



Saturday Night Wrestling May 21st, 2016 Ford Idaho Center Boise, Idaho

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

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

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

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

[The logo and fanfare fade...

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

"WE ARE... FOX SPORTS!"

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[The logo fades to black...

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

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

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

#Oh-ohohohoh-ohohohohoh!#

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

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

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

#Oh-ohohohoh!#

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

#The seeds in my head
Visions in red#

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#Scream#

#Scream#

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

#Scream#

#Until they hear you#

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

GM: Wrestling fans around the world, we are LIVE right here on The X! We are LIVE right here in Boise, Idaho at the Ford Idaho Center! And we are LIVE for another exciting night of action as we bring you the flagship show of the American Wrestling Alliance - Saturday Night Wrestling!

[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 ever-present Gordon Myers - 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: The AWA has rolled right into the City of Trees as we continue down the road to Memorial Day Mayhem. The biggest stage of the summer is just nine days away now and we couldn't be more exci-

[The voice of Buckthorn P. Wilde cuts across the PA system, stopping Gordon in his tracks with an annoyed look on his face.]

BW: Hey Gordo! Gordo!

[Gordon turns to face the ring, shaking his head. We cut to a shot of the ring where our esteemed color commentator is standing in a hot pink sportscoat, bleached white dress shirt, matching pink pants, and a jet black bow tie.]

BW: Enough of all your jibber jabber, Gordo. Let's get to the real reason these people are here tonight.

[The fans grumble a little at the disrespect being shown to the well-respected play-by-play man as Gordon takes a seat with a wave towards the ring.]

BW: Alright, let's get down to business. For over eight years, you people have watched Saturday Night Wrestling for the best action in the biz.

[Big cheer!]

BW: And for that same period of time, you've tuned in right here on the edge of your seats whenever you were graced with the highest rated segment in the history of our sport... the place where the truth comes to live... the joint where all the secrets get exposed... the hangout where everything happen... THE CALL OF THE WILDE!

[Some cheers. Some boos for the overhype. Bucky could care less. He truly could. I mean, he doesn't care much now... but he could probably care less if necessary.]

BW: That's right! And if you think you're cheering now, get on up out of your seats - even you poor saps at home and not here in...

[He looks around.]

BW: On second thought, you people at home are the lucky ones. But you should get up too because my guest at this time is YOUR AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...

[A big explosion of boos from the Boise crowd.]

BW: ...and THE greatest professional athlete in the world today...

[Even more boos. Bucky nods approvingly.]

BW: The one! The only! JOHNNNNNNNNYYYYY DEEEEEETSON!

[The boos are still pouring down when suddenly "Kashmir" by Led Zeppelin kicks in over the PA system. The classic rock does little to sway the Boise fans as the boos get even louder when the champ comes out. Detson is wearing a loud, LOUD Hawaiian shirt with khakis and brown loafers. He has several papers sticking out of the pocket of his shirt and the AWA World Heavyweight title draped across his

shoulder. Of course, he's smiling from ear to ear as he struts down the aisle, up the steps, and over to Wilde to shake his hand.]

BW: Champ, thanks for taking the time.

JD: No problem, Bucky, but as you know my time is a precious commodity! Not only have I been successfully defending my World Title... up to one hundred and forty successful defenses now...

[Detson smiles as Bucky nods in agreement. The champion pulls the papers from his shirt pocket.]

JD: ...but I also have a vacation to plan!

[Detson laughs as the crowd boos again. As he lifts the papers, we can now clearly see they are travel brochures.]

BW: That explains what you're wearing! I have to admit, champ, I was a little thrown when I saw you come out here. I'm so used to seeing you in a custom ten thousand dollar suits! But you can't wear that on the beach!

[Detson shakes his head.]

JD: Absolutely not, Buckthorn. You nailed it again. But I need to ask you a favor...

[Bucky looks puzzled.]

JD: There's just too many choices! You gotta help me out! Where will it be, Bucky? Maui?

[Bucky grins, nodding his head.]

JD: It's nice, I guess... but I want to get a new passport with my latest piece of jewelry.

[He slaps the title belt over his shoulder.]

JD: So, maybe the Caribbean? I hear wonderful things about the South Pacific too!

[Detson shakes his head, tossing the brochures over his shoulder.]

JD: The choices are endless... hey, maybe we can Blackwell to do one of those polls on the Internet. Let the fans pick my vacation spot?

[The fans in Boise let Detson know how they feel about that.]

JD: Well, wherever it is, Bucky... wherever I go... all I know is... I HAVE THE SUMMER OFF!

[Detson is just taunting the crowd, but it's working as they continue to try and drown out the champ with their hatred.]

BW: That's right, daddy! You've got Memorial Day Mayhem off AND the Battle of Boston! And it's all thanks to that masterful bet you made with Emerson Gellar two weeks ago.

JD: You got that right, Buckthorn... once again. But it's not all well and good between me and Emerson. Not at all. I know I'm not the first and I definitely won't be the last, but I have a gripe with Emerson Gellar.

First, he tries to illegally stick me in a title match against Torin the Titan...

[He's ticking these off on his fingers.]

JD: ...and then he tries to stack the deck against the World Tag Team Champions and my close personal friends, my brothers-in-arms, Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan.

[Another finger.]

JD: And then he puts a hit out against me with those two jealous hacks Lynch and Dufresne when all I'm trying to do is cheer my brothers on!

[Detson shakes his head angrily. Bucky tries to mimic the same head-shaking.]

JD: Well, thank goodness I also have Brian James... solid steel's worst nightmare... as another one of my brothers-in-arms... and we dispatched of those two fools easily... just like Wes and Tony will do in Seattle.

As for Gellar, he tried... and he FAILED to take me down... to take the Kings of Wrestling down...

[The fans boo the idea of this failure.]

JD: And I got a little bit of satisfaction seeing his plan fail.

[He turns, looking at the crowd, pointing at them.]

JD: Just like all of these people will fail... to see ME... defend the title at Memorial Day Mayhem... because I've got the night off, baby!

[Detson lifts the title belt off his shoulder up into the air as the Boise fans let him have it yet again.]

BW: Champ, it's going to be a great summer for you... but you mentioned your brothers... Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan...

[Detson nods.]

BW: That was one heck of a match they won two weeks ago. I know from talking to you that you couldn't be prouder.

Just like all of these people will fail... to see me... defend this title at Memorial Day Mayhem... because I've got the night off baby!

[The World Champion nods again, clapping Bucky on the back.]

JD: Bucky, that's why you are one of the most insightful and respected journalists that I have ever had the pleasure of speaking with. Gellar thought he was backing me in a corner with his illegal moves and - I'm quite certain - illegal bets. Like I wouldn't have complete and total faith in my brothers - Taylor and Donovan - getting the job done!

[Detson pulls out a small box from his pocket.]

JD: But my faith and sincere gratitude isn't enough. No! So I took it upon myself to make sure the World Tag Team Champs know how much I appreciate their valiant effort. I went to Jacob's and Co. and I had them work around the clock to create these state-of-the-art, custom cufflinks as a token of my appreciation!

[Detson opens the box and shows off the cufflinks which are shaped like the King of Spades playing card and is lined with diamonds, black diamonds and rubies. Bucky looks at the box and whistles.]

BW: Priceless, Champ!

JD: Just about cost that much too... but no cost is too high to reward those I value!

[Detson snaps the box close and puts it back in his pocket.]

BW: And even though you have the night off, you stated that you plan to be at Memorial Day Mayhem in Seattle to see your friends in action.

JD: And I meant it. I might have to cut my vacation short, but I will be here to make sure that I have a front row seat to the final destruction of those two thorns in the Kings' side. My brothers-in-arms had my back and I'll make sure I have their back too. Then afterwards, everyone will know to never mess with the Kings of Wrestling EVER again!

[And on that note, "Kashmir" starts back up as Detson raises the title belt over his head again. A grinning Bucky Wilde tucks the mic under his arm, clapping for the World Champion as he makes a tour to all four sides of the ring, taunting the jeering fans as we fade...]

...to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing alongside the Russian War Machine, Kolya Sudakov. Sudakov is wearing a crimson red windbreaker-style jacket with a gold hammer and sickle on one side of his chest and the US Stars and Stripes on the other.]

MS: The World Champion feeling good about no title defense at Memorial Day Mayhem OR the Battle of Boston. But fans, joining me at this time is a man who - unlike Johnny Detson - is looking for a fight. In fact, he is a man ready for war. Kolya Sudakov, we are just days away now from your Russian Chain Match against Maxim Zharkov in Seattle, Washington as part of Memorial Day Mayhem. Tonight, we're going to see you in a warm-up match in just a few moments but what's on your mind as we look ahead to Seattle?

[Sudakov nods his bald head.]

KS: You said it yourself, comrade... war.

Kolya has spent the last few months thinking about Zharkov. The battle to come. The war.

Russian Chain Match is meant to be brutal. Someone get hurt. Someone bleed. Someone could have career ended, Mark Stegglet.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: But I'm sure your plans for battle have him getting hurt... not you.

[Sudakov gives a humorless chuckle.]

KS: "Plans for battle."

Kolya has studied enough of warfare to understand that plans for battle do not always end up being what was planned, Mark Stegglet.

[Sudakov shakes his head.]

KS: Kolya will go to Seattle to fight. Kolya will go to Seattle to show the world again why he Russian War Machine.

But Kolya know that Zharkov will come to fight too. Zharkov want to take Kolya spot.

[Sudakov gestures a hand.]

KS: Come, Zharkov. Come for Kolya.

Mark Stegglet, Kolya read once famous quote - "To get through war, man needs something bigger than himself to fight for."

[The former National Champion nods.]

KS: Kolya not come to fight for himself. Kolya come to fight for Russia. To fight for Russian people. Russia is... hard place. Russian people live hard lives. And if time in United States teach Kolya anything...

Hope.

Hope make people live to fight another day. Hope make the sun come through the darkness. Hope give people reason to go on.

Kolya fight for hope. Kolya fight to show Russian people that hope for Russian pride is still there.

Maybe in Zharkov...

[Sudakov slams a fist into his chest.]

KS: ...or in Kolya. But hope is there. And hope... is worth fighting for.

[Stegglet looks surprised.]

MS: I'm sorry, Kolya. I'm not used to hearing you so philosophical. It's a new side to you and one I wasn't expecting.

[Sudakov smiles.]

KS: Sometimes... in war... you must do what opponent not expecting.

[And with that, Sudakov walks out of view, leaving Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: The former National Champion. The Russian War Machine. The man who is set for war in just nine days. Gordon, Bucky... back to you!

[We fade back to ringside where our announce team is seated.]

GM: Thanks for that, Mark. Bucky, in all our time here on Saturday Night Wrestling, have you ever seen Kolya Sudakov so calm? So relaxed?

BW: Not at all and to me, Gordo, that's a sign of a guy who knows he's near the end. Sudakov knows that his body doesn't have many fights left in it and a fight with the likes of Maxim Zharkov in a Russian Chain Match just might use up all nine lives in one shot. He's tired, he's hurting, and he's ready to take one final beating and go home.

GM: Perhaps you're right but perhaps he's a man who is so supremely confident in what he's going to do at Memorial Day Mayhem, he doesn't need to get worked up and scream at the camera. He knows with every fiber of his being that this Russian Chain Match is going to be a war but it's a war he expects to win.

BW: You're as delusional as he is if you're buying that.

GM: Let's see what the Russian War Machine looks like in the ring just nine days before his big encounter!

[Fade to Phil Watson who is inside the ring.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada... weighing in at 249 pounds... "CONCRETE" JOHN YEATES!

[The well-built Canadian with chest hair, thick shoulders, and a lantern jaw hops up on the middle rope. He's wearing navy blue trunks, white kneepads, and navy blue boots. As he raises his left arm, we see a leather forearm support as the fans jeer. He hops down, waving his arms in a dismissive gesture with a "Get out of here, ya yardapes!"]

GM: "Concrete" John Years hoping to draw on over twenty years of experience in this business here tonight.

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The lighting dims as a Russian flag appears on the video wall, fluttering in the breeze. A booming military anthem with lots of drums and brass is heard.]

PW: Fighting out of Russia... weighing in at 272 pounds... "THE RUSSIAN WAR MACHINE"

KOLLLLLLLLLLYAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA 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: And resting across the shoulders of the Russian War Machine is that heavy steel chain that in just nine nights will be secured to the wrists of both he and the Tsar, Maxim Zharkov. What a war that's going to be.

[Sudakov reaches ringside fairly quickly, depositing the chain over the ring post as he climbs into the ring...

...and with a stream of exciting babbling that turns into a loud "AHHHHH!" Yeates barrels across the ring, arms extended over his head for a double axehandle!]

GM: Yeates from behind!

[But Sudakov spins away, giving a little shove to the back of Yeates, sending him crashing chestfirst into the corner buckles. As he falls backwards, Sudakov lifts Yeates into the air, dropping him with an atomic drop that sends him flying back in, smashing his large chin on the top turnbuckle!]

GM: And we're off and running in this one as Sudakov turns him around in the corner...

[Grabbing the top rope with both hands, Sudakov winds up, throwing a rounding kick to the body once... twice... three times...

...and then hooks Yeates under the arm and around the neck, HURLING him halfway across the ring with a massive biel throw!]

GM: 249 pounds tossed across the ring like a sack of garbage, Bucky!

BW: Hey, make no mistake about it - Sudakov is big, he's tough, he's strong. He's an accomplished warrior in many disciplines from kickboxing and Mixed Martial Arts to professional wrestling. He's one of the longest reigning National Champions in AWA history. But he's no Maxim Zharkov.

GM: We'll see about that in nine days, Bucky. Sudakov in the corner... in a crouch... waiting for Yeates to rise...

[And as the journeyman does, Sudakov comes storming out of the corner, blasting him across the collarbone with a clothesline that sends Yeates sailing into the air before crashing to the canvas.]

GM: And if Kolya Sudakov hits that - the Russian Sickle - on Zharkov in Seattle, it'll be ALLLLLLL over just like it is here.

[Sudakov applies a press, arms at full extension as he drives his palms into the chest of Yeates, sticking out his tongue towards the camera for the one, two, three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Wow! A quick and impressive victory for Kolya Sudakov just days before what may ultimately be the battle of his life, Bucky.

BW: Oh, it will be... it will be.

GM: Fans, we're going to take a break but when we come back, we'll hear from Jordan Ohara so stick around!

[Sudakov raises the chain over his head, acknowledging the cheers of the crowd as we fade to black.

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

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

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

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

else who would. Ultimately, my career paid the price but it was a good run while it lasted."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

...and as we fade back up, much like two weeks ago, we find Colt Patterson down on the load-in ramp of the Ford Idaho Center, waiting for four immaculately attired figures who emerge from the afternoon sun.]

CP: And here they come, dressed as self-made men should, Kerry Kendrick, Callum Mahoney, and Mr. Steal the Spotlight 2015, "Red Hot" Rex Summers... Gentlemen...and lady... big match tonight as you go three-on-three against Terry Shane III, Pure X, and the Gladiator.

[Kerry Kendrick is dressed in an emerald green silk shirt with suspenders. "Red Hot" Rex Summers cuts a dapper figure in a finely tailored black suit with a white dress

shirt and a black and red checkered tie; this weekend's Sweetheart looks up at him from his arm, possibly showing signs of dehydration from attraction. Callum Mahoney has on a cap and black waistcoat, a gold chain, presumably attached to a pocket watch, hanging out from the left pocket. Even Erica Toughill is also in a suit of her own, her oily black hair slicked down one side of her head like a crow's wing. Her baseball bat is still slung over her shoulder, and still chomps on a wad of bubblegum.]

CM: So, let me get this straight, Colt... Supernova calls us out by name... I call his bluff and challenge him to put up the World Television title. He tells me to take it up with Gellar, which I do. I even extended the Director of Operations the courtesy of waiting for after Memorial Day Mayhem, so Shadoe Rage can get the rematch that he is owed and Gellar gets to protect his boy and his match... And he slaps me right in the face by naming the kid who has tried twice and failed next in line for a shot at the championship...

While we self-made men get put in a match against two fellas we've gotten the better of over and over, and the other fella whom Rex here will put in his place nine days from now? Well, you know what, Gellar? Be careful what hoops you make us jump through. Be careful what games you force us to play. If you can't see the value in each of us as individuals, well, then, we'll just have to show you over and over again what we can do as a unit.

CP: I'll echo that, Callum. A lot of your respective haters have been pretty silent lately, minding their own business now. Speaking of which, Kerry, how is business?

KK: Booming, Colt. Booming. And some haters don't know how to mind their own business, namely Terry Shane and Pure X. Y'know, speaking on behalf of Callum and Rex, I personally can't get enough of beating those two little tetherballs around the pole over and over. I'd like to take it easy on the poor dopes, but after all the sexist stuff they've been saying about our gal Ricki...

[He puts his arm over the impassive Toughill's shoulder. She goes on churning her bubble gum.]

KK: ...we have a responsibility to knock some respect and humility into Pure X and Terry Shane. And believe me, all that money and all that hype that Gellar poured into Shane and the Langseth Lamer—Gellar, stop trying to make 'fetch' happen with those two, and take that mushmouthed metalhead with them.

RS: SNARL SNARF SNARL SNARF SNARF!

[A cocky smile comes across the lips of Rex Summers as Mahoney and Kendrick share a laugh.]

RS: Did you understand that, Colt? Of course, you didn't!

[The smile fades from Summers' face.]

RS: But that's exactly what it sounds like when Gellar's next chosen one speaks. He's not talking in tongues, he's not channeling the voices from the heavens up above... he's babbling like a three-year-old child!

And like a child, The Gladiator doesn't understand what's in store for him at Memorial Day Mayhem. You see Gladiator, you're Gellar's sacrificial lamb! He knows come May 30th when that bell sounds for the final time, the "Red Hot One" will STILL be Mr. Steal the Spotlight.

[Kerry and Callum nod their heads.]

RS: But before we get to Memorial Day Mayhem...

[Ricki pounds the baseball bat in the palm of her hand as Rex motions to Kerry and Callum.]

RS: This elite trinity will make Terry Shane and Pure X question why they ever decided to set foot back into the square circle and maybe Gladiator, just maybe you'll be able to make it to Memorial Day Mayhem.

[Summers lets out a throaty chuckle as the alliance make their way up the ramp...

...as we fade away from Colt Patterson to the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands before the AWA backdrop. Microphone in hand, Blackwell addresses the camera earnestly.]

SLB: My guest at this time is a man who came close to suffering a serious injury at the hands of Larry Wallace and Hamilton Graham... he is one of our brightest young superstars... from Charlotte North Carolina by way of Tokyo... Jordan Ohara!

[Jordan Ohara enters the shot. He is dressed in a Sweet Daddy Williams T-shirt over his wrestling gear. The handsome young man sports three small bandages over his eyebrow, a memento from Hamilton Graham.]

JO: Thank you, Sweet Lou. I am pleased to be here to be able to speak with you.

SLB: I've got to tell you I was scared for your life out there last Saturday Night Wrestling. That spike piledriver has to be one of the most devastating and potentially career-ending moves in the business... ask James Lynch!

[Subconsciously, Ohara rubs the back of his muscular neck.]

JO: Mr. Blackwell, I am ashamed to say how much respect I lost for someone who pretends to be a wrestling legend. Hamilton Graham is nothing more than a bully and a coward.

SLB: He does have a mean right hand, however.

[Ohara touches his busted eyebrow.]

JO: That he does. The swelling over my eyebrow hasn't completely gone down. But I'm okay with that. I have seen him hit a lot of men with that punch before. What bothers me, Mr. Blackwell, is how cavalierly he tried to set me up for a piledriver... a spiked piledriver.

That means he wanted to take me out.

[Ohara lets the importance of that sentence hang in the air.]

SLB: We've seen a number of wrestlers fall victim to the piledriver...

JO: Mr. Blackwell, professional wrestling is a violent and dangerous sport. We all accept that when we step into that ring to compete. But there is a difference between trying to beat a man and trying to end his career.

Larry Wallace had to cheat to beat me once. And now that he and I will match up at Memorial Day Mayhem, he tried to end my career.

Why?

Because he's a coward, Mr. Blackwell.

[Sweet Lou makes a bug-eyed face at the accusation.]

SLB: Wait a minute, those are very strong words! That's twice you've said coward.

JO: My words are absolutely true! Larry Wallace doesn't believe he can compete with me. His actions prove it.

But I know I can beat him. And I will.

SLB: But Jordan Ohara, you have some doubts in the back of your mind. Hamilton Graham will be down at ringside. That's got to be a distraction to you!

[Ohara gives a wry smile.]

JO: Hamilton will try to be a factor as he struggles to stay relevant in this sport. But, Sweet Lou, I'm the Phoenix, a once in a Millennium talent. Do you think I haven't learned any lessons from Mifune-san? I have been on the phone and I'll have someone watch my back at Memorial Day Mayhem.

SLB: You will? Who?

JO: (shaking his head 'no.') A smart warrior never reveals his secrets.

Flawed One... you tried to take me out but you didn't get the job done. You didn't finish me. You made me stronger. And at Memorial Day Mayhem you will find out just how dangerous I am!

[Ohara flashes some karate katas before he stares aggressively into the camera. Breathing sharply, he threatens the camera once more with a chop before he walks off set, leaving Sweet Lou staring after him in surprise.]

SLB: Whoa, this is the most aggressive I've ever seen the Phoenix be. Larry Wallace, I hope you're ready for mayhem indeed at Memorial Day Mayhem. Gordon, Buckthorn... the floor is yours!

[We fade back out to the arena - more specifically to the announce table where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

BW: Buckthorn?! My mama calls me Buckthorn, you ignorant wretch! Well, my mama and close friends like the World Champion. Not penguin-suited goofs like you, Blackwell!

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: Bucky, settle down. We're about to see "Flawless" Larry Wallace in action out here in just a few moments but what do you think about what Jordan Ohara had to say? Was Hamilton Graham trying to end his career with that spike piledriver?

BW: Well, it's hard to say no to that, isn't it? We haven't seen very many spike piledrivers in AWA history but the ones we've seen have been absolutely devastating. James Lynch - I hate to say it - but the kid had a promising career. Former National Tag Team Champion and he got his career snuffed out by a spike piledriver. He's been trying to make a comeback for years but that neck... so, yeah, Gordo... I'd say that's exactly what they were trying to do.

GM: With Hamilton Graham at ringside, you have to wonder if Jordan Ohara knows what he's getting himself into in Seattle. He says he does... in fact, he says he's made some phone calls and he found himself someone to watch his back at Memorial Day Mayhem. You're the man with the scoops. Any idea who that is?

BW: Not at all. I haven't heard a single peep about it so either he's lying or he's keeping this one REAL quiet.

GM: I suppose we just have to wait nine days to find out. Fans, let's go up to the ring!

[We cut to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Cleveland, Ohio... weighing in at 211 pounds... Jimmy Delgado!

[The thin youngster raises an arm to a smattering of cheers.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The jeers from the Fargo 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"
LAAAAAAAAARRRRRRYYYYY
WAAAAAALLLLLLLAAAAAAAAACE!

[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: There he is, Bucky... the man who will face Jordan Ohara in nine days in Seattle, Washington at Memorial Day Mayhem.

BW: Gordo, every now and again, there's a match between two young lions that makes everyone in the locker room and the front office take pause and take a long look because they realize they could be watching a turning point in the business. If you think back to the EMWC... think back to Showtime V in Boston... early on that card, Mark Langseth and Quinn Brown went one-on-one. At the time, they were considered two of the top prospects in the business. Now, both went on to some degree of success but Mark Langseth is a Hall of Famer... a multi-time former World Champion. This could be one of those matches. When it's all said and done, Jordan Ohara might turn out to be a heck of a talent... but Larry Wallace will go on to be a megastar!

GM: Or perhaps it'll be the other way around.

BW: Nah.

GM: It could.

BW: Nope. No chance.

[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: "Flawless" Larry Wallace sure does enjoy showing off like this, Bucky.

BW: When you've got it, flaunt it.

GM: We may find out in a matter of days if Wallace does indeed have it.

[Wallace comes to a halt, staring across the ring at Jimmy Delgado, peppering him with some verbal strikes as Delgado shakes his head at the disrespect.]

GM: Is there anyone that Larry Wallace respects, Bucky?

BW: Hamilton Graham. Supreme Wright. His pops.

GM: Perhaps Jordan Ohara can beat some respect into him.

[Wallace backs across the ring, leaning against the buckles, kicking his legs up to rest across the buckles as an annoyed Davis Warren signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And here we go!

[Jimmy Delgado starts to dash across the ring but pulls up with a grin as Wallace hops down off the ropes, striking a defensive posture.]

GM: Jimmy Delgado, the youngster from Cleveland, Ohio, playing some mind games with Larry Wallace right out of the gate.

[Wallace looks annoyed as he threatens Delgado from afar. Delgado, showing no fear, waves him forward.]

GM: Wallace edging out of the corner, into the tieup...

[Delgado suddenly drops down, using an armdrag to take Wallace off his feet.]

GM: Armdrag! Nicely done!

[Scrambling up to his feet, Wallace charges in and ends up getting hiptossed down to the canvas.]

GM: Delgado takes him down a second time!

[As Wallace rises, Delgado uncorks a standing dropkick, getting great elevation and full leg extension, sending Wallace sprawling through the ropes and out to the floor where Hamilton Graham rushes to his side. Delgado kips up off the mat, throwing his arms wide, mimicking Wallace's signature pose as the crowd cheers and a furious Wallace slams his hands down on the ring apron.]

GM: Larry Wallace is less than pleased with the outset of this one... and look at this!

[Delgado approaches the ropes, grabbing the top rope with both hands, slingshotting over the top to land on his feet on the floor next to Wallace. Graham scampers away, shouting insults at Delgado who grabs Wallace by the hair, smashing him headfirst into the ring apron!]

GM: Delgado stays on the attack on the floor, putting him into the apron...

[Delgado shoves Wallace under the ropes, putting him back in. Once inside the ring, Wallace shouts at the official who gets closer...

...and Wallace reaches up, grabbing Davis Warren by the shirt, pulling him down as Delgado climbs up on the apron...]

GM: What in the...?

[Hamilton Graham rushes forward, grabbing the leg of Delgado, yanking it out from under him, sending him falling off the apron and smashing his face on the edge of the apron!]

GM: OHH!

[The crowd jeers the interference of Graham as Wallace smirks, shoving the official aside as he climbs to his feet. Warren warns Wallace for putting his hands on him as the Flawless One dashes to the ropes, rebounding back across the ring...

...and dropping down into a baseball slide, driving both feet flush into the face of the stunned Delgado!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Good grief!

[Wallace rolls under the ropes to the floor, sneering at the booing crowd at ringside. He puts the boots to Delgado, kicking the youngster in the ribs a few times before leaning down to drag him up to his feet.]

GM: Wallace brings him up... and sends him facefirst into the apron!

BW: A little receipt from earlier on.

GM: I suppose you're right as Wallace shoves him back inside the ring.

[The Essence of Perfection rolls under the ropes in pursuit, slowly getting to his feet, waving a hand for Delgado to do the same...]

GM: Wallace ordering Delgado up to his feet...

[And as Delgado gets to his feet, Wallace charges across the ring, swinging his leg up to drive his knee into the jaw of Delgado, sending him flying into the air, landing hard on the back of his head before backrolling over on his stomach.]

GM: Wow! What a kneelift!

BW: The old man would be proud, Gordo.

GM: Indeed he would. That running kneelift was the signature attack of "Battlin" Burt Wallace for many a year and his son uses it to great effect right there.

[Wallace smirks again at the jeering crowd, gesturing at the downed Delgado who puts his arms under him, trying to push up off the canvas.]

GM: Delgado slowly getting to his feet after that devastating kneelift... and Wallace is going to give him a hand, bringing him up...

BW: That's nice of him.

GM: Oh, sure.

[Wallace grabs the arm, whipping Delgado to the ropes...

...and striking a sloppy martial arts pose, Wallace takes him off his feet with a knife-edge chop across the chest!]

GM: Big chop! And-

[The crowd jeers as Wallace goes through an exaggerated kata like something you'd see in a 70s kung fu movie.]

GM: Larry Wallace is taunting Jordan Ohara from afar. Mocking the Phoenix's martial arts dedication.

BW: Wallace is doing it better than that punk kid ever has.

GM: I don't think so. Give me a break!

[As the fans jeer Wallace's "moves," he ducks down, pulling Delgado up by the hair, tugging him into a side waistlock...]

GM: Wallace lifts him up!

[But as he does, Delgado flips over the top, landing on his knees on the canvas to a big cheer..

...and EXPLODES upwards with a leaping European uppercut that sends Wallace staggering backwards, arms looping around the top rope to stay on his feet in the corner!]

GM: Wow!

[Delgado pumps a fist, charging into the buckles, leaping up with a kneestrike to the jaw that rattles Wallace!]

GM: Wallace got rocked! He's in trouble, Bucky!

BW: Come on, kid. Hamilton, do something!

[Graham is shouting instructions from the floor as Delgado grabs Wallace by the arm, whipping him across the ring, charging in after him...]

GM: Delgado coming fast!

[But the youngster runs right into a raised boot from Wallace that stuns him.]

GM: Oh!

[And Wallace comes charging out, leaping up with a one-legged kick to the chest that flips Delgado over before dumping him back down on the canvas!]

GM: Good grief!

[An angry Wallace gets to his feet, viciously stomping the back of Delgado's head and neck...]

GM: Wallace bringing Delgado to his feet...

[He SNAPS him over, driving him down to the mat with an impactful suplex!]

GM: Nicely done!

[Wallace floats over to his knees, throwing his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture.]

GM: And "Flawless" Larry Wallace says the end is near, pulling Delgado up to his feet...

[Grabbing the arm, Wallace whips Delgado across the ring, setting his feet, leaping into the air...]

BW: DROPKICK!

[...but Delgado hooks the ropes, managing to stay back as Wallace leaps into the air for his signature move, crashing back down to the canvas!]

GM: He missed! He missed the dropkick!

[Delgado is hanging onto the ropes still when Hamilton Graham gets up on the apron on the other side of the ring. Davis Warren rushes to confront him, ordering him to get down as Delgado shouts at the former World Champion.]

GM: Get him down from there, referee!

BW: He's trying! Why don't YOU get over there and order Hamilton Graham to sit down? He'll bust your forehead open like a ripe melon!

[Delgado pushes away from the ropes, walking towards Wallace, shouting at Graham all the while...]

GM: Jimmy Delgado is obviously distracted and-

[...and Wallace SWINGS his arm up into the groin of the approaching and distracted Delgado!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Swiftly getting to his feet, Wallace leaps up, lashing out with both feet right in the face of the hurting Delgado!]

GM: And there's the dropkick!

BW: The BEST DAMN DROPKICK IN THE WORLD!

[Wallace slides across the torso of Delgado, applying a lateral press as Graham points out the pin to the official, dropping off the apron as a puzzled Davis Warren delivers the one-two-three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Larry Wallace chalks up another victory but...

BW: But nothing! He wins! The Flawless One wins again!

GM: ...but you have to wonder if it wasn't for Hamilton Graham...

BW: Pssssh. You're just making excuses now. Future excuses for Ohara no doubt.

GM: ...if the result would have been the same.

BW: It would. It totally would.

GM: If Jordan Ohara truly has someone to watch his back in Seattle, I hope that person knows what they're getting into with the likes of Hamilton Graham. Fans, let's go backstage to Mark Stegglet!

[We go to backstage where Mark Stegglet stands in front of an AWA backdrop. With him are Julie Somers and Melissa Cannon. Somers stands to Stegglet's right and she is dressed in a pair of white shorts and a pink AWA T-shirt. Cannon has on blue jeans and a white Sweet Daddy Williams t-shirt.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. In just two weeks time, these two women with me, Melissa Cannon and Julie Somers, will team up to face The Serpentine. Interestingly, these two women have chosen not to wrestle in a tag match tonight to prepare for Memorial Day Mayhem. I must ask you if you believe that this puts you at a disadvantage for that match.

JS: Mark, some people might think that way, but I don't see that as a problem at all. Because you often find that when you share a common purpose, the chemistry comes naturally. And believe me, Melissa and I have a common purpose, and that's taking down The Serpentine hard! Because everyone knows the problems they've caused ever since Lauryn Rage brought them here. How they attacked Melissa before she was set to face me one on one, how they attacked me when I intervened, and how all they've done is show everyone what a couple of bullies they are! There's no chance that we would let that go unanswered, and that we share a common purpose, to make sure they answer for what they have done, I believe team chemistry won't be a problem!

MC: That's right... plus I happen to believe in a little thing called the element of surprise, Mark. Lauryn Rage is going to have her snakes ready. She's going to have them finely-tuned and ready for a fight. But the one thing she can't do is plan any strategy for us as a team. She can watch us in singles action all day long but she has no idea what we're capable of together.

MS: Julie, you mentioned the match that the two of you were supposed to have had at one point. Once this issue with The Serpentine is settled, Melissa, is there a chance we could see the two of you try to have that match in the near future?

[Cannon smiles.]

MC: I think that's the match that everyone who cares about women's wrestling right now wants to see, isn't it? You look at the landscape of this Women's Division and there's tremendous talent. Charisma Knight may not be my best friend but I recognize her talent and getting to see her take on Ayako Fujiwara at Memorial Day Mayhem is going to be something else. You see Erica Toughill walking around. You know she wants a chance to avenge her loss to Kayla. Lori Wilson wants another shot at Lauryn. The Women's Division is just getting started and we're already making headlines, Mark... so when the time is right, you better believe that I want to get in that ring with Julie... but before we can get there, I've got something to settle with Lauryn Rage myself.

[Somers nods.]

JS: See, I can respect that. I know the fans want to see that match between Melissa and I, but I can understand that Melissa has that score to settle with Lauryn Rage. Truth be told, I've got a few things I'd like to settle with Lauryn as well... after all, she is the one who brought The Serpentine to the AWA to begin with and got involved with that match we were to have. But I trust the day will come soon that we will have that match... perhaps sooner than we realize once they decide to bring a championship to the Women's Division!

MS: That begs another question... what would you like to see done to determine a Women's Champion? Any match in particular?

JS: That's a good question, Mark. I'd have to give that one some thought, honestly, because right now, my mind is on The Serpentes! But no matter what happens to determine a Women's Champion, you can bet I'll be gunning for that title, and if I happen to face the woman beside me for the belt... then may be the best woman win.

MC: Julie's right, Mark. That title when it comes means more to me than anything else. And if I have to fight one woman... two women... three, four, five women... heck, every woman's wrestler on the planet... that's what I'm going to do to become the first woman to raise that title over my head. That's been my dream for a long, long time... longer than some of these others have even been wrestling... and I'm going to give it all I've got to make that dream come true.

MS: Alright, ladies... you've both got gold in your eyes but in nine days, you'll have snakes in front of you. Best of luck to you both.

[Somers and Cannon make their exit, leaving Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: Fans, we're going to take a break but when we come back, we'll be heading back to the ring for tag team action so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.]

Open on a prairie highway in the dead of winter. Sheets of snow drift quickly across the blacktop in the high wind.]

"The Canadian Prairies: Desolate, cold, and forbidding."

[Cut to some pretty obviously 1980s era footage; a balding man with thick tinted glasses and bright orange sportcoat, a crest with the words "Chinook Wrestling" on the crest.]

AL PICKARD: "Hi-de-ho and fiddle-dee-dee wrestling fans, and welcome once again to the greatest show on canvas!"

["Let There Be Drums" by The Incredible Bongo Band kicks in, introducing a montage of wrestling from the various eras in a small brick space.]

"And the hottest wrestling in the West."

[A talking head interview with an older black man with greying hair, juxtaposed with his younger self: jheri-curled hair and a red sleeveless karate gi.]

"DEAD END" EVANS: "You wanna know how to wrestle, you go to the Colton Cave. One hour there learned you more about wrestling than a lifetime anywhere else."

[The next interview is with an Indian man with a large turban and thick black beard, juxtaposed with his turban-less wrestling days, the Commonwealth Heavyweight Championship belt over one shoulder, a silver mace over the other.]

RAJ BHULLAR: "You would see Americans, you would see Japanese, you'd see English... you'd see the world—we would bring the world to you."

"For the first time on video see the pain and passion, and the triumph and tragedy, featuring over four hours of rare and archival footage from Colton vaults spanning half a century."

[A man with long, wavy brown hair in a navy and black singlet, decorated with gold six-pointed sheriff's stars. Today, he has greying hair, a blue flannel shirt, and a more weathered face.]

JEREMIAH "THE SHERIFF" COLTON: "What we had in Alberta, and what we continue to have to this day, is a respect for tradition and respect for our fans. And not everyone was willing to respect that."

[Cut to an interview from a dozen years before, where Jeremiah Colton stands beside Al Pickard.]

JTSC: "We're talking about values that need to be respected, and I'm not going to stand off to one side and let punks like that walk all over us!"

[Cut to a rebuttal from Jackson Hunter.]

JACKSON HUNTER: "What we were presenting had never been done in North America... ever."

[Cut to footage from Hunter's days in wrestling: silver snakeskin tights and a head full of blue spiked hair. He moonsaults off the top rope onto a prone victim lying on top of a ladder that has been bridged between the ring apron and barricade.]

JH: [in voice-over from the mid-2000s] "Hey Sheriff, you think I don't have the guts to start a revolution? Just watch me!"

"Chinook Wrestling: The Greatest Show on Canvas! Available now on DVD, Blu-ray, and digital download at AWAshop.com."

[Fade to black...

...and then back up on the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: Wrestling fans, the following tag team contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, to my left, at a total combined weight of 535 pounds, the team of Beef Bonham and Ricky Tanner!

[Beef Bonham, a rotund man with his black hair shaved in a mohawk, and dressed in a black singlet with "BEEF" across the gut in white block lettering, hooks a thumb to himself and shouts "BEEEEEEEF!" while Ricky Tanner, a smaller man dressed in black MMA shorts with flames running up the legs, slaps him on the shoulder.

The unmistakable notes from the tuba that signals the start of "The Theme from Jaws" kicks in over the PA system.]

PW: And their opponents, being led toward the ring by their manager, "The Professional" Dave Cooper, from the Isle of Samoa, at a combined weight of 530 pounds... Scola and Mafu... THE SAMOAN HIT SQUAD!

["The Professional" Dave Cooper comes through the entrance first. He has thinning brown hair and a mustache, and is dressed in a pair of tan dress slacks and a white button-down shirt. Walking behind him are Scola and Mafu. Scola, the larger of the two, has an afro and is dressed in a pair of black tights with a blue floral pattern and white wrestling boots. His partner, Mafu, has unkempt black hair that hangs down the sides of his face, is dressed in a similar pair of tights, but he does not wear wrestling boots, although his bare feet have white tape wrapped around them.]

GM: The Samoan Hit Squad has been on a tear since their return to the AWA.

BW: And all thanks to Dave Cooper, who has given them the guidance they needed. Won't surprise me if they're in a line for a tag team title shot in the near future.

GM: They may first need to get past the newly-formed team of Chris Choisnet and Cesar Hernandez, who are looking to avenge what the Samoans did to Choisnet's partner and friend, Rene Rousseau.

BW: If those two had a brain between them, they'd pay attention to how the Samoans took out Rousseau and forget about facing the Samoans. Though I'm sure Cooper will have no problem letting the Samoans make an example out of them, too.

[The Samoan Hit Squad follows Cooper to the ring, Scola keeping a stoic look on his face, a hard stare in his eyes, while Mafu has a wilder look in his eyes and a smile, as if he can't wait to tear into his opponent. Cooper has a smirk on his face as he leads his charges to the ring, Scola climbing through the ropes while Mafu chooses to slide underneath them. Once in the ring, Mafu slides toward the middle of the ring and gets on his hands and knees, as Scola steps behind him and folds his arms, Cooper pointing to his men approvingly.]

GM: I know Choisnet and Hernandez well enough that they will not be backing down from the Samoans.

BW: Then they can join Rousseau in a hospital bed. On the bright side, I hear some hospital will triple accommodate people and that the flavor of the pudding has improved!

[Cooper steps out onto the apron and gives final instruction to the Samoans as the bell rings. Mafu steps onto the apron as Scola steps forward and comes face to face with Beef Bonham.]

GM: And the two big men of the respective teams will start off... Bonham has a weight advantage over Scola, though Scola has a slight height advantage.

BW: You mean, Scola is in great shape and Bonham needs to cut down on the extra value meals!

[Bonham and Scola locks up and Bonham manages to get the advantage, pushing Scola back into a neutral corner.]

GM: Bonham has Scola backed in the corner... the referee asking for a clean break...

[Bonham slowly pulls back, jerking a thumb at his gut and shouting "BEEEEEE-" before Scola catches him with a hard shot between the eyes.]

GM: Scola with a cheap shot and Bonham is stunned!

BW: That's called taking advantage of an opening, Gordo.

GM: Call it what you want, but Bonham is staggered! Scola now with a headbutt!

[Bonham stumbles backward. Scola moves in, grabbing him by the arm and sends him into the ropes.]

GM: Bonham sent for the ride... off the ropes and... oh my!

[Scola tries to shoulderblock Bonham down, but Bonham meets him with a shoulder of his own, causing Scola to stagger.]

GM: Look at that! Bonham with the momentum and he rocked Scola!

BW: For the moment only.

GM: Bonham running into the ropes again... clothesline!

[Bonham's arm connects with Scola, knocking him backwards into the ropes.]

GM: Bonham almost has Scola off his feet!

[Bonham turns the crowd and shouts "BEEEEEEEF!" with the crowd responding in kind. He runs off the ropes again.]

GM: Bonham charging Scola... oh no!

[As Bonham rushes Scola, the larger Samoan recovers enough to hit Bonham with a clothesline, dropping the rotund brawler to the mat.]

BW: Yeah, Bonham almost had him, but there's no "almost" when it comes to Scola! One shot and Bonham goes down!

GM: Scola dragging Bonham to his feet... he's trapped him by the arm.

[Hooking Bonham by the arm, Scola rams his head repeatedly into Bonham's.]

GM: And those patented arm-trap headbutts! Bonham knocked silly!

BW: And he's not done yet!

[Releasing Bonham, Scola runs into the ropes, then leaps into the air and tackles Bonham.]

GM: And a leaping shoulderblock! Bonham goes down again!

[Cooper, outside the ring, nods approvingly, then looks to the camera and says, "You want to talk about beef? There's the difference between prime rib and frozen patties!"]

BW: Couldn't have said it better myself, Professional!

GM: Scola reaching to his corner... tag is made to Mafu!

[The smaller of the Samoans enters the ring as Scola grabs Bonham by the legs, then catapults him toward his partner.]

GM: OH MY! Scola with the catapult right into a thrust kick by Mafu!

BW: See, this is the influence Dave Cooper has had... the Samoans may have just thrown caution to the wind at one time, but Cooper has them taking precision moves and figuring out how to soften a man up!

[Mafu kneels down to the mat, grabs Bonham by the head and begins biting him.]

GM: Mafu biting Bonham's forehead! That's illegal!

BW: But effective, Gordo! Bonham has no idea where he's at right now!

GM: Well, that much is true.

[The referee puts the count on Mafu, who breaks off at four. A twisted grin forms on Mafu's face as Bonham rubs his forehead.]

GM: Mafu now pulling Bonham off the canvas... and a knifehand chop staggers him!

[Mafu shoves Bonham back into the ropes, then leaps up, attempting a dropkick.]

GM: Mafu goes for the dropkick... but Bonham hooked the ropes! Heads-up move!

[Bonham sizes up Mafu as he rises to his feet, then rushes forward.]

GM: And a clothesline by Bonham! He got Mafu down!

[Bonham looks out to the crowd, a smile on his face, and hooks his thumb and gives the trademark "BEEEEEEEF!" response, to which the crowd responds in kind.]

BW: He may have gotten him down, but he won't stay down the more Bonham wants to brag about it!

GM: Bonham grabbing Mafu... he should probably make a tag here but he's choosing to pour on the offense instead, going for a headbutt...

[Alas, the move has no effect on Mafu, who stares back at Bonham.]

BW: Now how dumb do you have to be to attempt that, Gordo?

[Mafu responds with a headbutt of his own, which causes Bonham to stagger into his corner, where he tags in Tanner.]

GM: Bonham, though, able to make the tag.

BW: By sheer luck, Gordo! Speaking of which, we'll see if Tanner has any!

[Tanner meets Mafu with a series of lefts and rights, which back up Mafu, then Tanner grabs him by the arm.]

