where his back is just short of the barbed wire! The crowd exclaims in shock, watching as Craven grits his fanged teeth, trying to drive Martinez backwards...]

GM: Martinez is in trouble here! He's trying to hang on... just barely trying to-

[Martinez breaks his grip and QUICKLY slams an elbow down across the crown of the skull!]

GM: Ohh! Big elbow by the seven footer!

[Craven staggers back from the shot as Martinez advances, raising his arm a second time...]

GM: And a second elbow to the skull! Martinez has got Craven reeling off those shots to the head!

[Martinez grabs Craven by the arm...]

GM: He's gonna whip him into the wire!

[...but Craven gets just short of the wire, slamming on the brakes as he nervously teeters, trying to avoid the skin-tearing metal. An angry Martinez rushes forward for a clothesline attempt.]

GM: Martinez with the clothesli- ducked!

[Craven ducks under the clothesline effort which causes Martinez to topple close to the barbed wire yet again. The One Man Revolution rushes forward, grabbing Martinez by the hair and trying to drive his face into the barbed wire surrounding the top rope.]

GM: Craven's trying to draw first blood! He wants to cut the big man open first!

[Reaching out, Martinez wraps his fingerless glove-covered hands around the safe parts of the top rope, holding his ground as Craven continues to try and push his head down.]

GM: Craven's pulling and tugging at the hair, trying to put Martinez' face into that wire but Martinez is blocking it!

[Giving up his attempt, Craven breaks his hold on the hair, throwing a left hand into the ribcage... and again... and again. The third blow breaks down Martinez' block, leaving one hand on the wire as Craven grabs the hair again...]

GM: He's going for it again!

[...but again, Martinez gets the other hand back up, using his powerful arms at full extension to block Craven's efforts.]

GM: Alex Martinez is just too strong for him to allow him to do what he's trying to do right now.

CB: The key phrase you said though is "right now." This is what Craven needs to do... rip that skin open, make Martinez taste his own blood, make Martinez doubt if he should have EVER come back after last year. I've known Alex Martinez for many years, boys, and what I saw happen to him last year at SuperClash III... I've NEVER seen that happen to him before. If that's the same Alex Martinez we've got here tonight, William Craven may establish himself as "the man" in this business by the time he walks out of Los Angeles tonight.

[Martinez continues to struggle against Craven's attempt...

...until suddenly throwing an elbow back into Craven's midsection!]

GM: Oh! Martinez caught him in the gut!

[The seven footer wheels around, grabbing Craven by the back of the head with both hands...]

GM: Martinez goes for it now!

[Craven mirrors his opponent's defense, bringing up both arms and grabbing the top rope with both hands...

...and then SLAMS his head back into the bridge of Martinez' nose, sending the big man staggering back out to the middle of the ring.]

GM: Ohh! That one stunned the seven footer.

[The One Man Revolution swings around, glaring at the wobbly Martinez... ...and snatching his wooden sword up off the canvas.]

GM: Uh oh... this can't be good...

BW: Craven's got the sword and Martinez is-

[Craven suddenly winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!" "OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The brutal wooden sword shot across the back sends Martinez stumbling forward, dropping down to his knees.]

GM: Craven cracked him across the back with that illegal weapon!

CB: It's not illegal in this one, Gordon. Craven can use a Howitzer if he's so inclined.

BW: Let's just hope he doesn't have one out here somewhere 'cause he just might do that.

[Craven circles around the kneeling Martinez, muttering under his breath as he comes to a stop in front of him...

...and rears straight back, hoping to slam the sword down in a chopping motion on the skull of his most hated rival.]

GM: Craven's gonna cave his skull in!

[But before he can swing the sword, Martinez surges forward with a right hand to the gut.]

GM: Martinez goes downstairs to save his own skin!

[A second one forces Craven to drop his weapon as the big man gets back to his feet.]

GM: Both men back up now...

[Martinez lifts both arms overhead, slamming them down on the small of Craven's back, knocking him down to all fours.]

GM: And now it's Craven who is down on the mat at the mercy of Alex Mar... oh brother.

[The crowd ROARS as Martinez picks up the wooden sword in his hands, turning it over once as he gets a two-handed grip on it, raises it high overhead...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!" "OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[ERUPTING with cheers, the Los Angeles Sports Arena roars for their hometown favorite as he lays a brutal blow across the kidneys with the wooden weapon!]

GM: Good grief!

[The blow causes Craven to flip over to his back, arching up in pain as Martinez raises it a second time...]

GM: Not again!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!" "OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DOWN ACROSS THE MIDSECTION!

[Craven sits up, clutching his ribcage in pain from the blow from his own weapon.]

GM: Craven's down... Craven's hurt... and Martinez STILL has the weapon. The referee's asking him to set it aside.

BW: Not much chance of that, Gordo.

CB: Not a snowball's chance in hell if you ask me.

[Martinez paces around the downed Craven, coming to a stop in front of him just as Craven did to him moments ago. He nods his head, saying something off-mic to his enemy just before swinging the cane back as far his arms will reach (which is pretty far)...]

GM: Martinez is gonna take his shot at-

[Craven pushes off his knees, wrapping one arm around the left leg of Martinez and the other around the waist as he puts his shoulder into the midsection, lifting the seven footer off the mat...]

GM: Oh my!

[...and charging him back towards the ropes, attempting to DRIVE him into the barbed wire. A desperate Martinez drops the cane, raining down rights and lefts on the back of the head but Craven keeps moving forward, teetering under the impact of the blows but staying with forward momentum...]

GM: Craven's just a few feet away from this barbed wire right above us here at ringside... but can he get there?

[Martinez keeps fighting - a right hand to the side of the neck, a left forearm to the top of the skull...]

...but ultimately, it takes the Last American Badboy digging the thumbs from both hands into the eyes of his rival, gouging hard to free himself!]

GM: Ohh! Martinez goes to the eyes!

CB: Also totally legal in this one.

BW: Gordo, we're over five minutes into this match and not a single soul has hit the barbed wire yet. You gotta be a little bit surprised about that.

GM: Both men know how dangerous that stuff is and know how quickly the match may come to an end once it gets involved.

[With Craven blinded, Martinez hooks him from behind in a rear waistlock, twisting his body around...]

...and LAUNCHING Craven up and over, dumping him down on the back of his head and neck with a king-sized German Suplex!]

GM: Good grief! What a throw by Martinez!

CB: It's called a German Suplex. I know the AWA's all about being old school and nostalgic and all that jazz but you would think that today's audience would AT LEAST demand an announcer who knows a move invented after 1972.

GM: And to think that our front office was actually upset when William Craven mistreated you at Blood, Sweat, And Tears. So much for mutual respect between you and this company.

CB: Oh, I respect the AWA... I just question some of the choices the front office makes.

[Martinez climbs back to his feet, looking down at Craven who is writhing back and forth, clutching the back of his neck.]

BW: There are times when a move like that would END a match here in the AWA but with these two men, you've gotta expect that they'll be able to take more punishment than the average competitor.

CB: I'd tell you some of the stuff I've seen these two take and continue to keep on fighting but it might make Gordon over there file for early retirement and none of us would want that, right?

[Martinez leans down, pulling a limp Craven up by the arm...]

...and whipping him towards the corner where he lands in the turnbuckles, safely nestled between the two barbed wire wrapped ropes.]

GM: Craven hits the buckles - one of the few safe places to land inside this squared circle in this one. Martinez moving in after him...

[Raising his lengthy leg, Martinez plants his boot firmly on the windpipe of a struggling Craven, choking him blatantly to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: That's a choke but as Mr. Blue has told us many times already, that chokehold is completely legal in this one.

[The referee protests the chokehold but Martinez ignores him, holding it for several more seconds before he finally releases it, leaning in to grab the arm again...]

GM: Martinez shoots him from corner to corner...

[The seven footer stampedes across the ring, rushing in after Craven...

...and at the almost last moment, throws up his leg for a running big boot...]

GM: BOOT!

[...but at the LAST moment, Craven throws himself to the side as Martinez' foot SLAMS into the top turnbuckle, jamming the knee back.]

GM: Oh! He missed!

BW: It looks like Martinez might have hurt the knee as well.

CB: He's got a history of leg injuries too. That might be the chink in the armor for Craven to take advantage of.

[Scampering back out to the middle of the ring, Craven retrieves his bokken as Martinez limps from the corner...

...and LASHES out with it, smashing it into the side of Martinez' knee, sweeping his leg out from under him to put him down on the mat!]

GM: Oh! Craven takes him down hard!

[Standing over Martinez, Craven steps down hard on the ankle of the leg he's attacking, pinning it down to the mat as he raises the bokken once again...]

GM: He's going after the leg!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[The wooden sword smashes into the knee a second time...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!" "WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!" "WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Martinez sits up on the mat, shoving Craven away as he grabs at his knee, visibly wincing in pain from the blows.]

GM: Martinez is hurting badly now... multiple blows to the knee from that wooden sword and now William Craven is taking control of this match, Bucky.

[Throwing the sword aside, Craven bodily shoves Martinez back down to the mat, leaping up to bury a kneedrop into the heart!]

GM: Ohh! Big kneedrop by a man over three hundred pounds!

[Craven leans over as the referee dives down to count for the first time in the match... but Craven has no intention to go for a pin, instead swinging a leg over the big man's torso, taking the mount, and hammering down with right hands to the skull of the downed Martinez!]

GM: Craven's all over him - fist after fist to the head of Martinez!

[Craven climbs back to his feet, looking down at Martinez who is having some trouble getting back off the mat. Craven backs off, measuring Martinez as gets up to a knee...

...and then rushes in, throwing a short kick to the face that knocks Martinez flat!]

GM: Good grief! What a kick that was!

[Craven drops to his knees but foregoes another pin attempt to instead slam the heel of his hand down into the sternum of Martinez, repeating the blow a few more times before getting back to his feet where he slams a soccer kick into the ribs... and again... and again...]

GM: Martinez is rolling away from those kicks, trying to-

BW: Yeah, but look where he's rolling towards! He's headed towards the barbed wire!

[Craven continues to switch between kicks and stomps, forcing Martinez closer and closer to the barbed wire wrapped ropes. Within range now, he drags Martinez to his knees.]

GM: Craven's got him up on his knees, trying to shove him-

[But a well-placed right hand from the knees catches Craven in the jaw, sending him staggering back as Martinez leans forward, grabbing Craven around the legs...]

GM: What the-?!

[...and yanks hard, pulling Craven down to the mat as Martinez gets up, still holding the legs. He looks around at the roaring crowd, grinning at a protesting Craven...]

BW: NO!

[...and falls back, CATAPULTING Craven into the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and chestfirst into the barbed wire wrapped ropes!]

GM: Good grief! Good god almighty! Craven hits the barbed wire first... and he hit it hard, fans!

[The camera swings around to that side of the ring, getting a real close shot as Craven pushes himself off the barbed wire, grimacing in pain as we spot a thin line of blood crossing his chest diagonally.]

GM: Alex Martinez has drawn first blood in the mother of all grudge matches, fans! William Craven's chest has been lacerated and these fans are loving it!

CB: Of course they are, Gordon. Never let it be said that Chris Blue doesn't know what an audience came to see. These people came to see violence... they came to see vengeance... they came to see bloodshed and they came to see Alex Martinez get his payback on William Craven.

GM: And right now, they're seeing all of those things.

[Martinez gets back to his feet, grabbing Craven around the waist to pull him away from the barbed wire...]

GM: Martinez sets for another suplex...

BW: Again?!

[Craven reaches down, isolating the wrist to turn out of the waistlock...

...where he violently kicks the back of Martinez' knee, sweeping his leg right out from under him.]

GM: Ohh!

CB: Now THAT'S a legsweep, jack! Nenshou, eat your heart out.

BW: You've got beef with Nenshou too? Is there anyone you DON'T have issues with?

CB: You've been around this business a long time, Bucky.

BW: And?

CB: Do you really need to ask that question?

[The One Man Revolution looks down at the cut leaking blood down his torso. He runs a hand across the diagonal cut, smearing crimson over his midsection. Lifting his bloody hand, he stares at it for a moment before he shouts, bellowing as he stomps the knee repeatedly. He reaches down, grabbing Martinez by the boot, dragging him by the leg towards the barbed wire wrapped ropes.]

GM: Craven's pulling him towards the ropes! What's he going to do now?!

[Craven lifts the leg to full extension...

...and then SLAMS it down on the barbed wire wrapped ropes!]

GM: HE SLAMS THE LEG INTO THE WIRE!!

[Martinez reaches down at his leg, wincing in pain at the barbs sticking through the denim jeans into his knee area. Craven rains down stomps on him, trying to prevent him from escaping...

...and then very carefully steps up on the middle rope, leaping off to drop all his weight down on the knee!]

GM: William Craven has a gameplan here tonight... a very clear gameplan as he continues to assault the leg of his opponent... and it looks like that barbed wire has done some damage again.

[A closeup of Martinez' leg reveals an area that is growing darker around his knee, the blood seeping into the black denim as Craven leans down, picking up his wooden sword again...

...and sits down in a straddle on the chest of Martinez, pressing it down onto the throat!]

GM: Craven's choking him with that bokken - that's what he calls it, right? BW: It sure is.

[Martinez struggles against it, grabbing the wooden sword with both hands and trying to push it right back off his throat...]

GM: Martinez is trying to- my stars, he's lifting it off his throat!

[The crowd roars for the big man as he pushes Craven right back off of him...]

...where Craven suddenly breaks his grip on the sword before STOMPING Martinez squarely in the face.]

GM: We're past the ten minute mark in this one and neither man seems to have a clearcut advantage. We've seen both men hit with the bokken, both men go into the wire, and both men with an edge at one point or another.

BW: Plus, now both men have been lacerated by the barbed wire - look at Martinez' leg.

[Another closeup of Martinez' pants leg shows red staining starting to occur as Craven stomps his foe again... and again... and again...]

GM: Craven's just brutal with such simple moves like those stomps or the soccer kicks to the ribs earlier. He puts so much force and impact behind every blow he lands.

[Craven switches back to the leg, grabbing a hold of the ankle again to drag Martinez over towards the ropes. This time, he extends Martinez' leg between the ropes to where the three barbed wire strand "ropes" have been set up...]

...and wraps the already-bleeding leg around the middle strand!]

GM: Oh my stars!

BW: Craven's risking cutting himself more by leaning through the ropes to do this.

CB: A guy like Craven doesn't care one bit about doing damage to himself if it means hurting his opponent at the same time. Craven would probably jump off a building if it meant crushing Martinez underneath him when he hit the ground.

[His chest bleeding pretty heavily now, Craven screams, howling like a banshee as he pulls on Martinez' boot, digging the barbs deeper into the flesh of his rival's leg.]

GM: I think Craven just yelled at the referee to ask Martinez if he wants to quit. I can't imagine he would but could Craven be looking to earn a submission here tonight?

BW: I think he's willing to win however he can. A submission would be great, I'm sure, but a pinfall works just as well.

[Leaving Martinez' leg trapped in the barbed wire, Craven backs into the ring. He stands tall, blood oozing even heavier from his cut chest as he backs a few feet up...]

...and then drops a big ol' leg across Martinez' chest!]

GM: Ohh! Legdrop out of William Craven... but no cover. No pin attempt at all.

CB: You really think he'd go for a pin before getting a chance to carve Martinez like today's Thanksgiving turkey?

[Craven gets back to his feet again, backing a few feet up...]

GM: Another legdrop perhaps?

[But as he goes for the second legdrop, Martinez sits up, grabbing the barbed wire with both hands to pull himself clear from the attempt. He winces, immediately shaking his right hand in pain as Craven sits on the canvas, clutching his rear end.]

GM: Craven misses the legdrop... but what in the world did it cost Martinez to save himself?!

BW: He grabbed that razor sharp barbed wire with his hands to pull himself out of the way!

CB: That's not the brightest thing I've ever seen Martinez do but a man like him - his brains aren't the reason he puts butts in the seats, boys.

[Martinez rolls up to his feet, waving a hand in pain as he straightens up, looking down at the seated Craven. The Last American Badboy backs up, measuring Craven...]

GM: The big man rushes in...

[He attempts a big kick to the chest but Craven grabs the leg, trapping it as it hits him. Martinez tries to pull himself free as Craven clutches at the limb, hanging on for dear life as the big man pulls and struggles to free himself.]

GM: Craven's hanging onto the leg!

[The One Man Revolution forces up to his knees, still hanging onto the leg despite Martinez hammering the back of his head and neck with forearm smashes.]

GM: Martinez is trying to get himself free from Craven's clutches...

[But Craven is able to muscle Martinez up into the air, resting him across his shoulder as he slowly moves across the ring...

