

Saturday Night Wrestling Awards Night

I'll always be chasing you...

Glory.

February 27th, 2016
Phoenix, Arizona

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

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

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

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

[The logo and fanfare fade...

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

"WE ARE... FOX SPORTS!"

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[The logo fades to black...

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

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

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

#Oh-ohohohoh-ohohohohoh!#

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

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

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

#Oh-ohohohoh!#

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

#The seeds in my head
Visions in red#

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#Scream#

#Scream#

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

#Scream#

#Until they hear you#

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

#Scream#

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

GM: Wrestling fans around the world, we are LIVE right here on The X! We are LIVE right here in Phoenix, Arizona at the Talking Stick Resort Arena! And we are LIVE for a very special night here on Saturday Night Wrestling - it's Awards Night!

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

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

Another cut gets us down to ringside where we find the colorful Bucky Wilde. Wilde is sporting a lime green sportscoat over a sunburst yellow shirt. He's opted for a bleached white bowtie on this night as he turns his back to the camera, jerking a thumb at "BIG BUCKS" flashing in twinkly lights across the back of his coat.

By his side is the Dean of professional wrestling announcing in a salt and pepper sportscoat and black slacks. A big smile is on his face as he speaks.]

GM: Bucky Wilde, two weeks ago, our Season Premiere was the talk of the wrestling world. New World Tag Team Champions in Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan. Tons of debuting and returning superstars. And of course, the crowning of a new World Champion in Johnny Detson.

BW: The king is dead! Long live the king! Ryan Martinez got laid out by Juan Vasquez' piledriver and that opened the door for Johnny Detson who walked right through it and came out into the shining light as the greatest professional athlete in the world today! He's the new World Champion, Gordo, and I couldn't be happier.

GM: He is indeed the new World Champion but that title reign may be short-lived because later tonight, Johnny Detson will put the title on the line - by decree from our new Director of Operations Emerson Gellar - against the current National Champion Travis Lynch! It's champion vs champion here tonight in Phoenix!

BW: Gordo, my stomach turns at the idea of one of those Stench boys being mentioned in the same sentence as the AWA World Title. If Travis win, we riot!

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: I'm sure you will. But you mentioned the piledriver by Juan Vasquez on Ryan Martinez which brings us to this situation that is developing out in the parking lot of the arena. You remember two weeks ago when Sweet Daddy Williams and his protege, Willie Hammer, said they were going to be waiting for Juan Vasquez when he arrived here tonight. Well, they're not alone. Let's take a look.

[We cut to a live shot of the wrestler parking lot area of Talking Stick Resort Arena where we find an assembled mass of AWA competitors in front of Sweet Daddy Williams who is standing atop a truck bed to address them. A quick glimpse shows us Willie Hammer, the Northern Lights, Jordan Ohara, the Wilde Bunch, and many others.]

SDW: Alright, we all know why we're here tonight. We know that piece of garbage Vasquez is going to show up here... and we know what's happened the last two times he's shown up at one of our shows.

And I ain't about to let another one of our brothers go out of here in a meat wagon tonight... right?

[Nods all around as a few people shout "RIGHT!" in response.]

SDW: The AWA locker room is a holy place. I should know - I've been in it since the beginning. There's a bond... a brotherhood. There may be guys in there you don't like... we don't like... but we fight to win matches... we don't fight to put people in the hospital fighting for their careers. That ain't right... that just ain't right.

[Williams shakes his head.]

SDW: Juan Vasquez crossed a line at SuperClash... and then he burned the line behind him two weeks ago. He's lost his right to be in that locker room!

[More shouts of "YEAH!" and "KEEP HIM OUT!" from the group.]

SDW: And if he wants in that locker room tonight, he's gotta come through us!

["YEAH!" "LET HIM TRY!" "KEEP HIM OUT!"]

SDW: There's enough of us here. I want a pair at every entrance to this building. We've been told he's on his way here right now so I want us to be ready... I want us to be waiting for him... and if he tries to come through here in his fancy limo, well...

[Williams lifts a tire iron into view, nodding his head.]

SDW: We're gonna be ready for him.

["YEAH!"]

SDW: Alright, let's do this... FORM THE WALL!

[AWA competitors scramble, some leaving to watch other areas of the arena but the majority staying behind to form a human wall. Sweet Daddy Williams slaps his protege, Willie Hammer, on the back as Hammer shakes hands with Jordan Ohara, the duo moving into position. Williams is the last to take his spot, right in the center, turning to face the Phoenix night.]

SDW: Come get us, you son of a bitch.

[And with that, we fade from the parking lot and directly to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: Tonight's opening contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Tucson, Arizona... weighing in at 250 pounds... Jack Paulson!

[Paulson wears a pair of dirty blue jeans and a black tanktop as he twirls his mustache before giving a shout to the fans - a few of which cheer in response.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The lights drop to black.

After a few chilling moments in the darkness, a set of bright orange and yellow come up... very, very slowly. The result is the look of a sunrise, casting a glow over the walkway. The camera is right by the lights so the vision is blinded for a moment...

...until darkness appears. Ennio Morricone's "Man With A Harmonica" begins to play as well, giving the whole scene quite the old Western feel.]

PW: His opponent hails from The Deadwoods... weighing in at 301 pounds...

THE HANNNNNNNNNNGMANNNNNNNNNN!

[As we cut to a long shot of the aisle, we see the tall drink of water known as The Hangman striding down it in an open brown leather full-length trench coat, faded and worn from time. His brown leather gloves are a perfect match. His face is barely visible with a brown Stetson pulled down over his eyes. Gripped in his right hand tightly? A noose, by God... a noose.

Trailing a few feet behind him is Virgil Rockwell, wearing an old-timey black suit. A silver pocket watch chain hangs into view. His eyes are locked on the ring, his face etched with focus as he runs a hand through his wild black beard.]

GM: A chill in the air here in Phoenix as the one and only Hangman makes his appearance alongside his manager, Virgil Rockwell.

[Upon reaching the ring, The Hangman and Virgil Rockwell climb the steps. The Hangman steps over the top rope with ease as Rockwell steps through the ropes, accepting the shrugged off trenchcoat. Underneath, we see a sweat and dirt-stained dress shirt that has seen better days along with a pair of brown slacks that are tucked right into a pair of black cowboy boots.

He's close to seven feet tall, lanky and lean but with some muscle tone on him. His skin has been blasted by the sun over the years, leaving it weathered and aged. Long strings of black hair with the beginnings of aging peeking through in streaks of grey hang down to his shoulders. His coarse facial hair comes in the form of a short beard and mustache.

The Hangman stares across at his opponent who seems to be looking for an exit as the big man reaches back slowly, hanging the noose over the ringpost with care. The other man steps from the ring as The Hangman stares out into the crowd, right at a pale young man holding up a sign that reads "THE HANGMAN IS REAL!"

GM: It's been some time since we've seen The Hangman in action but this young man doesn't seem to be fazed by that because he's right back on the trail.

BW: But we haven't seen him for weeks either, Gordo. How did he know The Hangman would be here tonight?

GM: An excellent question. They definitely seem to have some sort of connection.

[The referee signals for the bell and The Hangman tugs at his right glove, adjusting it in place as Jack Paulson hops up and down a few times, swinging his arms across his chest.]

GM: Jack Paulson, a newcomer here in the AWA. Bucky, do you know anything about this young man?

BW: He's got really poor decision-making skills.

GM: Why do you say that?

BW: Why else would he have signed the contract to face this man?

[Gordon chuckles again as Paulson comes out of the corner, circling The Hangman who stays in the center, unmoving.]

GM: Jack Paulson trying to find an opening here to strike and The Hangman doesn't seem to care if he finds one or not.

[Paulson gets behind The Hangman, pausing for a moment to see what happens next...]

...and when the Hangman doesn't budge, Paulson runs at him from behind, clubbing him with a forearm to the back of the head!]

GM: Big forearm by Paulson! And another one! And a third!

[Spinning the bigger man around, Paulson grabs him by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip by Paulson... big right hand downstairs!

[The blow actually doubles up the Hangman...]

...for a moment but then he snaps back up, swinging his wet long hair back to glare at Paulson. The crowd buzzes as Paulson looks around with concern.]

GM: This guy is just unreal, Bucky.

BW: The Hangman has been in the AWA for half a year or so now and is undefeated during that time. Every single body that's been put in front of him has been sent to the Gallows, daddy!

[Paulson decides to race to the ropes himself, rebounding off towards The Hangman who swings a long leg up, catching him in the mush with a big boot on the rebound!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: FIELD GOAL!

[Paulson hits the mat, rolling around grabbing his face as The Hangman adjusts his glove again. Virgil Rockwell smiles gleefully on the floor as the Hangman stands over Paulson, reaching down to grab him by the throat with one hand, hoisting him back to his feet with ease before shoving him back to the corner. The referee starts a five count instantly.]

GM: That's a choke right there. Get him back, ref.

[As The Hangman breaks the choke at four, he swings his arm up, driving the back of his elbow into the side of Paulson's head...]

GM: Hard elbow in the corner... and another! Come on, referee!

[The referee shouts a warning to the uncaring Hangman who grabs Paulson by the arm, rocketing him across the ring where he SLAMS backfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Good grief! The ring shook on that one!

[The Hangman methodically walks across the ring, walking right into a right hand from Paulson!]

GM: Paulson firing back! Big right hand!

[Paulson grabs a handful of hair, landing a second haymaker... and a third...

...before The Hangman SMASHES an uppercut into the jaw, snapping Paulson's head back and sending him back into the buckles again!]

GM: Oh my! What an uppercut!

[Stepping towards the buckles, The Hangman crouches over and starts throwing alternating rights and lefts to the body of Jack Paulson. The referee again delivers a warning as the Hangman batters the ribcage on both sides before delivering a second uppercut that lifts Paulson into the air before he slumps down on his butt in the corner.]

GM: Paulson down after all those punches.

BW: Seeing all those punches makes you wonder if this guy has a background in boxing or MMA. We don't really know a whole lot about this guy's background, Gordo.

GM: And I'm not entirely sure we want to.

[With Paulson down on the mat, The Hangman plants his boot on the throat. Paulson grabs at the boot, flailing about on the mat as the air is choked out of him.]

GM: That's another choke, referee!

BW: Look, Scott Ezra is counting, Gordo. He can't do anything else... unless he's that incompetent Melissa Cannon.

GM: Of course, you're referring to Melissa's referee duties at SuperClash in the match between Shadoe Rage and Supernova.

BW: The one where she STOLE the title from Rage... yes, that'd be the one.

GM: Later tonight, Shadoe Rage appears to be getting the chance at revenge when he meets Melissa Cannon in the first ever Intergender Match... however, I still don't have confirmation that the AWA has sanctioned that match, Bucky.

BW: My sources got nothing on that. Maybe it'll be Unsanctioned like Temple and Martinez. Wouldn't that be something?

GM: I highly doubt that.

[In the meantime, The Hangman has pulled Paulson off the mat, twisting his arm around before pulling him into a short-arm shoulder tackle... and another... and another before an Irish whip sends Paulson bouncing off the ropes towards his much-larger opponent...

...who scoops him up on the rebound, lifting him under his arm, walking around the ring for a bit, and then sits out in a big side slam!]

GM: Side slam by the Hangman!

[The man from the Deadwoods slowly climbs to his feet, adjusting his glove as he rises. He backs up, taking aim... and then moves forward, leaping high into the air to land an elbowdrop - the point of his elbow smashing down into the heart of Paulson!]

GM: Flying elbow connects... and there's a cover.

[The referee slaps the mat twice before The Hangman grabs the hair of Paulson, pulling him up to break the count.]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: The Hand of Justice ain't done yet, Gordo.

GM: Apparently not as he gets to his feet, pulling Jack Paulson up with him.

[The Hangman leans over, scooping Paulson up into a bodyslam position before walking across the ring and depositing him across the two top ropes in the corner.]

GM: What in the...?

[At a shout from Virgil Rockwell, The Hangman leaps up, driving a knee into the small of the back... and another... and another...]

GM: Big knees connecting in the corner!

[The Hangman steps back out of the corner, turning to look at Rockwell who shouts "SEND HIM TO THE GALLOWS!" The Hangman nods in response before turning to face the crowd, slowly lifting his own right hand and gripping his throat with it.]

BW: If that doesn't send a chill down your spine, you might want to check your pulse... or see if the Hangman has already come to visit ya.

[With Paulson facing the ceiling, The Hangman crouches down, rising up...

...and lifting Paulson right off the ropes and into the torture rack, walking back out to the middle of the ring as the crowd buzzes with anticipation.]

GM: He's got him up!

[The Hangman stares out at the crowd before swinging Paulson out, dropping him into a high impact neckbreaker!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: THE ROPE'S END!

[The Hangman rolls into a kneeling pin, planting his palms on the chest and pressing his own torso up with his arms at full extension as he gets the easy three count.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[“Man With A Harmonica” begins to play again as The Hangman slowly rises off of his downed opponent as his cornerman enters the ring, a broad smile on his mustached face.]

GM: Another dominant victory for The Hangman and hopefully, that’s all we’re going to see, fans.

BW: Don’t be naive, Gordo. We all know what’s coming next!

GM: I hope Emerson Gellar decides to do something about this.

[He walks to the corner, lifting the noose from off the ringpost and walks over towards his charge who drops to a knee, looking up at the rope. Rockwell looks at the kneeling monster and shouts...]

“LET JUSTICE BE DONE OR THE HEAVENS WILL FALL!”

[...at which The Hangman rises to his feet, taking the noose from Rockwell.]

GM: This is despicable.

[With the referee loudly protesting, the Hangman leans down, slipping the noose over the head of Paulson so that the rope is around his neck...

...and starts dragging him using the rope, choking him violently as he pulls him towards the edge of the ring. The Hangman steps through the ropes, dropping down to the floor where he reaches back under the ropes, grabbing Paulson by the hair, yanking hard to pull him out onto the floor with a splat. He grabs the rope again.]

GM: And once again, I face the unenviable duty of interviewing these men. Wish me luck, fans.

[We hear a “CLUNK!” as Gordon puts down his headset, climbing to his feet as we cut to ringside and find him standing, watching as The Hangman drags Jack Paulson towards him, Virgil Rockwell in tow.]

GM: Another dominating victory for The Hangman and... they’re on their way in here right now. Gentlemen, I have to say that there is absolutely no cause for what you’re doing after the match!

[Virgil Rockwell smiles as he gets within reach of the mic.]

VR: No cause? No cause? Mr. Myers, what do you know about Jack Paulson?

GM: Very little.

VR: I see. Well then... would it surprise you to know that this man - Jack Paulson - is a man who has evaded the Hand of Justice for too long?

GM: What does that mean?

VR: It means that he is a criminal. It means he has broken the laws of nature... the laws of man... and the laws of God... and as such, he must be punished.

GM: A criminal? I highly doubt the AWA would put someone out here who was a criminal.

VR: Oh, but it's true, Mr. Myers. This man committed the ungodly crime of believing he was fit to climb into the ring with my Hangman.

[The crowd jeers as Rockwell grins.]

GM: That's hardly a crime, Mr. Rockwell. In fact, I bet you would find many men in the AWA locker room who believe they can climb into the ring with your Hangman... in fact, I bet they believe they can BEAT your Hangman!

[Rockwell's smile turns to a laugh.]

VR: Then they suffer from the crimes of delusion, Mr. Myers... because as you've seen over the past months, no one can defeat my Hangman... no one can come CLOSE to defeating my Hangman. We come out here over and over and destroy the sacrificial lambs that the Championship Committee lays out before us and yet... where are these men that you speak of? Where is your Gladiator? Where are your Lynches? Where is-

GM: Are you saying you want matches with those competitors for The Hangman?

VR: I'm saying that in life... the Hand of Justice comes for us all...

[And on cue, a gloved right hand comes to rest on Gordon's shoulder. He turns with a start, staring at the unblinking Hangman.]

GM: Hey now... what's this all about?

VR: Fear not, Mr. Myers. The Hand of Justice seeks out only those deserving of its' grasp. You are not deserving... are you?

[There's a several second silence as Gordon wilts under the glare of The Hangman as Rockwell chuckles.]

VR: Mr. Myers, I have stood out here before and told you that Justice is coming and yet the streets of the AWA are overrun with the same criminal filth as before. They show no fear of my Hangman... and that, Mr. Myers... is the biggest crime of all. For those with the heavy load of guilt on their shoulders, know that we are watching...

...and when the Hand of Justice closes upon you, it does not ease its' grip.

[Rockwell chuckles again, nodding to Gordon Myers.]

VR: Good day, Mr. Myers.

[And with that, Rockwell turns away, walking up the aisle as The Hangman follows, still dragging Jack Paulson with him as we crossfade from the ring to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time - the AWA's Director of Operations, Emerson Gellar!

[The now-familiar face of Emerson Gellar steps into view with a smile and a nod.]

MS: Mr. Gellar, after an exciting Season Premiere, the AWA keeps rolling along with Awards Night here tonight and of course, our big Anniversary Show in Los Angeles coming up in two weeks which I understand you're here to talk about.

[Gellar nods.]

EG: That's right, Mark. In two weeks' time, the AWA will be celebrating its' Eighth Anniversary and... well, we wanted to make sure it was a special night. Of course, the event will be broadcasting live from the Los Angeles Sports Arena just days before the building will be closed forever. That building has some great wrestling history and we wanted to make sure we got a chance to say goodbye in grand style.

MS: Is there any news on the lineup for the show?

EG: In fact, there is, Mark. We've already announced that Kerry Kendrick will take on the returning Pure X that night... Pure X will be in action later here tonight in Phoenix but I know he's looking forward to this showdown with Kendrick in two weeks. We've also got former AWA National Champion Kolya Sudakov returning to face the undefeated Maxim Zharkov in another one of Zharkov's Five Minute Challenges which should be very exciting. But I've got a few more pieces of information that I just made official so I could share them. Back at SuperClash, we learned about the AWA contract signed by Torin The Titan... well, I'm happy to announce that the giant will make his in-ring debut for us in two weeks at the Anniversary Show!

MS: Wow! That's... pun intended... giant news!

[Gellar rolls his eyes slightly before continuing.]

EG: In addition to that, I can tell you right here and now that the AWA World Title... the AWA World Tag Team Titles... AND the AWA World Television Title will all be on the line in Los Angeles.

[Big cheer from back inside the arena!]

MS: One title seems to be missing from that list, Mr. Gellar.

EG: Yes, we felt it was unfair to set up a National Title defense when Mr. Lynch may be defending the World Title that night. However, if Travis Lynch fails to win the World Title tonight in Phoenix, he WILL be defending the National Title in two weeks in Los Angeles.

MS: Wow! Big news here tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling as we learn that not only will Torin The Titan be debuting at the Anniversary Show but ALL AWA titles will potentially be on the line as well! I can't wait for that one! Thank you for your time, Mr. Gellar... now let's go back down to the ring for more action!

[Cut to the ring, where Phil Watson is standing by alongside Scott Ezra, and a dark-haired, athletically-built man, dressed in a white ring jacket, over black tights and black boots.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall, with a five-minute time limit. Introducing first... hailing from Phoenix, Arizona, weighing in at two hundred and ten pounds... DREW PAYNE!

[Payne pulls open his jacket, pulls it off and throws it down to the mat, before raising his arms to a smattering of hometown cheers.

The Chieftains' "Brian Boru's March" starts to play over the arena speakers, causing the crowd to start jeering. Callum Mahoney, an athletically-built man, with a sandy blond crew cut and lightly-tanned skin, strides through the entranceway, dressed in a black singlet, with the image of a brown bear, standing on its hind legs, across the front. In addition, he has on black knee pads and black laceless boots. He

stands with his hands on his hips, a sneer on his lips, soaking in the reaction from the crowd.]

PW: And his opponent... hailing from County Cork, Ireland and weighing in at two hundred and forty pounds, he is...

CALLUM MAAAHONEEEY!!!

[Mahoney holds his arms up aloft and the jeers grow louder, which only causes him to regard the crowd with greater disdain as he makes his way down the aisle. He stops midway, exchanging words with the fans. He threatens to backhand a one of the more vocal members of the crowd, but walks on, as we hear him tell the fan, "You're not worth it!"]

GM: Callum Mahoney, who we've seen in the company of "Red Hot" Rex Summers and Kerry Kendrick as of late-

BW: Don't forget about Erica Toughill.

GM: How could I? She might smack me in the mouth if I did. Miss Toughill will be in action here later tonight but Bucky, what do you know about that group of individuals?

BW: I know that they were on the same Steal The Spotlight team - a victorious Steal The Spotlight team for that matter - and they seemed to enjoy working together.

GM: Would you call them a group? A faction? Is this a permanent arrangement?

BW: I'm fairly sure they'll tell you when they want you to know, Gordo.

[Reaching the ring, Mahoney steps through the ropes. He walks over to his corner and, as the music fades, he paces the ring, awaiting the start of the match.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[As the bell rings, Mahoney rushes across the ring, ducking a lockup attempt to go right into the waistlock. He promptly jams his foot into the back of Payne's knee, driving him down to his knees...]

GM: Quick action from the bell by Mahoney, pulling back his opponent's head and- OH! Hard elbow down across the face of the youngster in front of his hometown fans!

[Mahoney ignores the referee's admonishment, pulling Payne into a side headlock, dragging him up to his feet. Payne grabs the wrist, twisting out of it into a rear hammerlock.]

GM: Nice reversal by Payne into the hammerlock...

[But Mahoney catches him with a hard back elbow to the cheekbone, sending him spinning away. He grabs the arm from behind, preventing Payne from getting out of reach...]

GM: Payne trying to get away but- OH! RIGHT INTO A SHORT CLOTHESLINE!

[Mahoney smirks as Payne rolls back and forth on the mat, grabbing at his collarbone. The referee steps in but Mahoney stomps Payne in the chest a few times, forcing him away.]

GM: Mahoney with that devastating clothesline and now he's going right after the area he hit with it.

BW: Mahoney's one of the smartest guys in the locker room, Gordo. Always thinking. Always plotting.

GM: The Fighting Irishman drags young Drew Payne up to his feet... pulling him towards the corner..

[Mahoney grabs him by the back of his head and tries to ram him face-first into the top turnbuckle but Payne extends his arms, grabbing the top rope to block.]

GM: Blocked! And Mahoney gets a face-full of turnbuckle instead!

[This time, it is Payne who puts Mahoney in the side headlock but the Armbar Assassin quickly forces Payne into the ropes, whipping him into the far ropes. Mahoney sidesteps Payne on the rebound...

...and then kicks Payne in the back of the knee as he goes by, causing him to fly into the air before flopping down to the mat.]

GM: Oh!

BW: Always thinking. That's how you take control of a match, Gordo.

GM: Unorthodox offense on the part of Callum Mahoney as he pulls Payne off the mat, scoops him up and slams him down in the middle of the ring.

[With Payne down on the mat, Mahoney leaps into the air, driving his feet down into the chest with a double stomp.]

GM: Double stomp... quick cover...

[The referee dives to the mat, slapping it twice before Payne lifts a shoulder.]

GM: Two count only right there as Mahoney tried to get a quick one... hard stomp to the gut makes Payne sit up and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[A soccer kick between the shoulderblades leaves Payne wincing in pain on the mat as he tries to roll towards the ropes.]

GM: Payne looking to get to the floor... looking for a chance to recover...

BW: No chance of that.

[As Payne rolls towards the ropes, Mahoney slides out to the floor, cutting him off. He grabs Payne's head from the outside so that his chest is on the apron, pulls him up, and slams Payne chest-first into the apron.]

GM: Oh! Brutal attack out on the floor!

[Flipping Payne over, Mahoney winds up and lands a clubbing forearm blow across Payne's chest.]

BW: Mahoney using every part of the ring to his advantage. That's what a ring general does, Gordo.

GM: Mahoney is back in the ring and he lands another clubbing forearm, this time across the back of Payne's neck.

[The blow puts Payne back down on the mat as Mahoney dives into another lateral press.]

GM: Another two count. A bit of frustration out of Mahoney as he smacks the mat.

BW: Is it frustration, though, Gordo, or is he simply calling for the end?

[Mahoney gets to his feet and pulls Payne up by the arm. He whips Payne into the ropes once more.]

GM: Mahoney shoots him in...

[Payne sticks his right arm out on the rebound, but Mahoney ducks under the clothesline attempt. Payne whirls around, but Mahoney catches the arm...]

BW: Pogue Mahone!

GM: Mahoney drops the kid with that single arm DDT... and right into the armbar!

BW: Not the usual cross armbreaker, but the wakigatame.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And Payne taps out!

BW: He might not have been able to put the kid away as quickly as he would have liked, but a victory is a victory nonetheless for the Armbar Assassin, showing that he's got more than one armbar in his pocket when necessary.

GM: Folks, don't go away, because, when we come back, we're going to hear from the fighting Irishman himself!

[Mahoney rises to his feet, raising an arm in triumph as we fade to black...

...and then cut to Sweet Lou Blackwell who sits behind a large desk. Beside him is a rotary dial phone. Yeah, there are apparently some of those still around.]

SLB: Some people accused me of not wanting to change with the times. That some things were better left in the past.

[He raises his arm and swats the rotary phone away. It falls to the ground before him with a clatter.]

SLB: And the more I've thought about it... they were right!

[He pulls from underneath the desk... a smartphone!]

SLB: I have officially upgraded, folks!

[The camera cuts to a smartphone screen and the shot moves in closer to see an icon featuring Sweet Lou's face imposed over an AWA logo. Beneath it are the words:

"SWEET LOU'S HOTLINE.]

V/O: That's right, AWA fans, Sweet Lou Blackwell's hotline is going high tech! Get on Google Play and iTunes and look for the Sweet Lou's Hotline app! Download it

today and you can stay on top of all the latest rumors, gossip and breaking news, delivered only by Sweet Lou Blackwell! Plus exclusive interviews and plenty of insights from Sweet Lou about the latest developments in the AWA and the history of pro wrestling!

[We cut back to Sweet Lou at the desk.]

SLB: It's a free app, but kids, don't forget to get your parents' permission before you download!

[He looks down at the smartphone and seems puzzled.]

SLB: Um... can someone tell me how to set up the wifi connection again?

[Back from commercial and to the interview platform where Mark Stegglet is standing by with Callum Mahoney.]

MS: Callum, congratulations on your victory, but before I ask you about where you see your future going in the AWA, allow me to take you back to two weeks ago. Are we seeing the birth of a new faction consisting of yourself, Rex Summers, and Kerry Kendrick? And what were you guys thinking when you decided to confront Pure X?

CM: Mark, I wouldn't call it a new faction. After all, you all saw how well Rex, Kerry and I worked together leading up to SuperClash. And you all saw how well we did in Steal the Spotlight; we helped Summers win the match. So, it only made sense, with all the hijinks going on around here these days, that we continue to watch each other's backs.

As for Pure X, well, we just did not understand why he needed to be personally introduced by the new Director of Operations, so we thought we'd do the welcoming instead, and show him the lay of the land. What we did not expect was for someone who claims to be one of the greatest technical wrestlers in the world to take a cheap shot against Kerry like that, and to run away like the cowardly dog that he is when Rex and I tried to put a stop to his dastardly deed.

I reckon, Mark, that one day, this so-called one of the greatest technical wrestlers in the world might just have to prove he still has it against the Armbar Assassin. Assuming he gets past Kerry in two weeks' time in Los Angeles.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: Fair enough. Now-

[Mahoney interrupts.]

CM: Now, you were going to ask me where I see my future headed here in the AWA.

Don't bother asking because I'm going to give you the answer right now. Two weeks ago, all of you heard the World Television champion say that if he is going to prove himself worthy of being the people's hero, he has to come out here and face anyone who wants to step into the ring with him. Unfortunately, I've already had my match tonight, but if ever Supernova is done messing with the likes of Allen Allen, maybe he wants to defend the World Television title against a competitor like me instead.

Or, maybe, when the National Champion is done trying to bite off more than he can chew and trying to hoard more gold than he deserves, maybe Travis Lynch wants to put the National Title up against the Armbar Assassin instead. Basically, Mark, it's

going to be business as usual for me: stretch out some poor souls and win me some gold.

[Before Stegklet can respond, Mahoney turns to make his exit.]

MS: Straight to the point for the Armbar Assassin who seems to have his eyes set on gold here in the AWA. Mahoney vs Supernova? Mahoney vs Travis Lynch? Sign me up for those! Speaking of the World Television Champion, let's head backstage right now where Sweet Lou is standing by with Supernova! Lou?

[We cut to backstage where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell standing in front of an AWA backdrop. Standing next to him is Supernova, the World Television Champion. Supernova has his face paint, is dressed in his wrestling attire and has the AWA World Television Title around his waist.]

SLB: Thanks, Mark... Supernova, you are coming off a successful title defense two weeks ago against Allen Allen. Can I get your thoughts about that title defense?

S: Sweet Lou, I gotta give a lot of credit to Allen Allen, he gave me a heck of a fight, didn't make it easy for me in my first title defense. That guy's come a long way in his AWA career and I only see a brighter future for him. I know he's got a score to settle with Mr. Sadisuto and Downfall, so I wish him the best of luck with that match tonight. Whoever he teams with, I have no doubts Allen Allen will be ready for it!

SLB: After that match, however, we saw the former champion, Shadoe Rage, come out and lock eyes with you. Last Saturday Night, he made it no secret that he wants another shot at you, Supernova. Can we expect a rematch between the two of you down the road?

S: Believe me, Sweet Lou, I know that Shadoe Rage wants another shot! I know how long he was the World TV Champion, how he spent many months chasing after the belt, and I know he wants it back! I will say that I look forward to that rematch down the road... in fact, it just might have to happen-

"You can't be serious!"

[Before Supernova can finish his thought, we see Skywalker Jones walking into view. The self-proclaimed "Mister Steal The Spotlight" is dressed in a black pinstripe suit, a furcoat worn over his shoulders, and designer sunglasses. Smiling big, he places himself between Sweet Lou and Supernova.]

SJ: Brotha', did I hear you correctly? Were you just tellin' the world that ALLEN ALLEN gave you a run for your money? Were you just about to say that the President of the He-man Woman Haters Club, Shadoe Rage, deserves a rematch while he's busy pickin' fights with females?

[Supernova raises his arm up.]

S: Hey, hold on for a second... I don't recall giving you permission to jump in on my interview time, Skywalker Jones! You'll get your turn in the spotlight when I'm done here!

SJ: Look here, Soupy Nova...Skywalker Jones don't need to wait his turn to be the spotlight. Skywalker Jones IS the spotlight! Just by standin' in my presence, ALLLL eyes are already on me!

[Jones laughs. Nova doesn't seem impressed.]

S: And you really expect me to just stand aside because you told me to do so?

[His eyes widen.]

S: I don't think so, Jones!

SJ: Woah there, circus clown! You need to drop summa' that bass from your voice...

[Jones takes off his sunglasses.]

SJ: ...before I drop it FOR you.

[The two lock eyes with one another and step closer, but Sweet Lou steps in between.]

SLB: Whoa, whoa, hold on a second, gentlemen! It sounds to me that the two of you need to settle this in the ring!

SJ: You serious, Louie Lou? Judging by the level of his competition so far, this jiggadolt prefers to defend against D-listers! Not TRUE superstars like myself! 'Cause he knows I'd take that Television Title off him so fast, it'd-

[Supernova cuts him off.]

S: I don't think so, pal! I've made it no secret that I will defend this title against all comers!

[He slaps the belt.]

S: I haven't made a match official for tonight, but I can make it official! I'll go find Emerson Gellar right now, I'll tell him I've got a title defense lined up... me against you, Skywalker Jones, for this right here!

[The champion slaps the belt again as Jones laughs.]

SJ: If you're in such a hurry to hand over the Television title to Skywalker Jones, then go on right ahead, turkey! 'Cause there ain't a better man made to represent the AWA on television week in and week out than the one you're lookin' at!

S: Hey, you may be the one that lives for the spotlight, but after tonight's match, the only spotlight that will be shining down is on me, still the AWA World Television Champion!

[He is about to walk off the set, but before he does, he turns back to Jones, cups his hands and howls in his direction, then storms off.]

SJ: I KNOW he did NOT just howl at me!

SLB: You heard it right here, folks! Tonight, Supernova puts the AWA Television title on the line against Skywalker Jones!

[Jones is still appalled by Supernova's parting shot.]

SJ: He did NOT just howl at me!

[Jones storms off in a huff, brushing past Sweet Lou, as we fade back out to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: It sounds like we've got ourselves a World Television Title match, Bucky!

BW: Finally, Supernova is going to defend the title against someone worthy of getting a title shot.

GM: What are you going on about now?

BW: Oh, come on, Gordo... Allen Allen two weeks ago on SNW. Did you even see the Live Event reports? Supernova over Caspian Abaran... Supernova over Cesar Hernandez... Supernova over Rene Rousseau... Supernova over Jim Colt... Supernova over- you get the idea.

GM: Do you have a point in all of this?

BW: My point is that those are fine competitors. Hernandez is - I hate to say it - one of the best ring generals in the business. Jim Colt is one of the toughest son of a guns to step through the ropes. But what they're not are top contenders. They're not in the Top 5 Contenders list. They're not a Rex Summers. They're not a Callum Mahoney. And they're definitely not a Shadoe Rage who has yet to get his contractually-obligated rematch for the title, Gordo.

GM: All in due time, I'm sure. Who knows? Maybe one of those men will be taking on Supernova for the World Television Title at our Anniversary Show two weeks from tonight...

BW: IF he can get past Skywalker Jones.

GM: Absolutely right. Now, let's go to the ring to see one of the men you mentioned - the popular Caspian Abaran in action!

[Cut to Phil Watson inside the ring.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Philadelphia, PA... weighing in at 243 pounds... the South Philly Phighter!

[The crowd jeers as the Phighter - perpetually dressed like a slob in his old faded red Phillies t-shirt and jeans with holes in them. He shouts at the jeering fans as Watson continues.]

GM: And his opponent... heading down the aisle... from Montemorelos, Mexico... weighing in at 209 pounds... CASPIAN ABARAN!

[The crowd cheers as the music builds. When the famous guitar of Santana begins to play about fifteen seconds in, Caspian Abaran splits the curtain and jogs out to the approval of the crowd. A young Mexican man with deeply tanned skin and curly dark brown hair, Abaran's attractiveness draws some high-pitched cheers from the female supporters. Abaran's tights are a bright yellow, with intricate patterns intertwined in red and brown down both legs. His boots are red, and has similar intertwined patterns in yellow and brown. He also has wristbands, striped in red, yellow, and brown. Abaran raises his hands up in the air and does a twirl as he jogs to catch all sides of the arena.]

GM: Alright! One of the most popular men in all of the AWA, Caspian Abaran is set for action here tonight in Phoenix!

[Quickly arriving at ringside, Abaran jogs down the apron and around to his left. He turns and spreads his arms out to the side, reaching them forward to acknowledge the crowd. The nimble luchador then backflips over the top rope into the ring, and proceeds to the opposite corner to greet the fans there.]

GM: Bucky, Caspian Abaran has been on quite the roll as of late - minus the loss to Supernova you mentioned. He's really been building up some steam and many are wondering if 2016 might be a big year for his young man.

BW: Abaran's a heck of a competitor too, Gordo. He began training for the ring at the age of 19. Trained by the Mexican star Mascara Casanova who himself was trained by Hall of Famer Chris Tyler. He's only 25 years old but he's basically a veteran already.

[Abaran balls up his fists, standing at the ready as the bell sounds.]

GM: And here we go in singles action right here on The X!

[The luchador walks out to the center of the ring, slapping his biceps before tying up with the Phighter who wastes about .4 seconds before digging his fingers into the eyes. He cackles loudly as the crowd jeers and Abaran blindly staggers backwards towards the ropes.]

GM: The South Philly Phighter is a veteran in his own right... but unpopular to just about everyone.

BW: Ever gotten close to the guy? Gotten a good whiff?

GM: Please. I'd rather not think about it.

BW: Smells like Henrietta flop sweat mixed with my idiot nephews' pig.

[Grabbing the former-masked man by the arm, the Phighter flings him across the ring with a shout. He spreads his legs, rearing back a right hand as Abaran rebounds off...

...and drops into a slide between the legs, popping up behind an off-balance Phighter who he catches with a dropkick to the back!]

GM: Dropkick by Abaran!

[The Phighter scrambles up off the mat, rushing at Abaran again who sidesteps, shoving the Phighter towards the ropes where he bounces off towards him...

...and Abaran elevates, scissoring the head between the legs, and snapping the Phighter down to the mat with a rana!]

GM: Headscissors takedown by Abaran!

[The brawler is off the mat again, rushing at Abaran, arm pulled back for a haymaker but Abaran leaps up, hooking the arm, floating across the back, grabbing the arm again for an armdrag that takes the Phighter down and sends him rolling out to the floor!]

GM: Wow! Impressive stuff from Caspian Abaran!

BW: Hey, Gordo... you think Abaran's had a touch of PTSD lately?

GM: Huh?

BW: Well, those piledrivers from Juan Vasquez have to hit kinda close to home, right? It was a piledriver that was used on him down in Mexico when he lost his mask and ended up getting run out of town.

GM: It certainly was and-

[With the Phighter on the floor, Abaran rushes to the far ropes, rebounding back at top speed...

...and HURLS himself into the air, clearing the top rope with a corkscrew, twisting around before crashing onto the Phighter!]

GM: OH MY STARS! WHAT A DIVE OUT OF CASPIAN ABARAN!

[Abaran climbs to his feet, rolling back into the ring where he takes a knee, drawing big cheers from the AWA crowd.]

GM: Caspian Abaran showing why he's become one of the most popular competitors in the entire AWA as that daredevil style leaves the South Philly Phighter laid out on the floor!

[Abaran climbs to his feet, nodding to the cheering crowd as the referee starts a ten count on the prone Phighter.]

GM: The man formerly known as El Principe Del Sol - a name he has sworn to never use again until he deems himself worthy to earn his mask back... to earn his name back...

BW: The Prince of the Sun, huh?

GM: Been working on your Spanish?

BW: Only so I can tell Hernandez what I think of him and have him understand me.

GM: Bucky, you know perfectly well that Cesar Hernandez speaks English... and as the South Philly Phighter gets to his feet at the count of five, he climbs up on the apron. Abaran moving in on him...

[But as Abaran approaches, the Phighter slings himself between the ropes, driving his shoulder into the gut of Abaran.]

GM: The Phighter goes downstairs...

[He grabs Abaran by the hair, rushing down the length of the apron to SMASH his head into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Ohh! And that'll send Abaran reeling as the Phighter steps back in and...

[The camera shot cuts for a moment, landing on the upper level of the arena. The fans, seeing themselves on television, start screaming and waving their arms. All except one.]

GM: Wait a second... isn't that Canibal?

[The camera zooms in a bit more, revealing the luchador standing in the front row on the steps, looking down at the ring as the Phighter grabs Abaran by the arm, whipping him towards the corner where Abaran runs right up the ropes, backflipping through the air onto a stunned Phighter with a moonsault!]

GM: MOONSAULT GETS ONE! GETS TWO!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Oh my! He almost had him right there!

BW: Gordo, what in the world is Canibal doing out in the crowd?

GM: That's a good question.

[Abaran and the Phighter struggle to get up, each trying to beat the other to their feet. The man from South Philly gets there first, blasting Abaran in the jaw with a pair of right hands. He ducks down, scooping him up...]

GM: Big slam- no! Abaran out the back door!

[Abaran reaches around, hooking the left wrist with his right hand. He does the same with his left hand, crossing the arms across the Phighter..

...and taking him up and over with a German Suplex!]

GM: Oh my! Right on the back of the head!

[With the Phighter dazed, Abaran scrambles to his feet, racing towards the corner where he hops up to the second rope, then to the top...

...and uncorks a picture perfect corkscrew moonsault, crashing down on the chest of the Phighter, rolling into a back press, counting along as the official delivers the one... two... three!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HE GOT HIM!

[Abaran rolls off of the Phighter, throwing an arm up into the air as the referee grabs him by the wrist, pointing to him.]

GM: Caspian Abaran is victorious with all these fans - and Canibal - looking on.

[Cut back to Canibal who nods at what he just saw.]

GM: Very interesting. Fans, as we said at the start of the show, tonight is Awards Night here in the AWA and all night long, we'll be bringing you the best of 2015. In fact, we're going to kick that off right now with the Most Shocking Moment of 2015! Let's take a look at the nominees!

[We cut a snazzy graphics package promoting "AWARDS NIGHT" with stars and fireworks. A voiceover begins.]

"The nominees for 2015's Most Shocking Moment are...

...Matt Lance is revealed to truly be Matt Lynch!"

[A quick snippet of video showing that moment is seen.]

"The Dogs of War lose their first match as a trio."

[Another snippet of video.]

"Juan Vasquez turns on Ryan Martinez at SuperClash."

[And yet another... this one noticeably leaving out the piledriver through the table on a former AWA superstar.]

"Allen Allen wins."

[And another snippet.]

"And finally, Supreme Wright threatens a child."

[And that disgusting piece of footage runs as we cut back to Gordon and Bucky, the former of which is holding an envelope in his hand.]

GM: And the winner is...

[Gordon tears the envelope open, pulling out a notecard.]

GM: Juan Vasquez turns on Ryan Martinez at SuperClash! Well, that certainly was a shocking moment without a doubt.

BW: I bet Vasquez will be very proud when he hears he won this award, Gordo.

GM: I'm sure he will... but right now, there's a wall of AWA superstars preventing him from coming into the arena.

[We cut to a shot outside the arena, showing that mass of humanity forming a human wall. They are chatting amongst themselves while keeping an eye towards the entrance to the parking lot.]

GM: All appears to be well in the parking lot... so far at least. I suppose congratulations are in order for Mr. Vasquez for his award win... just as congratulations are in order for "Golden" Grant Carter who was victorious in his debut two weeks ago. We caught up with Mr. Carter today for some pre-recorded comments... let's take a look!

[The camera cuts backstage to the AWA backdrop where the oldest newcomer that AWA has seen stands, his blindingly white teeth shining out from spray tanned skin-framed smile. Golden Grant Carter (just GGC to his friends) stands on, his infectious enthusiasm nearly as blinding as those choppers.]

"Hey guys. GGC.

For today I figured I'd drop the back and forth interview thing and just talk straight to you...straight to the people."

[A loud round of cheers echoes through the arena, bringing a wider smile and a nod from the man from the Jersey Shore.]

"My first trip down to that ring here in AWA, it was everything I dreamed it would be and more. The lights, the sounds, and yeah, the rush...and it's all thanks to each and every one of you guys and gals out there havin' my back. Now I been told that things have been bad around here. Tough...they're ugly and gettin' worse. Now, I won't lie and pretend that ain't true, but after what I seen out there last week...after the way that you guys lifted me up and put me on your shoulders to carry me to the win?

Ain't no way.

Ain't no way that the AWA is in for dark times. Ain't no way that the AWA's FANS are in for dark times.

And definitely not when the guys that wanna bring those dark times down see what we can do together.

When they look out an' see what I do...when the look out and see that sea of gold, they're gonna know that all of those plans...all of those schemes?

They don't mean a damned thing.

'Cause when I say it, we're gonna do it...we're gonna..

PUT 'EM UP!"

[Fade to black.

The words "December 1994" appears in white scrawly text. The black screen fades to reveal the founder of the EMWC, Adam Thompson. Thompson's years are showing at this point. He leans towards the camera.]

"In the mid-90s, getting anyone to bankroll pro wrestling was a hard sell. The whole business was in the toilet so if you wanted to stand a chance, you started small and put in the work."

[A black and white still photo of a bloodied Colt Patterson - then known as Narcissus - battling Lorenzo Vasquez appears. The word "Extreme" etched in a deep crimson is "written" across them as the voice of Patterson is heard.]

"Extreme was the thing. Hell, my dad had been doing extreme down in the South for years - cages, bullropes, Texas Death, whatever. He just didn't know it had a name. Did I like the idea of going through tables almost every night? Not really. But I was the champ. I was the guy. It was either do it or they'd find someone else who would. Ultimately, my career paid the price but it was a good run while it lasted."

[The shot of Patterson fades to a still photo of Chris Blue standing in a ring with Adam Thompson. Blue looks much younger than his modern counterpart who we see a moment later.]

"I bought out Adam Thompson as soon as I put the money together. I had a vision, he had a vision... too many cooks in the kitchen. I'll always be grateful to him but I think history has shown that he made the right call to take the money and let me run the place."

[A series of stills flash by - Casey James, Tiger Claw, Steve Kowalski, Creed, Brody Thunder, Serge Annis, and JW Hardin. Blue appears again.]

"It was a war. It was a total war between us and Portland. Talent, territory, ratings, buyrates... you name it, we fought over it. I fought a lot of those kinds of wars over the years but none of them were as fun as the fight that Spreadbury put up."

[More stills. This time with some of the most famous names in EMWC - men like Mark Langseth, Alex Martinez, Kevin Slater, Jeff Matthews, "Dreamlover" Trey Porter, Curtis Hansen, Eddie Van Gibson, Simon Ezra, Luke Kinsey, Chris Courtade, and others flash by in rapid-fire before fading back to Blue.]

"You know what they don't tell you? It's a hard fight to get to the top... but when you get there, sometimes it gets a little boring. I was constantly fighting with myself to stay motivated. I'd pick fights with promotions just to try and get my competitive fires burning. It was just never the same though."

[And then another series of shots - this time with some of the names synonymous with the end of the EMWC - names we'll choose not to name to protect the innocent... and the guilty. Back to Blue.]

"The writing was on the wall long before I shut the doors, I think. It was... I don't know. Bad timing? We were fighting to stay afloat for a while. We were having financial troubles, creative difficulties, you name it. Then out of nowhere, one of my best friends got leukemia and died. That was..."

[Blue pauses, turning his head to the side as we fade to black as a title comes up - "The Rise And Fall Of The Empire - available on DVD and Digital Download now. The shot of a smiling Blue comes back up.]

"Damn. It was a good run though, wasn't it? A hell of a run. Maybe the best ever. But even the best things have to end."

[Blue smiles, staring off-camera, daydreaming of days gone by as we fade to black...

...and as we come back up to live action, "The Professional" by Leon plays over the PA system, drawing boos. And out from the back comes "The Professional" Dave Cooper, who is dressed in a pair of black wrestling trunks and kneepads, white wrestling boots and a brown vest.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans... and Dave Cooper is obviously on his way to the ring. I don't have him down on my sheet as scheduled for a match at this time.

BW: Maybe a last minute change of plans, Gordo. And why not accommodate The Professional if he wants something?

GM: I can think of many reasons not to accommodate this man, much like The Northern Lights were unwilling to accommodate his offer to them to join the Lion's Den.

BW: And that was a stupid thing to do, Gordo! You don't turn down an offer from the one of the best wrestlers to compete in the AWA!

[Cooper walks down toward the ring, confronting Phil Watson, who is already in the ring, apparently ready to introduce the next match. Watson looks at Cooper, confused, as Cooper demands the microphone. Watson shakes his head but hands it over and Cooper directs him to leave.]

GM: What, is Dave Cooper insisting on interview time?

BW: Like I said, Gordo, there's no reason not to accommodate this man!

GM: I don't know why he can't just talk to Sweet Lou Blackwell or Mark Steggle backstage then.

[Cooper surveys the crowd for a moment before raising the mic to his lips.]

DC: Two weeks ago, I made an offer to a couple of people to join the Lion's Den and, for some reason, they turned me down.

[There are some cheers for that remark, which causes Cooper to narrow his gaze.]

DC: And as much as you nickel-and-dimers might want to think the Lion's Den is already finished, the one thing I've learned is that when you make somebody an offer, you don't stop your efforts because they turn you down. Sometimes you have to make a better offer and sometimes you need to make those people realize they shouldn't have turned you down.

[He paces about the ring.]

DC: The Northern Lights said they don't want my services... well, in their case, I came to realize they aren't smart enough to know a good offer when they get one. So it's not difficult to see that they need to realize why they shouldn't have turned me down. Now, if Rene Rousseau and Chris Choisnet are in the back, I'm challenging them right now... get down here to the ring and let's get a few things settled!

[He lowers the mic and raises his other hand, motioning, as if daring the Lights to come get him.]

GM: What is Dave Cooper doing? I don't understand...

BW: It's obvious, Gordo. He's going to teach them a lesson about why you don't turn down his services!

[The Northern Lights come out from the entranceway. Rene Rousseau leads the way, a somewhat confused look on his face, and Chris Choisnet follows and he looks angry. Both are dressed in their wrestling attire and jackets.]

GM: Well, here comes the Lights, but I don't understand what Cooper is trying to prove.

BW: Just sit back and watch, Gordo. The Professional always has a plan in mind.

[The Lights come down to ringside but they don't enter the ring. Cooper points at Choisnet.]

DC: Chris Choisnet, you told everybody I'm no better than people like Johnny Detson and Juan Vasquez. What you forget, though, is those two have done more in the wrestling ring, and here in the AWA, than you ever have, and just as importantly, I've done more than you ever have! So you would be smart not to turn down an offer from somebody who knows what it takes to get to the top. But since you seem to lack the smarts to realize that, I'm gonna give you a chance to find out... I'm challenging you to a match, right here, right now!

[The crowd swells at that announcement.]

GM: Dave Cooper wants Chris Choisnet, one on one?

BW: Hey, if Choisnet thinks he's good enough to get to the top without Cooper's advice, let him prove it!

GM: I know Cooper is an accomplished wrestler, but he hasn't had a match in more than a year!

[Choisnet looks like he wants to accept the challenge, as he climbs onto the ring apron. However, Rousseau reaches up to pull him back.]

GM: Hold on... I think Rousseau suspects something's going on.

BW: He's showing no confidence in his tag team partner!

GM: I'm not so sure about that.

[The Lights have a quick conversation, after which Choisnet shakes his head, then turns to the ring, climbs onto the apron and between the ropes. Cooper motions for him to come forward. Choisnet reaches toward Cooper, signaling he wants the microphone.]

CC: Cooper, if you want a piece of me, you've got it! Let's get this match started, right now, and I'll prove to you that neither I nor my partner need your advice or expertise!

[The fans cheer. Rousseau applauds his partner as Choisnet removes his jacket, then turns to Cooper, motioning for him to come forward. Cooper, however, takes the mic from Choisnet.]

DC: Hold on a minute... Rene Rousseau, since you're out here, what's say we raise the stakes a bit?

[Rousseau looks puzzled, but climbs onto the apron, stepping into the ring and joining his tag team partner. Cooper just smirks.]

DC: You and I have done this dance before... maybe we ought to do this dance again. What do you say?

[Rousseau motions for the mic and Cooper passes it over.]

RR: What are you talking about, Cooper?

DC: I'm saying I'll take you on as well. Me, against the two of you, right now. The way I figure it, it'll be the chance to teach both of you that you made the wrong call to reject my offer!

[Rousseau looks surprised, but Choisnet steps forward.]

CC: You want a piece of both of us? The way I see it, if you're foolish enough to think you can take us both on, you're welcome to try!

[The fans cheer. Cooper scoffs at the remark. Rousseau takes the mic.]

RR: If that's the way you want it, Cooper, then you'll get it. But I can promise you this... the only person who will regret anything is you for making this challenge in the first place!

[More cheers as Rousseau hands the mic to Watson, who is standing at ringside. Rousseau removes his jacket and tosses it aside as Cooper throws his hands to the side, motioning to the Lights to come after him.]

GM: Are you kidding me? Dave Cooper wants a handicap match against the Northern Lights?

BW: Looks like it, Gordo.

GM: I don't like these odds, Bucky.

BW: You're right. The Lights don't stand a chance!

[Rousseau steps onto the ring apron as Choisnet approaches Cooper. The two get nose to nose and jaw as a referee hurries to the ring, slides in and calls for the bell.]

GM: This one is underway... here we go!

[Cooper and Choisnet trade blows, back and forth they go, until Cooper kicks Choisnet in the midsection.]

GM: Cooper with an Irish whip... here's a clothesline... but it's ducked! Choisnet off the ropes... and he hits a clothesline of his own!

[The fans cheer as Choisnet leaps into the air, hitting Cooper with a dropkick just as The Professional gets to his feet.]

GM: And look at that dropkick! Cooper already in trouble!

BW: He just got caught off guard for a second, Gordo!

GM: But it's Choisnet in control! He grabs Cooper by the arm and winds him up... tag is made!

[Rousseau enters the ring and grabs Cooper's other arm. The Lights twist each arm around, then they each kick him in the midsection.]

GM: Look at this double team move... they send him into the ropes... double back body drop!

BW: They've long exceeded the five count, Gordo! Why doesn't the referee get in there!

[Choisnet goes to the apron as Rousseau sends Cooper into the ropes once more and takes him over with a hiptoss.]

GM: Rousseau having his way with The Professional... now he's bringing him to his feet... looks like he wants a suplex.

[Rousseau's back is turned to Choisnet as he sets up Cooper. Choisnet raises his arms in anticipation...

...but is suddenly pulled down from the apron.]

GM: Wait a minute! Somebody yanked Choisnet from the apron! I don't know what...

BW: Look, Gordo! Look who's back!

[The camera cuts outside the ring, finding two wild-eyed, wild-haired men, one bigger than the other, double teaming Choisnet outside the ring.]