GM: Irish whip by Tanner... he goes for a clothesline... ducked by Mafu!

[Mafu is quick to turn around and unleash a series of kicks to the legs, knocking Tanner off balance.]

GM: Mafu with a vicious assault! Now coming up behind Tanner... oh my!

[Mafu wraps up Tanner and drives him facefirst to the mat with a reverse Russian legsweep, after which he repeatedly rubs Tanner's face into the canvas.]

GM: Ricky Tanner's face driven into the canvas! Look at this viciousness!

BW: Look at how smart Mafu was to go on the attack as soon as he ducked that clothesline.

[Mafu drags Tanner off the mat and takes him over with a vertical suplex, then reaches to his corner.]

GM: Suplex by Mafu and the tag is made to Scola... now what are they setting Tanner up for?

BW: Whatever it is, it won't be good for Tanner!

[Mafu whips Tanner into the ropes, then hoists him over his head as Scola gets behind Mafu.]

GM: OH MY! Backdrop by Mafu, right into a powerbomb by Scola!

[Bonham enters the ring, looking to help his partner, but is met by a double clothesline from the Samoans.]

GM: And Bonham taken down as he tries to help Tanner!

BW: Just stay on the apron and chant your name, Bonham! At least that way, you don't have to worry about the ways the Samoans can hurt you!

[Bonham rolls out of the ring and the referee directs Mafu out as Scola grabs Tanner and whips him into the corner.]

GM: Scola sending Tanner in the corner... he charges in... and crushes him with an avalanche!

[Tanner crumples to the canvas as Scola looks at Cooper, who nods his head and shouts to him "Show me a little more!"]

GM: What is Cooper wanting?

BW: More punishment, of course! And sending a message to Schwanee and Hernandez to be careful what you wish for!

[Scola picks Tanner up and hoists him onto his shoulders, then falls backwards to the canvas.]

GM: Samoan Drop! Tanner may be out of it!

[Scola rises to his feet, a menacing look on his face, as Cooper tells him, "Now you can finish him!"]

GM: And there's the tag to Mafu... and Scola now heads to the corner!

[Tanner is motionless on the canvas as Scola sits on the top rope and Mafu climbs up after him.]

BW: And we've got the Samoan Special coming up!

GM: Is that what they're calling this move, Bucky?

BW: I don't know, but it sounds good to me!

[Scola hoists Mafu up in superplex position and tosses him to the mat, allowing Mafu to splash Tanner.]

GM: Whatever they call that move, it's all over for Tanner! There's the count of one... two... and three!

[The referee calls for the bell and Cooper applauds, then climbs onto the apron and steps between the ropes.]

PW: The winners of the match... THE SAMOAN HIT SQUAD!

[The referee raises the arms of Scola and Mafu, only to be pushed aside by Cooper, who raises the Samoans arms himself, a smile on his face. Scola never loses that menacing stare and Mafu has a wild look in his eyes and a twisted grin.]

GM: The Samoans continue their winning ways, but I imagine they have a moment of reckoning coming up with Chris Choisnet and Cesar Hernandez.

BW: Don't kid yourself, Gordo... those two are outmatched! They don't have the smarts, they don't have the toughness, and they certainly don't have the experience of teaming together like the Samoans do!

GM: I would very much dispute you on the smarts and toughness parts, Bucky.

[The Samoans and Cooper exit the ring and head up the aisle.]

GM: Meanwhile, I understand that Mark Stegglet is going to try to get a few words with The Professional and his men.

[We go up to the interview podium where Mark Stegglet stands with a mic in hand.]

MS: Fans, The Samoan Hit Squad with another victory... Dave Cooper, if I may have a word with you and your men.

[Cooper approaches the podium and the Samoans follow. Scola takes a position right beside Stegglet, folds his arms and stares menacingly at Stegglet. Mafu, still with that twisted grin, stands next to Cooper, who jerks a finger at Stegglet.]

DC: First of all, Stegglet, you let me handle whatever questions you think are hard hitting, because this man right here [motions to Scola] doesn't like you any more than he likes Blackwell, and this man right here [motions to Mafu] only speaks when he has something to say. Now, get on with whatever it is you want to know and maybe I'll decide if I want let you and the rest of the nickel-and-dimers know the answers.

MS: Let's start with Chris Choisnet revealing that he will be teaming with Cesar Hernandez for the foreseeable future... you claimed that he would never find a partner, but now he has. What do you make of this new pairing of Choisnet and Hernandez?

DC: I should clarify my earlier statements about Choisnet finding a partner... what I meant to say is that he wouldn't find anybody who was smart enough to realize he shouldn't be teaming with Choisnet! After all, you've seen for yourself with a hothead Choisnet is, how unfocused he is in that ring. But, sure enough, he finds himself another hothead, meaning another guy who's never focused in that ring. More to the point, he finds himself somebody that never did get consideration for the Lion's Den because he's not even close to being Lion's Den material.

MS: Something tells me that Hernandez would be as quick as Choisnet to turn down such an offer.

DC: And something tells me that perhaps I misjudged Choisnet. I thought he might be smart enough to see a good offer, but given that he isn't, and that he'd rather throw his lot in with an idiot like Hernandez, then it's safe to say that Choisnet isn't Lion's Den material and all past offers are now null and void. The only thing I can say now is that if Choisnet and Hernandez want to pick a fight with The Samoan Hit Squad, then these two men beside me will be happy to oblige and happy to put them down like we put Rousseau down!

MS: But you must realize that Choisnet and Hernandez have a lot of motivation to even the score after what the Samoans did to Rousseau.

DC: And my men have the motivation to make sure that another obstacle toward our path to the top is taken out. Just like they have the motivation to go out into that Battle Royal at Memorial Day Mayhem and take out everyone in their path.

MS: Wait a minute... are you saying The Samoan Hit Squad will enter the Battle Royal and seek a spot in the Battle of Boston tournament?

DC: You're smart enough to put two and two together, I see. Not only are the Samoans entering the Battle Royal, it's our chance to take down the man everybody is saying will be the man to beat, Torin the Titan! Yeah, Torin, everybody looks at you and says there's no way that a man of your size could possibly lose a Battle Royal, but that was before they realized that Scola and Mafu were entered! And at Memorial Day Mayhem, I will personally guarantee that everyone will know just how dangerous The Lion's Den is, when one of these two men walks out victorious and, just as importantly, he and his partner are recognized as the men that took down the mighty Titan!

[Mafu steps forward and snatches the mic from Stegglet.]

M: Torin the Titan! My brother and I, we are coming for you and there is nothing you can do to stop us! Ha ha!

[He shoves the mic back to Stegglet.]

DC: And that's the end of the discussion, Stegglet!

[He leaves and motions for the Samoans to follow. Mafu is first to do so, while Scola stares menacingly at Stegglet for a moment, before slowly walking away from the podium.]

MS: Alright, fans... we are moments away from some action in the AWA Women's Division so let's go backstage and see some pre-taped words from Lauryn Rage!

[We fade to the backstage area - to an area we've likely never seen before on AWA television - the makeup area where the stylist arranges her customer's dark purple hair as Lauryn Rage applies concealer along her jawline to hide the discoloration left from Lori Wilson's boot. She stares into her reflexion, her golden eyes slide towards the camera over her shoulder. The shot becomes a two shot of Lauryn's profile and her face in the mirror. Her expression tightens as she glares at the camera.]

LR: Lori Wilson, you think what you did was slick, right? Sneak up behind me and kick me in the jaw when you already lost? Brava, girl. Brava. You're a real tough chick, aren't you? Well, yeah, you caught me twice with that kick of yours, but let me explain something to you. You can put me down, but I don't stay down.

[Rage touches her jaw.]

LR: And if you ever think that I forgot what I'm about right here and right now, you're crazy. I know, Wilson, that you're just a pawn. You're just someone that Cannon is trying to throw in my way to stop me from giving her the whuppin' her narrow behind deserves for how she treated my brother. Nope, it's not going to happen. You may have kicked me once, kicked me twice, but I beat you, Wilson. At the end of the day, no matter how nice you may think your kick is, it was too little and way too late. I won. You lost.

[She spins in her chair so that she is facing the camera.]

LR: Melissa Cannon, I'm still squarely focussed on you. Your humiliation starts at Memorial Day Mayhem. My Serpentes are going to chew you and your little friend

Julie Somers up and spit you out. And then I'm going to finish you. You want to come up against the Kid? You want to hurt my family? Naw, it's not going to happen. So I hope you pay close attention tonight because I have one your little admirers in the ring with me, Michelle Young. I want you to understand that when somebody messes with my family I take it very personally and the entire AWA and you have been messing with my family. Michelle has been walking around backstage with her head on swole because she got a DQ win over the Serpentes last Saturday Night Wrestling. But I'm going to stick a pin in her right now. Cannon, I want you to be watching.

Because to me, she's you.

Lori Wilson is you.

Julie Somers is you.

Any dumb bird that gets in the ring with me is you until you get in the ring with me and I make you pay. And I'm going to make you pay dearly.

[The camera tightens on Lauryn's resolute visage.]

LR: Ya dig?

[We fade from the pre-taped footage out to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall and is in the AWA Women's Division. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Anaheim, California... weighing in at 145 pounds... Michelle Young!

[The 5'5 blonde in a white halter top and black shorts raises an arm, waving to the crowd.]

GM: Michelle Young back in action on tonight's Saturday Night Wrestling after managing to survive a brutal beating by the Serpentes in her AWA debut tag match.

BW: She got lucky the referee decided to throw his weight around unnecessarily, but she won't be so lucky tonight as she goes one-on-one with Lauryn Rage. You think Lauryn is going to be in a kind mood, Gordo, after being viciously kicked by Lori Wilson when her back was turned?

GM: That's not what happened, Bucky.

BW: Really? I disagree.

[Phil Watson continues as our announcers bicker.]

PW: And her opponent... from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada... weighing in at 150 pounds...

LAURYNNNNNNN RAAAAAAGE!

[The arena goes dark. On television the image has a filtered quality. The big screen lights up with Instagram photos of Lauryn Rage in various poses interspersed with still action shots of Lauryn in action. At the bottom of the screen a like counter climbs. Finally, Lauryn emerges onto the stage. She poses for the crowd, left hand stretched out before her for the crowd to kiss her imaginary rings, the right hand akimbo on her thrust forward hips. She drinks in the imaginary love as boos are thrown at her arrogance. Suddenly realizing the crowd is booing, she waves 'Girl, bye' to the crowd before she pony struts to the ring.]

She wears a long sleeve silver and purple unitard tog cut indecently short at the bottom. She wears shiny silver knee high boots, kickpads and knee pads. Lauryn struts around the ring, tossing her dark purple hair as she poses for imaginary pictures.]

BW: Lauryn looking stunning as always.

GM: I guess that's one way to describe it.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: There's the bell and we're underway.

[Lauryn Rage circles her opponent before rushing into a collar and elbow. She quickly twists into a side headlock, wrenching away at Young's ears.]

BW: Normally, Lauryn tries to get in her opponent's head a little bit but she's not in the mood today.

"Who wants to try me face to face? If you're bad, come on with it!"

GM: And Lauryn Rage shouting out to the back. Those are empty threats. She knows nobody is coming to challenge her.

BW: Yeah, because those women only jump you from behind. They don't test you face-to-face, daddy.

GM: Will you stop?

[Rage switches her grip and applies a headlock from the other side before she takes Michelle Young over and down to the mat.]

GM: Rage using the headlock to take Young down on the mat, really working her over with that hold. Bucky, I have to admit I was a little confused by what Lauryn Rage had to say before this match. Michelle Young is a friend of Julie Somers - not Melissa Cannon.

BW: Honestly, Gordo, I think Lauryn Rage is so obsessed with Melissa Cannon right now, everything that goes through her mind is about her.

[Rage drags Young back to her feet, swinging her knee up into the midsection as she does.]

GM: A vicious set of knees from Lauryn Rage.

BW: She's sending a message to the girls in the back and the Championship Committee. She should be higher up the rankings. She believes she's the best and she's not afraid to convince other people of it, either.

[Pulling Young's head lower, Rage winds up with one more knee, driving it straight into her face. Young clutches her nose with both hands, leaving herself exposed for a drop toe hold that sends her crashing face first to the mat again.]

GM: And Michelle Young looking the worse for wear after that series of maneuvers from Lauryn Rage. Bucky, I have to admit that Rage is looking very aggressive out here today.

BW: She's snatching them edges, Gordo!

GM: I have no idea what that means and I'm fairly certain you don't either.

[Indeed, Rage grabs a handful of Young's blonde hair and lifts her to her feet by it before tossing her down onto the mat. She follows up with a hard double stomp to the lower midsection before she parades around the ring, egging on the fans.]

"She ain't so hot now, is she?"

GM: And the fans are letting Lauryn Rage have it. They do not appreciate these tactics.

BW: Oh, but if it's Lori Wilson sneak attacking someone from behind that's okay?

GM: That isn't what happened!

[Lauryn Rage drops into position, taunting Michelle Young to get to her feet. The young rookie tries but as she looks for Rage she is met with a heavy slap across the face. And then another and another in a series of vicious slaps.]

BW: Uh oh, it's about to get ghetto in here.

GM: What?

BW: You should really watch more Worldstar.

GM: Again, I have no idea what- OHH!

[Having used the slaps and a well-placed boot to the gut to take Young down to her knees, Rage fires off a rapid series of kicks to the side of the face.]

GM: Rage teeing off down on the canvas...

[Another hard kick drops Young down on her back as Rage pops back, flinging herself into the ropes.]

BW: Lauryn is going for the heavy artillery early. She isn't playing around at all here.

GM: Michelle Young has definitely been overwhelmed by Lauryn Rage's fury here. She hasn't been able to mount any offense at all... and DOWN across the chest!

BW: If you've done your homework, you'd call that a seated senton... and you'd know what Worldstar is.

GM: Really?

BW: If you read the notes Lauryn leaves for us every week, sure.

GM: Aha! I thought so!

[Rage drags Young off the mat by the hair again, moving to whip her towards the corner...

...but as Young comes in, she leaps up to the second rope before springing off, twisting around and catching Rage across the chest with a crossbody!]

GM: CROSSBODY CONNECTS! SHE GETS ONE! SHE GETS TWO!

[Rage kicks out before two, flinging Young off of her. Desperate to create an opening to get back into the match, Young battles up to her feet first, throwing a dropkick that sends a surprised Rage sprawling back down to the canvas.]

GM: Michelle Young created her own opportunity there and is trying to get back in this thing.

[As Rage rises again, Young catches her with a flurry of forearms to the jaw, knocking Rage back against the ropes where Young grabs her by the arm.]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by Rage!

[Young goes flying off the ropes towards Rage who throws a flying hip attack that Young slides under, scrambling to her feet, leaping up to scissor Rage's head between her legs...]

GM: Headscissors takedown by Young! She's got Rage reeling, Bucky!

BW: She does, I'll admit it... but all it takes is one of those high risk offensive maneuvers to come up empty and that'll take care of that, daddy.

[Young again scrambles up, backing over to the corner, hopping up on the midbuckle. She steps to the top, waiting as Rage rises off the mat yet again...]

GM: MISSILE DROPKICK!

[...but she comes up empty as Rage swats it aside, sending her crashing down on the back of her head on the mat. Rage quickly drags her up, hooking her and driving the back of her neck into the mat with a Russian legsweep. She holds onto the leg grapevine as she rolls Young over and swarms over her back to hook the kataha jime.]

GM: PRETTY MESS!

[Rage rears back on the hold as Young screams in anguish before slapping the mat quickly to indicate her submission.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Lauryn Rage with a successful return to action as she forces Michelle Young to submit.

BW: This is a message. She knows there's a little alliance brewing in the back with Cannon, Somers, Wilson and friends. And she isn't having any part of it. So now she's going to take them all apart one-by-one.

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... here is your winner by submission...

LAURRRRYNNNNNNN RAAAAAAAAGE!

[The boos resound as Rage releases the Pretty Mess and struts over her downed opponent.]

"Cannon, you're next! I'm the baddest! Not you! I'm number one around here! Me, ya dig?"

[Rage continues to trashtalk into the camera as Gordon struggles to speak over her.]

GM: Fans, another impressive victory for-

"Come get some! Let's do this right now!"

GM: A solid win for Lauryn-

"You don't want none of this! You come at me!"

GM: Oh, for crying out loud... doesn't she ever shut up?

BW: You want to tell her that?

GM: Not exactly, no. So, instead, let's go to our scheduled break. Fans, we'll be right back in just a moment.

[Rage is still speaking into the camera 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...]

"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 Shadoo 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 as we fade to black...

...and then fade back up to a locker room. This locker room looks pretty sparse with not much in terms of niceties which is why it is odd to find members of the Kings of Wrestling within. Specifically, it's the World Tag Team Champions, Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor. Donovan is wearing a tracksuit similar to his Team Supreme days while holding pads on both hands. Wes Taylor is in a black t-shirt and workout pants, a whistle dangling around his neck.

In the midst of it all, the man who was once known to AWA fans as "Scorchin' Shane Taylor. Shane is in his standard white wifebeater - although apparently

recently laundered - and a pair of ragged denim shorts. His fists are taped and he looks focused as he throws punches at the pads at his nephew's command.]

WT: One... two... one... two... come on, Uncle Shane... hit `em faster... hit `em harder...

[Shane Taylor continues to throw as Wes Taylor gives him what can best be described as a peptalk.]

WT: Brian's giving you this chance, Uncle Shane... a chance to show the entire world that Shane Taylor's not just the answer to the trivia question about who won the first Steal The Spotlight match. Shane Taylor is a man! Shane Taylor is a fighter! Shane Taylor is a professional wrestler!

[Shane Taylor gives a slight nod, throwing more blows to the pads.]

WT: Shane Taylor didn't have the genetics of his big brother. He wasn't over six feet tall. He didn't have the physical gifts. He had to work at it. Every day in the gym. Every day in the tape room. Planning and plotting. Working out strategy. Working to be the best he could possibly be. Working, working, working!

[One, two... one, two.]

WT: Shane Taylor didn't have everything handed to him. He didn't get the most famous nickname in the sport handed to him along with all the hype that went with it. He didn't make friends with the suits. He didn't become buddies with the Syndicate and the Cult of Personality.

[One, two... one, two.]

WT: Shane Taylor fought for his name. He scraped for his name. He wrestled anywhere they'd have wrestling for his name. He fought in armories and Jewish Community Centers and American Legion Halls...

[One, two... one, two.]

WT: He fought for swindling promoters who want nothing more than to make a buck and don't care who they screw over to get there. He got nothing from his brother. Not a thing! And he never asked for it. Never begged the Outlaw to get him a gig in Los Angeles. Never pleaded with him for a place in the company that his brother OWNED!

[One, two... one, two.]

WT: He EARNED this spot. He EARNED his chance in the AWA years ago and he showed the world what he could do. And when he got hurt and couldn't work for years, he survived! He did whatever he could to pay the bills after the wrestling money ran out. He fought... he scraped... he worked... and he got back. Not to where he was before... not on top... but he got back to a place where the world's greatest manager said, "I'll give you a shot."

And this is that shot, Uncle Shane... this is that chance... this is that opportunity.

[Shane Taylor throws the blows faster... and harder... like his nephew asked, his face becoming more determined all the while.]

WT: You may not ever be a King, Uncle Shane... but you can be part of the family. You can be someone we rely on... someone we trust to get the job done. You can be whole again.

[Shane throws a right hook... and another... and another... letting loose a "AAAAAAAAAAH!" as he throws one more that spins Tony Donovan away, shaking his right hand with a grin.]

WT: You ready?

[Shane Taylor, sweat pouring down his face, looks up at his nephew.]

ST: Kid, I was born ready. Let's do this.

[Wes and Tony exchange a high five as Shane Taylor strides out of view and we fade to another part of the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time is none other than the Director of Operations for the American Wrestling Alliance - Emerson Gellar!

[The camera shot pulls back a bit to reveal a grinning Gellar alongside Blackwell.]

SLB: Mr. Gellar, you have had your hands full as of late. Just two weeks ago, we saw Alex Martinez issue a challenge to Juan Vasquez for Memorial Day Mayhem... a challenge that you say cannot result in a match due to Martinez' inability to get a doctor to clear him for in-ring activity. I know Mr. Martinez has visited several approved AWA physicians this week - is there any change in that status?

[Gellar's grin vanishes.]

EG: Unfortunately not, Lou. As much as I'd love to see that match, there's just no way I have the authority to present it due to Mr. Martinez' many medical concerns that result from his years in this business.

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: Disappointing news for us all... but I understand you're not here to talk about Memorial Day Mayhem right now.

EG: That's right, Lou. Memorial Day Mayhem - just nine days away - is going to be tremendous. I have no doubt about that. But perhaps just as exciting is that in the next few months, the AWA is going to be breaking new ground when it comes to where we present our events from. Later this summer after the Battle of Boston, we're going to be headed across the pond for our special European Invasion tour with shows in the UK, Germany, Italy, and others. Keep your eyes open throughout all of Europe for events going on sale in your area. But before we even get to that, Lou, we've got yet another new country getting their first taste of AWA live action.

SLB: You're referring to our upcoming tour of the Great White North - our friends in Canada!

EG: Absolutely. Now the AWA has been available on television in Canada for many years now and to be honest, Lou, I'm surprised it's taken us this long to get some events up there considering the popularity of the AWA. Canada has always been one of our strongest markets from a television and merchandise perspective so it's only fitting that we're going to be rolling into places like Vancouver, Montreal, and so many others including Saturday Night Wrestling coming to you LIVE in Calgary and Toronto.

SLB: On this very show two weeks ago, Mr. Gellar, we learned that a match had been signed for the Calgary show.

EG: That's right. And we're going to make history by presenting that as the very first AWA match to take place on Canadian soil. Charisma Knight will be taking on Skylar Swift!

SLB: And I'm told that we have some pre-recorded comments right now from the lovely Miss Swift... let's take a look!

[The live AWA feed dissolves and opens up on a female, very early twenties, delicate strands of honey brown hair cascading over olive skin and big bright blue eyes. Thin lips pursed tightly together and the usually exuberant and full of smiles "Dream Girl" bares no resemblance of the charming and adorable girl who has made a reputation across Canada as one of the most dedicated workers in her craft.]

Skylar Swift [SS]: I have waited for this moment for a long time. I want to tell you about a little girl from Montreal who fell in love with a sport at a young age that was full of some of the most awe-aspiring and super human athletes I had ever seen. I was glued to the television set every time I saw these amazing physical specimens like Joe Reed and Serge Annis. I remember watching the rise of Alex Kidd and Youth Gone Wild right in my backyard. But it was the women who captivated me. It was strong, powerful women like Arielle Starr and Tara Smith who reeled me in and made me a believer. They made ME... that little girl sneaking around and hiding on the floor of her closet so I could stay up late and watch Saturday Night Rampage believe that I too could one day be a professional wrestler.

And as much as I want to express the growing pains and bruises and broken arms... as much as I want to tell you about my friends thinking I was insane that I ditched proms and school rallies to drive to small shows in Sherbrooke and Quebec City on my own dime just to prove myself and my commitment to our sport... As much as I want to share that wild ride with all of you...

[Skylar clenches her fists, her eyes tightening shut for much longer than a blink.]

SS: I can't do that tonight.

Tonight isn't the time for my story to be told.

Tonight is about avenging the pain and suffering my great friend Lisa Drake went through at the hands of one woman and one woman only.

[Her light baby blues are fixated on the camera, her stare hardening.]

SS: Charisma Knight...

[There's a slight pause, Skylar's face tenses up as she fights back a little bit of the emotion.]

SS: I pray that you can still hear me after I nearly kicked your head off your shoulders so come in close, girl. Turn up the volume or read my lips if you must.

This is your one and ONLY warning.

Need me to sign it out for you?

[Skylar mockingly signs out the words "one" and "warning".]

SS: When the AWA comes to town, I'm coming for you.

I'm not afraid of what you have done and what you are capable of doing to me. My friend... she still hurts, I know this. I know it every time I visit her at home and

she sits in silence with her leg in a cast. She might not be able to physically return from the beating that you put on her in Minneapolis.

But this girl?

[Swift jabs her finger into her chest.]

SS: This girl has enough fight in her for the both of us. You can save your open challenge for another town and another girl, Charisma, because I ACCEPT everything and anything you've got. But know this... you better be prepared to accept everything this little girl from Montreal has in store for you because I've been waiting to tell the world my story since the first time I walked into a gym and told someone I wanted to be a professional wrestler and I'll be damned...

[She wags her index finger at the camera.]

SS: ...DAMNED if my dream starts and ends with you.

This fight, it's for Lisa.

But these fists...

[She raises both hands, clenched tight.]

SS: I'm saving them for you.

That's a promise.

[And we fade back to Lou and Emerson.]

SLB: Some strong words from Skylar Swift as she looks forward to going one-on-one with Charisma Knight which we now know will make history as the very first AWA match on Canadian soil. Mr. Gellar, what else can we look forward to on this tour of Canada?

[Gellar smiles.]

EG: Well, Lou, I'll tell you that-

[Gellar is cut off by a disturbing shout...]

"TELL HIM NO MORE!"

[...the source of which is revealed as someone else walks into view. It is the Prince of Darkness himself, Anton Layton.]

AL: And tell me what I come to hear, Emerson Gellar.

EG: What you want to hear? I haven't the slightest-

AL: LIES!

[The shout makes both Gellar and Blackwell jump slightly.]

AL: We had a deal, Emerson Gellar.

[Gellar looks puzzled.]

EG: What kind of a deal?

AL: We had an arrangement. My Slaughterhouse did your dirty work two weeks ago. They put a beating on Taylor and Donovan the likes of which they haven't felt since their estranged fathers went on a bender when they were untamed youths. We had an arrangement.

[He raises a lone finger on his right hand.]

AL: One beating...

[...and one on his left.]

AL: ...for one title shot.

[Gellar shakes his head.]

EG: No, no, no... that wasn't the deal at all. The deal was that if your boys BEAT Taylor and Donovan, you'd get a future title shot.

[Layton steps closer, staring into the eyes of Gellar.]

AL: Do not believe you can manipulate me as you have others. Do not feel that you can deceive me as you have others. We had an arrangement and I will not be denied...

[He raises his right arm, suddenly clasping his treasured crystal in his hand. Blackwell takes a notable step back as Gellar holds his ground, staring at the gem.]

AL: The Eye will not be denied.

[Gellar stares... and stares... and stares, obviously lost in the gem.]

AL: You say the deal was for a victory. I say you are wrong... and I say that I am altering the deal. Pray to whatever Gods you believe in that I don't alter it any further. The Eye hungers, Gellar. It must feed.

[Gellar is still staring at the crystal, his mouth hanging open slightly now. Layton can be seen trembling a bit, his arm and hand shaking visibly.]

SLB: GENTLEMEN!

[The voice of Blackwell seems to break the showdown. Layton lowers the crystal from Gellar's gaze while the Director of Operations blinks a few times before looking back at Layton.]

EG: I...

[Gellar pauses, seemingly struggling to find words.]

EG: No. There will be no deal. However, your Slaughterhouse was impressive two weeks ago. Therefore, I will be putting them in a Number One Contender's match in the coming weeks.

[Layton hisses from between his teeth.]

AL: Versus whom?

[Gellar shakes his head.]

EG: As soon as I decide, you'll know. Now if you'll excuse me.

[An obviously-troubled Gellar pushes past Layton, walking out of view as Layton takes a spot next to Blackwell.]

SLB: Well, Mr. Layton, it seems like you got something for your trouble after all.

AL: Blackwell, you insignificant toad...

[Before Layton can say anything else, Blackwell backs out of the show, leaving the Prince of Darkness behind. He suddenly throws his head back in laughter.]

AL: Eheheheheh.

EHEHEHEHEHE.

EHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE!

[We slowly fade through black out to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring... from Reno, Nevada... at a total combined weight of 512 pounds... the team of Dylan Dice and Tahoe Traaaaaylor!

[Tahoe Traylor is a bulky guy in a black two-strapped singlet with his hair cut into a flat top. He just looks pissed at the crowd while his more-flashy partner pretends to be rolling a pair of dice in his pink trunks with a pair of dice on the rump. Dylan Dice runs a hand through his slicked-back hair.]

PW: And their opponents...

[Altima's "Burst The Gravity" comes to life over the PA system, sending the crowd into a decent-sized cheer.]

PW: From the Land of the Rising Sun... weighing in at 255 kilos...

GEMINI HASHIMOTO! KENJI NAKAMURA!

THE SHAAAAAADOOOOOW STAAAAAAAARRRRR LEEEEEEGIONNNNNN!

[The lights die down as the silhouettes of golden stars illuminate the walkway, leading a path down to the squared circle. The two members of the Shadow Star Legion emerge from the shadows, getting hit with a spotlight as each stands before the entrance curtain.

GEMINI Hashimoto is the larger of the two men - some might even call the man plump. He's shirtless which does little to dissuade that claim as his ample midsection loops over his waistline. A pair of bright white full-length tights with red "claw" marks across the thighs and red boots round out his attire. He's also sporting a white bandana with a burning red sun on it holding back his jet black hair. He tilts his head back, revealing a well-drawn red and white star surrounding his right eye and splashing down his cheek.

Kenji Nakamura is by his partner's side, slender but muscular - more of a swimmer's physique than a pro wrestler's. He claps his hands together over his head a few times, drawing more cheers from the crowd. He jerks a thumb at the similar painted star around his left eye. Nakamura is sporting red full-length pants, billowing out around his black boots. He slaps his chest as the duo starts to make their way down the aisle, red and white stars filling the video screen as the crowd cheers the Japanese duo.]

GM: The Shadow Star Legion on their way to the ring... and just moments ago, we heard the Slaughterhouse's leader, Anton Layton, making the pitch for his team to be the Number One Contenders... however, we know that Nakamura and Hashimoto have already challenged the winners of the Winner Takes All match to a title opportunity.

BW: These guys are good, no doubt... but are they better than Crowley and The Lost Boy? I highly doubt that.

GM: When you talk about teams looking to be the Number One Contender, you've also gotta consider Next Gen... the Samoan Hit Squad... Downfall... so many great teams taking part in the AWA Tag Team Division as of late.

BW: The pack is thick and jammed-up... now all we need is someone to break out of it and show that they're the ones to beat.

[Now inside the ring, Nakamura and Hashimoto have a brief discussion before the very-large GEMINI Hashimoto steps out to the ring apron, leaving his partner behind. Nakamura hops up and down, swinging his arms across his torso to stay loose.]

GM: The Shadow Star Legion getting ready for tag team action here... and Bucky, their resume is incredibly hard to deny.

BW: Winners of the prestigious Global Tag Crown tournament in Japan. Multi-time Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown Champions as well. No doubt, Gordo... they've got the goods. But is it enough to add AWA World Tag Team Champions to the list? We'll have to wait and see.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And here we go with Kenji Nakamura starting things off against Dylan Dice.

[The two competitors dance around the ring a bit, circling one another when Dice suddenly goes up on his tiptoes, thrusting his hips at Nakamura who pauses, hands on his hips with a confused look on his face.]

GM: Well... that just happened.

BW: The Diceman's got some game, Gordo.

[Dice high step struts across the ring, jabbing his finger into the chest of Nakamura a few times...]

GM: Dylan Dice getting up in the face of Nakamura and-

[Nakamura responds with a front kick to the chest that sends Dice falling backward, rolling all the way through to his feet where he gestures arrogantly at Nakamura to "bring it on." The Japanese superstar responds by charging across the ring, leaping up with a "HAAAAA!" and driving his foot into the chest a second time, knocking Dice back into the neutral corner!]

GM: The educated feet of Nakamura on display and class is certainly in session, fans.

[Nakamura squares up, throwing a series of three quick roundhouse kicks to the body before going into a spin and burying a spinning back kick into the midsection, causing Dylan to slump down to his knees, sucking wind.]

BW: The kid is quick, Gordo. I don't know if Dylan even saw those kicks coming.

[Yanking Dice to his feet, Nakamura uses a snapmare to take him over, putting him in a seated position on the mat. Nakamura looks out at the crowd, placing his finger to his lips and shouting "SHHHHH!" The crowd obliges...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and Nakamura BURIES a soccer kick into the spine of Dice, sending a loud sound into the air that brings the fans to their feet with a cheer!]

GM: Excuse me! That'll send someone right to the chiropractor!

[Dice rolls across the ring, wincing in pain, cradling his lower back as Nakamura pursues...]

...but Dice reaches up, slapping the hand of Tahoe Traylor.]

BW: Well, that didn't take long. I like this team of Traylor and the Diceman but they could use some managerial guidance, I think.

GM: You offering your services?

BW: I'm needed here. Besides, when you retire, someone's gotta be here to make sure the new guy doesn't bomb.

GM: Retire? I'm in my prime, Buckthorn.

[The six foot six, 310 pound Tahoe Traylor comes through the ropes. Nakamura raises his hands up in a defensive posture, ready to go...]

...but Traylor shakes his head, pointing at GEMINI Hashimoto with a "I want the fat boy!" Nakamura nods, backpedaling as the crowd cheers and Hashimoto insistently sticks out his hand.]

GM: And here we go!

BW: I declare... HOSS BATTLE!

[Hashimoto walks across the ring to where Traylor is still standing near his corner. The big man is walking with purpose as Traylor trashtalks the entire time...]

...until a big hand ends up over his face, piefacing him back into the corner where Hashimoto quickly twists, throwing himself into a back elbow that shakes Traylor from head to toe!]

GM: Oh my!

[Hashimoto grabs Traylor by the back of the head, dragging him out of the corner as the Diceman shouts at him. Once in the center of the ring, Hashimoto throws a pair of knees to the body before lifting the 300+ pounder up, dropping him with a back suplex.]

GM: Look at the strength of Hashimoto!

[Climbing to his feet, Hashimoto bellows as he charges the ropes, bouncing off towards the middle of the ring where he shouts again before dropping all of his weight down on the prone Traylor!]

GM: Big time elbowdrop, over 300 pounds down across the chest... and right into a cover!

[Hashimoto earns a two count before the shoulder comes up, breaking the pin.]

GM: Two count only on that one.

BW: I don't care how much you weigh. It's gonna take more than an elbowdrop to finish off Tahoe Traylor, daddy!

[The big man climbs to his feet, turning to the corner where Nakamura is standing. He gestures to him as Hashimoto pulls Traylor up by the arm, whipping him towards the corner...]

...and then charges after him, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY! Running chop in the corner!

BW: Good lord, Gordo. Sounded like he caved in the man's chest with that!

GM: He might have... and there's the quick tag.

[Nakamura steps in, grabbing Traylor by the arm, backing out of the corner with him where he executes an armwringer before throwing a kick to the midsection that doubles up Traylor...]

GM: Nakamura goes downstairs... to the ropes...

[Leaping into the air, Nakamura connects with a leaping axe kick that sends Traylor facefirst down to the canvas. He drops to his knees, rolling him over.]

GM: Another cover by the SSL... and another two count and I've gotta say, these guys look sharp, Bucky.

BW: They certainly do. Cutting the ring in half, keeping the fresh man in. Things are certainly going their way in this one.

[Nakamura climbs off the mat, gesturing to Hashimoto as he goes to pull Traylor to his feet.]

GM: Another tag... double team coming up...

[Each man grabs an arm, whipping Traylor across the ring. As he rebounds, Traylor catches a rounding kick to the gut by Nakamura to double him up as Hashimoto storms in with a running knee lift that puts him back down on the canvas!]

BW: And an effective one, making Tahoe Traylor wish he was back in Reno, daddy.

[Hashimoto stands over Traylor, looking across the ring as Dylan Dice screams and shouts in his direction.]

GM: Dylan Dice distracting Big Hash.

BW: A good move if you ask me. Traylor's taking some punishment and Dice just bought his partner some time.

[Hashimoto glares at Dice, pointing a threatening finger before turning back to Traylor, dragging him up to a knee where Traylor smashes his head into Hashimoto's ample midsection.]

GM: Oh! Headbutt to the gut!

[Traylor comes up swinging, cracking Hashimoto in the chin with an uppercut!]

GM: Oof! Hard shot there... and Dice's distraction did the trick as Traylor walks across, making the tag...

[Dice jumps through the ropes, moving to aid his partner. They each grab an arm, backing Hashimoto into the ropes, whipping him across the ring...]

GM: Double whip shoots him across...

[Hashimoto rebounds off, raising his arms to break down the double clothesline attempt. He swings around, stretching out his arm...

...and OBLITERATES Traylor with an impactful lariat, knocking him flat! A panicked Dice throws a flurry of rights and lefts to the back of Hashimoto...]

GM: Dice is fighting for his life and he knows it!

[Hashimoto slaps a blow away, spinning Dice around, hooking the rear waistlock...]

BW: GERMAN!

[...and DUMPS Dice down on the back of his head and neck, holding a bridge for the one-two-three.]

GM: Wow! That's it, Bucky.

BW: Sudden victory for Hashimoto and Nakamura right there. That German Suplex came out of nowhere and resulted in an easy three count for the Shadow Star Legion.

GM: Now will you admit it, Bucky? Now will you call them worthy of being considered the Number One Contenders?

BW: Alright, maybe they're worthy of being CONSIDERED but I still say they've got no chance against teams like the Samoans, like Downfall, like the Slaughterhouse. No chance at all, Gordo.

GM: Hopefully we'll get to find out in the very near future, Bucky. But right now, we're going to Mark Stegglet at the announce stage with the victors in this one - the Shadow Star Legion! Mark?

[We cut to Mark Stegglet standing on the platform.]

MS: Thanks for that, Gordo. The Tag Team Division continues to heat up. The Director of Operations talking about a match to determine the new Number One Contenders and don't forget that my guests right now - Kenji Nakamura and GEMINI Hashimoto - have already challenged the champions coming out of Memorial Day Mayhem. Gentlemen, come on in here.

[Nakamura and Hashimoto join Stegglet on the platform.]

MS: Another win for you two. You heard what Anton Layton... what Dave Cooper had to say earlier. Your thoughts?

[Nakamura, the only English speaker in the team, has the mic offered to him,]

KN: Mr. Stegklet, AWA have many great teams... and Hashimoto-san and myself are willing to face any of them. But... we made challenge. We want champions in ring after Winner Take All.

MS: I understand that... I think we all understand that. But after what we heard earlier tonight, do you think you'll have to face another team to earn that chance?

[Nakamura looks at Hashimoto who shrugs in response.]

KN: If that is decision, we will oblige. We will defeat Slaughterhouse. We will defeat Samoans. Longhorn Riders. Downfall. Even Rustlers or... anyone. We are not afraid. We will win. And when we face...

[Nakamura speaks in Japanese to Hashimoto who nods.]

KN: IF we face Kings... we beat them too. New champions, Shadow Star Legion... number one!

[Nakamura holds up one finger, grinning as Stegklet wraps up.]

MS: Alright, fans... you heard it right there. The Shadow Star Legion wants their shot at the tag team champions but if they don't get it, they're willing to go through every other team in the Division to get there. We're going to take another break but when we come back, we'll see six man tag team action so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black...]

After a moment, we fade back up on a very long shot of the exterior of a pretty dingy looking building.]

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[And closer.]

"Of...MAYHEM?!"

[An explosion followed by a huge mushroom cloud of smoke. As the gray haze dissipates, three loud thumps are followed by the massive lettering of MEMORIAL DAY MAYHEM stamping onto the screen over the rubble of the building -- don't worry future Combatants, it's still there.]

"In the beginning, we crowned a champion."

[Cut to footage from that inaugural event as Mark Shaw and Marcus Broussard move in unison towards the corner, Shaw's face slamming into the top turnbuckle...

...the actual metal buckle previously exposed by the Super Ninja.]

GM: Hard to the corner! WAIT - WHERE'S THE TURNBUCKLE?!

[The impact of hitting the metal seems to make Shaw go limp as Broussard uses the momentum to roll backwards, pulling Shaw with him into a reverse rolling cradle.]

GM: CRADLE!

[And with his last bit of energy, Broussard throws his body back into the most picture-perfect, breathtaking beautiful bridge that he's ever managed as the referee counts to three as we fade to black.]

"And ever since, it has become one of the biggest shows of the year."

[We fade back up to footage from 2009 with Ron Houston preparing to use the Fade To Black to toss Adam Rogers over the top rope, eliminating him from the annual Rumble.]

GM: STEVIE!

[A barely standing Stevie Scott lunges into action, coiling up into a ball, and lashing out, driving his foot right under the chin of Ron Houston with a Heatseeker superkick. The blow makes sudden and harsh impact, snapping Houston's head back...

And then causing him to fall backwards, seemingly in slow motion...

All with Adam Rogers draped helplessly across his shoulders, trying desperately to grab the ropes...

To no avail as both men crash to the concrete floor.]

GM: OH MY STARS! STEVIE SCOTT HAS DONE IT! STEVIE SCOTT HAS DONE IT!

STEVIE SCOTT HAS DONE IT!

[The Hotshot falls to his knees in the middle of the ring, pumping both fists in triumph as he lets loose a wail of victory with the crowd roaring in celebration as we fade back to black.]

"We've seen memorable moments..."

[James Monosso violently swings Eric Preston around and around before SMASHING him skull first into the wood stage...Stevie Scott slapping a figure four on Sweet Daddy Williams...Joe Petrow being unmasked...Raphael Rhodes headbutting Juan Vasquez off the apron!]

"...unforgettable images..."

[Petrow hitting Scotty Storm with the iPhone allowing the Professional to cover him for the pin...Mark Langseth and Alex Martinez facing off...shots of Jeff Matthews cutting into a glimpse of The Dragon...Vasquez drilling City Jack on the jaw with the Right Cross...Supernova standing victoriously in the ring.]

"...competitors driven to the edge of glory... and beyond..."

[Glenn Hudson planting Rex Summers with a DDT and claiming the Longhorn Heritage Title...flashes of wrestlers from the past; Blackwater Bart...Ronnie D...Bad Eye McBaine...the Bishop Boys winning back the National Tag Titles from the Aces...]

"...warriors left on the field of battle in triumph... or despair..."

[Robert Donovan and Travis Lynch colliding...Skywalker Jones smashes November into the top turnbuckle with a top rope Brainbuster...Vasquez, Scott, and Kinsey battling the Unholy Alliance...Dave Cooper jamming a chair into the ankle of Sultan

Azam Sharif...Brad Jacobs powerbombing Duane Henry Bishop as Kenny Stanton drops him with a leaping reverse neckbreaker...Terry Shane III scooping up both Eric Preston and Stevie Scott and heaving them over the top rope...Calisto Dufresne bending a chair over the skull and neck of James Monosso.]

"But most of all..."

[Shadoe Rage stomping Donnie White's fingers and sending him crashing from the scaffold down to the ring beneath them...Bobby O'Connor, Eric Preston, and Ryan Martinez slugging it out with Dogs of War...Supreme Wright tapping out to Dave Bryant's Iron Crab.]

"...we've seen mayhem."

[Air Strike and the Lights Out Express heaving each other off ladders...KING Oni being unleashed...Juan Vasquez knocking Isiah Carpenter out with the Right Cross and winning the Mayhem match...The Gladiator destroying Frankie Farelli...Kraken hitting a Uraken on the GFC Heavyweight Champion...Ryan Martinez throwing down a steel chair and hooking the King of the Death Match up and dropping him with a Brainbuster...

...and then a cut to black as the Memorial Day Mayhem logo and all the show information appears on the screen for a moment before fading back out.

We fade back up backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands in front of an AWA backdrop. With him are Pure X, Terry Shane III and The Gladiator. Pure X, in his wrestling gear and mirrored shades hanging from his T-shirt, looks on at Blackwell while giving a few puzzled glances back to his new teammate. The Ring Leader's dripping wet jet black hair spills across the shoulders of his sleeveless gray hoodie. He has dark green ring tights with SHANE in bold gold lettering running up his right leg. He calmly tightens the white wrist tape, a far contrast to the man behind him. Gladiator is dressed in his trunks and boots, the gladiator helmet atop his head and he is pacing about behind the others, growling.]

SLB: AWA fans, I never thought I would see the day that these three men standing with me would be part of the same team... Pure X, the master technician, and Terry Shane III, the man seeking to redeem himself, teaming up with this man back here, The Gladiator. [Glances back at Gladiator for a moment.] I don't know if one would call it fate or luck that these three would team together, but I wonder if any of you believe, considering what the likes of Rex Summers, Callum Mahoney and Kerry Kendrick have done the past few weeks, that there just might be strength in numbers, no matter what the sum!