...and THROWS Martinez down into the barbed wire! The seven footer cries out in pain, grimacing as the barbs dig into his back through his t-shirt!]

GM: Good grief! Into the wire goes Martinez!

[Craven backs up, rushing back in...

...and CONNECTS with a push kick to the chest, driving Martinez' back into the barbed wire again!]

GM: He slams him into it AGAIN!

[The Motor City Madman backs off again, measuring his man...]

GM: Martinez is strung up against those barbed-wire wrapped ropes - those sharp metal barbs have gotta be digging into the flesh of his back right now! It's gotta be digging through that shirt into his skin and-

[Craven rushes back in, ready to strike again, this time using his entire body as a battering ram to do further damage to his seven foot enemy...

...who ducks down at the last moment, hoisting Craven into the air, sending him sailing over the barbed-wire ropes, clearing the three strands of barbed wire just beyond the ropes...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and down HARD onto the barely-padded concrete floor!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!! MARTINEZ SENDS 'IM ALL THE WAY OVER THE TOP TO THE FLOOR!!

CB: That's a hard damn fall too, Gordon. Martinez is seven feet tall... Craven took at least a twelve foot fall right there onto these little black mats at ringside that just barely have some cushion from falling on a solid concrete floor.

[Craven rolls around on the floor, clutching his arm in pain.]

BW: And it looks like Craven may have landed on his arm, Gordo.

GM: We couldn't tell from our vantage point. The camera shot we had didn't show... maybe we can get a replay?

[The shot holds on Craven for a few more moments, watching him grimace in pain as he holds his right elbow. Then the screen splits as we get a slow- mo replay on the right side of the screen.]

GM: Alright, let's see if we can tell from this camera angle...

[The slow-motion footage shows Craven sailing over the top rope, flying high through the air. The big man twists his body in mid-air, looking to absorb the impact on his side...

...but sandwiches his right arm between his body and the floor!]

BW: Uggh. There it is, Gordo.

CB: That's a good way to break your arm, boys.

GM: It certainly is and you have to wonder if Craven may have suffered that type of injury on that fall. He's down on the floor, obviously in a whole lot of pain... and is Martinez looking for a way to get out there with him?!

BW: Sure looks like it.

[Inside the ring, Martinez goes to the corner, trying to find a way to the floor. He backs away, approaching the barbed-wire wrapped ropes to do the same before abandoning that idea as well.]

GM: Martinez is trying to find a way out there to go after Craven, searching for a way to get to the floor to continue the attack.

BW: There's no way out there, Gordo.

CB: Oh, I can think of one...

[So can Martinez evidently as he backs all the way up, standing with his back just inches away from the barbed-wire wrapped ropes as he eyes William Craven, watching to see when he stirs...]

GM: Oh my stars... tell me he's not going to do this...

[Craven slowly starts to climb to his feet, still grabbing his right arm...

...and Martinez breaks into a cross-ring sprint, running as quickly as his injured knee will carry him...]

GM: MARTINEZ!

[...and HURLS HIMSELF OVER THE TOP ROPE IN A DEATH-DEFYING DIVE!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS, WHAT A DIVE!! THE SEVEN FOOTER TAKES FLIGHT!!

CB: No matter how many times I've seen him do that in my life... it just never gets old, gentlemen.

GM: Martinez is down. Craven is down. Both men are laid out on the floor... and this place is rocking, fans! The Los Angeles Sports Arena has just been brought to their collective feet by Alex Martinez!

[With the fans still roaring for his dive, Martinez pushes up to his good knee, looking out at his hometown crowd. He reaches up, using the ring apron to pull himself up to his feet.]

GM: Martinez stands! And if he can find a way to get himself and Craven back inside the ring right now, victory in this match may be within his reach.

[On the floor, we see Craven roll to his stomach, using his left arm to drag himself towards the ring. His right arms stays pinned to his side as Martinez walks behind him, almost stalking his prey...]

GM: Martinez is coming after him and-

[Craven makes a lunge for the apron, nearly pulling it off the ring with his left hand as he drags himself towards the ring, pulling himself under the ring apron..]

GM: Craven's going UNDER the ring, fans!

BW: Maybe looking for a little bit of a breather.

GM: Perhaps.

CB: Craven never does anything by accident, guys. If Craven's crawling under the ring, you can bet he's got a reason for it.

[Martinez reaches the edge of the ring, leaning down to grab Craven by the ankle where he starts pulling the three hundred pounder back into view. First, we see the waist... then the torso... and with one final pull, we get Craven in full...

...right before he swings an object into the injured knee of his rival!]

GM: Ohh!

CB: I told you!

GM: Craven got pulled out and hit Martinez in the knee with... what in the world was that?

[We get a second shot of the weapon as Craven pushes up to his knees - a steel rod of some kind.]

GM: He's got a piece of metal... steel or iron, I'd imagine... maybe about a foot or foot and a half in length. What in the world is that thing?

CB: It's the tool they use to tighten the ropes at the ringpost. Craven's digging deep to find anything he can that might give him a momentary advantage.

GM: The way Martinez went down after that shot to the knee, it might be more than a momentary advantage.

[Craven gets to his feet, approaching the kneeling Martinez from behind. He places the metal rod against the throat, pulling back to choke the seven footer relentlessly.]

GM: He's choking him, fans! He's choking the heck out of Martinez!

[Martinez' face turns bright red as Craven pulls back as hard as he can on the pipe, robbing the air from the bigger man's lungs.]

GM: This is completely legal in a match like this as we know.

BW: It's actually pretty brilliant, Gordo. Craven's been struggling to keep the advantage for an extended period of time in this one and if he's able to wear down Martinez by choking him out for a while, he might be able to sustain some offense.

[Craven finally breaks the hold, allowing Martinez to slump down to the floor as Craven uses his left arm to toss the metal rod under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Craven, you can see, is still favoring that right arm. That fall to the floor seems to really have done a number on it.

[A pair of kicks to the ribs flips Martinez to his back which is, apparently, where Craven wanted him as he steps forward, hooking the seven footer's legs underneath his armpits...

...and falls backwards, catapulting the big man into the air...]

GM: What the-?!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS! MARTINEZ GOES FACEFIRST INTO THE STRANDS OF BARBED WIRE!!

[The cameraman wheels around, getting a closeup of Martinez' anguished face as his face presses against the bloodthirsty wire.]

CB: Martinez is gonna be ripped wide open after that, boys.

[Craven gets to his feet, a sick grin on his face as he approaches Martinez from behind, grabbing a handful of hair...

...and RAKES Martinez' forehead down the strand of barbed wire!]

GM: AHHH!

[Using the same handful of hair, Craven pulls Martinez away from the wire, tearing a big patch out of the front of his t-shirt in the process and revealing a nasty red gash pouring blood from the forehead of the Last American Badboy.]

GM: Good grief, fans... remember, parental discretion is certainly advised here tonight in Los Angeles and if you're still watching, now you see why. My god... what a cut on the forehead of Martinez...

[Craven uses his left arm to muscle Martinez under the barbed wire, again tearing his shirt in the process, and rolling him back into the ring. Craven pushes the barbed wire up with his left arm, rolling himself back into the ring as well.]

GM: Both men are back in... and Craven's got that metal rod again!

[He pushes it down over the windpipe a second time, using his three hundred pounds to press down and strangle the air out of a gasping Martinez. Nearby, the referee stands helpless, shouting for Craven to break the choke but having no power to force it to happen.]

GM: Come on! Break the choke!

CB: Why should he? He's got no reason to.

GM: Because this isn't what this company - this SPORT - is all about!

CB: Tell that to Craven.

GM: Craven's brain is twisted into a wreck trying to rebuild the savage lands that YOU created!

CB: Hey, don't put his insanity on me. That guy was nuts long before I ever met him. I think it runs in his family actually. His lunatic brother thought he could shoot lightning out of his hands.

BW: I SAW that happen once!

CB: We're in Los Angeles, Bucky... Hollywood... I saw the dinosaurs come back to life here in Hollywood but that don't make it reality.

[Craven finally breaks the choke, slumping down into a pin attempt as he throws the rod aside again.]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! TH-

[Martinez shrugs a shoulder up off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt in time to the cheers of the fans. An angry Craven gets up, stomping the shoulder that came off the mat.]

GM: Craven could only get two right there and he's showing some signs of frustration at that. He wants to end Martinez once and for all here tonight but the big man is NOT going down without the mother of all fights.

[Craven measures the downed Martinez before dropping a heavy knee down into the chest. He gets back up, making sure Martinez isn't going anywhere before turning away and grabbing the metal rod once more...]

GM: Craven's got the steel again and... now where is he going?

[Steel tool in hand, Craven approaches the corner where he slips the rod into the fastener and starts turning...]

GM: What in the world is he doing?

[The crowd buzzes in confusion as Craven turns and turns and turns, causing the top rope to slack down on one side of the ring before finally dropping down completely.]

GM: He's taking the top rope down!

CB: Not just the top one, Gordon.

[Kneeling down, Craven goes to work on the middle rope.]

GM: William Craven is taking down the barbed wire-wrapped ropes on that side of the ring and... my stars, that's going to expose those barbed wire strands!

CB: The AWA may have decided to take this match and NOT make it a no- rope barbed wire match but it looks like Craven's got OTHER ideas!

[Craven finishes in one set of buckles, smiling as the ropes sag down, partially exposing the three horizontal "ropes" of barbed wire that were set up on the edge of the apron. He starts to cross to the adjacent corner when Martinez starts to stir, rolling to his back...

...and Craven rushes him, SLAMMING the metal rod down across his broad shoulders, putting him back down on the mat!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: A HARD shot across the back with the weapon puts Martinez down again... and he'd better stay down 'cause Craven just flipped the switch to turn the danger level in this match to overdrive.

[In the other corner now, Craven quickly goes to work, loosening the connector for the ring ropes...

...and finally throwing all three ropes aside, down on the mat where the barbed wire that was wrapped around them sags and gets tangled up.]

GM: Craven's got the barbed wire exposed... and he's coming back for Martinez...

[Tossing the metal rod aside again, Craven uses his left hand to drag a blood-covered Martinez off the mat which leaves a bloody red streak behind.]

GM: Goodness. Alex Martinez' forehead is gushing crimson all over the place - really giving him the proverbial crimson mask - as the so-called One Man Revolution pulls him up...

CB: This can't be good for Martinez.

[Grabbing Martinez' arm with his left arm, Craven uses a one-handed whip to send Martinez towards the barbed wire...

...where he SLAMS backfirst into it, instantly crying out in pain!]

GM: Good grief! Martinez goes into the wire yet again!

[Martinez leans against the wire, his arms draped over the top strand to do even more damage as Craven strides across the ring...

...and retrieves his wooden sword.]

GM: Oh, you've gotta be kidding me.

CB: Craven doesn't kid, Gordon. He's got the smell of blood - Martinez' blood - all up in his nostrils and now he's looking to move in for the kill here at SuperClash IV.

[Craven stands before Martinez, holding the bokken at full extension so that the tip of it is pressed against Martinez' chin, lifting it up so that the seven footer can see the monster before him clearly through his blood-stung eyes...]

GM: Craven playing a little bit of mindgames here, making sure Martinez sees him before...

[Suddenly, Craven switches his stance, taking a full two-handed swing of the wooden sword like a baseball bat...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!" "OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The blow across the ribcage causes Martinez to crumple forward, collapsing down to all fours.]

GM: Craven knocks him down... but you can see him grabbing at his arm after delivering that. It's obviously still bothering him.

[Standing over Martinez, Craven lifts the cane with just his left arm...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!" "OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!" "OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!" "OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Three not-as-hard shots across the back leaves Martinez down on the mat on his chest, blood pulsing from his wounds out onto the white canvas as Craven stands over him, raising the cane with his left arm fully extended to the jeers of the crowd...]

GM: Craven taking the time to do a little gloating here.

BW: But again, those last three blows had to be one-handed because of the damage done to his arm a little earlier. They hurt, I'm sure, but Martinez may have had a little bit of luck on his side right there.

CB: Luck? You ever been hit with a wooden sword like that?

GM: We're over twenty minutes into this war... twenty of the bloodiest and most brutal minutes ever seen inside an AWA ring, fans. These two are hitting so hard... using everything they've got... doing everything they can think of...

[Craven lowers the cane, throwing it aside as he looks down at Martinez as the big man crawls across the ring, trying to put some space between he and the man hunting him.]

GM: Martinez is trying to get away...

[Craven steps down on the back of the hurting knee, shaking his head at the fleeing Martinez...]

GM: Craven's not letting him go! He's gonna keep him right there with him.

[A well-placed elbowdrop hits the kidneys of Martinez before Craven pulls him back up by the blood-soaked hair...]

GM: Martinez has gotta be getting tired... gotta be getting fatigued from the amount of blood loss he's suffered so far in this one. I'm not sure if we've EVER seen anyone bleed this much in an AWA match before, fans.

[Craven backs Martinez towards the barbed wire strand, reaching down for another one-handed whip...]

GM: Off the far side...

[As Martinez rebounds, Craven lifts him off the mat around the waist, falling back with him towards the strands of barbed wire...]

GM: HOTSHOT!

[...but at the last moment, Martinez twists his body, avoiding his throat being put into the barbed wire but the side of his face SLAMS violently into the skin-tearing metal!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

BW: William Craven just attempted to END Martinez' career, Gordo. He tried to deliver the Hot Shot, smashing throat into skin-ripping barbed wire. You could maim someone like that.

CB: Or worse.

GM: Craven tried for it but Martinez was able to counter ever-so-slightly, twisting his body to avoid hitting his neck on the barbed wire and... oh god.

[Martinez rolls to his side, leaning against the turnbuckles to reveal a wide gash on his cheek where a river of fresh blood is now pouring down his face as well.]

GM: This.. this is difficult to watch, fans. As a fan of professional wrestling... a fan of the sport... the athletic competition... the physical struggle between two individuals who are trying to show they are the better athlete... this isn't... this isn't what I want to see.

CB: Then pack your crap up and get out of here, Myers... 'cause this is EXACTLY what I came to see. These two men HATE each other, Myers... do you get that? They HATE each other. They want nothing more than to maim one another and put the other man out of the damn sport forever. They're not here to trade wristlocks and catch-as-catch-can action. They're here to cripple someone or bleed 'em dry trying. So, you can stuff your sentimental love for the business old school garbage, you got that?

[Blue's diatribe seems to catch Gordon off guard as he falls silent for a bit as Craven gets back to his feet. Craven leans over, rubbing his fingers over the fresh cut, covering his digits in the hot blood of Martinez...

...and then slowly trails the fingers down his own cheek, leaving a bloody smear.]

GM: This man is twisted... and I'm not sure you're not right there with him, Mr. Blue.

CB: I told you people before. I may not be looking for the hardcore anymore in this business - but I damn sure respect what it's all about unlike the rest of you who look down on men like myself for promoting it and men like Craven and Temple who competed in it.

[Pulling Martinez up again, he reaches to grab the arm with his left hand for another whip...

...when Martinez slaps the hand away, hooking Craven around the torso...]

GM: What's he-

[Martinez swings around and simply DRIVES Craven back into the barbed wire!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Martinez turns it around!

[Backing off, the Last American Badboy throws rights and lefts to the ribcage, hammering Craven down to a knee.]

GM: Martinez to the ropes, coming back...

[The seven footer rebound off, rushing back...]

GM: BOOT!

[Craven shifts his weight to the side, causing Martinez to sail past him with that running boot to the face...

...and running right into the barbed wire, hooking his leg over the middle strand of barbed wire!]

GM: AHHH!

[Craven lunges for Martinez' leg before he can remove it, grabbing the foot and ankle and pulling down on it to wrap the leg around the barbed wire!]

GM: He's got the leg wrapped around that strand, digging the barbs into the leg!

BW: Martinez is wearing some dark jeans but you can actually see the blood staining the legs... especially the lower leg of this pants...

GM: Craven's raking his leg back and forth... he's torn the denim of those jeans...

[With a strong tug, Craven rips the lower leg of the jeans clear off, leaving Martinez' bloody leg exposed...]

GM: Good- gaaaah!

[...and then PULLS the leg down onto the barbs again! Martinez howls in pain for several moments before Craven lets go, allowing Martinez to slump back down to the mat where he clutches his bloody and exposed leg in pain.]

GM: The leg is bleeding profusely to go along with his cheek and forehead and who knows what else. That t-shirt has been shredded but it's still there.

CB: I wouldn't be surprised if his back is sliced up too.

GM: Nor would I.

[Craven grabs the exposed leg, twisting it around his own leg...]

GM: Spinning toehold! Craven's going after the leg again!

[Martinez cries out in pain as Craven torques the injured knee, trying to force a submission out of the seven footer.]

