

AWA Saturday Night Wrestling

May 7th, 2016

Alerus Center

Grand Forks, North Dakota

A green road sign with white text that reads "North Dakota". The sign is tilted slightly to the right and is mounted on a wooden post. The background of the sign is a bright green, and the text is in a large, bold, white sans-serif font. The sign is set against a blue sky with scattered white clouds.

[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 all you hear is booing...

No opening sequence yet, as we are now live in the Alerus Center in Grand Forks, North Dakota.]

"Fans of the A—"

[The voice of Jackson Hunter halts as he is cut off by boos and jeers. Fade from a wide shot of the arena to the ring, where Hunter, Maxim Zharkov and Juan Vasquez stand. In front of them on the floor, surrounding the ring, are 20-odd security personnel in black polos, hands clasped in front of them.]

JH: Fans of the AWA, pl—

[Again, Hunter is cut off by raucous jeering. He sighs, and holds the microphone to his side, like a substitute teacher trying to get his class to settle down. Vasquez just chuckles and shakes his head.]

Cut to the aisle, where Gordon Myers, Bucky Wilde, Phil Watson, the time keeper, and half-a-dozen other ringside personnel are blocked from coming anywhere near the ring. Cut backstage, where Supernova, Jordan Ohara, Gladiator and other wrestlers are raising hell, with Emerson Gellar trying to force cooler heads to prevail. Back to the ring.]

JH: FANS OF THE AW—

[Hunter's shouting only seems to rile the crowd up more, which only serves to amp up his irascibility; he starts tearing off his suit jacket. Vasquez seems bemused by rancor, while the hulking Maxim Zharkov merely folds his arms, icily impassive.]

JH: FANS OF THE AWA, AND ALL THOSE WITHIN THE SOUND OF MY VOICE...

PLEASE.

ATTEND.

CAREFULLY!

[Hunter punctuates his shouting by throwing his jacket to the ground.]

JH: When I first came to the AWA a year ago, it was as an advisor to this man, Maxim Zharkov, the future of this sport! But you need to know a little bit about me so you can understand why we are all here right now.

I came from a little promotion north of here called Chinook Wrestling... I was a KING in Chinook Wrestling. I brought people into the gate... I innovated... and I carried the name of Chinook Wrestling on my back! And what did it do? What did I get for it?

[He exhales loudly.]

JH: Well, you don't hear about Chinook Wrestling now, do you? Why is that? Because I ran into a roadblock by the name of the Coltons, and their lieutenants, and their sycophants, and their apologists, and the bureaucrats, and every single obstruction that they could put in my path. I couldn't save Chinook Wrestling. And then...

[He turns to Vasquez, pointing to him.]

JH: ...Then I met this man. And he looked into my eyes, and I looked into his, and we both knew we'd seen the same thing. This is man who has had the weight of his promotion placed on his back. This is man who has had to face down the bureaucrats, the apologists, the sycophants, the Lynches...

[Cheering from the crowd.]

JH: ...The Martinezes...

[More cheering.]

JH: ...And all those other OBSTRUCTIONS. And when I told him my story, and he told me his story... we realized that we couldn't let what happened to Chinook Wrestling happen to the AWA. I couldn't let him turn into me: forgotten and forsaken, standing in the ruins of a wrestling company he was entrusted with. And what makes today different is that Juan Vasquez and myself have the utility...

[Hunter and Vasquez turn to Maxim Zharkov.]

JH: ...The device with which those obstructions can be neutralized. Now, sometimes, when these meetings of the mind form up, they say...

[Hunter affects a droning deep parody of a wrestler's voice.]

JH: "We're here to destroy tha AWA!"

[He snickers.]

JH: Do you really think we could be so vulgar? We are not destroying the AWA, we're setting it free.

Now, some would call us an Axis of—an Axis of EVIL. Let me ask you something: when a person has cancer, and you have to inject them with horrible poisons—is that evil? When you have to cut them open and remove parts of their anatomy that are destroying them from within—is that evil? When you have to irradiate them and render them weakened, wasting away, looking but death, but STILL ALIVE and with a second chance—is that evil? If you want to call us Evil, evil cannot help but do a little good around here.

We will bring you through this... kicking and screaming, and in the end, you will thank these two men. You want to talk about "holding that line?" This line, between these two poles...

[He points back and forth between Vasquez and Zharkov.]

JH: ...Is indeed the Axis around which the wrestling world now rotates.

[As the crowd boos, Vasquez walks forward, clapping. He takes the microphone from Hunter as the jeers become near deafening towards the former People's Hero.]

JV: That was a mighty fine speech, Jackson. I couldn't have said it better myself. But there's still a few things I need to address. First off...

[Juan looks up the aisle.]

JV: Gordon Myers.

[He sneers at the announcer.]

JV: I think it's about time we had a little talk. For years, you've been trusted as the voice of the AWA. The man who we the people can look to as a source of truth. And yet you call us an Axis of...

...evil?

[Juan tilts his head and frowns, before shaking his head slowly.]

JV: Amigo, it's disgusting. It's DISGUSTING how you abuse the power you wield! You have the ability to reach millions of people that take your word as gospel and you choose to spread that sort of filth? We are noble men taking on a noble cause and you have the audacity to label us as evil?

[He smiles to himself, catching his anger for a moment.]

JV: You can spread the truth, you can be the man of integrity that I thought you were, but you neglect to do it! You poison these people's minds against us!

[Juans eyes grow wide as his face reddens with anger.]

JV: And that sir, makes you a liar! A propagandist! A dishonest fake announcer spreading disinformation!

[The crowd roars with boos as Juan lambasts Gordon. He turns to them with a smile.]

JV: What you don't realize right now people, is that Gordon Myers is your enemy, keeping you in the dark from the truth as he shills that corporate agenda. But soon...SOON...you're gonna' understand that what I'm doing is for your own good. Soon you'll understand that this hero never did abandon his people. Because what I do, I do out of the goodness of my heart! What I do...

...I do out of love!

[The crowd really lets Juan have it, appalled at his words.]

JV: Love for a promotion that decided to stop loving me back! A promotion that was willing to throw me aside for the Ryan Martinezes and Travis Lynches of the world when they thought I had nothing left to offer! A promotion that's taken power away from the wrestlers and handed it over to corporate suits and television executives willing to kill the soul of the AWA to satisfy their own ego!

[Juan suddenly grows quiet, his shouts becoming a harsh whisper.]

JV: But I'm Juan Vasquez, damnit.

[A sick grin forms on Juan's handsome face.]

JV: And just like Gordon Myers...I have influence. I have power. I have the ability to reach millions. But I don't choose to lie to you. I don't choose to deceive you. I just hope and pray that eventually you'll open your eyes and wake up to the truth just like I did:

The AWA is sick. The AWA is dying.

[He looks at Zharkov...and then at Jackson Hunter and turns back to the crowd with a smirk.]

JV: But we are going to save the AWA. And we will make it great again-

[And just before Vasquez can finish that line, a piece of music starts up - familiar music to professional wrestling fans all around the world.

The music is Ennio Morricone's "The Ecstasy of Gold."

And the fans in Grand Forks, North Dakota, are reacting so loudly because it means the arrival of one of the most famed color commentators in wrestling history, a

former World Champion in his own right, a member of the AWA front office, and the current Head Trainer at the Combat Corner.

That's correct, sports fans.

Todd Michaelson is in the house... and he does NOT look amused.

Michaelson strides through the entranceway, clad in an olive green stylish suit and carrying a microphone in his hand.]

TM: Before I say anything else, I want to let the three of you know that right now... as you're out here filling the arena with hot air... I want you to know that there's a whole lot of guys standing behind that curtain...

[The AWA owner points to the entryway.]

TM: ...who want to come down there and rip your heads off. They're willing to fight through your little security force down there... they're willing to move heaven and Earth if that's what it takes to get in there and shut the three of you up... to make you pay for what you did to Sweet Daddy Williams two weeks ago.

Make no mistake, it's not fear that keeps them back there - it's not fear that they'll end up just like he did.

It's Emerson Gellar holding them back. It's Emerson Gellar wanting to avoid a full-scale riot... another one... right here tonight in Grand Forks... and he has the support of ownership in that decision.

Those men back there want to get their hands on you... but they're being told "no, not now... wait for your chance..."

[Michaelson reaches up, tugging at the knot on his tie, loosening it. He pulls it off, tossing it aside.]

TM: Luckily, as one of the owners of this company...

[He pauses, pulling off his suit jacket, tossing it down to the ground. The crowd starts to buzz, understanding what's going on. Vasquez smirks, waving the AWA co-owner towards the ring.]

TM: ...I don't have to listen to Emerson Gellar!

[The crowd cheers!]

TM: And that means that as I stand here, thinking about what you've done to Sweet Daddy Williams... and Willie Hammer, one of my students... and Ryan Martinez... and yeah, even that drunken piece of trash who decided the grass was greener elsewhere...

It means that the only thing between us right now, Vasquez... is the air of Grand Forks...

[Big hometown cheer!]

TM: ...and your army of security.

[Michaelson shrugs.]

TM: I'm willing to take my chances.

