

The American Wrestling Alliance and Fox Sports X

Proudly Presents...



Eighth Anniversary Show

March 12th, 2016 - Los Angeles Sports Arena
Los Angeles, California

[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 footage from the very first Saturday Night Wrestling. The footage has had an "old fashioned" effect put on it as we hear the voice of Gordon Myers welcoming fans to that very first episode. The title sequence flashes by - a large white map of the United States that we zoom through, watching as different states "pop up" into view until we see Gordon and Bucky at ringside - both looking slightly younger but much the same as we see them every show.]

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. It is my great honor and privilege to be the first person to utter a word on this, the premiere episode of Saturday Night Wrestling brought to you by the American Wrestling Alliance."

[We fade from the announcers as the sounds of David Bowie's classic "Heroes" begins to play.

A shot of a smiling Melissa Cannon dressed in a black skirt and a white blouse, holding the mic and serving as the ring announcer.

Kerry Kendrick under the name of Keith Smith steps into the ring, the very first wrestler seen on AWA television.

Calisto Dufresne locks a Boston Crab on the young man who would later be known as "Smooth" Kenny Stanton.

The Russians - Vladimir Velikov and Kolya Sudakov - raise their arms after winning the first tag team match in AWA history.

Marcus Broussard, the first man to wear AWA championship gold, stands before the camera delivering an interview. The music drops as Broussard speaks.]

"There's no use to being great if people don't know it, and from this show on I'm going to make sure everyone in this studio knows it, everyone watching on TV knows it and everyone working for the AWA knows it."

[The shot of Broussard fades into a shot of Tumaffi delivering a running avalanche in the corner on a helpless foe.

"Showtime" Rick Marley drives a masked man into the canvas with his twisting cutter known as the Limelight.

"Hotshot" Stevie Scott gets his clocked cleaned courtesy of a big wind-up Tin Jaw Rocket out of veteran and future AWA Tin Can Rust.

The shots get quicker - quick snippets of Ron Houston, Mark Shaw, Werewolf Gregorson and Despair, Ricky Royal, Buddy Lambert, and The Masked Menace...

...and then cross-dissolve into many shots through the years showing some of the finest competitors to ever lace up boots for the AWA.

James Monosso. Eric Preston. City Jack. Violence Unlimited. Air Strike. Robert Donovan. Nenshou. Alex Martinez. Mark Langseth. "Big" Jim Watkins. Joe

Petrow. The Blonde Bombers. SkyHerc. Ebola Zaire. Bobby Taylor. Demetrius Lake. Anton Layton. Vernon Riley. Raphael Rhodes. The Lights Out Express. Bobby O'Connor. Grant Stone. Alphonse Green. Adam Rogers. MAMMOTH Mizusawa. Terry Shane. MAMMOTH Maximus. Hannibal Carver. The Bishop Boys. Sultan Azam Sharif. Dave Bryant.

And then on to the current stars - Johnny Detson. Ryan Martinez. Juan Vasquez. Supreme Wright. Jack Lynch. Travis Lynch. Supernova. Callum Mahoney. Dave Cooper. Shadoe Rage. The James Gang. The Dogs of War. Sweet Daddy Williams. Rex Summers.

And then one final series of snapshots - quick glimpses of rings filled with wrestlers from Rumbles gone by... WarGames gone by... Towers of Doom... and the Cibernetico. The SuperClash poster for each year is our final barrage.

In a burst of light, we land back on the AWA logo that we started with as the music fades out. We fade out to black as well...

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

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

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

#Oh-ohohohoh-ohohohohoh!#

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

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

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

#Oh-ohohohoh!#

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

#The seeds in my head
Visions in red#

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#Scream#

#Scream#

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

#Scream#

#Until they hear you#

[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 Los Angeles Sports Arena - a ground-level shot of fans pouring into the building underneath an old fashioned marquee with the name of the building and the words "AWA SATURDAY NIGHT

WRESTLING" in black block text as "Scream" continues to play. The trademark voice of Gordon Myers interjects.]

GM: Wrestling fans around the world, we are LIVE right here on The X! We are LIVE right here in Los Angeles, California in the historic Sports Arena! And we are LIVE for a very special night here on Saturday Night Wrestling - it's our Eighth Anniversary!

[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: Eight years ago, Bucky... you and I welcomed professional wrestling fans around the world to Saturday Night Wrestling for the very first time, inviting them to be a part of what we hoped would evolve into the greatest show on Earth. Tonight, we stand here in Los Angeles and I couldn't be prouder.

BW: Gordo, they're gonna bulldoze this place real soon and there's only one way the AWA knows to send this joint out in style - with the very best professional wrestling on the planet. It's gonna be big. It's gonna be wild. It's gonna be the AWA at its best!

GM: We've got a tremendous lineup of action here tonight. Every AWA title will be on the line! Detson vs Dufresne! Travis vs Wallace! The tag titles on the line against the Dogs of War! Supernova and Derrick Williams! And that's just the start of things as we'll also see Sweet Daddy Williams take on Juan Vasquez! We'll see Torin The Titan make his AWA debut! We've got the five minute challenge! We've got Somers vs Cannon, Pure X vs Kendrick, Charisma Knight's Open Challenge and... whew. I'm already out of breath and we're just getting started.

BW: We're just getting started and we're starting off with one of those title matches that you mentioned, Gordo.

GM: That's right. Tonight's opening match will see the World Television Title on the line when Supernova defends the gold against the young lion, Derrick Williams! One of the top challengers for the World TV Title gets his opportunity in mere moments. Right now, we're going backstage to hear from both champion and challenger before their title encounter! Sweet Lou, Happy Anniversary, buddy!

[The camera cuts to the back where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell stands next to tonight's Challenger for the World Television Championship, Derrick Williams, already in his gear and ready to go]

SLB: Thank you sirs, and here with me is Derrick Williams, who has the biggest match of his career this evening, squaring off against Supernova for the AWA World Television Championship. Derrick, you have got to have the butterflies tearing up your stomach at this hour.

DW: You know something Lou, I do a bit. There'd be something wrong with me if I didn't. You're right, this is the biggest match of my career so far - my first Title Shot.

But much to Shadoe Rage's chagrin, I didn't cut in line or just get this handed to me. I earned this shot. I worked my way through the line, and I got to where I am, and that's getting that shot at the World Television Title.

And I'm not taking this lightly. Supernova is a great competitor - he's someone I've teamed with before, I've had some backstage conversations with, someone who I have a lot of respect for. But don't mistake my respect for complacency. When I step in that ring and the bell rings, I have one goal and one goal only in mind and that's taking home that World Television Title.

[Blackwell continues.]

SLB: No worries about the time limit that comes into play often in Television Title matches?

DW: Yeah Lou, the time limit is a thought, but in case you haven't noticed, I haven't had much issue with getting matches put away in time. It's there in the back of my mind, but The Neuralizer hits hard and fast.

[Williams punctuates the statement by swinging his right elbow into his open left palm for a loud "SMACK!" sound that makes Blackwell jump.]

SLB: Wouldn't want to be on the other end of that... but what about Shadoe Rage, Derrick? He had some words for you after you laid down your challenge, and he didn't seem happy you saved Supernova from an Eclipse the last time we were on the air.

[Williams nods.]

DW: Shadoe Rage is a tough guy, but he's a little... out there, we'll say. I saved Supernova from Rage because I wanted the shot this week. Rage can have his shot too...

...AFTER I take the title tonight.

[Blackwell raises an eyebrow at the young man's confidence as Williams continues.]

DW: And if Rage wants to teach me a lesson or anything like that, it's not like I'm hard to find and I don't shy away from a good fight. Rage wants it, he can bring it. For tonight, I'm focused on Supernova, and winning my first title in the AWA.

SLB: Thank you very much, Derrick Williams, we're just about ready to go here in this World Television Title match but right now, let's go over to Mark Stegklet who is standing by with the champion!

[We go to a different part of backstage where Mark Stegklet is standing next to the AWA World Television Champion, Supernova. The champ has his face painted black

and yellow, is dressed in his wrestling attire and has the World TV title strapped around his waist.]

MS: Supernova, in mere moments, you're going to face Derrick Williams with the AWA World Television title on the line. Two weeks ago, you were jumped by Shadoe Rage after your match with Skywalker Jones, only for Williams to come out to assist you. Now, you're about to face the man who assisted you... what made you decide to give Williams the shot?

S: Mark, I've made it clear that I would defend this title belt against all comers. And if Shadoe Rage had just come right out and said to me that he wanted his rematch, I would have been prepared to give it to him. Instead, Rage lets his ego in the way and decides to jump me and try to take me out instead. So when Williams came out, took care of Rage, and then made the challenge himself, I accepted. While I appreciate the assist from Williams, that's not the motivating factor for giving him the title shot.

[He slaps the belt around his waist.]

S: Instead, it's because Williams asked for that shot. He didn't have to say much for me to know he wanted his chance. Oh, sure, Skywalker Jones had his way with words two weeks ago and got himself the shot, but not everyone may like to hear himself talk as much as Jones does. But Williams didn't have to say much... he made it clear enough what he wanted, and tonight, he gets the shot!

MS: So what about Shadoe Rage, then? Do you not believe his attack on you was a message that he wanted the shot?

S: The only message I keep getting from Rage, every time he decides to jump me from behind, is that he's worried! First, he was worried that I just might take the title away from him... and that's exactly what happened! Now, he's worried that he might not ever get it back. I'm not going to guarantee that he won't get it back, Mark, but I will say this... maybe he should just try asking instead of feeding into his anxieties! But he didn't, while Williams did, and that's why it's on tonight!

MS: You are going against a man who has been trained by one of the all-time greats, Kevin Slater. You are facing a man who has stood against some of the best wrestlers, some of the most dangerous wrestlers, in the AWA. What do you think it will take to come away with the win tonight?

S: Mark, I look at Derrick Williams and I see somebody who was a lot like me when I first came to the AWA. I was eager to prove myself, to take on the best the company had to offer. After my first few matches, I realized I had a lot to learn, but that I was going to keep pushing myself, learn from every match, learn from every mistake and use those lessons learned to get better. That's what I've seen out of Derrick Williams... he may not always win, but he keeps pushing himself and he learns from every match. I admire what he's done thus far and I know he's going to have a good future ahead.

[Supernova pats the belt around his waist.]

S: With all that said, Derrick Williams, don't think this I'm going to go easy on you! Because nobody ever went easy on me when I started out, and I had to spend many years working my way to the top, dealing with setbacks, injuries, and doubts that entered my mind about whether or not I had what it took to make it to the top. Now that I've reached that point, I know I need to work even harder to stay at that point. That means, Derrick Williams, that you are going to get nothing less than my best, which means I come at you with everything I have! I do like you, I respect you, I can even relate to you. But that doesn't mean I'm not going to be bringing the heat tonight, just like I do every night!

[He cups his hands to his mouth and howls, then walks off camera.]

MS: All right, the World TV Champion sounds ready for tonight's title defense! Gordon, back to you!

[We crossfade back out to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Thanks for that, Mark. Bucky, you've been doing a lot of complaining about Supernova not defending against top flight competition but he certainly will be doing that here tonight.

BW: Derrick Williams is a tough kid - you gotta be to almost win Steal The Spotlight and to beat Callum Mahoney. But he's no Shadoe Rage. And if 'Nova really wanted to show the world he was a fighting champion, he'd be putting the gold on the line in that SuperClash rematch right here tonight.

GM: I'm sure that day will come but will it be Supernova defending the title that day or will it be the young lion, Derrick Williams? We're about to find out so let's go down to Phil for the introductions!

[Cut to Phil Watson standing inside the ring.]

PW: Tonight's opening contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit and is for the AWA WORLD TELEVISION TITLE!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first... the challenger...

[The crowd comes alive as Hinder's "All American Nightmare" starts up]

PW: From Brooklyn, New York... weighing in at 270 pounds... here is...
DERRRRRRRIIIICK WILLLLLLLLLLLLLLLIAMMMMMMS!

[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 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.]

GM: Young Derrick Williams, all of 24 years old, is heading to the ring with a chance to wear his first piece of championship gold here in the AWA. Some say he's too young... too inexperienced. We're about to find out!

[He hits the ring and ascends the stairs, entering the ring while pulling down his hood, appealing to the crowd.]

GM: The fans are behind the young lion from Brooklyn, New York but tonight, he may be in for a hot, hot night.

BW: They say it never rains in Southern California and it don't get cold either. Supernova is gonna bring the heat and if Derrick Williams can handle it, we might have a new Television Champion right here tonight.

[Williams is making some adjustments to his gloves and elbowpads as the referee checks him over and Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent...

["You've Got Another Thing Coming" by Judas Priest starts up over the PA system, drawing a loud crowd response. And that's when the blonde, crew-cut wrestler known as Supernova appears at the entranceway.]

PW: Introducing, from Venice Beach, California, and weighing 260 pounds... he is the AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPION... ladies and gentlemen...

THIS...

IS...

SUPERNOOOOOOVAAAAAAA!

[Supernova 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.

As he heads down the rampway, he is more than happy to slap the hands of fans whose arms are stretched over the barricade.]

GM: One of the most popular competitors in the entire AWA, Supernova finally struck gold here at SuperClash when he defeated Shadoc Rage to end his year-long reign with the World TV Title. And when sit here and call Derrick Williams a young lion, I don't mean to say that Supernova is a grizzled veteran, Bucky. He's only 29 years old as well.

BW: The future of pro wrestling is right here in the AWA and you don't need to look anywhere else to see that.

[Upon reaching the ring, he climbs between the ropes, then cups his hands to his mouth and lets loose a howl, before taking his place in the corner. The referee moves over to him, checking him as well as Williams tugs on the ropes across the ring, trying to stay loose.]

GM: Both champion and challenger in their respective corners as referee Andy Dawson steps out to the middle... and there's the bell! One fall, standard ten minute time limit for the World Television Title!

[Supernova calmly walks out to the center of the ring, extending his hand towards Derrick Williams who meets him there...

...and accepts the handshake to a big cheer from the Los Angeles crowd.]

GM: Alright! Nice show of sportsmanship to kick us off here in one of the final nights for this particular venue, Bucky.

BW: The bulldozers are comin' in. They can take down the walls but they can't take away our memories.

GM: Collar and elbow tieup goes quickly to a side headlock applied by the champion. And as you said, Bucky, our memories of this building will live a lifetime. Of course, you think back to SuperClash IV in this very building - the night when

James Monosso defeated Supreme Wright in the Main Event and so many other great events over the years.

[Williams is searching for a way out of the headlock, trying to wriggle free but Supernova cranks the hold on tighter.]

GM: A lot of upper body strength on the part of Supernova as he keeps the most basic of holds on young Derrick Williams.

[Finding no other option, Williams backs Supernova into the ropes, trying to shoot him across the ring...

...but Supernova hangs on, dragging Williams down to a knee in the middle of the ring. The crowd cheers their hometown hero as 'Nova shakes his head, cranking the hold tighter again.]

GM: Williams looking for the exit but Supernova hangs on... and these Southern California fans are letting Supernova hear their support for him. You know, he's from just down the road in Venice Beach, Bucky.

BW: Where the freaks hang out. Fitting.

GM: I talked to Supernova before the show tonight and he was so excited to be back in this building before they tear it down. He told me he'd been here many times as a child to catch pro wrestling action and was excited to get a chance to be a part of it one more time. Of course, talking about people from the Southern California area, your mind drifts to Ryan Martinez who, of course, is not here tonight after suffering injuries at the hands of Juan Vasquez - another Southern Californian - about a month ago.

BW: Vasquez will be in action here tonight too.

GM: He certainly will as Sweet Daddy Williams tries to get some payback for Martinez... and for himself, of course.

[Williams, still looking for an escape, wraps his arms around Supernova's waist, lifting him into the air...]

GM: Belly to back!

[...but Supernova cranks the hold tighter at the top of the lift, forcing Williams to lower him back down to the mat. The crowd cheers as Supernova cranks the hold... and again... and then starts jumping up and down to crank it, giving a shout with each one before coming to a stop with one last crank punctuated by a "YEAAAAAAH!" Williams grimaces, arms flailing about as he looks for an exit as the crowd cheers.]

GM: Supernova's got that hold locked on like a vise, Bucky.

BW: Williams is having some trouble in the early moments of this one finding a way out. Because I'm a nice guy, I'll give him a hint - poke Mr. Mascara in the eye, dummy!

GM: Bucky!

[Williams grabs Supernova by the wrist, trying to counter the headlock...]

GM: Williams trying to get free here as... here it goes!

[Williams - his muscles shaking with effort - goes to twist out of the hold, looking to turn it into an overhand wristlock...]

GM: Williams trying to spin out into a wristlock... he's getting there... he's getting there...

[Many fans are cheering the young lion as he efforts an escape...

...but gets pulled back into the side headlock by Supernova who gives another shake of the head before stepping back, using leverage to flip Williams over onto his back in a headlock takedown.]

GM: Supernova takes him down, rolls him onto the shoulders... but only gets a one count there as Williams pops a shoulder up off the mat.

[Down on the canvas, Supernova plants his feet, trying to push Williams back onto his shoulder but Williams wraps his arms around the waist, rolling Supernova back on HIS shoulders.]

GM: One! Two!

[The count is much closer than you'd expect at this stage of the match and the champion is forced to release the hold to get out of the pinning situation.]

GM: Just a two count but Williams got out of that side headlock!

[Williams rolls to a knee, wincing as he grabs at his neck. Supernova comes up, standing near him. He doesn't advance, smiling at the younger competitor, waving a hand for him to get up and continue the battle.]

GM: Derrick Williams grabbing onto that neck.

BW: You forget sometimes how effective a well-applied headlock is. It cranks the neck muscles, it wears someone down as they try to get out of it, and it even gets you a little light-headed and disoriented as it cuts off some of the flow of blood to the brain.

[The challenger climbs up off the mat, rolling his neck as Supernova stands a few feet away, hands on his knees as he waits...]

GM: Back to the collar and elbow and... oh ho! This time, it's Williams who gets the side headlock locked on.

[Williams looks pleased with himself as he wraps up the World Television Champion in a side headlock. Supernova's arms go up, looking immediately for a way out as Williams cranks it tighter.]

GM: Derrick Williams returning the favor with that headlock now...

[Supernova grabs at the wrist but Williams cranks it tighter.]

GM: And now it's the champion who is having some trouble finding an escape.

[Grabbing the arm, Supernova twists out, cranking it into a hammerlock.]

GM: Maybe not as the veteran gets into the hammerlock, pulling up on the left arm...

[Williams grabs at his shoulder, wincing...

...and then executes a perfect reversal, ending up behind Supernova with the hammerlock applied.]

GM: Nice counter by the challenger, showing off his technical wrestling skills as well.

BW: I suppose you don't train under a former World Champion and pick up nothing at all - even if it was Kevin Slater.

[Leaning over, Supernova reaches through his own legs, grabbing Williams' leg and pulling it out from under him, escaping the hammerlock and putting Williams down on his back. The World Television Champion quickly twists the leg he's holding, reaching down for the other..]

GM: He's going for a quick figure four!

[...but Williams reaches up, pulling him down into a cradle!]

GM: Counter! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The crowd reacts as Supernova kicks out, breaking the pinning attempt.]

GM: Too close there for Supernova as Williams countered the figure four attempt!

[The face-painted fan favorite moves close to the ropes, watching Williams climb up off the mat to cheers. The two men look around at the cheering crowd.]

GM: Both men getting cheers from this capacity crowd here in Los Angeles!

[Walking back towards the middle, the two lunge into another collar and elbow...

...and Williams comes out of it, throwing a stiff forearm shot to the side of the head, sending the champion staggering away.]

GM: And I think the feeling out process is over, fans.

[Williams pursues Supernova, grabbing the back of his head and turning him into a European uppercut!]

GM: Oh! Hard shot there by the challenger puts Supernova on his heels, backpedaling into the corner turnbuckles...

[The young lion keeps on coming, swinging a knee up into the midsection of the champion before leaning over, grabbing the middle rope...]

GM: Big shoulders driven into the midsection - over and over by the young lion!

[Four big tackles have Supernova gasping for air as Williams straightens up, ignoring the official as he grabs the champion by the arm.]

GM: Irish whip coming up, shoots him across...

[Supernova slams into the corner buckles as Williams sets his feet, charging in after him...]

GM: Williams coming in strong and- OHH! Supernova got the boot up!

[The boot sends Williams stumbling backwards as Supernova hops up to the middle rope, giving a howl to the fans that they echo in response...]

...and leaps off for a crossbody!]

GM: Off the second rope!

[Williams catches Supernova on the way down, twisting, spinning, and PLANTING the champion to the canvas with a powerslam in one quick motion!]

GM: OHH!

BW: That might be it!

[Williams stays on the champion, not bothering to hook a leg as Andy Dawson dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THR-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Wow! Derrick Williams was a half count - maybe less - away from becoming the World Television Champion right there!

BW: Supernova got cocky and played up to these idiots in the crowd. It almost cost him the ballgame, Gordo!

GM: It certainly did.

[Williams pushes up off the mat, looking to continue the attack as Supernova rolls under the ropes to the safety of the ring apron.]

GM: The champion looking for a breather but Williams isn't about to let up.

BW: Good job, kid. Show some killer instinct.

[Williams reaches over the top rope, pulling Supernova up off the apron...

...and the champion swings himself forward, catching Williams in the gut with a shoulder of his own!]

GM: Oh! Supernova doubles him up!

[Supernova, still dazed from the powerslam, stays on a knee on the apron. Williams is still doubled up as 'Nova gets back to his feet, grabbing the middle rope to deliver a second shoulder tackle...

...and as he swings through the ropes, Williams swings up a knee to greet him!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: KNEELIFT!

BW: Holy... he knocked Supernova silly with that!

[Supernova is dangling over the middle rope as Williams backs off, measuring his man...

...and then runs back in, driving his knee up into the jaw a second time!]

GM: Running kneelift - again with absolutely devastating impact!

[`Nova is hanging limp as Williams drags him back into the ring by the arms, slinging him down to the mat before dropping into a lateral press.]

GM: Williams with the cover - ONE! TWO! TH-

[Again, the shoulder pops up off the canvas, breaking up the pin attempt.]

GM: Shoulder up! Shoulder up!

BW: Derrick Williams is surprising me here tonight, Gordo. He's got the World Television Champion fighting for his life right now! That title is slipping out of the makeup-covered fingers of Supernova and he knows it!

[Williams looks a little frustrated as he pulls Supernova up off the canvas, shoving him back into the ropes where `Nova bounces off into a stiff forearm shot, a blow that sends him falling backwards into the ropes where he bounces off, delivering a forearm shot of his own!]

GM: The champion returns fire!

[Williams delivers another blow that Supernova absorbs, delivering one of his own!]

GM: These two are trading forearms in the center of the ring!

[The challenger opens fire, delivering another... and another... and another, alternating arms as he does...

...but Supernova comes back, throwing one... two... three... four... getting faster and faster as he does... five... six... seven... eight... a blur of motion as the crowd cheers him on. The blows are losing impact but they're gaining in speed as he hammers Williams across the ring, winding up for one more...]

GM: Supernova winds it up... big swing!

[...but Williams ducks under it, twisting around to SMASH a forearm into the jaw of Supernova that sends him falling to the canvas! The crowd reacts for the big blow as Williams makes another pin attempt!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Again, the shoulder comes up as Williams throws a glare at the official who holds up two fingers.]

"FIVE MINUTES GONE BY! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Halfway through the time limit of this one and Derrick Williams is looking for a way to finish off Supernova and capture the World Television Title.

[Dragging the champion off the mat by the arm, he scoops him up, holding him across his chest...

...and drops him down across a bent knee in a backbreaker!]

GM: Backbreaker by the challenger!

[Straightening up, the 270 pounder shows off his strength by holding the 260 pound Supernova and lifting him back up, putting him up on his shoulders in a fireman's carry...]

GM: What strength on the part of Derrick Williams!

[Williams steps to the center of the ring, holding Supernova across his shoulders...

...and muscles him up, lifting him over his head and dropping him gutfirst down across a bent knee!]

GM: Into a gutbuster! A brutal combination by the challenger... shoves him off the knee and down into another cover!

[Another two count follows before the shoulder comes up to cheers from the Southern California crowd.]

GM: Still not enough to put Supernova down for a three count. Incredible resiliency on the part of the World Television Champion!

[Williams again pushes up to his knees, this time looking up at the ceiling of the L.A. Sports Arena.]

GM: And Derrick Williams has gotta be wondering what he needs to do to put the champion away, Bucky.

BW: He can start by hooking a leg. He hasn't hooked the leg once in this entire match, Gordo.

GM: Williams again climbing to his feet as the young challenger searches for wisdom that he might not have yet due to inexperience. His teacher, former World Champion Kevin Slater, has taught him well but there's no substitute for ring time.

[The challenger leans down, dragging Supernova back up off the mat by the arm, giving it a yank as he swings a knee up into the midsection.]

GM: The challenger goes downstairs with a knee... and another... and a third sends Supernova back into the buckles.

[Leaning in, Williams grabs Supernova by the hair, throwing three stiff shots to the ear with his elbow.]

GM: Elbowstrikes in the corner!

[Grabbing the arm again, Williams goes to send Supernova across the ring but the champion reverses it, sending the challenger crashing into the buckles!]

GM: The Irish whip gets reversed and... here comes Supernova!

[A desperate champion rushes across the ring, leaping into the air for his trademark Heat Wave splash...

...but hits nothing but turnbuckles!]

GM: OH! Williams pulled himself out of the way!

[Slipping in behind the staggered Supernova, Williams lifts him into the air, putting him down with a backdrop suplex!]

GM: Belly-to-back, right down on the back of the head! But is it enough as he rolls into a cover?

[The referee counts once... twice... but just before three, the shoulder pops up again.]

GM: No! Supernova kicks out again!

BW: Unbelievable.

GM: Williams can't believe it!

[Burying his face in his hands, Williams slams a fist down into the mat before climbing to his feet. He throws a glance down at Supernova and then backs up, walking to the corner...

...where he slaps his elbow.]

GM: He's calling for it! Williams is looking for the Neuralizer!

[He slaps the elbow again... and again, encouraging the Los Angeles crowd to clap their hands as he does, getting behind the young lion as he attempts to wrest the title off the waist of their hometown hero.]

GM: Williams is set! Williams is ready!

[And as Supernova slowly gets up off the canvas, Williams goes into a full spin...]

GM: HERE IT COMES!

[...rotating around, elbow pulled back and at the ready to deliver a potential knockout blow to the back of Supernova's head!]

GM: ELBOOOOOO- NO!

[At the last moment, Supernova - facing the wrong way - simply ducks down, causing Williams to whiff on the elbowstrike, stumbling forward as the champion straightens up, hooking him around the waist...]

GM: Supernova somehow knew it was coming! ATOMIC DROP!

[The atomic drop sends Williams pitching forward, smashing his face into the turnbuckles before staggering back towards the champion. Supernova grabs him by the back of the head, moving back in...]

GM: And Derrick Williams is about to get a personal introduction to the top turnbuckle!

[Count along at home!]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[With Williams reeling from the blows into the buckle, Supernova spins him around, shoving him back into the corner where he swings his leg up to kick Williams in the midsection... oh... really? Again?]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"
"THREE!"
"FOUR!"
"FIVE!"
"SIX!"
"SEVEN!"
"EIGHT!"
"NINE!"
"TEN!"

[The Los Angeles crowd is rocking as 'Nova grabs Williams by the arm, whipping him across the ring into the far corner. Supernova throws himself back into the opposite corner, cupping his hands and howling to the AWA faithful.]

GM: Supernova's got him reeling... corner to corner and-

"TWO MINUTES REMAIN! TWO MINUTES!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[As Supernova leaps into the air, Williams steps out of the corner, catching him in mid-flight, twisting around with him, and dropping him down in a spinebuster!]

GM: SPINEBUSTER! SPINEBUSTER!

BW: He's gotta cover!

[Williams swings his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture as he dives across Supernova's chest, again failing to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: FOOT ON THE ROPES! The champion got the foot on the ropes!

BW: And that's DIRECTLY because Williams refused to hook the leg! If he hooked the leg, he'd be the World Television Champion right now!

[Williams again slams a fist down into the canvas, glaring at the official who is pointing out the foot on the ropes. The young lion nods, pulling Supernova off the mat and blasting him with an elbowstrike to the temple... and another... and another... and another...]

GM: Supernova being hammered by the challenger! We've got just over a minute left in the time limit for this one, fans. If either of these guys are going to be triumphant, they've gotta pick up the pace.

[Shoving Supernova back into the ropes, Williams is teeing off with right and left elbows to the head. The champion raises his arms, trying to cover up as Williams attempts to pound him into submission.]

BW: It looks like a boxing match in there right now!

GM: With those devastating elbows being subbed in for fisticuffs!

[Grabbing Supernova by the arm, Williams goes to whip him across the ring, sending him into the far ropes. As he rebounds back, the youthful challenger hoists him into the air, twisting him around...]

GM: TILT-A-WHIRL!

[...but on the way down, Supernova hooks a front facelock and DRIVES Williams' skull into the canvas!]

GM: DDT! DDT! WHAT A COUNTER!

[Both men are laid out on the canvas as the referee stands over them, the fans roaring for the action they've been seeing.]

GM: Wow! Supernova with a timely counter to save himself from whatever Derrick Williams had planned right there, fans! And that might've just saved the title for the man from Venice Beach, California! We're... just about to-

"SIXTY SECONDS REMAIN! ONE MINUTE!"

GM: Yes. Sixty seconds left on the clock. Is there a chance, Bucky? Is there a chance that one of these guys can still pull off the win?

BW: There's always a chance. As long as there's three seconds left in a match, there's always a chance. They just gotta dig deep right now and find a way to make it happen.

GM: The time is ticking down as these two men are down on the mat trying to recover after the exertion they've put into this match so far.

BW: That DDT could've won Supernova the match, Gordo, but he can't cover.

GM: He hasn't been able to and... he's sitting up on the mat, holding his ribs, looking out on all these cheering fans in Los Angeles.

[Supernova rolls to a knee, trying to get off the mat as Williams rolls to a hip, grabbing at the back of his neck.]

GM: Both men are dazed, both men are weary! Williams trying to get up first... Supernova's got a head start though!

[Both men get to their feet at about the same time, stumbling towards each other where Williams lands a big forearm strike to the jaw!]

GM: Williams connects!

[Supernova staggers back...

...and then comes back with a looping haymaker of his own!]

GM: Big right by Supernova!

[Williams falls back a couple of steps... and then surges forward with another forearm to the jaw!]

GM: Williams fires back!

"THIRTY SECONDS!"

[Supernova falls back, leaning against the ropes. The challenger advances on him, throwing a hooking right hand to the ribcage.]

GM: Williams has him on the ropes but he's running out of time!

[Williams grabs the back of Supernova's head, throwing a big elbowstrike to the side of the head... and a second... and a third.]

GM: The young lion is teeing off on the World Television Champion!

[Another hard elbowstrike to the temple has Supernova clinging to the top rope, trying to stay on his feet.]

"FIFTEEN SECONDS!"

[Williams grabs the arm, pulling Supernova off the ropes and out towards the middle of the ring.]

GM: Williams pulling Supernova away from the ropes to the center...

[Once in the middle of the ring, Williams turns Supernova away from him. The challenger keeps his grip on the arm, looking at the back of the champion's head as he pulls the arm across the chest...]

GM: What is he...?

"TEN!"

[But before Williams can execute whatever he has in mind, Supernova drops to the mat, the challenger's ankle scissored between his legs...]

GM: Drop toehold out of nowhere!

"NINE!"

[Supernova rolls off the mat, grabbing Williams by the leg...]

"EIGHT!"

[...and flips him over onto his back, grabbing the other leg, pulling them up in front of him as the crowd starts to go wild!]

"SEVEN!"

GM: He's going for the Solar Flare! Can he get it on him?

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

[Supernova crosses the struggling Williams' legs...]

"FOUR!"

[...and steps through, flipping Williams back onto his chest!]

GM: HE'S GOT IT ON!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Supernova applying the Solar Flare...]

"THREE!"

GM: Supernova's got the Solar Flare on but he's running out of time!

"TWO!"

[Williams claws at the canvas, crying out in pain.]

“ONE!”

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Supernova slumps forward, releasing the hold as he falls to his knees.]

GM: I don't think he got him, Bucky. I think the time ran out.

BW: I think you're absolutely right about that.

[The referee confers with the timekeeper for a moment and then with the ring announcer.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... the time limit for this match has EXPIRED!

[A smattering of boos come from the Los Angeles crowd.]

PW: This match has been declared a TIME LIMIT DRAW... a draw!

[More boos!]

PW: Therefore, still the AWA World Television Champ-

[Watson is cut off by Supernova snatching the mic out of his hand.]

S: Sorry, Phil, but judging by what I just heard, I'm not the only one who doesn't like the idea of the AWA kicking off its birthday party with a time limit draw!

[Cheers from the Los Angeles crowd!]

S: I came here tonight to defend this title... and a draw doesn't sit right with me!

[More cheers as 'Nova turns to Derrick Williams who is getting off the mat, clutching his lower back.]

S: So, whaddya say, kid? Got enough in you for five more minutes?

[Fighting the pain, Williams cracks a smile, nodding his head. Supernova returns the nod, tossing the mic back out to Phil Watson as he turns to the fans, holding up five fingers, encouraging them into a "FIVE MORE MINUTES!" chant!]

GM: Supernova wants to see it! Derrick Williams wants to see it! And these fans want to see it too, Bucky! They all want five more minutes!

BW: This is Supernova trying to steal a win! He knows he had Williams right where he wanted him in that Solar Flare and he wants to restart the match and put it right back on him!

[The referee speaks off-mic to both competitors who nod, agreeing that they want the extended time period...

...and then with a shrug, he signals for the bell to a HUGE CHEER!]

GM: Oh my! We've got five more minutes in this battle for the World Television Title!

[The two competitors circle one another for a bit, Supernova holding his ribs while Williams holds his lower back. The fans are cheering them on, ready for more title defense action as they come together in a collar and elbow tieup.]

GM: And here we go again! Right back to the lockup and-

[Supernova breaks the lockup, ducking down into a standing double-leg takedown.]

GM: He's got the legs! He's going for the Solar Flare again!

BW: I told you, Gordo!

[Williams is struggling and fighting, trying to resist his legs being crossed for the hold.]

GM: Williams is fighting it! Who can get the edge in this one may go a long way to saying who is going to win this match and walk out with the World Television Title!

[Williams arches his back, twisting his lower body which flips Supernova through the air and down to the canvas!]

GM: Oh my! Williams with the big-time counter to save himself from the Solar Flare!

[With 'Nova shaken up from the counter, Williams rolls to all fours, trying to push up off the canvas before the champion can get there.]

GM: A five minute extension to the time limit is underway, fans, and if you're just joining us, you've missed one heck of a World Television Title match so far.

[On his feet, Williams catches a rising Supernova with a boot to the gut. He grabs him by the back of the head, flinging him towards the ropes but running right in after him, hitting the ropes a step behind Supernova. The face-painted champion bounces off, coming to a halt when he sees no Williams, turning quickly...

...and getting CREAMED with a running clothesline!]

GM: Oh my! He snuck up behind Supernova with the clothesline... and another cover!

[Another near fall follows before the shoulder fires up off the mat!]

GM: No, no, no! Two count only! The title match continues! We're under four minutes left now as Williams quickly pulls Supernova back up.

[Straightening up the champion, Williams uncorks a series of right and left forearms to the jaw, staggering Supernova.]

GM: Williams firing away on the champion... to the ropes!

[Building up steam, Williams comes charging back with another clothesline attempt but Supernova ducks under it. As Williams hits the brakes, spinning around...]

GM: Supernova with the scoop... and the slam! Right down in the center!

[This time, it's the champion who darts to the ropes, rebounding back and leaping HIGH into the sky, dropping an elbow down into the chest of Williams!]

GM: Sky high elbowedrop by the champion... and now HE makes the cover, hooking the leg for one! For two!

[The crowd roars as Williams fires a shoulder off the mat.]

GM: Back and forth, back and forth... what a battle for the World Television Title as Supernova comes to his feet, the paint peeling from his face as he looks out to the crowd, wondering what in the world he's gotta do to put this kid down for the count of three and keep that title belt around his waist!

BW: He's gotta go for the Solar Flare again, Gordo.

GM: He might have to but right now, he's pulling Williams up off the mat...

[Dragging Williams to his feet, Supernova BLASTS him in the jaw with a forearm shot... and then a backhand... a haymaker... and a backhand, increasing the tempo as he batters Williams back a few steps.]

GM: Supernova's dropping bombs on the challenger!

[Backing off, Supernova cups his hands, giving a howl to the fans as he winds up for one big right haymaker to the jaw...]

GM: Big ol' windup by the champion and here's the pitch!

[But as Supernova starts to throw his shot, Williams fires back with a straight right hand to the jaw, stopping Supernova cold and causing him to collapse facefirst to the canvas!]

GM: OHH! What a shot!

[Williams falls to his knees, rolling the champion onto his back as he dives across his chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS! He got the shoulder up! Supernova got the shoulder up in time! Incredible!

[And with 'Nova on Dream Street, Derrick Williams climbs off the mat, looking up to the heavens...

...and then slams his elbow into his open hand.

And again.

And again.]

GM: Williams stepping back, crouching low as he continues to slap that elbow... and listen to these fans clapping along with him!

[With the Los Angeles Sports Arena crowd clapping in rhythm, Williams nods, watching and waiting for Supernova to get up...

...but a ripple of jeers washes over the crowd just before Williams has his legs yanked out from under him!]

GM: What the-?!

[Williams quickly finds himself being dragged under the bottom rope to the floor where he's almost instantly HURLED into the steel railing around ringside!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHADOE RAGE! SHADOE RAGE IS HERE!

[The referee quickly signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Oh, come on!

[Rage grabs Williams by the head, smashing his face into the ring apron and leaving him down on the floor as the former World Television Champion pulls himself on the apron, hopping through the ropes. He spreads his arms wide, making sure the entire crowd can see him and boo him accordingly.]

GM: The jealous, delusional Shadoe Rage has hit the ring and... well, it's obviously going to be a disqualification victory for Derrick Williams here in this one and you better believe Supernova will be upset about that when he realizes it.

BW: IF he realizes it. Rage has got Supernova in his sights and if he hits that Eclipse on him, he's gonna send Supernova back to the hospital, daddy!

[Rage has backed off, whispering to himself as he waves a hand, beckoning for Supernova to get up on his knees. The former champion looks like a preying animal, waiting for his victim to rise...]

GM: Supernova doesn't have a clue what's going on out here! He doesn't have a clue this maniac is waiting for him, waiting to put him back out of action for who knows how long!

[The World Television Champion starts to gets up, first on all fours...

...then to a knee.]

GM: Oh my stars, no!

[Rage smiles, baring his teeth as he grins gleefully. He points at a dazed Supernova, ready to strike...

...when suddenly his face hits the canvas!]

GM: WILLIAMS!

[The young lion drags Shadoe Rage under the ropes to the floor, promptly smashing a forearm into his jaw!]

GM: Derrick Williams is up and he just saved Supernova from Shadoe Rage again!

[Williams is absolutely teeing off on Rage with forearms and elbowstrikes to the jaw, rocking the former champion to a roar from the Los Angeles crowd. He grabs Rage by the hair, flinging him into the railing!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The young lion glares at Rage, grimacing as he stalks across the ringside area towards him...]

...and a cornered Rage lashes out with a boot to the gut before digging his fingers into the eyes of the Brooklyn native!]

GM: Oh, right to the eyes!

[Rage grabs Williams by the hair, SMASHING his face down into the top of the ringside railing. He pulls him off the railing, walking back towards the ring...]

...where Supernova comes FLYING over the top rope, diving down onto both men with a death-defying crossbody!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: OH MY STARS! OH MY STARS! SUPERNOVA TAKES TO THE AIR AND NOW THEY'RE ALL DOWN ON THE FLOOR!

[The camera shot cuts to the floor where all three men are laid out on the thin mats surrounding the ring.]

GM: Shadoe Rage is down! Derrick Williams is down! Supernova is down as well! Wow! What a way to kick off our Anniversary Show here tonight in Los Angeles and fans, we are JUST getting started!

[The referee slides out to the floor, checking on all three men as we cut back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: A wild World Television Title match to start the night and I've gotta say, I don't think we've seen the end of the battles between these three men, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely not. Derrick Williams very well might have had the World Television Title won right there if it wasn't for Shadoe Rage and I'm guessing he's not likely to forget that anytime soon.

GM: Amen to that. Fans, it's a party atmosphere here in LA - you can see our fans out here in the building with party hats and signs and noisemakers all courtesy of our friends at Electronic Arts in honor of the brand new video game release of AWA 2016 which will be hitting stores this spring. I can't wait for that one. But we're not the only ones having a party - take a look at this footage recorded earlier tonight when the World Tag Team Champions - Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan - arrived here to the building with their manager, Brian Lau. Take a look!

[We cut to pre-recorded footage as they're rolling out the red carpet in the parking lot of the Los Angeles Sports Arena. Literally rolling it out. A pair of attendants stand near the entrance to the building, swiftly unrolling a length of carpet, just in time for the arrival of a 12 person capacity stretch limousine, black in color, waxed to a glossy shine. Rushing towards the limousine is the AWA's own "Sweet" Lou Blackwell, more than a little out of breath by the time he arrives.

As the car pulls up and the attendants scurry away, the driver's door opens, and who should emerge but Shane Taylor. Taylor is dressed in what might be the only outfit he owns - a dirty white wifebeater and torn blue jeans. Added to his ensemble tonight is a black chauffeur's hat, which seems like it might be too large for him, given the way he keeps pushing it out of his eyes.]

SLB: By your presence, Mr. Taylor, I can only assume that your current employer, Brian Lau is in the limousine. Have our World Tag Team Champions arrived, at last?

[Taylor looks up at the camera and shakes his head, clearly lamenting every life decision that's brought him this far.]

ST: Mr. Lau doesn't want me talkin'. And...

[Taylor lets out a long exhale, and when he speaks, his voice sounds defeated.]

ST: Mr. Lau is the boss.

[Taylor opens the door. But it isn't Lau who exits, nor is it either of the tag team champions. Instead, we are treated to the sight of a pair of Instagram models, one blonde and one brunette. Each is dressed in a tiny black dress, and stand on long stiletto heels, an impressive feat, considering each girl has a glass of champagne in hand, and judging by their giggles and red faces, this isn't their first glass. The models move past Lou, offering him winks and smiles, which prompts Lou to straighten his bow tie and causes the interviewer to forget where the models' eyes are.]

"Careful ladies, there's a reason why they call him Señor Grabby when he travels south of the border."

[The voice belongs to the emerging Brian Lau. The AWA's Manager of the Year, the only manager in the Pro Wrestling Hall of Fame is resplendent in a grey bespoke suit, a pair of ultra-expensive Burberry sunglasses (retail price: more than Shane Taylor is worth) over his eyes. Lau steps out and pauses to straighten his collar, before waving Taylor back and away.]

SLB: Mr. Lau, now that you've arrived, perhaps you can answer some of my questions.

BL: Answer your questions? What? Did this become the "Sweet" Lou Blackwell Hour when I wasn't looking? Of course not! Did millions of AWA fans vote you as interviewer of the year? They did not, and do you know why? Because even against such paltry competition as Stegglet junior and Airhead Lynch, no one likes you that much. Did Emerson Gellar look at the ratings and suddenly discover that fans just can't wait to see the dandruff flakes on your shoulder in high-def? Don't be silly.

No, I don't answer your questions, Blackwell. But I am feeling generous tonight. So what I will do is allow you to stand there and bask in the presence of two championship caliber athletes. And if either of those fine gentlemen deign to lower themselves to answer your questions? Well, that is a champion's prerogative.

Now, stand back. The champions are coming!

[A pair of black leather cowboy boots swing out of the limo, clacking down on the pavement before the man wearing them rises to stand. It is Wes Taylor in a sharp looking black suit... which admittedly loses a little with the cowboy boots but hey, it's a fashion choice. Taylor's looking pretty good with his now-shoulder length hair slicked back and pulled into a ponytail. His dress shirt is unbuttoned a bit to show off a gold chain hanging around his neck.

Tony Donovan emerges next, clad in a well-tailored black suit, white shirt and deep blue tie. His hair, recently cut, is perfectly sculpted and his goatee close and neat. He steps from the limo, fiddles briefly with a pair of expensive-looking cuff links, and there's a brief flash of an expensive-looking watch on his wrist as he straightens his jacket, a mile-wide smirk on his face.

Behind Donovan, a pair of red headed Instagram models begin to make their exit, but as they do, they are suddenly pulled back, and return to the limo happily, the models exchanging knowing glances before they vanish.]

SLB: Wait a minute, who is in there? Was that...

BL: That...

[Lau motions for Shane Taylor to close the door, and Taylor moves swiftly, doing just that.]

BL: ...is none of your business, Blackwell. Now, ask your questions.

SLB: Let's start with you, Mr. Donovan. Given all of this excess we see on display, can you possibly be ready for the challenge of the Dogs of War tonight?

TD: Allow me to straighten you out on not one, but two very important points right now, Mr. Blackwell. One!

[Donovan gestures at Mr. Lau, his partner, and the limousine behind them.]

TD: This? This is SUCcess, not excess. I know that's not a concept you're overly familiar with, but trust me, as one who enjoys success, I assure you that you're witnessing it right now.

[Tony laughs briefly, but Lou seems less amused.]

TD: Second...did I hear you correctly? Did you say 'challenge' when asking about the Dogs of War?

LB: Of course! They--

[Donovan cuts Blackwell off.]

TD: Are NO challenge to us, Sweet Lou! We met them on their own terms and walked away victorious. Now, they will meet us on ours, and I promise you, Lou... walking away isn't in the future for the Dogs.

SLB: Mr. Taylor, some say you were baited into accepting this match against the Dogs of War tonight? Have you allowed your temper to get in the way of common sense? Have you, in fact, bitten off more than you can chew?

WT: Baited? Fish get baited, Blackwell. Roaches and ants and vermin get baited. You know who doesn't get baited? Champions.

And that's exactly what we are... and exactly what we'll stay.

[Taylor looks up at the Los Angeles Sports Arena.]

WT: Good riddance to bad rubbish, eh? They should've bulldozed this place a long time ago.

SLB: Bulldozed it?! Do you realize how much wrestling history has happened within those very doors?!

[One-half of the tag team champions gives a dismissive gesture.]

WT: I'm not here to focus on the past, Blackwell. I'm here to focus on the here and now... and more importantly, I'm here to focus on the future because after this night is over, the entire wrestling world will know that one more time - in this old decaying dump - history was made when we-

[Brian Lau raises a hand in Taylor's direction, cutting him off. He arches an eyebrow as Taylor smirks.]

WT: History was made when we took on the Dogs of War and added another notch in their loss column.

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: You seem awfully confident tonight. Is that confidence warranted? Considering that the third member of the James Gang isn't even here?

[Before either Donovan or Taylor can answer, Lau steps in.]

BL: No more questions, Blackwell!

But I will give you this. A scoop for you, Blackwell.

Tonight, will be, without a doubt, the biggest night in AWA history. Tonight, the entire landscape of the American Wrestling Association will change, forever! I promise you, Blackwell, that when tonight is over, there will only be one thing on the minds of the AWA galaxy.

And unlike Derrick Williams, when I say I'm going to change the game, it'll actually happen!

SLB: Mr. Lau! What are you talking about? What is this announcement?

BL: Like I would tell you!

I'll reveal it when the time is right. When I decide that the time is right. And that time is not now, Blackwell.

Because right now, I've got business to attend to, and these two fine young athletes have dogs to put down.

Champs, ladies, and...

[You can see his eyes, but one can sense Lau rolling them.]

BL: Shane.

Let's go!

[The whole entourage enters the building, leaving Lou and the limo in their wake as 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 as we fade back up to a panning shot of the Los Angeles Sports Arena crowd, the classic riffs of "Tom Sawyer" by Rush begin to play throughout the arena.]

#A modern day warrior
Mean, mean stride
Today's Tom Sawyer
Mean, mean pride#

GM: Here he comes! The AWA National Champion, Travis Lynch!

BW: Why, why? No one wants to hear Stench speak... I'm not even sure anyone can understand the drivel that comes out of his mouth anyways, Gordo.

GM: Maybe you should clean out your ears once in a while, Bucky.

[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.]

GM: This young man nearly captured the AWA World Championship from Johnny Detson, just a mere two weeks ago!

BW: Almost don't count for squat, Gordo, because in the end, the World Champion came out on top and kept that title securely around his waist.

GM: For now. Calisto Dufresne will be challenging for that title later tonight but right now, Travis Lynch has reached the ring and he's obviously got something to say.

[The National Champion slowly paces across the ring as the cheers of the fans slowly die down. With a solemn look upon his face, Travis looks into the camera and begins to speak.]

TL: Two weeks ago, a whole lot of people in this company stood up and showed the world their true colors.

On one hand, you had men like Jordan Ohara... like Willie Hammer... and like Sweet Daddy Williams stand out in the parking lot with nothing at all to gain for it and say, "I'm not going to let this piece of garbage into OUR locker room no matter who the hell he is."

And on the other, you had men like Wes Taylor... like Tony Donovan... and like Johnny Detson who showed that their best chance of winnin' a match is to jump someone from behind and ram their head into the wall... or maybe to kick them below the belt when the referee is out of it.

No doubt it's two very different approaches to this business... to life.

[The National Champion pauses.]

TL: Moments like that... where others draw their lines in the sand... it's those moments where every man knows he has to take a long, hard look in the mirror and decide what kind of man he's going to be... what he chooses to stand for.

I've had a lot of moments like that in my life already but I had another one two weeks ago after I got my tail kicked backstage by the tag team champions.

[Lynch pauses.]

TL: Interestin' enough every time I've looked into the mirror was after someone tried to end me but those are stories for another time.

So the doc was wrappin' my head up in tape and I was starin' into a mirror once again wonderin' what to do about it.