GM: Craven shouting at him, demanding that he quits!

CB: Good luck with that. If Craven's dumb enough to think he's gonna get a submission out of Alex Martinez, then I gave him too much credit.

[Craven releases the hold, twisting it around again...

...where Martinez sits up and CRACKS Craven with a right hand, sending him sprawling back and down to a knee.]

GM: Whoa! What a shot by Martinez!

[The seven footer tries to scramble to his feet, hoping to get there before Craven moves in again. But the One Man Revolution is up and moving before Martinez gets past a knee. Craven raises his arms overhead, clapping his hands together...]

GM: Double axehan-

[But Martinez SLAMS a right hand into the gut!]

GM: Ohh! Martinez catches him downstairs!

[With Craven doubled up, Martinez climbs to his feet, snaring a front facelock...]

GM: What the-?!

[...and HOISTS Craven up into the air, takes two long steps towards the ropes...]

GM: NO!

[...and DROPS the three hundred plus pounder stomachfirst over the top strand of barbed wire, causing it to blatantly sag under the weight!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD!! GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!!!

[Craven falls back, grabbing at his midsection where has a horrific gash across it now. He drops down to his rear on the mat, his legs dangling back inside the ring...]

GM: Martinez with a big move there... and that could turn this thing around right now!

[The seven footer, having fallen to a knee from the exertion of the front- layout suplex, pushes back to his feet, breathing heavily. He steps forward...

...and leans down, grabbing Craven's legs and pulling him almost all the way back into the ring...

Almost.]

GM: Oh my god.

CB: He's gonna finish Craven now!

[Gripping Craven's legs under his arms, Martinez pauses, looking around at the roaring crowd. Craven waves his arms, trying to find a way out as he looks up at the strands of barbed wire right above him...]

GM: Alex Martinez has William Craven at his mercy and after all that Craven did to him as the Dragon, I don't think he HAS any mercy for the One Man Revolu-

[...and Martinez falls back, DRIVING Craven's face and throat into the bottom strand of barbed wire!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHH!

[The crowd ROARS in shock at the cold-hearted move executed by Martinez - a move that leaves Craven laid out, his head hanging back off the apron as blood pours out of a fresh wound just above his throat on the underside of his chin.]

GM: Martinez with an absolutely SAVAGE move right there and William Craven's face has been ripped wide open!

CB: He's not done yet, Gordo.

[The big man leans between the strands of barbed wire, leaning down to grab Craven by the back of the head...

...and pulls his forehead up into the bottom strand!]

GM: INTO THE WIRE!!

[Martinez grits his teeth, dragging Craven's flesh back and forth, digging the steel skin-shredding barbs into his forehead to the roar of the crowd!]

CB: Listen to these fans, Myers! I think we know what they came to see too!

[After several moments of dragging the head back and forth, Martinez lets go, revealing the profusely-bleeding Craven's head to the entire crowd who "ooooohs" in response.]

GM: Martinez pulls him back in... Craven's head is split wide open...

[Blood pours down the forehead of Craven as Martinez drags him off the canvas...

...and wraps his hand around the throat!]

GM: He's got him! He's got Craven hooked!

[He pauses for a moment...

...and then grabs the throat with the second hand!]

GM: Oh my! He's looking for the Firebomb right here and now!

[Martinez powers Craven up into the air...

...and just as quickly has to set him back down, leaning over to grab at his injured knee!]

GM: He couldn't do it! He couldn't get him up for the Firebomb! [Craven quickly gets a running start, lifting his leg up...

...and runs right in under the arm of Martinez who scoops him up, swinging him around...]

GM: He's got him up and-

[...and SLAMS him down on the pile of barbed-wire wrapped ropes on the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! SPINNING SLAM ON THE BARBED WIRE!!

[Martinez lunges across Craven's chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

[But at the last moment, Craven ekes a shoulder off the canvas in time!]

GM: Kickout! Kickout! Craven's out at two!

BW: Just barely, Gordo! Martinez was a half count away from ending this thing... maybe less than that!

GM: Craven rolls... oh dear.

[And now it's William Craven's back that is littered with slashes from the barbed wire, revealing blood trickling from the wounds down towards his waist.]

GM: There's blood... well, there's blood everywhere you look, fans. So much blood on both these men's bodies... all over the canvas as well...

[Craven rolls to his knees, pushing himself towards the turnbuckles where he starts working on the ropes that secures the buckle cover.]

GM: What is Craven doing down there in the corner?

BW: I have no idea.

[Reaching, shakily, cackling, Bill grabs at the laces while on his knees, then shrieks with joy as a large baggie of white powder drops to the mat.]

BW: What the devil? Craven found drugs!

GM: Somehow I doubt that's narcotics, Bucky. Look at him--

[Hunched, Craven uses an un-barbed portion of the top wire to raise himself to his feet and turns, a Joker-like grin plastered from ear to ear as Martinez approaches, unaware of what Craven has in hand...]

GM: Both these men are drenched in blood and, frankly, this already disgusting spectacle, this sick twisted monstrosity of a match should have already been ended. What could he possibly--

WC: BUUURRRNNN!!!

[Tearing the plastic bag in two Craven throws a heavy cloud of white over Martinez. In an instant Martinez is a mass of thrashing limbs, throwing haymakers in every direction. The referee dances out of the way as an errant fist almost takes his head off. Blood mingles with the powder, creating sick-looking pink cakes.]

BW: Salt! I think that was salt, Gordo!

GM: That sick monster isn't even interested in winning! He just wants to torture Martinez!

[Cackling, Craven goes down suddenly as a haymaker finds it's mark. Falling upon him, Martinez clumsily batters Craven as the green man turtles up, deflecting wild blows as best he can from his back while continuing to laugh.]

GM: Martinez is pummeling him over and over... I'm not even sure if he can see anything, Bucky!

BW: I'm fairly sure he can't! He's doing this by touch!

[Martinez wraps his hands around Craven's throat, throttling him back and forth as the Motor City Madman tries to pry Martinez' hands off his throat!]

GM: He's choking him! Martinez is strangling him with his bare hands!

[Abruptly, Martinez breaks the hold, climbing to his feet...

...and grabbing a strand of barbed wire that is still wrapped around the ropes on the mat. He stalks towards Craven who has rolled to his stomach, trying to use his good arm to pull himself away from Martinez...]

GM: Craven's trying to flee but Martinez is-

[Martinez stomps the lower back, settling down on it...]

GM: What is he-?

[Looping the barbed wire over Craven's head, Martinez yanks it back...

...RIGHT across the mouth of Craven!]

GM: AHHHHHH!

CB: Hey! I've seen this before!

GM: Martinez is using the barbed wire to apply a Camel Clutch - shades of Sultan Azam Sharif!

CB: The hell with that... this is shades of Eternally Extreme when Langseth fought The Gremlin for the World Title!

[Martinez shouts at Craven, demanding that he give up as the barbed wire digs into the face of Craven anew...]

GM: Craven's gotta be in excruciating pain! He's crying out, screaming in agony!

CB: We talked about Martinez not being willing to give up... now we get to find out if Craven will give it up when it comes down to the end!

GM: Martinez taking a page out of the EMWC history books - a hold not seen in over ten years... and Craven's gotta give up! He's gotta give up!

[The referee kneels down, checking on Craven...]

GM: The referee's asking him if he wants to quit... trying to see if he'll give up and end this thing.

CB: Langseth did.

GM: But few would attempt to compare the ability to absorb pain of Mark Langseth to that of William Craven, the One Man Revolution! Craven's grabbing at the wire himself now... trying to hang on...

[The camera catches a closeup of Craven, watching as he puts all his strength against all of Martinez' strength, pushing against the wire as Martinez pulls on it!]

GM: This is a battle of power! A battle of strength! A battle of wills!

[And slowly but surely, William Craven starts to overpower the seven foot behemoth!]

BW: HE'S DOING IT! HE'S DOING IT!

GM: William Craven is forcing the barbed wire away from his face! Incredible!

[With the wire pushed several inches away, Craven suddenly twists his body, rolling to his back. His right arm stays on the wire, now trying to push it back as Martinez switches up his attack. The barbs dig into his wounded limb as he swings his left leg up...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LOW BLOW!! CRAVEN KICKS HIM LOW!!

[Martinez hobbles back, dropping the barbed wire wrapped rope down on the canvas as Craven pushes up with his left arm, getting back to his knees for a moment before climbing to his feet...

...and wrapping his hands around Martinez' throat!]

GM: Oh my stars!

BW: He's going for the Thunder Melter - his version of Martinez' Firebomb!

[Craven winces, trying to lift Martinez into the air...

...but he just can't do it, allowing Martinez to slap the arms away, hooking his rival around the torso in a loose bearhug...]

BW: What the he-?!

[...and spins around, his back facing the barbed wire strands as he tries to steady his stance, shifting weight off the injured leg as much as he can...]

CB: Oh, sweet merciful JES-

[Martinez pops his hips, hoisting the three hundred pounder into the air, tossing him clear over his head...

...where he SLAMS upside down into the strands of barbed wire courtesy of an overhead belly-to-belly throw!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The impact of the throw snaps the top two strands of the barbed wire, causing them to drop down to the floor. Somehow, Craven's body stays in the ring, breathing heavily on the mat as blood pours from the latest wounds on his back...]

GM: Dear god... please tell me this is over. Tell me that's it.

[Martinez gets up, looking down at his bloodied rival...

...and drags a thumb across his throat to the roars of the crowd!]

CB: Not yet.

[Martinez reaches down, hauling the barbed wire-wrapped ropes out to the middle of the ring. He turns back, pulling the motionless Craven off the mat, blood dripping off both men onto the canvas with every exertion.]

GM: Both men back up... what's left? What else can they do to one another?

[In an answer, the Hall of Famer wraps his massive hands around the throat of the One Man Revolution in a two-handed choke. Martinez' fingers turn white from the tension he's putting behind them as he strangles Craven with his bare hands again...]

GM: He's got him hooked... he's got him set...

[Martinez leans in close, glaring dead in the blood-soaked eyes of the man who tormented him for so many months... who sent him out of the AWA in the most devastating way possible... who put his very career at risk...

...and he whispers something. Something unheard by anyone else. No mics, no announcers, no referees, no fans. A silent word shared between Martinez and Craven.]

GM: What did he say to him? What could he possibly have left to say to-

BW: LIFT!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Martinez powering Craven up in the two-handed choke, holding him high for an instant...

...and then DRIVING him down on the pile of barbed wire-wrapped ropes with the devastating Firebomb chokeslam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Dear god! What a chokeslam! That's gotta be it!

[Martinez drops to a knee, collapsing atop a motionless William Craven.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ERUPTS into cheers once more as Martinez slumps backwards, falling off the motionless Craven flat on his back on the canvas. The referee steps in, lifting an arm on the victor and gesturing at him as the cheers grow louder.]

GM: What a win for Alex Martinez! One of the most grueling, exhausting, and bloody victories of his career has left him completely spent down on the canvas as

these hometown fans in Los Angeles salute what he just pulled off in there against one of the most dangerous opponents he's ever faced.

BW: Incredible.

[Sliding his arms underneath him, Martinez pushes himself up into a seated position, breathing heavily as he reaches up to wipe some blood out of his eyes.]

GM: You can look at Martinez... look at Craven... look at the mat inside the ring and see what a war these two have been through. A total bloodbath.

BW: For years, these two men have circled one another without ever going to war. Tonight, they went to war... a war to end a two year feud... and a war the likes of which neither will ever want to go through again, Gordo.

[Martinez gestures for the referee's assistance, climbing slowly up to his feet where he visibly winces as he puts weight on the bloody knee. He stumbles a bit, grabbing the ropes for support as he tries to stay standing as the referee and some ringside crew members go to work with wire cutters, clearing a path for Martinez as he slips through the ropes to the ramp.]

GM: Martinez is moving very slowly out there... taking quite a while to get to the ramp... and just barely able to hobble up the ramp on his own power. This match took a lot out of the Last American Badboy, fans. A magnificent triumph... but at what cost?

[The camera follows Martinez' slow path, watching him occasionally swipe the blood from his eyes as he edges back up the ramp and 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 to footage marked "SUPERCLASH V" where Dave Bryant has got Calisto Dufresne trapped in the unfriendly confines of his Iron Crab.]

GM: The American Airlines Center is deafening! These 20,000 fans are on their feet, screaming their lungs out for the underdog who fought so hard to get here! The man hunting for redemption... for the glory that has eluded him since the early days of his career! Can Dave Bryant do it? Can he become the first ever AWA double champion? Can he become the World Heavyweight Champion on the biggest night in AWA history?!

[Jagger asks again, flattening out to get right into Dufresne's face who again screams "NOOOOO!"]

GM: The World Champion is fighting with all he's got! He's got no allies coming to save him! This is just sheer will keeping him in this match at this point. He's trying to fight down the pain, trying to hang on and find a way to keep that title around his waist!

[Bryant leans back again, nearly toppling over on his bad knee as he bends Dufresne, and delivers a loud "ASK HIM!"]

GM: Johnny Jagger is checking again and-

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Jagger springing to his feet, waving his hands at the timekeeper!]

GM: HE GAVE UP! MY GOD, WE'VE GOT A NEW WORLD CHAMPION!

[Jagger taps an exhausted Bryant on the shoulder. The veteran collapses to his knees, shoving Dufresne's legs aside as he falls to the mat, dropping his forehead down to the canvas.]

GM: After a grueling half hour of action, Dave Bryant got that Iron Crab locked in and Calisto Dufresne had no choice but to give it up! We've got a new World Champion, Bucky!

[The crowd is on their feet, causing permanent hearing loss for many in their midst as they salute the new World Champion. Bryant is still down on the mat, his body heaving as he lies facefirst on the canvas.]

GM: The emotions of the moment are getting to the new World Champion! He's fought for so long and so hard to get to this moment. Think about where he was when he came back to wrestling in the summer of 2012 to where he is now! What a moment! What a moment in the life of Dave Bryant!

[Bryant pushes up to his knees as the referee steps in, handing him the World Title belt. The crowd ERUPTS once more as Bryant embraces the title belt, clinging to it like a drowning man with a life preserver. The AWA's Senior Official helps him off the mat, helping him up to his feet where Bryant thrusts the title belt over his head into the air!]

GM: Dave Bryant has done it, fans! He's shocked the world here tonight in Dallas to become the new AWA World Heavyweight Champion! He's also the first man to ever wear TWO AWA titles at the same time but that's a situation to be settled another day because right now, the Doctor of Love is on top of the world!

[The camera falls on Calisto Dufresne who is down on the mat, clutching his lower back in pain. Bryant steps up to the middle rope, a title belt in each hand, thrusting them into the air as bursts of fireworks explode from the turnbuckles.]

GM: Oh yeah! What a moment for these fans in Dallas! What a moment for those of you watching at home! What a moment for the entire AWA! And most of all, what a moment for the brand new World Heavyweight Champion, Dave Bryant!

[Bryant stands on the buckles, tears in his eyes as he holds his title belts aloft. Confetti begins to fall from the rafters, creating a snow blizzard effect as the cameras peer through at the new World Champion.]

GM: It's been an incredible night for all of us here in the American Airlines Center, fans! One of the wildest, craziest, most exciting nights in AWA history and I can't think of a better way to wrap up 2013 than to celebrate the crowning of TWO new champions here tonight in the AWA's hometown of Dallas, Texas! Wow!

[The wide shot of the American Airlines Center crowd continues to show the massive celebration underway until the sounds of "Step Into A World (Rapture's Delight)" by KRS-One kicks in over the PA system, meaning the arrival of only one man.]

GM: And here comes the man who hopes to be the first to challenge the new World Champion for his title!

[The winner of tonight's Steal The Spotlight contract steps into view, clapping his hands as he walks down the aisle towards the ring. Bryant, surprised by his arrival, drops down off the ropes, turning to face the incoming Number One Contender.]

GM: Dave Bryant looks as surprised as the rest of us.

BW: The lucky thing for Bryant is that Steal The Spotlight has always required someone to give notice before cashing it in. You can't just waltz up with a referee and yell, "Ring the bell!" You get the match of your choice with plenty of notice.

GM: You're absolutely right about that but it's not settling down the brand new AWA World Champion one bit.

[Wright steps through the ropes, still applauding as he grabs an offered mic from the floor.]

SW: Bravo, Mr. Bryant! That was a masterful performance. I had NO doubt in my mind, that you'd be the one standing here at the end of the night with the World Title. After the grit and determination you showed in the "Chase for the Clash," I couldn't expect any less. Mr. Dufresne and Royalty's reign of terror is over and the dark cloud that's been hanging over the AWA is lifted.

[He grins and points at Bryant.]

SW: Finally, the AWA can finally have a World Champion it can be proud of!