PX: Lou, that's exactly it - week after week, it's been Kendrick and Mahoney and Summers using their numbers and NOT their skill to try beat me, Shane, and even tried to beat -

[Pure X turns towards the pacing Gladiator, pausing for what seems to be too long as X tries to comprehend before clearing his throat.]

PX: And even tried to beat the... unshakable force behind me with their numbers.

[Gladiator lets out a snarl in response, drawing an upward eyebrow from X.]

PX: But we're still here, Lou! Still here and three on three! Even odds, just like it should be - just like the ring DESERVES! Kendrick, Mahoney, and Summers, they'll have to rely on their training, tradecraft, and technique to win... And I got to say, Lou? Terry?

[X turns back to the still pacing Gladiator.]

PX: Gladiator?

G: SNORT snaaarrlll SNORT!

[X nods before turning back to Blackwell.]

PX: I MORE than like my chances!

TS3: Blackwell, there is absolutely no question that we have shifted the strength in numbers to our side. It is undeniable that until this man behind us came to our aid that Pure X and I were seen as the underdogs in this scenario. How could we not be? We have been fighting an uphill battle since the first time we stood side by side and any moment... any split second... that the odds were neutralized and X and I were able to square up with Kendrick or Mahoney man to man that degenerate filth would reveal his hand and come running to their aid. Kerry Kendrick and Callum Mahoney know they are no match for our skills. They are no match for the fluidity and precision that a man like Pure X offers. They are no match for the tenaciousness and determination that I myself put behind every move and motion in that ring, never wasting a single step or breath.

But now...now...look at what WE have stacked the deck with?

[Shane motions to Gladiator who continues to growl as he paces behind the group of them.]

TS3: Enter the Gladiator. Do you think including Rex Summers to their foil equates to what this man, this warrior, this unstoppable force adds to our conglomerate? All of their cards are laid out, Lou...we KNOW Toughill will be in their corner. We KNOW she is going to have that baseball bat loaded up and ready to bash one of our skulls in. We KNOW every trick and act of deception they are capable of and it is right in front of our faces. Man to man, group to group, those three have emptied the proverbial tank of surprises and deception and do you know what that leaves them?

SLB: I'm sure you are about to tell me.

TS3: I sure am, Lou. It leaves them with an opportunity of a lifetime. Tonight, in that ring, SM&K will be at the mercy of three men with much more than a bone to pick with them and they will have every chance to prove their merit and worth within the four walls of this company without the smoke screens and parlor tricks. Without the game of numbers hanging from their back pocket and any cards up their sleeves. I know better than most, Lou.

[Shane reconfirms with an impactful nod.]

TS3: I know first hand what is like when those same walls close in around you and you are left out in that ring alone for the first time without the numbers on your side. I am grateful, I really am...for the humility that I was forced to learn at the hands of a man like Bobby O'Connor, like Dave Bryant, like the Wise Men and every wrestler and person who forced me down that hole forbidden of hope. I now stand before you a better man than I ever was before, ready, willing, and able to stand before you with dignity and class and represent this great company against the lowest scoundrels of humanity that stand before us tonight and this man...this man right here...

[Shane hooks his thumb towards Pure X]

...who represents his family and his name and who continues to be an inspiration for my conquest back up the mountain has been waiting longer than all of us to get his hands on them. He has been patient, he has been planning, and he has been

carefully selecting the the perfect moment to avenge what they did to him so many months ago.

SLB: [turning to the pacing Gladiator] Gladiator, if I could ask you if you believe there will be any problems with team chemistry in tonight's match.

[Gladiator stops pacing, turns to Sweet Lou, raises a finger and his voice.]

G: I AM NOT WORRIED ABOUT THIS CHEMISTRY THAT YOU SPEAK OF, ONLY WHETHER OR NOT THOSE WHO STAND BESIDE ME ARE SEEKING THE SAME DESTINATION THAT I SEEK! AND THOUGH I NOW STAND BESIDE TWO WHO HAVE TRAVELED DOWN DIFFERENT PATHS AND TAKEN DIFFERENT JOURNEYS, WHAT MATTERS IS THAT THEY SEEK THE SAME DESTINATION!

[He motions to Pure X.]

G: I HAVE BESIDE ME A PRECISION MACHINE WHO METHODICALLY IDENTIFIES THE WEAKNESSES OF THE NORMALS WHO DARE TO FACE HIM!

[Then to Terry Shane III.]

G: AND ALSO BESIDE ME IS AN INDIVIDUAL WHO WAS ONCE LOST, BUT NOW HAS FOUND HIS NEW PURPOSE AND HAS ONLY BEGUN HIS PATH TO REDEMPTION!

[He now points to the camera.]

G: I KNOW THAT THESE TWO HAVE THE SAME DESTINATION IN MIND, AND THAT CONCERNS THE MONGRELS AND SCOUNDRELS WHO WILL STAND OPPOSITE US IN COMBAT TONIGHT! YOU, REX SUMMERS, CONTINUE TO ANTAGONIZE THE LION AND BELIEVE YOU WILL ESCAPE UNHARMED! YOU, CALLUM MAHONEY, CONTINUE TO PUSH AROUND OTHERS WEAKER THAN YOU BECAUSE YOU THINK IT HIDES YOUR INFERIORITIES! AND YOU, KERRY KENDRICK, SPEND MORE OF YOUR TIME POINTING FINGERS INSTEAD OF OWNING UP TO YOUR OWN SHORTCOMINGS! THOSE MISDEEDS HAVE TO LEAD TO TONIGHT'S TRIAL OF COMBAT, IN WHICH THOSE WHO STAND BESIDE ME, BACKED BY MY LEGIONS OF GLADIATORS, UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF JUPITER AND JUNO, SHALL SEE TO IT THAT SUMMERS, MAHONEY AND KENDRICK WILL FACE NOTHING BUT THEIR OWN DEMIIIIISE!

[Pure X looks on, wide-eyed for a moment, unsure of what just happened before letting out a deep exhale.]

SLB: [turning back to the camera] What an encounter that's going to be! Let's go back to ringside!

[We cut from Blackwell and the trio to Gordon and Bucky seated at ringside.]

GM: Alright, Lou, thanks for that. Bucky, what we've basically got in this six man tag is a Memorial Day Mayhem preview.

BW: That's right. We all know that The Gladiator is going to be taking on the Red Hot One himself, Rex Summers, with the Steal The Spotlight contract on the line... but we're also going to see Kerry Kendrick teaming with Callum Mahoney to take on the team of Pure X and Terry Shane on the Memorial Day Mayhem Pre-Game Show.

GM: The Pre-Game Show is going to be LIVE right here on The X - counting down the minutes before the Pay Per View goes live. We're going to have that big tag match. There's going to be a very special panel on hand to preview all the matches on the show plus make their predictions. Bucky, have you seen this panel?

BW: Yeah, I saw it. Of course, they asked me to be on it too but I'm going to be too busy for that.

GM: I see. Well, I'm sure our audience will be in good hands. Take a look at this panel, fans...

[The shot changes to a graphic advertising the Pre-Game Show showing off our panel.]

GM: The host of the Power Hour, Theresa Lynch, will be joined by someone whose Memorial Day Mayhem history goes all the way back to the first one in Marcus Broussard. She's also going to be joined by our own Colt Patterson, a former World Champion in his own right. And to round out the panel, Big Vern himself - Vernon Riley! It's going to be a fun night in Seattle and this six man tag coming up right now is going to just whet our appetites a little bit.

["Overdrive" by Lazerhawk begins to play over the PA system to big jeers from the Boise crowd.]

GM: There's the music... here comes SM&K down the aisle and, fans, we're going to take one more break before coming back to live six man tag team action so don't you dare go away!

[The camera shows Summers, Kendrick, and Mahoney (along with Toughill) headed down the aisle as we fade to black.]

We fade in on a shot of the Crockett Coliseum. A voiceover begins.]

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

[A black and white still photo of Bobby Taylor, Jon Stegklet, and Todd Michaelson at the AWA Grand Opening Press Conference is seen.]

"In 2008, these men had a dream that they could start from nothing..."

[A still of the WKIK Studios marquee promoting the premiere broadcast of Saturday Night Wrestling.]

"...and grow into a global powerhouse."

[A series of headlines fly by - "THE AWA ON THE X!", "AWA TOUCHES DOWN IN TOKYO!", "SUPERCLASH VI HEADS TO THE BIG APPLE!"]

"These men had a dream too."

[Shots of Aaron Anderson... Eric Preston... Supreme Wright... Skywalker Jones... Air Strike... Hercules Hammonds... Brad Jacobs... all in action inside the AWA squared circle.]

"They dreamed of fame... they dreamed of glory... they dreamed of their friends and family seeing them on television... and their dreams came true."

[A shot of the old converted building that came to be the AWA training school - the Combat Corner - is shown with Todd Michaelson standing out in front of it with some of the first crop of students.]

"The road to being a pro wrestler is hard. None of those men would tell you otherwise. But they would all tell you that the best way to walk that road..."

[The shot of the old Corner fades into a shot of the Crockett Coliseum - an artist rendering of a renovated Coliseum with the Combat Corner sign out front. A second rendering shows a new backstage area, filled with workout equipment and a few wrestling rings. A third rendering shows a renovated arena bowl with less seating, giving room for the backstage improvements while still leaving room for the fans who will attend the new Combat Corner Wrestling shows.]

"...is through the Combat Corner - the official training school for the American Wrestling Alliance."

[We cut to footage of a very young Supreme Wright taking a forearm smash from Eric Preston before falling to his back. Todd Michaelson is crouched nearby, whistle hanging from his mouth as he watches approvingly.]

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

[A second batch of footage shows Marcus Broussard, Clayton Shaw, and Juan Vasquez running some students through their paces. See anyone you recognize?]

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas when the much-larger one snares a waistlock, powering his opponent up into the air, and effortlessly throwing him down in a waistlock takedown. He pops up, showing himself to be a huge, hulking brute of a man who looks like he was created inside of a lab. Michaelson grins, slapping the big man on the back as the voiceover continues.]

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

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

...and as we fade back in, the fan favorite trio is entering the ring to the sounds of the Gladiator's entrance music. Phil Watson is wrapping up his introductions as the trio reaches the ring, conversing with one another in one corner as the rulebreakers do the same on the other side of the ring.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans, and what a six man tag this is going to be with Rex Summers, Kerry Kendrick, and Callum Mahoney taking on Terry Shane, Pure X, and the Gladiator. The match is just about set to begin - the fans here are solidly behind Shane, Pure X, and the Gladiator... and it looks like it's going to be...

[As the six men meet up near the middle of the ring, staring across at each other, Rex Summers drifts towards Terry Shane, sticking a finger out towards him. Shane angrily slaps the hand away, threatening Summers as the referee steps between the six men, trying to restore order.]

GM: And there's certainly some hot tempers in there. I'd expect this one might be problematic for Ricky Longfellow to keep under control. And now it appears as though it'll be Terry Shane starting things off against Kerry Kendrick.

[The two grapplers circle each other for a bit before coming together in a collar and elbow tieup. Kendrick pushes Shane back a few steps before Shane switches his grip, pulling the AWA Original into a side headlock.]

GM: Side headlock applied by the former Ring Leader, backed up into the ropes now...

[Kendrick fires Shane off across the ring, sending him off the ropes. The Self Made Man sets for a hiptoss but Shane reverses it, flipping Kendrick up and over with a hiptoss of his own, throwing him down to the mat!]

GM: Nice reversal out of Terry Shane, earning some applause from the fans as well as his partner, Pure X...

BW: The Gladiator's not even sure what planet he's on right now.

GM: Tag team work does seem a bit out of the ordinary for him as-

[Kendrick comes to his feet, wobbling towards the corner where he eats a right hand from The Gladiator, sending him staggering back across the ring...]

GM: That's right up his alley right there though!

[...and he stumbles right into a big haymaker from Terry Shane, knocking Kendrick back down to the canvas.]

GM: Terry Shane likes to work a technical style in that ring but we know from his past that he's not afraid to mix it up as well as you saw with that big right hand...

[Kendrick scoots back to the corner where Rex Summers ducks through the ropes, patting his partner-in-crime on the shoulder, encouraging him. Erica Toughill walks at ringside, baseball bat over her shoulder, popping a bubble as Kendrick rises off the mat, staring at Shane who beckons him forward.]

GM: Terry Shane's not done with Kerry Kendrick... he wants another shot at the so-called Self Made Man.

BW: But Shane's got experience working in a group like SM&K. You can see he's not venturing too close to their corner. Smart move.

GM: Those three jackals are looking to strike at any moment as Kendrick edges out of the corner towards Shane.

[Shane comes high, looking for another tieup but Kendrick swings his knee up into the midsection, doubling up the Missouri native.]

GM: Kendrick going downstairs on Terry Shane...

[Grabbing two hands full of hair, Kendrick swings Shane around, pushing him back into the SM&K corner. Mahoney and Summers look to act but before they can, Terry Shane starts battling free, absorbing two blows to the body from Kendrick to throw a back elbow at Summers, knocking him off the apron. He pivots towards Mahoney who backpedals away as Shane spins out of the corner, throwing another right hand to the skull of Kerry Kendrick.]

GM: Shane's fighting out of there!

[Shane backs off, fists raised and at the ready...]

...and with the crowd roaring, Mahoney and Summers duck into the ring, ready to attack...]

GM: Here we go!

[But SM&K soon slams on the brakes as they find The Gladiator and Pure X in the ring as well, cutting them off before they can strike.]

GM: Oh my! All six men are in the ring now!

[The referee ducks in the middle, trying to keep the peace as an irate Summers advances on the Gladiator who throws back his head, pounding on his chest...

...which sends Summers backpedaling away, shaking his head.]

GM: And I think Rex Summers wants no part of The Gladiator. But he's not going to have a choice in nine days when those two go one-on-one with the Steal The Spotlight contract hanging in the balance, Bucky.

BW: If you think Summers is afraid of the Gladiator, you're out of your mind, Gordo. He's just trying to get inside that sick nut's head... lord knows what he'll find in there though. Unicorns, fairy princesses, and trolls, I'd imagine.

[The stand-off continues with the referee attempting to get everyone back out on the apron other than Shane and Kendrick.]

GM: The official struggling to keep this situation under control. We've gotta take another quick break but we'll be right back with more of this six man tag team action!

[The official is backing the Gladiator across the ring as 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?

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to live action where Kerry Kendrick is down on the mat and Pure X is walking near the ropes.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling right here on The X, fans, where Pure X has officially tagged into this match for the first time and alongside Terry Shane, put Kerry Kendrick down on the mat with a double team maneuver.

BW: An ILLEGAL double team maneuver.

GM: It was within the five count so it certainly was not... but it looks like another one might be on the way here as Pure X grabs the arm, giving it a twist and tags back out to Terry Shane.

[Shane steps back through the ropes, hopping up on the midbuckle, and jumps off with a forearm across the tricep.]

GM: Terry Shane going to the ropes - a little out of the ordinary for him but perhaps Pure X, one of the best wrestlers in the world, has got him trying a few new ideas in that ring.

BW: Or maybe he's having a fever dream like the Gladiator and suddenly thought he was Skywalker Jones.

[Gordon chuckles as Shane moves in on Kendrick, pulling him up off the canvas into a double underhook. He holds it for a moment before hoisting Kendrick up, throwing him down with a perfectly-executed suplex.]

GM: Butterfly suplex... with the bridge!

[The bridging Shane gets a two count before Kendrick lifts the shoulder to break the count.]

GM: A two count only right there for Terry Shane who slowly but surely seems to be winning AWA fans to his cause.

BW: Did you ever think you'd say that?

GM: Absolutely not but the young man certainly seems to be turning over a new leaf since his exit from the AWA and the rekindling of his friendship with Bobby O'Connor.

[Shane takes a lap around the ring, catching a breather as Kendrick pushes up to a knee. The third generation grappler moves in on the Self Made Man...

...who reaches up, hooking Shane by the front of the trunks and gives a yank, pulling him through the ropes and tossing him out to the floor to jeers from the crowd!]

GM: Kendrick with a leverage move with the help of an illegal pull of the tights.

BW: Looked legal from my vantage point.

GM: I... that makes no sense at all.

[But instead of looking for a tag, Kendrick crawls towards the ropes, reaching under the middle rope towards Shane who is back on his feet...

...but Shane grabs Kendrick instead, dragging him through the ropes out to the floor where he PASTES him with a right hand!]

GM: Oh my! What a right that was!

[The crowd noise picks up as a fight breaks out on the floor between Kendrick and Shane. Kendrick wobbles back towards the ring where Shane gives him a shove through the ropes, putting him back in before he follows in behind him.]

GM: Shane and Kendrick back in the ring... back to their feet...

[Kendrick reaches out an arm towards his corner but Shane pulls him back, throwing him into the ropes...

...and snaring him in sleeperhold on the rebound!]

GM: SLEEPER LOCKED IN!

[The crowd cheers as Shane applies the hold in the center of the ring, trying to send Kerry Kendrick to Dream Land. Kendrick twists his body, facing the corner where Summers and Mahoney are reaching out, shouting encouragement to their ally.]

GM: Shane's got the sleeperhold expertly applied in the center of the ring and Kerry Kendrick's in trouble, Bucky!

BW: Kendrick's gotta find a way out of that hold and quickly!

[Kendrick reaches out with both arms, stretching towards his corner...

...but slumps down to his knees, unable to get there. The fan noise gets louder as they start to anticipate the end of the match.]

BW: Shane's got him down, using the leverage to his advantage now, crimping the neck and cutting off the blood flow to the brain. That's a one way ticket to Sleepy Town.

GM: Kendrick struggling to hang on and-

[The crowd jeers as Rex Summers stretches out as far as he can and JUST manages to slap the fingertips of Kendrick before he ducks through the ropes, racing to intervene...

...but the jeers turn to cheers as Shane straightens up, hooking the sleeper on Summers instead!]

GM: Oh my!

[But Summers is ready for it, twisting into the pressure, locking his arms around the torso and lifting him up.]

GM: Back suplex brings him down and that'll break the sleeperhold in a hurry!

[Summers scrambles up, taking aim, leaping into the air...

...and smashes down on the canvas as Shane rolls out from under his kneedrop attempt! The crowd cheers as Summers pops up, holding his knee in pain as Shane regains his feet.]

GM: Both men back up...

[As Summers moves in, Shane hooks the back of his head, pulling him down into a European uppercut that snaps Summers' head back and sends him falling back into the ropes. Summers holds there for a moment before pushing off, throwing a knife edge chop across the chest.]

GM: Summers and Shane going at it in Boise, Idaho!

[Shane fires back with another uppercut, knocking Summers back into the ropes a second time. The former Ring Leader steps in, using another uppercut... and another...]

GM: Shane's hammering away with those European uppercuts and- OH MY!

[The crowd ROARS as another Shane uppercut sends Summers tipping backwards over the top rope, crashing down in a heap at ringside.]

GM: Terry Shane with those explosive uppercuts and down goes "Red Hot" Rex Summers, all the way down to the floor!

[An agitated Toughill walks around the ring quickly, threatening Shane with the baseball bat as Kendrick drops down, kneeling beside Summers who pushes up off the floor, looking up at Shane with disbelief. Shane waves him back in the ring, sitting down on the middle rope as Pure X claps in approval from the corner.]

GM: Terry Shane's not done with SM&K yet. Remember, this whole thing between Shane, X, and SM&K started when Terry Shane made his return to the AWA and SM&K interrupted it!

[Summers climbs back to his feet, rolling under the ropes...

...where he slaps the hand of Callum Mahoney.]

GM: And another tag in the SM&K corner, bringing in the Fighting Irishman.

[Mahoney steps into the ring, eyeing Shane warily.]

GM: We all remember that Armbar Challenge from two weeks ago when Terry Shane looked like-

[Gordon doesn't get a chance to finish as Mahoney and Shane tangle with Shane quickly securing a side headlock, dragging Mahoney across the ring to the other corner...

...where he slaps the hand of the Gladiator to a HUGE cheer!]

GM: Oh yeah! Here comes the Gladiator!

[The Gladiator steps in, applying the same side headlock that Shane had on but with a little more oomph. He steps out to the middle of the ring and slowly cranks on the headlock, causing Mahoney to go up on his tiptoes in pain.]

GM: The power of the Gladiator on display in this most basic maneuver... but now Mahoney's backing him into the ropes...

[Putting Gladiator against the ropes, Mahoney breaks at the referee's order, rifling a quick one-two into the ribs of the Gladiator. He grabs an arm, looking for a whip...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by Gladiator!

[As Mahoney comes off the ropes, Gladiator holds his ground and lifts the Fighting Irishman skyward, pressing him up into the air!]

GM: OH MY! GORILLA PRESS!

[The Gladiator holds Mahoney high for all to see before throwing him down on his back on the mat! Mahoney rolls up to a knee, grimacing as he grabs at his lower back.]

GM: That big slam puts Mahoney in a bad way... and just like that, he's looking for the door, making the tag to Kerry Kendrick.

[Kendrick looks fired-up as he steps into the ring, marching up to the Gladiator, shoving a finger in his face as he reads him the riot act...]

...and when the Gladiator reaches out to grab the finger, twisting it and causing Kendrick to cry out in pain, the crowd roars in response!]

BW: Illegal! Illegal!

GM: He's twisting the finger right off Kerry Kendrick!

[Kendrick goes up on his tiptoes, wincing in pain...]

...and then uses the other hand to rake the eyes of the Gladiator!]

GM: Oh! Cheap shot by Kendrick!

[Leaning over, Kendrick grabs Gladiator by the torso, charging across the ring and driving him back into the buckles. Shaking out his right hand in pain, he throws three left hooks to the ribcage...]

...and then gets spun around in the corner where the Gladiator hooks him and throws him halfway across the ring with a biel!]

GM: Wow!

[The fans continue to cheer as Kendrick backs off, rolling back to his feet where the Gladiator hooks him back in the headlock. Kendrick again pushes him back into the ropes where the referee calls for a break and the Gladiator reaches out to slap the hand of Pure X.]

GM: The tag is made - in comes one of the best mat technicians in the business, fans.

[Pure X steps in, taking over the headlock from the Gladiator. He uses it to drag Kendrick out to the middle of the ring where he quickly spins out, ducking in behind to bury a hard forearm into the kidneys. A second forearm lands before he turns Kendrick around, snapping him over with a suplex.]

GM: Nice suplex by Pure X, sending that jolt from head to toe.

[X rolls through it, coming back to his feet and pulling Kendrick into a seated position where X switches his grip to a double underhook...]

GM: And into a butterfly lock! Nice transition by Pure X, moving from one move to the next seamlessly.

BW: A hold like this really stretches out the arms, the neck, the back...

GM: X cranks harder on the hold, ordering the official to check for a submission.

[He keeps the hold on for several more moments before hauling Kendrick up to his feet, flinging him to the corner with an Irish whip.]

GM: X charging in and-

[At the last moment, Kendrick leans back against the buckles, swinging his leg up to catch the charging Pure X with a knee to the chest!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Beautiful counter!

[X staggers backwards, looking to catch his breath as Kendrick hops up on the neutral midbuckle, leaping off...]

...and X sidesteps, ducking down to trip up Kendrick, putting him down on the mat as Pure X makes a grab for the left leg!]

GM: ANKLELOCK! THE X IS LOCKED IN!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Kendrick starts pounding the canvas in pain. Pure X cranks on the hold, trying to force a submission as his opponent cries out. Kendrick pulls on the canvas, twisting his (and Pure X's) body around so they're facing X's corner...]

...which brings in Rex Summers who takes three steps and THROWS himself into a clip on the back of X's knee!]

GM: OHHH!

[The Gladiator and Terry Shane start to come in but the referee cuts them off, keeping them back as Pure X rolls back and forth on the mat, clutching his knee as Summers rolls back out.]

GM: Pure X just might've been on the verge of victory for his team but Rex Summers with the clip from behind just totally changed the complexion of this match-up, fans.

[A hurting Kerry Kendrick drags himself across the ring, tagging Callum Mahoney back into the match.]

GM: Mahoney coming back in and let's see what he can do with the injured Pure X.

[Mahoney pulls X up off the mat, throwing a few short knees to the head before shoving X back into the ropes. He moves in, grabbing the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by Pure X!

[The reversal sends Mahoney into the ropes as Pure X drops his head, looking for a backdrop...]

...and Mahoney swings his boot up, catching X in the face, straightening him up where he staggers in a circle away from Mahoney...]

GM: Not again!

[...who also throws his shoulder into the back of Pure X's knee, clipping him for a second time in a matter of moments!]

GM: OHHH! A second time! Mahoney goes after the knee a second time!

[With Pure X down and howling in pain, Mahoney stacks him up in a jackknife cradle, getting a two and a half count before X manages to slip out.]

GM: A near fall there for SM&K as they've managed to do a number on the knee of Pure X in short order. First, it was Rex Summers coming in illegally to do it to save Kerry Kendrick and now Callum Mahoney lowers the boom.

BW: Completely legal that time.

GM: It certainly was.

[Mahoney rolls to the side, slapping the hand of Rex Summers.]

GM: Quick tag there to the man who won the Steal The Spotlight match last fall at SuperClash but will defend that contract in nine days at Memorial Day Mayhem.

[Pure X is crawling across the ring, trying to get to his corner as Summers comes in, pulling X up to his knees by the hair...]

...and RAKES his fingers across the eyes, putting X back down on the mat where he's slapping the canvas in pain.]

GM: Another cheapshot there, earning a reprimand from the official as Summers goes to work... stomp after stomp down on the torso of Pure X, totally trying to take the fight out of him.

[Grabbing X by the foot, Summers drags him across the ring towards the SM&K corner. He drapes the foot over the middle rope, looking out at the crowd before he steps up to the second rope, leaping into the air, and lands butt-first across the knee!]

GM: Ohhh! And another brutal attack on the knee. At some point here, Bucky, you have to wonder if this is about more than winning this match. Is this about taking out Pure X before Memorial Day Mayhem?

BW: Maybe it is, Gordo... but if it is, it's a masterpiece of a strategy!

[Summers steps on the rope a second time, dropping all his weight down across the knee again before he slaps the hand of Callum Mahoney.]

GM: Another quick tag as SM&K is showing us how well they work as a unit.

[Mahoney steps in, grabbing one leg while Summers grabs the other. They give a big yank in tandem, wishboning the legs and stretching out the already-battered limb.]

GM: Mahoney and Summers continuing the assault on the leg of Pure X, trying to put him in a bad way just nine days before Memorial Day Mayhem.

[With X down on the mat, a smirking Mahoney pulls him up by the hair, trash talking the technician as he does...]

...and then DRILLS him between the eyes with a right hand that sends Pure X falling down to the canvas.]

GM: A hard shot to the face by Mahoney, putting those fists to use... and now stomping Pure X, over and over again as the official protests! Come on, referee!

BW: Hey, he's laying his count on him, Gordo. He's doing his job.

[Mahoney grabs the hair again, dragging Pure X up and throwing him down so that his throat is over the middle rope. The Fighting Irishman plants his shin on the back of the neck, blatantly choking Pure X as the referee starts a five count again.]

GM: Mahoney with another illegal attack, choking Pure X in the middle of the ring...

[At the count of four, Mahoney backs off with his hands raised...]

...and Kendrick slips in while the referee has his back turned, planting his shin on the back of the neck and choking a little more. It doesn't last long though before The Gladiator approaches on the apron, sending Kendrick scampering away as Pure X falls back to the canvas, coughing violently.]

GM: Pure X suffering at the hands of Mahoney and Kendrick... speaking of whom, he just tagged back in.

[Mahoney pulls Pure X up, holding his arms back as Kendrick slips in, hopping up to the midbuckle, and leaping off with an elbowsmash down between the eyes of Pure X, putting him back down on the mat.]

GM: Pure X is taking a pounding from these three men in SM&K.

BW: Look at Ricki out here at ringside. She's loving this.

[The camera cuts to Toughill who looks as stoic as ever.]

GM: How can you tell?

BW: The twinkle in her eye!

[Kendrick pulls Pure X by the hair, again trash talking the technician before he does a full spin, hurling X through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: Ohh! A hard fall out to the floor for Pure X... and look at this!

[As Kendrick draws the official's attention, Rex Summers hops down off the apron, pulling Pure X up by the hair...]

...and SLAMS his throat down into the ringside barricade!]

GM: OH, COME ON!

[Summers walks away as Pure X falls towards the ring apron, dropping to a knee. Kendrick shoves past the referee, leaning between the ropes to pull X by the hair up onto the apron, dragging him inside the ring...]

GM: Quick tag to Summers...

[As Kendrick hooks a front facelock, Summers steps in and buries a boot into the midsection, putting Pure X back down on the canvas once more. His allies shout to him from the corner as Summers grabs the kneeling Pure X, rifling a few short right hands into the skull.]

GM: Again, Rex Summers pounding away on Pure X...

[Summers pauses, pointing a finger at the Gladiator before putting his hands on the back of his head and swiveling his hips at his opponent in nine days.]

BW: Oh yeah... putting on a show for the ladies!

GM: I don't hear too many of the ladies pleased by that.

BW: We gotta get you a new hearing aid then, Gordo. I haven't heard squeals like that since Justin Bieber hit puberty.

[Summers pulls Pure X up again, folding up the leg as he lifts him into the air and brings him down across his own bent knee in a shinbreaker. He keeps his grip on the leg, watching as Pure X grabs at his knee in pain...

...and then flips the submission specialist over into a submission hold of his own!]

GM: Half Boston Crab applied by Rex Summers!

BW: And he's near his own corner, Gordo, which means Pure X has got a long way to go to get across that ring and make the tag.

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

[Summers leans over, cranking on the leg as Pure X claws at the canvas. Terry Shane kneels down on the apron, shouting to his partner from afar as The Gladiator starts to pace back and forth on the apron, pumping his arms to the heavens, drawing cheers from the fans.]

GM: And listen to these fans rallying behind Pure X, trying to cheer him on!

[Kerry Kendrick steps up on the second rope, pointing across the ring. A confused Ricky Longfellow turns to the other corner as Mahoney leans through the ropes, pushing on the head of Summers, adding more leverage to the hold.]

GM: Oh, come on!

[The illegal activity brings Terry Shane through the ropes and forces the official to stop him cold. Callum Mahoney ducks through the ropes, clapping his hands together over his head as Summers steps out.]

GM: No tag there! None at all!

BW: Are you sure? Coulda swore I heard it.

[Mahoney grabs X by the foot, planting his own foot on the back of the knee, lifting Pure X's leg off the mat...

...and DRIVING his kneecap down into the canvas!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: Pure X ain't gonna make it to Memorial Day Mayhem, daddy!

GM: You could be very right about that, Bucky. Pure X's knee has taken a tremendous amount of punishment from SM&K here tonight and I'm not sure nine days will be enough time to recover from it.

[Mahoney grabs the leg, giving it a yank as he turns X over onto his back and drops an elbow down into the knee.]

GM: Continuing to punish the leg, continuing to work it over...

[The Fighting Irishman climbs to his feet, reaching out to tag in Kerry Kendrick.]

GM: Kendrick back in off the tag and a doubleteam of some sort is coming up, fans.

[Kendrick and Mahoney each grab Pure X, pulling him in for a double back suplex. They lift him up together...

...but put a little too much lift behind it, allowing X to flip over the top at the peak, crashing down hard on his already injured knee. He immediately starts crawling, going through the legs of Mahoney, crawling for his life towards his partners' outstretched hands...]

GM: X is making a move! He's trying to-

[But Kendrick grabs him by the ankle, cutting him off as the official forces Mahoney out of the ring.]

GM: Kendrick's hanging on to the ankle, trying to prevent the tag!

[Pure X rolls to his back, drawing his legs close, and shoving off, sending Kendrick flying backwards across the ring to his corner where Rex Summers tags himself in.]

GM: Summers makes the tag, coming in quickly and-

[Pure X rolls back to all fours, making a desperate lunge...]

GM: TAG!

[...and the crowd ERUPTS at the sight of The Gladiator being tagged into the ring!]

GM: THE GLADIATOR GETS THE TAG!

[The powerhouse warrior steps into the ring, sending Rex Summers flying with a wild haymaker! Kerry Kendrick comes charging in towards him but gets dispatched with another right hand!]

GM: The Gladiator with right hands all the way around!

[Grabbing Summers by the hair with one hand and Kendrick with the other, he winds up...

...and CRASHES their skulls together!]

GM: DOUBLE NOGGIN KNOCKER! DOWN GOES SM&K!

[The Gladiator pivots, greeting Callum Mahoney with a right hand before he gets through the ropes, sending him back out to the apron and down to the floor! He wheels around, catching a rising Kerry Kendrick with another haymaker!]

GM: The Gladiator is taking out everyone in sight, fans! You want to talk about someone who's ready for the biggest stage of the summer?! Oh my!

[Summers slides in behind The Gladiator, ready to strike when he too catches a haymaker that sends him flying back down to the canvas. With the crowd roaring, The Gladiator pushes Kerry Kendrick back into the ropes, flinging him across with a hammer throw...]

GM: Kendrick off the far side... picks him up, whirls him around, and SLAMS him down! Tilt a whirl slam by the Gladiator!

[The Gladiator dives on top of Kendrick but the referee waves it off, pointing to Summers instead.]

BW: Kendrick's not legal! Summers is the legal man!

GM: Are you sure about that?

[Climbing to his feet, The Gladiator turns his focus onto Summers, battering him back into the ropes with a series of haymakers. Suddenly, he breaks away, dashing to the far ropes. He rebounds off, taking aim at Summers...

...who sidesteps, using a handful of tights to chuck the Gladiator through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: OHH! OUT TO THE FLOOR GOES GLADIATOR!

[And with that, Kerry Kendrick and Callum Mahoney drop off the apron to the floor, putting the boots to the Gladiator as the referee shouts a protest. Terry Shane comes barreling around the ring, attacking both men as Summers watches from inside the ring.]

GM: Shane's out on the floor trying to help the Gladiator! This one is breaking down, fans!

[With both of his partners out on the floor, a gimpy Pure X slips back into the ring, sliding to a knee behind Summers...

...and yanks his legs out from under him, dumping Summers facefirst on the canvas as Pure X hooks his ankle!]

GM: Wait a...

[The crowd ROARS as Pure X stands up, twisting the ankle in his skilled hands!]

GM: THE X! HE LOCKS ON THE X!

[Summers cries out in pain, instantly clawing at the canvas as Pure X applies more pressure to the ankle. The Red Hot One is screaming for aid from his allies. Erica Toughill is the first to respond, getting up on the apron but Ricky Longfellow rushes to cut her off. He's shouting at Toughill to get down as Kerry Kendrick slides in, baseball bat in hand...

...and SMASHES it across the back of Pure X's knee, knocking him down to the mat. He tosses the bat aside, claps his hands over his head, and rolls Summers from the ring before diving across Pure X's prone form.]

GM: KENDRICK WITH THE BAT!

BW: He's got a cover, Gordo!

GM: No, no... not like this! He's not even the legal man!

[With Mahoney clinging desperately to The Gladiator's leg outside the ring, preventing him from coming to Pure X's aid, the referee spins around, diving to the mat to deliver the one... two... three!]

GM: Ahhhh, I can't believe it!

[The Boise crowd roars with dismay as Kerry Kendrick promptly rolls from the ring, joining Rex Summers out on the floor as Terry Shane slides in JUST a bit too slow, unable to help his partner avoid the three count.]

GM: SM&K score the victory... and again, it's thanks to that damn ball bat, Bucky.

BW: Supreme strategy. Great thinking. And yes, "that damn ball bat" spells victory for SM&K! You talk about being ready for Memorial Day Mayhem. None of those three stooges have any chance of being better prepared than SM&K, Gordo.

GM: We're going to see about that in just nine days. Fans, I can't bear to watch this victory celebration after a tainted win like that. We'll be right back with some words from Juan Vasquez that you will not want to miss. Stay tuned!

[Fade to black.]

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

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

...and then come back up to a panning shot of the Boise crowd. The only sound we get for a few moments is the buzz of the crowd until...]

#It's dark...and hell is hot#

[A deafening roar of boos fills the "Ain't No Sunshine" by DMX plays, signaling the appearance of public enemy #1...Juan Vasquez. The self-proclaimed "star of the show" is wearing a neck brace over an open collar shirt and jacket. He is flanked by a squadron of black shirt security guards protecting him from the wrath of the crowd. Making his way to the ring, Vasquez stops before a rowdy group of college aged males along the guardrails who hold up a banner that reads "MAKE THE AWA GREAT AGAIN!" He smirks, giving them a thumbs up, before continuing down the aisle to an increasingly hostile reception.]

GM: Bucky, it's still... months later, it's still hard for me to sit here and hear the reaction for this man coming through the curtain. A hero of the people... of the fans...

BW: Of you.

GM: Actually, yes... there was a time when I called for a hero and Juan Vasquez has always been that type of man since stepping foot in the AWA. That is... until now.

[As Vasquez enters the ring, the security disperses from their formation, surrounding all sides of the squared circle. Vasquez produces a microphone from his back pocket, but as he brings it up to speak, the boos drown him out.]

JV: A-

[He shakes his head.]

JV: Al-

[Once again, the boos increase in volume, drowning him out. He seems annoyed now. Waiting it out for a few more seconds, there's a sudden lull in the crowd and he seizes his opening.]

JV: Alex Martinez, you miserable, overgrown bastard...

[Heel pop! Juan brings his hand up to his neckbrace, rubbing it uneasily.]

JV: ...you have the nerve to lay your hands on ME!?!]

[The crowd roars with cheers at Vasquez's misery.]

JV: You have the gall to wrap your hands around MY neck...LIFT me ten feet into the air and then FIREBOMB me down into the canvas and straight to Hell???

[The cheers grow ever louder as Juan describes the entire grisly scene. The reaction of the crowd seems to crawl under Juan's skin just a bit...]

JV: DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM!?!?!]

I'M JUAN VASQUEZ, DAMNIT!!!

[He stops momentarily to wince and grab at his neckbrace before continuing on.]

JV: And you do NOT have the right to lay your filthy hands on me! I am a leader! I am a savior! I am the AWA's only hope! Yet, after Todd Michaelson and his failing Combat Corner were so offended by the fact I told the truth about them that he brings out two of his so-called best to prove me wrong only to inevitably fail, you...

[Juan is clearly flustered.]

JV: ...YOU viciously ambushed me from behind after my match like the coward I always knew you were!

[The crowd boos loudly at Vasquez's warped perspective of what happened.]

GM: That's not how it happened at all!

BW: He's just offering alternative facts to the situation, Gordo! Can you be sure the events happened how they've been described? Don't believe everything the biased media reports...after all, Vasquez was there!

GM: So were we!

[Inside the ring, Vasquez paces back and forth anxiously, still worked up.]

JV: You've been chasing me for months now, Martinez, and you finally got your hands on me...but you made the biggest mistake in your life when you didn't finish the job. 'Cause I'm still standin', amigo! And you better believe I want payback! You better believe I want to step into this ring with you one-on-one and put you right into a hospital bed next to your little brat.

So I say...

...LET'S SETTLE THIS AT MEMORIAL DAY MAYHEM!

[The crowd damn near takes the roof off with a roar of cheers!]

JV: Well... that's what I'd LIKE to say. BUT...

[The cheers quickly turn to boos as the crowd can sense what Vasquez is playing at.]

JV: ...you're not medically cleared, Martinez.

[A big grin forms on Vasquez's face.]

JV: And from what I hear, unless some medical quack is willing to risk his license to practice, you never will be.

[He chuckles evilly.]

JV: So go back to Hollywood and make some more mediocre action films, amigo...

[The crowd roars with boos, but Vasquez just shakes his head, yelling out to the crowd.]

JV: I'm sorry, but HE HAS TO GO BACK!

[He turns his attention back to the camera.]

JV: Go back to Hollywood and live out your fantasies in the land of make believe, Martinez! Because as it is, you're just wasting everyone's time! While you're dreaming of a match that'll never happen, I'm out here doing real work in the real world! I'm a righteous man fighting for a cause that's greater than your kid's neck! And I have no time to waste on someone that ain't even a wrestler anymore. So go back, Martinez! Go back! I have more important things to deal with than you! I'm too busy...

[Juan smirks.]

JV: ...making the AWA great again.

[And with that, Vasquez tosses the microphone to the ground and throws his head back, spreading his arms out wide as the crowd showers him with massive boos. As the camera stays on this shot, we slowly fade out.

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...

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 we fade back up on an extreme closeup of leopard print. The voice of Sweet Lou Blackwell is over the shot.]

SLB: An exciting night of action here in Boise, Idaho, as we count down the nights to Memorial Day Mayhem. It's just nine days away, folks, and my guest at this time... surely, sir, you want to be a part of it!

[As the camera slowly pulls back, we see that the owner of this dazzling leopard print tanktop also is sporting a pair of acid-washed jeans that are basically white in color. Snakeskin boots cover his feet. Purple-mirrored sunglasses cover his eyes. His bald head is covered with a matching purple bandana. Big dangling gold earrings hang from both ears. And to top it all off, that leopard print tanktop is peeking out from behind a Ribera Steakhouse jacket.

Yes, my friends, this is Laredo Morrison.]

LM: Nine days away, nine days away... NINE DAYS AWAY! You better believe that Rodeo Morrison is looking to be a part of Memorial Day Mayhem, Sweet Lou!

[Blackwell looks confused.]

SLB: I'm sorry. Did you say "Rodeo?"

LM: Hmm?

SLB: Did you call yourself "Rodeo Morrison?"

LM: What?

[Blackwell looks exasperated.]

SLB: Just now! Did you just call yourself "Rodeo Morrison?"

LM: Why do you keep calling me that, Sweet Lou?

SLB: I... but... you...

LM: Are you trying to imply that I don't know my own name, brother?

SLB: No! But you-

LM: Rodeo Morrison is comin' to town, Seattle, and you better get ready for it!

[Blackwell is pointing at him, mouthing "You just did it again!" as Morrison continues.]

LM: You head on down to Pike Place and you put all the fish in a gunny sack and load 'em real good because when Rodeo Morrison-

[Blackwell points... "again!"]

LM: ...finishes tossin'...

[He pauses, looking at Blackwell.]

LM: How many men are in this thing, brother?

SLB: We, uh... we don't know yet. It's Open Invite.

LM: What's that mean?

SLB: It means that anyone who wants to show up for the Battle Royal is welcome.

[Morrison pauses, scratching his chin.]

LM: Are you tellin' me, Sweet Lou, that I could be climbing in there with... with pig farmers, ballers and shot callers, firemen, policemen, and postmen?

SLB: That seems unlikely.

LM: Because that would just be silly. To put amateurs like that in there with RO-DAY-O Morrison...

["Again!"]

LM: ...who is a trained PROfessional 'rassler, brother. Trained at the knee of Hamilton Graham, you know?

SLB: Really?

LM: No, but I met him once. Heck of a nice guy. Heck of a right hand too. Bled for days, baby. Where was I?

SLB: I honestly have no clue.

LM: THE BATTLE ROYAL! I love me a good Battle Royal, Sweet Lou. You know, back when I was in that Battle Royal in Portland back in the day... you know, the last night the Double Eye was in business...

[Blackwell holds up a hand.]

SLB: Hold on. Are you trying to tell me - the entire world - that you were in the IIWF Forever Rumble? A match that millions of people have seen by this point and there is video evidence of?

LM: You got it, brother.

SLB: Mr. Morrison, there is absolutely NO WAY that you were in that match!

LM: Are you callin' me a liar, Lou?

[Blackwell looks at the serious face of Laredo Morrison.... and looks... and looks... and slowly turns away.]

SLB: There's just no way...

[Blackwell shakes his head as Morrison continues.]

LM: It was the biggest Battle Royal the Pacific Northwest had ever seen until nine days from now... and boy, I'll tell ya, that was one heck of a night, Sweet Lou. I was in there with the Highwayman until I tossed his 9000 year old butt over the top rope and told 'im "Thanks for comin'!" I was in there with The Fop... you know what a Fop is, right?

[Morrison arches an eyebrow.]

SLB: I... I haven't the slightest clue.

LM: You know, I never could figure it out either. But I was in there with the Deathbringer.

[Morrison rolls back his eyes, sticking his arms out in a Frankenstein impression and gets on his 'Bringer voice.]

LM: "Greetings, Mortals..." Hah! Loved him during his early days. Not so much when he hung out with the blind guy and hosted Tables of Peace and all that. I was even in there with the Meatman... and that was a weird dude, Sweet Lou.

SLB: No doubt.