[And with that, the AWA co-owner starts striding down the aisle towards the ring. Jackson Hunter can be heard shouting at the security squad who forms up, making a wall at the end of the entranceway. Michaelson pauses, staring at the twenty men standing in front of him, blocking his path as Maxim Zharkov stands behind them, ready for a fight. Vasquez and Hunter huddle up, pointing out at Michaelson and laughing.]

TM: Of course... the boys in the back... and me...

[Michaelson grins.]

TM: We weren't the only ones you pissed off two weeks ago.

[Vasquez' brow furrows as he looks down at Michaelson with a "what the hell does that mean?!"

Michaelson's smile gets even bigger as the AWA fans start to buzz in confusion.

We cut to a wide shot of the ring just as someone slides into the ring - a man in a pair of black workout pants and a green and white Combat Corner t-shirt. That man quickly secures a rear waistlock on Vasquez, jerking him into the air and DUMPING him on the back of his head as the arena crowd ERUPTS into cheers!

The man pops up, going into a spin as the camera zooms in a familiar face to fans of Combat Corner Wrestling and...well, the Olympics. The Olympic gold medalist, Bret Grayson, has hit the ring and has just suplexed Juan Vasquez practically right out of his boots.

Maxim Zharkov spins around at the sound of the suplex, eyes flaring as he catches sight of Grayson, rushing towards him...

...when another man comes sailing off the top with a horrific ear-piercing shout as he throws himself into a crossbody, taking Zharkov off his feet! This man can best be described as "thick" - thick chest, thick legs, thick torso, thick neck. He's covered in tattoos and has his hair styled in five tall spikes of jet black with red tips forming a makeshift mohawk. His ears have big black plastic gauges in them. He's wearing a black hoodie over a pair of blue jeans as he pummels Zharkov relentlessly and wildly on the mat.

It only takes a few more moments for the ring to flood with the security team that Jackson Hunter hired for this night, pulling the duo away from Vasquez, Hunter, and Zharkov where they scatter out to the floor, standing next to Todd Michaelson as the Alerus Center crowd EXPLODES in cheers...

...and soon, a chant starts up that tells us they know exactly who the other man is.]

"SIN CI-TY SID!"

"SIN CI-TY SID!"

"SIN CI-TY SID!"

[The Sin City Savior, Sid Osborne, looks around at the cheering crowd with a self-satisfied smirk and a nod. Todd Michaelson slaps him on the shoulder with a grin of his own, raising the mic.]

TM: In case your hearing is failing you, that man right there... he's Sin City Sid... the Sin City Savior, Sid Osborne!

[Huge cheer as Osborne locks eyes with Vasquez who is back on his feet and ranting and raving, struggling to get past his own security guards.]

TM: And this one over here... he's the Olympic gold medalist and YOUR damn hero, Bret Grayson!

[Another big cheer as Grayson hops from foot to foot, waving Maxim Zharkov out to join him. Zharkov is fighting to get past Jackson Hunter who is straining and ordering security to keep the Tsar inside the ring.]

TM: And it turns out that when you made your little crack two weeks ago about the Combat Center... THEY were listening. And when I was sitting in my office after the show, practically in tears over what you did to Sweet Daddy Williams who has been here since Day One and is more the Heart and Soul of that locker room than you EVER were, Vasquez... they came to me and said, "We want to help. We want in."

And here they are...

[Michaelson pauses for a moment, that grin returning to his face...]

TM: ...challenging the two of you to a tag team match right here tonight in Grand Forks!

[BIG CHEER! Michaelson nods, tossing the mic aside as Vasquez screams, "YOU GOT IT! YOU GOT YOUR MATCH!" at him. The crowd is still roaring as Michaelson, Osborne, and Grayson start backing up the aisle...]

...and we fade through black, slowly fading 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 Alerus 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 Grand Forks, North Dakota! 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 colorful Bucky Wilde. Wilde is sporting a lime green sportscoat over a uber-bleached white dress shirt. He's opted for a neon green bowtie on this night as he turns his back to the camera, jerking a thumb at "BIG BUCKS" flashing in twinkly lights across the back of his coat.

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

GM: We're off to an exciting start here on Saturday Night Wrestling as it now appears that in tonight's Main Event, the team of Juan Vasquez and Maxim Zharkov will be taking on two men from Combat Corner Wrestling in Bret Grayson and the Sin City Savior himself, Sid Osborne.

???: Two rookie hooligans trying to get themselves into the mix with the so-called Axis of Evil. There's trying to make a name for yourselves and then there's just being flat-out dumb, Gordon Myers.

[The camera shot changes to reveal that Doctor Harrison Fawcett is sitting between Gordon and Bucky at ringside. Fawcett looks close to how he did two weeks ago with several days worth of facial hair on his face. His normally cleanly shaven head is showing weeks of growth. His eyes are bloodshot with dark circles underneath. This man has been through the wringer for quite some time.]

GM: I... uh, well... this is certainly a surprise, fans. During that speech by... well, Doctor Harrison Fawcett came out here and sat down next to us. Dr. Fawcett, what in the world brings you out to ringside tonight?

"D"HF: Come now, Gordon. If you are going to be the self-proclaimed Dean of Professional wrestling announcing, you will have to call upon higher powers of deduction than that. I am your new broadcast partner! It will be tremendous. Buckthorn and I will give the best insight you have ever heard. You just sit back and listen.

GM: This is certainly news to me but... well, alright, let's go to the ring for our opening matchup!

BW: This is gonna be great. Welcome aboard, doc!

[We fade 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... he hails from Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada... weighing in at 249 pounds...

"CONCRETE" JOHN YEATES!

[Yeates is a well-built man with chest hair, thick shoulders, and a lantern jaw. His curly black hair is shaved at the sides. In the ring, he wears navy blue tights, white kneepads, navy blue boots and has a leather forearm support on his left arm that he swings up in the air with an "AAAAAAAYYYYYY!" Upon hearing the jeers, he threatens to backhand everyone... even children.]

PW: And his opponent...

[After a moment, a generic hip hop beat out of the 1980s comes up over the PA system to cheers!]

"Yo, yo, yo... it's that round mound of hip hop sound comin' to you as live as it gets, homeboy!"

[With the cheers picking up, the man known as BC Da Mastah MC walks through the curtain in his wrestling gear with a white nylon jacket with the words "SWEET BEATS!" across the back and a mic in hand.]

BC: You know how we bring it, North Dakota, so consider it brought!

[As BC starts to walk the aisle, he swings an arm over his head, waving his partner into view. "Mr. Mensa" Manny Imbrogno appears - also in his ring gear of bright pastel blue trunks and white boots with his initials in black script. He's wearing a tweed blazer with elbow patches and the Mensa emblem on the chest over his torso as he totes a Kindle under his arm while his partner raps them to the ring.]

#It's 2016 comin' at you direct
And it's BC and Mr. Mensa - the Rainbow connect
We're bringin' it hard and we're bringin' it loud.
So, get up on your feet if you're up in this crowd.#

[The crowd rises to a nod from BC.]

#Now down in that ring where my partner is heading
There's ol' Concrete John who is wetting his bedding.#

[Yeates angrily kicks the ropes as the crowd laughs.]

#Because Manny don't bring the muscles or brawn.
But he can outthink anyone from dusk until dawn.
So while I'm being the lyrical master.

He's thinking of ways to beat you quicker and faster.

He'll put you down hard without breaking a sweat.
He'll beat you so bad, you ain't gonna forget.
He won't cut a rhyme, not a rapper like me.
But against you, it's just one... two... three.#

[Reaching the ring, BC stays out on the floor as Manny Imbrogno walks up the ringsteps. He pulls off his jacket, hanging it over the ringpost before stepping through the ropes with a leap.]

GM: Alright, fans...

"D"HF: Pardon me, Gordon... oh, hold on... I forgot to take out my earplugs. How you two managed to listen to that is beyond me.

BW: What a great idea! Gordo, why don't you ever have ideas like that?

GM: I feel like I might need a set of earplugs myself if I have to sit out here with you two all night... but regardless of all that, fans, Manny Imbrogno had a poem that he asked to share earlier tonight. Take a look...

[A square spins into the corner where Imbrogno's face appears from earlier in the night.]

"Lady Justice is blind they say with a grin.
That woman standing in judgment of sin.
They bring forth the guilty, the pure, and the meek.
But through her wisdom, it's truth that she seek.
A new sheriff's in town, her very own hand.
Swearing justice is coming to our very own land.
But so far, a great bluster has come from the air.
And The Hangman's career has gotten nowhere."

[Imbrogno gives a slight bow as the square spins away.]

GM: Hahah! How about that, gentlemen?

BW: Gordo, Manny Imbrogno has gone around for years saying he's the world's smartest man, right?

GM: Right.

BW: Well, you've gotta be the world's biggest IDIOT to call out The Hangman!

GM: Perhaps you're right about that. That certainly isn't a cape I would be tugging on. How about you, Mister Fawcett?

"D"HF: DOCTOR Fawcett, Gordon Myers.

GM: My apologies. Doctor Fawcett.

"D"HF: No, Gordon, I would not be tugging on The Hangman's trenchcoat but that noose of his... you know that used to hang in my Manor, right?

GM: I do seem to recall something about that. Is that a story you wish to tell?