GM: That's the Samoan Hit Squad! What are they doing out here?

BW: I have an idea, Gordo!

GM: What are you talking about?

BW: Shouldn't it be obvious? This is what The Professional meant by teaching people a lesson when they turn him down!

[The Samoans level Choisnet with a double headbutt, then grab him by the arms and whip him into the steel ringsteps!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The bigger of the men, Scola, climbs onto the apron as Mafu, the smaller man, stomps away on Choisnet.]

GM: Rousseau with the suplex, but he doesn't see Scola... OH NO!

[Scola rushes at Rousseau and levels him with a clothesline.]

GM: The Samoans doing a number on the Northern Lights! Somebody has to stop this!

BW: You want to get in there and control the Samoan Hit Squad, Gordo, you be my guest!

[Outside the ring, Mafu drags Choisnet off the floor and shoves him under the ropes. The referee tries to stop Mafu as he rolls into the ring, but Mafu grabs the referee and tosses him outside.]

GM: And there goes the official! Come on!

BW: I love it, Gordo! Look at the power being displayed by Scola! Rousseau is gonna be feeling that for a long time!

[Bucky is referring to Scola grabbing Rousseau around the waist and tossing him into the air with an overhead belly to belly throw. Scola stalks around the ring, a menacing look in his eyes.]

GM: Rousseau may be out of it! And now Mafu has Choisnet... inverted Russian leg sweep!

[Mafu proceeds to rub Choisnet's face into the canvas, before rising to his feet and kicking him in the back of the head.]

Cooper, meanwhile, has pulled himself up to his knees. Scola approaches The Professional.]

GM: Now Scola coming over to Cooper... what's gonna happen here?

[Scola stands in front of Cooper...

...then extends his hand. Cooper smiles and laughs, taking Scola's hand and allowing himself to be pulled to his feet.]

GM: Wait a minute... don't tell me the Samoan Hit Squad is working for Dave Cooper?

BW: It has to be! These are your newest members of the Lion's Den! I love it, Gordo!

GM: Then Cooper set up the Lights! I can't believe this!

[Mafu has climbed up to the middle rope and leaps on Choisnet, connecting with a headbutt. Cooper walks over to Mafu, who starts choking Choisnet, and taps him on the shoulder. Mafu looks up and, after a moment, rises to his feet.]

GM: Cooper with the Samoan Hit Squad... how long do you think he's had these two men working for him, Bucky?

BW: Does it matter, Gordo? All I know is that Cooper found himself a tag team he can take straight to the top! And he found two dangerous men who are the perfect additions to the Lion's Den!

[Cooper raises the arms of Scola and Mafu as the fans boo. Scola continues to stare menacingly, showing little emotion, while Mafu has a twisted smile on his face and laughs.]

GM: We need some help out here for Rousseau and Choynet! What a disgusting turn of events, fans. We'll be right back.

[Fade to black.

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

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

...and then fade back up on "Sweet" Lou Blackwell at the backstage interview area. Standing before the AWA logo, Sweet Lou seems a little less energetic than usual. There is a mix of consternation and trepidation on his face.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, tonight is a very unusual night for the AWA. While the AWA has worked hard to create a vibrant and successful women's division and these women are some of the most talented wrestlers in the world, I can't believe that anybody would ever want to see this so-called Intergender match pitting Melissa Cannon against my guest at this time, a very bitter and treacherous man, Shadoe Rage.

[Shadoe Rage enters the shot stage left. He is dressed in his leather robes and ragged scarf. He stares at Sweet Lou Blackwell until the AWA interviewer looks sufficiently cowed. Rage lowers his hood to reveal his mass of dreadlocks before he turns to face the camera. His gaze is harsh and cold. His stare burns a hole through the screen.]

SR: Blackwell, you have a lot to say when I'm not on the set. Here I am. Ask me a question, why don't you? Ask me a question and get an answer.

SLB: Well, Shadoe Rage, call me old fashioned, but I don't believe that there should be a match where a man goes head-to-head with a woman. Especially with a man as dangerous in the ring as you. I can't help but think, with your frame of mind, that this isn't going to be an athletic contest.

SR: You are old-fashioned, Sweet Lou Blackwell, you are very old-fashioned. A man shouldn't wrestle with a woman? I suggest to you that you're looking at it the wrong way. It isn't a man wrestling a woman. It's a Rage wrestling a Cannon. It's two people with very, very personal issues. Isn't that the foundation of the sport of professional wrestling? Yes it is, Sweet Lou Blackwell, yes it is.

You're right that this isn't going to be an athletic contest. This is going to be a fight. And Melissa Cannon started it. Melissa Cannon wanted it. And now Melissa Cannon is going to get it. She wanted to give the fans what they wanted to see? Good for her. For every crime, there is a punishment and tonight I shall punish her. I shall take away everything from her until she's nothing but a broken down humiliated husk. Think that's what the fans want to see?

SLB: As a matter of fact, Shadoe. No I don't.

SR: Too bad. Sweet Lou Blackwell, for years I have been a champion of women in wrestling and women in general! You can sit there and fret about them being the fairer sex, the weaker sex or whatever sexist proposition you want to maintain! But I know the truth! Women are stronger than you ever give them credit for. Didn't Melissa Cannon win the Empress Cup? Yeah, isn't that something? I bet there was a real big trophy for her to carry around, I betcha!

SLB: With all due respect, it's one thing to win a tournament of your peers. It's another thing to get in the ring with a bigger lunatic who seems to have no issues hitting women!

SR: Did I say I have no issues hitting women, Blackwell? Did I say that? No, I didn't. I'm bigger, stronger, faster, better, it's true. But that's true of me against anybody on this planet. I do not hit women, Blackwell!

[Blackwell breathes a sigh of relief.]

SR: But Melissa Cannon stopped being a woman and started being a competitor the moment she cheated me out of the World Television Title!

[Blackwell does a double take with shock and disgust.]

SR: And now she must pay the price. I did nothing but give her a platform and she used it to betray me.

SLB: You gave her a platform?!? What an outrageous statement, Shadoe Rage! You picked Melissa Cannon because in your crazy mind you thought she would favor you!

SR: I thought she would call the match right down the middle! I thought she would be fair and impartial! I have dedicated my entire career to advancing women's

wrestling from the days of Pizzazz finishing the Prophets' matches to supporting Marissa's World Title reign! I wasn't the villain in that ring! Supernova was and Melissa Cannon cheated for him. So Melissa Cannon has to pay the price.

SLB: Will you listen to yourself? I mean, for goodness sake, you're a father now! Is this how you would want some man talking about your daughter?

[Rage turns sharply on the smaller man, forcing him to take a hesitant step backwards. Rage steps forward menacingly, his back flaring.]

SR: I dare the man to try that with Adrianna. I dare the man to try to disrespect her. But I am a father, Blackwell, and I will raise my child to be better than a guttersnipe backstabber like Cannon.

SLB: (shocked and offended) That's another outrageous thing to say, you know what... good day to you. I say good day!

[Blackwell gives Rage the cold shoulder. Rage sneers at Blackwell.]

SR: Good day, Blackwell. Those who don't want to hear the truth will have to see it and will have to feel it.

[Rage exits stage right, gesticulating wildly. Sweet Lou Blackwell stares after him in disgust.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, I apologize for that man. He's simply been unhinged since he lost the World Television Title. I pray somebody comes to their senses tonight. Or Melissa Cannon gets him good. Let's go to the ring for more action!

[Fade out to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall, with a ten-minute time limit, and is an AWA Women's Division match. Introducing first, currently in the ring to my left, from San Antonio, Texas, weighing in at 122 pounds... STEPHANIE CRUZ!

[The camera cuts to the young Cruz in the ring, wearing non-descript red singlet-style tights, with white kneepads and boots, with wavy brunette hair. She holds her arms up at the announcement of her name before the arena fills with the sound of an ominous orchestral synths; cut to a sullen presence appearing in the entry way.]

GM: Women's Division time, fans. And this time, we're going to see the most experienced lady under contract with the AWA... and yet, she's the one we seem to know the least about.

[As "Everybody Knows" by Leonard Cohen kicks in, Erica "Ricki" Toughill makes her way down the aisle, wearing an orange hoodie, backwards ball cap, a wooden baseball bat slung over her shoulder. She pays very little attention to the fans and focuses on the ring, snapping a wad of pink bubble gum the whole time.]

PW: And her opponent... From Rochester, New York... weighing 170 pounds... ERICAAA TOUGHILL!!!

GM: And fans, she's an enigma, though not for a lack of trying to talk to her.

BW: Really? She talks to me. Talks to me all the time. She'll yak your ear off if you give her the chance... you probably come off to too pushy. She's shy, all right?

[Ricki Toughill rolls into the ring under the ropes, and props herself up with the baseball bat. She tosses her ballcap aside, showing a greasy black Skrillex-style sidecut, and removes the hoodie, revealing a grey and orange neoprene tank top

and skirt. A very large octopus tattoo occupies her right shoulder. She backs into the corner, does a few squats and lunges, and blows another pink bubble. The referee signals for the bell.]

GM: So it's Ricki Toughill... this quote, "shrinking violet," unquote... against Stephanie Cruz who is a regular at the Combat Corner, along with Kayla "The Pistol" Cristol, whom we saw debut against Cruz's opponent tonight.

[The young Cruz circles and claps her hands, trying to rally the crowd. The more imposing Toughill pivots in the middle of the ring, keeping her opponent in her sight at all times. With a scowl, she blows another bubble as Cruz approaches, looking to lock up.]

BW: And this girl facing the Queen of Clubs is looking pretty intimidated; Erica's the one with the gum, but the kid's jaw is quivering!

[Cruz crouches low, looking to engage in a knuckle-lock; Toughill responds by grabbing her wrist with both hands and throwing her entire weight backward with a howl.]

ET: 'EEEEEE-YAAAAAHH!'

GM: And Ricki Toughill with a monstrous hammer throw, sending her opponent into the buckles.

BW: See? She talks.

[With no wasted motion, Toughill scrambles to her feet and charges into the corner, plowing her shoulder into her opponent's midsection.]

ET: 'BAAAAAH!'

GM: Toughill, not letting Cruz out of that corner—the official had better intercede here!

BW: Gordo, you see all these female wrestlers throwing these weak elbows. Ricki Toughill doesn't do that... Look at those fists!

GM: And the count applied... Toughill finally relenting. Very good point, Bucky: the woman they call the Queen of Clubs is one of the most rugged and imposing female wrestlers in the world today. She dominated on the first day of the Empress Cup, and made it all the way to the quarter-finals before being knocked out by Ran Kusugi—I hope I'm pronouncing that right. I'm sure I'll be corrected later... Scoop slam on Cruz!

BW: Threw her to the ground like she was a rag doll!

[Toughill drops to her knees across Cruz's torso.]

GM: First cover of the match... Barely a two! Cruz gets the shoulder up.

[Toughill grabs two handfuls of Cruz's hair, dragging her to her feet.]

GM: And Ricki Toughill needs to watch the hair! Scoops her opponent up again... into the corner!

[She holds Cruz upside-down in the corner and hooks her foot underneath the turnbuckle.]

GM: And now tying Cruz upside down... this woman is such a bully in that ring!

BW: You don't think she's had to face that herself? Maybe if you'd talked to her you'd realize that she's had to face that treatment for years. This is just the Queen of Clubs claiming her receipts.

ET: 'ee-YAAAAH!'

[With a shriek, Toughill backs up and charges in with a hip attack to the inverted rookie.]

GM: All I've heard out of Erica Toughill is shrieks and grunts—and Toughill just dominant.

[Toughill quickly backs out, and charges back in with another hip attack.]

ET: 'eee-YAAAAH!'"

[Toughill backs out again, all the way to the opposite turnbuckle. A sour frown crosses her face as she looks out at the crowd.]

GM: What does this tigress have in mind now?

[Toughill smacks her open palm on her posterior three times in succession, before charging in with a full head of steam and twisting into a third hip attack on the unprotected Cruz.]

BW: And she's looking to send a message to every woman who would try to climb the ladder in the AWA. There's only one queen in the AWA, and that's the Queen o' Clubs.

GM: Stephanie Cruz is finally freed from those turnbuckles, and Ricki Toughill out to the floor, I'm not sure I like where this is going... Oh come on!

[Cruz's neck snaps back as Toughill reaches up and grabs two handfuls of her helpless opponent's hair, shaking Cruz's head up and down maliciously.]

ET: 'WAAAAAAAAAAH!!!'

GM: This shrieking banshee may be the most imposing and most experienced woman in that locker room, but she is way, way out of line here! And finally the official steps in and frees Stephanie Cruz.

[In no particular hurry, Toughill pulls herself up into the ring. Cruz crawls toward the center of the ring, leaving an opening for Toughill to lay in a kick to her exposed midsection.]

GM: That's an attack on the kidney area! The referee ought to not be allowing this.

BW: It ain't 1974 any more, Gordo. That's the norm in 2016, daddy. I don't know that there's a woman that can compete one-on-one with the Queen of Clubs, Gordo.

[Toughill hoists Cruz up onto her shoulder, carrying her around the ring ominously.]

GM: Toughill has yet to face Melissa Cannon or Julie Somers, Bucky. And if we see Miyuki Ozaki in the AWA again, some fans would consider that a dream match, with both ladies being past winners of the prestigious Angels and Amazons Battle Royales; Toughill in 2009, and Miyuki Ozaki the next year—Cruz looking to go out the back!

[Stephanie Cruz wriggles her way off of Toughill's broad shoulders, landing on her feet behind her. Toughill whips around, realizing she could be losing control of the match.]

GM: And Erica Toughill walks into a jawbreaker! Look at this!

[Toughill is stunned by the jawbreaker, but remains on two wobbly legs. Her opponent quickly hits the ropes and somersaults with a rolling koppo kick to her doubled-over opponent's head.]

GM: Big somersault kick to the crown of the Queen of Clubs and Stephanie Cruz is finally stringing together some offense in this match.

BW: She's gotta follow up! She can't follow up!

[Toughill shakes the cobwebs out as Cruz struggles to remain vertical. The Queen of Clubs charges in...]

GM: Discus Lariat! No... Cruz ducks under! Shoots for the ropes...

[But Toughill is one step quicker, catching Cruz and planting her with a massive spinebuster!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

BW: Man, she's just a devastator!

GM: And Toughill now applying that modified Cobra Clutch... she calls that the Shrew's Fiddle. Cruz is trying to slip out of it, but the Queen's arms have that constrictor strength... I don't know that there's any woman on the roster or even in wrestling who can match Erica Toughill for power.

[Cruz stops flailing as Toughill keeps her in the upright position.]

GM: Referee checking for a submission... he may have to consider stopping this match. And what is Toughill doing here?

[She laces her leg around her opponent's.]

GM: OH MY! Erica Toughill turning that Shrew's Fiddle into a legsweep.

[Toughill again releases the hold and kneels across the shoulders of Stephanie Cruz, grabbing her opponent's kneepad to hook the leg for good measure.]

GM: A cover... and it is academic...

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: Toughill with the one-two-three, and we may have the woman to beat in the AWA!

[As “Everybody Knows” pipes up over the sound system and Phil Watson announces the match decision, transition to the replay, starting with the spinebuster shown from a couple of angles.]

BW: Watch this... She catches this girl coming off the ropes... and PLANTS her... Look at this, just flickin' her to the ground like she's a bug!

[Then the Shrew's Fiddle Legsweep.]

BW: And we knew she had that Shrew's Fiddle in her arsenal, and she can modify it to suit her purposes. Hail to the Queen, baby.

[Back to live action, with Toughill collecting her hoodie, ballcap and baseball bat, while Cruz has rolled to the ropes, lying flat on her back. Toughill sticks out her tongue, delicately grabs the wad of pink gum she's been chomping, and mashes it into Cruz's long wavy hair without breaking stride.]

GM: Erica Toughill completely dominant here tonight and... well, that was the first official match on Saturday Night Wrestling for the AWA's Women's Division.

BW: Talk about starting off strong. She just set the bar that all the others will have to try to clear. Good luck.

GM: Speaking of the others, let's go backstage to Mark Stegglet who is standing by with Melissa Cannon! Mark?

[We cut back to the locker room area where Mark Stegglet is standing alongside a grinning Melissa Cannon who is dressed for ring action.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon, and as you can see, Melissa Cannon, the AWA Women's Division is up, running, and already in full swing!

[Cannon nods, still smiling.]

MC: Mark, we're sitting here in Phoenix tonight but to me, this is something resembling Never Never Land.

MS: How is that?

MC: Because no matter how much I dreamed of it... no matter how much I wanted it... I NEVER thought the AWA would get a Women's Division up and running. And to see Erica out there... look, Erica and I aren't exactly the best of friends but she's a tough competitor. And that's all I ever wanted for this Women's Division - a place where the world's toughest female competitors could battle it out and see who's the best. And when I look around tonight and see Erica out... I know Charisma's going to be out there later... Julie too... it's one hell of a feeling, Mark.

MS: You mention Charisma Knight. You know she's got an Open Challenge later. Is there any chance-

[Cannon grins, shaking her head.]

MC: Not this time. I don't know what Charisma's got in mind but I'm sure she's got something up her sleeve. That's not my business tonight. My business tonight is a certain former champion with a grudge.

MS: Of course you're referring to Shadoe Rage.

MC: Of course I am. And it's Never Never Land all over again because I NEVER thought I'd see the day when Saturday Night Wrestling would put an Intergender Match on the air.

MS: Speaking of which, Melissa... my sources say that this match tonight has NOT been sanctioned. The powers that be apparently have no interest in it.

MC: They're not the only one.

MS: What are you saying?

MC: Look, Mark... if I had my way, I WOULD be answering Charisma's challenge later tonight. Mark, what did you do for the past two months?

MS: I... took a vacation.

MC: Where?

MS: Mexico.

MC: Nice. Beaches and all that?

MS: Well, it was December but...

MC: Uh huh. You know what I did for the past couple of months? I trained. Because I got the chance of a lifetime handed to me. I got an invitation to go to Japan and compete in the Empress Cup - the tournament that Miyuki Ozaki puts on every year. It's a showcase of the best women's wrestling in the world and I was invited to be there. So I hit the gym. I got myself in the best shape of my career. I worked out in the gym... in the ring... every day.

I went to Japan. I faced the best.

[Cannon nods off-camera as the shot pulls back to reveal a five foot tall shining, glittering silver trophy.]

MC: And I BEAT the best. I won the tournament. I won the Empress Cup... and right now, Mark, until that Women's Title gets created, that is the greatest single honor that any woman in our sport can achieve.

And I... did it.

I wanted to come back and show the world why. I wanted to come back and compete against Julie Somers and give the fans the match that they SHOULD have gotten at SuperClash. I wanted to come back and trade shots so hard with Erica Toughill that my teeth hurt the next day. And yes, I wanted to come back and shut Charisma Knight's whining mouth once and for all.

But I don't get to do any of that... because I've got a delusional egomaniac who can't stand the fact that he lost to a better man at SuperClash on my case. I've got some screwjob who wants to make history by having a man battle a woman on AWA television.

[Cannon shakes her head.]

MC: You know what they call a former champ, Mark?

[Stegglet shakes his head in response.]

MC: A chump. And that's what you are, Rage... a chump.

I don't understand Shadoe Rage and I'm not about to pretend that I do. But what I do understand is that this isn't the match I wanted... this is the one he wanted.

[Cannon raises her right arm, slamming her elbow into an open hand.]

MC: Be careful what you wish for, chump. See you in the ring.

[Cannon walks out of view, leaving Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: Melissa Cannon is on a mission here tonight on Awards Night... and speaking of Awards Night, let's move on to our second award of the night - the Best Move of 2015! Roll it!

[The snazzy graphics package comes up again, complete with the voiceover.]

"The nominees for Best Move of 2015 are...

...the Eclipse."

[A quick video snippet of Shadoe Rage connecting with his trademark running kneestrike to Supernova's head.]

"The Wilde Driver."

[Johnny Detson in a series of quick Wilde Drivers from throughout the year.]

"The Brainbuster."

[Ryan Martinez holds an opponent in the air, letting the blood drain to the skull before dropping down with the move.]

"The Blackout."

[We see Martinez again... this time the recipient of the Blackout... from "La Fuerza."]

"And the Iron Claw."

[Jack Lynch locks the Iron Claw on the knee of Supreme Wright at SuperClash as the graphic fades back to Mark, envelope in hand.]

MS: And the winner is...

[Mark opens and pulls the card loose.]

MS: The Brainbuster!

[A cheer goes up from inside the arena.]

MS: Of course, Ryan Martinez is unable to be here tonight so I... well, I'll happily accept this award on his behalf. Thanks to all who voted for him.

[Mark holds up the card with a sad smile as we fade back down to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Congratulations go out to Ryan Martinez who picks up the award for the Best Move of 2015 and-

BW: What a sham that is!

GM: What are you going on about now?

BW: The Best Move of 2015 has GOT to be the one with the best name.

GM: Which is?

BW: The Wilde Driver, of course.

GM: Of course. Fans, coming up next here is a quite unusual and quite frankly - disturbing - scenario. Two weeks ago, Shadoe Rage who was irate over losing his World Television Title at SuperClash decided to challenge the woman who refereed that match - Melissa Cannon - to a match here tonight.

BW: First off, let's call a spade a spade here... Rage was ROBBED of that title at SuperClash. And secondly, Melissa Cannon put her hands on Rage at SuperClash so in the eyes of many, she's getting what she deserves here tonight.

GM: "In the eyes of many?" Does that include you?

BW: Hey, I've never been a fan of Intergender wrestling but Rage says that once she laid hands on him, it no longer was man vs woman... it was two competitors clashing.

GM: Do you buy that?

BW: Not really but Rage is crazy enough to believe it.

GM: The AWA has flat out REFUSED to sanction this match here tonight... thankfully. But that doesn't seem to have slowed down Shadoe Rage from his belief it should happen... and he-

[Suddenly, Samuel Barber's "Adagio for Strings" gets the Phoenix crowd booing heavily as the spotlight shines on the entrance. Shadoe Rage emerges dressed in his heavy black leather robes, head wrapped in a ragged scarf. He stares down the crowd as they boo.]

GM: And here he comes. Again, this is no match. There is no referee out here. There is no ring announcer waiting to introduce it. Shadoe Rage may hear all that in his twisted mind but there is no chance this is official in any way at all. And as he makes his way down the aisle, you have to say that this is certainly a different man than the one who marched down here running his mouth every week for over a year.

BW: He's been robbed, cheated and shattered, Gordo. You know how obsessed he was with that title and to get cheated out of it? He ain't right right now.

[Rage strides purposefully to the ring. The crowd actually shrinks away from him as he passes, afraid to make contact. Afraid that Rage will make contact. Those closest to him don't even boo. They go silent until he's gone and then shout at his back. Rage takes the ring, waiting, not even seeming to notice that there is no referee or ring announcer..

...and as his music fades, the lights drop down to black, causing an "oooooh" from the crowd. They stay there for a few moments before the quiet panflute introduction of Zamfir's "The Lonely Shepherd" begins to play over the PA system. A pale yellow lighting fills the entryway.

As the lights come on full blast, we see a kneeling figure just beyond the curtain. She is covered in a black cloak, her right hand gripping what appears to be a sword in its sheath. Her brown hair is tied back in a tight braid but her head is bowed, perhaps in prayer, as she slowly comes into view.]

GM: There she is - the one who got this whole thing started with the Women's Division. Think back to last summer.. to Rising Sun Showdown when she answered the Open Challenge from Miyuki Ozaki and showed the brass that there was something to this.

[Melissa Cannon rises off her knee, throwing off the black cloak to reveal she's dressed much as her mentor, Lori Dane, did in her latter years in the wrestling ring. Cannon is in a yellow jumpsuit... not skin-tight vinyl as her predecessor wore but rather a cloth fabric, hanging loose from her body. Her upper body is covered in a similar yellow fabric, cut slightly into a v-neck. She raises the sheathed sword over her head, giving off a shout as the music switches to "Battle Without Honor Or Humanity." She marches down the aisle to a good reaction from the crowd, walking with determined purpose as she heads towards the ring.]

BW: No referee means no rules, Gordo. She's walking into what might be a bloodbath on national television.

[Cannon reaches the ring, bowing towards it as Shadoe Rage ducks through the ropes, shouting at Phil Watson.]

GM: Where is he going now? I spoke too soon earlier. Rage is going to grace us with a microphone.

BW: Wonder what's on his mind now. Can't be good for Melissa Cannon.

[Rage retakes the ring, still in his entrance gear. The robed warrior stares down at Melissa Cannon.]

SR: You stole her from me. Why? To give this people what they wanted to see? You cheated me. And now... you will pay. I put that on my flesh and blood. I'm giving you one chance, Melissa. Get down on your knees and apologize to me and maybe... maybe... I don't hurt you.

[Cannon steps up into the ring, leaving the sheathed sword down on the apron. She climbs through the ropes, staring at Rage defiantly.]

SR: On... your knees.

[Cannon looks down at the mat as the crowd encourages her refusal. She slowly steps forward...

...and then locks eyes on Rage again, shaking her head back and forth to a big cheer from the crowd!]

SR: Defiant to the end. Well, if this is the way you want it. Prepare to die... in darkness.

[The arena plunges into black.]

GM: What's happening? Where are the lights?

BW: I hate when this happens!

[When the lights come back up, Melissa Cannon is squared off in front of a sadistically grinning Shadoe Rage. But behind her is a woman dressed in gold and pink with hot pink hair.

She is also wielding a chair.]

GM: LOOK OU-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The woman's chairshot sends Melissa crumbling to the ground at Shadoe Rage's feet. The hooded warrior smiles as the pink-haired woman flings the chair aside before she leaps into the air and drops an ample posterior onto the small of Melissa's back.]

GM: Who in the world...?!

BW: I know who that is!

[The woman isn't finished there. She wraps a hand under Melissa's left arm, securing the back of her head. Her right hand wraps under and around Melissa's throat. She completes the kata ha jime hold and then wrenches back, bridging and torquing Melissa's spine and choking her in the kata ha jime! The crowd screams in horror.]

GM: GOOD LORD! STOP THIS! STOP THIS!

BW: Gordo! That's Lauryn Rage! That's Shadoe Rage's baby sister!

GM: I don't care who she is! Make this stop!

[It doesn't stop. Lauryn Rage keeps wrenching on the hold and Melissa Cannon keeps gasping for air and trying to fight, but there's nowhere to go and no way to escape. Lauryn screams as she applies more pressure.]

GM: And Shadoe Rage is just watching this carnage.

BW: Watching? He orchestrated the whole thing!

[Melissa gags and chokes and slowly she goes limp. Lauryn keeps the hold applied as Melissa slumps in her grasp. Shadoe Rage takes a step forward. He kneels before the unconscious Cannon.]

SR: Melissa... can you hear me? Melissa? Can you hear me? If you don't answer me, I'll have to call off our match. Melissa? Melissa?

[When she doesn't respond Rage stands up, looking towards the timekeeper's table. He waves his hand in front of his throat, signaling to ring the bell. The timekeeper refuses at first but a second glare and order from Rage changes his mind.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Lauryn Rage releases the hold. Melissa flops face down onto the canvas, immobile. Lauryn reaches into the chest of her unitard and pulls out a cellphone. She poses over her unconscious victim and starts clicking selfies as she makes faces into the camera and fixes her hair.]

GM: Disgusting. This is absolutely disgusting, Bucky.

BW: What this is is payback for SuperClash! This is a different Shadoe Rage we're seeing here tonight, daddy!

[Shadoe Rage stands over the unconscious Cannon, mic in hand.]

SR: Melissa, in what world, do you think you can compete with me?

[He sits tailor fashion beside her head. He gestures to Lauryn who lifts Melissa up by the hair so they can be face-to-face.]

SR: You will never be my equal. You will never be good enough to compete with the Rages. Not me. Not my little sister Lauryn here. None of us. I gifted you an opportunity to be part of the greatest wrestling match at SuperClash and you spat in my face. Did you think that would go unpunished? Do you think you would be forgiven?

[Rage turns to face the hard camera.]

SR: Adrianna, if you're up watching, daddy loves you! Daddy did this for you. Make sure you know that nobody is ever allowed to disrespect you. Nobody is ever allowed to cheat you. Nobody is ever allowed to steal from you. If they try ... you make sure they never try again. You hear me, baby? Mwah!

GM: I can't believe this. Can we cut to commercial or something... this is disgusting.

BW: You're repeating yourself, Gordo.

GM: I don't care. I can't watch this anymore.

[And as Shadoe raises his little sister's hand into the air, jeers pouring down on the duo, we fade to black.]

We fade up on a dark parking lot. A motorcycle pulls in off the street, ending up in one of the spots. The person on it dismounts their cycle, pulling off their helmet and leaving it hanging off a handlebar. They're dressed in blue jeans, cowboy boots, and a black leather jacket. We follow their footsteps through the parking lot, splashing through a muddy puddle before ending up pushing through the door into a sparsely-occupied saloon. The person walks in - our camera serving as their eyes as they look around the room, walking towards the only well-lit area of the place - a neon-covered jukebox. All eyes are on this newcomer as he strides to the jukebox, dropping change into it as he presses a couple of keys...

...only to hear the sounds of "You've Got Another Thing Comin'" by Judas Priest. Nods of approval from the bar's customers as the man walks back towards the bar, slamming a hand down on it... and the World Television Title falls down on the bar next to that.

The camera cuts to a shot over the young bartender's shoulder, now showing us Supernova sitting at the bar. No sign of his trademark facepaint behind a pair of dark sunglasses. Cut again, this time showing the bartender looking at Supernova, batting her eyelashes.]

"Nice song."

[Supernova looks up, pulling off his sunglasses with a smile. He leans towards her.]

"There's more where that came from."

[We cut, showing Supernova hitting a pool trick shot with "Tom Sawyer" by Rush playing in the background.]

Cut again, Supernova beating a biker in an arm wrestling match as the ever-catchy "Can't Hold Us" belts out.

Another cut - Supernova throwing darts...

...and we cut to a graphic advertising "AWA: The Album" as a scrolling list of songs appearing on the soundtrack goes by including "Vox Populi", "Kashmir", "Black Skinhead", and more.

And then back out to the parking lot where Supernova is climbing on his motorcycle, the bartender's arms around his waist as she sits behind him. He grins at the camera, pushing the sunglasses back into place.

One last cut shows the motorcycle driving out of sight as Supernova's howl fills the air.

Fade to black...

...and then back up to live action on The X. We're on the interview podium astride the entrance stage. "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is there, his usual self. Beside him, hands in the pockets of his cheap sportcoat, with a his trademark clipboard tucked under his arm, is Jackson Hunter.]

SLB: All right, fans, after that horrific scene a few moments ago, it's hard to keep focus on our business here tonight but the show must go on and we're continuing our Awards Night. Our next award is one that perhaps unsurprisingly was won in a landslide.

[As Sweet Lou goes on, the normally irascible Hunter keeps looking over his shoulder in an agitated fashion, like he's had too much caffeine, or he'd rather not be out there at the moment.]

SLB: Making his debut just in June of last year after months of hype, he has since gone undefeated through the last eight months, with none of his matches lasting any longer than five minutes. He challenged five top American athletes last year at SuperClash VII, and although the his victory at the so-called Proletariat Challenge was overshadowed by an implosion in his entourage and a ringside brawl with Alex Martinez, it still sticks in the memory as one of the top moments of 2015...

[Hunter begins making irritable circles with his wrist as he tries to hurry Sweet Lou's pontificating along. One would almost swear Lou Blackwell is relishing annoying Hunter.]

SLB: ...So without further ado... With Jackson Hunter accepting the award on the recipient's behalf...

[He clears his throat needlessly, and removes a velvet cloth from an ebony and gold plaque.]

SLB: ...The award for the 2015 AWA Newcomer of the Year... goes to The Tsar...

[Hunter begins shifting his weight from one foot to the other.]

SLB: ...The Last Son of the Soviet Union...

[Now Hunter begins grimacing, suddenly regretting giving his client so many nicknames.]

SLB: ...The 24-year-old phenom from behind the Iron Curtain... the man named Maxim Zharkov—

[As soon as Blackwell enunciates the last syllable to Zharkov's name, Hunter grabs the plaque and moves to walk off stage. Sweet Lou expertly points the microphone at him, preventing Hunter from completing even the first step.]

SLB: Mr. Hunter, I'm sure you have thoughts on the topic that the very people that your man Zharkov looks down upon—the American wrestling public—would think highly enough of him to give him this prestigious honor.

[Hunter sags, resigned that he's going to be trapped answering questions.]

JH: Look... I'd be more impressed if Moscow's most highly read bi-quarterly sports publication the People's Sporting Times...

[He pulls a copy of said magazine from off of his clipboard.]

JH: ...Hadn't already named Mr. Zharkov the People's Sporting Athlete of the Half-Decade.

SLB: Let me see that magazine.

JH: [truculently] No.

[Sweet Lou makes a grab for the magazine.]

SLB: I can't help but question the impartiality of this... publication. The front cover of this magazine is a crude illustration of Maxim Zharkov standing over Alex Martinez and skewering him with a Soviet flag.

[Hunter snatches the magazine right back.]

JH: Well, I happen to find that a particularly powerful piece of imagery.

[Hunter tries to walk off stage, but Blackwell blocks him again.]

SLB: Hold on a minute. In two weeks, your man Maxim Zharkov returns to American television to face a stalwart of the AWA, a man who will be making his own return to action later tonight. Now I can't help but notice that you're very jumpy right now, Mr. Hunter: you're concerned about what Kolya Sudakov might do to you if he were to get his hands on you, aren't you?

JH: Listen, Lord Baldomort. I'm not afraid of that monosyllabic has-been; but tonight my "to-do" list is longer than a Pink Floyd album!

[He impatiently taps his clipboard.]

JH: So if you'll excuse me, I have to go back to being busy.

[He finally brushes past Sweet Lou Blackwell, pausing at the entranceway to make sure no one is coming out.]

SLB: Well, there goes the man who dispels the myth of the polite Canadian. Let's go back to the ring for more action!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall. Introducing first, to my left, from Miami, Florida, and weighing 272 pounds, STEVEN SHAW!

[A muscular man dressed in a double-strapped red singlet that goes down to his thigh turns to the crowd and flexes his muscles.

A single trumpet blasts a loud fanfare over the PA as the crowd turns toward the entranceway. A deep, ominous wardrum follows shortly thereafter, accompanied by further trumpets and the sounds of many footsteps marching in lockstep.

That is when the man known as The Gladiator comes out through the entranceway. He is dressed in black trunks, kneepads and wrestling boots, and wears a gladiator

helmet on his head. He stops before the entranceway, removing his helmet and dropping to one knee. He sets the helmet to the side, then bows his head down, and takes his right hand, placing it on the ground before him, as if he is feeling out his surroundings.]

PW: And his opponent, from parts unknown, weighing in at 270 pounds...

THE GLADIATOR!

[As the wardrum and trumpets come to a climax, a ram's horn blasts, drowning it all out, and immediately the Gladiator's head snaps upwards. His eyes gaze at the ring as if looking through it to the universe beyond. Wild speed metal plays over the PA, replacing everything that came before (though, notably, the chord is the same as the trumpets from earlier). Leaving his helmet laying in the aisle, the Gladiator sprints into the ring at top speed and dashes off the ropes like a human missile.]

GM: The Gladiator set for one-on-one competition... we heard his comments two weeks ago. This man has his sights set on the likes of Johnny Detson and Juan Vasquez.

BW: He might have come away with a win at SuperClash, but now he wants to goes up against the best of the best not just in AWA, but of all time in professional wrestling? He's gonna need all the luck he can get!

GM: Knowing what The Gladiator has done in the time he's been in the AWA, it might be the likes of Detson and Vasquez who need a lot of luck!

BW: Detson and Vasquez don't need any luck! They have a track record to back up what they've done in that ring! Don't deny that for a second, Gordo!

GM: I won't deny what they've done, but I don't believe they've faced anyone like The Gladiator!

[The bell rings and Shaw walks up to Gladiator, poking a finger in his chest, then flexing his muscles and jawing at him.]

GM: I'm not sure if this is a wise strategy on the part of Shaw.

BW: Hey, the man's pretty cut. Clearly a strong guy. I wouldn't bet against him.

[Shaw shoves Gladiator in the chest. Gladiator steps back and stares at him, as if in a trance. Shaw turns to the crowd, bragging and flexing his muscles again.

And he is immediately clotheslined from behind.]

GM: Gladiator takes Shaw down!

BW: Yeah, but doing it while his back is turned!

GM: That's on Shaw, Bucky. It's never wise to turn your back on your opponent, especially a man like Gladiator.

[Shaw falls to the canvas and Gladiator picks him up, hammering him with several forearm smashes.]

GM: Gladiator in control, has Shaw backed to the corner... here's an Irish whip to the far side.

[Gladiator charges toward Shaw and levels him with a clothesline, causing Shaw to slump into the corner.]

GM: And what a clothesline! Shaw had no place to go!

BW: Well, Gladiator's in control now, but for how long... Shaw's a big man and you have to figure he'll come up with something.

[Gladiator grabs Shaw and whips him into the opposite ropes, then charges in and hits another clothesline.]

GM: If Shaw is going to do that, he'd better do it soon, because Gladiator is having his way with him.

BW: Yeah, but now he's talking to the ceiling again! That's an opening, Gordo!

[Gladiator is reaching upward, as if calling out to his gods, the fans cheering in response. But Gladiator continues to face Shaw, who is having trouble staying on his feet.]

GM: But Gladiator isn't turning his back on Shaw! Now he pulls him out of the corner... inverted atomic drop!

BW: Now he's hooking him in a front facelock... he's not gonna try suplexing this guy, is he?

[Indeed, Gladiator hooks Shaw near the waist, then hoists him up, managing to lift his 272-pound opponent up and over.]

GM: He does indeed suplex him! And did it almost with ease!

BW: I gotta say, Gordo, that was impressive!

GM: And Gladiator now running off the ropes... elbowdrop finds the mark!

[Gladiator rises to his knees, reaching skyward once more.]

BW: And he has to talk to the ceiling again! What is with this guy?

GM: He may be a bit strange, but why argue about it given his success?

BW: Because normal people don't do things like that, Gordo!

[Gladiator drags Shaw to his feet and starts running in place.]

GM: Gladiator has Shaw up again... he runs off the ropes! Shaw may not be standing for long!

[Gladiator comes off the opposite side and leaps at his opponent.]

GM: SPEAR TACKLE! OH MY!

BW: And we know what this leads to... but I don't know if he can get Shaw up in the air for the press slam!

[Gladiator is indeed pressing his arms over his head, the fans cheering, then stops to pull Shaw up.]

GM: Gladiator is going to give it a try! He's got Shaw... OH MY, LOOK AT THIS!

[Gladiator is able to push Shaw up above his head, the cheers growing louder at the impressive sight.]

BW: I can't believe what I'm seeing, Gordo!

GM: Shaw pressed overhead... Gladiator drops him into the powerslam!

[Gladiator drives his opponent into the canvas and goes for the pinfall, nodding his head as the referee counts to three.]

GM: And he got him! What an impressive win!

[The bell rings and Gladiator rises to his feet, allowing the official to raise his arm.]

PW: The winner of the match... THE GLADIATOR!

[The fans cheer in approval as Gladiator steps away from the referee, approaches the camera and shouts.]

G: JOHNNY DETSON, JUAN VASQUEZ, EVERY OTHER CHARLATAN AND SCOUNDREL IN THESE LANDS, THE POWER OF THE GLADIATOR WILL SOON BE UPON YOU! AND JUST AS I HAVE TAKEN DOWN ANOTHER NORMAL WHO DARED TO CHALLENGE ME, I SHALL CHANNEL THE POWER IN YOUR DIRECTION AND ENSURE ALL OF YOU A SWIFT DEMISE!

[He raises his arms in triumph once more, before ducking between the ropes.]

GM: Gladiator with more words for Detson and Vasquez... Bucky, let's go to the replay.

[The replay comes up, with Gladiator hooking Shaw for the suplex.]

BW: Look at this... Shaw is nearly 280 pounds and Gladiator lifts him up with ease.

[The replay shows Gladiator suplexing his opponent, then cuts to the moment when he presses Shaw overhead.]

BW: And how about this... Gladiator able to take Shaw off his feet and press him into the air... few men could do something like this!

[The replay shows Gladiator driving Shaw into the canvas with the powerslam.]

BW: But I still don't think it's going to be easy for Gladiator to deal with the likes of Detson and Vasquez, because those two have seen it all and done it all. They'll both be more than a match for Gladiator!

GM: I won't be surprised if we find out down the road, because the way Gladiator keeps going through the competition, you have to think a World Title match is in his future!

BW: World Champion Gladiator? The thought of it makes me sick.

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: That may be true but you cannot deny the impact that the Gladiator is making as of late, Bucky... and speaking of impact, how about the sudden impact we saw two weeks ago with the debut of the Shadow Star Legion? Former tag team champions in Japan and... well, I was very impressed, Bucky.

BW: I was impressed too and you know I don't impress easy, daddy.

GM: Sweet Lou caught up with them - let's hear what's on their minds!

[We fade to backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing between the two members of the team known as the Shadow Star Legion. On the left stands Kenji Nakamura and on the right is GEMINI Hashimoto. Both are in their ring gear as Blackwell begins.]

SLB: Thanks, Gordon... and to my guests at this time, I say...

[He checks a note card in his hand.]

SLB: Ko-nee-ch-wa!

[Hashimoto laughs a booming laugh as Nakamura simply smiles.]

KN: Blackwell-san, I believe you try to say "konnichiwa."

[Blackwell looks slightly flustered.]

SLB: Yes, uhh, well... I have enough trouble with English. Regardless, I wanted to welcome you both - to America and to the AWA!

[Both men nod respectfully.]

SLB: How are you finding America so far?

[Nakamura looks confused. He quickly speaks in Japanese to Hashimoto who responds to him. After a moment, Nakamura nods and responds.]

KN: Ahh... we have iPhone. Siri give us directions.

[Blackwell shakes his head with a chuckle.]

SLB: No, no... I mean... how do you like America so far?

KN: Ahhh... makes more sense. America has been great. The people have been nice. The food is great.

SLB: What about the AWA locker room?

KN: It is good to see... ahh, familiar faces? Ohara-san take us... show us around.

SLB: Two weeks ago, you two made an impressive return to Saturday Night Wrestling - your first match as official members of the AWA roster. In just a few moments, you're about to go out there again to compete. What can the AWA fans expect to see?

[Nakamura nods, gesturing to himself.]

KN: Speed. Quickness.

[And then places his hand on his partner.]

KN: Ahh... hard... hitting.

[And then to them both.]

KN: Victory!

[Blackwell smiles.]

SLB: Two weeks ago, we also saw the crowning of new World Tag Team Champions in the form of Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan. What are your thoughts on this duo?

[Nakamura nods.]

KN: Taylor and Donovan come to Japan a year ago. New team. They work hard. They get better.

[He shakes his head.]

KN: But not as good as us. They break rules...

[Nakamura points to Hashimoto who leans in, clearing his throat.]

GH: We... break... face.

[Nakamura slaps his partner on the shoulder proudly.]

SLB: The big guy with a little bit of English to boot. Alright, fans... good luck to you two out there tonight and I'm looking forward to watching as you two continue to climb the ladder of the rankings here in the AWA tag team division!

[Nakamura gives a slight bow in Blackwell's direction as the duo walks out of view.]

SLB: Now, let's go back down to the ring for tag team action!

[We cut back down to ringside where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... at a total combined weight of 437 pounds... the team of Dwight Maxx and Paul Watts!

[The duo raise their arms as the crowd noise changes in volume and pitch, lending a sense of tension...

...which is explained as Watts has his legs pulled out from under him, dragged under the ropes to the floor as the referee signals for the bell.]

GM: What the-?!

BW: THEY'RE BAAAAAAAACK!

[The crowd jeers the sight of Porter Crowley and The Lost Boy as Watts ends up pulled to the floor where Crowley ROCKETS him spinefirst into the steel barricade!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL GOES YOUNG PAUL WATTS!

[Crowley is quick to put the boots to him as The Lost Boy crawls under the ropes, surging upwards with a headbutt into the midsection of Dwight Maxx.]

GM: I have no idea why the referee rang the bell to start this but it's underway nonetheless. And fans, we haven't seen these two since before SuperClash. With the disappearance of Doctor Harrison Fawcett, these two were MIA as well but not anymore.

[The Lost Boy climbs to his feet, clubbing Maxx across the back of the neck with a forearm that puts him down on the mat. He takes aim before dropping to his knees, driving a headbutt down between the shoulderblades!]

GM: A brutal assault by Crowley and The Lost Boy - do we still call them the Handsome Family? - before the match could even get started.

BW: I think you call them whatever they want because they're dominating this duo right now.

[Crowley climbs up on the apron, taking a tag from The Lost Boy before stepping into the ring.]

GM: Both men back in now... each with a handful of hair...

[A devastating double headbutt since Maxx staggering back into the corner, slumping down to a knee. The Lost Boy backs off as the referee orders him out of the ring...

...and Crowley barrels half the distance of the ring, turning to drive a hip attack into the face of Maxx!]

GM: OHH! Look at the impact of that!

BW: The hip attack was bad enough but it sent Maxx's head bouncing off the turnbuckles! Almost a whiplash-type effect, Gordo.

GM: Crowley's got him down in the corner and-

[The crowd jeers as Crowley unleashes a series of vicious stomps to the face of his opponent as the referee counts, trying to get him to back off.]

GM: Come on, referee! Get him out of the corner!

BW: He's trying, Gordo... he might need a cattle prod to do it but he's trying.

[Crowley backs off at the count of four, glaring at the official...

...when the jeers from the crowd get even louder.]

GM: What in the...?

BW: Oh, brother... we're in trouble now.

[A shot to the aisle shows Anton Layton, draped in his usual hooded black velvet robe, walking down the aisle. A smile is apparent on his partially-hooded face as he makes his way towards the ring.]

GM: Now what is this all about?

BW: Are these two lunatics aligned with THAT lunatic?!

[Crowley pulls Dwight Maxx out of the corner by the nostrils, causing the crowd to jeer again. He drags him halfway across the ring by them, standing him up as he dashes to the ropes...

...and SMASHES him across the bridge of the nose with a running clothesline!]

GM: OH!

BW: Clothesline to the FACE, Gordo! To the FACE!

GM: I saw it. A devastating blow by Crowley who looks to the corner and he's going to make the tag.

[The Lost Boy steps in and steps up, standing on the second turnbuckle, arms spread wide...

...and swan dives into a headbutt down across the face of his prone opponent!]

GM: OHHH! Diving headbutt connects!

[The Lost Boy pushes up to his knees...

...and then wraps his hands around the throat of Maxx, choking him without regard for the rules. The referee is on his case immediately, calling for a break.]

GM: That's a blatant choke in front of the official and to say that the Lost Boy doesn't care would be an understatement, I believe.

[The referee's count gets to four when The Lost Boy suddenly breaks and then starts snarling and snapping at the official who backs off quickly, threatening a disqualification.]

GM: The Lost Boy is a twisted, savage animal inside that ring, Bucky.

BW: He is... and without Fawcett to control him, I'm not sure what he'll do.

[The Lost Boy climbs to his feet, dragging Maxx with him by the hair, and hurling him bodily into the corner. He steps up to the second rope, throwing a howl into the sky before grabbing Maxx by the shoulders, leaning down to headbutt him... and again... and again...]

GM: Mounted headbutts in the corner!

BW: Never seen that before.

GM: Nor have I as The Lost Boy and Porter Crowley are completely dominating this duo... much to the apparent approval of Anton Layton.

[The Prince of Darkness has made his way to ringside, nodding with approval at the actions of the Lost Boy who hops down off the ropes, lifting a leg to jam his foot under the chin into the throat!]

GM: Another choke by The Lost Boy! Come on, referee!

[The Lost Boy holds until four again, his green tongue twisted and stuck out of the corner his mouth as he does. He backs off, earning another tongue-lashing from the official as he strides across the ring, slapping his partner's hand.]

GM: The tag is made... Porter Crowley comes in...

[The Lost Boy grabs his partner by the arm, whipping him from one corner to the next. As Crowley nears the corner, he twists around, throwing himself into a high impact back elbow to the mush!]

GM: Good grief! Quite the doubleteam by the Handsome Family... Crowley drags him out and-

[He leans over, biting the nose of Dwight Maxx!]

GM: HE'S BITING THE MAN!

BW: Maybe he skipped lunch.

GM: The referee is right in there, calling for a break but I think perhaps he needs to call for the bell! These two are out of control and... I'm starting to suspect that man right there - Anton Layton - is responsible for that.

[Layton chuckles as Crowley shoves his victim aside, leaving him sprawled out on the mat. Crowley takes aim...]

GM: Crowley slowly walking towards Maxx... KNEEDROP! Right DOWN across the face!

[Maxx kicks his legs on the mat, grabbing at his face as Crowley slowly rises, turning towards the corner, slapping his partner's hand.]

GM: Another tag...

[The duo pulls Maxx off the mat. The Lost Boy falls onto his back, raising his legs up into the air as Crowley muscles Maxx into a side waistlock, lifting him for a belly to back suplex...

...and then swings him back down, throwing him facefirst down on the raised knees!]

GM: OHHH! What a doubleteam! That's gotta be it!

[Crowley steps out...

...and The Lost Boy tags him back in.]

GM: What in the...?

BW: They're not done yet!

[Crowley lifts the limp Maxx off the mat, hoisting him into a bearhug as The Lost Boy takes to the second rope...

...and leaps off, throwing himself into a flying headbutt on the trapped Maxx who Crowley slings down to the mat!]

GM: Flying headbutt by The Lost Boy! That's gotta be it!

[Still holding the legs of Maxx, Crowley raises his left leg and STOMPS down on the face... and again... and again... and again...]

GM: REPEATED STOMPS TO THE FACE BY CROWLEY!

[The vicious and savage Crowley continues to stomp, showing no mercy as he holds the legs of Maxx, stomping faster and harder... faster and harder... faster and harder...]

GM: Dwight Maxx is getting his face stomped in and-

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Mercifully, the referee puts a stop to this one.

[Crowley delivers a few more stomps for good measure before walking away, leaving a barely-conscious Maxx on the mat. The referee speaks to Phil Watson for a moment before exiting the ring.]

GM: Let's get the official decision.

[Phil Watson speaks.]

PW: Referee Scott Ezra has stopped this match due to Dwight Maxx being unable to defend himself. Your winners by referee's decision - the Handsome Fam-

[A growl from the Lost Boy who dives through the ropes, slapping the mic out of Watson's hands cut him off.]

GM: What in the world?!

[Anton Layton glides over to the same spot, lightly patting the head of The Lost Boy as he leans down to retrieve the mic. The camera stays on him as The Lost Boy takes a spot behind Layton, pacing back and forth like a wild animal.]

AL: The Handsome Family... a cute name for a fool's pets... is no more.

It is said that our patience will achieve more than our force.

For far too long, I fought to come face to face with my destiny. I formed unholy alliances with men unworthy of the power they wielded... men too blind or too weak to understand it. I stood side-by-side, in search of my Master, when my Master was standing before me all the while.

[Layton shuffles his feet a bit, raising a cloaked arm as Porter Crowley joins his partner on the floor.]

AL: These men were in the grips of my Master, broken down to their simplest form. One, an animal... a pet for an arrogant man who thought he understood power... thought he could wield power... thought he could BE power.

The other, a mockery... a joke of the affliction the fates planted upon him.

[Layton reaches back, running a hand across Porter Crowley's scars.]

AL: No more. They have been unchained. They have been unleashed. They have been freed from the ramblings of the weak and the blind. They have been given a second chance. They have been given new life - REBORN in the darkness as they once were in a quest for power.

True power. Absolute power.

[Layton's other hand rises, gripped tightly around a familiar crystal.]

AL: The only power worth fighting for... and we fight for it.

[As he lifts the crystal higher, Crowley and The Lost Boy fall to their knees, foreheads pressed into the ringside mats.]

AL: The Handsome Family is dead.

[He gestures towards the tag team behind him.]

AL: Welcome to the Slaughterhouse!

[He beams proudly at his apparent charges.]

AL: Eheheheheh.

[Oh no.]

AL: Ehehehehehehehehe.

[Here it comes.]

AL: EHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE!

[He throws the mic to the floor, still laughing as he keeps the crystal held over his head, leading Crowley and The Lost Boy back up the aisle towards the locker room.]

GM: Welcome to the Slaughterhouse?! The Slaughterhouse?! That's what he's calling these two now?!

BW: Seems appropriate, doesn't it?

GM: And what was all that babble about power and weakness and blindness?

BW: Hey, I'll be the first to admit that Anton Layton's words are sometimes as clear as mud but this one seemed to make sense to me. He has freed Crowley and the Lost Boy from the grips of Doctor Harrison Fawcett who has seemingly vanished after the events of SuperClash... and in the process, he's got that crystal! That gem!

GM: What does that mean?

BW: We've had our disagreements over that too... but you know what I think, Gordo. The man who holds the crystal has powers that can't quite be explained. Mystical.