LM: The guy drove a meat truck to the ring... wore his butcher outfit... I guess he had to get back to the shop after his matches or something, I don't quite know. But you know the weirdest thing about him, Lou?

SLB: What's that?

[Morrison leans closer, raising his hand like he's going to whisper...

...and then speaks at full volume.]

LM: He smelled like day old chicken gizzards! PEEEEEE-YEWWWW! So, I tossed him over the top rope too, BAM-O-RAM! I fought through 'em all that night, Sweet Lou,

until I came face to face with Joe Petrow... you know him. He used to be here until he got left in a wheelchair and the fans cheered.

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: Please. Don't tell me that you eliminated Joe Petrow too.

[Morrison puts his hands on his hips, grimacing at Blackwell.]

LM: Of course not, Lou... don't be an idiot. Everyone knows he won the whole thing. Life lesson #45, Lou... never get between a man and fresh fruit. Don't like to talk about it... still a sore subject.

SLB: Alright... but...

LM: Where was I? Seattle, Washington! Put a tarp over the Space Needle because when yours truly comes to town, it just won't be a fair comparison and it might get shy and go jump in the ocean and I can't be held responsible for that. But I'm comin' to town to toss some people over the top... and I'm lookin' right at the big monkey, Torin The Titan! The biggest piece of Brie that you'll ever see! The Eiffel Tower... in fact, the Space Needle might be sad about him too so make sure you throw TWO tarps over it. 'Cause Torin's coming to town... and I'm comin' to town... and it's gonna be one heck of a fight, brother!

Sweet Lou, you better be down there at ringside with your mic ready because when I toss everyone to the floor and punch my ticket to the Battle of Boston, I want you to personally get on the mic and say, "YOUR WINNER OF THE BATTLE ROYAL... AND BATTLE OF BOSTON GUY... ROOOOODAAAAAYYYYYYOOOOOO..."

["Again!"

Morrison leans close to the camera, dropping his voice to a whisper, sliding his purple-mirrored sunglasses down to the tip of his nose.]

LM: ...Morrison.

[He winks before tugging his glasses back into place...]

LM: Book it, brother.

[...and striking a double bicep pose with a "GRRRRRAAAAAW!" accompanying each pose.]

SLB: I don't even know what to say, fans. Gordon, Bucky... back to you...

[We cut back to ringside where Gordon Myers is shaking his head.]

GM: Thanks, Sweet Lou. Laredo Morrison is certainly an... interesting character, Bucky.

BW: Is it Laredo or Rodeo?

GM: I'm not sure even he knows. Laredo Morrison, one of the newest signings to the AWA roster coming from Emerson Gellar's signing spree... and right now, we're going to look at a match recorded at a live event earlier this week featuring yet another one of those signings - the very angry man known as Nightmare Woods. Take a look...

[We crossfade to footage marked "EARLIER THIS WEEK" where we see Outback Zack Kelly being introduced. He raises his hands as his name is announced to a decent reaction. Phil Watson speaks up.]

PW: And his opponent... making his AWA debut... wrestling out of St. Louis, Missouri. He stands 6'3" and weighing in at 278 pounds...

NIIIIIGHTMARE WOOOOOODS!

[The dramatic beat of "Warzone" by T.I. begins to hit the PA system. As T.I. screams out - "Can't you see we livin' in a war zone!" out steps the man who calls himself Nightmare Woods. He is a big, bald-headed African American man. He stands for a few seconds at the entrance way as a wicked smile forms underneath his long bushy black beard.

As the camera fixates on Nightmare Woods for the first time, you can see a scar that runs across his right cheek. He begins to storm down the aisle way ignoring the fans, focusing in on his unfortunate opponent inside the AWA squared circle.]

HS: Harvey Sutton here on AWA live event patrol alongside the San Jose Shark himself, Marcus Broussard. And Shark, we've been hearing about this guy for the last month or so and finally he's here to make his in-ring debut.

MB: If you've done your homework, you know this guy isn't some green-behind-the-ears rookie making his debut, Sutton. Nightmare Woods has wrestled in Japan... he's worked in Canada... and he's one of the meanest guys you'll ever meet.

HS: Toughest too. He's got a background in judo and some other martial arts as well.

[Nightmare Woods picks up the pace as he gets close, diving under the bottom rope into the ring. He climbs off the mat...

...and charges across the ring, attacking Zack Kelly with a quick barrage of overhead forearm strikes, battering the Australian back against the ropes as Kelly tries to cover up.]

HS: Nightmare Woods not even waiting for the bell, immediately taking the fight to Zack Kelly who has had a rough couple of weeks, Shark.

MB: On the last Saturday Night Wrestling, they fed the poor slob to Brian James and now he's got Nightmare Woods? Kelly must've slipped his shrimp on the wrong barbie.

[With Kelly in trouble, Woods continues to tee off, landing more and more blows to the head of the Australian as the official tries to get him to back off.]

HS: Woods is relentless in the ropes... Kelly staggering away, trying to create some space...

[Kelly throws a weak right hand that Woods slaps away before landing a stiff-fingered blow to the throat, sending Kelly coughing and gasping, falling back against the turnbuckles.]

HS: Illegal strike to the throat there but-

MB: But Woods don't give a damn about the rulebook. It's just another thing he can hit someone with, Sutton.

[Planting his palm under Kelly's chin, Woods pushes back on his face, stretching out his neck as he swings his knee up into the midsection for some quick and impactful blows.]

HS: Zack Kelly's gotta get out of the corner. He's just getting punished in there.

[Grabbing the back of the head with both hands, Woods SLAMS his skull into Kelly's, a blow that drops the Australian down to a knee. A second headbutt knocks Kelly back against the buckles in a seated position as the referee steps in, shouting for a break. Woods obliges, turning on the official...]

"You think you gonna tell Nightmare what to do, boy?!"

[Woods advances on the official who backs off, pointing to the AWA logo on his shirt.]

HS: Easy there, Mr. Woods. That's a disqualification waiting to happen if you put your hands on that AWA official.

MB: You honestly think he cares? This is about sending a message to that locker room.

HS: And you have to wonder if Nightmare Woods will be entering that Open Invite Battle Royal at Memorial Day Mayhem. It seems right up his alley, Shark.

MB: It's like a good ol' Saturday night for him.

[Woods turns back towards his opponent as Kelly comes out of the corner, stumbling towards him...]

HS: Kelly trying to get back on track here, big right hand!

[But Woods sidesteps, trapping the arm as it flies by him, reaching back to hook the body of Kelly, and flips him over to the canvas with a judo throw.]

MB: Oh ho ho! Brian James might've picked up a thing or two from that one, Sutton. That was perfectly executed.

HS: Woods showing off that judo background we talked about after using his own head as a weapon...

MB: This guy is coming out strong, using his hands, knees, head... whatever. He's willing to use any part of his body as a weapon and you've gotta respect that.

[Standing over Kelly, Woods lowers the boom with several standing strikes to the upper body, again causing Kelly to turtle up on the canvas. Woods angrily switches to stomps, viciously kicking the Australian in the head over and over as the official tries to back him off.]

HS: Woods is a constant stream of offense in there, not slowing down, not wasting any motion as he batters Kelly into the mat.

[The referee kneels to check on Kelly as Woods throws himself into the ropes, bouncing off, walking towards Kelly where he drops a big closed fist down between the eyes!]

HS: Fistdrop!

MB: That's just nasty, Sutton.

[Staying on his knees, Woods tees off with several fists down between the eyes before applying a North-South cover.]

HS: Quick cover... but just a two count there.

[Pushing up to his knees, Woods threatens the official before winding up...]

“SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[...and delivers an over-hand chop down across the chest of Kelly, leaving a nasty red mark behind. Woods pushes up off the mat, looking out for a moment at the jeering crowd before turning back towards the rising Kelly who is up to a knee before Woods kicks him flush in the temple, knocking him back down to the mat.]

HS: There’s nothing fancy about this guy. It’s just pure tail-kicking, Shark.

MB: And I gotta admit... I like it!

[Grabbing Kelly by the hair, Woods hauls him up to his feet, scooping him up, turns and DROPS him throat-first across the top rope!]

HS: Oh!

[Kelly falls to the mat, flailing about as he grabs his throat, coughing and gasping for air as Woods just watches. The official kneels down next to Kelly again, checking to see if he can continue...

...but Woods shoves the official aside, grabbing the legs of Kelly...]

HS: Hold on! The man already is struggling to breathe!

[...and falls back, catapulting Kelly’s throat up into the bottom rope!]

HS: OH!

[Kelly’s face is quickly turning red as he gasps for air. Woods ignores the protesting official, stepping out to the apron. He takes aim, measuring his man carefully...

...and drops off the apron, driving the point of his elbow down into the throat!]

HS: Down across the throat again!

MB: This is just brutal. It’s getting a little hard to watch.

[Rolling back into the ring, Woods takes an earful from the official before grabbing Kelly by the foot, pulling him back towards the middle of the ring. The fans are getting on his case, drawing his attention for just a moment...

...and then he viciously STOMPS Kelly right in the throat. The surly Woods looks out at the fans, putting his finger to his lips to shush them.]

MB: Hehe... punishing your opponent to punish the crowd for booing you. I like this guy’s style, Sutton.

HS: It certainly is effective if not popular.

[A snarling Woods leans down, dragging Kelly to his feet. He pushes him in the chest, sending Kelly falling back into the ropes where he bounces off towards Woods who claps his hands together before throwing himself into a clothesline,

making sure his outstretched arm smashes into the throat of Kelly, knocking him back to the mat as Woods drops to his knees.]

HS: Whew. Another devastating strike by Nightmare Woods.

[Woods arrogantly slaps his hand down on the chest, kneeling next to Kelly and ordering the referee to count.]

HS: He's not going to get Outback Zack like this... two count only...

[Woods climbs to his feet, again shouting at the referee who backs off, holding up two fingers as Woods approaches him.]

HS: This is ridiculous right here, Shark. He knows very well he didn't get a three count.

MB: He's just letting the referee know who's boss.

HS: It's the referee! During a match, the referee is the boss!

MB: Try explaining that to Nightmare Woods.

[Kelly rolls to his hip, trying to get off the mat.]

HS: Kelly is showing signs of life. It would be really easy to just lay there and let Nightmare Woods have his victory and live to fight another day.

MB: It might be but this is the AWA. You never know when your next big opportunity is to impress the bosses. You have to make every match count.

[Struggling up to his feet, Kelly gets there just before Woods does, desperately throwing a right hand...]

...but Woods catches the arm, holding it as he uses his leg to sweep out Kelly's knees, violently throwing him down on the back of his head!]

MB: OSOTOGARI!

HS: I never knew you had a judo knowledge, Shark.

MB: I dabble... and I can tell you that one was impressive. Kelly might be out cold after landing on the back of his head like that.

[Woods hits the ropes again, walking off and DRIVING the point of his elbow down into the throat!]

HS: Another shot to the throat! This guy is dangerous!

MB: And after that fall on the back of the head, I've gotta expect we're nearing the end of this one, Sutton.

HS: Mercifully.

[Woods pulls Kelly off the mat by the hair, steadying him in front of him...]

...and then LEVELS him with a step-up enzuigiri!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

HS: ENZUIGIRI!

MB: I'll do you one better, Sutton. He calls that the TBI - the Traumatic Brain Injury - and that just might be him looking into a crystal ball to see Kelly's future after that kick!

HS: This one is absolutely over, fans.

[Woods crawls over, planting his palms against Kelly's chest for the easy three count.]

HS: An absolutely dominating victory for Nightmare Woods here tonight. What a debut!

[Woods leaps back up to his feet. The referee approaches him to lift his hand but Woods jerks it away, threatening him with a backhand as the official scampers away. Phil Watson climbs back in, lifting the mic but Woods has other ideas, snatching it away and beginning to speak in his raspy voice.]

NW: You... all of you...

[He gestures to the booing fans.]

NW: ...just witnessed the arrival of one bad man.

[The boos increase as Woods nods his head, stroking his menacing beard on his scowling face.]

NW: For the ignorant out there who don't know the hell I am... I'm Nightmare Woods. Pleased to meet you.

[More boos as Woods continues.]

NW: And I've traveled the world for a long time now, knocking out suckas one after one... payday after payday... making sure there's steak on the dinner table...

Finally... FINALLY... I'm here. I'm here because they tell me the best in the world are here and if I can beat them, the paydays get bigger.

[He rubs his fingers together in the universal "money" gesture.]

NW: But you see, I learned a long time ago it's not what you know... hell naw, it's what you can PROVE! And if y'all are the best in the world... you're gonna have to PROVE it to Nightmare Woods.

[Woods nods, using the toe of his boot to kick the downed Kelly in the ribs.]

NW: Look at this punk right here... trying to take food off my table! Trying to take money out of my wallet! He might as well be a common thief! You know what we do to thieves on the street, boy?

[Woods kicks Kelly who has been helped into a seated position by the official in the side of the head. The referee jumps back, threatening to reverse the decision as Woods stands over him, slapping Kelly across the face.]

NW: You wanna play me for a sucka?!

[Another slap before Woods walks away, leaving the official to tend to Kelly again.]

NW: You try to come out here tonight and take food off my plate... to send me back to Canada with my tail between my legs... well, boy... that ain't happening! I run the streets in The Lou! I made suckas like you bleed for steppin' to me.

And I'm gonna do the exact same thang here in the AWA.

[Woods gestures at the camera menacingly.]

NW: I'd rather be judged by twelve than carried by six... remember that.

[And with that, Woods drops the mic down on the chest of Kelly, earning another warning from the official before Woods makes his exit from the ring, walking angrily back up the aisle past a stunned crowd.]

HS: Well, it looks like we've just met Nightmare Woods.

MB: You look up "intensity" in the dictionary... well, you won't find a picture of him because he beat the hell out of the photographer who came looking for him. But you should!

HS: Nightmare Woods makes for quite the intimidating addition to the AWA locker room, fans. And now, let's go back to Saturday Night Wrestling!

[As the official tends to Zack Kelly, we crossfade back to live action where Gordon and Bucky are seated at ringside.]

GM: An impressive debut for Nightmare Woods, Bucky.

BW: This guy's got the skills, he's got the resume, he's got the experience, and he's got the attitude to go a long way here in the AWA, daddy.

GM: Speaking of going a long way, the man known as the Engine of Destruction, Brian James, has certainly gone a long way over the past year or so without suffering a defeat in a one-on-one matchup.

BW: The whole world wants to talk about the Gladiator being undefeated. They want to talk about this run that Supreme Wright is on as of late. But I want to talk about Brian James. The Engine of Destruction. The Son of the Blackheart. Two weeks ago, he came out here with the only manager in the Pro Wrestling Hall of Fame and said that he wants gold. Instead... he gets Blue.

[On cue, the camera cuts to the ring, where the hapless Blue Brothers are both standing in the center of the ring, the look of inevitable doom they always wear written clearly on both their faces.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, he is accompanied by his brother, Andy Blue, he hails from Anderson, South Carolina, and tonight weighed in at 185 pounds, here is... WILL BLUE!

[The crowd reaction for the pasty complected Will Blue is lack luster to say the least. The skinny-fat Blue thrusts his arm into the air, but as the camera zooms in on his face, it is pretty clear that he, like everyone else, knows he's about to take a beating.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The heavy guitars of Bruce Dickinson's "The Zoo" interrupts Watson momentarily, and the boos threaten to drown out the guitars.]

PW: Accompanied to the ring by his manager, Brian Lau...

[The curtain is pushed aside. And out first is none other than Brian Lau. Lau is dressed to the nines, wearing a shimmering grey sharkskin suit, with a neatly pressed white shirt beneath and a black tie around his neck. Lau's eyes are shielded from the harsh overhead lights in the arena by the green flash lenses of a pair of Ray Ban aviator sunglasses. Lau moves with a confident gait, arms out wide, flashing quite the smirk as the audience's boos grow louder. Lau looks over his shoulder, and gives a single nod of his head, as the music continues to blare. A moment later, a shadow falls over both Lau and the aisleway.]

PW: Hailing from Portland, Oregon, and weighing in tonight at two hundred and ninety five pounds...

[A mountain of a man steps out, striding out with great purpose. Standing six foot six, with a body made entirely out of muscle, he cuts one of the most imposing figures in the AWA.]

PW: Here is...

BRIIIIIIAAAAAAN JAAAAAAAMES!

[As the boos rain down upon the son of the Blackheart, Lau and James fall into a matching pace as they march down to ringside. James has a white towel, with the words "KINGS OF WRESTLING" embroidered in gold over his head. The towel covers the majority of his face, revealing only the shadow of a scowl beneath a dirty blond goatee. James' chest is bare and well oiled, the muscles rippling under the overhead lights. Over his right pectoral is a black tattoo of a circle surrounded by eight protruding towers, a Sak Yant tattoo in the Paed Tidt style. Both of his hands are wrapped in heavy black tape, leaving only the space between his fingertips and the first knuckle of each finger bare. The tape extends to mid-forearm. On his right hand is a black compression glove type elbow pad, with a red stripe that runs along the underside. His left arm is covered in five lines of black tattoos, in the ancient Khmer language, in the Hah Taew fashion of Sak Yant tattoos. These tattoos extend from the top of his shoulder all the way down, terminating in a much smaller line that goes all the way down his middle finger.

He wears a pair of red and black Muay-Thai style shorts. The fit over the legs is baggy, but elastic bands at the bottom cinch them tightly just over James' knees. The right leg is black, with a golden tiger embossed over the thigh, while the left side is red, the words "BRIAN JAMES" done in a highly stylized font. Across the back of the shorts is the word "CLAW ACADEMY" again done in gold. Each knee is covered in a black knee pad, with a tribal style tiger image done at the very center of the knees. Eschewing wrestling boots, James legs are instead tightly wrapped in the same black tape that covers his fists. Where Lau is brimming confidence, James is all stoic menace. The pair make their way to the ring, with Lau ascending the stairs first and entering the ring, making a big show of shooing both Blues away from the center of the ring.]

BW: I've got to tell you, Gordo, I talked to Mr. Lau earlier tonight. Brian James is not a happy man!

GM: Is he ever?

BW: Uhhh... no comment on that one but this title situation has him pretty fired up and I wouldn't want to be Will Blue... well, ever really... but especially tonight.

[At last, James enters the ring. Reaching up, he pulls the towel off his head, revealing medium length dirty blond hair that's been slicked back and tied into a ponytail. James hands the towel to Lau, and Lau reaches into an inner pocket of

his jacket, producing a plastic box. Opening the box, Lau pulls out a half black, half red mouth guard, with the same golden tiger across the front. With James opening his mouth, Lau puts the mouth guard in place. There's a final grimace, and then James closes his lips.

As Lau exits the ring, James falls into a traditional Muay Thai stance, and gives the slightest nod of his head, indicating that his opponent must come to him. In return, both Blue brothers cast wary, frightful glances at James. Finally, after some words of encouragement from his brother, Will Blue steps forward, as Andy exits the ring.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Will Blue circling Brian James, looking for an opening.

BW: He should be looking for an open door... to run out of!

[Blue throws a few ineffectual jabs and an even more futile kick, all of which are swatted away the way one would brush off an annoying gnat by Brian James.]

GM: Give Blue credit at least for keeping James at a distance!

[James finally rushes forward, throwing a hard punch. Somehow, inexplicably, Blue manages to dodge the punch, and barrels forward, shoulder driven into James' stomach, Blue's arms wrapped around James' legs, as he attempts a double leg takedown.]

GM: Will Blue showing some technique tonight!

BW: Or not.

[James looks down at Blue and watches with detached amusement as Blue struggles to take the Engine of Destruction down. This amusement lasts all of two seconds, before James bends his arm, and drives a hard elbow down, striking Blue between the shoulder blades.]

BW: Buddha's Mighty Elbow put an end to that, Gordo!

GM: We're not starting this again, are we?

[Blue is immediately face down on the canvas, and James bends down, grabbing Blue by the chin, forcing him into a position where he is on all fours. James steps back, measures Blue, and delivers a series of "slaps" with the side and the top of his foot, screaming at Blue the whole time to get up.]

GM: As is often the case, Brian James is just toying with his opponent.

BW: When you know you can win at any time, you gotta find some way to make it interesting for yourself.

[The camera cuts to ringside, where we see the two men on the outside, in very different states. Andy Blue is furiously pounding on the mat, trying to get his brother to rally, while Brian Lau is in a folding chair, using his phone to check his emails.]

GM: Brian Lau seems just as confident as you are.

BW: A King's work is never done, Gordo. I'm sure Brian Lau is making the final arrangements for Johnny Detson's vacation.

GM: Does that involve calls to Instagram models?

BW: It's a hard job, but someone has to do it!

[Finished taunting Blue, James pulls him up by the hair, and locks Blue into a Thai clinch. Moments later, a flurry of devastating knees to the face and chest is unleashed.]

GM: Brian James' patented knee fury. And that brings me to something that I think often gets overlooked when we talk about Brian James. There are a lot of men in this company who hit hard. But I don't know that anyone has Brian James matched for sheer stopping power. In almost every match we've seen, once James throws his first strike, the end of the match is all but inevitable.

BW: They don't call him the Engine of Destruction for nothin', daddy!

[James pulls Blue to his feet once again, and this time, throws him through the ropes, Blue going between the top and middle rope, to land in a boneless heap near his brother's feet. Andy Blue bends over his brother, to check on him, as the referee begins his count.]

BW: If this kid has any brains, he'll just lay there until the ref hits ten. And if his brother's got any love for him, he'll let him!

[The camera pulls back, to reveal an empty ring, with Brian James nowhere in sight.]

GM: Where did James go... OOOOHHHH!

BW: There's your answer right there.

[As Andy Blue gets Will Blue up to his feet, from out of the frame comes a charging Brian James, and he wipes out both brothers with a hard lariat.]

GM: Black Mass! He killed them both!

BW: Almost literally!

[James stands over the motionless bodies of both Blues, and turns to Lau, who is dragging his folding chair over. The referee is all over both Brians, but Lau continues on.]

GM: James in danger of getting disqualified, or counted out!

[But the chair's only use is to be set down, with Andy Blue being set in it, and then Will Blue being set in his lap.]

BW: See there? He's just trying to help out.

[James rolls into the ring to break the count, and then makes his way towards the opposite side of the ring, exiting the ring once again. He builds up a head of steam, as he charges around ringside, racing towards the Blue brothers. With a head of steam behind him, James unleashes a devastating jumping spin kick that knocks both Blue brothers out of the chair and sends them skidding across the concrete.]

BW: Thunder Kick!

GM: Well, that's at least a normal sounding name.

[James tosses Blue under the bottom rope, putting him back in the ring. Following behind him, James brings Blue back up, and sends him back first into the turnbuckle, charging in behind him.]

BW: You know what's coming next, don't you?

GM: I certainly do.

[In a single fluid motion, leaps up, his left foot finding purchase on the middle rope and his right shin driven forward at incredible velocity into the side of Blue's face.]

BW: Tsunami Death Strike!

[James leans back and catches the forward falling Blue in his arms.]

GM: And after this comes the end.

[James takes hold of Blue's arm, and bends it back behind his head. James turns his body to the side, lifts his right hand, curls it into a fist, pivots, and drives his fist directly into Blue's heart.]

BW: BLACKHEART PUNCH!

[James plants his foot in the center of Blue's chest, and lifts his fist into the air.]

GM: ONE, TWO, THREE! It's over!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Fans, we're scheduled to hear from Brian Lau and Brian James, but first, we have to go to a commercial break!

[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...

As we come back, Lau and James are at the interview platform and are now joined by Mark Stegglet. While Lau is standing still, James is using his towel to wipe the sweat off his face and chest.]

MS: Mr. James, congratulations on your win. And I have some news I would like to share with you...

[Before Stegglet can continue, Lau interrupts, taking hold of the microphone, though Stegglet pulls back, refusing to relinquish it. There's a momentary struggle, before Lau simply lets go, but as Stegglet opens his mouth, Lau runs right over him.]

BL: In fact, you do not have news to share with us. I have news for you, Stegglet. You see, two weeks ago, we laid down an ultimatum for Emerson Gellar. And because Emerson Gellar was too busy trying to pull a fast one on Johnny Detson, a task he failed in, I might add, Mr. James and I have decided to take the decision out of the incompetent hands of one Emerson Gellar and, in the style of a true King, we are making our own decisions.

To that end, I would like to announce that, at Memorial Day Mayhem, my client, Brian James, will be entering the Open Invitational Battle Royal. He will win that Battle Royal, he will win The Battle of Boston, and he will then take whatever title he desires to take.

MS: That's why I am here, Mr. Lau, I am here to tell you that Brian James will NOT be at Memorial Day Mayhem. In the battle royal or otherwise.

[By the time Stegglet has finished his sentence, Lau has visibly turned three distinct shades of red.]

BL: What? This is an Open Invitational Battle Royal, isn't it?

MS: Yes

BL: As in, open to anyone who desires to participate.

MS: Yes.

BL: So now, I want you to concentrate very hard, and I want you to try to come up with a single reason why Brian James cannot participate in this Battle Royal!

MS: Because Emerson Gellar has already arranged for Brian James to be elsewhere that night.

[Lau is only growing angrier. On the other hand, Brian James seems more intrigued than angry.]

BL: You better explain yourself, Stegglet. And before you do, think carefully about the words you are about to speak. Because I assure you, I am very willing to kill the messenger.

[Stegglet stares at Brian James, who is coldly staring back. Turning a few shades paler than a healthy complexion, Stegglet continues.]

MS: Our friends in Tiger Paw Pro have decided to create a new title. It will be called the CAGE title, which stands for Combat Achieves Greatness Eternally and they have announced a tournament to crown the inaugural champion. And Emerson Gellar is sending Brian James to represent the AWA in this tournament. And that tournament will take place over Memorial Day weekend. The contracts have been signed, Mr. Lau. This is a done deal.

[Cut to Lau, who is literally jumping mad now.]

BL: This is outrageous! This is preposterous! This is ludicrous! And I will not stand for it! By the end of this night, I'm going to have Gellar's job!

[And then, a very large hand settles on Lau's shoulders.]

BJ: No you won't.

[The camera cuts to a very calm Brian James, who has the slightest twinkle in his eye.]

BJ: I can't get a title shot here in the AWA?

Then I'll go to Japan and take a title from them.

[James nods his head.]

BJ: You tell Gellar I'll be in Japan. And you tell him that when I win the CAGE title, he's going to have to start listening to the things I say.

MS: Mr. Lau, care to comment?

[Lau looks at James, and then shakes his head.]

BL: You heard the Engine of Destruction, didn't you Stegglet?

MS: I certainly did. But I must say, you don't seem happy about it.

BL: As is always the case, I want what my client wants. And right now, it suits his purposes to go to Japan and destroy everyone in his path.

MS: But what about-

BL: This topic is closed, Stegglet! Run along now!

[Stegglet shakes his head, wandering away as James and Lau have a conversation off-mic...]

GM: Wow! That's big news, Bucky!

BW: A title shot in Japan... I can see why Brian James wants to go but...

GM: But his buddies in the Kings were counting on him being there to bail them out?

BW: Well, I didn't say-

GM: No, you didn't have to. That's EXACTLY why Brian Lau is upset. I'm sure he had some master plan that involved Brian James making sure that Taylor and Donovan walk out of that Winner Takes All match with all the gold around their waists.

BW: Well, I couldn't really-

GM: I'm sure. Fans, let's go back to the ring for more action.

[We cut to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Catania, Sicily, Italy... weighing in at 250 pounds... The Sicilian Stud!

[The short brown hair fan favorite with his stocky build shoved inside a green singlet with the Italian flag on the front hops in the air, pumping both fists to a decent-sized cheer.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The lights go completely dark as "Black Skinhead" by Kanye West begins to play, bringing the crowd to their feet as they fill the arena with boos!]

PW: ...hailing from Baton Rouge, Louisiana... he weighs in tonight at 228 pounds... he is a former two-time AWA World Heavyweight champion...

SUPREME WRIIIIIIIGHTTTTT!!!!

[A lone spotlight hits the top of the aisle, where we see Wright standing, dressed in the hooded black fighter's robe. As always, his eyes are focused solely on HIS ring, his face devoid of any and all expression or emotion. No longer flanked by Team Supreme, Wright walks down the aisle alone, serenaded by the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: And here he comes, Bucky. The former World Champion who has been on quite the tear as of late.

BW: Just this week, Gordo, he knocked off Chris Choisnet in singles action at a live event. He also picked up wins over Michael Weaver and both members of the Longhorn Riders.

GM: Which raises an interesting point, Bucky. Fans are traditionally used to seeing their favorites take on competitors with a different approach to the business. That's not what we've been seeing out of Supreme Wright. He's taking on all comers.

BW: Let's be blunt, Gordo. For years in this business, the types of wrestlers you like would be called "fan favorites." The guys I like would be known as "rulebreakers" - a cheap term if you ask me. But that's besides the point. We're used to seeing fan favorites take on rulebreakers traditionally. Supreme Wright is not your standard professional wrestler though and he's been put up against good guys... bad guys... fan favorites... the guys in the black hats... whatever you want to call them. He's taking them on equally and he's defeating them just as equally.

[Wright steps through the ropes and into the ring, lowering the hood to reveal his face. His eyes remain focused on the Sicilian Stud as he removes his robe to reveal his wrestling attire underneath: crimson wrestling trunks with three white stars on the front.]

GM: Supreme Wright still wearing the ring gear that his grandfather, the legendary Roosevelt Wright, made famous.

[Wright tugs at the ropes a few times, staying loose as the official steps to the center of the ring, calling for the bell.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: Here we go!

[Wright crouches low, moving out of the corner as the Sicilian Stud balls up his fists, standing at the ready as he moves towards the middle of the ring.]

GM: Recently, we’ve talked about Supreme Wright being on a quest to make history - searching to become the very first three-time AWA World Champion.

BW: That’s a long ways off though according to Emerson Gellar. Remember, Gellar told Wright that after losing to Jack Lynch at SuperClash, Wright needs to start over on his quest for a shot at the World Title. Right now, he’s not even booked for Memorial Day Mayhem, Gordo!

GM: Emerson Gellar saying he’s trying to motivate Supreme Wright and... well, if this winning streak is any indication, that’s absolutely what he’s doing.

[The Stud makes a lunge forward, looking for the collar and elbow tieup but Wright ducks under, securing a rear waistlock...]

...and snaps the Stud over, bouncing him off the back of his head!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

BW: GERMAN!

[Wright pops up, getting a shocked response from the crowd who didn’t see that coming so quickly.]

GM: Wow. So quick, so sudden, so impactful!

[The former World Champion quickly leans down, pulling the Stud into a cravate, twisting the neck as he drags the Stud up to his feet, swinging his knee up into the head once... twice... three times...]

...and then uses the cravate to flip the Stud up, over, and back down to the mat!]

GM: Suplex out of the cravate!

BW: Supreme Wright is turning into a human suplex machine in there!

[Wright comes back to his feet again, turning to look around at the buzzing crowd. He gestures towards the camera, pointing to the Stud.]

“Are you watching, Mr. Gellar? Pay attention.”

[Wright slowly walks back towards the Stud who is pushing up off the canvas, shoving him back into the corner where he unloads with a series of stiff forearm strikes to the temple.]

GM: Forearm after forearm in the corner... big whip across!

[Wright follows in after him, DRIVING his forearm up into the jaw of the Stud with a running European uppercut!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The Stud staggers out of the corner towards Wright who wraps his arms around his torso, locking him up...

...and twists out of the corner, putting his back towards the corner as he HURLS the Stud up and over, throwing him bodily into the corner with a released belly-to-belly suplex!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Wright is throwing the Stud around like a sack of potatoes! He's a man on a mission here tonight and his mission is apparently to convince Emerson Gellar that he deserves a spot on the Memorial Day Mayhem lineup.

BW: Can that even be argued at this point?

[The Stud is motionless on the mat as Wright grabs him by the ankle, dragging him out to the middle of the ring. He pulls the Stud up...]

GM: Front facelock...

[Not bothering to hook the arm over his neck, Wright uses a guillotine choke to suplex the Stud up and over...

...and then rolls through it, keeping a seated guillotine choke applied!]

GM: GUILLOTINE CHOKE! GUILLOTINE CHOKE!

[And within mere seconds, the Sicilian Stud is frantically tapping out.]

GM: That's it!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Wright immediately releases the hold, climbing to his feet as the official raises his hand and Phil Watson shouts it out.]

PW: Here is your winner... SUUUUUPREEEEEEME WRRIIIIIIGHT!

[Wright gives a nod to the announcement, looking out at the booing-yet-impressed crowd before simply exiting the ring, walking up the aisle towards the back.]

GM: A quick and impressive win for the former World Champion who quite obviously doesn't get paid by the hour... AND doesn't feel the need to stick around when it's all said and done.

[Wright is making his way back up the aisle as we fade to the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing.]

SLB: Another impressive victory for Supreme Wright who continues his winning ways. Standing with me right now are two men who have been on a roll of their own as of late in the tag team scene - I'm talking about the masters of rhyme themselves, BCIQ!

["Mr. Mensa" Manny Imbrogno slightly inclines his head at the introduction, hands clasped together against his light blue tweed blazer, beige elbow pads pointed out towards the camera. His brown hair is cut neatly and his beard is well groomed as always. Beside him, the polar opposite, is the other half of BCIQ. B.C. da Mastah MC has a green skull cap pulled low over his brow, gold chains over his tank top, and over sized neon green sunglasses.]

SLB: It's a pleasure to have you gentlemen join me tonight to discuss-

"Nah, we ain't got time for these two bozos. Out!"

[Intruding on BCIQ's valuable camera time is none other the brooding mound of muscles on top of muscles... Flex Ferrigno. Both of the longtime AWA roster members look puzzled at the intrusion as Ferrigno gets closer.]

FLEX: I said out, pipsqueaks!

[B.C. turns to address him, raising a hand but Imbrogno steps forward, placing a hand on his partner's chest.]

MI: As you have said in regards to my interactions with The Hangman, perhaps it is better to live to fight another day, my friend.

[B.C. looks ready for the fight but gives his partner a nod, backing away with a shake of the head as a smirking Ferrigno replaces them next to Blackwell.]

SLB: You know I had that time reserved for BCIQ to -

FLEX: Lou... NOBODY CARES about Team Bisquick over there. I think it's pretty damn obvious how everyone feels about listenin' to those two BUMS spit out terrible rhymes. But if ya want rhymes, Lou... ya know I got the goods just for YOU.

SLB: You're gonna... rap?

[Flex stares at Sweet Lou.]

FLEX: That's for losers, Lou. I'm just gonna tell you like it is. Standin' in front of ya is the MAN that throws up hundred pound plates...scarves down tomahawk steaks...his suplexes hurt like hell...and since the day he stomped into the picture he's been treated like CRAP, Lou.

SLB: That doesn't-

FLEX: You ain't deserve my rhymes. These people...they don't deserve them either! I only got one thing to say and it's to that pencil pushin' geek Emerson Gellar. GELLAR...it's 'bout TIME that you RESPECT THE FLEX!

[Ferrigno cocks up his right bicep, tightening it up into a baseball size bulge from his right arm.]

FLEX: I've been smashin' punk after punk...draggin' em' through ABOMINATION ALLEY and leavin' em' on your doorstep in body bags. And not only have you yet to acknowledge the QUADRASAURS for the wrecking ball that he is...NOT ONLY have you yet to tell me that "Hey Flex, YOU are the future," you couldn't even take TWO

SECONDS to come find me and invite the king of TWISTED STEEL AND SEX APPEAL into this little Battle Royal shindig ya got goin' on so I can book my ride to Boston and show the whole damn world who the BADDEST MAN ON THE PLANET is.

SLB: Flex.

FLEX: Where's my shot, Gellar?!

SLB: Flex.

FLEX: You spoon fed Torin his crack at it, what about ME? What about THE MONSTA MUSCLE?!

SLB: Flex, that's not how it works.

[Ferrigno's head turns towards Lou.]

SLB: It's an Open Invitational Battle Royal. Anyone can enter. Anyone can win.

[Flex gets right up in Lou's face who shrinks down.]

FLEX: AIN'T NOBODY GONNA WIN BUT ME, LOU!

[Ferrigno pulls away just enough so Lou isn't smelling his third lunch.]

FLEX: It's DAMN obvious who is gonna win. You're lookin' at him! I ain't gonna bore ya with a "to be the best ya gotta beat the best" bull crap some of them other Joes might spit at you. I AM THE BEST. The road to Boston starts and ends with Flex, Lou! And if ya ain't here to show the World that you THE MAN then don't bother comin'. For everyone else, this Battle Royal is gonna be their shot at ME... and if ya ain't here to to be recognized as the greatest wrestler in the universe then stay outta MY way!

I don't care if there's ten...twenty...THIRTY other men that stand in my way. If thirty other men trot down to that ring at Memorial Day Mayhem then thirty men are gonna walk away disappointed if they don't bring more than 1000%, ...Cause YAAAAAAAAAAAA KNOW Flex is gonna bring 110% and If I'm bringin' 110% and I'm ten times the MAN that they are...well...A THOUSAND PERCENT AIN'T GONNA BE ENOUGH, I CAN TELL YA THAT, LOU!

[Blackwell scratches his head.]

FLEX: And I KNOW what you're thinkin'...

SLB: I...I'm not sure that you do.

FLEX: You're thinkin' what everyone else is thinkin'. Lets be real...THEY AIN'T GOT NO CHANCE IN HELL when Flex Ferrigno walks into that ring. They ain't call me the MONSTA MUSCLE for nothin'. I'm gonna be all over anyone that gets in my way... houndin' them...ridin' them into the ground, followin' em like a lost puppydog if they get in my way and I won't let up until I SUPLEX them outta the ring, Lou.

I won't stop till I drop some fools on their skull.

And the only bells ringin' to save those schmucks are gonna be the ones in their head cause Flex Ferrigno is gonna show Gellar that not only does he GOT THE GOODS...But he is THE one stop shop, Lou...

[An emphatic nod.]

FLEX: ...and ya better believe when I walk into Seattle...

...THE STORE...

...IS...

...GONNA BE...

...OPEN!

[And with that, Flex leaves as Sweet Lou just stares blankly at the camera, shaking his head as we fade to black.]

Open on a prairie highway in the dead of winter. Sheets of snow drift quickly across the blacktop in the high wind.]

"The Canadian Prairies: Desolate, cold, and forbidding."

[Cut to some pretty obviously 1980s era footage; a balding man with thick tinted glasses and bright orange sportcoat, a crest with the words "Chinook Wrestling" on the crest.]

AL PICKARD: "Hi-de-ho and fiddle-dee-dee wrestling fans, and welcome once again to the greatest show on canvas!"

["Let There Be Drums" by The Incredible Bongo Band kicks in, introducing a montage of wrestling from the various eras in a small brick space.]

"And the hottest wrestling in the West."

[A talking head interview with an older black man with greying hair, juxtaposed with his younger self: jheri-curled hair and a red sleeveless karate gi.]

"DEAD END" EVANS: "You wanna know how to wrestle, you go to the Colton Cave. One hour there learned you more about wrestling than a lifetime anywhere else."

[The next interview is with an Indian man with a large turban and thick black beard, juxtaposed with his turban-less wrestling days, the Commonwealth Heavyweight Championship belt over one shoulder, a silver mace over the other.]

RAJ BHULLAR: "You would see Americans, you would see Japanese, you'd see English... you'd see the world—we would bring the world to you."

"For the first time on video see the pain and passion, and the triumph and tragedy, featuring over four hours of rare and archival footage from Colton vaults spanning half a century."

[A man with long, wavy brown hair in a navy and black singlet, decorated with gold six-pointed sheriff's stars. Today, he has greying hair, a blue flannel shirt, and a more weathered face.]

JEREMIAH "THE SHERIFF" COLTON: "What we had in Alberta, and what we continue to have to this day, is a respect for tradition and respect for our fans. And not everyone was willing to respect that."

[Cut to an interview from a dozen years before, where Jeremiah Colton stands beside Al Pickard.]

JTSC: "We're talking about values that need to be respected, and I'm not going to stand off to one side and let punks like that walk all over us!"

[Cut to a rebuttal from Jackson Hunter.]

JACKSON HUNTER: "What we were presenting had never been done in North America... ever."

[Cut to footage from Hunter's days in wrestling: silver snakeskin tights and a head full of blue spiked hair. He moonsaults off the top rope onto a prone victim lying on top of ladder that has been bridged between the ring apron and barricade.]

JH: [in voice-over from the mid-2000s] "Hey Sheriff, you think I don't have the guts to start a revolution? Just watch me!"

"Chinook Wrestling: The Greatest Show on Canvas! Available now on DVD, Blu-ray, and digital download at AWAsShop.com."

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to Mark Stegglet standing alongside Director of Operations, Emerson Gellar.]

MS: Alright, fans, we are LIVE here in Boise and Emerson Gellar, with just nine days to go until Memorial Day Mayhem, you have to be...

[Stegglet's voice trails off as his eyes lock on someone coming from off-camera.]

"You must know why I'm here, Mr. Gellar."

[The camera pulls back to reveal former World Champion, Supreme Wright. Looking almost weary, Gellar simply nods.]

EG: I do.

SW: Then you already know what I'm going to ask you.

EG: I do.

SW: Then your answer?

EG: Your performances recently have been nothing short of remarkable, Supreme. When I first entered this company, I was told that you were one of the finest wrestlers in all the world and you've certainly lived up to that reputation. When I told you that you needed to shape up and change your attitude, you disassociated yourself from Team Supreme and have been nothing but an upstanding citizen. So yes, you've earned your place onto the Memorial Day Mayhem card...

[Gellar holds his hand out for a handshake.]

EG: ...and I look forward to seeing your performance in the Battle Royal.

[Supreme doesn't shake Gellar's hand, instead ignoring his gesture and staring straight ahead, lost in his own thoughts.]

EG: Something wrong, Supreme?

[He snaps out of his trance, shaking his head.]

SW: No, Mr. Gellar. Nothing's wrong at all.

[His eyes narrow ever so slightly.]

SW: It's just that I've apparently overestimated my value to this company.

EG: Pardon?

SW: I am a two-time AWA World Heavyweight champion, Mr. Gellar. The ONLY man in the history of this promotion to have won Steal the Spotlight AND the Rumble. A man that has headlined and main evented multiple SuperClashes. But it's obvious to me now that the current regime sees me as nothing more than another face in a crowd of twenty men.

[Gellar frowns.]

EG: Look, Supreme, this isn't a slight against you...

SW: No, it's not. It's simply what my hard work has earned me. Meanwhile, the World Title will remain undefended throughout the summer and the disgrace that's holding MY belt will continue to tarnish its prestige.

[A beat.]

SW: But I'm still thankful for this opportunity, Mr. Gellar.

[You almost believe him when he says that.]

SW: Because I'm going to take this opportunity, go to Seattle and I will WIN this battle royal. I will avenge my defeat against Torin the Titan and I will leave no doubt who was the best man in that ring. I will earn my way into Battle of Boston and there...I will prove that I am indeed the BEST wrestler in the world. And then...

[He looks Gellar straight in the eye.]

SW: ...after I've fought and won and proven my worth to this company...

...I will regain MY World Title.

[He continues to stare Gellar down several seconds after he's finished speaking, before finally backing off and breaking his gaze and turning to leave.]

SW: Thank you for your time, Mr. Gellar.

[And with that...Supreme is gone and we fade back out to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit and is in the AWA Women's Division! Introducing first... already in the ring... from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania... weighing in at 110 pounds... JENNY DiNOZZO!

[At the announcement of her name, the young brunette Jenny DiNozzo raises her arms to the crowd, decked in a red plaid halter top, with matching long tights, and black boots. She bounces back and forth in the corner]

GM: Fans, you may recall two weeks ago, we were supposed to see young Jenny DiNozzo go one-on-one with Charisma Knight but that didn't happen. Apparently tonight, it will as she takes on a now-cooperative Knight.

BW: Who's still in a bad mood, Gordo, just because she got her match at Memorial Day Mayhem, doesn't mean she's suddenly happy go lucky and not going to tear this girl's leg off.

[The lights in the arena dim and the crowd starts up their boos as "I'm About To Break You" by New Year's Day starts to play over the arena.]

PW: And her opponent... from Cleveland, Ohio... weighing in at 150 pounds... here is CHAAAAAARISMAAAAA KNIIIIIIIGHT!