"D"HF: Not tonight, dear, I have a headache. And if I told it, my neck might start to hurt as well.

[Inside the ring, the bell has sounded as Manny Imbrogno sidesteps out of the corner, approaching Yeates who is in the middle of the ring. Imbrogno keeps moving right as Yeates turns to confront... and moves... and moves. Yeates struggles to keep up with the younger competitor as Imbrogno does a full circuit around him before an annoyed Yeates stalks off, kicking the ropes again.]

GM: Manny Imbrogno having a little fun at the outset of this one.

[As the referee signals for the action to continue, Imbrogno slowly moves forward, engaging in a tieup that he quickly spins out of into a rear hammerlock before transitioning just as quickly into a side headlock.]

GM: Imbrogno locks in the headlock...

"D"HF: Not for long.

[Backing up into the ropes, Yeates fires Imbrogno off towards the ropes, drawing back his fist...

...but as he rebounds, Imbrogno goes into a cartwheel, completely avoiding Yeates who again protests as he wobbles to the ropes, kicking the bottom one.]

GM: And again, Mr. Yeates takes issue with the ropes. What did they ever do to him?

"D"HF: Hysterical.

BW: See what I have to put up with?

GM: What YOU have to put up with? Look at this situation! If we had to add a third man, why not get us Vernon Riley? He did a heck of a job on the Power Hour last weekend.

"D"HF: Typical. The AWA front office sees fit to bestow such an incredible gift on you and you turn up your nose and ask for a hayseed who if you put his IQ up against my shoe size, you'd be wise to bet on the under.

[Bucky snickers as Imbrogno ties up with Yeates again, this time ending up in a Yeates headlock.]

GM: "Concrete" John Yeates has over twenty years of experience in this great sport, locking that headlock into place on Imbrogno now... and talking up a storm, isn't he?

[Yeates can be heard loudly exclaiming, "I'VE GOT HIM NOW! HE'S GOT NOWHERE TO GO!" just before Imbrogno shoves him off to the ropes. Yeates is still jabbering as he rebounds, ducking under a leapfrog.]

GM: Yeates off the far side... up and over Imbrogno... off the ropes again...

[A picture perfect standing dropkick takes Yeates off his feet but "Concrete" John is quick to recover...]

GM: The dropkick puts him down but won't keep him down as Yeates is right back up...

"D"HF: It will take more than a dropkick to keep down a man of Concrete.

[Imbrogno rushes towards the rising Yeates, leaping up, hooking his head between the legs. He points to the fans as he holds his position for a moment and then twists to the side, dragging Yeates down to the mat with a flying headscissors.]

GM: Whoa my! Manny Imbrogno bringing the dazzling offense to this one here in Grand Forks, North Dakota!

[Again, Yeates scrambles off the mat, getting met with a spinning mule kick into the gut. Imbrogno hooks him, flipping him over into a seated position with a snapmare...]

GM: Imbrogno takes him over... and a leaping dropkick to the back of the head for good measure!

[With Yeates down, kicking his legs on the mat, Imbrogno scrambles into a lateral press, earning a one count before Yeates kicks out.]

GM: The dropkick gets out first pin attempt of the mat but only gets a one count.

[Imbrogno is right up to his feet, hooking a side headlock on Yeates who grabs him by the hair, pulling him back into the ropes where the referee calls for a break.]

GM: This is not where Imbrogno wants to be against Ye-ATES! Big right hand to the bread basket!

[With Mr. Mensa reeling, Yeates is still talking as he slams a forearm across the upper back, putting Imbrogno down on a knee.]

GM: Yeates takes him off his feet with a clubbing blow to the back... now dragging him back up.

[Looping Imbrogno's arms over the top rope, Yeates winds up and throws a hooking right to the body... and another... and a third before the referee steps in, forcing a break on the ropes.]

GM: The official pushing Yeates back.

[But as Yeates moves around him, Imbrogno leans back on the ropes, swinging his legs up to push Yeates back with two boots to the chest.]

GM: Oh! Imbrogno caught him coming in!

[Slipping out of the ropes, Imbrogno leaps up to the second, springing back with a flying crossbody that Yeates ducks, sending Mr. Mensa crashing to the mat.]

GM: Imbrogno with a missed flying attack-

"D"HF: They call it high risk offense for a reason, Gordon.

GM: They certainly do...

[The crowd jeers Yeates as he comes up pointing to his temple.]

GM: And John Yeates is telling these fans just how smart he thinks he is.

"D"HF: Outsmarted Mr. Mensa, did he not?

GM: I don't know if I'd say that.

BW: You'll get to used to this, Doc. Big double standard for any of Gordo's favorites.

"D"HF: Bucky Wilde, you're the man who tells it like it is and the fans love you for it.

[Yeates turns, putting the boots to the ribs of the downed Imbrogno for a few moments before switching to a double axehandle where he falls to his knees, smashing the blow into the kidneys.]

GM: John Yeates perhaps smelling blood in the water here as he pulls Imbrogno up off the mat... and whips him HARD in the corner!

[Out on the floor, BC Da Mastah MC starts shouting for his partner, sparking a "MAN-NY!" chant from the AWA faithful. Yeates angrily looks around, cupping his hands over his ears.]

GM: And the fans here in Grand Forks are starting to get to John Yeates.

[Shaking his head, Yeates pulls Imbrogno off the mat again, grabbing him by the arm for a corner to corner whip.]

GM: Imbrogno sent for the ride...

[Mr. Mensa jumps up to the second rope as Yeates pursues, throwing his head back as if going for a crossbody. Yeates flattens out to avoid it but Imbrogno is faking it, turning on the ropes as Yeates climbs up off the mat, facing the wrong way...]

GM: Imbrogno on the second rope!

[...and leaps off, flipping over and striking Yeates across the chest with his back!]

GM: A leaping backsplash off the top!

[With Yeates down on the mat, Imbrogno reaches back, hooking a leg.]

GM: A variation on his Summa Cum Laude!

[The referee slaps the mat once... twice...]

GM: And he's got him!

[...three times before calling for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And what was that you were saying about Concrete John outsmarting Mr. Mensa?

BW: I didn't say that.

GM: No, your little pal here did.

"D"HF: "Little pal?!" "LITTLE PAL?!" I should rip your intestines out and drag you up the aisle with them, Myers! You DARE to speak to me like that?! I should-

GM: What? What should you do? We saw two weeks ago that your old pal Anton Layton wants nothing to do with you. The men you managed have moved on. No one's seen Oni since SuperClash. Threaten me all your want, MISTER Fawcett, but I think we both know those are hollow threats.

[Imbrogno is celebrating his victory with BC in the ring as we cut outside to the announce table where Fawcett is fuming.]

GM: A nice victory for Manny Imbrogno here tonight to kick off Saturday Night Wrestling. Fans, if you're just joining us, we're going to have that huge tag team Main Event later tonight but right now, let's go backstage where I'm told Derrick Williams is having words with the Director of Operations, Emerson Gellar.

[We cut towards the backstage area where Derrick Williams is in mid-shout at the Director of Operations.]

DW: -what the hell is going on around here, Gellar, but I DO know that twice now, my trainer Kevin Slater has come out to the ring with me to be in my corner... to watch my back... and TWICE, the lights have gone out and he's ended up getting jumped! You know as well as I do that there's only one guy around here with a history of playing with the lights and that's Rage!

[Gellar lifts his hands in a conciliatory gesture.]

EG: Derrick, I understand why you're upset but you have to understand where I'm coming from.

DW: The HELL I do!

[Gellar watches as Williams smashes an open palm into the nearby wall.]

EG: Look... I know you think it's Shadoe Rage who did this but I have to go by the evidence and the facts... and the facts are that I've got NO evidence tying him to this other than his history.

[Williams is leaning against the wall, angrily shaking his head.]

EG: I've got extra security assigned to the lighting grid tonight... the control panel. No one's turning off the building's lights tonight, Derrick, I can promise you that.

[Williams turns, looking at Gellar.]

DW: And?

[Gellar nods.]

EG: And the Championship Committee is in agreement that due to the circumstances surrounding your recent matches, you will receive a title shot at the winner of the Shadoe Rage/Supernova match at Memorial Day Mayhem on June 11th live from Calgary, Alberta, Canada... the very first Canadian edition of SNW.

[Williams nods.]

DW: Good enough... for now.

[And with that, the Brooklyn native turns and walks away, leaving the Director of Operations behind as we cut back out to ringside.]

GM: Emerson Gellar making some assurances to Derrick Williams about the lighting situation here tonight as well as guaranteeing him a future Television Title opportunity. I can't blame Williams for being upset after what's happened over the past month.

BW: All those issues with the light bills. I feel like this wouldn't be happening if Landon O'Neill was still here.

GM: Would you stop? You know as well as I do that those power outages had nothing to do with anything but Shadoe Rage playing games with the lighting grid backstage... but it appears he'll have no such luck here tonight with the added security in place. And speaking of added security, we were able to confirm during that backstage situation that our "special guest" who was out here moments ago was NOT asked to be here. He took it upon himself to be here and while we were away, AWA security came out here and removed MISTER Fawcett.

BW: That's DOCTOR Fawcett to you, Gordo, and I think it's a real shame. We could've used a little more enlightenment out here at the announce desk.