GM: I just can't-

BW: I know, I know. But look back... look at what the wielder of that crystal has been able to do it in the past. Look at Percy Childes with James Monosso and Nenshou. Look at Fawcett and the army he amassed. There's something about that crystal, Gordo... like it or not.

GM: Well, fans... despite all that, the return of the Handsom- pardon me, the Slaughterhouse, to the AWA tag team division just makes that particular area of the roster even more interesting. Coming up nex-

[And then...

...there's STATIC.]

GM: Wait a... you don't think?

BW: Not a chance, Gordo.

[And the crackling electric noise disseminates until we are left with the sound of nothing.]

BW: Called it.

GM: I apologize, we must be having some technical diffi-

[The grim and ghastly sounds Ture Rangstrom's Symphony No. 4 begins resonating throughout the arena. The shadowy expressions are soon uplifted by a rapid drum beat and the heavenly screams of an organ blasting over the airwaves. Spiraling spotlights marry into a single glow, shining upon a man with a modern caesar-esque haircut, jet black hair brushed up into an angular fringe and the tight trim on the sides and neck flowing into a bit more than a shadow of a beard around a sharp jaw-line. A sleeveless emerald hoody glistens in the lights, unzipped over a gray v-neck and dark washed blue jeans and black boots. The recognizable man is nearly unrecognizable save for the smug grin on his face that wraps around his pearly white teeth.]

BW: IT'S... HIM!

GM: Terry Shane III is BACK in an AWA arena, Bucky!

BW: Unbelievable.

[His walk mirrors the pacing of a new song, eerily methodical steps that build into a brisker pace as the murmurs of the crowd rumble louder and louder as they too recognize the man walking to the ring.]

GM: I stopped counting the days since we last saw the Ring Leader, Bucky. Not since we saw him lying at the feet of Bobby O'Connor have we seen this man. It seems all too coincidental that weeks after his childhood friend vanishes that he returns. One might say he ran from O'Connor-

BW: 2016 IS GOING TO BE THE YEAR OF THE SHANE...Terry. Shane.

GM: Not that again. Why, fans? Why after all this time has Terry Shane returned to the AWA?

BW: I'm pretty sure if you shut your mouth, we're about to find out!

[Shane glides up the steps, lowers himself under the top rope and over the middle one, and motors towards the center of the ring. The trumpeting tune that adorned his steps to the ring fades and we are left with an out-cry of whistles, boos, cheers, shouting, and some befuddled faces.]

TS: I know...

[There's some loud jeering and unmentionable obscenities that halt his words.]

TS: Your words are not far from the truth.

[He cocks his jaw to the right.]

TS: As I was saying. I know I am not scheduled to be here tonight nor have I been on any night for what seems like forever. The last time I was here I made very few promises to you, the fans... to my colleagues, to my family, or to anyone for that matter and the ones I did make I am positively certain I did not keep. But tonight I assure you one thing and one thing only...

[His jaw sinks back towards the ring mat.]

TS [matter-of-factly]: I. AM. BACK!

[With the last word his head fixates upright, eyes staring forward. The fans, almost in unison, twist from an array of words and emotions into a solid jeer that rattles

the arena. Shane stares into the eye of the crowd, nodding his head in acceptance.]

TS: I deserve that. I do. And I expected it. Gentlemen...

[He points out to Gordon and Wilde.]

TS: With your permission, I have a story to tell.

[Gordon half-heartedly tosses his hands up while Wilde, on his feet, screams out to Shane in admiration.]

TS3: Now I know I left quite a mark on many of you and you have every right to boo me back into the dark place I crawled out of but at the end of this story, I assure you once more, that at the very least you will be booing the REAL Terry Shane for the first time ever.

[There's a bit of a buzz at this remark. Shane, now resting his arms over the turnbuckle closest to the entrance way., continues.]

TS: In all honesty, I never truly thought I would be standing in this ring again. A man I once considered my greatest friend, Bobby O'Connor, laid me out and hurled me out the back door. I left the AWA that night not because I was angry, lost, humiliated, or frightened. I left the AWA that night because the Terry Shane as you knew him had NEARLY died in that ring and I knew if I stuck around O'Connor would have drove the nail through my heart and finished the job and I just could not let that happen.

Not to him.

Not to the crusader and righteous soul that made up the man who embodied everything that was right in this whacked out little world of ours. What little I had left in me needed to survive so that HE could survive because I knew, I always knew, that once O'Connor finished what he started that he would never be the same and I could not have that on my hands.

[His eyes go sullen.]

TS: I had enough of a career in my short time for any man to be proud of and for a normal wrestler to live off of for eternity. I was the Rookie Of The Year, I won the largest Rumble EVER, I was backed by men who would go on to become one of the greatest tag teams of their generation and a woman who would change of the foundation of our sport. I was living the life, the dream that any man who embodied this sport as career choice could be proud of. I was on top of the world and I was untouchable!

[His voice echoes over the crowd.]

TS: But dreams have a funny way of turning out sometimes.

[Big inhale, bigger exhale.]

TS: The entire time I was in the AWA, I was coming from a dark place - a place of anger, of bitterness, of jealousy. I HATED everyone I came in contact with.

Hannibal Carver. Steve Spector. Dave Bryant. The Wise Men. Anderson. White. Strong. O'Connor.

Bobby O'Connor.

It was not enough that I despised my enemies... but I turned on everything and everyone that ever meant a thing to me.

None of them did anything to bring light into the shadows and they sure as hell tried. I even hated my own family... my old man... my brother...

[Shane grimaces.]

TS: I sat in the darkness and let that rage breed. And when I walked away from the world of professional wrestling - the only world I have ever belonged in - a year ago, I walked into my house that that rage had paid for and I sat in the darkness with no enemies to hate, no friends to ignore, no family to sit beside.

My life was in shambles because my career was in shambles. I had climbed to the top of the mountain and had fallen oh-so-far. I had nothing left to give to the sport and so I sat... and I sat... and I sat. I did not answer phone calls. I broke every television I owned. I barely left the house. There were days when I did not know if it was worth waking up to live in that kind of world.

Months went by. And one day, my doorbell rang...

I can't tell you why. My doorbell rang a hundred times in the months before and I never answered.

But that day, I did...

[The former Ring Leader mimes opening a door.]

TS: And there stood Bobby O'Connor.

[Shane chuckles.]

TS: I also cannot tell you why I didn't punch him straight in the mouth that day. I hated him. He had taken everything from me.

But life works its own special kind of miracles. And just as he'd taken everything away... he was there that day to start giving back despite my refusal and trust me - there was plenty of it.

As I look back, I realize I just wanted my friend back... but at the time, I thought I was humoring him. Humoring him when we left the house to go to dinner. Humoring him when I went with him to see old friends. Humoring him when I went to my father's Memorial Day Barbecue. Humoring him when I went to the gym.

He never asked anything of me... just to try to live again.

[Shane gives a dismissive gesture.]

TS: But during all of that, I never wanted to come back here. It was too hard to imagine. Too painful to think of the fans laughing at me... the scorn of the guys in the locker room. Bobby got me back in the ring... first at the gym... then at the little companies running back home. The fans were...

[He smiles.]

TS: They were great. They were grateful to see such a... star... come to their small town. They helped me find my love for the sport again... find what I loved about wrestling to begin with. But still, every time Bobby asked to talk to Landon O'Neill, I said no.

Then came SuperClash.

[Shane looks pained.]

TS: I was watching, you know?

I was watching when Wright attacked him. It broke my heart to see my best friend... the guy who saved me... go down like that. He loved...

[Shane shakes his head, correcting himself.]

TS: He LOVES this business so much. He LOVES all of you so much.

[The fans spark the smallest cheer for the first time during Shane's speech.]

TS: It's not right. It's not fair. And... it's the reason I'm here.

I went to Bobby's bedside and I offered to do what he did for me. I offered to sit with him. To take him out to dinner. To keep his mind busy.

But he said he wanted one thing from me... for me...

[Shane closes his eyes.]

TS: He wanted me to come back... and he wanted me to pick up where he started.

And that's exactly what I intend to do.

Tonight, I'm walking back to the locker room... I'm leaving this arena... and I'm going to see my friend.

But two weeks from tonight, I'm coming back to this ring... to compete... to show the world the true Terry Shane for the very first time.

Because I care about this sport. I care about the purity of this sport. I care about the tradition and the legacy of this sport.

I am Terry Shane the third. My father was a World Champion. His father was a World Champion. This business is in my blood. This business is built upon the name of my family... and the names of families like O'Connor... and Wallace... and Lynch... and Martinez... and James... and so many others.

That legacy didn't start with me... and God willing, it won't end with me.

But it lives in me.

[Shane nods, opening his eyes again.]

TS: And two weeks from tonight, I'm going to start living up to that legacy.

Thank you

[He looks out to the fans.]

TS: Thank you for giving me the platform to put my life back together and whether you love me...

...or hate me.

You will finally know the REAL me.

Terry.

Shane.

The Third.

[Shane lays the mic down as Ture Rangstrom's Symphony No. 4 is cued back up. There are certainly more cheers than before... but still a lot of boos. Shane seems to accept that with a nod as he steps through the ropes, making his way back up the aisle towards the locker room...

...as we fade to black.

We fade in on a shot of the Crockett Coliseum. A voiceover begins.]

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

[A black and white still photo of Bobby Taylor, Jon Stegklet, and Todd Michaelson at the AWA Grand Opening Press Conference is seen.]

"In 2008, these men had a dream that they could start from nothing..."

[A still of the WKIK Studios marquee promoting the premiere broadcast of Saturday Night Wrestling.]

"...and grow into a global powerhouse."

[A series of headlines fly by - "THE AWA ON THE X!", "AWA TOUCHES DOWN IN TOKYO!", "SUPERCLASH VI HEADS TO THE BIG APPLE!"]

"These men had a dream too."

[Shots of Aaron Anderson... Eric Preston... Supreme Wright... Skywalker Jones... Air Strike... Hercules Hammonds... Brad Jacobs... all in action inside the AWA squared circle.]

"They dreamed of fame... they dreamed of glory... they dreamed of their friends and family seeing them on television... and their dreams came true."

[A shot of the old converted building that came to be the AWA training school - the Combat Corner - is shown with Todd Michaelson standing out in front of it with some of the first crop of students.]

"The road to being a pro wrestler is hard. None of those men would tell you otherwise. But they would all tell you that the best way to walk that road..."

[The shot of the old Corner fades into a shot of the Crockett Coliseum - an artist rendering of a renovated Coliseum with the Combat Corner sign out front. A second rendering shows a new backstage area, filled with workout equipment and a few wrestling rings. A third rendering shows a renovated arena bowl with less seating, giving room for the backstage improvements while still leaving room for the fans who will attend the new Combat Corner Wrestling shows.]

"...is through the Combat Corner - the official training school for the American Wrestling Alliance."

[We cut to footage of a very young Supreme Wright taking a forearm smash from Eric Preston before falling to his back. Todd Michaelson is crouched nearby, whistle hanging from his mouth as he watches approvingly.]

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

[A second batch of footage shows Marcus Broussard, Clayton Shaw, and Juan Vasquez running some students through their paces. See anyone you recognize?]

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas when the much-larger one snares a waistlock, powering his opponent up into the air, and effortlessly throwing him down in a waistlock takedown. He pops up, showing himself to be a huge, hulking brute of a man who looks like he was created inside of a lab. Michaelson grins, slapping the big man on the back as the voiceover continues.]

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

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

...and we fade back to live action with a live shot of the parking lot area where there is still a large number of AWA competitors gathered, forming a human wall to prevent Juan Vasquez' entry. They look a little anxious at this point as we hear Gordon's voice.]

GM: Welcome back, fans... and we've gone back out to the parking lot area because if our sources are correct, Juan Vasquez is almost here at the Talking Stick Resort Arena!

BW: I've been waiting all night for this, Gordo.

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams, an AWA Original, has demanded this wall hold! He does NOT want Vasquez in the building tonight and-

[Suddenly, we see a long black stretch limousine pulling into view. Williams can be heard shouting to his allies - "HOLD! HOLD STRONG!" as the car pulls to a stop, it's headlights boring down on the assembled AWA competitors.]

GM: A black limousine has just pulled up and... well, you have to assume that this might be Juan Vasquez.

[Several moments pass. As Sweet Daddy and the others look on, the limo driver finally exits, walks to the back, and opens the door, where we Juan Vasquez, dressed to the nines in a tailored, three-piece black suit, stepping out with a huge smirk on his face as he stares at the army before him. An explosion of jeers ring out inside the arena where they are watching this feed live.]

GM: There he is, fans. The turncoat himself. The Benedict Arnold of the American Wrestling Alliance, Juan Vasquez.

[Vasquez takes a few steps towards "the wall"... and then pauses as they don't seem to be budging.]

GM: The wall is holding, fans! No one is backing down from Vasquez!

BW: Give `em time.

[Shaking his head, Vasquez proceeds to climb up onto the hood of the limo and then onto the roof, where he looks down at all the wrestlers gathered to stop him. Staring right at Sweet Daddy Williams, Juan tilts his head quizzically.]

JV: So this is how it's gonna' be?

[No answer.]

JV: Well, then I guess there's only thing left to say.

[Juan spreads his arms out wide and shouts to the heavens.]

JV: Sweet Daddy Williams...

...TEAR DOWN THIS WALL!!!

[He chuckles at his attempt at being clever. Everyone else just glares at him.]

JV: Nothing?

[An annoyed look forms on Vasquez's face as he rolls his eyes and climbs down from the roof of the limo. He approaches the "Wall".]

JV: You know, you guys used to think I was hilarious.

[He passes by Jordan Ohara.]

JV: Well, not YOU. I'm not even exactly sure who you are. Do you even work here?

[Juan squints at Ohara, before taking a step back and slapping his forehead.]

JV: Oh wait, silly me...you're that boy scout from Japan. Does Mommy know you're out this late? Ain't it almost time for curfew?

[Ohara just stares at Vasquez, who shrugs and moves on. He stops at Willie Hammer.]

JV: Willie. I never thought I'd see the day you'd stand against me. You named one of your best moves after me for cryin' out loud.

WH: That was before I knew the kind of man you really are.

[Vasquez chuckles.]

JV: The kind of man I really am? Kid, you should HOPE to be the man that I am. If you were even a tenth of the man I am...

[He looks Hammer up and down.]

JV: ...you wouldn't be wearing that shirt with those pants.

[A smirk.]

JV: And maybe you'd actually be able to provide for your family.

[Those words really get Hammer riled up. He makes a move towards Vasquez, but his friends are quick to hold him back.]

JV: That's right, hold him back. I wouldn't want the kid to get hurt... again.

[Juan chuckles and moves on, stopping right in front of Sweet Daddy Williams himself.]

JV: And then there's you.

[The smile disappears from Vasquez's face, as a harsher, angrier look forms.]

JV: After all I've done for you, you do this to me? You gather up all the boys and try to turn them against me? You got a lot of nerve, amigo.

[Sweet Daddy shakes his head.]

SDW: I ain't your amigo. Not anymore.

[He stares at Juan, looking like he wants to tear right into him, but he's restraining himself from lashing out.]

SDW: And you've done a good enough job turning the boys against you yourself with the crap you've pulled.

[He shakes his head.]

SDW: For eight years, you were the leader of this locker room. Now, none of us want you in there. You gotta earn your spot in that locker room, son... and unless you plan on going through all of us, you're not getting in there... not tonight.

[Juan laughs.]

JV: Earn my spot? Did I hit you with a Right Cross in the middle of that speech and give you amnesia or something? Remember who you're talking to. I'm...

....JUAN VASQUEZ!

Without me, there wouldn't even BE a locker room for all of you today! Every single last one of you owe everything you have and what the AWA's become to me... because of what I did for you and this company for those eight years! And you think your stupid "Wall" is gonna' keep me from appearing on MY show?

[He takes off his suit jacket and hands it over to his limo driver and begins to unbutton his shirt.]

JV: I mean, if everyone thinks what I did at SuperClash was shocking, just what do you think they'll say when I go through every single last one of...

[Juan trails off and takes a step back as seven feet of Alex Martinez suddenly appears! The crowd inside the arena ERUPTS at the sight of the Hall of Famer staring down at the other Hall of Famer.

Martinez is far from dressed to the nines, as he stands before Vasquez wearing a black leather jacket and a pair of blue jeans. Vasquez finds himself staring at his own reflection as he looks up into the silver lenses of Martinez' mirrored sunglasses.]

AM: Hey Juan...

Been awhile, ain't it?

Done anything interestin' lately?

[As Martinez glowers, Vasquez is taken aback so much so that he cannot muster a reply.]

AM: Since words seem to be failin' ya at the moment, I'm gonna say my piece. And whether you got a problem with that ain't no concern of mine.

Now, next time you and me are standin' this close to one another? It's gonna be your ass.

[Big cheer inside the building!]

AM: But tonight? Tonight ya got my word that as long as you stay on the outside of this buildin', you're safe.

But ya gotta understand why you're gettin' so lucky tonight.

See Vasquez, I know that you're Mr. AWA. I know that without your sweat, blood and sacrifice, there ain't no AWA. I recognize everything you've done in the AWA. But listen to that word I just said, Juan.

I know EVERYTHING you've done. You followin' me, Superstar?

[As if to reinforce his point, both of Martinez' meaty hands curl into fists.]

AM: I recognize the fact that, sooner or later, you'll be in an AWA buildin' again. I recognize the fact that sooner or later, you'll be in an AWA ring again. But you better understand that when that happens, you'll be starin' up at me.

And the free pass I'm givin' ya tonight will have long since expired.

But tonight ain't about what's gonna happen. Tonight is about you bein' made to understand one thing – tonight, ya ain't gettin' in the buildin'. Tonight ain't about you, Mr. AWA. Tonight is about all the people standin' in this line. It's about all the things they stand for.

And there ain't no room in this place for someone like you.

You ain't gettin' through us. Not tonight. Tonight, you're gonna turn your ass around and go to whatever fancy hotel you've got booked for tonight. And if its gonna make ya feel better, you can tell yourself that it's because you got outnumbered. If you want, you can say that the deck was stacked against ya.

Just understand this, Vasquez. The Wall mighta been Sweet Daddy's idea. And Ohara and Hammer and all the rest may be out here holdin' it. But the line to get into that buildin' starts and stops with me.

And you and I both know there's no chance you're gettin' through me.

[Martinez reaches up and pulls off his mirrored shades.]

AM: So what's it gonna be, Big Time? You ready to test me? Or you gonna take advantage of my generosity and take yourself somewhere else?

[Vasquez stares at Martinez and then at the other men around him. When he realizes none of them are going to touch him, the somewhat concerned look on his face is replaced by a smug smirk.]

JV: Alex, amigo...you and me go way back. So outta' the goodness of MY heart, I'm gonna' back out this time and leave the boys and the Martinez clan with some dignity intact.

[He begins to button his shirt back up.]

JV: Besides, I didn't wanna' get my suit dirty, anyway.

[Juan begins to back away.]

JV: You know, this ain't the first time I've been outnumbered in a fight. Hell, I'm used to there being more of you!

[He chuckles.]

JV: I mean, it's been like this for years now, hasn't it? And no matter the odds, when it's Juan Vasquez against the World...when you build your nation of millions to stand up against me...lemme tell you something...

...there's a reason why I'm always the one still standing in the end.

[Juan takes the suit jacket from his driver's hands and puts it back on.]

JV: But I don't think I wanna' let it get that far this time. I ain't gonna' let you gather an army to fight a war with me. This time, I'm gonna' cut the head off the snake...

[He points at Sweet Daddy Williams.]

JV: ...and that means you.

[Juan grins.]

JV: In two weeks, the AWA - this company that *I* put on the map...this company that *I* built...celebrates its birthday in Los Angeles.

And I can't think of a better way to celebrate than kickin' your ass all over my hometown.

[Sweet Daddy nods.]

SDW: You want a fight, Juan...then you better believe you got one.

[Juan laughs.]

JV: That's cute. You actually think it's gonna' be a fight. No, padre...you weren't listening to me. It's gonna' be a celebration.

Of the AWA's birth...

[The smiles quickly disappears from Juan's face.]

JV: ...and the END of your career.

[Sweet Daddy makes a move towards Juan the moment he says that, but thinks better of it, shaking his head at Vasquez. Juan chuckles.]

JV: See you in Los Angeles...amigo.

[And with that, Vasquez steps back into his limo and it drives off. Fade back to the ringside area to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Wow. Now THAT was a confrontation, Bucky.

BW: I got goosebumps, Gordo. Chills!

GM: Juan Vasquez looked like he might've been ready to test the resolve of that human wall out there... until he laid eyes on Alex Martinez... and the seven footer made him think twice about it! But that didn't stop Vasquez from laying down one HECK of a challenge for two weeks from tonight in Los Angeles. If the AWA signs it, it's going to be the AWA Original - Sweet Daddy Williams - doing battle with the AWA Icon - Juan Vasquez... and that's gonna be a fight! After what Vasquez has done as of late, that's going to be one heck of a fight, Bucky.

BW: Or will it - as Vasquez said - be the end of Williams' career?

GM: I highly doubt that. Fans, we're already talking about the Anniversary Show in two weeks but we've still got lots more action to come right here tonight in Phoenix so let's go up to the ring!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from New York City... weighing in at 260 pounds... Enos Pride!

[A young muscular competitor lifts an arm to some cheers.]

PW: And his opponent...

"READY...HUT!"

["Jesus Walks" by Kanye West begins to play over the PA system as the crowd roars with massive boos.]

BW: You wanna talk about men lining up to take the AWA World title off Johnny Detson's waist...you might as well start with this man, daddy!

[The shocked reaction turns to boos as a small contingent of Team Supreme members in silver and red tracksuits, totaling only about a half dozen, steps through the curtain. They form two rows opposite of each other in the aisle...]

#(Jesus walk)

#God show me the way because the Devil tryna break me down

#(Jesus walk with me...with me...with me...)

PW: ...hailing from Baton Rouge, Louisiana... he weighs in tonight at 225 pounds...

SUPREME WR!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

[...as the lights then go completely dark and "Black Skinhead" begins to play, signifying the entrance of the former two-time AWA World Heavyweight champion, bringing the boos to deafening crescendo! The champion is dressed in a black tracksuit with gold trim, flanked closely behind by the massive Cain Jackson and Matt Lance.]

GM: It was at SuperClash where Supreme Wright came out on the losing end of one of the most emotionally and physically exhausting matches I've ever witnessed against Jack Lynch, but you can be sure he's still got his eyes set on the World Title.

BW: Supreme might've lost the match, but we ain't heard from Lynch in months, Gordo! So just who exactly won that feud where it counts? And with the way he knocked off just about everyone standin' in his way to the World Title, you better believe Wright's gotta' be right at the front of the line now!

GM: While we may not have heard from Jack Lynch since SuperClash, Wright didn't exactly escape unscathed either. In fact, he wasn't medically cleared for in-ring action until very recently.

BW: And you better believe those months he spent being unable to wrestle ate him up inside. This Enos Pride better be ready!

[As he passes by his charges, Team Supreme follows him towards the ring. Supreme then steps through the ropes and into the ring, as the rest of Team Supreme stand on the outside in his corner. Removing his tracksuit to reveal his wrestling attire underneath, Wright hops around and throws shadow punches to loosen up as the houselights come back up.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The referee signals for the bell as Wright just glares at Pride from across the ring.]

BW: If looks could kill, Gordo.

GM: Whew...you're telling me. Enos Pride has a tough road ahead of him tonight.

[The muscular Pride strides to the center of the ring, lunging into a collar and elbow with Wright. Using his size advantage, Pride powers Wright into the corner, where the referee calls for a break.]

GM: Pride bullies Wright into the corner and lets go...OH!

[A big right hand catches the former World Champion in the jaw, followed by three more that leave him slumped against the turnbuckles. Pride turns away from the corner to shout enthusiastically at the crowd, before turning his attention back towards Wright...]

"SMAAACK!"

GM: OH!

BW: What a pea brain! Never turn your back on an opponent! Especially when it's against a man like Supreme Wright!

[...and receiving a rolling solebutt that doubles him over in pain. Without wasting a moment, Wright grabs Pride and tosses him into the corner, where he begins to light him up with chops, elbows, and knees.]

GM: Supreme is all over Enos Pride!

BW: A man like Wright's been out of the ring for months and he's had to live with his loss at SuperClash every moment of every day! He's letting out all his frustration on Pride!

[With Pride slumped in the corner after his extended assault, Wright grabs him by the arm and whips him out of the corner, only to pull him back towards him and into a waistlock...]

"OHHHHH!!!"

GM: OH MY!

[...and tosses him overhead and INTO the turnbuckles with a belly-to-belly suplex!]

GM: What a throw by Supreme Wright!

[Wright drags Pride out of the corner and drops down with a lateral press, but Pride manages to lift a shoulder at two. From the outside, Matt Lance shouts, "PUT THIS SCRUB OUTTA' HIS MISERY!", which is met with a dirty look from Wright that quickly shuts up the black sheep of the Lynch clan.]

GM: Pride manages to kick out before the three, but did you just see that look Wright gave to Matt Lance?

BW: I heard that after what happened at SuperClash with Cain Jackson having to knock out Lance to throw in the towel, Supreme made sure Lance found out exactly what happens when you don't follow orders, Gordo.

GM: I don't even want to know... I think we'll just leave it at that.

[Wright pulls Pride to his feet, looking to whip him into the corner. However, Pride reverses the whip, causing the former World Champion to hit the turnbuckles hard. Slapping his bulging bicep, Pride rushes in looking for a big clothesline, only to run right into a raised boot, causing him to stumble back. Wright then proceeds to hop up onto the second turnbuckle and DIVES off, obliterating Pride with a European uppercut!]

GM: OHHH! What a maneuver!

BW: We ain't used to seein' Wright climb the ropes to do any damage, but Pride might be lookin' for his teeth after that uppercut!

[Big boos!]

GM: And Wright stomps right down on Pride's fingers! There's no need for that!

[With Pride hurting, Wright grabs his injured hand into a knucklelock, applying tremendous pressure to his mangled hand!]

GM: Listen to those screams from Enos Pride! Supreme Wright's just torturing him in there!

[Forcing Pride to his feet, Wright releases his grip on Pride's hand and applies a front facelock. He then proceeds to muscle the big man up and over, suplexing him solely by the neck!]

GM: Suplexed by the neck! Wright calls that the Guillotine suplex and he usually follows it up by...

[Holding onto the front facelock, Wright rolls through, landing into a seated position where proceeds to scissor his legs around Pride's torso and clamps on a Guillotine choke!]

GM: ...there it is! The Guillotine choke! Enos Pride is in deep trouble!

BW: They're right in the middle of the ring, Gordo! There ain't no escape from this!

GM: Pride is fading fast!

[However, just as Pride begins to pass out from the choke, Wright suddenly spins to the side with the Guillotine choke still applied, getting Pride sprawled on the canvas. He then quickly maneuvers himself behind the big man and then applies a double chickenwing, before flipping over into a bridge!]

GM: Incredible! Wright went from that choke right into...

BW: CATTLE MUTILATION! That was smooth as silk, Gordo! There ain't no one in the world that dominates on the mat like Supreme Wright, daddy!

[Pride is seemingly reawoken by the pain that sudden overwhelms his senses as he's placed into another punishing submission hold.]

GM: Pride's in tremendous pain here! He needs to find an escape soon or else he has to...wait, what's he doing?

[Suddenly, Wright kicks his feet up, flipping himself back into his original position with the double chickenwing applied. Muscling Pride back to his feet, Wright pops his hips, before suplexing the New Yorker onto the back of his neck with a Tiger suplex!]

GM: OHHH! WRIGHT WITH A TREMENDOUS SUPLEX!

BW: It's like he ain't even interested in getting that submission from Pride! He just wants to make him hurt!

[Wright looks down at Pride with disdain, shoving the toe of his boot at his head with disrespectful little kicks.]

GM: C'mon, just pin the kid, already. There's no need for this.

[Even the crowd seems to be getting a bit antsy, booing Wright but not with the same amount of hatred as before, but with a sense of concern and urgency, with several voices yelling for him to end the match.]

BW: Y'know, Gordo, Johnny Detson ain't the only person that's got a history in this town. Supreme used to tear it up in the Phoenix territory too. Maybe he's just trying to give his fans a show.

GM: I seriously doubt Supreme Wright cares about what the fans want, Bucky.

BW: I'm just saying maybe he wants to put smiles on faces!

[Dragging the hapless Pride up to his feet, Wright lifts him up across his shoulders...]

GM: FAT TUESDAY!

[...before tossing him over his head and dropping him across both his knees!]

GM: That has to be it! Just pin the man!

[But Wright isn't quite done yet. Facing away from Pride, he laces Pride's legs over his. With Pride's legs tangled in his and the hold secured, he proceeds to spins his

opponent over onto his stomach and drops down to the canvas as the crowd roars when they recognize what he's done!]

GM: That's... that's the Supremacy! Supreme Wright has applied the Supremacy... with his feet! Amazing!

BW: FOOT, Gordo! He applied it with one leg!

[And with his free leg, Wright brings it up...

...and SLAMS the heel down repeatedly into Eno Pride's back!]

BW: Wright's just torturing this kid!

GM: And Enos Pride is tapping out! He couldn't stand that punishment any longer!

BW: Who could!?

"DING! DING! DING!"

["Black Skinhead" begins to play as Wright releases the hold, leaving a hurting Pride writhing in pain on the canvas as his hand is raised in victory by the referee.]

GM: A dominating win by Supreme Wright, as he looks to make his way back to the AWA World-

SMMMAAAACK!!!

GM: A BIG BOOT BY CAIN JACKSON TO ENOS PRIDE! Now there's no need for that! The man was defenseless and on his knees!

[Matt Lance adds a couple of stomps to Pride as the crowd boos loudly.]

GM: Why isn't Supreme Wright stopping any of this?

BW: That's kinda the referee's responsibility, ain't it?

GM: These are his "students", Bucky! He should have some control over them!

[Wright whistles loudly at Lance and Jackson, catching their attention. Motioning towards the back with his head, he leaves the ring as Jackson and Lance stop their assault and follow him out.]

GM: And Supreme Wright is finally leaving the ring with the rest of Team Supreme. With actions like what we just saw, is it any wonder he was voted the Most Hated Wrestler of 2015?

BW: Hey! Spoilers!

[Fade to black.

We open to a panoramic view of a packed house at an AWA show. After a moment, the opening to Coldplay's "Sky Full Of Stars" plays in the background as we get sweeping shots of cheering AWA fans.

As the lyrics begin, we catch back-to-back clips: a dramatic staredown in the ring between Dave Bryant and Supreme Wright, then two cheering fans side by side... one wearing a Bryant T-Shirt, one wearing a Wright T-Shirt.]

#'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[Next up we see Bobby O'Connor autographing a fan's Bobby O'Connor poster at ringside during a house show (when the wrestlers have time to do that kind of thing).]

I'm gonna give you my heart

[Then we see Johnny Detson walking down an aisle, berating the fans (who are waving a poster with a collage of AWA faces at him) as he goes by, but the one fan next to them with the gold-tinted Johnny Detson sunglasses is clearly thrilled about it. A similar shot sees Travis Lynch going by, pausing and giving a smile to a young lady with a Travis T-Shirt; she swoons.]

'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[And then, a super slow-motion shot of Ryan Martinez using the brainbuster on an opponent in the ring, which fades to transparency as we see a group of fans with Ry-Mart attire and merchandise cheering at ringside.]

Because you light up the path

[The music fades, but the cheering of the fans is still loud as we get another panoramic crowd shot. And then the stinger: AWAshop.com.

And as we come back to live action, we're in the ring with Phil Watson.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, the following Women's Division Contest is Charisma Knight's Open Challenge and is scheduled for one fall.

[The lights in the arena dim as "I'm About To Break You" by New Year's Day starts to play over the arena.]

PW: Introducing first... from Cleveland, Ohio... weighing in at 150 pounds... here is CHARISMA KNIGHT!

[Charisma Knight steps from behind the curtain into the entrance way, her bright pink length hair with aqua ends a stark contrast behind the black hood of her otherwise dark red ring jacket. She walks toward the ring at a normal pace, occasionally stopping to give a smirking condescending laugh or two toward the fans in the aisle way.]

GM: And here comes Charisma Knight.

BW: The conspiracy victim, Gordo, don't forget that. She's been the victim of Melissa Cannon's conspiracy to hold Charisma down, and I'm sure Charisma is happy Melissa got hers tonight.

GM: Yes, I'm sure. You know, Bucky... Charisma Knight sure does seem to think the world is out to get her. She thinks Melissa Cannon is out to get her. She thinks Miyuki Ozaki is out to get here. What next? The ring announcer? The timekeeper?

BW: Do you deny that Ozaki held her out of the Empress Cup, Gordo? The ONLY member of the AWA Women's Division to NOT get invited to compete in Japan.

GM: Absolutely not... and there does seem to be some sort of history between Knight and Ozaki but that doesn't mean it's some kind of a global conspiracy.

[Charisma climbs the steps to the ring, walking along the apron on the hard camera side, stopping at the middle and facing the crowd, holding out her arms and raising her head. She lowers her head, looking around the crowd with a slight sneer before entering the ring, removing her jacket to reveal her matching flame emblazoned black, red, and orange gear, consisting of kick pads over wrestling shoes, upper thigh length tights, and a closed off modest halter length tank top. She heads over to Phil Watson, demanding the mic.]

GM: And apparently, Miss Knight has something on her mind.

[Knight takes the mic as her music fades.]

CK: Well now, I'm sure you're all wondering who answered my challenge...

[Knight looks around at the jeering crowd.]

CK: ...and yes, there WAS a response before you lowlifes claim I was ducking out of a match!

[More boos. Knight sneers at the response.]

CK: What I did is I went and found someone who is the caliber of wrestler that was in that Empress Cup, the caliber of competition over in Japan. The caliber of wrestler that the "Empress" over there consorts with. So, my opponent tonight, from Tokyo, Japan...

[There's a buzz of anticipation.]

CK: I give you... representing the SUNSET promotion... KIKO HANDA!

[And AKB48's "Maybe" starts up as through the curtain, to confusion from the fans, steps the woman known as Kiko Handa, who looks a little ill-prepared, more a 90 pound model than a wrestler.]

GM: Who is...?

BW: What a coup! International superstars coming to challenge Charisma!

[Handa jumps excitedly in her outfit of sparkling knee high red boots, red knee pads, matching sparkling red skirt and red halter top, her black hair long and tied back in a pony tail. She slaps hands with the few fans that will as she moves toward the ring.]

GM: Are you kidding me right now? This young lady - enthusiastic as she may be - she doesn't seem to match up physically with Knight at all! And didn't she say that this competitor is from the SUNSET promotion?

BW: Sure did!

GM: Isn't that the... I'm almost sure that's the promotion that hires pop stars instead of looking for trained pro wrestlers! I think Knight went out and lined up a cakewalk for herself, Bucky!

BW: This young lady is living her dream and you're going to say things like that?!

[Handa steps up to the ring, entering while waving to the fans. Standing in the corner, Knight sarcastically claps.]

GM: Well, Charisma Knight will now face off with this young Kiko Handa, who I have serious doubts about her experience.

BW: International Superstar now, Gordo, remember that.

[Knight and Handa circle each other, Knight pumping her arms in the air, chanting "Han-Da! Han-Da!" as the crowd boos her.]

GM: Charisma is leading the chant for her opponent...

BW: What a good sport she is. Welcoming this young lady from a foreign land with open arms.

[The duo comes together in a collar and elbow tieup, jostling for position for a moment before Knight pulls her forward, burying a knee up into her midsection as she does.]

GM: Knight brings the knee up into the breadbasket, doubling her up...

[Knight grabs the doubled-over Handa in a gutwrench, muscling her up with ease and dropping her gutfirst down across a bent knee!]

GM: Ohh! Gutbuster by Knight and Handa may be done already! She's down on the mat at the feet of Charisma Knight.

[A sneering Knight laughs audibly at Handa as she kneels on all fours, grabbing at Knight's legs...]

...but Charisma jerks her right leg free of Handa's gasp before slamming her foot into the ribcage!]

GM: OH! Soccer-style punt kick to the ribs of Kiko Handa!

[Knight smirks at the jeering fans before delivering a second kick to the ribs. She looks out at the crowd, waving her hands for a louder reaction. The Phoenix fans oblige as Knight pulls Handa off the mat by the hair, tugging her into a front facelock...]

GM: Knight's just bullying Handa around the ring... setting her up here...

[The veteran hoists Handa up into the air in a vertical suplex...

...and then drops her gutfirst across the top rope!]

GM: She hangs Handa out to dry over the ropes! Good grief!

[The spring of the ropes actually bounces Handa forward, flipping her back into the ring at the feet of Knight who screams at her downed opponent.]

GM: Charisma Knight is ordering Kiko Handa to get up... but I'm not entirely sure that's within the power of Kiko Handa at this point, Bucky.

BW: Knight's dominating this top flight competition from Japan, showing exactly what she would've done if she'd been in the Empress Cup!

GM: Top flight... you've gotta be kidding me! Handa is BADLY overmatched, Bucky, and Charisma Knight knew she would be!

[Knight leans down, grabbing a handful of hair, dragging Handa up to her feet by it. The veteran leans forward, taunting Handa from up close. She uses an open hand to lightly slap the face of Handa...]

...who responds with a HUGE slap of her own! Big cheer!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HANDA FIRES BACK!

[A furious Knight grabs the hair again, BLASTING Handa with a series of vicious forearm strikes - one more violent than the prior.]

GM: Knight's beating her to a pulp!

[Knight swings her knee up into the gut once... twice... three times...

...and then hooks her around the waist again, flipping her over in a gutwrench suplex.]

GM: Knight takes her down again... and right back up, grabbing the leg...

BW: Now Charisma's lost her cool! And that's not good news for anyone, Gordo.

[Knight grabs the right leg, flipping Handa over onto her stomach. She lifts the right leg up, pulling the lighter woman's leg up as far as she can...

...then DRIVES the knee down into the mat full speed.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Oh my! The kneecap just got SLAMMED down into the canvas!

BW: That's usually the start, Gordo. Once that knee takes one move, Charisma is like a shark smelling blood.

[Indeed, as Kiko grabs her knee, shrieking in pain, Knight dives in like a hungry animal. She picks the leg up straight, driving her knee continually down into the back of the leg a half dozen times.]

GM: And just like you said, Bucky, Knight is all over the leg.

[Flipping Handa to her back, Knight tucks the ankle underneath her armpit...

...and drops back in a DDT-type maneuver, jerking the leg violently!]

GM: OHH! Come on! The referee needs to look at stopping this! Charisma Knight set up this Open Challenge as a beatdown and that's exactly what we're seeing.

[Knight flips Handa over onto her back again, grabbing the leg...]

"COMPETITION, RIGHT?!"

[...and SLAMS the knee down into the canvas again... and again... and again...]

GM: That knee is being absolutely ABUSED by Charisma Knight!

[Knight lifts the leg up like she's going to do it again before dropping back, scissoring her legs around the body and applying a kneebars.]

GM: What is... this isn't the figure four we're used to seeing from Charisma Knight!

BW: She's got a kneebars locked in, Gordo! Stretching and bending the leg of Handa who is screaming in pain!

GM: I don't know that we've see this kneebar out of Knight before, Bucky.

BW: No, but she told me that she had a new move or two she'd been working on during the off-season... and this one's over!

[Indeed, Handa is tapping out to the knee bar. Charisma holds it a moment or two longer before releasing the hold and standing, her arms raised.]

PW: Here is your winner... by submission... CHARISMA KNIGHT!

[Knight heads over and demands the mic again. Watson obliges as Knight smirk,s gesturing at the downed Handa.]

CK: That... that was the level of the Empress Cup. I think in two weeks... the Anniversary Show... the AWA fans deserve a present. And that present will be me against more competition... higher level competition...

Another Open Challenge!

[She raises her arms excitedly to jeers from the crowd before she looks over at Handa, who's being attended to by trainers]

CK: Perhaps the next time, I can find someone who is a little more of a challenge.

[Knight drops the mic as "I'm About to Break You" starts back up. She raises her arms to boos as she exits the ring.]

GM: Charisma Knight with a dominant victory... and she says she's got another Open Challenge to present two weeks from tonight in Los Angeles at the AWA's Anniversary Show. Let's just hope this time, it's against an opponent who stands a chance. Fans, let's go over to our interview platform where another one of tonight's awards are about to be presented!

[We fade from the ring over the interview platform where Colt Patterson is standing, mic in hand.]

CP: Charisma Knight showing the world why she's the lady to beat in the AWA Women's Division right there and everyone else is trying to make a comeback. But speaking of comebacks... they sent me out here to give out the award for 2015's Comeback of the Year! Let's take a look...

[The snazzy graphics package comes up again, complete with the voiceover.]

"The nominees for 2015's Comeback Of The Year are...

...Caleb Temple!"

[A quick video snippet of Caleb Temple doing battle with Bobby O'Connor.]

"Brian Lau."

[Footage of Lau's famous Caesars Palace party... complete with Instagram models.]

"Melissa Cannon."

[A shot of Cannon's big entrance at Rising Sun Showdown 2 to battle Miyuki Ozaki.]

"Rex Summers."

[The Heat Check DDT being put to good use to floor a helpless victim.]

"And the Syndicate."

[Casey James and Tiger Claw competing as part of the Legends Royale before we fade back to Colt, envelope in hand.]

CP: And the winner is...

[Colt opens and pulls the card loose. He peeks at it and breaks out into a huge grin.]

CP: Hah! I'm the perfect man to give this one out! The winner of the 2015 Comeback of the Year... "RED HOT" REX SUMMERS!

[As Colt Patterson finishes saying his name, Mickey Avalon's "Stroke Me" begins to play over the arena sound system. A sample of Billy Squier's classic "The Stroke" is easily recognized...]

"STROKE ME, STROKE ME"

As Mickey Avalon finishes saying "it's as easy as one, two, three," the curtain opens and out walks the one and only "Red Hot" Rex Summers and a fiery redhead beauty. She smiles widely as her arm is wrapped around Rex's. She is wearing an Egyptian blue halter top and a pair of form-fitting white pants. In the free hand of the Summers Sweetheart is the custom-made red Haliburton briefcase containing the Steal the Spotlight contract.]

BW: This is not a surprise at all to me, Gordo. Rex Summers turned it on when he came back in April.

GM: For once, we might agree on that. Rex Summers had quite the 2015, culminating in winning that Steal The Spotlight contract in that briefcase. Of course, 2016 started pretty roughly for him two weeks ago when we learned from Director of Operations Emerson Gellar that that particular contract would need to be defended until it's cashed in. In fact, he issued an ultimatum to Mr. Summers for the upcoming Anniversary Show. Cash it in or defend it on that night.

BW: What kind of rule is that, Gordo?! It's never been that way!

GM: Things are changing here in the AWA and Rex Summers, like it or not, is a victim of one of those changes.

[Summers and his Sweetheart climb the steps of the interview area, the former shaking the hand of Colt as he takes the Comeback of the Year plaque from Colt. He admires it for a moment before handing it to the Summers Sweetheart.]

CP: Let me be the first to congratulate you, Rex!

RS: Thanks Colt, but let me ask you something, my friend. When you saw the list of nominees for Comeback of the Year, was there any doubt in your mind that this was more than a two horse race?

CP: Not at all. I knew there were only two who could possibly win Comeback of the Year, and I'm proud to say I picked the right horse!

[Rex nods.]

RS: Caleb Temple, Casey James and Tiger Claw, all legends and no question they deserve the accolades they've won in the past...

[The "Red Hot" one runs his right hand over his goateed chin.]

RS: But that's where they belong, Colt. THE PAST!

[The Steal the Spotlight winner shakes his head side to side.]

RS: All they did was take time and opportunities from the true talents of the AWA! Men like Kerry Kendrick, Callum Mahoney, Brian James-

[Colt raises a hand.]

CP: Hold on a second there, Rex. No disrespect but you're saying those legends of the sport STOLE opportunities from the future of the business?

[Summers nods.]

RS: That's exactly what I'm saying! You take Caleb Temple...

[Summers holds up a finger.]

RS: Without question, an extremely dangerous man... but he's past his prime!

He came here to settle an old grudge and when he did, he tied up Ryan Martinez and kept him from defending the World Heavyweight Title! Martinez got to sit on the title and duck the REAL challengers worthy of a shot.

[Summers smirks.]

RS: And after Vasquez got through with him, Martinez should consider himself lucky if he can even sit at all!

[The crowd jeers as Summers nods.]

CP: How about the other nominees in this category? What about Melissa Cannon?

[Summers chuckles that deep, throaty laugh.]

RS: Every lovely lady here in Phoenix knows no one loves the ladies like Rex Summers does...

[There's a high-pitched squeal that ripples through the crowd as Summers raises an eyebrow and the Sweetheart clings closer to him.]

RS: ...but I'm sorry, Melissa, there was no chance you were winning that award. But hey, you came close and anytime you want to get an up close... personal... and private look at this award, you let Red Hot know and I'll give you all the time you want.

[Summers winks at the camera as the Sweetheart fans herself while wearing a lusty smile of her own.]

CP: So, if it wasn't going to be the legends and it wasn't going to be Cannon... you must've thought Brian Lau stood a chance!

[Summers nods.]

RS: A man I respect and the only man I thought could give me a run for my money for that award. An award I think he could have won just for his Instagram model connection. I'm telling you, Colt, Brian Lau can find talent.

[Patterson and Summers share a quick "locker room talk" laugh.]

RS: But at the end of the day, there was only one man worthy of this award... just like there was only one man...

[Summers grabs the red briefcase from the Summers Sweetheart and raises it into the air.]

RS: ...worthy of this!

[The Summers Sweetheart begins to clap as Summers just soaks in the boos coming from the fans in Phoenix.]

CP: Well, my hat's off to you, Rex, for the award... but you brought up the Steal The Spotlight contract and that pencil-pusher Gellar told the world two weeks ago that you've got a decision to make. You've got that contract which means you can use it to challenge anyone you want with it... in any match you want.

[Patterson excitedly keeps going.]

CP: Rex, you could cash that in and capture the WORLD Television Title from Supernova.

[The fans cheer loudly at the mention of Supernova's name.]

RS: You're right, Colt, I could do that. I could cash this in...

[Summers points at the briefcase.]

RS: ...and win that championship belt that was stolen from me by Cesar Hernandez! Or maybe I could challenge that scumbag Travis Lynch and get myself the National Title.

CP: What about Johnny Detson? What about the World Title?

RS: I've got no beef with Johnny Detson but when the World Title is involved, anyone is fair game for a challenge.

[Patterson shrugs.]

CP: So, what's it going to be, Rex? Are you cashing it in? Are you going for championship gold at the Anniversary Show in two weeks' time?

RS: I could, Colt, I could...

[Summers pauses, stroking his chin... and then shakes his head.]

RS: ...but I won't! You hear that, Gellar?

I will NOT cash in the Steal the Spotlight at the Anniversary show!

[Patterson looks puzzled.]

CP: What? I don't get it, Rex... why not?

[Summers grins.]

RS: It's simple, Colt. No one... and I mean NO ONE... will tell Rex Summers when he'll cash in this contract!

[Summers raps his knuckles on the briefcase.]

CP: Well, I gotta say, Rex... I'm a little surprised to hear that... but apparently, Emerson Gellar is not.

RS: What do you mean?

[Colt taps his earpiece.]

CP: I'm being told that since you won't be cashing in at the Anniversary Show, you will be DEFENDING the contract at the Anniversary Show...

[Summers nods.]

CP: ...against THIS MAN!

[Patterson gestures towards the entryway...]

...and the crowd ERUPTS at the sound of the trumpet fanfare that leads into "Himno del Chivas de Guadalajara." Immediately, Cesar Hernandez steps from behind the curtain, and takes a deep theatrical bow to the audience.]

GM: Oh my stars! Cesar Hernandez is getting another shot at Rex Summers!

[Hernandez is all business as he straightens up...]

...and points a finger right at a furious Rex Summers who snatches the mic.]

RS: NO! NO! NO! I will NOT let that piece of trash put his hands on me again! There's no way I'm putting this contract on the line against him! Not a chance!

[Hernandez is getting closer and closer as Summers rants and raves.]

RS: I've beaten him over and over and over! I beat him in Texas! I beat him here! He doesn't deserve a shot at me, Colt! He doesn't deserve a shot at this!

[He lifts the briefcase again as Hernandez gets real close to the stage.]

RS: In fact, he's nothing but a-

[But before Summers can finish that statement, Hernandez grabs him by the legs, yanking them out from under him and putting him down on the wooden platform. The Summers Sweetheart screams in shock as Hernandez pulls Summers off, blasting him with a haymaker!]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands!

[Hernandez is raining down blows on Summers who seems to have no interest in this fight, trying desperately to get away. Hernandez grabs the briefcase, clinging to it as Summers tries to pull it free...]

...but it's Hernandez who ends up with it, smiling as Summers falls to the floor. The Summers Sweetheart makes her way to his side but he angrily brushes her off, getting back to his feet, pointing angrily at Hernandez and shouting "GIVE ME BACK MY BRIEFCASE!" but Hernandez has climbed up on the platform, holding the briefcase up in the air with both hands!]

GM: And Cesar Hernandez is giving us a sneak preview of what it might look like in two weeks' time, fans, when Rex Summers puts that Steal The Spotlight contract on the line against Cesar Hernandez!

BW: This isn't right! Get your hands off that contract, ya bum!

[Rex Summers is still angrily protesting as AWA officials make their way out to get him backstage. He is red-faced and fuming as he screams at Hernandez who smiles, showing the briefcase to the Phoenix fans.]

GM: Rex Summers is out of his mind with anger, fans! We're going to give him a chance to cool off and while we do, let's take a look at Part 2 of our special on-location video as we get to know Daniel Harper of Next Gen a little better! Let's take a look!

[We cut to a red brick house, in front of which stand AWA commentator Gordon Myers. He is dressed in a royal blue suit coat and matching pants, gray shirt and white tie. Standing next to him are the members of Next Gen. To Gordon's left is Daniel Harper, dressed in a white San Antonio Spurs T-shirt and blue jeans. To Gordon's right is Howie Somers, who wears an AWA T-shirt and blue jeans.]

GM: I'm here in El Paso, Texas, at the home of Hall of Famer Stephanie Harper, who agreed to let us visit, where I am visiting with the members of Next Gen. Daniel Harper, this is where you grew up. Tell me, what was life like growing up here?

DH: You know, Gordon, this is a place that really loves its sports, and of course, football is king just about anywhere in Texas. But the sport I lived for here was basketball. Kind of like my mother did when she was in high school, I was a natural on the court, but I didn't have aspirations of playing in college or the pros. I seemed to have something else that was in my mother's blood, and that of my family before me... and that's pro wrestling!

GM: We visited with your tag team partner Howie two weeks ago about his background in pro wrestling. Now we want to sit down and visit with you about the same.

HS: Is there a chance we get to see some baby pictures, Daniel?

DH: [smirking] Hate to disappoint you, but no.

HS: Had to ask.

GM: Why don't we go inside where we can talk more about your family, Daniel?

DH: Sure thing.

[They walk up the steps toward the house.]

We cut to a framed photo, black and white, of a man with a slight, muscular build, striking a classic wrestling pose, as if he is preparing to lock up with an opponent. The camera pulls back to see Daniel standing next to the photo, mounted to the wall, with Gordon next to him and Howie behind them.]

GM: Now, Daniel, I understand this is your great grandfather, William Harper. A longtime wrestler and manager, I believe?

DH: That's right, Gordon. My great grandfather competed for nearly 20 years in the territories in Texas. He grew up on a large ranch, but he never was interested in the cattle business that his parents ran. Wrestling was always a major deal in Texas and my great grandfather told me a few stories about how he'd go down to the arenas

and watch the matches when he was in high school. He knew he wanted to break into the business.

GM: And that happened around the 1950s, I believe?

DH: Yeah, that was the time when television was becoming a bigger deal and wrestling had a new avenue through which to promote matches. Then, in the 1960s, syndication became a bigger deal and the territories had a means to reach a bigger audience. And my great grandfather, he learned not only the ins and outs of the ring, but the ins and outs of how to manage and promote talent.

GM: I understand that he parlayed that into a career as a manager.

DH: That's right, but by this point, he was making his way out of the territories in Texas and heading to the Northwest. He became good friends with a promoter up there, Robert Burkevics, who oversaw the Northwest Wrestling Conference.

GM: So you have ties to that promotion as much as Howie does.

DH: You got it, Gordon.

GM: What were some of the things your great grandfather taught you about the business?

DH: To be honest, Gordon, he didn't say a lot about it. But he did tell me it was important to get a good education and to stay active in sports. That's what I did... basketball was my big thing, but I played football for a couple of years and I ran track. And even as I'm competing in the pro wrestling business, I'm still taking time to finish some online courses so I can get my college degree. Most of all, though, my great grandfather said that you never stop learning. I've taken that to heart, made sure to learn from every match, every opponent, every experience I've had, and believe me, I've learned plenty in my first year in the AWA.

HS: You know, he's had more than just his great grandfather to learn from.

GM: Indeed, he does, so let's talk more about the rest of your family.