[Charisma Knight steps from behind the curtain into the entrance way, outstretching her arms allowing her black and red ring robe shine in the light from the sequins adorning it, the red a shade brighter than her dyed hair, her brunette roots more visible. She walks toward the ring at a normal pace, her arms outstretched and practically ignoring the fans jeering her.]

GM: And there's the attitude you were talking about Bucky, she has clear disdain for the fans of the AWA Galaxy.

[Knight 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 robe 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 the bell to ring.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And we're off and running in this one... and look at this!

[The crowd cheers as DiNozzo charges across the ring, jumping on Knight with a barrage of forearms.]

GM: DiNozzo starting off quickly, hammering away on Knight!

BW: That's not fair!

GM: Fair or not, she's got Knight staggered and she's trying to make the most of this. Off the ropes...

[But as she goes to the ropes, Knight charges in after her, burying a knee up into the midsection just as DiNozzo hits the ropes.]

GM: Oh! Knight cuts her off!

[Grabbing DiNozzo by the hair with both hands, Knight drops to her knees, slamming DiNozzo facefirst into the canvas!]

BW: DiNozzo should've stayed on Knight and not created space like that. Charisma's the type to keep you at arm's length.

[With DiNozzo down on the mat, Knight drops rapid-fire elbows down into the lower back of her opponent before climbing off the mat, dragging the smaller woman up with her...]

GM: DiNozzo being brought back to her feet... and taken right over with a snap suplex, sending a jolt down the spine!

BW: Absolutely textbook suplex by Knight.

[Back on her feet, Knight hits the ropes before dropping a leg down across the throat.]

GM: Knight showing a flurry of offense here, trying to wear down her opponent. Big scoop slam in the middle... and right down into a rear chinlock, burying her knee between the shoulderblades and yanking back hard.

BW: And that'll put some pain on the same neck she just legdropped. Maybe a different strategy here tonight for Charisma Knight.

GM: We're so used to seeing Knight target the leg but you could be right, Bucky. Maybe Knight thinks she needs to switch up her game as she prepares to face the debuting Ayako Fujiwara in just nine days.

[Knight releases the chinlock, and lays DiNozzo out, measuring and dropping a short knee into the head.]

GM: Short, measured knee, to the head... again switching her target.

BW: This is interesting to me, Gordo. We've seen shots to the neck, the head, the back... she's all over the place. Really varying up her offensive attack here tonight.

GM: Perhaps it's an effort to be unpredictable. It's hard to plan a defensive strategy against an attack like this.

[Lifting DiNozzo up into the air, Knight drops her down in a belly-to-back suplex!]

GM: OH!

BW: Right DOWN on the back of her head, Gordo! She changed the angle of that suplex so DiNozzo landed on her neck and shoulders instead of her back!

GM: Somewhat resembling a Backdrop Driver in a way... and back she goes to that rear chinlock.

[With DiNozzo sitting on the mat, Knight goes back to jamming her knee into the back, pulling back hard on the chin.]

GM: Continuing the attack on the neck with the chinlock...

[Standing up, Knight looks down at DiNozzo for a moment and then drops back down, jamming the knee into the neck again... and again... and again...]

GM: Knight absolutely punishing DiNozzo with those knees to the upper back or neck area... really attacking that area of the body which - as we pointed out - is unusual for her.

[Knight cranks the chinlock, and DiNozzo raises her hands, waving them to get the crowd going, which it does.]

GM: And the crowd is cheering for DiNozzo, as she starts making her way to a vertical base.

[Reaching her feet, DiNozzo lashes out with a back elbow to the midsection.]

GM: DiNozzo trying to fight her way out!

[A second elbow lands... and a third connects, breaking the chinlock.]

GM: DiNozzo battles free! She's loose and she's-

[But as she starts to run to the ropes, Knight reaches out, grabbing DiNozzo by the hair, and YANKS her down to the mat, slamming the back of her head down into the canvas.]

GM: And Knight cuts her off! Right down on the back of the head and neck once more!

[Not wasting a moment, Knight grabs a handful of hair, dragging DiNozzo back to her feet into a front facelock. She looks out at the jeering crowd for a moment...]

GM: Swinging neckbreaker connects!

[DiNozzo rolls back and forth on the mat, clutching the back of her head and neck as Knight rises to her feet, looking down menacingly at her opponent.]

GM: Charisma Knight could end this right here, I think, but-

BW: She'll end it when she's good and ready, Gordo.

[The referee implores Knight to make a cover but she ignores him, grabbing a handful of DiNozzo's hair, dragging her off the mat again, pulling her into another front facelock...]

GM: Oh, come on!

[...and snaps her over in a second swinging neckbreaker!]

GM: A second neckbreaker!

BW: Hah! And Charisma Knight is proving that she let DiNozzo off easy two weeks ago when she let her walk out. DiNozzo saved herself two weeks of being laid up with a bum neck when she walked away. She should've done it again, Gordo.

GM: Charisma Knight has no interest in winning this match. She's trying to punish this young woman.

[Knight again rises to her feet as the referee waves for her to finish DiNozzo. Knight again ignores him, grabbing DiNozzo by the hair and roughly pulling her up to her feet again.]

GM: Enough is enough!

BW: It's never enough, daddy!

[This time, Knight yanks DiNozzo into a rear waistlock, looking out at the jeering crowd. She looks right into the camera, shouting "THIS ONE'S FOR YOU, FUJIWARA!"...]

...and then takes DiNozzo up and over, dumping her on the back of her head and neck with a released German Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Come on! Somebody... for the love of God, somebody stop this thing!

[Knight pushes to a knee, looking out at the jeering crowd again. A laugh escapes her mouth at the fans' hostile reaction.]

BW: Charisma Knight is sending a message to Ayako Fujiwara right now... make no mistake about it.

[Still laughing, Knight rolls DiNozzo over onto her knees. DiNozzo is motionless, dazed as Knight has to shove her back into position to avoid her helpless opponent collapsing back to the mat.]

GM: DiNozzo is completely out of it! She's... I'm not even sure if she's conscious, Bucky!

BW: The referee's trying to check right now...

[With DiNozzo dazed, Knight dashes to the ropes, bouncing off and heading right at the right side of her kneeling opponent...

...and leaves her feet, DRIVING her right foot into the side of DiNozzo's head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CHARISMA INJECTION! Good grief!

[Knight crawls into a lateral press, not bothering to hook a leg.]

BW: The ref could count to a hundred but three is all she needs.

GM: And this one is all over, fans.

[Knight climbs back to her feet, allowing the referee to raise her hand as Phil Watson goes to make it official.]

PW: Here is your winn-

[Knight leans through the ropes, snatching the mic away from the ring announcer.]

CK: It's quite clear who the winner is.

[The fans jeer as Knight stands in the middle of the hostile Boise crowd, looking out at them with disdain. She walks slowly back over to the fallen DiNozzo.]

CK: I warned you... and this time I was nice than I would've been two weeks ago.

[The fans continue to boo as Knight turns her back on DiNozzo, kicking her foot back as if she's burying her with dirt.]

CK: Nine more days. Nine more days and we're at Memorial Day Mayhem. Nine more days and SHE finally shows her face.

[The camera cuts to a young girl holding up a sign that reads "AYAKO!" We cut back to Knight who is walking around the ring.]

CK: Nine more days and I PROVE that I'm the best woman in the entire AWA.

[More boos greet that statement.]

CK: Nine more days and I either snap Fujiwara's leg... or I kick her jaw off like I just did to her.

[She gestures at the still-downed DiNozzo.]

CK: Nine more days and I ascend...

[She points upwards.]

CK: Nine more days and there will be NOTHING standing between me and being declared the top woman in all of wrestling... to becoming the very first Women's World Champion.

Nine. More. Days.

[Knight drops the mic, looking out at the jeering crowd as "I'm About To Break You" starts back up.]

GM: Charisma Knight making a physical statement against Jenny DiNozzo... and then a strong verbal statement right there. Nine more days indeed. Nine more days until we get one of the most anticipated showdowns at Memorial Day Mayhem as Charisma Knight takes on the debuting Ayako Fujiwara. It's going to be something else! Fans, let's go backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell has a very special guest.

[We cut to backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands in front of an AWA backdrop.]

SLB: Thanks, Gordon. Fans, we are just nine days away from Memorial Day Mayhem and one of the featured matches on the card will be the Open Invitational Battle Royal to determine who will claim a spot in the Battle of Boston tournament. There have been several wrestling legends and former AWA competitors who have been contacted about entering the Battle Royal or the tournament itself. You can learn more details about who has been contacted on my hotline app, available through Google Play and the Apple App Store. Remember, data charges may apply, so kids, be sure to get your parents' permission!

[At this point, the members of Next Gen walk onto the set. Howie Somers is dressed in a pair of blue jeans and a Boston Bruins hockey jersey. Daniel Harper is dressed in a pair of black shorts and a white San Antonio Spurs T-shirt. Somers takes a position to Blackwell's left and Harper stands to his right.]

SLB: Let me welcome my guests at this time, Howie Somers and Daniel Harper, collectively known as Next Gen. Gentlemen, a lot has been going down in the tag team scene here in the AWA... two weeks ago, you saw the World Tag Team Champions, Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan, face The Slaughterhouse and come away victorious, but some would call it under controversial circumstances. Nonetheless, that victory has allowed Johnny Detson to avoid defending his World Title not only at Memorial Day Mayhem, but at The Battle Of Boston as well.

[Somers clasps his hands in front of him and takes a deep breath.]

HS: Sir, I find it absolutely disappointing that the World Champion will not be defending his title at Memorial Day Mayhem. For all the talk Johnny Detson has about his greatness, he sure seems unwilling to prove it in the ring. To me, a great champion would forget about whatever deals are made, go out there, defend his title and continue to prove a point, but the only point I see Detson proving is that he's a coward, something my uncle can attest to.

But speaking of my uncle, that brings me to this... there were times when my uncle did things that I was not proud of. And believe me, it was hard for me to bite my tongue and not say anything when my uncle did cast his lot with Detson. But I never thought of treating my uncle any less because I didn't like the things he did, and I certainly didn't try to use him for my own personal gain. And that's exactly what Wes Taylor is doing with his uncle Shane.

[He points a finger toward the camera.]

HS: What I saw two weeks ago was Shane Taylor bailing out his nephew and his nephew's partner in crime when they found themselves in danger of losing a match. And I saw them earlier tonight backstage, Wes acting like he was trying to fire up his uncle, when in reality, Wes doesn't really care about him. Because there's no doubt in my mind that Wes only saw Shane as somebody to bail him out when there's trouble, and if Shane screws up, Wes will drop Shane like a bad habit because that's the way Johnny Detson and the Kings of Wrestling taught him how to do business. It's another example of how Taylor and Donovan are doing everything to ruin the legacy of their families. Because family isn't about greatness. Family is about bond, the right kind of bond, where you back each other up and, if things don't go well, you stick together and you don't turn on one another. And I see nothing in that relationship Wes has with his uncle to convince me that he'll stand by him if his uncle screws up.

SLB: Those are some strong words, Howie, but as you know, Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan are in the winner-take-all match against Travis Lynch and Calisto Dufresne. I know you and your partner Daniel are keeping an eye on that match, but earlier tonight, you have two other teams, Shadow Star Legion and The Slaughterhouse, who are keeping an eye on that match as well. In fact, the Legion has challenged the winners and Anton Layton is insisting his men are owed a title shot. Am I correct to assume the two of you believe you may want a title shot as well, particularly if it's Taylor and Donovan who walk out with the belts?

[Harper claps his hands together and gets an intense look on his face.]

DH: Sweet Lou, you mentioned how a lot has been going down in the tag team scene, and you're right. I've watched the Shadow Star Legion in action and have been impressed with what they've done... they are two men I have nothing but respect for. And then there's The Slaughterhouse, and I don't know what to make of Anton Layton and that gem he stole from Harrison Fawcett, but I will say that the things I've seen Layton done in the past, makes me sick to my stomach! I don't know what promises Emerson Gellar did or didn't make to Layton, but if Layton thinks his men are the most deserving of a title shot, he's gonna find out the hard way that Next Gen is right here, wanting our title shot, too! And as much as I respect the Shadow Star Legion, they have to realize that Howie and I have been in the AWA for a long time and taken on the best here, and that our turn at a tag team title shot is coming and coming fast!

SLB: Let me ask you, Daniel, why do you believe that you and your partner should be the next team to get the World tag title after Memorial Day Mayhem?

[A slight smile forms on Harper's face.]

DH: Well, I could bring up that, last I checked, we were ranked as the Number One Contenders in the tag team rankings. But that's not the main reason why I believe we should be next in line for a World Tag Team Title shot. And the main reason why is not that we've been here in AWA longer than most of the other teams or that we've been winning more. No, the reason why we should get the shot is because we will not be the type of champions who barter their way into not defending the title, or declaring they'll defend it only when they want, or find ways to avoid facing the best competition out there. No! We will defend those title against all and any comers! We will go out there, night after night, face whoever it is that Emerson Gellar puts against us, whether it's whoever we beat for the titles, or whoever doesn't win at Memorial Day Mayhem, or teams like The Slaughterhouse and Shadow Star Legion who are challenging the champions, or any team that's been here before or who has never been here before but ranks among the best in wrestling! We will never be closet champions or trying to stack the deck in our favor, unlike certain people who think they are kings!

SLB: All right, fans, Next Gen with their challenge to the winners of the Memorial Day Mayhem tag team bout... although they are not part of the card, I'm sure they'll be looking forward to the action.

[Somers holds up his hand and shakes his head.]

HS: Excuse me, sir, but I have to correct you here. Daniel and I are going to be part of the Memorial Day Mayhem card. Earlier tonight, we entered ourselves into the Battle Royal for a spot in the Battle of Boston tournament.

SLB: Whoa, wait a minute, the two of you want to compete for a spot in the tournament? How is that going to play into your desire for a shot at the World Tag Team titles?

HS: Sir, we just love the thrill of competition, and besides, who wouldn't want to be part of the Battle of Boston tournament, be one of the many competitors with a chance to prove themselves as the best in the AWA. Besides, we have a little added incentive now that we know the Samoan Hit Squad is in the Battle Ryal, because there's another team that wants to go around bragging about what they're going to do. I heard them call out Torin the Titan, but you know what, I have plenty of incentive to get my hands on the Samoans, because Dave Cooper is their manager and Cooper is another man who turned on my uncle because he claimed he wasn't pulling his weight. Don't think for a minute I will turn down the chance to even that score, and believe me, my partner here is gonna have my back on that. Isn't that right, Daniel?

DH: You better believe it, my friend!

[The members of Next Gen high five one another, then depart the set.]

SLB: Fans, how about that, Next Gen will be in the Battle Royal at Memorial Day Mayhem... there's a team that certainly isn't going to take vacation time in the near future! Now, let's head back to the ring for more action!

[We cut to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my left... from New York City, weighing in at 262 pounds... Heath Thorn!

[Thorn raises two beefy arms in a cut-off loose fitting black shirt. His hair is jet black and shaved on the sides.]

PW: And his opponent...

[And suddenly, the lights cut out in the arena.

A loud "GONG!" rings out over the PA system, filling the air.

Softly, a horn sounds and a guitar begins playing a familiar riff. A solitary white light begins to flash.]

GM: We've heard a lot of talk tonight about the Battle of Boston and this man right here is someone who has called his shot. He wants his spot in the tournament and he plans to win the whole thing.

[As the light continues to flash, a man's silhouette can be seen kneeling. As the music gets louder and louder; the light begins to flash faster and faster until it's almost like a strobe light.

Suddenly. "Perfect Strangers" by Jörn begins to play as the whole arena illuminates. And standing at the entrance ramp pointing straight up to the sky is...]

GM: There he is, fans! Noboru Fujimoto is here in Boise!

BW: And again, these fans don't seem to know how to react. The guy's got an attitude... a chip on his shoulders about being the best professional wrestler in the world... and he knows it. But he's also as talented as they come INSIDE that ring.

[Fujimoto stands at the entrance way soaking in the crowd's reaction - a loud mix of cheers and boos. He has orange tinted spiked hair and a pair of mirrored Ray Bans on his face. His glossy white trench coat has gold trim and runs past his knees.]

PW: ...from Kyoto, Japan. Standing six foot three... 236 pounds...

He is the Electric Dragon... NOOOBBBBOOOORRUUU FUJIMOOOOTOOOOOOOO!

[With a nod, Fujimoto makes his way towards the ring. He is wearing glossy tights that go down to mid-thigh, with a gold color on the right side and white on the left. His boots and kneepads are also coordinated to the color of his tights. He climbs up the ring steps and wipes his feet before he enters the ring and makes his way to the center, arms outstretched as he spins around.]

GM: The Straw That Stirs The Drink to hear him tell it, Noboru Fujimoto debuted here in the AWA a couple of months ago... the final member of the Tiger Paw Pro Four we started hearing about last fall. Now, there's been a whole lot of intrigue over how he came to the AWA and who is responsible for it but what has been crystal clear is that Mr. Fujimoto is here to compete against the very best in the world.

BW: Yeah, if that no-good Gellar will let him. You know, Gordo, Gellar's getting on the bad side of a lot of the talent around here. Supreme Wright, Noboru Fujimoto... who knows who's next.

GM: The price you pay for being in charge of the biggest professional wrestling company in the world, I suppose.

[Fujimoto slides out of his trench coat and hands it as well as his glasses to the ring attendant standing there. He begins pulling on the ropes as the bell rings.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go...

[Fujimoto circles out of the corner as Heath Thorn mirrors the movement, each making a lap around the ring before coming together in the center of the ring. Thorn quickly switches to an overhand wristlock, pushing down on the arm of the grimacing Fujimoto.]

GM: Thorn with the overhand wristlock... testing out the escape skills of Fujimoto...

[Fujimoto waits for a moment or two and then with a "oop!" sound, he twists out, ducking behind into a hammerlock. Thorn grimaces, wobbling over to the ropes, grabbing them and shouting "Get him off!" Fujimoto simply lets go, shoving the back of Thorn's head disdainfully.]

GM: A little show of disrespect out of Fujimoto there.

[Thorn turns around, glaring at Fujimoto before advancing on him, locking up a second time.]

GM: A second collar and elbow tieup...

[Thorn again goes to the overhand wristlock...

...and then yanks the hair, pulling Fujimoto off his feet and putting him down on the canvas. He smirks, walking away from the downed Fujimoto, turning his back on him as Fujimoto kips up to his feet to a big cheer before throwing a dropkick to the back, sending Thorn falling through the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Standing dropkick and a beauty!

[Still fired-up, Fujimoto dashes to the far ropes, rebounding back with a baseball slide that sends Thorn flying backwards, slamming into the ringside barricade!]

GM: Fujimoto back up... back to the ropes...

[And with the crowd cheering the show of athleticism, Fujimoto dives between the ropes, smashing his forearm into the jaw of Thorn, sending him sailing over the railing and into the crowd!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: FUJIMOTO SENDS THORN INTO THE FRONT ROW!

[The Electric Dragon regains his feet, rolling under the ropes. He takes a knee on the mat, stretching out his arms and beckoning for the cheers of the crowd - many of whom oblige.]

GM: Fujimoto's got many of the fans here in Boise behind him as the referee starts his ten count.

[Fujimoto walks around the ring, allowing the count to get to six before he rolls out to the floor, breaking the count to drag a rising Thorn back over the railing, firing him back under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Fujimoto puts Thorn back in...

[Climbing back up on the apron, Fujimoto goes to duck through the ropes when Thorn swings his leg up, catching the ducking Fujimoto with a boot flush in the chin, snapping his head back!]

GM: Oh! Thorn caught him on the way in...

[Climbing to his feet, Thorn drags Fujimoto back in, pounding him with a few short kneelifts to the sternum before a big double axehandle across the back knocks Fujimoto down to all fours.]

GM: Thorn on the offense now, pounding Fujimoto down to the canvas.

[A well-placed kick to the ribs flips Fujimoto over where he winces in pain down on the canvas. Thorn stomps the ribs a few times before the referee backs him off.]

GM: Fujimoto rolling out to the ring apron...

BW: Thorn's not done with him though.

[Reaching over the ropes, Thorn drags Fujimoto up to his feet.]

GM: Heath Thorn looking to score a major upset over the multi-time former Global Crown Champion in Japan.

[Pulling Fujimoto into a front facelock, Thorn loops his arm over his neck...]

GM: Fujimoto's going to bring him in the hard way... lifts him up...

[But Fujimoto slips over the top, landing on his feet behind Thorn. A quick one-two pair of forearm strikes to the jaw have Thorn reeling as Fujimoto grabs an arm, shooting him across...]

GM: Fujimoto drops down, Thorn goes up and over...

[But as Thorn rebounds a second time, Fujimoto again drops down, this time into a push-up position, kicking his legs up to scissor Thorn's head, tucking his own head and rolling through in a headscissors takedown.]

GM: Whoooa my! Very nice takedown by Fujimoto!

[Again kipping up to his feet, Fujimoto is waiting as Thorn scrambles up, lifting him up by the upper thigh, dropping him facefirst down to the canvas!]

GM: And a flapjack for good measure!

[Pulling Thorn off the mat, Fujimoto shoots him into the corner, running after him to leap up, landing a forearm smash on the cornered Thorn. He turns around, pressing his back against Thorn, holding him in place...]

GM: Elbows!

[...and throws back elbows back and forth from arm to arm, rattling the trapped Thorn as the referee lays down his count.]

GM: Fujimoto out of the corner at four... Thorn's on Dream Street...

[And as he staggers out, Fujimoto snares him by the head and neck, swinging quickly to the side and VIOLENTLY driving his face into the canvas!]

GM: FALLING LASER LASSO CONNECTS!

[Fujimoto slides into a lateral press on the motionless Thorn, getting an easy three count.]

GM: It's allllll over, fans.

[Fujimoto climbs to his feet, his hand raised by the referee as the fans give a mix of cheers and boos. He nods without acknowledging either, turning to exit the ring.]

GM: Noboru Fujimoto making his exit... and we've got Sweet Lou Blackwell standing by waiting to talk to him at the interview platform.

BW: Does Fujimoto know that?

[By the expression on Fujimoto's face when he sees Blackwell, it's safe to say he did not. He stares at Blackwell for a moment, hands on his hips before slowly approaching the interviewer.]

SLB: Fans, I'm being joined by the Electric Dragon who - quite frankly - does not look happy to be here at the interview platform with me. Am I right about that?

[Fujimoto climbs the steps, staring at Blackwell for a moment before speaking.]

NF: Happy?

[He shakes his head.]

NF: No, Lou Blackwell, I am certainly not happy. In fact, you could say that I am insulted.

[Blackwell shakes his head in protest.]

SLB: Insulted?! I don't believe I've done anything to warrant-

[Fujimoto holds up a finger, interrupting Blackwell.]

NF: Insulted. Once again, I have come to your ring, Lou Blackwell. The ring of the so-called greatest company in the world. The ring that houses so many of the so-called greatest talents in the world. And once again, I am insulted by having someone not worthy of the scuffs he put on my boots across the ring from me.

Insulted because you spend all night talking about Memorial Day Mayhem. About the Battle of Boston. You. Mark Stegklet. Even Emerson Gellar. But no one - NO ONE - mentions the Electric Dragon.

SLB: Well, we're here now. We're talking about you now.

NF: It is not enough. You all speak more of wrestlers who are injured. Who are sitting at home or in a hospital bed than you do than what is in front of you.

SLB: Which is?

NF: The greatest professional wrestler in the world today.

[Fujimoto extends his arms out to his sides, again beckoning with his hands, soaking up the mixed reaction.]

SLB: Mr. Fujimoto, what do you think of this mixed response you're getting here in Boise tonight... that you've been getting everywhere the AWA travels?

[Fujimoto shrugs.]

NF: There is a reason so many call me a Dragon, Lou Blackwell. Dragons are things of wonder. Sights to behold. Powerful, magnificent creatures who ruled battlefields and left entire armies in their wake.

They are...

[Fujimoto searches for the words for a moment, still struggling with some of his English.]

NF: ...too good to be true.

[Blackwell nods.]

NF: As am I. It does not surprise me that your people would cheer a Dragon like myself, Lou Blackwell. They are in awe of what they are seeing. They are used to seeing mere mortals in action. I am no mere mortal.

SLB: But what about the boos?

[Fujimoto shrugs again.]

NF: The power of a Dragon is also feared. This fear makes your people boo me - the same fear that makes Emerson Gellar fear to put his greatest talent in the ring with me. He knows what will happen... and he's afraid.

And he should be.

[Fujimoto stands silent, letting the crowd's mixed reaction wash over him.]

SLB: Mr. Fujimoto, with just nine days to go until Memorial Day Mayhem - the biggest stage of the summer - you've got to be disappointed that you're not on the card.

NF: Disappointment is not something a Dragon feels, Mr. Blackwell.

SLB: No?

NF: No. What I do feel however is pity.

I feel pity for all of those fans coming to Seattle who were told that they were coming to one of the biggest events of the year. That - Lou Blackwell - is wrong. Because Memorial Day Mayhem cannot be one of the biggest shows of the year if THE biggest name in the industry is not on it.

And that is why I have decided that action must be taken.

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: What are you saying?

NF: I am saying that if Emerson Gellar and your AWA will not find a spot for the Electric Dragon at Memorial Day Mayhem... then I will find my own.

This Battle Royal - consider the Electric Dragon your winner.

Because the biggest stage of the summer needs the its biggest star to shine on it and that's what I will do, Lou Blackwell. You people speak of a Titan... a Beast... savage Samoans... a Hangman... but after this Battle Royal, these are names... these are things that will be spoken of no more.

People who wish to speak of greatness will only speak one name... the only name that should be spoken...

[Fujimoto extends his arms again, a slight smile on his face.]

NF: Noboru Fujimoto.

[Fujimoto spins for the whole crowd to see. With that, Fujimoto doesn't wait for any follow up questions; he simply turns and heads to the back as we fade to black...

...and then back up on the exterior of a fast food restaurant that looks quite familiar to fans of delicious, mouth-watering, artery-clogging fried chicken. Yes, it is the Mecca Of Fried Chicken, KFC.

We cut inside where a friendly young man is working the counter, smiling at the customers he aids.]

FYM: Thank you and have a fantastic day!

[The next person steps up to the counter wearing a black trenchcoat, dark sunglasses, and a hat. We see him from the front.]

FYM: Good afternoon, sir, and welcome to KFC! What can I get for you today?

[The customer lifts his head slightly to look at the menu and responds.]

C: Three piece meal. Original recipe. Breasts and legs... heh... breasts and leg, oh yeah.

[The employee raises an eyebrow in recognition.]

FYM: I'm sorry. But aren't you former World Champion and Pro Wrestling Hall of Famer Eddie Van Gibson?!

[The sunglasses come down to reveal an angry EVG.]

EVG: How did you know?!

[We cut behind him to see the back of his trenchcoat is covered in a large maple leaf with the words MISTER MAPLE LEAF surrounding it. Cut back to the friendly young man who smiles.]

FYM: I had a hunch.

[We cut to a shot of the chicken, glimmering and golden in all its glory. A voiceover begins.]

"Come into your local KFC today and not only can you get our three piece combo meal for the low price for \$4 but you can also pick up these special souvenir cups featuring some of the greatest pro wrestling stars of all time!"

[Cut to a young boy showing his cup.]

"I got Ryan Martinez!"

[To an older lady.]

"Hamilton Graham? I remember him!"

[To a family of four, all showing different cups.]

"Collect them all!"

[We cut back to Eddie Van Gibson sitting at a table, groaning as he eats a piece of chicken. He looks up, his eyes locking on a pair of twins in their early twenties. The two blondes giggle as they look at the Hall of Famer.]

EVG: If I were to LET you suck on my...

[He looks down invitingly.]

EVG: ...Original Recipe chicken from KFC...

[And then into the camera.]

EVG: Would you be grateful?

[Cut to the end graphic advertising the promotion. Another voiceover.]

"Get your KFC today! As good as it's always been!"

[Fade to black...

...and as we fade back up the interview area where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing.]

SLB: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling LIVE right here on The X where in just a little while, the trio of the Rotgut Rustlers and Allen Allen will be going against my guests at this time. Gentlemen, come on in.

[As "Sweet" Lou Blackwell finishes his sentence, the trio of Downfall and Mr. Sadisuto enter the screen. Thrash and Mr. Sadisuto enter from the right as Mad Dog enters from the left. Thrash's face is painted predominately black but around both eyes are blue diamonds and there is a thin blue stripe that which runs down the middle of his face. Mad Dog's forehead down to the nose is painted a solid black while the lower portion of his face is covered in jagged diagonal red and white lines. He opens his mouth, extending his vibrant, red tongue down towards his chin.]

SLB: Mr. Sadisuto, there's no question that you've raised the ire of the Rotgut Rustlers.

[Mr. Sadisuto tilts his head back.]

S: Hahahaha! Blackwell-san let me tell you, my Downfall not care if the Rustlahs big, if Rustlahs bad, if Rustlahs tough, or if Rustlahs drinking!

SLB: What does drinking have to do with tonight Mr. Sadisuto?

T: It's Master Sadisuto! And drinking has everything to do with tonight, Blackwell. How else can you explain Anderson and Turner wanting to step into the ring with Mad Dog and me? In city after city, we've left a path of carnage behind us. Broken noses, kicked in teeth and shattered bones!

S: Hahahaha! My Downfall has been in my torture chamber, preparing to make you SUFFAH! My Downfall tear into opponent's bodies and make the bones crackle, crackle once piece at a time! Hahahaha!

[Mad Dog once again sticks his tongue out at the camera as Thrash speaks again.]

T: Tonight is not going to be very easy for you Rustlers. We aren't the prettiest men here, we aren't kings but what we are are two men who love to kick some brains in!

[A sadistic smile forms upon the lips of Mr. Sadisuto as Mad Dog begins to speak in his gravely voice.]

MD: Take a good long look, Rustlers, and see what Master Sadisuto has made. He made us what we are today, winners at all costs! If you don't believe me ask the Blue Brothers, ask Allen Allen, ask Theresa Lynch, who's too afraid to show our matches on Power Hour. Better yet, why don't you ask Tombstone over there. WE...

[Mad Dog motions to himself and Thrash.]

MD: Left him lying, barely conscious, unable to mutter his own name! I guess the moral is when you face us you're going to get hurt. Tonight, you're going to hurt!

S: Hahahaha! YOU SHALL SUFFAH! SUFFAH!

[With that, Mr. Sadisuto shuffles off screen, Downfall following behind as we fade back out to the ring where we find a heavily-bandaged "Outback" Zack Kelly walking around Phil Watson, gingerly tipping his tan leather hat with the crocodile teeth hatband to the delight of the children at ringside.]

GM: We are live here in Boise, Idaho, fans, where Zack Kelly, the popular Australian, is in action again. Two weeks ago, he took a pounding at the hands of Brian James. Earlier tonight, we saw a live event beating by Nightmare Woods and now he's-

[The voice of Phil Watson interrupts Gordon.]

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

Already in the ring, from Wagga Wagga, Australia ... weighing 247 pounds ... "OUTBACK" ZACK KELLY!

[Kelly shouts some words that are hard to make out as he throws his arms up.]

BW: What did he say, Gordo? Something about "going troppo"?

GM: As much as I like Zack Kelly, when he gets excited, no one in the Western hemisphere can understand his lingo.

[Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The scared screams of a woman play over the PA and the fans turn to the entrance area. "Twist of Cain" by Danzig starts its sinister beat and on cue, Canibal stalks through the curtain.]

PW: From Juarez, Mexico... weighing 245 pounds...

CANNNNNNNNNIBAAAAAAAAL!

[With his head cocked to the side and his posture slightly hunched over, he stares directly at the camera. His eyes seem wide-open, even more so as his sockets are painted pitch black. Slowly, he brings his hands up to his throat to make a double cut-throat gesture and then point the thumbs downward. In a wide shot we see Zack Kelly rolling out of the ring.]

GM: The fans here in Boise are letting Canibal have it, Bucky. He is not well liked here... or anywhere else really... especially since his heinous attack on Caspian Abaran.

BW: Abaran messed with him first. That's what I gleaned from the comments both men have made. There is beef there from waaay back and Canibal just went and DEVoured that beef, along with Abaran.

[Having reached the ring, Canibal climbs to the top turnbuckle, and spews up a cloud of crimson. The "blood mist" brings some more boos from the fans.]

GM: The office should really look into this liquid.

BW: Ah, it's good fun for the show. Have you never been to Sea World?

GM: It's evil and dangerous.

BW: Come on, those dolphins aren't that bad.

GM: You know what I-

[The sound of the bell cuts him off as Zack Kelly rolls back into the ring and, outspoken as ever, berates Canibal in his trademark lingo. The camera picks up words like "mozzie", "dinkum" and "bogan" before they lock up.]

GM: We're off and running in this one, fans... and I'd imagine this tieup would be to the advantage of the Australian.

BW: Of course, the moron wrestles with wombats in his spare time. That's quite a workout.

[Kelly pulls Canibal into a side headlock, holding him for a few moments before Canibal shoves him off to the ropes. As Kelly rebounds, Canibal vaults over him with a leapfrog.]

BW: That was high enough to jump over Cain Jackson!

[Eyes wide with surprise, the Australian rebounds off the far side only to run straight into a savate kick that knocks him, spread-eagled, to the mat.]

BW: I think Zack Kelly spat out a shrimp when he was hit there!

GM: Those educated feet of Canibal... we have seen time and time again how precise and hard they hit.

[Canibal takes a moment to stare at this fallen opponent, cocking his head to the side in an eerie way. A groggy Zack Kelly slowly sits up... only for Canibal hit him in the back with a running soccer kick. The crowd gasps at the loud "bang" of the impact.]

BW: What a shot! Look at Kelly's face! Is that pain or terror?

GM: Whatever it is, he might be experiencing more of it as Kelly gets dragged up to his feet... oh! Two quick knees up into the ribcage.

[Stepping in behind Kelly, Canibal heaves the 250 pounds of groggy Australian upwards, around and back down again.]

GM: Canibal with the Spinning Pumphandle Slam!

BW: That is quite a show of power from Canibal. With all the kicks and flying around you forget that he has that Michael Myers-strength as well.

GM: The guy from Saturday Night Live?

BW: I... forget it.

[Canibal has struck with some very lazy stomps which do less damage and rather stir "Outback" Zack Kelly back to action.]

GM: Canibal taking his time tonight.

BW: He toys with Zack Kelly like a dingo with a baby!

GM: Bucky!

[The Australian, with a lewd curse on his lips, stumbles back to his feet, fists raised. He spins to look for Caliban who rushes in and hits him with a thrust kick square in

the chest.]

GM: "Outback" is thrown into the corner by that kick!

BW: That must have cracked something in hi-

GM: YAKUZA KICK! What a follow-up to that thrust kick!

[Kelly just collapses to the mat and Canibal climbs the ropes, looking out at the jeering fans and doing his double-cutthroat pose.]

BW: These Idaho folks are brave, Gordo. I would not be brave enough to taunt that horror movie monster!

[Canibal bounces on the ropes and flings himself upwards and backwards.]

GM: Moonsault!

[The crowd cheers!]

GM: Zack Kelly rolled out of the way!

BW: What? How?

[The Australian grabs the ropes and pulls himself back to his feet, shaking his fist at Canibal who is slow to recover from the failed moonsault.]

BW: We have a rabid marsupial in the house! Somebody stop him!

[Zack Kelly, with a wild man's yell, hits a overhand chop to the luchador's chest. And another one! And a third one that makes Canibal drop down to a knee again.]

BW: He almost chopped the tattoos off the Horror Show's chest, Gordo!

GM: And now a double axe-handle blow to Canibal's shoulder! He is in charge!

[Suddenly, Canibal launches himself forward and brings Kelly down with a double leg takedown.]

GM: Canibal with the counter! And now he starts to rain down punches straight down onto Zack Kelly!

BW: And forearm smashes! And more punches! These are serious hits. You can't compare them to the Australians goofy chops!

[After a couple of more shots to Kelly's head, the ref grabs Canibal's arm and stops the assault.]

BW: And the ref just saved the few teeth Zack Kelly still has in his mouth.

GM: That was a move right out of the MMA playbook you might see on a GFC show... Sundays on the X!

[Canibal stares at the referee who is reading him the riot act without showing even a trace of emotion. Zack Kelly, a trickle of blood visible on his brow, is grasping weakly at the air. Suddenly, Canibal rushes past the ref, jumps onto the middle rope near his opponent...]

GM: Springboard knee drop to Zack Kelly's head!

BW: To his face, Gordo, say it like it is! He smelled the blood in the water!

[Canibal stays on the offensive as he locks on a front facelock on the prone Australian and fires off a knee to Kelly's bleeding head... and another one... and another one!]

GM: This is just brutal!

BW: Yeah, isn't it great?

GM: The referee should stop this! Canibal does not stop hit-

[The boos of the crowd turn into a rousing cheer! A figure rushes down to ringside. Canibal releases his opponent and to see who it is...

...and he turns right into a springboard forearm smash!]

GM: Caspian Abaran! Oh my! Caspian Abaran is here! And he knocked Canibal flat on his-

BW: I thought he was blind! His face is still bandaged up!

[With a wide-eyed look, Canibal gets back to his feet and Abaran flies at him with a headscissors takedown that flings him right out of the ring as the bell sounds.]

GM: That is most certainly a disqualification but Caspian Abaran may have saved "Outback" Zack Kelly from serious harm tonight!

BW: Look at Canibal! He is just staring at Abaran with those dead eyes of his!

GM: He does not enter the ring, though. He keeps his distance!

[As the referee tends to "Outback" Zack Kelly, Phil Watson hands a microphone to Abaran.]

CA: CANIBAL! Cobarde! Come back into the ring! You wanted to take my _eyes_? I am still here, amigo!

[The crowd goes wild for these fiery words from a very agitated Caspian Abaran. He jabs an index finger in the general direction of Canibal.]

CA: Every since you showed up in AWA, I knew that someone had to stop you and I am ready to do it! No more ambushes! No more sneaking around in the shadows! I am no one that gets scared by that!

[Cut to Canibal, on the outside, breathing hard but standing perfectly still otherwise.]

CA: I talked to the office and I talked to the medicos and I will get my match, Canibal! My shoulder may hurt and my eyes may still be burning but, amigo, it is time that someone shows you that your actions will not be tolerated in AWA!

Canibal... it ends with ME!

[As an "A-ba-ran" chant starts up in Boise, Canibal backpedals as Abaran glares at him... at least we assume it with his face partially obscured by the bandages.]

GM: There you have it, folks. Caspian Abaran versus Canibal WILL happen.

BW: I thought Canibal got rid of the little guy for sure. I mean... we all heard about

the injuries from the crash and the blood mist... there is no way Abaran is in top shape and I doubt even at 100% he could deal with that nightmare. Look at Zack Kelly. He is a mess.

GM: Look at Caspian Abaran, Bucky. He is ready for this. We don't know when or where but we do know that this match is coming and it's coming soon. Fans, let's go backstage to Sweet Lou!

[We fade backstage to where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing alongside former World Television Champion Shadoe Rage. Rage's back is to the camera. He's got his arms thrown open to show off a glittering fuchsia sequined robe with gold lettering, reading: "She's coming... HOME!" The King of Rage Country's hair is twisted up into a large bun. He can be heard shouting. "She's coming Home! She's coming Home!"]

SLB: Well obviously, ladies and gentlemen, my guest needs no introduction. At Memorial Day Mayhem, Shadoe Rage gets his return match against Supernova for the World Television title.

[Rage whirls to face the camera, flicking his tongue back and forth like a demented lizard. He flexes a double biceps shot. Under his robes, Rage is wearing a rose pink T-shirt that reads: Once and Future Champ!]

SR: Sweet Lou, all is right with the universe now because Supernova can't run any more. Memorial Day Mayhem, Shadoe Rage has a date with destiny. I am going to get my rightful title back and there is nothing Stupidnova can do about it. Nothing at all.

SLB: Well, if you ask me, that remains to be seen at Memorial Day Mayhem. But I have a much more immediate question.

SR: Really? Ask away.

SLB: It's about the match tonight. Your Misfits take on Supernova and Derrick Williams. I've got to ask you, is this your attempt to soften Supernova up for Memorial Day Mayhem? And if so, do you think the Misfits are ready for this kind of challenge? They looked shaky against Beef Bonham and the Sicilian Stud.

[Shadoe Rage looks outraged.]

SR: My Misfits were magnificent out there and they would be winners if it weren't for Derrick Williams sticking his nose in where it doesn't belong! He's just jealous because he'll never be as great as I am! But that doesn't matter, Blackwell. In fact, let's stick to the matter at hand. The Misfits are going to beat Stupidnova and Derrick Williams tonight. Take my word for it. In fact, take their word for it!

[Blackwell's face expresses surprise as Amos Carter and Rashan Hill enter from either side of the screen. They look around the set, eyes lighting up at being on television. They bump fists.

AC & RH: SICK!

SLB: Gentlemen, we're just mere minutes away from your biggest match in your careers. Your... coach here... (gesturing the microphone towards Shadoe Rage) believes that you will emerge victorious tonight against Supernova and Derrick Williams.

RH: Man, if Coach believes it, we can achieve it! You know what I'm sayin, Sweet Lou.

[Hill hooks his arm over Blackwell's shoulder.]

RH: I mean, dog, it's like this. We've been getting' the best trainin' ever up in Toronto at the Rage School of Wrestling. I learned more in a month than I ever have in my career.

SLB: A month? Do you really think that's enough?

AC: Enough? Enough to vanquish two individual talents like Supernova and Derrick Williams? That's more than enough. I want to ask you something, Sweet Louis Blackwell.

[Blackwell is distracted by Carter using a sponge brush to arrange his hair into a twisted afro as he speaks.]

SLB: I'm sorry, what was it you want to ask me?

AC: Do you think two selfish people like Williams and Nova will know when to tag in and out? Do you think they've practiced together? Do you think they know ...

RH: What each other thankin'?

AC: See, we've been so close we can finish each other's sentences.

RH: Two individuals can't do that, Blackwell.

SLB: Well, that's all well and good but we're talking wrestling in the ring.

RH: You think we can't wrestle?

[He looks at Rage with mock amazement.]

RH: Did he just say that?

SR: Sweet Lou Blackwell is nothing more than a hater, Misfits. That's all he'll ever be. He won't believe in your ability until he sees it. So Misfits, it's time to make him choke on his words. Down that aisle and win one for me!

AC & RH: Sick!

[The Misfits bound of camera chanting: "The Misfits are it!" as Rage hangs back with Sweet Lou. He smirks at the bewildered interviewer.]

SR: Sweet Lou, never doubt me. The Misfits, the Serpentes, Lauryn, me... we're going straight to the top of the AWA. It's time my family takes its rightful place in the pantheon of the world of professional wrestling. I make everything great. Do you understand? And tonight the Misfits become the next chapter in my greatness! See you later, Blackwell!

[Rage turns in a pirouette before he follows after his Misfits.]

SLB: (looking at the camera earnestly) There you have it. Shadoe Rage seems to believe every word out of his mouth. We'll have to see if the dream can become the reality. But right now... gentlemen, come on in here...

[Blackwell turns the opposite direction from where Rage and the Misfits exited as his new guests approach. Taking a spot on his left is the AWA World Television Champion Supernova, who is already dressed in his wrestling tights, his face painted yellow and black and the World TV belt strapped around his waist. To Sweet

Lou's right is Derrick Williams, dressed in his gear, hood on his vest up over his head, adjusting the gloves on his hands.]

SLB: Joining me at this time are the AWA World Television Champion, Supernova, and Derrick Williams, who has been promised a shot at the TV title after Memorial Day Mayhem, but tonight, the two of you will be facing Shadoe Rage's newest proteges, Amos Carter and Rashan Hill, who are calling themselves The Misfits! Two weeks ago, Shadoe and his new charges caused a few problems for the two of you... what do you expect from tonight's match?

S: What I expect from tonight's match, Sweet Lou, is that Derrick and I are going to teach a few lessons to Carter and Hill about what happens when you cast your lot with somebody like Shadoe Rage! You know, I used to look at those two and thought they had good intentions, thought they had potential, but now that they've hooked up with Shadoe Rage, all that potential is going to be wasted because Rage is only using them for personal gain! He no doubt thinks this is how he's gonna soften me up before Memorial Day Mayhem, soften up Derrick Williams before he gets a chance to face Rage in the ring one on one, but that's not going to happen, because my partner and I are going in focused and will prove to Carter and Hill that joining up with Rage is not the easy ticket to the top that they think it is!

[Williams nods.]