GM: Good riddance if you ask me... and now, let's go to the ring for more action!

[Cut to the ring to Phil Watson.]

PW: Wrestling fans, the following contest is set for one fall and it is for the World Television Championship!

[The crowd cheers.]

PW: Introducing first, to my left, from Bonesteel, South Dakota, and weighing 280 pounds... MADHOUSE MCWESSON!

[A bulky man with a black mohawk, dressed in a black singlet, raises his arms and brags to the crowd.]

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

PW: And his opponent, from Venice Beach, California, and weighing 260 pounds... he is the reigning World Television Champion... ladies and gentlemen...

THIS...
IS...
SUPERNOVA!

[Supernova is dressed in black tights with yellow flames running up the side and black wrestling boots, each with a small, fiery sun on the sides. His face is painted yellow and black, resembling a flame. The AWA World Television Title is strapped around his waist.]

GM: Supernova is just three weeks away from facing Shadoe Rage in a rematch for the World TV Title... that is, if he is still the champion when Memorial Day Mayhem arrives.

BW: You know what Shadoe Rage has said, Gordo... Supernova better be the man with the TV title when Memorial Day Mayhem arrives, because that's the man he wants to take it from!

GM: No kidding, Bucky, but given the grueling slate of defenses Supernova has made and is scheduled to have, who knows if he'll have the title?

BW: I don't like the man, but I wouldn't sell him short, Gordo. At least, not until he gets into the ring with Shadoe Rage, and then it's all over for Stupidnova!

[As he heads down the rampway, he is more than happy to slap the hands of fans whose arms are stretched over the barricade. Upon reaching the ring, he climbs between the ropes, then cups his hands to his mouth and lets loose a howl, before removing the AWA World TV Title belt and handing it over to the referee.]

GM: It remains to be seen if Shadoe Rage can regain the title as much as it remains to be seen if Supernova will be the champion in three weeks... and there's the bell. This one is underway.

[McWesson rushes at Supernova, but the TV champ dodges him and McWesson runs into the corner. As he turns around, Supernova hits him with a forearm, then follows up with more.]

GM: And Supernova taking charge of this one quickly! Look at the pace he's firing off those shots! He has the big man rocking!

[Supernova's last few blows follow quickly and McWesson slumps back into the corner, where Supernova mounts the turnbuckles.]

GM: And look at this! He has McWesson trapped in the corner!

BW: Get in there and break that up!

[Supernova looks out to the crowd, raising a fist in the air, then driving it repeatedly into McWesson as the fans count along.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Supernova hops down from the second turnbuckle, grabs McWesson by the arm and launches him from the corner.]

GM: Irish whip! Could Supernova be going for the Heat Wave?

[Supernova charges McWesson, but at the last minute...]

BW: No, McWesson saw it coming!

[...McWesson does dodge the attempted splash in the corner, but Supernova catches himself in time and McWesson doesn't see it.]

GM: But Supernova stopped himself! He's coming up behind McWesson!

[McWesson brags to the crowd, but turns around and eats a dropkick from the champion.]

GM: And Supernova sends McWesson to the canvas!

[The crowd cheers as Supernova lets loose a howl, then drags McWesson off the mat.]

GM: Supernova has McWesson... setting up the big man for a suplex.

[Supernova slowly pulls McWesson up, then holds him up for a second before dropping him back to the canvas.]

BW: He got it, Gordo! Supernova may not be too bright, but he's strong.

GM: And Supernova staying right on top of his opponent... brings him back to his feet.

[Supernova goes behind McWesson and lifts him off the canvas, dropping him down with a belly to back suplex.]

GM: And a nice belly to back by the TV champion! So far, it's been all Supernova!

BW: It won't be this easy against Shadoe Rage at Memorial Day Mayhem!

GM: You got that right, Bucky! But it won't be any easier for Rage, I would add.

[Supernova drags McWesson to his feet again, pressing him against the ropes and whipping him to the other side.]

GM: Supernova with the Irish whip... clothesline attempt but McWesson ducks!

BW: McWesson coming off the other side... he tries a clothesline!

GM: Ducked by Supernova! The challenger on the rebound and...

[Supernova manages to catch McWesson off the ropes and press him overhead.]

GM: OH MY! Look at the strength by the TV champion!

[Supernova holds McWesson overhead for a couple of seconds before slamming him to the mat.]

BW: I can't believe Supernova got the big man up for that!

GM: Gorilla press slam by the champion, a most impressive feat against a man who weighs nearly 300 pounds!

[Supernova cups his hands to his mouth, howls, and turns his attention back to McWesson.]

GM: And the champion brings McWesson to his feet... backs him into a corner...

BW: There's the Irish whip! Can he hit it this time?

[Supernova measures McWesson, charges and leaps at him.]

GM: HEAT WAVE! He got all of it!

BW: And McWesson is down! This one is just about over!

[McWesson crashes into a heap on the canvas. Supernova turns him over, grabs his legs and ties them up.]

GM: And Supernova trying to lock on the Solar Flare... can he get him over?

[McWesson struggles to hold Supernova off, but the champion gets him turned over into his patented Texas cloverleaf.]

BW: He's got it locked in, Gordo!

GM: McWesson trapped in the center of the ring!

[The referee checks in with McWesson, and after a few seconds, McWesson signals he's had enough.]

GM: And that's it! Another successful title defense for Supernova!

[The fans cheer as Supernova releases the hold and raises his arms in the air.]

PW: The winner of the match... and STILL the AWA World Television Champion... SUPERNOVA!

[The referee hands the title belt back to Supernova and raises his hand in victory.]

GM: Supernova continues his string of successful title defenses... Bucky, let's go back to the replay!

[We cut to the moment when Supernova catches McWesson coming off the ropes and presses him overhead.]

BW: Look at this, Gordo... McWesson is 285 pounds and Supernova picks him up and presses him above without much trouble! That's a great show of strength!

[We cut to later in the match where Supernova whips McWesson into the corner.]

BW: Earlier in the match, Supernova tried to catch McWesson in this position but didn't hit the move... but by this point, McWesson was worn down and Supernova got all of that Heat Wave!

[We cut to Supernova applying the Solar Flare to McWesson.]

BW: And Supernova got the Solar Flare locked on, and at that point, it was over for McWesson, but believe me, Supernova isn't gonna get Shadoo Rage trapped in that move again!

GM: Supernova successfully retaining the title here tonight in Grand Forks as he tunes up for what promises to be one of the most hotly-anticipated rematches in recent history. It'll be Supernova taking on Shadoo Rage at Memorial Day Mayhem with the World Television Title on the line and I can't wait for that one.

BW: The strap is headin' home to Rage Country!

GM: Speaking of Rage Country, Shadoo's sister Lauryn has been causing all sorts of problems for the ladies of the Women's Division ever since arriving here backed by the Serpentes. Our fans who saw this week's Power Hour saw another brutal matchup with the Serpentes dominating their opposition. They're going to be in action here tonight but right now, let's go backstage to where I'm told we're trying to get some comments from Lauryn Rage before her matchup with Lori Wilson!

[We fade from ringside and open up on Lauryn Rage. The shot is a close up. Her hair is braided around the edges and falls back in a long cotton candy pink mane. Lauryn's eyes are a little haunted as she looks with irritation at the camera. She rubs her chin absently with her left hand. Lauryn's eyes slowly shift up and to the left as Mark Steggle puts a microphone in her face. The camera shot widens out to show Lauryn Rage backstage sitting on some of the crates while Steggle stands over her. Lauryn drops her hand and her mouth manages to form a scowl. She winces a bit at the expression.]

MS: May I ask you some questions?

LR: You've got your camera. You're shooting some fancy angles. You've got your microphone. I'm sure you can manage.

[Stegglet smiles.]

MS: I can't help but wonder if the reason you're obviously so upset is because of that kick to the mouth you took from Lori Wilson two weeks ago.

[Lauryn Rage stares up poisonously at Stegglet as she gets to her feet.]

LR: You want to say Lori Wilson bodied the Kid?

MS: I'm not really sure what that means but from what I saw, she knocked you out flat. The Serpentine's were carrying you back here!

LR: What?!

[Stegglet waves a hand in front of her.]

MS: Did you even see a doctor? Are you cleared to compete here tonight?

[Rage swings a hand at Stegglet's, narrowly missing.]

LR: You're just a hater, Mark. I'm sure you, Cannon, Somers and Wilson were all getting a good laugh at jumping the Kid from behind, right? Maybe your two or three troll fans were talking it up on the internet?

MS: I saw a meme or two.

LR: You know, social media's been all over it. They been sending out fan art and memes reminding everybody that even though I got cheapshotted... who won that match?

MS: You did.

LR: I did. And when Somers and Cannon stuck their noses in it? Who was winning the fight?

MS: It was three on two!

LR: So? I was winning and then I got jumped from behind by that backstabbing, opportunity-stealing wench. Did she kick me in my mouth when I wasn't expecting it? Yeah, she did. Did she nearly give me a concussion? Yeah, nearly. But that ain't slick at all, Stegglet. Because all she did was get the Kid's attention, ya dig? I mean, why she wants it with me? I dunno. She must want to get hurt. Because that's what I do to these wannabes. I'm mad as... Lori Wilson wants to cape for Melissa Cannon? Go ahead, girl. See if that helps her out tonight, Stegglet.