[A grin crosses Bryant's face as the crowd roars with approval. He slowly raises the title belt high into the air. Wright slowly raises a hand, lifting one finger to point at Bryant.]

SW: And as the man that will be your next challenger for that title...

[Dramatic pause.]

SW: I just wanted to be the first one to congratulate you.

[Supreme extends his hand towards the World Champion, as Bryant nods and goes to shake Wright's hand...]

GM: A nice show of sportsmanship out of Wrig-

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...only to have Supreme throw a high kick that catches him right in the side of the head!]

GM: OH! OH!!! OH MY GOD!

BW: WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT!?!]

[Wright stares down at the fallen World Champion, still clutching the mic in his hand.]

SW: ...and the last.

[He allows himself a chuckle as Bryant rolls to his back, grabbing at his temple where the high impact kick landed.]

SW: You see, Mr. Bryant, I was given an interesting bit of information by Mr. O'Connor earlier tonight.

[Wright pauses, looking down at the writhing World Champion.]

GM: We saw that conversation start to occur but I didn't really think anything of it.

[Wright continues.]

SW: It turns out that in exchange for allowing additional teams into the Steal The Spotlight match tonight, the Championship Committee had to agree to a stipulation from Chris Blue.

[The crowd starts to buzz with concern, not liking the direction this is going.]

SW: And that stipulation, was that the winner of the Steal the Spotlight contract could cash in...

...at ANY TIME and ANYWHERE.

[The crowd roars with disbelief at that revelation!]

GM:WHAT?! That's huge! That's unprecedented! That's-

BW: Do you NOT understand what he's saying?!

[Wright continues again.]

SW: And as you know, tonight... I stole the spotlight. But you? You stole MY moment.

[A look of deep rage forms on Wright's face as he stares down at Bryant.]

SW: And I'm here to take it back.

[He turns to the referee and the timekeeper.]

SW: Ring the bell.

[The crowd collectively gasps at Wright's cold-hearted statement to the referee as he throws the mic aside. Referee Johnny Jagger steps up to Wright, shaking his head.]

GM: Can we get some conversation that Supreme Wright is telling the truth?!

[Jagger and Wright seem to be arguing about the title match when Wright suddenly rushes forward, punt kicking the skull of the rising Bryant into the middle of next week!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! That might be it right there! Fans, I... are you sure? Okay, fans... we're getting word from the back that Karl O'Connor, the AWA President, has confirmed that Wright is telling the truth. This title shot is officially underway!

[Johnny Jagger seems to be getting the same news as he steps back and waves to the timekeeper.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Supreme Wright has decided to cash in the guaranteed match contract he won earlier tonight! He's going for the World Title against a man who just went through hell for a half hour!

[Wright leans down, dragging a limp Bryant off the mat by the hair, ducking down to sling him across his shoulders.]

GM: He's got him up. This isn't right, Bucky. If you ask me, this isn't right. No one should be winning a title like this... especially not the biggest title in the sport.

[Wright paces around the ring, heading out to the center where he flings Bryant up and over as he falls to his back, jamming his knees up into the midsection of Bryant!]

GM: OHHH! FAT TUESDAY!

[Wright shoves Bryant off his lifted knees and down to his back. The crowd starts to turn on Wright a little bit, booing the Combat Corner graduate as he climbs to his feet, looking down at the new World Champion.]

GM: Wright got that big move but it looks like he's decided not to cover!

[Back up, Wright waggles a finger at the jeering crowd before leaning down to drag Bryant up, ducking into a second fireman's carry. He again walks out to the middle of the ring...

...and drops Bryant across his knees a second time!]

GM: That's two! Two Fat Tuesdays by... well, by the challenger, I guess you can say. Bryant is laid out after that!

BW: This has gotta be over, Gordo.

GM: I can't believe what we're witnessing here. Dave Bryant fulfilled his lifelong dream of capturing the World Heavyweight Title and it appears as though Supreme Wright plans on taking that all away from him.

[Wright climbs to his feet again, looking down at a motionless Dave Bryant. He points to the official, raising a lone finger.]

GM: Oh god, he says he's going for one more!

[Wright leans down, this time raising Bryant up into a torture rack backbreaker. He walks him out into position...

...and then flings him up and over, raising the knees for an impactful backbreaker!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That's it, fans.

[Wright drops to his knees, applying a cover on the motionless Bryant.]

GM: One. Two. I can't believe it.

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Ladies and gentlemen...

[Wright gets immediately back up, waving to the referee who runs to fetch the fallen World Title belt, handing it to Wright.]

PW: Your winner of the match...

[The former Combat Corner student rises to his feet, thrusting the title belt over his head with both hands.]

PW: ...and NEW AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...

SUUUUUPREEEEEEEEEEME WRIIIIIIIIGHT!

[Wright stands in the middle of the ring, title belt raised over his head with both hands. The crowd does not seem pleased at this turn of events despite a decent amount of fans still cheering for Wright. He stands still, the title belt held in the air.]

GM: Dave Bryant made his dream come true right here tonight but Supreme Wright just turned it into a nightmare, fans! We're way out of time! We've gotta go! We'll see you next time... at the matches!

[With Bryant laid out on the mat, Wright stands with the title belt aloft, ignoring the jeering fans... ignoring the cheering fans... even ignoring Dave Bryant as he stands, arms raised over his head...]

...and we fade back to Sweet Lou Blackwell in the studio.]

SLB: One of the most shocking moments - not only in SuperClash history but in AWA history - right there, fans. And I'm sure we'll have more than our fair share of shocking moments coming up Thursday night in New Orleans as well as SuperClash VIII goes down. So many big matches on that lineup... but perhaps none bigger than the Syndicate Street Fight that will see the Hall of Fame duo of Casey James and Tiger Claw taking on two former AWA World Champions in Supreme Wright and Jack Lynch. And for those two men, this match got very, very personal in recent weeks.

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: And those of you who have followed the career of Jack Lynch know just how dangerous the Iron Cowboy gets when an issue gets personal. Right now, we're going to go back to SuperClash VI in New York City on a night when the King of the Cowboys took on his longtime rival Demetrius Lake in a Texas Death Match. If you've never seen this one before, fans, you're in for a real treat. Let's take a look...

[We fade from Blackwell to the interior of Madison Square Garden where Gordon and Bucky are speaking.]

GM: Fans, it was one year ago when Jack Lynch and Demetrius Lake first crossed paths in the AWA when Lake assaulted Blackjack Lynch... but of course, their war extends even further beyond that to their days in the St. Louis area.

BW: Oh, it goes further than that, Gordo. These are men who understand history. These are men who appreciate legacy - a word we've used a lot here tonight. So, you better believe they've been ingrained to hate one another by their respective teachers - Hamilton Graham and Blackjack Lynch - since their first days in this business.

GM: Even longer for Jack Lynch.

BW: That's right. This is a war of the ages and FOR the ages. This is the kind of thing these men will hang their hats on one day when they've hung up the boots. They'll sit back and tell their grandkids, "Boy, you should see that match I had at SuperClash VI. That was something else."

GM: Much like Graham and Blackjack have told them for years about their legendary Texas Death Match.

BW: That match has lived on in the pages of wrestling history since it went down some thirty years ago. Tonight, Jack Lynch and Demetrius Lake are going to pick up the pen to write their OWN page in that big ol' history book, daddy.

GM: Fans, I can't wait for this one. Let's head down to the ring and get this thing started!

[The bell sounds as we crossfade to Phil Watson.]

PW: The following contest is the TEXAS DEATH MATCH!

[HUUUUUUUGE CHEER!]

PW: The rules are as follows. When a pinfall or submission occurs, there will be a sixty second rest period. At the end of the sixty second period, both men will have a ten count to come to the center of the ring to continue the fight. The first man to be UNABLE or UNWILLING to answer the ten count will LOSE the matchup. There will be NO COUNTOUTS... NO DISQUALIFICATIONS... and NO TIME LIMIT!

[BIGGER CHEER!]

PW: Introducing first...

[As the Black Keys' "Hard Row" kicks in, on the video screen is flashed an image of the rippling flag of the great state of Texas. And over the flag appears the word "Lynch" done up to look like a lasso. The crowd erupts for the music and the graphic, waiting for his arrival.]

PW: From Dallas, Texas... weighing in at 265 pounds... he is a former National Tag Team Champion... a winner of the Stampede Cup...

Here is...

JAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK
LYNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNCHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[The Black Keys still playing, out from behind the train doors emerges the six foot seven Iron Cowboy. His black cowboy hat is tilted forward. Instead of his usual long black leather duster, Jack Lynch has draped himself in the flag of Texas, wearing the Lone Star over his shoulders, clutched there in both hands. Lynch pauses at the top of the stage, holding the flag aloft for a moment before once more draping it over his shoulders.]

GM: The big Texan showing his love for his home state...

BW: What an idiot. The New York fans are giving him some grief for that. Did he really think New Yorkers were going to cheer the Texas state flag?

GM: I think Jack Lynch is showing how prideful he is... and if these fans are booing his love for the great state of Texas, then perhaps they aren't truly his fans!

[With a single nod, Lynch then sprints to the ring, the flag catching the wind and flapping out behind him. When he enters the ring, he motions to the ring attendant, and together, they slowly and respectfully fold the flag. This done, Lynch turns to face the entranceway.]

GM: Jack Lynch is all business here tonight as you might expect. He took no time to salute the fans, no time to high five the kids at ringside... this is serious business and you need only take one look at his face to realize that.

[The music fades as Phil Watson speaks.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The piano and drum lead-in to Louis Armstrong's rendition of "Mack The Knife" plays over the PA to a huge round of boos (but in New York, there are also a few cheers). The big screen above the entrance shows a dark purple screen with a "KING OF WRESTLING" logo on it, all green-screened behind a clip of Demetrius

Lake glaring menacingly at the camera. However, the rest of the set is dark; the doors are unlit and it is hard to tell what is going on up there.

As Satchmo's famous trumpet joins in, a spotlight shines down on a golden- colored throne, upon which sits the self-described "King Of Wrestling", Demetrius Lake. The "Black Tiger" is wearing a black, royal purple, and gold suit, tie, and cape... along the line of what a king might wear today. Atop his head is a purple-red-and-gold crown. Lake takes a moment to look over the crowd, reclining to one side with a confident smirk on his face. The six- foot-nine Lake sports a fairly thick afro, connecting to an impressively long beard which extends down over an inch below his chin, where it comes to almost a point. The screen now shows clips of him in action, in and out of the ring.]

GM: A throne?! Give me a break.

BW: When you're the King, daddy, you get nothing but the best.

[The fans continue to boo as Lake snaps his fingers imperiously, and six preliminary wrestlers march out from the side of the camera view. They pick up the throne by the long planks underneath it, and steady it on their shoulders. An attendant begins rolling a red carpet down the aisle as the group walks forward, obviously struggling and straining under the weight of the throne (and the three hundred seventeen pound guy on it). Lake helpfully berates them and tells them to do better.]

GM: What kind of egomaniacal farce is this?! Demetrius Lake is forcing these men to carry him to the ring like slaves of some kind!

BW: Subjects. Peasants. Serfs. Commoners. Poor people. Not slaves. There's a difference; they can pretend to have free will.

GM: And Lake badmouthing them the whole way! Disgusting! I would have thought that Demetrius Lake would be as intensely focused on this Texas Death Match as he has been the past month, but instead he's worried about an ostentatious entrance for the New York City fans!

BW: He is focused, Gordo! So focused that he's even having other people walk to the ring for him so he's not distracted by the peons in the crowd.

GM: Oh, please.

[As the throne is about halfway down the aisle, Lake stands up and spreads his arms wide, looking to the crowd for their adoration and approval. And when he gets a loud round of jeers, he starts yelling and berating them for being "no better than Mexans". Then the fans understand the error of their ways and start cheering. Lake nods in acceptance and again spreads his arms out wide...

...a second before learning why the fans began to cheer, as Jack Lynch runs up behind the throne bearer in the back right corner, shoving him aside and pushing up on that portion of the carried throne!]

BW: HEY!

GM: OH MY STARS! LOOK OUT! LOOK OUT!

[The other five throne bearers lose control, and the throne tips over, sending Lake flipping ass-over-teakettle into the air, falling down on the floor as the throne clatters down to the concrete floor next to him. Lake lays on his back, his legs up in the air as the fiery Texan wastes no time leaping upon his fallen enemy!]

GM: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO!

[The bell sounds at the order of Davis Warren as Jack Lynch opens fire with a series of hard right hands to the head down on the floor. He breaks away, the crowd roaring as he scoops up the fallen crown, climbing up on the apron...

...and plants the crown on his head!]

GM: Oh yeah! King Cowboy in the house!

BW: Gah! Now Demetrius is going to have to have that thing burned! You can't get a Stench's stench out of stuff! He's bound to have lice and all sorts of things in his filthy, greasy hair!

[Lynch smirks as he walks down the apron towards the ringpost, grabbing his cowboy hat that has been placed on the post...

...and plants the hat atop the crown! BIG CHEER!]

GM: Haha! I love it!

BW: You would! What a humiliating moment for Demetrius Lake!

[Lynch takes the crown off, placing it down on the apron, looking around at the roaring crowd...

...and STOMPS on it, smashing it flat to an even bigger cheer. He leans down to pick it up, flinging it like a frisbee into the crowd before leaping off, nailing a rising Lake with a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Jack Lynch is starting this off incredibly hot! He's hurt Lake, he's embarrassed Lake, now all he needs to do is beat Lake.

BW: Which is a lot easier said than done, Gordo. The Texas Death Match was designed to eliminate any chance of a fluke. There won't be a victory by some cheap lucky break. You want to win this? You gotta beat your opponent so badly that either they can't get up or they won't get up... neither is going to be an easy task with these two men, daddy.

GM: Absolutely not.

[Lynch drags Lake up by the arm, taking aim towards the ring...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and whips Lake so that the small of his back SLAMS into the edge of the ring apron, causing Lake to arch his back, slumping down to his knees in pain.]

GM: That'll send you to the chiropractor!

[Lynch approaches swiftly, burying a big boot into the midsection to stun Lake. With a shout, Lynch lifts Lake up, holding the three hundred pounder up for a bit...

...and SLAMS him down on the barely-padded floor!]

GM: This one hasn't even spilled into the ring yet!

BW: Thanks to that yellow-bellied backjumper Jack Stench!

[The big Texan kneels down next to Lake, pulling him off the floor by the afro, slamming a fist into the head... and another... and another. He grabs hold of Lake's

suit jacket, ripping and tearing it off of him. Inside the ring, Davis Warren is asking them to bring the fight inside the ring.]

GM: Lynch is all over him... remember, falls do NOT count anywhere in this. If he's going to get a pin or submission to set up a win, he's gotta do it inside the ring.

[Lynch drags Lake up with a handful of hair, dragging him back towards the fallen throne, winding up...

...but Lake raises a boot, blocking the faceslam into the wooden throne. Lake throws an elbow back into the chest, stunning his rival.]

GM: Lake's got him by the hair and- ohh! Headfirst into the wooden throne!

[Lake leans down, picking up a section of 2x4 that snapped off in the big fall to the floor. He strides over towards a staggered Lynch, pushing him back against the barricade...

...and shoves the piece of wood into the chest, shoving him back hard against the steel! Lynch plants his hands on the wood, trying to fight off the board from getting across his throat!]

GM: Lake's trying to choke him with that piece of lumber but Lynch is fighting for his life, trying to keep it back...

[Lynch quickly lifts his right hand, digging his fingers into the eyes of Lake, sending him staggering away.]

GM: Oh! And Jack Lynch is showing just how different this match - this fight, this war - will be! If he has to go to the eyes, he's going to the eyes. If he has to choke a man, he'll choke him!

[The big Texan picks the wooden board up off the ground, tossing it from one hand to the other as he gauges the weight...

...and SWINGS it across the back of Lake, sending him sprawling over, crashing facefirst into the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! A big piece of wood across the back!

[Lynch steps up behind Lake, pulling his head back by the afro...

...and holds the piece of wood up for one and all to see!]

GM: What is he-? AHHH!

[The crowd groans as Lynch presses the dull corner of one piece of the board into Lake's forehead, digging it back and forth into the skin as Lake flails at the board, trying to get free.]

GM: He's trying to bust him open!

BW: He's not going to do it with a dull piece of wood, Gordo. Jack Stench is proving to be as dumb as the rest of his wretched clan.

[Lynch throws the board aside as Lake drags himself under the ropes into the ring. A fired-up Lynch pulls himself up on the apron, stepping through the ropes in pursuit.]

GM: Lake slides in but Lynch is coming after him!

[Referee Davis Warren is right there, staying out of the way but staying nearby in case he's needed.]