[We cut to another shot in which Daniel sits in front of a computer and is flipping through scanned images of wrestling matches. Gordon and Howie both stand behind him.]

GM: Daniel, let's look at this first picture... can you tell me who this would be?

[The camera shows a blonde-haired man, who looks to be in his mid-20s, dressed in a pair of blue wrestling trunks, kneepads and boots. The image is a bit grainy, suggesting its age.]

DH: That would be my grandfather, John... he got into the wrestling business for a few years. Unfortunately, he was killed in an auto accident, along with my grandmother... my mother's parents. She was only two at the time it happened, so she doesn't remember a lot about them. She was fortunate her grandparents raised her, took care of her.

GM: Did your great grandfather tell you anything about your grandfather?

DH: Just that he had a promising career in front of him before that accident happened. I did learn more from my aunt, though, and she told me she could remember her father instilling her a competitive streak in her when she was young.

[Daniel clicks the mouse and the image changes to show a red-haired woman dressed in a black leotard.]

DH: And that's my aunt right here. Mary Jane Harper, who wrestled as The Black Widow.

GM: What can you tell me about your aunt?

DH: She was a multi-time Women's Champion in NWC, Gordon. She found the love of her life in the wrestling business, this guy right here.

[He clicks the mouse again and we see the image of a muscular man, dressed in a red singlet.]

DH: And that would be my uncle, Ted Titus. He won multiple tag team titles and saw some time in the singles ranks, but tag team wrestling was where he excelled.

GM: What can you tell me about what you learned from your aunt and uncle?

DH: My aunt was a fighter... she not only fought hard to win battles in the ring, but she had to battle cancer outside of it. It forced her to stop wrestling, but as she's told me several times, it never stopped her from living a good life. She taught me that you never give up no matter what gets thrown in your way and I take that to heart. As for my uncle... well, he was passionate about his work, about everything he did. I guess you'd say I got that passion from him.

HS: Some might say you got that passion from a lot of your folks in your family, Daniel.

DH: [looking at Howie] Yeah, we'll get to that soon enough, won't we?

[We cut to another shot of Daniel flipping through a file of wrestling photos, each in a protective sleeve. A few of them appear to be autographed.]

GM: I see you have collected a lot of photos of some of the all-time greats in the wrestling business, Daniel.

DH: Yeah, when I was young and my mother brought me backstage, I'd always seek out the wrestlers and get an 8x10 from them. Most of them would autograph them for me.

HS: Yeah, he's got quite the collection. Like Crimson Joe Reed, Scott Daniels, Tommy Stephens, Gabriel Whitecross, The Fraternity Boys... I think he has a Luke Kinsey one here somewhere.

DH: Well, we could be here all day talking about these photos, but we're talking about my wrestling family, aren't we?

[He pulls out two photos from the stack. The first one is of a blonde-haired woman dressed in a white leotard and a title belt slung over her shoulder.]

GM: Well, this would be none other than your mother, Stephanie Harper. You watched the match in which your mother became the UWF Women's World Champion. What do you remember about that?

DH: I was about seven years old at the time, Gordon, but I remember enough. My mother went into that match with a bad knee and still pulled it out. She could barely walk after the match but she had this big smile on her face. In fact, I can remember her letting me touch that belt and I can remember it was the coolest feeling ever. Made me think that, some day, I could be a champion, too.

[He keeps flipping through the photos and pulls out another one. This one is of a muscular man in a red singlet with the words "PURE POWER" written on the front. He is also pictured with a title belt over his shoulder.]

DH: Kind of like my cousin right here... Jerry "Pure Power" Titus.

GM: And we have seen your cousin in AWA before, albeit a brief appearance. I understand he has ties to a promotion that your tag team partner competed in.

HS: The MBC, of course.

DH: Yeah, I know Jerry always told me it was a unique experience to learn the business in a place like that. But he wrestled a lot of guys who took their craft seriously, even if it was what you'd call an offbeat promotion. And he won several championships there, including the MBC World Championship, on the final show the promotion ever held.

GM: What is your cousin doing these days?

DH: He's still around... he mostly compete overseas. Has a big following in Japan, but he'll come back to the states once in a while to visit the independents. Maybe someday he'll come back to the AWA... you never know.

GM: So tell me what you learned from most from your mother about what it means to be a great wrestler?

DH: You know, Gordon, the one thing my mother had more than anything was heart. She had that never-say-die attitude, kept fighting through everything, even after she hurt her knee and couldn't do all the things she used to do. She had to retire after she tore ligaments a second time, but if she could have found a way to keep going, she would have. And I like to think I have that heart, too... not because she taught me, because that's something you can't teach. It's something that comes from within, Gordon.

GM: Did you learn anything from your cousin?

DH: Well, he always told me to keep an open mind about any opportunities and never turn down any chance that comes along. Because you never know when you might get that big break. You can't be choosy about where you go.

[He sets the photos aside. Howie starts thumbing through the rest.]

HS: Just checking to see if you got one of my uncle in here.

DH: [a slight smile] Yeah, there's one in there... don't act like I forgot about him, dude.

GM: So, Daniel, this makes you a fourth-generation wrestler, something that makes you unique among most wrestlers in the AWA. Do you feel you have quite a legacy to live up to?

[Daniel gives a quick nod.]

DH: You know very well I do, Gordon. I learned from my great grandfather about how you need to learn all you can, I learned from my aunt to never settle for second best, I learned from my uncle to have passion in what I do, I got from my mother the heart that can get you through the rough spots, and I heard enough from my cousin that any time you find an opportunity, you take it. That's why I didn't hesitate to come to the AWA when the chance came. I had a partner who

wanted to work with me, I had somebody in the front office who was willing to view my tapes and see what I could do, and I had others in the front office who were happy to let some 19-year-old kid become part of one of the most talented rosters I've seen in the business.

GM: And what about not getting to appear on SuperClash... I take it you expected more, just as your tag team partner here did.

DH: Oh, believe me, Gordon, I didn't like missing out on SuperClash, either! In fact, there's been a lot that I didn't like seeing go down in the past couple of weeks! I don't like how somebody jumped Air Strike backstage and that cost them the World Tag Team Titles they worked so hard to regain... I don't like how Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan basically beat a team that was at less than 100 percent to win the title belts... and I certainly don't like what I've seen from the likes of Juan Vasquez and Johnny Detson! That's not what I was taught to do in this business... I won't say my family was perfect in every way, but we always believed there never was an easy way to do things, no short cuts to success and that rewards are best earned through hard work, not through cheap shots.

[He points at the camera.]

DH: So I can promise you all this. Howie and I, we see a big opportunity before us, a chance to step forward and be that tag team that the AWA fans can be proud of, that the front office will look at and say they made the right decision to bring us on board, and that can live up to the legacy of my family before me, and my partner's family, too! We may have had a few rough outings in our first year in AWA, but Howie and I, we knew it wasn't gonna come easy and we're gonna be back in that ring soon, to prove we have what it takes to make it to the top, to get ourselves on the next SuperClash card, and if everything falls into place, to get ourselves the AWA World Tag Team Championship. I've got a lot to live up to, Gordon, and I'm gonna do the people before me proud.

[Howie bumps fists with Daniel.]

HS: And you can count on me to be right there with you, Daniel.

[We slowly fade to black...]

We fade up on a dark parking lot. A motorcycle pulls in off the street, ending up in one of the spots. The person on it dismounts their cycle, pulling off their helmet and leaving it hanging off a handlebar. They're dressed in blue jeans, cowboy boots, and a black leather jacket. We follow their footsteps through the parking lot, splashing through a muddy puddle before ending up pushing through the door into a sparsely-occupied saloon. The person walks in - our camera serving as their eyes as they look around the room, walking towards the only well-lit area of the place - a neon-covered jukebox. All eyes are on this newcomer as he strides to the jukebox, dropping change into it as he presses a couple of keys...

...only to hear the sounds of "You've Got Another Thing Comin'" by Judas Priest. Nods of approval from the bar's customers as the man walks back towards the bar, slamming a hand down on it... and the World Television Title falls down on the bar next to that.

The camera cuts to a shot over the young bartender's shoulder, now showing us Supernova sitting at the bar. No sign of his trademark facepaint behind a pair of dark sunglasses. Cut again, this time showing the bartender looking at Supernova, batting her eyelashes.]

"Nice song."

[Supernova looks up, pulling off his sunglasses with a smile. He leans towards her.]

"There's more where that came from."

[We cut, showing Supernova hitting a pool trick shot with "Tom Sawyer" by Rush playing in the background.]

Cut again, Supernova beating a biker in an arm wrestling match as the ever-catchy "Can't Hold Us" belts out.

Another cut - Supernova throwing darts...

...and we cut to a graphic advertising "AWA: The Album" as a scrolling list of songs appearing on the soundtrack goes by including "Vox Populi", "Kashmir", "Black Skinhead", and more.

And then back out to the parking lot where Supernova is climbing on his motorcycle, the bartender's arms around his waist as she sits behind him. He grins at the camera, pushing the sunglasses back into place.

One last cut shows the motorcycle driving out of sight as Supernova's howl fills the air.

Fade to black...

...and then fade back in to where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell stands before the backstage AWA interview set. He seems very serious.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time is a man who earlier decided to take a stand and joined the line to keep Juan Vasquez out of the building. He is the rookie sensation... the Phoenix, Jordan Ohara!

[Jordan Ohara steps in the camera frame. He wears a T-shirt over his Carolina blue wrestling tights. The shirt is Carolina Blue with Jordan Ohara written across the chest over the white silhouette of a Phoenix. Ohara seems to be looking back over his shoulder towards something off camera.]

SLB: Jordan, if you don't me saying, you look a little anxious.

[Ohara's eyes snap back to Blackwell. He looks down for a moment as he speaks.]

JO: I apologize if I seem anxious, Mr. Blackwell, but I assure you I am not. I am keeping my eye out for Juan Vasquez. At any time a treacherous man like that could try to attack my brothers and I promise the fans out there that I will not sit back and watch that happen. I feel sick to my stomach that I stood by and waited for somebody else to do something at SuperClash. I will not be so cowardly again.

SLB: Cowardly? Jordan, I think you're being a little hard on yourself.

JO: Mr. Blackwell, I don't think I'm being hard ENOUGH on myself. When you have once in a millennium talent like mine you have a duty... a responsibility... to use it properly. This is what I believe. This is what I was taught. From something as small as making sure the Shadow Star Legion feels comfortable in a foreign country to making sure Sweet Daddy Williams and the rest of the boys always have someone at their back, if I can do it I will.

SLB: I must say I've got to respect a young man with such strong convictions. You provide a voice the people need to hear.

[Ohara bows his head a little. He steals a glance back off-camera.]

JO: Thank you, Mr. Blackwell.

SLB: There's been a lot of talk that you can't possibly be as sincere as you project. Your opponent tonight, Lee Harrington, has had some things to say before your match up.

[Ohara's posture changes a little. He straightens a little more. His shoulders square. He looks directly at Blackwell and then out into the camera. When he speaks, his voice is a little more intense.]

JO: I understand many people in the locker room may have some things to say about me. This business seems to be filled with men who are only concerned about themselves and may mock a man who has selfless convictions. They can talk all they want but I think it would be a mistake for them to mistake my beliefs for weakness.

SLB: Strong words, Jordan.

JO: I have my convictions. I have prepared for this opportunity all my life. Anybody who is foolish enough to think that making fun of my values, the way I talk or the way I was raised means that they'll be able to disrespect me in the ring is a fool, Mr. Blackwell. Now, if you'll excuse me... actions speak louder than words.

[With that, Jordan Ohara bows politely to Sweet Lou Blackwell and then steps out of the shot.]

SLB: Thank you, Jordan Ohara. In his own short and sweet way he said a lot. There's some steel in this kid, I'll tell you that. Now, let's go down to the ring and see him in action!

[Fade out to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... from Topeka, Kansas... weighing 272 pounds...

LEEEEE HARRIGANNNNNNNNN!!!!

[The big man in the ring raises his fist in the air and roars.]

PW: And his opponent... from Charlotte, North Carolina... weighing 220 pounds...

[The piano riff begins and the crowd goes wild for the interpolation of "Fur Elise."]

"I KNOW I CAN"
"BE WHAT I WANNA BE"
"IF I WORK HARD AT IT"
"I'LL BE WHERE I WANNA BE!"

[With that, Nas' "I Can" rings out over the arena as Jordan Ohara bops his way onto the stage. He dips and dances, showing off his chiseled physique. There are a number of screams from the women in the crowd and cheers from the kids in attendance.]

GM: This crowd loves this strong young man from Japan.

BW: He's from Charlotte, North Carolina, Gordo. Listen to the announcers! This Japan business is more flim flam to try to sell tickets. This boy is a fraud, plain and simple.

GM: Will you stop?!

[Jordan Ohara struts down the stage to the ringside fans. He starts drumming the air in time with the beat and then playing air piano as the fans mob him and flash selfies.]

BW: Good lord, this is our social media generation, huh?

GM: They love them some Jordan Ohara indeed.

BW: Well, I certainly don't, Gordo. I never liked fake boy scouts who are just out to get ahead.

GM: That is definitely not this kid.

BW: We'll see.

[Ohara reaches the ring, climbing up on the second rope outside the ring. He salutes the cheering fans before jumping into the air, landing on his feet facing his opponent. He grins as he backs off at the referee's instruction. The music starts to fade as Ohara grabs the ropes, stretching out as the bell rings.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And we're underway here... both athletes circling each other. Lee Harrigan is certainly a well put together competitor. He's big and strong, I'll give you that. This might be a test for Jordan Ohara.

BW: Yeah, Harrigan hits hard. Let's see if Ohara has any kind of chin.

[Harrigan and Ohara tentatively extend their fingers, trying to get the advantage in the lock up. As their fingers lace, Harrigan immediately bulls forward, putting pressure on Jordan's wrist and hollers loudly as he gets the advantage.]

BW: The kid ain't used to the kind of strength you find over here in America, Gordo. He may look like he's been in the weight room a lot but Harrigan was built in the gym. Look at those muscles bulge.

[Harrigan continues to try to force Ohara down with the one-handed wristlock but as the Phoenix is forced to one knee he goes with the leverage, rolling through and Harrigan goes flying over him to hit the mat.]

GM: Oh my, what a leverage move by Jordan Ohara and he is immediately in control... just like that Ohara has the big man grounded and is working the arm.

BW: It's called a wristlock, Gordo... yeah, the kid got lucky there.

[Ohara drags Harrigan up to his feet with the wristlock. He winds up the arm once... twice...]

GM: Lots of pressure on the arm there. And it looks like he's going to do it again.

[As Ohara twists the arm a third time, Harrigan is forced to flip on the third rotation and eat a leg drop across the arm as Ohara continues to grind away on the top wristlock.]

GM: Say what you will, Bucky, the kid is showing some fine arm work in there.

BW: He doesn't have supreme technique, if you know what I mean, Gordo, but he's doing what needs to be done, wearing down the big man's arm. A lot of offense is

generated from Harrigan's arms and I know that he's got a sleeper in his arsenal. Ohara showing some sense to try to take that away.

[Ohara forces his weight onto the wrist, pinning a struggling Harrigan to the mat as he torques his body and drops a knee right to the biceps that sets the supine man howling. Ohara follows up with a series of knees before he settles into an armbar. Smiling out at the crowd, Ohara starts wrenching on it and forcing Harrigan to play air guitar. The crowd cheers and rocks out on the air guitar with him.]

BW: This is ridiculous.

GM: Ohara having a little fun in there.

[Perhaps a little embarrassed, Harrigan forces himself to a knee and then uses his powerful legs to drive himself to a standing base. He forces Ohara back into the ropes and shoves him off...]

GM: Hard shoulder tackle sends Ohara flying!

BW: See!

[The crowd winces and makes noise as Jordan goes tumbling into the ropes.]

GM: And now Lee Harrigan following up with some hard forearm shots!

BW: He's leaving welts on the young buck's skin!

[As Harrigan rains clubbing forearms down on Ohara's muscular back, Ohara cringes in pain.]

GM: Harrigan pulls him up to his feet by the arm, shoots him in...

[Harrigan ducks down, setting early for a backdrop.]

GM: Back body dr- Ohara hangs on!

[Harrigan straightens up, anger in his eyes as he rushes forward towards Ohara who suddenly drops down, pulling the ropes with him!]

GM: OHH! Harrigan goes tumbling over the ropes to the floor!

[With Harrigan out on the floor, Ohara gets to his feet, quickly moving to the corner where he steps up to the second turnbuckle and then to the top, standing tall as Harrigan starts to stir outside the ring...]

GM: Ohara's gonna fly!

[As Harrigan gets off the mat, Ohara leaps into the air, soaring through a sea of flashbulbs, and drives an open-handed chop down between the eyes of his opponent!]

GM: Oh my! Flying chop to the skull off the top rope!

[Ohara climbs to his feet, turning to look at the fans with a grin. He slaps himself in the chest, pointing out to all of the cheering AWA faithful.]

GM: Jordan Ohara letting these fans know how much he appreciates their support.

[Leaning over, Ohara pulls Harrigan to his feet, shoving him under the ropes inside the ring.]

GM: Ohara puts him back in, rolling in after him now into a lateral press.

[Ohara reaches back to secure a leg, earning a two count before Harrigan kicks out.]

GM: Two count only right there. Jordan Ohara quickly back up off the mat though, leaning down to pull Harrigan up.

[He grabs the arm, twisting it around again as he did earlier...]

GM: Another big armtwist by the Phoenix and-

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Big knife edge chop across the chest! My oh my!

BW: That one had to sting.

[Ohara grabs Harrigan by the arm, going for an Irish whip but the bigger Harrigan reverses it, shooting the Phoenix in.]

GM: Harrigan reverses the whip, Ohara off the far side...

[This time, Harrigan sidesteps, grabbing Ohara by the back of the head and HURLING him over the top rope!]

GM: OH MY!

BW: Gordo! The kid hung on!

[As Harrigan turns to the hard camera, bragging about disposing of young Ohara, we see that Ohara managed to hang on to the top rope as he went over the top, his feet dangling over the floor.]

BW: How did he do that?!

[Harrigan turns around, spotting Ohara and rushing towards the ropes as Ohara uses his muscular arms to pull himself back up, flipping back over the ropes and hooking Harrigan's head between his legs...

...where he lifts a leg and bounces a foot off the skull of Harrigan before hooking a headscissors, pushing off the ropes, and spinning Harrigan back down to the mat!]

GM: Wow! What a show of athleticism by the young man!

[Ohara comes to his feet, striking a karate kata pose over the downed Harrigan as he rolls to a knee. Harrigan rubs the top of his skull as he climbs off the mat, rushing forward with fists flying.]

BW: Now he's ticked off Lee Harrigan!

[Harrigan throws a right hook that Ohara ducks. A left hook sees Ohara front roll under it, rolling right back up to his feet where he throws a blind back kick to the sternum of Harrigan, sending him falling backwards with his arms pinwheeling around.]

GM: Back kick connects... Ohara spins around...

[Ohara throws an impactful knife edge chop across the pectorals, falling to his knee as Harrigan hits the canvas. The fan favorite dives across the chest, hooking the leg again.]

GM: One! Two! No! Harrigan escapes again but these Phoenix fans are really rallying behind the Phoenix, Jordan Ohara.

BW: The Phoenix in Phoenix? Ugghhh. How long were you waiting to use that one?

GM: It's all about timing, Bucky.

[As Ohara climbs to his feet, Harrigan pushes up a seated position, climbing up to a knee as Ohara moves in on him...

...and gets a headbutt to the gut!]

GM: Oh! Harrigan goes downstairs!

[Climbing off the mat, Harrigan clasps his hands together, throwing a big double axehandle down across the back!]

GM: Harrigan POUNDS Ohara down to the mat!

[Two more axehandles land on Ohara who is on all fours, putting his stomach down on the canvas. Harrigan winces, shaking out his arm.]

BW: There you can see the attack on the arm early paying dividends for Ohara as Harrigan can't keep pounding him with that limb.

[Favoring the arm, Harrigan pulls Ohara off the mat by the hair, scooping him up for a slam...

...but Ohara slips out over the top, landing on his feet behind Harrigan who turns quickly only to have his arm grabbed.]

GM: Deep armdrag by Ohara, putting Harrigan back down on the mat!

[Harrigan comes up again, rushing Ohara who uses another armdrag to take him down.]

GM: Good grief! Those armdrags are something else.

BW: I gotta admit - they're impressive, Gordo.

[And as Harrigan comes up yet again, a standing dropkick puts him down on the mat!]

GM: Oh my! You talk about having the best dropkick in the business!

BW: Don't even go there, Myers. You know very well that wasn't even close to being on Larry Wallace's level.

GM: Maybe, maybe not but it certainly had a flawless flavor to it.

[Ohara scrambles to his feet, looking to cover but Harrigan has rolled too close to the ropes. Ohara claps his hands together in annoyance as he tries to get Harrigan off the mat...

...but Harrigan grabs a handful of the front of Ohara's tights, yanking him through the ropes and out on the floor where Ohara lands on his feet.]

GM: Leverage move by Lee Harrigan but Ohara's balance and agility saved him there. He's on his feet... up on the apron as Harrigan gets up to a vertical base.

[Harrigan turns around, reaching over the ropes to grab Ohara who slingshots between the ropes, driving his shoulder into the midsection. He grabs the top rope, slingshotting over into a sunset flip!]

GM: Sunset flip! He's got one! He's got two! He's got-

BW: No way! Harrigan's out again!

[Ohara uses his speed to beat Harrigan to his feet, racing towards him, hopping up on the rising Harrigan's shoulders, facing the same way...

...and then drags him down into a Victory Roll!]

GM: Ohara with the Victory Roll! He's got one! He's got two! And again, Harrigan slips out! Lee Harrigan proving to be a stiff test for young Jordan Ohara who is up again and-

[This time as he approaches Harrigan, he gets a thumb stuck into his eye.]

BW: HAH! All that going on and on about how great this kid is. Doesn't do him any good against the ol' Greco-Roman thumb to the eye!

GM: Cheap shot by Harrigan as he pursues the blinded Ohara.

[Grabbing him by the hair, Harrigan smashes his face into the top turnbuckle before using the grip on the hair to snap him back to the mat.]

GM: Harrigan resorting to bending and out-and-out breaking the rules... big elbow!

[The 270 pounder lands a big elbow down across the sternum, flipping into a lateral press.]

GM: One! Two!

[Ohara slips out from under the bigger opponent, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Two count only.

BW: That looked like a slow count to me, Gordo.

GM: Not to me... but apparently Lee Harrigan agrees with you.

[On his knees, Harrigan is berating the official, slapping his hands together quickly three times.]

BW: See, three count right there.

GM: Harrigan's count doesn't matter... but what might matter is the time limit for this match. Ten minute time limit and I'm being told we're approaching the seven minute mark in the match. These two may need to shift into another gear here if they want to pick up the victory.

[Harrigan is still jawing at the referee as he leans over, pulling Ohara up off the mat by the hair..

...and gets plucked into an inside cradle!]

GM: CRADLE! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd groans as Harrigan narrowly escapes.]

GM: Wow! How close was that?! Lee Harrigan just barely escapes another pinning predicament.

BW: He better keep his eyes on this kid. The boy is sneaky.

GM: He is just talented, Bucky.

BW: He's got a devious mind. I can see that.

[Ohara moves quickly to his feet, looking to pursue but Harrigan has moved into the ropes, shouting at the referee to keep the youngster back. Referee Scott Ezra obliges, stepping in Ohara's path...

...and then a fed-up Harrigan starts letting Ohara have it.]

"Who the hell do you think you are, rook? You trying to embarrass me?"

[And suddenly Harrigan spits in Ohara's face.

Who told him to do that?

The proud young man rushes forward, throwing chop after chop to the chest.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Harrigan tries to flee, backing into the corner where Ohara advances on him, grabbing him by the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- no, reversed again!

[Ohara gets sent running across towards the opposite corner where he leaps up to the second rope, springing off and twisting around into a crossbody that catches Harrigan flush across the chest, toppling over to the mat as Ohara tightly cradles the legs!]

GM: CROSSBODY! ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Ohara rolls off, grinning as he takes a knee on the mat, breathing a little heavy at the length of the match but still all smiles as the crowd cheers as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Here is your winner... JORDAN "THE PHOENIX" OHARRRRRRRAAAAAA!

[Ohara rises to his feet, allowing Scott Ezra to raise his arm in triumph as the fans cheer louder. He smiles, dropping his arm into a quick air guitar before heading to

the corner, mounting the midbuckle where he flashes the "I love you" hand sign at the Phoenix crowd.]

GM: Jordan Ohara with another good win here on The X. This kid is setting the AWA on fire!

BW: Frankly, Gordo, I don't give a damn.

GM: Ahh, Bucky. Fans, Jordan Ohara is one of those young lions who are really becoming the new wave of things here in the AWA. The New Blood Drive is in full effect and right now, our own Colt Patterson is standing by with yet another one of those young lions. Colt?

[We cut backstage where the Flawless One, Larry Wallace, is standing alongside Colt Patterson and the legendary Hamilton Graham. Wallace is dressed to compete in a pair of royal purple trunks and a golden cape secured around his throat with a gold chain.]

CP: Jordan Ohara is the name everyone's talking about these days, Larry Wallace, which has to raise a burr under your saddle!

[Wallace shakes his head.]

FLW: Jordan Ohara, Jordan Ohara... what has Jordan Ohara ever accomplished, Colt?

CP: Not a thing.

FLW: Exactly! Not a thing! Mr. Graham, you are a source of wisdom the likes of which the wrestling world rarely gets to access. Tell me... what has Jordan Ohara accomplished?

[Graham leans in.]

HG: Nothing, kid.

FLW: EXACTLY! In fact, Jordan Ohara has had three televised matches here in the AWA. Now he beat the guy from the homeless shelter two weeks ago and he beat the butcher down the street tonight... real high quality competition that the AWA is getting for him.

But the first time he showed his face, he ended up in a match with some of the toughest competitors in the AWA... and what did he do, Colt?

CP: He lost.

FLW: HE! LOST!

[Wallace smirks.]

FLW: But yet everyone wants to talk about him like he's something special... like he's the future of the business.

[Wallace waggles a finger Dikembe Mutombo style.]

FLW: You know who the future of the business is? You're looking at him! That's right... it's me. And if you don't already know...

My name is Larry Wallace...

[He lifts his arms, striking his trademark-pending pose.]

FLW: ...and I am absolutely... FLAWLESS!

[He holds the pose in silence... and holds... and holds...

...yep, still holding.

And suddenly snaps back to motion.]

FLW: And that's what I don't understand about this night, Colt. This is Awards Night! But no one has called my name. No one said "Larry Wallace, you won Best Move of the Year for the BEST... DAMN... DROPKICK... IN THE BUSINESS!"

[A shake of the head.]

FLW: No one said "Larry Wallace, you won Best Win Of The Year for your dismantling of that pipsqueak Bobby O'Connor at SuperClash!"

No one said... you get the idea.

[Patterson nods.]

FLW: This should be my night! This should be a night for celebrations and the best award speeches ever!

[He reaches over to Hamilton Graham who hands him a piece of paper... check that, several pieces of paper...]

FLW: I even had my speech ready! And you people sit here thinking you're not going to hear it? Bah, I say! Bah! I'm going to walk out to that ring right now... I'm going to give you my speech... and then I'm going to polish up my boots on the face of some five-and-dime trash.

And it will be... absolutely...

[He lowers his voice to a whisper.]

FLW: ...flaaaaaaawlesssssss.

[The smile returns as he winks at the camera.]

CP: Larry Wallace is heading to the ring to grace you people with some true talent! Forget about Ohara... it's time to get flawless! Now, let's go back down to ringside to the original silver-tongued devil himself, Bucky Wilde!

[We crossfade back down to ringside where Bucky is beaming. Absolutely beaming.]

BW: You hear that, Gordo?

GM: Yes, I heard-

BW: No, no! He threw it back to me! I get to do the talking!

GM: Alright... go ahead.

BW: So, coming up next is... uhh...

[Bucky fumbles with a sheet of paper as Gordon tries to stifle a laugh.]

BW: It's... um... who in the... oh! It's "Flawless" Larry Wallace in action! Yeah!

[Bucky folds his arms like he just dropped the mic. Gordon looks at him.]

GM: That's it?

BW: Well, what else do you want?

GM: I don't... fans, let's go to the ring.

[Cut to Phil Watson.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... in the ring at this time... from Catania, Sicily, Italy... weighing in at 250 pounds... THE SICILIAN STUD!

[The long-time AWA enhancement talent jumps up, pumping a fist with an "Alright!" as some of the fans cheer.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The jeers from the Phoenix crowd pour down at the sound of V.I.C.'s "Flawless", a song that heralds the arrival of "Flawless" Larry Wallace and Hamilton Graham.]

PW: Now residing in Miami, Florida... weighing in at 233 pounds... being accompanied to the ring by the legendary Hamilton Graham...

"FLAAAAAAAAWLESS"
LAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRYYYYYYY
WAAAAAAAAALLLLLLLAAAAAAAAAAACE!

[Larry Wallace, sporting reflective purple sunglasses on his face, saunters into view. He's wearing a pair of royal purple trunks and a golden cape secured around his throat with a gold chain. His well-toned upper body is glistening with baby oil as he nods at the cameraman, gesturing to himself as Hamilton Graham walks out behind him, shouting at the jeering fans to "SHOW SOME RESPECT!"]

GM: Larry Wallace is on his way to the ring and, Bucky, 2015 was quite the year for him. What do you see for this young man in 2016?

BW: Nothing but success, daddy! He's the epitome of an athlete! He's got perhaps the greatest mind in the history of the business in his corner! 2015 was big... but 2016 is gonna be flawless!

[Wallace reaches the ring, pulling himself up on the apron. He leans back against the ropes, gesturing at himself as Graham takes his spot in the corner. The Flawless One unhooks the cape from around his neck, tossing it behind his back, allowing Graham to snatch it out of the sky as he hops through the ropes with a flourish, going into a full spin once he's inside the ring.]

GM: Larry Wallace, a former member of Team Supreme-

BW: Does anyone ever truly leave Team Supreme?

GM: What? Is it the mob or something? Once you're in, you're in for life?

BW: I could see that.

GM: Now... what is this about?

[Before Phil Watson can exit the ring, Larry Wallace gestures at him, taking the mic away.]

FLW: I told you people that I had a speech ready! And now, you're gonna hear it!

[Wallace unfolds a sheet of paper... make that several sheets of paper.]

GM: No, no we're really not. Fans-

[Wallace speaks, reading aloud.]

FLW: This is a great night for professional wrestling! For the fans of this sport to finally recognize true talent... to pay homage to-

[Gordon talks over him.]

GM: We're going to take a quick break. Hopefully this is over when we get back.

BW: No! This deserves to be heard!

[We fade out as Wallace is still talking...]

The shot opens to an overhead view of Madison Square Garden, as a voice over speaks over top.]

"Madison Square Garden. The World's Most Famous Arena.

The Mecca of Professional Wrestling.

The home to AWA's SuperClash VI."

[Cut to a billboard in Times Square with the SuperClash logo, Supreme Wright and Ryan Martinez on either side.]

"But years before the World's Most Famous arena hosted The Wrestling World's Biggest Event, it was the proving ground for men who became legends in the world of professional wrestling..."

[Cut to a sold out Madison Square Garden, on their feet and cheering as a bulky, bloody Italian kneels in the middle of the ring, clutching a title belt...]

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

[Now the shot switches to another hot Garden crowd, chanting and cheering as a Hispanic man does a modified Ali Shuffle, taking his ring jacket off as he hops in place...]

"LI-RI-A-NO! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap*"

"LI-RI-A-NO! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap*"

"LI-RI-A-NO! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap*"

[Finally to the hard camera shot at MSG, as a thick man in fatigues waves the red, white and blue in the center of the ring, a bloodied opponent lying in the corner and a thin, bespeckled manager having a tantrum as he enters the ring...]

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

[The magnificent Hawaiian Hercules, Kai Alana, is introduced to the MSG crowd for the first time, as the ring announcer shouts his name, with the voice over speaking over top...]

"And now their stories can be told."

[To the clips: tag teams fighting in a cage, "Handsome" Jimmy Myers posing on the top rope, the inimitable Andre Price standing with taped fists, Bucky Wilde and "Pitbull" Billy Arnold being escorted to the ring by riot police, the historic staredown at the Last Fight In Philly...]

"Featuring over three hours of never before seen interviews..."

[Cut to present day Bucky Wilde, tie loosened and looking visibly anxious as he reminisces.]

BW: I was just a kid, and I was getting in fights on my way TO the ring. Every night. Everytime we went to Boston, I quit the business. Billy's hair started to fall out...

[Cut to Blackjack Lynch, letting off a rare smile.]

BJL: I hadda get in there, but I knew I couldn't use my name. If my bosses had heard that Blackjack Lynch wrestled in the Garden, they'd'a fired my ass before I left the state. But it was just too good to pass up...

[To Colt Patterson, dress shirt open at the collar.]

CP: Kai Alana was a freak of nature, man, people were in awe from the word go. When he came to town, you couldn't get a ticket. He outdrew the Rolling Stones.

[To a shorter man with a thick bush of black hair, wearing glasses, but curiously, a shirt with no sleeves. The name "Phil Darling" flashes on the screen.]

PD: Bruno refused to even get in the building. He wanted his money. My dad had to go to the bank and empty his safe deposit box, and Landon had to hawk one of his ridiculous gold bracelets. They never spoke after that night...

[Cut to a shot of two men standing in a cage, in the middle of old Veterans Stadium in Philadelphia, as the voice over returns.]

"...and some of the most famous matches ever seen on the East Coast. Available for the first time ever on DVD and Blu-Ray, and digitally remastered for quality, now with alternate commentary."

[Back to the clips, as the great "Soul Man" Andre Price addresses the Boston Gardens crowd.]

BW: There's only one thing I know that's for sure in this life, baby.

Pain is temporary. Glory fades... but legends never die.

[Cut to a sped up view of various matches taking place in the Garden, Spectrum and Boston Gardens, as the hook of "Cold Hard Bitch" by Jet plays... and then abruptly the screen goes to black, except for these words...]

LEGENDS OF THE NORTHEAST.

Available now.

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to live action where Larry Wallace is folding up his paper, putting it away.]

GM: Well, fans, I'm glad we were able to spare you from hearing that. However, I only wish I could've joined you.

BW: That was the best speech ever! Barack Obama, eat your heart out!

[Wallace turns back towards the ring as referee Ricky Longfellow signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And we're off and running in this one as the Stud and the Flawless One come together in the middle, locking up in a collar and elbow... and a nice armdrag takedown on the Stud!

[Wallace smirks as he climbs to his feet, flipping his long blonde hair back.]

GM: Larry Wallace certainly looks pleased with himself...

BW: As he should be.

[The Stud climbs back to his feet, shaking out his arm as he walks forward, tying up again.]

GM: Back into the tieup... and Wallace takes him down with another armdrag!

[Wallace climbs off the mat again, grinning at the Stud who takes a knee, shaking out his arm.]

GM: "Flawless" Larry Wallace keeping it simple so far.

BW: What did you expect? He's the son of "Battlin' Burt Wallace and the protege of Hamilton Graham. You're lucky he didn't just haul off and punch the Stud in the nose.

GM: Yes, but as we mentioned, he's a former member of Team Supreme so you have to imagine he picked up some things there as well.

[Wallace beckons the Stud back to his feet. The journeyman grappler gets up to his feet, showing a little anger as he marches back in to another tieup.]

GM: Here we go again...

[The two jockey for position for a few moments...

...and then it's Wallace who goes sailing courtesy of an armdrag from the Sicilian Stud!]

GM: Armdrag by the Stud! How about that?

[Wallace pops back up, charging at the Stud again...

...and gets hiptossed up and over to the mat!]

GM: And a hiptoss to follow up! Wallace is completely caught by surprise by this!

[Wallace comes up to his feet...

...and gets clotheslined up and over the top rope, crashing down to the floor in a heap. The Stud spins away to celebrate as the crowd cheers and Hamilton Graham makes his way over to check on the downed Wallace.]

GM: Listen to these fans here in Phoenix! They're solidly behind the Stud!

[The Stud is still celebrating as Wallace works his way back to his feet, Hamilton Graham whispering to him as he gets there. With the fans behind him, the Stud approaches the ropes, shouting at Wallace to get back in the ring...]

GM: The Stud wants a piece of Larry Wallace and...

[As the Stud gets close, Wallace reaches in, yanking the legs out from under him.]

GM: Oh! Wallace caught him by surprise there.

[He pulls hard, dragging the Stud so that his midsection is under the bottom rope before climbing up on the apron, stepping on said rope to keep the Stud in place, springing up...

...and drops down across the body with a splash on the apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief!

BW: Check under your seat, Gordo.

GM: What for?

BW: I think the Stud just lost last night's linguini!

[Back down on the floor, Wallace grabs the legs, giving another hard pull, dragging the Stud off the apron and dropping him down on the floor where the back of his head bounces off the thinly-padded concrete!]

GM: OHH!

[Graham looks on, clapping with a thin-lipped smile as Wallace grabs the apron, viciously stomping the ribcage of the downed Stud!]

GM: Come on, referee!

BW: Nothing illegal going on there.

GM: Give the guy a chance to get up off the floor!

BW: That doesn't seem like the best strategy.

[Wallace leans down, dragging the Stud to his feet where he promptly slams him facefirst into the timekeeper's table!]

GM: Ohh! Down onto the table!

[The timekeeper gets too close to Wallace, drawing a verbal rebuke of "keep out of my way!" before he tosses the Stud under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Wallace tosses him in... and he's back up on the apron...

[With the Stud down on the mat near the ropes, Wallace grabs the top rope, catapulting his 233 pounds over the top rope, dropping an elbow down into the ribs!]

GM: Slingshot elbow connects... and into a cover for one! For two!

[The Sicilian Stud kicks out at two as Wallace glares at the official.]

GM: Two count only.

BW: A slow two count.

GM: I don't think so.

BW: Slow enough to set your watch by.

GM: Would you stop?

[Wallace gets up off the mat, walking around the ring, smirking at the jeering crowd as he does a full circle before approaching the Stud who is working to get up off the mat...]

GM: Wallace standing there, waiting for the Stud to get back to his feet...

[With a wink at the camera, Wallace slaps his knee twice...

...and then rushes forward, driving a knee up into the jaw of the doubled-up Stud!]

GM: Running knee lift!

BW: Just like his old man!

[Wallace drops to his knees, applying another cover and getting another two count.]

GM: Two count again. Wallace is barking at the official when he should be paying attention to his opponent.

BW: He's paying a lot of attention to his opponent, Gordo... or did you somehow miss the Stud staring up at the lights.

GM: It's not over yet.

[The Flawless One hauls the Stud up by the hair, smashing him headfirst into the top turnbuckle before turning his back into the corner. He grabs the arm...]

GM: Irish whip...

[Wallace goes charging from corner to corner, leaping up to land a flying forearm into the jaw!]

GM: Leaping forearm in the corner.

[He grabs the arm, going for another whip...

...but the Stud reverses it, sending Wallace crashing into the buckles!]

GM: Big reversal by the Stud! Feeling some momentum here! Maybe the tide is turning!

[The Stud points to the fans before charging in on Wallace...]

GM: CLOTHESLI-

[But Wallace leans back, swinging a leg up to catch the charging Stud under the chin with a boot!]

GM: OHH! What a counter!

[And as the Stud staggers backwards, Wallace leaps up to the second rope, takes aim...

...and launches himself into the air, catching the Stud on the chin with a missile dropkick!]

GM: DROPKICK OFF THE SECOND ROPE!

BW: THE _BEST_ DROPKICK OFF THE SECOND ROPE!

GM: Give me a... fans, I think this one is over.

[The referee drops to the mat, delivering the three count and calling for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Larry Wallace keeps his momentum rolling after defeating Bobby O'Connor at SuperClash and picking up a win here tonight in Phoenix.

[Wallace climbs off the mat, raising his arms in his signature pose as Phil Watson makes it official.]

BW: And it was absolutely... flawless.

[Gordon sighs audibly.]

GM: Fans, we're going to take a quick break. We'll be right back after these messages so don't you dare go away.

[Fade to black.

We open to a panoramic view of a packed house at an AWA show. After a moment, the opening to Coldplay's "Sky Full Of Stars" plays in the background as we get sweeping shots of cheering AWA fans.

As the lyrics begin, we catch back-to-back clips: a dramatic staredown in the ring between Dave Bryant and Supreme Wright, then two cheering fans side by side... one wearing a Bryant T-Shirt, one wearing a Wright T-Shirt.]

#'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[Next up we see Bobby O'Connor autographing a fan's Bobby O'Connor poster at ringside during a house show (when the wrestlers have time to do that kind of thing).]

I'm gonna give you my heart

[Then we see Johnny Detson walking down an aisle, berating the fans (who are waving a poster with a collage of AWA faces at him) as he goes by, but the one fan next to them with the gold-tinted Johnny Detson sunglasses is clearly thrilled about it. A similar shot sees Travis Lynch going by, pausing and giving a smile to a young lady with a Travis T-Shirt; she swoons.]

'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[And then, a super slow-motion shot of Ryan Martinez using the brainbuster on an opponent in the ring, which fades to transparency as we see a group of fans with Ry-Mart attire and merchandise cheering at ringside.]

Because you light up the path

[The music fades, but the cheering of the fans is still loud as we get another panoramic crowd shot. And then the stinger: AWAsShop.com.]

Fade into "Sweet" Lou Blackwell, standing in the backstage interview area with Canibal. The heavily tattooed luchador is wearing his ring attire. His eye sockets are already painted black as well, giving his eyes an otherworldly quality.

Cautiously, "Sweet" Lou begins.]

SLB: Canibal, earlier tonight we saw you in the stands, watching Caspian Araban win his match. The audience wants to know if-

C: They ... want?

[Canibal cocks his head to the side, his eyes narrowing.]

C: They always want. Something, anything. As long as it is not theirs. Even now, they want... something... from me.

Information.

[He hisses the next phrase.]

C: Gossip.

[Blackwell actually flinches due to the sharpness in the luchador's voice.]

SLB: I mean, there is nothing wrong with some news, you know. People are wondering and I bet even Caspian himself-

C : You cannot have it, Blackwell. I will not allow you to take something from... me

[He slaps his chest with his right hand].

C: Not you, not anybody. You have not learned that lesson yet, few of you here have. But you all will, eventually.

In the end.

[Canibal turns to look at the camera, which slightly zooms in on his face, capturing a wide-eyed, slightly demented expression.]

C: It does not matter what YOU want, what YOU need, what YOU desire or require or wish for.

The only thing that matters... is the Hunger.

[He points a thumb at his chin.]

C: MY Hunger.

[The same thumb performs a quick cutthroat gesture. One more lingering, crazy gaze at the camera... and then Canibal walks off, leaving behind a Lou Blackwell who scrambles to regain his composure.]

SLB: I... ah... I can't really agree with Canibal here. You... is he gone? You can satisfy your "hunger for gossip" with "Sweet" Lou's Hotline app... get your parents' permission before subscribing, kids. We're about to head back to the ring to feed your hunger for more Saturday Night Wrestling action but before we do, let's get the results from yet another award here on Awards Night!

[The snazzy graphics package comes up again, complete with the voiceover.]

"The nominees for 2015's Most Inspirational Competitor are...

...Bobby O'Connor!"

[A quick video snippet of Bobby O'Connor battling through a crimson mask.]

"Supernova."

[Footage of Supernova's big return after the injury suffered at the hands of Shadoc Rage.]

"Marcus Broussard."

[The San Jose Shark standing triumphant at the end of the Legends Royale.]

"Ryan Martinez."

[A shot of the former World Champion doing charity work with a pair of young children.]

"And Jack Lynch."

[The Iron Cowboy battles against his rival, Supreme Wright, in the Towel Match.]

SLB: And the winner is...

[Lou opens and pulls the card loose. He peeks at it and smiles.]

SLB: Marcus Broussard.

[Blackwell pauses, nodding his head.]

SLB: He got my vote. Fans, the San Jose Shark couldn't be here tonight - he's busy back in Dallas at the Combat Corner, helping train the next generation of future AWA superstars... but I know he will be overwhelmingly touched by this award. I proudly accept this award on Marcus' behalf.

[Are those tears in the corner of Sweet Lou's eyes or is it just dusty in here?]

SLB: Thank you. Back to the ring.

[We fade from a smiling Sweet Lou to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

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

Introducing first, already in the ring, from Mexico City, Mexico... weighing 220 pounds... SUPER FUUUERZA!

[The luchador wearing a black bodysuit with a stark white mask with black circle over the eyes raises both his arms and is greeted by some mild cheers from the crowd. Someone kids at ringside shout an enthusiastic "olé!" at him and he poses for them.]

GM: We are about to see a rare singles appearance by Super Fuerza of Los Fantasma del Miedo tonight - who have really been on a hot streak on the live event circuit as of late.

BW: There is a good reason these appearances are rare. The Dos Fantamas stink.

GM: Los Fanta... ah, why bother.

BW: What?

[The scared screams of a woman play over the PA and the fans turn to the entrance area.]

BW: It's time for the little horror show!

["Twist of Cain" by Danzig starts its sinister beat and on cue, Canibal stalks through the curtain.]

PW: Aaaaand his opponent... from Juarez, Mexico... weighing 245 pounds...

CANNNNNNNNNNNIBAAAAAAAAL!

[With his head cocked to the side and his posture slightly hunched over, he stares directly at the camera. His eyes seem wide-open, even more so as his sockets are painted pitch black. Slowly, he brings his hands up to his throat to make a double cut-throat gesture and then point the thumbs downward.]

GM: This is the second time Canibal makes an appearance tonight as he was watching Caspian Araban's victory before.

BW: If I was Araban... and thank heavens I am not... I would be really concerned about that. Just look at him!

[By now, Canibal has climbed to the top turnbuckle and spews out a cloud of red liquid... right above the children who were previously cheering for Super Fuerza. Canibal snarls at them once more, his face smeared with crimson now, before he gets into the ring, standing in the corner, tense and coiled.]

BW: The TV people may have to up our rating if Canibal has his way with his opponent tonight.

“DING! DING! DING!”

[As the bell rings, both wrestlers walk towards each other, Canibal looking down on the masked luchador.]

GM: Let us not sell Super Fuerza short. Both men are experienced in lucha libre and their styles match up we-

[Canibal sends his opponent reeling backwards with a LOUD slap to the face. The crowd seems to draw a collective breath at that.]

BW: You were saying, Gordo?

[As the masked man is stunned, Canibal nimbly follows up on his first blow with a quick kick to the ribcage and a second one to the shoulder.]

GM: The lethal kicks of Canibal getting us off to a fast start here in Phoenix...

[Hooking a front facelock on the masked man, Canibal fires off a series of kneestrikes to the upper body of Super Fuerza, who can only flail his arms wildly.]

BW: That ring bell might as well be the dinner bell for Canibal. He has come to stuff his belly tonight.

GM: Speaking of stuffing his belly... what do you think all that talk of “The Hunger” is about?

BW: I’m not sure I want to know.

[Canibal takes a moment to stare at the stunned opponent he is holding up, his painted face a grimace of mad rage with eyes and mouth open wide. Super Fuerza tries to struggle free but Canibal grabs him in an embrace and flings him to the mat with a belly-to-belly suplex.]

GM: Canibal is using a mixture of hard strikes and intimidation in the opening of the match to gain the upper hand and the crowd is not liking it one bit.

BW: Any time somebody starts a match with a slap rather than a handshake, these morons fail to recognize a craftsman at work.

[Canibal drags Super Fuerza to his feet and whips him into the ropes. On the rebound, he raises his foot to flatten him with a big boot but the masked luchador slides beneath it, ending up behind Canibal.]

GM: Super Fuerza avoids the big boot... to his feet...

[As the taller fighter from Juarez turns around with a shout of anger, he is met by a standing dropkick.]

GM: Dropkick by the masked man!

[This time, Canibal stumbles backwards into the ropes and rebounds right into an armdrag that sends him sailing through the air.]

GM: Nice armdrag to boot! Super Fuerza’s building up some momentum here against Canibal who is undefeated to date.

[Canibal scrambles to his feet and throws a wild punch which is turned into another armdrag.]

GM: Super Fuerza picking up the pace, getting it to what he wants out of the match...

[Canibal does not bother to get up for a third time. From a prone position, he brings his legs around with a legsweep. Super Fuerza nimbly hops over it and, with another leap, he brings his full body down on the bigger man with a splash.]

GM: Oh my! What a show of agility! Fuerza stays on top, hooks the leg!

[A two count follows before Canibal kicks out.]

BW: It takes more than that to take a psycho stalker down. Haven't you see Halloween 2? Or Halloween 4?

[The crowd cheers for the efforts of the member of Los Fantasma del Miedo who claps his hands to show his appreciation.]

GM: La Fuerza has always been a crowd favorite and now Super Fuerza seems to be taking on that support as well.

[Super Fuerza moves to resume his offense, lifting Canibal off the mat...

...and the luchador scratches his hand over the mask of his opponent!]

GM: Oh! Did he go to the eyes?!

BW: I think he did! Brilliant move!

GM: Brilliant... would you stop?!

[There is a yelp of surprise and Canibal hammers him with a punch, then a forearm smash, then another punch and finally another forearm smash that has Super Fuerza collapse against his chest.]

GM: Canibal with some hard strikes and- that's a choke, referee!

[After blatantly choking him for a moment and the referee very warily starting a count, Canibal brings him up and down with a very fluid legsweep chokeslam.]

BW: Looks like we can call him El Super Floppo again.

GM: Chokeslam out of nowhere by Canibal! Wow!

BW: There's not a ton of impact on that because of the size. It's not like a Firebomb or something or one of Otto Verhoeven's chokeslams. But it's about speed and execution. It'll knock the wind out of you but it probably won't finish you off.

[Canibal does not waste time, though. He runs into the ropes and, on the rebound jumps high into the air before crashing onto the smaller man with a huge legdrop.]

GM: High impact legdrop... and he's not done!

[Pulling Super Fuerza off the mat by the mask, he uses the mask to fling him towards the ropes. The masked man desperately hooks the ropes, saving himself. An enraged Canibal races towards him but Super Fuerza cartwheels out of the way, causing Canibal to hit the ropes, rebounding back out to the middle.]

GM: These two are a blur of motion in the ring. Canibal off the far side...

[Fuerza steps out of the ropes, leaping up and over the charging Canibal with a leapfrog. Building up even more speed, Canibal rushes towards Fuerza for a third and launches himself with at the Mexico City Native with a spinning heel kick that hits his opponent flush in the temple and sends him spinning to the mat.]

GM: OH MY!

BW: That was almost a decapitation!

[Indeed, Super Fuerza lies completely prone on the mat. Canibal uses this opportunity to climb to the top of the closest turnbuckle and pose to the jeering crowd, looking up to the sky and slowly bring his hands up in a praying motion.]

BW: That's new. I want to see him spew blood again - not praise the ceiling.

[Canibal glances back at his opponent who barely moves, then flies backwards with a moonsault that finds its mark. He makes a lazy cover.]

GM: One! Two... Oh no, Canibal pulled him up. Fans, there's no call for this.

BW: Say what you want about his strikes, his speed, even his aerial agility ... this man thrives on his viciousness.

[Dragging the luchador to his feet, Canibal props him up, trying to steady him before he takes some steps back. He mouths... something... before running again and executing his trademark twisting lariat takedown with a hard-hitting impact!]

GM: Oh my! That's gotta be it!

[The pinfall is a mere formality at this point as the referee easily counts to three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And Canibal ends it with the Twist of Cain.

BW: He has shown once again that you don't need funny masks to be a successful luchador. Bloodthirsty sadism is more than enough.

GM: But I still have to wonder what interest Canibal has in Caspian Abaran... perhaps time will shed some light on that situation.

[We cut down to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are sitting.]

GM: It's Awards Night here on Saturday Night Wrestling on The X and many fans over the past week or so have questioned the lack of a category saluting the female competitors here in the AWA, Bucky.

BW: It's been all over the Internet. My Twitter feed blew up about it!

GM: Mine too... well, I'm sure it would have if I had one. But regardless, we wanted to take this moment to pass along a word from AWA management who have officially stated that while they believed it was not appropriate to offer a female Wrestler of the Year category for a division that didn't officially become sanctioned until two weeks ago, they fully intend to add that category for next year's awards. With that said, Emerson Gellar's announcement of the Women's Division in the AWA has drawn interest from competitors from around the world - from youngsters looking to make their start to the veterans who have seen it all.

We're about to see one of those veterans make her debut tonight. Let's go right back up to Phil Watson for more action!

[Cut to Phil Watson, who is standing in the ring, mic in hand.]

PW: Wrestling fans, the following contest is set for one fall. Introducing first, to my left, hailing from Minneapolis, Minnesota, and weighing 140 pounds... this is KELLIE CAMPBELL!

[A brunette with her hair braided, an athletic build and dressed in a red halter top and black athletic shorts, raises her arm to the crowd, a slight smirk on her face.]

BW: This woman? What about her?

GM: Not this woman, Bucky... the woman who is about to be introduced.

[The opening drum beats of "Light of Day" by Joan Jett and the Blackhearts start up over the PA system.]