[Rage rolls her eyes.]

LR: Tonight we're going to be one-on-one in that ring. She won't be able to try any cheap shots. She won't be able to sneak up from behind. We're going mano-a-mano and you know what's going to happen, Stegglet?

[Stegglet grins.]

MS: Are you gonna get kicked in the mouth again?

LR: (coldly) You'd like that, wouldn't you? You'd really like that.

[Stegglet's lack of response indicates that he would indeed like to see that.]

LR: It ain't gonna happen, ya dig?

MS: But lightning could strike twice!

LR: God, you are so corny! Yeah, Lady Lightning is pretty smooth in that ring from what I've seen, but she ain't me. I don't care how much experience she's got on me, she isn't better than me. I'm gonna get her in there and I'm gonna take that leg and rip it right off, Steggy. Then what does she have left? You feel me?

MS: Those are big words. I'm sure everyone is curious to see if you can back them up.

LR: Go ahead, keep underestimating me, Stegglet. Keep being the house stooge. You just Steggleted Lori's career. Deuces!

[Lauryn throws up the peace sign as the camera follows her strutting out of sight...

...and we fade to black.

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

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

...and then back up on footage marked "EARLIER TODAY" where down on the load-in ramp of the Alerus Center. Colt Patterson stands by, waiting for four immaculately attired figures who emerge from the afternoon sun.]

CP: And here they come, Kerry Kendrick, Callum Mahoney, and Mr. Steal the Spotlight 2016, "Red Hot" Rex Summers... And I gotta say, boys, you'd look as comfortable in an Esquire magazine photo shoot as you would schooling your opponents in the ring.

[Kerry Kendrick is dressed in an emerald green silk shirt with suspenders. "Red Hot" Rex Summers cuts a dapper figure in a dark, finely tailored suit; this weekend's Sweetheart looks up at him from his arm, possibly showing signs of dehydration from attraction. Callum Mahoney cleans up well himself in a vintage tweed waistcoat and cap, swinging a gold pocket watch on a chain. Even Erica Toughill has gotten in on the act, wearing 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.]

KK: Colt, a man's brand is his business, and business is booming.

CP: It doesn't look like the Self Made Man is sitting on the sidelines tonight. This has been a pretty rough spring for you.

KK: My legal department would have a FIT if I were to go into details with you. What was that legal advice you gave me years ago, Colt?

CP: Always keep a lawyer on retention.

KK: And I have the most retentive lawyer money can buy. He's good, Colt. He moved heaven and earth to get the AWA to air my match on Power Hour fully uncensored and unedited. The downside is that I am apparently not allowed to talk about a certain high profile member of that locker room's unprofessional conduct...

CP: [clears his throat]

KK: ...ALLEGEDLY

But, despite all the red tape, and all the regulations, SM&K is legit and here to stay. You can bring in all the ringers you want. You can bring in fly-by-nighters, you can bring in people coasting on their reps, and you can call up your mushmouthed illiterates... But Summers, Mahoney, Kendrick... We are the Heart and Soul of the AWA, Self Made Men all of us. We're here for the long haul, Colt.

CP: Not surprising that Pure X and Terry Shane III don't concern you.

KK: Let's just say that if they put themselves in the wrong spot at the wrong time, we'll be on the other side of Ricki's big stick.

[Toughill pats her baseball bat on her open palm.]

CP: Callum, you look equally unconcerned by Pure X and Shane, so let's talk about the World Television title. Tonight, Supernova puts the Television Title on the line,

but while you have made your intention to challenge for the World Television Title very clear, it will not be against you. Does that bother you?

CM: As you said, Colt, I have stated my intent very clearly and Supernova himself said two weeks ago to take it up with Emerson Gellar, which I have. As I expected, the Director of Operations, either because he feels the need to protect his boy, or one of his Memorial Day Mayhem matches, won't make that match before the thirtieth of May. Never the less, I do believe that Shadoe Rage is owed his rematch and I stand by that belief, so, no, Colt, I'm not too bothered that I won't be the one stepping in the ring against Supernova tonight.

[Mahoney holds out his right hand and crooks two fingers at the camera, inviting it to close up on his face.]

CM: But make no mistake about it, Supes, I will be watching, just as I will be watching when you take on Shadoe Rage at Memorial Day Mayhem, because, one way or another, I will have my shot at the World Television championship.

[Colt turns the microphone towards Rex Summers, who has a smug smirk on his face.]

CP: And that brings us to you, my good friend. Rex, we've all seen the injustice that Emerson Gellar has done to Callum, but let's talk about his most recent decision regarding the Steal the Spotlight Contract.

[Summers raises his head just a bit and strokes his chin for a moment.]

RS: Once again, Emerson Gellar feels he can just tell me that I have to defend this contract...

[The Summers Sweetheart raises the red Halliburton briefcase.]

RS: A contract that NO ONE before me has ever had to defend! Everyone else had the ability to sit back, relax, and take their time to decide when they would cash in the contract they earned! But not the "Red Hot One!" Oh no, Emerson Gellar feels the need to ask me Saturday Night Wrestling after Saturday Night Wrestling when I'm going to take advantage of MY opportunity and when he doesn't like the answer...

[Summers pauses as Toughill once again pats the baseball bat in her open palm.]

RS: ...HE decides I need to defend it. And this time it is against a man who believes he is touched by the Roman Gods and is fulfilling a purpose for them. I'll tell you this, Colt, he is touched in the head alright. SNORT SNARL SNORT.

[SM&K share a collective laugh as Summers mocks the Gladiator.]

RS: Tell me, Colt, how is that deserving to be in the spotlight? How is a man who barely has the mental capacity to tie his shoes worthy of this?

[Summers points at the briefcase.]

RS: I'll tell you, Colt, he isn't! Emerson Gellar is hoping that The Gladiator can pull off his second miracle and defeat Rex Summers.

CP: Second miracle?

RS: That's right Colt, second miracle. His absolute fluke of a victory at SuperClash was the first.

CP: But Rex, The Gladiator is a tough competitor...

RS: But he's not Rex Summers! And he doesn't have The Self Made Man, The Armbar Assassin, or the First Lady of Wrestling...

[Toughill looks a bit annoyed as she again pats her palm with the baseball bat.]

RS: By his side!

[And with that, the quartet makes their exit, leaving Patterson behind.]

CP: Strong words from strong men... and... well, silence from a very strong lady... and I fully expect all of them to be able to back them up in any situation they get themselves into. Phil Watson, you over-stuffed toad... take it away!

[We fade back into the arena where Phil Watson is standing front and center.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall in the AWA Women's Division with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada... weighing in at 150 pounds...

LAURRRRRRYNNNNNNN RAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[Nicki Minaj's "I'm the Best" starts up. The arena goes dark. For the fans watching on television, the image has a filtered quality. The large video screen lights up with Instagram photos of Lauryn Rage in various poses interspersed with still action shots of Lauryn. 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 unitard tog cut barely decently short at the bottom. She wears knee high boots, kickpads and knee pads in navy. Lauryn struts around the ring, tossing her indigo blue hair as she poses for imaginary pictures.]

GM: As I said earlier tonight, Lauryn Rage has caused nothing but trouble for the women of the AWA since arriving here but it's worked for her as she finds herself the current #5 ranked woman on the roster.

BW: And when that World Women's Championship gets unveiled, you know as well as I do that she's going to be one of the odds-on favorite to walk home with the gold.

GM: Plenty of rumors running wild about how and when that title will be brought to the masses... and yes, I'm sure Lauryn Rage will be right in the thick of things when it happens.

[Rage is now in the ring, dressing down the ringside fans as her music fades out and is replaced by the opening drum beats of "Light of Day" by Joan Jett and the Blackhearts over the PA system. As the music kicks in, "Lady Lightning" Lori Wilson emerges from the entranceway. She is dressed in a black singlet with white lightning streaks on the front, back and sides, black kneepads and wrestling boots, the boots with a lightning bolt on the sides. She also wears a black headband with three small lightning bolts on it.]

PW: Introducing, from Jacksonville, Florida, and weighing 125 pounds... ladies and gentlemen, this is "LADY LIGHTNING" LORI WILSON!

[Lori walks down the aisle and slaps hands with fans stretched over the railing. When she reaches the ring, she climbs onto the apron and ducks through the ropes, walking to the center of the ring and raising her arms to the crowd, a smile on her face.]

GM: Lauryn Rage insisted on this match up, Bucky, because she was embarrassed that Lori Wilson hit her with the Lightning Strike super kick.

[After a few moments, she ducks back through the ropes and climbs off the apron, removing her headband and presenting it to a kid at ringside, then rolls back in under the ropes, gets to her feet and takes her position in the corner.]

BW: Get it straight, Lori Wilson jumped Lauryn Rage from behind and cheap shot her with that superkick. Now she's here one-on-one with the Kid. And it won't work out the same, Gordo.

GM: I don't know, Bucky. One quick kick and it's lights out for Lauryn Rage.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And we're underway here in this one. One fall, fifteen minutes in the AWA Women's Division.