GM: There you see Davis Warren who has no job in this match but to count pinfalls, ask for submissions, and then make that ten count that will put one of these two men down.

BW: And don't forget that they've agreed that the loser will go to the ring on Saturday Night Wrestling and admit that the winner is the better man.

GM: Which would be absolutely brutal for either of these men to have to do.

[Lynch grabs hold of Lake by the afro, dragging him up to his feet where Lake throws a quick elbow back to the nose, causing Lynch to stagger back.]

GM: Oh! Lake caught him with an elbow!

[Lake slowly turns to face the big Texan who throws an uppercut, snapping Lake's head back, sending him staggering back into the corner. Lynch approaches, digging his fingers into the shirt collar, sending shirt buttons flying as he rips the shirt off of Lake...

...and then tries to stuff it down his throat!]

BW: AHH! Come on!

GM: Everything is completely legal in this one, Bucky!

[Lynch backs off, watching as Lake staggers away, coughing violently as the shirt falls to the mat.]

GM: Lake's torso is bare now... ohh! What a knife-edge chop across the chest!

[Lynch grabs the arm, whipping him across, charging in after him...

...where Lake leans back, causing Lynch to run right into his raised boot!]

GM: Ohh! Lynch gets a mouthful of boot, sending him down to the mat!

[Lake shakes his head, reaching down and unbuckling his leather belt that is holding up his pants...]

GM: Uh oh!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Good grief! He lashed him with that belt!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Lake pauses, glaring at the official who looks like he might step in. Davis Warren steps back, holding up his hands as Lake winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[The bright red welts remain on the back of the Texan as Lake steps over, looping the leather belt around the throat of Lynch, planting his boot between the shoulderblades, yanking back hard on it!]

GM: He’s choking him! He’s strangling him with that leather belt!

[Lake pulls back hard, gritting his teeth as he shouts at his downed opponent.]

“GIVE UP! GIVE, YOU HORSE-FACED COWARD!”

[But Lynch doesn’t quit, slipping his fingers underneath the strap, trying to free himself, aching to get a breath as Lake raises his foot to the back of the head...

...and SLAMS Lynch’s face into the canvas!]

GM: OHHH!

[Lake throws the leather belt aside, glaring down at Lynch who is crawling, trying to get across the ring to escape. Lake looks out at the jeering crowd, getting a big grin on his face as he walks to the corner, waving for the mic.]

“Hey boy... BOY...”

[Lynch, of course, doesn’t respond.]

“I know your ol’ lady is watchin’, boy... I’m about to give her the thrill of a lifetime!”

[Lake throws the mic down, grinning as he bends over, peeling off the pants he wore down to the ring, revealing royal purple trunks, kneepads, and boots with gold trim and monogramming. He takes the pants off, swinging them around his head, and flinging them over the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Absolutely despicable.

[The King of Wrestling puts his hands on the back of his head, squeezing down to show off his non-existent abs as he goes into a full hip swivel... which really isn’t that impressive considering Lake’s physique.]

GM: What in the world is he trying to show off here?!

BW: He’s giving Lynch’s wife a look at the real goods, Gordo.

GM: You’ve gotta be kidding me!

[The crowd is all over Lake for his blatant show of disrespect as he slowly marches in on the downed Lynch, a bit of a swagger in every step as he approaches...

...and Lynch EXPLODES off the canvas, throwing himself into a Fierro Press, toppling Lake where Lynch opens fire on him!]

GM: RIGHT HAND! RIGHT HAND! RIGHT HAND!

[The crowd is ROARING for Lynch as he hammers Lake into the canvas.]

GM: LYNCH HAS SNAPPED! LYNCH HEARD WHAT LAKE SAID ABOUT HIS WIFE AND HE’S LOST IT!

[Lake brings up his arms, trying to desperately cover up as Lynch hammers him relentlessly with blows to the face and head!]

GM: Lynch is beating the heck out of him!

[He drags Lake off the mat, whipping him into the ropes...

...and locks his hand around the skull, applying the Lynch family's legendary Iron Claw!]

GM: LYNCH HOOKS THE CLAW! HE HOOKS THE-

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Referee Davis Warren dives in, forcing a confused Jack Lynch to back off. The crowd buzzes with puzzlement as Warren waves Lynch back to his corner. The official quickly huddles with Phil Watson who nods, raising the mic.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... Demetrius Lake has SUBMITTED!

[The crowd cheers...]

PW: Now, there will be a sixty second rest period...

[A smirking Lake backs off, pointing at his head as he leans back against the buckles, exhaling sharply as a steaming mad Lynch starts at him, only to be held back by Davis Warren!]

BW: Hey, the man's got sixty seconds, Warren! Keep Stench back!

GM: Demetrius Lake just... you realize what he did?!

BW: He outsmarted Jack Lynch!

GM: He submitted to the Claw before it could do any real damage and bought himself sixty seconds of recovery time the Black Tiger leans back in the corner and waits.

[Lynch is fuming, pacing back and forth as Warren stays between the Texan and the Missouri native who feigns a yawn, checking an imaginary watch as the countdown clock on the big screen hits :35.]

GM: Thirty-five seconds left on the block as Lake is recovering from what we've seen done to him so far in this one.

[The Texan continues to pace, red welts on his back and on his neck courtesy of Lake's leather belt he put to good use earlier in the match.]

GM: The time is ticking down as Jack Lynch and Demetrius Lake get ready to go back at it.

BW: Not so fast, Gordo. These guys both have to answer the ten count after the rest period. Who knows? Jack Lynch may have had enough and will just stay down.

GM: Highly unlikely, Bucky. Jack Lynch looks ready for a fight and Demetrius Lake hasn't given him enough of one... not yet at least. The clock is down to ten...

[The crowd starts counting down, Rumble style.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"
"EIGHT!"
"SEVEN!"
"SIX!"
"FIVE!"
"FOUR!"
"THREE!"
"TWO!"
"ONE!"

[Warren signals the two men to come together in the middle of the ring...

...but Lynch runs right past him, leaping up to the second rope where he balls up his fist, raining down blows to the skull of Lake. The crowd attempts to count along but Lynch is punching faster than they can count as he clubs Lake over and over.]

GM: Lynch is hammering him like a nail up on the buckles and-

[Lake takes advantage of Lynch's over-aggressive nature, ducking under him...

...and SHOVING Lynch off the second rope, sending him toppling over the top and CRASHING down on the barely-padded concrete floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A big hard fall to the floor for the Texan!

[Lake leans against the buckles, breathing heavily as the crowd lets him have it for the assault on one of their favorites. The Black Tiger waves at the official to count Lynch but Davis Warren refuses.]

GM: No countouts in this one like Phil Watson said earlier. If Demetrius Lake wants to try and win this, he needs to put Lynch back in, pin him, and see if that's enough to keep Lynch down.

[Lake angrily steps out to the apron, dropping down to the floor. He pulls Lynch off the mat by the hair, slamming a right hand into the underside of the chin, sending Lynch staggering away, falling into the ringpost.]

GM: Lake's got him by the hair again...

[He badmouths Lynch, shouting at his rival...

...and SMASHES him facefirst into the ringpost, causing Lynch to crumple down on his knees on the floor!]

GM: Hard shot headfirst into the post!

[Lake grabs the bottom rope, stomping Lynch in the back of the head, smashing his face into the post again... and again... and again...]

GM: Jack Lynch is in trouble out there on the floor... and Lake's pulling him right back up...

[Still badmouthing Lynch, Lake walks him over towards the Spanish announce table, slamming him facefirst into the wooden table!]

GM: Ohhh! Lake puts him down on the table!

[He pulls Lynch up by the hair, dragging him back towards the ring, smashing his face into the ring apron before rolling him back inside the ring.]

GM: Lynch back in... Lake rolling in after him...

[The Black Tiger applies a lateral press, earning a two count before Lynch lifts the shoulder.]

GM: Two count only right there.

[The six foot nine Lake barks at the official as he drags Lynch off the mat by the hair, throwing him bodily back into the corner. He squares up, taking aim with a big overhand chop to the chest!]

GM: Big chop connects!

[Lake takes aim, landing a second chop that leaves Lynch reeling against the turnbuckles.]

GM: Lynch is taking a pounding from Demetrius Lake, his arch-rival, at this stage of the match... and oh my! Look at that leaping forearm to the back of the neck! Demetrius Lake is so athletic for a man of his size!

BW: He played three sports in high school, earning scholarships in football, wrestling, and basketball! He was a star defensive lineman for LSU... he was drafted by the Dallas Cowboys! Why do you sound surprised that a man with that resume would be that athletic inside the squared circle, Gordo?

GM: He's six foot nine and over three hundred pounds. It's just unusual for a man that size to be that skilled athletically.

BW: That's exactly what put dollar signs in the eyes of Hamilton Graham, the legendary competitor who brought Lake into the business, trained him, made him his protege, and made him one of the toughest men in the entire industry!

[With Lynch down on the mat, Lake leaps up, dropping a leg across the chest. He signals for another count, only getting a two before Lynch manages to lift a shoulder off the mat.]

GM: Two count only as Demetrius Lake tries to put Lynch down and get his first chance to win this thing.

[Lake is still talking to the official as he gets to his feet, pointing a threatening finger before turning back towards a kneeling Jack Lynch...

...who throws a right hand downstairs!]

GM: Big right to the breadbasket!

[Lynch winds up, throwing a second one, doubling up the Black Tiger as the crowd cheers him on.]

GM: Lynch is fighting back!

[Still on his knees, Lynch throws a stiff uppercut that snaps Lake's head back, sending him spinning away and sprawling facefirst down to the mat.]

GM: What a shot by the big Texan!

[Lynch climbs up off the mat, grabbing Lake's discarded leather belt off the mat...

...and slowly starts wrapping the leather around his fist.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: I don't like the looks of this, Gordo!

GM: These fans in New York City certainly do!

[Lynch hauls Lake off the mat by the afro, tugging him into a side headlock, smashing the leather-wrapped fist into the face over and over and over...

...until Davis Warren rushes in, forcing Lynch to let go!]

GM: What the...?!

[Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Demetrius Lake has SUBMITTED!

[This time, the crowd jeers the announcement as Lake backs off, rubbing his forehead while a seething Jack Lynch stares at him.]

GM: WHAT?!

BW: Hahaha! He quit again! He was in that side headlock and Lynch was pounding him with his own belt so he just quit! He quit to buy himself a minute to recover!

GM: This is wrong, Bucky. This is completely wrong. He is abusing the rules of this Texas Death Match at every opportunity!

BW: Of course he is! What use are rules if you can't find a way to bend them to your advantage?

[The crowd is letting Lake have it as he leans against the buckles, wiping the sweat from his forehead. Lynch again is pacing back and forth, waiting for Davis Warren to step aside. The leather belt is still wrapped around the fist of the Texan as his eyes drift up to the countdown clock which now reads : 27.]

GM: Under thirty seconds on the clock as Demetrius Lake gets another free rest period.

BW: Free? He was getting pummeled with his own fashion accessories!

GM: The fans in New York City really want to see the so-called King of Wrestling get what he's got coming to him after a year of tormenting Jack Lynch and the entire Lynch family. He assaulted Jack's father... his injured brother... his tag team partner Bobby O'Connor... even insulted the man's wife here tonight.

BW: Who must be a real gem if she's dumb enough to marry a Lynch.

GM: BUCKY!

BW: Hey, I call 'em like I see 'em, Gordo.

GM: The time is ticking down here in Madison Square Garden... down to six seconds... five... four... three...

[Lynch is watching and waiting...

...and as the clock hits zero, he turns and charges Lake who dives through the ropes, dropping down to the floor. He backs up, wagging a finger at Jack Lynch who steps out on the apron, leaping off with a big right hand that Lake counters by cracking him in the midsection!]

GM: Ohh! Lake cuts him off!

[Lake smashes a double axehandle down over the back, knocking Lynch down to his knees. The Black Tiger storms away, stalking towards the timekeeper's table, threatening Phil Watson who vacates his seat.]

GM: Uh oh! Lake's got the steel chair! He just stole the ring announcer's steel chair!

[Lake nods his head, tapping the chair on the ring apron a few times before turning, winding up with the steel seat...]

GM: He's gonna crown him!

BW: He's going to turn him into a vegetable like Johnny Detson did to Eric Preston back in Los Angeles!

[...but Lynch surges to his feet, bringing up his arms to block the chairshot!]

GM: He blocked it! Lynch is fighting it, trying to hang on!

[But Lake kicks him in the gut, snatching the chair back, winding up with it...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: STEEL CHAIR DOWN ACROSS THE BACK!

[Lynch crumples, collapsing facefirst down to the canvas as Lake hurls the chair aside with a "I'M THE KING! I'M THE KING OF NEW YORK!" to jeers from the crowd.]

GM: Demetrius Lake sure does like talking inside that ring, taking the time to insult the fans here in New York as well.

[Lake peels Lynch up off the mat, rolling him under the ropes into the ring. He grabs the middle rope, tugging himself up on the apron...

...where he slaps the top turnbuckle three times, nodding his head as he steps up on it!]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: Lake's gonna end this right now, Gordo! He's going for the Big Cat Pounce right now!

GM: I can't believe it! This one may be over much quicker than we expected considering the rules of this matchup as Demetrius Lake, the big three hundred pounder is heading up to the top rope. He's got one foot up top now, shouting at these fans...

[The delay to taunt the fans is enough for Jack Lynch to drag himself off the mat, staggering towards the corner...

...where he buries a right hand into the midsection!]

GM: Big right hand by the Texan!

[A second haymaker finds the mark as Lynch steps up on the second rope.]

GM: Uh oh!

[He pulls Lake into a front facelock, slinging his rival's arm over the back of his neck. He sets, preparing himself...

...and hoists Lake up into the air, dropping backwards with a spine-rattling superplex, floating over into a pin attempt!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Demetrius Lake has been pinned! Start the clock!

[The crowd is buzzing as Lynch rolls off Lake, laying flat on his back on the canvas.]

GM: Both men are down.

BW: And the way I understand the rules for this match says that Lake's not the only one at risk here. If Lynch can't answer the ten count and Lake can, Lake would win this match!

GM: That is correct! Both men need to get up for the match to continue! But right now, they've got about forty-five seconds to get up and keep this battle going!

[A cut to the clock shows ":40"]

GM: Jack Lynch with a tremendous counter, avoiding Lake's attempt to hit the Big Cat Pounce right there and hitting him with that high impact superplex from the middle rope!

BW: Is that enough to keep someone like Lake down for as long as he needs to stay down?

GM: We're going to find out, Bucky. The clock's down to just below thirty seconds now...

[Jack Lynch is the first to move, rolling over to all fours. He takes a few deep breaths before pushing up off the mat, wincing and grabbing at his lower back as he does, falling back against the ropes.]

GM: Lynch is up! The Texan is up and now we wait to see if Demetrius Lake can do the same!

BW: We're closing in on the fifteen minute mark of this match which doesn't even matter since there's no time limit, Gordo.

GM: No time limit, no countouts, no disqualifications. This match won't end until we've got a clear and undisputed winner!

[The clock hits ten seconds, a handful of fans here and there deciding to keep counting along as Demetrius Lake rolls to all fours, wincing as he pushes up to his knees...]

GM: Lake's getting up! With under ten seconds to go in the rest period, Demetrius Lake is climbing back to his feet...

[The clock ticks down... four... three... two... one...]

GM: And here we go again!

[Lynch is right on Lake, dragging him up and shoving him into the corner where he unleashes a series of stiff rights and lefts, throwing hooking blows to the body before grabbing an arm...]

GM: Irish whip... OH MY STARS!

[The crowd ROARS as Lake comes fast to the corner, front flipping as he hits the buckles, tumbling over the top, and crashing down to the floor!]

GM: WOW! What a fall by Lake!

[Lynch nods his head at the cheering crowd before stepping out to the apron, dropping down to the floor in pursuit. Lake is on his rear end, scooting backwards as he raises his hand.]

GM: Oh, look at this! Demetrius Lake is begging for mercy out on the floor!

BW: Well, I don't know about that but if that's what he's doing, he's barkin' up the wrong tree, daddy. After all the bad blood between these two, he ain't gettin' a drop of mercy from Lynch!

[The Texan shakes his head, fists balled up in front of him, walking slowly towards Lake as he inches back further...]

...and then lunges forward, hooking a handful of the front of Lynch's trunks, YANKING him towards him...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THE POST! LAKE PUTS HIM INTO THE POST!

[Lynch slumps down to the mat, head resting on his arms as a chuckling Lake gets to his feet.]

"STUPID! BIG, STUPID JACK LUNCH!"