[He lifts the National Title above his head, as the fans in the Los Angeles Sports Arena cheer.]

TL: The easy answer is to do nothin'. To just keep comin' to the ring... to keep defendin' this title against all comers... to keep bein' the very best National Champion I can be. This title...

[He looks longingly at it.]

TL: It means a lot to me. It means a lot to me based around what I had to go through to get it... and what I've had to go through to keep it.

[Lynch looks at the "AD" written on his taped fist, nodding his head.]

TL: There are a lot of people counting on me to keep this title because when you look around this place, there's a whole lot of darkness with not a lot of light shining through. This title... it means a lot to me, probably more than anyone in the AWA realizes.

[He lowers it, shaking his head.]

TL: But it doesn't mean EVERYTHING to me. Because to me... as a man... I have to be able to look myself in the mirror and say that I did my part to make that light shine brighter. James did that... Jack did that... now I need to do my part to make sure the darkness doesn't swallow up this whole place.

And if that means I put a bullseye on my back when I stand here and say that Johnny Detson is a no-good coward who ran from Hannibal Carver...

[The crowd buzzes.]

TL: That's right. I said the man's name because as much as I may not like his choice to leave the AWA for a bigger paycheck, I respect every single thing he did while he was here. I respect what he meant to that locker room... and what he meant to all of you!

[Big cheer!]

TL: He ran from Carver... he failed against my friend, Ryan Martinez... and only... ONLY when he attacked a man who was already hurt... already injured, that's when he won... no, that's when he STOLE the World Title. I can't respect a champion who wins like that. I can't respect you, Johnny Detson.

[Once again the "Texas Heartthrob" pauses.]

TL: And then there's Taylor and Donovan... two punk kids whose daddies didn't beat enough respect for this business into them!

Those two won the tag titles... but only after they attacked two more friends of mine - Air Strike. Now Cody and Michael... they're hurt right now. Like a lot of my friends, they're banged up and it may be a long time before you see them get back into this ring... but that doesn't mean that we've gotta wait to get payback for them. So, Taylor... Donovan... any time you want a little bit of your own payback for that equalizer upside your back, you know that I'm not a hard man to find.

[Another pause.]

TL: And that brings me to you, Juan Vasquez. For months, we fought and all I wanted was for you to look me in the eye, shake my hand, and show me your respect.

[Travis lifts his open right hand, staring at it, remembering the post-SuperClash title match handshake...

...and then SPITS in his own hand.]

TL: And THAT... THAT is what your respect is worth to me now! You took out Carver... you took out Ryan... and for what? Because no one was paying attention to you anymore? Because there's a new generation of competitors like Ryan... like Jordan Ohara... like Supernova... like the Gladiator... like me that people are talking about?

You looked into that mirror and claim you saw five wasted years of your life lookin' back at you. Claim you saw a loser... claim you saw a piece of trash that was tossed aside by the fans... but I don't believe that for a minute! These fans cheered you after our match at SuperClash... these fans cheered you when you walked out to referee the Main Event that same evenin'. So what was it really? Your ego couldn't handle not bein' the guy that was on top of the mountain anymore?

Well, I say to HELL with you, Vasquez... and I say that any time you and I cross paths, it's going to be bad day for the likes of scum like you.

[Lynch nods his head as the crowd cheers.]

TL: Two weeks ago, a legend in our sport - Alex Martinez - made it real simple. My brother's sitting at home. My friends are gettin' taken out left and right by the forces of darkness.

But here I stand. Here Ohara stands. Here Supernova stands. Here Willie Hammer and Sweet Daddy Williams stand. Here the Gladiator stands. Here Julie Somers and Melissa Cannon stand.

Here we all are... and just like Ryan wants, we're going to hold that line.

And if you want to break that line? You want to ignore the rules... you want to backjump and sneak attack... you want to plan and plot and...

They say the AWA fans need someone who can plot on THEIR side.

[Lynch shakes his head.]

TL: I ain't ever been much of a plotter... but what I am is a fighter.

[Travis raises his fist.]

TL: A fighter who will defend this title... and everything else about this place that I love so much.

[Travis raises the AWA National Championship belt to eye level.]

TL: And now I'm talkin' to you, Larry Wallace. I will defend this championship belt till my last breath... till the last ounce of my blood covers this ring! And even then the good lord almighty himself, will need to tell me it's time to give up the fight...

[Another pause.]

TL: So Wallace and anyone else in the back, if you want to break that line... you gotta come through me to do it... startin' right now.

[Travis drops the mic, exiting the ring to a tremendous ovation!]

GM: Wow! Bold words there from the National Champion as he joins the movement this Hold The Line movement that I'm told has trended daily on Twitter for the past two weeks with fans all over the world pledging to stand with the forces of good and hold the line!

[The camera shot cuts to a pair of fans wearing what appear to be homemade t-shirts with "#holdtheline" written across the front of them, cheering loudly for the Texas Heartthrob.]

BW: If Travis Stench wants to play hero, he may find himself on his back staring up at the lights later tonight when he gets hit with the Best Dropkick In The World!

GM: I'm sure Travis will have his focus on defending the title later tonight but you know he's got his mind on Juan Vasquez, Johnny Detson, the tag team champions, and all the rest as well. Travis Lynch will hold the line starting here tonight in Los Angeles, fans... and right now, let's go backstage where I'm told the Director of Operations, Emerson Gellar is standing by!

[The scene crossfades to a shot inside the office of Emerson Gellar who is smiling in the direction of the camera from behind a desk.]

EG: Thank you, Gordon Myers. It is a tremendous night for the AWA and an even more exciting night to be a fan of the AWA. We've got so much great action coming up here later tonight plus some big announcements that I know you'll all-

[The door to his makeshift office swings open and through it strides former World Champion Supreme Wright flanked by Cain Jackson and Matt Lance who stand behind him. Wright does not look happy.]

SW: There is a serious problem with tonight's card, Mr. Gellar.

EG: Oh really? And what would that be?

SW: The fact that I'm not on it.

[Gellar almost seems to sigh as Wright moves to sit across from Gellar in an empty chair as the duo steps up to stand behind him.]

EG: I understand your frustration, but it's a full card and there's simply no room. Unfortunately, we had to leave several people off the card that we would've otherwise have loved to have on the show.

Including you.

[Wright raises an eyebrow.]

SW: "No room"?

[He smiles in disbelief.]

SW: I've seen the line-up, Mr. Gellar. Apparently there's enough time to put your face all over the show to make whatever "special" announcements you want to make but you don't have time to book a two-time AWA World Champion in a match.

EG: Now you have to understand-

[Wright cuts him off.]

SW: I understand perfectly, Mr. Gellar. You have time for pageantry and parlor tricks and whatever your idea of "entertainment" is, but you don't have the time for what this organization is actually built on.

WRESTLING.

[The former AWA World Champion's eyes narrow.]

SW: More specifically, you don't have time for your best WRESTLER.

[Gellar rubs his temples.]

EG: Actually, now that I think about it...there is one option.

[Wright answers without any hesitation.]

SW: I'll take it.

EG: You haven't even heard who your opponent would be.

[Wright shakes his head.]

SW: It doesn't matter who it is, Mr. Gellar. I'm always prepared to face any opponent. Just make sure my opponent is prepared to face ME.

[And with that, Wright rises from his seat and turns to leave. As Jackson and Lance begin to follow him out, Gellar yells out after him.]

EG: Very well, Mr. Wright.

[A beat.]

EG: I'm sure you'll look forward to facing your opponent tonight...

...Torin the Titan.

[Supreme stops dead in his tracks at the announcement as a ROAR goes up from inside the arena from the fans watching, his back still turned to the camera. Without turning back towards Gellar, he straightens up and simply says two words.]

SW: I will.

[And with that, he and his cronies walk off, making sure to slam the door shut behind them. A slight smile crosses Gellar's face as he shakes his head before we fade back out to ringside where Bucky Wilde is seemingly beside himself.]

BW: WHAT?! TORIN THE TITAN?! How is this fair AT ALL to Supreme Wright?!

GM: Hey, the man walked into Mr. Gellar's office and said he was prepared to face ANY opponent. Just because-

BW: Any opponent except a damn GIANT! No one can be prepared to face a giant, Gordo, and you know it! I don't know what kind of grudge Gellar has against Supreme Wright but he's got one and he's trying to pull a fast one here tonight.

GM: Would you prefer he'd left Wright off the show altogether?

BW: Don't get smart with me. Supreme Wright DESERVES to be on this show and he DESERVES to face top flight competition. Heck, I even agree with him that he deserves a shot at the AWA World Title after the match he had at SuperClash.

GM: Even though he lost?

[Bucky is steaming mad now.]

GM: I'll take that as a no. Regardless of your opinion, Bucky, we've got an added match to our show tonight and... man oh man, it's gonna be something else when the two-time former AWA World Champion Supreme Wright goes one-on-one with giant himself, Torin The Titan. I can't wait for that but right now, let's go backstage where "Sweet" Lou is checking in with a member of the AWA's brand new Women's Division! Lou?

[The camera cuts to the back where our very own "Sweet" Lou Blackwell stands with an annoyed looking Charisma Knight, in her gear.]

SLB: Thank you gentlemen, here with me now, Charisma Knight, who received some very bad news earlier today. You do NOT get to select your opponent for your Open Challenge tonight.

CK: Don't sound so happy, Blackwell. These kind of things didn't happen until Gellar took charge. The board decided that I didn't find suitable enough competition last show? That was an International Superstar, Blackwell.

SLB: Just because she was from Japan-

CK[cutting him off]: International! And now instead of being able to do my diligence and scout my opponent properly, I have to go out there in a few minutes and face someone I don't know? Because Gellar wants something interesting?

This all just confirms that I'm being conspired against... to hold down the best woman in the company. You know what, fine. The Director of Operations wants to select my opponent tonight himself, he can throw whoever he wants at me. I'll beat them.

[Knight gestures at the camera.]

CK: And I'll keep on beating people thrown in my path... then when someone at the office or at The X or Gellar himself wants to toss down the money and get us a Championship Belt commissioned, I'll go through everyone... be it Toughill, Rage, Somers, or the Golden Goddess herself to take that belt and put it where it belongs, around my waist.

And don't look at me sideways, Blackwell... I AM the best wrestler in the AWA, that's a fact. And I'm going to go out there to prove it again.

[Knight storms off out of shot leaving Blackwell to finish up]

SLB: Well there you have it, a very tough lady getting thrown a curveball tonight, and we're all going to see where it goes. Back to you guys.

[The camera cuts back to the arena where Bucky looks even more agitated.]

BW: Who the HELL does Emerson Gellar think he is?!

GM: He's the Director of Op-

BW: He's a joker on a power trip! First, he throws Supreme Wright to the wolves and then he decides that Charisma Knight isn't doing a good job of finding her own opponents and makes her face a MYSTERY opponent tonight?! How is this fair to her?! How is this fair to ANYONE?! CONSPIRACY!

[Gordon sighs.]

GM: After what she pulled two weeks ago lining up a cupcake for herself, proving nothing, I think Mr. Gellar made the right choice.

BW: Says you.

GM: Says everyone... let's go to Phil.

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

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is Charisma Knight's Open Challenge set for one fall and a fifteen minute time limit in the AWA Women's Division.

[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 CHAAAAAARISSSSMAAAAA KNIIIIIIIIIGHT!

[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: Here she comes... and with all her... and your... complaining, she's looking as happy as ever.

BW: Gordo, this is a travesty I'm telling you, a travesty!

GM: Well, I also happen to have been given info on her opponent so she will be surprised for sure.

BW: You know before she does?! More conspiracies!

[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 goes through her ritual of checking the ropes and getting a last minute stretch in while waiting for her opponent.]

PW: And her opponent...

[The crowd and Knight sit in anticipation, then BACK-ON's "STRIKE BACK" starts up over the PA system, getting a cheer from the Joshi following crowd and a "OH, COME ON!" from Knight]

PW: From Nagoya, Japan... weighing in at 120 pounds... here is AKIRA NAGATA!

[From the back steps Akira Nagata, a short woman standing 5' with an athletic build. Appearing to be in her late 30's with brown hair worn in a pixie cut, she wears black boots, long red tights with yellow tassels circling up the legs, and around her red tank top style top. She slaps hands with a few fans at ringside as she walks to the ring.]

GM: And here comes Akira Nagata and some of our fans that follow Women's wrestling in Japan would recognize her.

BW: Yeah, journeyman wrestler that never made the big time, daddy. Charisma will still stretch her out and put her away.

GM: Don't be so sure. Nagata has been around, that's true, but she is experienced, and a much better opponent than her opponent last time out. I'd expect to see a much more competitive match here.

[Nagata enters the ring with Knight staring her down, nodding while yelling "Fine!". Nagata gets checked by the ref who signals...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And we're off, the two women immediately circling each other. Knight with the height and weight advantage, but Nagata holds about 10 years experience on the younger woman.

[The two come together in a lockup, jockeying for position before Knight pulls her into a side headlock.]

GM: Knight immediately to the side headlock, hanging on to her smaller opponent who quickly backs her into the ropes, pushing her off- oh, come on! Knight holds the hair to keep the headlock but lets it go before the official can see it!

BW: Pulled the hair? You gotta be kidding, Gordo... Nagata there barely has any hair to pull!

GM: There was enough for Knight to get a hold of... and right down into a takeover.

[Down on the mat, Knight keeps the headlock locked in as Nagata finds her shoulders down on the mat. The referee makes a count and gets to two before Nagata shoots her shoulder off the mat.]

GM: Quick two count there for Knight who almost stole that one.

BW: Nagata's looking for a way out of that headlock, but she's not tall enough to headscissors her way out, and not powerful enough to roll Knight over.

[Struggling on the mat, Nagata rolls over onto her face, pushing up off the mat and forcing Knight back up to a vertical base while still trapped in the headlock. Knight gives a shout of "Come on now!" as she quickly ducks behind into a hammerlock.]

GM: Knight switching tactics now, moving to the hammerlock... cranking it on as Nagata again tries to find an exit.

[Reaching back over her shoulder, she manages to grab hold of Knight's head, leaping into the air, holding for a second before rolling forward, flipping Knight over in a flying mare to escape the hold.]

GM: Flying mare counter by Nagata gets her out of that hammerlock. She's quickly to the ropes, head of steam behind her...

[A big running dropkick connects on Knight, sending her down to the canvas.]

GM: Flying dropkick by Nagata, right back up... and this time with a standing dropkick and that's going to send Charisma Knight rolling out to the floor. She didn't like that one bit.

[Knight, out on the floor, grimaces as she glares up inside the ring at Nagata who paces back and forth for a moment before rushing to the ropes, rebounding off at top speed...]

GM: Nagata off the far side, coming in fast!

[...and dives between the second and third ropes slamming her forearm, and herself, into a recovering Knight!]

GM: OH MY! Nagata dives at Knight and takes her out!

[Nagata stands and yells, raising her hands to the applause of the crowd. She picks up her opponent and tosses Knight back into the ring, jumping on the apron herself and ascending the turnbuckles]

GM: Nagata trying to take advantage of that dive on the floor, rolling Knight back in and now she's heading up top!

BW: It's too early for this. This is a mistake if you ask me.

GM: She didn't ask you... and from what I understand, she doesn't speak English so even if she did, she wouldn't understand your answer.

[As Knight stumbles back to her feet, wobbling in a circle, Nagata leaps from her perch, catching her American opponent with a flying cross body off the top rope!]

GM: Crossbody off the top! Could this be enough?!

[The referee counts one... counts two...]

BW: Not enough, daddy!

[Nagata comes off the canvas, looking to keep the offense going as she dashes to the ropes again, rebounding off towards a rising Knight who ducks out of desperation as Nagata leaps into the air.]

GM: Sunset flip by Nagata!

[A two count follows before Knight clashes her heels together on Nagata's ears!]

GM: No! Another two count for this firecracker from the Land of the Rising Sun... right back up on her feet as Knight struggles to get their first.

[But as Knight rises, Nagata hooks her by the head, dragging her down to the mat.]

GM: Small package by Nagata! One! Two! Again, Knight kicks out in time!

[Knight seems a little out of sorts as she tries to get off the mat again, this time being greeted with a stiff spinning heel kick that catches her under the chin, putting her back down to the mat!]

GM: Oof! That one snapped her head back!

BW: Nagata is on a roll right now and Knight doesn't seem to have an answer for this high-speed offense!

GM: Nagata- no cover this time as she's right back up, heading to the ropes!

[Coming off the ropes again, Nagata leaps into the air, tucking her legs and crashing down with a senton on Knight!]

GM: Leaping backplash... right into a backpress by Nagata! ONE!! TWO!! T-

[Knight's shoulder pops off the mat in time, drawing jeers from the crowd which has gone from apathy to being solidly behind Akira Nagata.]

GM: Akira Nagata trying to score the upset and perhaps earn herself a spot here in the American Wrestling Alliance! This Women's Division is just getting started and everyone wants to be on the ground floor for what it's turning into!

BW: Charisma Knight wants to be known as the best competitor in that entire division but right now, she's in a lot of trouble, Gordo.

GM: She certainly is... Knight is getting rocked by the veteran from Japan as Nagata pulls her American counterpart off the mat and-

[As Knight gets pulled up, she lashes out, sticking her thumb into the eye of Nagata!]

GM: OH! Cheapshot by Knight!

[With the crowd jeering, Knight pursues the blinded Nagata who stumbles backwards, backing into the ropes where she pushes off, throwing a defensive kick at the body of Knight...

...who catches the kick, hooking the leg under her arm!]

GM: Nagata was trying to create some space, trying to give her vision time to clear and-

[Knight twists down, wrenching Nagata's knee with a Dragon screw legwhip!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: One of the most painful-looking and absolutely devastating moves in the industry. That's the kind of thing that can rip every ligament in a knee and leave you on the shelf for months facing surgery.

[Knight backs off, leaning on the ropes, trying to catch her breath as she watches Nagata cradle her knee down on the mat.]

BW: And when Charisma Knight sets her sights on an opponent's leg, a victory is usually not too far away.

GM: Charisma Knight taking a breather on the ropes, not continuing the assault on Akira Nagata for the moment. She's watching and waiting for Nagata to regain her feet though.

[Feeling the effects of the Dragon Screw, Nagata is very slow to get up off the mat, hobbling to keep her balance as Knight pushes off the ropes...]

GM: Turn around!

[...and with Nagata's back turned, Knight DRIVES her shoulder into the back of the Japanese opponent's knee in a vicious clip attack!]

GM: OHH!

BW: 15 yards in the NFL but perfectly legal here!

[With Nagata down, howling in pain, Knight goes after the leg, stomping the knee repeatedly.]

BW: And now we see Charisma Knight go to work, Gordo!

GM: Charisma going right after that knee with stomps.

[Picking the leg up off the mat, Knight drops an elbow down into the knee joint. She climbs back to her feet, still holding the leg, and does it again.]

GM: Third time's a charm as the elbow comes crashing down across the knee!

BW: This is where she's at her best, working over that knee.

GM: It is where she's at her best, you're right. She drags Nagata across the ring by the leg, yanking and pulling on it as she does, taking every single moment she can to try and further the damage done to the limb as she drapes it across the middle rope...

BW: This is one of my favorites.

[Knight steps one foot on the middle rope, leaping into the air before sitting down on the knee!]

BW: Perfect! And you can hear Nagata screaming in pain all the way down in Little Tokyo where they might understand what she's saying.

GM: Knight's going for it again... up she goes... and DOWN across the knee!

BW: That move is painful, and does a ton of damage. This one is about over now, it's only a figure 4 or a kneebar like we saw two weeks ago away, Gordo.

[Knight looks out at the crowd, pointing down at Nagata and lifting a hand with one finger raised... no, not that one.]

GM: Knight's going for it one more time... and the fans here in Los Angeles aren't happy to hear that. She bounces high...

[This time, she lands tailbone-first on the canvas as Nagata rolls out of the way in time!]

GM: She moved! Nagata moved and Charisma Knight meets nothing but the mat!

[Knight winces, sitting on the canvas as Nagata crawls away from her, pausing to shake out her leg.]

GM: Nagata trying to get some feeling back into that leg... it's gotta have pain shooting through it.

BW: Charisma needs to get back up and get back on the leg. She can't allow Nagata time to get back into this.

GM: Akira Nagata crawling across the ring, grabbing onto the ropes and trying to get herself back up off the mat.

[Using the ropes, she drags herself to her feet, shaking her leg again, trying to get the blood flowing through it as Knight climbs off the mat, grabbing at her rear end.]

GM: Both women are on their feet now and... are you hearing what I'm hearing, Bucky?

BW: You've got your hearing aid turned up to 11 so I doubt it.

GM: The fans are rallying behind the woman from Japan! Listen to them!

[The fans certainly are, giving the newcomer a strong "NA-GA-TA!" chant.]

GM: The chants of her name are filling the air as Knight comes across the ring, moving in on Nagata as she tries to steady herself, trying to stay on her feet.

[Again, Nagata pushes off the ropes, swinging her leg up for a defensive kick but Knight catches the limb a second time.]

GM: Oh! Caught again!

[Knight laughs at Nagata as she holds the leg, giving a "You want another one?" towards her opponent...]

GM: Charisma Knight's got Nagata right where she wants her...

[...but Nagata leaps into the air off her free leg, snapping her foot around to catch Knight in the back of the head with an enzuigiri!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BACK BRAIN KICK BY NAGATA! GREAT SHOT THERE!

[The crowd is REALLY behind the Japanese competitor now, the "NA-GA-TA!" chant getting louder and louder as Knight rolls to her back, hand on the back of her head as her eyes flutter.]

GM: That kick to the skull really rocked Charisma Knight! Her lights might've been turned out by that one!

BW: The enuzigiri struck hard and now Knight's gotta dig deep, get back to her feet, go after that leg and finish this off.

GM: Can she do it though, Bucky? Can she get back up and into this thing?

BW: I'm not sure either of them can get up at this point. Both women are down and both look like they might be down for the count.

GM: Referee Ricky Longfellow starting a double count on the two competitors and to say that this Open Challenge has gone much different than what Charisma Knight was hoping for would be an understatement, Bucky.

BW: Well, of course it is... but you have to remember that Emerson Gellar set this whole thing up! He blindsided Charisma and turned her Open Challenge into his own personal little surprise party and this is NOT a good surprise.

GM: You've come a long way from saying she's a journeyman grappler who Knight would have no trouble with.

BW: I think I had her mistaken for someone else.

GM: I see.

[The referee's count is up to four as Nagata sits up, slapping her knee a few times as the crowd cheers...

...and then starts to clap in rhythm, cheering her back to her feet. She looks back and forth, nodding her head. She lifts her fist, shaking it alongside their support as Charisma Knight rolls to all fours, pushing up off the mat as the count gets to six... then seven...]

GM: Both competitors are on their way back to their feet...

[As the count hits eight, both women are up to a tremendous cheer. Knight is the first to move forward, cocking back her right arm...]

GM: Right hand... blocked!

[Nagata lands a forearm shot to the jaw that rattles Knight, backing her up a step.]

GM: Knight's coming in again...

[A second haymaker is blocked before the forearm stuns Knight a second time, sending her stumbling back as Nagata hobbles forward and...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[Followed by a real loud “OH!” from the crowd.]

GM: Nagata just lit Knight up with that knife edge chop! And another backs Knight to the corner.

[Grabbing the arm, Nagata fires her across the ring. She hobbles in after her, throwing herself into a clothesline that looks less impactful than she would like because of the knee.]

GM: Clothesline to the corner... not a lot on it through...

[Nagata takes a few steps back, wincing as she grabs at her knee. Knight is hanging onto the ropes, trying to stay standing as Nagata lets off a shout, tumbling forward into a koppo kick. Her heel DRILLS Knight between the eyes, putting her down on her butt in the corner as the crowd roars!]

GM: Tumbling kick between the eyes and Charisma Knight is in SERIOUS trouble, Bucky!

BW: Don't remind me!

[Climbing off the mat, Nagata's knee buckles for a moment, dropping her back down to one knee before getting up, nodding her head to the cheering crowd. She grabs Knight by the foot, dragging her out of the corner several feet.]

GM: Nagata repositioning Knight near the corner!

[She stomps down on the chest a few times before turning, pointing to the corner.]

GM: Nagata's calling for the Moonsault - a move she's used to win so many matches in Japan over the years!

[Heading to the corner, Nagata winces as she steps up to the second rope, facing out on the crowd. She nods as she plants the foot of her good leg on the top, sucking a few breaths in before forcing herself to step to the top, nearly losing her balance as she does.]

BW: That leg is giving her trouble, Gordo!

GM: It is but she's on the top rope and at the ready...

[Looking a little unsteady, Nagata leaps off the corner with a backflip...

...but Charisma rolls out of the way in plenty of time for her...

...and for Nagata who sees the counter coming, over-rotating with the intent of landing on her feet...

...jamming her weakened knee on the landing, forcing her to collapse to a knee, grabbing her injured knee immediately as pain shoots through it!]

BW: Mistake by Nagata! This is Charisma Knight's opportunity!

[Knight rolls to her feet, taking aim as Nagata forces herself back to a standing position...

...and KICKS Nagata in the back of the knee, sending her legs flying into the air as she gets dumped down hard on the back of her head!]

GM: OH! Knight kicked out the knee and-

[Knight wastes no time going right over, grabbing the injured leg and flipping Nagata over face down, falling back down into the Kneebar.]

GM: And there's the Kneebar from Knight. We saw this two weeks ago with the same results - Nagata screaming in pain, clawing for the ropes!

BW: Look at what Knight's doing... watch this!

[Knight grabs Nagata's free leg, and wraps it around one of the legs laced in the kneebar, locking her other leg over so that it ends up being a cross of a Kneebar and an Inverted Figure 4]

GM: My stars, she put the legs into a Figure 4 position.

BW: She told me to look out for this, Gordo... and she's got it locked in!

GM: Indeed, nowhere to go for Nagata... no legs to help move. Charisma has all the leverage... and there's the tap out!

[The crowd deflates as the bell sounds and Phil Watson makes it official from out on the floor.]

PW: The winner of this match, by submission, CHARISMA KNIGHT!

[Knight hangs on to the hold for a few more seconds, earning a referee's count before she lets it go.]

GM: And finally, she releases the hold - a victor yet again.

[The referee steps over, raising her hand as she gets to her feet. She quickly snatches it away though, moving over towards the ropes and gesturing for the microphone. It is reluctantly handed to her and she breathes heavily into it as she raises it to her mouth.]

CK: Was that the best...

[She takes two deep breaths.]

CK: ...you could do? The best...

[More breaths from exertion as she tries to play it cool.]

CK: ...you could find? I can't pick my opponents? Fine.

[More breathing as she glares down at Nagata who is being tended to by the referee.]

CK: In two weeks, I'll do this again. And Gellar, Championship Committee, anyone...

[She's obviously trying to act as if she didn't go through a tough battle but the pauses in between words tell a different story.]

CK: ...you find me ANYONE in two weeks, and I'll beat them just the same. I am the best wrestler in the AWA, and I will...

[One more deep inhale.]

CK: ...PROVE IT!

[She tosses down the mic as "I'm About To Break You" starts up.]

GM: Charisma Knight appears not to be done with her Open Challenge, Bucky. She says she's going to do it again two weeks from tonight.

BW: And now she's INVITING Gellar and his lackeys to find her an opponent! Charisma Knight wants to show the world that she's the best wrestler in this division and right now, I'm having a hard time arguing with her, Gordo.

GM: I'm sure you are. Another impressive victory for Charisma Knight but right now, let's go backstage to Mark Stegglet. Mark?

[Backstage, to Mark Stegglet. In the background, Kerry Kendrick sits slouched on a sofa, watching a television intently, elbows on his knees, hands clasped under his chin.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, in a few short minutes, Pure X will be in action facing this--

[A hand firmly grips his microphone-holding wrist and he tails off. With her other hand, Erica Toughill presses her index finger to Stegglet's lips, fixing him with her familiar icy glare.]

ET: Shhhhhh...

[For several agonizing seconds they stand in silence; the only sound is from Toughill's bubblegum chomping and the television that Kendrick watches, which sounds like footage from his first match eight years ago.]

GM: [voice on tape] Oh! Cheap shot to the eyes by Keith Smith!

[He has evidently been watching it a lot tonight.]

GM: [voice] Smith being—he ignores the official... shoving right past him...

[Finally, Toughill takes Stegglet by the shoulder and leads him to Kendrick, never releasing her grip on his wrist. She holds his arm in front of Kendrick's face. Kendrick never takes his eyes off the screen.]

KK: "Improvement makes straight roads. But the crooked roads without improvement...

...are roads of genius." William Blake, The Marriage of Heaven and Hell.

I've followed my own crooked path to this point. Under and beside and through the AWA I have sojourned. I've seen the back side of outlaw promotions. I've had payday that wouldn't pay for the gas I used to get to the venue. I've experienced more things in that ring than most guys in this locker room can imagine. Tonight, Keith Smith stays where he belongs: back in 2008. Tonight, Kerry Kendrick takes the first step on his journey to the AWA pantheon. I've been here before everyone and I'll be here to see the back of fly-by-nighters like Ohara, or Pure X... or...

[He scowls with contempt.]

KK: ...the Lazy-killer who has somehow drifted into a title shot tonight. I am a Made guy in wrestling, and I don't need a trust fund, or a message board endorsement, or Tiger Paw Pro stint to legitimize me.

I am a Self... Made... Man. And tonight, my crooked path takes me through Pure X, and it will not stop until I decide I'm done.

[Toughill releases her grip on Stegglet's wrist. Kendrick continues confronting the television. Toughill keeps glowering at Stegglet, a pink bubble inflating from between her lips. Stegglet gets the hint and quickly leaves the dressing room area as we fade to another part of the backstage area where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing next to the aforementioned Pure X who is dressed in his wrestling gear.]

SLB: Pure X, tonight you face off against a man that's made his mission to take you down a peg in Kerry Kendrick.

[Pure X shakes his head a bit as he takes off his mirror aviator sunglasses as he addresses Blackwell.]

PX: You saw it there, Lou, in that video showing all the competitors to ever lace 'em up in an AWA ring. All those names, each one of those legends of the ring stepping into the hallowed grounds of that American Wrestling Alliance ring. And all of them, Lou?

[Pure X taps Blackwell's arm.]

PX: Every one of them, from the hated to the liked? All of them had one thing in common - a UNIQUE desire to be the best! And it's my goal one day many years from now, that my name and my highlights are shown. And drives me, but... But can I ask you something, Lou?

[Blackwell mouths "sure" which Pure X gives a nod before continuing.]

PX: What's Kerry Kendrick's desire? What makes him tick, huh? What gets him going when he steps in that ring? He can beat his chest all day saying he's the heart and soul of the AWA, but I can't believe. All I see, Lou - all I see is a man who had a chip on his shoulder when he started and grew it to a two-ton cinder block on his back that he can get out from.

[Pure X waves briefly puts a hand on Blackwell's shoulder and waves his hand dismissively.]

PX: And look, Lou - I'm not dismissing Kerry Kendrick. He's got talent, just all fogged up from his jealousy. But I got to say, I respect him stepping up to challenge me, one-on one, tonight.

SLB: But I have to ask, where Kerry Kendrick is, it's almost assured Callum Mahoney and Rex Summers are on standby should he need them. Are you worried about the numbers game?

[Pure X sighs and kind of shrugs.]

PX: You know, I signed up for a one on one match tonight and I HOPE Kendrick honors that. Really do. I mean, he's got Erica Toughill out there as it is, so... From my stand point? When I step into the ring, every time, I try to elevate it to NEW heights!

[Pure X looks to the camera.]

PX: Kendrick, one of my core principles is that I RESPECT that ring - probably more than anyone in AWA. Now I've dealt with your gang's attempts to take me down outside of a match and I've... I've chalked that up to who are. But if you want to live up the being the "heart and soul" of this place? If you want to honor your challenge of a one on one match with me?

[X pauses as he reaches his hand out.]

PX: Just come to the ring, ready to fight. You and me, better man wins. But I'll warn you this - DON'T disrespect my match, MY ring!

[With that, Pure X nods to Blackwell before walking out of view as we 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 up, we're getting a nice panning shot of the Los Angeles crowd for a few moments before the voice of Phil Watson rings out over the PA system.]

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

"I WANT IT ALL."

"I WANT IT ALL."

"I WANT IT ALL."

"AND I WANT IT NOW!"

[The lights dim as "I Want It All" by Queen roars to life, and from the entranceway walks Kerry Kendrick.]

PW: From Philadelphia, Pennsylvania... he is accompanied by his bodyguard Erica Toughill and Callum Mahoney... weighing in at 235 pounds...

KERRRRRYYYYYY KENNNNNNDRICK!

["I Want It All" by Queen blares to life over the PA system as a young man emerges from the back. Well built with a bleached blond buzzcut, he's a good looking guy with a tan, wearing midnight green trunks with platinum detailing, and matching kneepads and boots, covered with a matching midnight green satin robe. Pausing at the top of the ramp he extends both arms out to either side, palms pointed at the sky. Behind him lurks a sullen-looking woman with a perpetual scowl on her face, arms folded, a pink bubble inflating between her lips... and Callum Mahoney looking like... well, Callum Mahoney.]

GM: Kerry Kendrick, as you know, appeared on the very first AWA show ever.

BW: No, no! Not just on the very first AWA show... he was in the very first AWA MATCH ever, Gordo! He is THE AWA Original!

GM: I don't know if I'd go that far... and he's not coming out here alone.

BW: Of course he's not. Why wouldn't he have his bodyguard with him? His body is out here so his bodyguard needs to be too.

GM: What's Mahoney's excuse?

BW: He's Callum Mahoney and he loves to fight.

GM: That's what I'm afraid of.

[Kendrick walks the aisle with a distinct sneer on his face. Arriving at the ring, he steps in, moves to the center and holds his hands out to his sides, pausing to "soak up the cheers" (there aren't any)...then doffs his robe, dropping it over the top rope, where Toughill catches it. Kendrick leans back-first into the top turnbuckle, nonchalantly unimpressed as Mahoney stands near him, discussing strategy as the music fades.]

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!#

GM: Kendrick back up... look at that... total disrespect.

[A dismissive gesture towards Pure X gets the ire of the crowd as well as the ring technician who waves Kendrick out of the corner.]

GM: Kendrick coming out of the corner now... slowly...

[Pure X is standing in the middle, waiting as Kendrick approaches...

...and lunges into a collar and elbow, swiftly moving right into a rear waistlock. Kendrick grabs at the wrists, looking to get out but Pure X ducks down, grabbing the ankles from behind and pulling Kendrick's legs out from under him.]

GM: Rear trip by Pure X...

[X makes a grab for the left ankle but Kendrick crawls, scrapes, and dives, grabbing hold of the ropes. The referee steps in again, forcing Pure X to back off with his hands raised as Kendrick drags himself under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Kerry Kendrick wanted no part of that anklelock known simply as The X!

BW: He's felt it before and he's not about to feel it again if he can avoid it. Just like a good quarterback, diving out of bounds to prevent a major hit.

[Mahoney is right there to counsel Kendrick out on the floor to jeers from the AWA faithful.]

GM: Callum Mahoney immediately over on his partner's side... are they partners? Allies? Cohorts? Is this a faction? What do you know, Bucky?

BW: I know that they had success going into SuperClash as allies and decided that - for now - that alliance would continue. That's all you need to know, Gordo.

GM: But you know more?

BW: I ALWAYS know more.

[Gordon sighs as Kendrick waits on the floor until the referee's count reaches five before he pulls himself up on the apron.]

GM: I've gotta wonder where Rex Summers is for this.

BW: Sexy Remy's got a Steal The Spotlight contract defense later tonight. You want him to risk getting hurt out here at the hands of that backjumping Pure X?!

GM: Backjumping?! Give me a break!

[Kendrick ducks back through the ropes, eyeing Pure X warily. The technician approaches, edging forward with his arms outstretched towards Kendrick who stays near the ropes...

...and as Pure X makes a lunge, Kendrick turns his back, clutching the ropes.]

GM: Kendrick's in the ropes as Pure X hooks in a waistlock...

BW: He's gotta break it, ref! Count him!

[The referee is counting...

...when suddenly Pure X yanks Kendrick away from the ropes, lifting him up into the air, twisting around and throwing him chestfirst to the mat with a king-sized waistlock takedown!]

GM: Oh my, what a takedown!

[Pure X again lunges to the mat, this time grabbing the arm of Kendrick who shakes and shakes and wriggles free, rolling out of the ring again. This time, Pure X is a obviously a little frustrated as he angrily kicks the bottom rope, shouting at Kendrick and calling him a "yellow-striped coward!"]

GM: Things are heating up a little bit here between Kerry Kendrick and Pure X as Kendrick continues to try to avoid getting tangled up with Pure X.

[Kendrick paces back and forth angrily on the floor. Callum Mahoney again comes over to talk to him, cupping a hand to his ear and whispering to him this time.]

GM: Kerry Kendrick has bailed out of really engaging in this match three times now.

BW: He's being smart. He knows Pure X wants to tie him up into knots and he's not about to let that happen, Gordo.

[As the referee's count reaches six, Kendrick pulls himself up on the apron again, ordering the official to back Pure X up. The official obliges and Kendrick steps through the ropes, staying right next to them. Pure X struggles to get past the official.]

GM: Pure X has had enough of these games being played by Kendrick, trying to get a piece of him right now and-

[X does a nice spin move, rolling off the official and charging Kendrick who reaches out and sticks his fingers into the eyes!]

GM: Oh! Kendrick to the eyes!

[Grabbing X by the back of the head, Kendrick rifles him through the ropes. X grabs the middle rope, landing on the apron where Kendrick wheels around and starts stomping and kicking him!]

GM: Kendrick with the cheap shot and now he's putting the boots to Pure X out on the apron, driving him down onto it as the official pulls him back...

[Scott Ezra backs Kendrick across the ring, allowing Callum Mahoney to swoop him and HAMMER a forearm down across the throat, leaving Pure X gasping for air out on the apron.]

GM: Mahoney with a cheap shot of his own!

[Toughill follows it up with a chokehold, squeezing the windpipe as Kendrick argues with the referee.]

GM: And now Toughill too?! This is like a handicap match out here, Bucky!

[Toughill backs off, leaving Pure X in a bad way as Kendrick walks past the official, reaching through the ropes to pull Pure X off the mat to a kneeling position, dragging his upper body through the ropes, and driving a stiff knee up into the sternum.]

GM: Hard knee strike there by Kendrick!

[With X hanging over the middle rope, Kendrick backs off, hopping up to the middle rope, and leaping off with a double axehandle down across the shoulderblades, causing X to tumble through the ropes and back inside the ring.]

GM: Kerry Kendrick got an outside assist and that has totally changed the complexion of this match, Bucky.

BW: I can't argue with that. That's why it's good to have friends in high places.

GM: They look more like friends in low places to quote one of my wife's favorite singers.

[Kendrick taunts the crowd, gesturing to the downed Pure X before stomping down between the shoulderblades once... twice... and a leaping stomp punctuates the attack, leaving Pure X to roll onto his back, wincing in pain.]

GM: Kerry Kendrick taking his time in there. Not wanting to rush into any kind of mistake that Pure X might take advantage of.

BW: And that's Pure X's game, Gordo... right there. Luring people into mistakes that he can take advantage of.

[Kendrick leans down, dragging Pure X off the mat by his brown hair, and throwing him bodily back into the buckles before he charges in, slamming the point of his elbow back up into the chin!]

GM: Running back elbow by Kendrick!

[The "Self Made Man" turns X into a side headlock, planting his forehead on the top rope...

...and slowly walks the length of the ring, dragging X's skin along the rope!]

GM: Ahh!

BW: That's one way to get a serious case of ropeburn, daddy.

[In the next corner, Kendrick releases X, allowing him to slump to his knees, grabbing at his forehead in pain.]

GM: Kendrick again taking the time to taunt this Los Angeles crowd as he torments one of their hometown heroes.

[Kendrick takes a lap around the ring, grinning at how things are going as X pulls himself back to his feet, leaning against the turnbuckles.]

GM: Kendrick goes downstairs with a boot... and another...

[He grabs X by the arm, pulling him out of the corner as he twists the arm around into a wristlock...

...to which Pure X responds by grabbing Kendrick's arm, reversing into an armtwist of his own.]

GM: Pure X reverses it back the other way!

[Kendrick angrily reverses it, twisting the arm.]

GM: And another reversal!

[Kendrick jerks the arm, shouting at Pure X who responds by reversing again, twisting once... twice...]

GM: Look at the torque on the arm!

[Kendrick raises his free hand, begging off as Pure X appeals to the crowd who cheer him on...

...and slowly twists the arm around a third time, putting incredible pressure on the wrist and shoulder.]

BW: He's going to break the man's arm!

[Pure X twists the arm right around into a rear hammerlock, cranking up on the limb as Kendrick cries out, grabbing at his shoulder.]

GM: Pure X so smooth in going from one submission to another...

[X steps on the back of Kendrick's knee, forcing him down to a knee as he pulls the arm back into an armbar.]

GM: Rear armbar locked in, pushing Kendrick's head down to force him down on his knees!

[X tucks the arm under his armpit, cranking back on it as Kendrick cries out in pain.]

GM: Nice grip on the arm... well-executed...

[Kendrick refuses the referee when he asks if he wants to give up.]

GM: X cranks back on that arm again... you know he'd love to get a submission win here in his first big match since returning to the AWA.

BW: Pure X is always looking for a submission no matter what match he's in, Gordo.

[Jamming his knee into Kendrick's lower back, X flattens him out on his stomach on the mat. He keeps the left arm of Kendrick hooked under his left armpit while using his right hand to grab the foot, pulling it back into a modified bow and arrow.]

GM: Look at that! Pure X again moving into a different submission hold, altering his attack in target and intensity, keeping the opposition off-balance!

[X cranks back with both arms, stretching the spine of Kendrick who shouts out "NONONONO!" as the referee asks him to give it up.]

GM: Kerry Kendrick continues to hang on as Pure X tries to pry a submission out of him.

[X pulls back on both arm and leg again, causing another cry from Kendrick as Mahoney pulls himself up on the apron...

...which causes X to break the hold, climbing to his feet and pointing at the Armbar Assassin!]

GM: Callum Mahoney was coming in and Pure X saw it! He caught him, Bucky!

BW: No, no... Callum just needed a better vantage point to see how Pure X was cheating now.

GM: Give me a break!

[The referee marches over to Mahoney, ordering him to get down. The Irishman does just that, leaving Pure X glaring at him as Kendrick rolls out to the apron.]

GM: Kendrick bails out again... not so fast!

[The crowd cheers as Pure X catches him before he can get to the floor, pulling him up to his feet and into a front facelock. The fans get louder as X brings Kendrick over the top rope, dropping him in a spine-shaking suplex.]

GM: Nicely done by Pure X, floating right into a pin attempt... but only gets two.

[X, still in the lateral press, extends his arms, grabbing Kendrick by the wrist, pinning it to the mat as he scrambles, hooking one leg under Kendrick's armpit and the other behind Kendrick's head, flipping him over into a modified cross armbreaker!]

GM: What in the...?!

BW: What is that?!

[Kendrick ends up on his chest with his arm between the legs of Pure X who is using his legs to push down on Kendrick's upper body as he shoves up on Kendrick's wrist!]

GM: Oh my stars! Look at the pressure on the shoulder!

[Kendrick is absolutely SCREAMING in pain this time, trying to get out of the hold...

...and manages to drape a foot over the bottom rope, forcing Pure X to break the hold. Kendrick grabs his shoulder, rolling under the ropes to the floor where he falls to his knees, wincing in pain.]

GM: Kendrick gets out and, wow, was that close!

BW: We talk about Callum Mahoney's armbar and...

[Mahoney comes over to Kendrick, slowly this time. His eyes are locked on Pure X, grabbing his own shoulder as he walks.]

BW: ...and that's about right. Mahoney's wondering if he just saw something - if he just saw an armbar on his level!

GM: Mahoney speaking to Kendrick, trying to encourage the so-called Self Made Man who is looking a little rattled at this point of the contest as Pure X continues to try to get him to tap out... to submit in the middle of the ring.

[Kendrick and Mahoney huddle up, waving Erica Toughill over to join them. She pops a large pink bubble as she joins the mix. The referee continues counting as Pure X paces back and forth inside the ring.]

GM: An impromptu strategy session out on the floor as they try to figure out Pure X... and more importantly, how to avoid those submission holds.

[As the trio breaks apart, Toughill and Mahoney go to opposite sides of the ring as Kendrick takes a spot on a third. Mahoney is the first one up on the apron, drawing referee Scott Ezra towards him to get him down as Pure X pivots to confront the Fighting Irishman...

...and then wheels around at the ready, spotting Erica Toughill up on the apron!]

GM: What in the...?

[Pure X lowers his hands, shouting to the official. Ezra darts across the ring, shouting at Toughill this time as Mahoney slides under the ropes. Pure X dashes towards him, stomping him in the back of the head...

...which allows Kerry Kendrick to slide into the ring, sprinting at Pure X from behind and flattening him with a clothesline to the back of the head!]

GM: They drew that up like a football play, Bucky!

BW: And the quarterback is TOAST!

[An angry Kendrick gets back to his feet, violently stomping the back of Pure X's head as the referee dispatches both Mahoney and Toughill back down to the floor.]

GM: And as the official finally gets control again, Kerry Kendrick is all over Pure X!

[Kendrick backs off, takes aim, and drops to his knees, jamming his elbow into the back of X's neck!]

GM: Drives the elbow down into the neck!

[Kendrick gets up, dropping the elbow a second time... and a third, flipping Pure X onto his back and applying a lateral press.]

GM: Kendrick covers for one! He's got two! But that's all!

[The Philly native climbs off the mat, angrily slapping his hands together three times in the direction of Scott Ezra.]

GM: Kerry Kendrick thinks he got three but no chance of that.

[The "Self Made Man" pulls Pure X off the mat, lifting him up in his arms and slamming him down on the mat in front of him.]

GM: Big slam... and he snaps a legdrop down across the throat!

[Still sitting on the mat, Kendrick shouts for a count from the official.]

GM: Unique cover gets one... gets two... but again, that's all as Pure X kicks out.

BW: Kendrick went for the quick cover there, trying to take advantage of the impact of the legdrop but like you said, it was a unique cover. It didn't utilize Kendrick's body weight across the shoulders very well.

[Kendrick again pantomimes a three count as he gets off the mat, sticking a finger in the face of Scott Ezra.]

GM: The referee's warning him - don't get too close.

BW: Keep your focus on Pure X, kid. This is a chance to get a big win over an established name in this business. He needs to stay focused on the matter at hand.

[Kendrick turns back to Pure X who has risen to a knee. The former enhancement talent rains down forearms across the back of the head and neck, driving Pure X back down to the mat.]

GM: Ten minutes into this one - the halfway point in the time limit - as Kendrick pulls Pure X into a front facelock... and snaps him over with a suplex! Beautifully done!

BW: That's one of the most crisp snap suplexes in the game today, Gordo.

GM: It certainly is and Kendrick says it's over. He's telling these fans that this one is all over but the shouting as he pulls Pure X back up to his feet...

[He boots Pure X in the gut, doubling him up before he dashes to the ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: Liberty Bellringer!

[...but as he swings his leg up for the potentially match-ending running kneelift, Pure X catches the right leg under his right armpit, twisting it into a dragon screw legwhip!]

GM: OH!

BW: Talk about a torn ACL!

[Pure X rolls to his feet, grabbing the ankle as the crowd ROARS!]

GM: HE'S GOING FOR THE X!

[X looks to turn him over but Kendrick, on his back, is flailing away with upkicks, trying to fight off his attacker..

...but on one of those upkicks, Pure X catches the other leg under his other armpit, flipping over into a double leg cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEE!!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[But just as the bell sounds, Callum Mahoney comes crashing down with a forearm smash across the midsection of Pure X, causing the crowd to groan!]

GM: MAHONEY!

[Mahoney takes a knee, grabbing Pure X by the hair and rifling quick right hands into the face. He stands up, dropping a crushing knee down into the forehead... and again... and again as an embarrassed and angry Kerry Kendrick gets up off the mat.]

GM: Mahoney's pulling Pure X up... what's he-?

[Holding him on his knees tilted forward, Mahoney gives Kendrick a nod who rushes in and CRACKS Pure X with the Liberty Bellringer kneelift!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The Fighting Irishman hurls Pure X down to the mat as he and Kendrick begin taking turns stomping the technician into the mat.]

GM: We've got a two on one out here!

BW: Pure X may have won the match but Kerry Kendrick is determined to win the war, Gordo!

[The fans are jeering, the bell is ringing, Scott Ezra is complaining but the duo is relentless as they beat Pure X into the canvas. Erica Toughill climbs into the ring, using the baseball bat to push the official away as Kendrick and Mahoney pull Pure X up. Kendrick holds his arms as Mahoney fires away with fists at the head!]

GM: Come on! We need some help out here!

[Kendrick and Mahoney each grab an arm, holding Pure X at the ready as Toughill steps up to the plate...

...and JAMS the edge of the baseball bat into the midsection of Pure X!]

GM: OHH!

[She does it a second time as Kendrick and Mahoney continue to hold the arms...

...and that's quite enough as the locker room seems to empty, sending several AWA competitors - Caspian Abaran, Jordan Ohara, "Golden" Grant Carter, and the Wilde Bunch among others - running down the aisle towards the ring. The rulebreaking trio, seeing they're outnumbered, bail out from the ring, leaving Pure X down on the mat.]

GM: And like the cowards they are, they go running at the sight of a fight!

BW: Hey, they took the fight TO Pure X.

GM: That wasn't a fight... that was a mugging!

[Ohara leans over the ropes, shouting at Kendrick and Mahoney as Carter and Abaran kneel down to check on Pure X.]

GM: Fans, we're going to need to get some medical attention in here for Pure X, I'm afraid. Hopefully, it's nothing serious but getting hit with a baseball bat like that could cause... well, all sorts of trouble, Bucky.

BW: Broken ribs. Internal injuries. Who knows?