[Lauryn Rage walks up to Lori Wilson in the center of the ring. She starts running her mouth and running down her opponent. Wilson backs up a little bit as Rage jabs her finger into her chest.]

BW: Go ahead and read her the riot act, Lauryn! Let this girl know who she is!

GM: And I'm not sure exactly how much of this Lori Wilson will-

[Rage jabs Wilson in the chest again, creating some space between the two women before Lori Wilson decides that she's heard enough, swinging her leg up in an attempt at the Lightning Strike.]

GM: Whoa!

[Lauryn Rage topples backwards in a panic, falling down on her ample butt as she flails away from the superkick. Her eyes are wide apart in horror as Wilson stands over her holding her fingers less than an inch apart.]

"You were that close."

GM: Lauryn Rage came within inches of being knocked out again!

BW: I... I...

GM: Ahh. The sounds of silence are so sweet sometimes.

[Scooting backwards on her butt, Rage ends up with her back to her corner. She climbs to her feet, looking around angrily at the laughing crowd...]

...and then blindly charges out of the corner with a shout, running right into a collar and elbow tieup. The two women have a heated exchange, shoving one another back and forth until Rage slips a knee up into the midsection of Wilson.]

BW: Hah! There you go!

[A second and third knee connect with the gut before she yanks Wilson by the hair into a side headlock, glaring out at the formerly-laughing crowd.]

“Who’s laughing now?! Who?!”

[But Rage’s shouting at the fans distracts her enough for the veteran to back her into the ropes, using them to throw Rage out of the hold and across the ring.]

GM: Wilson shoots her off... Rage coming back strong...

[The rebounding Rage runs right into Wilson who scoops her up, slamming her down hard in the middle of the ring.]

GM: Scoop and a slam!

[Rage scrambles up to her feet, rushing in towards Wilson who catches her coming in again, using a snapmare to take her over into a seated position...

...and JAMS her knee into the lower back before taking a knee, pulling back on the chin.]

GM: And the veteran hooks in that chinlock, pulling back hard on Rage’s head.

BW: Having never been in the ring, I don’t know if you understand how much this hurts, Gordo. You’ve got the knee jammed into the lower back... you’ve got the torque on the neck from the chinlock as well. And of course, a veteran like Wilson knows how to apply a hold like this to maximize the effects.

GM: While giving herself a chance to try and wear down Rage as well.

[The hold is only on for a handful of seconds before Rage slips her legs underneath her, trying to get to her feet as Wilson switches to a more traditional rear chinlock, leaning on the younger competitor.]

GM: Lauryn Rage working her way to her feet as Wilson tries to keep her grounded.

BW: Which is a good strategy for Lori Wilson. She’s older. She won’t have the stamina of Lauryn Rage so whatever she can do to try and wear her down is a good idea.

GM: Rage fighting her way up though... now trying to find a way out of the hold.

[Rage throws an elbow back into the midsection, trying to force separation.]

GM: Elbow to the gut... that might do it... another... and a third one gets her free as Wilson tries to protect the body.

[Free from her opponent’s clutches, Rage dashes across the ring, bouncing off the ropes towards the veteran who ducks down for a backdrop but the more-athletic Rage leaps into the air, sailing over Wilson.]

BW: Sunset flip by Rage!

GM: Not yet! She can’t get her down!

[Wilson stands tall, holding her ground as Rage kicks her feet on the mat, trying to get enough leverage to pull the Lightning Lady down to the mat...]

GM: Lori won’t go over! She’s fighting the leverage!

[Wilson winds up, driving a hard right hand down into the head of Lauryn Rage to cheers from the Grand Forks crowd. Rage rolls to the side, clutching her head as

Wilson reaches down, grabbing the rulebreaker by the hair and pulling her up off the mat, dragging her back into a headlock.]

BW: She had the hair!

GM: Indeed she did. Lori Wilson looking to perhaps... snatch them edges, I believe the saying goes.

BW: Don't try to be young like us, Gordo.

GM: Us? Hmm. With as many selfies as this generation takes, I'd imagine you might have seen your own face lately.

BW: HEY!

[Still holding the headlock, Wilson gives a crank, causing Rage to go up on her tiptoes as she struggles to escape.]

GM: And Lori Wilson again controlling Lauryn Rage with basic simple wrestling.

BW: That's all she's capable of, Gordo, but I will admit she's got Rage off balance.

[Rage twists from side to side until she has an angle where she can drill Wilson in the kidney with a sharp punch. She lands another hard kidney shock that forces Wilson to break the hold.]

BW: Nice!

[Wilson staggers back for a moment before balling up her fist, throwing a haymaker to the jaw of Rage, sending her falling back into the ropes.]

GM: Wilson returns fire! Big right hand!

[Rage pushes off the ropes, landing a wild shot of her own...

...and Wilson returns fire with a haymaker that sends Rage staggering back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Good grief! These girls are trading punches like the final round of a Rocky movie!

[An irate Rage lowers her shoulder, rushing towards Wilson, driving her back into the ropes where she starts frantically clubbing away, sloppily throwing rights and lefts!]

BW: And now it's turning into a hockey fight! Somebody jersey somebody!

[Pushing Rage back, Wilson comes flying forward with a right hand that stuns Rage. A second one staggers her, leaving her arms pinwheeling around as she tries to stay on her feet. Wilson nods, balling up her fist as she steps forward...

...and Rage sticks a thumb in her eye!]

GM: Oh! Come on!

BW: The most effective strike in pro wrestling! It never fails!

GM: Why isn't Scott Ezra disqualifying her for this?

BW: You know as well as I do that a minor infraction like that is entirely within the referee's discretion. And if you don't, you should pick up a copy of the AWA Rulebook on sale now in both traditional and digital print forms. Wait til you see the section on Westwego, daddy.

GM: I can't wait for that.

[With Wilson blinded, Rage throws herself back into the ropes, rebounding back and leaping into the air with a double kneestrike...]

...but Wilson sidesteps, sending Rage splattering down to the mat, landing on her knees to cheers.]

GM: Oho, and that'll send a jolt of pain through both of those knees, Bucky!

BW: She miscalculated there... and Wilson's right on top of her, pulling her up, whipping her in...

GM: The veteran trying to take advantage of that mistake, earn herself an upset victory, and put herself into the conversation surrounding the Women's World Championship.

[With Rage in the corner, Wilson runs a half distance of the ring, leaping up...]

GM: Shades of Supernova in the corn- OHHH!

[Rage pulls herself out of the way, causing Wilson's torso to SLAM into the open buckles!]

BW: Turnabout is fair play, daddy. Wilson got out of the way of the knees and Lauryn gets out of the way of that big splash in the corner.

[Moving quickly, Rage walks halfway across the ring before turning back, shouting as she charges in...]

...and spins, throwing her posterior into the lower back of Wilson, knocking the air out of her and causing her to spit saliva into the air!]

GM: Ohhh! Running hip attack in the buckles!

[Spinning Wilson around, Rage leans over, burying her shoulder into the midsection a couple of times before backing off, walking with a strut as the crowd jeers her.]

GM: And the confidence is returning to Lauryn Rage as she heads across the ring to the far corner...

[Pushing off the middle buckle in the far corner, Rage charges out, tumbling into a cartwheel, handspringing out, and DRIVING the point of her elbow into the sternum!]

GM: Another hard shot to the body by Rage!

BW: Incredible athleticism though. The gymnastics teams heading to Rio in a few months might have a hard time beating that Perfect 10, daddy!

[Grabbing the dazed Wilson, Rage snaps her over by the hair.]

BW: Hair mare!

GM: That's not funny at all... and a dropkick between the shoulderblades will shake Lori Wilson from head to toe, leaving her writhing in pain down on the canvas.

BW: Somebody get her Life Alert! She's fallen and she can't get up!

GM: You realize she's over a decade younger than you, right?

BW: FAKE NEWS!

GM: Lauryn Rage pressing the advantage, pulling Wilson off the mat... oh, some harsh words there for our fans in Grand Forks as she throws the veteran chestfirst into the corner!

[Turning her body, she slams her elbow into the back of Wilson's neck.]

BW: Rage has taken control of this match, Gordo... it won't be long now...

GM: Schoolgirl rollup out of the corner...

BW: Told you!

[But Wilson kicks out at two, causing Rage to glare at referee Scott Ezra.]

GM: Two count only there for Rage... and she's right up, beating Wilson to her feet...

[The crowd jeers as Rage delivers a soccer kick to the spine as Wilson twists her body to get vertical. A second kick follows before a vicious stomp to the head keeps Wilson on the mat as Rage stands over her, taunting her with shouts.]

"You're basic, Wilson! Basic!"

[As Wilson cringes in pain, Rage lays in heavy slaps to the back of the head.]

GM: Oh, come on! There's no call for that!

BW: Maybe not but they're open-handed strikes and perfectly legal according to my copy of the AWA Rulebook, available now.

GM: Are you getting a piece of the action on that?

BW: No comment.

[Grabbing the downed Wilson by the legs, Rage muscles her up into the air...

...and then swings her forward, throwing her down into a split-legged facebuster!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: That wheelbarrow facebuster is just plain nasty, Gordo.

GM: And you would think she might attempt a cover after that but I think she's looking to punish Wilson now.