[A few stomps punctuate his words for his rival as the ringside fans let him have it. Lake steps over the downed Lun- err, Lynch... walking over towards the ringside barricade where he pauses to let a few fans have it. He shakes his head at their reaction, leaning down...]

GM: What in the world is Lake doing?

BW: I can't tell from here.

GM: He's... oh my god, he's pulling up the ringside mats!

[The jeers get louder as Lake pulls the padded flooring back, revealing just how thin it is as he folds it back, exposing a large section of concrete out on the ringside floor.]

GM: Lynch is in serious trouble here and I don't even think he realizes it yet!

[Lake steps past the folded-up padding to pull Lynch off the ringside mats, revealing a bloodied forehead.]

GM: Ohh! Jack Lynch has been busted open! He must have been split open when his head hit the ringpost!

[Lake grins, pulling Lynch into a side headlock, battering the cut forehead with a closed fist before using the same handful of hair to drag his rival over towards the exposed concrete...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

BW: He's gonna finish Lynch once and for all! He's gonna put him in a wheelchair next to his no-account brother, James!

GM: Bucky! You know very well that James Lynch is no longer in a wheelchair!

BW: In my dreams he is, Gordo. Let me enjoy this!

[Lake gets right over the concrete, turning to a nearby camera with a "This one's for you, Hammy!" as he pulls Lynch down into a standing headscissors...]

GM: No, no, no! He can't do this! He can NOT do this!

BW: He said it's for Hamilton Graham! Somewhere, Hamilton Graham is looking on and loving every second of this!

GM: Only Graham, a sadistic, cold-hearted son of a gun if there ever was one, would enjoy something like this!

BW: Hey, if he does it, I might get a giggle out of it.

GM: I can't believe you! You make me sick!

[Lake nods his head, leaning down to wrap his arms around Lynch's torso...]

GM: He's going for the piledriver on the concrete floor! He'll break his neck! He'll end his career!

[But as Lake lifts him up, Lynch kicks and flails his legs, forcing Lake to put him back down...]

...where Lynch yanks his legs out from under him!]

GM: Oh! He takes him down and-

[Lynch falls back while holding the legs, launching Lake into the air...]

...where he slams gutfirst into the railing, toppling over it into the front row of seats!]

GM: CATAPULT INTO THE FRONT ROW!!

[The Texan slowly sits up on the floor, wiping the blood from his eyes as Demetrius Lake pushes up to a knee out in the front row. Lynch uses the railing to drag himself up, reaching over towards Lake...]

...who grabs the arm and SWINGS it down into the top of the railing!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Lynch collapses backwards, his body flailing wildly as he grabs at his elbow, gritting his teeth and dropping a few words that cause the sound guy to mute them for a moment.]

GM: He could've broken the man's arm right there!

BW: I'm fairly sure that's what he was trying to do, Gordo! Demetrius Lake may have just broken that arm like a fat guy breaking a turkey leg off the Thanksgiving dinner earlier today!

GM: You resemble that remark.

BW: Easy, Myers. We've been pretty civil all night. Let's not turn this sideways now!

[Lake steps over the railing, pulling Lynch up by the hurting arm, stretching it high above Lynch's head...

...and SLAMS it down on the railing a second time!]

GM: Good grief! Absolutely brutal!

BW: This is brilliant, Gordo! Demetrius Lake just went after Lynch's primary weapon! He's trying to take away that Iron Claw!

[Lynch cradles the arm, trying to keep it underneath him as he attempts to crawl away from a pursuing Demetrius Lake. The Black Tiger pulls him up by the back of the trunks, rolling him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Lynch gets put back in and Lake's in pursuit...

[The self-proclaimed King of Wrestling steps through the ropes, barking at the downed Lynch... and then stomps the arm... and again... and again...]

GM: Lake's definitely got a bullseye painted on that arm right now, fans!

[He grabs Lynch by the hair, dragging him to his feet, hammerlocking the arm behind him...]

GM: Look at this!

[...and scoops Lynch up, slamming him down on his own arm!]

GM: Ohh! Hammerlock slam by Demetrius Lake!

[Lake stands over the prone Lynch, raising his arms to the jeers of the crowd, dropping down to his knees in a cover.]

GM: Lake's got one! He's got two! But Lynch escapes!

[Jack Lynch promptly rolls away from Lake, trying to create some space as Lake lumbers towards him, stomping his rival viciously in the lower back, forcing him out on the apron. He leans over, pulling Lynch up, grabbing him by the arm, twisting it around...

...and then CRACKS Lynch with a straight right hand, sending him falling off the apron to the floor!]

GM: Lynch hits the floor again!

[Lake drops to a knee, rolling under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: You can't win this one out on the floor, Bucky.

BW: No, but you can certainly do some major damage that would lead you down the path to victory, Gordo.

[Lake drags Lynch off the floor by the arm, tucking it behind him a second time, lifting him up in the hammerlock...]

...and walks over towards the railing before SLAMMING him down on the exposed concrete floor!]

GM: OHHH! GOOD GRIEF!

[Lynch cries out, cradling the hurting arm with the other hand as Lake stands over him, smirking as the crowd jeers.]

GM: Demetrius Lake has progressed past taking the Iron Claw out of the picture and has moved on to trying to break that arm, Bucky! He's trying to break the arm of Jack Lynch and-

[Lake pulls the bloodied Lynch off the floor, rolling him back under the ropes into the ring. He rolls back in after him, staring down at Lynch. He lifts his left foot, pinning Lynch's wrist to the mat...]

...and STOMPS the arm... and STOMPS the arm... and STOMPS the arm, keeping it down on the canvas!]

GM: Lake's got him in trouble here!

[Backing to the corner, Lake hops up on the second rope, balancing himself...]

...and just kinda falls off, dropping a knee on the extended limb! The crowd groans as Lynch's arm is pinned to the mat under Lake's three hundred plus pounds.]

GM: The Black Tiger into the cover - he's got one! He's got two! He's got th-

[But Lynch fires a shoulder off the mat!]

GM: Two count only! Two count only!

[Lake shouts angrily at the official as he climbs to his feet, shoving Davis Warren back against the ropes. The referee points to the AWA logo on his chest before shoving Lake back in return to a big cheer from the crowd!]

GM: Oh yeah! Davis Warren is standing up to that big bully Demetrius Lake!

[Lake backs off, surprised by the official's actions. He raises his hand defensively, backing away towards Jack Lynch who is crawling towards the ropes, trying to get away from Lake.]

GM: Lynch is trying to escape but Lake's right there, dragging him up against the ropes... big knife edge chop!

[Lynch recoils, hooking his good arm over the top rope while the bad arm hangs at the side.]

GM: Lake's got him on the ropes, grabs the arm...

[The Missouri native sends the Texan bouncing off the ropes. A wild right from Lake is ducked by Lynch who slams on the brakes, spins around...]

GM: CLAW!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Lynch applying the Iron Claw...

...but just as quickly deflates as Lynch recoils in pain, grabbing at the arm he used to apply his trademark hold!]

GM: He couldn't do it! He couldn't keep it on!

[Which is Lake's cue to wind up, lashing out with a stiff-fingered thumb strike to the side of the throat!]

GM: TIGER STRIKE CONNECTS! It's as illegal as they come but he got all of it and-

[Lake drops to his knees, throwing his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture as he applies a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Jack Lynch has been PINNED! Start the clock!

[The crowd begins to buzz with concern as Lake pushes up off the mat, backing away as the referee steps in to keep him there, refusing to let Lake inflict more punishment as Lynch attempts to climb up off the canvas.]

GM: Jack Lynch hasn't moved one bit yet - the Tiger Strike has floored many an opponent and with someone like Demetrius Lake in there, there's no telling what he might have loaded that thumb up with before hitting it, Bucky.

BW: Hey, that's slander, Gordo. You've got no proof of anything!

GM: Lynch is still down... he's still not moving as we're down to about forty seconds remaining on the clock!

BW: If Lynch knows what's good for him, he'll stay down, Gordo. That arm could be broken... he could be looking at surgery right now and that's without any more punishment done to it. If he comes back for more, Lake might end his career.

GM: Thirty seconds left... and Lynch is moving! Jack Lynch has rolled over onto his side!

[The crowd is roaring, trying to inspire Lynch to get up off the mat!]

GM: The Texan's trying to get up! The Texan's being inspired by this massive crowd here in Madison Square Garden that are trying to get him to his feet to continue this fight!

BW: I knew he was too dumb to stay down, Gordo.

GM: Too dumb? Try too proud! Too much of a hero to these people! Too much of a fighter... of a warrior!

[The clock hits ten seconds as Lynch tries to get up off the mat.]

GM: Ten seconds to go... if Lynch can't make it at that point, he'll have a ten count to beat!

[Lynch extends his arms, trying to get off the canvas as the count gets down to seven... six... five...]

GM: He's almost up, Bucky!

[But his pain-filled arm gives way, causing Lynch to collapse facefirst to the canvas. Lake leaps up, giving an arm pump as the rest period expires as Davis Warren steps in...]

GM: The official starts the ten count. If Lynch can't beat the ten count, Demetrius Lake will be the winner of this Texas Death Match!

BW: And Lynch will have to come out on Saturday Night Wrestling to admit that Lake is the better man!

GM: The count is at three. Can the Texan get up? Can he find a way to get up off the mat to keep this fight going with a bad arm and after being hit with the Tiger Strike?

[As the count hits five, Jack Lynch grits his teeth, doing a full pushup off the mat to his feet, collapsing against the ropes to huge cheers from the crowd as Demetrius Lake marches in behind him, leaping up with a big double axehandle to the back of the head and neck!]

GM: Lake with the axehandle! And another one!

[Lake stands over a kneeling Lynch, spreading his arms to jeers from the MSG crowd.]

GM: Demetrius Lake has Jack Lynch in a bad, bad way here tonight in this Texas Death Match - in this final showdown between these two rivals who have fought tooth and nail against each other for years.

[The Black Tiger drags the bloodied Lynch off the canvas by the hair, smashing an overhead elbow down between the eyes, sending Lynch staggering back into the corner. He moves in, smashing a second elbow down between the eyes!]

GM: The so-called King of Wrestling is doing a number on Lynch in the corner...

[And a flat out open chokehold is applied, strangling the air out of a struggling Lynch who has to try and fight his opponent off with one arm.]

GM: There's no disqualifications in this so if Lynch is going to get out, he's going to need to fight his way out!

[A trapped Lynch balls up his left hand, throwing it hard into the forehead of Lake who is unfazed as he continues to choke. Lynch lands a second and a third, still having no effect...

...so he just digs his fingers into the eyes of the King of Wrestling, gouging hard!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Lynch goes to the eyes! So much for your big hero, Myers!

GM: Hey, he had to do it! He was in a chokehold and he had to do it!

[Lynch shakes out the right arm as Lake staggers away. The Texan races to the ropes, rebounding back towards a blinded Lake...]

...and LEAPS UP, cracking him across the collarbone with the injured arm!]

GM: LARIAT! LARIAT!

[Lynch grabs at his injured arm, rolling onto his back and wincing in pain from the high impact blow he probably shouldn't have delivered.]

GM: Good grief, Bucky! What in the world would motivate Jack Lynch to deliver a lariat with an injured arm?!

BW: Bad genetics?

GM: Would you stop?! What you have to observe about that move is that as much as it hurt Jack Lynch to deliver it, it might've knocked Demetrius Lake out cold! Lynch just evened up this match in a big way as he crawls, trying to get towards Lake...

[He lunges, throwing his injured arm over Lake's heaving chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Demetrius Lake has been PINNED! Start the clock!

[The clock showing sixty seconds pops up on the big screen as Lynch rolls off of Lake, lying flat on his back beside him.]

GM: The countdown starts again. Both men are down this time. Both men are vulnerable to this match ending... both men are vulnerable to not being able to go on against the other!

BW: Lake's gotta get up, Gordo. He's got Lynch's arm in such a bad way, it seems like he's on the verge of victory even though he just got flattened with that bad-armed lariat!

GM: Oddly enough, you're right. That lariat was absolutely a desperation move as Jack Lynch was trying to find some way to get this match back on even ground. He knocked Lake for a loop with it but was it enough to keep Lake down for all the time needed to win this Texas Death Match?

BW: We're down under forty seconds now as the King of Wrestling ain't movin'... Lynch ain't movin'... can this match end in a double knockout?

GM: It certainly can but what a kick in the head that would be to both of these men who've fought so hard to get to this moment in Madison Square Garden with the entire world watching!

[The clock shows :23 as both men are still flat on their backs on the canvas, the crowd cheering loudly, rooting their favorite back to their feet to continue the fight.]

GM: Once again, the sixty second rest period is closing in on its conclusion at which point they'll both have a ten count to get to their feet and continue this fight!

BW: If they want to! Don't forget that, Gordo. They can also get up and refuse to go on!

GM: I have a hard time imagining either of these men putting themselves in that situation, Bucky.

[As the clock hits zero, Davis Warren starts the ten count.]

GM: Here we go, fans. We've got a ten count standing between these two men and continuing this war here tonight in New York City.

[Perhaps surprisingly, Demetrius Lake is the first to move, nudging himself over onto his arm as the count hits two.]

GM: We've got signs of life from the Black Tiger!

BW: The King, daddy!

GM: Demetrius Lake perhaps has enough in him to withstand the lariat, get back to his feet, and keep the fight going...

BW: But does Lynch? Did the lariat take too much out of him? He hasn't moved at all yet and the count is up to four... now to five...

[But as Lake sits up on the mat, Jack Lynch does the same, sitting straight up to big cheers!]

GM: Both men are sitting up but that doesn't break the count!

BW: Come on, King!

GM: They have to get to their feet and as the count reaches seven, it's looking very bad for-

[The crowd boos as Lake pushes up to his feet, throwing his arms wearily into the air, soaking up the jeers at the count of eight...]

...and just as Jack Lynch gets up at nine, barely beating the count, Lake charges him, shoulder lowered to drive Lynch back into the buckles!]

GM: The fight continues!

[Still doubled over, Lake drives shoulder after shoulder after shoulder into the ribcage of Jack Lynch, leaving him gasping for air as Lake straightens up, throwing a stiff uppercut to the chin!]

GM: Goodness! What a shot by Lake!

[Grabbing Lynch under the arm and around the head, Lake HURLS him up and out of the corner, throwing him halfway across the ring with a hiptoss!]

GM: Oh my! Lynch slams down hard to the mat with that hiptoss!

[Lake turns around where he's standing, taking the time to unlace the turnbuckle cover.]

GM: Demetrius Lake is... he's undoing the cover! He's untying that coverpad for the steel buckle so that he can expose it!

[The referee protests but can do nothing as Lake throws the buckle pad aside, leaving the steel fully exposed. Lake turns back, spotting Lynch who has crawled to the corner, resting against the turnbuckles...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

[...and breaks into a charge, leaving his feet slightly to drive both feet into the chest of the cornered and seated Lynch!]

GM: OHH! It wasn't pretty...

BW: ...but it damn sure was effective!

GM: You're absolutely right about that as Demetrius Lake tried to cave in Jack Lynch's chest with that basement dropkick!

[Grabbing Lynch by the ankle, Lake drags him away from the corner, putting him down on the mat where he drops a knee down to the chest... and another... and another...]

GM: The unique offense of Demetrius Lake, not jumping in the air for those kneedrops, just driving the knee in repeatedly!

[After a half dozen knees, Lake straightens up... ...and points to the corner.]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: This one's over, daddy!

GM: Demetrius Lake is heading for the corner... he's heading for the top turnbuckle once again...

[The King of Wrestling steps out to the apron, throwing his arms apart to inform the New York City crowd that the match is over as he starts to climb the turnbuckles, moving step by step up the corner...]

GM: Jack Lynch is down! Jack Lynch is not moving! This is not like earlier in the match when he found the strength to stop him... this is a completely different story as Lake steps to the top rope...

[The Black Tiger stands up top, spreading his arms wide to steady himself...

...and leaps from his perch, plummeting down through the air...]

GM: SPLASH! HE GOT IT!

BW: WOOHOO! Glorious day in the evening, daddy! Ring the bell, this one's over!

[Lake again does the "it's over!" gesture as he settles back into a lateral press, picking up the easy three count.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Jack Lynch has been PINNED! Start the clock!

[The clock again shows sixty seconds on it as Lake pushes to his feet, smirking as he backs to the corner, jerking a thumb at himself with a "I'M THE MAN! I'M THE KING! JACK LUNCH IS DONE! FINISHED!"]

GM: Demetrius Lake certainly believes it's over after that.

BW: Can you blame him?

GM: I certainly cannot. He hit the Big Cat Pounce off the top and I don't believe we've seen anyone get up from that. Jack Lynch has more time to get up from it than anyone else has to keep this match going but after the amount of punishment that he's taken, I'm just not sure that's going to happen, Bucky.