DW: It all comes clear. Rage has been a cloud hovering over Supernova and I for months now. Nova and I don't always see eye-to-eye, but tonight, we can join up to clear out some side problems, first up the Misfits. We know Rage's game, we know the reason for Carter and Hill, and it's to do Rage's dirty work. Keeping Nova and I from having a clean, decisive match, all so he can try and steal the belt back from Nova. To get what we both want, we need to team up and take out the Misfits first, then Nova puts Rage away at Memorial Day Mayhem, and I only hope this man leaves some of Rage so I can circle back and get mine.

SLB: Supernova, if you do walk out with the TV title after Memorial Day Mayhem, you will be facing this man right here for the belt. You have kept up a grueling schedule... do you think you can keep it going?

S: You see, Sweet Lou, I've never been the one to back down from a challenge in my life, and it's no different now that I've become a champion. I knew that when I won this title, I was going to have to face the best in the AWA, and the man standing right beside me has proven he is among the best. Now, I don't want to go looking past Memorial Day Mayhem, and I know Shadoe Rage well enough that you never look past him, but believe me, I intend on coming out of Memorial Day Mayhem with the title, which means I will look forward to another match with Derrick Williams, and maybe this time, we can ensure everyone else keeps their noses out of our business!

SLB: You are aware that others have laid out a challenge for the belt as well... what about Callum Mahoney, for instance?

S: Now, Sweet Lou, I said I don't want to look past Memorial Day Mayhem and Shadoe Rage, and right now, I know Derrick Williams here is next in line for a shot. Besides, Callum Mahoney has his own problems with Pure X and Terry Shane III, and after what I saw go down earlier tonight, I know Mahoney has only made those problems worse, so what I'd advise him to do is to focus yourself on that match with Pure X and Terry Shane before you start focusing on me or the TV title!

DW: The story is tonight, this man and I go out there, and we give the Misfits a dose of reality, and close the book on them. And with that, Rage's plan will begin to unravel, then in four weeks, we get the TV Title match we should be having at Memorial Day Mayhem.

[Supernova pats his partner on the back.]

S: And you know what, Lou? I can guarantee that every single one of those three are going to feel... the...

[Nova turns, exchanging a high five with his partner before turning back to the camera.]

S: HEAT!

[He throws his head back, cupping his hands to his mouth and letting loose a howl as Derrick Williams walks out. With a grin, Supernova exits as well, leaving a smiling Sweet Lou behind.]

SLB: There you have it, fans. Tag team action and a little Memorial Day Mayhem preview! Phil Watson, take it away, my friend!

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

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

[They should have never given these men an entrance!

Lo fi noise fills the arena as Sleigh Bell's "Crown on the Ground" blares through the arena.]

PW: At a total combined weight of 481 pounds and being accompanied to the ring by their Coach, Shadoe Rage... Rashan Hill and Amos Carter...

THE MISSSSSSFIIIIITSSSSS!

[Amos Carter bounces through the curtains, hopping foot to foot in time with the beat. He drinks in the bright lights and the crowd that is actually reacting. He waves for them to give him more. He wears metallic gold boots, fuchsia and gold tights with black lines outlining the two colors.

Rashan Hill swaggers through the curtains, oozing arrogance unnecessary in a man just tasting success for the first time in a long career. He wears sunglasses and rubs his hair counter clockwise with an afro sponge to make sure his flattop afro is sufficiently twisted. He wears gold boots and black tights with fuchsia stripes down the sides.

The two men smile and dap each other before Carter hops down to ringside, jumping foot to foot in time with the beat. Hill swaggers behind him, smirking at the ringside fans as he walks through them, waving and chucking deuces as if he were a celebrity. Every few steps he pauses and hits a pose for cameras to take pictures. Who's taking the pictures? Only Hill knows. He steps into the ring and hops onto the top turnbuckle, nodding his head in time with the music.

As the final line of the chorus hits, both men drop to the mat and yell: "SICK!"

As they celebrate, Shadoe Rage takes the stage. Dressed in his leather robes, the captain of the Misfits strides down to ringside, giving the crowd a withering side eye as he sidesteps their outstretched hands. He smirks proudly at his proteges as they bound excitedly around in the ring. He doesn't even step into the ring, moving immediately to their corner. His eyes are intense, visible even through his half-tinted sunglasses. He lets the Misfits celebrate their moment before he calls them over to huddle up and discuss strategy.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The crowd ROARS to life as the opening chords of "You've Got Another Thing Comin'" by Judas Priest comes out over the PA system.]

PW: At a total combined weight of 530 pounds... they are the team of DERRICK WILLIAMS AND THE AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPIONNNNNN...

THIS! IS! SUUUUUPERRRRRNOOOOOOVAAAAAAA!

[The cheers get louder as Williams and Supernova emerge through the curtain. Williams is in short, thigh length glossy black trunks with "DW" in a stencil font enclosed in a silver circle with "Brooklyn" written smaller in a similar font on the bottom left front. He wears black boots coming up to mid-calf with black kneepads. His wrists are taped with glossy black athletic tape with black, half finger weightlifting gloves on his hands and black neoprene elbowpads. Rounding out the ensemble is a black glossy vest with a silver hood pulled up as he walks down the aisle, choosing to ignore the outstretched hands of the fans along the aisle, keeping his focus on the ring unlike his partner who hits every hand in sight.

Supernova is dressed in black tights with yellow flames running up the side and black wrestling boots. His face is painted yellow and black, resembling a flame. He pauses in the aisle, throwing his crew-cut blonde hair-covered hair back, cupping his hands to his mouth and giving the fans a howl that they echo. The World Television Champion grins at their response, lightly slapping the title belt around his waist.]

GM: And here they come, fans. The World Television Champion and the man who will receive a shot at that very title when we come to you live from Canada for the very first time in a few short weeks.

BW: Gordo, going into a match like this, don't you think Derrick Williams has to be thinking about pulling a fast one?

GM: What do you mean?

BW: Well, winning tonight doesn't do him any good. He gets a few extra bucks in his pocket at the pay window, sure, but the real win needs to come in Calgary. How does Williams not figure out a way to leave Supernova with some kind of major injury going into that match?

GM: That's just not the kind of person Derrick Williams is, Bucky... unlike you.

BW: That's because I'm a winner and Derrick Williams hangs out with a washed-up has-been like Kevin Slater.

GM: Besides, what happens if Shadoe Rage walks out of Seattle with the title?

BW: Oh yeah. That's totally going to happen. So Williams should try to injure Shadoe Rage.

GM: Bucky!

[Williams climbs the steps as his partner pulls himself up on the apron. Both men duck through the ropes, Williams pulling down his hood to a big cheer as he does. He quickly removes his vest, flinging it aside and pointing a threatening finger at Shadoe Rage who ignores Williams, making the belt gesture at Supernova who waves him forward.]

GM: We are just nine nights away from the long-awaited SuperClash rematch, pitting Supernova against Shadoe Rage with the World Television Title on the line... and you have to imagine that as dastardly as Shadoe Rage is, his tag team have been given very specific orders here tonight.

BW: Absolutely. Rage wants Supernova weakened going into Seattle and if Carter and Hill can make that happen, mission accomplished.

[Dancing around a bit, Amos Carter shouts at Supernova who barely acknowledges him, keeping an eye on Shadoe Rage. Williams grabs his partner by the shoulder, steering him towards the corner.]

GM: And it looks like it'll be the young lion, Derrick Williams, starting it off for his squad... and Amos Carter will be the one across the ring from him.

[Referee Andy Dawson manages to get it down to Williams and Carter before he signals for the bell.]

GM: This tag team matchup is underway, fans!

[Carter dashes forward, feinting an attack as Williams draws back his right arm. A smirking Carter bounces back, wagging a finger with a "nah, nah, nah."]

GM: You saw how quickly Derrick Williams was ready to drop Amos Carter with that elbow right there, Bucky.

BW: Williams has been hot under the collar for weeks now. All this business with his mentor, Kevin Slater... the lights going out... the missed chances at becoming the World Television Champion. He's in a mood and it might not be a good night to be Carter or Hill.

[Carter uses his smaller size to dance around in a circle, keeping Williams turning to face him...]

...and then rushes forward, ducking his unkempt black hair covered head down in a single leg attempt. Williams sprawls down, pushing Carter down to the mat where he absolutely pummels him with three hard clubbing forearms down across the back. Carter pulls out, rolling away from Williams with a surprised expression.]

GM: Well, that didn't work.

BW: Nope, sure didn't. Carter might need to hit the drawing board again after that.

[Williams rises to his feet, beckoning Carter towards him as Rage slides around next to him, whispering to Carter as he climbs to his feet near the ropes.]

BW: Carter's not known for his mat wrestling skills, Gordo. He's a high flyer so he's going to need to stay away from Williams and pick up the pace to stand a chance against the devastating striking that Williams brings to the dance.

[Carter edges away from the ropes, extending an arm towards Williams who moves towards him...]

GM: Collar and elbow tieup... Williams backing him up against the ropes with ease...

[The referee calls for a break as does Carter who shouts, "Get him off me! Get him off me!" Williams obliges, lifting his arms...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS Carter in the sternum with an overhead chop!]

GM: Good grief!

[Grabbing the arm, Williams shoots Carter towards the ropes.]

GM: Carter on the move, ducks the clothesline...

[Leaping up to the second rope, Carter springs off, twisting around towards Williams...]

...who sidesteps, watching as Carter faceplants down to the canvas with a crossbody attempt!]

GM: Swing and a miss!

[Carter again rolls away, shaking his head as Williams stays in the middle of the ring, calling Carter forward again. But this time, Carter rolls to his corner, reaching up to tag his partner.]

GM: And an early tag for the Misfits as Rashan Hill tags in.

[Hill steps through the ropes, marching himself across the ring, getting right up in the face of Derrick Williams.]

BW: This is more like it, Gordo. These two big young bulls are about the same size and-

[Williams shuts Hill's trash talking mouth with a solid forearm shot on the chin, knocking him down to the mat to another big cheer!]

GM: You were saying?

BW: Well, that didn't work either.

GM: Nope, sure didn't. Let's face facts, Bucky. Hill and Carter have all the potential in the world and with the twisted guidance of Shadoe Rage, they might get there at some point. But expecting them to stand toe-to-toe with the likes of Derrick Williams and the World Television Champion at this point in their development is lunacy if you ask me.

BW: You gotta take on the best to get to be the best, daddy.

[Hill comes off the mat, clutching his jaw as Williams grabs him by the head, dragging him to the corner where he rifles him headfirst into the top turnbuckle before reaching out and tagging in Supernova to a big cheer.]

GM: And in comes the World Television Champion!

[Nova steps in, turning to face the cornered Hill. He throws a right hand... and another... and another. He switches his stance slightly, throwing jabbing left-handed backfists to the face, faster and faster... then back to the right, hammering away and forcing Hill down to a knee in the corner as the crowd cheers and the referee protests.]

GM: Supernova's pounding him like a 6'4" nail!

[Nova spins away, howling to the fans as Shadoe Rage climbs up on the apron, shouting at the official and at Supernova. Andy Dawson wheels around, shouting at Rage to get off the apron as Supernova leans into a defensive posture, waving Rage into the ring...

...which allows Hill to push up off the mat, leaping into the air, and CRACKING Supernova in the back of the head with a spinning leg lariat!]

GM: Oh my! Hill from behind!

[Hill quickly flips Supernova onto his back, diving across his chest, hooking a leg...]

GM: ONE! T-

[But the World Television Champion kicks out before two, sending Hill flying off of him. Hill scampers back into position, grabbing Nova by the hair, pistoning short right hands into the temple of the champion as Rage shouts encouragement from his spot back on the floor.]

GM: Hill dragging the champion to his feet...

[Leaning over, Hill wraps his arms around Supernova's torso, driving him backwards into the neutral corner.]

GM: Slams him back into the buckles, putting all his weight behind it!

[Staying doubled up, Hill grabs the middle rope, slamming his shoulder into the gut once... twice... three times...

...and then executes a nice backflip out of the corner, charging back in...]

GM: Ohh! Running shoulder to the midsection!

BW: Now THAT worked! The kid's got Supernova in some trouble, Gordo.

GM: He certainly does and Shadoe Rage likes the look of this situation.

[Rage again barks orders from the floor as Hill gives him a nod, hooking Supernova under the arm...

...and LAUNCHES him out of the corner, throwing him down to the canvas with a high hiptoss!]

GM: HIIIIIIIGH HIPTOSS OUT OF THE CORNER!

[Hill pounds himself in the chest, playing to the crowd who boo in response. Rage leans through the ropes, shouting at Hill as he points at Supernova. The referee warns Rage to stay out of the ring as the former Television Champion insistently orders Hill to stay on the attack.]

GM: Hill moving back in... a little slower than Coach Rage would like...

[He drags Supernova to his feet, turning to shout to Rage with a "Coach, check this out!" as he throws a kick aimed at the midsection...

...a kick that Supernova easily catches.]

GM: Hill wasted too much time and he got caught!

[Hill bounces on one foot a few times, shaking his head at Supernova who swings him around, lifting him into the air and dropping him down on his tailbone with an atomic drop!]

GM: BIIIIIG ATOMIC DROP!

[With Hill stunned, Supernova throws himself to the far ropes, barely missing a wild swing from Amos Carter, rebounding off to put Hill down with a running clothesline.]

GM: And the World Television Champion runs him down with the clothesline!

[Supernova turns, pointing a warning finger at Shadoe Rage who is kneeling on the apron. The official rushes over at Rage again, threatening a disqualification if Rage continues to ignore his orders.]

GM: Shadoe Rage is a constant thorn in the side of the referee here in this one as Supernova pulls Hill up to his feet. Big scoop... and a big slam down in the middle of the ring!

[With Hill down, the champion rushes to the ropes again - the other ropes this time to avoid a crafty Carter - and bounces back, leaping high into the air with an elbowdrop down into the sternum!]

GM: High flying elbow by the World Television Champion!

[Supernova rolls over into a lateral press, picking up a two count before Hill kicks out.]

GM: Two count only off the elbowdrop.

BW: You're not gonna pin a guy like Hill with an elbowdrop, Gordo.

GM: Not this time at least.

[Pulling Hill off the mat, Supernova whips him the short distance into the neutral corner, sending him crashing hard into the buckles. Nova grabs him by the arm, whipping him across the ring...]

GM: Wait a second!

[...and backs into the corner, giving a howl!]

GM: He's going for the Heat Wave!

BW: Already?!

[Rage jumps up on the apron, shouting at Supernova who ignores him. The referee rushes to confront Rage as Supernova goes barreling across the ring, leaping high into the air...

...and SLAMS chestfirst into the corner as Amos Carter slips down the apron, yanking his partner by the arm out of harm's way!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Illegal assist by Carter and Rage!

[A smirking Rage hops down to the floor, begging off as the official threatens the disqualification. Andy Dawson turns around, looking puzzled at Supernova

slumping out of the corner, falling to his knees as Carter tags himself back into the mat, slingshotting over the top rope into the ring.]

GM: Amos Carter has genius-level intellect from what we've been told...

BW: He certainly showed it right there, Gordo.

[Carter builds up speed, hitting the ropes, rebounding off with a one-legged dropkick to the face of the kneeling Supernova, putting him back down on the mat where Carter makes a pin attempt.]

GM: ONE! TWO!

[Supernova kicks out again as Carter hops back up to his feet, looking around with a bit of confusion about what to do next. Rage shouts at him, pointing at the downed Supernova.]

GM: Carter showing inexperience here, not being able to stay on his opponent.

[Carter pulls Supernova back to his feet, snapping a jab up under his chin. Rage throws the same jab on the floor, shouting encouragement as Carter lands a second... and a third...]

GM: Carter's fists are flying...

[Dropping down to the mat, Carter spins around in a back legsweep, taking Supernova's legs out from under him...]

...and uncorks a standing moonsault, crashing down across the chest as he desperately rounds up both legs into a tight cradle.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But again, Supernova powers out, breaking out of the pin attempt.]

GM: Another two count... and again Carter to his feet, looking around in confusion. To me, that's a competitor completely unable to think more than one move ahead, Bucky.

BW: He's never had to before. He's used to being cannon fodder where all he had to think about was if he'd be able to eat solid food that night.

[Carter walks towards the corner, slapping Rashan Hill's offered hand.]

GM: Quick tag by the Misfits, Rage doesn't seem happy about it.

BW: Carter had things going his way and Hill hasn't been outside recovering for very long.

[Hill stumbles back into the ring, waving as Carter pulls Supernova to his feet, backing him up into the ropes.]

GM: Double whip coming up...

[The Misfits join hands, looking for a double clothesline but Supernova runs right through it!]

GM: Supernova fights it off... off the far side!

[Supernova offers up a double clothesline of his own, taking Hill and Carter down to the canvas!]

GM: DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE CONNECTS! OH MY!

[Falling to his knees, Supernova looks to the corner where Derrick Williams has his arm stretched out, calling for the tag...]

GM: Williams wants the tag!

[Supernova turns to the corner, crawling on his hands and knees as Carter rolls to the floor. Shadoe Rage rushes over next to him, viciously slapping him in the back of the head, shouting at him.]

GM: Shadoe Rage isn't happy with the strategy being employed by his Misfits obviously. Hill trying to get up off the mat but he's going to need to do it quickly if he's going to get there in time to stop Supernova from making the tag.

[Hill pushes up to his knees as Rage shouts at him. Hill weakly nods, turning towards Supernova who pushes up to his feet.]

GM: Nova's up and almost there... Hill right behind him!

[Hill grabs Supernova by the shoulder, swinging him around for a right hand but Nova ducks it, sending Hill flying towards the corner where Derrick Williams BLASTS him with a forearm shot, sending him flying backwards and down to the mat as Supernova collapses into the buckles, slapping his partner's hand before falling through the ropes to the floor.]

GM: TAG!

[The young lion ducks through the ropes, rushing across the ring, leaping into the air to land a forearm smash on Amos Carter, sending him sailing off the apron...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: INTO THE RAILING! OH MY!

[Williams turns around, waving a hand at the downed Hill who is trying to recover and get back into the fight.]

GM: Hill coming to his feet...

[But Williams rushes across the ring, lowering his shoulder into the torso and driving Hill back into the corner. He steps back, teeing off with his right arm...]

GM: ELBOW AFTER ELBOW TO THE SKULL OF RASHAN HILL! OH MY STARS!

[The battering drops Hill down into a seated position against the buckles as the referee literally has to shove Williams out of the corner. The young lion twists away, giving a shout as the AWA fans show him their support.]

GM: Backing to the far corner - what's Williams got in mind here?

[After a moment, he shows us, barreling across the ring, dropping into a baseball slide...]

...and DRIVES his elbow into the skull of the seated Hill, sliding right past him and out to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Williams spins around, rushing down the length of the ringside area where Amos Carter is trying to get back up on the apron...

...and leaps up into the air, driving both feet into the skull of Carter, knocking him back down off the apron!]

GM: DRIVE BY DROPKICK CONNECTS!

[Williams climbs back to his feet, all fired up as he ducks back into the ring. The referee is again shouting at Shadoc Rage as he tries to intervene...

...but Williams lands a running basement dropkick, sending Rage back down to the floor as well!]

GM: HE CLEARS OUT RAGE AS WELL!

[Williams pops to his feet, tugging at his elbowpad, giving it a few slaps to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: Williams is calling for the Neuralyzer! He's gonna turn out Rashan Hill's lights!

[Hill is slowly starting to rise in the corner, hanging onto the ropes as Williams shouts at him, calling him out...]

GM: Hill can't get back up...

[A furious Williams stomps across the ring, reaching down to grab Hill...

...who reaches out, raking the eyes of his opponent!]

GM: Oh! Hill goes to the eyes!

[The referee approaches Hill, reprimanding him for the eyegouge...

...at which point Hill wraps his arms around the official, holding him in a loose bodylock as Williams slumps down to a knee, rubbing his eyes fiercely.]

GM: What in the world is he...?

BW: COACH!

[A pissed-off Shadoc Rage rolls into the ring, tearing across it while the referee is tied up...

...and SLAMS his knee into the skull of the kneeling Derrick Williams!]

BW: ECLIPSE! ECLIPSE!

[Dropping to his back, Rage rolls out to the floor as Hill lets go of the referee. The official warns him of a possible DQ as Hill staggers out of the corner towards the motionless Williams...

...and Rage goes tearing around the ring at top speed...]

GM: ONE!!

[...and grabs Supernova around the leg, preventing him from getting in the ring to break up the pin.]

GM: RAGE HAS GOT SUPERNOVA!

[The two count comes down... and then...]

GM: Ahhhh, give me a break!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Hill rolls out to the floor, grabbing his partner in a celebratory embrace.]

GM: The Misfits... and I can't believe I'm about to say this... but the Misfits have defeated Derrick Williams and Supernova thanks to some timely help from their Coach, Shadoe Rage.

BW: I love it, Gordo! Shadoe Rage just showed exactly what he's capable of outside the ring because we all know what he's capable of INSIDE the ring.

GM: But as Rage and his team celebrate, you have to wonder if Shadoe Rage and that devastating Eclipse kneestrike will be able to walk out of Seattle with the World Television Title back around his waist. Fans, another match we're going to be seeing at Memorial Day Mayhem is Charisma Knight taking on the debuting Ayako Fujiwara. Right now, let's take a special look at Fujiwara!

[We fade into archival footage of Emerson Gellar behind a podium, standing before a large crowd of reporters and other members of the media. The words "MARCH 5, 2016 OSAKA, JAPAN" appear on the upper left corner of the screen as he

speaks.]

EG: Right now, I want to officially announce the newest member of the AWA roster...

...Ayako Fujiwara!

[As we hear gasps and applause from the crowd, "I'm Coming Home" by Diddy featuring Skylar Grey, begins to play as we see a black and white shot of Ayako Fujiwara, walking down an airport corridor fading into a shot of Fujiwara boarding a plane and then once again fading into a shot of Ayako, seated inside, staring outside a window.]

#i'm coming home#

#I'm coming home#

#Tell the world I'm coming home#

#Let the rain wash away all the pain of yesterday#

[As we freeze on the image of Ayako staring out the plane window, shots of her in action are interspersed into the footage...

Ayako sending an opponent flying with an overhead belly-to-belly suplex.

Ayako climbing up onto the second rope and reaching over to grab an unsuspecting opponent standing on the apron around the waist and deadlifting her off the apron, bringing her back into the ring with a massive German suplex.

Ayako absorbing a superkick and obliterating her opponent with a lariat, before letting loose a primal scream.]

#I know my kingdom awaits#

#And they've forgiven my mistakes#

#I'm coming home#
#I'm coming home#
#Tell the world I'm coming#

[The scene then fades from Ayako seated inside the plane to a shot of her now back on the ground, her back turned to the camera. The shot pans upwards and zooms back to reveal that she is standing in front of the KeyArena in Seattle, Washington and then fades to complete black. As "I'm Coming Home" cuts out, we hear Ayako's voice...]

Ayako: Charisma Knight wonders if I'm just a fake. Nothing more than empty hype.

[A series of shots then play in rapid succession:

Ayako receiving her gold medal at the 2012 London games.

Ayako raising the massive Empress Cup into the air to a standing ovation from a sold out crowd in Sumo Hall.

A bloodied Ayako flying off the top rope to crush an opponent with a brutal knee strike.

Ayako nearly tossing Melissa Cannon across the entire ring with a belly-to-belly superplex.

Ayako sending Julie Somers flying violently backwards into the turnbuckles with a push kick.

Multiple shots of Ayako throwing her head back and being engulfed in streamers interspersed with shots of her crushing opponent after opponent with her "Kanpekina" reverse-rotation powerslam.]

Ayako: At Memorial Day Mayhem, Charisma Knight will find out...

[We cut back to the shot of Ayako in the present, standing before the KeyArena, before fading to complete black once more.]

Ayako:that I'm as real as it gets.

[Fade to black.

We fade in on a shot of the Crockett Coliseum. A voiceover begins.]

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

[A black and white still photo of Bobby Taylor, Jon Stegklet, and Todd Michaelson at the AWA Grand Opening Press Conference is seen.]

"In 2008, these men had a dream that they could start from nothing..."

[A still of the WKIK Studios marquee promoting the premiere broadcast of Saturday Night Wrestling.]

"...and grow into a global powerhouse."

[A series of headlines fly by - "THE AWA ON THE X!", "AWA TOUCHES DOWN IN TOKYO!", "SUPERCLASH VI HEADS TO THE BIG APPLE!"]

"These men had a dream too."

[Shots of Aaron Anderson... Eric Preston... Supreme Wright... Skywalker Jones... Air Strike... Hercules Hammonds... Brad Jacobs... all in action inside the AWA squared circle.]

"They dreamed of fame... they dreamed of glory... they dreamed of their friends and family seeing them on television... and their dreams came true."

[A shot of the old converted building that came to be the AWA training school - the Combat Corner - is shown with Todd Michaelson standing out in front of it with some of the first crop of students.]

"The road to being a pro wrestler is hard. None of those men would tell you otherwise. But they would all tell you that the best way to walk that road..."

[The shot of the old Corner fades into a shot of the Crockett Coliseum - an artist rendering of a renovated Coliseum with the Combat Corner sign out front. A second rendering shows a new backstage area, filled with workout equipment and a few wrestling rings. A third rendering shows a renovated arena bowl with less seating, giving room for the backstage improvements while still leaving room for the fans who will attend the new Combat Corner Wrestling shows.]

"...is through the Combat Corner - the official training school for the American Wrestling Alliance."

[We cut to footage of a very young Supreme Wright taking a forearm smash from Eric Preston before falling to his back. Todd Michaelson is crouched nearby, whistle hanging from his mouth as he watches approvingly.]

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

[A second batch of footage shows Marcus Broussard, Clayton Shaw, and Juan Vasquez running some students through their paces. See anyone you recognize?]

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas when the much-larger one snares a waistlock, powering his opponent up into the air, and effortlessly throwing him down in a waistlock takedown. He pops up, showing himself to be a huge, hulking brute of a man who looks like he was created inside of a lab. Michaelson grins, slapping the big man on the back as the voiceover continues.]

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

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

...and back up backstage where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is surrounded by the Kings of Wrestling. On Blackwell's left, the Tag Team Champions of the World stand side by side, dressed as they were earlier in the show. On Blackwell's right stand The AWA's Engine of Destruction, Brian James, as well as the World Heavyweight Champion, Johnny Detson. James is shirtless, and wears a pair of black jeans. His hair is wet and slicked back, as if he just stepped out of the shower. Johnny Detson's still sporting his vacation gear along with the World Title draped over his

shoulder.. And finally, standing just in front of Blackwell is Brian Lau, who, despite his earlier outrage, is all smiles now.]

SLB: Brian Lau, you look like the cat that just ate the canary.

BL: Oh, I'm a lot happier than some mangy fleabag that just got a mouth full of feathers, Blackwell. And why shouldn't I be? This is the King's World, and everyone else is lucky enough to be living in it!

SLB: Earlier, you were beside yourself, outraged by Emerson Gellar's decision to send Brian James to Japan.

BL: Stop living in the past, Blackwell!

SLB: That was less than an hour ago!

BL: Like I said, time to let it go!

SLB: Give me a break! Brian James, your manager might not be willing to talk about how upset he was earlier tonight but while he was fit to be tied, you looked quite pleased. I can only assume that come Memorial Day, you'll be looking to bring more gold to the Kings of Wrestling, Mr. James. International Gold in your case.

BJ: Looking? Think again, Blackwell.

I don't look to do anything. I don't hope for anything. I don't wish for anything. What I do, what every member of the Kings of Wrestling does, doesn't involve wishing and hoping.

What I will do is achieve.

Look around you, Blackwell. This is not some faction. This isn't a barn and we aren't a stable. This is a collection of the single greatest talents in the history of this, or any other sport. This is the benchmark of excellence.

What am I going to do in Japan?

I am going to take Japan by storm, and I am going to walk out the first CAGE champion. That isn't a boast or a brag.

That's a promise.

I said it before, and I'll say it again. I can't stand knowing that I am the only member of the Kings of Wrestling without championship gold. And that is a travesty I'll be rectifying in Japan. Nothing is going to stop me. And while I don't know about highwater, I promise you this, Blackwell.

Hell is coming to Tiger Paw Pro, and Brian James is coming back a champion.

SLB: Mr. Donovan and Mr. Taylor. It seems that you two will be the only members of the Kings of Wrestling in action at Memorial Day Mayhem.

[Blackwell looks around.]

SLB: Before we talk about Memorial Day, where in the world is Shane Taylor?

[Wes Taylor waves a dismissive hand at Blackwell.]

WT: Don't you worry your pretty little head about it, Lou. Shane's getting ready for the biggest match of his life-

SLB: Bigger than Steal The Spotlight?! I hardly think-

WT: That's the problem, Blackwell. You DO hardly think. Because if you did, you'd know better than to interrupt one-half of 2016's Tag Team Of The Year when he's got something to say! As I was saying before I was so sloppily interrupted, don't you worry about Uncle Shane. Uncle Shane realizes the opportunity he's been given here tonight. He knows what's at stake... and he knows that the master plan is in place to make sure that Tony and I walk out of Seattle as YOUR World Tag Team Champions.

SLB: Tony Donovan, your final thoughts on the tandem you'll be taking on at Memorial Day Mayhem - Dufresne and Lynch - and the implications of your Winner Takes All match?

TD: No, no, no, Blackwell. Those two aren't a tandem. They're not a unit. They're not a team. What they are are two individuals with egos the size of the Grand Canyon. What they are are two people who are more concerned with their own personal success than they are for the whole team. Calisto Dufresne wants to claim the World Tag Team Title - a title he's never held - I don't doubt that.

But at the same time, out of the corner of his eye, he has to see Travis Lynch standing there wearing the title that Dufresne thinks was stolen from him so many years ago.

[Donovan smirks.]

TD: And don't you think he'd take ANY opportunity to get that belt back around his waist?

SLB: I don't-

TD: And then there's Travis Lynch. Now, a lot has been said about the Lynch family and almost all of it is true. Travis Lynch thinks he's going to avenge his invalid brother by getting his dirty Texan hands on me? He thinks he can make my father regret what he did?

[Donovan shakes his head.]

TD: The way I see it, my father did two things right in his life, Blackwell.

One... he somehow managed to produce me.

[Donovan gestures at himself as his partner slaps him on the shoulder.]

TD: And two, he crippled James Lynch and rid the world of one more Texas parasite.

So, my father should be proud of what he did to your brother, Travis... lord knows it's one of the only things I'm proud of him for.

And if I get the chance...

[Wes Taylor holds up a finger.]

TD: Correction. If WE get a chance...

[Donovan smirks again.]

TD: ...you better believe we're going to do the exact same thing to you, Drugstore Cowboy. Ridding the world of wrestling of those overblown, overhyped Lynch boys? Yeah, that's the kind of thing that makes you Tag Team of the Year, palooka.

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: Well, it would seem that your confidence is at an all-time high.

BL: Of course it is, Blackwell. We are ready for Memorial Day Mayhem. But...

[Lau cracks a devious grin.]

BL: I am a firm believer that one can never be too ready, that there is no such thing as too many contingency plans. So I have taken one more measure to ensure the continued success of the Kings of Wrestling.

It has been the deepest honor in my life to serve as counsel for these four men here. To guide and nurture these talented individuals. But no man, no matter how wise he is, should listen to only his own advice.

So, Blackwell, I have found my own consiglieri. I have found a man who is my intellectual equal, a man whose tactical genius rivals my own.

SLB: Is he as modest as you?

BL: I'm not going to let you ruin my mood, Blackwell.

But I am going to introduce you to the secret weapon in our arsenal. A world traveler, a man of unparalleled brilliance. And more importantly, my close friend and personal physician.

"Doctor," if you would.

[Out walks "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett. Gone is the five o'clock shadow and the bags under his eyes. The keen predatory intellect that hasn't been seen in months is once again very much evident in his eyes. He wears a fine all-white suit, the only hints of color being a blood-red tie and handkerchief tucked neatly in the lapel pocket. He glares at a befuddled Lou Blackwell much in the same way a coyote glares at a wounded rabbit.]

SLB: Fawcett? YOU'RE the secret weapon?!

[Fawcett nods, smiling humorlessly.]

"D"HF: Do not be so surprised, Mister Blackwell. The long-held respect and friendship between me and Mister Lau is well known. When everyone else was licking their lips when the opportunity to kick me as I was at my lowest, he reached out to me with a helping hand... a gesture I will not soon forget.

SLB: The Kings of Wrestling aren't exactly your usual cup of tea, Fawcett. These are not wild brutes from some forgotten corner of the world. What can you possibly bring to the table?

[Fawcett sighs.]

"D"HF: I forgive you.

[Fawcett nods with mock sympathy.]

"D"HF: You ask these questions for one reason. A reason that you could not ever rise above. You have a tiny little brain, so minuscule that it is a modern marvel that it does not simply fall out of your ear. Yes, it is true I am an avid hunter and collector of the arcane and bizarre.

[Fawcett pauses, a brief look of anger flashing across his face.]

"D"HF: However, if you think I am some simpleton that needs a bauble to amass power... you have me convinced with another gentleman that crawls on his belly around here. I am the possessor of a mind that can take wild savages and demon kinds and harness them into a focused fighting machine. With that in mind, imagine what I can do to help guide men that are already world class athletes at the absolute peak of their profession.

[Taylor and Donovan nod as Lau grins.]

"D"HF: Now, again... I know your sad little mind cannot conceive of such a thing. Luckily for you, the trail of broken bodies should sufficiently paint the picture for even someone as slow as you.

BL: And there you have it, Blackwell. The future is bright, the world is ours, and for everyone else, there's only one thing you can do.

Tony?

[Donovan leans in towards the camera, almost popping his head in from out of view.]

TD: Start running!

[There's laughter all around from the Kings of Wrestling 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.

Cut to backstage, where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing with Allen Allen. Allen is wearing an AWA t-shirt along with his usual wrestling gear. Allen seems more than a little nervous to be standing under the spotlight.]

SLB: Some men are born to greatness, and others have it thrust upon them. And some? Well, some are given the opportunity to show what they're made of. And into that latter category, we find you, Mr. Allen. Here you are on the verge of the biggest night of your career.

[Allen chuckles nervously.]

AA: No pressure, huh Lou?

SLB: Well, not to put too fine a point on it, there is pressure on you tonight Mr. Allen. Because tonight you...

AA: Tonight, I face my demons!

[Blackwell clears his throat after being interrupted, and then nods.]

SLB: That is right. Tonight you confront what are almost literal demons. Mad Dog and Thrash, the team called Downfall, as well as their manager, the man who has tormented you for months, Mister Sadisuto.

AA: You're right Lou. Mister Sadisuto and Downfall have left me lying more than once. They'd beaten me up. But you know what they say, Lou, it's not the size of the fight in the dog, it's the size of the dog in the fight.

[Blackwell arches an eyebrow, making a swirly gesture with his off hand.]

AA: Or... uh... the other way around! Whatever way you want to put it, this dog... me... has got a lot of fight in him!

SLB: And of course, you're not alone. Though I have to ask, Mr. Allen, where are your partners?

AA: They should be along any second...

[And no sooner does he say that then the air is filled with a loud, wild "WHOOOP!" and, like the proverbial bulls in a China shop, in come the Rotgut Rustlers. Leading the way is "Hang 'Em High" Sam Turner, loudly clanging his cowbell and only narrowly missing Lou with a clothesline. Next to him is the bad man from the badlands, Hell's Half Acre's favorite son, Tombstone Anderson. Bare chested, wild eyed and wooly haired, Anderson stomps his furry boots with every step.]

SLB: Joining us now, and at last, are the Rotgut Rustlers.

ST: Well I'm sorry you had to wait Lou Blackwell but did you see that spread on that table? I got seven kids and a fat wife at home, bawh... I ain't about to pass that up!

[Sam stops to belch as Lou looks disgusted.]

ST: Now I knew ol' Allen times two here had something to say about what these no good varmints have been doing to him up and down the roads of this great country, so I don't wanna hear no bellyachin'!

TA: Look Lou Blackwell, you don't gotta spend no more time wonderin' where we was. All you need to know is that the Rotgut Rustlers are here right now, and we are ready to take on them two Downfalls. What's their names? Stomp and Pitbull?

SLB: Mad Dog and Thrash.

TA: Them too!

And we're also more than willin' to put our hands around the scrawny neck of that Mister Sadisutoooooo...

[Tombstone stretches that name out for a long time.]

TA: What's been doin' nothin' but tryin' to put our little buddy Allen Allen outta commission. Well, let me tell ya somethin' Lou Blackwell, them days of bullyin' our buddy are over.

The Rotgut Rustlers are here, and we ain't gonna let no one hurt Allen again.

SLB: That does raise the question, why did you come to the aid of Allen Allen?

TA: Well, ya see its real simple, Lou Blackwell.

Now, there ain't nothin' more that me and Sam like than a fight. Heck, when we can't find no one else to fight, we just fight each other, ain't that right Sam?

ST: I ain't never been put through the wringer like I have by this man right here. And most of the scars that criss-cross his body are from yours truly and a spool of barbed wire. We know something about putting that hurt on a body and spillin' that blood.

TA: That's right!

Now, like I was sayin' Lou Blackwell, me and Sam ain't got no problems with fightin'. But me and Sam ain't never liked it when it was two...

ST: Or three!

TA: Yeah, or three guys takin' on one guy. That aint' right, Lou Blackwell! And when we see someone like Allen Allen, who ain't never said no to a fight in his life, no matter what the odds are, gettin' a raw deal, well, we ain't gonna stand for that, are we Sam?

ST: We've all been where Allen In Stereo are. We all got our start and learned the ropes of this business with our own bruised bodies. That's a hell of a thing for anyone to put themselves through just to get a few sawbucks in their pocket without a couple of painted up rodeo clowns tryin' to take that living away just to make themselves look like the biggest and baddest.

SLB: Now, I understand, Mr. Turner, that you did some, ahem, research in preparation for this match?

[Sam nods.]

ST: Well like I said, these bawhs are as couple of painted up rodeo clowns. Now, I ain't one to take anyone lightly. I've been in this sport a damn sight too long for that. So we had to get in their heads, think like they do so we can be prepared for ANYTHING they might throw at us.

[Lou nods.]

ST: So we went down to the makeup counter at Macy's. I figure if anyone knows how a couple of guys that want to get done up like they're getting taken to a steak dinner by the town stud, it'd be those ladies there. They told me about something called "contour shadin'" and I told them something about knocking those two no good varmints head together and leaving them in a heap!

SLB: Well, I don't see how that will prepare you, but...

TA: Look Lou Blackwell, the Rotgut Rustlers ain't never had to prepare for no fight in their whole lives! You know how we prepare for a fight? We wake up.

Sometimes Sam ain't even awake, he's just fightin' guys in his sleep!

We're the Rotgut Rustlers. We ain't pretty, and we ain't very nice. But we get the job done, and that's what's gonna happen tonight, Lou Blackwell. Them Downfalls are gonna fall down, and then we're gonna stomp on 'em until they don't get up no more.

SLB: Well, with friends like these, you've got to feel good about your chances, right Mr. Allen?

AA: Look Lou, I know the truth. I know I look more like someone who should be watching the matches than I do someone who is in the matches. I know I'm not the biggest, I know I'm not the toughest, and I know that my win-loss record isn't envied by anyone.

SLB: Well, maybe Andy Blue.

[Allen gets a Charlie Brown-esque sad face as Tombstone and Turner glare at Blackwell who shrugs sheepishly, allowing Allen to continue.]

AA: But I'm here for one reason, and that's to show the world that you don't have to have a million dollar body to achieve your dreams. All you need is guts, determination, and the willingness to work hard.

And let me tell you something – when it comes to Allen Allen, no one has got more guts and determination than me.

I may not be tall like Torin or all muscly like Flex , but I will never stop showing up. I'll never stop fighting. In times like these, when you have a World Champion who won't wrestle, and a man like Juan Vasquez who talks a lot about making the AWA great but never does anything to help, I'm here, and I'll keep being here.

Rain or shine, win or lose, Allen Allen is here. And tonight, with these two men by my side, I'm going to prove to Downfall, Mister Sadisuto, and the whole darn world that dreams do come true.

And sometimes, the good guys do win!

SLB: And that says it all folks! Phil Watson, take it away!

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

PW: The following SIX MAN TAG TEAM contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit. Introducing first...

[The sound of a drum being struck twice is followed by the opening guitar of 'The Ghoul' by Pentagram. The lights in the arena fade and a spotlight shines upon entrance way.

Out from behind the entrance curtain emerges Mr. Sadisuto, impeccably dressed in formal suit with a black derby hat. The veteran from Tokyo carries a wooden cane with a carved dragon's head handle. Sadisuto is smiling broadly and making slow but purposeful motions with the cane, much like attack katas. The crowd boos him persistently as fog slowly begins to form along the aisle way.]

PW: They weigh in at a combined 848 pounds...

[Mr. Sadisuto pauses and touches the dragon's head to the brim of his derby hat, seemingly signaling someone or someones. Two brutes emerge from behind the curtain. They are nearly identical in height and size and walk with a purpose behind Mr. Sadisuto. The men are clad in black studded leather vests, black armbands with half inch silver spikes covering nearly every inch of them, full-length black wrestling tights with silver waistbands and black wrestling boots. Their faces are covered by white masks, which have a red circle in the center of them.]

PW: They are the team of Mad Dog and Thrash... DOOOOOWNNNNFAAAAALL... and their tag team partner and manager... MISTER SADISUTOOOOOOO!

[Mr. Sadisuto ascends the ring steps and waits upon the apron as the members of Downfall enter the ring. Mr. Sadisuto's brutes pull their masks off revealing their painted faces. Thrash's face is painted predominately black but around both eyes are blue diamonds and there is a thin blue stripe that which runs down the middle of his face. Mad Dog's forehead down to the nose is painted a solid black while the lower portion of his face is covered in jagged diagonal red and white lines. He opens his mouth, extending his vibrant, red tongue down towards his chin.]

GM: Quite the intimidating duo in there, Bucky.

BW: Trio, Gordo. There's three of `em.

GM: I don't know if Sadisuto would intimidate anyone other than the guy running the buffet line.

BW: Tell that to Ryan Martinez if you can find him. Sadisuto messed up his shoulder but good and Martinez still hasn't fully recovered from that.

GM: An excellent point, Bucky. It's easy to discount Mister Sadisuto based off his appearance as I just did but he truly is a capable wrestler inside that squared circle.

[During the banter, Thrash has backed Phil Watson into the corner and is shouting at the ring announcer - "IT'S MASTER SADISUTO! MASTER!"]

GM: Oh, come on. There's no need to bully Phil Watson like that.

BW: On the contrary, I think we could all stand a little more bullying of that incompetent schmuck. Get the guy's name right and everything is golden, daddy.

[Thrash is still shouting at the ring announcer when suddenly the music changes to "Loco Gringos Like To Party" by The Reverend Horton Heat to big cheers! Those cheers get louder as Sam Turner, Tombstone Anderson, and yes, even Allen Allen come charging down the aisle towards the ring. The trio slide under the ropes into the ring, coming up swingin'.]

GM: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO!

[Tombstone Anderson stomps across the ring, grabbing Thrash by the shoulder, swinging him around into a wild haymaker as Phil Watson ducks out of the ring. Sam Turner and Mad Dog are trading big shots several feet away as Allen Allen ducks under a chop by Mister Sadisuto, bouncing off the ropes and dropping the rotund Japanese grappler with a clothesline, sending him rolling under the ropes and out to the floor.]

GM: Allen drops Sadisuto... and he's going out after him!

[The Boise crowd is on their feet as Allen grabs Sadisuto by the hair, bashing his head into the ring apron. The music is still playing as Thrash gets upended with a big headbutt, sending him toppling through the ropes to the floor. Tombstone Anderson whips around, marching across the ring to where his partner has battered Mad Dog up against the ropes...]

GM: Mad Dog coming back... and a double back elbow takes him down off his feet!

[With a whoop, Sam Turner raises his arm as his partner does the same, dropping elbows in tandem down into the chest of Mad Dog. The wild-eyed Anderson rolls out of the ring as Turner rolls into a lateral press...

...but the official waves his arms, waving it off.]

BW: The match hasn't even started yet, you buffoon!

[Turner slaps his hands together three times, climbing to his feet as the official points Turner back into the corner...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

[...and the crowd cheers as Tombstone Anderson hurls Thrash into the ringside barricade!]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands and I don't think this match is going to slow down if that's what the referee is waiting for.