PW: Her opponent, from Jacksonville, Florida, and weighing 125 pounds.. ladies and gentlemen, this is "LADY LIGHTNING" LORI WILSON!

[Emerging from the entranceway is an older woman, who looks to be approaching 40, dressed in a black singlet with white lightning streaks on the front, back and sides, black kneepads and wrestling boots, the boots with a lightning bolt on the sides. She also wears a black headband with three small lightning bolts on it. She has a pleasant smile on her face and acknowledges the crowd.]

GM: This is the woman I'm talking about, Bucky. A 20-year veteran of women's wrestling who has been around the world, competing against the best, and has now made her way to the AWA!

BW: Twenty years in the business, huh? I can't imagine her being able to match up with some of the younger talent that's making their way here, Gordo!

GM: I would think you, of all people, would have some respect for the wrestlers who have been in this business for a long time and paved the way for today's generation, Bucky.

BW: Well, that depends on who you're talking about. People like Juan Vasquez, Johnny Detson, Strictly Business, Shadoe Rage... that's one thing. But the way you talk up this woman, Gordo, it reminds me of people I can't stand, like Cesar Hernandez!

[Lori walks down the aisle and slaps hands with fans stretched over the railing. When she reaches the ring, she climbs onto the apron and ducks through the ropes, walking to the center of the ring and raising her arms to the crowd, a smile on her face.]

GM: I'm not going to get into your dislike for Hernandez, Bucky, but I think a lot of the women wanting to break into this business could learn a lot from Lori Wilson, as you're about to see.

BW: I'll be the judge of that, Gordo! And based on what I'm seeing now, she's just like Cesar Hernandez, in that she wants to kiss up to these fans!

[Wilson ducks through the ropes and climbs off the apron, removing her headband and presenting it to a young girl at ringside.]

BW: See, right there! What did that kid ever do to get a reward like that?

GM: Knock it off, Bucky. Lori Wilson has made it a tradition for many years to present a memento to a kid at ringside.

[Lori rolls back in under the ropes, gets to her feet and takes her position in the corner.]

GM: The bell has rung and this match is underway.

[Lori and Kellie circle each other and lock up collar and elbow, with Lori trapping Kellie in a side headlock.]

BW: So what's so special about this Wilson person, anyway?

GM: Well, she got her start in the business when she was 19, working territories based out of the Portland-Seattle area, as well as a couple based out of Philadelphia and New England. They formed a partnership known as the Tri-State Alliance.

BW: A west coast promotion partnering with an east coast promotion? Really?

GM: Well, it was different times back then, but they exchanged talent frequently.

[Kellie backs Lori into the ropes and shoves her to the opposite side, then catches the veteran with a hiptoss.]

GM: Nice hiptoss by Kellie Campbell... Lori Wilson to her knees and you can see her nodding.

BW: I don't think Campbell appreciates that, though.

[Kellie says something to Lori that the camera doesn't pick up. Lori's eyes narrow as she gets to her feet and circles her opponent once more.]

GM: Lori and Kellie lock up... this time is Kellie Campbell with the side headlock.

BW: So what about this Campbell girl, Gordo? What has she done?

GM: All I can tell you, Bucky, is that this is a tryout match for this young lady. Apparently she's wrestled in Minnesota independents for a couple of years.

BW: Geez, Gordo, you can spout off knowledge about the veteran, but not learn more about her opponent?

GM: It's not that I don't have knowledge, it's that there isn't much to tell you about somebody who's only been in the business a short time.

[Lori backs Kellie into the corner and the referee calls for the break, but Kellie is quick to get in a shot to the throat.]

GM: Well, one thing we know is Campbell isn't above resorting to cheap tactics.

BW: Oh, I see how it is. Praise the veteran, criticize the rookie. Nice double standard, Gordo!

[Kellie delivers a kick to the midsection and backs Lori into the ropes. An Irish whip sends her across the ring.]

GM: Campbell whips Wilson to the far side... clothesline and... no, Wilson ducks it!

[Lori spins around and leaps up to connect with a dropkick.]

GM: Dropkick takes Kellie Campbell down! She's to her feet... and there's another dropkick! Campbell back up... but a third dropkick!

[Kellie rolls underneath the ropes and out of the ring. Lori looks out to the crowd for a moment, the fans responding positively.]

GM: The veteran, Lori Wilson, gaining control and Campbell looking to break the momentum.

BW: It's a good strategy, Gordo! If you are at a disadvantage, get out of that ring and regroup.

[Kellie looks up into the ring, her hands on her hips, as the referee puts the count on her.]

GM: Campbell not too pleased with the way things are going.

BW: She just got caught off guard for a moment. She needs to settle down.

GM: Lori Wilson motioning for her to get back in the ring.

BW: Does the veteran understand the need to be patient?

GM: I believe she understands that you need to not stall and keep the match going.

[Kellie Campbell walks up the ring steps and stands on the apron as the referee counts. She ducks between the ropes as the official reaches eight.]

GM: Campbell back in the ring... now going nose to nose with Lori Wilson.

BW: Something tells me Campbell doesn't think this veteran respects her.

GM: Something tells me Wilson wants Campbell to earn that respect... OH!

[Kellie hauls off with a slap across Lori's face.]

GM: And that's not the way to get respect.

BW: No, but it'll let Wilson know she better watch herself.

GM: I think Campbell is the one who needs to watch herself... and Lori Wilson with a forearm shot!

[Lori hits several forearms that back Kellie into the corner, then she grabs the top strands and fires off a kick to the midsection.]

GM: Look at this... Lori Wilson curving her leg as she connects with those kicks!

BW: Why isn't the official getting in there to break this up?

GM: He's putting the count on Wilson... and she breaks off!

[At the count of four, Lori stops her assault and Kellie slumps into the corner.]

GM: Lori Wilson taking Kellie Campbell out of the corner... leaps up and drives her into the canvas with a facebuster!

[Lori rolls Kellie over and drops into a pinning predicament.]

GM: There's a cover... but only a two count!

BW: And she's pulling her back up... sets her up for a suplex.

[Lori hooks the front facelock and quickly snaps Kellie over to the canvas.]

GM: What a snap suplex! No hesitation there!

[Lori rises to her feet, then runs into the ropes.]

GM: Here comes an elbowdrop... but Kellie Campbell moved!

BW: Might have been some hesitation there, Gordo.

GM: You may be right, Bucky. Now Campbell to her feet... and now she stomps away on Wilson!

[Campbell yanks Wilson up by the hair and takes her down to the canvas with a snapmare, then delivers a kick to the back.]

GM: Oooh! Vicious kick by Kellie Campbell!

BW: This youngster might have the match in hand, Gordo!

GM: Well, it will take more than that to put away the veteran. After all, you're talking about a woman who won tag team titles in all three of those promotions in the Tri-State Alliance.

BW: Tag team titles? They had women's tag team wrestling in those places?

GM: It's not unusual to see that in promotions that had women's wrestling for many years, Bucky. Although it's not as common as it used to be in the United States.

[Meanwhile, Kellie Campbell has dragged Lori Wilson to her feet and bodyslammed her to the canvas.]

GM: Campbell with the slam... now she's going to the top rope!

BW: She may be ready to finish this one off, Gordo!

GM: She's taking a chance here... Campbell on the top rope!

[Kellie leaps from the ropes and extends a leg...

...but Lori rolls out of the way at the last second.]

GM: LEGDROP MISSES! The veteran saw it coming!

[Lori gets to her feet first, approaching Kellie as she reaches her knees.]

GM: A shot to the midsection by Campbell... but Lori rides it out! Forearm smash to the back of the head!

BW: She's dragging up and sending her into the ropes... and Wilson off the opposite side!

[Lori bounces off the ropes and leaps at Kellie, knocking her off her feet with a forearm.]

GM: Flying forearm connects! And Lori goes for the cover... the count of one... two... but that's all she'll get!

BW: She's not wasting time... just pulls Campbell right to her feet.

[Lori whips Kellie into the corner and follows in, but Kellie kicks at her in desperation.]

GM: Oooh, but Campbell caught her coming in! Looked like she caught her in the ribs!

BW: It bought her some time, though!

GM: Indeed it did! Campbell charges out of the corner... clothesline connects!

[Kellie smirks at her accomplishment, then drags Lori to her feet.]

GM: Campbell setting up Wilson... Irish whip... no, it's reversed!

BW: She's going for a clothesline... but Campbell ducks underneath!

GM: Campbell off the ropes... she goes for her own clothesline but Wilson avoids it!

[As Kellie comes back on the rebounds, Lori catches her around the waist.]

GM: OH MY! Lori Wilson caught Kellie Campbell with a belly-to-belly suplex off the ropes!

BW: And just like that snap suplex earlier, there was no hesitation! One fluid movement, Gordo!

[Lori gets to her feet and steps back into the corner, tapping her right foot.]

BW: What's that all about?

GM: I think she wants to go for her finisher! Campbell to her feet and... OH MY!

[As Kellie rises, Lori steps forward and raises her right leg, catching her opponent with a superkick to the jaw.]

GM: She calls that the Lightning Strike! And there's the cover!

BW: I'd call this one over, Gordo!

[The official drops to the mat and counts to three.]

GM: It is indeed over, Bucky! Let's get the official word!

[Lori gets to her feet, a satisfied smile on her face, and allows the referee to raise her hand.]

PW: The winner of the match... "LADY LIGHTNING" LORI WILSON!

[The fans cheer in approval and Lori acknowledges their cheers, then ducks between the ropes.]

GM: Lori Wilson wins her debut in the AWA... I'm sure we'll be seeing a lot more of this woman. Right now, let's go up to Sweet Lou Blackwell to get a word with Lori!

[We cut to the interview podium, where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands, mic in hand.]

SLB: All right, fans, the women's division is attracting the best in the world, and it is my pleasure to talk to one of the many women who have made their way here.

[Lori Wilson walks up to the podium.]

SLB: Lori Wilson, welcome to the AWA!

LW: Thanks, Sweet Lou... it's great to be here. You know, I've been around for a long time and I can remember the first time I ever stepped into the ring... that was in 1996, and they put me in a tag team with a woman called "The Blonde Bomber" Jennifer Rowe, somebody who became my best friend. I was just a young kid back then, but Jenn and I, we gelled as a team and found a lot of success, all while learning the ins and outs of the business.

SLB: 1996, that was 20 years ago, so it's clear you've seen a lot and done a lot in your years in the business.

LW: That's right, Sweet Lou. Now, I'll admit that, as I've grown older, I've mostly wrestled on a part-time basis, close to my hometown of Jacksonville, Florida. I've spent a lot of time in Florida, Georgia, the Carolinas... mostly to see some of the young talent who is out there and get a chance to pass on the things I learned. Because I can still remember the days when I started out, when you expect a lot, and sometimes, you earn a lot, but you still have to learn plenty and listen to those who came before you about what it takes to succeed in this business.

SLB: So what did convince you to come to the AWA?

[Lori pushes back a strand of her hair.]

LW: I got a call from Emerson Gellar, who said he could use a veteran to provide some leadership and guidance in that locker room. As he told me, he appreciates what those who have been in this business for a long time have contributed and the knowledge they can give to others. And though a few veterans are... well, let's just say they may get too concerned about those who are younger and threatening to take what they think are their spots, I'm somebody who understands that this business always needs an infusion of young talent to keep thriving.

[Her face grows serious.]

LW: But with that said, I didn't just come here to be a mentor. I came here to compete and to be the best I can be. I still have that competitiveness that drove me when I was younger and it's never going to go away. So while I'm happy to give advice to anyone who wants it, and I want to set a good example for the women who come to the AWA, that doesn't mean I'm going to step back and let them have it their way. Because I've been a champion before and I want to be a champion again.

[She points to the camera.]

LW: So to anyone who thinks they're just going to pass me by, you better think twice, because you never know when lightning's going to strike, ladies!

[She waves to the crowd and departs the podium.]

SLB: Fans, "Lady Lightning" Lori Wilson! Undoubtedly somebody who could strike at a moment's notice, so to speak! Coming up next, fans, we've got tag team action with an international flair - the Shadow Star Legion in action... next!

[Fade to black.]

We fade in on a shot of the Crockett Coliseum. A voiceover begins.]

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

[A black and white still photo of Bobby Taylor, Jon Steggle, and Todd Michaelson at the AWA Grand Opening Press Conference is seen.]

"In 2008, these men had a dream that they could start from nothing..."

[A still of the WKIK Studios marquee promoting the premiere broadcast of Saturday Night Wrestling.]

"...and grow into a global powerhouse."

[A series of headlines fly by - "THE AWA ON THE X!", "AWA TOUCHES DOWN IN TOKYO!", "SUPERCLASH VI HEADS TO THE BIG APPLE!"]

"These men had a dream too."

[Shots of Aaron Anderson... Eric Preston... Supreme Wright... Skywalker Jones... Air Strike... Hercules Hammonds... Brad Jacobs... all in action inside the AWA squared circle.]

"They dreamed of fame... they dreamed of glory... they dreamed of their friends and family seeing them on television... and their dreams came true."

[A shot of the old converted building that came to be the AWA training school - the Combat Corner - is shown with Todd Michaelson standing out in front of it with some of the first crop of students.]

"The road to being a pro wrestler is hard. None of those men would tell you otherwise. But they would all tell you that the best way to walk that road..."

[The shot of the old Corner fades into a shot of the Crockett Coliseum - an artist rendering of a renovated Coliseum with the Combat Corner sign out front. A second rendering shows a new backstage area, filled with workout equipment and a few wrestling rings. A third rendering shows a renovated arena bowl with less seating, giving room for the backstage improvements while still leaving room for the fans who will attend the new Combat Corner Wrestling shows.]

"...is through the Combat Corner - the official training school for the American Wrestling Alliance."

[We cut to footage of a very young Supreme Wright taking a forearm smash from Eric Preston before falling to his back. Todd Michaelson is crouched nearby, whistle hanging from his mouth as he watches approvingly.]

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

[A second batch of footage shows Marcus Broussard, Clayton Shaw, and Juan Vasquez running some students through their paces. See anyone you recognize?]

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas when the much-larger one snares a waistlock, powering his opponent up into the air, and effortlessly throwing him down in a waistlock takedown. He pops up, showing himself to be a huge, hulking brute of a man who looks like he was created inside of a lab. Michaelson grins, slapping the big man on the back as the voiceover continues.]

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

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

...and as we fade back up, we're in the ring with Phil Watson.]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, in the corner to my right, from the Power Plant... at a total combined weight of 540 pounds... BUZZ... JOLT... STAAAATIC ELECTRICITY!

[Two big, hulking guys with their hair spiked up flex towards the camera, shouting things like "YEAAAAAH! WE GOT THESE GOOFS!" They're wearing dark sunglasses and neon green trunks.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The sounds of "Burst The Gravity" by Altima come to life over the PA system... and as the electronic sounds kick into overdrive, Watson makes the introduction.]

PW: From the Land of the Rising Sun... weighing in at 255 kilos...

GEMINI HASHIMOTO!
KENJI NAKAMURA!

THE SHAAAAAADOOOOOW STAAAAAATAARRRRR LEEEEEEGIONNNNNN!

[The lights die down as the silhouettes of golden stars illuminate the walkway, leading a path down to the squared circle. The two members of the Shadow Star Legion emerge from the shadows, getting hit with a spotlight as each stands before the entrance curtain.

GEMINI Hashimoto is the larger of the two men - some might even call the man plump. He's shirtless which does little to dissuade that claim as his ample midsection loops over his waistline. A pair of bright white full-length tights with red "claw" marks across the thighs and red boots round out his attire. He's also sporting a white bandana with a burning red sun on it holding back his jet black hair. He tilts his head back, revealing a well-drawn red and white star surrounding his right eye and splashing down his cheek.

Kenji Nakamura is by his partner's side, slender but muscular - more of a swimmer's physique than a pro wrestler's. He claps his hands together over his head a few times, drawing more cheers from the crowd. He jerks a thumb at the similar painted star around his left eye. Nakamura is sporting red full-length pants, billowing out around his black boots. He slaps his chest as the duo starts to make their way down the aisle, red and white stars filling the video screen as the crowd cheers the new duo.]

GM: Alright... time for tag team action here on The X as a team that made their debut two weeks ago - the Shadow Star Legion - are in action once again, Bucky.

BW: Hey, these guys impressed me last time out but if they're looking past Static Electricity, they may be in for a... shocking... night. Get it, Gordo? "Shocking."

GM: I, unfortunately, do get it. And while taking nothing away from these two men, every time I see them I have to also wonder about the identity of the mysterious fourth man in this Japan Four signed last fall. We still don't know who it is, Bucky.

BW: I'm guessing we'll find out when he wants us to find out and not a second sooner.

[The Japanese duo has hit the ring during this discussion and are preparing for action as referee Andy Dawson stands between the two teams.]

GM: And now it looks like it'll be Kenji Nakamura starting it off for his team while Jolt... Jolt with the black hair, Buzz with the blonde... starts for Static Electricity.

[As the other two men exit the ring, Dawson makes a wild swing, calling for the bell.]

GM: Here we go!

BW: Did you see that? Dawson nearly fell on his tail he swung around so quickly.

GM: Anxious to get this match going, I suppose, as Nakamura comes out of the corner towards the center of the ring and-

[Jolt holds up his left hand with a "Whoa, whoa, WHOA!"...

...and strikes a double bicep pose.]

GM: Posing isn't going to win a match.

BW: No, but look at that upper body physique, Gordo. Nothing like I had in my prime but still impressive.

GM: I see.

[Jolt is still posing, taunting Nakamura who shrugs...

...and kicks him in the outside of the upper thigh!]

GM: Oh! Leg kick by Nakamura!

[He snaps off a second to the outside of the left leg, leaving Jolt hobbling away with his hands raised.]

GM: And Jolt seems to be looking for cover already.

[Nakamura moves in behind him, spinning him around into a snapmare, putting Jolt into a seated position...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and kicking him right into the back!]

GM: Goodness! Kenji Nakamura possesses some of the hardest kicks in the pro wrestling world as Jolt could attest to right about now.

[Rushing to the far ropes, Nakamura rebounds back...

...and DRILLS Jolt with a running kick to the sternum, knocking him down to the canvas.]

GM: A series of kicks by Nakamura starts us off here in this one as Jolt rolls to the outside... he may have had enough already.

[Buzz drops down on the floor, putting a muscular arm around his partner's shoulders as Jolt grabs his lower back with one hand and his chest with the other, wincing in pain as Nakamura walks around the ring, waving for him to get back into the mix.]

GM: The referee starts a ten count - telling Jolt to get back inside the ring and keep the fight going.

[Buzz and Jolt embrace to the jeers of the fans...

...and then do a quick spin, ending in Buzz rolling into the ring.]

GM: Wait a second. That was an illegal exchange!

BW: How do you know? This is our first time seeing Static Electricity.

GM: I'm not blind and neither is Andy Dawson! They're not twins, Bucky! In fact, Buzz has blonde hair! It's as clear as the sky that they made the switch.

[The referee accuses Buzz of precisely that but he adamantly denies it until a threatened DQ puts him back on the apron as Nakamura watches with a puzzled expression on his face...

...which allows Jolt to hop up on the apron, grabbing Nakamura by the hair, pulling him back against the ropes where Jolt hooks his arms over the top rope.]

GM: Oh, look at that!

BW: Great teamwork there by Static Electricity!

[A trio of clubbing forearms across the chest by Jolt connect before he unhooks the arms, sending Nakamura staggering away from the ropes. Jolt steps in, pumping his muscular right arm in the air before running across the ring, going past Nakamura to hit the far ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: Oh my! Big clothesline by Jolt!

[The running clothesline takes Nakamura off his feet, sending Jolt down into a lateral press.]

GM: Jolt covers for one... he gets two... but that's all.

[Jolt pushes to his knees, shouting "THAT WAS THREE, REF!" and holding up three fingers. Dawson shakes his head as Jolt gets up, pulling Nakamura with him as he walks to the corner to slap the hand of Buzz.]

GM: The tag is made as Buzz steps in.

[The duo backs Nakamura into the ropes, whipping him across the ring...]

GM: Double whip!

[...and a running double shoulderblock puts Nakamura back down.]

GM: Nice doubleteam by... oh, well, here's this now.

[The crowd jeers as the duo flexes a few times over the prone Nakamura. GEMINI Hashimoto shouts something in Japanese from the apron as they do.]

GM: Again, this team is wasting time showing off their muscles instead of trying to take advantage of a situation.

[Buzz pulls Nakamura to his feet, lowering his shoulder into the midsection and charging him back into the neutral corner. He grabs the middle rope, driving his shoulder into the gut.]

GM: The big shouldertackles in the corner, taking some of the air out of Kenji Nakamura...

[Buzz straightens up, shouting at the official before a clubbing forearm across the chest causes Nakamura to loop his arms around the top rope.]

GM: Nakamura on the ropes here, having some trouble as these two continue to work him over.

[Buzz walks to the corner, tagging his partner back in.]

GM: Another tag brings Jolt back in...

[Jolt and Buzz walk to the neutral corner, each grabbing an arm.]

GM: They shoot Nakamura across...

[He hits the buckles, bouncing off towards them as they come at him with a double clothesline that he baseball slides under.]

GM: Avoids the clothesline... back on his feet...

[And as Static Electricity turns around, they catch a split-legged dropkick - a foot in each face!]

GM: Oh my! What a move by Nakamura!

[Nakamura pushes to a knee... and then front rolls to the corner, slapping the hand of GEMINI Hashimoto to a big cheer.]

GM: The tag is made for the Shadow Star Legion and in comes Big Hash!

[Hashimoto grabs Buzz and Jolt off the mat, standing them up in front of him where he goes to work with a series of strikes. A left-right to Buzz followed by a backfist to the cheekbone of Jolt and a left-handed chop to the side of the neck. He spins back the other way, catching Buzz with a spinning backfist to the face and then changes levels on Jolt, driving a series of palm strikes into the body, knocking him back against the ropes.]

GM: Hashimoto is lighting them up!

[And with Jolt stunned, Hashimoto does a front flip, rolling through and catching him with a big foot to the chest, knocking him through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: OH MY!

BW: Rolling koppo kick by a guy well North of 300 pounds, daddy! Incredible agility!

[Hashimoto goes to get back to his feet but Buzz is there to pound away with a series of forearms, trying to keep the big man down on the mat but Hashimoto uses a palm strike to the midsection on the way up, creating some space.]

GM: Big Hash back to his feet...

[A quick spinning back kick to the gut doubles up Buzz as Hashimoto backs up into the ropes, bouncing off with a loud grunt...]

"ACCCCCH!"

[...and CRUSHES Buzz with a high impact lariat that flips the muscleman inside out, dumping him on the canvas!]

GM: WOW!

BW: That clothesline knocked Buzz right off the pages of Muscle And Fitness, daddy!

[Hashimoto walks around the prone Buzz, looking down at his opponent as the crowd cheers him on. He comes to a halt, reaching down to hook a rear waistlock as Buzz is still down on the mat...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

[Hashimoto grunts and strains, deadlifting the 270 pounder off the mat...

...and DUMPS him on the back of his head with a released German Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WAISTLOCK SUPLEX! Buzz is OUT!

BW: Turn out the lights 'cause someone forgot to pay the electricity bill!

[Turning to his corner, Hashimoto reaches out to slap Nakamura's hand. Nakamura steps up, climbing to the top rope as Hashimoto pulls Buzz up into a standing headscissors. The crowd begins to buzz in anticipation.]

GM: What are they going for here?

[Hashimoto muscles Buzz up into powerbomb position, holding him up at peak height as Nakamura steps to the top, raises his arms high over his head...

...and leaps off with a one-legged kick to the mush before Hashimoto DRIVES Buzz down into the canvas with the powerbomb!]

GM: POWERBOMB! POWERBOMB!

[Hashimoto steps to the side as Nakamura covers, standing guard for his younger partner as the referee counts the one-two-three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And that's another victory for the Shadow Star Legion!

BW: Impressive.

GM: And with each win coupled with their already impressive reputation, you have to believe that the SSL are working their way up the ladder of contention towards Wes Taylor, Tony Donovan, and the World Tag Team Titles, Bucky.

BW: Even I'd like to see that one go down.

GM: If it does and if they hit that move we just saw, we just might have ourselves new World Tag Team Champions.

BW: Highly unlikely.

GM: Fans, let's go backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing by with Supreme Wright!

[We cut to a shot backstage, where we see Supreme Wright standing by with Mark Stegglet. Wright is still in his wrestling gear and looks like he could still go another sixty minutes in the ring.]

MS: Supreme Wright, that was just a devastating display in the ring we witnessed from you a little while ago. Your thoughts?

SW: My thoughts?

[Wright glares at Stegglet just long enough to make it uncomfortable.]

SW: I think this was merely the first step towards regaining MY World Title. I have never gotten the opportunity to regain the title that I should never have lost but I believe that now is the time for me to...

[Just then, we see Emerson Gellar walking into the scene.]

EG: Mr. Wright, I presume? We haven't had the pleasure of meeting since you didn't bother to show up two weeks ago.

[Supreme stares at him coolly, neutral in his reaction.]

SW: Mr. Gellar. I assume you saw my match tonight?

[Gellar nods.]

EG: Yes. I was very impressed...

[Wright smiles.]

EG: ...with how you allowed your thugs to beat up someone you had already defeated.

[That smile quickly disappears from Wright's face.]

EG: Mr. Wright, people tell me that you are perhaps the greatest professional wrestler in the world with or without the World Title around your waist...but it appears to me that you don't quite understand how this business works OUTSIDE the ring. I was at SuperClash in Houston. I was watching. You and Jack Lynch? You had a hell of a match.

SW: The Match of the Year after the Feud of the Year.

[Gellar nods.]

EG: Yes, yes... add to that you're the Most Hated Wrestler of 2015 and well, you've won more awards here tonight than you can carry.

But back at SuperClash... you lost.

[Wright narrows his eyes, not liking Gellar's tone.]

EG: And that means that - in my eyes - you are farther away from a World Title match than ever. Which is a good thing because while you may be talented in the ring... you are a despicable human being. You broke Bobby O'Connor's arm without blinking an eye. You knocked Jack Lynch's wife out... and don't even try to tell me that was an accident. You even threatened the man's infant daughter! Is there any wonder why you're considered the most hated wrestler in this company?

SW: My job is to wrestle. Not win popularity contests, Mr. Gellar.

EG: While that may be true, do you think I want someone as reprehensible as you representing this company as the champion? Mr. Wright, the way I see it, that loss at SuperClash puts you near the back of the line as far as getting a shot at Johnny Detson and the World Title...

[Wright grimaces.]

EG: ...so I suggest you find yourself something else to occupy your time here in the AWA. Good day, sir.

[And with that, Gellar walks off.]

MS: Some very... strong words from Emerson Gellar. Do you have any response to that, Supreme?

[Wright is staring off camera in the direction that Gellar went. He glares for a LONG time.]

JS: Supreme?

[After a moment, Wright turns his head towards Stegglet. Without saying a word, he turns and angrily walks away...]

...and we fade back out to the ring for more action.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first... already in the ring... from Seattle, Washington... weighing in at 330 pounds...

BEEEEEEF BONHAM!

[The "beefy" enhancement talent raises both arms into the air, showing off the "BEEF" written on the belly of his doubled-strapped singlet.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The lights go out. A single white spotlight shines on the entrance way as Samuel Barber's "Adagio for Strings" begins. The crowd roars with disapproval.]

PW: from Halifax, Nova Scotia... weighing 244 pounds...

SHAAAAAAAAADOOOOOOOOE RAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[The tall, robed warrior strides out on stage. He stares at the crowd from beneath his hood. They jeer and rail at him for his earlier farce of a match with Melissa Cannon. The expression on his face is inscrutable as he stares at Beef Bonham. He lowers the hood around his shoulders, exposing his face and dreadlocks. He walks down the aisle, staring down the crowd.]

GM: The fans letting Shadoe Rage have it after the travesty of his actions earlier in the show with Melissa Cannon. This man has done everything except kick a puppy!

BW: He just might.

GM: I wouldn't put it past him.

BW: Why don't you say that to him?

GM: I'm not crazy... unlike him, I believe.

[Rage steps into the ring. He peels off layer after layer of leather robes, revealing his long black tights and black and silver boots. He tugs against the ropes, stretching as he stares down the affable Beef Bonham.]

GM: And we're underway here in Phoenix... both men circling at the outset... Beef looking a little tentative. He's the bigger man weight wise but who knows what Shadoe Rage is going to do in that ring.

BW: I know what he's going to do in that ring... whatever he wants to this poor schlub.

[Rage charges in for the lock up. Both men grunt and strain until Beef shoves Rage to the ground. The big man smiles and yells out "BEEF!" The Phoenix fans quickly catch on, echoing his shout.]

"BEEF! BEEF! BEEF! BEEF!"

[Beef gives the crowd a thumbs up before having to lower his shoulder into a charging Shadoe Rage. Rage goes crashing back to the mat.]

GM: It's going to take more than that to budge big Beef Bonham who made quite the impression on AWA fans after appearing on one of our shows in the Pacific Northwest last year.

[Rage shoves himself up, angrily charging forward again.

Beef doesn't move.

Rage does.

He topples back down to the mat, actually flipping over onto his stomach as he hits the mat. He rolls to a knee, grabbing at his dreadlocks with... well, rage.]

GM: Maybe trying to hit Beef isn't such a wise idea. He went down like he ran headlong into a brick wall.

[Bonham jerks his thumbs at his ample midsection, letting loose a loud...]

"BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEF!"

[The fans echo him again.]

"BEEF! BEEF! BEEF! BEEF!"

BW: Why would you underestimate Shadoe Rage? He didn't keep the AWA World Television title for a year without some mental agility. He's going to take this fat goof down a peg. Just watch.

[Rage gets to his feet. He walks up nose-to-nose with Beef Bonham, talking all kinds of trash.]

GM: Shadoe Rage, as usual, is not at a loss for words as he-

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Suddenly, he slaps Beef hard across the face. The crowd boos as Beef swings back wildly.]

GM: Bonham missed with that overhand right.

BW: Rage is too fast for him.

[Rage comes up behind Beef and lashes out with a hard back kick to the knee that brings the big man down to one knee. Rage quickly spins and drives a hard 12 to 6 elbow into his forehead from behind.]

GM: What an elbow shot!

BW: That could easily have split his head open.

GM: Shadoe Rage continuing to deliver those 12 to 6 elbows.

[With Bonham dazed on a knee, Rage hits the ropes, hurtling towards Bonham with an elbow to the back of the head, causing him to pitch forward and land gutfirst on the mat.]

BW: Beef just got slaughtered! He's flat on his face on Dream Street!

[Rage lets out a primal roar as he stands over the prone wrestler before leaping high into the air and driving both knees straight into Beef's back.]

GM: Ohh! Double kneedrop down into the back... and look at Rage!

[He stays on Beef's back and yanks the man up by the hair to drive more elbows into his forehead.]

GM: Shadoe Rage displaying another level of viciousness here tonight!

BW: He's cut him open with those elbows! Just like I predicted! Beef is bleeding!

GM: Indeed he is. Rage cut open his forehead!

[Rage spins away, shouting at the fans.]

"Tell Supernova he let me down! This is going to be him! This is going to be him!"

GM: Shadoe Rage shouting at the crowd now. He is obsessed with the World TV Title and he's trying to punish everybody who he thinks is responsible for him losing it. But he won't look at the man in the mirror and admit Supernova was the better man.

BW: He wasn't better. Melissa Cannon admitted she cheated so she could make the fans happy!

GM: She did not!

BW: She did so!

GM: He lies and you swear to it... is that how it goes?

[Inside the ring, Rage has scaled to the top rope. As Bonham gets to his feet, Rage comes off...

....sailing through the air with the Death from Above! The double axehandle thuds into the back of Beef's head, dropping him right back to the canvas.]

GM: And now Shadoe Rage stomping away on the unprotected neck of Beef Bonham! He's trying to hurt this man!

BW: That's the nature of the sport. This lump of loserdom, Bonham, knew what he signed up for.

[Rage pauses in his assault. He flips Bonham onto his back and strains to drag him to the corner.]

GM: The former World Television Champion having to put out a lot of effort to get Bonham in the corner... now what's he got in mind?

[Stepping up to the middle rope, Rage spreads his arms wide, allowing the fans to jeer him loudly...

...and then leaps off, driving both knees down into the torso!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief!

[Bonham rolls to his side, clutching his chest as he heaves.]

GM: Beef Bonham is having some trouble breathing after that maneuver, Bucky.

BW: Cardio and weight lifting aren't how he built that body! Ho-Hos and All-You-Can-Eat Buffets are!

[Rage follows the double knee drop with an elbow drop... and another... and another... and another and...]

GM: Repeated elbowdrops down into the throat of Bonham! He was having trouble breathing already and-

[Flopping Bonham back onto his back, Rage leaps high and drives a knee down into his throat!]

GM: Oh my stars! I think the referee needs to put a stop to this one!

[The referee seems to agree as he backs Rage up and goes to check on Beef Bonham.]

GM: Beef Bonham is turning a bright shade of red as he struggles to get air into his body. The blows to the body followed by the assault on the throat and this young man is definitely having some trouble breathing. The referee may need to stop this match right now and get him some medical attention.

[The big man huffs and gulps as he struggles up onto his hands and knees. Rage's eyes light up as he backs off further, taking aim...]

BW: Gordo, that's the worst position to be in with a man like Shadoe Rage!

[Rage surges forward, rushing across the ring and SLAMMING his knee into the temple of the on-all-fours Bonham, flipping him over onto his back motionless.]

GM: ECLIPSE!

[Bonham is unconscious on his back as Rage steps on his neck pinning him for the three count.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Phil Watson makes it official as Rage stands over him.]

GM: The Eclipse may not have won Best Move of 2015 but it has claimed yet another victim here tonight - a victory in devastating knockout fashion!

BW: Bonham's out! He got knocked into the middle of next week!

GM: He certainly did... and look at this now.

[The crowd boos the violence of the knock out as Rage drops next to Bonham. He sits tailor fashion by his victim, staring into Beef's fluttering eyes.]

"Tell Supernova what that felt like."

GM: Shadoe Rage with a dire threat for Supernova. We've seen Shadoe Rage be vicious and erratic before but this feels so much different.

BW: What you're trying to say is that Shadoe Rage has always been crazy but now he's insane.

GM: Well, yes... I suppose that might be it. Fans, we're going to need to get some help for Beef Bonham out here but in the meantime, we're going to take a quick break. When we come back here on The X, the young lion Derrick Williams is going to be in action! Stay right where you are!

[Fade to black.

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

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

...and then come back up to live action where Phil Watson is standing inside the ring.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Currently in the ring, from Reno, Nevada... weighing in at 202 pounds...
DYLAN DICE!

[The average-sized Dice runs his hands through his slicked-back black hair, raising his hands at the announcement of his name.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The crowd comes alive as Hinder's "All American Nightmare" starts up]

PW: From Brooklyn, New York... weighing in at 270 pounds, here is...
DERRICK WILLIAMS!

[At the announcement of his name, Derrick Williams enters the arena to the cheers of the crowd. His brown hair frames his face, wavy coming down to his chin, matching his brown eyes and a shade darker than his olive skin. He has a short beard growing on his face, and does have generic tribal tattoos on his arms and back, like many of his generation.

His ring gear consists of short, thigh length glossy black tights with "DW" in a stencil font enclosed in a silver circle, in silver, with "Brooklyn" written smaller in a similar font on the bottom left front. He wears black boots, coming up to mid-calf, with black knee pads. His wrists are taped with glossy black athletic tape, with black, half finger weightlifting gloves on his hands, and black neoprene elbow pad/braces, the one on the right adorned with a skull in silver on the pad portion.

Rounding out the ensemble is a black glossy vest with a silver hood, pulled up as he walks along the aisle, slapping hands with the fans as he does. He hits the ring and ascends the stairs, entering the ring the pulling down his hood, appealing to the

crowd before removing his vest, then starting some adjustments to his gloves and elbow pad while being checked by the ref]

GM: And Derrick Williams is here getting ready to take on Dylan Dice, who he has about seventy pounds on. And Williams is coming off a big win two weeks ago against Callum Mahoney.

BW: Yeah, yeah, lucky shot he had, Gordo. Bet he couldn't do it again.

GM: Right now, he doesn't have to. Right now, he needs to focus on his opponent tonight, Dylan Dice, who we saw in action two weeks ago.

[Williams and Dice circle each other for a moment before they both go in for a tieup. Dice ducks under, trotting to the corner. He spins around and does a little dance on his toes, hips tilted out towards Williams who slowly turns to look at him, a not-too-bemused look on his face.]

GM: Dice slipped behind and doing a bit of taunting here.

[Dice laughs, before yelling out "You'll always lose to the Diceman!" The crowd boos as Williams shrugs in the center of the ring, inviting Dice in again for a tieup.]

GM: Dice might be pushing his luck here, but Williams inviting him back in.

[They go to tie up a second time but again, Dice ducks, slips out, and does a little dance. He laughs at Williams as the young lion turns around, hands on his hips.]

GM: Derrick Williams may be getting a little frustrated at this. This is a kid who loves the physical aspect of the sport. He loves getting in that ring and trading blows.

[Dylan Dice holds up his hands towards Williams before he blows into his fist, pretending to roll the dice. He throws his arms up in the air, turning to face Williams again...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY! Williams just about slapped the taste right out of Dice's mouth right there!

[Dice stumbles away, grabbing at his face.]

GM: A little too much showboating on the part of Dylan Dice.

[Williams goes to pursue Dice who suddenly spins around, looking to throw a haymaker...]

GM: Right hand blocked by Williams!

[Williams returns fire with a forearm shot to the jaw... and another... and another... and another...]

GM: Williams opening up on Dice, pushing him back to the ropes...

[Grabbing the arm, Williams attempts an Irish whip but Dice reverses it, sending the young lion across. Dice drops down to the mat as Williams rebounds.]

GM: Williams goes up and over, off the far side... leapfro-

[But as Williams approaches Dice, he slams on the brakes, snatching Dice out of the sky, twisting around and driving him down with a powerslam!]

GM: OH MY!

BW: That was impressive, Gordo. The kid caught him in mid-air and turned it into a powerslam!

GM: Williams on his feet... to the ropes...

[A running elbowdrop to the chest of the prone Dice connects as Williams rolls into a lateral press, failing to hook the leg.]

GM: Two count there for Williams.

BW: Shoulda hooked the leg. Even if you can't get the pin at this point, you cause Dice to expend more energy in fighting out of a leg hook.

GM: Excellent analysis, Bucky, as Williams climbs to his feet, pulling Dice up into a seated position...

[Williams looks out at the crowd, holding a finger to his lips.]

GM: Now, what's this about?

[As the crowd goes quiet, Williams takes aim...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and absolutely DRILLS Dice with an open-handed chop to the back that echoes throughout the arena!]

GM: That shot can be heard in every corner of this building, fans!

BW: Williams is quickly earning a reputation as one of the hardest hitters in the entire AWA locker room and I think that reputation may be growing stronger every week he comes out here, Gordo.

[With Dice still sitting up, Williams dashes to the ropes, rebounding back into a sliding elbowstrike to the jaw!]

GM: OHHH! That might do it right there!

[Williams rolls into a cover, getting another two count before Dice escapes.]

GM: Another two count.

BW: But another pin attempt where he didn't hook the leg.

[Williams pulls Dice off the mat by the arm, whipping him into the ropes...]

GM: Dice off the far side...

[On the rebound, Williams scoops Dice up in his arms by the upper thighs, pivots, and DRIVES him down into the canvas!]

GM: SPINEBUSTER! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!

[Williams pops up off the mat with a roar, throwing his arms apart to a big reaction.]

GM: The signature spinebuster did its' job but it looks like Williams isn't done yet, Bucky.

BW: I think you're right, Gordo.

[He starts circling the ring holding up his right arm, nodding to the fans as he reaches up with his left and starts adjusting his elbow pad.]

GM: Williams is signaling for it...

[The young lion drags Dice up to his feet, standing behind him...]

GM: He's setting... staying to the back of Dice...

[Williams goes into a spin, arm cocked and at the ready...

...and DRIVES his elbow into the back of Dice's head as he finishes the spin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BOOM! He's taken to call that the Neuralizer, and it landed flush on the back of the head!

[Williams gives a nod, diving into a lateral press where he still doesn't hook a leg. This time, it doesn't matter as the referee counts to three.]

GM: Wow! Williams with another impressive victory... and Dylan Dice might think he's on another planet after that elbowstrike!

[The bell rings as "All American Nightmare" starts back up and the ref raises Williams' hand in victory.]

GM: Williams with a devastating knockout blow, leaving Dice laid out in a pile on the mat and this is a young man who has made it quite clear that he thinks that there's AWA gold in his future in 2016. We know he wants a shot at Supernova and the World Television Title but will this win be enough to get him that opportunity?

BW: There's a long line of guys who want a shot at Supernova, Gordo... including the former champion, Shadoe Rage! Williams can get in the back of the line if you ask me!

GM: Williams nearly won Steal The Spotlight back at SuperClash...

BW: But he didn't.

GM: ...and he DID beat Callum Mahoney two weeks ago.

BW: Fluke.

GM: I think that puts him right at the front of the line for a shot at the World Television Title, Bucky... and it looks like the young man has something to say.

[Williams takes a mic from ringside as his music fades out. He looks around the ring a few seconds before raising the mic to speak]

DW: You know, two weeks ago, Callum Mahoney and I stood in this ring, and we settled it.

[The crowd cheers as Williams nods in response.]

DW: I beat him, and it felt good.

[Williams cracks a smile and the fans cheer louder.]

DW: I beat him, and now that's behind me... and with that, well, I EARNED my respect.

[Another big cheer! Williams bows his head, accepting the cheers.]

DW: Something even better is that on Sunday, I clicked the link and got the news... and here I saw my name up on the contenders for the World Television Championship.

With my win over Mahoney, and a bit of a hot streak going, and the World Television Champion Supernova being the sort to take challenges from all comers, I would like to believe that I'm in line for a shot at the World Television Title.

And that's what I want.

[Williams pauses, looking directly into the camera.]

DW: If he successfully defends the title here tonight... in two weeks at the Anniversary Show, I would like to officially challenge Supernova for the World Television Championship!

[Another big cheer! Williams beams at the reaction of the fans, pleased with their support...

...but that smile turns upside down in a hurry as "Adagio for Strings" plays yet again. The tall robed warrior steps on the stage. He has a microphone in hand. From beneath his cloaking scarf, Shadoc Rage's hazel eyes burn through Derrick Williams.]

SR: I would like to officially challenge Supernova for the World Television Championship? What is this? Mother may I?

Let me explain something to you, Derrick Williams. You do not get to 'officially challenge Supernova for the World Television Championship' because he is not and will not be the rightful champion.

[The crowd jeers Rage who looks disdainfully out in their direction.]

SR: I am the champion. He just has my belt.

[Rage suddenly takes a hard look at Williams, tracing him from sole to crown.]

SR: Where the hell do you get off thinking that you can just step over me? Who do you think you are?

I am Shadoc Rage, the greatest AWA World Television champion of allllll time!

[More jeers pour down on the former champion.]

SR: You, you're just a clown. Some puffed up buffoon from what used to be Brooklyn. You were supposed to be something coming into this ring and you've been nothing but a fundamental disappointment.

[Rage points at him from the entryway.]

SR: Yeah, you may have got lucky and clipped the Armbar Assassin from behind with that cute little elbow of yours, but you're not in my league. You're not worthy of the AWA World Television title. You are not World championship material, Derrick Williams. I promise you that.

So now, you're going to get out of MY ring and you're going to go to the back and think about what nonsense just came out of your mouth and then later on you're going to come out here and apologize to these people for disrespecting me, for disrespecting them... for disrespecting HER!

[Rage draws down his hood so the cruel seriousness of his face can be seen clearly.]

SR: If you don't... there will be consequences, Williams.

If you don't...

[Rage pauses for effect.]

SR: ...you will die in darkness.

[With that, Rage turns on his heel and strides to the back, leaving Williams behind.]

GM: A tense confrontation there, fans. Derrick Williams issuing a challenge for the World Television Title and Shadoe Rage... that lunatic... he says that no one deserves a chance at the title except him!

BW: Is he wrong?! He's the Number One Contender! He's the former champion! He hasn't gotten his contractually-obligated rematch! Who the hell DOES Derrick Williams think he is?! Supernova's ducking Rage and it's plain to see that Williams is trying to take advantage of that.

GM: You're as delusional as Rage is. Fans, we've got to take another break but when we come back, the Russian War Machine, Kolya Sudakov returns to action here on Saturday Night Wrestling for the first time in a very long time and you do NOT want to miss that!

[Fade to black.

We open to a panoramic view of a packed house at an AWA show. After a moment, the opening to Coldplay's "Sky Full Of Stars" plays in the background as we get sweeping shots of cheering AWA fans.

As the lyrics begin, we catch back-to-back clips: a dramatic staredown in the ring between Dave Bryant and Supreme Wright, then two cheering fans side by side... one wearing a Bryant T-Shirt, one wearing a Wright T-Shirt.]

#'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[Next up we see Bobby O'Connor autographing a fan's Bobby O'Connor poster at ringside during a house show (when the wrestlers have time to do that kind of thing).]

I'm gonna give you my heart

[Then we see Johnny Detson walking down an aisle, berating the fans (who are waving a poster with a collage of AWA faces at him) as he goes by, but the one fan next to them with the gold-tinted Johnny Detson sunglasses is clearly thrilled about

it. A similar shot sees Travis Lynch going by, pausing and giving a smile to a young lady with a Travis T-Shirt; she swoons.]

'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[And then, a super slow-motion shot of Ryan Martinez using the brainbuster on an opponent in the ring, which fades to transparency as we see a group of fans with Ry-Mart attire and merchandise cheering at ringside.]

Because you light up the path

[The music fades, but the cheering of the fans is still loud as we get another panoramic crowd shot. And then the stinger: AWAshop.com.

As we fade back up to live action down at ringside, we see our announce team has a visitor.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling right here on The X and as you can see, we have a visitor.

[Said visitor is the smirking form of Bryson Page, dressed in a white t-shirt with "SAVIOR" written across the front in red jagged font with yellow outline and a pair of blue jeans.]

BP: A visitor? No, no, no, Gordo... you've got yourself a Savior in your mix.

GM: I've heard you say that before. A Savior. Tell me, Mr. Page... what exactly are you saving us from?

BP: Boredom. The mundane. The status quo. Gordon Myers, I've done my research as any good manager would do and I know all there is to know about this place. I know who was on the first show. I know who was on the last show. I know who was on the 67th show. And all that means that I know how things go around here.

GM: I'm not sure I follow.

BP: I'm sure you don't. But I'll give you an example. Jack Lynch is known for telling stories. Ol' Jack likes to come out here and spin a yarn about how his wife stays up late watching the Real Housewives of Dallas to get some pointers... how his crippled brother is running a GoFundMe to get a bumper sticker that says "Yes, That Is My Face"... how his dog ran away from home because Mama Henrietta kept trying to put the Claw on it...

GM: Your point?

BP: When's the last time you've heard ol' Jackie out here tellin' tales?

GM: Well, I-

BP: Better question. Has it happened since I got here?

GM: Well, no, but-

BP: SAVED! By the way...

[He turns to the camera, pointing at the lens and giving a wink.]

BP: You're welcome, world.

GM: Give me a break. You know very well Jack Lynch hasn't even been on AWA television since you got here!

BP: Thanks for proving my point, Gordon. Now, do you people call any matches or are we all just waiting around to see which relic of the 90s the powers that be are gonna dig up this week? Jeff Matthews? Deathbringer? THE FOP?!

GM: You know very well that we're about see Kolya Sudakov in action.

BP: I do know that... and that's why I'm here, Gordon. You've got a former National Champion... one of the longest reigning National Champions ever, correct?

GM: Correct.

[Page taps his temple smugly.]

BP: Homework! He's a former Mixed Martial Arts champion too. One of the toughest guys in the world. I heard when he went to Italy, he took one look at the Leaning Tower, gave it a high kick, and now it's- WHAM!

[He sticks his arm straight up over his head.]

BP: Straight as an arrow. So, of course I'm out here, Myers. Why wouldn't I be out here? Why wouldn't the greatest professional wrestling manager in the history of all professional wrestling managers be out here?

GM: You don't even have a client yet!

BP: The key word there is "yet", Gordie. I'm tellin' ya, they're handing out the Manager of the Year award for 2015 later tonight. 2016 is my year. 2016 is the year when everyone turns the Page!

[He smirks, giving Bucky the side-eye.]

BP: Like that one, Buckthorn?

BW: You better believe it! Gordo, I'm putting my money down on Bryson Page for 2016 Manager of the Year!

GM: You two deserve one another. Fans, let's go to the ring.

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Denver, Colorado... weighing in at 242 pounds... Paul Eaton!

[Eaton raises a skinny arm to no reaction.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The lighting dims as a Russian flag appears on the video wall, fluttering in the breeze. A booming military anthem with lots of drums and brass is heard.]

PW: Fighting out of Russia... weighing in at 272 pounds...

"THE RUSSIAN WAR MACHINE"
KOLLLLLLLLLLYAAAAAAAAAAAAA SUUUUUUDAKOOOOOOOOOV!

[The former National Champion walks through the entrance curtain, turning like a soldier to salute the flag behind him. He holds that position for a few moments before he turns back towards the ring. Sudakov walks the aisle in a black double-strapped singlet with the hammer and sickle of the Soviet Union on the belly. The singlet extends to mid-thigh on both sides. The Russian War Machine supports a shining silver heavy chain on his muscular torso as he heads towards the ring.]

GM: Kolya Sudakov with his first in-ring appearance here on Saturday Night Wrestling in well over a year. In the past year or so, he has been competing in Japan in both professional wrestling and Mixed Martial Arts as well as fighting a few fights for our friends at the Global Fighting Championship.

BP: Keep reading his resume, Gordie... look at the shape this guy is in! His muscles have muscles! Boy, I could turn this guy into a future World Champion in no time flat.

GM: That may be true but if it is, I'd say that's due to the condition and skill of the Russian War Machine rather than any sort of managerial talent on your part.

BP: You got yourself a smart mouth there, Myers... if only you had the brain to match.

[Sudakov steps up the ringsteps, depositing his chain over the ringpost before climbing through the ropes...

...where Paul Eaton rushes across the ring, booting him in the gut on the way in.]

GM: Eaton with an attack before the bell! Big right hand... and another! And another!

[Three big haymakers in the corner have Eaton well on his way...

...you would think.]

BW: Uh oh.

[Sudakov shakes them off, sticking out his tongue and striking a pose, flexing his massive muscles as Eaton begs off...

...and gets flattened with a running shoulder tackle!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: That's 270+ pounds of solid muscle! Sudakov has really changed his body shape since the last time we saw him in action. When I caught his MMA fight back last summer, he was trim - cut but not like this. He's a monster in there right now.

BP: Page's favorite monster.

[Sudakov paces around the ring, turning back towards the rising Eaton who he grabs by the throat with both hands, hoisting him high into the air to a roar from the crowd!]

GM: He's choking the life out of Paul Eaton! The referee starts his count!

[At the count of four, Sudakov flings Eaton halfway across the ring and down to the mat, standing over him.]

BP: Eastwood here is regretting jumpin' on Sudakov, I'll tell ya that much.

GM: Eaton.

BP: No thanks. I'm trying to call the match here.

[Sudakov walks around Eaton, watching as the smaller man drags himself back to his feet. The Russian War Machine hooks him around the neck in a Muay Thai clinch, burying a knee up into the gut... and a second... and a third!]

GM: Heavy knees to the body, trying to break down Eaton...

[Using the clinch, Sudakov hurls Eaton into the turnbuckles...

...and then barrels in after him, throwing himself into a running splash against the corner!]

GM: Big splash...

[Sudakov wraps his arms around Eaton's limp form in a bodylock, stepping back out of the buckles...

...and HURLS him across the ring with an overhead belly-to-belly!]

GM: Goodness!

BP: He bounced him so high right there, Eaton could've checked for signs of life on Mars! This is my kind of guy, Gordie. When I sign him to a contract, we're goin' place. Straight to the top!

GM: What do you think Jackson Hunter will think about this plan of yours?

BP: There's only two things I care about when it comes to Canadians. Hockey and maple syrup. Not opinions.

GM: And Maxim Zharkov?

BP: Ooooh, that there is a big fella. Zharkov and Sudakov - even if it goes less than five minutes - might be the Fight of the Night at the Anniversary Show two weeks from now. It's a heck of a gift. I'd say it's better than the gift your wife got you for your first anniversary, Gordie, but it's not every day that man invents fire.

[Sudakov stays in the corner, slamming an arm down on the top turnbuckle as he turns, dipping into a crouch. The crowd is buzzing with anticipation as he waits... waits... waits...

...and then bulldozes across the ring, obliterating the rising Eaton with the Russian Sickle!]

GM: SICKLE!

[As Eaton hits the mat, Sudakov kneels down, planting his palms on the chest and extending his arms in a pushup.]

GM: It's over, fans. One... two... and three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Kolya Sudakov picks up the win... and it was in a lot less time than the five minutes he's gotta last with Zharkov two weeks from tonight in Los Angeles.