BW: Hah! I love it! Even the biggest Stench apologist of them all has lost faith in them!

GM: I have not lost faith in Jack Lynch but I'm also a realist and I don't know if ANYONE could get up from the amount of punishment that he's taken in this war!

BW: We're down to thirty seconds in the rest period... and look at the King!

[The crowd jeers Demetrius Lake as he starts doing jumping jacks in the corner... just a few mind you... but enough to earn their ire.]

BW: Lake's got enough left to go another hour! Maybe he'll just join the title match after this one's done and combine the World Title with the crown!

GM: The crown that Jack Lynch stomped into a pancake?

BW: I bet he's regretting that decision right about now, Gordo.

GM: Lynch is still down... Lynch is still not moving...

[The clock continues to tick down, getting down to ten seconds.]

GM: Ten seconds left.

BW: He's done, Gordo. Absolutely done.

GM: We'll see about that.

[Davis Warren shouts out "ONE!" as the clock hits zero.]

GM: And now on to the ten count... Jack Lynch has to answer this ten count or this match will be over. Demetrius Lake is- oh, come on!

[The crowd jeers Lake as he leans back on the ropes, kicking his legs up so that his feet rest on the top rope like he's in a hammock.]

GM: This- that arrogant son of a-

BW: Gordo!

GM: I can't help it! Jack Lynch is down. He's fought his heart out here tonight in this one but he's still down. Demetrius Lake is going to win this thing apparently and-

[The count is up to three as Lake shouts, "COUNT HIM FASTER, BOY! I GOT BUSINESS TO TAKE CARE OF!"]

GM: Davis Warren counts to four... now to five...

[The crowd suddenly ROARS as Jack Lynch rolls to all fours. Demetrius Lake is suddenly nervous as he drops back to the apron, shaking his head as the count goes to six...]

GM: Lake's telling Warren to count faster!

BW: He should! He's slower than Henrietta trying to take Travis' third grade math test for him!

[The count hits seven as Lynch extends his arms, pushing up to his knees, blood streaming down his head, his chest heaving with every breath.]

GM: The count is up to eight! The Texan's on thin ice!

BW: COME ON, WARREN!

[Davis Warren's count goes up to nine as Lynch grits his teeth, slipping one foot underneath him...

...and giving a big push, shoving himself to his feet, throwing himself into the ropes to save himself just before the ten count comes down!]

GM: HE MADE IT! HE MADE IT!

[A wide-eyed Lake shouts, kicking the ropes angrily before spinning around, charging Lynch from the blind side...]

GM: LAKE FROM BEHIND...

[...and the Texan drops down, yanking the top rope down with him, causing the big man to topple over the ropes, crashing down to a heap on the floor to a HUGE CHEER!]

GM: LAKE HITS THE FLOOR! HE HITS THE FLOOR!

[An exhausted and bloodied Lynch slips through the ropes, sitting on the apron, leaning against them as blood pours down his face onto his chest.]

GM: Jack Lynch is bloodied! He's beaten! But he IS...NOT...BROKEN!

[Lynch shoves himself off the apron, staggering towards the downed Lake, dragging him off the ringside mats by the afro...

...and SLAMS him facefirst into the apron!]

GM: Facefirst to the apron goes Lake!

[Lake staggers away, falling back towards the Spanish announce table...

...where Lynch throws himself at him, tackling him around the waist, tipping him backwards over the table where they both go crashing down to the floor out of view!]

GM: OH MY STARS!! LYNCH WITH THE BIG TACKLE! He's low on gas - perhaps even on fumes - but Jack Lynch refuses to stay down! Jack Lynch continues to keep fighting!

[The cameraman hustles around the table, pushing past the announcers to get a glimpse of Lynch raining down right hands on Demetrius Lake, pummeling the Black Tiger with haymakers.]

GM: LYNCH IS BEATING THE HELL OUT OF HIM!!

[Lake tries to cover up as Lynch continues to hammer rights and lefts down, wincing as he grabs at his right arm...

...which gives Lake the chance to shove Lynch off, crawling away from him, pulling himself up to his feet...]

GM: Lake's making a run for it!

[Lynch drags himself off the floor, pursuing Lake who is trying to backpedal away. The big Texan pauses, scooping up Lake's discarded leather belt, wrapping it around his fist again. Lake charges, trying to take advantage of the preparation...

...and gets DRILLED between the eyes with a right hand!]

GM: OHHH!

[The belt shot sends Lake falling backwards, clinging to the ropes to stay on his feet. He pulls himself up on the apron...

...and Lynch lashes out!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: OHHH!

[Lake is hanging on to the top rope, trying to get back into the ring as Lynch wears him out with the leather strap...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Lake throws himself over the top rope to avoid Lynch who throws the leather strap away, grabbing the ropes with his left hand to drag himself up on the apron...

...and the Black Tiger charges, throwing a Tiger Strike attempt that Lynch ducks down, raising back up...]

GM: LYNCH!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Jack Lynch hooks Demetrius Lake's skull in the palm of his hand...

...his left hand!]

GM: OHHH! OFF-HANDED IRON CLAW!!

BW: WHAT?! WHAT?! HE CAN'T DO THAT!

GM: HE'S DOING IT RIGHT NOW, BUCKY!

[Lake screams in pain, his arms wheeling around, flailing about as a determined Jack Lynch squeezes his head with every ounce of energy left in his body.]

GM: The fingers are pressed into the temples, trying to knock Lake out cold with this devastating hold!

BW: The right-handed version is devastating - AND ILLEGAL - but no one knows what the left-handed version will do! This might be tickling Demetrius Lake!

[Lake cries out in pain again.]

GM: Does it SOUND like he's being tickled?!

[Lynch is squeezing the skull of his rival, trying to draw the last moments of consciousness out of him... trying to squeeze blood from his skull... trying to force him into submission...

...when Demetrius Lake goes back to the weapon that has served him so well in the past, lashing out again with the Tiger Strike!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The thumbstrike catches Lynch right in the side of the throat, forcing him to release the hold, collapsing off the apron to the floor as Lake also collapses inside the ring!]

GM: Both men are down! Lake is down! Lynch is down!

BW: Wow! Lake hit the Tiger Strike again but luckily for Jack Lynch, he was out on the apron so he couldn't be pinned again with it. If he was in the ring, Gordo, this would be over because there's no way that Lynch was getting up again to beat that count.

GM: You could be right but Demetrius Lake is down as well. He got caught in that left-handed Iron Claw which seems to really have caught him off- guard and really did a number on him to boot.

[A dazed Lake pushes up off the mat to his knees, leaning over to shake the cobwebs.]

GM: Demetrius Lake though is still in this thing whereas Jack Lynch is out here at ringside and like you said, Bucky, I'm not sure he's moved an inch since he hit the floor!

BW: He hasn't, Gordo! And he won't! Right now, he's easy prey for Demetrius Lake to roll in the ring, pin him, and wait for him to be counted down.

[Lake shoves himself to a knee, looking around at the crowd who is urging Jack Lynch to get back to his feet.]

GM: I'm not sure Lake even knows where he's at right now. He could be in Madison Square Garden, the Crockett Coliseum, the Tokyo Dome, or even back home in Missouri for all that man knows right now. That Iron Claw really did a number on him.

[Again shaking his head, Lake pushes himself up to his feet, falling back into the turnbuckles as he does it. He waves a hand at the referee, telling him to count.]

GM: It doesn't work that way! Lake wants the official to count Lynch down but he can't do it until Demetrius Lake has pinned the man!

BW: That hardly seems like a reasonable request at this point of the match! Neither of them can barely move so let's just bend the rules and end this thing, Davis Warren!

GM: Davis Warren is a fine, upstanding AWA official and he will NOT do any such thing. He is insisting to Lake that he has to pin Lynch or make him submit.

BW: And in the meantime, I don't know if I can believe this, but Jack Lynch is actually MOVING out here!

[The camera cuts to the floor where Jack Lynch is still down but he's at least sitting up, one leg pulled up underneath him.]

BW: Come on, King! Let's finish this thing!

[The self-proclaimed King of Wrestling staggers forward, nodding his head at the jeering crowd, looking a bit surprised to find Jack Lynch on a foot, leaning against the ring apron. Lake leans through the ropes, grabbing Lynch by the hair...

...when Lynch suddenly slaps the hand away and BLASTS Demetrius Lake between the eyes with an object that is moving too fast to see!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: WHAT THE HELL?!

GM: That's his boot! Jack Lynch hit him with his boot, fans!

[Lynch pushes up to his feet, holding the cowboy boot he just used as a weapon in his right hand. Lake fell back, clutching his skull as he does, twisting to fall facefirst on the canvas.]

GM: What a shot that was!

[With one bare foot, Lynch rolls himself under the bottom rope, blood pouring from his head wound as he approaches the downed Lake, dragging him up by the afro...

...to reveal a nasty gash on Lake's forehead! The crowd gasps upon seeing the wound on the big screen!]

GM: Oh my stars! Lake was busted open with that cowboy boot!

[Holding Lake's head back by the afro, Lynch SLAMS the boot down into the forehead... and again... and again... and again... and again... and again, leaving Lake's head a bloody mess as Lynch lets him go, causing him to faceplant on the canvas.]

GM: Lake's been beaten bloody by the big Texan who may just have one more round left in him! He may have one more ounce of fight - of air - of blood left in his body!

BW: Get up, King!

[Lynch throws the boot aside, dragging Lake up, leaving a bloody smear behind on the canvas. The crowd buzzes as blood actually drips off the forehead of Lake as he's lifted up, dropping down on the mat as Lynch slips him up over his shoulder into powerslam position, walking him across the ring...]

BW: NO! That's where Lake took off the buckle pad! DON'T-

[...and DROPS Lake facefirst on the steel buckle!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Lake collapses against the corner, clinging to the ropes to stay on his feet as Lynch spins him around, mounting the second rope with intensity in his eyes.]

GM: Lynch on the second rope...

[The crowd lets him hear their support as he rains down heavy shots to the skull.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Lynch hops down, holding a wobbly Lake to prevent him from falling over. The Texan shakes his head no as if to say it's not going to end that easy. He steps through the ropes...]

GM: Where is Jack Lynch going now?

[Lynch steps up to the second rope, pressing his knee into the back of Lake's head as he holds him by the blood-soaked afro...

...and leaps off, DRIVING Lake's face into the canvas!]

GM: CALF BRANDING! CALF BRANDING BY JACK LYNCH!

[Lynch slowly climbs to his feet, looking down at the bloodied Lake who has rolled over onto his back, almost inviting the Iron Cowboy to pin him for a three count...

...but again, Lynch shakes his head, leaning down to drag Lake up, throwing him back into the corner!]

GM: My god, he's going to do it again!

[Lynch steps out to the apron, climbing up on the second rope, pulling Lake towards him...

...when Lake suddenly spins around, raking Lynch's eyes!]

GM: OH! LAKE GOES TO THE EYES!

[With Lynch temporarily blinded, Lake reaches up, hooking him by the trunks and the hair...

...and HURLS Lynch off the top rope, throwing him down to the canvas!]

GM: WOW! A DESPERATION MOVE BY THE BLACK TIGER!

[The bloodied Lake falls back into the corner again, his chest heaving with exertion as blood pours down his face onto his torso, dripping down to the canvas surrounding his boots.]

GM: Demetrius Lake is bloody beyond belief but somehow he managed to find a way to prevent Jack Lynch from hitting a second Calf Branding which would most assuredly have finished him off.

[A weary Lake ducks back through the ropes, shaking his head, wiping the blood from his eyes as he plants a foot on the bottom rope.]

BW: Lake's gonna finish him now, Gordo! He's going for another Big Cat Pounce!

GM: Can he get there? Can he get up those ropes in time?!

[Lake looks to be moving in slow motion as he lifts his leg, stepping one foot onto the second rope...]

GM: To the second rope now. It's taking Demetrius Lake an incredible amount of time to get up those ropes.

[Taking several deep breaths, Lake steps one foot to the top, dragging the other one up as well. A bloodied Black Tiger stands on the top rope, looking out at the roaring Madison Square Garden crowd - a SuperClash moment waiting to happen...

...when a surging Jack Lynch comes to his feet, burying a right hand into the midsection of Demetrius Lake, forcing him to lean over, grabbing the top rope to keep from falling...]

GM: LAKE'S HANGING ON! HE'S HANGING ON FOR DEAR LIFE AND-

[The crowd EXPLODES into a roar as Jack Lynch reaches back with his left hand...

...and hooks the off-handed Iron Claw on a bloodied Demetrius Lake for the second time!]

GM: THE CLAW! LYNCH HOOKS HIS FAMILY'S LEGACY ON LAKE AGAIN!

[Lake's arms fly up from their grip on the top rope, grabbing his enemy's wrist, trying to pry the hand free...

...which results in Lynch literally dragging Lake off the top rope, keeping him locked in the Iron Claw to a big cheer!]

GM: Wow! What incredible hand strength out of the Iron Cowboy, squeezing the skull out of his rival!

[Blood continues to pour from the wound on Demetrius Lake's skull as Lynch drags him out to the middle of the ring, his teeth clenched as he grabs his left wrist with his right hand, turning up the pressure on the hold as Lake cries out, trying to find an escape. Lynch's fingers dig into the temples, restricting the flow of blood to the brain!]

GM: Lake's fading! His arms are slowing!

BW: Why doesn't he just quit and get out of this thing?!

GM: I don't think he's got the presence of mind to do it! He's exhausted! He's lost a ton of blood in a short period of time and he's been driven into knockout city by Jack Lynch!

[The pinwheeling arms definitely are slowing down as Lynch continues to crank up the pressure, blood pouring into his own eyes as he tries to drive his arch-rival into unconsciousness!]

GM: Lake's trying to hang on! He's trying to hang on with all he's got!

BW: GET OUT OF IT, KING! GET OUT OF THE HOLD! GIVE UP! JUST GIVE UP!

[But with the heavy blood loss and sheer exhaustion overtaking him and robbing him of a clear mind, Lake has nowhere to run... nowhere to go... no way out.]

GM: Lynch is forcing him down!

[Lake drops to his knees as Lynch stands over him, getting a leverage advantage to really crank up the pressure as he slowly but steadily forces a motionless Lake down to the canvas!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!

[Lynch hangs on for a split second longer before releasing the hold, on his knees next to his blood-soaked rival who is motionless on the mat, the crowd roaring for the Texan.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

PW: Demetrius Lake has been PINNED! Start the clock!

GM: The Iron Claw puts Demetrius Lake down for three but is that enough? We’ve seen both of these men fight their way up to their feet of things we thought there was no way they could get up from time and time again in this matchup.

BW: Come on, King. Get up. Get up, brother.

GM: My esteemed partner here at ringside obviously has his favorite as he blatantly cheers for Demetrius Lake to find a way to get back to his feet... to find a way to keep this fight going... to find a way to battle Jack Lynch just a little bit longer.

[The clock reads “:40” as the crowd continues to buzz, watching as Jack Lynch pushes back to his feet, walking across the ring towards the corner, looking down at his blood-covered left hand as he settles back into the buckles. His bare foot steps in a puddle of blood, soaking it in the crimson as he looks at Lake... then turns to look at the countdown clock along with every fan in the building.]

GM: Lake isn’t moving yet! He’s still down from that Iron Claw and all Jack Lynch can do is stand in the corner... all he can do is wait and watch to see if his most hated rival can find a way back to his feet to continue this tremendous war!

BW: We’re under twenty seconds left! COME ON, KING!

GM: This war that began in St. Louis between two young kids with their entire careers in front of them has spanned the globe by now. They’ve taken their fight to California... to Hawaii... to San Francisco... to Washington D.C.... to a tour of Africa and Europe... and they’ve finally landed here in the City That Never Sleeps for one final battle!

BW: GEEEEET UUUUUUUUP!

[But as Lake rolls to his belly, the clock hits “:00”]

GM: He’s got a ten count! Ten counts by Davis Warren now separate Jack Lynch from total victory!

[Warren counts “ONE!”]

BW: He can do this, Gordo. He made it onto his stomach as the rest period expired. All he needs to do is push up off the mat and get back to his feet. Come on, King! You can do this! You can do this, King!

[As Warren counts "TWO!", Lake slips his right arm up underneath him.]

GM: Jack Lynch is watching, his eyes locked on his rival's every move, knowing that this fight may not be over... not yet at least.

[The count hits "THREE!" as Lake slips his left arm under him as well.]

BW: The arms are there! PUSH UP!

GM: Bucky Wilde screaming instructions to Demetrius Lake!