[Turner marches into his corner, slamming his own head into the turnbuckle as the referee shakes his head and signals for the bell...

...and Turner comes flying back out of the corner, rushing towards Mad Dog, pushing him back into the corner.]

GM: Well, this is officially underway now and...

[Turner steps back, throwing a big right hand to the jaw... and another... and another... and another... and another... and another... and another...]

BW: Get him back, ref!

GM: Totally illegal right hands being thrown by Sam Turner and-

BW: DQ! Ring the bell!

[another...and another... and another... and another... and another... and another... and another...]

BW: This is ridiculous! What the heck kind of match is this, Gordo?!

GM: It's a Rotgut Rustlers match!

[...and another... and another... and finally, Turner grabs him by the wrist, yanking the dazed Mad Dog towards him and dropping him flat with a shortarm forearm smash!]

GM: My oh my! Down goes Mad Dog after that!

[Mad Dog rolls under the ropes, exiting the ring as Turner stomps around the squared circle, shouting to his partners who are back up on the apron at the referee's orders.]

GM: Turner's going out after him!

["Hang 'Em High" Sam Turner exits the ring under the ropes, approaching the dazed Mad Dog and grabbing him by the arm. He pulls him over towards the neutral corner, wrapping his arm around the bottom rope, trapping him there before delivering three short elbowsmashes to the side of the neck!]

GM: Turner going to town out on the floor... hang on here!

[With Turner going to work on his partner, the recovering Thrash moves to intervene but Turner catches him with a big right hand, sending him stumbling back as Turner shoves Mad Dog back inside the ring.]

GM: Sam Turner bringing Mad Dog back in... and now putting him back in the corner...

[Tombstone Anderson's eyes light up as Turner slaps his hand, bringing him into the match. Turner pulls Mad Dog up into the air, bringing him down on a bent knee...]

GM: Atomic drop by Turner!

[...which sends him right into Anderson's waiting arms who lifts him up, dropping him down on a bent knee as well!]

GM: INVERTED atomic drop!

[And with Mad Dog reeling, Anderson winds up and claps his arms together on the ears of Mad Dog, sending him falling back into the corner where Anderson stomps in, slapping a surprised Allen Allen on the shoulder with a boisterous "GET IN HERE, BAWH!"]

GM: Allen Allen didn't look like he necessarily WANTED the tag there but he got it nonetheless.

[Allen steps into the ring, looking around a bit confused...

...and Anderson grabs him by the arm, whipping him out...]

GM: Irish whip...

[...and pulls him back the other way, sending him crashing into Mad Dog!]

GM: Ohh! Nice doubleteam move there by Anderson and Allen!

BW: Allen played no part in that at all, Gordo. Be real about it. He's just a tackling dummy that Tombstone Anderson used as a weapon.

[Allen is a little shaken up by his impact in the corner but he grabs Mad Dog by the hair nonetheless, pulling him out of the corner, leaping into the air and extending his legs in a dropkick.]

GM: Standing dropkick puts Mad Dog back down to the mat!

BW: Well, it was no Larry Wallace but it wasn't bad.

GM: Caught him right on the mush... Allen back up... and a quick tag to Sam Turner. Quick tags all the way around by this squad.

[Turner steps back into the ring, grabbing Mad Dog off the mat, shoving him back into the ropes alongside Allen Allen...]

GM: A double whip sends Mad Dog across... and a sky high double backdrop, putting Mad Dog down on the canvas!

[Turner claps Allen hard on the back, cheering him on as Allen exits the ring. Turner delivers a pair of stomps to Mad Dog before pulling him back up off the canvas.]

GM: Turner shoots him to the neutral corner.

[Stomping in after him, Turner pulls Mad Dog's painted face into a side headlock. He winds up, smashing a closed fist with one shot... two shots... three shots...]

GM: Turner looking for the Slackjaw - that bulldog out of the corner!

[But before he can do it, Sadisuto grabs the referee's attention, shouting at him in Japanese...]

...and Thrash comes charging down the apron as Mad Dog shoves off the distracted Turner, dropping him with a clothesline from outside the ring!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OUTSIDE INTERFERENCE BY THRASH!

[Tombstone Anderson shouts his complaints from across the ring as the referee turns around, looking puzzled at what just happened. Mad Dog ignores the official, stumbling to his corner and making the tag.]

GM: Thrash is in and Sam Turner is in trouble, fans.

[Thrash stomps in, taking aim and smashing a double axehandle down across the head of Turner as he sits up. The Downfall member drops to his knees, delivering repeated double sledges down into the chest, keeping him down on the canvas.]

GM: Thrash is hammering away on Turner...

[Thrash pops up with a "YAAAAAAA!" aimed at the official who backs off, warning against a DQ. Ignoring the official, Thrash grabs the top rope, viciously stomping Turner over and over and over, driving him under the ropes and out onto the ring apron.]

GM: Get him off the man, referee!

[As the official steps in, Sadisuto drops down off the apron, wrapping his hands around the throat of Sam Turner, viciously choking him as the referee is tied up with the official. Allen Allen comes down off the apron, ready to intervene but Thrash points it out and the official slides out to the floor, blocking Allen's path. The fans jeer the shenanigans as Thrash moves back in, stepping out on the apron...]

GM: Turner's down on the apron and look out here...

[Thrash jumps off the apron, smashing the point of his elbow down into the windpipe of Sam Turner, causing his legs to kick up off the mat. He coughs violently, clutching at his throat as Thrash points a threatening finger at Tombstone Anderson who is looking down at him from the apron.]

GM: Tensions are running high in this one, Bucky.

BW: You know they are. Downfall wants to be in the title picture. The Rustlers do too. So you add that into the bad blood between Allen and Sadisuto... and speak of the devil!

[The crowd jeers as Mister Sadisuto reaches out and makes the tag, coming through the ropes. He mockingly bows to the fans, waddling over towards the downed Sam Turner. Sadisuto stomps the crawling Turner once... twice...]

GM: Sadisuto trying to prevent Turner from getting across the ring... trying to prevent him from getting to his corner and make the tag.

[Sadisuto circles around Turner, delivering another stomp, this one down between the eyes... and then walks to the corner, tagging Mad Dog back in.]

GM: Well, that wasn't much.

BW: Hey, if you've got guys like Thrash and Mad Dog in the ring with you, why bother doing the hard work yourself?

[Mad Dog pulls Turner to his feet as Sadisuto makes his exit. He lands two big shots to the midsection, pushing Turner back against the ropes...]

GM: Hammer throws him across the ring... and takes him down with a back elbow of his own!

[Winding up his arm, Mad Dog drops a big elbow down into the chest, rolling into a lateral press for a two count.]

GM: Two count only on Sam Turner there.

[Mad Dog pushes up off the mat, glaring at the official as Turner rolls to his chest, trying to drag himself across the ring. But the Downfall member cuts him off, stomping down between the eyes again before hauling Turner up to his feet and throwing him down to his knees against the ropes.]

GM: Mad Dog... oh, come on!

[The face-painted brute puts Turner's throat across the middle rope, using his shin to choke the man from Sweetwater, Texas. Turner struggles against the choke as the referee counts. At the four and a half count, Mad Dog breaks away, dashing to the far ropes, rebounding back, and throws himself into a seated position on the back of the neck, driving Turner's throat into the rope!]

GM: Ohh! Throatfirst down on the middle rope... and Turner collapses back to the mat, choking and coughing, struggling to get air into his lungs... and Mad Dog makes the tag.

[Thrash steps back inside the ring, joining his partner in lifting Turner up to his feet...]

...and then scoop him up, pressing him a bit overhead before dropping him throatfirst across the top rope!]

GM: Another brutal attack down on the throat by Downfall!

[With Turner flailing about on the mat, Thrash turns to face the other side, threatening Tombstone Anderson and Allen Allen who are awaiting a tag from their partner. Anderson smashes his hand down on the turnbuckle, shouting "COME ON, SAM!" as Thrash circles around Turner..]

...and DROPS his knee down into the back of Turner's head, stopping him cold!]

GM: Oh!

[Thrash rolls Turner over onto his back, staring at the opposing corner with his tongue extended in a taunt as he earns another two count.]

GM: Sam Turner's as tough as they come, fans, and it's going to take a whole lot of punishment to put him down for a three count.

BW: Ask and you shall receive, Gordo.

GM: Thrash pulling Turner to his knees... and locks on a nerve hold!

BW: I'll give you one guess where he learned this.

[Sadisuto smiles gleefully on the apron, shouting "GOOOOOOOD! GOOOOOOOD!" at his nodding charge.]

GM: Thrash digging those fingers into the bundles of nerves in the neck and shoulder, really putting some pain into the body of Sam Turner who can only stretch out those arms, looking for a tag but he's nowhere close enough to make that happen, fans.

BW: Turner's face tells the story, Gordo. Looks like someone's digging bamboo shoots under his fingernails, daddy.

GM: Sadisuto shouting some instructions to his man, telling him to squeeze harder...

[As Thrash does, Turner cries out in pain as Anderson slaps the buckle in rhythm, getting the fans going as a "HANG 'EM HIGH!" chant starts up throughout the sold out crowd in Boise.]

GM: And the fans are trying to rally behind Sam Turner!

[Turner's eyes go wide, nodding his head as Thrash tries to increase the pressure. Turner pumps his arms, trying to get fired up...]

GM: Turner's fighting back to his feet... can he get out of this hold?

[Turner grabs his own hand, slamming his elbow back into the midsection once...]

GM: Turner's fighting back!

[...twice...]

GM: Trying to get out of this punishing hold!

[...and the third time breaks him free. Turner quickly hits the ropes, rebounding back towards the stumbling Thrash who catches the incoming Turner, lifting him up by the upper thighs, looking to drop him throatfirst over the top rope...]

GM: HOTSHOT!

[...but before he does, Turner rifles a series of hard shots into the skull, causing Thrash to put him down. Turner spins away, stretching out his arm, walking towards the corner...]

GM: Turner's going for the tag! He's going for the-

[But Thrash steps forward, hooking the trunks, yanking Turner backwards into a rear waistlock.]

GM: Thrash cuts him off and... OHHHH!

[The crowd groans as Thrash lifts the 252 pound Turner into the air, throwing him over his head with enough effort to flip Turner over, dumping him facefirst down on the canvas!]

BW: So much for that tag, Gordo!

GM: Sam Turner was looking for the tag but it's not coming after that.

[Thrash climbs back to his feet, turning back towards the corner. Mad Dog stretches out his arm, offering a tag...

...but Mister Sadisuto shakes his head, sticking out his hand instead.]

GM: Wait a second.

BW: Oh yeah! Sadisuto wants him a piece of this action!

GM: Mad Dog was trying to tag in but Sadisuto says no. Sadisuto says HE wants the tag instead!

[Sadisuto slaps the hand of Thrash, ducking through the ropes into the ring where he puts a few bare feet upside the head of Sam Turner. He grabs a handful of hair, hauling Turner to his feet. He pushes him back into the ropes, throwing a knife edge chop across the chest...]

GM: Ohh... hard chop there by Sadisuto.

[With Turner leaning against the ropes, hanging on to them, Sadisuto quickly spins, burying his bare foot into the midsection of Turner, causing the Sweetwater native to slump back down to the mat.]

GM: Turner down on his knees after that spin kick, leaving him sucking wind again...

[With a loud "HIII-YAAAAH!", Sadisuto throws an overhead chop down between the eyes, knocking Turner down to the canvas again.]

BW: How about that, Gordo? You made fun of Sadisuto earlier but now he's taking the fight to Turner!

GM: I'll give him all the credit in the world because that's exactly what he's doing right now.

[Pulling Turner by the foot towards the corner, Sadisuto lands a leaping stomp to the sternum, keeping him in place...

...and then turns, pointing to the corner...

GM: Uh oh. Mister Sadisuto pointing to the corner... backing in now...

[He slowly pushes himself up to stand on the second rope, raising his arms in the air to jeers from the Boise fans...]

GM: We've seen this before, fans! Kotei no Ken - the Emperor's Sword!

[Sadisuto does a swan dive off the middle rope, aiming to land a headbutt in the midsection of Turner...

...who raises both legs, putting his knees right in the landing zone!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TURNER GOT THE KNEES UP! TURNER GOT THE KNEES UP!

[Sadisuto is on his knees for a moment, eyes glazed over, before slumping back down to the mat as Sam Turner rolls to all fours, crawling across the ring with the crowd getting louder as he does.]

GM: Turner's making his move! The fans are on their feet, cheering him on!

[Turner continues to crawl across the ring as Mad Dog and Thrash shout at their motionless partner and manager down on the mat.]

GM: Sam Turner's got his corner in range! Tombstone shouting for him to get there! Begging him to make the tag!

[Turner pushes up to his knees, pumps his fist a couple of times...

...and falls forward into a tag!]

GM: TAG! IN COMES TOMBSTONE!

[Tombstone Anderson comes rushing through the ropes, barreling across the ring like a bat out of hell towards the incoming Mad Dog and Thrash who are coming in without a tag.]

GM: Downfall is in... and ANDERSON RUNS 'EM DOWN!

[A running double clothesline takes both members of Downfall off his feet!]

GM: Oh my stars!

[Tombstone Anderson leans down, dragging Mad Dog off the mat, whipping him into a neutral corner. He pulls Thrash up, hurling him to the opposite corner.]

GM: Downfall in opposing corners... TOMBSTONE TO ONE!

[A big running furry boot to the mush snaps Mad Dog's head back, causing him to slump down to the mat. Anderson spins around...]

GM: Tombstone Anderson's a house of fire in there!

[With his cheeks puffed out, Anderson grabs the ropes, stomping his foot a few times, blowing spit as he swings around, planting his fist down on the canvas...]

GM: Three point stance!

[...and he charges across the ring towards the stumbling Thrash, taking him up and over with a football tackle!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: TOMBSTONE TAKES DOWN THRASH!

[Thrash rolls out to the floor as Anderson spins back around, catching a staggered Mad Dog coming out of the corner, scooping him up into the air with one arm and slamming him down to the mat!]

GM: One-armed slam out of Tombstone... to the ropes...

[Anderson reaches up, saluting everyone and no one before leaping into the air, dropping his skull down into Mad Dog's head!]

GM: FALLING HEADBUTT!

[Tombstone Anderson rolls to his back, kicking his feet as he grabs at his own forehead.]

GM: Anderson shook his own brainpan with that falling headbutt but he's been laying waste to everyone in sight, fans!

[Rolling to his knees, Tombstone pushes up to his feet...

...and points a threatening finger at Mister Sadisuto who has found his feet and backpedaled into a corner where no one is standing.]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: No, no! Get out of there!

GM: He can't! Sadisuto is trapped in there and now it's time to pay!

[Anderson's threatening finger slowly turns...

...and points at Allen Allen as the crowd ROARS! Allen looks surprised with a "Me?!" and then accepts the tag!]

GM: Allen Allen makes the tag!

BW: What?! Tombstone Anderson tagged in this scrawny runt and-

[Allen goes tearing across the ring, throwing himself into a running dropkick that catches Sadisuto under the chin!]

GM: Ohhh! Running dropkick in the corner!

[Coming back to his feet, Allen snags a front facelock, charging out of the corner, leaping into the air...]

GM: BULLDOG!

[Allen rolls the face-planted Sadisuto over onto his back, diving across in a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: THRASH PULLS HIM OUT TO THE FLOOR!

[Thrash immediately BLASTS Allen with a haymaker, knocking him flat to the floor as Tombstone Anderson drops off the apron, stomping across the ring to where Thrash is standing. The referee slides out, trying to get between them.]

GM: We’ve got chaos out here on the floor by us and- wait a second! Look at Sadisuto!

[The dazed and wily veteran rolls to his knees, digging into his tights.]

GM: What’s he... he’s got something, fans!

[Suddenly, the fans in Boise jeer as they see exactly what Sadisuto’s got.]

GM: He’s got salt! That ceremonial salt that you often see the old time Japanese wrestlers use!

[Sadisuto climbs to his feet, turning his body to shield any potential victim from the handful of salt as Sam Turner enters, staggering across the ring towards Sadisuto, swinging him around...

...and getting a handful of salt in the eyes!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: SALT! SALT IN THE EYES OF SAM TURNER!

[Turner wildly swings at the air as Sadisuto backs off, gleefully pointing at Turner.]

GM: Turner’s blinded by the salt! He can’t see a thing right now and-

[Mad Dog rolls back into the ring, moving in on the blinded Turner...]

GM: Turner can’t see a thing, fans, and here comes Mad Dog, swinging him around...

[But Turner ducks down, hoisting Mad Dog up on his shoulders in a fireman’s carry.]

BW: What the-?!

GM: He got him up!

[And Turner starts spinning in a circle, spinning around and around and around with the trapped Mad Dog being spun like a top...]

GM: AIRPLANE SPIN!

[Turner gets about ten rotations in before he upends Mad Dog, throwing him down to the mat. From outside the ring, Allen Allen slides back in, trying to help Turner...

...who scoops him up too!]

GM: Oh no! Turner's got Allen but he can't see him! He doesn't know he's got him!

[Turner goes into another airplane spin, going around and around with the trapped former enhancement talent screaming for his life...]

...and when Turner upends him, he throws him right down on top of Mad Dog to a big cheer!]

GM: Turner's got airplane spins a-plenty and-

[Tombstone Anderson rolls back in, moving to the aid of his partner...]

...who lifts him up too!]

GM: OH MY STARS! TURNER'S GOT TOMBSTONE UP!

[Turner struggles under the weight of Tombstone, stumbling around as he dizzily executes his third airplane spin in just a matter of moments, staggering towards the ropes where Thrash is up on the apron, arguing with the referee...]

...who ducks down as Tombstone's furry boots go flying past, smashing into Thrash and sending him flying off the apron to the floor!]

GM: OHH! DOWN GOES THRASH!

[Turner stumbles across the ring again, Tombstone swinging around wildly, screaming like a banshee...]

...as Turner flies forward, throwing Tombstone backwards in a Samoan Drop type fall, crushing Sadisuto in the corner!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[Turner dizzily falls forward, collapsing to the mat as Tombstone (also dizzy) grabs Sadisuto, flinging him out of the corner towards a rising Allen Allen who buries a boot into the ample midsection, looping his leg over the back of Sadisuto's neck, leaping into the air...]

...and DRIVING the Japanese veteran's face into the canvas!]

GM: A2! A2!

[Allen flips Sadisuto over, diving across his chest...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Alright!

BW: Ahhhh, give ME a break, Gordo.

[Gordon chuckles as Tombstone yanks Allen to his feet, giving him a sloppy embrace as a shocked Allen looks on in disbelief as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Here are your winners... the ROTGUT RUSTLERS AND ALLEN ALLLLLLLENNNNN!

[The Boise crowd ROARS to celebrate the victory as Allen grins at the cheers. Anderson lets him go, pulling the dazed Turner off the mat who can be seen asking

"Whaaaaahappen?" Anderson raises his hand, tousling his hair as the fans continue to cheer.]

GM: What a win in this wild six man tag!

BW: It was illegal... it was immoral... it was-

GM: Would you stop?! Fans, we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling after this quick break!

[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...]

"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 as we fade to black...

...and then come back to live action in the interview area where Mark Stegglet is standing by with duo of Travis Lynch and Calisto Dufresne. Travis is attired in his trademark super smedium black T-shirt with TRAVIS written in gold script, blue jeans, and his black cherry ostrich cowboy boots. The AWA National Championship is strapped around his waist. "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne is clad in a pair of blue jeans with a light gray colored dress shirt tucked in with the sleeves rolled up to the forearm, covered by a pewter vest. A gaudy wristwatch completes the look.]

MS: Fans, as you can see I'm being joined by Calisto Dufresne and Travis Lynch. In nine days you two gentlemen will be challenging Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan for

the World Tag Team Championship and you, Travis will be defending the National Championship...

[Travis nods his head as Stegglet continues to speak.]

MS: And I don't know if you know this but you have held onto that title for two hundred and eighty days, breaking the longest title reign of two hundred and sixty days that was once held by your Memorial Day Mayhem tag team partner, Calisto Dufresne.

[Travis flashes his pearly whites.]

TL: You know somethin', Mark. When I captured the National Championship from Driscoll at All-Star Showdown, people were already writing me off. Saying he's got Dufresne or Vasquez out the gate, his reign will be nothing more than a footnote.

[Dufresne does not look pleased with this particular memory.]

TL: But did that happen, Mark? Hell no. Juan Vasquez failed. And with each successful title defense, those experts were shocked. They couldn't believe that the challengers they though had it in the bag would come up short. But you what Mark, I got it. I actually understood the doubt. I mean Jack and James came into the AWA like a house of fire and I didn't. And that's what they saw when I captured the National Championship, the twenty-year-old kid.

[The National Champion runs his left hand through his dirty blonde, curly locks.]

TL: What they fail to realize though, is I'm not that same twenty-year-old kid, walking side by side with his brothers into the AWA. I'm not that twenty-year-old kid, who entered his first Memorial Day Rumble in the unlucky number 13 spot, hoping to earn a shot at this title...

[Travis slaps the AWA National Championship belt.]

TL: Against Juan Vasquez, only to be eliminated by Rex Summers. That night was a wake-up call for me. 'Cause let's be honest Mark, I've had a lot handed to me based on my name.

[Dufresne shakes his head in agreement.]

TL: And that night showed me I needed to hit the gym harder than I ever had, that I needed to be more committed than I ever had been.

[Travis reaches under the collar of his T-shirt and pulls out his silver crucifix.]

TL: And I realized I had to trust in the big man above. He had a plan for me and I had to trust in him...

[Travis smiles again.]

TL: That when the time came I'd be ready to run with it. And now, I've held this title for two hundred and eighty days. So while I know that I'm no longer that same twenty-year-old kid, that's how they still see me.

So at Memorial Day Mayhem, I'm goin' to make sure they know exactly who I am. I am goin' to make sure they realize the shadows are gone.

[Travis pauses.]

TL: With this man by my side...

[Travis points to Calisto Dufresne.]

TL: We're stepping into the KeyArena to create history.

[Dufresne slowly nods as the mic comes to him.]

CD: History is an important phrase since the history of this company starts and ends with Calisto Dufresne. The only man who has been here since day one. The history of the title that is around your waist, Travvy, cannot be told without Calisto Dufresne. The list of men whose CAREERS have been consigned to the trash heap of history thanks to Calisto Dufresne is a who's-who of the sport.

And in nine short days, I will...

[Dufresne stops, smiling a bit.]

CD: ...sorry, WE will make history once again when I become the only man in the history of the AWA to hold every single title this company has ever recognized.

Your accomplishments should be noted and celebrated, Travis. By wisely making Calisto Dufresne an ally, not an enemy, you ensured that this record-setting reign could occur. It's a strategy that could have come from Calisto Dufresne himself, really.

[Travis gives a bit of side-eye to Dufresne.]

CD: To young Donovan and Taylor, who are being led around by the nose by Johnny Detson, only to be discarded like used toys by that man-toddler later, cuddle up to those shiny gold belts for a few more nights. Take plenty of selfies on a social media with them. Make fond memories with them for nine more days, because at Memorial Day Mayhem, that's exactly what they - and you - are going to be...

[A nod, a wink and a smile.]

CD: ...Memories.

[We fade out to the ringside area to our announce duo.]

GM: Well, Bucky, both champions and challengers - half of whom is also a champion actually - are extremely confident heading into Memorial Day Mayhem just nine days away. That Winner Takes All match is going to be something else.

BW: It is but as I sit here, Gordo, how can you possibly bet against Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan?

GM: Why do you say that?

BW: Think about the guidance they're getting right now. These two young studs with championship pedigrees are getting championship match - Main Event - advice from the likes of the World Champion, the only manager in the Hall of Fame, the brilliant Doctor Harrison Fawcett... even the Engine of Destruction himself, Brian James. On the other side, it looks like Lynch and Dufresne would rather be punching each other in the face than tagging each other's hand.

GM: That remains to be seen but Memorial Day Mayhem is going to be a night that fans all over the world will never forget. Earlier tonight, we saw the Russian War Machine, Kolya Sudakov, in action and with some words for his opponent that night - Maxim Zharkov - the man who he will face in what is sure to be a brutal Russian Chain Match, Bucky.

BW: That's right and now we get to see The Tsar himself in action, showing the world his final tune-up before he climbs inside that ring, bound at the wrist with solid steel, to Sudakov. My money's on Zharkov.

GM: If you were a betting man.

BW: Of course.

GM: Fans, let's go to the ring and see just how Mr. Zharkov looks with this big match just days away.

[Fade up 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, to my right... from Spokane, Washington, weighing in tonight at 230 pounds... Mikey Pringle!

[Pringle is doughy, hairy-chested schlubb with a cheesy porn stache and full length hot pink tights with blue sequins that he obviously designed himself. He shuffles his weight back and forth nervously.]

GM: Back with more action, and I am not shocked that this young competitor in the ring looks nervous, knowing who his opponent is.

BW: Pringle? It sure looks like he just popped and can't stop.

[Watson continues.]

PW: And his oppo-

[Watson is interrupted by commotion in the ring. The fans loudly rain boos in the direction of the ring.]

GM: Wait a minute!

[Pringle is mowed down by a mountain of humanity. The roaring, monstrous Maxim Zharkov has appeared from seemingly nowhere.]

MZ: "PUSHKA!"

[Zharkov flings his open palm into his doughy victim's face. Pringle only remains upright because Zharkov holds him.]

GM: Pearl Harbor attack here from The Tsar!

[Muscling Pringle up off the mat into crucifix powerbomb position...]

MZ: "TSAR BOMBAAAAAAA!"

[...Zharkov DRIVES Pringle down on the back of his head and neck!]

GM: And Zharkov with a monstrous Tsar Bomba on this poor kid!

BW: Zharkov sure slammed a stack of Pringle there!

GM: This is not even a match! The bell has not even rung for this contest!

[Jackson Hunter is also at ringside sliding a thick-gauged chain into the ring, lifting it in a few links at a time. He rolls his shoulder after the complete chain rests under the ropes. Zharkov pulls it off the ground like it was made of plastic.]

GM: And that miserable velociraptor... Oh no...

[Zharkov coils a few feet of chain around his palm and forearm, then kneels over Pringle.]

MZ: "PUSHKA!"

[Zharkov pounds the chain into Pringle's face with his open palm over and over.]

MZ: "PUSHKA! PUSHKA! PUSHKA!"

GM: This is revolting! We need someone out here to stop this!

MZ: "LIGHTS OUT, TOVARISCH!"

[Zharkov wraps the chain around the bloodied Pringle's neck a couple of times, and dead-lifts him off the ground.]

GM: MY... STARS! This is heinous!

[He prowls the ring, scowling back at the loud boos and scattered "U-S-A" chants.]

GM: What's he going to do here?!

[Zharkov throws Pringle by the chain over the top rope to the floor, then circles the ring, arms wide.]

GM: This man is reprehensible... sadistic! And the same can be said about that serpent Jackson Hunter. And apparently he's got more self-righteous propaganda to spew!

BW: Hear him out, Gordo! Don't deny him his First Amendment rights!

[Jackson Hunter has slid into the ring, clipboard under his arm. He's his usual charming self.]

JH: Fans of the AWA... please attend carefully. I speak of behalf of YOUR Axis of Evil.

[The Boise faithful obviously care as little for Jackson Hunter as they do the rest of the "Axis of Evil."]

GM: [muttering] I hesitate to point out that Hunter is Canadian and they don't have a First Amendment, Bucky, but anyway...

JH: Kolya, you want to talk about expectations? How's that for expectations. Expect THAT, Sudakov! That's you in nine days, Kolya!

[Zharkov whips the chain to the ground, staring icicles into the camera that faces him.]

JH: At least I know you'll put up a fight, Kolya, not like that Yankee wimp. If there's one thing that I've learned since joining the AWA, it's that you challenge an American wrestler, they talk a big game, but they fold like lawn chairs when the rubber meets the road. Or, if you're Sweet Daddy Williams, you take up golf instead of wrestling.

[The jeering becomes a bit louder.]

JH: At least in golf, he's got a better chance to lie about his handicap!

[That seems to just rile up the Idaho fans more.]

GM: [disgusted] Oh, PLEASE.

[Hunter turns to address the crowd.]

JH: Yeah, you people talk a big game about taking over Wildlife Refuge offices and fightin' the big bad government and 'THEY TOOK ER JERRRRBS!' But as soon as the WiFi goes out, or the microwave goes on the fritz and you start calling in your fellow dim, heavily armed fat buddies to 'send Hot Pockets immediately'... All this phony-baloney camo, and all this 'Don't Tread On Me' paraphernalia says to me that you're a bunch of wannabe survivalist libertarians that couldn't survive a grape embargo!

GM: What is this madman talking about?

BW: Grape embargoes, Gordo! Keep up!

JH: American wrestlers, like Americans in general, talk like mountain lions, but act like a soft, weak, kittens! And I am so, so, so tired of hearing all these big, tough guys saying how bad they want to stick it us. And if there are any American wrestlers who have a problem with that, then-

[A booming voice interrupts Hunter's rant, as the crowd starts cheering.]

?: SHUT YER FILTHY PIE HOLE, MAGGOT!!

[The camera pans to the entrance way, where the duo of American Pride make their appearance. Both men look sternly towards the ring at Hunter and Zharkov, and they're ready to wrestle.]

GM: American Pride's on the scene, Bucky, and they look like they're about ready to make Jackson Hunter eat his words in a big way!

BW: They're ready for a fight, Gordo, and Zharkov definitely looks like he ain't done fighting. One of 'em's gonna have to take on Zharkov, but I think Zharkov wouldn't mind taking on the both of them.

JH: [wagging his finger impotently] Hey! Hey hey hey hey!

JF: Hay? Hay? Hay's fer horses. [Flint mockingly wags his finger.] I got somethin' to say, so you listen up, and you listen up good... you slime.

[Pause, as a grin forms on Flint's face.]

JF: You puke.

You wwwwoooooorrrrrmmmmmm!

[The crowd roars as Hunter throws a fit in the ring.]

JF: I have half a mind to come on down there, throw a few Howitzers Zharkov's way, then smack you around and use that baby peach fuzz covered scalp of yours to clean the latrines!

[Hunter puts his palm to his trimmed, balding scalp, agog. Flint advances towards the ring, Stephens in tow.]

JF: Me and Charlie over here, we're gettin' mighty sick and tired of your little Axis of Evil thinkin' they can rule over the AWA with an iron fist. Yer runnin' yer mouth, mockin' our country, the country that we've spent our lives defendin'.

[Flint shakes his head.]

JF: Listen, snowflake, we're tired of yer nonsense. We're tired of seein' all the bodies layin' in your wake. These are all good men you have sent to the hospital. Some with them with no hope of continuin' their careers. Willie Hammer, Sweet Daddy Williams...

Hunter, with all due respect to Kolya Sudakov, he's gonna have to stay home, bust out the grill and grill himself some hot dogs come Memorial Day. It's gonna be up to me to send yer big buddy back to Russia in disgrace. And I know you know what the big boys in the KGB do to people who disgrace Mother Russia.

[Zharkov is not as easily flustered as the now apoplectic Hunter. The Tsar folds his arms and chuckles down to the two America Pride members.]

JH: I heard that Boise had suddenly run out of novelty mirrored aviator sunglasses, so I guess I should have known you two were in town!

[Suddenly, Hunter begins looking around in mock disbelief.]

JH: Wait a minute! Where'd you go, Captain Flintstone? Where'd—oh! There you are! I forgot you were wearing camouflage! Listen Flint, you armchair general, I doubt you would know anything about hurting anyone, and falling asleep on them doesn't count. Why don't you and your little duckling turn right around, go back through that curtain, and recline back into that La-Z-Boy from which you sprang—

JF: [interrupting] Yer gonna play that game, ya filth? If you don't shut that garbage hole at the front of yer ugly mug, I'm gonna send yer little chicken legs mincin' back up North. The Prime Minister's gonna have to write a little apology letter for allowin' ya to immigrate down south to a REAL country, where yer a little too free to run yer filthy, bottom feedin' pie hole...

[Flint removes his camouflage jacket, and points towards the ring. He starts to make his way down towards the ring.]

GM: It looks like it's going to be Flint to answer Hunter's challenge right here, right now!

[Suddenly, Stephens speeds up, and steps in front of Flint.]

CS: SIR!

If I may ask, sir, step aside. I got this.

[Flint raises an eyebrow in surprise. Stephens gestures for the microphone, and Flint hands it to him.]

CS: I have tangled with Zharkov before.

BW: Yeah, and lost!

GM: Well, Stephens did put up a good fight the first time, and he wants to put his training under Flint to the test. What better way to test his skills than to tangle with Maxim Zharkov.

BW: He's improved, I'll give him that, but I think he's flying way too close to the sun, Gordo. He should just stand down and let Flint try to handle this.

[Stephens turns to the ring, seemingly smiling for the first time in a long time.]

CS: I went toe to toe with Zharkov on the field of battle, and while I did not win the first fight...

Thanks to your training, sir, I know what I can do to win this one. I—

JH: [Interrupting] Empty threats, Captain Kirk: everyone here saw what happened the last time your little redshirt tangled with Mr. Zharkov. And besides, I am not authorized to accept any challenges on behalf of—

[Hunter's arm is jerked away by the massive grip of Zharkov.]

MZ: Bez muki net nauki! Da, tovarisch. Da.

[Zharkov tosses his hands aside, almost strong enough to fling his manager to the ground. Flint grins, and nods his head in approval. He steps back, and allows Stephens to head to the ring, mic in hand.]

CS: Hey! If you two have a problem... I'm about to solve it.

Zharkov..

[Stephens slaps his chest, and points to the ring.]

CS: LET'S GET IT OOOONNNNNN!!!

[Stephens drops the mic, and rushes the ring, where Zharkov is ready...]

GM: And we're on! Charlie Stephens taking on Maxim Zharkov in a rematch from July 4th of last year!

[Stephens slides under the ropes, and Zharkov already begins raining heavy Soviet fists down upon him, not even allowing him the opportunity to become vertical.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: I can't believe Ezra's allowing this! That ref is so crooked he has to screw his pants on in the morning.

GM: I'm getting word from the back that this is being allowed as a standby match. Stephens laid down the challenge, and my Russian may be rusty, but I do know what The Tsar meant when he said "da."

BW: Aw man, poor Jackson. That vein in the side of his head looks like it's about to go "ker-plooeey."

GM: Couldn't happen to a nicer guy.

BW: Now that's just malicious!

GM: And I would caution you about criticizing our match officials. You saw that directive from management about making sure our great fans can have faith in our

referees to make the right calls... Maxim Zharkov really coming out of the gate strong tonight, but we've seen a marked improvement in the work ethic of Charlie Stephens over the past several months; Captain Joe Flint may have taught the kid a thing or two under his wing.

[Meanwhile, Zharkov peels Stephens off the mat and shoots him to the ropes.]

MZ: "PUSHKAAA!"

GM: Looking for that big palm strike- Stephens avoids it with a baseball slide! Hooks an ankle... TAKES THE BIG MAN DOWN! Zharkov faceplants onto the mat... Charlie Stephens with an Oklahoma Roll! Referee right there! ONE...

BW: GET IN THERE, JAX!

GM: TWO! Oh, kickout at two and we almost had the upset of 2016 in the first thirty seconds of this contest! And Zharkov is beside himself!

[Zharkov rolls to the floor to regroup. Jackson Hunter rushes to his side, excreting more sweat than The Tsar.]

BW: That would have been a travesty, Gordo! Maxim Zharkov, Newcomer of the Year 2015, getting ambushed and punked by this kid who still thinks he's a GI Joe!

[Stephens remains in the ring, leaning over the ropes to hear his commanding officer Flint; he keeps his eyes on the other side of the floor, where Jackson Hunter is irascibly nattering away at Zharkov, punctuating his surely very important advice by smacking his clipboard on the ring post.]

GM: And the referee is up to five now... Zharkov has a ten count to return to the ring... And again, I have to wonder what useful advice Jackson Hunter would have for Maxim Zharkov... Zharkov can handle himself.

[Zharkov slowly ascends to the apron, breaking the referee's count. He pauses and stares coldly across to Stephens.]

JH: I'll tell you what sort of advice I can give to Maxim Zharkov, Gordon.

BW: ACK!

[Jackson Hunter has somehow overheard the commentary, and has suddenly made his way off-camera to the announce position, where he has picked up a spare headset.]

BW: How do you keep doing that?!

JH: I take very good care of my hearing, I'm part telepath on my mother's side, and I make sure to get my 10,000 steps a day, Bucky.

GM: Anyway... Zharkov hesitant to get back into the ring now-

JH: There you go again! Dropping biased little tidbits. For the past year, Zharkov has had to deal with every two-bit hustler and swindler in the AWA who thinks they can score a cheap victory if they just grab the tights in a roll-up, or use a "just this side of closed" fist.

[As Hunter continues to rant and rave, Zharkov motions for a lock up.]

JH: You know NOTHING of what it's like to have an entire promotion biased against you. You know nothing of the struggles of Maxim Zharkov, and you know nothing of the LONG struggles of Juan Vasquez. Check your privilege, Myers.

GM: [continuing as normal] Collar-and-elbow tie-up, The Tsar with a definite power advantage—

[Jackson Hunter continues his managing while still on headset.]

JH: [to Zharkov] KEEP HIM UPRIGHT! DO NOT LET HIM GET UNDERNEATH YOU!

[Zharkov backs Stephens into the corner and the referee calls for a break.]

JH: Yes, Gordon, I DO know a thing or two about wrestling. I do remember a little snide comment from you a couple of weeks ago in North Dakota, though...

GM: [trying to do his job] ...Scott Ezra calling for the break. Will we see a clean break here?

JH: ...About what would I know about "facing an Olympic Gold Medallist in wrestling?" Well, I went over my career highlights with a fine toothed comb...

GM: ...Clubbing forearm over Charlie Stephens with malicious ferocity...

JH: ...And no, I don't know anything about facing any Olympic Gold Medallists in wrestling. After all, Dead End Evans was only a Gold Medallist in Judo, Gordon...

GM: [continuing, though through gritted teeth] Irish whip to Stephens... Shoulderblock sends the young man from Watertown, New York to the mat.

JH: ...And I would remind you that Dead End Evans only won that medal because it was the 1984 games that the Soviet Union BOYCOTTED. You know, the ones that were RUNIED by "rah rah USA" jingoism.

GM: ...And now Zharkov looking to wear Stephens out with a bearhug...

JH: ...You have a responsibility to those men in the ring, Myers! You have a responsibility to not tell lies about me, about Mr. Zharkov and certainly, you have a responsibility to someone with the tenure of Mr. Vasquez, who has made more stars in the AWA Galaxy than any—WATCH HIS ARM! WATCH HIS ARM!

[Hunter sees too late that Stephens has countered Zharkov's bearhug with a front face lock.]

GM: Stephens countering Zharkov! He's certainly picked up some new tricks—

JH: THAT'S A CHOKE, REF! THAT'S A CHOKE! DISQUALIFICATION!

GM: That is not a choke! That's a front face lock—it's an elemental wrestling hold!

BW: I dunno, Gordo, looks like Chuckles is trying to choke him from my angle!

JH: That is a choke! 100% pure and simple! The referee ought not to be allowing that.

GM: As you are so fond of saying, Mr. Hunter, you're a two-time Commonwealth Champion, for whatever that's worth, and you're saying that a front face lock is a devastating—no, I'm not... I'm not going to engage with you...

....Zharkov now powering out of the hold, shoving Stephens off...

JH: On the topic of non-competitors knowing their place, Mr. Myers: I would remind you that Alex Martinez is not currently licensed to wrestle by the AWA front office, much like myself. I would ask you what you would say if I were to go around executing random attacks on AWA wrestlers.

GM: [ignoring Hunter] Zharkov back to the bearhug—no! My stars! Catapulting Charlie Stephens across the ring with a gargantuan belly-to-belly overhead suplex!

JH: That would make me a terrorist, would it not? A terrorist with the tacit approval of the AWA, would it not?

BW: He's not done, Gordo!

GM: No, The Tsar is not! Hauling Stephens up again with a rear waistlock... into a German Suplex!

BW: East German Suplex!

JH: [quietly] Thank you, Bucky.

GM: ...And holding the waistlock on, floating over with that gutwrench... dead-lifts Stephens off the ground...

BW: Carryin' him around like he's a little boy, Gordo!

GM: Zharkov suplex! And the Man from Magadan is dominant tonight!

JH: Do you begin to see, Mr. Myers? Do you see how calling it honestly, and down the middle, you begin to see how truly dominant an athlete Maxim Zharkov is? How truly NECESSARY a wrestler like Maxim Zharkov is?

GM: I have never said that I doubted that he was a magnificent athlete; what I have doubts about is how he's gotten to the position he has—

JH: THERE YOU GO AGAIN! You have to qualify everything! You have to qualify every compliment! "Why can't he be more like Kolya," I'm hearing you say, "he was an AWA Original." You know what I think of AWA Orig—

[SEVEN SECOND DELAY.]

JH: —down the throats of AWA Originals! I can't wait for the day that Juan Vasquez piledrives every alleged AWA Original and Makes the AWA Great Again!

GM: I think he ought to not be allowed to do that. In my opinion.

JH: Stop trying to pass off your opinion as the law of the universe, you phoney! The piledriver is 100% legal and sacrosanct under all American Wrestling Alliance laws and bylaws. I've had to deal with your type for years, dating back from the time Al Pickard took it upon himself to physically strike me for speaking the TRUTH—

GM: I saw that on the Chinook DVD; obviously he didn't hit you hard enough... Maxim Zharkov... Zharkov, just physically dissecting young Charlie Stephens—

JH: Listen, you twisted old fruit, I have a half a mind to—

GM: Okay... could someone in the back either mute or remove this individual? Mr. Hunter, you are nothing but an insecure, trumped-up, little bully.

JH: HOW DARE YOU?! How dare you accuse me of being a bully? I am SO much worse than that!

JF: "LISTEN UP, YOU SCREWHEAD!"

[Joe Flint has suddenly appeared behind Hunter at the announce position. Hunter, startled, almost jumps three feet in the air.]

JF: "YOU LOOK LIKE A SHAVED POODLE WITH ALL YOUR YAPPIN' AND SHRIEKIN'."

[Hunter drops the headset.]

JH: "THEN DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT, R. LEE WORMY!"

SE: "Hey!"

GM: Scott Ezra is as annoyed with Jackson Hunter as we all are!

BW: "We?" The guy burns hot, Gordo.

SE: "Knock it off and keep it down, or I'll throw both of you out of here!"

GM: Oh, thank heavens for small favors.

[As the official is shouting at Flint and Hunter out on the floor, Zharkov pulls Stephens into a standing headscissors again, shouting out "TSAR BOMBA!"]

BW: He's got him hooked! He's gonna finish this!

[But before he can, the crowd starts ROARING!]

GM: KOLYA! KOLYA!

[Sudakov has sprinted down the aisle, diving headfirst under the bottom rope into the ring. Zharkov spots him, shoving Stephens aside as Sudakov comes tearing across towards him...]

GM: SICKLE!

[...and BLASTS Zharkov across the collarbone with the running clothesline to a HUGE cheer from the Boise crowd!]

GM: SUDAKOV WITH THE SICKLE! HE-

BW: What the hell is he?! NO!

GM: SUDAKOV DRAGS STEPHENS ON TOP!

[And then rolls out of the ring, exiting over the railing as quickly as he appeared. Out on the floor, Flint and Hunter - completely oblivious to what just happened - stop arguing long enough for the official to whirl around, diving down to the canvas!]

BW: NO! NO! NO!

GM: WHAT AN UPSET THIS IS GOING TO BE!! ONE!!

BW: NO! STOP COUNTING!

GM: TWO!! THREEEEEEEE- NO!

[The crowd groans in unison as Jackson Hunter reaches in, dragging referee Scott Ezra right out under the ropes to the floor!]

GM: COME ON! That oughta be a disqualification!

BW: If you thought ya heard verbal abuse from Jackson before, don't put a microphone near him now! The things he's saying to that ref will get us all thrown off the air by the FCC!

GM: Hunter's got the referee out on the floor... and here comes Flint!

[Flint bowls over Hunter, knocking him down to the floor! The referee gets caught between them, dropping to a knee, grabbing at his head!]

GM: OH! DOWN GOES THE REFEREE!

BW: Ring the bell! Flint hit the referee! He struck an AWA official!

GM: Not intentionally!

BW: Does that matter?!

GM: It certainly sho- oh, what the HELL is this about?!