GM: We've got to take a break but when we come back, I'm told we're going to hear from the turncoat himself, Juan Vasquez, and you do NOT want to miss that.

[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 back up to live action where we see the marquee outside the Los Angeles Sports Arena, advertising the building that will soon find itself a pile of rubble.]

GM: We are back here in Los Angeles for Saturday Night Wrestling... a special edition of Saturday Night Wrestling as we celebrate the Eighth Anniversary of the American Wrestling Alliance and, Bucky, while it's true that Juan Vasquez was not here when it all began, I think you would be hard-pressed to find anyone who believes that he wasn't a major part of us being here tonight.

BW: Absolutely, Gordo. When he got here, he was coming off runs in Los Angeles, in St. Louis, in Canada... it made us more than the little territory that could. You look back on those early days with Raphael Rhodes... with MAMMOTH Mizusawa... and of course, the wars with Stevie Scott. Then later, the battles with Calisto Dufresne and even as recently as last year, that match with Travis Stench in Houston at SuperClash. If you imagine just about every major moment in AWA history, Juan Vasquez was usually there in some fashion.

GM: And through it all, he was a hero to these fans. Yes, he had his dark moments. He had times when we wondered if we were going to see the Juan Vasquez we'd read about... heard about. The one that fans despised and the wrestlers feared. But he stayed in the light... he stayed strong... he stayed the People's Hero. Until SuperClash. Until SuperClash when he struck a most defiant, devious, and savage blow to the fans of the AWA... a blow that became even stronger when he struck again and put Ryan Martinez in a hospital bed. Juan Vasquez has pushed aside the AWA... he has pushed aside his friends and allies... and most of all, he has thrown away the love of the fans that we believed drove him for so many years. So, while it is fitting to hear him address the crowd on this, our Anniversary Show... it's also a little bit tragic.

[Gordon pauses, raising a hand to remove his eyeglasses as he blinks a few times...]

#It's dark...and hell is hot#

[A MASSIVE roar of boos fills the Sports Arena along with a fair share of cheers as the crowd sees Juan Vasquez emerging from the entry way. Vasquez is dressed in his trademark white tracksuit with black trim, already dressed for action later in the night. He stares out into the crowd, the former People's Hero slightly perturbed at this less than Hometown Hero's welcome.

He makes his way to the ring, jawing with the fans all the way down the aisle, before stopping at the ring ropes and wiping his boots on the mat, before stepping through the ropes and going into a spin with his arms wide open, drawing an even louder round of jeers from his fellow Angelenos.]

GM: The Los Angeles crowd letting Juan Vasquez know what they think about his recent actions.

BW: It's all jealousy, Gordo! He's the hometown kid that went out into the great wide world and made good and they can't stand it! These Hollyweird hotshots hate the fact someone could succeed outside their liberal mainstream media bubble!

GM: I highly doubt that's why they're booing, Bucky.

[Juan produces a microphone from his jacket pocket and frowns. He looks around at the crowd, looking more than a bit annoyed.]

JV: Really? Y'all gonna' do me like that?

[The crowd responds with more boos.]

JV: I mean, it's a free country. You can cheer, boo...love, hate...do whatever the hell you want! But I can't help but be disappointed by the way you're acting. I mean, hell, with the way the Lakers and Dodgers been, I would've thought you'd appreciate actually having a winner to root for!

[The crowd screams in outrage at Juan, who laughs at how easily he pushed their buttons. Predictably, someone shouts "KOBEEEEEE!!!!" which draws a huge cheer.]

JV: You can shout that all you want, but the difference 'tween me and him is that he's ridin' off into the sunset a broken down man leading his team to the cellar and your amigo Juan ain't ever been greater! And I'm gonna' keep on bringing championships to this city! And I'm gonna' keep on carrying the AWA straight to the top of this sport!

And if you got a problem with that?

[Juan shrugs.]

JV: I guess you could always become Clippers fans.

[Somehow, that causes the crowd to roar with the loudest boos yet. Juan chuckles.]

JV: Not a fan of Lob City?

[A big grin.]

JV: But in all seriousness, tonight is gonna' be great. Tonight is gonna' so special. Tonight, your boy Juan takes on that backstabbin' ingrate Sweet Daddy Williams and you're all gonna' be here to bear witness to an iconic AWA moment.

[Juan closes his eyes and says the words that are oh so sweet to his ears.]

JV: The end of Sweet Daddy Williams' career!

[The crowd really lets him have it.]

JV: You think I'm kidding? You think I ain't serious about this? You think I can't do it? Why don't you ask Ryan Martinez just how seri-

[And before the words can escape his mouth, a MASSIVE ROAR goes up from the AWA faithful as another man from the streets of Los Angeles emerges from the entryway.

All seven feet of him.]

GM: OH MY STARS! OH MY STARS! IT'S ALEX MARTINEZ!

[The Last American Badass clears the distance from the entrance to the ring in near-record time for a man of his size and age, sliding under the ropes as Vasquez tosses the mic aside, ready for a fight...]

GM: Vasquez is staying! He's gonna fight!

[Martinez comes to his feet, fist reared back...]

GM: BOOM!

[The crowd roars as Martinez lands his first haymaker... and his second. A third sends Vasquez spinning away, falling into the ropes. You can literally see people jumping for joy in the aisles as these two legends of professional wrestling square off inside the ring.]

GM: This isn't about professional wrestling, fans! This is a father coming after the man who put his son in the hospital! Even if you're a Juan Vasquez fan still - and god knows why you would be - you've gotta understand that! People all over the world can understand that!

[Martinez shoots Vasquez across the ring, watching his fellow Hall of Famer bounce off...

...right into a giant big boot that wipes out Vasquez, putting him down on the mat!]

GM: OH MY! You don't have to be a wrestling fan to feel this moment! You don't even have to be a sports fan! Some of us may be fathers knowing the lengths we'd go to to get payback for our child! All of us are certainly children who know the scorched earth our parents would leave behind to get their hands on someone who wronged us! This is Ryan Martinez' fight, make no mistake about it... but he can't fight this fight. Not yet. And until he can, it's up to Alex Martinez - his father - and so many others to hold the line!

[With Vasquez staggering to his feet, he finds Alex Martinez in a crouch and waiting for him. The seven footer lunges forward, both hands rising towards the throat of the former champion...

...who promptly sits back into the ropes, tumbling through them and landing on his feet at ringside. The fans - all of them this time - erupt into jeers as Vasquez backs off, shaking his head. He throws a dismissive gesture towards Martinez.]

GM: He's running for it! This no-good coward is running for it, Bucky!

BW: This isn't his fight. He's got a match tonight, Gordo. Why should he fight this lunatic father for free?!

[Martinez is fuming mad as Vasquez hops over the barricade, instantly encircled by security guards looking to protect him from some very angry fans at ringside who are hurling insults in his direction - many of which are in Spanish. Martinez points at Vasquez from the ring...

...and Vasquez returns the favor with a finger of his own that we quickly cut away from.]

GM: Oh... fans, I apologize for that. There's no business... no call I should say for anything like that. Absolutely despicable and as Juan Vasquez flees... yes, I said FLEES... like a thief in the night, we're going to take another commercial break. Unbelievable.

[The camera pulls back to show an irate Martinez in the ring, being restrained by AWA officials and security as he shouts at Vasquez who is wading through the hostile crowd with his security all around him...

...and we fade to black.

We 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?

[We fade to black...

...and then back up to live action where the shot opens onto the AWA interview set in the backstage area of the arena. Sweet Lou Blackwell is front and center, looking aggrieved.]

SLB: The arena is still buzzing about what just happened moments ago between two Hall of Famers in Juan Vasquez and Alex Martinez but ladies and gentlemen, we also saw earlier tonight a hotly contested World Television Title match. In fact, we may have had a new World Television Champion if it weren't for the actions of my guest at this time... Shadoe Rage.

[Shadoe Rage storms onto the set. He is dressed in his all black street clothes. He paces around the shot restlessly before he takes the stage. Rage is clearly agitated. His eyes dart everywhere. His breathing is ragged. Finally, he fixes his glare on Sweet Lou Blackwell.]

SR: What do you want, Sweet Lou? What do you want?

[Rage looks around.]

SR: Where is Colt Patterson? Why am I talking to you all the time now?

SLB: I can tell you it's no picnic being out here with you, let me tell you, but I'd like some answers!

[Rage pantomimes shock.]

SR: You want answers ... I want questions. How about you ask me a question ... and put some respect on my name when you speak it. What's your question, Sweet Lou? What's your question? Why did I go out there and get involved in the World Television title match?

SLB: Well, yes.

SR: Sweet Lou Blackwell, there has never been a greater champion in the AWA than me. The most successful title defenses ... the toughest challengers ... I never failed in my obligations to chase personal agendas like other guys around here did. And

yet they did nothing but conspire to steal the title from me with a crooked referee and then deny me a rightful rematch here in Los Angeles. Think I don't know why? Think I don't know why they don't like me here in Los Angeles? I've got too much history of success out here. And too much success in Portland, too!

But that's supposed to be water under the bridge, right? A man's past is his past, right? When you're Shadoc Rage that's never true! So I have to keep rewriting the future, don't I? I have to keep reminding them that I will not just go away quietly. And Derrick Williams? He does not get to walk ahead of me! He does not get my title! He will never get my title. I want my rematch and until I get justice there will be no peace! Derrick Williams' title dreams will die in darkness! Do you hear me? Die in darkness!

SLB: You're really out of your mind on this! Why don't you get a hobby or something? Maybe a nice pet!

SR: A hobby, a pet? You're real laugh out loud, aren't you, Blackwell? Real laugh out loud! But maybe, just maybe, I'll take you up on that!

[Rage stabs an accusatory finger into Blackwell's chest, causing the older man to wince.]

SR: The joke will be on you. The last laugh? That's mine!

[With that Rage storms out, muttering off camera: 'Get a hobby,' he says. 'Get a pet,' he says. Yeah, I got his hobby! I got his pet!

And we slowly fade back to a panning shot of the arena.]

GM: Shadoc Rage is losing his grip on reality more and more all the time, Bucky.

BW: I'd lose it too if they kept making me talk to Blackwell. Ever smell his breath, Gordo? Smells like scrambled eggs and Valvoline!

GM: Would you stop?! Let's go up to Phil Watson!

[Crossfade to the ring where the ring announcer 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 San Francisco, California... weighing in at 267 pounds... LANDON LORDES!

[The introduction of Lordes draws a few jeers from the Los Angeles crowd, more than likely from the single fact that he is from the Bay Area and not because he is recognizable in the very least. He is a fairly good sized wrestler with noticeable muscle mass. He has long wavy brown hair that is fastened back into a pony tail, hard blue eyes, and sports gold tights with a purple crown on the backside. He has purple knee pads and gold wrestling boots with white laces.]

PW: And his opponent...

[Static.]

GM: Well, no time like the present to see if this man has changed his true colors or just the song and dance that follows him.

[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 and revealing a gray shirt that simply reads SALVATION in bold lettering. The smug grin with the pearly whites his instantly recognizable this week.]

PW: He hails from Independence, Missouri... standing 6 foot 2 and weighing in at 202 pounds...

TERRY! SHANE! THE THIIIIIIIIIIIIIRD!!!

[His walk mirrors the pacing of the song, eerily methodical steps that build into a brisker pace as the murmurs of the crowd rumble louder and louder as Shane prepares to step foot into an AWA ring and wrestle for the first time in ages.]

GM: It was several years ago at the Crockett Coliseum in Dallas, Texas where we first saw this man, Bucky. The AWA was fresh off of Blood, Sweat, and Tears where we had crowned the first ever AWA World Heavyweight Champion in James Monosso –

BW: Among other notable surprises.

GM: Sure. It was on that night that we not only laid our eyes on Shane –

BW: And of course Miss Sandra Hayes. Who saw that coming?!

GM: Of course. But it was the night that Shane's life and ours would forever change when he encountered Hannibal Carver for the first time. The promising third generation wrestler was destined for a career of technical wizardry in the ring much like his father and grandfather before him but instead he was sucked into the undertow of a career of blood feuds and heated rivalries with the likes of Carver, Steve Spector, and anyone that would so much as look his way. Terry Shane promised us two weeks ago that we would not only discover the real version of him but that he would live up to the legacy of his father, a former IWA World Champion.

[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 Shane effortlessly removes his robe and pulls his shirt off, dropping them into the corner.]

GM: You can hear the doubt in these fans too, Bucky. They aren't adorning this man with cheers, heck, there are more boos headed his way than the last time we saw him.

BW: That ain't such a bad thing. Could be crickets, Gordo. I just hope he didn't lose his edge. He was a pinky nail away from being a World Champion in his hometown against Dave Bryant, he won the AWA's biggest Rumble to date, he was cunning, crafty, heck he was just a nasty and tactical ring master who would do whatever it took to win. You think I'm convinced that he's now this cookie cutter boy scout trying to redeem himself? It's disgusting, Gordo.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Shane instantly takes the center of the ring, flat footed, extending an open hand out to the young Landon Lordes which draws a chorus of boos.]

GM: Shane is... well, he's reaching for a handshake it appears. I can't say that I expected that, Bucky.

BW: I'm not buying it and neither are these people! I ain't ever thought too much of these Hollywood types but they might be a tad, and I do mean a small tad, smarter than I thought.

[Lordes looks to the crowd on the left and sees a mix of fans flailing their arms around and then to the right and sees more of the same. He creeps towards Shane and with a quick snicker slaps Shane's hand away which draws a pop from the Los Angeles crowd.]

GM: Can't say I blame him for that.

BW: Not happening here tonight, Gordo.

GM: Look at Lordes, taunting Shane and waving his index finger at him! Not sure if that's the route I would go.

[Shane cocks his head to the right and then drops down into a lightning fast leg sweep, swinging his right arm underneath the lead leg of Lordes which sends him flopping down to his back.]

GM: The man can still move! Shane showing off that world class speed. Forgive him or not, nobody ever doubted this man's talent or passion for the sport.

[Shane spins across the chest of Lordes after the sweep, rolling to catch a scrambling Lordes in a front facelock.]

BW: Shane ain't gonna let this kid catch his breath, already trying to wear him down.

GM: Lordes is pulling himself up, that lock still in place.

[Shane shoots an arm under one of Lordes' arms, snapping him down to the mat with a single underhook suplex and quickly floats over, still holding onto Lordes' arm and hammerlocks it behind him.]

GM: Very nice execution by Terry Shane III - of course, his in-ring execution was never the problem. It was his attitude and it remains to be seen if that's truly changed despite the story we heard two weeks ago.

[Again, Lordes battles to his feet and Shane hammerlocks the second arm, plants his feet, and drives him up and over his body and plants him on his upper shoulders, holding on, and thrusting his torso up!]

GM: Beautiful bridging back suplex by Shane! ONE! TWO! Lordes pops a shoulder free!

[Lordes escapes, rolling to the edge of the ring and dropping to the outside.]

GM: Landon Lordes may have thought this was fun and games a minute ago but he's quickly realizing that Terry Shane may have not lost a step during his hiatus. I've started to hear quite a few murmurs and rumbings since Shane showed up unexpectedly two weeks ago about the training regiment that Bobby O'Connor put his childhood friend through, Bucky. If they're even partially true, the AWA might be in some trouble. This man always had the skills but with the right guidance and coaching who knows where he might end up.

BW: Are you implying that Hayes wasn't the right guide or coach for him? How dare you speak negatively of the Siren and daughter of one Lori Dane!

[Lordes bounces up to the apron and begins pandering to the crowd, completely ignoring Shane who grabs his arm and drags Lordes over the top rope where he leaves his legs dangling over the top rope. Shane hooks one of Lordes' arms underneath his back and hooks the head with the other.]

GM: Shane is peppering the shoulder of Lordes with big knee shots! He's still got him hanging chest up over those ropes and --

[Shane leaps... and SPIKES Lordes down into a modified inverted DDT with his arm taking the brunt of the impact!]

GM: MY WORD, BUCKY! He may have just dislocated Lordes' shoulder!

[Without so much as a flinch, Shane floats his legs over the chest of Lordes, scissoring his far arm, socketing between his two arms and wrenching back with all of his might!]

GM: ARMBAR! A CRUCIFIX ARMBAR BY SHANE! He's trying to rip this kid's poor arm off!

[The referee instantly starts a hard count as unbeknownst to Shane, Lordes' right leg hangs over the bottom rope.]

BW: Bad luck for Shane.

GM: Is it though? Seems like Lordes is the real loser in this scenario, Bucky.

[The referee counts to three. Shane instantly breaks the hold, pops up, and ricochets off the ropes...]

GM: A rare clean break by Shane and -- well, he's headed right back for Lordes!

[Shane sprints, diving feet first.]

GM: SLIDING FOREARM RIGHT INTO THAT SHOULDER! TERRY SHANE WITH THE QUICK COVER! ONE! TWO! THR --

BW: Not quite! Come on kid, put up a fight!

[Lordes stumbles upward and lunges for Shane with one arm dangling at his side. Shane immediately snares him around the side where his arm hangs, drops to one knee, spins around him, and then pops up, planting his heels into the mat, and hoists Lordes straight up before SLAMMING him onto his side!]

GM: What a takedown! Terry Shane has brought the intensity in his first match back!

[Lordes shows a lot of fight by getting right back and tries to heave a wild right which Shane effortlessly catches, yanks...]

GM: Armtwist by Shane, and another...clubbing forearms to the back of Lordes' hooked arm...Shane spins back around him wrapping that arm behind Lordes' own back and hooks his head! HE LIFTS!

[THUD!]

GM: Another beautiful suplex by Shane right onto the arm of Lordes! Shane follows up with an emphatic stomp to the right shoulder of Landon Lordes! Now the bicep...now the elbow...now the forearm!

[Shane pauses, waving his finger back at Lordes much like he did in Shane's face to start the match.]

GM: LEAPING STOMP TO THE FINGERS OF LANDON LORDES!

BW: That's the Terry Shane I remember.

[Lordes grimaces in pain, clutching his right fingers with his left hand. Shane winds up and kicks the arm of Lordes out causing him to flatten against the mat. Shane drops repeated knees to the exposed arm of Lordes, continuing to soften up the arm.]

BW: Shane is relentless on his attack of that arm of Lordes. He's gotta be setting him up for something but I'm not quite sure what, Gordo. Shane has been ruthless in attacking opponent's necks in the past but he's sending a message to this poor kid right now and maybe, just maybe everyone else in the locker room.

[Shane, for the first time tonight, steps away... readying himself as Lordes tries to push himself up with his left arm as he nurses his right arm. Just as Lordes gets both feet underneath him and postures up with his left hand still on the ground to steady himself Shane jerks him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Not sure what Shane is doing here, he's not known for his power game and if my math is correct Shane has shaved off about ten pounds since we last saw him, Bucky.

[Shane wrenches the waist of Lordes, lifts him up onto his shoulders, lunges, and drives him downward as if to powerbomb him while he leaps up, two knees in the air, and drives Lordes' shoulder and arm onto his knees as he lays out to a bit of a pop from the crowd!]

GM: I don't know how Lordes' arm isn't broken yet! Look at him though, he's got some fight in him still!

BW: Stay down, kid!

GM: Both men up, Bucky. Lordes, I'm not sure he knows what hit him because he's looking as though he's going for another haymaker and -

BW: SHANE DRAGS HIM DOWN!

[Shane drives Lordes down, clutching his arm, flips over him, plants his feet, bridges...]

GM: BRIDGING FUJIWARA ARMBAR BY SHANE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Instant tap by Lordes!

[The crowd buzzes and Shane quickly lets go, rolling up to one knee and staring down at Landon Lordes who clutches his right arm, agonizing as he rolls side to side.]

GM: What a submission by Shane, he attacked that arm all match long and we knew he was setting him up for something and boy, did he deliver. An impressive first match back by the former Ring Leader.

BW: Against soft competition, Gordo. This kid Landry, or Lowry, or whatever his name is... he ain't exactly no Supreme Wright. Heck, I'd give Shane ten dollars if he could slap that thing on the Armbar Assassin.

GM: That'd be quite the daunting task. Competition or not, Shane came out here, he got the job done, no shenanigans needed.

PW: Here is your winner by way of submission...

TERRY! SHANE! THE THIIIIIIIIIIIIIRD!!!

[A few claps and whistles while Lordes pulls himself up, still cradling his arm at his side. Shane stalks towards him, intention in every hard step.]

BW: You were saying?

[Shane stops, hard stare into the eyes of Landon Lordes and...

...extends his hand one more time.]

GM: Shane offering his hand again to Lordes. You don't think the kid would be dump enough to slap it away again, do you?

BW: I'm not sure the kid can even lift it at this point.

[Lordes nods and with every bit of strength he can must he is able to lift his arm up about three inches above his waist. Shane grabs his hand and hoists it into the air which draws an instant grimace from the youngster. Shane looks over at him, sneers, and lowers his arm back down and slaps him on the back. He looks to Phil Watson at ringside and extends an arm out to him. Phil goes to shake and you can see Shane mouthing "Hand me the damn mic". Watson, almost startled, hands him one and Shane walks back into the center of the ring.]

TS3: I know what you a lot of you are thinking right now. A single handshake does not make a man anew. What I did tonight, no offense, kid...

[Shane shrugs towards Lordes who nearly collapses back down in the corner.]

TS3: ...was not exactly adding lines to the history books either. This journey of mine, I have a long way to go and a lot of people to convince that I am not the same man you once knew. You all [pointing to the crowd] you will come around when the time is right. I am not going to tell you to believe me, I am not going to tell you to believe IN me either. But there is one person out there that still has not picked up the phone when I rang.

One person who has been through it all with me whether I wanted them to be or not.

One person who I know is watching right now, sitting on an easy boy sipping on a can of the good doctor with one loafer on and the other probably wadded up in his dog's mouth.

Los Angeles, St. Louis, Dallas, whatever city you are in I want you to know...

[Shane's head lowers, hangs, then softly tilts up.]

TS3: Dad... I am coming home

[Shane drops the mic and rolls out of the ring. There's a buzz in the crowd as he snatches his jacket from the ringside table and slings it over his shoulder.]

GM: A quite personal statement there from Terry Shane off a triumphant return to the AWA ring.

BW: Terry Shane is talking a good game, Gordo... telling these people about how they'll come around but you know what I saw in there? A vicious, focused, determined sadist. He worked that arm and worked that arm until it was barely hanging on by a thread and then he forced a tapout. Did he not?

GM: He did.

BW: And is that some kind of a hero, Gordo?

GM: I don't know, Bucky. I'm willing to give the young man the benefit of the doubt though because in dark times, the AWA can use all the heroes it can get. Terry Shane, victorious by armbar submission... and speaking of armbar submissions, Sweet Lou is standing by with the Armbar Assassin himself - Callum Mahoney. Lou?

[We fade backstage. Intrepid wrestling reporter "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing by with Callum Mahoney, who has on a black studded leather jacket, with metallic spikes covering the shoulders and lapels, over a black T-shirt with the words "KEEP CALLUM AND ARMBAR" in blocky white lettering on it and a pair of dark blue jeans.]

SLB: Thanks, Gordon. Callum, earlier tonight, despite Erica Toughill's and your best efforts, your buddy Kerry Kendrick was pinned clean by Pure X, before you decided to jump him! Pure X challenged Kendrick to a one-on-one match and you could not even give him that. What have you got to say for yourself?

CM: Pure X told us not to disrespect his match. He told us not to disrespect HIS ring. See, when a fella calls himself PURE X, when a fella buys into his own hype and thinks himself the best technician in all of wrestling, he finds that he is walking a long, lonely road. You could call it typical American isolationism... Typical American exceptionalism...

And that kind of thinking merely gets a fella into a whole lot of trouble. If the league of fools hadn't showed up, WE would have ended Pure X, so the next time he wants to claim any ring as his, fella'd do well to remember he isn't worth the small bit of canvas I wipe my boots on. And IF he is stupid enough to show his ugly mug around here, the so-called best technician in all of wrestling is more than welcome to put to the test whatever he's got left in his arsenal against the Armbar Assassin!

SLB: We-

CM: Now, speaking of the league of fools, one of them was rather mouthy out there. One might say a little too mouthy. I'm quite sure we Mahoneys have dealt with our share of O'Haras in the past, so Jordan, next time you decide to talk back to your betters, you'd better be prepared to back it up, kid.

SLB: I think you might be mistaken, but...

[Blackwell trails off, as Mahoney simply walks away. He lets the silence hang in the air for a couple of seconds, before regaining his composure.]

SLB: Well, it seems like Callum Mahoney has a bone to pick not just with Pure X, but also with Jordan Ohara. It'll be interesting to see if anything develops out of what's been said. Folks, let's go back to ring-

"NO!"

[Blackwell's head jerks to the side, startled by the new voice.]

SLB: You?! What on earth are you-?!

[Blackwell suddenly finds himself grabbed by the suit jacket, jerked in the direction of the voice...

...a voice that belongs to a very angry Juan Vasquez.]

JV: I said... no.

[The interviewer is gasping, obviously in shock.]

SLB: No, I... what? What are you-

[Vasquez gives him a firm shake.]

JV: You find Gellar. You find him and tell him that I...

[He trails off, shaking his head.]

JV: That the people won't stand by and watch their hero treated like this. They won't just watch as that lunatic Martinez comes out there and puts his hands on me.

[Vasquez lets go of a relieved Blackwell who falls back against the wall.]

JV: I see it, Blackwell. I see what Gellar's trying to pull. I took out his golden boy so now he's... yeah, I see it. This thing with Williams tonight? It's a trap, Blackwell. He just wants me out there so that Martinez can come out there again and-

[Blackwell interrupts.]

SLB: Do you really think the Director of Operations would-

[Vasquez returns the favor with anger.]

JV: I think just about anyone in this place would do just about anything to get one over on me! The locker room... the office... the fans! Juan Vasquez isn't playing their game anymore. Juan Vasquez isn't playing anyone's game anymore.

You find Gellar, Blackwell. You find him and tell him that the star of his show... that's me... isn't about to step one single toe inside that ring of his until he makes sure that I'm not going to get jumped from behind by some bad father trying to make up for his past.

You tell him I want Martinez thrown out of the building.

[Vasquez nods, the smile starting to return.]

SLB: Or what?

[The smile goes cold.]

JV: Or the REAL Main Event is taking the night off.

[He reaches out, causing Blackwell to flinch for a moment before the Hall of Famer smooths down his jacket.]

JV: How's that for a scoop?

[And with a laugh, Vasquez turns on his heel, exiting the camera's view 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 Steglet, 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 come back from commercial to the interview area where the "true voice of the AWA," Colt Patterson stands.]

CP: Welcome back to The X, the home of Colt Patterson and the rest of the AWA. We've seen a lot of action here in Los Angeles already tonight, and in a few minutes this city will be rocking as my guest at this time defends the Steal the Spotlight contract!

[The fans in the Los Angeles Sports Arena boo as "Red Hot" Rex Summers arrives with his Summers' Sweetheart wrapped around his arm. Summers is attire in a full length, blue robe with white sequins running down both lapels in a zig zag formation across the front. His sweetheart for the evening winks at the camera as she raises the custom made red Halliburton briefcase containing the Steal the Spotlight contract. Colt looks as though he is about to speak but Rex leans forward and begins.]

RS: I'd like to take a moment to thank all the women of the world who began today with sweet, sweet thoughts of "Red Hot" Rex Summers.

[The "Red Hot One" blows a kiss to the camera.]

CP: Once again, you're showing the rest of the AWA locker room exactly why they should all aspire to be just like you, Rex.

RS: There's nothing I like more than bringing a smile to a women's face when she finally has all the pleasure she desires. And with all the Los Angeles losers around us tonight, I'm sure a woman having pleasure is a rare achievement.

[Rex with a throaty chuckle as the men in the arena boo loudly and curse at the holder of the Steal the Spotlight contract.]

CP: Speaking of pleasure, Rex...

[Rex casts a quick quizzical glance at Colt who shakes his head no.]

CP: We know you were not pleased at all with Emerson Gellar's proclamation a few weeks back that the Steal the Spotlight contract you won back at SuperClash would have to be defended if it wasn't cashed in...

[The Summers' Sweetheart pouts her lips and shakes her head no as Colt continues to speak.]

CP: ...and I saw the anger on the last Saturday Night Wrestling when Cesar Hernandez-

[The crowd erupts at the mention of Cesar Hernandez' name. A look of utter disgust forms on the face of Rex Summers. Colt shakes his head at the interruption before continuing.]

CP: -was announced as your challenger and had the audacity to place his hands upon that briefcase.

[Summers is hot under the collar as he addresses the camera.]

RS: Cesar Hernandez! After SuperClash, I was finished with you!

In Houston, Texas, I once again drove your head into the mat with the Heat Check and watched again as your children and your lovely wife Isabella...

[Rex smirks as he mentions Isabella.]

RS: ...cradled their faces with their hands, hiding the tears of shame that were streaming down their faces. Once again they were forced to witness YOU bring shame to them... once again they were forced to be embarrassed by YOU... and more importantly I reminded them and you that you are a failure! You are failure in this business, a failure as a father, and most of all you're a failure as a husband!

[Colt seems slightly taken aback.]

CP: A failure as a father and husband?

RS: Cold hard facts, Colt. When did Hernandez ever bring home the winner's purse to provide for his family?

CP: Well, he did defeat Shadoe Rage when he was the WORLD Television Champion.

RS: You are correct, Colt, he beat the only man on the roster older than him... but he didn't win the WORLD Television Championship...

[The Summers' Sweetheart shakes her head no as Rex continues to speak.]

RS: And he proved he would never be the man his family needed, a winner! And poor Isabella, night after night she hopes for the pleasure these women have right now as they gaze upon this...

[Rex opens his robe, revealing his chiseled abdomen. The Summers' Sweetheart slowly rubs his well-oiled abdomen.]

RS: Have you ever seen the twinkle in Isabella's eyes when she looks upon me, Colt? It is a look Hernandez has never seen, and one he never will!

CP: Rex, I gotta say that I don't get the feeling you are worried one bit about defending the Steal The Spotlight contract tonight.

["Red Hot" rubs his chin with his right hand.]

RS: They say even a blind squirrel can find a nut, Colt. So it is possible that Hernandez can shock the world tonight...

[Rex pauses as the fans in the Los Angeles Sports Arena cheer loudly in agreement that Cesar will win. He smirks, wagging a finger at the camera.]

RS: ...but I don't think so! Hernandez, you tarnished this briefcase when you placed your sweat covered mitts upon it. But understand that was the ONLY time you will touch this briefcase! Tonight, I will successfully defend the Steal The Spotlight contract and rob you of the last chance you'll EVER have to make Main Event money for your family.

[With that, Rex Summers jerks his head to the left and the Summers' Sweetheart begins to make her way from the interview area. He winks at the camera before following the Summers' Sweetheart.]

CP: Rex Summers sounds like a man with a plan tonight here in Los Angeles. That's more than I can say for most of the sports teams in this town.

[Patterson grins as the crowd reacts.]

CP: Now, let's go back down to the ring to the only guy in this building who has more hair on his back than old man Hernandez has on his head... Phil Watson!

[The colorful announcer is chuckling as we fade to the ring where a red-faced Phil Watson is standing, throwing a gaze up towards the top of his head.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit and is for the Steal The Spotlight contract!

Introducing first...

[A trumpet fanfare leads into "Himno del Chivas de Guadalajara" and the crowd cheers. Immediately, Cesar Hernandez steps from behind the curtain, and takes a deep theatrical bow to the audience.]

GM: Oh my! Listen to this ovation for the veteran here in Los Angeles!

[A tall, rangy, dusky-skinned man with voluminous shoulder-length black hair, Hernandez sports a toothy smile as he waves to the fans, jogging confidently down the aisle. He fistpumps and claps, exhorting and greeting the fans on both sides of the aisle.]

PW: From Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico... weighing 242 pounds... CESAR HERNANDEZ!

[It takes him little time to cover the distance to the ring, and he hops the rope, coming up in a big uppercut fistpump as the fans cheer. The clean-shaven Mexican bears the scars of years of battle, yet despite it all retains a handsome visage. He's wearing red trunks and boots (both of which are monogrammed with his initials), matching kneepads, and white wrist tape. His ring jacket is a very stylish one, with pleated sleeves and frills along the torso... it bears the color of his trunks, along with white and green lining and trim.

Hernandez takes a slow jog about the ring, pumping his legs to limber up, as he greets and urges on the fans on each side.]

GM: Cesar Hernandez has wanted to get his hands on Rex Summers in a nationally televised encounter for a long time, fans... wanting to show the world just what he thinks of Summers, someone who he has battled all over the country for many years now.

BW: Hernandez ain't the only one wanting to get his hands on Rex Summers. I heard the only reason the Rams came back to Los Angeles is because their cheerleaders heard about this show and wanted to show Sexy Remy their backfields in motion!

GM: Would you stop?!

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent...

[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. On this night, he's not alone but it's not a Summers Sweetheart leading him down the aisle...]

PW: Hailing from St. Paul, Minnesota, he weighs in at 251 pounds... being accompanied to the ring by Callum Mahoney, Kerry Kendrick, and Erica Toughill...

"RED HOT" REX SUMMERS!

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

BW: Hail, hail - the gang's all here!

GM: It looks like the Summers Sweetheart has the rest of the night off.

BW: Not ALL of the night if you know Sexy Remy.

GM: Oh, brother... but Rex Summers is coming loaded for bear with his allies... and you can see Kerry Kendrick carrying the briefcase, showing it off to the crowd. That's what is at stake tonight. That's what is on the line.

BW: For the first time, Gordo.

GM: Not exactly. One other time in AWA history comes to mind when November put his Steal The Spotlight contract on the line against Skywalker Jones but this time... this one was ordered by Emerson Gellar, the AWA's Director of Operations who has declared this is how it'll be moving forward. If the owner of that contract doesn't cash it in, he's gotta defend it... and now that's what we're going to see here tonight.

BW: Imagine the daydreams going through the head of Cesar Hernandez. El Tonto in there is thinking that he could beat Summers, win that briefcase, and cash it in to win a title here in his glory days. Maybe earn enough money that he and Isabella can buy themselves a double wide on the streets of Tijuana to live out their golden years.

[Summers simply smirks as he approaches ringside, and we catch the words "Red Hot" are spelled out in more sequins on the back of the robe as he walks past the camera, trailed by his allies who look up at an angry Hernandez who is shouting down at them.]

GM: Cesar Hernandez is NOT happy by this turn of events, Bucky. He wanted a one-on-one matchup and after seeing what happened to Pure X earlier tonight, this is NOT a one-on-one matchup.

BW: Hernandez has been around this sport a long time. He should know better than to think that a guy with friends is coming out here alone. Too many people want a piece of Summers.

[Hernandez pulls off his ring jacket, hurling it over the ropes down onto Callum Mahoney who angrily makes a lunge towards the ring apron, having to be pulled back by Kendrick and Toughill.]

BW: Hey! There's no call for that! When Mahoney interferes later, I want you to remember this, Gordo.

GM: When?

BW: IF! I mean "if!"

[Mahoney is fuming as he huddles up with Summers, Kendrick, and Toughill.]

GM: This can't be good news for Cesar Hernandez as he tries to capture that Steal The Spotlight contract.

[Hernandez ducks through the ropes, stepping out on the apron, shouting at the quartet out on the floor who continue to huddle up, ignoring him...

...until he gets a running start, leaping off into a crossbody that wipes out three of the group, leaving Toughill standing!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HERNANDEZ PICKS UP THE SPARE!

[Hernandez comes to his feet, pumping a fist before pulling Summers - still wearing the robe - up by the hair, rifling him under the ropes inside the ring. Hernandez rolls in after him as Summers crawls on all fours across the canvas and the bell sounds.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Hernandez is in hot pursuit of the man who holds the Steal The Spotlight contract, dragging him up to his feet...

[Pushing Summers back against the ropes, Hernandez winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[A big overhand slap down across the chest leaves Summers reeling, stumbling along the ropes as Hernandez pursues him, pushing him back into the turnbuckles where a knife edge chop follows.]

GM: Another chop by the veteran!

[Grabbing Summers by the arm, Hernandez flings him across the ring, bouncing him off the far turnbuckles, launching him through the air and down to the canvas, his robe flapping in the sky!]

GM: BIIIIIG BACK BODYDROP!

[As Summers climbs off the mat, Hernandez grabs the collar of his robe, pulling it off him...

...and then loops it around his throat, choking him with it!]

BW: WHAT?! RING THE BELL!

GM: The referee counting! This is blatantly illegal but these fans in Los Angeles are loving it!

BW: They're as savage as Hernandez is! No wonder Trump wants to build a damn wall! We should build one to keep the people of Los Angeles away from the civilized folk in America too!

GM: Let's not even go there, Bucky.

[Hernandez uses his grip on the robe to toss Summers down to the canvas before throwing it aside. Kerry Kendrick can be heard shouting, "THAT ROBE COST MORE THAN YOU MADE LAST YEAR!" as Summers crawls across the ring again. The veteran fan favorite grabs him by the hair, pulling him off the mat...]

GM: Hernandez pulls him up again... and headfirst to the top turnbuckle!

[With Summers reeling, Hernandez grabs the arm, twisting it around...]

GM: And the veteran goes into his trademark offense, going after the arm.

[He twists it a second time, pulling Summers out to the middle of the ring. He looks out to the crowd, nodding his head...]

BW: No, no! You're going to tear something!

GM: These fans want to see him do it!

[Hernandez slowly turns it over, twisting the arm again, bringing Summers up to his tiptoes where he bounces from foot to foot in pain.]

GM: The pain is shooting through the limb of "Red Hot" Rex Summers as Callum Mahoney shouts instructions from the floor.

[The veteran grabs him by the back of the head, flipping him over to the mat while still holding the wrist, and drops a leg down across the bicep!]

GM: Down across the arm by Hernandez!

[Hernandez quickly shifts his position into a short arm scissors, forcing the wrist down as Summers rolls off his shoulders, wincing in pain as Kendrick grabs the middle rope, shouting at his ally.]

GM: A lot of concern on the faces of his allies out here at ringside, Bucky.

BW: Of course there is. They realize how badly he's been screwed over by this Emerson Gellar fella. The guy's as crooked as the yellow brick road, Gordo.

GM: I don't know about that. Emerson Gellar's rulings have been very good so far, if you ask me.

BW: Nobody did.

[Summers gets to a knee, rolling Hernandez back onto his shoulders for a two count before Hernandez slips out, releasing the submission hold.]

GM: Summers escapes the hold... and again, trying to get out of there.

[This time, Summers succeeds, rolling under the ropes to the floor where Kendrick is quickly to his side, pointing up at the ring as Hernandez gets back to his feet, looking down at his opponent in annoyance.]

GM: Hernandez on the move... look out!

[Ducking between the ropes, Hernandez grabs Kendrick and Summers by the head, smashing them together!]

GM: OHH! Double noggin knocker!

[Kendrick falls to the floor as Hernandez uses his grip on the hair, dragging Summers over to the apron, pulling him up on it. Summers takes a wild left-handed swing that Hernandez blocks...]

GM: He's got the arm and-

[...and drops down to the mat, snapping the arm down over the top rope, sending Summers down to his knees on the apron!]

GM: Hernandez going for the arm at every opportunity...

[Rolling under the bottom rope, Hernandez reaches up, belting Summers in the chiseled abs with a right hand. He grabs Summers by the back of the head...

...and SMASHES his face down onto the ring apron!]

GM: Facefirst into the hardest part of the ring!

[Hernandez shoves Summers back under the ropes before climbing back up on the apron...

...just as Kerry Kendrick hops up on the apron on the other side of the ring.]

GM: Get him down from there!

[With the official distracted, Callum Mahoney makes his move, grabbing Hernandez by the leg to prevent him from getting back into the ring.]

GM: Mahoney grabs the leg! Hanging on!

[Summers rolls to his feet, coming up quickly on Hernandez who is half in the ring and half out...]

GM: Summers is up and-

[Hitting the ropes, Summers bounces back, running along the ropes where Hernandez is struggling to break free from Mahoney's grasp, and BLASTS him with a clothesline!]

GM: OHH! Down goes Hernandez!

[Mahoney lets go, smiling confidently as Hernandez drops to the mat. Kendrick drops off the apron as well, letting the referee turn to find Summers holding the top rope, stomping the bejeezus out of Cesar Hernandez!]

GM: We knew it would happen! We knew at some point the flunkies would get involved!

BW: Flunkies?! This is a highly-tuned machine of wrestling awesomeness out here with Summers!

GM: They tried to cost Pure X the match earlier tonight and failed but they're bringing all they've got here in this one!

[Summers plants his boot on the throat, choking Hernandez as the referee starts his five count.]

GM: Summers backs off and-

[Toughill plants the baseball bat down on the windpipe, shoving it to choke Hernandez again. The veteran's legs flail in the air as Toughill violently chokes him.]

GM: Come on, referee!

[Toughill walks away before the official can turn, leaving Hernandez gasping for air down on the mat as Summers approaches, grabbing him by the legs...]

GM: Summers pulling him out... no, he's-

[Summers falls back, snapping Hernandez' throat into the bottom rope with a slingshot!]

GM: Ohh! Brutal shot across the throat by Rex Summers!

[This time, "Red Hot" does drag Hernandez out from under the ropes, applying a lateral press.]

GM: Summers covers... and gets a two count as Hernandez lifts the shoulder off the canvas.

[Summers gets up to his feet, glaring at the crowd who are chanting "HER-NAN-DEZ!" loudly.]

GM: Cesar Hernandez obviously has the support of the fans here in Los Angeles so many of whom have grown up watching him compete in the ring here in Los Angeles... also in Mexico.

[The Steal The Spotlight contract holder pulls Hernandez off the mat, tugging him into a front facelock, grabbing the left arm...

...and swings him over into a neckbreaker, bouncing the back of his head and neck off the canvas!]

GM: Swinging neckbreaker by Summers... and another cover.

[Again, Hernandez lifts the shoulder off the canvas, breaking the count in time as the crowd cheers.]

GM: The clothesline, the neckbreaker... you have to wonder if Summers is starting to think about the Heat Check.

BW: The great thing about the Heat Check is that you don't even have to set it up, Gordo. It's a one shot KO. He's beaten the best in the world all over this sport with that very move.

[Summers gets to his feet, watching as Hernandez rolls to all fours...

...and then drops to his knees, driving his elbow down into the back of the neck!]

GM: Hard elbow down to the neck!

[On his knees, Summers slams a forearm down onto the back of the neck again... and again... and again.]

GM: Raining down forearms on Cesar Hernandez!

[Summers climbs off the mat, turning towards the fans. He puts his hands on the back of his head, swiveling his hips in their direction to mostly jeers. That high-pitched squeal though...]

BW: Somebody call 911! The entire bachelorette party in the fifth row needs some smelling salts, daddy!

GM: For the life of me, I'll never understand how anyone can find someone as despicable as Rex Summers attractive.

BW: That's because the closest you've ever come to having abs like his is that time in your 30s when you had that bodybuilding magazine subscription.

GM: I never- Bucky, you spread so many lies, maybe YOU should be running for President right now.

BW: The American people wish. If a reality star was gonna run for President, at least we could've had Snooki.

GM: Amen to that.

[Annnnyways...]

GM: Summers pulling Hernandez back to a knee... big right hand downstairs by Hernandez!

[The shot to the gut has Summers wobbling away as Hernandez rises up, winding up his right hand...]

GM: Big right hand!

[But Summers lifts his left arm to block before jabbing a thumb into the eye of his opponent!]

GM: Oh! Summers goes to the eyes!

[Summers buries a boot into the gut, moving into a double underhook...]

GM: HEAT CHECK!

[...but Hernandez has other ideas, driving Summers back into the corner!]

GM: Hernandez counters it! He felt it coming and he got the heck out of it in a hurry!

BW: That's because he's felt it going before too and he knows it always leads to a KO!

[Straightening up, Hernandez lands a pair of right hands to the jaw before grabbing the arm.]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[Summers sends Hernandez barreling across the ring, crashing into the turnbuckles. He follows in after him, throwing himself into a big avalanche in the corner!]

GM: Ohh! He crushes him in the buckles!

[Summers grabs the arm, whipping him across a second time...]

GM: Corner to corner again... Summers follows him in!

[...but Hernandez rocks back, swinging up his boots!]

GM: OHH! FACEFIRST TO THE BOOTS OF HERNANDEZ!

[Summers staggers backwards, clutching his face as Hernandez goes to attack...

...and finds Kerry Kendrick holding his ankle!]

GM: What the-?! Kendrick's got the ankle!

[Hernandez angrily rips his leg free, swinging around to kick at Kerry Kendrick as the referee asks Kendrick if he interfered...

...and Summers catches the turning Hernandez with a lunging clothesline, dropping to his knees as he flattens his rival!]

BW: WOW!

GM: What a clothesline out of Summers! He threw everything he had into that one and it paid huge dividends!

[Summers, still on his knees, leans over into a lateral press.]

GM: Summers covers for one! For two!

[Hernandez kicks out.]

GM: Just a two count! Cesar Hernandez gets that shoulder up in time to keep his challenge for that Steal The Spotlight contract going!

[Summers climbs to his feet, stomping Hernandez a few times. He pulls him out of the corner to the middle of the ring before scoring a leaping kneedrop down across the forehead!]

GM: Big kneedrop... and another cover!

[Summers grabs a leg this time, earning another two count before the kickout happens.]

GM: Still can't keep Hernandez down for a three count. These fans are driving Hernandez, keeping his motivation high for-

BW: His motivation?! His motivation should be winning the Steal The Spotlight contract! His motivation should be winning matches and making money! He shouldn't give one fig leaf about what these idiot people think! And if he's relying on them to be motivated, he oughta head on out to Paco's Home For The Incontinent And Feeble right now!

[Climbing off the mat, Summers points to the turnbuckles with a nod. Kerry Kendrick applauds approvingly out on the floor as Summers steps to the corner, hopping up to the second rope...]

GM: Summers going up... unusual for him!

[As Hernandez rises, Summers takes aim, leaping off his perch...]

GM: Double axehandle off the second rope!

[...and Hernandez catches him with a haymaker to the midsection, causing Summers to front flip over to the canvas!]

GM: Oh my! Hernandez caught him and made him pay for it!

[Hernandez falls against the turnbuckles, the crowd roaring for his big comeback. He nods to the fans, pointing to them as he slowly turns towards a rising Summers...]

GM: Big right hand puts Summers back down!

[Hernandez pumps a fist as he slowly turns, watching Summers get back up off the mat...]

GM: Another big right sends "Red Hot" Rex Summers down again!

[The Latino fan favorite walks around the ring, the Los Angeles crowd roaring for him...]

GM: Summers struggling to get back to his feet...

[And as he does, Hernandez lifts him into the air, dropping him tailbone-first down on his bent knee!]

GM: BIG ATOMIC DROP!

[With Summers wobbling, holding his rear end, Hernandez charges to the far ropes, narrowly avoiding being tripped up by Callum Mahoney as he rebounds, leaping into the air!]

GM: HIGH CROSS BODY!

[Hernandez gets a deep cover, hooking both legs!]

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS! Cesar Hernandez almost won it! He almost won the Steal The Spotlight contract!

[A frantic Kerry Kendrick slaps the canvas three times, screaming into the ring as Erica Toughill paces on the floor, blowing pink bubbles out of her gum as Mahoney leans over, looking under the ropes.]

GM: Hernandez needs to find a way to finish him off, Bucky! The crowd is behind him! Momentum is on his side! He's gotta do it right now!

[Hernandez walks around the ring, pumping both fists, getting the fans on their feet!]

GM: Cesar Hernandez can feel it! He can feel that this moment belongs to him!

[As Summers wobbles to his feet in a daze, barely able to stand, Kerry Kendrick hops up on the apron...

...and Hernandez leaps up, throwing a dropkick that knocks him off the apron to the floor!]

GM: KENDRICK TO THE FLOOR!

[That sends the crowd into a frenzy as Mahoney comes up on the apron on the other side. Hernandez rushes across, smashing him with a right hand to the jaw, knocking him down onto the apron. The referee rushes to get Mahoney down as Hernandez turns away, giving a war whoop and racing to the ropes...]

GM: He's looking for El Misil De Jalisco!

[...but as he nears the ropes, Erica Toughill winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES the fan favorite between the shoulderblades with the baseball bat, sending him staggering forward towards Rex Summers who boots him in the gut!]

GM: NO!

[Summers secures the double underhook quickly before SPIKING Hernandez' skull into the canvas!]

GM: HEAT CHECK! OH MY!

BW: It's over, daddy!

[Summers flips Hernandez over onto his back, racking up the easy three count.]

GM: And "Red Hot" Rex Summers becomes the first man in AWA history to successfully defend the Steal The Spotlight contract!

BW: Comeback of the Year for 2015! Making history already in 2016! And when he cashes that contract in and wins himself some championship gold, it's gonna be the biggest party of all time, daddy!

GM: That remains to be seen... but as Summers rolls out to the floor, celebrating with his allies, you have to wonder when that day will come. When WILL Summers cash in that contract and how long will he have to think about it before Emerson Gellar makes him defend it yet again?

BW: Conspiracy!

GM: You think EVERYTHING is a conspiracy. Give me a break. The celebration is on at ringside. Erica Toughill better get a nice bonus check for this one because if it wasn't for her timely interference, we might've had a much different result, fans. Now, let's go backstage where Mark Stegklet is standing by with another member of the AWA Women's Division - one who will be in action a little later tonight, Melissa Cannon! Mark?

[We fade backstage to Mark Stegklet standing alongside Melissa Cannon who is dressed for action.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon... Melissa Cannon, Happy Anniversary!

[Melissa grins.]

MC: That's right. There's a lot of guys talking about how they were there that first night in the studios down in Dallas but I was there too. I was the ring announcer for that show and a whole lot of other shows after that. But you know, Mark, the Anniversary Show has always been something special to me because if you look back five years ago, it was an Anniversary Show when I climbed into that ring - not to shout someone's name - but to have the very first women's match in this company's history against my mentor, my trainer, and my friend - Lori Dane.