BW: Paul Eaton ain't no Zharkov, Gordo.

BP: Give him a break, Bucky... he might not be able to tell through those telescopes he's got for glasses.

GM: And now, the Russian War Machine is making his way out here to ringside to address the match he's got coming up two weeks from tonight-

[As Sudakov steps through the ropes, the lights in Talking Stick abruptly shut off...

...except for a solitary spotlight on Kolya Sudakov. The voice of Jackson Hunter intones through the PA.]

JH: [voice only] Sudakov... Please attend carefully.

[The screen above the entranceway crackles to life with a poorly compressed video. The angelic yet sombre "Hymn of the Cherubim" by Tchaikovsky softly plays...]

CAPTION: Будьте в своей тарелке.

CAPTION: Там теперь следует сообщение от Магаданской коалиции.

CAPTION: Он предназначен для предателя Судаков.

[The image fades to what appears to be an old world Russian kitchen. Behind the simple wooden table sits the massive Maxim Zharkov in a turtleneck and woolen sweater. He sips his tea slowly, before placing the cup properly upon a saucer. He speaks with accented, but precise English.]

MZ: I speak to you, Kolya Sudakov. You have brought great glory to us and to our nation. In the past. You have made a choice to side against us out of your avarice... your jealousy.

You lack patriotism. And as the Minister Velikov, your uncle has explained to me, we need patriots. We need to rebuild the Soviet. We cannot have half measures, and abject failures as our representatives. And so...

[He closes his fist and brings it down on the table rattling the crockery.]

MZ: ...We will bury you, tovarisch.

[The "Hymn of the Cherubim" fades along with the video. The general lighting resumes. Sudakov shouts in Russian at the direction of the screen.]

GM: Kolya Sudakov being threatened via video message by Maxim Zharkov and Bucky, I cannot wait to see this five minute challenge at the Anniversary Show. What arrogance on the part of Zharkov and Hunter to believe that a former AWA National Champion can't last five minutes with Zharkov!

BW: Look, Sudakov is a tough guy. At one time, he was one of the toughest men on the planet. But sands go through the hourglass and Father Time catches up to us all. Sudakov's not the man he once was... and he's going up against the best Newcomer of 2015! You really think Sudakov can compete against Zharkov?

GM: I absolutely do. I believe the Russian War Machine can last five minutes with Zharkov... and I believe there's a decent chance that he will BEAT The Tsar in that five minute time limit.

BW: Beat him?! Now who's delusional?

GM: Fans, let's go backstage to Mark Stegglet who has an announcement for us. Mark?

[We cut backstage to Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. The news has been coming hot and heavy here tonight. We know the Anniversary Show is just two weeks away and I've been told that Director of Operations Emerson Gellar is going to be heading immediately after tonight's show to Japan for top secret negotiations. We do not have more details than that at this time other than to say that Mr. Gellar is hoping to have a very special guest at the Anniversary Show in Los Angeles.

[Stegglet pauses.]

MS: In addition, it is now official - Sweet Daddy Williams will meet Juan Vasquez in a one-on-one match in two weeks' time! We know Alex Martinez has sworn to be in the building in Los Angeles as well... and you know that creates one HECK of an explosive situation! Gordon, Bucky... back to you.

[We cut back to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Top secret negotiations? What do you think that's about, Bucky?

BW: No clue. Maybe babymetal is coming to The X!

GM: Baby... huh?

BW: Never mind. What I really want to talk about is the sanctioned slaughter that was signed between Sweet Daddy Williams and Juan Vasquez. Happy days are here again and I can't think of a better Anniversary gift for AWA fans than for Vasquez to send that fat slob packing once and for all.

GM: Bucky, how could you say something like that?! Sweet Daddy Williams is an AWA original! He was here from Day One. Heck, he was part of the AWA before either of us were! He is the heart and soul of our locker room! He's a hero to the fans and to many of the wrestlers as well. He was the first to step up to Juan Vasquez - his former friend - and you better believe he's going to have all Vasquez can handle and then some in two weeks in Los Angeles.

BW: We'll see about that.

GM: We certainly will... and now let's go up to the ring for the in-ring return for another AWA superstar - one of the greatest technical wrestlers on the planet - Pure X!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring, hailing from Bonesteel, South Dakota... weighing in at 280 pounds... MADHOUSE MCWESSON!

[McWesson raises his fists up as the crowd boos the man from Bonesteel. The big mohawked man doesn't take too kind to that reaction as he yells at some kids in the front row, challenging them to a fight.]

GM: Madhouse McWesson back here on Saturday night and the big brawler's fired up already!

BW: He told me earlier tonight that he's been training hard for this match, he's ready to show the world what he's got.

[Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The opening sounds of "Elektra (Remix)" by SBCR vs. Refused sounds through the arena.]

PW: Hailing from Los Angeles, California and weighing in at 232 pounds...

[Twin towers of white lights and green lasers beam up and climb after each beat of Elektra, rapidly moving up to the top and focusing on the entrance way as the lyrics kick in...]

#They stack the bodies a thousand high
A cardinal monument to touch the sky
They crown the peaks
So far estranged
But down in the dirt, nothing has changed
Nothing has changed!#

#Nothing has changed!
Nothing has changed!
NOTHING HAS CHANGED!#

PW: PUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRRRRRRRRREEEEEEEEEEE X!

[The green lasers shoot up as Pure X steps out of the entrance way to the crowd's cheers, stretching his arms and hands wide open. X wears a pair of dark green wrestling tights with silver lightning bolts crossed to form an "X" on each leg, dark green wristbands, a black tee, and black boots. He also wears a pair of silver aviators that he briefly lowers to take in the crowd from atop the aisle.]

GM: After years away from the US wrestling scene, Pure X is back and in the AWA!

BW: When I first heard Pure X was coming back here, I honestly was excited, Gordo. He made a splash and improved while away from AWA, and he's still young. But I don't see the same edge, that same arrogant attitude he carried around.

GM: But that's a good thing, he seems more grounded now.

BW: And then he attacked Kerry Kendrick behind his back -

GM: Behind his back?! Kendrick was the one who interrupted X and charged at him!

BW: In self defense!

[Pure X steps down to the ring, acknowledging the fans as he passes by. Once in the ring, X takes off his T-shirt and glasses, passing them to the attendant on the outside. With X's back turned, McWesson goes in for a shot.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: A cheap shot attempt by Madhouse McWesson's ducked just in time by Pure X, who was waiting for the bell first.

BW: The Madhouse's not waiting for any bell, Gordo! I know Pure X is all about following the rules of the ring, but that won't fly against this man.

[X, backing off from McWesson's charge, now goads on the bigger man, asking him to try it again. McWesson doesn't need much more than that as he charges X once again. But as before, X evades the meaty arm of the Madhouse and clips the knee of McWesson.]

GM: Pure X showing his awareness, stumbling McWesson with that clip!

BW: That's a ten yard penalty, Gordo.

[McWesson, more angered than hurt, yells at the smiling X. Madhouse, though, to his credit learns from his mistake and challenges X to a lockup, which the younger X obliges.]

GM: Lock up and McWesson shoves X back down to the mat!

BW: That's a mistake if X thinks he can hang around Madhouse McWesson in a power game, Gordon. He'll take X's lunch pretty easy in that one!

[X looks up at McWesson, who closes the distance. As the man from Bonesteel lays down a stomp, Pure X catches the impending boot before it connects and rolls.]

GM: Quick action from Pure X sends McWesson stumbling over!

BW: And did you see it, Gordo? X already targeting McWesson's ankle.

GM: I did, Bucky, and anyone who's followed this young man will know that he'll key in on any sign of pain and attack, especially the ankle!

[As Pure X gets up, he spots McWesson near the ropes, shaking out his right foot.]

BW: Don't underestimate the Madhouse, though - this guy'll throw everything at ya!

[Indeed, after feeling the pain in his leg, McWesson's snarls and charges at Pure X in the corner. Being that McWesson's a... bulky man with a hitch in his right step, it's not too hard for Pure X to side step into a drop toe hold.]

GM: McWesson sent chest first hard into the turnbuckle! Pure X using his opponent's aggression against him yet again.

BW: And that's typical of X's game, Gordo - he's always been a reactionary type of wrestler, waiting to turn another's mistake into his opportunity.

[McWesson, hurt and looking for an easy cheapshot, tries to kick up his right leg into the nether regions of Pure X... but that prove unwise as X grabs a hold of the foot and yanks upwards.]

GM: AND THERE IT IS! THE X! PURE X HAS HIS SIGNATURE ANKLE HOLD LOCKED IN!

BW: But he's too close to the ropes, Gordo! Fight it, Madhouse!

[X twist the boot from the standing position as McWesson nearly grasps for the nearby ropes... but X using his strength to drag the Madhouse - ankle first - away from the ropes and reapplies the hold.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: That's it! McWesson taps! Pure X wins in his return match right here on Saturday Night Wrestling!

BW: A little too reckless for Madhouse, played right into Pure X's game...

[X, having let go of the hold after the bell, raises his arm in victory as the crowd cheers as Madhouse McWesson rolls out of the ring in defeat.]

PW: Here is your winner... PUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRREEEEEEEEEEEEE X!

GM: Excuse me, Bucky, but I'm going up there for a moment to get a word with the winner...

[The shot stays with Pure X, his arms now stretched wide and facing the other side of the ring. As Gordon enters the picture, Pure X meets him in the center of the ring and offers his hand to Myers, who takes it in a brief handshake.]

GM: A stellar return for you Pure X!

[X raises his hands again as the fans let out a cheer.]

PX: Like I said, it's great to be back in the AWA and great to be back in this ring!

[Another big cheer!]

PX: You know, Gordon, ever since I was a kid, my life's been wrestling - watching it, training for it, dedicating my every waking minute to competing in this ring - the conditioning, the practice, the rolling, the grappling, perfecting ever last detail in my game... All in preparation for this -

[X lays his arm open to the rest of the ring.]

PX: One chance, each and every night, to step in this ring! To compete, learn, and build a better me. Whether it's a match like the one I just had or an epic, it's always great to be able to come in here, fight in front of thousands of fans, and just soak it all in.

[X looks over the crowd as Myers begins to talk.]

GM: Now Pure X, in two weeks, you face off against Kerry Kendrick at the Anniversary Show after he challenged you after the end of the last show - what are your thoughts going into your match at the big event?

[X shakes his head a little bit as he swipes away some sweat from his brow.]

PX: Well let me tell you something, Gordon - guys like Kerry Kendrick? Guys like him, they flap their mouths a little too much. Instead of studying and perfecting their craft like me? Guys like Kerry Kendrick want to talk... But really? It's a shame, really...

GM: A shame?

PX: Yeah, Kendrick? He's got the talent - it's obvious. I won't deny that. Look it, Gordon - I don't know the man all that well, but what I do know is anyone in the AWA? They've made it. Kendrick made the journey, he's here in AWA. Like anyone on this roster, he's got a chance climb the ranks and grab that World Championship. But Gordon -

[Pure X nudged the arm of Myers.]

PX: What's he doing, Gordon? Can you tell me that? What's he doing with his career here?

GM: Well, I can't sa-

PX: Well then let me tell you - nothing! Nothing but complaining about hard breaks and being overlooked. Well let me tell you, Kendrick, MAYBE if you put a little more work in this ring? Like me? You'd be able to lose that chip on your shoulder!

[The fans let out a little cheer for X's strong words.]

PX: But again, Gordon, don't get me wrong, Gordon - he manned up... He challenged me after I made him a fool on the show, so I got to give him that. But in two weeks? I'll get his lips flapping again, this time saying "I quit!"

[And as if to echo the last two words spoken by Pure X...]

"I WANT IT ALL."

"I WANT IT ALL."

"I WANT IT ALL."

"AND I WANT IT NOW!"

["I Want It All" by Queen roars to life, and from the entranceway walks Kerry Kendrick in his casual clothes: the green polyester snakeskin-patterned shirt probably looked a lot better at the 2001 rave it was first seen at. Behind him is his sour-looking bodyguard Erica Toughill, her baseball bat slung over her shoulder.

Pure X looks out at the duo, not so much annoyed.. almost smirking. Gordon Myers, on the other hand, looks resigned to what is about to happen.]

BW: Gordon, I'd get out of there if I were you.

[Kendrick circles to the stairs off to one side, while Toughill rolls into the ring ahead of him. She scowls her way over to Myers, who hands her the microphone without protest or further confrontation, and exits through the ropes. Toughill holds the mic at arm's length and Kendrick shouts into it.]

KK: CUT THE DAMN MUSIC!

[The damn music gets cut. X tries to keep his eyes on Kendrick, Toughill, and Toughill's baseball bat. Kendrick decides to have an aside with his bodyguard first.]

KK: Hey, Ricki: put the bat down. Let's be real, real friendly.

[Toughill glares for a long second at Pure X before giving the bat a light toss to one side, where it skitters out of reach under the ropes, to the ring apron.]

KK: Now X... Did I hear you right? Did you just congratulate yourself for training? Did you just congratulate yourself for...

[You can almost see the quotes in the air as Kendrick pronounces the words.]

KK: ...Working hard? X, you don't get credit for doing your damned job! Maybe in your solipsistic worldview where only you matter, and only you are the one true technical wrestler... Maybe you think you can just walk in to the AWA locker room and show us all how it's done. Well, thank you! Thank you for condescending to wrestle me, X! I consider myself profoundly blessed that you have deigned to make brighter our dreary existence.

[He chuckles smugly.]

KK: You say I'm all talk? You say I can't back it up in the ring? Maybe I am talking too much, but I'm looking into your eyes right now.

[Kendrick inches closer to Pure X, enough that Toughill is holding the microphone equidistant between their faces.]

KK: The look in your face, pal—that says to me that what I'm saying gets under your skin. Deep down you know I'm the better man in this ring. Deep down you're terrified that in the time you've been away that the AWA has passed you by without so much as a "we've missed you, X." Deep down, you know that I AM the Heart and Soul of the AWA!

[Kendrick extends an indicting index finger to Pure X's face. X briefly averts his eyes down at the accusing digit before staring back at Kendrick with a stern, stoic look.]

KK: And you know... YOU KNOW... that's I'm right. Because I'm a Self Made Man in wrestling and you're now the one playing catch-up. In two weeks, I celebrate eight long, loyal years with this company by beating a technical wizard in the center of this ring, one-two-three.

[Kendrick takes a few steps back, with Toughill following.]

KK: Or maybe I don't have to wait.

[There is a commotion at ringside.]

GM: Mahoney! Mahoney just came out from the crowd!

[The commotion causes Pure X to look over, just in time to see Mahoney grab the baseball bat and slide under the bottom rope. Realizing the trap, X backs away, drops down and rolls out of the ring. Mahoney charges anyway, takes a swing and hits nothing but air. He points the bat at Pure X, who circles the ring towards the aisle, while Kendrick continues yelling at the man he'll be facing in two weeks.]

GM: That was a setup, Bucky! They tried to get Pure X in a three-on-one!

[Kendrick and Mahoney are shouting at Pure X from inside the ring as Toughill retrieves the bat, waving for the technician to join them back in the ring.]

GM: Pure X isn't heading back into that viper's nest and for good reason. If Kerry Kendrick wants to get his hands on Pure X, he's gotta wait two weeks until they're in Pure X's hometown of Los Angeles! Fans, when we come back, the AWA World Heavyweight Title is on the line! It's Johnny Detson versus the National Champion, Travis Lynch! Champion versus champion! And it's next!

[Fade to black.

The words "December 1994" appears in white scrawly text. The black screen fades to reveal the founder of the EMWC, Adam Thompson. Thompson's years are showing at this point. He leans towards the camera.]

"In the mid-90s, getting anyone to bankroll pro wrestling was a hard sell. The whole business was in the toilet so if you wanted to stand a chance, you started small and put in the work."

[A black and white still photo of a bloodied Colt Patterson - then known as Narcissus - battling Lorenzo Vasquez appears. The word "Extreme" etched in a deep crimson is "written" across them as the voice of Patterson is heard.]

"Extreme was the thing. Hell, my dad had been doing extreme down in the South for years - cages, bullropes, Texas Death, whatever. He just didn't know it had a

name. Did I like the idea of going through tables almost every night? Not really. But I was the champ. I was the guy. It was either do it or they'd find someone else who would. Ultimately, my career paid the price but it was a good run while it lasted."

[The shot of Patterson fades to a still photo of Chris Blue standing in a ring with Adam Thompson. Blue looks much younger than his modern counterpart who we see a moment later.]

"I bought out Adam Thompson as soon as I put the money together. I had a vision, he had a vision... too many cooks in the kitchen. I'll always be grateful to him but I think history has shown that he made the right call to take the money and let me run the place."

[A series of stills flash by - Casey James, Tiger Claw, Steve Kowalski, Creed, Brody Thunder, Serge Annis, and JW Hardin. Blue appears again.]

"It was a war. It was a total war between us and Portland. Talent, territory, ratings, buyrates... you name it, we fought over it. I fought a lot of those kinds of wars over the years but none of them were as fun as the fight that Spreadbury put up."

[More stills. This time with some of the most famous names in EMWC - men like Mark Langseth, Alex Martinez, Kevin Slater, Jeff Matthews, "Dreamlover" Trey Porter, Curtis Hansen, Eddie Van Gibson, Simon Ezra, Luke Kinsey, Chris Courtade, and others flash by in rapid-fire before fading back to Blue.]

"You know what they don't tell you? It's a hard fight to get to the top... but when you get there, sometimes it gets a little boring. I was constantly fighting with myself to stay motivated. I'd pick fights with promotions just to try and get my competitive fires burning. It was just never the same though."

[And then another series of shots - this time with some of the names synonymous with the end of the EMWC - names we'll choose not to name to protect the innocent... and the guilty. Back to Blue.]

"The writing was on the wall long before I shut the doors, I think. It was... I don't know. Bad timing? We were fighting to stay afloat for a while. We were having financial troubles, creative difficulties, you name it. Then out of nowhere, one of my best friends got leukemia and died. That was..."

[Blue pauses, turning his head to the side as we fade to black as a title comes up - "The Rise And Fall Of The Empire - available on DVD and Digital Download now. The shot of a smiling Blue comes back up.]

"Damn. It was a good run though, wasn't it? A hell of a run. Maybe the best ever. But even the best things have to end."

[Blue smiles, staring off-camera, daydreaming of days gone by as we fade to black...

...and then come back up to live action where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Fans at home, these cheers you're hearing are not for me. They're for my guest at this time, the current AWA National Champion, the man who will be challenging for the World Title tonight, Travis Lynch!

[The cheers throughout the Talking Stick Resort Arena intensify as the camera pulls allowing the AWA National Champion to come in view. Travis is dressed for battle in his trademark super smedium T-shirt, which has the image of Texas, colored like

the Texas state flag, upon it and the word HEARTTHROB written diagonally over the image of Texas in black lettering. A silver crucifix rests on top of the T-shirt. He is also wearing black chaps, with silver studding forming the belt and along the edging and around his waist is the AWA National Championship belt. Throughout the cheers the rising shrill of a woman's voice is heard "I LOVE YOU TRAVIS!". Mark Steglet smiles as Travis taps his heart. The cheers die down as Steglet begins to speak.]

MS: It's obvious why they call you the "Texas Heartthrob" in addition to the National Champion, Travis. And tonight, you've got the opportunity to earn another nickname... AWA World Heavyweight Champion...

[Travis smirks as the cheers once again intensify.]

MS: ...as you square off with the newly crowned champion, Johnny Detson.

[Travis nods his head as the AWA faithful drown Mark out with a uproar of disapproval.]

MS: And as you know Travis, Emerson Gellar has stated that win or lose tonight, you will be defending a championship in Los Angeles when the AWA celebrates its Eighth Anniversary!

[The AWA National Champion nods.]

TL: Over the past months y'all have heard me talk 'bout the good lord and how he's been lookin' down on me. He's blessed me with a lot, Mark. My family, my friends, my career, these great fans and of course...

[Travis slaps the AWA National Championship belt around his waist, as again the cheers from the fans in Phoenix intensify.]

TL: This title! And now the good lord up above has given me an opportunity of a lifetime here in Phoenix! And that's what my sight's set on, that opportunity to become the AWA World Champion!

Johnny Detson, two weeks ago you made millions of little AWA fans cry when you stole the AWA World Championship! You nearly crippled Ryan... you nearly crippled my friend! Like last year didn't do enough damage to my friends...

[Travis pauses for a moment, trying to regain his composure.]

TL: Yet, you were so proud of your theft of that title weren't you, Detson? Just hangin' in the back, poppin' bottles with the likes of Taylor, Kendrick, Patterson and the rest... braggin' 'bout how you beat the odds, how you climbed the ladder...

[Travis has a fiery expression on his face as he continues to speak.]

TL: Well, let me tell ya somethin', Detson! For the past year, I've climbed every single rung of the ladder here in the AWA. My quest for this title...

[Again, Travis slaps the AWA National Championship belt.]

TL: ...turned heads throughout the AWA. People took notice and no longer were Jack and I lumped together in conversations. You see Detson, this last year, Jack and I carved very different paths for ourselves... accomplishing our own goals and vanquishing our own demons along the way. And while Jack may not be in the AWA, I know he's at home proud of his little brother! And I'm proud of him for doin' what is important for him right now!

This path I carved, Detson, this path that started almost one year ago at the Seventh Anniversary Show, has lead me to right here and right now. Just a few minutes away from the biggest opportunity of my career.

["The Texas Heartthrob" runs his right hand through his curly blonde hair.]

TL: Detson, I'm just minutes away from showin' the world that your aren't the absolute best! So prepare for a fall, Detson, 'cause there's 'bout to be a new King of the AWA Mountain!

[Travis claps his hands together, walking out of view as Mark Stegklet stays behind to wrap it up.]

MS: Travis Lynch is moments away from a chance at immortality. But can he topple the man who stooped lower than anyone to capture the World Title because if he'll go that low to win it... how low will he go to keep it? Colt Patterson is standing by with the World Heavyweight Champion. Colt?

[We cut to a bicep pose of Colt Patterson standing in the backstage area. As the camera zooms out from him, he straightens up and begins to speak.]

CP: Stegklet, I didn't hear a word you were sayin' because I had a couple things to admire back here. One is this magnificent arm...

[He leans over to plant a kiss on his bicep as the camera pulls back a bit more.]

CP: ...and the other is the gleaming piece of gold over the shoulder of YOUR WORLD... HEAVYWEIGHT... CHAMPION! Johnny Detson, my friend, come on in here.

[Johnny Detson walks up to Colt with a sour look on his face. He is dressed to wrestle with his long gold tights and black boots. He has a royal blue sweat jacket with the Fox logo embroidered across the left breast. And over his shoulder is the AWA World Heavyweight Title belt.]

CP: Champ, the whole world is talkin' about what went down two weeks ago when you finally captured the title that eluded you for all of 2015 - the AWA World Title! But just when you won it... just when you were on top of the mountain... that stuffed suit, Emerson Gellar, interrupted the greatest celebration in all of sports to force you to defend your title here tonight... and I know that cannot sit well with you.

JD: Not sit well, Colt? I am the World Heavyweight Champion; I demand and deserve respect and his first act after I won the title was to disrespect me?

[Detson shakes his head.]

JD: I don't know who this Emerson Gellar thinks he is, but let me tell him who I AM! I am Johnny Detson... your AWA World Heavyweight Champion. I walked into a match for the title...

[Detson slaps the title plate.]

JD: ...and I walked out the champion.

[Detson smirks, waving a dismissive hand.]

JD: The hows and whys are irrelevant. But I guess we get to pick and choose what insults who. Like the time I was screwed out of my rightful reign by that has-been in the Iron Match in Dallas! Where was the justice for that? Like the time that

jealous Calisto Dufresne cost me my Main Event spot for this very title at SuperClash? Is any of that fair, Colt?

[Colt shakes his head as Detson does the same.]

JD: No, it's not. It's not fair to Johnny Detson, but what did I do? I dusted myself off and won this title despite the obvious persecution... despite Emerson Gellar conveniently not being here to rectify those injustices! Now Mr. Gellar wants to put me in some match with some made up Number One Contender. Travis Lynch? Travis Lynch is the National Champion... does Travis have to defend his title?

[Detson shakes his head, this time answering his own question.]

JD: No he doesn't. It's not fair, it's not right, and I demand respect. I am the World Heavyweight Champion and THOU SHALL NOT DISRESPECT ME!

[Detson is fuming mad as Colt speaks up.]

CP: All great points, champ. But the fact is even though you were unfairly placed in this match... you ARE in the match. And you're defending the title against Travis Lynch. What's your plan to deal with your challenger here tonight in Phoenix?

[Detson chuckles.]

JD: Travis Lynch? Mister Nepotism and Name-Recognition? Travis had a lot of strong things to say about his World Champion after I won this belt. A lot of people had a lot of things to say about their AWA World Heavyweight Champion after I won this title. Apparently Travis thinks he's a better person than me. Apparently Travis thinks we all forgot how he won his National Title... but we didn't.

[Detson smirks.]

JD: Now you just happened to luck yourself into a match against the World Heavyweight Champion. Well, Travis that's where your luck ends because you're not ready for this type of match... a match with everything on the line.

[The new World Champion swings a hand up.]

JD: Millions of eyes beading down on you. Sure, you'll say you've been here before... but have you? This isn't some run down organization of also rans that Daddy use to run. This isn't for the National Title... this is for the WORLD. HEAVYWEIGHT. CHAMPIONSHIP!

[Detson stares at the title across his shoulder before looking back at the camera.]

JD: I'm not Juan Vasquez, Travis. I'm not going to think twice to drop you on that head of yours!

[Detson looks at the title again before looking at the camera.]

JD: I'm not Supreme Wright. I don't need to motivate you, threaten your family, or any of that other stuff. I'm just coming after you.

[Detson stops and takes the title off his shoulders and holds it down in front of him with his two hands. The silence as he stares at it makes it seem like an eternity but really is only about ten seconds. He breaks the silence by looking up at Colt.]

JD: You know Colt... they call tonight Awards Night. This is the night they go around awarding people for best moves... best team... most inspiring... who loves who... who hates who... best hair...

[Detson snorts out a dismissive laugh.]

JD: Well, you can keep your plastic trophies and tin plaques because I have my award right here.

[Detson holds up the title for the camera to see.]

JD: It's called the AWA World Heavyweight Title and it means I'm awarded the title of BEST! THING! GOING!

So if you think I'm going to let that change because you and Gellar don't like the way I operate...

[Detson trails off but he shakes his head to indicate that's not happening.]

JD: I'm not going to let Emerson Gellar's quest for fifteen minutes of fame derail what took me fifteen years to achieve. I'm not going to let some punk kid relying on his last name beat me! I'm not going to let the fact that I have to wrestle in this dump of a city even though my contract states I'd never have to wrestle in this hellhole ever again even get me down!

[Detson smirks as even backstage he can hear the deafening jeers from the crowd.]

JD: Why? Because I am THE World Heavyweight Champion! I got it. I'm keeping it. And try as you might... there's not a damn thing you are going to be able to do about it.

[With that, Detson walks out throwing the World Title back over his shoulder.]

CP: Now that... that's a World Champion. And if I was laying down money, I'd say he STAYS the World Champion.

[Patterson smirks.]

CP: Count on it! Now let's go down to the ring for World Title action!

[We crossfade from Patterson's smirking face to a wide shot of the Phoenix crowd, panning across it as Phil Watson's voice rings out.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and it is for the AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first... he is the challenger... hailing from Dallas, Texas... weighing in tonight at 252 pounds... he is the Texas Heartthrob... and the AWA National Champion...

TRAAAAAAAAAAVISSSSSSSS LYNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[Cut to the backstage area where the AWA National Champion is slowly walking towards the entrance way. The champion is attired in his trademark super smedium T-shirt, which has the image of Texas, colored like the Texas state flag, upon it and the word HEARTTHROB written diagonally over the image of Texas in black lettering. A silver crucifix rests on top of the T-shirt. He is also wearing black chaps, with silver studding forming the belt and along the edging and around his waist is the AWA National Championship belt. Travis stares at the curtain in front of him a moment, as the classic riffs of "Tom Sawyer" by Rush begin to play throughout the

arena. He lifts the dangling silver crucifix, planting a kiss on it, leaning his head back to look up at the ceiling.]

#A modern day warrior
Mean, mean stride
Today's Tom Sawyer
Mean, mean pride#

[Travis pushes open the curtain and walks out onto the stage. The camera pans behind him showing his view of the arena, and Travis pauses, soaking up the love from the fans, who are cheering wildly.]

#Though his mind is not for rent
Don't put him down as arrogant
He reserves the quiet defense
Riding out the day's events
The river#

[The camera pans back in front of Travis as he breaks into slight jog as the fans reach over the barricade and slap his arms and shoulders.]

GM: Here he comes, fans! Texas born and bred! Bred to be a professional wrestler! Bred to be a fighter! Bred to be a champion! And a champion he is. He won that piece of gold around his waist on August 15th in Portland, Oregon and battled through hell to get it AND to keep it, beating Juan Vasquez at SuperClash last fall as well!

BW: Born a Stench, bred to be a loser like his old man, his fat sow of a mother, and his useless brothers... including the cripple!

GM: BUCKY!

[As he gets closer to the ring, he approaches the barricade, leaning over for high fives and hugs... and a few kisses from the ladies to boot. He grabs the middle rope, pulling himself up on the apron. He pulls off his t-shirt, drawing a BIG cheer from the ladies as he tosses it into the crowd to a lucky female fan. He pulls off his silver crucifix, planting a kiss on it again before he hangs it around the ringpost. The chaps come next, falling off into a pool on the floor. He turns, pointing to the fans before ducking through the ropes inside the ring. The Texas Heartthrob pulls off the title belt, thrusting it over his head to a big cheer from the Phoenix fans.]

GM: Travis Lynch steps into the squared circle tonight with an opportunity to become only the second man in AWA history to wear two championships at the same time.

BW: And the last guy that did it only had them for about twenty seconds!

[Lynch settles back into the corner, waiting for his opponent.]

PW: And his opponent...

[After a pregnant pause, "Kashmir" by Led Zeppelin begins to play over the PA system, sending a DEAFENING jeer up into the air.]

GM: Johnny Detson isn't a popular man in ANY city the AWA visits but here in Phoenix, he is EASILY the Most Hated man in the AWA.

BW: They should fall to their knees and praise him - the conquering hero returning to the dregs that he used to thrill when he worked for another company! But instead they boo him, knowing that he moved on to compete with the best in the

world and left them here to realize what could've been. He even upgraded his finishing move's name after leaving this dump!

GM: Shh. You won.

BW: You know how many Announcer of the Year awards that hack stole from me?!

[The guitar riffs on for about twenty seconds and then out comes Johnny Detson to an even louder explosion of boos. Wearing a black zippered sweat jacket with the Fox logo embroidered over his left breast. Wearing long gold tights and black boots, he looks over the crowd for a moment as the song continues to play.]

GM: Johnny Detson believes there should be no title match tonight. But unfortunately for him, the new Director of Operations - Emerson Gellar - believed differently. And no matter the result, the AWA World Title will be on the line in two weeks again!

[Detson stands right before the walkway and throws his hood back behind his head. He gives a quick glance to the crowd to show them his disgust before walking down the ramp towards the ring.]

GM: Of course, we all remember how Detson won the title two weeks ago - one of the most disgusting scenes I've ever seen.

BW: A completely legal and ethical title win!

GM: Legal perhaps thanks to the maneuvering of President Landon O'Neill. But ethical, I don't think so! He assaulted Ryan Martinez after Martinez had already suffered a piledriver at the hands of Juan Vasquez. He hit the Wilde Driver on a man essentially unconscious and several injured. What kind of a win is that? What kind of a champion is that?

BW: Our champion, Gordo. Our World Heavyweight Champion.

GM: Disgusting.

[He steps through the ropes and throws his arms up in the air to the disgust of the crowd. Smirking, he begins to take off his jacket, revealing the glittering World Title belt underneath. He unclasps it, clutching it to his chest as referee Ricky Longfellow steps forward to take it from him.]

GM: And Johnny Detson has no desire to give the title belt to the referee. He knows that there's a decent chance that he may never get his hands on it again if he does.

BW: And how is that fair, Gordo? How is it fair that Johnny Detson is putting EVERYTHING on the line here tonight while Travis Lynch is putting NOTHING on the line?! Johnny's under all the pressure! Johnny's got everything to lose and nothing to gain!

GM: Nothing to gain?! He's got another night as World Champion to gain... and when you look at the list of top contenders, he oughta treasure every single night he gets if you ask me because Johnny Detson is living the World Champion's life on borrowed time!

[Finally, Detson plants a kiss on the title belt, handing it over to the official who holds it high above his head, showing it off to the Phoenix fans to a big reaction.]

BW: Gordo, Johnny Detson has walked into this city as the World Champion before... not OUR World Champion but A World Champion. He's wrestled in front of

the bright lights. He's wrestled in front of the big crowds. He knows what it's like to have all the pressure on him. Travis Lynch hasn't.

GM: Travis Lynch wrestled in front of the biggest crowd in AWA history at SuperClash and beat a Hall of Famer! Don't tell me this kid can't thrive under the pressure!

[Champion and challenger are waved out to the center of the ring by referee Ricky Longfellow. He holds them a foot apart, going over some final instructions with both men as they stare each other down.]

GM: What a moment! This could be a Main Event in any arena in the world... on any Pay Per View in the world... but we're bringing it to you LIVE right here on The X tonight! And if this is what the new era under Emerson Gellar is going to be like, sign me up, Bucky!

[The crowd is roaring for the staredown as Longfellow finishes his instructions, ordering the two men back to their respective corners...

...and then signals for the bell!]

GM: HERE WE GO!

[A big cheer goes up from the Phoenix crowd as Travis Lynch, showing his emotions on his sleeve, dashes across the ring, blocking Detson's attempt at a haymaker and throwing one of his own!]

GM: Travis Lynch opens fire! Big left hand!

[Knocking Detson back into the corner, Lynch opens fire with a series of big looping haymakers!]

GM: The challenger has got Detson against the buckles and Detson's in trouble early!

[Lynch keeps on throwing, ignoring the referee's cries to get the man out of the corner.]

BW: Ring the bell! Disqualify this lunatic!

GM: Travis Lynch has seen too many of his family members... too many of his friends hurt over the past year! Johnny Detson may have gone too far in what he did two weeks ago to Ryan Martinez!

[Lynch finally breaks off the attack, grabbing Detson by his blonde hair, running across the ring and RAMMING his skull into the top turnbuckle, lifting Detson up into the air before he crashes back down to the canvas!]

GM: Travis Lynch is beating Johnny Detson from pillar to post right now!

[Detson is down on all fours when Lynch grabs a handful of trunks, pulling him up to his feet. He lifts him up, holds him high, and then brings him crashing down on a bent knee with an atomic drop!]

GM: BIIIIIG ATOMIC DROP!

[Detson bounces off the knee, staggering towards the ropes where he falls over the top, crashing down to the floor!]

GM: And out to the floor goes the World Champion!

BW: That's a DQ! Over the top rope! Ring the bell!

GM: You know very well that's not a DQ here in the AWA, Bucky!

BW: It's not? Well... stay down, champ!

[Detson slowly grabs the ring apron, dragging himself up off the floor...

...and Travis Lynch comes charging across the ring, dropping into a baseball slide!]

GM: OHH! DROPKICK TO THE FACE!

[Detson goes sailing across the ringside area, crashing into the ringside barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

[Lynch rolls under the ropes, dropping off the apron to the floor.]

GM: Travis Lynch steps out to the floor... and the challenger isn't about to let Johnny Detson sit out here and take a countout to save the title!

BW: Who would suggest such a thing?!

GM: You just did!

[As the Texan approaches the railing, he lashes out with a left hook to the jaw, stunning Detson as he grabs the arm.]

GM: Look out here!

[An Irish whip sends Detson towards the ring apron. He turns into it, slamming his lower back into the edge of the apron!]

GM: OHH!

[And as Detson stumbles away from the apron, Lynch elevates him into the air, sending him crashing down onto the barely-padded floor!]

GM: BIG BACK BODY DROP ON THE FLOOR!

[Lynch pumps a fist as he stands over the World Champion who is cradling his lower back, wincing in pain.]

GM: Travis Lynch has dominated the opening moments of this match and if you're a fan of having a good, honest, hard-working World Champion-

BW: Then thank you for being a Johnny Detson fan!

[Leaning down, the challenger hauls Detson up by the hair, pulling him back towards the ring...

...and SLAMS his face into the ring apron, shoving him under the ropes and back inside the ring.]

GM: Lynch putting the fight back in the ring - the only place he can win the World Title on this night.

[Grabbing the middle rope, Lynch pulls himself up on the apron. He nods his head, pointing towards the corner.]

GM: The Texan is heading up top!

[Approaching the turnbuckles, Lynch steps up to the second rope... then places a foot up top...]

GM: Lynch standing on the top, looking down at Detson!

[Detson pushes up to a knee, grabbing at his back...

...and then shoves the nearby official, sending him falling back into the ropes - a move that causes Lynch to lose his balance, falling off and straddling the top rope strand!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: OH, COME ON!

BW: HAHAAHAH! I LOVE IT!

GM: He put his hands on an AWA official and you LOVE it?!

BW: Hey, if Longfellow don't like it - he can disqualify Johnny Detson!

GM: And make sure that he keeps the World Heavyweight Title!

BW: Those are the rules, Gordo. I don't make the rules.

[The referee is screaming at Detson - echoing the reaction of the AWA faithful jammed into an arena in Phoenix.]

GM: Ricky Longfellow is letting him have it... but you know he has no desire to disqualify Detson! He doesn't want to reward Detson for his actions!

[Detson climbs up off the mat, smirking at the jeering crowd as he wobbles across the ring towards the corner, reaching up and **BLASTING** Lynch with a right hand. A second one follows but Lynch hangs on to the ropes, clinging to them with both hands.]

GM: Travis Lynch is hanging on for dear life after falling unceremoniously on that top rope and-

[Detson steps up on the rope, hooking a loose side headlock, smashing his fist repeatedly into the head of Travis Lynch. He hops down off the ropes, rushing to the far ropes, barreling back at top speed. The crowd buzzes with anticipation at what's coming...

...and Detson pulls up to a stop, kicking the bottom of the top rope, sending a jolt through Lynch's "lower body" again!]

GM: Oh, give me a break!

BW: There's an easy solution, Gordo... ring the bell!

GM: Not a chance. Johnny Detson being reprimanded by Ricky Longfellow again and-

[Detson is arguing with Longfellow when he suddenly turns to the side and **SHOVES** Lynch with both hands, sending him toppling off the top rope, crashing down hard to the floor on the barely-padded mats!]

GM: Oh! Lynch goes down HARD on the floor!

[The World Champion leans on the top rope, grinning at the jeering crowd. He straightens up, stretching his arms out to his sides, waving his hands to call for more boos.]

GM: These fans in Phoenix despise Johnny Detson and he loves it!

[Detson finally ducks through the ropes, standing on the apron looking down at Travis Lynch. He hops down off the apron, stomping the Texan a few times before pulling him off the floor by the hair, pulling him over towards the timekeeper's table...

...and SMASHES Lynch's face on the wooden table!]

GM: Ohh! Facefirst off the table!

[The timekeeper gets up, trying to get out of Detson's way as the World Champion circles the table, hopping up on the other side of it.]

GM: Detson's up on the table! What in the world is he doing up there?

[Detson grabs Lynch by the hair, pulling him up on the table with him.]

GM: Now BOTH men are up on the table!

[A smirking Detson looks close at Lynch...]

"You will NEVER... be me!"

[...and HURLS him off the table, sending him crashing down onto the floor a second time!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

BW: Lynch might be done already!

[Lynch rolls onto his back, chest heaving as Detson stands on the table, taunting the ringside fans. He hops off the table, moving over to pull Lynch up by the hair, shoving him under the ropes.]

GM: Detson puts him in... rolling in after him...

[The World Champion applies a lateral press, not bothering with a leg as the referee counts to two.]

GM: Only two there...

[Detson pushes up to his knees, pulling Lynch up by the hair. He slams a fist into the eyesocket... and another... and another, shoving him back down to the mat for a second lateral press.]

GM: One... two... and again, Lynch lifts the shoulder.

[Detson climbs back to his feet, looking down at the Texan. He pulls him up by the arm, backing him into the corner turnbuckles.]

GM: Detson backs Travis into the corner... big whip...

[Lynch crashes backfirst into the buckles as Detson charges across, swinging his leg up to drive a knee into the midsection!]

GM: Running kitchen sink - right in the gut!

[The blow doubles up Lynch but Detson uses an uppercut, snapping Lynch's head back as he hooks his arms over the top rope, trying to stay on his feet as Detson backs off, takes aim...

...and delivers a second running knee into the midsection!]

GM: Two big running knees to the body and that'll cut some of the wind out of the sails of the challenger and National Champion!

[Detson grabs the top rope with both hands, swinging a boot up into the gut over and over. A half dozen kicks connect before Ricky Longfellow steps in, forcing the World Champion to back off.]

GM: Detson trying to work the body of Lynch - trying to break down the abdominals.

BW: I think he's trying to wear him down, Gordo. All those muscles may make the little girls squeal but they also take a lot of oxygen to power. Travis Lynch's biggest weakness just might be his stamina.

GM: There's quite the age difference between these two though, Bucky. Travis Lynch at 25 years of age while Johnny Detson checks in at 41 years old.

BW: Do you know how many of those 41 years Johnny Detson has dreamed of being exactly where he is right now, Gordo? Johnny Detson has wanted to be the World Champion of the biggest wrestling promotion in the world since he first laced up the boots. Now that he's there, you might very well have to KILL him to take that title off him.

[Detson grabs the hair, dragging the Texan out of the corner by it to the middle of the ring. He scoops Lynch up, slamming him down to the canvas.]

GM: Scoop slam... and he drops to his knees, driving the point of his elbow down into the windpipe!

[The champion shoves a coughing Lynch's shoulders to the mat, applying a lateral press.]

GM: Detson gets one! He gets two!

[But the shoulder comes off the mat again. An annoyed Detson BLASTS Lynch with a right hand, applying another cover but getting another two count.]

GM: Lynch kicks out again! Detson is losing his cool a little bit.

BW: Which is out of character for him, Gordo. Detson is usually the coolest of cucumbers which means this situation with Emerson Gellar forcing him to defend the title tonight has made him SO mad... and who can blame him?!

GM: Yes, a champion being forced to defend his title. Such shocking behavior on the part of the Director of Operations.

[Detson climbs to his feet, pulling the Texan up again, and right into a front facelock. He grabs a handful of trunks...

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

GM: Snap suplex! Perfect execution!

[This time, the World Champion opts not to cover, climbing to his feet where he stomps the sternum of Lynch. He walks across the ring, taunting the fans before turning back, walking towards the challenger who he stomps in the chest a second time!]

GM: Two hard stomps to the chest, trying to keep Lynch down on the canvas.

[Detson walks around the downed Lynch, leaning down to grab the legs.]

GM: He's going for a Boston Crab!

[Detson hooks the legs under his armpits when Lynch starts to struggle, wiggling back and forth, trying to pull his legs free.]

GM: Lynch is fighting it! The challenger is fighting it with all he's got!

[The champion struggles to turn him over for a few more moments before turning back the other way...

...and holding the legs apart, he delivers a hard stomp in a questionably-legal area! The crowd jeers loudly as Ricky Longfellow steps in, shoving a finger in the face of Detson.]

GM: The referee says that was below the belt, fans, and I think he might be right!

BW: Oh, I know he's right! Disqualify him!

GM: Johnny Detson has been flirting with a disqualification all night long and you know as well as I do that he doesn't care! He wants to keep the title and he doesn't care how it happens!

[Detson pleads innocent, backing across the ring into the ropes as a red-faced Longfellow continues to accuse him of malfeasance. Lynch rolls to all fours, doubled up down on the mat as he crawls across the ring, trying to get to the corner.]

GM: The challenger - the Texas Heartthrob - trying to create some space, using the ropes to pull himself off the mat.

[Lynch looks to be in tremendous pain as Detson brushes past the official, moving in behind him...

...and the Texan throws an elbow back under the chin!]

GM: Oh! Lynch caught him coming in!

[A second elbow causes Detson to stumble backwards as Lynch turns around in the corner, hanging onto the top rope with both arms.]

GM: Lynch is on his feet, trying to get a second wind!

[Detson suddenly charges in on the challenger...

...who leans back, raising his leg!]

GM: OHH! DETSON RUNS RIGHT INTO THE BOOT!

[The boot catches Detson right under the chin, snapping his head back. The crowd ROARS for the defensive strike as Detson staggers away. The Texan hops up on the middle rope, giving a shout...]

GM: Lynch leaps!

[But as he leaps, Detson ducks down to avoid it...

...which Travis Lynch turns into a flying sunset flip, dragging Detson down to the canvas!]

GM: SUNSET FLIP!! ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: SHOULDER UP! MY GOD, THE SHOULDER GOES UP!

BW: Holy... I thought I was going to have to move to Mars.

GM: What?

BW: I can't live in a world where a Lynch is World Champion.

[Detson rolls away from Lynch, crawling across the ring as the Texan rolls to all fours.]

GM: The sunset flip off the second rope put Travis Lynch a half count - maybe less - away from winning the World Heavyweight Title!

BW: Detson didn't see it coming and it almost cost him everything, Gordo!

[Lynch pushes up off the mat as Detson climbs to his feet in the corner, breathing heavily.]

GM: Both men on their feet... here comes Detson!

[The charging World Champion tears across the ring towards the Texan...

...and gets scooped up as the challenger pivots and DRIVES Detson down into the canvas with a powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM! POWERSLAM! THAT MIGHT DO IT!

[Hooking a leg, Lynch hangs on tight as the referee dives to the canvas.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Another near fall for the challenger! Travis Lynch buries his head in his hands - he thought he had him with the powerslam!

[Lynch shakes his head, climbing to his feet. He drags Detson off the canvas, grabbing him by the arm...

...and Detson YANKS his own arm, pulling Lynch into a short back elbow!]

GM: OH!

[Detson buries a boot in the gut of the stunned Lynch, pulling him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Detson's going for the Wilde Driver!

[...but Lynch sweeps out the legs, putting Detson on his back as Lynch flips over into a double leg cradle!]

GM: CRADLE! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Detson again just narrowly avoids losing the title, kicking out of the pin attempt.]

GM: Another near fall! Another near victory for Travis Lynch!

[Free from the pin attempt, Detson rolls under the ropes to the floor, waving his arms dismissively towards the ring.]

GM: Where is Detson going?

[Marching over to the timekeeper's table, Detson shouts at the timekeeper.]

"GIMME MY BELT!"

[Detson snatches the belt out of the timekeeper's hands, swinging it over his shoulder.]

GM: The World Champion is... is he leaving?!

BW: Sure looks like it.

[The crowd is jeering loudly as Detson walks around the ring, waving an arm at the ring again.]

GM: He's heading for the exit! Johnny Detson has had enough of Travis Lynch and he's calling it a night so he can save the World Title!

[As Detson starts up the aisle, Travis Lynch rolls out of the ring, walking down the aisle after him. The crowd is roaring as the challenger heads up the aisle, trying to get to the World Champion in time.]

GM: Detson's trying to make a getaway but the cavalry is comin' for him! We just passed the ten minute mark in this sixty minute time limit. Plenty of time left in this one but right now, Travis Lynch is trying to make sure that the match continues at all!

[Up near the top of the aisle, Lynch catches up to Detson who wheels around, trying to use the belt as a weapon but whiffs on the wild swing.]

GM: Detson tried to hit him with the belt!

[A series of haymakers from Lynch land, backing Detson down the aisle as the title belt lays on the floor where Detson dropped it.]

GM: The Texan firing away, backing Detson up the aisle again!

[A well-placed haymaker causes Detson to spin away, staggering back towards the ring with Travis Lynch in hot pursuit.]

GM: Detson's coming back and the challenger's right behind him!

[Getting back to the ring, Detson rolls under the bottom rope, racing across the ring as Lynch gets up on the apron...

...and Detson uses his body as a battering ram, throwing himself into an impactful shoulder tackle that sends Lynch sailing off the apron, clearing the ringside mats and SMASHING down on the exposed concrete floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS!

[The crowd is buzzing with concern as Lynch lies sprawled on the exposed concrete. Detson leans against the ropes, breathing heavily as the referee steps out to the apron, taking a long look at the downed challenger.]

GM: Travis Lynch went sailing off the apron, missed those thin mats at ringside completely, and landing on the SOLID concrete floor here in the Talking Stick Resort Arena!

BW: That's it! Count him out, ref!

[The official, standing on the apron, raising his arm to start his ten count.]

"ONE!"

GM: Johnny Detson - look at the smile on his face, fans. Look at how much he's enjoying this. He'll take the countout right now - make no mistake about it.

BW: Of course he will! What kind of an idiot wouldn't?! He'll keep the title AND he'll get the winner's paycheck!

"TWO!"

[Detson waves an arm, telling Longfellow to count faster.]

GM: Johnny Detson doesn't seem happy with the count of the official, trying to get a faster count.

BW: Absolutely. I'm up to eight or nine already.

GM: Eight or nine? Did you SKIP numbers?!

"THREE!"

[The fans in Phoenix are buzzing, trying to encourage Travis to get back to his feet and get back inside the ring.]

"FOUR!"

GM: The challenger took a hard fall and he hasn't moved at all since he hit the floor, Bucky.

BW: I'm telling you - it's over and you know what? Lynch's National Title reign may be over too! He may be injured thanks to that fall!

"FIVE!"

[With the crowd roaring, cheering on the challenger, Travis Lynch slowly raises an arm up from his prone position on the floor...]

"SIX!"

GM: Lynch is moving! Travis Lynch - for the first time hitting the floor - is moving!

[Detson insists that the official count faster.]

"SEVEN!"

GM: Travis Lynch is... he's sitting up on the floor! Travis Lynch is sitting up on the concrete and-

"EIGHT!"

BW: Come on, Longfellow! Do your job!

GM: He is doing his job! He's counting and... Travis Lynch is on his feet! Travis Lynch is on his feet!

[Lynch staggers towards the ring where Detson is SCREAMING at the official to count faster.]

"NINE!"

GM: The count is up to nine! Travis Lynch to the apron and-

[Longfellow raises his hand, about to count to ten...

...and Lynch dives under the bottom rope, breaking the count to a HUGE cheer!]

GM: LYNCH MADE IT! HE MADE IT IN TIME!

[An irate Detson shoves the official aside, violently and viciously stomping the head of the downed Texan!]

GM: Detson's all over him! Detson thought he had this one over and done with but the heart and soul of Travis Lynch drove him to get back inside that ring and finish this match.

[Detson angrily pulls Lynch off the mat, yanking him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: He's going for the Wilde Driver!

BW: FINISH HIM!

[...but Travis Lynch has other ideas, straightening up, and sending Detson sailing OVER the top rope, crashing down on the thinly-padded floor with a backdrop!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: WHAT IS WITH THESE TWO THROWING EACH OTHER TO THE FLOOR?!

[Lynch collapses to his knees, leaning forward to rest his hands on the canvas as the official steps back out on the apron, starting another ten count.]

GM: Ricky Longfellow starting another count but this time, if he gets to ten, Johnny Detson will lose the match but not the World Heavyweight Title!

[The referee's count is quickly to three as the crowd buzzes, trying to inspire Travis Lynch to get up and get Detson back inside the ring.]

GM: The fans in Phoenix are dying to see a title change here tonight. Johnny Detson is less than fifteen minutes into his first televised title defense and you can feel it, Bucky! You can feel it in the air that Travis Lynch has got a chance to walk out of here as the World Champion!

BW: No, that's just Hernandez' leftover fish tacos in catering. The smell coming off those things...

[Lynch rolls to his back, rolling under the ropes and out to the floor as the count hits five.]

GM: Now both men are out on the floor, the Texan dragging Detson off the floor, and he FIRES him back under the ropes inside the ring.

[Lynch pauses, taking a few deep breaths out on the floor before climbing up on the apron, ducking through the ropes and advancing on Detson who rolls to his knees, begging off.]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Lynch stands over Detson, fists balled up as the World Champion shakes his head, begging him not to hit him. The crowd screams at Lynch, encouraging him to bust his knuckles on the head of the World Champion.]

GM: The challenger looking down on Detson! The fans know what they want him to do! Lynch looking out at these screaming fans in Phoenix, urging him on and-

[Lynch plants a boot in the chest of Detson, knocking him back on his butt. He scoots backwards, leaning against the turnbuckles where Lynch moves in, pulling him back to his feet.]

GM: The challenger has him backed into the buckles again...

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

GM: Big knife edge chop by the challenger! Shades of his good friend, Ryan Martinez right there!

[Lynch grabs Detson by the arm, firing him from corner to corner where Detson SLAMS hard into the buckles, staggering out while grabbing at his lower back...

...and wobbling right into Lynch's waiting arms, getting hoisted into the air and PRESSED up overhead!]

GM: GORILLA PRESS! LYNCH HAS GOT HIM UP! LYNCH HAS GOT HIM UP!