[With Stephens still down in a lateral press, Juan Vasquez slides unseen into the ring, climbing up on the second rope...]

...and leaps off, dropping down on the back of Stephens with a senton backsplash!]

GM: OFF THE SECOND ROPE!

[Vasquez flips Stephens over onto his back, dragging Zharkov back on top of him. Back on his feet, Hunter grabs the referee, shooting him back under the ropes into the ring...]

GM: Oh, come on! No, not like this!

BW: Like what?! Sudakov got involved first! You were perfectly fine with that!

GM: I was not! You're out of control like that lunatic Hunter!

BW: FAKE NEWS! FAKE NEWS! Juan Vasquez was just rightin' that wrong! Standin' up to make sure the Last Son of the Soviet Union gets a fair shake.

[Vasquez is out on the floor, watching the action as Joe Flint lumbers around the ring...]

...and BLASTS Vasquez off his feet with a big running haymaker to a big cheer! But inside the ring, the dazed referee has started counting.]

GM: ONE!!! Come on, kid!

[The referee slaps the mat a second time as Flint pulls himself up on the apron, looking to intervene...]

...but Jackson Hunter makes a lunge, grabbing Flint by the leg, keeping him from getting in.]

BW: THREEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: I can't believe it!

[Flint kicks free, sending Hunter back down to the floor next to Vasquez as he steps through the ropes, stomping in to shove Zharkov off his partner and friend.]

GM: Charlie Stephens put up a heck of a fight but Maxim Zharkov takes the win here tonight in Boise... by hook or by crook I suppose. The Axis of Evil has struck again and scored another tainted victory tonight here on Saturday Night Wrestling... and I can't wait, Bucky... I can't wait for Memorial Day Mayhem when Zharkov has that chain tied to his wrist and he's-

[Sliding into the ring, Vasquez BLASTS Flint from behind, knocking him down to the mat. Jackson Hunter slides in as well, rushing into the mix as Vasquez and Hunter start stomping the hell out of Flint down on the canvas.]

GM: This is a mugging! This is a damn ambush!

[Hunter grabs Flint by the arms, holding them back as Vasquez repeatedly pummels the forehead of Flint with right hands...]

GM: Get him off Joe Flint! This isn't right at all!

BW: Flint put his hands on Jackson Hunter! He put his hands on Vasquez! He came out here and got involved with all this to begin with! Joe Flint is getting EXACTLY what he has coming to him, Gordo, and any other claim is-

GM: Don't you dare say it again, Bucky Wilde, or you might find yourself on the sidelines in Seattle!

BW: Are you threatening me?!

[Zharkov grabs the steel chain off the mat, slowly but surely wrapping it around his hand as he gestures for his allies to lift Flint off the mat. Hunter and Vasquez each grab an arm, holding Flint up as Zharkov takes aim...]

GM: Oh, come on! Can we get some help out here for crying out loud?!

[...and BLASTS Flint between the eyes with a chain-wrapped fist!]

GM: Ahhhh!

[And as the Axis of Evil stands over Flint, arms raised triumphantly, the fans in Boise jeer madly...]

GM: What a disgusting scene... an absolutely despicable scene, fans.

BW: This is the kind of scene you gotta get used to, Gordo! If they're going to Make AWA Great Aga-

GM: Oh, shut up! Cut to black. Go to black. I don't want to see these people anymore.

[And on cue, we quickly fade to black...]

After a moment, we fade back up on a very long shot of the exterior of a pretty dingy looking building.]

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[And closer.]

"Of...MAYHEM?!"

[An explosion followed by a huge mushroom cloud of smoke. As the gray haze dissipates, three loud thumps are followed by the massive lettering of MEMORIAL DAY MAYHEM stamping onto the screen over the rubble of the building -- don't worry future Combatants, it's still there.]

"In the beginning, we crowned a champion."

[Cut to footage from that inaugural event as Mark Shaw and Marcus Broussard move in unison towards the corner, Shaw's face _slamming_ into the top turnbuckle...

...the actual metal buckle previously exposed by the Super Ninja.]

GM: Hard to the corner! WAIT - WHERE'S THE TURNBUCKLE?!

[The impact of hitting the metal seems to make Shaw go limp as Broussard uses the momentum to roll backwards, pulling Shaw with him into a reverse rolling cradle.]

GM: CRADLE!

[And with his last bit of energy, Broussard throws his body back into the most picture-perfect, breathtaking beautiful bridge that he's ever managed as the referee counts to three as we fade to black.]

"And ever since, it has become one of the biggest shows of the year."

[We fade back up to footage from 2009 with Ron Houston preparing to use the Fade To Black to toss Adam Rogers over the top rope, eliminating him from the annual Rumble.]

GM: STEVIE!

[A barely standing Stevie Scott lunges into action, coiling up into a ball, and lashing out, driving his foot right under the chin of Ron Houston with a Heatseeker superkick. The blow makes sudden and harsh impact, snapping Houston's head back...

And then causing him to fall backwards, seemingly in slow motion...

All with Adam Rogers draped helplessly across his shoulders, trying desperately to grab the ropes...

To no avail as both men crash to the concrete floor.]

GM: OH MY STARS! STEVIE SCOTT HAS DONE IT! STEVIE SCOTT HAS DONE IT!

STEVIE SCOTT HAS DONE IT!

[The Hotshot falls to his knees in the middle of the ring, pumping both fists in triumph as he lets loose a wail of victory with the crowd roaring in celebration as we fade back to black.]

"We've seen memorable moments..."

[James Monosso violently swings Eric Preston around and around before SMASHING him skull first into the wood stage...Stevie Scott slapping a figure four on Sweet Daddy Williams...Joe Petrow being unmasked...Raphael Rhodes headbutting Juan Vasquez off the apron!]

"...unforgettable images..."

[Petrow hitting Scotty Storm with the iPhone allowing the Professional to cover him for the pin...Mark Langseth and Alex Martinez facing off...shots of Jeff Matthews cutting into a glimpse of The Dragon...Vasquez drilling City Jack on the jaw with the Right Cross...Supernova standing victoriously in the ring.]

"...competitors driven to the edge of glory... and beyond..."

[Glenn Hudson planting Rex Summers with a DDT and claiming the Longhorn Heritage Title...flashes of wrestlers from the past; Blackwater Bart...Ronnie D...Bad Eye McBaine...the Bishop Boys winning back the National Tag Titles from the Aces...]

"...warriors left on the field of battle in triumph... or despair..."

[Robert Donovan and Travis Lynch colliding...Skywalker Jones smashes November into the top turnbuckle with a top rope Brainbuster...Vasquez, Scott, and Kinsey battling the Unholy Alliance...Dave Cooper jamming a chair into the ankle of Sultan Azam Sharif...Brad Jacobs powerbombing Duane Henry Bishop as Kenny Stanton drops him with a leaping reverse neckbreaker...Terry Shane III scooping up both Eric Preston and Stevie Scott and heaving them over the top rope...Calisto Dufresne bending a chair over the skull and neck of James Monosso.]

"But most of all..."

[Shadoe Rage stomping Donnie White's fingers and sending him crashing from the scaffold down to the ring beneath them...Bobby O'Connor, Eric Preston, and Ryan Martinez slugging it out with Dogs of War...Supreme Wright tapping out to Dave Bryant's Iron Crab.]

"...we've seen mayhem."

[Air Strike and the Lights Out Express heaving each other off ladders...KING Oni being unleashed...Juan Vasquez knocking Isiah Carpenter out with the Right Cross and winning the Mayhem match...The Gladiator destroying Frankie Farelli...Kraken hitting a Uraken on the GFC Heavyweight Champion...Ryan Martinez throwing down a steel chair and hooking the King of the Death Match up and dropping him with a Brainbuster...

...and then a cut to black as the Memorial Day Mayhem logo and all the show information appears on the screen for a moment before fading back out.

A black screen. A voiceover.]

"In the beginning, there was man."

[A graphic slowly starts to fade up from the black screen as the sound of the theme to Terminator 2 is heard.]

"But this is no ordinary man."

[The block text becomes clearer.]

"This is a warrior. A fighter. A conquerer. A champion."

[And clearer.]

"In the future, there will be no mere man. There will be Mason."

[And clear enough now that we can see the text spells out "MASON."]

"And the future... is now."

[The text is now fully illuminated, the music playing in the background as a smoke effect drifts up around it...]

...and we cut abruptly to black before going to the sea of television monitors that can only mean the return of the Control Center. The Memorial Day Mayhem logo fills the screen as a voiceover confirms our suspicions.]

"With your Memorial Day Mayhem Control Center, here's Mark Stegglet."

[And the logo fades to leave Mark Stegglet in front of the aforementioned TV monitors.]

MS: Hello everyone and welcome to the Control Center! We are just 9 days away from the big spectacular - the biggest stage of the summer - which will be coming to you LIVE on Pay Per View from the Key Arena in Seattle, Washington! The show is SOLD OUT so if you don't have your tickets, the only way you can join us will be LIVE on Pay Per View so make your order now. Don't get shut out from the 9th edition of one of the year's biggest events. Let's take a look at what we're going to see in Seattle!

[The shot of Stegglet switches to show Jordan Ohara and Larry Wallace who - of course - has Hamilton Graham by his side.]

MS: Two of the young lions here in the AWA, Jordan Ohara and Larry Wallace, collide in a rubber match. It's one match each for these two and this one is the tiebreaker. Now, we know that former World Champion, Hamilton Graham, will be at ringside in the corner of the Flawless One... but now the Phoenix has pledged to have someone at ringside to watch his back as well. Who will it be? We'll find out together in Seattle.

[The graphic changes to show the Serpentes, Lauryn Rage, Julie Somers, and Melissa Cannon.]

MS: It'll be Women's Tag Team action when Melissa Cannon and Julie Somers form one heck of a tag team to take on the Serpentes. Now, we know that Lauryn Rage will be in the corner of the Serpentes but moments ago we learned that Lori Wilson, Lady Lightning herself, will be in the corner of Cannon and Somers. With the numbers even, it's going to be one heck of a matchup in Seattle.

[The shot changes again, showing one word - "MASON."]

MS: The hype has been coming for months. We know he's coming but we know absolutely nothing about him. Wrestling fans, are you ready for the arrival of Mason? He'll make his in-ring debut in Seattle as well!

[With a change in graphic, we see the hype for the World Television Title showdown.]

MS: The World TV Title will be on the line when Supernova defends the gold against Shadoe Rage in a long-awaited SuperClash rematch. In breaking news, we have learned that Supernova has WAIVED the time limit for this matchup. Just like last year in Houston, this title encounter will have NO time limit when these two heated rivals collide.

[Another change, this time to show the words "BATTLE ROYAL."]

MS: The Open Invitational Battle Royal has been the talk of the wrestling world over the past two weeks as competitors are lining up to get their chance to win a spot in the Battle of Boston tournament coming up on 4th of July weekend. We know the Samoans will be there... we know Next Gen will be there... The Hangman, Laredo Morrison, Cain Jackson, Flex Ferrigno, Noboru Fujimoto... so many others. Former World Champion Supreme Wright will be in the Battle Royal... as will the man who bested him in shocking fashion a few months ago, the man many consider the odds-on favorite to win this whole thing, Torin The Titan.

[We fade from the Control Center to a cellphone-esque looking shot from a hotel room looking place. We see the room for a moment before the massive form of Torin The Titan blocks out the sun.]

T: A-DUBBA-A...

You call for Torin to come to Seattle. You say Torin go to Seattle for Battle Royal.

[Torin throws back his head in his trademark laugh.]

T: HO HO HO HO!

All over the world, Torin called KING... of the Battle Royal. So, Torin says you put who you want in the ring. Cain Jackson...

[Torin gives a dismissive gesture.]

T: Hangman...

[Another gesture.]

T: Samoans...

[Another.]

T: ANNNNNYYYYBOOOODYYYYY. You bring entire AWA locker room... and Torin throw them all to the floor.

A-DUBBA-A... you book seat for flight for Torin to Boston for 4th of July.

[A smile crosses Torin's face.]

T: Make it two seats.

HO HO HO HO!

[Fade through black back to a grinning Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Torin The Titan looking to make a GIANT impact on the AWA at Memorial Day Mayhem.

[We get another graphic up on the screen.]

MS: Another match that could have quite the impact on the AWA scene is this one - "Red Hot" Rex Summers putting the Steal The Spotlight contract on the line against the undefeated Gladiator! Summers seems to be very confident going into this one - perhaps thanks to his allies in SM&K - but no one has taken down the Gladiator yet. Is Rex Summers going to be the one who can do so?

[The graphic changes.]

MS: How about this one, fans? We've been waiting for this one for quite some time and it'll go down in Seattle when Charisma Knight goes one-on-one with the debuting Ayako Fujiwara! Lots of anticipation for this one and I for one can't wait to see it happen.

[Another change.]

MS: The Russian Chain Match! We just saw these two going at it yet again but in Seattle, they'll be bound at the wrist with that solid steel Russian Chain with Maxim Zharkov taking on former AWA National Champion and AWA Original, Kolya Sudakov. Can the Tsar put down the Russian War Machine or will Sudakov be too for the 2015 Newcomer of the Year to handle?

[The graphic fades, returning to Stegglet.]

MS: Now, before we talk about the Main Event, let's talk about the Pre-Game show EXCLUSIVELY right here LIVE on The X. You want to get all the pre-show scoop, predictions, news, whatever... this is the place to be. We're going to have expert analysis from Colt Patterson, Vernon Riley, and Marcus Broussard who will be joined by Theresa Lynch, our host for the show. Plus, two BIG matches will be a part of that one hour show. We're going to see tag team action when Pure X and Terry Shane take on Kerry Kendrick and Callum Mahoney... and just added to the big event, Canibal will take on Caspian Abaran!

[And one final graphic that reads "WINNER TAKES ALL."]

MS: And finally, the Main Event of the night... Winner Takes All... the World Tag Team Titles AND the National Title will be on the line when Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan take on Calisto Dufresne and Travis Lynch! If Travis Lynch is pinned or submitted, he'll lose the National Title and of course, if Taylor or Donovan suffer that same fate, the tag titles will change hands. The Kings are coming to Seattle loaded for battle, fans. We know Brian James will be in Japan but Brian Lau will be there... now Doctor Harrison Fawcett will be there... and of course, the World Champion - who somehow got the night off - will be there to support his so-called brothers as well.

[The graphic fades.]

MS: It's the biggest stage of the summer! It's one of the biggest nights of the year on the AWA calendar! Fans, trust me when I say that you do NOT want to miss this tremendous night of action! Get on the phone... get on the computer... grab your remote control... make your order now. Make sure you don't get shut out and make sure you're right there with us in Seattle, Washington at the KeyArena LIVE for Memorial Day Mayhem!

From the Control Center, I'm Mark Stegglet.

[Fade out to the bank of television monitors...]

...and up 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 your MAIN EVENT of the evening! Introducing first...

[The disco sounds of Donna Summer's "Hot Stuff" comes to life over the PA system to jeers.]

PW: He is accompanied down the aisle by his nephew Wes Taylor... from Phoenix, Arizona... weighing in at 252 pounds...

"SCORCHIN'" SHAAAAAAAAAANE TAAAAAYLORRRRRR!

[The Taylors make their way through the curtain to a lot of jeers from the AWA faithful. Wes Taylor leads the way, clapping his hands over his head in a rough approximation of the music's beat. He's in a pair of blue jeans and a t-shirt that has "HOT STUFF" airbrushed across the front of it. His uncle comes behind him, clad in a white wifebeater-style tank top and a pair of stained denim cut-off jeans that are now shorts. He has a bit of swagger in his step on this night, bouncing his head with the beat as well.]

GM: It's been quite some time since we've seen Shane Taylor in a match of any sort of magnitude, Bucky.

BW: You think back to the AWA's early days... back to the very first Steal The Spotlight matchup that he actually won!

GM: But it wasn't long after that that Shane Taylor suffered a career-threatening injury and when he fought back from it, he found his place in this company gone. Only now does he find himself with an opportunity to once again prove that he belongs here in the big time, fans.

[Shane Taylor nods his head as he reaches ringside, climbing up the ringsteps as Wes Taylor walks to the far side of the apron, pointing happily at his uncle who pauses on the apron, looking out on the jeering fans...

...and the slightest hint of a smirk curls up his mouth before he ducks through the ropes into the ring. Wes Taylor stays on the apron, clapping for his uncle before joining him in the ring, snatching the mic out of Phil Watson's hand.]

WT: Cut the music!

[After a moment, the music does indeed cut to silence, replaced by the boos of the Boise crowd.]

WT: For two weeks, my uncle's been getting ready for this match... and for two weeks, he's known exactly who he'd be facing tonight. But his opponent... well, they have no idea. Partially because one of them is a Lynch who just generally has no clue about anything.

[The boos get louder.]

WT: Partially because their every waking moment is consumed with fear over what's waiting for them at Memorial Day Mayhem.

[More boos.]

WT: And partially because... well, that's exactly the way we want it.

But now, it's time to pull back the curtain. Now, it's time to shed some light on this situation. Now... it's showtime.

[Taylor widens his stance, gripping the mic tighter.]

WT: I'll take this one, Watson. You're excused.

[The disgruntled ring announcer makes his exit.]

WT: AND! HIS! OPPONENT!

[Taylor pauses, soaking up the jeers of the crowd...]

WT: Representing the family tree that doesn't fork!

[Cheers from the crowd despite the insult!]

WT: From Uhhhh, Duhhh, Texas!

[More cheers!]

WT: Weighing in at whatever he normally weighs plus whatever pathetic woman latched onto him tonight!

[The squeals this time. Shane Taylor is shadowboxing in the corner as Wes Taylor looks around with disgust.]

WT: THE ONE... THE ONLY...

[Taylor pauses...

...and then drops the mic with a "THUD!," walking away.]

GM: What a...

BW: Watch it, Gordo. The suits are still hot at you over your little meltdown when the Axis was out here.

GM: I have absolutely no desire to talk about tha-

[Suddenly, "Tom Sawyer" rips to life over the PA system to a HUUUUUGE ROAR from the Boise crowd and after a moment, the AWA National Champion strides into view!]

GM: Travis Lynch, welcome to Boise!

[The fans are going nuts for the grinning Travis who nods his head in acknowledgement. He points to them, slapping the National Title belt hanging over his shoulder as he starts walking down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Travis Lynch, the AWA National Champion, is heading towards the ring and... well, I'm not sure the Kings of Wrestling have done Shane Taylor any favors here tonight, Bucky.

BW: You think sending him to face a former National Champion, National Tag Team Champion, Stampede Cup Champion, and oh, by the by, former World Champion was a better choice?

GM: I think putting Shane Taylor who hasn't had a match of this competitive level in many years against EITHER of these competitors is a gross mismatch, Bucky, and it really goes to show what kind of person Wes Taylor is.

BW: What do you mean?

GM: What kind of person lets their own family be treated like this? What kind of person allows their own flesh and blood to be mocked... to be ridiculed... to be embarrassed? Oh wait, I know exactly what kind of person does that. YOU!

BW: Huh?

GM: Don't make me dig up a recording of the last time your nephews appeared on Saturday Night Wrestling. Wes Taylor is acting just like you, Bucky Wilde, and I find it terrible to watch.

BW: You're an angry man tonight, Gordon.

GM: I watched the news before showtime. My apologies.

[Lynch reaches the ring, climbing up on the ring apron. He turns to look out at the crowd, tossing an arm up into the air to a big cheer...

...which is when Wes Taylor shouts "NOW!" and his uncle charges Travis from the blind side, throwing himself into a back elbow that sends Travis Lynch flying off the apron, sailing through the air, and crashing into the ringside metal barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Shane Taylor attacking before the bell at the order of his nephew!

BW: Brilliant strategy!

[Wes Taylor grins gleefully, imploring his uncle to go out after Travis Lynch as official Ricky Longfellow orders the tag champion out of the ring.]

GM: Wes Taylor exiting but so is Shane Taylor, rolling outside to the floor.

[Shane Taylor approaches the hurting Travis Lynch, grabbing the National Champion and turning him around. He throws two quick right hands as Wes shouts "The arm! Go for the arm!" His uncle gives him a nod, grabbing Travis by the wrist, lifting the arm straight up...

...and SLAMS the forearm down on the ringside railing!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Lynch staggers away, clutching his arm as Shane Taylor quickly moves in pursuit, perhaps smelling a chance at a major upset.]

GM: The referee is checking on Lynch as he rolls back in, making sure the National Champion is going to be able to compete after this brutal sneak attack before the bell by Shane Taylor.

[Grimacing, the National Champion rolls back in, kneeling in the corner. Shane Taylor comes after him but the referee holds him back, checking on the Texan who nods his head.]

GM: Travis Lynch says he wants the match! He wants the bell to ring!

BW: What a moron! He's got a chance to walk away from this match and head into Memorial Day Mayhem and that Winner Takes All match relatively unscathed. Instead, he's going to let Shane Taylor try to break that arm in half and head to Seattle with his team at a major disadvantage.

[With Lynch agreeing to continue, the official wheels around the signal for the bell...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[...and immediately gets assaulted by Shane Taylor who aims a trio of boots right at Lynch's forearm. Wes Taylor grabs the ropes from his spot on the floor, shouting his encouragement to his uncle.]

GM: With Wes Taylor - one-half of the World Tag Team Champions - down at ringside, Shane Taylor's going right after the arm and don't think for a minute this isn't part of the gameplan that Brian Lau and Harrison Fawcett have concocted.

[Taylor continues kicking the arm before leaning forward, wrapping it around the middle rope. He then kicks the arm a few more times before the referee drags the overly-aggressive Taylor out of the corner.]

GM: Come on, referee! Get him out of there!

[Taylor backs off, grumbling to the official, and then does a spin move around the referee, charging back in where he continues to stomp the arm wrapped around the ropes. The official again starts a warning as the count reaches four and change.]

GM: Shane Taylor's risking disqualification here if you ask me.

BW: Do you think he even cares? If his goal tonight is to hurt Travis Lynch like you see to think it is, why would he even care if he gets disqualified?

GM: Because as much as I think Shane Taylor is a man on a mission to injure Travis Lynch here tonight, I also think he's a man who understands that a big victory at this point might really boost his stock in the eyes of Brian Lau, the Kings, the front office, the fans, heck... everyone.

[Shane Taylor backs off again before moving right back in, dragging Travis Lynch up by the arm. Winding up, he delivers an over-exaggerated Mongolian chop.]

GM: Mongolian chop connects... but Wes Taylor is shouting at his uncle, ordering him to stay on the arm.

[Taylor lands a second chop... and a third, ignoring his nephew's cries. He grabs the arm, whipping Lynch across the ring.]

GM: Shane Taylor charging in after- OH!

[The crowd cheers as Lynch leans back, raising his boot and causing Taylor to run right into it!]

GM: Lynch caught him coming in!

[Shaking out his arm, Lynch stays in the corner as Shane Taylor shakes the cobwebs, charging in a second time...]

GM: To the boot again!

[Wes Taylor angrily slams his hands down into the canvas, shouting at his uncle.]

GM: Wes Taylor's telling him to get back to the arm!

[Lynch hops up on the midbuckle, steadying himself for a moment, and then leaps off with a crossbody!]

GM: CROSSBODY OFF THE MIDDLE ROPE!

[But as he hits the mat, Shane Taylor rolls through right into a lateral press, reaching back to hook the trunks as the referee drops down to count.]

GM: HE'S GOT THE TRUNKS! HE'S GOT THE TRUNKS!

[The referee spots the illegal assist, shouting at Shane Taylor and waving off the pin attempt. Wes Taylor can be heard shouting at his uncle from the floor.]

GM: Wes Taylor again demanding that his uncle stay on the arm. It's clear where his mind is at in this one, Bucky.

BW: Hey, it's a sound strategy, Gordo. Take away the Discus Punch.

GM: I'm not doubting the strategy - only the timing of it.

BW: Now what are you going on about?

GM: I believe Wes Taylor's strategy of attacking the arm has everything to do with Memorial Day Mayhem and absolutely nothing to do with getting the W here tonight.

[Back on his feet, Shane Taylor gets up in the face of the official, shouting at him for not counting the pin attempt.]

GM: Shane Taylor wasting valuable time and-

"DO YOU SEE THAT?! DID YOU SEE WHAT THAT REFEREE DID?!"

GM: I think we all saw it, Wes Taylor. I apologize for that, fans.

[A fired-up Shane Taylor turns away from the official, turning back towards Travis Lynch who is back on his feet.]

GM: Left hand by Lynch!

[The big haymaker stuns Shane Taylor, knocking him a step back.]

GM: Lynch with another big left hand, rocking Taylor!

[The second one sent Taylor falling back into the ropes where his nephew slides next to him, shouting encouragement. Lynch advances on him, grabbing him by the arm... but Shane Taylor reaches out, digging his fingers into the eyes of the Texas Heartthrob!]

GM: Oh! Taylor goes to the eyes!

BW: The one move that'll get 'em every time, Gordo.

[Taylor quickly steps out on the apron, reaching back over the ropes to grab Lynch by the arm...]

...and DROPS off the apron, snapping the arm down over the top rope!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: A devastating move by Shane Taylor, trying to follow the gameplan laid out by... well, Wes Taylor at minimum but I still think it comes from Lau and Fawcett, Bucky.

BW: Slander won't be allowed in Juan Vasquez' AWA.

GM: Don't you even start that again.

[Sitting on the apron, Shane Taylor's got a big smirk on his face as he rolls back into the ring. He quickly gets to his feet, advancing on Travis Lynch who is climbing back to his feet, grabbing his arm...]

GM: Taylor moving in on Travis Lynch, trying to do some damage to that arm just nine days before Memorial Day Mayhem and that huge Winner Takes All showdown.

[Grabbing the arm of Lynch, Taylor cranks it around in an armwringer, bringing his elbow down across the bicep once... twice... three times.]

GM: Wes Taylor seems pleased with this development as his uncle focuses his attention on the arm.

BW: And look at how good of shape the Kings got Shane Taylor in. He hasn't been in a big match for years and he's got the National Champion in big, big trouble. This is a Shane Taylor renaissance before our very eyes, Gordo!

GM: I don't know about-

[With his right arm trapped, Lynch throws another left hand... and another... and a third breaks the grip on his wrist, sending Taylor staggering back across the ring.]

GM: Lynch fighting back again!

[Moving in on Shane Taylor, Lynch grabs him by the arm, spinning him around into another big left hand!]

BW: Those are closed fists, ref!

GM: They certainly are. The official is warning Lynch about them right now.

BW: Well, I guess that takes back the impact.

[Grabbing the arm, Lynch rockets Taylor into the corner, sending him smashing into the buckles. He staggers back out towards the Texan who ducks his head, elevating Taylor through the air and dropping him down to the canvas!]

GM: BIIIIIIIG BACK BODYDROP!

[A fired-up Travis Lynch straightens up, pumping his fist as Wes Taylor scrambles up on the apron, shouting at Lynch, pointing at the official...]

GM: Wes Taylor's on the apron and-

[Not anymore as Lynch goes into a spin and UNCORKS a big Discus Punch, blasting off the jaw of Wes Taylor, sending him bouncing down to the floor below.]

GM: OHHH!

[And with Lynch occupied, Shane Taylor comes to his feet, charging in behind the Texan...

...who sidesteps, hurling Taylor chestfirst into the buckles, staggering backwards as Lynch hits the ropes, going into a spin...]

GM: DISCUS PUNCH!

[The National Champion settles into a lateral press, reaching back for a leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEE!!!

[Lynch rolls off Shane Taylor, throwing his arm up into the air. He instantly winces, pulling it back down as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Your winner of the match... TRAAAAVISSSS LYNNNNNNCH!

[The Texan gets up off the canvas, nodding at the cheering fans as we cut to a shot showing both laid-out members of the Taylor family.]

GM: Travis Lynch picks up the win tonight just nine days before Memorial Day Mayhem and Bucky, if he hits that Discus Punch in Seattle, he's going to walk out as a DOUBLE champion, I promise you that.

BW: Not if the Kings have anything to say about it.

GM: Fans, we've got to take a quick break but when we come back, it's time for more Saturday Night Wrestling so stick around, won't you?

[Fade to black.

Open to a wide shot of former AWA tag team champion, City Jack, in front of a green-screened "A" and some swirly designs. Jack's wearing a "Bluegrass Kentucky Fed" t-shirt, jeans, and black knee brace. Beside him on the screen are the following words:

Knee Pain?

Back Pain?

Call Toll Free! 800.555.1548!]

CJ: Hey my wrestlin' family, ol' City Jack here to let you all in on a little somethin' special!

[Jack, very excitedly, pumps his fists.]

CJ: Have any ya'll had some pain recently? You know, in them there knees?

[Jack points to the knee-braced knee.]

CJ: Or maybe that back of yours been hurtin' after slavin' away so long on the docks, right?

[Jack flashes a smile as he lifts up his t-shirt a bit to show a back brace that's straining against his girth.]

CJ: Well this ol' SOB says don't let it get ya! You call this here number?

[Jack thumbs over to his left where the 800 number is.]

CJ: And you tell 'em you got some pain, but ol' Docter CJ sent ya to get some RELIEF! And my friends here at the Medical Warnin' Center will send ya some good stuff to cure what ails ya! And hey!

[Jack wags his finger over for the camera to close in, like Jack's got a secret to tell.]

CJ: Ya got Medicare? Well, got some good news cause all them relief? My friends could get ya a brace for just some pennies or even no cash needed! Just like me!

[Jack points to both braces that he wears.]

CJ: So make the call, will ya? It's just a couple numbers on ya cell phone - 1-800-555-1548! And hey, tell 'em City Jack sent ya!

[Jack winks at the camera before the shot fades.]

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

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

...and then fade back up on a panning shot of the capacity crowd in Boise, Idaho for the final Saturday Night Wrestling before Memorial Day Mayhem. The shot lingers for a bit, showing fans of all shapes, sizes, and color supporting their favorites when slowly a buzz starts to build in the crowd.

As has been the case since his return, there is no music to announce his arrival. But there doesn't need to be music, because the moment his unmistakable silhouette comes into frame, the roar of the crowd is deafening. The applause is universal for this man, and he strides forward with a confidence befitting a five time World Champion and Hall of Famer.]

GM: Alex Martinez is here!

BW: What? I can barely hear you!

[Seven feet tall, three hundred and fifty pounds. Dressed in blue jeans, a "White Knight" t-shirt, a black leather jacket, and mirrored sunglasses, there is only one Last American Badass, and he is striding purposefully towards the ring.]

GM: Earlier tonight, Juan Vasquez very conveniently weaseled his way out of facing this man at Memorial Day Mayhem...

BW: What? Are you watching the same show I am? Vasquez said he'd love to face Martinez! But he ain't medically cleared and he never will be!

GM: Like I said, convenient.

[Martinez ascends the ring steps, walks across the apron, then throws one long leg and then the other over the top rope. He moves to the center of the ring, and stands perfectly still, microphone in hand. As the camera zooms, the intensity radiates from his face.]

AM: Look...

[Martinez huffs out a breath.]

AM: I've made all the speeches I'm gonna make. So let's cut to it, shall we?

Gellar, why don't you walk yourself down here and let's talk.

And just so we're clear, I expect to see a clipboard in your hand when ya get here.

[Silence reigns then, as Martinez stares ahead at the entranceway. There's a buzz in the crowd, as tension builds. Martinez, for his part, seems content to wait. Eventually, his arms cross over his chest, a sure sign that he's not going to budge.]

BW: I don't know what this guy's problem is. Gellar already said no twice.

GM: Bucky, you know as well as I do that Alex Martinez doesn't care what a doctor says, and frankly, I don't think he cares how many times Gellar says no. After what Vasquez did to his son...

BW: So what you're saying is that dumbness runs in this family?

GM: No, but I'll tell you what does. Determination runs in the Martinez family. Guts runs in the Martinez family. Heart runs in the Martinez family. And above all else, the burning spirit that drives a man to the loftiest of heights runs in the Martinez family!

BW: Settle down, Gordo, you'll give yourself a stroke!

[The tension keeps building, until the crowd seems ready to explode. At that very minute, the curtain is pulled aside, and out steps Emerson Gellar. Standing at the top of the entrance ramp, he looks directly at Martinez and exhales slowly, before making his way to the ring.]

BW: I don't see a clipboard in his hands, Gordo.

GM: Neither do I. And that is not good news. Not for Martinez and not for these fans.

BW: And given what a madman Martinez is, not good for Gellar. Maybe we should just get security to take him away now as a preemptive strike!

[Gellar enters the ring and stops in front of Martinez. The much smaller Gellar looks up into Martinez' eyes and exhales slowly, steeling himself.]

AM: Well?

[Gellar holds his ground, boldly responding.]

EG: Mr. Martinez. I'm sorry. But my answer has not changed.

You have been unable to find a doctor to sign off on you wrestling. And while you might be willing to put yourself at risk, well, frankly, times have changed. This isn't the Wild West anymore, we do not simply let wrestlers take foolish and unnecessary risks. There are acceptable risks, and then there are things - like this - that I cannot, in good conscience, sanction.

You have had a long and legendary career, Mr. Martinez. But I am afraid that I have to be the one to say what no one else will.

[Gellar pauses, taking another deep breath.]

EG: That career is over, Mr. Martinez.

[The crowd jeers long and loud for that statement as Gellar holds the eyes of Alex Martinez. After a moment, Martinez looks around at the jeering crowd, taking it all in before putting his eyes back on the Director of Operations and speaking.]

AM: You're right about one thing, Gellar. This ain't the wild west anymore. Because in the old days, if some suit came and talked to me that way?

[Martinez pulls off his sunglasses and glares at Gellar.]

AM: He'd be the next jackass that got Firebombed!

[Gellar instinctively takes a step back as the crowd cheers.]

AM: Don't worry, I ain't gonna touch ya, Gellar.

And look, I can respect that ya think you're doin' the right thing. I can respect that, for once, there's a promoter out there puttin' my health above his bottom line.

But here's the thing Gellar. I ain't out here lookin' for a guardian angel. I want Vasquez. These people, they want me to fight Vasquez...

[A huge cheer from the crowd confirms Martinez' words.]

AM: And unless I miss my guess, the truth is, deep down, you want it too.

[Gellar doesn't hesitate in responding.]

EG: Would I love to see you take on Juan Vasquez? Well, to put it in words you're familiar with...

...you bet your ass I do!

[That gets a pop from the crowd!]

EG: But my position remains unchanged. That match will not be sanctioned by the AWA. So long as I have a say in the matter...

[Gellar's words trail off as suddenly, the crowd erupts again and all eyes turn towards the entrance area.]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: We haven't seen in him forever, Gordo!

GM: You're right, we haven't. But ladies and gentlemen, the legendary Jon Stegklet is here!

[Fans are on their feet as the EMWC's legendary Play By Play man, and one of the AWA's founding fathers, makes his way to ringside. Gellar rushes to the side of the ring to hold the ropes open for Stegklet. Stegklet enters and moves to the middle of the ring.]

AM: Steggy...

[Stegklet looks up at his longtime friend with a smile, shaking his head.]

JS: Don't call me Steggy.

[It's cheap but it gets a pop from the capacity crowd.]

BW: I just realized something Gordo.

GM: I'm guessing it's the same thing I realized. There's a clipboard in Stegklet's hands!

[Gellar speaks up.]

EG: Mr. Stegklet, I am not sure why you're here. But of course, this is your ring, so welcome.

JS: Thank you, Emerson, and I'm about to get to exactly why I'm here.

Before I do, I want to make one thing clear. You're doing an incredible job, Emerson. You've brought new life to the AWA.

[Respectful applause from those on hand who agree with the owner's assessment.]

JS: And I want to make one thing clear. I am not here to tell you how to do your job or step on your toes.

But...

[Stegglet lifts the clipboard.]

JS: There are times when a decision has to be made at a higher level. This is one of those times. Now, just a few minutes ago, you said that you would not sanction a match between Mr. Martinez and Mr. Vasquez. Far be it from me to overrule that decision...

[The crowd begins to buzz again.]

JS: But last year, at Memorial Day Mayhem, there was a precedent set. And, it was set by another Martinez.

[The crowd's buzz gets louder as they start to realize what Jon Stegglet is saying.]

BW: He can't be serious!

GM: Oh, I think he is Bucky.

[Stegglet nods to the buzzing crowd before continuing.]

JS: Here is the offer I am making you, Mr. Martinez. I have here, in my hand, a contract that absolves the AWA of all liability. It states that, at an appointed time, the lights in the building will be turned off and on. After this has happened, any fan in attendance who would like to exit the building may do so because Memorial Day Mayhem as sanctioned by the AWA will have ended.

After this, you and Mr. Vasquez may participate in a match which will be unofficially overseen by an AWA referee. But there will be no official rules save the rules the two of you agree on ahead of time.

Yes, Alex, if you sign this document, you are waiving any claim of liability against the AWA or any other involved parties when you take on Juan Vasquez...

...in an UNSANCTIONED MATCH!

[The roar of the crowd nearly tears the roof off the building. Emerson Gellar looks genuinely surprised as both Stegglet and Martinez look around at the cheering fans. When it quiets down a bit, Stegglet continues.]

JS: Alex, do you agree to these terms?

[Martinez chuckles.]

AM: You and I have been friends for a long time, Jon.

[Stegglet nods.]

AM: And I think you know me well enough to know that I've only got one thing to say to that offer...

[Martinez pauses, letting the anticipation build.]

AM: Gimme that pen, Steggy!

[And to the overwhelmingly loud approval of the fans in attendance, Martinez swiftly signs the contract, handing it back to Jon Stegglet who nods in response with a smile on his face.]

GM: And there you have it, folks! In nine days, Alex Martinez will take on Juan Vasquez in an Unsanctioned Match!

BW: Not so fast, Gordo, there's only one signature on that contract.

[Stegglet points to the contract, speaking up again.]

JS: Now, some of you might be thinking to yourself – what if Juan Vasquez refuses to sign this contract? You might be thinking that this match is far from a guarantee.

But-

[Suddenly, a voice cries out, cutting Stegglet off.]

"NO NO NO!!!"

[A HUGE roar of boos fills the arena as all eyes move up the aisle and towards the source of the voice... an irate and furious Juan Vasquez.]

JV: You're all wasting everyone's time, 'cause I ain't signing a damn thing! I didn't agree to any of this and you can't force me to wrestle in something that ain't even sanctioned by the promotion!

[Juan steps up onto the apron, but that's as far as he's willing to go, using the ropes to keep a safe distance between himself and Alex Martinez.]

JV: I'm telling you right now...

THERE AIN'T GONNA BE A MATCH!

[Huge boos! Stegglet quietly absorbs Vasquez' tantrum, looking at him appraisingly before responding.]

JS: But that's where you're wrong, MISTER Vasquez.

[Those boos quickly turn into a roar of cheers as Vasquez shouts "WHAT!?" in disbelief.]

JS: Earlier tonight, Juan Vasquez, you stated in your own words that you would "love to settle this at Memorial Day Mayhem," but that you were prevented from doing so by the issue of Alex Martinez being unable to be cleared to wrestle.

I have consulted with the AWA's legal team, and they tell me those words constitute a verbal contract, one that is legally binding, and it IS enforceable, Mr. Vasquez. You have, in effect, already agreed to sign this contract...

...so there WILL be a match at Memorial Day Mayhem!

[Another huge pop from the crowd!]

JV: Are you kidding me!? No! No! HELL NO!

[He points an accusing finger at Stegglet.]

JV: You're gonna' be hearing from my lawyer! There's no way I'm stepping in with this overgrown son of a-

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Vasquez makes the mistake of taking his eyes off Alex Martinez for a split second, as Martinez has heard just about enough out of him. He cuts the distance between Vasquez and himself with unexpected speed and DRILLS Vasquez with a big boot over the ropes, connecting flush with his fellow Hall of Famer, sending him flying off the apron and crashing down on the barely-padded concrete floor below to a tremendous response!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: WE'VE GOT A FIGHT ON OUR HANDS!

[Martinez drags himself over the ropes, dropping down to the floor and grabbing the rising Vasquez by the hair...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

[...and HURLS him off his feet, flinging him wildly into the steel barricade at ringside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Fans, this is it! We are getting a taste right here and now of exactly what we're going to see in nine days at Memorial Day Mayhem! We're getting a taste of what an Unsanctioned Match brings to the table and if you've never seen one of these before, go back and watch last year's event. Go back and watch what Ryan Martinez and Caleb Temple were able to do to one another with this lack of rules last year at this same event!

[Dragging Vasquez off the mat, Martinez hurls him under the ropes into the ring...]

BW: Look out, look out!

[...and stomps over to the announce table, snatching up the steel chair that Bucky Wilde just vacated. Martinez slides the chair under the bottom rope, looking to get a pound of flesh just nine days before their big Pay Per View showdown.]

GM: The chair is in... Martinez is coming under the ropes...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STEEL CHAIR DOWN ACROSS THE BACK BY VASQUEZ!! OH MY!!

[The blow stops Martinez cold for a moment but before long, he is dragging himself inside the ring as Vasquez angrily stomps around the ring, shouting at anyone who will listen. He circles back towards his opponent in nine days' time as the Last American Badass drags himself up to his knees...]

GM: Oh no...

BW: There's not gonna be a match at Memorial Day Mayhem, daddy! Juan Vasquez is going to see to that right now!

GM: Vasquez is taking aim with that steel chair and-

[Vasquez winds up, ready to slam it home over the skull of Alex Martinez and ensure he'll be taking the night off in Seattle as well...]

...and swings it down towards his fellow Hall of Famer!]

GM: TO THE SKUL-

[But Martinez lifts his two powerful arms, extending them fully, and catching the swung chair in the grip of his hands!]

GM: CAUGHT! MARTINEZ BLOCKS THE CHAIR!

[And with the roaring crowd cheering him on, Martinez rises to his feet, still holding the chair as a disbelieving Vasquez looks on...

...until Martinez swings a knee up into his midsection.]

GM: Martinez goes downstairs!

[And this time, it's the Last American Badass' turn with the chair.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY, WHAT A SHOT!

[With the crowd roaring for what they're seeing, Martinez flings the chair aside...

...and pulls Vasquez into a standing headscissors. He looks out at the timekeeper's table, waving a hand at the people sitting there.]

BW: What the...?

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

BW: He's telling Watson and the timekeeper to move! What is he...?! OH NO!

[The seven footer effortlessly lifts Juan Vasquez up into the air, holding him by the arms as he moves him into a crucifix powerbomb position, walking across the ring. The fans' reaction gets louder with each step as he draws closer and closer to the ropes.]

GM: HE'S GONNA POWERBOMB VASQUEZ THROUGH THE TABLE ON THE FLOOR!

[The Boise fans are seriously losing their stuff at the idea of this as Martinez nears the ropes, looking out to the floor, measuring his shot...

...and a wild-eyed, wriggling Vasquez manages to slip free to an overwhelming chorus of boos that only gets louder as Vasquez makes a break for it, diving through the ropes on the other side of the ring to the "safety" of the floor. He angrily backs off, wagging a finger at Martinez.]

GM: Alex Martinez is standing tall and I thought for sure that Vasquez was going through that table, Bucky!

BW: You're not the only one, Gordo. I think every single fan in this building thought it was about to happen as well... and finally, we get security down here... we've got AWA officials down here...

[Tommy Fierro and Vernon Riley are calling the shots at ringside, informing security to "build that wall" between Martinez and Vasquez who are trading verbal shots from their respective positions as Vasquez stands at the mouth of the aisleway. After a few moments, the crowd begins to jeer again as Jackson Hunter and Maxim Zharkov emerge from the locker room, moving down the aisle to stand alongside their Axis of Evil comrade.]

GM: Hunter's out here now... Zharkov as well...

[The trio is huddled up at ringside, perhaps plotting their next move...

...but paying no attention to Alex Martinez who has already decided on his, making a break for the far ropes.]

GM: What's Martinez...?

[The seven footer covers the distance to the ropes in just a few strides, his long legs clearing space quickly as he builds as much momentum as humanly possible for a man of his size and age, approaching the far ropes at top velocity...

...and LEAPS into the air, clearing the ropes in a single bound.

It's not graceful. It ain't pretty.

But it's damn effective when a seven foot, 300+ pound missile comes sailing through the air, landing on the pile of security as well as the Axis of Evil, sending them all falling to the floor like dominoes!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHHHH MYYYYYYYYYYYY STAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRS!

[The crowd is on their feet, screaming and shouting, hooting and hollering, roaring until they lose their voices.

Because this? This what they just saw?

Is the very epitome of Mayhem.

Fade to black.]