So, with this Women's Division in full swing, I think it's only fitting to be back here tonight to face Julie Somers in the match - the one match - that every fan of this division is talking about, Mark.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: But before we get to Julie, I've gotta ask how you're feeling after the brutal assault two weeks ago by Lauryn Rage - an attack out of nowhere.

[Cannon grimaces as she nods.]

MC: A sneak attack from behind when I wasn't looking. Gee, I guess we know what runs in the Rage family, don't we? Cowardice... just like your big brother. Look, Mark... I've got no idea why Lauryn Rage showed up two weeks ago to come after me. Two weeks ago, I couldn't have picked her out of a lineup.

But I can now... and sooner or later, she's going to have to get inside that squared circle with me and when she does, you better believe she's going to regret showing her painted-up face around these parts.

[Stegglet continues.]

MS: Which brings me to Julie Somers...

[Cannon interrupts.]

MC: You don't have to say anything else, Mark. It's right there - all that needs to be said. Melissa Cannon versus Julie Somers. Since the first moment that a whisper began to build talking about an AWA Women's Division, it was the match that everyone was asking for. When that whisper turned into a shout, it was the match that everyone - including us - have been begging for.

Cannon. Somers. A lot of people would like to see a title on the line in this one but on this night, it's not gonna happen.

On this night.

[She winks at the camera.]

MC: But what is going to happen is that two of the finest wrestlers in the world are going to walk that aisle and they're going to give it all they've got in there because they don't know how to do anything else.

There is respect there, Mark. There is an appreciation for what the other brings to the dance.

But there's also a really strong desire to be recognized as the best in the division 'cause there can only be one head that wears that crown.

[A shrug.]

MC: And I aim for that head to be mine, Mark.

MS: I'm sure Julie Somers would disagree.

MC: I'd hope so. Because if not, we should save everyone a whole lot of time and stay back here in the locker room. I want Julie Somers to disagree. I want her to bring every bit of burning flame in the heart of the Spitfire. I want her to compete like she never has before. I want her determined to put me down.

Because you know I'm determined to put her down.

That's what this is all about, Mark. There can be only one... and it's about time to find out who it is.

[The female grappler turns away with a smile, walking out of view.]

MS: Melissa Cannon is determined to be the best but tonight, Julie Somers stands in her way. Like she says, there can be only one... and later tonight, we'll find out who it's gonna be! Fans, we'll be right back with more action here on Saturday Night Wrestling!

[We 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 from black, we find Alex Martinez, all seven feet of the monstrous Los Angeleno, being surrounded by uniformed AWA security. Director of Operations Emerson Gellar is standing outside the circle.]

EG: Come on, Alex... let's not make this harder than it is.

[The ring of security edges forward as Martinez raises his fists, determined to fight them all off.]

EG: You know how badly Sweet Daddy Williams wants this match, you know how badly the fans want to see him get his hands on Juan Vasquez. And Vasquez won't go on if-

[The angry Hall of Famer interrupts.]

AM: I don't give a DAMN about what Williams wants... what you want... and right now, I don't even give a damn about what the fans want! Vasquez put his hands on my son... on my flesh and blood... and he's gotta pay for it.

[Gellar shakes his head.]

EG: You think this is what Ryan would want? His father waiting back here like a thug in the shadows, waiting to jump Vasquez when he walks around a corner?

[Martinez' eyes flare at the mention of his son's name.]

EG: That's not what he wants at all and you know it. Your son is all about settling things in that ring and that's what Sweet Daddy Williams wants to do tonight. He wants to follow your lead... he wants to hold the line. The whole world wants to hold the line. It trended on Twitter all week but that line shatters if you throw away everything your son fought for to be... to be like Vasquez.

[Martinez looks like he might create a vacancy in the AWA front office for a moment...

...and then lowers his head, convinced by the Director of Operations.]

AM: Alright... fine. I'll go. But you owe me, Gellar. You owe me and you better believe sooner or later I'm going to cash in on that debt.

[Martinez takes two long strides towards the Director of Operations, security moving in to flank him. He stares down into Gellar's eyes.]

AM: Count on it.

[And with that, the former World Champion is escorted by security out of view, leaving a nervous-looking Gellar behind, lightly wiping at his sweat-covered forehead as we fade to another part of the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is in front of an AWA backdrop.

Standing next to him is "The Spitfire" Julie Somers, who is dressed in her wrestling attire, consisting of a red halter top, matching Spandex shorts, red kneepads and white wrestling boots. Her wavy brown hair is pulled back behind her head.]

SLB: Joining me at this time is "The Spitfire" Julie Somers, who will be facing Melissa Cannon in just a few minutes. Julie, a few months ago, you were prepared to answer the open challenge Cannon issued, but got jumped by Charisma Knight. Now, you issued the challenge to Cannon, who has accepted it. Are you expecting tonight what some might call "friendly competition"?

JS: [smiling] Sweet Lou, you know I have nothing but respect for Melissa Cannon and everything she has accomplished. I know she learned from one of the best, Lori Dane. I know how strong her connections are to the AWA, that in a way, she's one of the cornerstones of this place... she may have started as a ring announcer, but it didn't matter. It's where she put her roots down. And I know she wants to lead the charge in the AWA Women's Division... I know she's going to bring her best in tonight's match and I don't expect anything less than that. So, yeah, if you want to call it friendly competition. [Quick nod] Yeah, I think that sums it up well.

SLB: It's interesting that you bring up that Melissa Cannon wants to lead the way for the AWA Women's Division. But some are saying that it's you, Julie, who wants to take that lead, be the woman who ensures that the division stays on the map!

JS: [Another quick nod] You can say that as well, Sweet Lou, but I have to give credit where it's due. It was Melissa Cannon who was the first to speak up, after all. But since that time, I've stepped into that ring on many occasions, and the more I do that, the more excited I get, the more enthused I am to prove to everyone I have what it takes to be the best in the Division. So, yeah, I want to take my place at the top, be the one who everyone associates with women's wrestling in AWA! I just keep in mind, though, that it was Melissa Cannon who took the ball and started running with it... but now I believe it's been handed off to me.

SLB: I would imagine that Melissa Cannon might think differently. After all, she did win the Empress Cup, she expressed a lot of disappointment about not getting into the women's showcase match at SuperClash... in fact, she was willing to take on Shadoe Rage in an intergender match! It would seem to me, Julie, that she's not yet ready to hand off the ball!

JS: Well, if that's what she believes, I can respect it... but she has to understand that I see things a little bit differently now, than I did a few months ago. I put out the plea after my SuperClash match, told them I wanted to see the Women's Division become reality. I was there when Emerson Gellar made the official announcement and, now, I'm here tonight ready to take on the very woman who, last summer, made that impassioned plea and took the open challenge from Miyuki Ozaki. But with all due respect to Melissa Cannon, as much as she may believe she's the one to lead the way...

[She thumps a hand toward her chest.]

JS: Right here is where I know I'm the one who can lead the way. And tonight, I'm going to prove that to Melissa Cannon, to the fans who support me, to everyone who has backed me and anyone who thinks about standing in my way, that I have what it takes to be the face of the Women's Division of the best wrestling promotion on the planet!

[She slaps Blackwell on the shoulder.]

JS: Now it's almost time for me to prove that, Sweet Lou!

[She walks off the set.]

SLB: And that's why they call her The Spitfire, ladies and gentlemen! Gordon, let's go back to you!

[We crossfade back down to the ringside area where our announcers are seated.]

BW: Why, Gordo? Why do lugheads like Blackwell and Steglet always throw it back to just you?

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: Bucky, let's focus on what matters right now and that's the fact that Alex Martinez has left the building so our match tonight - that battle between Juan Vasquez and Sweet Daddy Williams WILL go on.

BW: I'm surprised, Gordo. I thought it would take the entire Rampart Division of the LAPD to get that seven footer out of here.

GM: I think it would have but Emerson Gellar was able to appeal to him. He was able to point out what Ryan Martinez, our former World Champion who I know is watching at home, would want... and a fight in the locker room isn't it. Depriving Sweet Daddy Williams of his chance to get his hands on Vasquez isn't it either.

BW: He may be right but the Last American Badass that USED to run this town would've popped Gellar's head off his shoulders and thrown it harder than Clayton Kershaw right at Vasquez. Maybe the pampered lifestyle has made "Hollywood" Martinez go soft.

GM: "Hollywood" Mart... give me a break. Fans, switching gears, it's time for our big Women's Division clash right here tonight in Los Angeles pitting Melissa Cannon against Julie Somers in a match that I think every single fan of these ladies has wanted to see for quite some time. Both of them want to be the standard bearer for this division but there can be only one.

BW: Only one... but it ain't gonna be either of these two! You talk about them like they're the only ones in the entire Division, Gordo. You're forgetting about Charisma Knight... you're forgetting about Lauryn Rage... you're forgetting about Erica Toughill... you're forgetting about-

GM: Do you have a point?

BW: That your memory is failing you in your old age as badly as your analysis of professional wrestling. Those women are the future of this business. Those women are what this Division are going to be built on. It's Anniversary Night. Think back to that first AWA show and to the people who are still here. Think back to the ones who made a difference. The Stevie Scotts of the world. The Marcus Broussards. Somers and Cannon? They're going to be Buddy Lambert and the Masked Menace.

GM: You really are too much. Fans, let's go to the ring to see this much-anticipated showdown!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit and is a match in the AWA Women's Division!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first...

["She Works Hard for the Money" by Donna Summer plays 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 to cheer.]

PW: Hailing from Boston, Massachusetts and weighing 145 pounds... ladies and gentlemen, she is "THE SPITFIRE" JULIE SOMERS!

[After a moment, she 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.]

PW: And her opponent...

[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.]

PW: From Los Angeles, California...

[Big cheer!]

PW: Weighing in tonight at 145 pounds... MELISSAAAAAAA CANNNNNONNNNNN!

[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 and without sleeves. 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.]

GM: Melissa Cannon and Julie Somers have been waiting for this showdown ever since last summer when the seeds for this Women's Division were planted, Bucky.

BW: Two of the crowd's favorites getting in there. The fans sure are going to enjoy it but I have to wonder how much of a focus Cannon has on this match, Gordo. You've gotta think she's got her mind on Lauryn Rage and what she did to her two weeks ago.

GM: You could be right about that and if you are, it could be a rough night for Melissa Cannon - another AWA original.

[Cannon reaches the ring, setting her wooden sword down on the ring apron before pulling herself up on the apron, looking out at the fans with a smile before ducking through the ropes.]

GM: Listen to the reaction here in Los Angeles for another competitor from this very city. We're not too far away from where Melissa grew up with her parents... from where she took the bus on a daily basis to the M-DOJO to train with Todd Michaelson, with Lori Dane, with Juvenil Infierno. These people respect the hard work it has taken for Melissa Cannon to finally make it to a place where she can live out her dream of competing inside the squared circle.

[Cannon walks over to the ropes, throwing her right arm up with her fingers twisted into the "I love you" sign. She smiles at the big cheers, slowly turning back to look at her opponent who is bouncing in place in the corner, swinging her arms across her chest to stay loose.]

GM: Melissa is ready, Julie is ready, and the fans are ready for this one! I've been looking forward to this one all week long, Bucky.

BW: It should be one heck of a contest and-

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[Before the bell can even ring, two large women come hurdling over the barricade, sliding under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Who is...?

[The words don't even escape Gordon's mouth before the taller of the duo dashes across the ring, throwing a big boot up into the jaw of Julie Somers, knocking her backwards into the middle buckle, her head and neck snapping backwards as she hits the mat.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The six foot female sporting a lot of muscles and her hair in a braided ponytail Mohawk spins around, watching as Melissa Cannon trades short forearms with the other woman who is slightly smaller than the first.]

GM: Melissa saw the second one coming and was able to catch her on the way in! She's fighting for her life though!

[Not for long as the second woman drills Cannon with a short headbutt between the eyes before lifting her around the torso, dumping her throatfirst across the top rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HOTSHOT!

[Cannon flops to the canvas, grabbing at her throat as she flails around on the mat. The taller woman walks across the ring, trading a high five with her apparent partner before they walk back across the ring where Julie Somers is trying to get up off the mat...]

GM: Somers is trying to fight to her feet and- right hand to one! Right hand to the other!

[The crowd is cheering loudly as Somers throws haymakers at the duo, alternating back and forth. She turns to the taller one again...

...only to have the other one grab her by the hair, yanking her off her feet and down to the mat!]

GM: Somers hits the canvas and- oh my! Look at that!

[The camera gets its first good shot of the face of both women. The taller of the duo is wearing orange contact lenses and as she opens her mouth, we can see what appears to be fangs. The other has matching fangs but frightening white eyes.]

GM: What in the world is that?

BW: Look at the eyes, Gordo. That's the kind of thing that sends a chill right down your spine to the tips of your toes, daddy!

[The smaller one slaps her partner on the shoulder, pointing across the ring to Melissa Cannon who is struggling to get up. Grabbing the arm of her smaller partner, the bigger one whips her across the ring, sending her crashing into Cannon with a running splash!]

GM: Big splash in the corner!

[She grabs Cannon by the back of the head, tossing her from the corner to her larger partner who lifts Cannon up into the air, twisting around, and slamming her down to the canvas, bouncing in the air on the impact.]

BW: These two have come out of nowhere to attack Cannon and Somers!

GM: But why? Who are they?! What is this all about, Bucky?!

BW: I have no idea. I've never seen them before but... oh, look at this, Gordo!

[The crowd begins to jeer as someone starts walking through the curtain towards the ring.]

GM: That's Lauryn Rage! Is she... Bucky, is she behind this attack?!

BW: It certainly would appear that way!

[Rage is grinning, applauding as she makes her way down the aisle towards the ring. The smaller one in the ring is stomping the hell out of Melissa Cannon while her partner points to Rage, nodding her head.]

GM: Lauryn Rage has set up Melissa Cannon for another sneak attack... and I think Julie Somers just got caught in the moment! She wasn't the target, Bucky.

BW: No, no... they're definitely focusing on Cannon!

[The large duo is now stomping Melissa in unison as Rage gets into the ring to join them...

...and joins in on the stomping to jeers from the crowd!]

GM: And now it's a three-on-one on Melissa Cannon!

[The jeers grow louder as the three women take turns violently stomping Cannon into the canvas.]

GM: This is a mugging, fans! A triple team mugging!

[After a few more moments of this, Rage backs off, gesturing for them to pick Cannon up off the mat...]

GM: They're not done yet either, pulling Cannon to her feet...

[With Rage directing the traffic, the larger women grab Cannon by the throat, each with a hand clasped around her neck...

...when Julie Somers comes dashing across the ring, attacking them from behind to a big cheer!]

GM: SOMERS! SOMERS!

[The flailing haymakers from Somers land on each of the three women, staggering them and freeing Cannon from their grasp for the moment...

...until Lauryn Rage digs her fingernails into the eyes of Somers, sending her staggering back towards the largest of the women who FLATTENS her with a standing lariat!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Good grief!

[With Rage furious now, she orders the others to grab Cannon by the throat again...

...and hoist her into the air, lifting her high and slamming her down to the canvas with great impact!]

GM: DOUBLE CHOKESLAM! MY STARS!

[Cannon is laid out on the canvas, Lauryn Rage standing over her and taunting her as the two women raise their arms into the air, celebrating the beating they put on Cannon.]

GM: Cannon is laid out! Somers too! Lauryn Rage and these two brutes beside her have put a world-class beating on these women!

BW: I told you, Gordo! Buddy Lambert and the Masked Menace!

GM: Would you stop?! Fans, we're going to need to get some medical help for these two, I think... and while we do, let's... where are we going? Okay, right... back to the locker room area to "Sweet" Lou!

[We promptly cut backstage where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell stands in front of the AWA backdrop.]

SLB: A terrible scene out there in the locker room... the kind of scene that my guest at this time would certainly not approve of. Ladies and gentlemen, he has been making waves in the world of professional wrestling and setting the sport on fire. He is one of the four great talents that Emerson Gellar brought over from Japan... the so-called Japan Four. He is the "Phoenix", Jordan Ohara!

[Jordan Ohara enters the shoot. He is shirtless. His muscles ripple and shine with a layer of oil. He bows slightly to Blackwell.]

SLB: Mr. Ohara, for as little time as you've been here it seems like you've drawing a lot of attention. Recently, "Flawless" Larry Wallace had a lot to say about you.

JO: Mr. Blackwell, I heard the comments made by Mr. Wallace. He wonders what have I ever done around here to warrant the attention he believes that I've been receiving?

[Ohara faces the camera.]

JO: Mr. Wallace, I haven't been here as long as you, that's true, but if you think that the people are giving me too much attention I can only say one thing to you. Prove them wrong, Mr. Wallace. I can think of no better place than at the Eighth Anniversary show of the AWA to say these words: 'Step into the ring with me and let's see who the better man is.'

[He pauses to let his words have impact.]

JO: I understand you have a pretty dropkick, Mr. Wallace, but I have an accomplished dropkick as well. I wonder whose dropkick is better. If you're

anything like me... if you're a competitor like me... you're going to want to know whose dropkick is better.

In fact, you're going to wonder who really is the better man in the ring. No, you're going to want to PROVE who is the better man in the ring. Just like I want to prove it. That's all I've ever wanted to do around the AWA.

[Ohara is unusually fired up as he speaks. The tendons of his neck pop out as he clenches every muscle of his upper body. He inclines his head towards Sweet Lou.]

JO: Part of my job is to talk with professionals like Mr. Blackwell here and answer their questions so I can reach out to the viewing public and let them know who I am and what I stand for.

[Now Ohara reverts to the shyness we're accustomed to seeing. He ducks his head a little, holding up his index finger as he makes his point.]

JO: Mr. Blackwell may attest, I've never been the most comfortable doing that. And the reason why is simple. I don't believe in talking about things when you can be doing things. Do I believe I have the talent to be one of the best wrestlers in the AWA, Mr. Wallace? Yes, I do. But I do not believe that I should simply stand in front of a podium and say these things. I believe, when it's all said and done, that I should prove these things in the ring. How else can I inspire the wrestling fans all around the world to do their best as well in their life?

I strive for greatness, the same as you, hopefully, Mr. Wallace, but I do not take shortcuts. So you may mock me like so many others have, but if you want to know what I'm about... well, step into that 20 foot by 20 feet ring I call home and I will SHOW you what I am about.

SLB: So you're challenging Flawless Larry Wallace to a one-on-one match?

[Ohara turns his attention to Sweet Lou Blackwell.]

JO: Mr. Blackwell, I believe he challenged me with his derogatory speech. And I intend to prove his words wrong. He wants to say that I haven't won anything around the AWA? Maybe he can say that, but what can he say when I beat him in front of everybody one-on-one? What can he say when the people realize that no one is flawless and that he does not possess the prettiest dropkick in the world?

[Blackwell goes along with it.]

SLB: Tell me. What can he say?

JO: He can only say that Jordan Ohara is what he says he is, Mr. Blackwell, a Millennial talent, and a man who not only believes that he can, but simply can. Thank you, Mr. Blackwell, for allowing me the opportunity to respond to Mr. Wallace.

[Ohara gives Blackwell a bow. He turns to face the camera.]

JO: Do not disappoint me, Mr. Wallace.

[And with that he exits from the screen.]

SLB: Well, there was definitely fire in the young man from Charlotte, North Carolina there! Larry Wallace versus Jordan Ohara, now that's a matchup I'd pay to see. Gordon, back to-

[Out of a dark corner near Blackwell steps a shape we quickly recognize as Canibal, wearing a "Suspiria" movie poster shirt and ripped black jeans. The skull make-up

is not missing either. He slowly steps closer to the interviewer from the blind side.

Blackwell seems to sense that something is not right and looks over his shoulder mid-sentence only to backpedal when he sees Canibal towering over him only a foot away.]

SLB: What the- Canibal?!

[Being the professional he is, "Sweet" Lou recovers his poise in an instant and thrusts his microphone at the other man.]

SLB: You are not even scheduled to compete in L.A. tonight. What are you doing here?

[Canibal cocks his head to the side curiously.]

C: Blackwell, just why do you think my presence is dictated by schedules and lists? Do I look like somebody who adheres to such regulations?

SLB: Well, I -

C: I would not miss a chance to visit Los Angeles, the city of Angels, the city of false promises and a million broken dreams. Roads paved with lies as empty shells of humans try to replace their own emotions artificial feelings right out of the machiiiiine.

[That last word seems to hang in the air for an eternity.]

C: But I have a favor to ask you, Blackwell. I want you to hand a present to the lost prince. A gift from me, a reminder, a forecast ... a revelation ... a promise.

Hold out your hand.

[After a moment of hesitation, "Sweet" Lou complies. His eyes grow wide as Canibal places his gift into his left hand. The luchador holds his forearm for a moment so it is not dropped. The camera zooms in on it to show a brownish, almost black, shriveled apple. By the horrified look on Blackwell's face, you can guess that it smells as rank as it looks.]

SLB: What is this? Why? Prince?

C: Your ignorance is your badge and you wear it proudly.

Keep it safe. Keep it warm. And, when you see him next, hand it to Caspian Araban.

Just... do it.

[without a further word, Canibal backpedals out of the shot. Blackwell stares at the withered fruit in his hand, his arm stretched out as far as possible. Distracted, he glances at the camera.]

SLB: That... uh... that's all from me right now. Let's go back to ringside.

Can I get some help with this thing, guys?

[Cut back 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...

[“We are Los Angeles” by the Goon hits the airwaves. Watson looks at his notecards with a shake of his head.]

PW: He is a nine time Hart Trophy Winner, a ten time Art Ross trophy winner, the all time leading scorer, and a four time Stanley Cup Winner..

[The Los Angeles crowd begins to buzz.]

PW: Residing in LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA...NUMBER 99. I give you...

THE GREAT ONE!!!

[The arena goes wild. A spotlight darts towards the entrance portal where an man emerges and the roar of the crowd instantly turns into an onslaught of boos!]

PW: GIL GRETZKY!!!

[Bean pole thin, six foot 2, and sporting an Edmonton Oilers jersey is Gil Gretzky. He wields a hockey stick in his right arm and marches to the ring raising one arm up in the air which draws jeers and some profane remarks from the crowd.]

GM Well, that was a let down.

BW: You heard, Phil, Gordo. This man is a legend! Show your appreciation for him.

GM: He can't weigh more than a buck fifty, Bucky. I don't know who his opponent is but unless it's... well, you... it might be a total mismatch.

BW: HEY!

[Gretzky parades up the ring steps and enters the ring. He throws his hockey stick up into the air which doesn't go over with the heated crowd.]

PW: And his opponent...hailing from Strong Island standing 6 foot 3 weighing in at 287 pounds and making his AWA debut. He is the MONSTA MUSCLE, THE QUADRASAURAS, THE GUNZILLA THRILLAH, HERE IS THE LONG ISLAND LOOSE CANNON...

FLEEEEEEEEEEEEEEX FERRIGNO!!!

[“Give Him Everything You've Got” by Craig Armstrong kicks in. The methodical tones of metal being struck, the eerie wind up, and finally the score kicks in with the violin instrumental and rapid escalation of beats.]

GM: Bucky, I haven't seen this man in person yet but I've heard tales of his wrestling escapades on the East Coast and the path of destruction he has left in his wake. Gil Gretzky's fun and games at the expense of the L.A. crowd just might be coming to an end.

[Ferrigno steps out, living up to his namesake he is quite the physical specimen with a hulking frame with muscles on top of muscles. A gold chainmail headdress covers his short bleached blonde hair, gun metal mirror shades over his eyes, and he has a crisp sun kissed tan which is accentuated by goblets of baby oil for an immaculate shine. His delts explode out in massive peaks from underneath the gold mesh, peaking and diving into cannonball biceps and forearms.]

GM: OH MY! This man is a BEAST, Bucky.

BW: I didn't even know muscles could pop out of some of those places.

GM: A three time high school state wrestling champion out of New York, Ferrigno went on to compete at one of the top wrestling colleges in the nation at Cornell where he captured a NCAA state wrestling championship. Ferrigno was irate coming out of college in 2013 with the ruling to remove wrestling from the 2020 Olympics and instead of pursuing Rio he elected to pursue professional wrestling to the dismay of his coaches, peers, and family.

BW: It's a touchy subject with a lot of our wrestlers, Gordo. We have a long lineage of talent with decorated amateur backgrounds. What I really want to know is...what the heck does this cat eat?!

[Ferrigno steps through the ropes, shoving down the middle rope and pressing his large frame through. He pulls his shirt off and sports carnelian red wrestling tights, white knee pads, black boots, and the words MONSTA MUSCLE in white font on the back of his tights.]

GM: The playful Gretzky looks, well, terrified in the corner, Bucky, and who can really blame him This Ferrigno is a freak of nature!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And there's the bell, Bucky! Gretzky seems to have taken on some form of invisible liquid courage as he's charging the Muscle Monsta!

[Gretzky rushes forward, tilting his chin downward, and charging Ferrigno who slaps his arms around him, rips him off his feet, and DUMPS him over his head!]

GM: MY GOODNESS! WHAT A THROW BY FERRIGNO!

[Gretzky bounces shoulders first off the mat and collapses into the far corner of the ring. Ferrigno lowers down, begging him to get back up.]

BW: Now seems like a good time to leave.

GM: The self proclaimed Great One seems to be rethinking his choice of profession.

BW: And attire. What was he thinking wearing an Oilers jersey to the ring?

[Gretzky stumbles up and cautiously moves towards Ferrigno. He paws out a hand and Ferrigno slaps it away. This is repeated a couple times and Gretzky foolishly goes for a tie up. Within a blink of an eye Ferrigno spins behind him into a rear waistlock and DROPS him onto his back, rolling up, only to repeat the same process but this time letting him fly!]

GM: ANOTHER HUGE SUPLEX BY FLEX! He's just tossing him around like a rag doll!

[This time Ferrigno stalks towards Gretzky and peels him off the mat. He hoists him up over his shoulder back first, points across the ring, and races forward...]

BW: INVERTED RUNNING POWERSLAM!

[And forcefully SLAMS him into the mat with a thud!]

GM: Ferrigno going for the cover, wait, he's, well he's --

BW: Getting some reps in, Gordo!

[Ferrigno, right beside Gretzky, cranks out ten rapid push ups while barking at Gretzky who lays next to him. It seems to strike a never in the "Great One" who begins to pull himself up.]

GM: Well, I guess this abuse is going to continue.

BW: I hate to tell the man to stay down, this may be his one shot at landing himself permanent residency here in the AWA. Can't blame the guy, just question his IQ.

[Flex peers over at Gretzky and smirks at him, allowing him to crawl to the ropes as he strikes a MASSIVE double bicep pose from his knee and kisses his right arm.]

GM: Theatrics like this aren't going to get you ahead in the long run but at this point, I don't think it's going to make much of a difference.

[Gretzky lashes forward, striking Ferrigno in the chest with a right hand. A second...a third...he winds up for a fourth and Ferrigno cocks his arm back and then unleashes the unholyest of lariats that sends Gretzky flipping completely around and landing on his chest.]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! He flipped him inside out and over with that one!

[With the crowd buzzing from the impactful clothesline, Ferrigno kicks him in the ribs, then to the back several times, and finally rips him off the mat by the back of his tights into another rear waistlock. He hoists him up, nearly pressing him over his head, and then SLAMS him chest first into the canvas. Without letting go of his grip he DEADLIFTS him right back up and LAUNCHES him with a release overhead belly to back suplex.]

GM: Ferrigno is putting him through the ringer.

BW: More like the meat grinder.

GM: There he goes again, playing to the crowd with another muscle pose. This isn't Mr. Olympia, Bucky, that isn't going to win you any matches.

[Ferrigno sucks in his gut and strikes quite the vacuum pose, blowing out his ribcage and puffing up his chest and shoulders with his hands at his side.]

GM: More posing. Give me a break. This isn't posing, this is wrestling.

BW: Are you really trying to say that Ferrigno isn't wrestling? He's throwing this guy around like a rag doll and-

GM: Look at this! Look at this!

[A dazed Gretzky climbs off the mat, legs like Jello as he stumbles towards his opponent who has switched back to a double bicep pose...

...and BLASTS Ferrigno with a double axehandle across the back!]

GM: Ohh! Big shot by Gretzky and-

[Ferrigno scowls, slowly pivoting and staring down Gretzky who has his hands raised up prepping to strike him again.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Big mistake, Gil.

[A desperate Gil Gretzky starts peppering Flex Ferrigno with wild rights and lefts which Ferrigno shrugs off with merely tightening up his abs.]

GM: Gretzky with another right and -- that seems to the last one as Ferrigno SHOVES him into the ropes. Here comes Gretzky on the way back!

[Gretzky races forward and Ferrigno shoves his boot into his mid-section, yanks him into a front headlock and pumps him into the air upside down...]

GM: What does he have planned here?!

[And holds him...

Holds him...

Still holding...

Just showing off now...

And finally...

Ferrigno shoves him forward, driving him downward as he sits out into a RING-THUMPING ferocious powerbomb!]

GM: MY STARS! ONE! TWO! THREE! IT'S OVER, BUCKY!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Longtime wrestling fans might recognize that move as Steve Spector's Cherry Blossom Bomber but his fellow Northeasterner calls it the White Thunder Driver, Bucky, and when he hits it, it's all she wrote.

[Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Your winner of the match... The Super-Human... the Physical Specimen... FLEEEEEEEEX FERR -

[Ferrigno, mic in hand, cuts off poor ole Phil.]

FLEX: YA KNOOOOOOOOOOOOOW!

[He strikes a big bicep pose.]

FLEX: I've been chompin' at the bit to sign a deal here with the AWA and Landon O'Neil, that schmuck wouldn't return my calls so I just gotta give a SHOUT OUT to my main man Emerson Gellar for finally inkin' the deal of the century. The MONSTA MUSCLE just put his first victim through ABOMINATION ALLEY and I need to thank all the Loose Cannons back in Long Island for grindin' it out with me these past two years while I slaughtered lamb after lamb on my way here!

BW: He's not kidding, Gordo. I've been doing my research and he darn near crippled some guys back in the tri-state area.

FLEX: But this ain't about the journey, daddy. I'll save that tail for another day or when ya'll get bored of hearin' that Donna Summers clown talk about his tiny pecs. I'm more of a in-the-moment kinda guy and while mortal men may dream of hearin' Phil scream out their name in victory that ain't exactly my modus...yeah I'm lookin' at you blondie in the third row.

[Ferrigno pops a tricep pose in her direction.]

FLEX: Y'see the TRICEP-A-TOPS has been caged up long enough...heck ya might even say he's been extinct for the last seven years while little pipsqueaks ran this joint. Ya think a man of my stature is afraid of Mini-Mart's chops...Supreme's finger pulls...or Juan's hip toss? Look at these bi's, fellas, look at em'!

[Ferrigno flashes another huge bicep pose.]

FLEX: These twenty two and a quarter GUNZILLA'S ain't afraid of NOBODY and like this poor fool just learned moments ago... ain't nobody can GO LIKE FERRIGNO!

[Pearly white grin.]

FLEX: So to all my Ferrignonauts who been buyin' my shirts, readin' my muscle mags, and chewin' my supplements ya already know that GRAND MASTER FLEX has got the goods...

[Pause. Ferrigno smirks.]

FLEX: ...and the store... is... open.

[One final flex... annnnnnnnd... Mic drop.]

GM: Flex Ferrigno showing no lack of confidence in the ring or on the mic, fans. He picks up a victory here in his AWA debut and now, we've got to take a quick break. When we come back, it'll be Jason Dane on Special Assignment and you do NOT want to miss that!

[Fade to black.]

We 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?

[We fade to black...

...and then back in on pre-taped footage of a darkened street in an equally dark neighborhood. After a moment, the camera pans across a row of houses - each one larger and more elaborate than the next. A voice is heard off-camera.]

"Blackwell said it's right about..."

[The camera pans onto the largest of the bunch - one that is no new sight to many an AWA fan. Fawcett Manor. The imposing gate seems to have seen better days, appearing to be barely attached to the next section of black iron bars in some areas. The grass, while usually wild, now seems more unkempt and pathetic than spooky in nature. A figure steps into view. It is Jason Dane.]

JD: ...here.

[Dane visibly shudders. It does seem cold as we can see his breath as he exhales but...]

JD: Well, I've come this far.

[Dane approaches the gate which is slightly cracked open. He takes a look through the iron bars before pushing it open with a loud "CREEEEEEAK!" that fills the air straight out of a horror movie. Dane shakes his head, mumbling something about "must be crazy" before he walks through. The shot follows for a moment...

...and then we cut ahead a bit to where Dane has walked up the massive driveway, ending up at the front door, a large brass howling demon face that takes up most of the door acting as an enormous doorknocker.

He shakes his head again before reaching up a curled up fist and pounds once... twice... three times hard on the wood.

Several moments in silence pass.]

JD: Maybe he's not-

[But he never finishes that sentence as the door swings open slightly. We can't see much through the crack but the voice we hear is strained... quiet and forced.]

"Dane? I didn't expect-"

[The words cut off as the cameraman is spotted.]

"No. No pictures. I don't want anyone to s-"

[Dane interrupts.]

JD: Dr. Fawcett, I just need a few moments of your time. I know... the office told me that you've asked not to be disturbed... that you've taken some kind of leave of absence since SuperClash... that-

[A hand shoots up through the door, bringing Dane to a sudden stop. The hand is pale, smeared with brown and black stains... dirt? Ash?]

"D"HF: Ask your questions and leave.

[Dane nods, gesturing at his cameraman.]

JD: May we come in...?

[An audible sigh is heard, a hissing sound emitting through the crack in the doorway.]

"D"HF: You may. But my manor is not a place for the inquisitive. Keep your hands to yourself, your eyes and ears on me.

[Dane nods as a finger extends, pointing to the cameraman.]

"D"HF: He must keep the camera off me at all times or there will be most... dire... consequences. Are we in agreement?

JD: Yes, yes... whatever you say.

"D"HF: Good.

[The door swings open.]

"D"HF: Welcome to my home.

[Dane walks in, looking upon a small podium with a glass case on top of it with the placard "ANGEL'S KISS" at its base. It appears that there had been a blade of some kind inside the case for so long that it has left an indent on the felt floor of the case, although whatever is or was is now missing. Dane walks around it, whatever the former object was clearly unnerving him a bit.]

"D"HF": I did not expect anyone from the AWA to...

[Silence. We can see some movement off-camera as the shot stays on Fawcett's lower body..]

"D"HF: Why? Why have you come?

JD: As you may be aware, I have been pursuing a story surrounding the mysterious disappearance of some of professional wrestling's most... colorful... competitors including your charge, KING Oni.

"D"HF: FORMER charge.

JD: Former? I wasn't aware-

"D"HF: There was a change in our status after the events of SuperClash. He was... removed... from my care.

JD: Removed? Removed by whom?

[Fawcett pauses.]

"D"HF: Mr. Dane, that is a road I do not think you wish to go down.

JD: I'm not afraid.

[A sharp laugh, quickly falling silent again.]

“D”HF: Oh, you will be, Mr. Dane... you will be.

[The “good Doctor” pauses at a side table, grasping a large decanter with a brown liquid inside. He swirls it several times before pouring into a glass that he quickly downs, taking two sudden side steps to correct his balance as he reaches out to grasp the wall.]

JD: Dr. Fawcett, are you... are you drunk?

[Fawcett chuckles humorlessly.]

“D”HF: In vino veritas, Mr. Dane. You have come for answers... for truths that should not be spoken... then courage of the liquid variety is a necessity.

JD: You... you know something.

[Fawcett’s grip on the wall seems to tighten.]

“D”HF: The eye sees all, Mr. Dane.

JD: The eye... my investigation has led me to all sorts of crazy rumors about that crystal you carry. The Eye of Tyr they call it.

[Fawcett turns, falling back against the wall. He raises his hands up out of view..]

“D”HF: Alas, Mr. Dane, my eyes are now shut to the mysteries of the world... to the power within. That Eye belongs to another now.

JD: Anton Layton.

[Fawcett hisses again, exhaling through his teeth.]

“D”HF: Judas, I name thee. The so-called Prince of Darkness betrayed me, Mr. Dane... and in doing so, he has stolen from me. In many cultures, do you know the penalty for theft?

[The camera’s shot drifts, showing a large curved sword hanging on the wall near them.]

JD: I believe I do, yes. But let’s get back to why I’m here. KING Oni... where is he?

“D”HF: That answer you seek I can’t provide, Mr. Dane. The KING has departed our lands.

JD: Departed our- he’s gone?

“D”HF: The ruler of the game of human chess has been removed from the board.

JD: Removed... by who?

[Fawcett is quiet for several seconds... total silence other than what appears to be a far away radio crackling with static.]

JD: Mr. Faw-

“D”HF: Removed by a power that you cannot begin to imagine, Dane.

JD: Is this power a person? A group? A company?

"D"HF: Does it matter? All that you see was once because of them. This house... those who followed me... the Eye itself... the expedition that brought us our KING. All bought and paid for by them.

JD: You worked for them?

"D"HF: In a matter of speaking. I was to prepare the world for what's coming.

JD: "What's coming?" What are you-

"D"HF: That, I'm afraid, is a story for another day. All you need to know is that I no longer have ties to them. I failed them, they said... and they took my KING away.

[Another chuckle.]

"D"HF: But they unleashed a power they did not understand and could not control. They cannot find the KING. The KING has disappeared. But... have faith, Mr. Dane... have faith that when he's ready, the KING will reveal himself to all. I just hope I'm there to see it.

[More silence.]

JD: What else can you tell me about-

"D"HF: About me? About the darkness that engulfs us all?

Your family is no longer here, Dane... But not even Morgan could conceive of the darkness that swirls like tendrils of smoke around my brain at this very moment. For longer than I can remember, I have been an ardent collector of the arcane and the fantastic. Now, the very home that served as my trophy room stands bare. Where there was a time that I would warn that you tread with caution... Now there is only room empty room after empty room. The same can be said about its owner at present.

JD: Mr. Fawcett...

"D"HF: Doctor... please. I believe I've earned my proper respect.

JD: My apologies. Doctor Fawcett... this isn't the question I came to ask but after seeing and hearing all this tonight, I feel like I owe it to the AWA fans to ask it.

[Fawcett stops walking.]

"D"HF: Ask.

[Dane takes a deep breath.]

JD: Have we seen the last of Doctor Harrison Fawcett in the American Wrestling Alliance?

[Fawcett sighs. After a pregnant pause, he speaks.]

"D"HF: Until now it has been the furthest thing from my mind. I have barely been able to bring myself to even watch a second of AWA programming. Too painful is the memory of what I have lost.

[The cameraman, perhaps wrapped up in the moment, forgets a promise made as the camera drifts to land on Harrison Fawcett's face - gaunt, unshaven, pale. The

Good Doctor has obviously seen better days as he looks up through bloodshot eyes at the camera's lens...

...and then his eyes flash with rage as Fawcett turns to look at the sword on the wall.]

"D"HF: But then you saw fit to enter my home. To show things that were not meant to be shown. To reopen wounds that had yet to even begin to scab over.

Perhaps that is the key.

[Fawcett reaches for the sword, gripping its hilt tightly.]

"D"HF: Perhaps my serenity can only be reached through the pain of others. The once familiar screams of an enraptured crowd and the look of fear of a once proud warrior struggling in vain to get to his feet.

[Fawcett removes the sword from its place on the wall. The cameraman backpedals a step, bumping into the wall.]

"D"HF: I believe I have the answer to the question that has haunted my dreams for some time, Dane. As far as yours?

[For the first time since we have visited his home with Jason Dane, an eerie and familiar calm washes over Fawcett's face. Dane backs up a step.]

"D"HF: I have such sights to show you. To show all of you. Are you ready, Dane? I believe the orchestra is done tuning up and ready to play.

[The humorless grin is back on Fawcett's face, as he raises his sword over his head as Jason Dane beats a hasty and wise retreat back out the front door and we fade back to ringside to our announce duo.]

GM: Jason Dane on special assignment, trying to get to the bottom of the mystery we first heard rumblings about around SuperClash last year... but in the process, he may have given us an insight as to the whereabouts... and the mental state... of "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett who - until tonight - has been unseen by AWA fans.

BW: The Good Doctor was looking a little worse for wear there, Gordo. Maybe he needs a house call of his own.

GM: The plot thickens for Jason Dane as he tries to unravel yet another mystery but fans, for us here tonight in Los Angeles, it is no mystery what's coming up here live on The X for the AWA's Eighth Anniversary Show because coming up next is yet another title match as Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan defend the title against Pedro Perez and Wade Walker aka the Dogs of War.

BW: Ah, ah, Gordo... they're not the full-force Dogs of War... and you know why?

GM: Why is that?

BW: Because the James Gang left Isaiah Carpenter laying back at SuperClash and I'm told he's STILL not medically cleared to compete.

GM: That six man Street Fight was one of the most brutal matches in AWA history for sure... but Walker and Perez have formed quite the formidable duo as of late and if Taylor and Donovan aren't on top of their game, they could find themselves as FORMER World Tag Team Champions and that would certainly spoil Brian Lau's so-called "big night," Bucky.

BW: NOTHING spoils the big night. Brian Lau will make sure of that.

GM: We'll see about that but right now, let's go backstage to hear from the challengers before this big title showdown!

[Cut back to the locker room area where Mark Stegglet is standing between Pedro Perez and Wade Walker, both dressed in their usual ring attire.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon, and I have to say that I believe this is the first time you two gentlemen have consented to an actual interview backstage.

PP: The times they are a-changin', Stegglet. Get it right. We don't like you. We don't like the establishment's ways of doing things how they've always been done. We didn't like O'Neill and there's a better than decent chance that we won't end up liking Gellar either but...

[Perez shrugs.]

PP: But he gave us this shot so we're going to give him one. He asked us to talk to you so here we are.

MS: Well, I'll have to thank him for that but gentlemen, you find yourself just moments away from your opportunity to become the AWA World Tag Team Champions. Your thoughts?

PP: The tag titles would be reason enough for the big man and myself to walk down that aisle and put a hurting on Taylor and Donovan but it's not the only reason. You see, Stegglet, this thing between the four of us... it's personal. This goes back to SuperClash when the unthinkable happened.

MS: You're talking about when the Dogs of War lo-

[Perez interrupts.]

PP: I'm talking about lightning striking! I'm talking about the twilight sky hanging over Minute Maid Park in Houston opening up and the most brilliant lightning bolt you've ever seen tearing through it, hitting the ring, and making the impossible possible.

That's what happened, right? That's what had to have happened because until that night, every time that me, the big man, and our brother went to that ring to fight together, we left together with our hands raised and our names being called over the PA.

But in Houston... that didn't happen.

[Perez is getting more manic, speaking quicker, moving his arms wildly. Walker has his hands clenched together, his muscles flexing as he glares at the camera, sweat dripping from his long hair down his torso.]

PP: It didn't happen and the wrestling world was in a state of shock!

Now, Stegglet, you can stand there and blame tables and ladders and chairs... you can blame Brian James being willing to break every bone in his damn hand by punching solid steel... you can blame just about anything.

But I think the reason we lost that night is the same reason we're going to win tonight.

[Stegglet waits... and waits...]

MS: Which is?

PP: Isaiah Carpenter.

[Walker throws a glance at Perez who shakes his head.]

PP: Nah, nah... don't take it like that, big man. I ain't blaming the Carp-a-kaze for losing the match but I'm saying he got taken out... nah, he took HIMSELF out of the picture in that one. He went through that ladder and put himself on ice... and it's been said before and it'll be said again. When the Dogs of War are as one, there ain't no one can beat us in this business, Stegglet... no one.

But when the Dogs of War are split up... are isolated... are divided...

Lightning strikes.

Carp broke his body to try and win that match... the crazy SOB... and I love him for it.

[Perez points to his temple.]

PP: And that's why I'm thinkin', Stegglet... I'm thinkin' tonight we're gonna have new World Tag Team Champions because tonight, we ain't doin' this for us... we ain't doin' it for them... we ain't doin' for the fans and we damn sure ain't doin' it for the suits.

We're doin' it for Carp. 'Cause he's sitting home watching us, waiting for some quack in a white coat to give him the thumbs up. He's gonna be back, boys... and he's gonna be back soon. And what's that mean, big man?

[Stegglet slides the mic over to Walker whose voice trembles with intensity as he speaks.]

WW: That's good news for us... and bad news for everyone else.

[Perez chuckles, slapping his partner's chest.]

PP: Come on, big man... let's go get Carp a welcome home gift he'll appreciate.

[And with that, we fade back out to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is for the AWA WORLD TAG TEAM TITLES!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first... the challengers...

[The lights in the Los Angeles Sports Arena are killed as swirling midnight blue spotlights cover the arena. The sound of snapping and barking dogs are heard over the PA system to a big cheer as "War Machine" by KISS kicks the PA.]

PW: At a total combined weight of 509 pounds... the team of Pedro Perez and Wade Walker...

THE DOGS OF WAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRR!

[The spotlights land on the dangerous duo as they start wading through the crowd towards the ring. Both are wearing midnight blue "strike force" style gear with flak

jackets and pants. Perez has added some white tape around his fists on this evening as he runs his mouth the entire length of the aisle to the ring.]

GM: The Dogs of War made their name on six man tag team action but tonight, Bucky, you have to wonder if this is the night they establish their dominance in ALL things tag team by becoming the new World Tag Team Champions.

BW: You can wonder that all you want, Gordo, but in my mind, Brian Lau's got a gameplan and his boys are going to execute it to perfection and walk out STILL the champs.

[Perez and Walker come over the ringside barricade, sliding under the ropes into the ring. Perez mounts the second rope in the middle, shouting to the fans as Wade Walker paces menacingly around the ring, waiting for their opponents.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The music fades and is replaced by ZZ Top's "Beer Drinkers & Hell Raisers" - a song that gets greeted with a shower of jeers from the AWA faithful.]

PW: They are accompanied to the ring by Brian Lau... at a total combined weight of 502 pounds... they are the AWA World Tag Team Champions...

WES TAYLOR and TONY DONNNNOVAAAAN!

[The curtain parts to reveal Brian Lau, dressed impeccably as he was earlier in the show. He smirks at the crowd's reaction, nodding his head at it and then crossing his arms across his chest as he is suddenly flanked by the World Tag Team Champions.

Wes Taylor stands on his left, dressed in black trunks and boots with a matching shiny black vest with silver trim. The tag title belt is secured around his waist as he takes his spot next to his manager. His shoulder-length dirty blonde hair has been pulled back into a tight ponytail. The good-looking kid gets a few cheers from the ladies as he arrives.

Tony Donovan arrives to stand alongside Brian Lau as well, a bit taller and heavier than his tag team champion partner. Donovan has a black track jacket over his ring attire, hood over his head. Black wrestling boots and red kneepads are visible as he throws the hood back with a smirk, looking out at the jeering fans. He leans over, patting his manager on the back with a confident "We got this" before the trio starts walking down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan won those World Tag Team Titles on February 13th from Air Strike in controversial fashion to say the least, Bucky.

BW: You call it controversial, I call it successful. You're looking at two men - make it three with Brian Lau - who are willing to do whatever it takes to get to the top of this business. They will break any rules, make any alliance, destroy any friendship - you name it - to make it there.

GM: Brian Lau halting his men there in the aisle... what's this all about?

[Lau does indeed pause the champions, an arm out to each side. He shakes his head and snaps his fingers...

...which brings Shane Taylor slowly walking out through the curtain to join them. He's still in his wifebeater and dirty-looking jeans as he slowly moves to stand behind Lau. With a grin, Lau nods as they continue moving forward.]

GM: Of course.

BW: Can't go anywhere without the bodyguard!

GM: Bodyguard... give me a break. Shane Taylor, while a fine professional wrestler, isn't exactly some sort of physical specimen out there, Bucky. I think Brian Lau just likes having the power over him... having him under his control... and frankly, it disgusts me that Wes Taylor allows his uncle - his own flesh and blood - to be treated like that.

BW: Shane Taylor is employed in the AWA thanks to Brian Lau... something we can't say for his dear ol' brother, can we? Bobby Taylor has let his own brother toil away on the indies for years, barely able to survive, and thanks to Brian Lau, Shane Taylor's now in the big time.

GM: I'm not about to get into the personal relationship between Bobby and Shane Taylor - although we know it's quite strained. I'm just talking about Brian Lau's ego and his hunger for power.

[The now-quartet nears the ring...

...when Pedro Perez comes bouncing off the far ropes, rebounding across the ring, hurling himself between the ropes in a suicide dive onto Tony Donovan!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY! PEREZ WITH THE DIVE TO THE FLOOR AND-

[Wes Taylor goes to grab Perez off the floor but Wade Walker is already in motion, running towards him with a leaping forearm smash to the back of the head, knocking Taylor down onto the concrete floor as well!]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands already!

BW: Fight?! That's an ambush!

[Walker turns, uncorking a haymaker that sends Shane Taylor flying through the air, crashing down on the floor to another big cheer...

...and then points a finger at Brian Lau who is suddenly all alone.]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Get out of there, Brian!

[Lau backs off, shaking his head. His sunglasses fall off his face to the floor as he does but he doesn't react to that, moving backwards as Wade Walker stalks towards him...

...and STOMPS down on the glasses!]

BW: Oh, come on! Those cost more than Walker's entire outfit!

GM: Not anymore!

[Walker continues to walk towards the retreating Lau, the crowd buzzing with anticipation as he pursues him...

...a buzz that gets louder as Pedro Perez gets up to his feet, approaching from the other side. Lau's head jerks back and forth, pointing out Perez as the referee shouts to get the action inside the ring.]

GM: The Dogs of War have got Brian Lau trapped between them!

BW: He's the Manager of the Year! He's a Hall of Famer! Don't you put your filthy paws on him!

GM: Walker on one side! Perez on the other!

[The duo round the ringposts, trapping Lau between them. He looks back and forth, begging for mercy, pleading to both men who continue to advance...

...and then makes a lunge, diving under the bottom rope into the ring.]

GM: Lau's in the ring!