BW: She's heading up top, daddy!

[With the crowd jeering and Rage taunting them, she slowly begins climbing the turnbuckles, running her mouth the whole time...]

GM: Lauryn Rage better move a little quicker if she's going up to the top, Bucky.

BW: She's definitely going up top but I've gotta agree with you, Gordo. She's talking so much, she might not even realize it's taking her way too long to get up there.

[Reaching the top rope, Rage pauses to deliver one final insult to the fans before hurling herself into the air, tucking her knees to her chin before extending them to come down with a seated senton...]

GM: Sitting splash off the top!

[...and Wilson LUNGES to the side, narrowly avoiding disaster as Rage crashes and burns on the mat to a HUGE CHEER!]

GM: She missed! She missed! A spectacular miss by Lauryn Rage and that puts Lori Wilson in a great opportunity if she can take advantage of this situation, fans!

[Rolling to her chest, Rage's hind quarters are shoved skyward, being grasped with both hands as the crowd cheers on Lori Wilson who is down on her stomach, gasping for breath.]

GM: Lauryn Rage very possibly may have injured her tailbone on that hard fall off the top and this has changed the complexion of the matchup in a hurry... but can Wilson take advantage of it?

BW: Not right now she can't. Neither of them can! They're both laid out on the mat!

GM: And this may have just become a case of who can get to their feet first!

[As both women are down on the mat for some time, the referee begins laying in a count. There's a rumble from the crowd as the curtains part.]

GM: Wait! What's going on?!

[The crowd boos as the Serpentes make their way from the back down the ramp.]

GM: What are the Serpentes doing here?

BW: Moral support! They are Lauryn's friends. They are just coming out to see what's happening with their girl.

GM: I don't buy that for a second, Bucky! These two behemoths are coming out here to get involved in this matchup!

BW: Have they gotten involved yet?

GM: Not yet.

BW: Then you can't say that!

GM: The key word there is "yet," fans, as the Serpentes - Mamba and Copperheard - are heading towards the ring and this can't be good news for Lori Wilson as she tries to battle her way to her feet, looking for a big upset here in Grand Forks!

[After their walk down the aisle, the Serpentes take up residence in Lauryn Rage's corner, pounding the mat in support for Lauryn Rage as referee Scott Ezra admonishes them not to get involved in the match.]

BW: Pay attention to the action in the ring, Ezra! Not the Serpentes.

[The referee turns around in time to see a recovering Lori Wilson heave and flip Rage over to the canvas with a snap suplex, sending another jolt down her spine.]

GM: The suplex after that miss off the top and the back of Lauryn Rage might be absolutely aching at this point. Wilson rolls over, hooking a leg...

[Scott Ezra dives into position, getting in a two count before Rage's shoulder flies off the mat in time. Copperhead pounds the ring apron, shouting at her ally.]

GM: Lori Wilson only gets the two count there but it could be enough to get her back on track, Bucky. She's gotta string together some offense here and that might be just the start of it.

BW: If she's gonna do it, she's gotta do it now. If Rage gets her second wind, she's going to turn this thing right back the other way and finish Wilson off before she misses the Early Bird down at the Sizzler.

GM: Do they still have Sizzlers?

[Grabbing a handful of indigo hair, Wilson drags Rage back to her feet, flinging her across the ring with an Irish whip...

...and taking her down to the mat as she jumps into the air, smashing Rage in the face with a flying forearm!]

GM: Flying forearm connects! Another cover!

[Ezra dives to the mat again, reaching two once more before Rage kicks out!]

GM: But again, Lauryn Rage is able to kick out before the three count... and again, those Serpentes are out on the floor shouting at Lori Wilson. That's gotta be an intimidating sight to look out there and see those two, Bucky.

BW: So intimidating that those dopes Somers and Cannon are nowhere to be seen in support of their good friend Lori Wilson!

GM: Julie Somers has a match coming up later tonight but-

[Bringing Rage back to her feet, Wilson shoots her into the ropes again, catching her on the rebound with a sky high hip toss, sending her right down on her lower back and tailbone again!]

GM: Oh, goodness! Right down on the lower back!

[Lauryn Rage cringes as she clutches her wounded tailbone region as Lori Wilson follows up the hip toss with an elbow drop to the chest, putting Rage back on her back.]

GM: Wilson drops an elbow down... and look at this, Rage is rolling right out to the floor! She's running for it, Bucky!

BW: It's called strategy, Gordo. It's the same as when the quarterback makes a dive out of bounds to save himself from the big hit!

GM: It's called cowardice and surrounding herself with her thugs!

[Copperhead and Mamba move to the sides of Rage, checking on her as Wilson walks across the ring...]

"TEN MINUTES HAVE GONE BY! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!"

[At the timekeeper's call, Wilson grabs the top rope with both hands...]

BW: Wait a second! What is she-?!

[...and slingshots over the top, taking down the Serpentes and Rage with a crossbody!]

GM: OH MY STARS! What a maneuver by Lori Wilson!

BW: That's not right! She should be disqualified for attacking the Serpentes!

GM: What?!

BW: They didn't do anything to her, Gordo! They hadn't laid a finger on her! She's got no right to attack them!

GM: Let's call it premature self-defense then!

BW: That's not in the AWA Rulebook, available at all-

GM: Oh, give me a break!

[Wilson slowly gets up off the floor, turning with a fist pump towards the Grand Forks crowd that react with big cheers. She turns her attention back towards Rage...

...and instead finds Mamba and Copperhead coming to their feet.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Let's see how she likes it! Now that she's put her hands on them, they're totally okay to return the favor! It's totally legal!

GM: It absolutely is NOT!

[The Mamba and Copperhead move towards Lori Wilson, drawing the referee out to admonish them.]

GM: The referee has to break off his count at about four to go out there and try to keep the Serpentes at bay.

BW: If they decide to attack, the Grand Forks National Guard couldn't keep them at bay, daddy.

[We've got quite the stand-off on the floor with Wilson trapped between Mamba and Copperhead with the referee shouting at them both...

...when suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

GM: Oh my! You asked for them, Bucky, well here they come!

BW: Awww, great.

[The roaring crowd is screaming for Julie Somers and Melissa Cannon as they quickly run down the aisle, splitting apart to come around the ring behind Mamba and Copperhead who don't see them coming...

...until they get spun around and BLASTED with a pair of haymakers to even bigger cheers!]

GM: Oh yeah! Here comes the cavalry!

[A grinning Lori Wilson pulls Rage off the mat, shoving her back under the ropes into the ring. The referee slides back in as Wilson rolls herself back into the ring.]

GM: We've got a fight out on the floor! The Serpentine's doing battle with Julie Somers and Melissa Cannon but inside the ring, Lori Wilson is trying put an end to Lauryn Rage's night!

[Pulling Rage up by the arm, Wilson whips her into the ropes again, dropping her with another flying forearm!]

GM: Another flying forearm connects, knocking Rage down to the mat!

BW: This isn't fair! Her friends can't help- I mean, they can't-

GM: Yeah, they can't help! They can't cheat!

BW: No, no... I meant they can't provide advice and moral support if-

GM: Wilson drags her up, backed into the corner... big forearm across the chest... and another... and another...

[Grabbing Rage by the arm, Wilson whips her from corner to corner, sending her smashing into the turnbuckles where Rage slowly staggers out, seemingly out on her feet...

...where Wilson hooks her around the torso, flipping her through the air with a twisting belly-to-belly suplex, driving her down to the canvas!]

GM: BELLY TO BELLY! Is that enough?!

[Wilson dives across Rage's chest, reaching back to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Shoulder up! My stars, she got the shoulder up in time!

[The crowd is buzzing at the near fall as Wilson pushes up to her knees, pleadingly looking at the official who holds up two fingers. With a deep breath and a nod, Wilson resigns herself to the near fall, climbing up to her feet, backing up across the ring...

...and STOMPS her foot on the mat!]

GM: Here it comes! She's calling for the Lightning Strike!

BW: Lauryn! LAURYN!

GM: Would you sit down for crying out loud?!

[Rage slowly rolls over to all fours as Wilson stomps faster and faster, signaling to the crowd what's about to come...]

GM: She knocked her out with this two weeks ago and if she does it again right now, she's going to score a major upset and completely throw the Women's Division for a loop just like Kayla Cristol did when she beat Erica Toughill two weeks ago!

BW: LAURYN!

GM: BUCKY!

[And as Rage gets up to her feet, Wilson surges forward, looking to land the superkick...]

GM: LIGHTNING STRIKE!

[But as Wilson lashes out with the superkick, Rage flails backwards, tumbling back into the corner...]

BW: She missed!

GM: Rage falls back to the corner... Wilson can't believe it, she thought she had her there!

[In the background, we can see Melissa Cannon trading blows with Copperhead as Wilson moves in on Rage...]

...who suddenly springs forward, digging the fingernails from both hands into the eyes, screaming like a banshee as she does!]

GM: AHHHH!

[Rage RAKES hard with both hands, leaving Wilson completely blinded. Wilson cries out in pain, rubbing her eyes frantically...]

...and Rage grabs her, dragging her down with a cradle.]

GM: Schoolgirl rollup again!