[But suddenly, Detson slips out, dropping down to his knees behind Lynch who grabs at his lower back in pain.]

GM: Oh! Lynch's back gave out!

[Detson reaches up, snaring the Texan in a loose dragon sleeper before leaping up, jamming his knees into the back and falling to the canvas!]

GM: OH! What in the world was that?!

[The World Champion quickly shoves Lynch off his knees, rolling into a lateral press, reaching back to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[And this time, it's Travis Lynch who escapes near defeat, lifting a shoulder off the canvas!]

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

GM: Fifteen minutes expired in this sixty minute time limit - and remember, Johnny Detson battled Ryan Martinez in that Iron Man match last year so we know that - if necessary - he can go the full hour.

[Detson climbs off the canvas, falling back into the corner, breathing heavily. The referee kneels to check on Lynch who is clutching his back in pain while Detson tries to recover.]

GM: Lynch is down... Detson is on his feet but barely! These two have only gone fifteen minutes but both men have taken incredible falls to the floor!

[Pushing out of the corner, Detson stumbles out towards Lynch, stomping down on the chest again. A second stomp puts Lynch flat on his back as Detson leaps up, dropping down backfirst on the chest!]

GM: Leaping backsplash connects... and he flips over into another pin attempt!

[Another two count follows as Lynch lifts the shoulder to big cheers.]

GM: Another two count. This one has gone back and forth several times and as Detson pulls his challenger off the mat, he's looking to find a way to finish this one off.

[Scooping Lynch up off the mat, Detson slams him down on the canvas. He throws his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture and starts walking towards the corner.]

GM: Johnny Detson slams him down in the middle and he's heading for the corner!

BW: I don't know if I like the looks of this, Gordo.

[Detson steps up on the second rope, looking out at the jeering fans as he plants a foot on the top rope...]

GM: Detson's going up top, fans!

BW: And I REALLY don't know if I like the looks of this!

[Standing up top, Detson blindly leaps backwards, flipping through the air...]

GM: MOONSAULT!

[...and CRASHES down on the raised knees of Travis Lynch!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THE CHALLENGER GOT THE KNEES UP! MY STARS!

BW: It was a bad decision by the World Champion, Gordo... and something just popped into mind for me about this match.

GM: What's that?

BW: If you look back on the last year of action here in the AWA for Johnny Detson, he had a near-constant flow of support in his corner. Eric Somers... Calisto Dufresne... both providing him with physical support, mental support, and maybe most importantly strategic support. If Calisto Dufresne is at ringside for this match, I don't know if Detson takes that risk right there. For the first time in forever, Johnny Detson is completely on his own in a title match environment and he may have just made a huge mistake because of it.

[The crowd is roaring, encouraging the challenger to get up off the canvas as the two men lay side by side on the mat - Lynch on his back, his feet on the canvas and Detson on all fours, cradling his ribcage that took the brunt of Lynch's timely counter.]

GM: Both men are down. Both men are hurting but with the World Heavyweight Title on the line, both men are willing to push themselves even further to get to the top of the mountain!

[With Detson still hurting, Travis Lynch rolls to his hip, pushing up to a knee and then to his feet. He staggers forward, grabbing the back of Detson's hair and hauling him up to his feet.]

GM: The challenger brings Detson back up... left hand to the jaw! And another sends Detson falling backwards into the ropes.

[Lynch grabs Detson by the arm, whipping him across the ring. As the World Champion rebounds, Lynch lifts him up over his shoulder, bringing him down in an inverted atomic drop!]

GM: Ohh! Manhattan drop by Lynch! Backs to the ropes and-

[The crowd cheers as Lynch connects with a leaping forearm smash, knocking Detson back down to the canvas.]

GM: Big shot by the Texan has Detson back down on the mat... crawling to escape the ring...

[But a defiant Lynch shakes his head, grabbing Detson by the ankle and hauling him back inside the squared circle. He reaches down, dragging Detson back up to his feet by the hair.]

GM: Lynch brings him up... and a big left hand downstairs to the ribs that Detson hurt on that moonsault attempt!

[Pulling Detson back, Lynch yanks him into an abdominal stretch, ripping and tearing at the muscles Detson slammed into his raised knees moments earlier.]

GM: Abdominal stretch - expertly applied by the challenger!

[Lynch yanks back on the arm, stretching out Detson and causing him to cry out in pain.]

GM: Detson's abdominal muscles are ravaged in pain from that moonsault counter by the Texan and now this!

[Detson shakes his head at the official, refusing to give in.]

GM: Detson's trying to hold on! Trying to find an escape from this hold!

[Lynch lifts his left hand for all to see, twisting his fingers into an Iron Claw...

...and LOCKS IT on the stomach of Detson, causing him to scream out in pain!]

GM: The abdominal claw is locked in now as well! He's stretching him out with one arm and ripping at his guts with the other hand!

[The referee leans in, checking to see if Detson wants to submit away the World Title but the champion is defiant, shaking his head.]

GM: Detson hanging on as Lynch tries to force a submission out of him!

[Lynch digs his fingers in deeper, screaming "ASK HIM!" at the official who does... and then comes up saying Detson won't give up.]

GM: We've got ourselves a stalemate as Lynch won't break the hold and Detson won't give up in the hold!

[Detson reaches out his free hand, grasping at the air as Lynch cranks back on the arm again...]

GM: Detson's looking for an escape but so far he-

[...and his grasping fingers find what they're looking for - the shirt of Ricky Longfellow. Grabbing hold of the material, Detson YANKS the official forward, sending him crashing into Lynch's head!]

GM: OH! COME ON!

[Lynch is forced to release the hold by the collision, grabbing his head as he staggers away and Detson wobbles across the ring, grabbing at his ribs.]

GM: Both men have taking a tremendous amount of punishment in this one as Detson looks for a breather.

[Shaking the cobwebs, Lynch advances on the World Champion, grabbing him from behind, spinning him around...]

GM: Big left hand! And another! And a third!

[With a whoop, Lynch backs off, going into a spin...]

GM: DISCUS PUNCH!

[...but catches a boot to the gut in mid-spin, breaking up the attempt at Lynch's signature attack. Detson again quickly pulls Lynch into a standing headscissors...

...but Lynch pulls out the legs, setting his feet!]

GM: SLINGSHOT!

[The leverage move sends Detson flying through the air, crashing chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: OHH! DETSON HITS THE CORNER!

[Lynch slowly gets to his feet, advancing on the corner where he spins Detson around, pushing him back against the buckles as he steps up on the second rope.]

GM: He's got Detson in trouble!

[Balling up his left hand, Lynch opens up on the troublesome Detson.]

"ONE!"
"TWO!"
"THREE!"
"FOUR!"
"FIVE!"
"SIX!"
"SEVEN!"
"EIGHT!"
"NINE!"
"TEN!"

[Lynch hops down, shaking out his left hand as he grabs the wrist of Detson with his right.]

GM: Irish whip... Detson hits the corner... staggering out!

[Suddenly, the Texan swings his left hand up, opening it wide...

...and clutching the skull of Johnny Detson with it! HUGE CHEER!]

GM: CLAW! THE IRON CLAW IS LOCKED IN!

BW: No, no, no! This is illegal! Demetrius Lake told me it was!

GM: That ban has come and gone and it's totally legal now as Travis Lynch has got the Lynch family Iron Claw locked on the skull of the World Heavyweight Champion!

BW: Hang on, Johnny!

[The World Champion's arms are moving wildly, trying to find an escape as Lynch tries to squeeze a submission out of him!]

GM: The Iron Claw is locked on in the middle of the ring in Phoenix! The fans are dancing in the aisles! We may be moments away from crowning a new World Champion!

[With the Claw locked in, Travis grabs his left wrist with his right hand, steadying the pressure on the hold as Detson tries to pull the hand off his head, looking for an exit.]

GM: Lynch has got it sunk in deep, fans! Detson can't get free!

[Detson's arms are starting to slow as Lynch digs his fingers into the temples, cutting off the flow of blood to the brain!]

GM: Detson's starting to fade, fans!

BW: No, no... this can't be happening! Someone do something!

GM: Johnny Detson's championship dreams may be about to come to an end!

BW: Where the hell is Somers when you need him?! I'd take Dufresne at this point!

GM: The World Champion has no allies! He has no backup! He is all alone in the center of the ring with Travis Lynch and right now, it might be the loneliest place on the planet, fans!

[The arms are getting slower... and slower...]

GM: The referee stepping in, grabbing the arm of Detson to see if he can go on. Remember, fans... typically the referee will want to raise and drop that arm three times before ending the match.

[The arm goes up at the hands of Ricky Longfellow... and drops back down.]

GM: That's one!

[Longfellow grabs the arm again...

...and the arm grabs back - the hand clutching Longfellow by the shirt, pulling him towards him!]

GM: OH!

[Detson's yank pulls the official into the outstretched arm of Travis Lynch, creating enough impact to break himself free!]

GM: Detson escapes!

[The World Champion falls back, leaning against the ropes as an irate Travis Lynch descends on him. The referee, staggered by the crash into Lynch, has dropped to a knee.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Another big chop!

[Lynch grabs Detson by the arm, whipping him across the ring. He extends his arm on the rebound, looking for a clothesline...]

GM: Detson ducks the clothesline!

[Reaching back, Detson hooks his arms under Lynch's, trying to pull him down into a backslide!]

GM: Detson going for the backslide! Trying to get Lynch down and-

[The crowd roars as Lynch starts to make progress, leaning over as Detson struggles to free himself...

...and with the official still dazed, Detson strikes!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A back mule kick swings up, Detson's heel crashing into Lynch's groin!]

GM: Blatant low blow by Johnny Detson who turns around... boot downstairs!

[With Lynch reeling from the low blow, Detson pulls him into a standing headscissors, hooking both arms...]

GM: NO!

[...and leaps up, DRIVING Lynch facefirst into the canvas! Detson flips Lynch over, rolling into a cover and as he cradles the legs, a dazed Ricky Longfellow slides into position, slowly raising his hand to slap the mat once!]

GM: No, no! Not like this!

[The arm goes up again, hanging there before it slaps down a second time.]

BW: That's two! Count faster, you-

[And up it goes one more time... waiting... and waiting...]

GM: No, no, no!

[...and slaps down on the canvas as Longfellow rolls to his back, waving for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Aaaagghhh!

["Kashmir" starts to play over the PA system again as the Phoenix crowd roars its' disapproval and Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Your winner of the match... and STILL AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...

JOHNNNNNNNNYYYYYYY DEEEEEETSONNNNNNNNN!

[A weary Detson rolls to his butt, lifting an arm in the air as the crowd continues to boo the most hated man in Phoenix. He grins at their reaction, looking over at the motionless Travis Lynch.]

GM: Johnny Detson was willing to do anything and everything to become the World Champion... and tonight, we saw that he's also willing to do anything and everything to STAY the World Champion.

BW: A man who's got everything to lose will sometimes do the unthinkable to stay on top, Gordo.

GM: It was a tremendous battle but in the end, it's Johnny Detson with the low blow when the referee was down and the Wilde Driver to get the one-two-three to keep the World Heavyweight Title.

[Cut to a shot of Travis Lynch down on the mat.]

GM: Travis Lynch fought hard - very hard - and he proved that on any given night, he CAN beat the World Champion, Bucky.

BW: I don't know about all that but what I do know is that on THIS night, he's as big of a failure as his family has ever seen... and that's saying something!

GM: Give me a break. Fans, Johnny Detson retains the title here in Phoenix and we've still got a lot more to come here tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

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

And fade back up to backstage, where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing, and next to him, looking as smug as ever, is the manager of champions himself, Brian Lau. Lau is dressed in an Ermenegildo Zegna bespoke suit, valued in the neighborhood of \$22,000, and wearing a pair of gold rimmed Versace sunglasses. Lurking behind Blackwell and Lau is Shane Taylor, in the wifebeater and jeans combination that can be had at the local Wal-Mart for significantly less money than the man he's been tasked to guard paid for his clothes.]

SLB: We are back LIVE from Phoenix and as you all know, tonight is Awards Night, and the man to my right is here tonight to accept two awards. The first award saw him win out over such... ahem, distinguished people as Sandra Hayes, Mickey Cherry, Jackson Hunter, and his close friend and personal physician, "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett. The man is Brian Lau, and he is the AWA's Manager Of The Year for 2015.

[The camera pans to Lau, who is holding on to his lapels and beaming proudly.]

BL: I've got to ask you Blackwell, just how hard was that to say? How hard was it to stand there and acknowledge that not only am I the only manager in the Pro Wrestling Hall of Fame, that not only am I the man who guided Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan to the World Tag Team Titles, that not only am I the man who crafted the

strategy that led to the Dogs of War's first ever defeat, but that I am now, officially the best manager in the AWA?

SLB: I did ask if I could have a root canal tonight instead...

BL: Everyone knows you're not allowed at the dentist after you requested an Old Fashioned instead of Novocain!

SLB: How dare you?

BL: I dare many things, and do you know why, Blackwell?

Because with success comes privilege. And ever since I returned to wrestling... ever since I came back at SuperClash VI, I have had nothing but success. And I will continue to have success.

The people I competed against for Manager of the Year were all worthy candidates. Jackson Hunter is a great man and I am proud to call him my colleague. And "Doctor" Fawcett? Well, we all know how I feel about him.

SLB: Speaking of the good doctor, what can you tell us about his absence as of late?

BL: I can tell you many things, Blackwell, but I'm not going to tell you anything!

Now, where was I? Oh yes. Every candidate could have won this award. And the truth is, Blackwell, there is only one reason I won.

Actually, make that three reasons.

Without Wes Taylor, I am not the manager of the year. Without Tony Donovan, I am not manager of the year. And most especially, without Brian James, I am nothing in this business. An artist Blackwell, is only as good as his inspiration.

And there is nothing more inspirational than the 2016 tag team of the year, Taylor and Donovan, and the Engine of Destruction himself, Brian James!

SLB: And speaking of that man... in a field that included Supernova, Allen Allen, Larry Wallace, and another of your charges, Tony Donovan, Brian James has won the award for Most Improved. Brian James is not here tonight, and I am told that you are accepting this award on his behalf.

BL: I will admit, that when I first learned of Brian James winning this award, I was angry. Most Improved? Doesn't that imply, Blackwell, that Brian James was less than stellar to begin with?

SLB: That is certainly the pessimistic view of things.

BL: But then I spoke to Brian James about this award, and he changed my thinking. Because you see, Brian James has made many improvements. Not to himself, but to the AWA as a whole. And under the violent vision of Brian James, the AWA, and professional wrestling itself, has improved.

Brian James destroying TORA and leaving him to toil away in backwater obscurity was an improvement.

Brian James channeling his father and bringing the most devastating strike in wrestling history, the Blackheart Punch to the AWA was an improvement.

Brian James demonstrating the striking skills he learned at the hands and feet of Tiger Claw and showing the world what a real warrior looks and fights like was an improvement.

Brian James bathing the AWA in the blood of the Butcher was an improvement.

Brian James destroying the heretofore invincible Wade Walker was a definite improvement.

So yes, Brian James is the Most Improved man in the AWA. Because he has provided the most improvements in the AWA.

So on behalf of the indomitable, inimitable, invincible Engine of Destruction, I accept the award for Most Improved.

And on his behalf, I say to the AWA, you are most welcome for the improvements.

SLB: And speaking of Brian James, the man has been conspicuous by his absence as of late. Just where is Mr. James?

BL: Brian James is where he always is – exactly where he wants to be. And that, Blackwell, is all that you need to know.

Brian James will return to the AWA. But only when Brian James wants to return to the AWA. And only when the AWA and Emerson Gellar is willing to give Brian James what he wants.

SLB: And just what does he want?

BL: Brian James wants a very simple thing. He wants recognition. He wants to be rewarded for his hard work. What does Brian James want? Simply put, Brian James wants...

[A shadow is cast in front of "Sweet" Lou Blackwell and Brian Lau. The camera turns and pans several inches to the right revealing Travis Lynch. Lynch is still in his wrestling gear, covered in sweat and appears frustrated as he runs his hands through his hair. Travis casts a glance to his right and notices "Sweet" Lou.]

TL: Sorry Lou...

[Travis trails off mid sentence as he notices the 2015 AWA Manager of the year. As the two lock eyes, Brian Lau chuckles at the National Champion.]

BL: You were...

[Lau holds thumb and forefinger close together.]

BL: ...this close.

Better luck next time, champ.

[Lau begins to chuckle louder as the AWA National Champion strides towards him.]

TL: Is that supposed to be a joke, Lau? Must be, 'cause for months your gums have been flappin' on and on about how unworthy I am to be the AWA National Champion. 'Bout how I stole the championship belt, 'bout how I caused Driscoll to snap...

[The manager of champions nods his nod in agreement.]

BL: Do you know why I've been saying those things about you, Travis? Do you know why I've spent months calling you an unworthy champion? I'll try to stick to single syllables as I spell this out for you. I've spent months calling you an unworthy champion because ever since you backdoored your way into that title, you've been an unworthy champion.

Now I know that the Lynch family maintains only a passing familiarity with the truth, and that none of you have ever managed to earn anything you've ever received in this world, but let's be plain.

I call you unworthy simply because you are unworthy!

[Travis appears flustered as he glares at Lau.]

TL: Unworthy? Unworthy?

I EARNED the National Championship! I EARNED it in the center of the ring! And I should be the AWA WORLD Champion! If Detson was a man and didn't-

[Lau interrupts.]

BL: Listen to yourself, Lynch. You want to know why you're unworthy? It is because every single time you fall short, and in your life, that is a great many times, you have some excuse for why you failed. You've always got a ready and convenient excuse, don't you?

First there was Sandra Hayes, then the referee stopping the match because he cared about your safety... not that I know why anyone would concern themselves with your safety. And right now, another one is forming on your lips.

[The National Champion runs his right hand through his hair, in obvious anger.]

BL: To be a true and worthy champion Lynch, you need to be a man not a scumbag! Take Brian James, a man who won the kumite on his first attempt.

TL: Of course he won it on his first attempt, Lau. If he didn't, it wouldn't make for a good fairy tale, would it now?

BL: Are you saying-

[This time, it's Travis who angrily cuts him off.]

TL: You want to say I'm unworthy 'cause I didn't win the AWA National Championship on my first try? Well, I guess Detson isn't a worthy champion, seein' as how he didn't beat Ryan the first time, or the second time and only...

[Travis makes the universal air quote symbol.]

TL: ..."earned" the World Championship after Vasquez piledrove Ryan! And what about your golden boys, Taylor and Donovan? Are they truly worthy? What kind of men jump their opponents in the backstage area and drag them to the ring?

BL: How DARE you besmirch the names of Taylor and Donovan, the 2016 Tag Team of the Year? Open your eyes and clean out your ears, Travis... because if you do, you'll realize that those two are doing their family names prouder than someone like you could ever do! You'll realize that they're the future of this business... that their legacy speaks for itself... that they stand on their own, without the aid of their legendary fathers. When has anyone in your family done that?! NEVER!

[Lau is getting hot now... and Travis is right there with him.]

BL: Your brother, Jack, is always out here talking about your old man. And James... well, not only doesn't James stand for himself...

[Lau smirks.]

BL: He doesn't stand much at all now, does he?

[And that's that. Travis makes a lunge, grabbing the smirking Lau by the expensive suit, shoving him back against the wall as Blackwell bails out of the camera's view.]

TL: YOU TALK ABOUT MY BROTHER LIKE THAT, I'LL TEAR YOUR HEAD OFF!

[Shane Taylor rushes to his employer's aid, hooking Travis around the throat, pulling him back. Travis shoves him off, throwing a haymaker that knocks him flat before turning back to Lau...

...when suddenly, Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan come sprinting into view, bumrushing Travis. They shove him against the wall, overwhelming him with blows despite his efforts to fight them off.

A coughing Lau pulls away, shouting for his charges to "END HIM!" Taylor and Donovan each grab a handful of hair as Blackwell's cries of "Don't do it!" from off-camera are heard...

...and SLAM Travis Lynch's head into the cement wall! The National Champion crumples against the wall before slumping down to the concrete floor. Taylor looks down at Lynch and spits on his prone form before he and his partner exchange a high five and walk out of view. Lau joins them, leaving Shane Taylor to trail behind, holding his jaw.

And we fade back to ringside to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: What in the-?! What was that?!

BW: THAT was Travis Lynch overstepping his bounds and getting his butt kicked for it!

GM: Brian Lau with some absolutely disgusting comments about the Lynch family.

BW: All true.

GM: And when Travis Lynch decided to defend the honor of his family, Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan - the World Tag Team Champions - attacked him! It was a two-on-one back there in the locker room... three if you count Shane Taylor!

BW: Some bodyguard he turned out to be. One punch laid him out.

GM: And then they... they smashed Travis' head into a cement wall! Totally uncalled for! There should be repercussions from the AWA front office over that incident for sure... and you have to wonder about the condition of Travis Lynch after that particular attack.

BW: That's right! He's supposed to defend the National Title two weeks from tonight and you gotta wonder if he's gonna make it, Gordo. Oh, wouldn't it be sweet if the runt of the Stench litter had to forfeit the gold?!

GM: I don't think so - not at all...but speaking of title matches, this one came about because of a backstage showdown earlier tonight. It's Supernova putting the title

on the line against Skywalker Jones and it should be something else. Take it away, Phil Watson!

[Cut down to the ring where the ring announcer is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit and it is for the AWA World Television Championship!

[Big cheer!]

PW: And now...Skywalker Jones' personal ring announcer...Buford P. Higgins.

[A massive roar of boos greets Higgins, as the diminutive hype-man steps into the ring, looking like a million bucks in a tailored white suit and long white silk scarf. He pulls his golden microphone from his back pocket and greets the crowd with the biggest, most obnoxious grin he can possibly muster.]

BPH: Oh my oh my...Phoenix, Arizona, I do believe you ain't quite ready for greatness of this magnitude.

[The crowd roars with boos.]

BPH: But that's okay! 'Cause even if you don't deserve it, we aim to please!

[Buford motions the crowd to get out of their seats.]

BPH: So get up on your feet, playa's!

OUTTA' YOUR SEAT AND UP ON YOUR FEET!

[He grins.]

BPH: 'Cause it's time to pay homage to the MAN! He flies through the air with the greatest of ease and he doesn't even NEED a flyin' trapeze! I'm gonna' need you to contain your excitement, because once you start cheerin' for him, you just might never stop! He is GREATNESS! He is FLAWLESS! He is quite simply, the most amazing, astonishing, astounding, awe-inspiring, awesome, breathtaking, exciting, hair-raisin', heart-stoppin', magnificent, majestic, spine-tinglin', spotlight-stealin' SHOWSTOPPER of all-time! Tonight, he weighs in at an impossible, impeccable, INCREDIBLE two hundred and twenty pounds! From Hot Coffee, Mississippi, here is your NEXT AWA Television champion...

Sky. Walker.

[Deep breath now!]

JOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNN
NNNNEEEESSS!!!!

["All I Do is Win" by DJ Khaled plays as a throng of cheerleaders burst through from the entrance, cheering on the man that emerges from the curtain. Dressed in a full-length fur coat, worn over his well-chiseled, bare torso is Skywalker Jones. Jones proceeds to "make it rain", as dollars float from the ceiling and down into the crowd. Jones is wearing white tights with slashes of red and silver mixed in and the words "Mister Steal the Spotlight" written on the back.

Jones reaches the ring apron, where he springboards off the top rope and somersaults through the air, landing landing on his back and rolling back up to his feet with his arms outstretched to receive the cheers and boos of the crowd.]

GM: Never one for subtlety, Skywalker Jones - the challenger tonight - has arrived.

["You've Got Another Thing Coming" by Judas Priest starts up over the PA system, drawing a loud crowd response.]

PW: And his opponent hails from Venice Beach, California, and weighs 260 pounds... he is the reigning AWA World Television Champion... ladies and gentlemen...

THIS... IS... SUPERNOOOOOOVAAAAAA!

[The blonde, crew-cut wrestler known as Supernova emerges from the entranceway. He is dressed in black tights with yellow flames running up the side and black wrestling boots, each with a small, fiery sun on the sides. His face is painted yellow and black, resembling a flame. The AWA World Television Title is strapped around his waist.]

GM: Supernova about to face what may be his biggest test yet since winning the AWA World Television Championship! What a match this should be, Bucky!

BW: You're not kidding about it being a big test. He's got to face a former co-holder of the AWA World Tag Team Championship and a man who has stolen the show at nearly every Steal The Spotlight there's been. And I think we're gonna see a new champion crowned tonight!

GM: Skywalker Jones is a formidable opponent for any wrestler, but you shouldn't underestimate Supernova's chances, either!

[As Supernova heads down the rampway, he is more than happy to slap the hands of fans whose arms are stretched over the barricade. Upon reaching the ring, he climbs between the ropes, then cups his hands to his mouth and lets loose a howl.]

BW: I'm not underestimating the champion by any means, Gordo. I just think he's facing somebody who he'll have his hands full with. You know that Skywalker Jones would love nothing more than to have gold around his waist again.

GM: At the same time, Supernova chased after that title for more than a year, Bucky. I doubt he'll give it up that easily.

[Supernova removes the title belt from his waist. He hands it over to the referee, who holds it above his head. Skywalker Jones faces Supernova, motioning around his waist with his hands, then turns to the crowd and makes the same motion.]

BW: Right there, Gordo, Skywalker Jones is letting Supernova and these fans know he's walking out with the title.

GM: Jones looks confident, as always, but the same can be said for Supernova.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: This one is underway here in Phoenix on The X. One fall, ten minutes for the AWA World Television Title!

[Supernova moves forward, attempting a lockup with Jones, but Jones ducks out of the way and shakes his head.]

GM: Look at this... Supernova wanting to lock up but Jones not having any of it.

[Supernova again moves forward, but Jones ducks away again.]

BW: Why would Jones want to lock up with him? Supernova has a size advantage, so Jones knows he needs to use his speed, his quickness to evade him, then strike when the moment is right!

GM: Supernova getting a little frustrated... now he's swinging a forearm... and Jones ducking that as well!

[Jones ducks several more forearms from the champion, before rearing back his own hand.]

GM: Oooh! Jones with a punch right to the side to the head!

BW: You see, Gordo! That's how Jones has to approach the match!

[Supernova is reeling from the punch and Jones moves in, hitting a leap side kick that backs the champion into the corner.]

GM: Jones has the champ cornered! Now he's got him by the arm... an Irish whip...

[But as he drags Supernova out of the corner, the champion is able to reverse it.]

GM: Supernova reverses! Jones hits the buckles hard!

[Jones arches his back as Supernova raises his foot, kicking the challenger in the midsection.]

GM: And Supernova doubles Jones over! Now he snares him a side headlock... takes him over to the canvas!

[Supernova wrenches the headlock, but Jones is able to lift his shoulder off the mat.]

BW: He's working the headlock... I'm amazed, Gordo!

GM: About what?

BW: The strategy Supernova seems to want to use. He's keeping him grounded.

GM: I'm not surprised, Bucky. Supernova may like to keep the pace of the match up, but against somebody like Jones, the champ may need to slow it down.

BW: That's just it, Gordo! I didn't think Stupidnova was smart enough to know anything about strategy!

[Jones manages to push himself up to his knees, but the champion keeps the headlock applied.]

GM: Supernova continuing to work the headlock... now Jones pushing himself to his feet.

BW: He's got him backed into the ropes... and Jones shoves him off!

[As Supernova comes off the ropes, Jones attempts a hiptoss.]

GM: Hiptoss by the... no, Supernova reverses it!

BW: Jones getting to his feet... but there's the headlock takedown again!

[This time, Supernova rolls Jones so that his shoulders are on the mat, but as the referee counts one, Jones is quick to roll them off the canvas.]

GM: Bucky, do you think Skywalker Jones expected Supernova to slow the pace down?

BW: I'm sure he's surprised as I am, Gordo, but it's still early in the match. And it's going to take more than a headlock to put the challenger away.

[Supernova continues to work the headlock on the canvas, but Jones manages to push himself to his knees again.]

GM: Skywalker Jones working his way to his feet again... and now he tries to lift Supernova up.

BW: He's got him up a bit... he's gonna do it, Gordo!

[But Supernova shifts his weight, pulling himself back down, then using the takedown once more.]

GM: No, Supernova blocks it! Back to the canvas goes Jones!

[Jones again lifts his shoulder off the mat as the referee counts to one.]

GM: Supernova continuing to work that headlock... and Jones working his way to his feet again.

BW: Give the challenger his due, Gordo. He's trying to find a way to shift the tide.

[Jones works his way to his feet and backs Supernova into the corner.]

GM: Both men in the corner... the referee calling for a clean break and Supernova complying.

[As Supernova raises his arms up, Jones starts to pull away...

...but then strikes at the last minute with an elbow to the chest.]

GM: Oooh! Cheapshot elbow by Skywalker Jones!

BW: I'll bet Supernova never saw that one coming!

GM: The referee admonishing Jones, but he's paying him no mind... now a kick to the ribs! And another one!

[Jones grabs Supernova by the arm and whips him across the ring.]

GM: Irish whip! Now Jones sizing up the champion... OH MY!

[Jones rushes into the corner and leaps at the champ, hitting a flying double knee in the corner.]

GM: Jones hits Supernova with the flying double knee! The champion is dazed!

BW: I'm sure Juan Vasquez approves!

[Jones brags to the crowd before turning his attention back to the champion.]

GM: Jones setting up Supernova... a quick suplex follows!

[Jones rises to his feet, makes a brushing motion off his shoulder, then leaps high into the air.]

GM: And look at the height on that elbowdrop!

BW: Another Skywalker speciality!

[Jones drops down for the cover.]

GM: Here's a count of one... of two... no, Supernova kicks out!

BW: He's got the champion on the run, though... brings him back up.

[Jones drags Supernova to his feet, then suddenly leaps, nailing a dropkick right to the chest that causes Supernova to fall through the ropes.]

GM: The champion knocked from the ring!

BW: We're about to see Skywalker do what he does best, Gordo!

[Jones runs into the opposite ropes, then rushes back toward the champion.]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[Jones soars over the top rope and crashes into Supernova with a suicide dive.]

GM: WHAT A MANEUVER BY THE CHALLENGER!

BW: Nobody does it better than Skywalker Jones, Gordo!

[Jones is to his feet first, taking a moment to point to Higgins, who nods in approval, before Jones drags Supernova up.]

GM: Jones sending Supernova back into the ring.... and it looks like he's going up top!

BW: Jones may be about to finish this one already, Gordo!

[Jones scales the turnbuckles as Supernova rises to his feet.]

GM: Supernova up but doesn't see Jones... the challenger poised on the top rope.

[Jones flies toward Supernova, attempting what looks like a flying clothesline but as Supernova sidesteps, Jones lands on his feet, front rolling to absorb the impact and popping back up.]

GM: OH MY! Skywalker Jones dives at the champion but the champ moves out of the way... but somehow Jones ends up back on his feet! Incredible agility on the part of the challenger!

[But as Jones turns around, Supernova unleashes a series forearm, repeatedly striking the target and quickening his pace with each blow thrown.]

GM: Supernova's going to work and the challenger is rocked!

[Trying to create some space, Jones falls back into the ropes, building up some momentum...

...and gets caught, hoisted skyward in a gorilla press, drawing a loud crowd response.]

GM: Jones pressed high overhead... and the champion slams him hard to the canvas!

[Jones sits up and holds his back, as Supernova cups his hands to his mouth and howls.]

BW: I'm guessing Supernova isn't gonna slow the pace of the match down any more, Gordo!

GM: But with moves like that, it may not matter! Jones trying to get to his feet... Supernova pulls him up!

[Supernova hoists Jones onto his shoulders in a fireman's carry and holds him up for a few seconds, before falling backwards.]

GM: Samoan drop by Supernova! And he goes for the cover... a count of one... of two... and that's all he'll get!

BW: The challenger is not out of it yet! He's got a lot of heart, Gordo!

GM: More like he's got a big ego!

BW: When your favorites keep fighting despite the odds, you call it heart. When the people you don't like keep fighting despite the odds, you call it ego. Talk about a double standard, Gordo!

[Supernova pulls Jones to his feet again and sends him into the ropes.]

GM: Supernova going for a clothesline... but Jones with presence of mind and ducks it! And ducks another!

[After the second clothesline, Jones suddenly stops, and as Supernova turns around, the challenger raises his leg.]

GM: OH MY! Superkick by Jones catches the champion in the jaw!

BW: That's the Dufresne Destroyer, Gordo! Get it right!

[Supernova falls to the canvas and Jones drops down for a cover.]

GM: There's a count of one... of two... no, kickout by Supernova!

[Jones looks at the referee and holds up three fingers.]

BW: That looked like a slow count to me, Gordo!

GM: I don't think so, Bucky... Supernova had the shoulder up in time!

BW: Oh, sure, take the referee's side!

[As the call of "FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!" goes out over the PA system, Jones drags Supernova to his feet once more, positioning the challenger's chin against his knee.]

GM: Jones has Supernova set up... drives the champion's face right into the knee as we've reached the halfway point in the time limit for this one!

BW: The champion is down! Jones could have this one!

[Jones once more brushes off his shoulder.]

BW: He's going for that elbowdrop again!

GM: It's so impressive to do this from a standing position as Jones leaps high...

[But at the last second, Supernova rolls out of the way.]

GM: Nobody home!

[Jones rolls around on the mat, clutching his arm as Supernova starts to get back to his feet.]

BW: And the champion to his feet first!

[Supernova pulls Jones up and goes behind him.]

GM: The champion lifts Jones up... drops him with a belly to back suplex!

BW: He's up to his feet... leaps right away!

[Supernova is quick with a splash across his opponent.]

GM: And into a pinning predicament! One... two... but it's only a two count!

BW: Jones isn't going down easily!

GM: I won't doubt that, Bucky, but the champion hasn't, either! Neither man making it easier on the other!

[Supernova pulls himself up to his feet and brings Jones up as well.]

GM: Jones backed into the corner... hard kick to the midsection!

BW: He's sending him to the opposite side... is he gonna try for the Heat Wave?

[Supernova leans back in the corner, the fans swelling in anticipation.]

GM: He is indeed! He charges across the ring...

[But at the last moment, Jones drops down out of the way.]

GM: HE MISSED! Supernova crashing into the buckles!

[Supernova stumbles backwards, clutching his chest as he falls out of the corner. Jones gets back up off the mat, taking two steps back before throwing himself into a backflip, catching 'Nova on the top of the head with his boot!]

GM: PELE KICK!

BW: Caught him right in the face! The champ is down!

GM: A quick cover by Jones! ONE! TWO! THREE-

[But the referee holds up two fingers and points to the ropes.]

GM: NO! Supernova with a foot on the ropes! This match will continue!

BW: Skywalker Jones begs to differ! He thinks he's won!

[Jones holds his hands in the air, shouting "THREE!" at the referee. Higgins, on the outside, is saying the same, but the referee shakes his head.]

GM: The referee says it's a two count and this match will continue! And Skywalker Jones needs to keep his focus in there. We've got just over three minutes remaining in the time limit for this so time is NOT on Skywalker Jones' side as he-ohh! Hard kick into the ribs of the champion!

[Looking down at the prone Supernova, Jones shouts "I'm the champ! I'm the best!" to jeers from the majority of the AWA fans.]

GM: Skywalker Jones wasting valuable time to trash talk the AWA World Television Champion...

BW: Not for long. He's pulling Stupidnova up and I think he's about to finish him off, Gordo.

[Ducking under the armpit of Supernova, Jones lifts him off the mat, dropping him back with a released Northern Lights suplex!]

GM: Jones hurls him down to the canvas - no cover though.

"THREE MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Three minutes left in the time limit and as Jones hears that, he's heading to the corner... looking to go up top which is where the challenger thrives, Bucky.

BW: He's one of the greatest high flyers in the world and he's about to prove that on his way to capturing the World Television Title!

[Jones slingshots over the top rope to the apron as he starts to climb.]

BW: And the beautiful thing about Jones' offense is that he's got so many maneuvers from the top rope, you have no idea what's coming or how to prepare for it.

GM: You're absolutely right about that as Jones steps to the top rope, looking out at these fans here in Phoenix who may be on the verge of seeing the World Television Title change hands!

[Jones gives a shout of "ZERO-G!" as he readies himself.]

BW: Zero-G! That's the Shooting Star Press! Here it comes!

GM: Jones on the top... he leaps into the air!

[As Jones sails from the ropes and twirls in the air...]

...Supernova has the presence of mind to move out of the way, causing the challenger to SLAM chestfirst into the canvas]

GM: HE MISSED!

BW: I don't believe it! I thought he had Supernova finished!

GM: They call it high risk for a reason and it certainly did not pay off there for the challenger. Skywalker Jones went for it all and came up empty here in Phoenix and now he's in a world of hurt as Supernova pulls himself to his knees - the champion looking to take advantage of the challenger's mistake.

[Jones rolls over on the canvas and tries to get his bearings...

...only for Supernova to grab him by the legs.]

GM: The champion has Jones by the legs! He may be going for the Solar Flare!

BW: But he's gotta put it on him first!

"TWO MINUTES REMAIN!"

[With the time limit call, Supernova works quicker to tie up the legs as Jones frantically squirms on the canvas, trying to prevent the champion from stepping over.]

GM: Supernova trying to turn Jones over into the Solar Flare... he's fighting it, though!

BW: He has to! If Supernova locks it in, it may be over!

[As Supernova tries to pull Jones over, they move closer to the ropes.]

GM: Supernova trying to turn it over... he's gonna do it, Bucky!

[But just as Supernova gets Jones over, the challenger grabs the ropes and pulls himself forward.]

BW: He got the ropes! He got the ropes!

GM: He certainly did, Bucky! Supernova will have to break the hold!

BW: What presence of mind from the challenger! He's still in this!

GM: But both men are running out of time as we're under two minutes to go in this ten minute time limit for the World Television Title!

[Supernova releases the hold on the count of three, but is quick to pull Jones back to his feet.]

GM: The champion, wasting no time at all, rocks the challenger with a hard right hand!

[Jones is reeling as Supernova grabs the arm, whipping him across the ring.]

GM: Into the ropes... off the far side... GORILLA PRE-

[But as 'Nova tries to press Jones skyward, the former tag champion scoots over his back.]

GM: Jones slips out behind the champion... waistlock... into the ropes...

[The crowd roars as Jones rolls Supernova back into a rolling reverse cradle!]

GM: The rollup out of nowhere! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But suddenly, Supernova is able to reverse it, muscling Jones over and putting his weight onto Jones' legs!]

GM: Reversal! ONE! TWO!

[Jones tries to push Supernova off, but the referee's hand slaps the mat a third time before Jones can lift his shoulder up.]

GM: He got him! Supernova retains!

BW: I think he kicked out, Gordo!

GM: The referee says otherwise!

BW: Sure, take his side! I think Jones should demand a replay!

[Supernova rolls outside the ring, where the referee joins him and raises his hand.]

PW: The winner of the match... and STILL the AWA World Television Champion...
SUPERNOVA!

[The referee retrieves the title belt and hands it to Supernova, who thrusts it above his head. Back in the ring, Skywalker Jones shouts at the referee.]

GM: Jones sure seems to think he had the shoulder up in time, but the referee says it was down!

BW: I'm sure Jones has a valid argument, Gordo!

GM: I don't think he's going to get the referee to reconsider, Bucky.

[The referee re-enters the ring, Jones complaining to him that he had raised his shoulder off the mat in time, but the referee shakes his head. Outside the ring, Supernova flips the title belt over his shoulder and slaps hands with fans for a moment.]

GM: A hard-fought win by Supernova, as Jones gave him everything he wanted.

BW: And so close Jones came to becoming the new champion... in fact, I still say he's got a valid argument that he kicked out in time!

GM: Be that as it may, it will go down as a successful title defense by Supernova. I'll be interested to see who his next challenger will be!

[Suddenly, Jones shouts down at Supernova from inside the ring.]

BW: Uh oh... it might be Skywalker Jones, Gordo.

GM: Jones not taking this defeat well, shouting at Supernova and demanding that the champion get back inside the ring. Is he looking for a rematch?

[The champion turns towards the ring, listening to Jones' demands...

...and then climbs up on the apron, ducking through the ropes to climb inside to a big cheer!]

GM: You don't have to ask Supernova twice! This kid is ALWAYS ready for a fight!

[Nova drops the belt, fists balled up at the ready as he confronts Jones. The two trade hostile words off-mic for a moment.]

GM: Boy, I'd love to be able to read lips right now. What are these two saying to one another, fans?

[The angry conversation continues until Jones raises his hands, stepping back. He puts his hands on his hips, breathing heavy as he glares at Supernova...

...and then steps forward, extending his hand to a shocked reaction.]

GM: What? Are you kidding me?

BW: Skywalker Jones wants to shake the champion's hand?!

[Supernova looks at the offered hand, looking out to the crowd as Jones insists that `Nova accept...

...and with the crowd cheering, Supernova does, shaking the hand of Skywalker Jones who gives it a moment before breaking away, slingshotting over the top rope to the floor where he starts to make his way up the aisle.]

GM: Well, that certainly wasn't how we expected that showdown to end but the fans here in Phoenix were happy to see it and I guess I was as well. Fans, don't go away because I'm about to get in that ring and get some comments from the man known as Supernova!

[Fade to black as Supernova picks his title belt up off the mat, holding it over his head...

...and then cut to Sweet Lou Blackwell who sits behind a large desk. Beside him is a rotary dial phone. Yeah, there are apparently some of those still around.]

SLB: Some people accused me of not wanting to change with the times. That some things were better left in the past.

[He raises his arm and swats the rotary phone away. It falls to the ground before him with a clatter.]

SLB: And the more I've thought about it... they were right!

[He pulls from underneath the desk... a smartphone!]

SLB: I have officially upgraded, folks!

[The camera cuts to a smartphone screen and the shot moves in closer to see an icon featuring Sweet Lou's face imposed over an AWA logo. Beneath it are the words:

"SWEET LOU'S HOTLINE.]

V/O: That's right, AWA fans, Sweet Lou Blackwell's hotline is going high tech! Get on Google Play and iTunes and look for the Sweet Lou's Hotline app! Download it today and you can stay on top of all the latest rumors, gossip and breaking news, delivered only by Sweet Lou Blackwell! Plus exclusive interviews and plenty of insights from Sweet Lou about the latest developments in the AWA and the history of pro wrestling!

[We cut back to Sweet Lou at the desk.]

SLB: It's a free app, but kids, don't forget to get your parents' permission before you download!

[He looks down at the smartphone and seems puzzled.]

SLB: Um... can someone tell me how to set up the wifi connection again?

[Back from commercial, we find Gordon Myers standing in the ring with Supernova, facing the crowd.]

GM: Welcome back, fans, to Saturday Night Wrestling right here on The X where I am standing with a victorious Supernova - the World Television Champion. And I've gotta say, Supernova, there is a long line of challengers coming for you. You just dispatched of Skywalker Jones in an incredibly tough challenge after beating Allen Allen two weeks ago and now-

[But before Gordon can finish, the crowd is buzzing with concern as someone comes tearing down the ring, gets to the top rope in a flash, and comes sailing off the top with Death From Above, smashing a double axehandle across the back of the head, knocking the champion to the mat!]

BW: Shadoe Rage has arrived!

[Rage grabs Supernova by the back of the head, repeatedly smashing his fist into the face of the champion. Gordon Myers exits the ring, making his way back towards the announce table.]

BW: Rage is all over him! He's going to put him down!

[Pulling Supernova off the mat, Rage flings him into the corner, charging in with a back elbow up under the chin. He backs off, wrapping his hands around the throat of the champion in a choke!]

GM: What in the...?

BW: You almost got taken out, Gordo!

GM: Thanks to that lunatic Rage! He's all over Supernova inside the ring!

[Grabbing the back of Supernova's head, Rage stomps out of the corner and SLAMS him facefirst into the canvas.]

GM: Rage drives him down to the mat and... oh no.

[The crowd begins to buzz with concern as Rage backs off, slapping his knee twice.]

GM: Shadoe Rage is looking for the Eclipse!

BW: Supernova's felt this before, daddy... and if he feels it right now, he may be on the shelf for who knows how long this time!

GM: Rage is set... Rage is ready...

[Supernova is trying to push himself up off the mat, not knowing what awaits him...
...when a big cheer rings out from the Phoenix crowd!]

GM: WILLIAMS! DERRICK WILLIAMS!

[Rage doesn't react to the cheer, still standing at the ready...

...which allows Derrick Williams to hook his ankle from under the ropes, yanking Rage's leg out from under him, causing him to flop facefirst to the mat!]

GM: Oh my! Williams sweeps the legs out from under Rage!

[Rage flips over onto his back, lashing out with his feet towards Williams who grabs both legs...

...which are coincidentally now on either side of the ringpost.]

BW: No!

GM: Williams is looking out to the crowd... and there's no doubt as to what they want to see!

[With a yank, Williams pulls Rage groinfirst into the ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Williams grins as he climbs up into the ring, watching as Rage rolls under the ropes to the floor, clutching his groin in pain. The young lion waves Rage back into the ring, calling him out as he leans down, helping Supernova back to his feet.]

GM: Williams pulls Supernova up off the mat, having saved him from Shadoe Rage who was looking for the Eclipse - looking to put Supernova back into the hospital.

[Supernova shakes the hand of Williams who nods in response...

...and then very clearly points at the World Television Title that has fallen to the canvas. Supernova grins... and then nods in response as well.]

GM: Oh ho! I think we just saw a challenge issued and accepted in there, Bucky!

BW: What?! What about Shadoe Rage's title match?!

GM: I think it may have to wait, Bucky. It sounds like we've got ourselves a title match between these two men in the very near future.

[Rage is now on his feet, screaming "NOOOOO!" repeatedly at the ring as he hobbles backwards, still holding his groin.]

GM: And speaking of matches, in just a little while Allen Allen and a partner of choosing will be stepping into the ring to face Mr. Sadisuto's Downfall.

BW: A partner of his choosing? You and I both know there's no one dumb enough to step into the ring with Mr. Sadisuto's team. And I'm saying that knowing my nephews are in the back!

GM: Well before we see who will step up and be Allen Allen's partner, let's go to "Sweet" Lou Blackwell, who's standing by with Mr. Sadisuto and Downfall.

[A quick cut to the interview area where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing in the center, Mr. Sadisuto to his right and the members of Downfall flanking their manager. The Downfall members are clad in black studded leather vests, black armbands with half inch silver spikes covering nearly every inch of them, full length black wrestling tights with silver waistbands and black wrestling boots. The two men's faces are painted, Mad Dog's forehead down to the nose is painted a solid red while the lower portion of his face is covered in jagged diagonal red and white lines. Thrash's face is predominately red, around both eyes are black diamonds and there is a thin black stripe that which runs down the middle of his face.]

SLB: Thanks Gordon. As you can see I'm here with Mister Sadisuto and his tag team duo, Downfall. Mister Sadisuto...

[Thrash appears annoyed each time "Sweet" Lou says mister.]

SLB: Allen Allen...

[Mister Sadisuto steps forward and cuts "Sweet" Lou off.]

S: Allen-san, you had chance to run! Chance to admit you no warrioah!

[The sadistic Mr. Sadisuto pauses for a moment.]

S: Yet continue to come, continue to show world how stupid you are! Allen-san, my Downfall will show no mercy! My Downfall shall make you suffah sufffaah!
Hahahahahahaha!

[As Mr. Sadisuto's cackle trails off, "Sweet" Lou Blackwell begins to speak.]

SLB: Mad Dog, two weeks ago, Thrash and yourself viciously beat the Blue Brothers before the match even began. Are you proud of that?

[Blackwell extends the microphone towards Thrash. In a gravelly voice, Thrash yells at Blackwell.]

T: I'm Thrash! He's Mad Dog!

You want to know if we're proud, Blackwell? Don't ask us, ask Master Sadisuto if he is proud of what we did to those two clowns!

[Mister Sadisuto rubs the dragon's head on his cane and nods.]

T: And that's all that matters to us, Blackwell!

MD: We do the Master's bidding and Master Sadisuto wanted those two to be a warning for the AWA! A warning that Allen Allen doesn't seem to be heeding!

SLB: Tonight, you step into the ring against Allen Allen, who has already beating Mister...

T: That's Master!

SLB: ...Sadisuto and a partner of his choosing. Without knowing who his partner is, do you think you will blindside them like you did to the Blue Brothers?

MD: We don't care who his partner is, Blackwell!

[Mister Sadisuto pushes Mad Dog back just a bit with his cane.]

S: My Downfall will break you! Leave you in ring drowning in own tears!
SUFFAHING! hahahahahahaha!

[Mister Sadisuto begins to shuffle from the interview area, Downfall follows him as we fade over to Mark Stegklet standing with the plucky underdog himself, Allen Allen, who is in red trunks with a matching red shiny vest. He's all smiles as the camera hits him.]

MS: Allen Allen, you are just moments away from one of the toughest fights of your career against this monstrous new duo known as Downfall. Now, Downfall has been unstoppable in what we've seen on live events and here on Saturday Night Wrestling so far but tonight, you think you've got the answer.

AA: Oh, I KNOW I've got the answer, Mark! Ever since those two painted-up boffos showed their ugly faces here last year and beat me up, I've been watching them... waiting for my chance. Tonight, I get my chance!

[Stegglet looks a little surprised by Allen's relatively coherent promo.]

MS: But the question, Allen, on everyone's minds is... who did you find to be your partner here tonight?

[Allen smiles.]

AA: Mark, what does it say on the marquee for this match?

MS: Downfall versus Allen Allen and a mystery partner.

AA: Exactly! Now, if I told you, the mystery would be solved, right?

[Stegglet chuckles.]

MS: I suppose it would.

AA: And I know there's no one who enjoys a good mystery like my old friend Sadisuto. So, I'm going to leave him - and everyone else - in suspense just a little bit longer but with this guy by my side, I think tonight's going to be a real good night for Allen Allen!

[Allen exits... stage right.]

MS: You heard the man. Now, let's go down to ringside and solve the mystery!

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

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first...

[The sound of a drum being struck twice is followed by the opening guitar of 'The Ghoul' by Pentagram. The lights in the arena fade and a spotlight shines upon entrance way. Out from behind the entrance curtain emerges Mr. Sadisuto, impeccably dressed in formal suit with a black derby hat. The veteran from Tokyo carries a wooden cane with a carved dragon's head handle. Sadisuto is smiling broadly and making slow but purposeful motions with the cane, much like attack katas. The crowd boos him persistently as fog slowly begins to form along the aisle way.]

PW: Accompanied to the ring by their manager Mr. Sadisuto...

[Mr. Sadisuto pauses and touches the dragon's head to the brim of his derby hat, seemingly signaling someone or someones. Two brutes emerge from behind the curtain. They are nearly identical in height and size and walk with a purpose behind Mr. Sadisuto. The men are clad in black studded leather vests, black armbands with half inch silver spikes covering nearly every inch of them, full length black wrestling tights with silver waistbands and black wrestling boots. Their faces are covered by white masks which have a red circle in the center of them.]

PW: They weigh in at a combined 597 pounds... here are Mad Dog and Thrash...

DOWNFALL!

[Mr. Sadisuto ascends the ring steps and waits upon the apron as the members of Downfall enter the ring. Mr. Sadisuto's brutes pull their masks off revealing their

painted faces. Mad Dog's forehead down to the nose is painted a solid red while the lower portion of his face is covered in jagged diagonal red and white lines. Thrash's face is predominately red, around both eyes are black diamonds and there is a thin black stripe that which runs down the middle of his face. Thrash glares into the camera as Mad Dog opens his mouth, extending his vibrant, red tongue down towards his chin as Watson continues.]

PW: And their opponents...

["Good Time" by Owl City and Carly Rae Jepsen breaks out over the PA system. Come on, everybody... sing along!]

PW: Introducing first, from Jacksonville, Florida... weighing in at 207 pounds... ALLEN ALLLLLLLLLLLENNNNNN!

[Allen Allen comes jogging into view, wearing the same red vest and trunks we saw moments ago. He looks more confident than he did two weeks ago, walking down the aisle with a smile on his face. He looks into the ring where Mad Dog and Thrash are pacing back and forth, ready to pounce as he nears the ring.]

GM: As you watch Allen Allen approach the ring, you can only hope that the young man has really found a good partner here tonight because he's going to need it to avoid going back to the hospital at the hands of these two brutes.

[Allen pauses at the apron, looking up where Mad Dog leans through the ropes, taking a swing at him. The former enhancement talent backpedals a few steps, shouting at Mad Dog as Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And his partner...

[Allen waits... and waits... and waits...

...until the crowd ROARS at the sound of "Loco Gringos Like To Party" by The Reverend Horton Heat coming over the PA system.]

GM: Wait a second!

[Mr. Sadisuto angrily shouts at Phil Watson who makes it official.]

PW: Hailing from Hell's Half Acre, Wyoming...

TOOOOOOOMBSTOOOOOOONE ANDERSONNNNNNN!

[And the moment his name is announced, out comes the wild man himself. Anderson comes charging out, each step gigantic and overly exaggerated. Tombstone is quite the sight. Standing six feet, nine inches tall, and weighing in at two hundred and eighty pounds of muscle and sinew, Anderson is built like a monster. His arms are thick, his legs are even thicker. His chest is well toned. He doesn't have a six pack, but he's clearly someone who's in shape, with a very slight bit of fat right at the gut serving as a testament to his love for the drink.