[He scrambles to his feet, running across, hurling himself through the ropes and out to the floor...]

GM: Lau's out... the Dogs are in!

[Just as Walker and Perez get to their feet, Taylor and Donovan come in on the far side to meet them. The referee signals for the bell as the four men come together in a big clash in the middle of the squared circle!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go! Here we go!

[Taylor and Walker are trading massive shots as Donovan uncorks a series of short forearms on Perez.]

GM: It's a slugfest in the center - picking right up where they left off at SuperClash!

[Donovan grabs Perez by the arm, hurling him across the ring.]

GM: Donovan shoots him in, clothesline ducked...

[And as Perez bounces off the far ropes, he leaps into the air, taking Donovan down in a Fierro Press!]

GM: FIERRO PRESS! FISTS AND FIRE FROM THE PUERTO RICAN!

[Perez is lighting up Donovan on the canvas with frantically-thrown fists while Wes Taylor uses a series of knees to the body to back Walker into the corner, throwing a big chop across the chest as the referee shouts at both teams to get two men out and two men in.]

GM: Referee Andy Dawson is having some trouble here, trying to establish control early in this one.

[Taylor lands another big chop as Perez drags Donovan off the mat, slamming him headfirst into the opposite set of turnbuckles.]

GM: Perez with a big chop in the corner!

[But Donovan reaches out, digging his fingers into the eyes of Perez, earning jeers from the crowd and a warning from the official as he turns Perez back into the corner, throwing a stiff forearm shot to the jaw that nearly buckles Perez' knees.]

GM: Both teams landing some very physical blows in the early moments of this one...

[Donovan gives a shout to his partner. Taylor nods in response as both men grab an arm on their opponents.]

GM: Double whip... reversed!

[Taylor and Donovan meet in the middle, locking arms for a little swing-around action to go back the same way they came...

...only to get flattened by a pair of running clotheslines from Perez and Walker!]

GM: Down they go again... and the champs are rolling out to the floor! They've had enough of this one to start things off!

[Donovan stumbles along the ring apron, moving over to consult with Taylor and Lau.]

GM: And it looks like the World Tag Team Champions are going to need to regroup after that flurry of offense from the challengers.

[Walker leans over the ropes, shouting at all three men, causing them to back away from the ring as Lau pulls them into a huddle.]

BW: Here's where it all comes back together for the James Gang, Gordo. When the mastermind gets involved.

GM: Speaking of the James Gang, Brian Lau seems very hesitant to talk about the whereabouts of Brian James, the leader of that group. Do your sources have anything on that?

BW: Oh, I'm not allowed to talk about that.

GM: What?

BW: Yeah, Brian made me sign a non-disclosure agreement before our weekly dinner.

GM: A weekly dinner that he paid for no doubt.

BW: Well, I didn't want to be rude when he offered.

GM: I'm sure.

[After a few more moments of discussion, Wes Taylor climbs up on the apron, pointing at Wade Walker and shouting at the official who finally gets the powerhouse of the Dogs of War out on the apron, leaving it with Pedro Perez pacing back and forth, eagerly anticipating the clash with Taylor. Taylor eyes Perez for a moment, allowing the referee to restart his ten count before he ducks back under the ropes.]

GM: Things settling down now in this one as it'll be Wes Taylor starting things off with Pedro Perez.

[The six foot four Taylor edges away from the ropes...

...and lifts his hand up, stretching his arm to full extension.]

GM: Wes Taylor calling for a test of strength here.

BW: Taylor's got four inches on Perez. Perez might need a step ladder to reach him!

[Perez looks a little puzzled by Taylor's request, looking over to Wade Walker.]

GM: Wes Taylor isn't exactly the likes of Hercules Hammonds inside that ring, Bucky. I can't understand this one.

BW: Just wait.

[The Puerto Rican steps forward, wiggling his fingers, slowly raising his arm as he tries to match Taylor's pose.]

GM: Perez raising his left hand to lock up with Taylor's right...

[And as he does, Taylor throws a left hook that cracks Perez across the cheekbone!]

GM: Oh! Vicious left hook by Wes Taylor!

[Taylor backs off, wincing as he shakes out his left hand. Perez, down on a knee, is holding his face as the son of the Outlaw moves in from behind him. He winds up, bouncing a big forearm off the back of Perez' neck, putting him down on the mat.]

GM: The young man from Phoenix, Arizona puts Pedro Perez down on the canvas... and now he's putting the boots to him, fans!

[The fans jeer as Taylor stomps Perez into the canvas. Grabbing a handful of hair, he drags Perez to his feet, pulling him over towards the neutral corner where he rockets him headfirst into the turnbuckle.]

GM: Taylor turns him around... oof! Back elbow up into the ear! Another!

[Taylor lands a third elbow before the referee steps in, forcing him to back off. He obliges, raising his arms as he does...

...and then charges back in, throwing the hardest back elbow of the bunch up under the chin of Perez, causing him to lift up off the mat before crashing down on his butt against the buckles.]

GM: Running elbow puts Perez down - come on, referee! That's a choke!

[With his boot planted on Perez' throat, Taylor pulls on the rope for extra leverage, soaking up every bit of the four count before breaking just before five. He backs off again, leaving Perez gasping for air down on the canvas as Donovan nods his head, slapping the top turnbuckle in the corner.]

GM: Taylor leans down, dragging Perez up off the mat...

[But Perez grabs Taylor by the arm, swinging him back to the corner. Perez doubles over, slugging rights and lefts into the midsection of Taylor who seems surprised by the outburst of offense.]

GM: Pedro Perez turns it around and opens fire!

[Perez grabs Taylor by the arm, whipping him across the ring...]

GM: Irish whip from corner to corner... Perez charging in!

[The Dog of War takes flight, leaping into the air with a Superman-style spear tackle in the corner!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: That'll knock the wind right out of you!

[Perez hops up on the second rope as Taylor staggers out of the corner, doubled over...]

...and leaps off, hooking Taylor by the hair and SLAMMING him facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: Leaping faceslam... quick cover!

[Perez flips Taylor over, diving across him and hooking a leg.]

GM: He's got one! He's got two! But that's all!

[Perez, on his knees, grabs Taylor by the hair, rifling off a series of quick right hands to the skull before dragging him to his feet, flinging him into the corner before making the tag.]

GM: Oh my! In comes the big man!

[Wade Walker steps into the ring, turning back to the corner where Perez has his boot planted against Taylor's chest, keeping him in the buckles...]

...and Walker SLAMS his arm into the sternum with a massive forearm shot!]

GM: Walker's about the same height as Taylor but he's got about forty or so pounds on him as he lands a clubbing forearm across the chest.

[Grabbing Taylor's hair with his left hand, Walker throws a series of short right hands to the face before the referee steps in.]

GM: The powerhouse of the Dogs of War has Taylor in trouble.

BW: Taylor's gotta get out of that corner.

[Hooking Taylor up under the arm, Walker uses a biel throw to toss Taylor halfway across the ring before he slams backfirst down on the canvas.]

GM: He's out of the corner.

BW: Not what I had in mind, Gordo.

[Walker stomps across the ring, inserting himself between Taylor and Tony Donovan's outstretched arm. Donovan jerks the arm back, pointing a finger at Walker who is staring right at him.]

GM: Tony Donovan keeping his eyes on Walker and the feeling is mutual as the big man pulls Taylor up off the mat...

[Lifting Taylor up under his arm, Walker faces his own corner, dropping Taylor down in a backbreaker...]

...and goes right back up, stepping three steps across the ring and drops down a second time!]

GM: Back to back backbreakers by Walker!

[Walker shows off his power, muscling Taylor up one more time...

...and does a 360 spin before sitting out in a ring-shaking side slam!]

GM: Big side slam... hooks the leg, side press for the cover!

[But another two count follows before the shoulder comes off the canvas.]

GM: Two count only for Walker... and a quick tag to Perez...

[Perez rushes through the ropes, hitting the far ropes, rebounding back into a leaping senton backsplash on the chest, flipping over into another cover.]

GM: Perez hooks the leg! One! Two! No!

[Taylor again kicks out as Perez slams an angry fist down into the canvas.]

BW: One thing you've gotta notice about the Dogs of War tonight, Gordo, is that they want the win. They want the titles. They're not messing around. They're not punishing their opponents to get payback for Carpenter. These are two guys who are focused on becoming the World Tag Team Champions.

GM: And things are going well for the Dogs of War so far in this one.

[Perez pulls Taylor up off the mat, throwing a boot into the midsection. He steps forward, hooking a front facelock...

...but Taylor charges backwards, slamming Perez into the neutral corner!]

GM: Taylor counters whatever Perez had in mind there and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Taking a step back in the corner, Taylor CRACKS Perez with a vicious uppercut that snaps Perez' head back, making him hook his arms over the top rope to stay on his feet.]

GM: Good grief! What a shot that was!

[With Perez dazed, Taylor turns to walk down the ropes, looking to make the tag to his partner...

...but Perez reaches out, hooking Taylor by the ponytail, and YANKS him off his feet, putting him back down on the mat. The crowd cheers the blatantly illegal hairpull as Brian Lau loses his mind over it!]

BW: Listen to these idiots cheering that! That was breaking the rules! Plain and simple!

[Taylor rolls under the ropes, grabbing at his hair as Perez grabs the top rope, stepping up on the second...

...and springs up, swinging his legs between the ropes and driving his feet into the face of Taylor, sending him flying backwards into the ringside railing!]

GM: OH!

[Perez slips through the ropes to the floor, moving in on Taylor, grabbing him by the arm...

...and Brian Lau steps in front of him, waving his arms!]

GM: What the-?!

BW: Get out of the way, Brian!

[Perez shouts at Lau who interrupted his effort to whip Taylor into the edge of the ring apron...

...and that's the only distraction needed for Taylor as he hooks Perez around the waist, lifting him up, and dropping him gutfirst across the top of the steel barricade!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Taylor pushes Perez by the legs, flipping him over the railing into the front row as Lau grins gleefully, encouraging his charge to get back into the ring.]

GM: Wes Taylor rolls back in... and he's telling the referee to count Perez out!

BW: Win however you can, Gordo. Do whatever it takes. That's the James Gang motto to perfection!

[The camera moves to show the man from Candelaria, Puerto Rico sprawled out in the front row. Fans are shouting at Perez to get back up and get back inside the ring as Brian Lau can be heard berating referee Andy Dawson's "slow" count.]

GM: Brian Lau wants that countout too. It's plainly obvious that the James Gang doesn't think they can beat the Dogs of War straight up and they're trying to save the titles.

BW: That's slander right there, Gordo. The James Gang doesn't THINK they can beat the Dogs of War - they KNOW they can because they already have! But you're right. Priority Number One - keep the gold.

GM: No matter what you have to do.

BW: Absolutely! And any champion in the AWA - Supernova, Lynch, even Johnny Detson - who isn't under the same mindset doesn't deserve to have the gold around their waists.

[Taylor climbs to a knee, waving his arm for a faster count as the official gets to three...]

GM: Pedro Perez starting to stir out there. He might have cracked ribs or worse after that hard fall on the railing, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. Cracked ribs might actually be a best case scenario for him.

GM: Taylor continuing to insult the official whose count is at four.

[Out on the floor, we can see Pedro Perez using a grip on the railing to drag himself up to his feet. Taylor is fuming mad as is Brian Lau as the count goes to five.]

GM: Perez on his feet... and he's coming back over the railing, fans!

[Wade Walker shouts encouragement to his partner from out on the ring apron, watching as Perez collapses down to all fours as he clears the metal barricade and the count hits six.]

GM: Perez has got a few seconds left and he's-

[Tony Donovan suddenly comes sprinting in from out of nowhere, burying a punt kick into the ribcage of Perez!]

GM: OH, COME ON!

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers as the official ducks through the ropes, shouting at Donovan who backs off, a grin on his face as Wade Walker comes around the ring, pointing at Donovan. The referee drops to the floor, keeping Walker back as Perez clutches his ribs...]

GM: Donovan saw that Perez was going to break the count and he decided to lower the boom and do more damage out on the floor!

[Taylor approaches the corner, slapping his partner's hand...]

GM: Taylor makes the tag to Donovan...

[Donovan steps around the ringpost, measuring the downed Perez...

...and runs down the length of the apron, leaping into the air, driving his elbow down into the ribcage!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

BW: Tony Donovan putting his body on the line to get a shot in on Perez!

[Perez is wincing, breathing heavily as Donovan rolls onto his back, chest heaving from the impact on the barely-padded concrete floor.]

GM: Donovan's down! Perez is down!

[The referee starts a double count on the two downed competitors.]

GM: Both men being counted by Andy Dawson and I get the feeling that Brian Lau would be okay with that being the result as well.

BW: Number One priority...

GM: Keep the gold. I got it.

BW: Sure, they'd like the winner's paycheck too but sometimes they get the breaks.

[As the count escalates, Brian Lau kneels down next to Tony Donovan, whispering to his charge.]

GM: Get him away from there!

BW: Hey, that's the only manager in the Professional Wrestling Hall of Fame, Gordo!
Show some respect!

GM: I'll show him some respect when he shows the rules some respect!

[The count gets to five as Donovan sits up on the floor, grabbing at his ribcage.]

GM: Donovan climbing off the mat.

[But he doesn't even throw a glance at Perez, rolling under the ropes as the count continues.]

GM: Look! He had all the time in the world to get Pedro Perez up off the mat but he chose not to! He chose just to get back in the ring and try for a countout win again! If his partner couldn't get one, maybe he can? Is that the way it works?

[Donovan steps closer to the ropes, taking a look as Perez rolls over to his hands and knees as the count gets to seven.]

GM: Perez trying to get there... trying to get to his feet!

BW: Stay down, kid. Those ribs are probably splintered into tiny bits right about now and these two are looking to do even more damage, daddy.

[The count goes to eight as Perez pushes up to a knee, looking up at a waiting Tony Donovan.]

GM: The count is up to eight! Perez is running out of time!

[He rises to his feet as the count hits nine.]

GM: Nine! Perez is up but can he get-

[And a lunging Perez makes it under the ropes just before the ten count comes down!]

GM: Oh! He barely made it!

[A furious Donovan rushes in, stomping and kicking the banged-up ribs of Pedro Perez down on the mat.]

GM: Donovan's all over him! Stomping the ribs! Forcing Perez back under the ropes and onto the apron!

"TEN MINUTES GONE! TEN MINUTES!"

GM: We've passed the ten minute mark of this contest for the World Tag Team Titles as Donovan reaches over the top, dragging Perez up to his feet...

BW: He's gonna bring him in the hard way!

[Pulling Perez into a front facelock, Donovan slings the arm over his neck, setting up for a vertical suplex...]

GM: Suplex coming up... Donovan picks him up!

[But as he does, Perez starts struggling - shaking and squirming - as he tries to fight his way out of it. He manages to land back on the apron on his feet...]

GM: Donovan couldn't get him up! Perez fought it and-

BW: He's going for it again!

[Donovan lifts him up a second time, trying to elevate the 241 pounder up and over the ropes...

...and gets a well-placed knee between the eyes for his effort, setting him back down on the apron again!]

GM: Perez fights his way free a second time... and look at this!

[Fire in his wild eyes, Perez grabs a handful of Donovan's trunks.]

GM: Oh my stars! He's gonna try and suplex Donovan to the floor!

[Perez tries to do exactly that, lifting Donovan off the mat with the goal of sending him crashing to the floor..

...but Wes Taylor charges down the apron, swinging his leg up to catch Perez in the exposed ribs with a boot!]

GM: OH! Right into the injured ribs!

[Perez instantly puts Donovan back down on the mat, clutching at his torso. Taylor backs off, taunting the jeering fans, turning his back on Perez...

...who gets up, gets a three-step run down the apron, leaping off his left foot, and DRIVING his right up into the chest, sending Taylor flying off the apron and down onto the floor to a big cheer!]

GM: PEREZ CLEARS OUT TAYLOR!

[The Puerto Rican staggers back down the apron towards where Donovan is standing. The third-generation grappler takes a wild swing that Perez ducks, allowing Donovan to spin all the way in a circle as Perez grabs the middle rope, slingshotting through the ropes...

...and RIGHT into a spear on the spinning Donovan!]

GM: SPEAR! SPEAR!

[Perez rolls off of Donovan, lying flat on his back as the crowd roars for the impactful move!]

GM: Wow! Pedro Perez with the big time counter and once again, both men are down on the canvas!

BW: Brian Lau's out here by us SCREAMING at Donovan, telling him to get up before Perez can make the tag!

GM: They DEFINITELY don't want to see that tag because the big man is fit to be tied!

[The muscular Walker paces back and forth on the apron, pumping his arm as the crowd cheers Perez to get across the ring and make the tag.]

GM: Walker wants the tag! Perez NEEDS the tag! But can he make it happen?!

[Rolling to all fours, Perez slams his fist down into the canvas three times, all sorts of fired up as he tries to crawl across the ring to where his partner awaits, his arm outstretched for the tag...]

GM: Perez is crawling! Desperately trying to get across the ring!

BW: He's got no one to stop him either. He took out Taylor... he took out Donovan! This is his shot, Gordo! A clear path to Wade Walker and just maybe to the World Tag Team Titles as well!

GM: Perez is halfway there, closing the distance!

[Sitting up on the mat, clutching his ribcage, Tony Donovan acknowledges the shouts of Brian Lau.]

GM: Lau's begging Donovan to cut off Perez! Begging him to get over there and prevent the tag from happening! But can he do it? Can he get there?

[Donovan rolls over to a knee, pushing up to his feet as Perez gets even closer, just out of reach of his partner's outstretched hand...]

GM: Perez is almost there! Donovan's on his feet though, moving in and-

[Donovan grabs Perez by the foot, rolling him to his back...]

...where Perez pulls his legs back, using them both to shove Donovan off, sending him flying backwards to the mat as Perez flips back over!]

GM: Perez shoves him off and- TAG!

[A big cheer goes up as Wade Walker slaps his partner's hand, stepping through the ropes. He throws his arms apart, delivering a massive roar as he races across the ring, leaping up to slam a double axehandle into the chest of the rising Tony Donovan!]

GM: BIG HAMMER BLOW BY WALKER!

[Walker spins around, taking aim at Wes Taylor as he climbs up on the apron, charging at him and landing a basement dropkick to the chest that knocks Taylor back down to the floor!]

GM: Wow! Running low dropkick!

BW: Don't ask me how a guy that size pulled that off!

[Walker climbs back to a knee, watching as Tony Donovan pushes up to all fours. The powerhouse of the Dogs of War steps forward, pulling him into a front facelock, hoisting him high up into the air in a vertical suplex...]

GM: He's got him up!

[...and holding... and holding... and holding...]

GM: Look at the power!

[Walker removes one hand from Donovan's body, holding him up with one hand to a big reaction!]

GM: ONE-HANDED...

[He brings Donovan CRASHING down to the canvas with a spine-rattling suplex!]

GM: ...SUPLEX! OH MY!

[Walker climbs off the mat, throwing his arms apart with a loud roar as he looks out at the cheering Los Angeles crowd. He turns back to the ropes where Wes Taylor has scrambled up on the apron...

...and ELEVATES him over the ropes into the ring with a biel throw!]

GM: Walker brings Taylor in as well!

BW: Why?! What a dumb move that is!

[Taylor climbs to his knees, begging off as he moves backwards towards the corner, Walker's eyes locked on him as he approaches.]

GM: Walker's got Taylor in his sights!

BW: Yeah, but Taylor's not the legal man. You can't pin Taylor to win the titles - not right now!

GM: Walker's lost his cool, I think... yanking Taylor to his feet...

[Lifting Taylor up under the armpits, Walker hurls him into the closest turnbuckles, leaning over to drive his shoulder into the midsection!]

GM: That'll knock the wind out of his sails!

[Holding the middle rope, Walker delivers three big shoulder tackles into the midsection of Taylor...

...until a clubbing double axehandle across the back by Donovan breaks it up!]

GM: Donovan from behind!

[Grabbing the arms of Walker, Donovan hooks a full nelson as Taylor - gasping for air - hops up on the middle buckle...]

GM: Come on, referee! Get Taylor out of there!

[Taylor leaps off, swinging his arm up over his head, aiming at the skull of Wade Walker...

...who breaks the full nelson, reversing it and causing Donovan to take the clubbing blow between the eyes to another big reaction!]

GM: HE MISSED!

BW: He didn't miss! He hit his own partner!

[Taylor looks stunned, staring down at his partner...

...and not even noticing Walker rushing him, hooking him with a clothesline, dragging him to the ropes where he throws him over the top rope, dumping him out on the floor to a huge cheer!]

GM: The fans in Los Angeles are feeling it, Bucky! We may be on the verge of the titles changing hands!

[Walker turns back towards Donovan, dragging him up off the mat, yanking him into a standing headscissors. He lifts the six foot six competitor up into powerbomb position, DRIVING him down with a sitout powerbomb!]

GM: POWERBOMB! THAT MIGHT DO IT!!

[The referee dives to the mat!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! T-

[Donovan's shoulder shoots up off the canvas, breaking up the pin attempt!]

GM: OHHH! Donovan gets the shoulder up! Incredible!

[Walker buries his face in his hands for a moment before climbing back up off the mat. He strides across the ring, slamming his own head into the top turnbuckle a few times and with a roar he turns, smashing his open palms down into the canvas, taking aim...]

GM: Walker's setting for the spear! He's setting up for that running spear!

BW: Lau's trying to warn Donovan! He's shouting at Donovan, letting him know that it's coming!

GM: Donovan may be out of it! He may not be able to hear Lau!

[But as the former Team Supreme member climbs to his feet, Walker comes barreling across the ring towards him, taking aim...]

...and Donovan sees it coming, leaping into the air...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUPERKICK! LEAPING SUPERKICK!

[The blow snaps Walker's head back but doesn't drop him, staggering the big man as Wes Taylor rolls back in, shouting to Donovan who gives a weary nod as he ducks down, lifting Walker up on his shoulder...]

GM: Wait a second! Wait a second!

[Taylor steps forward, hooking a front facelock on Walker...]

GM: They've got him hooked and-

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ELEVATED DDT! OH MY!

[Walker's head BOUNCES off the canvas as Taylor drives him down from the lifted position. Taylor rolls back out to the floor, shouting as Donovan dives across, hooking both legs...]

BW: Nobody's kicking out of that!

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: PEREZ! A DIVING PEDRO PEREZ MAKES THE SAVE! OH MY!

[Having flung his weary body onto Tony Donovan's back, Perez rolls off onto his back as Wes Taylor pounds the canvas with clenched fists, filled with fury as he steps back up on the apron, climbing through the ropes.]

GM: This one is breaking down and the referee's losing control!

[Taylor yanks Perez up off the mat, hurling him through the ropes where Perez grabs the middle rope, landing on the apron as Taylor and Donovan turn their attention back to Wade Walker.]

GM: Taylor pulls his partner up, pointing at Walker...

BW: They've gotta finish him now. Hit that DDT again!

[But instead of going for the lifting DDT, they each grab an arm, whipping Walker across the ring...]

GM: Double whip... double clothesli-

[But Walker breaks through their joined arms, hitting the far side...

...where Pedro Perez reaches up, slapping the shoulder of his partner who rebounds off, leaping into the air with both arms extended!]

GM: BOOM! DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE TAKES DOWN THE JAMES GANG!

[With Walker down on the canvas alongside Taylor and Donovan, Pedro Perez takes a chance to stride down the apron, slapping the top turnbuckle once... twice... three times.]

GM: Perez is trying to put this one away... to the second rope... now one foot on the top...

[Perez looks down on the mat, taking aim at his target...

...and leaps into the air, tucking his legs up towards him...]

GM: DOUBLE STOMP!

[But with the move aimed towards Tony Donovan - the legal man in the match - Wes Taylor makes a shocking decision...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RIGHT DOWN IN THE BACK OF WES TAYLOR!

BW: Taylor took the bullet for his partner! He took the bullet for Tony Donovan!

[Perez rolls off, glaring at Taylor. Tony Donovan, saved from the double stomp, rolls to all fours...

...where Brian Lau throws something across the ring towards him while the official is getting Wade Walker rolled out to the floor.]

GM: Wait a second! What was that?!

BW: What was what?

GM: Lau just threw something in to Donovan! What was that?!

BW: I didn't see a thing.

[A fired-up Perez pulls the son of the Outlaw off the mat, spinning him around and hurling him through the ropes...]

GM: Perez tosses Taylor to the floor! Donovan's got... he's got whatever that was...

[Perez turns back towards Donovan, moving in on the back of the kneeling champion as Brian Lau climbs up on the apron, shouting at the official who moves over to confront. Perez looks angrily in Lau's direction, shouting at him as he grabs Donovan by the hair, pulling him to his feet...]

...when Donovan suddenly swings around and BLASTS Perez with a right hand, knocking him flat!]

GM: What the-?!

[Donovan grabs at his hand, flinging something across the ring, sending it bouncing out onto the announce table.]

BW: Whoops! I'll take that!

GM: Hey! Those were brass knuckles!

BW: Huh? No, no... old family heirloom that Tony dropped.

GM: He just coldcocked him with brass knuckles, damn it!

[Donovan dives on top of Perez as Lau points out the cover, dropping off the apron as the referee makes the count.]

GM: Not like this... not like-

[The referee slaps the mat once... twice...]

GM: Come on.

[...and a third time before waving for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Give me a break! They stole this one, Bucky!

BW: Grand theft is a small price to pay to keep the gold. Priority Numb-

GM: Oh, would you be quiet?!

[Tony Donovan pushes up to his knees, arms raised in the air as the fans jeer the official decision being announced. The referee hands one title belt back to Donovan and the other out to Lau who celebrates on the floor with Taylor.]

GM: The party is on here in Los Angeles but... well, you have to wonder how anyone can be happy with a victory like that one.

BW: Hey, Tony Donovan's got the kind of knockout power in that right hand that his father only dreamed of having! If his old man could knock someone out like that,

he might still be in the business instead of signing autographs at the local fan convention!

GM: You know very well that right hand was loaded, Bucky. You know it, I know it, everyone knows it, and... wait a second...

[At Lau's orders, Wes Taylor gets back into the ring, helping his partner to his feet...
...and looking down at the prone Pedro Perez.]

GM: Hold on now. What do these two have in mind?

[Lau climbs up on the apron, directing traffic as Taylor leans down, dragging a limp Perez off the mat...]

GM: Oh, come on! The man is out cold! What more can do you to him?!

BW: You wanna find out?!

[Donovan steps in, ducking down to lift the limp Perez up onto his shoulder...]

GM: No, no... not this! You won! You proved your point! You don't need to-

[Taylor steps forward, hooking a front facelock...]

GM: There's gotta be-

[But before anything else happens, the sounds of "War Machine" kick in again.]

GM: What the-?!

[Taylor looks around in confusion, backing out of the front facelock...

...and the crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Isaiah Carpenter sprinting down the aisle towards the ring!]

GM: CARPENTER! CARPENTER!

BW: WHAT?!

[Carpenter leaps up on the apron, ducking a flailing right hand from an incoming Wes Taylor. He uses his grip on the top rope to slingshot himself forward, smashing a forearm into the back of the head that sends Taylor staggering away from him.]

GM: Isaiah Carpenter out of nowhere and-

[Carpenter leaps to the top rope, springboarding into the air...

...and DRIVES his knee into the side of Donovan's head, knocking him down to the mat and taking Perez down with him!]

GM: FLYING KNEE CONNECTS!

[Carpenter gives a big shout, throwing his arms in the air as he turns back towards the staggered Taylor...

...when Wade Walker comes rampaging across the ring, ducking down...]

GM: SPEAR!

[Walker CONNECTS with the spear, taking Wes Taylor down to the canvas hard!]

GM: WALKER LAYS OUT WES TAYLOR!

[Taylor rolls under the ropes to the floor, clutching his ribs in pain.]

GM: Taylor's down! Donovan's down! Brian Lau is beside himself out on the floor and-

[Lau angrily stalks over to Shane Taylor who had been essentially sitting quietly near the timekeeper since arriving at ringside. He sticks a finger in Shane's chest, pointing towards the ring where Carpenter and Walker are standing, helping Pedro Perez get off the canvas.]

GM: Are you kidding me?

BW: He's a bodyguard! Time to get physical!

GM: He's Brian Lau's bodyguard! Lau's in no danger!

BW: Maybe he feels like he is... maybe Lau's extending his protection to- look!

[While Shane Taylor is looking at the ring with concern, a fired up Pedro Perez is on his feet and is pointing at Tony Donovan. Walker nods, pulling Donovan off the mat and into a standing wheelbarrow...]

GM: They've got Donovan!

BW: Move your tail, Taylor!

[Lau is saying the same thing, ordering Shane Taylor into the ring. With a grimace, Taylor shoves the timekeeper out of his chair, folding it up as Walker prepares to lift Donovan...]

GM: Shane Taylor's got a chair and-

[Sliding into the ring, Taylor comes up quickly, swinging the chair...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STEEL CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK!

[Wade Walker drops Donovan, slumping to a knee as Taylor swings to face an incoming Pedro Perez who leaps up, grabbing the back of Taylor's head, pulling his legs up into the steel...]

GM: What the-?!

[...and falls to his back, pulling Taylor's head down into the steel and then down onto Perez' raised shins!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Perez rolls aside, clutching his shins, angrily shouting at Shane Taylor who flops back motionlessly to the canvas. Brian Lau shouts at Shane Taylor from the floor...

...and draws the attention of Wade Walker and Isaiah Carpenter. Carpenter grins, looking at the powerhouse of the Dogs, and drags a thumb across his throat.]

GM: Uh oh.

[Walker pulls Shane Taylor off the mat, yanking him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Carpenter's heading to the corner... what in the world are they doing?

[Carpenter climbs the buckles, standing facing the crowd as Walker steps to the corner, still holding Taylor up in powerbomb position...]

GM: Carpenter reaching back, hooking him around the head...

[Carpenter kicks off the top, flipping backwards into an inverted DDT type position as Walker falls forward in the powerbomb...]

...and DRIVES the back of Shane Taylor's head into the canvas to a tremendous reaction from the crowd!]

GM: OH MY STARS! ISAIAH CARPENTER IS BACK AND IN A BIG, BIG WAY!

[Lau is screaming on the floor, yanking off his suit jacket, throwing it aside as he looks up at the three Dogs of War standing tall, arms raised.]

GM: Fans, the Dogs of War may have lost this battle here tonight but you get the feeling that we may not have seen the last between the Dogs and the James Gang... not at all.

[A furious Lau turns his back on the ring, snatching up his suit jacket and striding up the aisle. He gets about fifteen feet up it before spinning around, fuming mad as he screams up at the Dogs of War...]

...and about to get even madder as "Sweet" Lou Blackwell slides in next to him.]

SLB: Brian Lau, your sunglasses are smashed... your jacket's on the floor... you are out of control, sir!

[Lau is red-faced and hopping mad as he shouts off-mic at the Dogs.]

SLB: Your tag team champions have retained the titles but they're laid out all over ringside! Shane Taylor took the beating of a lifetime... thanks to you, I might add.

[Lau grabs at the microphone, but Blackwell pulls it away, almost causing Lau to fall forward. At the last moment, Lau manages to catch himself.]

BL: You think this is real funny, don't you Blackwell? Oh yeah, that was hilarious!

Well, let me ask you something Blackwell. Who are the World Tag Team Champions?

SLB: Taylor and Donovan did retain the belts tonight.

BL: Exactly!

SLB: And yet, I have to say, you and your men don't exactly look like winners right now.

[A frustrated Lau shouts as he grabs at his suit coat, fumbling about as he does so, before he finally tosses it on the ground. In fury, he begins to stomp on his own coat.]

SLB: Mr. Lau, settle down! Earlier tonight, you spoke of a big event.

[Lau stops and heaves a big breath.]

BL: That's right. That's right.

You're enjoying yourselves, Dogs? Well, laugh it up boys. Enjoy this moment. Because if it's the last thing I do... you'll get what's coming to you. You couldn't beat The James Gang at SuperClash, and you didn't beat them tonight.

And after tonight... oh, you just wait.

[Lau looks down, seeing his broken glasses on the ground. He grimaces.]

BL: Tonight is our night. Tonight the world gets changed. And trust me when I say this, Blackwell...

Nothing is going to ruin this night!

SLB: And what-

[Lau shakes his head.]

BL: I'm done with you, Blackwell! Just remember what I said-

NOTHING IS GOING TO RUIN TONIGHT!!

[And with that, Lau exits, leaving Blackwell behind.]

SLB: Was it something I said?

[Blackwell turns around with a knowing smirk as we fade to black.]

We slowly fade up from black on the exterior of what appears to be a medical research facility of some sort. Blue lighting on the outside of the building gives it a sci-fi kind of feel.

We cut inside the building where - sure enough - a team of white-coated lab technicians are huddled around a computer screen.

A white bearded elderly man steps in front of them, drawing their attention to this obvious authority figure.]

"Alright, team. We've been instructed to research and reanimate the greatest professional wrestler in history to send immediately into combat. Get to work."

[The authority figure steps aside as the team quickly begins talking over one another as one of the men types into the computer's keyboard.]

"Strength. They need to be strong."

"I'd want someone fast and tough."

"Someone good with their hands..."

"Knockout power."

"The most devastating finisher in history."

[The words get louder and louder, more and more qualities being shouted out. We cut to a shot of the keyboard jockey, typing urgently away as his eyes get wide.]

The reflection of the screen lights up his face as his fingers move at an ever-rising speed, sped up into a blur of motion.

They keep talking... he keeps typing, faster and faster still until...]

“STOOOOOOOOOP!”

[The authority figure steps back into view.]

“Well, what did you come up with?”

[He steps behind the keyboard jockey, peering over his shoulder.]

“Two? They only wanted one.”

[He shrugs.]

“Defrost `em both.”

[We cut to a shot of two figures being encased in solid blocks of ice being plucked by a large mechanical arm out of a carousel of other such blocks of ice. They are placed onto two large platforms as face-shield, haz-mat suit wearing figures step into view.

Closeup on one of the figures as a red laser emits from the “rifle” he’s holding. He turns the tool onto the block of ice, sending up a shower of sparks as the ice begins to melt away.

Another melting ice shot on the other figure.

Closeup of water dripping onto the floor of the lab.

The lasers are shut off as the technicians step back.]

“Here they are, sir..”

[The authority figure steps up, nodding with approval.]

“Good work. Gentlemen, welcome to AWA 2016.”

[The camera rotates from the authority figure onto the now-defrosted forms of Casey James and Tiger Claw. The two Hall of Famers look straight ahead at the scientist. James speaks first.]

“Took you guys long enough.”

[The laugh at the beginning of Ozzy’s classic “Crazy Train” is heard - the song launching in as we cut to in-game footage of the previously-mentioned AWA 2016.

Quick shots of...

Supreme Wright taking down Jack Lynch with the Fat Tuesday.

Cody Mertz of Air Strike snapping Wes Taylor off the top rope with a flying rana.

Johnny Detson and Travis Lynch trading haymakers.

The Gladiator pressing someone over his head.

Supernova diving over the top rope onto Shadoe Rage.

And a final shot of a running Ryan Martinez delivering a Yakuza Kick right into the camera before we cut back to Casey and Claw, the music cutting out. James looks down... then looks over at his friend, looking up and down as Claw does the same. James turns back to the camera and speaks again.]

"Hey, uh... any chance we can get some pants?"

[Cut to black. The title graphic advertising the arrival of the AWA 2016 video game produced by Electronic Arts as "Spring 2016" appears on the screen. A voiceover instructing you to make your pre-order at GameStop now to receive exclusive access to Casey James and Tiger Claw is heard over the graphic...

...and then back to black. As we come back to live action, we get a panning shot of the Los Angeles Sports Arena exterior.]

GM: We are back LIVE here on The X where Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan have retained the World Tag Team Titles on a historic night here in Los Angeles. This building is just a matter of days away now from being shut down and it is our great honor to be here as part of the closing days. These fans have been wild all night long, Bucky.

BW: As the late, great Tupac Shakur said, "California knows how to party," daddy.

GM: I... huh? Moving on, the AWA Director of Operations, Emerson Gellar recently flew to Japan for meetings that he would only describe as "fruitful." Well, we have footage from his trip and what it means for the future of the AWA...and more importantly, the Women's Division.

BW: I couldn't believe it when I heard the news either, Gordo. This is huge!

GM: Indeed it is, Bucky. Let's have a look!

[The scene crossfades to a shot of Emerson Gellar standing behind a podium, in front of a wall with an AWA logo, addressing a throng of reporters and other members of the press.]

EG: When I first accepted this job, I made a promise to myself that I would bring the greatest athletes and wrestlers the world had to offer to compete in the AWA...I would scour the Earth for the bes...and I've come all the way to Japan to get one of the very best.

[Gellar's smile grows.]

EG: This young lady is one of the very top names in all of combat sports. She has been a champion wrestler at every level...a two-time winner of the Empress Cup, the current and reigning champion of Lady's Victory Pro Wrestling and a GOLD medalist in the 2012 Olympic Games! She has been a dominant force in Japanese wrestling from the moment she decided to compete inside the squared circle and I can proudly say she is bringing her talents stateside to the AWA.

[There's some buzz in the crowd as they begin to realize who Gellar has signed.]

EG: Right now, I want to officially announce the newest member of the AWA roster...

...Ayako Fujiwara!

[The camera then swings to the right of Gellar, where we see a young Japanese woman emerging from the side entrance. She is dressed in a knee-length, formal

black dress with a layered skirt and almost shrinks away in embarrassment when the camera flashbulbs go off all around her. But she is no demure flower. She is powerfully built with broad shoulders, thickly muscled arms and tree trunk thighs with a head of wavy, metallic unicorn purple, pink and blue ombré hair that cascades down to her shoulders.

This is Ayako Fujiwara.

She steps up onto the podium with Gellar and takes his hand, bowing deeply to him before turning to the cameras and smiling brightly for a well-timed photo op. Gellar then directs Ayako to the document in front of her.]

EG: Now then, Ayako, if you'll sign right here, you'll officially be a part of the AWA family.

[Ayako takes the pen from Gellar's hand and signs the document as flashbulbs once again go off all around her. Then scene then jumps forward where we see Ayako addressing the members of the press.]

Ayako: Please pardon my English...it may not be adequate.

[She blushes slightly. Actually, her English is pretty flawless.]

Ayako: I joined the AWA because I wanted to help build something great. The Women's Division is young but as Cannon-san showed in the Empress Cup, there is no doubt their wrestling is strong!

[She makes a tight fist and clenches to emphasize her point.]

Ayako: But I will show the world that my wrestling is the strongest! Thank you!

[The scene then once again jumps forward as we cut to a shot of Emerson Gellar standing outside the room, addressing reporters.]

EG: Ayako Fujiwara is a game changer. There's no doubt in my mind she's one of the very best at what she does on the planet...

[As Gellar speaks, the scene cuts to shots of Fujiwara in action with the words "Video provided courtesy of LVPW" as we see Ayako kicking up with her opponent, a Japanese woman with an electric blue Mohawk dressed. She quickly powers up the larger woman and slams her into the canvas with an explosive double leg takedown.]

EG: ...there are things she can do inside a wrestling ring that no one else can...

[We cut forward in the match as we see Ayako double her opponent over with a rolling sole butt that drops her to her hands and knees. Ayako then proceeds to BACKFLIP over her downed opponent, grabbing her in a waistlock and deadlifts her off the ground, bridging back into a ring-rattling German suplex!]

EG: ...and the wrestlers and fans of the AWA unfamiliar with her work will quickly understand that.

[Cut to another part of the match, where Ayako's opponent comes flying off the top rope with a front missile dropkick that sends Ayako tumbling backward but she pops back up to her feet and throws her arms back, screaming in defiance.]

EG: Ayako Fujiwara is a special talent.

[We then see Ayako's opponent fly off the top rope with a crossbody block. However, Ayako rolls through, still holding onto her opponent across her chest and stands up to her feet. She then winds up...and darn near puts her opponent through the canvas with a reverse rotation powerslam as the referee counts the one, two, three. We then fade back to a shot of a smiling Gellar and Fujiwara, both holding up her now-signed contract for everyone to see.]

EG: And I look forward to seeing her in an AWA ring very soon.

[Fade through black and back out to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated. Gordon looks VERY excited.]

GM: Wow! Huge breaking news on the part of the Director of Operations! Ayako Fujiwara, a former gold medal Olympian, is now part of the AWA Women's Division!

BW: Absolutely huge news! It ain't every day that a former Olympian comes to the world of pro wrestling but Fujiwara has been a competitor to watch since she debuted over in Japan. She's a natural for the pro wrestling ring and I can't wait to see her in person competing with the likes of Charisma Knight and Erica Toughill.

GM: Emerson Gellar continues to make waves as the new executive in charge of day-to-day operations here in the AWA with this New Blood Drive he's got ongoing. When you look at the list of new signings and people he's brought back to the AWA over the past few months... competitors like Torin The Titan... like Terry Shane... like Pure X... and of course, like Kolya Sudakov... you've gotta be impressed at what we're seeing out of his office, Bucky.

BW: He's got a knack for this gig, that's for sure. I may not agree with some of his decisions but he's bringing it when it comes to putting together the best roster in all of professional wrestling, daddy.

GM: Now, speaking of the Russian War Machine, Kolya Sudakov, we're about to head back to the ring to see the former National Champion in action as he takes on the undefeated Maxim Zharkov. We caught up with Mr. Sudakov earlier this week to get his thoughts on this showdown - let's take a look!

[We fade up on Kolya Sudakov standing in a darkened gym, throwing rounding kicks into the "body" of a heavy bag, making the bag shift with every strike. His head is shaved, his muscles bulging as he turns towards the camera, his chest heaving from exertion. Sweat pours down his face as he addresses the audience.]

KS: When Kolya was young boy, father took him to military parade. Russia proud of soldiers, proud of those who go to war to fight for our people. As Kolya stand there, watching marching, Kolya see so many medals... so many badges of honor and loyalty.

[Sudakov smiles... an off-putting sight.]

KS: Kolya tell father he want to grow up to wear medals... to wear badges... to have honor. Father laugh and tell Kolya he shall.

[Sudakov's smile fades as he clasps a hand to his chest, tilting his head back.]

KS: Father gone now... but he always watching Kolya.

And Kolya did grow up to wear medals - titles in AWA... titles in Japan... titles in Mixed Martial Arts.

Kolya grow up to have honor. Proud Russian warrior.

[Sudakov lowers his eyes, gazing into the camera again.]

KS: Kolya grow up to wear many badges - badges he wear with honor and pride.

The Russian War Machine.

The master of the Russian Sickle.

The man with more one kick KOs in All Japan Fighting in history.

The AWA National Champion.

AWA Original.

[Sudakov nods.]

KS: Like Calisto Dufresne... like Melissa Cannon... like others, Kolya here on Day One too.

[Kolya raises a hand with one finger up.]

KS: Day One Kolya was here with Uncle Vladimir... in less honorable days.

[He closes his eyes.]

KS: Kolya was here at the beginning. Kolya not always here...

[He points to the ground.]

KS: ...but AWA always here.

[The Russian War Machine clenches his fist, tapping his heart.]

KS: That why Kolya always come back. That why Kolya always waiting for next chance to be here.

Maxim Zharkov...

[A slow exhalation - a hissing sound emits from Sudakov.]

KS: You bring back Kolya as propaganda. You bring back Kolya to stand next to you and drape you with honor... to drape you with Kolya's approval.

Kolya does NOT approve!

Kolya does not respect you, Zharkov. You are embarrassment to Mother Russia.

[Sudakov slightly smiles again.]

KS: You remind Kolya of himself when he was young. When Kolya was young, he let American businessman tell him what to do... where to go... who to fight... how to fight.

So do you.

You cheat to win. You lie to people.

Just like Kolya did.

[Sudakov's smile fades.]

KS: Kolya have hope for you, Zharkov. Kolya have hope that you become next Russian War Machine... next hero to Russian children.

Just like Kolya did.

[Sudakov extends his arm, gesturing with a beckon.]

KS: Come, Zharkov. Come find Kolya. Come FIGHT Kolya.

Prove who you are... as man... as fighter... as Russian.

Prove you are better than they think you are... than I think you are.

Prove Kolya wrong, Zharkov.

[And he spins, uncorking one of his trademark high kicks that smashes into the heavy bag, knocking it off its hook, leaving sand spilling out over the gym floor as Sudakov strides away into the darkness.]

Fade through black and back out to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is our FIVE MINUTE CHALLENGE!

[Big cheer from the LA crowd!]

PW: The rules state that if Kolya Sudakov can survive five minutes in the ring with Maxim Zharkov, he will be declared the winner of the match AND the fifteen thousand in cash!

[Another cheer!]

PW: Introducing first...

[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"

KOLLLLLLLLLLYAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA 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 is no stranger to AWA fans despite his many extended absences away from the squared circle, Bucky.

BW: Former National Champion. One of the longest reigning National Champions of all time actually at 254 days. He beat Ron Houston for the title and lost it on the 4th of July of 2009 to "Hotshot" Stevie Scott.

GM: Since then, the Russian War Machine has made appearances here and there for the company - the matches with Callum Mahoney, his appearance during the Wise Men reign of terror... but tonight, this is very personal for him. It's a matter of pride for him and for his country.

BW: For him for sure. He sees himself being supplanted by a more dominant, younger competitor and he's trying to push that sun back up in the sky to give himself one more day in the sun. But Maxim Zharkov is big enough to cause a solar eclipse, daddy!

[Sudakov reaches the ring, laying his metal chains across the top turnbuckle as he steps through the ropes to cheers.]

GM: Kolya Sudakov was part of the... fight team, I guess you call it... assembled by Jackson Hunter leading up to the Proletariat Challenge.

BW: With the aid of the Russian government.

GM: Apparently... and I think Kolya Sudakov didn't enjoy one second of that. If you think back to SuperClash and-

[The sound of an artillery strike echoes throughout the building, kicking off the "Soviet March."]

PW: And his opponent...

[Enter through the curtains Maxim Zharkov-- the towering specimen from Siberia. A dark teal robe, trimmed in red and gold, conceals his frame. His thickly eyebrowed and mustached face is mostly stoic, occasionally belying a disdain for the American spectators. Behind him, advisor Jackson Hunter, a middle-aged man with a perpetual scowl on his face, briefcase containing the fifteen grand in cash in his hand.]

PW: From Magadan, Russia... weighing 151 kilograms... MAXIM... THE TSAR... ZHARKOV!

[Zharkov, with one swift motion, leaps onto the ring apron, throws his arms upward, casting his cloak off. He quickly steps through the ropes and begins a quick series of last-minute stretches on the corner.]

GM: The 2015 Newcomer of the Year, Maxim Zharkov, looking to make a major impression here at the outset of 2016 by defeating one of the most established names in AWA history.

BW: That's a heckuva point, Gordo. Zharkov is undefeated since his debut. He's got the ever-brilliant Jackson Hunter at his side. He's got a seemingly endless supply of money and resources at this disposal.

GM: Thanks to the Russian government.

BW: Putin equals power, daddy... and Zharkov's got Putin in his corner and he's got power backing him. Already the 2015 Newcomer of the Year, Hunter and Zharkov have got their sights set on some big fish here in 2016 and tonight, he can harpoon a big ol' shark right in the ribcage and show the world that he is the most dominant competitor in all of Russia and maybe the entire world, Gordo.

GM: Bold statement right there and...

[Striding across the ring, Zharkov sticks a defiant finger in the chest of Sudakov, pushing him back a step. Sudakov angrily slaps the wrist aside...

...and then changes levels, diving into a double leg takedown, taking Zharkov right off his feet as the referee signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go!

[Jackson Hunter bails out of the ring as Sudakov balls up his fists, landing mounted punches from the top on Zharkov who raises his arms, trying to cover up as the Los Angeles crowd roars to life!]

GM: Sudakov's got Zharkov down! The fists are flying in Los Angeles!

[Sudakov lands another... and another... and another before Zharkov plants his feet on the mat, bucking his hips up and throwing the Russian War Machine off him.]

GM: Zharkov escapes, scrambling back up off the mat and-

[Sudakov comes up swinging, throwing a right-legged high kick aimed at the temple of The Tsar!]

GM: HIGH KICK!

[But Zharkov is ready for it, dropping back to a knee and then rolling under the ropes to the floor as the crowd "ooooohs" in response.]

GM: Oh my! Sudakov almost caught him with the high kick... and as he's said before, the high kick with the right leg puts people in the hospital... the left leg puts 'em on ice.

BW: But neither one of 'em landed that time, Gordo. Zharkov bailed out to the floor and Jackson Hunter is right there, advising him on what to do next.

GM: Hunter and Zharkov huddled up on the floor... Sudakov's coming after him!

[The crowd cheers as the Russian War Machine exits the ring, circling around the ringpost and coming for the duo.]

BW: He's gotta kill time! He has to try and run out the clock!

GM: I don't think killing time is on Sudakov's game plan tonight, Bucky! He wants the win!

[Sudakov suddenly rushes forward, arm extended...

...and Jackson Hunter shoves his own man aside, getting caught FLUSH!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SICKLE! SICKLE! HE HIT HUNTER WITH THE SICKLE!

[Jackson Hunter is motionless on his back out on the floor as Sudakov looks down in surprise at him.]

BW: What a courageous move by Hunter! He took the bullet for his charge and-

[With Sudakov's back turned, Zharkov hammers him with a double axehandle between the shoulderblades, putting him down on his knees.]

"ONE MINUTE HAS EXPIRED! FOUR MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Four minutes of time left. Remember, all Kolya Sudakov has to do is survive four more minutes and he'll have vanquished The Tsar. But like I said, I don't think

Sudakov is looking to make the time limit... I think he's looking to finish off Zharkov.

[Zharkov slams a hard knee between the shoulderblades, knocking Sudakov down onto his chest on the floor. He grabs the middle rope, stomping Sudakov on the back over and over as the crowd jeers.]

GM: Maxim Zharkov is all over him out on the floor, putting the boots to Sudakov!

BW: And rightfully so! Sudakov put his filthy Commie hands on Jackson Hunter, a fine enterprising capitalist of a manager!