[Lake is unmoving as "FOUR!" happens... and as "FIVE!" follows. But with a surge of strength, the bloodied Black Tiger pushes his torso off the mat, blood smearing the canvas beneath him and pouring from his head wound as he gets to all fours. Lynch grimaces in the corner, shaking his head as he balls his fists, standing at the ready...]

"SIX!"

[Lake shoves himself up to his knees, staring across the ring through blood- stung eyes at his enemy. He slips a foot under him, getting to one knee...

...and pausing as Jack Lynch lifts his left hand again, bending his fingers into the position for the Iron Claw!]

GM: Lynch is ready! Lynch is ready to lock that Claw on again!

[The camera closes on Lake's blood-soaked face, staring at the Iron Claw that awaits him if he gets off the mat as the referee counts "SEVEN!"]

BW: GET UP, KING!

GM: He's frozen in place! Demetrius Lake just might have had enough! He just might have had all he wants of Jack Lynch here tonight in New York City! He may not want any more of that Iron Claw!

[Lake steadies himself, ready to get to his feet at the count of "EIGHT!" Lynch waves his right hand at him, shouting at him to "GET UP!", holding the left hand higher so that he can see it. Lake's eyes follow the Iron Claw, staring at the move he hates - that he fears - more than any other. The hold that he has tried to avoid for over a year. The hold that he desperately wanted banned from AWA competition.]

"NINE!"

[Lake slowly lifts his stinging eyes, staring into the eyes of his rival, knowing full well that he can get up and continue the fight...

...and with a shake of his head, he drops down to his rear, waving a hand at the official.]

"TEN!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd EXPLODES at the sound of the bell as Jack Lynch, bloodied as can be, falls to his knees with an anguished roar of triumph, placing his forehead down on the canvas.]

PW: Your winner of the match...

JAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK LYNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[Lynch stays kneeling, his face down on the mat as his fans scream their support and pride for him from all over Madison Square Garden.]

GM: What a match! What a win for Jack Lynch! These fans in New York City are on their feet paying tribute to the toughest damn Texan that any of us have ever seen inside a squared circle! I've seen Chris Courtade... I've seen John Wesley Hardin... I've seen Steve Wyatt... I've seen Blackwater Bart... I've seen Blackjack Patterson... and above them all, on this night at least, stands Jack Lynch as the toughest SOB from the Lone Star State to ever lace a pair of boots, Bucky.

BW: I... ahh, damn it. I can't believe this happened.

GM: You're not even going to give him credit after the war we just witnessed?

BW: It was... Gordo, it was a helluva fight and it takes a real tough guy to win a fight like that. That's the closest you're going to get to me paying a stinkin' Stench a compliment.

[The referee raises his hand, pointing to Jack Lynch whose face is covered with crimson and emotion as he looks out at the roaring crowd. He closes his fist, slamming it into his heart three times and points to the fans as he allows the official to help him back to his feet.]

GM: Jack Lynch came in to New York City tonight on a mission to show Demetrius Lake that he was the better man... and that's exactly what he proved in this war.

BW: Maybe Lynch won. Maybe... just maybe... he's the better man on this night, Gordo, but you cannot deny that Demetrius Lake was incredible inside that ring tonight as well.

GM: Oh, I won't deny it. I won't deny it one bit. Demetrius Lake WAS incredible. And Demetrius Lake WOULD have beaten most competitors with an effort like that. But not tonight... and not Jack Lynch.

[Lake is still seated on the canvas, his bloodied face buried in his hands in a mixture of disbelief... shock... embarrassment... perhaps even a touch of shame at having given up the fight as Lynch stands tall for a moment, raising his hand in the air, showing the Iron Claw hold hand before falling into the ropes, barely able to stand...

...when suddenly the cheers grow greater at the appearance of another pair of tough Texans in the aisleway.]

GM: And here comes the family!

BW: Oh, I think I'm going to be sick.

[The cheers intensify as Travis and Blackjack Lynch make their way down the aisle, clapping and smiling as they head towards Jack who is leaning on the ropes as they arrive. Blackjack is the first one in, pulling his son into a big embrace as Travis stands behind him, still applauding his big brother's effort. After that hug breaks up, Travis gets pulled into one with Jack, clapping his brother on the back.]

GM: What a moment! What a fantastic moment for this family that has been through so much strife since arriving here in the AWA! This night belongs to them! This night belongs to the Lynch family!

BW: Now I KNOW I'm going to be sick.

[And as the Lynch family celebrates their triumph, the Sweet Lou voiceover returns.]

SLB: SuperClash VI was a tremendous night for the House of Lynch... but coming up this week, it has the potential to be an even bigger night, fans. We've got one more break to go and when we come back, we'll take a final look at SuperClash history and SuperClash VII from Houston. Don't go away!

[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 back up to Sweet Lou Blackwell in the studio.]

SLB: SuperClash VIII is just five days away and is all set to become yet another tremendous night in the history of this outstanding event. We have so many big matches set for that show... but none bigger than the Main Event. The Woodshed. The AWA World Title on the line. The final night - win, lose, or draw - for Juan Vasquez inside an AWA ring. So much has led up to this match... but where it really began for most was one year ago... SuperClash VII in Houston. The match was Ryan Martinez defending the World Title against Hannibal Carver... one of the most anticipated matches in AWA history... with Juan Vasquez serving as the special guest referee. Let's take a look back at the closing moments of that one... and the shocking aftermath.

[We fade to footage from last year's Thanksgiving spectacular where Ryan Martinez is whipping Hannibal Carver across the ring before running in after him...]

The World Champion pulls Carver up by the arm, whipping him across the ring...]

GM: THE YAKUZA CONNECTS!

[Martinez drags Carver out of the corner, hooking the front facelock...]

GM: HE LIFTS! BRAINBUST-

[...but Carver spins out of the lift in the middle of it, snaring the three-quarter nelson on his way back down, DRIVING Martinez' head into the canvas with the Blackout!]

GM: BLACKOUT! BLACKOUT!

[The crowd EXPLODES at the sight of the devastating move - some cheering, some booing... all on their feet at the possibility of the title change!]

GM: CARVER WITH THE COVER!

[Still moving slowly, Vasquez drops down to count...]

GM: Come on, Juan! You gotta count!

[Vasquez raises a hand, slapping the mat...]

GM: ONE!!!

[He slowly raises his hand again, wincing...]

GM: TWO!!!

[He raises his hand a third time, pausing...]

GM: THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: NOOOOO! KICKOUT! KICKOUT! KICKOUT!

[Vasquez falls backwards, holding up two fingers as Carver slumps to his back, absolutely exhausted. Martinez stays motionless on the canvas, having just barely twitched his shoulder off the canvas in time to break the three count.]

GM: Carver's hit the Blackout twice! The first time, the referee was out! The second time, the referee delivered a very slow count... not intentionally but Juan Vasquez is still trying to recover from that Yakuza to the back of the head and he couldn't give a good count!

BW: Carver could be the World Champion!

GM: But he was the one who caused the referee to be flattened to begin with!

BW: I know that!

[Carver rolls to his knees, staring at Vasquez who is still holding the back of his head. The challenger slowly climbs to his feet, looking out at the crowd who - once again... as they've been for the past eighteen months - are split.]

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"LETS GO RYAN!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

[Carver gives them a nod, leaning down to pull the bloodied Martinez off the mat, tugging him into a standing headscissors.]

GM: Carver's set!

BW: If the Blackout didn't do it, the Skullpump will!

GM: We may be about to find out! Carver reaches down, he grabs one arm!

[The crowd is roaring as Carver leans down, looking for the other arm...]

GM: He's going for the other arm and-

[Martinez grabs the arm, spinning out of the headscissors to a vertical position. A stunned Carver has his arm yanked hard as Martinez steps through, dropping Carver with the other arm!]

GM: SHORT-ARM CLOTHESLINE!

[Hanging onto the arm, Martinez hauls Carver back to his feet...]

GM: He pulls him back up!

[Martinez yanks the arm, stepping through into a second devastating clothesline, knocking Carver flat on his back...]

...and with the crowd roaring, Martinez drags a limp Carver back to his feet a third time. He holds him up, looking into his eyes...]

GM: Martinez has him up again...

[Ever defiant, the weary Carver SPITS, leaving a bloody wad of saliva on the cheek of Martinez...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Martinez shakes his head, giving the arm a yank as he steps through into the hardest clothesline of the three!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The World Champion grabs a barely-conscious Carver, dragging him to his feet, pulling him into a front facelock...]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM! MARTINEZ HOOKS IT!

[He slings the arm over his neck, looking as Juan Vasquez gets up...]

GM: MARTINEZ LIFTS!

[He lets Carver hang there for just a moment, thinking about what's coming. The end of the match. The end of his title challenge. The end of his AWA career...]

...and DROPS him headfirst on the canvas!]

BW: BRAAAAAAIAINNNNNBUUUUUSSSSTAAAAAAHHHHHH!

[Martinez flips Carver over, hooking both legs, rolling into a back press as Juan Vasquez dives to the mat...]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: It's over!

BW: Wow.

[Martinez lets go of Carver's legs, letting them flop to the mat as the World Champion sits up, looking straight ahead at the roaring crowd - now mostly unified in their support of the AWA's White Knight.]

GM: Hannibal Carver said it would look like a fight... that it would look like a war. And that's exactly what it was. A war. For eighteen months, fans all over the world wondered what would happen when Ryan Martinez and Hannibal Carver finally clashed... and now, it has happened. A super clash... at SuperClash!

[Carver is motionless on the canvas as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... your winner...

[Pause.]

PW: ...and STILL AWA... HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORRRRRRRRRRLD...

[Dramatic pause.]

PW: RYYYYYYYYYAAAAAAAAAAAAAN MAAAAARRRRRRRRRTIIIIIIINEZZZZZ!

[Martinez smiles at the announcement, nodding his head at the earsplitting roar of support from the AWA faithful. Juan Vasquez steps forward, grabbing Martinez by the arm, helping him up to his feet.]

GM: The World Champion has been through another tremendous battle... maybe his toughest one yet... and yet he's standing tall.

BW: Hey, I gotta give him credit, Gordo. I didn't think he could do it. I thought Carver - with the added motivation of his AWA career on the line - was going to walk out of here with the World Title... but that didn't happen.

GM: It didn't... and you mentioned it right there but since he didn't do it, that means that we have just witnessed the final match for Hannibal Carver in the American Wrestling Alliance.

BW: He's fired!

GM: It's not right. It's not fair. But it's reality. Hannibal Carver gave us everything he had here tonight but in the end, Ryan Martinez had just a little bit more.

[Martinez slowly moves to the ropes, raising an arm to the cheering fans. He smiles at their reaction, turning to walk back across the ring to the other side, raising his arm to the other side...

...and with a flash of light, we cut a little further into the post-match scene where Carver has vacated the ring and Martinez is up on the ropes celebrating as pyro goes off and his music blares to the delight of the sold out Houston crowd.]

GM: Wow! Fans, it's been an incredible night - a memorable night - a night that we'll never forget! We've seen new champions crowned! We've seen epic confrontations! We've seen wrestlers become champions... champions become legends... and we've even seen a few heroes along the way!

BW: And we know how much you're always looking for one of those, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely. And as Ryan Martinez bids these fans good night here in Houston, it's my turn to do the same thing to all of you tremendous fans all over the world! It's Thanksgiving night - it's SuperClash night! The one night a year when the AWA can say "thank you" to all of our fans for all of your support all year long! Thank you all so very much! For Colt Patterson... for Sweet Lou Blackwell... for Mark Stegg-

[Martinez hops down off the middle rope, turning to go to the other side...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and gets BLASTED across the face with the World Title belt by Juan Vasquez!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: VASQUEZ HIT HIM WITH THE BELT!

GM: I SAW BUT... BUT... WHY?!

[Vasquez stands over Martinez, staring down at the World Champion with a gleeful grin on his face.]

GM: He looks almost... ecstatic about this!

[With Martinez motionless on the canvas, Vasquez looks long and hard at the AWA World Title, a gleam in his eye as the crowd buzzes with confusion.]

GM: The fans don't understand what's happening and neither do I! Juan Vasquez is... he's one of the pillars this place was built on! He's the People's Hero!

BW: Maybe not anymore, Gordo.

[Vasquez throws the belt down, bouncing it violently off the skull of Ryan Martinez with great disdain. Martinez raises his arms instinctually, trying to protect himself as Vasquez glares at him.]

GM: I don't get this at all.

BW: Neither do I but... I'm open to it!

GM: Are you... give me a break! This is horrible!

[Vasquez drops to a knee, grabbing the bloody hair of Ryan Martinez, driving his right hand into the forehead... again... and again... and again, the crowd's boos getting louder with every blow he lands on the head of the AWA's White Knight.]

GM: Vasquez is pounding Martinez into the canvas and-

[He leaps to his feet, shouting angrily at the jeering crowd, pointing at them... then pointing down at Martinez...

...and he pulls the destroyed Martinez off the mat...]

GM: No. Oh no.

[...and pulls him into a standing headscissors.]

GM: Oh god, no.

[Vasquez looks out at the jeering crowd which is screaming, begging him to not to do what he's looking to do.]

GM: For the love of God, Juan... don't do this! You're better than this! You're-

BW: How do you like your hero now, Gordo?

GM: Damn it, Bucky! Don't even...

[Vasquez sneers at the jeering crowd, starting to reach down...

...when suddenly, a chant starts up.]

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

[The camera cuts to the top of the stage where Hannibal Carver is standing, looking down the ramp at the ring. Juan Vasquez pauses, looking back and returning the gaze...]

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

"HAN-NI-BAL!"

[Carver, still holding the back of his neck, looks around at the roaring crowd cheering him on... begging him to do something... anything...]

GM: Come on...

[Carver grimaces at the chanting crowd, staring at Vasquez who suddenly reaches down to grab Martinez around the torso...]

...and with a loud "DAMN IT!", Carver starts stomping down the ramp to an EARSPLITTING reaction!]

GM: CARVER! CARVER'S COMING!

[Vasquez doesn't seem about to stop, trying to lift Martinez off the mat...]

...but Carver comes charging down the aisle, diving headfirst under the bottom rope as Vasquez shoves Martinez aside!]

GM: CARVER! CARVER!

[The crowd ROARS as Vasquez and Carver clash in the middle of the ring, trading blows!]

GM: CARVER CAME TO SAVE MARTINEZ!

BW: And who the hell ever thought we'd end this night saying that?!

GM: Not me!

[Carver lands three blows before Vasquez answers with one of his own. The Boston Brawler gets the edge, backing Vasquez up a step...]

...but as he comes back in, Vasquez catches him in the nose with a headbutt!]

GM: OH!

[Carver's hand shoots up to his nose, covering it as blood begins to pour from it!]

GM: I think Vasquez broke his-

[And with Carver trying to cover his nose, Vasquez UNLEASHES the Right Cross, snapping Carver's head to the side and putting him down on the mat!]

GM: VASQUEZ DROPS HIM! THE RIGHT CROSS!

[A furious Vasquez stomps Carver three times...

...and then turns back to Martinez, dragging him over towards the ropes. He grabs an arm, wrapping the ropes around it.]

GM: What in the...?

BW: He's tying Martinez up in the ropes!

GM: What?! Why?!

[After another moment, Martinez - barely moving - has been tied up in the ropes, facing the announce table.]

GM: What in the world is Juan Vasquez doing?!

[A furious Vasquez stomps Carver again...]

"THIS WAS MY MOMENT! NOT YOURS!"

[Another stomp.]

"NOW IT'S YOURS TOO!"

[Another stomp sends Carver out to the floor as Vasquez steps out, following behind him. He grabs a handful of Carver's tights...]

GM: LOOK OUT!

[...and HURLS Carver in the direction of the announce table, knocking Gordon Myers down as he tries to scurry away. The crowd REALLY lets him have it for that as Bucky Wilde literally drags his partner away from the scene.]

BW: Gordo... Gordon, you okay?

[Vasquez grabs Carver again, smashing his head down into the announce table.]

BW: Can anyone... are we still on?!

[Vasquez smashes Carver's face into the table again, shoving him up on top of it. We cut to a shot of Martinez, struggling to break free of the ropes, desperately trying to get loose.]

BW: Vasquez is up on our table... I don't know if anyone can hear me but... he's on the table and- Gordon, get the hell out of there!

[Our camera catches a shot of Gordon Myers on his feet, standing near the table, shouting at Juan Vasquez. His headset has fallen to the floor so we only catch a few words here and there.]

GM: Don't do it, Juan. It's not... this isn't you!

[Vasquez glares at Myers, pulling Carver into a standing headscissors as the crowd buzzes with concern...

...cut to Ryan Martinez who screams "NO!", trying to rip himself free.]

BW: If anyone in the truck... if anyone in the back can hear me, we need help out here right the hell NOW!