But more astounding is Anderson's hair. He's got long black hair that's composed of tight, spiral curls that goes in every direction. Between that, and the long, thick and equally untamed beard, all anyone can really make out a part of crazed eyes. Anderson wears a simple pair of black trunks. He's got a long, black elbow pad on his right arm that extends from just below his shoulder to the middle of his forearm. His boots are covered in silver/grey fur, which look more than a little dingy.]

GM: Tombstone Anderson, who we haven't seen or heard from in months, is Allen Allen's partner!

BW: Well, I'm not a huge fan of Tombstone but that certainly should help Allen's chances significantly.

GM: Absolutely!

[Anderson lets out a loud, bellowing roar, and the audience responds in kind as he marches down the aisle, coming to a halt next to Allen Allen who smiles up at his partner. Tombstone puts a heavy arm across his shoulders, nearly knocking the 207 pounder down...

...and with a nod of his head towards the ring, the fan favorite duo storms the squared circle!]

GM: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO!

[The crowd ROARS as the bell sounds and the match begins in a total breakdown. Anderson rushes the face-painted Mad Dog, landing looping haymakers to the head. His hair whips around as Allen Allen makes a bee-line towards a surprised Thrash, swinging fists of his own.]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands!

[Anderson's big, wild shots puts Mad Dog on the retreat, ending up in the corner. Allen Allen throws a standing dropkick at the off-balance Thrash, knocking him back to the opposite corner. Allen and Anderson throw a look at each other, each grabbing an arm...]

GM: Double whip on the way annnnnnd... BOOM! Downfall collides in the center of the ring!

[With both members of Downfall staggered, Tombstone runs 'em down with a double clothesline, putting them both down on the mat where they promptly roll out to the floor at the shouted instruction of Mr. Sadisuto.]

GM: This one's off to a quick and hot start and Sadisuto wants to regroup!

[Tombstone is stomping around the ring, puffing out his cheeks...

...and grabs his partner by the head, yanking him towards him.]

GM: What the-?!

[Anderson scoops Allen up, rushing towards the ropes with him in bodyslam position...

...and HURLS him over the top onto both members of Downfall in a sloppy looking somersault plancha!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ANDERSON THROWS ALLEN ONTO DOWNFALL! OH MY!

[Sadisuto is beside himself now, screaming at his men as the Phoenix crowd goes nutso.]

GM: Tombstone Anderson's stomping around the ring... I think he's got some pent-up aggression from not being in action for several weeks now, Bucky.

BW: If that's the case, they should send him out here every show just to keep him calm.

[Sliding out to the floor, Anderson pulls Mad Dog up off the floor, rolling him back inside the ring as Sadisuto screams at the big man. Tombstone turns with a glare, threatening to "knock some America right into ya!" before he climbs back into the ring.]

GM: Tombstone's back in, pulling Mad Dog up to his feet...

[Lifting Mad Dog up around the waist, Anderson drops him down on a bent knee with an inverted atomic drop...

...and then claps his arms together on the ears of Mad Dog, sending him staggering backwards towards the ropes.]

GM: Anderson on the move...

[He plants his left hand on the painted face, pushing his head backwards before POUNDING a forearm across the chest!]

GM: Good grief! Heavy blow by Tombstone Anderson!

[Mad Dog grabs at his chest as Anderson grabs him by the arm.]

GM: Another big whip sends Mad Dog across...

[Anderson ducks his head, looking for a backdrop but Mad Dog pulls up short, smashing a forearm down across the back of the head.]

GM: Ohh! Mad Dog cuts him off!

[Grabbing Anderson by his wild mane, Mad Dog smashes his skull into Tombstone's before dragging him to the corner, shooting him headfirst into the turnbuckle!]

GM: Into the corner goes Anderson!

[Spinning Tombstone's back against the buckles, Mad Dog doubles up, throwing hooking rights and lefts to the ribs before a stiff back elbow connects under the chin!]

GM: Mad Dog going to work on Tombstone Anderson in the corner...

[Grabbing Anderson by the hair, Mad Dog drags him along the ropes to his own corner, slapping the outstretched hand of his partner.]

GM: In comes Thrash off the tag, the big three hundred pounder...

[A double whip sends Anderson across the ring and a double back elbow puts him down on the mat.]

GM: Oh! What a doubleteam by Downfall!

[With the referee reprimanding them, they take turns stomping the downed Anderson - Mad Dog then Thrash... Mad Dog then Thrash. This goes on for several moments until the referee physically steps in and forces Mad Dog to vacate the ring.]

GM: Downfall risking disqualification right there.

[The three hundred pound Thrash hauls Anderson off the mat by his wild, tangled hair...

...and gets a looping right hand bounced off his jaw!]

GM: Anderson's still got some fight in him!

[Two more haymakers follow before Thrash swings a knee up into the midsection, cutting him off before he lifts him up under his arm, holding him there for a moment...

...and then DROPS DOWN into a side slam!]

GM: Big slam by Thrash!

[He stays in a side press, pulling one leg up as the referee drops down to count.]

GM: One! Two! But Anderson gets that shoulder off the mat!

[Thrash rolls over to his knees, swinging a forearm down into the midsection of Anderson... and a second, forcing Anderson to roll over onto his stomach, trying to shield himself.]

GM: Anderson trying to push up off the mat... oh! Double axehandle sledge down across the back! And another! And another!

[The crowd jeers as Thrash lands repeated big hammer blows to the lower back for several moments before climbing back to his feet.]

GM: Tombstone Anderson's looking towards the corner...

BW: Yeah, but it's Allen Allen standing there tonight... not Sam Turner who we're told is nursing an injury and isn't even here tonight.

[Thrash turns towards his corner, giving Mad Dog a shout. Mad Dog lifts a leg through the ropes, holding his knee at the ready as Thrash walks Anderson to the corner and slams his head into his partner's knee.]

GM: Into the knee goes Anderson's head... and there's another tag.

[Mad Dog steps back into the ring, joining his partner in a double lift, pressing Anderson up into the air...

...and DROPPING him throatfirst over the top rope! Anderson flails about on the mat, coughing and grabbing at his neck as Mad Dog drops down into a lateral press.]

GM: One! Two! But Anderson's out again!

[Mad Dog climbs back to his feet, dragging Anderson to a knee where he drives a fist down between the eyes. He backs to the corner, stepping up onto the middle rope as Anderson tries to steady himself on his knee, the crowd cheering him on.]

GM: Mad Dog's on the middle rope... he leaps!

[But as he does, Tombstone comes up swinging, burying a right hand into the midsection, causing Mad Dog to flip over onto his back!]

GM: Oh my! Tombstone Anderson goes downstairs and he puts Mad Dog down on the mat... and now Tombstone needs to make the tag!

BW: Are you sure about that? It's ALLEN ALLEN he's tagging!

GM: He's gotta get to the fresh man!

[Allen sticks out his arm, slapping his other hand against the top turnbuckle, getting the fans to clap along with him, cheering on Tombstone Anderson who pushes up to his feet, wobbling across the ring...

...and falls to his knees, slapping Allen's outstretched hand!]

GM: Tag!

[As the crowd ROARS, Allen slingshots over the top rope, giving a whoop as he charges across the ring, running past Mad Dog to throw a dropkick that sends Thrash falling off the apron to the floor to big cheers!]

GM: Oh my! Allen sends Thrash down to the outside!

[Allen pumps a fist, hopping up on the middle rope in Downfall's corner as Mad Dog slowly gets back to his feet...

...and Allen leaps into the air, throwing both feet under the chin of the rising Mad Dog!]

GM: DROPKICK OFF THE SECOND ROPE!

[Allen quickly dives across Mad Dog's chest, reaching back to hook the leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Mad Dog kicks out, lifting his shoulder off the mat!]

GM: Allen was a half count away from putting this one away but Mad Dog kicks out in time!

[Sadisuto is shouting into the ring in Japanese from the floor as Allen looks a little puzzled about what to do next. He looks to the corner where Tombstone is kneeling, turning back towards Mad Dog...]

GM: Allen pulls Mad Dog off the mat... headfirst to the top turnbuckle! And again!

[Allen keeps going, the crowd counting along as he slams Mad Dog's head into the top turnbuckle in Downfall's corner.]

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Allen pumps a fist as he turns Mad Dog around, hooking him in a side headlock.]

GM: Allen's setting for the bulldog out of the corner!

[But as he does, Thrash gets back up on the apron, hooking Allen by the hair, yanking him back into the buckles.]

GM: Oh!

BW: Allen's in the wrong part of town!

[Mad Dog spins out, burying a right hand into the midsection followed by three impactful knees to the body while Thrash continues to hold Allen in place. The referee shouts at Thrash to let go and at Mad Dog to let Allen out of the corner but neither is happening as they brutalize Allen in the buckles for several more moments.]

GM: Again, Mad Dog and Thrash are risking disqualification with their actions, Bucky.

BW: I'm sure Sadisuto would prefer they win the match and get the winner's side of the purse but at the same time, this punk kid deserves a beating so he learns his place in this sport.

GM: His place?!

[Thrash finally lets go of the hair, making the tag.]

GM: Quick tag by Downfall...

[Squaring up, they take turns landing heavy blows to the midsection, keeping Allen trapped in the corner. Across the ring, Tombstone Anderson is shouting at the official, trying to get his partner out of danger.]

GM: Come on, referee! Get them out of the corner!

[The referee's four count sends Mad Dog out of the ring as Thrash muscles the barely-moving Allen out of the turnbuckles, yanking him into a front facelock.]

GM: Thrash lifts him up...

[...and DROPS him gutfirst across the top rope!]

GM: OHHH!

[With Allen hanging onto the ropes, Thrash dashes to the ropes, rebounding back with a shoulder tackle that sends Allen sailing off the ropes, crashing down to the barely-padded floor below!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! Allen goes sailing off the apron, smashing down on the floor!

BW: That ain't an easy landing, Gordo.

GM: It's certainly not and Mr. Sadisuto certainly liked that.

[Cackling and nodding with glee, Sadisuto looks on as the referee starts his ten count... but he's barely to three when Thrash decides he's not done, stepping out on the apron, and dropping down to the floor.]

GM: Thrash goes to the outside, pulling Allen up off the mat...

[He's got a handful of trunks and a handful of hair as he takes aim...]

GM: TO THE STEPS!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as Allen's knees hit the steps and he flips him over them, landing on his back on the floor again.]

GM: A horrific smash into the steel steps and Allen Allen is in a lot of trouble out there on the floor, fans.

BW: Thrash isn't done with him either.

[The three hundred pounder pulls Allen up by the hair, rolling his limp form back under the ropes inside the ring.]

GM: Thrash puts him back in... now climbing back in himself...

[Thrash steps in, winding up and drops an elbow down into the small of Allen's back. He rolls him over, applying a lateral press but only gets a two count as he fails to hook a leg.]

GM: A little too much overconfidence in that cover, Bucky.

BW: I have to agree, Gordo. He didn't bother to hook the leg at all and even Allen Allen can kick out of that sloppy of a pin attempt. But hey, Sadisuto didn't bring these guys in because they're mat technicians. He brought them in because they can kick some tail and make some money.

GM: And I'll have to agree with that.

[Thrash climbs to his feet, leaning over to slap his partner's hand.]

GM: Another tag for Downfall, bringing Mad Dog back in.

[Each man grabs a handful of hair on Allen before shouting and connecting with a double headbutt that puts him down on the mat.]

GM: Double headbutt! We've seen that before!

[Mad Dog drops to his knees, applying another cover but again only getting two.]

GM: Another two count there... and now Mr. Sadisuto is getting on the case of the official. Of course he is.

BW: Hey, he's just keeping the guy honest.

GM: I'm sure.

[Mad Dog climbs off the mat, turning back to tag his partner in.]

GM: Another tag.

BW: These guys sure know how to keep the fresh man inside the ring, Gordo.

[Mad Dog grabs Allen by the legs, waiting as Thrash steps in...

...and then catapults the former enhancement talent up into a running clothesline from Thrash!]

GM: OHH!

[Thrash dives on top of Allen as Mad Dog rolls out of the ring.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd roars as Tombstone Anderson comes stomping across the ring, diving into a forearm shot between the shoulderblades of Thrash, breaking up the pin attempt.]

GM: TOMBSTONE MAKES THE SAVE!

[The referee gets up, pushing a ranting and raving Anderson back across the ring to where he steps out to the apron. A seething Thrash barks something in Anderson's direction who returns fire verbally.]

GM: Things are getting a bit testy out here in this one.

[Thrash pulls Allen up, turning to stare at Anderson as he lifts him off the mat, holding him across his body...

...and DROPS Allen down into a backbreaker, shoving him off his knee.]

GM: Big backbreaker! That might be enough!

[But instead of covering, Thrash climbs off the mat, pointing and shouting at Tombstone Anderson who has to be cut off by the official, preventing him from running back into the ring.]

GM: We've got tempers flaring in this one as we approach the ten minute mark of this contest.

[Thrash leans down, grabbing Allen by the hair, still barking at Tombstone as he does...

...and takes his eye off the prize long enough to get plucked into an inside cradle by Allen!]

GM: CRADLE! CRADLE!

[The referee dives to the mat!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Oh my stars! How close was that!

[And with Thrash stunned and downed for a moment, the smaller and quicker Allen starts crawling towards his corner where Tombstone Anderson's arm is outstretched!]

GM: Allen Allen's looking for the tag! Looking to get over there and make the tag!

[But as he does, Mad Dog hops down off the apron, running around the ring quickly...]

GM: Allen's almost there! Tombstone's ready! Tombstone is-

[The crowd JEERS as Mad Dog YANKS Tombstone Anderson down off the apron JUST as Allen made a diving attempt at a tag!]

GM: OH! COME ON, REFEREE!

[Mad Dog spins Anderson around, blasting him with a right hand...

...but Anderson returns fire with one of his own, sending Mad Dog staggering away. He climbs back up on the apron!]

GM: Tombstone's back up on the-

BW: Too late!

[The fans jeer again as Thrash grabs Allen by the ankle, dragging him back out to the middle of the ring as Tombstone grabs at his wild hair in frustration, giving it a yank.]

BW: And you want to talk about a team working well together, look at Downfall! What a brilliant move that was - no doubt provided by Mr. Sadisuto with all his years of being a master strategist!

[Tombstone and Thrash exchange words again as the face-painted brute pulls Allen off the mat. He whips him towards the corner...]

GM: Thrash puts him in the wrong part of down, back in Downfall's corner...

[Thrash turns his head for an instant, shouting at Tombstone before charging in on Allen...

...who ducks down, sliding out of the way, causing Thrash to slam chestfirst into the corner to a big cheer!]

GM: He missed the avalanche!

[Allen tucks his head, doing a front somersault to clear half the ring as he springs up, staggers...]

GM: Thrash is coming to cut him off! Allen's got one shot and-

[He takes it, making a lunge...]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Tombstone Anderson tags in. A double axehandle to the back of Allen Allen sends him flying through the ropes to the floor as Anderson comes in, throwing right hands as fast as humanly possible to the head of the surprised Thrash!]

GM: ANDERSON'S GOT HIM ROCKED!

[A well-placed hook sends Thrash spinning away where Anderson hooks him around the waist, lifting him off the canvas...

...and dropping him down on a bent knee!]

GM: Atomic drop!

[The blow sends Thrash falling forward where Tombstone follows it up with a devastating clothesline to the back of the head, putting the big man down on the mat!]

GM: OH MY! What a clothesline!

[With Thrash down, Mad Dog comes charging into the ring...

...but Tombstone sidesteps, sending him rocketing chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Mad Dog with a swing and a miss... here comes Tombstone!

[A running big boot catches Mad Dog flush as he turns around, putting him down on his butt in the corner..

...and the crowd ROARS as Tombstone plants one of his furry boots on the face of Mad Dog!]

GM: He's gonna take that paint right off of him!

[The crowd cheers a series of facewash kicks in the corner, the fur a-flyin' as he rakes his boot across the facepaint over and over...

...and then wheels around, catching the incoming Thrash with a right hand to the jaw before whipping him to the corner, his hindquarters smashing Mad Dog in the face!]

GM: OHHH!

[Thrash staggers out of the corner towards Tombstone who scoops him up, swinging him around with one-arm holding him place, and slams the big man down to the canvas!]

GM: BIG SLAM! And Tombstone Anderson is a house of fire, taking on both members of Downfall!

[With Thrash down on the mat, Tombstone slaps his knee a couple of times, getting the crowd on their feet.]

GM: He's calling for the Bombs Away kneedrop! To the ropes!

[But as he goes to the ropes, Mr. Sadisuto reaches up with his cane, yanking the top rope down and bringing Tombstone Anderson tumbling over the top, crashing down on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What the-?!

BW: Tombstone Anderson, that clumsy oaf, just fell out of the ring!

GM: Thanks to Sadisuto!

BW: What are you talking about?!

GM: Sadisuto pulled down the ropes! I saw it as clear as day!

[The referee, who was distracted getting Mad Dog out of the ring, is now shouting accusingly at Sadisuto who is denying everything.]

BW: The referee didn't see a thing though! The match goes on!

GM: This is ridiculous! Tombstone Anderson had this match won for his team and Mr. Sadisuto yanked the rug right out from under him!

[Out on the floor, Mad Dog pulls Anderson off the floor, shoving him back into the ringside barricade as the official shouts at him. In the meantime, Thrash has pulled himself off the mat, walking across the ring to duck through the ropes.]

GM: Thrash is out there too... and look at Sadisuto! Look at Sadisuto!

[The wrestler-turned-manager has managed to get the referee distracted on the other side of the ring as Thrash pulls Anderson into his powerful arms, lifting him up...

...and dropping him down across his knee in a backbreaker!]

GM: Oh! Big backbreaker on the floor... wait a second! Where is Mad Dog going?!

[Mad Dog scales the apron, standing atop it, looking down at Anderson still draped across the knee of Tombstone Anderson...

...and then leaps off, dropping his elbow down across Anderson's throat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

BW: He nearly took his head off, Gordo!

GM: Decapitation was certainly the intention right there! A devastating elbowdrop off the apron and... Tombstone seems to be hurt, Bucky. He's grabbing at his throat... his collarbone perhaps...

[Thrash pulls him up, shoving him under the ropes, crawling in...

...and applies a cover, hooking the leg as Sadisuto backs off, allowing the official to see what's happening.]

GM: No, no! Not like this!

[The referee counts once... twice...

...and Mad Dog sprints across the ring, landing a stiff running knee on Allen Allen as he tries to come through the ropes.]

GM: Ahhh, you've gotta be kidding me!

[The referee hits the mat a third time before waving for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: That's it. Downfall wins this tag team showdown here on The X... and my concern right now is the condition of Tombstone Anderson after that devastating doubleteam out on the floor, Bucky.

BW: Sadisuto looks happy. I think mission accomplished for Downfall here tonight. They ended Allen Allen's Cinderella story and sent a message to the rest of the AWA that they mean business inside that squared circle.

GM: Fans, we're going to need some medical attention out here for Tombstone Anderson and... well, we'll be right back.

[Fade to black.

The shot opens to an overhead view Madison Square Garden, as a voice over speaks over top.]

"Madison Square Garden. The World's Most Famous Arena.

The Mecca of Professional Wrestling.

The home to AWA's SuperClash VI."

[Cut to a billboard in Times Square with the SuperClash logo, Supreme Wright and Ryan Martinez on either side.]

"But years before the World's Most Famous arena hosted The Wrestling World's Biggest Event, it was the proving ground for men who became legends in the world of professional wrestling..."

[Cut to a sold out Madison Square Garden, on their feet and cheering as a bulky, bloody Italian kneels in the middle of the ring, clutching a title belt...]

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

[Now the shot switches to another hot Garden crowd, chanting and cheering as a Hispanic man does a modified Ali Shuffle, taking his ring jacket off as he hops in place...]

"LI-RI-A-NO! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap*"

"LI-RI-A-NO! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap*"

"LI-RI-A-NO! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap*"

[Finally to the hard camera shot at MSG, as a thick man in fatigues waves the red, white and blue in the center of the ring, a bloodied opponent lying in the corner and a thin, bespeckled manager having a tantrum as he enters the ring...]

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

[The magnificent Hawaiian Hercules, Kai Alana, is introduced to the MSG crowd for the first time, as the ring announcer shouts his name, with the voice over speaking over top...]

"And now their stories can be told."

[To the clips: tag teams fighting in a cage, "Handsome" Jimmy Myers posing on the top rope, the inimitable Andre Price standing with taped fists, Bucky Wilde and "Pitbull" Billy Arnold being escorted to the ring by riot police, the historic staredown at the Last Fight In Philly...]

"Featuring over three hours of never before seen interviews..."

[Cut to present day Bucky Wilde, tie loosened and looking visibly anxious as he reminisces.]

BW: I was just a kid, and I was getting in fights on my way TO the ring. Every night. Everytime we went to Boston, I quit the business. Billy's hair started to fall out...

[Cut to Blackjack Lynch, letting off a rare smile.]

BJL: I hadda get in there, but I knew I couldn't use my name. If my bosses had heard that Blackjack Lynch wrestled in the Garden, they'd'a fired my ass before I left the state. But it was just too good to pass up...

[To Colt Patterson, dress shirt open at the collar.]

CP: Kai Alana was a freak of nature, man, people were in awe from the word go. When he came to town, you couldn't get a ticket. He outdrew the Rolling Stones.

[To a shorter man with a thick bush of black hair, wearing glasses, but curiously, a shirt with no sleeves. The name "Phil Darling" flashes on the screen.]

PD: Bruno refused to even get in the building. He wanted his money. My dad had to go to the bank and empty his safe deposit box, and Landon had to hawk one of his ridiculous gold bracelets. They never spoke after that night...

[Cut to a shot of two men standing in a cage, in the middle of old Veterans Stadium in Philadelphia, as the voice over returns.]

"...and some of the most famous matches ever seen on the East Coast. Available for the first time ever on DVD and Blu-Ray, and digitally remastered for quality, now with alternate commentary."

[Back to the clips, as the great "Soul Man" Andre Price addresses the Boston Gardens crowd.]

BW: There's only one thing I know that's for sure in this life, baby.

Pain is temporary. Glory fades... but legends never die.

[Cut to a sped up view of various matches taking place in the Garden, Spectrum and Boston Gardens, as the hook of "Cold Hard Bitch" by Jet plays... and then abruptly the screen goes to black, except for these words...]

LEGENDS OF THE NORTHEAST.

Available now.

[Fade to black...

...and then fade back up to...]

JB: "Get booo-GIE! Get booo-GIE."

[Cut back to the ring where Jackie Bourassa is singing along to the chorus on his theme music. He leans on the ring apron in his greasy way, casting shifty glances to any females in attendance.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans, where we're told that Tombstone Anderson is currently receiving medical treatment backstage after the brutal doubleteam he suffered at the hands of Downfall.

BW: So long, Tombstone!

GM: And now, Jackie Bourassa is getting set for action. He's not exactly endearing himself to the fans.

[Bourassa lies on his side sleazily on the apron, hand on one hip, other hand propping up his head.]

GM: He is really into himself, isn't he, Bucky?

BW: He's got the tools to win, Gordo! He's just got to focus.

[Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent, from Watertown, New York... weighing in at 235 pounds... Charlie Stephens.

GM: Charlie Stephens is the opponent for Jackie Bourassa. Judging from Bourassa's win/loss record since graduating from CCW, Bourassa had better take his opponent very seriously. And we're underway.

[Stephens begins moving in for a lockup, but Bourassa keeps moving backwards.]

JB: "Hey come on, guy!"

[Without any contact, Bourassa backs into the corner, crossing his hands in front of him in some sort of chi-chi martial arts move he's invented himself.]

BW: Playin' mind games here.

GM: Or he's being a coward.

BW: Let's not stereotype the man, Gordo.

[Bourassa puts himself behind the referee to keep Stephens away. Finally they lock up and Stephens pushes Bourassa back into the corner.]

GM: Referee has to call for a break here.

JB: "Hey guy! Chudanmarde! He pulled my 'air!"

GM: Bourassa claiming that Stephens pulled his hair, which I find difficult to believe.

BW: What? What's not to believe?

GM: Given that Bourassa's hair looks like it's been doused in 10W30 and has the viscosity to match, Bucky.

[Bourassa spends a moment exchanging a fan's heckles with bawdy Quebecois obscenities, then locks up again.]

GM: Another collar-and-elbow tie-up... into a full armdrag and twist... Stephens reverses... Bourassa backs him into the corner... Will we see a clean break? No, Bourassa laying in some pointed elbows to the head of Charlie Stephens!

[Bourassa starts kicking, taking Stephens down to the mat then lays in a bootsrape to the face.]

GM: And the referee gets him out of there; Bourassa showing a bit of a vicious streak.

[With time to recover, Charlie Stephens is up quickly. Bourassa shoots him to the ropes.]

GM: Bourassa looking for a back body drop, but Stephens with a sunset flip! Two! Bourassa rolls out!

BW: Jackie's gotta start taking this seriously, this could be the worst loss for him yet!

GM: Stephens with the armbar, kicking Bourassa in the back of the leg... Small package rollup! One... Two... Almost three there! Bourassa trying to get to the ropes, Stephens a little slow to follow.

[Stephens Irish whips Bourassa to the corner, but Bourassa shifts his weight and fires Stephens to the corner instead. Bourassa quickly follows with a jumping back elbow smash.]

GM: And Jackie Bourassa back in control here. He caught him flush with that back elbow, Bucky.

BW: You know, for all his hittin' on the ladies and all his fooling around, the man can wrestle, Gordo.

[Bourassa maintains control, taking Charlie Stephens down with a vertical suplex.]

GM: No question about that. If you're on Saturday Night Wrestling, you are the best of the best in the sport. Top quality wrestling can only be found on The X, fans, and don't let anyone tell you otherwise.

[Bourassa kips up to his feet and begins moonwalking around the ring with a satisfied "duck lips" expression.]

BW: And he can boogie, can't he? Reminds me of your moves back in the day, Gordo.

[Bourassa moonsaults from a standing position onto Stephens.]

BW: Admit it: you were getting down to Boney M with a collar that doubled as a hang-glider, am I right?

GM: I... I plead the fifth on that, Bucky. Two count from that standing moonsault and Bourassa and Stephens back up again... Bourassa leaps...

[Bourassa leaps into the air, taking hold of his opponent's head.]

GM: The October Crisis! And another lateral press... not even bothering to hook the leg, but it's academic. The October Crisis gets the three-count!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And I hope you've been studying your French/English dictionary, Bucky, because you're about to get a word with Jackie Bourassa.

[Bucky Wilde steps into the ring to interview Bourassa.]

BW: Alright... another win for Jackie B! And did I hear right? You got somethin' to say to everyone in CCW?

JB: Okay, guuuuy! D'accord les guuuuys! Ehhhh, gar ladon, Bucky; check out the popular girl in the turd row, dere.

[Bourassa points to someone off camera. Bucky nudges Bourassa to keep him on topic.]

JB: Okay, so guy. So back at SuperClash Sept, Ben The Water Man... 'e talks some 'ot garbage 'bout his guy Mag Maxnum. Hey, m'a arranger à face, that Man Maxgum. And all them guys! Grey Bretson! Sim City Osbounre! Blaque Jaque Arawque! All of dem guys! I know they're watching the Corner du Combat. Garsa, guuuuys! I'm 'ere and you're there! Crisse moi patience, you guys. Vive le Jackie, guy!

[Bourassa abruptly walks away to the ropes, where he leers down at what one presumes to be an attractive female near the front row.]

BW: Gordo, it's tough to understand this guy with his Canadian accent, but I think that was just a challenge to anyone from CCW to step up and face him! Now, let's take a look at where in the world Louis Matsui is now...

[We fade from Bucky to a school gym. A basic wrestling ring sits in the middle of the room, folding chairs arranged five rows deep on three sides of it. Only the first three rows of chairs are occupied and, even then, just barely. Well, someone sits in the back row of chairs on the side where the camera has been positioned. Gone are the tailored jackets; instead, the bespectacled Asian, former manager Louis Matsui has on a shapeless grey hoodie.

Except for the cameraman, nobody pays him any heed, as the crowd, if one could call it a crowd, sucks in its collective breath when the skinny kid in the black trackpants stumbles out of the ring, having been whipped into the ropes by his thickset opponent, dressed in black shorts, a black sleeveless T-shirt, knee pads and boots, tiny ponytail attached to a fauxhawk.

Matsui still looks a little worse for wear, the bags under his eyes adding to his hangdog expression, as he rests his head in his hands, massaging his cheeks.]

LM: This... This is what I have been sitting through... Tonight we're in Lakeville, Indiana... I'm, what, two weeks into my search? And I'm having trouble keeping myself awake! Never mind the long drives, never mind the crap motels... None of that is as depressing as what I've been forced to watch! This... This is supposed to be the Main Event of the night and I'm not sure Fauxhawk Ponytail there knows where he is, while I don't know whether his baby brother, that's right, is even old enough to be in that ring.

[Matsui buries his face in his hands, digging his fingers into his forehead, looking like he is either trying to rub out the creases of his brows, or trying to add more to them. He suddenly sits up, drawing in a long, deep breath.]

LM: You know what, I'm done here... I'm getting out of here and planning where to go next...

[He gets up and begins walking away, but stops and turns to the camera.]

LM: I'll let you know once I've decided.

[Fade to black...

...and then back up on the ring where Phil Watson stands.]

PW: The following contest is a Women's Division match set for one fall. Introducing first, to my left, from Raleigh, North Carolina, and weighing 135 pounds... DANA RICHARDS!

[A slender woman with black hair with red streaks, dressed in a black top with blue stripes down the sides, matching black tights and white wrestling boots, raises her arms to the crowd, a sneer on her face.

"She Works Hard for the Money" by Donna Summer plays, drawing cheers.]

PW: And her opponent, hailing from Boston, Massachusetts and weighing 145 pounds... ladies and gentlemen, she is "THE SPITFIRE" JULIE SOMERS!

[The young lady known as Julie Somers emerges from the entranceway. She wears a red halter top with matching Spandex shorts that come just above her knees, red kneepads and white wrestling boots. She stands at the top of the ramp, motioning with her hands to encourage the fans and their cheers.]

GM: And here comes Julie Somers, victorious in her first-ever SuperClash match, and somebody you would have to imagine will be a top contender in the Women's Division whenever they do decide to feature a championship.

BW: She may have won at SuperClash, but don't think for a minute that Charisma Knight isn't thinking about that loss and wanting to show she can be the first ever Women's Champion.

GM: I would imagine that Knight would love to win that championship gold, along with the likes of Erica Toughill, who we saw in action earlier tonight, and the arrival of Lauryn Rage makes the division that much tougher. And we mustn't forget Melissa Cannon, who got the ball rolling after a tough outing against Miyuki Ozaki at Rising Sun Showdown 2.

[After a moment, Somers struts down the entranceway, reaching out to slap hands with fans. Upon reaching the ring, she slides underneath the ropes, rolling to her feet and heading right to the corner. She climbs onto the second turnbuckle and raises her arms, motioning with her hands to encourage the fans' cheers again.]

GM: But I imagine that Julie Somers will be a favorite of the fans to rise to the top of the women's Division.

BW: The people may love her, Gordo, but that can only take you so far. She's gotta do more than just put a SuperClash win on her resume, impressive as that may be.

GM: She'll have her chance tonight to add to that resume, as she's facing a women's prospect from the Carolinas tonight. I understand Dana Richards is relatively new to the business and she's looking for her chance to impress.

[Somers climbs down from the ropes and turns to face Richards, the two approaching each other as the bell rings.]

GM: And we are underway... and Richards quick to strike! A kick to the midsection finds the mark!

BW: She's not wasting time, Gordo. This is her chance to prove she deserves an AWA contract.

[Richards backs Somers into the corner, nailing her with a shot to the side of the head, then another kick to the gut. She has Somers trapped in the corner and works her over with forearm smashes as the referee calls for the break.]

GM: Richards striking quickly and not letting up! Now she has Julie Somers by the hair... slams her face first into the canvas!

[Richards kicks Julie in the back of the head, then brags to the crowd. She grabs Somers and pulls her to her feet.]

GM: Richards backing Somers into the ropes and there's an Irish whip.

BW: Going for the clothesline... but Somers ducked it!

GM: Somers coming off the opposite side... OH MY!

[Somers leaps off her feet and surprises Richards with a flying forearm.]

GM: Flying forearm sends Richards to the canvas!

BW: Looks like she caught Richards off guard... but look at this! Wasting time, paying attention to these fans!

[Somers turns to the crowd and motions with her arms, encouraging their cheers.]

GM: Julie Somers makes it no secret she feeds off the fans and their support! Now she drags Richards to her feet... has her trapped in the corner!

[Somers fires off a series of hard chops to the chest.]

"WHAAAPPP!"

"WHAAAPPP!"

"WHAAAPPP!"

GM: Somers hitting Richards hard! Now a whip to the opposite corner!

[Richards crashes into the opposite turnbuckles and Somers pumps a fist, then follows in and unleashes more chops.]

"WHAAAPPP!"

"WHAAAPPP!"

"WHAAAPPP!"

GM: My goodness! Richards taking a lot of punishment!

BW: Well, this young lady wanted to show what she could do, but she's going to have to do better if she wants to impress.

GM: That almost sounded like a compliment directed at Julie Somers.

BW: Hardly, Gordo. I'd love nothing more than to see Dana Richards win this one. Might bring this Somers kid back to earth a bit.

[Somers pulls Richards out of the corner and hooks her into a front facelock.]

GM: Julie Somers setting up Richards... a textbook vertical suplex! She drops down for a cover... but only a two count!

BW: She needs to keep pressing her advantage... but, no, she's paying attention to these fans again!

[Somers is on her feet, motioning with her hands, then runs into the ropes and leaps for a splash...

...but Richards raises her knees and Somers is doubled over.]

GM: Went for the big splash but Richards saw it coming!

BW: Like I said, Gordo, Julie Somers should have pressed the advantage and didn't! This is what happens when you pay more attention to the fans than your opponent!

[Richards gets to her feet first and drags Somers up by the hair.]

GM: Richards has Somers in a bad position... scoops her up and slams her to the mat!

BW: Now look at how she's pressing the advantage... a legdrop just like that! I like how she followed up that one.

[Rather than go for the cover, Richards gets to her feet and plants a boot right into Somers' midsection.]

GM: I'm surprised she didn't go for the cover.

BW: No doubt because she wants to finish her off first.

GM: Richards bringing Somers to her feet... she sends her into the ropes.

[Richards leaps up for a dropkick, but Somers hooks the ropes and Richards falls to the canvas.]

GM: Somers avoided the dropkick! Richards trying to get to her feet, though.

[But as she does, Somers rushes forward, leaping onto her shoulders.]

GM: Julie Somers catches her! Big headscissors takes Richards down!

BW: All right, so maybe Richards should have gone for the cover sooner! But now Somers wants to play up to the crowd again!

[Somers motions with her hand as she brings Richards to her feet.]

GM: But she's not wasting time between moves! She sending Richards into the ropes... and her dropkick does not miss!

BW: She caught her right in the face... now she's covering!

[Somers floats on top for a pinfall, but Richards kicks out at two.]

GM: And a two count only! Somers right on top of her, though... but Richards with a shot to the gut!

BW: That might be her opening!

GM: Richards swinging a forearm... it's ducked! Somers turns around...

[Somers goes for a kick, but Richards catches her by the foot, a smirk now on her face.]

BW: She blocked it! Give Richards credit for that!

GM: It was a good move... but look at Julie Somers!

[Somers leaps off her feet and sends her free leg toward Richards, striking her on the side of the head with an enzuigiri.]

GM: And Richards caught upside the head! Down to the canvas she goes!

[Somers gets to her feet and grabs a stunned Richards, hoisting her up.]

GM: And there's a backdrop suplex! Now Julie to her feet... she pointing to the top rope!

BW: She can't waste time, though! A high risk move like that, she's gotta be quick with it!

[Somers goes to the corner and climbs to the top rope, her back to Richards, who lies motionless on the canvas.]

GM: Julie Somers to the top rope... she leaps... the moonsault connects!

[The referee drops to the canvas and counts to three.]

GM: And that's gonna do it! Julie Somers takes the victory!

BW: Well, maybe she got lucky against somebody like Richards, but if you spend too much time working the fans like that, it can backfire on you against a more experienced opponent!

GM: Be that as it may, it goes down as a win for Julie Somers! Let's get the official word.

[Somers has risen to her feet and allows the referee to raise her arm in victory.]

PW: The winner of the match... "THE SPITFIRE" JULIE SOMERS!

[Somers pumps her fist and smiles, going to the corner and climbing to the second rope, once more waving her hands to the fans and soaking in the cheers.]

GM: Julie Somers picks up the win tonight and I'm sure she has her sights set high as the women's division gets underway!

BW: Yeah, but the name of the game is to beat your opponent, not to spend your time kissing up to these fans!

GM: Bucky, as I've said before and we'll say again, Julie feeds off the energy from the fans and loves nothing more than to put on a show for them. And given her success as of late, who can argue with her methods?

BW: Women like Charisma Knight, Erica Toughill, Lauryn Rage... I'm sure they'd have something to say about that.

GM: That may be true. Right now, let's go to Mark Stegklet.

[Julie Somers ducks between the ropes and exits the ring. We cut to Mark Stegglert at the interview podium.]

MS: All right, fans, the Women's Division is in full effect tonight, and joining me right now is the woman we saw in action just now... Julie Somers, come on up here!

[Somers heads up to the interview platform, pushing a loose strand of hair away from her face and flashing a big smile.]

MS: Julie, a nice win for you tonight. As you saw earlier tonight, the Women's Division is already growing. I wanted to get your thoughts about some of the competition that has made its way to the AWA.

[Somers looks out to the crowd for a moment.]

JS: Before I get to that, Mark, I have to give a big thank you to all these fans out here, who supported me these past few months, who sent their emails to AWA officials, let it be known on social media, called in to the podcasts to say they wanted to see a Women's Division become reality! Sometimes it's still hard for me to believe that this is happening, but the more I see the best women's wrestlers around showing up here and proving they are as good of an athlete as any of the men who compete here, it's a reminder that women's wrestling is here to stay!

[Her eyes are lit up for a moment, but her face grows serious as she continues.]

JS: And I know there are a lot of women who want to get to the top as much as I do, but whoever it is, be it an Erica Toughill, or a Lauryn Rage, or a Charisma Knight... anybody who's aiming for that top spot, I'm going to be ready for them! I worked hard the past few months to ensure that women's wrestling would become a permanent part of the AWA, and I know I have to work even harder if I want to represent AWA as its champion! I know I have a lot to live up to, to the legends of women's wrestling who trained me, gave me advice, showed me the ins and outs... I owe it to those before me to prove how much I learned from them and that I have what it takes to be a champion.

MS: Julie, the Anniversary show is coming up in two weeks' time. You just came off your first SuperClash match. Do you have anything in mind for the AWA's anniversary celebration?

JS: Mark, at this point, I don't have anything specific planned, but I would love to be on the show and wrestling again. In fact, I wouldn't mind if the challenge I made to Melissa Cannon two weeks ago... if that match were to become reality for the anniversary show?

MS: So you believe the Anniversary show would be the right time to have the match that some would say Charisma Knight denied you several months ago? And do you think that's possible, given what happened earlier tonight when Lauryn Rage attacked Melissa Cannon?

JS: Mark, I know Melissa will want to settle things with Lauryn Rage, but at the same time, I know her well enough, that she'd love to face me in that ring, as much as I'd love to face her, to put on a show the fans won't forget! I'm hoping that she will agree to it, Mark, because I think it's something the fans would love, something some of them I'm sure believe is long overdue.

[She turns to the crowd and motions with her arm.]

JS: You all believe that, right? Let me hear you!

[The fans cheer in response. She turns back to Mark, that smile back on her face.]

JS: I think the fans have made their point, don't you? Now, if you'll excuse me, I think it's time to make sure Emerson Gellar knows what I want in two weeks and we'll see if we can make it happen!

[She leaves the interview podium.]

MS: Julie Somers wants that match with Melissa Cannon, fans! I'm sure many people would like to see it happen... the question is, will it happen? We'll try to find out before we leave the airwaves here tonight but right now, we've got to take a quick break. Hang on because we'll be right back!

[Fade to black.]

We fade up on a dark parking lot. A motorcycle pulls in off the street, ending up in one of the spots. The person on it dismounts their cycle, pulling off their helmet and leaving it hanging off a handlebar. They're dressed in blue jeans, cowboy boots, and a black leather jacket. We follow their footsteps through the parking lot, splashing through a muddy puddle before ending up pushing through the door into a sparsely-occupied saloon. The person walks in - our camera serving as their eyes as they look around the room, walking towards the only well-lit area of the place - a neon-covered jukebox. All eyes are on this newcomer as he strides to the jukebox, dropping change into it as he presses a couple of keys...

...only to hear the sounds of "You've Got Another Thing Comin'" by Judas Priest. Nods of approval from the bar's customers as the man walks back towards the bar, slamming a hand down on it... and the World Television Title falls down on the bar next to that.

The camera cuts to a shot over the young bartender's shoulder, now showing us Supernova sitting at the bar. No sign of his trademark facepaint behind a pair of dark sunglasses. Cut again, this time showing the bartender looking at Supernova, batting her eyelashes.]

"Nice song."

[Supernova looks up, pulling off his sunglasses with a smile. He leans towards her.]

"There's more where that came from."

[We cut, showing Supernova hitting a pool trick shot with "Tom Sawyer" by Rush playing in the background.]

Cut again, Supernova beating a biker in an arm wrestling match as the ever-catchy "Can't Hold Us" belts out.

Another cut - Supernova throwing darts...

...and we cut to a graphic advertising "AWA: The Album" as a scrolling list of songs appearing on the soundtrack goes by including "Vox Populi", "Kashmir", "Black Skinhead", and more.

And then back out to the parking lot where Supernova is climbing on his motorcycle, the bartender's arms around his waist as she sits behind him. He grins at the camera, pushing the sunglasses back into place.

One last cut shows the motorcycle driving out of sight as Supernova's howl fills the air.

Fade to black...

...and then fade back up on the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my left... accompanied by Brian Lau... weighing in at 255 pounds... from Phoenix, Arizona... "SCORCHIN' SHANE TAYLOR!

[There is a lot of jeers for Shane Taylor despite his hometown status. Taylor doesn't seem to notice them, talking with Lau animatedly. Lau looks very serious at Taylor, pointing across the ring at his opponent. Taylor looks less than thrilled with this arrangement.]

PW: And his opponent... being accompanied to the ring by Pedro Perez... representing the Dogs of War... weighing at 278 pounds from DEEE-troit, Michigan...

WAAAAAAAAAADE WALLLLLLKERRRRR!

[Walker slaps his massive tanned arms, staring across at Taylor who still has his back to him, talking to Lau. Lau is looking angry now, pointing at Walker as the referee steps out to the middle and signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Shane Taylor turns around at the insistence of Brian Lau.

Uh oh.]

GM: SPEAR!

[Wade Walker comes tearing across the ring, connecting with a devastating spear tackle that cuts Taylor in half, putting him down on the mat. Eyes locked on Lau, Walker plants his palms on the chest, pressing up to full extension as the referee makes a quick three count.]

GM: Wow. Just like that, it's over.

[Lau angrily slams a fist down on the ring apron, glaring at Wade Walker as the powerhouse of the Dogs of War climbs to his feet.]

BW: That might've been some kind of a record, Gordo.

GM: It might have. Wade Walker climbs to his feet, staring down at Brian Lau.

[Phil Watson starts to make the announcement but Pedro Perez snatches the mic away.]

PP: Nah, nah... we don't need that, Watson. It's plainly obvious to everyone watching who won that match.

[Perez steps closer to the ropes, looking down at Lau.]

PP: And it's plainly obvious to you, Lau... that the Dogs of War are back.

[There's a decent-sized cheer for that as Lau smirks, shaking his head.]

PP: No?

[Perez shrugs.]

PP: Let's see if we can't change your mind on that.

[Perez drops the mic, turning back towards Wade Walker, slapping him in the chest. Walker nods his head, pulling a limp Shane Taylor off the mat, yanking him into a standing headscissors...

...and suddenly, the crowd reacts at the sight of Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan charging down the aisle towards the ring!]

GM: Here comes the tag team champions!

[Taylor and Donovan are headed straight for the ring...

...but Brian Lau steps right in their path, extending both of his arms to hold them back.]

GM: What the-?!

[The camera gets close enough to hear Taylor questioning his manager who responds with "He's a bodyguard. This is his job!" Taylor tries to get past Lau to help his uncle but Lau hangs on tight as Walker lifts Shane Taylor up into the air..]

GM: He's got him up!

[...and Perez leaps up, hooking Taylor on the way down for a powerbomb/lungblower combination!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[An irate Wes Taylor shouts into the ring as Perez rolls to a knee, waving him in.]

GM: The Dogs of War have struck and they've taken down Shane Taylor in devastating fashion!

[Perez climbs back to his feet, picking up the discarded mic.]

PP: Convinced now?

[Lau shakes his head, gesturing off-camera and getting a mic handed to him.]

BL: You want me to be impressed that you beat up a guy who couldn't cut it here the first time around?

[Wes Taylor glares at Lau who gives a calming gesture in his direction.]

BL: You want me to be impressed you two beat up a bodyguard? That's his job! He got beat up... and I'm standing tall!

[Walker starts to make a move towards Lau but Perez holds him back.]

PP: Whoa, whoa, big man... we've got business to take care of. Lau, you cowardly little weasel...

[Big cheer!]

PP: It's pretty obvious that you're not man enough to step to the Dogs of War again. You saw how close we came to putting your James Gang on ice at SuperClash and you don't want us to get a second chance.

But you...

[Perez points at Wes Taylor.]

PP: You. I spent years watching your old man in the ring. And I know some of him must've rubbed off on you. Bobby Taylor may have been one of the meanest son of a bitches in the history of the business... but he also cared about his friends. Myers, Slater, Ezra... Donovan. They were more than friends to him... they were family... they were his blood.

This right here...

[He gestures at Shane Taylor, kicking him with the toe of his boot.]

PP: This is YOUR blood. And your blood just got his ass handed to him by the Dogs of War!

[Another big cheer as Wes Taylor is being held back by Tony Donovan now.]

PP: If you were like your father, you'd tear into this ring right now and take an equal part of me for what I took from your uncle. If you were anything like the Outlaw, you'd swing a chair, break a table, light my ass on fire if that's what it took to get even.

[Perez shakes his head.]

PP: But you're not like the Outlaw, are you? You're not even close.

[Taylor grimaces.]

PP: Because if you were, you'd snatch that mic right out of Lau's hand...

[Lau pulls the mic back.]

PP: ...and you'd say, "I want the Dogs of War!"

[Another big cheer! Taylor shouts something off-mic as Perez waves him forward. Taylor spins out of Donovan's grasp, grabbing Brian Lau's wrist, pulling the mic towards him.]

WT: I WANT THE DOGS OF WAR!

[Lau grimaces, his hand going to his forehead as the crowd ROARS! Pedro Perez grins, nodding his approval.]

PP: Well then... I guess we'll see you in L.A... Outlaw.

[Perez throws the mic down on the mat as Tony Donovan, Brian Lau, and Wes Taylor trade heated words at ringside.]

GM: We've got a tag title match for the Anniversary Show! The Dogs of War challenging the James Gang for the AWA World Tag Team Titles!

BW: And the last time those two teams met, they stole the show and nearly ended ALL of their careers! What's going to happen this time?! What's going to-

GM: TRAVIS!

[Running down the aisle, the AWA National Champion - his head wrapped in white bandages - is coming on strong behind the distracted James Gang...]

...and he's carrying a steel chair!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The blow across the back of Tony Donovan sends him down to the floor as a shocked Wes Taylor tries to attack Lynch who sticks the edge of the chair into his gut, doubling him up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TAYLOR GOES DOWN TOO!

[Seeing the furious look in the eyes of Travis Lynch, Brian Lau backs off, running for his life as he hurdles the barricade and beats a retreat through the crowd.]

GM: The Texas Heartthrob has had enough! He got jumped by the tag champions earlier tonight but I'd say he just settled the damn score, Bucky!

BW: That scumbag hit them with a weapon! Of course you'd love it!

GM: Fans, we're almost out of time! We'll see you in two weeks at the Anniversary Show!

[The fuming National Champion stands in the aisle, staring down at the laid-out World Tag Team Champions...]

...as we cut backstage to where Mark Stegklet is standing, microphone in hand.]

MS: It was an inspiring moment, earlier tonight, when Juan Vasquez was confronted with "The Wall," a sea of like-minded individuals, coming together to take a stand against the actions of Mr. Vasquez. And in the midst of that scene, we saw, yet again, a legend in this business join his voice to those others. I am talking about my guest at this time, a five time World Heavyweight Champion, a Hall of Famer, a man who truly needs no introduction - Alex Martinez.

[The camera cuts to the Last American Badass himself, who is standing next to Stegklet. Martinez wears his usual black leather jacket and mirrored sunglasses, this time over a white "RyMart" t-shirt and a pair of blue jeans. The seven foot tall, three hundred and fifty pound man radiates his usual intensity.]

AM: Ya know somethin' Mark, it's a bit surreal. I mean, I must've stood next to your uncle a couple hundred times, and I've seen ya standin' next to Ryan over the years. And here we are, you and me.

And I'll be honest, I never planned on bein' in this place again. I thought my days of bein' interviewed by a Stegklet were over.

But here I am. And thought I hate the reason why I'm here, I gotta say, there's somethin' that feels right about me bein' asked questions by a Stegklet all these years later.

MS: And those reasons you alluded too are why you are here now. Because if not for Juan Vasquez, your son, Ryan would be here to accept the awards that I have the honor of announcing that he won... the Most Popular Wrestler of 2015... and of course, the biggest prize of the night - Wrestler of the Year.

[The camera cuts to a nodding Martinez, who is momentarily caught up in the emotion of knowing he is here while his son remains hospitalized.]

MS: I know that I speak for the wrestlers, the staff, and most importantly, the fans, when I say that we all wish Ryan were here to accept his awards. Everyone wishes him a speedy and full recovery.

[Martinez nods his head and draws in a deep breath, expelling it slowly.]

AM: Let me just say that I've been in constant contact with Ryan, and that he's surrounded by friends and family. And he's read every card, email and tweet that's been sent to him. And while he can't sit up long enough to respond to 'em, he's seen 'em all, and he will, in time, reply to everyone who's sent him somethin'. And I came here tonight, not just to stand in that wall, but to deliver a message.

A message from my son.

[Martinez reaches up, pulling off his mirrored shades, as the camera focuses in on his dark eyes.]

AM: First off, he says thank you to everyone who voted. Knowin' that he's earned the love of the fans, knowin' that he's the man they find the most popular? That means the world to him. His whole career is dedicated to the fans, so that's a special honor to him.

And bein' wrestler of the year? Ain't no words to describe how grateful he is that he could spend all this time in the AWA, bleedin' and sweatin' for the causes that he believes in. Bein' the World Champion and bein' voted Wrestler of the Year? Those are equal honors for Ryan. And he takes 'em both seriously.

Ryan wants everyone to know this. He's down, but he ain't out. He will return. He doesn't know when, but he knows it will happen. Ryan knows that he's got the AWA fans behind him, and he knows that with them proppin' him up, there ain't no way his career is done.

And finally, Ryan wanted me to deliver this message to all of you. It's a real simple message. And it goes like this –

Hold the line.

[Martinez pauses a moment, to let those three words sink in.]

AM: If you're Jordan Ohara, or Supernova, or Travis Lynch, or Cesar Hernandez, or Caspian Abaran or Derrick Williams, all ya gotta do follow Sweet Daddy's lead.

And hold the line.

Take a stand, and do not let garbage like Juan Vasquez, like Johnny Detson, like Maxim Zharkov get away with the crap they've been pullin'.

And if you're an AWA fan, you need to do the same thing.

I ain't one for Twitter or tweetin', but the next time ya see a Vasquez, a Detson or a Zharkov, take out your phone, and the world know where ya stand. Put it out there for the world –

#HoldTheLine

Seems like people don't remember how dark it got when the Wise Men were runnin' roughshod over the AWA. But all it took was good men standin' up and standin' together.

Eric Preston held the line.

Jack Lynch held the line.

Bobby O'Connor held the line.

And Ryan Martinez? You can be damn sure he held the line.

This is the moment. This is when we all draw a line in the sand, and we say, as one – this far and no further. This is where we let every liar and cheater know that there is a line that cannot, and will not, be crossed.

This is where we hold the line.

[Martinez runs a hand through his hair.]

AM: And let me make this promise – I'll be here with all of ya. I'll be here until Ryan makes his way back. And I'll be holdin' the line.

And anyone who crosses it?

[Martinez nods.]

AM: Well, they're gonna get...

BURNED!!!

[Martinez pulls his sunglasses back on, stepping out of view, leaving Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: And there you have it, fans. As the White Knight's music says – this is a call to arms. Now the question is - Who will stand up, and who will hold the line?

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: So long everybody.

[Fade to black.]