GM: His... what?!

BW: You heard me! This is the perfect example of why the Cold War happened!

GM: You've completely lost your mind!

[Zharkov pulls Sudakov off the floor, rolling him back under the ropes inside the ring. The 6'2, 347 pound Russian climbs up on the apron, ducking through the ropes in pursuit.]

GM: Both of these men, of course, hail from the country of Russia with Sudakov being from Kemerovo while Zharkov comes from Magadan. Both stand an identical six foot two... but Sudakov is giving up close to eighty pounds in there.

BW: He's got a lot more experience though, Gordo. Pro wrestling, Mixed Martial Arts - Sudakov is a champion all over the world in many different fighting disciplines. Make no mistake, this is a stiff challenge for the 2015 Newcomer of the Year.

[Zharkov pulls Sudakov off the mat, using an Irish whip to send the former National Champion bouncing off the ropes, taking him off his feet with a shoulder tackle where he essentially just stands still and lets the smaller man bounce off him down to the canvas.]

GM: Wow!

BW: Just like the Berlin Wall kept all those capitalists at bay all those years! Nothing's getting past that Soviet Wall right there!

[Zharkov stands over the prone Sudakov, brushing imaginary dirt off his shoulder to the jeers of the Los Angeles crowd.]

"TWO MINUTES GONE BY! THREE MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Three minutes left... and you have to imagine that if Jackson Hunter was conscious right now, he'd be telling Zharkov to pick up the pace.

[Reaching down towards the mat, Zharkov grabs Sudakov as he pushes up to all fours...]

GM: Gutwrench applied... look at the power!

[Zharkov hoists the smaller Russian into the air...]

GM: 270 pounds straight up off the mat into the air!

[...and holds him there, showing off his strength to the AWA faithful...]

GM: Just like the legendary gold medal amateur Russian wrestler Alexander Karelin!

BW: I heard Zharkov taught this very move to Karelin.

GM: Give me a-

[The crowd groans as Sudakov goes bouncing off the canvas courtesy of the suplex. Zharkov rolls over, planting his palms on the chest of Sudakov as he presses him down into a cover.]

GM: Arrogant cover by Zharkov... and Sudakov's out at two!

[The crowd cheers the two count as Zharkov pushes back to his knees, sitting on his own legs as he glares at the official who holds up two fingers again.]

GM: Zharkov seems displeased with the count...

BW: He can't worry about that right now. He's under three minutes. He's gotta finish him off and argue with the referee later.

[Zharkov climbs to his feet, looking down with disdain at the former AWA National Champion as Sudakov again rolls over onto his chest, trying to get up off the mat as he pushes to all fours...

...and Zharkov hooks him around the torso again...]

GM: Waistlock this time!

[Zharkov deadlifts Sudakov off the canvas again, hoisting him into the air, powering him higher and higher, holding him up...

...and then drops backwards, sending Sudakov crashing down onto the back of his head and neck with a bridging German suplex!]

GM: SUPLEX!

BW: East German Suplex! He's got him!

[The referee dives to the canvas.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But the shoulder comes flying up off the canvas again.]

GM: NO! Two count only again!

"TWO MINUTES LEFT! TWO MINUTES!"

GM: Two minutes left! Can Zharkov do it?! Can he put him down for a three count?!

BW: That was getting a lot closer, Gordo.

GM: Close doesn't count in this one. Either you win or you don't and if Maxim Zharkov can't finish off Kolya Sudakov in the next two minutes, he'll lose this one.

[Zharkov rolls to his feet again, shouting in Russian at the official who has no response other than to hold up two fingers. The Tsar twists, looking for Jackson Hunter who is still down on the floor.]

GM: Hunter's still down! If Zharkov needs advice, he's going to have dig deep and find it in himself!

BW: This isn't fair to The Tsar, Gordo! He's being deprived of his legal managerial representation! Do you know what would've happened to all my clients over the years if they were deprived of my advice?

GM: They would've won a lot more matches and been spared the expense of your twenty-five percent?

BW: How dare you, sir!

GM: Zharkov climbing up off the mat...

BW: It was only twenty-four. I'm a fair businessman.

GM: Give me a break... and as Zharkov rises, he goes to pull Sudakov up off the mat.

[Dragging the former National Champion to his feet, Zharkov gives a loud shout of "PUSHKA!" as he delivers a hard palm strike to the chest, sending Sudakov falling back into the corner.]

GM: The palm strike - the Pushka as he calls it - connects and Sudakov's in the corner...

BW: The wrong part of the Gulag, if you ask me.

[Stepping forward, Zharkov squares up to throw another palm strike... and another... and another...]

BW: They say it never rains in Southern California but there's a hailstorm of Pushkas lighting up Sudakov in the Sports Arena, daddy!

[With Sudakov reeling, Zharkov leans over, grabbing the middle rope and slinging himself into a shoulder tackle to the gut!]

GM: Shoulder tackle downstairs!

[Zharkov backs off, ready to deliver a second...

...and as he does, Sudakov swings a knee up to greet him, landing firmly on the sternum of the bigger Russian!]

GM: OH! Sudakov caught him with a knee!

"SIXTY SECONDS! SIXTY SECONDS REMAIN!"

GM: One minute left on the clock and Sudakov steps out, hooking the Thai clinch - showing off that MMA background!

[Locking his fingers behind the neck of Zharkov, Sudakov swings his right leg up, pulling Zharkov's face down into a rising kneestrike!]

GM: Big knee by Sudakov!

[He does the same thing, swinging the left leg up this time!]

GM: One from the other side!

[Three more big knees land before Sudakov uses the clinch to hurl Zharkov back into the buckle, a red mark near his eyesocket.]

GM: One of those knees caught him flush! You can see a mark and maybe the start of some swelling around the eye!

[Grabbing the top rope, Sudakov squares up to throw rounding kicks to the body...]

GM: Roundhouse kick downstairs... and another... and another!

[A half dozen kicks to the ribs has Zharkov reeling as the referee steps in, calling for a break.]

“THIRTY SECONDS!”

GM: We’re down to thirty seconds!

BW: Come on!

[Out on the floor, Jackson Hunter manages to drag his limp form off the floor as he watches Sudakov whip Zharkov across the ring, sending him bouncing off the turnbuckles...]

GM: SICKLE!

[The Russian War Machine comes tearing across the ring, arm extended for a potential match-ending running clothesline...]

GM: Zharkov caught him!

[Zharkov wraps his massive arms around the torso of the incoming Sudakov, spinning towards the middle of the ring...]

...but Sudakov slams his head down into the bridge of Zharkov’s nose, forcing a break as he falls back into the corner!]

GM: Sudakov breaks free!

“FIFTEEN SECONDS!”

[Sudakov steps out of the corner, giving a shout as he squares up, pulling his left leg back into a kicking stance. The crowd ERUPTS at the idea that Sudakov is about to unleashed the left high kick on an unsuspecting Zharkov...]

BW: He’s behind you, Maxim!

GM: Would you sit down?!

[Zharkov slowly staggers in a circle, his swelling eye getting worse as Sudakov sets to take advantage of it...]

GM: Sudakov’s ready and waiting for- HIGH KICK!

[But as the kick comes flying at him, Zharkov lifts both arms, taking the kick FLUSH on his forearms!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Zharkov falls back, dropping against the ropes, grimacing in pain as Sudakov looks on in shock...]

GM: He BLOCKED the high kick!

BW: And might've broken his arms in the process!

[The participants and the fans are still reeling in shock at the blocked high kick as a small group counts down, growing louder as they reach the end until...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: That's it! Sudakov survives the five minutes! He made it, Bucky!

BW: I can't believe it... and I can't believe Maxim Zharkov tried to block that high kick - the one that has knocked out people all over the globe in all sorts of rings and cages and Octagons and Hexagons and... - he blocked that kick with his forearms, daddy!

GM: He certainly did...

[The crowd is roaring as they realize the time limit has expired and Kolya Sudakov has become the first to survive the challenge.]

GM: Zharkov is on the ropes, Jackson Hunter is absolutely LIVID... but Kolya Sudakov has done it! He's lasted the five minutes and... Phil Watson, let's make this official!

[Sudakov is still in a fighting stance, ready for Zharkov if he decides to come at him as the ring announcer calls it out.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... the five-minute time limit has EXPIRED! THIS MATCH... IS A DRAAAAW!

[There's a BIG reaction from the Los Angeles fans for that announcement as Hunter shouts at Watson.]

GM: Bucky, in all my years of calling this sport, I've seen many things, but I have never heard such an ovation for a time limit draw!

BW: Wait, wait, wait! We've got to have independent confirmation of the time! I've got my stopwatch out right now and there's still a solid 45 seconds left!

GM: And Zharkov is HOT right now!

[Maxim Zharkov has backed the referee into the corner and is snarling threats to him while grimacing and holding his left arm in pain. At ringside, Jackson Hunter spikes his clipboard to the ground and tears off his suit jacket in a tantrum. Sudakov falls to a knee and rhythmically pounds the mat in triumph.]

GM: And listen to fans here in Los Angeles!

"FIVE MORE MINUTES!"

"FIVE MORE MINUTES!"

"FIVE MORE MINUTES!"

GM: They want more! Kolya Sudakov may be the one to finally have Maxim Zharkov's number! They want to see more just like they did when the time expired earlier tonight! They got their wish then... why not now? Because all they know is that Sudakov had Zharkov on the ropes and hit the high kick and-

BW: Oh, give it up, Gordo! That is just bias, daddy! It ain't a surprise that it was LA sports fans that made the Ruskie stay home back at the '84 Olympics!

GM: And now what's going to happen? Will the match continue? Will they-

[With Sudakov still on his knees, hammering his fist into the mat along with the "FIVE MORE MIN-UTES!" chant," Jackson Hunter slides into the ring...]

GM: Wait a second! Hunter's in and-

BW: Payback's a winter in Siberia!

[Lifting the metal decalced briefcase over his head, Hunter brings it DOWN across the back of Sudakov's neck and shoulders!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY!

[Sudakov stays on his knees, slumping forward as Hunter raises the briefcase a second time...]

GM: And that miserable serpent is being a sore loser!

BW: Zharkov didn't lose, Gordo. He... never... lost!

GM: And...

[Hunter smashes the briefcase across Sudakov's neck again.]

GM: ...Again! This is despicable on the part of these two!

[Hunter rears back and smashes the briefcase across Sudakov's back again, but...]

GM: Oh... my goodness!

[The fans begin cheering as the third attack merely wakes Sudakov up as he stands bolt upright.]

GM: What the-?!

BW: I... what... how in the...

[Hunter drops the briefcase from shock as Sudakov slowly wheels around to face him.]

BW: Get out of there, Jax! Get out! Get out of there!

GM: There's no one there to help you, Hunter. Your client's halfway up the aisle arguing with the referee!

[Hunter sees he's alone and tries to back off. Sudakov takes one step forward, and Hunter makes a frantic circuit of the ring before stumbling through the ropes and falling to the floor ungracefully.]

GM: And there goes Jackson Hunter, running for his life from the Russian War Machine!

[He skitters on the floor on all fours for a few seconds before finding his footing, then legs it up the aisle to a point safely behind Maxim Zharkov.]

GM: And that's very dignified behavior for a former champion-calibre wrestler turned advisor.

BW: The man has nagging injuries, Gordo. You and I both know what Sudakov is capable of!

GM: We certainly do... and now so does Maxim Zharkov, I have a feeling.

[With one hand on the back of his neck, Sudakov holds the briefcase containing his prize aloft, displaying it for the crowd.]

GM: To the victor goes the spoils and for Kolya Sudakov, it's the contents of that briefcase, fans!

BW: This refusnik stalled for time. He ran out the clock! He cheated!

[Sudakov opens the briefcase. At the head of the aisleway, the still-panting Hunter has hijacked a microphone.]

JH: I—*wheeze*—I... I said... I—*gulp*—I said that any American athlete... OR TRAITOR WHO WANTS TO PLAY AMERICAN—*wheeze*...

I said, if they last five minutes with Maxim Zharkov... they win fifteen thousand in cash.

Well—*hack*—Kolya, I never said fifteen thousand DOLLARS.

[Kolya has opened the suitcase; he dumps some colorful money onto the mat in annoyance.]

JH: Congratulations, Kolya: you're richer by fifteen thousand RUBLES. Which is about...

[He pulls out a cell phone and begins to mime punching numbers in. Sudakov kicks the empty briefcase aside.]

JH: 214 Yankee dollars! That'll be enough to pay for the first ten minutes of the American hospital care you're going to need when we're done with you! Because we're NOT done with you, Sudakov.

We are NOT done.

[Hunter is startled by Zharkov plucking the microphone from him. He speaks with unsettling serenity and precision.]

MZ: You tried to dig a grave for me at SuperClash, Kolya; be very careful that you yourself do not fall into it, tovarisch.

[The microphone falls from his hand to the ground as he turns and exits the arena. Hunter dutifully follows behind. Sudakov stoically looks on from the ring.]

GM: Well, fans, it sounds like we haven't seen the last of this one... but on this night, on the AWA's Eighth Anniversary, it is only fitting in my estimation that one of the all-time greats in this company is standing tall! Congratulations, Kolya Sudakov!

[The fans are still cheering Sudakov as he paces around the ring, staring up the aisle as we 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 out...

...and then back up on a glittering crimson cape with the word "FLAWLESS" scrawled across it in shiny silver script. The camera shot stays there for a while as a voice is heard - the voice of "Flawless" Larry Wallace.]

FLW: Travis Lynch wants to be a hero now.

[A chuckle.]

FLW: In the absence of Martinez and his big brother, Travis Lynch has been dipped in the hype machine's holy waters and has anointed himself the man who will save us all from the darkness.

I have a problem with that, Travis.

[The camera pulls up as Wallace turns around with a flourish, sending the red cape spinning about as he faces the camera all alone.]

FLW: I LIKE the darkness.

[A smile.]

FLW: The darkness is what lives right here...

[He taps his chest over his heart with an extended finger.]

FLW: It's what was born on a cold winter night in the Midwest when I was born to "Battlin' Burt Wallace - the toughest son of a gun to ever lace a pair of boots. Ask 'em all. Ask O'Connor. Ask Shane. Ask Weaver. My father was cloaked in darkness and he took it out on every poor soul who got in the ring with him.

But he had a little light in him... even then...

[He holds his fingers up an inch apart.]

FLW: It was my mother. And when she died all alone while my father was out making a double shot in Green Bay, the last bit of light drifted out of him never to be seen again.

And if Burt Wallace was the toughest son of a bitch that Hamilton Graham ever faced before my mother died... then he was ten times worse after that. After that, he took pleasure in tormenting his opponents... in busting them open from ear to ear, watching their life's blood run down their face onto his boots.

And while I may prefer to throw a dropkick than to swing a chair, don't imagine for a single second, Lynch, that my father's blood does not run through these very veins.

[He extends an arm, pointing to his wrist.]

FLW: I'm no stranger to darkness, Travis Lynch.

[He shakes his head.]

FLW: Seeing Juan Vasquez put someone in the hospital doesn't make me cringe. Watching Air Strike get jumped by Taylor and Donovan is just another night at the office. Witnessing Ryan Martinez have his career shortened doesn't bring a tear to my eye.

These are dark times that we live in, Travis... and you're no shining light to make it all better. That's what these people want, you know? They want to be able to look their kids in the eye and say, "Don't worry. Everything's going to be just fine."

"Don't fret. When life gives you lemons, you make lemonade."

"Don't despair. Your heroes may be down for now but they'll always come back."

"And they lived happily ever after."

[Wallace smirks.]

FLW: But that's not reality, Lynch. That's the world you live in. Some twisted fantasy world that your old man built for you. A world where the Lynches are the main course and the rest of us are leftover sprigs of parsley.

A sham. A fairytale.

But your fairytale doesn't get a "happily ever after," Lynch. Your fairytale ends in just a little while with me standing over you, holding the title over my head, and hearing Watson belt out...

"Your winner... and NEW AWA National Champion... "FLAAAAAAAAALESS"
LARRRRRRRRRYYYYYYYY WALLLLLLLLAAAAAAAAACE!"

[A confident nod.]

FLW: I like the sound of that. See you soon, champ.

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit and is for the AWA NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first... he is the challenger...

[The jeers from the Los Angeles 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...

"FLAAAAAAWLESS"
LAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRYYYYYYYY
WAAAAAAAAALLLLLLLAAAAAAAAACE!

[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, looking to put a big dent in the hopes of Travis Lynch for 2016.

BW: Hey, if Stench is too busy wanting to be a hero to successfully defend his title, then I can think of no one better to represent the AWA as champion than Larry Wallace, Gordo.

GM: I can think of about a hundred guys who would represent the AWA better.

[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: The fans expressing their absolute dislike for this young man who certainly took the opportunity handed to him in 2015 and made quite the name for himself. With Hamilton Graham by his side, Wallace seems to get better each and every week although with this big title match here tonight, I have to wonder why in the world he's gotten himself involved in a war of words with Jordan Ohara, Bucky.

BW: Larry Wallace is the kind of guy who can't stand someone with a big ego.

GM: He's... are you kidding me?!

BW: Not at all. And when that punk kid Ohara comes out here and tells people that he's a "once in a Millennium talent..." well, I think that rubs Larry Wallace the wrong way and he's going to show Ohara that Ohara's just like every other young punk who comes into the AWA and gets too big for his designer britches.

[Wallace settles back into the corner, waiting as his music fades...

...and is replaced by Rush's rock classic "Tom Sawyer" which brings the predictable reaction of big cheers from the crowd and high-pitched squeals from the ladies.]

PW: And his opponent... coming to the ring now. Hailing from Dallas, Texas and weighing in tonight at 252 pounds... he is the AWA National Champion...

THE TEXAS HEARTTHROB...

TRAAAAAAAAAAAAVIS LYNNNNNNNNCH!

[Coming through the curtain, 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. The camera cuts behind him, showing his view of the Los Angeles Sports Arena and Travis pauses, soaking up the love from the fans, who are cheering wildly.]

GM: One of the most popular competitors in the entire AWA has just walked into Los Angeles with his mind set on defending the AWA National Title that he won last August in Portland, Oregon! Travis Lynch has arrived and here... he... comes!

[The camera pans back in front of Travis as he breaks into a slight jog. The fans reach over the barricade and slap his arms and shoulders as he heads towards the ring.]

GM: Wow! Listen to the reaction for this young man and you have to believe part of that is because of his bold statement earlier tonight that he intends to live up to his good friend, Ryan Martinez', wishes to hold the line.

BW: Hold the line, hold the line... you know the only line that Travis Lynch holds up, Gordo?

GM: I'm afraid to-

BW: The express line at the grocery store that says 15 IQ points or more! Hahaha!

[Gordon sighs as Travis gets closer to the ring, approaching the barricade, leaning over for high fives and hugs... and a few kisses from the ladies to boot. Hamilton

Graham barks something in Travis' direction as the champion pulls himself up on the apron, yanking 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 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...

...where he drops into a defensive posture as Larry Wallace looked to get in a sneak attack but pulls up short when he sees that Travis is ready for him!]

GM: Oho! Not so fast, Mr. Wallace!

[A grinning Lynch nods at Wallace before removing the title belt from around his waist, handing it over to referee Ricky Longfellow who holds the belt high overhead for all the fans to see.]

GM: There it is, fans... that's what it's all about, the AWA National Title.

[Lynch stands, swinging his muscular arms across his torso as he keeps his eyes locked on Larry Wallace who has dropped to a knee, taking some last minute advice from Hamilton Graham with a series of nods.]

BW: And if Larry Wallace is able to win the National Title tonight, I'd say it'll be because of that reason right there - Hamilton Graham. Graham brings such a level of experience and wisdom to Wallace. Hamilton Graham is a living legend in this sport - one of the all-time greats - and he's forgotten more about this business than most these guys will ever know.

GM: Hamilton Graham also has no love for the Lynch family.

BW: Absolutely not.

[The official hands the title belt out to the timekeeper and calls for the bell to start the match.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go! Twenty minute time limit with the AWA National Title on the line!

[At the sound of the bell, Wallace dashes out of the corner, coming in hot...

...but pulls up short at the sight of Lynch clenching his left fist at the ready. Wallace slams on the brakes, pointing at the hand as he backpedals across the ring to the safety of the ropes. The referee turns to Lynch, warning him for the clenched fist.]

GM: The official already telling Travis to open up that hand. Of course, we know that clenched left hand is the predecessor to the Discus Punch and if he connects with that, Wallace will be down for the sure three count.

BW: If Travis gets to use his illegal punch, sure. But Wallace just showed that it's not going to be that easy. Wallace knows it's coming and he's going to be ready for it.

[Travis reluctantly opens up his hand, shaking it out as he moves from the corner towards Wallace who quickly sidesteps. The two continue on that way for a few moments - Travis the aggressor and Wallace using his speed to stay a step ahead.]

GM: Wallace looks like he wants no part of Travis Lynch, Bucky.

BW: It's a strategy, Gordo. Make him chase you. Wear him down. He's got more muscles - make that heart pump harder to fuel them.

[Finally, the two men come together to cheers from the crowd, Wallace instantly slipping a short forearm up into the jaw of Lynch, sending him staggering backwards. The Flawless One pursues, a grin on his face as he grabs Lynch by the hair, smashing a second forearm into the jaw.]

GM: A pair of forearms has Lynch reeling at the outset.

[Grabbing Lynch by the arm, Wallace cranks it around into an armtwist.]

GM: Wallace going after the left arm, trying to wear it down... big elbow down across the tricep... and another!

[Lynch winces as Wallace grabs the wrist with both hands, giving a hard yank to the limb.]

BW: So much of Lynch's offense is generated by that left arm - whether you're talking about the Claw or the Discus Punch - this is a brilliant strategy.

[Wallace twists the arm around a second time, increasing the pressure on the appendage as he smashes his elbow down on the tricep two more time. Lynch grabs at his own arm, looking for an exit as Wallace keeps him out in the center of the ring.]

GM: Wallace hanging onto the arm as Lynch looks for a way out...

[Gripping the wrist, Wallace looks out to Graham who gives a shout. The second-generation grappler nods in response, looking to crank the arm a third time in the armtwist...

...but as he does, Travis Lynch leans forward, rolling through in a somersault, coming up to his feet, yanking the arm free, and throwing a standing dropkick that catches Wallace on the chin!]

GM: Travis with a dropkick!

BW: What the... how DARE he?!

GM: The possessor of the so-called Best Dropkick In The World just got hit with a dropkick and- right back up now!

[Wallace rushes in on Lynch, showing a flash of anger before a second standing dropkick takes Wallace off his feet.]

GM: Another dropkick!

[Wallace hits the mat, rolling quickly back up, rushing in...

...and again slamming on the brakes, falling backwards and down to the mat as he spots Travis Lynch's closed left hand!]

GM: Whooooa my!

[Wallace rolls under the ropes to the floor, stomping across the ringside area and slamming his arms down on the timekeeper's table.]

GM: Look out over there!

[Wallace grimaces as he glares up at the National Champion who waves him forward, calling out the challenger.]

GM: Travis Lynch isn't done! He wants some more of Larry Wallace back inside that ring!

[Lynch approaches the ropes, shouting over them at Wallace who is standing by the railing. Hamilton Graham approaches his charge, placing an arm over his shoulders and speaking to him.]

GM: A little bit of regrouping going on outside the ring as this can't be going the way Larry Wallace expected things to go right now.

[Wallace nods at Graham's advice, moving towards the ring as the referee backs off the Texan.]

GM: Lynch backs away as Wallace climbs the ringsteps.

[The Flawless One walks along the length of the apron, looking in at the anxious Travis Lynch who is trying to get past the referee. Wallace ducks through the ropes, getting in just as Lynch breaks free, charging at Wallace...]

GM: Here he comes!

[But Wallace catches Lynch coming in with a drop toehold, snapping Lynch's throat off the middle rope. The Texan rolls to his back, coughing violently as Wallace climbs off the mat.]

GM: Nice counter by Wallace, putting Lynch down on the mat after driving his windpipe into the ropes...

[A series of hard stomps follows, forcing Lynch's torso under the bottom rope where the referee steps in, backing Wallace up...

...and allowing Hamilton Graham to pull Lynch's head back, exposing his throat so he can club him across the Adam's apple with a forearm smash!]

GM: Ohh! Graham with a forearm shot across the throat!

[Lynch continues to cough on the mat, grabbing at his throat as he kicks his feet on the canvas. Wallace nods approvingly before moving back in, leaning over to grab Lynch by the legs...]

GM: Uh oh... this can't be good news for the National Champion!

[..and falls back, driving Lynch's throat into the bottom rope!]

GM: Ohhh!

[Lynch is grabbing at his neck, turning red as Wallace gets reprimanded by the referee.]

GM: Larry Wallace with a series of attacks to the throat has left Lynch in a bad, bad way down on the canvas, Bucky.

[Wallace climbs back to his feet, stretching a leg through the ropes to step on Lynch's throat as he hangs onto the ropes for leverage. The referee quickly starts a five count, reaching four before Wallace lets go and Lynch slips off the apron down to the floor in a coughing heap.]

BW: Hold the line? Lynch can't even catch his breath right now!

[Larry Wallace arrogantly strides around the ring, soaking up jeers from the crowd as the referee starts a ten count on the National Champion.]

GM: Ricky Longfellow starting a count but remember, if Lynch is counted out, he'll lose the match and the winner's share of the purse but he'll keep the title.

BW: Just like ol' Blackjack taught 'em.

GM: What are you talking about?

BW: I happen to know that Blackjack Lynch is a big proponent of getting yourself counted out to save the title. The big coward is a fan of that strategy.

GM: So are you! You just suggested that same strategy for Taylor and Donovan earlier tonight!

BW: Where do you think I got the strategy from?

GM: Give me a break! And even if any that bushel of lies were true, there's no chance that's what Travis Lynch is trying to do here. That young man is too proud and has too much heart to do anything like that.

[As the count reaches four, Wallace approaches the ropes, ducking through them and forcing the count to be broken. He stands on the apron, gesturing for the fans to jeer him more and they totally oblige with that request as Wallace takes aim, leaping off with a double axehandle between the eyes of the rising Lynch.]

GM: Wallace takes him down again, this time with a leap off the ring apron... and he's rolling Lynch back in now. He wants that title no doubt and he's going to do everything in his power to claim it.

[With Lynch back inside the ring, Wallace climbs back up on the apron, taking aim at his downed opponent...]

GM: What's Wallace got in mind here, fans?

[The Flawless One slingshots over the top rope, dropping an elbow down into the throat of Lynch. He stays down, applying a side press that Lynch easily escapes at the count of two.]

GM: Two count only off the flying elbow.

BW: Not enough pressure to keep the shoulders down. That was a bad cover and Graham is giving Wallace that feedback right now as only Hamilton Graham can.

[In the form of some angry words in Wallace's direction? Yep.]

GM: Larry Wallace dragging Lynch up off the mat...

[A snapmare takes Lynch back down into a seated position before Wallace drives home a kick into the spine!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Dashing to the far ropes, Wallace rebounds back, throwing himself into high leaping elbowedrop on the downed Lynch.]

GM: Another leaping elbow... and another cover off it. A better cover this time.

[But again, Lynch slips out at the count of two.]

GM: Still just a two count though.

[Wallace climbs off the mat, stomping Lynch in the chest repeatedly.]

GM: Wallace is all over the champion!

[The referee forces Wallace back as Lynch rolls away, getting near the ropes. He pulls himself up, his torso pressed against the middle rope as the official struggles to keep Wallace back...

...which allows Graham to wind up and BLAST Lynch with a right hand!]

GM: Ohh! Big haymaker by the Living Legend puts Lynch back down on the canvas!

[Wallace grins as he spins past the referee, diving into a cover...]

GM: Wallace covers off Graham's right hand... but another two count.

[Graham smirks as he walks around ringside shaking out his right hand.]

BW: It would have been no shame for Lynch to lose the title off a Graham right hand. He wouldn't be the first to go down to that.

[Wallace drags Lynch off the mat by the hair, whipping him into the corner. He backs to the opposite corner, striking a pose to the jeers of the fans...

...and then goes charging across the ring, ready to drive into the torso of Lynch as he doubles up...]

GM: Running tackle in the corn-

[But Lynch kicks his legs up off the ground, allowing Wallace to smash into the turnbuckles...

...and then rolls through over him into a sunset flip!]

GM: COUNTER!! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Wallace clashes his legs together on the ears of Lynch, breaking the National Champion's attempt to put him down.]

GM: No, no! The match continues!

[Lynch is a little slower to rise than Wallace who comes to his feet, grabbing Lynch around the head and neck, dragging him back into the corner where he swings his knee up into the gut once... twice... three times...]

GM: Wallace has got Lynch in trouble in the corner... ohh! Stiff forearm uppercut by the Flawless One!

[Wallace grabs Lynch by the arm, whipping him from corner to corner, sending the Texan crashing into the buckles. The challenger sprints in behind him, leaping up to snap Lynch's head back with a flying kneestrike to the jaw!]

GM: OHHH!

[The blow stuns the Texan as Wallace backs off, raising his hands up to "frame" and size up his opponent...

...and then charges back in, turning to throw a back elbow up under the chin, snapping his head back a second time.]

GM: A pair of high impact blows by Larry Wallace has Travis Lynch reeling as he pulls him from the corner by the hair, walking him out to the middle of the ring...

[Pulling Lynch's arm into a hammerlock, Wallace lifts him into the air, holding the arm before slamming the champion down onto his own arm, sending a howl of pain into the LA sky from Lynch!]

GM: Hammerlock bodyslam... and look at this!

[Keeping Lynch's arm pinned under him, Wallace plants his hands on the shoulders, pushing down in a pin attempt.]

GM: Wallace with a cover, keeping Lynch's arm trapped!

[The referee counts as Lynch struggles to get his arm free.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[At the last moment, Travis kicks hard, managing to get out from under the pin attempt.]

GM: Near fall there for the champion.

[Wallace looks up at the official, slapping his hands together three times quickly. Longfellow shakes his head, holding up two fingers as Wallace climbs to his feet.]

GM: Larry Wallace isn't happy about the count but the match will continue as we start to draw near the ten minute mark of this one.

[Wallace is still barking at the official as he comes up off the mat, pointing a finger in his direction as Hamilton Graham shouts encouragement to his charge.]

GM: How much would Hamilton Graham love to see Larry Wallace walk out of Los Angeles tonight with the National Title?

BW: I don't know if you can measure that, Gordo. Graham thought he'd hitched his wagon to a future World Champion in Demetrius Lake - his star pupil - but when Lake went fleeing from the AWA to Japan, Graham had to look elsewhere.

GM: Fleeing, huh? You think the King would like that choice of words?

BW: He's gotta be here not to like it, daddy.

[Wallace is STILL going at the official verbally as Lynch forces up to his knees.]

GM: Travis Lynch trying to get back to his feet as Wallace moves in on him and-

[The Texan gets cheers as he lands a haymaker into the gut!]

GM: Big left hand downstairs!

[Travis grabs at his shoulder after delivering the blow... and then throws a second one to the midsection!]

GM: Two heavy blows to the gut, Wallace staggering backwards!

[Climbing off the mat, Lynch comes up, lifting Wallace off the canvas over his shoulder and bringing him down on a bent knee!]

GM: Inverted atomic drop!

[With Wallace reeling, Travis backs into the ropes, rebounding back towards the Flawless One...]

GM: Travis to the ropes, coming off 'em and-

[Wallace elevates, extending his legs to their full position...

...and catches Lynch FLUSH under the chin with a standing dropkick!]

BW: DROPKICK! IT'S OVER!

[Wallace seems to think the same as he gets to his knees, swinging his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture before applying a lateral press.]

GM: Wallace makes the cover! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! SHOULDER UP!

[Wallace looks up at the official in slack-jawed surprise!]

GM: Larry Wallace can't believe it, fans! Larry Wallace thought that dropkick would be enough to score a three count!

BW: Why wouldn't he?! It's the best damn dropkick in the world!

GM: Maybe it is but it wasn't enough to get the three count on the National Champion! Travis Lynch is still alive and so is his grasp on the AWA National Title!

[Wallace pounds his fist repeatedly into the canvas as Hamilton Graham takes his turn shouting at the referee.]

GM: Graham thought it was three as well and it was incredibly close!

BW: It looks like Travis subscribes to his old man's other favorite strategy.

GM: What's that?

BW: Buy off the referee. That count was so slow, you could've used an hourglass to time it!

[Back on his feet, Wallace stalks towards the official, forcing Ricky Longfellow to backpedal across the ring, putting his shoulders against the turnbuckles. Wallace sticks a finger in the chest, jabbing it hard into the flesh...

...until the referee slaps his hand away, angrily pointing out the AWA logo on his shirt to a big cheer!]

GM: Oh yeah! Ricky Longfellow letting him have it! He's letting Wallace know that he's an AWA official and he doesn't have to take a single drop of abuse from anyone - verbal or otherwise!

[A shocked Wallace backs off, raising his hands...

...and walks right into a schoolboy!]

GM: CRADLE! ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: He almost got him! He almost got him, fans!

[An irate Wallace gets up, clubbing a rising Lynch with a double axehandle to the back of the neck, knocking him back to the canvas. A few kneeling forearms to the neck leave Lynch facefirst on the mat as Wallace gets up, glaring at the jeering fans.]

GM: Travis tried to get to this feet first to take advantage of the situation but Wallace cut him off!

[Wallace gets up to his feet, delivering two hard stomps to the back of the neck as Graham cheers him on. He leans down, pulling Travis Lynch up by the hair, flinging the Texan into the corner...]

GM: Wallace with the whip, shoots him across!

[Wallace backs into the corner, throwing himself into the buckles, slightly crouching as he measures his target, running from corner to corner...]

GM: RUNNING DROPKICK!

[...but as he takes flight, Lynch pulls himself clear from the buckles, causing Wallace to crash and burn on the canvas!]

GM: He missed! He missed the running dropkick!

[Falling to a knee against the ropes, Lynch is breathing heavy as the timekeeper’s voice is heard.]

“TEN MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!”

GM: We’ve reached the halfway point in the time limit of this National Title match as Larry Wallace just came up empty on that dropkick. And this might be the champion’s chance to get back into this, climbing to his feet now.

[Walking towards the corner, Lynch lays a boot into the gut of the rising Wallace. He grabs him by the arm, shooting him across into the far buckles hard, sending him staggering back out...

...and Lynch ducks down, elevating Wallace high into the air, sending him crashing down into the canvas!]

GM: HIIIIIIIGH BACK BODY DROP BY THE CHAMPION!

[And with Wallace down on the canvas, Lynch raises his left hand into the air, holding it high in Iron Claw position...

...and then wincing as he grabs at his forearm.]

GM: That arm took a little bit of punishment earlier and it may be coming back to haunt the champion right now, fans. He looked like he was thinking about the Iron Claw but at this point, he may be thinking differently.

BW: That assumes Lynch is capable of having more than one thought at once. I highly doubt he's even capable of a half thought. He wasn't even planning the Iron Claw there, he just thought the girls might squeal if he lifted his arm in the air.

GM: Would you stop?

[The Texan turns towards where Wallace is trying to get up off the canvas, dropping into a slight crouch...]

GM: Lynch looks like he's setting up for something, Bucky...

[As Wallace rises, Lynch goes into a spin...]

GM: DISCUS...

[...and then leaps in the air, throwing his leg up and DRIVING his boot into the side of Wallace's cheek!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ...WHAT WAS THAT?!

[The big kick spins Wallace around in a circle as Lynch rushes him from behind, hooking a waistlock as he slams Wallace chestfirst into the corner, rolling back into a rolling reverse cradle...]

GM: White Lightning rollup!

[The referee counts to two before Wallace kicks out, sending Lynch out of the cradle and towards the corner where he leaps to the second rope, pauses, and then leaps off, twisting around to face Wallace...]

...and takes him down with a crossbody!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But again, Wallace slips out of the pin attempt!]

GM: Two count only! Another near fall right there and-

[Lynch is quickly to his feet as is Wallace...]

...but the Texan is a heartbeat quicker, going into a spin as he rises, and BLASTS Wallace on the jaw with the Discus Punch!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Wallace flies through the air, crashing down to the canvas as Lynch grabs the leg, rolling into a back press!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! HE GOT HIM!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The Los Angeles crowd roars as Travis rolls out of the pin, lifting his arms into the air as Phil Watson makes it official.]

GM: Travis Lynch fights back the challenge of Larry Wallace to walk out of Los Angeles STILL the National Champion.

BW: Injustice surrounds us all!

GM: My broadcast colleague is obviously upset as you see Travis Lynch being handed the title belt by the referee.

[Lynch climbs to his feet, staggering towards the corner where he steps up on the second rope, hoisting the title belt above his head to louder cheers.]

GM: A big win for Travis Lynch here on the Anniversary Show, keeping that National Title around his waist and striking a blow against the darkness that seems to be swallowing this place whole at times, Bucky.

BW: Well, I'll tip my hat to him.

GM: You will?

BW: Yep. He managed to climb up to the second rope without falling down and breaking his neck. Better than I would have expected.

GM: You're too much... you're really too much. Fans, let's go backstage to Mark Stegglet who has a very special guest. Mark?

[Fade backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Travis Lynch with a hard-fought win to retain the National Title here tonight in Los Angeles but take nothing away from Larry Wallace who looked to be on the verge of victory at more than one point of the match. Joining me right now - come on in here, sir - is the AWA Director of Operations, Emerson Gellar, and Mr. Gellar, I trust you were watching that last match.

[Gellar nods as he steps into view.]

EG: Absolutely. Excellent matchup and a great showing for both competitors.

MS: I understand you have some news for us right now.

EG: I do... a few pieces of news actually. The first of which is that two weeks from tonight - on March 26th in Denver, Colorado, we're going to see the man we just saw in action - Larry Wallace - taking on another young up-and-comer here in the AWA, Jordan Ohara!

MS: Wallace versus Ohara! That's a big one, Mr. Gellar!

EG: After their recent exchange of words, we wanted to see it, they wanted to see it, and most importantly, the fans wanted to see it so it's on the card two weeks from tonight.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: You said that was the first piece of news.

EG: It is. The rest has to do with my recent trip to Japan. Earlier, you saw some footage from that trip and you saw one of the reasons I was there. But that wasn't the only reason. Upon being named Director of Operations, I had a very important piece of business on my plate that I was finally able to get to... and that was an effort to thaw the relations between the AWA and Tiger Paw Pro.

[Stegglet looks surprised for a moment.]

MS: I see we're using their name on air again.

[Gellar chuckles.]

EG: We are. After a few days of negotiations, I was able to re-open communications with our friends in Japan and I can promise the fans of both promotions that we will make our very best effort in the weeks to come to restore our relationship to something both companies can be proud of.

MS: But we're not there yet?

EG: No, we're not there yet. Some... damage... was done by certain areas of AWA management that needs to be healed. We will be sending some AWA competitors to Japan for some of their upcoming tours as well as setting up a "trainee" exchange where some Combat Corner students will be heading over to train in their Dojo while some of their students will be coming here.

MS: Sounds promising. Now, when you talk about "damage," I assume you're referring to-

EG: The so-called Tiger Paw Pro Four... also called the Japan Four in recent weeks, yes.

MS: Mr. Gellar, we have known three of those four names for a while now. We know that Jordan Ohara was signed from Tiger Paw Pro. We also know that former Global Tag Crown Champions, the Shadow Star Legion, were signed. Can you tell us now who the fourth man is?

EG: Not at this time. The fourth man - it is important to know - was not directly signed by the AWA. He was signed by a talent representative - a manager - who has ties with the AWA and then his contract sold to another manager.

[Stegglet looks confused.]

MS: I don't understand. Do you know who it is?

EG: We do... but there are some final contractual issues being worked out with the competitor as well as his new manager. However, I can say that we have finally received a blessing from Tiger Paw Pro to execute this contract and I hope to bring news of the final member of the TPP Four's debut in short order.

[Gellar waves his hands in front of him.]

EG: But I've got one more piece of news tonight and I don't want all that to get in the way. We have a special guest here tonight who will be sitting at ringside for the big showdown between Torin The Titan and Supreme Wright.

MS: A guest?

EG: A legend. An icon in Japan and in wrestling around the world. One of Torin's very best friends in the world. It is our honor to host him here tonight in Los Angeles... Prince Izumi is here!

[Stegglet smiles.]

MS: A true piece of wrestling royalty here tonight in Los Angeles for the Anniversary Show!

EG: He says there's no place he'd rather be tonight than right here in LA for this big matchup for his friend.

MS: Which just gives us one more reason to look forward to that already-huge matchup. Mr. Gellar, thank you for your time and enjoy the rest of the show.

EG: You too. Thanks, Mark.

[Gellar steps out of view as Stegklet turns back to the camera.]

MS: Lots of big news there out of the Director of Operations and you have to wonder if the presence of Prince Izumi will have an impact on that matchup coming up in mere moments. Fans, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, it'll be Torin The Titan taking on former World Champion Supreme Wright and believe me, you do NOT want to miss that!

[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 from black on a closeup of... feet. Big feet. Giant feet.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, joining me at this time...

[The camera slowly pans up, showing massive calves... enormous knees and thighs...]

SLB: One of the largest men I've ever been around...

[A mammoth midsection... a chest as broad as the mighty Mississippi...]

SLB: A man who stands beside me just moments away from his AWA debut against a former World Champion...

[And finally his face, smiling as he looks down at the camera. His tremendous head of curly hair is the cherry on top. He lifts a huge arm, setting it down on the shoulder of Blackwell who buckles a bit under it.]

SLB: Easy, big fella. I'm hoping your reputation is true and that you are a gentle giant.

[A thunderous laugh comes from Torin The Titan.]

TTT: HO HO HO!

[The heavy French accent even affects the booming laugh that causes Blackwell to jump even though he knows it's coming. Torin stands in a black double-strapped singlet that extends down to mid-thigh, showing off his massive form. Truly gigantic.]

SLB: Torin, when you came here tonight to the Eighth Anniversary Show, you know you were going to compete but you couldn't have had any idea... not a clue... who you were going to face.

[Torin keeps smiling.]

TTT: SURPRISE!

[Lou flinches before chuckling.]

TTT: Mr. Gellar tell Torin to come to America... come to Los Angeles for first match in AWA, and Torin is here.

SLB: Were you asked about a possible opponent?

[Torin nods.]

TTT: I told Mr. Gellar no matter who I face... no difference.

SLB: No difference? You don't care who your opponent is?

[Torin laughs again.]

TTT: HO HO HO! Torin has faced many great wrestlers - all over world - and result always same. They go down... I raise hand.

[He raises the hand, causing the camera to pull back even further to get all of his frame in the shot, exposing a boom mic.]

SLB: No offense, Torin, but this isn't just anyone you're facing tonight. You're facing Supreme Wright. A two-time AWA World Champion. One of the greatest wrestlers in the world.

[Torin's smile fades.]

TTT: You not wrong, Lou Blackburn.

SLB: Blackwell.

TTT: Hm?

SLB: Doesn't matter. You say I'm not wrong?

TTT: Supreme Wright is good. Supreme Wright is great. You say he one of greatest in the world? You are right.

[Torin leans back, crossing his massive arms across his equally massive chest.]

TTT: But he's no giant.

SLB: Ever heard the story of David and Goliath?

TTT: Takehara-san?

[Torin grabs at the side of his neck reflexively, perhaps remembering some Mongolian chops from long ago.]

SLB: No, no... I... well, Torin, tonight is a big night for you... maybe even a GIANT night. In mere moments, you're going to make your debut here in the United States against one of the best in the world and no matter the outcome, I daresay it's going to be very, very memorable.

[Torin nods again.]

TTT: For Torin, it's night to never forget. For Wright, it's night he can't remember.

HO HO HO!

[Blackwell turns back to the camera.]

SLB: This... this is going to be something else. Fans, let's go to the ring for this... giant... showdown!

[We fade to a panning shot of the Los Angeles Sports Arena crowd, many waving their arms, trying to get their moment of fame on camera before we fade again, this time to Phil Watson standing in the ring.]

PW: The following Special Attraction Match is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first...

"READY...HUT!"

["Jesus Walks" by Kanye West begins to play over the PA system as the crowd roars with massive boos.]

GM: Torin The Titan isn't the only one surprised to see this match happening here tonight, fans. I have to be honest - when Torin The Titan's debut was announced for here in Los Angeles, I assumed he would be facing... well...

BW: Some scrubs off the street?

GM: Not exactly but I certainly didn't expect his debut to be against someone the caliber of Supreme Wright, a former World Champion.

BW: Everyone's surprised by this! Me, you, Torin, Blackwell, and you better believe Supreme Wright! Emerson Gellar is on a power trip - plain and simple. He's doing this just to show he can.

GM: Well, Bucky, you can't deny the appeal of the matchup.

BW: Absolutely not. But I also can't deny that ANYONE facing a 7'2", 472 pound giant should get plenty of notice to prepare. Supreme Wright CAN'T be ready for this match, Gordo... there's no way.

GM: Wright didn't have to compete tonight. He chose to... and he chose to say it didn't matter who he faced.

[The boos get louder as a small contingent of Team Supreme members in silver and red tracksuits, totaling only about a half dozen, step 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 WRRIIIIIIIIGHTTTTT!!!!

[...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: And where Supreme Wright is, you know Team Supreme isn't far behind. Bucky, let's go back to the Emerson Gellar conversation for a moment. This whole conflict between Wright and Gellar began when Wright demanded a shot at the World Title.

BW: A shot he deserves.

GM: So he claims. But Emerson Gellar made some good points as well. Supreme Wright LOST at SuperClash... and while it was a fantastic battle, he still lost! How does that put him at the top of the line for a shot at Johnny Detson and the World Title?

[As he passes by his charges, Team Supreme follows him towards the ring.]

BW: He's Supreme Wright, arguably the best in-ring professional wrestler in the world. He's Supreme Wright, a former two-time AWA World Champion. You find me someone better.

GM: That's not my job - it's the job of the Championship Committee along with Director of Operations, Emerson Gellar, who have selected Travis Lynch two weeks ago and Calisto Dufresne later tonight.

BW: Neither of which should have gotten a shot before Wright in my opinion.

GM: Your opinion, I'm afraid, nor mine for that matter count in that situation.

[Supreme 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.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The cheers start immediately!]

PW: He stands seven foot two inches tall... he weighs in at 472 pounds... from Nice, France... the one... the only... the GIANT of professional wrestling...

TORRRRRRRINNNNNNN THE TIIIIIIIIITAAAAAANNNNN!

[The crowd rises to their feet, craning their necks to get a look at the mammoth chunk of humanity walking through the curtain. He has no music. He needs no music to herald his arrival.]

He simply appears, towering over everyone as he strides down the aisle towards the ring. He veers to the side, using his massive arm to reach out his hand to those alongside the railing striving to touch the Eiffel Tower.]

GM: My oh my...

BW: Look at the size of this guy.

[The cameraman is positioned low, looking up at the Titan as he walks slowly down the aisle towards the ring. A quick camera cut to the ring shows Wright still shadow-boxing. To his credit, he looks unrattled... but instead, he looks prepared... always prepared for battle.]

GM: Torin The Titan announced his signing with the AWA back in November at SuperClash and finally, his debut has arrived.

[Reaching the ring, Torin climbs the ringsteps, eyes now locked on Supreme Wright who has settled back into the corner. Cain Jackson and Matt Lance are out on the floor now - the latter of which is talking a mile a minute to his trainer and mentor as the Titan swings one of his tree trunk legs over the top rope, stepping into the ring to cheers. He smiles at the crowd's reaction, raising one arm into the air to an enormous cheer.]

GM: And the fans here in Los Angeles are certainly behind Torin The Titan tonight in this one.

[Standing in his singlet - not bothering with special "entrance attire" - Torin is ready for action as he stands just a step out of the corner, arms crossed over his chest as he looks across at Wright who starts to bounce from foot to foot, swinging his arms across his torso, getting loose and ready for battle.]

GM: You can feel the tension - the electricity in the air for this one, fans... and joining us at ringside...

[A quick cut shows Japanese legend Prince Izumi on his feet, applauding the American debut of his long-time friend Torin. He gives a big smile to the giant who looks his direction with a slight bow of respect.]

GM: ...an absolute legend of the ring in Japan and all over the world, Prince Izumi! It's great to see Izumi-san back at an AWA event, Bucky.

BW: Huh? Oh, yeah, great.

GM: Distracted?

BW: How can you not be? You've got a legitimate freak of nature standing in that ring in front of us. He's... he's...

GM: A giant.

BW: Well, that much is obvious but... I don't know, Gordo... the words escape me.

GM: Now THAT'S a first.

[Turning back towards the ring, Torin's eyes lock on Wright as referee Davis Warren signals both men out to the center of the ring...]

GM: The referee calling them to the middle, going over some last minute instructions...

[Or to give the ultimate photo op to the masses as we see the 7'2" Torin towering over the 6'3" Wright, looking down on the former World Champion. The fans are buzzing with anticipation at the scene as the camera cuts closer, showing the staredown as Warren speaks to both men...]

GM: This is a sight to see, Bucky.

[Upon completion, Warren gestures the two men apart and back to their respective corners.]

GM: Alright... the time has come...

BW: It feels like a title match atmosphere in here, Gordo. The fans are buzzing... everyone's been waiting for this one all night. I can play this one out in my head, Gordo, but I can't figure out what we're about to see. I can't imagine...

GM: Sorry to interrupt, Bucky, but you're not going to have imagine for much longer because...

[Warren takes a deep breath and then signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HERE! WE! GO!

[Wright comes quickly out of the corner as Torin strides two steps forward. The undefeated three-time state wrestling champion in Louisiana makes a lunge at the legs, showing his four-time All-American skills as he wraps up the tree-trunk like limbs, trying to secure a takedown.]

GM: Wright right out of the gates, trying to use those amateur skills to take Torin off his feet...

BW: I can't imagine that this is going to work no matter how skilled Wright is on the canvas.

[Torin stands tall, looking down as Wright works to improve his leverage, trying to get enough to upend the giant...

...who suddenly reaches out, grabbing Wright's head and pressing it into his knee. He lifts his leg high...]

GM: Torin with the counter!

[...and SLAMS his foot down into the canvas, smashing Wright's head into his knee and sending him sprawling backwards, down to the canvas. The crowd cheers in surprise as Torin stands tall, shaking his head at Wright who slides backwards a few feet, looking up at the towering giant.]

GM: Wow.

BW: My thoughts exactly.

GM: Torin The Titan just shrugged off a world-class level grappler like he was... what? I don't even know how to describe it.

BW: Don't count out Wright yet, Gordo. You know he never comes with just one gameplan. He's going to have a half dozen floating around that steel trap mind of his.

GM: You're absolutely right about that and as the former World Champion gets to his feet, you know he's thinking about what comes next.

[Wright stands near the ropes, his mind processing what just happened as Torin steps forward, extending an arm and summoning Wright forward with a sharp and loud "COME!"]

GM: Torin's not done with Wright. He wants another piece of the former World Champion.

[The former Combat Corner student changes level, coming in lower towards the giant who has to reach down in an effort to get at him. Torin's outstretched arms whiff over the head of Wright as he slips in behind the giant, trying to secure a rear waistlock...]

GM: Wright with the go-behind, relying again on his amateur wrestling background, trying to find a way to get the giant off his feet...

[But this one seems like a poor idea as Torin takes two steps backwards, forcing Wright to go with him...

...and with a bellow, he DRIVES Wright backfirst into the corner, pinning him underneath 472 pounds!]

GM: OHHH!

[Torin slowly turns around, using a massive palm to the chest to keep Wright against the buckles as he raises the other hand...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and delivers a THUNDERCLAP of an overhand slap to the chest of Wright!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

BW: He might've caved his sternum in, Gordo!

[Wright recoils in pain, clinging to the top rope as the referee steps in, asking Torin to back off. The giant obliges, raising his massive hands and backpedaling away as Cain Jackson shows concern from the floor, asking his leader if he's okay.]

GM: This is a sight to see, Bucky. I can't believe what we're even seeing so far!

[With the giant walking around the ring, waving to the cheering fans, Supreme Wright decides that desperate times call for desperate measures as he does something completely out of the ordinary for him, hopping up onto the middle rope.]

GM: What in the...?!

BW: Wright's gotta change it up! Nothing is working so far and-

[As Torin turns back around, Wright leaps off clumsily, smashing a forearm into the jaw of the giant, causing him to stumble back two steps.]

GM: Wright lands that one!

BW: He didn't get all of it but he got enough!

[The crowd is surging to their feet as Wright grabs a handful of curly hair, teeing off with a series of forearm strikes to the side of the head, hammering the giant with all he's got!]

GM: WRIGHT'S GOT HIM! WRIGHT'S POUNDING THE GIANT!

[Torin's eyes are clenched as Supreme Wright rains down blow after blow after blow on his massive skull...]

BW: He's got him reeling, Gordo! Wright's got the giant in trouble!

[...or not. Torin snaps upright, slapping Wright's arm away as he grabs him by the back of the head with both hands and delivers a CRUSHING headbutt alongside a loud "DAAAAAAAAAH!" The headbutt sends Wright flying through the air before collapsing down to the canvas as the crowd buzzes in shock.]

GM: Oh my stars! It looked like Supreme Wright was getting control of this situation but one blow... one mighty headbutt from Torin The Titan just completely upended the former World Champion!

[Torin steps away, shaking his head back and forth as he tries to clear the cobwebs from Wright's flurry of offense.]

GM: He might have escaped but Torin The Titan took some damage right there at the hands of Wright.

BW: He did, he did... he's obviously a little wobbly after those forearms to the skull that would've flattened a normal man.

GM: But as we're quickly seeing and learning, Torin is no normal man.

BW: No, he's a damn freak of nature who has no business inside a professional wrestling ring!

[Wright takes a knee on the mat, grabbing at his skull, planting a hand on the canvas to keep his balance.]

GM: Wright took the worst of that exchange, I think.

BW: Do you? He got hit in the head with the equivalent of a wrecking ball! Of course he took the worst of it! Wright deserves a damn medal for getting in the ring with this monstrosity!

[Pushing up to his feet, Wright steadies himself before advancing on Torin who is moving back towards the middle of the ring. The former World Champion strikes a martial arts pose, staying back a bit as Torin lunges at him.]

GM: Torin takes a swing but Wright avoids it.

[Torin reaches out with both hands but Wright ducks under, coming out the other side with a beckon.]

GM: Wright's making Torin chase him a bit now, trying to wear out the giant perhaps.

BW: Smart move. Keep 'em coming, kid.

[Torin angrily throws a haymaker that Wright ducks under, dancing to the side and throwing a quick back elbow into the ribs.]

GM: That was more like a bee sting than a blow of actual substance. Wright just trying to unnerve the giant now.

[The giant turns again, glaring at Wright who is bouncing from foot to foot, waving him forward. Torin lumbers ahead, reaching out with both arms to try and tie up Wright but the smaller competitor pulls off a spin move worthy of Kobe Bryant, ending up behind Torin where he lashes out with a stiff kick to the inside of the left knee.]

GM: Oh! Leg kick by Wright!

[Torin grimaces as he turns, getting hit with a quick right-legged kick to the inside of his right knee and a left-legged kick to the outside of the same knee.]

GM: Wright with a couple more leg kicks...

BW: Yes, yes! Chop the redwood down!

[The Titan surges forward again, reaching out with both hands but Wright ducks under, coming up with another pair of leg kicks... and another as Torin turns around.]

GM: The giant is having trouble with these leg kicks! Wright may have found the answer!

[Wright gets the cheers of his Team Supreme brethren as he dances away from Torin, staying just beyond the giant's reach while peppering him with leg kicks, continuing to slow down the giant...]

GM: Torin can't get a hold of Wright and- another leg kick!

[Torin grimaces, grabbing at his lower leg as Wright steps back, takes aim, and snaps off a VERY hard kick to the back of the left knee, causing Torin to stumble forward, sinking down to a knee to a BIG reaction from the Los Angeles crowd!]

BW: HE'S DROPPED THE GIANT!

GM: Torin dropping to a knee - the legs are taking a tremendous amount of punishment at the hands of Supreme Wright and those legs have to do a lot of work to carry around nearly five hundred pounds!

[With Torin on his knee, Wright steps forward, swinging his right arm from waaaaay back, popping the giant on the jaw!]

GM: Forearm strike by Wright!

[Wright winds up again, bouncing an elbowstrike off the temple!]

GM: Elbow to the skull!

[Stepping back, Wright takes aim...

...and then steps forward, throwing a roundhouse kick that connects FLUSH with the back of Torin's skull, causing the giant to slump forward, planting a hand on the mat to stay on a knee!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE'S GOT THE GIANT STUNNED!

BW: I can't believe it! Supreme Wright's gonna knockout the giant!

[Grabbing the back of Torin's head and locking his fingers together, Wright swings his knee up, slamming Muay Thai style knees into the head of the giant, one after another - alternating legs to bring them from different angle and land on different areas!]

GM: KNEES TO THE HEAD!

[After a half dozen knees, Wright breaks the grip, holding the back of the head with just his left hand as he starts snapping Torin's head back with a series of vicious European uppercuts!]

GM: UPPERCUT AFTER UPPERCUT IN THE CENTER OF THE RING!

BW: Torin's lights are being turned out in front of the entire world, daddy!

GM: Supreme Wright is physically dominating the giant in the middle of the ring and we may be on the verge of seeing history, fans!

[Switching his attack again, Wright starts rearing back his right arm, throwing the elbowstrikes into the temple, the jaw, the forehead. He doesn't seem to care about a target, growing with intensity and ferocity with each blow landed on the giant's massive skull!]

BW: Torin's going down, daddy!

GM: Not yet he isn't! The giant is down on a knee, barely able to stay there under this brutal assault from the two-time former World Champion! Supreme Wright has got Torin in a bad position though and-

[Wright steps back, going into a short and quick spin, and BURIES another elbowstrike into the temple, causing Torin to tip sideways, just barely staying up by putting his right hand on the canvas!]

GM: TORIN IS IN TROUBLE! HE'S ALMOST DOWN!

[The former World Champion turns away, shouting at the camera.]

"ARE YOU WATCHING, GELLAR?! ARE YOU WATCHING?!"

[He turns back towards the giant, looking to finish him off..]

...and the crowd ERUPTS as the giant comes off his feet, grabbing the former World Champion by the throat!]

GM: OH MY STARS! TORIN'S UP! THE GIANT IS UP! THE GIANT IS-

[The Titan hoists Wright into the air, lifting him skyward at full arm extension, holding the former World Champion with a hand on his lower back to keep him up so all can see, pivots slightly towards the center of the ring...

...and PLANTS him in the middle with a chokeslam!]

GM: CHOKESLAM! CHOKESLAM!

[The 472 pounder keeps his hand down on the chest, pinning Wright down to the canvas!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[The crowd buzzes in anticipation of Wright somehow... somehow kicking out in time...

...but he doesn't as the official hits the mat a third time!]

GM: OH MY STARS, IT'S OVER!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Torin The Titan rises off the mat, raising his arm in triumph as the referee points at him and Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Your winner of the maaaaatch...

TOOOOORRRRRINNNNN THE TIIIIITANNNNNNNN!

[The giant raises his other arm, holding them both in the air in victory as the crowd goes wild.

Cut to a shot in the crowd, a young man with his jaw hanging open at what he just saw.

Cut again - this time to a couple hugging one another, jumping up and down in joy over the surprise victory.

Cut. A college-aged kid wearing a Team Supreme t-shirt looks dejected.

Cut. The giant-sized grin of Torin lighting up the arena as he looks out on the fans, waving a baseball-mitt sized hand.

Cut to a few fans coming over the railing, sliding into the ring to jump up and down with a grinning Torin as Wright rolls from the ring.]

GM: I can't believe it! I simply cannot believe it!

BW: This is... what just happened, Gordo?

GM: This truly IS a night we'll always remember as Torin The Titan - in his AWA debut - has defeated Supreme Wright in less than... what was it? Five minutes?! Incredible!

[More fans are coming over the railing now, joining Torin's party inside the ring. Security is rushing to ringside to keep some at bay as others make it past them into the ring, jumping up and down in jubilation with the gentle giant as he smiles at the party in his honor.]

GM: The fans are dancing in the aisles and in the ring! What a moment for Torin The Titan! What a moment for us all! Fans, we've got to take a break and get this under control but we'll be right back with Juan Vasquez taking on an AWA Original in Sweet Daddy Williams! You do NOT want to miss that!

[The party is still going in the ring as we slowly 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 Steglet, 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 then back up on Sweet Daddy Williams.

Williams does not look happy. He doesn't have his usual beaming smile on his face. He's not laughing or joking with an interviewer.

He's alone. In a t-shirt and jeans. And clutching a t-shirt in his hands.]

SDW: Eight years. Eight years since I first laced a pair of boots for the AWA and got my first paycheck from 'em. Hell, I guess I was an old man even then. I had been all over the South, wrestling for years. If someone had a name in this business and stepped into a squared circle south of the Mason-Dixon Line, you could bet your butt that ol' Sweet Daddy would be there to fight 'em.

I won some... lost some too. I held a few titles here and there but as my old man used to say, "The only belt you need to feel like a man is the one that holds up your pants when you go to work."

[Williams reaches down, patting his ample midsection where a leather belt is holding up his jeans.]

SDW: The old man was right about that. He was gone by the time I'd signed my contract to come wrestle here. Never got a chance to see his boy make it to the big time.

[The veteran tilts his head back, looking towards the ceiling.]

SDW: But I know he's always in my corner. He's always got my back. Eight years ago, he was in my corner... and tonight, he'll be here too.

Eight years ago, none of us knew what we were getting into. All we knew is that some guys who'd been successful in Los Angeles were dangling some money in front of us to try to make something succeed.

Not too many of us left from that night though. Dufresne... Sudakov... a few others... my baby girl, Melissa...

[He smiles.]

SDW: You weren't there that night, Vasquez.

[He nods once.]

SDW: You hear me? You WEREN'T there. But you came along soon enough... as soon as you got the smell in the air that something big might be happening down to Dallas. I didn't see it then, Vasquez... but I see it now. Back then, I was just happy to have you here. I was one of the first to walk across that locker room, shake your hand, and say "Welcome to the AWA, friend."

Friend.

[He shakes his head.]

SDW: Seems like an eternity ago now. Back then, you said you wanted to be a part of something special... that you wanted to help put this company on the map... and that's what happened. You and Stevie...

[The AWA fan favorite whistles through his teeth.]

SDW: You two were a sight to see, my man... and when you two were done, the AWA was on the map for good. So, for that... I suppose I owe you one word.

"Thanks."

No matter why you did it... no matter how much you were getting paid to do it... you did it. You did it for yourself... and I like to think you did it for the rest of us too. Your friends.

[Williams pauses, clenching his jaw.]

SDW: But now I know better. Now I know that you... you never had any friends. You never had any allies. You had people you needed to accomplish something. You had people that you wanted to USE to make something work for you.

Me, Eric, 'Nova... even people who you swear were like brothers to you... Luke and the rest.

Did any of us ever really mean anything to you, kid?

[He grimaces.]

SDW: Don't answer that. I don't want to know for sure. I want to try and remember the way things were... the good times...

Last year, I tried to hang 'em up... I tried to walk away. I thought my body was failing me and that I didn't have the fight left in me anymore.

[Williams raises a hand, pointing a finger at the camera.]

SDW: Maybe I'm too old for this crap... the travel, the politics, the kids trying to make a name for themselves at everyone's expense... maybe I'm too old for all of that... but I'm NOT too old to kick your ass, Vasquez!

I'm glad I'm still here... I'm glad I didn't walk away because I couldn't have stood sitting at home, watching your smug face on TV, and not being able to do anything about it.

That's what Ryan's doing tonight. He's sitting at home. And that's thanks to you.

That's what Alex is doing now. He's sitting at home. And that's thanks to you.

[He looks down, shaking his head for a moment.]

SDW: But by the time we're done tonight, you're the one who is gonna be sitting at home... and that's going to be thanks to me. Because I may not have much left in the tank but I'll be damned if I ain't gonna spend every drop of what's there to make you wish you'd never stepped foot in the AWA.

These kids in the locker room are talking about holding the line... saying we gotta hold the line for Ryan... that we need to stand strong together and make sure that people like you don't take over.

I'm not sure I've got that in me. I'm not sure I can stand with them much longer. I don't know if I'll be still holding the line when Ryan comes back to put what's left of ya on ice.

[Williams turns slightly, gesturing behind him.]

SDW: But they gotta see... the kids gotta see... Travis, Jordan, Supernova... even my boy, Willie... he's gotta see that it's not impossible. They gotta see that when things are at their darkest, even one guy with a burning torch makes a difference. They gotta see that when guys like me and Alex are gone, that they're the next generation... that they're the ones who have to be ready to shine the light.

Travis... Jordan... 'Nova... the rest, I know they'll be back here watching... and Willie's going to be out there with me watching. My blood. My son. He's going to see that when I'm gone, he's gotta keep it going. He's gotta bring the fight. He's gotta shine the light.

[A pregnant pause as Williams closes his eyes.]

SDW: Juan Vasquez, I'm no fool. I know that you're a former World Champion. I ain't never gonna be. I know that you're a Hall of Famer. I ain't never gonna be. And I know that there's a chance that you might pick me up, drop me on my head, and make this my last night lacin' a pair of boots.

But it ain't gonna be.

[Williams shakes his head, eyes closed again.]

SDW: It AIN'T gonna be.

[Still shaking his head.]

SDW: IT AIN'T GONNA BE!

[And still shaking it. Suddenly, his eyes pop open wide and determined as he stabs at the air with an extended finger.]

SDW: IT! AIN'T! GONNA! BE!

[He turns, stalking off-camera as we slowly fade to black...

...and then back out to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Some powerful words out of a true AWA Original in Sweet Daddy Williams. Bucky, this issue between Williams and Juan Vasquez is very personal indeed.

BW: It ain't about titles... it ain't about glory. This is Williams feeling like the world has been wronged by Juan Vasquez and that he needs to be the one to step up and make things right again.

GM: You know, these guys are friends - former friends now I should say.

BW: Friendship comes and goes in this business, Gordo. Vasquez saw an opportunity at SuperClash to put himself back in the forefront of the minds of wrestling fans all over the world and he took it. He didn't care what anyone thought about it - you, me, the fans... not even his so-called friends. You gotta admire that.

GM: Admire?! I think it's despicable and I think Juan Vasquez' actions since Thanksgiving Night are despicable too. I only hope that tonight, Sweet Daddy Williams is at his best because if he's not, he's in a very dangerous position against the man who has put two Main Event-level superstars in the hospital over the past few months including former World Champion Ryan Martinez.

BW: And what an Anniversary gift it would be to see Fat Man Williams laid up next to the King of the Dumb Kids!

GM: You're really too much, Bucky. Fans, let's go to Phil Watson.

[Crossfade to the ring announcer who is standing in the ring, a buzz rippling through the crowd over what they're about to see.]

PW: The following grudge match is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit. Introducing first...

[The PA comes to life with the self-styled dulcet tones of the one and only Sweet Daddy Williams.]

#WHO WAN' SIT ON SWEET DADDY'S LAP TANIIIIIGHT?!#

[As the rockabilly "I'm Gonna Be Your Sweet Daddy" breaks out, Sweet Daddy Williams comes through the curtain - still in street clothes - and being trailed by Willie Hammer who pumps a fist to the hometown crowd in his green and white Combat Corner t-shirt and black athletic pants. Williams seems to be all business on this night, not drifting to the side of the aisle to exchange high fives with the fans, but keeping his eyes focused on the ring.]

PW: From Hotlanta, G-A... being accompanied to the ring by Willie Hammer... weighing in tonight at-

[But before Watson can finish, Williams is in the ring and snatches the mic away from the ring announcer.]

SDW: Ain't nobody got time for that tonight. Vasquez, get your ass out here right now!

[Big cheer as Williams throws the mic aside, turning back towards the aisle as Willie Hammer pats his mentor and father figure on the back before ducking through the ropes to the apron, dropping down to the floor..]

...when the sounds of DMX are heard to a HUGE explosion of mostly jeers for the former hometown hero.]

#It's dark... and hell is hot#

[Juan Vasquez strides through the curtain, a sneer on his face that turns into a smirk as he hears the overwhelming boos coming from the crowd that used to worship him. He nods his head, extending his arms to the side and waving his hands, begging for more. The Los Angeles crowd responds to the request in full-throated force.]

GM: Look at him, Bucky. He almost seems pleased by the boos he's hearing.

BW: Doesn't seem to be an "almost" about it. He IS pleased and I, for one, am glad to see it.

GM: What? How can you say that?!

BW: Juan Vasquez has widely been acknowledged as one of the greatest professional wrestlers of all time, has he not?

GM: Yes.

BW: And he's won titles in just about every place he's ever been, right?

GM: True.

BW: But for the last few years, he's been treated as an afterthought by AWA management... by the locker room... by the fans. Now that's all changed and all because he made a choice.

GM: He made a choice to betray his fans... his friends... the people who've looked up to him for so long... and for what?

BW: Money. Glory. Legacy. Juan Vasquez has been denied his opportunity to be at the top of the AWA for the past few years while the suits made us endure the likes of Ryan Martinez. And now, Juan Vasquez is going to TAKE his opportunity even if he has to do it over the steaming carcass of someone like Fat Man Williams.

[Approaching the ring, Vasquez pauses, eyeing Williams who is shouting at him to get in the ring. The Hall of Famer smirks at Williams, setting his own timetable to act as he always does...]

...until Sweet Daddy Williams decides to change that timetable for him!]

GM: Williams is coming out after him!

[The crowd roars as the fan favorite slides out, throwing a fist at a surprised Vasquez who tries to fire back with one of his own. The momentum is on the side of the AWA Original as he pours on the assault, throwing his right hand faster and faster until he manages to overwhelm the former National Champion, grabbing him by the arm...]

GM: WHIP!

[Vasquez SLAMS into the edge of the ring apron, the small of his back jamming into the hardest part of the ring. He winces in pain, stumbling forward into a big uppercut from Williams that puts Vasquez down on the thinly-padded floor at ringside.]

GM: What a right hand by Williams!

BW: Has the match officially started yet?

GM: I don't believe so. Scott Ezra is shouting for them to get in the ring but I have not heard a bell to officially start the match yet.

[Dragging Vasquez off the floor, Williams grabs a handful of hair, walking along the ringside area and rifling him facefirst off the apron!]

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams sends him into the apron and it looks like he's decided to take this match - this fight - to the streets in this one!

BW: Hopefully it doesn't go out on the ACTUAL streets. Did you see the neighborhood around this place? I felt like I needed a bodyguard to even PARK at this place.

GM: Willie Hammer knows this neighborhood very well. He told me he's from right down the street from the LA Sports Arena.

[Cut to a shot of Hammer cheering on Williams as his mentor bounces Vasquez' head off the apron a second time. Vasquez grabs the ringpost, swinging around it to get to the other side of the ring as Williams pursues.]

GM: And now these two are coming over here by us, fans...

BW: I'm gettin' out of here, Gordo!

GM: You stay where you are.

[Williams grabs Vasquez by the hair, bouncing his skull off the ringside announce table!]

BW: AH! Get back!

[Turning Vasquez around, Williams CRACKS him across the jaw with a right hand, sending Vasquez falling back onto the table. Our camera shot catches both Gordon and Bucky scrambling to get out of the way as Williams climbs up on the apron next to the table.]

GM: Fans, like we said, the match hasn't started yet so this is all totally legal as Williams pulls Vasquez up. Juan Vasquez, standing on our table here at ringside...

[Williams hoists Vasquez off his feet, twisting to throw him over the top rope with a bodyslam into the ring. The crowd cheers as Williams lifts a fist before stepping through the ropes.]

GM: Finally, both men are back inside the... what in the...?!

[The crowd's cheers get louder as Williams grabs at the belt around his waist, unfastening it.]

BW: What's he doing, Gordo?

GM: I have no...

[Williams pulls the belt clear, holding it up to a big cheer!]

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams has taken off his belt and-

[Folding it in half and gripping the leather tight, Williams takes aim and...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LEATHER STRAP DOWN ACROSS THE BACK! OH MY!

BW: Ring the bell! DQ him!

GM: The match hasn't started yet so-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AGAIN ACROSS THE BACK!

[Red welts start to form on the back of Juan Vasquez as Williams winds up with the belt a third time...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He's taking the hide off Juan Vasquez' treacherous back, fans!

[Williams turns to the fans, asking "ONE MORE?!" to a big reaction...

...and then proceeds to give Vasquez a lot more than one.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Thrashing about on the canvas, Vasquez rolls back out to the floor, falling to his knees as bright red welts are visible on his flesh. Williams angrily throws his belt down to the canvas as Scott Ezra reads him the riot act. Ezra hastily signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And NOW the match has begun.

[Williams steps out to the apron, taking aim as Vasquez climbs off his knees and to his feet. The rotund grappler steps off the apron, dropping a clubbing forearm down between the shoulderblades, pitching the Hall of Famer forward and sending him stumbling into the steel barricade at ringside.]

GM: Three hundred pounds falling off the apron onto the back of Vasquez and so far, the AWA Original has got this going his way!

BW: After attacking a guy before the bell, using foreign objects, and all sorts of thuggery, I'm not surprised!

[Williams approaches Vasquez, grabbing him by the hair again...

...and SMASHES his head down into the barricade!]

GM: Good grief! This is a little outside what we're used to seeing out of Sweet Daddy Williams but this is a man tonight who has a score to settle on behalf of Ryan Martinez, on behalf of all the fans who've been betrayed by Juan Vasquez, and on behalf of the entire AWA locker room.

[Vasquez stumbles away, wiping a hand across his forehead to check for blood, as Williams pursues him. The fans are cheering the man from Hotlanta, Georgia on as he approaches from behind, hooking Vasquez by the tights and firing him under the ropes back inside the ring.]

GM: Vasquez back in as Williams climbs the steps, looking to put a hurt on the Hall of Famer in front of his hometown fans.

[Williams steps through the ropes and grabs Vasquez by the hair again, pulling him off the mat...

...where Vasquez desperately reaches out, raking the eyes of the veteran!]

GM: Ohh! Vasquez going to the eyes on Williams!

BW: That'll slow the fat load down.

[With Williams wiping his eyes, Vasquez grabs a handful of tights and FIRES him between the turnbuckles, sending his shoulder into the steel ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And that'll turn the tide in this one in a hurry!

[Vasquez slumps to a knee, taking a few deep breaths to recover from the initial onslaught of Sweet Daddy Williams.]

GM: Vasquez feeling the effects of Williams' attack before the bell and isn't immediately able to follow up on putting him into the post right there.

[Climbing off the mat, Vasquez approaches the corner where Williams has slowly extricated himself and is now leaning against the corner turnbuckles.]

GM: The Hall of Famer moving in on Williams and-

[Grabbing Williams by his thinning hair, Vasquez lays in a devastating headbutt that drops Williams on his butt in the corner while even Vasquez takes two steps back, clutching his forehead from the impact.]

GM: Wow! A skull-splitting headbutt right there by Vasquez!

BW: It's not always talked about but Juan Vasquez has a history of going headbutt for headbutt with some of the thickest skulls in AWA history. Think about to his early battles with Raphael Rhodes. Remember when he tried to do it to MAMMOTH Mizusawa?

GM: I absolutely do and with that one simple blow, he's knocked Sweet Daddy Williams right off his feet.

[Shaking the cobwebs, Vasquez steps up to the corner, planting his boot firmly on the throat of Williams while hanging onto the top rope for leverage.]

GM: A blatant choke by Vasquez. The referee's right there to count as Williams has the air stolen from his body by the man from Los Angeles.

[Willie Hammer shouts some protests from the floor, slamming his hands down on the ring apron a few times. Vasquez breaks the choke at four, turning slightly to look at Hammer who shouts in his direction.]

GM: Willie Hammer with some angry words towards Vasquez.

BW: I think Hammer would do well to mind his manners, know the pecking order in this place, and keep off Juan Vasquez' radar because he can't handle someone like Vasquez, Gordo.

GM: I very much disagree with that and Vasquez with some words in response for Hammer now.

[The fans cheer the verbal encounter between the two men from Los Angeles as Hammer grabs the middle rope, ready to climb up on the apron when Scott Ezra steps in, waving him off...]

GM: The official is telling Willie Hammer that he needs to stay down on the floor... that he can't get up on the apron or in the ring or he'll be forced to disqualify Sweet Daddy Williams and I don't think anyone wants that at all, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely not. I want to see Vasquez punish this tub of goo right into retirement.

GM: You're really unbelievable, you know that. How can you show one ounce of support for someone like Vasquez? Someone who did his level best to spoil the biggest SuperClash of all time? Someone who assaulted the World Champion and was DIRECTLY responsible for the title changing hands? He's got no respect for anyone, Bucky. No one.

[Approaching the corner once more, Vasquez plants his boot on the face of Williams, the bottom of his boot near the cheek...

...and presses down, scraping his boot across the face of the fan favorite, earning big cheers from the assembled AWA faithful!]

GM: Bootscrapes in the corner - again and again, trying to rip the skin right off the face of Sweet Daddy Williams!

[Three more bootscrapes follow, leaving Williams prone as Vasquez breaks away, bouncing off the far ropes, running back across the ring...

...and landing with a low dropkick across the face, sending Vasquez through the ropes and out to the floor where he lands on his feet!]

GM: OHHH! Brutal attacks by Vasquez in the corner, leaving Williams in a bad way down on the canvas...

[Smirking at the jeering ringside fans, Vasquez gives them a mocking wave as he slowly turns around, dragging Williams into a prone position on the mat and pulling his upper body under the bottom rope.]

GM: Vasquez trying to position Williams where he wants him...

BW: He's already achieved a minor miracle getting Williams' fat gut under the bottom rope.

[Backing off, Vasquez takes aim before he DRIVES the point of his elbow down across the windpipe of Williams, leaving him gasping for air as he hangs off the apron...]

GM: Come on, referee! Get him to back off and let Williams back inside the ring!

BW: You sound like that motormouth punk, Willie Hammer, right now, Gordo.

GM: Willie Hammer making the same plea to Scott Ezra. It's gotta be hard for him to stand out here and watch his mentor go through a brutal attack like this. You think back to what we know about Hammer and Sweet Daddy Williams' relationship. Of course, Willie Hammer was living a hard life here in Los Angeles - in an area that you would not be eager to stroll down a neighborhood street after dark - and was having his fair share of troubles when his uncle - former AWA competitor Soup Bone Samson - took him under his wing.

[Vasquez lands a second elbow across the throat, earning an admonition from the referee.]

GM: Samson got him linked up with his old friend, Sweet Daddy Williams, who Hammer says in many ways was like a father to him. A mentor and teacher, of course... but more than that. And as Williams takes a third elbow across the throat, Willie Hammer seems to be having trouble watching all this go down.

BW: I'm sure Williams won't even notice if Hammer wants to head to the back.

GM: I highly doubt that's going to happen as Vasquez climbs up on the apron, trading words with the official...

[In mid-sentence, Vasquez twists his body, leaping off with a forearm across the throat of the hanging Williams!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Williams rolls back into the ring, violently coughing as he tries to create some space between he and his opponent. Vasquez takes a moment to taunt the ringside fans again before rolling back under the ropes.]

GM: Both men back inside the ring now.

[Vasquez climbs to his feet, slowly approaching the downed Williams, swinging his arm around and around...]

GM: Elbowdrop by Vasquez!

[Climbing back to his feet, Vasquez drops another... and another... and another... and another... and another...]

GM: Elbow after elbow raining down on the prone form of Sweet Daddy Williams as he fights so hard here tonight to make Vasquez pay for his actions of the last three months or so.

[Vasquez climbs to his feet again, winding up the right elbow for another one...]

...and then gives a dismissive gesture towards the fans, planting his boot on Williams' forehead, and doing a quick spin, scraping his boot across the face of Williams again!]

GM: Spinning bootscape! Adding insult to injury!

[Vasquez arrogantly walks around the ring, getting jeers from the crowd and angry shouts from Scott Ezra.]

GM: The fans are on his case, the referee is on his case, and this Juan Vasquez - this complete betrayal of what we've seen for the past eight years - doesn't seem to care about ANY of it.

[With Hammer shouting encouragement to his mentor, Vasquez circles around to stand between Hammer and Williams. He mockingly claps his hands while chanting "Go, Sweet Daddy, go!"]

GM: Give me a break. The kid is just trying to cheer on his trainer! There's no call for that!

[Vasquez smirks at Hammer, flashing a wink as he turns around slowly, gesturing for Williams to get up off the canvas...]

GM: Vasquez waiting on Williams, not bothering to pull him up this time.

BW: Sometimes you gotta do that. Make a guy think about how beat up he is as he tries to get up on his own.

GM: Vasquez measuring him for something though...

[The Hall of Famer extends his right arm, wiggling his fingers as he holds it at full extension... waiting... and waiting...]

BW: I think he's looking for the Right Cross! He's gonna finish Williams off early!

[Vasquez is nodding to himself as Williams struggles to get off the mat, trying to shake the cobwebs...]

GM: Williams getting to his feet... Vasquez lying in wait...

[And as he gets there, the Hall of Famer coils his fingers into a fist, ready to strike...]

...but Williams is ready to strike as well, lashing out with a stiff jab on the bridge of the nose!]

GM: Oh! Williams with the right hand! And another!

[The crowd starts to rally behind Williams again as he lashes out with blow after blow, landing on the face of Vasquez, side-stepping to his left as he does, moving in a half circle as he continues to land the blows.]

GM: Williams trying to get back into this! Landing those shots to the face!

[With Vasquez rattled and wobbly, Williams steps back, swinging his right hand around, the crowd on their feet to cheer him on as he winds up to uncork a big haymaker...]

GM: Big right hand!

[But Vasquez ducks under, sending Williams sailing past him. Vasquez takes two steps towards his off-balance opponent, stepping up and DRILLING him in the back of the head with an enzuigiri!]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: BACK BRAIN KICK! VASQUEZ CAUGHT HIM FLUSH!

[Flipping Williams over onto his back, Vasquez applies a lazy lateral press, barely putting any pressure on his opponent's torso.]

GM: Vasquez gets one! He gets two! He gets- no!

[The referee leaps to his feet, holding two fingers in the air. Vasquez looks more amused than surprised as he pushes up to his knees, smiling at the crowd's cheers.]

GM: Only a two count as Vasquez climbs back to a standing position... back on his feet... hard stomp down in the chest... and another... and a third!

[Vasquez steps back, takes aim, and delivers a stiff kick to the ribcage, forcing Williams to roll over onto his chest.]

GM: Williams down facefirst on the mat and... what's this all about?

[The Hall of Famer walks out to the middle of the ring, jumping into the air and throwing his arms out with a shout. He starts pumping his fists in the air, shaking his head, and waving his arms to get the crowd up and going... which fails of course. He turns slightly, locking eyes with Willie Hammer.]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me.

BW: Hah! Willie Hammer stole this move from Vasquez and now Juan's going to show him what it REALLY looks like!

[With the crowd heaping abuse on him, Vasquez makes a jog towards the ropes, bouncing off to build up speed, running back towards the face-down Williams where he leaps high into the air, tucking his legs...

...and DROPS backfirst down on the back of Williams' head!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Shades of Tommy Stephens! Driving his face right into the mat!

BW: Hah! Look at Hammer!

[The riled-up youngster slams his closed fist down on the ring apron angrily as Vasquez rolls over, flipping Williams into another lateral press.]

GM: ONE! TWO!

[But Williams fires a shoulder off the mat, breaking up the pin.]

GM: No, no! Two count only!

[The fans are cheering on Williams as Vasquez pushes up to a knee, grabbing his opponent by the hair and hammering a fist down between the eyes... and another... and a third!]

GM: Vasquez pounding Williams into the mat after that backsplash. I don't even know if Tommy Stephens would want to claim credit for that anymore, Bucky.

BW: Stephens should be proud that Vasquez is carrying on his name!

[Vasquez climbs to his feet, backing away as referee Scott Ezra walks him back across the ring.]

GM: Williams is down... but you can hear Willie Hammer trying to cheer him on alongside these thousands of fans here in Los Angeles.

BW: Ungrateful punks. Juan Vasquez has been the only one to bring championship glory to Los Angeles in years and they treat him like this?!

[Pushing past the official, Vasquez moves in as Williams gets up to all fours. He grabs him by the back of the jeans, pulling Williams to his feet, pounding him with big forearms to the back...]

GM: Clubbing blows, over and over, driving Williams right back down to the mat...

[Jerking him back to his feet a second time, Vasquez applies a rear waistlock on the three hundred pounder...]

GM: Waistlock!

BW: Can he get him over?

[Vasquez struggles, trying to lift him into the air...]

BW: Vasquez is trying to get him up for the German but I'm not sure if he can!

[The Hall of Famer continues to try to get his opponent up...

...but a fighting Williams suddenly lands a back elbow on the cheek!]

GM: Oh! Elbow by Williams!

[A second elbow flies back, connecting again.]

GM: That's two!

[A third elbow breaks the hold, sending Vasquez staggering away from Williams as the crowd roars. Williams slumps to a knee, grabbing at the back of his head for a moment before surging back to his feet...]

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams trying to get himself back into this...

[Williams spins around, throwing a big right hand to Vasquez' jaw, sending him falling back into the corner.]

GM: Big right by Williams puts Vasquez in the wrong part of town!

[Stepping up to the second rope, Williams raises his fist to the cheering fans...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"
"SEVEN!"
"EIGHT!"
"NINE!"
"TEN!"

[Williams drops back down, shaking his hand after having driven it ten times into the skull of Vasquez.]

GM: The fans are behind Williams as he keeps up the attack, going for the whip here...

[Falling to a knee on the follow-through, Williams sends Vasquez flying across the ring where he SLAMS into the corner buckles!]

GM: OHHH! He hits HARD in the corner!

[Vasquez staggers back out of the corner where Williams runs him down with a clothesline!]

GM: Clothesline by Williams puts him down!

[Williams turns back, waving a hand, calling for Vasquez to get up...

...and runs him down with a second clothesline as he rises!]

GM: Another clothesline puts Vasquez down on the mat!

[The AWA Original spins around, waving both arms at Vasquez this time, calling him back to his feet as the crowd roars from their feet!]

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams is heating up and he's got Vasquez in trouble!

[The Hall of Famer slowly staggers back to his feet, wobbling backwards as Williams comes charging across the ring a third time...

...and connects with a big clothesline, taking Vasquez off his feet and dumping him down in a seated position against the buckles!]

GM: Vasquez down again and-

[The crowd roars as Williams marches across the ring, reaching back for two hands full of his ample posterior. He reaches the other corner, turning towards the seated Vasquez, tearing across the ring...]

GM: HERE HE COMES!

[Williams SLAMS into Vasquez, his rear end SMASHING into the face of the Hall of Famer!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Vasquez on Dream Street after having three hundred pounds slammed into his face, Williams grabs a foot, dragging him away from the ropes as he dives into a lateral press!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But Vasquez' shoulder comes FLYING off the canvas just in the nick of time as the crowd groans with disappointment!]

GM: Williams almost had him! He almost got him right there, Bucky!

BW: Huh? What? I can't hear a thing in here!

GM: The Sports Arena crowd is on their feet! They can sense it! They can feel it! Sweet Daddy Williams almost had him down for a three count, dragging him back up now, pushing him back into the ropes...

[Williams shoots Vasquez across the ring into the ropes, sending him bouncing back out...]

GM: Vasquez bounces back and-

[...and he catches Vasquez rebounding back, yanking him around into a sleeperhold!]

GM: SLEEPER! SLEEPER! HE LOCKS THE SLEEPER ON VASQUEZ!

[Vasquez' arms immediately shoot towards the ceiling of the soon-to-be-demolished Sports Arena, searching for an exit as Williams crimps the neck, trying to reduce the flow of blood to the brain.]

GM: He's got the sleeperhold locked on in the center of the ring and if he can keep it on, he's going to put Vasquez to sleep, fans!

BW: Vasquez needs to escape it quick. The longer you're in this, the more of an effect it has!

GM: The arms are up... watch the arms, they'll tell you how much he's got left in the tank!

[Vasquez' arms are still pumping... but are certainly starting to slow down.]

GM: Williams is keeping the sleeper locked in, trying to put Vasquez out in the middle of the ring and-

[Vasquez stretches his arms out in front of him where Scott Ezra is asking if he wants to quit...

...and grabs the shirt of the official, pulling him towards him.]

GM: What in the-?!

[With the referee pinned up against him, Vasquez swings his leg back, driving his heel up into the groin of Williams!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He kicked him low! He kicked Williams low!

[The low blow breaks the sleeperhold as Vasquez staggers away, shaking his head to try and get the blood flowing again...]

GM: Vasquez with a blatant low blow-

BW: Blatant? The referee didn't see it!

GM: Everyone else did!

BW: That's debatable.

[With Williams stunned, Vasquez wheels around towards him. He pauses, takes aim, and lets his right hand fly!]

GM: OH! RIGHT CROSS!

[The blow BLASTS Williams across the face, sending him collapsing to the mat like someone hit him with a shovel. Vasquez dives across the chest, applying a back press as he cradles a leg.]

BW: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Aaaagh, give me a break!

[Vasquez rolls up to his knees, throwing his arms into the air as the crowd jeers.]

GM: Juan Vasquez broke any rule that he could and in the end, that's what it took to put Sweet Daddy Williams down for a three count.

[Vasquez climbs to his feet as the referee raises his hand.]

PW: Your winner of the match... JUAN VASQUEZ!

[Vasquez grins as the fans jeer, walking over to the ropes and pointing up the aisle...]

GM: What's he doing now?

BW: He's pointing up the aisle for some...

[Suddenly, a loud blast fills the air as purple and gold streamers come sailing into the air, flying towards the ring as the sounds of Randy Newman's "I Love LA" is heard.]

GM: Oh, come on.

BW: Oh yeah! Los Angeles knows how to party and this is how the city celebrates wins by their favorites! The Dodgers, the Lakers, and of course, Juan Vasquez!

[Vasquez stands in the ring, streamers pouring down towards the squared circle as the boos continue to roar.]

GM: Vasquez can bring all the streamers... all the pandering songs that he wants... but it's plain to see that Juan Vasquez is no longer the hero of the people anywhere in the world but especially right here in Los Angeles! The fans here in LA are totally irate, Bucky!

BW: They're totally ingrates, you mean!

GM: Irate! They're irate! And who can blame them?! This guy has completely-

[Suddenly, an enraged look crosses the face of Vasquez.]

GM: What's wrong with him?

BW: What's wrong with him?! Are you listening to this crowd?! Are you listening to them boo their hero... their idol... their hometown legend?!

[Vasquez jerks a thumb at himself.]

“ME?! YOU BOO ME?!”

[Vasquez marches across the ring, pointing at the fans.]

“YOU’RE BOOING ME?!”

[To a third side he walks.]

“I’ll give you ungrateful... I’ll give you something to boo!”

[Vasquez spins back towards the middle of the ring, kicking past the purple and gold streamers to where Sweet Daddy Williams is being helped up off the mat by Scott Ezra...

...who goes flying aside thanks to a Vasquez shove. The crowd bursts into a concerned buzz as Vasquez grabs Williams from his knee, pulling him into a standing headscissors!]

GM: NO! No, no! Somebody stop this!

[On cue, Willie Hammer comes sliding into the ring, grabbing Vasquez by the hair, yanking him off of Williams...

...and hurling him down to the mat to a HUGE cheer from the crowd!]

GM: Oh yeah! Willie Hammer hits the ring and he gets Vasquez off his teacher, his mentor!

[Hammer is barking at Vasquez, daring him to get back up and bring the fight at him but Vasquez slides backwards on his butt, begging off as he gets closer to the ropes.]

GM: Vasquez wants no part of Willie Hammer! That coward! That snake! Did you see what he was trying to do to Sweet Daddy Williams?!

BW: He was trying to do exactly what I’ve been wanting to see for years, Gordo!

GM: Bucky, I... I can’t even believe you’d say such a thing! He was ready for that Piledriver! He was trying to put Williams in the hospital like he did to Ryan Martinez! He was trying to put him into retirement!

BW: Like he did to Ryan Martinez?

GM: We can only hope that’s not true but as Vasquez rolls out of the ring here on the Eighth Anniversary of the very first AWA show, I... well, I just don’t know what’s become of Juan Vasquez.

BW: Like he said, Gordo... you don’t know him... you never did.

GM: Obviously not. But as Willie Hammer goes to help Sweet Daddy Williams off the mat, I have to wonder what in the world Juan Vasquez was thinking right there. I have to wonder what in the world Juan Vasquez has to do before this company does something about this, Bucky. What does he have to do before Emerson Gellar takes act- wait a second!

[The crowd begins to buzz in concern as Juan Vasquez slides back into the ring, rushing across, grabbing Hammer by the shoulder, swinging him around...]

GM: What's he-?!

[He buries a boot into the gut of Hammer, quickly pulling him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: NO!

[...and much as he did to Ryan Martinez, he lifts Hammer into the air, getting into position.]

GM: NO! NO!

[The crowd ROARS as Travis Lynch leads a small group from the locker room, tearing down the aisle towards the ring...]

GM: Travis Lynch is heading for the ring! But will he be...

[Gordon's voice trails off as Vasquez DROPS down, DRIVING Willie Hammer's head into the canvas with a piledriver!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Vasquez spots the incoming fan favorites, quickly rolling under the ropes to the floor where he hops over the barricade, fleeing into the crowd as Lynch slides headfirst under the ropes into the ring - quickly followed by Jordan Ohara, Supernova, and a few others. Lynch gets to his feet, grimacing as he looks at the motionless Hammer.]

GM: Another one, Bucky! Another piledriver on another.. Willie Hammer did NOTHING to deserve that!

BW: That's not the way Vasquez saw it.

GM: Travis trying to... don't touch him, guys. Nobody touch him until...

[Quickly, we see the medical team led by Dr. Bob Ponavitch coming down the aisle as well as Vasquez watches from the crowd with a smirk, getting pelted with insults and garbage from around.]

GM: The doctors are coming to the ring. Obvious concern on the faces of everyone... oh no.

[Sweet Daddy Williams, finally with his senses about him, shoves his way through the protective ring around Willie Hammer. He shouts - a mournful, grief-filled shout as he falls to his knees, looking at his young protege.]

GM: Oh no... Sweet Daddy... please... you can't touch him.

[Williams leans forward, his head down on the mat as his body shakes. Supernova kneels next to him, a hand on the veteran's back as the doctors get to the ring, kneeling next to Willie Hammer.]

GM: This is... what a terrible scene. As we said earlier tonight, Willie Hammer was... is like a son to Sweet Daddy Williams. This wasn't supposed to happen... not tonight. This isn't what Sweet Daddy Williams had envisioned.

[Williams pushes up, his eyes glistening as he can be heard speaking to no one in particular - "It should have been me. It should've been me."]

BW: He's right. It should've been him.

GM: Bucky, I can't believe you. Of all the dirty, underhanded things you've supported over the year, how can you support this?!

BW: Hey, a piledriver's not typically my style. I like my enemies around to suffer while they watch me succeed. But Juan Vasquez is a man on a mission and that mission is to remind everyone why his name hangs in the Hall of Fame. If this is how he has to do it, who can blame him?

GM: Who can... EVERYONE can blame him! This is completely uncalled for! This sport is about competition. Yes, it's about winning and titles and money... but at its heart, the goal in a match is to defeat your opponent... not to cripple them. Sometimes it may come to that, yes... but Juan Vasquez is treating EVERY night like that as of late.

[The doctor waves in a stretcher as the fan favorites make room for it.]

GM: As they go to load Willie Hammer on this stretcher, you have to think about Ryan Martinez who this happened to... what? A month ago? And yes, you even have to think about Hannibal Carver whose career Vasquez tried to end back at SuperClash, sending him out of the AWA once and for all.

[Williams gets closer, placing a light hand on Hammer's chest. The doctors speak to Williams who nods, backing off as they start to take Hammer from the ring.]

GM: Willie Hammer isn't moving, fans. And make no mistake, that wasn't that snap piledriver he used on Ryan Martinez. That one was aimed at injuring someone indefinitely. That one was aimed at potentially ending a career. This young man's career may have been ended before our very eyes, Bucky.

BW: And I'm very sorry to hear that. But maybe it's a lesson, Gordo.

GM: A lesson? For who?

BW: For everyone else. From this day forward, know that if you get in Juan Vasquez' way, you might end up like Willie Hammer. You may end up on a stretcher trying to wiggle your big toe and wondering if you'll ever be able to walk again.

GM: Disgusting. Fans, we've-

[The camera shot cuts to Vasquez who is watching with a smile, deep in the crowd at this point. Vasquez turns to look into the camera, ducking a flung water bottle as he waves at the camera.]

"See you soon, Alex."

[And that smirk. Oh, that son of a bitch's smirk.]

Fade to a field of stars. A voiceover begins.]

"The stars of the AWA galaxy are shining brighter than ever. But you don't need a telescope to see these stars - all you need is a ticket when the American Wrestling Alliance comes to town."

[A graphic comes up on the screen advertising the site and date of the next show.]

"Tomorrow night in San Diego at the downtown Sports Arena, you'll see Shadoo Rage in action! Next Gen takes on the Longhorn Riders and much, much more!"

[The graphic changes.]

"Tomorrow also brings a special matinee show to Sacramento with Johnny Detson and Supernova on the card!"

[And again.]

"Tuesday night, we'll be in San Francisco where Maxim Zharkov will take on Kolya Sudakov! Plus, the National Title will be on the line!"

[And again.]

"Thursday in San Jose sees Calisto Dufresne on the card plus a 20-man Battle Royal!"

[And again.]

"It's Friday night in Reno when Travis Lynch challenges for the World Heavyweight Title! Plus, the tag team champions will be in action as well!"

[Again.]

"Saturday in Salt Lake City has Supreme Wright leading Team Supreme into six man tag team action!"

[Back to the AWA logo splashed across a field of stars.]

"It's the AWA and you do NOT want to miss it when it comes to your town!"

[Fade to black.]

And when we fade back up, we find Sweet Lou Blackwell standing backstage alongside the AWA's Director of Operations, Emerson Gellar. Gellar has what seems to be a forced smile on his face.]

SLB: Welcome back to this very special night here on The X. It's Anniversary Night, Mr. Gellar, and I have to believe that Juan Vasquez did his level best to spoil this occasion for you and the rest of the company.

[Gellar grimaces.]

EG: Mr. Vasquez continues to make an impact. Willie Hammer did nothing wrong tonight but nonetheless, he's on a stretcher on his way to a local hospital with what could be a potentially career-ending neck injury.

SLB: Mr. Gellar, will he be fined? Suspended? Something?

EG: The situation will, of course, be reviewed.

[Blackwell nods.]

EG: That said, I don't expect any punishment to come.

[Blackwell stops nodding as his jaw drops.]

SLB: No punishment? Seriously?

[Gellar shakes his head defiantly.]

EG: The actions took place inside the wrestling ring. They are both contracted competitors. They assume a certain level of risk when they walk to the ring. I'm a big believer in letting the locker room police itself when it comes to things like this and I see no reason to play law enforcement in this issue.

[Blackwell seems a bit shocked.]

SLB: I'm... well, I think I might be a bit speechless actually. Regardless, you asked for this time for a final big announcement on a night of big announcements. The floor is yours.

[Gellar's smile comes back. Well-polished teeth on display.]

EG: Over the past few months, we have been in negotiations with Fox Sports, trying to secure an agreement for a very special surprise to announce here tonight. And after some very late nights this week, we have come to an accord.

Starting next Saturday, the AWA - as the franchise player of Fox Sports X - will be presenting a weekly television show!

As usual, every two weeks, we'll be taking to the airwaves LIVE for Saturday Night Wrestling. But on the weeks in-between, we'll be producing a brand new show.

[Blackwell interrupts.]

SLB: Big news for certain! Does that new show have a name?

EG: It absolutely does... and on a night like this - paying homage to our past - it only seemed fitting to look to our past for the name of the show. It'll be the Power Hour - a 60 minute studio show that will show matches, highlights, personality profiles, and so much more. We're really excited about this and we're also really excited to announce the groundbreaking decision to have this special show hosted by a member of one of pro wrestling's legendary families, Theresa Lynch! Theresa will have a rotating guest to help her out as she helps present matches taped all over the country.

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: Theresa will do a splendid job, I'm sure, as I'm sure AWA fans around the world are looking forward to the very first edition of the Power Hour next weekend. Mr. Gellar, I must say that you are certainly making an impact in your short time with the company so far. In less than six months, you've brokered this deal, started to repair relations with Tiger Paw Pro, and have made some of the biggest signings in AWA history.

[Gellar beams proudly.]

SLB: I suppose I should end with a question so... what's next?

EG: Lou, when I came on board here with the AWA last fall, I saw a locker room that needed a shot in the arm. It already had some of the best in the world but it was also a little complacent. Competition is key to making a company thrive and I wanted to make sure that competition in the AWA ring is at an all-time high.

In fact, that leads me to my final announcement of the night.

[Blackwell looks intrigued.]

EG: Pro wrestlers come from all sorts of backgrounds, Lou. We've got guys in this locker room who were born into it, guys who've been toiling in the so-called minor

leagues for years, guys who were Hall of Famers before they ever walked through our doors. We've got former football players, former boxers, former MMA fighters. We've got amateur wrestling stars and as of this past week, we've even got an Olympic gold medalist.

But what we don't have... or didn't have until this moment tonight... is Mason.

[Blackwell's intrigue changes to confusion.]

SLB: Mason? Who - or what - is Mason?

[Gellar grins.]

EG: Mason is a man that I have known for quite some time now... and he is unlike ANYONE who has ever stepped foot inside an AWA ring. He is - quite simply - the most dangerous man on the planet. He's violent. His intensity is off the charts. He's powerful, quick, agile, explosive... all in one package. The total package if you will. If I was designing a pro wrestler from scratch, Mason would be the man I would chisel out of stone.

SLB: The name doesn't ring a bell though. Where has he competed? Who trained him?

[Gellar gives a dismissive gesture.]

EG: Those details are for another time. Just know that he is coming... and the AWA will never be the same. And watch... that...

[He points at the camera.]

EG: ...screen.

[We fade away from Emerson Gellar's confident stare to a black screen.]

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

[The instantly identifiable sound of the main theme to Terminator 2: Judgment Day is accompanied by flashes of a man standing, steam and smoke billowing up all around him. The cuts happen in rhythm to the beat, showing slight glimpses but not enough to take in the whole thing.]

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

[Another series of cuts, this time letting us see a tattoo over his arm and shoulder - an eagle perched upon a flagpole with the American flag waving from it.]

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

[A military style flat top has his blond hair cut close as his icy blue eyes are boring a hole into the camera.]

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

[A wide shot of the man kneeling, a red-gloved covered hand down on the floor as the smoke gets more and more intense, completely obscuring him at times.]

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

[He pops up with a roar before we cut back to black with a graphic that reads...]

MASON. IS COMING.

[Fade back to black...]

We slowly fade up from black on the exterior of what appears to be a medical research facility of some sort. Blue lighting on the outside of the building gives it a sci-fi kind of feel.

We cut inside the building where - sure enough - a team of white-coated lab technicians are huddled around a computer screen.

A white bearded elderly man steps in front of them, drawing their attention to this obvious authority figure.]

"Alright, team. We've been instructed to research and reanimate the greatest professional wrestler in history to send immediately into combat. Get to work."

[The authority figure steps aside as the team quickly begins talking over one another as one of the men types into the computer's keyboard.]

"Strength. They need to be strong."

"I'd want someone fast and tough."

"Someone good with their hands..."

"Knockout power."

"The most devastating finisher in history."

[The words get louder and louder, more and more qualities being shouted out. We cut to a shot of the keyboard jockey, typing urgently away as his eyes get wide. The reflection of the screen lights up his face as his fingers move at an ever-rising speed, sped up into a blur of motion.

They keep talking... he keeps typing, faster and faster still until...]

"STOOOOOOOOP!"

[The authority figure steps back into view.]

"Well, what did you come up with?"

[He steps behind the keyboard jockey, peering over his shoulder.]

"Two? They only wanted one."

[He shrugs.]

"Defrost 'em both."

[We cut to a shot of two figures being encased in solid blocks of ice being plucked by a large mechanical arm out of a carousel of other such blocks of ice. They are placed onto two large platforms as face-shield, haz-mat suit wearing figures step into view.

Closeup on one of the figures as a red laser emits from the "rifle" he's holding. He turns the tool onto the block of ice, sending up a shower of sparks as the ice begins to melt away.

Another melting ice shot on the other figure.

Closeup of water dripping onto the floor of the lab.

The lasers are shut off as the technicians step back.]

"Here they are, sir.."

[The authority figure steps up, nodding with approval.]

"Good work. Gentlemen, welcome to AWA 2016."

[The camera rotates from the authority figure onto the now-defrosted forms of Casey James and Tiger Claw. The two Hall of Famers look straight ahead at the scientist. James speaks first.]

"Took you guys long enough."

[The laugh at the beginning of Ozzy's classic "Crazy Train" is heard - the song launching in as we cut to in-game footage of the previously-mentioned AWA 2016.

Quick shots of...

Supreme Wright taking down Jack Lynch with the Fat Tuesday.

Cody Mertz of Air Strike snapping Wes Taylor off the top rope with a flying rana.

Johnny Detson and Travis Lynch trading haymakers.

The Gladiator pressing someone over his head.

Supernova diving over the top rope onto Shadoe Rage.

And a final shot of a running Ryan Martinez delivering a Yakuza Kick right into the camera before we cut back to Casey and Claw, the music cutting out. James looks down... then looks over at his friend, looking up and down as Claw does the same. James turns back to the camera and speaks again.]

"Hey, uh... any chance we can get some pants?"

[Cut to black. The title graphic advertising the arrival of the AWA 2016 video game produced by Electronic Arts as "Spring 2016" appears on the screen. A voiceover instructing you to make your pre-order at GameStop now to receive exclusive access to Casey James and Tiger Claw is heard over the graphic...

...and we fade back up to live action where Colt Patterson is seen curling a bicep, flexing a microphone in the other hand.]

CP: We are back LIVE right here on Fox Sports X...

[He twists the flexing arm towards the camera, beckoning with his right hand.]

CP: ...come get some! And when you want to talk about someone who lives that motto, you gotta be talkin' about the greatest professional athlete in the world today - the AWA World Heavyweight Champion - Johnny Detson!

[Detson walks into the shot. As is becoming custom, the champ has a rather sour look on his face. He is dressed to wrestle in his long gold tights with black boots and a black monogrammed sweat jacket with the Fox Logo. The AWA World Heavyweight Title rests on his shoulder.]

CP: Champ, another show and another match where you have to defend that World Heavyweight Championship. What are your thoughts just before you have to defend that title against a guy I USED to have a lot of respect for... a former World Champion himself in Calisto Dufresne?

JD: Well Colt, the bias this company has against me is obvious. Ryan Martinez won this title and he didn't defend it for six months! My reign is near a month and I've had to defend it fifteen times! I just beat the National Champion! Do I get a National Championship match? NO!

[Patterson nods as Detson continues his rant.]

JD: So obviously Gellar has it in for me and any decent wrestler in this place! Supreme Wright, a former World Champion, can't have a match for the World Title because he lost at SuperClash, but Calisto Dufresne, a former World Champion, also lost at SuperClash but he gets a shot? And Colt, who did Calisto lose to again at SuperClash?

CP: I think the whole world knows he lost to you at SuperClash, champ.

[Detson nods.]

JD: That's right he did! I have beaten Calisto Dufresne so many times now I have lost count! But it's all about Emerson Gellar currying favor among all these people!

[Detson curls his lip in disgust.]

JD: Calisto, I don't know what star you were born under to get this shot, but it doesn't matter. It must burn you inside to know that you - through your final failure - made all this possible. Your incompetence finally paid off for me and I got the World Title shot I deserved - and the World Title that's rightfully mine. So thank you Calisto, I couldn't have done this without you...

[A large smirk appears on his face.]

JD: ...being the miserable failure I've come to know! Calisto Dufresne, you do NOT deserve to have this match! But then again, no one else deserves to be in the same ring with me either. Not you, not any of those precious little line holders and definitely not Travis Lynch!

[Colt pulls the mic back.]

CP: Champ, there's a whole lot of talk out there that I think is a lot of garbage... but those other people are saying that Lynch took you to the limit two weeks ago and almost walked away with YOUR World Title.

[Detson gives a dismissive gesture.]

JD: To the untrained eye, yes... it might seem like Travis Lynch posed more of a threat than I thought he would! But Travis was always three steps behind and never in any position to take this title from me! But now he wants to complain about what I did and how I did it? You know what I did, Travis?

[Detson slaps the gold plate of the title on his shoulder.]

JD: I won! And now you want to cry about everything? You're breaking my heart, kid.

[Colt interrupts.]

CP: No doubt that you heard what Lynch had to say earlier tonight-

[Detson interrupts more!]

JD: Colt, enough about Travis Lynch! Travis Lynch thinks because a few twelve year old girls like his poster than he's an upright citizen. That he can say he doesn't respect Johnny Detson! When Travis Lynch considers himself the moral compass of the AWA; Johnny Detson knows he's on the moral high ground!

[Detson's face is showing obvious frustration now as he continues.]

JD: You don't like the way I won this belt, Travis? Well gee whiz, kid, we all can't knock a man unconscious from behind; assault a female manager and then have a match that the champion didn't even get twenty-four hours notice for!

[Detson's on a roll now.]

JD: And I'm just dying for the respect of a dumb kid who idolized a beer drinking hack from some other company who attacked officials, ring attendants, police officers and... oh yeah, the President of this Company! A guy who never won anything so he took his ball and went somewhere else!

[Detson snorts out a frustrated laugh.]

JD: You think we're different? You conveniently forget who you are and what you've done to win that belt! You freely admit to worshipping morally corrupt men!

[Detson shakes his head.]

JD: No, Travis... the only difference between us – is that I know who I am and what has to be done out there to... GET! THE! JOB! DONE!

[Detson points out undoubtedly towards the direction of the ring as he angrily shouts.]

JD: You don't like the way I win?! I DON'T CARE! You don't like the way I conduct myself in the ring?! I DON'T CARE! You don't like me?! I DON'T CARE!

[Detson gives a nonchalant shrug but his face clearly demonstrates his frustration level.]

JD: You go hold that line, Travis...

[A sick smirk forms on the champ's face as he grabs the belt off his shoulder and holds it in front of the camera.]

JD: I'll hold the gold. And I'll continue to hold the gold against you – against Dufresne – against anyone! You don't like what I do? Well, then don't watch tonight because I'm guaranteeing you won't like the results!

[With that, Detson throws the belt back over his shoulder and storms off.]

CP: Now that's a champion who knows what it takes to STAY a champion. Reminds me of someone... who does it remind me of? Hmm.

[Patterson taps his chin.]

CP: I got it! It reminds me of the guy he's defending the title against tonight - Calisto Dufresne! But my sources tell me this ain't the Calisto Dufresne who was

willing to do whatever it takes to win. My sources tell me he's gone soft... and since he chose to spend his interview time with Blackwell, I'm guessing they're 100 percent right! Lou, try to follow that interview, chump!

[We cut to another part of the backstage area where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell - shaking his head - is standing alongside "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne. Dufresne is already clad in his wrestling attire, prepared for battle. His blond hair is pulled back into a tight pony tail, an amused smirk plastered across his sharp features.]

SLB: I will do my level best, Colt. Fans, I'm backstage with the challenger to the AWA World Heavyweight Championship tonight, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne. On this show, where we celebrate our history, to have you, Calisto, being the CHALLENGER for a title that you have defended so many times... does it strike you at all ironic?

CD: I'm not sure I'd go so far as to call it ironic, Lou. If anything, it's fitting. Calisto Dufresne is the most decorated athlete the AWA has ever seen. Calisto Dufresne has been here since Day One. Calisto Dufresne's name has been tattooed on the marquee outside for eight years. There's no more fitting place than the Main Event, going to war for the World Heavyweight Championship, for yours truly.

[Dufresne looks at Blackwell.]

CD: What is ironic, though, is that I'm sitting here talking to you tonight though, Lou.

SLB: I... I'm not sure I follow.

CD: You come out here every other week and con people out of 10% of their paycheck to call your 900 number, to download your app, for the biggest scoops the AWA has to offer.

[Dufresne snorts in derision.]

CD: People, I've been breaking news to you for eight years and I handed it out for free. Take Juan Vasquez for example. I've been telling you all that your hero, that your savior, was a fraud. He was a crazed psychopath who couldn't be trusted.

[The Ladykiller stares ahead with an "I told you so" look on his face.]

CD: Well, whaddya know? Juan went Juan. I'll tell the new bossman something that my daddy once told me many years ago: When a dog bites you, you either put a muzzle on it or you put it down. And there's no muzzle that'll fit that dog, I assure you.

I've never lied to you. Gordon Myers used to say that I was the most ruthless, underhanded, dirty, cheating, son of a bitch in the AWA. Newsflash, Lou:

There is no used to be.

Calisto Dufresne still IS all those things and worse. And I've never shied away from it. Which brings us to tonight. And to your point on irony.

[A shadow of a smirk passes across Dufresne's face.]

CD: How long did it take you, Johnny? You ran around for what, a year? Trying to find a way to become World Champion. I gave you hours of sage advice, but you insisted on doing it your way. And you failed time after time.

How ironic then, that you used my own blueprint to become World Champion?

[A shake of the head.]

CD: Imitation being the sincerest form of flattery notwithstanding, it's got to be gnawing at you inside. That sure, you're on the top of the mountain right now. But you're on top of the mountain because of ME. That even though there's gold around your waist, you're not the better man. Hell, just calling you a man is probably giving you more credit than you're worth.

I've spent eight years of my life putting this organization on my back and turning it from a Mom and Pop shop in the middle of high school gyms, sandwiched between Murder She Wrote and Perry Mason reruns on WKIK, into a ratings juggernaut on Fox prime time. I've made more money than Alex Martinez could spend on alimony thanks to the AWA. And tonight, I do one last favor for the boys upstairs.

You might have been worthy to be the poster boy in Phoenix, but this ain't Phoenix and I ain't Gibson Hayes. The only things you've ever pulled off successfully have been poor renditions of my greatest hits.

Imitate them all you want, J-D, because tonight... you become one of them.

[With a nod, a wink and a smile, Dufresne strolls off camera, ready for war.]

SLB: Calisto Dufresne looking to add to his extensive AWA legacy right here tonight against the World Heavyweight Champion, Johnny Detson. Fans, this one is going to be something else so let's go down to Phil Watson and get things started!

[Crossfade to the ring to where our ring announcer is standing.]

PW: The following contest is your MAIN EVENT of the evening!

[Big cheer!]

PW: It is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and it is for the AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP!

[Bigger cheer! Watson's voice drops out as ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man" booms out over the PA system to a mixed reaction from the AWA faithful. After a few moments, the most-decorated athlete in AWA history walks through the curtain, dressed for battle.]

GM: Calisto Dufresne walks into the Los Angeles Sports Arena and while this certainly isn't his hometown, he does have some strong ties to Southern California seeing as he got his start in the business in Los Angeles training at Todd Michaelson's M-DOJO and competing in Pro Wrestling Revolution.

[Dufresne acknowledges both cheers and jeers with a lone nod before making his way towards the ring. The Ladykiller is a good looking man with long blonde hair that flows down a few inches below his shoulders pulled back into a ponytail. His bronzed skin makes him look very much the SoCal native as he heads towards the ring. He quickly makes his way up the steps, ducking through the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Dufresne steps into the ring tonight as arguably the most decorated competitor in AWA history. He's held the World Title, the National Title, and the National Tag Team Titles. He's won the Stampede Cup as well. Tonight, he's looking to become only the third man to wear the AWA World Title on two occasions... and to be cheered for doing it.

BW: These people that are cheering him are such hypocrites, Gordo. For how long have they booed him?

GM: Eight years.

BW: Eight years here in the AWA and this man has been booed... and he hasn't changed, Gordo. He's still the same guy who blinded City Jack. He's the same guy who ran with the Southern Syndicate. The guy who orchestrated the WrestleRock beatdown. The guy who retired James Monosso, the first AWA World Champion. Dufresne's got a rap sheet as long as my arm and he'd do it all again right now if it meant walking out of here with that World Title, Gordo.

GM: I believe you're right, Bucky. I believe he's exactly the same man who did all those things... but he's also a man who was wronged by the man standing across the ring from him tonight. And that makes him - for at least this night - a weapon pointed in the right direction for many of these AWA fans.

[Dufresne is standing in the ring, ready for action when his music dies out and is replaced by the signature opening notes of Led Zeppelin's "Kashmir" which is greeted with overwhelming jeers.]

GM: And here comes the man who that weapon will be pointed at... the current reigning and defending AWA World Heavyweight Champion, Johnny Detson.

BW: This is who these idiots should be cheering, Gordo! He's a native son of Southern California, making his home just down the road in Hollywood! He's brought glory and gold back to this town for the first time since Kobe Bryant and Shaquille O'Neal were roaming the streets! But no, they're going to boo him!

[Johnny Detson walks through the curtain, looking out with disdain on the assembled masses letting him have it. He's dressed in the same black monogrammed Fox Network sweat jacket we saw moments ago, the World Title belt draped over his shoulder. He stands just beyond the curtain, shaking his head at the reaction of the fans before he starts down the aisle towards the ring for his Main Event title clash.]

GM: You and Johnny Detson had to be kidding yourselves if you thought he was going to get some kind of hero's welcome here in Los Angeles. These people have loyalty to a man who has represented them with honor and dignity in Ryan Martinez and Detson is part of the reason that Ryan Martinez is sitting at home tonight watching this show instead of being IN this Main Event, Bucky.

BW: Hey, Johnny Detson took advantage of an opportunity and became the World Champion because of it! Any competitor back in that locker room would've done it and those who say otherwise are LYING!

[Detson pauses halfway down the aisle to lay the badmouth on a fan waving a sign in his face with Detson's picture on it and the words "FORMER World Champion" in bright red block print. Detson sticks his finger in the fan's face before continuing his walk towards the ring where Dufresne is waiting for him, leaning back against the turnbuckles.]

GM: If Johnny Detson is thinking to get in the head of Calisto Dufresne by stalling out on the floor, I'm afraid he's missed the mark. Dufresne looks cool as a cucumber in there.

[Pausing a few more moments, walking back and forth as ringside, Detson steps up the steel steps on the apron. He points into the ring at Dufresne, running his mouth as he ducks through the ropes. Dufresne takes a quick step towards Detson, causing him to fall back against the ropes, the belt slipping off his shoulder

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: Here we go!

[But the sound of the bell doesn't result in either man moving, standing their ground as they trash talk one another..]

...when suddenly, the World Champion lashes out with a slap across the face!]

GM: Detson slaps the-

[Dufresne returns fire with one of his own, snapping Detson around, turning him away from him!]

GM: Oh my! Dufresne REALLY let him have it there!

[Detson wheels around, a red mark growing on his cheek, and uncorks a right hand aimed at the skull of Dufresne who swats it away with ease, lashing out with a stiff right jab... and another... and another...]

GM: The former boxer taking the fisticuffs to the World Champion... and an uppercut puts Johnny Detson down on the canvas!

[Detson starts sliding backwards on his butt, trying to get to the safety of the ropes. Dufresne is moving in, fists balled up and at the ready when the official steps in, ordering him to back off and open up his hands.]

GM: Dufresne flattened him with-

BW: With a closed fist!

GM: Well, yes. You sound surprised, Bucky.

BW: I'm surprised that Dufresne would blatantly break the rules and these idiots would CHEER him for it!

[Rolling under the ropes to the floor, Detson is rubbing at his jaw as he walks around the ringside area.]

GM: The World Champion out on the floor, trying to regroup a bit after that flurry of fists put him down on the mat.

[Dufresne walks around the ring, waving for Detson to join him back inside as the champion milks the count, letting it reach six before he climbs the steps back up onto the apron, barking at the official, miming a clenched fist as Dufresne approaches...]

GM: Dufresne's moving in on him but the official steps in, forcing him back.

[A frustrated Ladykiller is trying to get around Ricky Longfellow as Detson steps back inside the ring.]

GM: The official waves for action... collar and elbow tieup in the center of the ring...

[A quick shift of the arm allows Detson to rake his fingers across the eyes of Dufresne, leaving the Louisiana native blinded and staggering across the ring.]

GM: Detson goes right to the eyes on Dufresne...

[Approaching from the blind side, Detson grabs Dufresne by his long blond ponytail, bouncing him facefirst off the top turnbuckle. He spins the Ladykiller around by the arm, pushing him back against the buckles...]

GM: Detson's got him on the ropes...

BW: In the buckles is more accurate.

GM: ...and fires off a big chop across the chest.

[With Dufresne reeling, Detson grabs him by the arm, whipping him from corner to corner...]

...but Dufresne twists, lifting his leg to push off the middle rope to block the crash into the buckles. He charges back across the ring, leapfrogging a doubled-up Detson.]

GM: Dufresne moving well in there...

[As a surprised Detson turns around to face his opponent, Dufresne reaches up and digs his fingers into the World Champion's eyes to a surprising cheer!]

GM: Oho! Turnabout is fair play, I suppose.

BW: An eye for an eye. Is that what you're saying?

GM: So to speak, yes.

[It's Detson's turn to stagger away, rubbing at his eyes as Dufresne rushes up behind him, hooks a handful of golden tights...]

...and HURLS him over the top rope, sending him crashing down backfirst on the ring apron before sliding down to sit on the floor!]

GM: OH MY!

BW: If this was a Battle Royal, Detson would be eliminated but with the World Title on the line is this one-on-one matchup, he's just getting started, daddy!

[A fired-up Dufresne steps through the ropes, standing on the apron, looking out at a section of supporters. He stays there, watching as Detson slowly gets up off the floor, and then leaps off, dropping a double axehandle down across the back of the head and neck, sending Detson pitching forward, smashing into the metal ringside barricade!]

GM: Double axehandle off the apron connects!

[Dufresne moves in again, turning Detson's back against the steel...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A big overhand chop to the chest leaves a red palm print as a cringing Detson staggers alongside the railing, trying to create some space.]

GM: They're out on the floor now and this is a dangerous space for both of these competitors... both men very skilled in using their environment to their advantage.

[Dufresne pursues Detson, catching up with him and grabbing him by the blond hair...]

GM: Ohh! Facefirst off the railing!

[The smash sends Detson down to all fours on the floor, crawling away from Dufresne as many in the crowd cheer the aggressive actions of the former World Champion.]

GM: Johnny Detson is in a bad way early on in this World Title Main Event here on the Eighth Anniversary show for the AWA. Could we see a new World Champion crowned right here tonight in Los Angeles?

BW: I think that would be the first title change here in Los Angeles. Makes sense considering how these people aren't used to seeing champions crowned.

GM: All those banners hanging down at the Staples Center down the road would seem to say otherwise but nonetheless- ohh! Detson goes to the eyes!

[Grabbing a handful of ponytail, Detson SLAMS Dufresne's head into the ring apron before rolling him back under the ropes.]

GM: Detson turns it around just like that... rolling back in as well...

[Detson dives into a lateral press, earning a short two count before Dufresne kicks out with ease.]

GM: Two count only there for Detson.

BW: That was just a test to see how much damage he'd done. Detson knew he wasn't likely to get a three count there but he wanted to judge the gas gauge on Dufresne.

GM: The tank looks pretty full to me.

[Detson's back on his feet as Dufresne gets to a knee, getting a quick forearm shot to the jaw to stun him. The World Champion grabs him by the arm, whipping him from the middle of the ring to the corner buckles, following in behind him with a running knee into the gut!]

GM: Big knee downstairs by the World Champion... ohh! Hard uppercut to the jaw of the challenger! That'll straighten him up!

[Grabbing the arm, Detson whips him across again before charging in after him...]

GM: And a second running knee to the midsection of Dufresne, trying to knock some of the wind out of the Ladykiller's sails!

[Using the hair, Detson throws Dufresne down to the mat near the corner before hopping up on the middle rope, springing off, and dropping an elbow down into the chest, rolling into another cover.]

GM: Detson gets one... two... but that's all.

BW: And you can see from the outset that Johnny Detson wants this done fast. He doesn't want to toy around with Calisto Dufresne. He spent a year with Dufresne and he knows what a dangerous competitor he is. Detson wants to get out of here with the World Title and do it quickly.

GM: Would you say that makes him desperate?

BW: I'd say it makes him smart.

[Staying on a knee, Detson pulls Dufresne into a seated side headlock where he drives his fist into the skull a few times before shoving him back down to the mat.]

GM: We're just under the five minute mark in this sixty minute time limit battle for the AWA World Heavyweight Title.

[Back on his feet, Detson walks around the ring, circling the downed Dufresne as the Los Angeles crowd lets him have it.]

GM: No love from the LA crowd for the World Champion.

BW: Ridiculous! The man is an Academy Award winner! This town goes nuts for any celebrity at all - look at the friggin' Kardashians for crying out loud - and they boo the greatest professional athlete in the world today?! Kobe Bryant calls Johnny Detson for advice on his jumpshot! Who do you think taught Clayton Kershaw his curveball?!

GM: I highly doubt that.

[Detson leaps up, stomping down on the sternum of Dufresne.]

GM: Ohh! Boot onto the chest of the challenger... and another!

[Foregoing the leaps, Detson just stomps the hell out of the chest, driving Dufresne towards the ropes.]

GM: Dufresne trying to roll away, trying to get out of town...

BW: I don't blame him. I've been ready to leave Los Angeles ever since we landed at LAX.

GM: I've found it a quite pleasant place to visit actually. Maybe your reputation precedes you.

[Near the ropes, Detson steps up on the second rope, springing into the air and dropping a knee down into the sternum.]

GM: A leaping knee off the ropes this time, crushing Dufresne under all his weight.

[Another pin attempt follows but Dufresne escapes at two again. Detson pushes up to his knees as Dufresne rolls under the ropes to the floor, falling off the apron to the barely-padded concrete floor of the Los Angeles Sports Arena.]

GM: Dufresne rolls out to the floor, trying to get a breather to get out from under the attack of the World Heavyweight Champion.

[Detson rises to his feet, taunting the fans in Los Angeles who jeer him accordingly before he steps through the ropes to the apron...]

GM: Detson out on the apron now, keeping an eye on Dufresne...

BW: He ain't gettin' up, Gordo. Dufresne's going to take a nap out there and take the countout.

GM: Highly unlikely, Bucky.

[Detson tires of waiting for Dufresne to get up though, jumping off the apron to the floor where he nearly bumps into the cameraman.]

GM: Whoops. Close encounter there for- HEY!

[The crowd jeers as Detson angrily turns around on the cameraman and we get a closeup of him verbally berating the AWA employee with words like "idiot," "moron," and "Carver" before the young man falls backwards to the floor with Detson approaching him.]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Hey, he didn't touch that kid! It's not the champ's fault the AWA hires clumsy people!

[With the cameraman down on the floor, Detson's angry expression to curious...

...and he leans down, snatching up an electrical cord off the floor.]

GM: What in the...?

BW: You know he was also nominated for an Academy Award for Electrical Best Boy, right?

GM: I... what in the world is that?

BW: No idea but Johnny knows all about it.

[Turning back towards Dufresne, Detson loops the thick cable around the throat of his challenger, pulling back on it to choke him!]

GM: That's a choke! A blatantly illegal choke with that power cord!

BW: The ref can DQ him if he wants but this city has a history of riots sooooo...

[The official is letting Detson have it as he uses his grip on the cable to drag Dufresne half the distance of the apron, circling around the ringpost near the timekeeper's table.]

GM: Johnny Detson is being threatened with a disqualification but he doesn't seem to care, Bucky.

BW: Why should he? A DQ sends him home with the gold. He'll lose the match and the winner's money but he keeps the gold and like I said earlier, if you're not willing to do whatever it takes to keep the gold, you shouldn't be champion. Believe me - Johnny is willing to do whatever it takes to keep that title around his waist.

GM: Ricky Longfellow sliding out to the floor... telling him he's on the verge of losing this match...

[Detson sits on the ring apron, boosting himself up to a standing position as he keeps on strangling the air out of the challenger. The fans are REALLY booing him now as he chokes the life out of Dufresne.]

GM: Come on, referee! You've gotta do your job in there even if it means making an unpopular decision!

[Ducking through the ropes, Detson keeps pulling on the cable. Dufresne boosts himself up onto the apron, trying to alleviate some of the pressure.]

GM: Detson's trying to choke him into unconsciousness!

BW: Longfellow's starting a count!

[Detson pulls Dufresne along the apron, dragging him on his knees alongside the ropes...]

...and as the official gets back in, counting right in Detson's face, Dufresne reaches down, putting his hands on the timekeeper's ring bell!]

BW: Hey, ref! That cheater Dufresne has the bell!

GM: But what does he plan on doing with it?!

[At the count of four and a half, Detson finally lets go, backing off and chuckling as Dufresne slumps down on his chest on the apron, coughing and hacking as he lies atop the ring bell.]

GM: Detson being severely reprimanded by the official who - you can understand - didn't want to DQ him for it. He didn't want this Eighth Anniversary show to end like that. These fans in Los Angeles watching live as well as all of you watching from around the world deserve to see a clear winner.

[With the cord hanging over the ropes, the official gets to work getting rid of it as Detson leans through the ropes, trying to pull Dufresne off the apron...]

...when the Ladykiller blindly and desperately swings the ring bell, SMASHING it between the eyes of Detson!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A loud "CLANG!" is heard as Dufresne throws the weapon aside, having used the wooden base of the bell to hit his opponent rather than the solid steel.]

BW: HE HIT HIM WITH THE BELL!

GM: I think he actually hit him with the wood but your point is true and we may be about to see the title change hands!

[Dufresne leans through the ropes, stacking up the legs of Detson into a jackknife, lunging through into a cover as the referee dives down to count...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!!

[...and then pulls up, having spotted Dufresne's feet resting on the middle rope for leverage. He waves off the pin, moving over to shove the legs down to break it up. A burst of jeers for the official ring out.]

GM: Dufresne tried to take a shortcut with his feet on the ropes and he got caught!

BW: He caught Detson FLUSH with that ring bell, Gordo. I think there was a chance he'd win the title WITHOUT the feet on the ropes and the rulebreaking side of the Ladykiller got greedy!

GM: Dufresne's arguing with the official and- oh my stars!

[The crowd buzzes as Detson comes off the mat to all fours, a red gash in the middle of his forehead.]

GM: Johnny Detson's been busted open by the ring bell!

[Dufresne turns away from the official, burying a boot between the eyes of the World Champion to put him back down on the canvas. The challenger takes the mount, pummeling the cut forehead with his skilled fists.]

GM: The former boxer going to town on that wound and Johnny Detson is about to find himself sporting the proverbial crimson mask, fans!

[Dufresne keeps firing the fists in as the referee starts his five count, waiting until four and a half before breaking away, Detson's blood all over his knuckles as he gets up off the mat, leaving the bloodied World Champion on the canvas.]

GM: And as we near the ten minute mark of this contest, Johnny Detson is bleeding like a stuck pig at the hands of Calisto Dufre-

BW: No, no... not at his hands, Gordo! That damn ring bell did the damage!

[The Ladykiller stands over Detson, getting shouted at by the official as the fans roar their support for the challenger. Nodding his head, he leans down, dragging the bloodied Detson off the canvas...]

GM: Dufresne dragging Detson to his feet. The champion is hurt and hurt badly. This might be the Ladykiller's best chance to put him away and capture the World Heavyweight Title.

BW: You could be right, Gordo. He may not have used the steel on the bell but that shot from the wooden side was enough to really knock Detson for a loop. He's bleeding, he's dazed, and he's running on fumes right now, I'd imagine, as Dufresne pulls him to his feet...

[With Detson bent over, Dufresne holds one arm, looping his leg over the back of Detson's head before leaping into the air...]

GM: FACEFIRST TO THE MAT!

[Leaving a bloody faceprint, Dufresne rolls Detson onto his back, diving across his chest.]

GM: Lateral press in the middle gets one! He gets two! He gets-

[Detson lifts his shoulder off the mat, thrusting his arm up into the air to break the count.]

GM: Two count only!

[Dufresne throws a questioning glance at the official who reiterates the two count. Grimacing, the Ladykiller climbs to his feet...]

BW: Dufresne back up... you can't take time to argue about the count. That's done. You gotta keep going and he knows that.

GM: Calisto Dufresne may be closing in on regaining the AWA World Title and he needs to keep his focus if he's going to do it. Pulling Detson back up off the mat as well now...

BW: Detson can barely stand, Gordo. He's out on his feet right now.

[A wild swing from Detson is easily ducked by Dufresne who responds with a right and left hook to the body, grabbing Detson by the hair, rushing across the ring and slamming his bloody face into the top turnbuckle! He goes flying into the air, crashing down to the mat off the blow.]

GM: Down goes Detson again!

[Dufresne wipes his hands off on his chest, leaving streaks of crimson across it as he steps forward, leaning down to grab Detson by the hair...

...and yanks him into a front facelock!]

GM: This is it! Here it comes!

[But Detson - ever the ring general - charges across the ring, driving Dufresne back into the buckles.]

GM: Ohh! Detson with the counter to save his skin AND the World Title!

[Detson backs off, taking a couple breaths and then wraps his hands around the throat of Dufresne, clenching his teeth as he tries to rip the windpipe out of his opponent.]

GM: That's a choke in the corner!

BW: Desperate times call for desperate measures and right now, Johnny Detson is desperately trying to find a way to keep his hands on the World Title!

[The referee steps in, calling for a break.]

GM: Detson hanging on to the choke, ignoring the official! He might be willing to take the disqualification right now!

[Detson steps back at the count of four, breathing heavily before throwing a boot into the midsection.]

GM: Detson's keeping it simple... big right hand after the boot, trying to conserve energy while doing damage.

[Grabbing the wrist of Dufresne, Detson goes to whip him across but the Ladykiller reverses with ease, sending Detson crashing into the corner where the World Champion staggers back out towards his challenger...]

GM: UP!

[...who lifts him by the upper thigh, flattening out and dropping him facefirst to the canvas!]

GM: DOWN WITH THE FLAPJACK! DUFRESNE WITH THE COVER!

[Longfellow dives to the mat to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The crowd groans as Detson ekes a shoulder off the canvas again, breaking the pin count!]

GM: So close! Calisto Dufresne was so close to regaining the gold right there, he could probably taste it! Detson is in some SERIOUS trouble, Bucky.

BW: Don't you think I know that?! Come on, Johnny!

GM: Unbiased to the end as always, Bucky Wilde.

[Dufresne rolls to his knees, looking up at the official who holds up two fingers, insisting to the Ladykiller that it was close but no cigar as Detson crawls on his hands and knees across the ring, trying to create some distance.]

GM: Detson's crawling for his life right now as Dufresne again argues with the official.

[The camera closes on Detson, revealing blood dripping off his head onto the canvas.]

GM: Ugh. That wound is badly bleeding and with each drop, Johnny Detson's strength to hang onto the AWA World Title slips away.

[Dufresne climbs off the mat, still arguing with the referee as Detson pushes up against the buckles on his knees, leaning back...

...and sliding his hand down into the front of his golden tights.]

GM: Wait a second! Johnny Detson's reaching into his tights!

BW: Huh? No, I don't think so... but look at that bully Dufresne terrorizing the referee!

[The camera catches a clear as day shot of Detson pulling the Black Beauty leather glove from his tights, sliding it onto his right hand as a frustrated Dufresne breaks away, moving back in on Detson.]

GM: Dufresne's coming for Detson but he has no idea what's waiting for him! The fans are screaming, trying to warn the Ladykiller before he gets there and-

[Dufresne grabs Detson by the bloody blond hair, pulling him up to his feet where Detson suddenly swings around, uncorking a right hand...

...but Dufresne shows off his boxing skills once more, quickly lifting his left arm to block the blow with ease. He buries a boot into the midsection in response, pulling Detson into another front facelock.]

GM: He's going for it again!

[Letting loose a shout, Detson charges across the ring, running the distance and DRIVES Dufresne back into the far buckles!]

GM: Detson blocks the DDT a second time!

[Backing a few steps up, Detson winds up his gloved right hand, ready to deliver a potential knockout blow...

...when the official reaches up, hooking the arm to a HUGE ovation!]

BW: What the-?!

GM: Longfellow saw it! Longfellow saw it!

[Grabbing the glove with his hand, Longfellow starts struggling to rip it off the hand of the bloodied Detson who turns towards the official, fighting to get free.]

GM: Detson and the ref are each trying to get a grip on the glove!

[Pulling hard, Longfellow wobbles out of the corner towards the middle of the ring, putting all of his weight behind him...

...and manages to pull the glove off, falling to the mat to a big cheer!]

GM: The referee got the glove!

[A fuming Detson shouts at the official who tosses the glove from the ring, climbing to his feet and getting shoved back down by the World Champion...

...who suddenly finds himself being dragged down to the mat by Calisto Dufresne!]

GM: SCHOOLBOY FROM BEHIND!

[The official - a little out of position due to the shove - scrambles to get there, diving to make the count...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: He almost got him! Dufresne almost regained the title!

BW: Almost only counts in horseshoes and-

[Scrambling up off the mat, Detson charges at Dufresne who sidesteps, hooking the golden tights, and FIRES him shoulderfirst between the ropes and into the steel ringpost!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: INTO THE STEEL GOES DETSON! OH MY!

[The bloodied Detson rests against the ringpost, blood dripping from his head onto the mats at ringside as Dufresne staggers into the ropes, looking out at the mostly-cheering crowd.]

GM: Detson’s in trouble! And Calisto Dufresne is looking for a way to put the final nail in the coffin of Johnny Detson’s World Title reign! Can he do it?

BW: This isn’t supposed to happen, Gordo! Not tonight!

GM: And while I may not have always agreed with the words and actions of Calisto Dufresne, I can think of no better way to celebrate the AWA’s Anniversary than to see an AWA Original walk out of Los Angeles as the World Heavyweight Champion!

[With Detson leaning against the post, Dufresne ducks through the ropes, stepping out on the apron...]

GM: Wait a second...

[Dufresne throws a glance at Detson and with a nod, backs down the length of the apron so that his back touches the far steel post...]

GM: Oh my stars! Dufresne’s looking to pay tribute to the first AWA World Champion, James Monosso! He’s gonna use the Concussionizer on Johnny Detson! He’s gonna-

BW: He’s gonna cave in his skull! Move, Johnny! MOVE!

[With the crowd buzzing in anticipation, Dufresne takes a deep breath and then dashes down the length of the apron, looking to finish off the World Champion,

swinging his leg up with the goal of sandwiching Detson's skull between the sole of his boot and the steel ringpost...]

GM: CONCUSSIONIZER!

[...but Detson is just BARELY able to push himself back at the last moment, sending Dufresne CRASHING into the ringpost!]

GM: OHH! INTO THE STEEL GOES THE CHALLENGER!!

[The bloodied Detson rushes forward, throwing himself into a back elbow that sends Dufresne off the apron, sailing over the ringside area, and CRASHING into the steel barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL AGAIN! GOOD GRIEF!

[Detson leans over the ropes, breathing heavily as blood flows down into his eyes. Calisto Dufresne falls back off the steel to the floor, wincing in pain as the crowd buzzes at the extreme change in momentum.]

GM: Dufresne thought he had the World Title in his sights and just like that, Johnny Detson completely changes the complexion of this matchup! Dufresne is down and he's hurt bad, fans!

BW: Now's the time, Johnny! Now's the time to finish him off!

GM: Johnny Detson is bleeding profusely in there and I'm not sure he's got anything left to finish Dufresne off WITH, Bucky.

[Detson slides down to his knees, wiping his forehead with the back of his hand before leaning through the ropes, tumbling out to the floor as well.]

GM: Both men now outside the ring... and as Johnny Detson struggles to get up off the floor, the fans here in Los Angeles are wondering if their dreams of seeing a new World Champion crowned are in jeopardy.

[The champion wobbles over towards the downed Dufresne, pulling him off the floor. He walks him over towards the ring where he SLAMS Dufresne's face down into the ring apron.]

GM: Detson puts him facefirst into the apron!

[Dufresne staggers away, rounding the ringpost with the World Champion in hot pursuit...]

GM: Detson catches up to him by the timekeeper's table and-

[The crowd groans as Detson bounces Dufresne's head off the wooden table, sending the timekeeper and Phil Watson scattering away.]

GM: Again, Dufresne's head gets sent into something solid and again, he's trying to create some distance between the World Champion and himself.

BW: Detson's gotta keep it up. Keep pouring it on! Don't give Dufresne time to recoup!

[Reaching the ringpost, Detson grabs the ponytail, preventing Dufresne's escape, and ROCKETS him facefirst into the steel post!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Dufresne collapses in a heap on the ringside mats after having his head hit the steel post out here at ringside!

[Detson leans against the post, standing over Dufresne who is in a pile on the floor.]

GM: Both men are running low on fumes as we near the twenty minute mark of this very physical, very violent confrontation.

[Detson grabs the bottom rope, taking aim as he viciously stomps Dufresne's head once... twice... three times.]

GM: Stomps to the head out on the floor... and the World Champion pulls Dufresne off the floor and- oh my! Dufresne's been lacerated as well!

[Seeing the blood flowing down the challenger's forehead, Detson presses his face into the ring apron, dragging it back and forth across the canvas.]

GM: Ahhh! He's trying to rip that flesh wide open, fans! There's just something about this city that turns matches into bloodbaths, isn't there?

BW: Sho'nuff.

[With a shove, Detson sends the bleeding Dufresne under the ropes back inside the ring.]

GM: Detson puts the challenger back in... rolling himself back in as well...

[Climbing to his feet, the World Champion takes a moment to taunt the crowd before moving in on Dufresne...]

...and pulling him into a standing headscissors!]

GM: Detson's going for the Wilde Driver! He's getting set for-

[The Ladykiller suddenly stands up, yanking the legs out from under Detson.]

GM: Counter!

[Holding the legs, Dufresne attempts to twist Detson into a Boston Crab.]

GM: We saw this back at SuperClash! We saw Dufresne using the Boston Crab on Johnny Detson! Can he get it applied right here?

[The answer is no as Detson pulls his legs towards him and then shoves off, sending Dufresne flying backwards into the buckles.]

GM: Ohh! Dufresne gets kicked off into the corner!

[Climbing up off the mat, Detson steps towards the corner, throwing a big right hand at the jaw of Dufresne. He grabs the top rope, laying in boots to the midsection over and over and over...]

GM: Repeatedly kicking away at the body of the challenger, driving him down to a seated position on the mat and-

[The referee steps in, forcing Detson back...

...but Detson shoves him aside, moving back in to grab the top rope, now aiming stomps at the downed Dufresne!]

GM: Detson stomping the heck out of Dufresne in the corner! Get in there, referee!

[Ricky Longfellow does indeed "get in there" and forces Detson to step back. Detson walks across the ring as the referee checks to make sure Dufresne is able to continue.]

GM: Dufresne is down and... what's Detson doing? Can we get a camera to-

[On cue, the camera shot cuts to reveal Detson untying the turnbuckle cover, throwing it out to the floor and exposing the steel underneath.]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

BW: Whatever it takes to keep the title!

GM: Detson's taken off the padding and left the solid steel exposed!

BW: Hmm? Well, I could see how it might look that way to some people but...

GM: Bucky, we can all see it! The buckle pad is on the floor and that steel buckle is exposed!

[A smirking Detson walks back across the ring to where a bleeding Dufresne is climbing off the mat. Detson greets him with a forearm uppercut, straightening him up...]

GM: Detson's going for the whip, going to send him into the steel!

[And he does exactly that, bouncing Dufresne's back off the exposed steel. The challenger lets loose a cry as he staggers out of the corner towards the bloodied Detson who buries a boot in the gut...]

GM: Detson goes downstairs! He sets again!

[But as he hooks Dufresne for the Wilde Driver, Dufresne yanks the legs out again...]

GM: Dufresne slips out of the Wilde Driver again!

BW: These two know each other so well, Gordo.

GM: They absolutely do and... wait a second... CATAPULT!

[Falling back, Dufresne elevates Detson into the air where he SMASHES facefirst into the exposed steel buckle!]

GM: OHHH! DETSON'S DIRTY WORK MIGHT BE HIS UNDOING!

[Detson collapses to the canvas motionless as Dufresne rolls to his hip...

...and a strong buzz starts to emerge from the Los Angeles crowd.]

GM: Dufresne's gotta cover! Dufresne's gotta-

[The bleeding challenger throws an arm across the chest.]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THREE-

[But JUST before the three count comes down, Johnny Detson's foot magically appears on the bottom rope...

...right next to Brian Lau who is breathing heavy from having hustled down the aisle so quickly.]

GM: What the-?! Lau?! What is Brian Lau doing out here?!

BW: Surprise!

GM: Huh? Did Lau put the foot on the ropes?!

BW: That's exactly what Calisto Dufresne wants to know!

[Rising to his feet, Dufresne is pointing and shouting at Lau who is out on the floor, pleading his innocence. Referee Ricky Longfellow joins Dufresne in this verbal assault as Lau climbs up on the apron, shaking his head, waving the official closer.]

GM: Longfellow's shouting at Lau! Dufresne's shouting at Lau! The fans are shouting at Lau! But what I want to know is why the heck he's out here at all, Bucky!

BW: I'm not at liberty to say, Gordo.

GM: Not at liberty to... well, it may not matter because Calisto Dufresne is pulling Detson off the mat... right into the front facelock...

[As Dufresne does though, Lau wraps an arm around Ricky Longfellow, pulling him closer...

...when the crowd buzz grows stronger when a hoodie-wearing beast of a man comes over the barricade, sliding under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: We've got a fan in the ring! We've got-

BW: That's no fan!

[And as the hooded "fan" uncorks a right hand aimed straight at the heart of the surprised Calisto Dufresne, the hood falls off to reveal...]

GM: THAT'S BRIAN JAMES!

BW: WELCOME HOME, KID!

[Dufresne collapses to the canvas motionless as James grabs the bloodied Detson and tosses him on top of the challenger. James bails from the ring, ducking out of view as Lau lets go of Longfellow who turns around, looks puzzled, and then dives to the canvas...]

GM: Wait... WAIT A SECOND!

BW: ONE!! TWO!!

GM: NO!

[Yes. The official slaps the mat for the third time, pivoting to signal for the bell as Brian Lau jumps into the air in jubilation.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: You’ve gotta be kidding me!

BW: No, no... the joke’s on Calisto Dufresne, daddy! Johnny Detson retains the title here in Los Angeles!

[Lau walks over to the timekeeper’s table, snatching the title belt away from it as he rolls into the ring...

...and proudly hands it to the bloodied World Champion who is on his knees looking up at his savior.]

GM: This is it, right? This is Lau’s big surprise? This is what was supposed to be such a big night for the AWA?!

BW: Seems like one heck of a surprise and one heck of a night to me, daddy!

[After a moment, Brian James slides back into the ring, falling into an embrace with Brian Lau. James steps past Lau, extending a hand to the downed World Champion...

...and lifts him up to his feet, helping to keep him there as the Los Angeles boo wildly.]

GM: This is... what a sham! Calisto Dufresne had the World Title won, fans! He had it won and if it hadn’t had been for Lau and James and... we’d have a new World Champion!

BW: Coulda, woulda, shoulda... the fact remains that Johnny Detson is still the AWA World Champion... YOUR World Champion, Gordo... and he’s on top of the world with his new allies...

[Suddenly, the boos get louder as the World Tag Team Champions - Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan - come jogging down the aisle, grins a mile wide on their faces. They slide into the ring to join the celebration.]

GM: And of course, these two are in on it as well!

[Taylor and Donovan take the time to shake hands with their new ally before welcoming back their returning ally...

...and then turn to put the boots to Dufresne!]

GM: Oh, these jackals! These vultures!

[With a shrug, Detson and James join in on the beating, putting the boots to an unconscious Dufresne.]

GM: This is ridiculous!

BW: And with someone like Dufresne, you know no one’s coming to help him! He’s got more enemies in that locker room than half the guys in the ring, Gordo! He’s all alone - a mere pawn in the ring with kings!

GM: Dufresne is helpless... oh, and look at this now...

[Taylor pulls Dufresne up, shoving him towards Detson who BLASTS him with the World Title belt to bigger jeers from the crowd!]

GM: Gaaah! Right across the face with the belt!

[Donovan starts stomping... and stomping... and stomping, sending Dufresne rolling out to the floor as the boos get louder.]

GM: Dufresne is out... and there are five men in that ring who are walking tall, fans. Brian James returns from... wherever the heck he was... and he costs Calisto Dufresne the World Title! And if you thought Johnny Detson's cheating ways were bad before... just imagine what it'll be like now!

BW: I told you, Gordo. I told you that real winners were willing to do whatever it takes to win titles... and that real champions were willing to do even MORE to keep them! Johnny Detson is a real winner... AND a real champion! What a force this is in the ring! The World Champion, the World Tag Team Champions, one of the most dominating physical forces in the business, and arguably the greatest managerial mind in the history of our sport. Who the heck is gonna stop these guys?!

GM: Who indeed. Fans, we're out of time. This is NOT the scene we hoped to leave you here tonight but it is the scene we got. It is a time of overwhelming darkness here in the AWA... but we've faced dark times before. This isn't the end, fans... this is only the beginning. For all of us here in the AWA, we thank you for joining us and-

BW: HAPPY ANNIVERSARY, DADDY!

GM: Indeed. So long everybody.

[The fans are viciously booing five men inside the ring holding their arms aloft.

Dark times indeed.

Fade to black.]