[Ezra dives to the mat, his back to the ropes...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[...and Rage reaches out, grabbing the ropes behind Ezra for leverage.]

GM: SHE'S GOT THE ROPES!

[But Ezra doesn't see it before slapping the mat a third time.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Ahhhh, I can't believe it!

[Rage lets go of the ropes, getting flung aside by a Wilson kickout a moment too late. She smirks as she rolls from the ring where the fighting fell to a halt at the sound of the bell. Waving an arm towards her allies, the Serpentes fall in around Rage, celebrating the win as Wilson gets off the mat, rubbing her eyes in pain.]

GM: Lori Wilson just got ROBBED by Lauryn Rage, Bucky.

BW: How do you figure that?!

GM: She grabbed the ropes for leverage! That's illegal!

BW: Is it? I'll need to check my copy of the AWA Ruleb-

GM: Are you out of your mind?!

[Rage is celebrating her victory on the floor as Phil Watson makes it official, tapping her temple to indicate how smart she is. Melissa Cannon slides into the ring, taking a spot next to Wilson to check on her as Julie Somers stands out on the apron...]

GM: Lori Wilson had this match won and... well, first that snake Rage went to the eyes with one of the most vicious eyerakes I've ever seen! She literally was gouging her eyes out, Bucky!

BW: I think Wilson was having trouble with her contacts and Lauryn was just trying to help her out.

GM: Absolutely ridiculous. And then she used the ropes for leverage. A victory here for Lauryn Rage but a tainted victory for sure.

BW: Tainted or not, this can only serve to help her standing when it comes to moving up those rankings for the Women's World Title and-

[With the Serpentes and Rage celebrating on the floor, Wilson angrily shouts at Rage who puts her hands up to her eyes, mock crying in Wilson's direction...

...which is Julie Somers' cue to run down the apron, leaping into the air...]

GM: SOMERS!

[Mamba and Rage duck to avoid her but Copperhead isn't so lucky, getting knocked down to the floor by a Somers tumbling somersault!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DOWN GOES COPPERHEAD!

[And with her friend in flight, Melissa Cannon dashes to the ropes, rebounding back, leaping through the ropes with a suicide dive onto Mamba!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LOOK AT THIS! WE'VE GOT A FIGHT ON OUR HANDS AGAIN!

[With Cannon and Somers hammering away on her friends, Rage lunges forward, diving into the ring. She gets to her feet, turning to look at the action on the floor as Lori Wilson blinks her eyes a few times, giving them a rub, clearing her vision as she nods. The crowd buzzes in anticipation as Rage waits... and waits... and then slowly turns...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LIGHTNING STRIKE!

[The superkick catches Rage FLUSH under the chin, collapsing flat on her back, completely limp on the canvas as she looks up at the lights!]

GM: SHE GOT HER AGAIN! OH MY GOODNESS GRACIOUS, SHE GOT HER AGAIN!

BW: She hit her from behind again! What kind of person does such a thing?!

GM: Fans, we'll be right back!

[Wilson stands over the laid out Rage, staring down at her as Cannon and Somers roll back in, joining their ally inside the ring. The fans in Grand Forks are absolutely roaring as we fade to black...

...and then back up on the exterior of a fast food restaurant that looks quite familiar to fans of delicious, mouth-watering, artery-clogging fried chicken. Yes, it is the Mecca Of Fried Chicken, KFC.

We cut inside where a friendly young man is working the counter, smiling at the customers he aids.]

FYM: Thank you and have a fantastic day!

[The next person steps up to the counter wearing a black trenchcoat, dark sunglasses, and a hat. We see him from the front.]

FYM: Good afternoon, sir, and welcome to KFC! What can I get for you today?

[The customer lifts his head slightly to look at the menu and responds.]

C: Three piece meal. Original recipe. Breasts and legs... heh... breasts and leg, oh yeah.

[The employee raises an eyebrow in recognition.]

FYM: I'm sorry. But aren't you former World Champion and Pro Wrestling Hall of Famer Eddie Van Gibson?!

[The sunglasses come down to reveal an angry EVG.]

EVG: How did you know?!

[We cut behind him to see the back of his trenchcoat is covered in a large maple leaf with the words MISTER MAPLE LEAF surrounding it. Cut back to the friendly young man who smiles.]

FYM: I had a hunch.

[We cut to a shot of the chicken, glimmering and golden in all its glory. A voiceover begins.]

"Come into your local KFC today and not only can you get our three piece combo meal for the low price for \$4 but you can also pick up these special souvenir cups featuring some of the greatest pro wrestling stars of all time!"

[Cut to a young boy showing his cup.]

"I got Ryan Martinez!"

[To an older lady.]

"Hamilton Graham? I remember him!"

[To a family of four, all showing different cups.]

"Collect them all!"

[We cut back to Eddie Van Gibson sitting at a table, groaning as he eats a piece of chicken. He looks up, his eyes locking on a pair of twins in their early twenties. The two blondes giggle as they look at the Hall of Famer.]

EVG: If I were to LET you suck on my...

[He looks down invitingly.]

EVG: ...Original Recipe chicken from KFC...

[And then into the camera.]

EVG: Would you be grateful?

[Cut to the end graphic advertising the promotion. Another voiceover.]

"Get your KFC today! As good as it's always been!"

[Fade to black...

...and then back up on a panning shot of the Alerus Center.]

GM: Another exciting night of action here on Saturday Night Wrestling, fans, but when you talk about excitement, you've gotta be talking about just how excited we all are about the release of AWA 2016 - the video game that is currently available on all major consoles.

BW: Including the Playstation Quatre?

GM: I don't think so. We might have to speak with Jackie Bourassa for an update on that. But ladies and gentlemen, there are lots of people out there who want to know more about the game, and we've been sending two of our experts into the wild to answer questions... And those experts are The Syndicate cornerstones Casey James and Tiger Claw. Earlier this week, they appeared on Jimmy Kimmel Live, and... well, take a look for yourselves!

[The shot fades to a title graphic for the Jimmy Kimmel show with the show's theme song playing. The shot quickly cuts to Kimmel behind his desk, looking at the camera...]

JK: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome The Syndicate, "Blackheart" Casey James and Tiger Claw!

[Cleto and the Cletones play a rendition of Roots by Sepultura as the Syndicate members come out on stage. Claw is dressed in the sort of suit that is usually reserved for those in organized crime, while Casey wears his traditional "fancy" outfit of worn out jeans and a T-shirt with a tuxedo printed on the front. They walk over to the interview area and shake Kimmel's hand. Kimmel and Casey share laughs, while Claw glares and nods to the audience.

The shot cuts to all three men sitting down, mid interview... Or more accurately, mid Casey rant. Kimmel watches in almost awe while Claw sits with a bored look on his face. He's obviously heard the rant a number of times before:]

CJ: So I says to her, I says, "Listen, if there's no cheese on it, then it's not a cheeseburger, is it? It's just a burger. You know what I mean? I swear, this country is going to hell in a handbasket..."

JK: I hear what you're saying, Casey. You can't let up on this sort of thing. But, okay, you guys were the special pre-order bonus for the AWA 2016 game, available on all major consoles. You guys were in the commercial, too.

CJ: Oh, yeah! It's some great stuff. Lots of fun to work on. We had a laugh.

TC: Several laughs.

CJ: Plenty.

JK: So, anyone out there can play as Casey James or Tiger Claw... Now my question is: Do you have any advice for everyone out there when playing your characters? Claw?

TC: [Thinks for a moment, then smirks] Be like water.

JK: Nice! Bruce Lee! Casey? What are your words of wisdom?

CJ: Ummm... Okay, well, this game is very realistic. It's crazy the amount of detail that's in there. So playing a match in AWA 2016 is almost exactly like a real match in the AWA. So because of that, if you're playing as me, you're going to want to win that match as fast as you can... Because I get tired and hungry, and you know the rest of the roster is at the catering table, eating everything.

JK: Can you do that in the game? Hang out in catering while other people's matches are going on?

CJ: I... Maybe?

TC: No.

JK: Just having some fun, there Claw... Seriously, folks, I just have to take a minute here to say... This man, Tiger Claw... I remember watching him on TV back in the 90s, and I swear, Claw, no word of a lie, you used to scare the hell out of me.

TC: [Raises an eyebrow and glares at Kimmel] Used to?

JK: Nope. You still do. Wow. Okay, folks, we've got to take a commercial, but when we come back, we're going to have these guys show us some moves! Don't go away!

[The shot cuts to Claw, Casey, and Kimmel standing on stage away from the desk.]

JK: Okay, so Claw, you're going to knock a cigarette out of Casey's mouth. Now, he's a fair bit taller, so that's going to be one hell of a kick.

CJ: [speaking around a cigarette in his mouth] And it's gonna be light, because I don't need more dental work.

JK: Yeah, a light kick, Claw.

[Claw raises an eyebrow.]

JK: Sir. Sir Claw. Sorry, sir.

[Claw gives a hint of a smirk and the eyebrow goes down.]

JK: So what are we going to see here?

TC: Well... I practice Muay Thai, which is called the Art of Eight Limbs. Two fists, two elbows, two knees, and two shins. These are my weapons. It's pretty straightforward. There's not a lot to learn on the surface. But like chess, you have to know how to employ those eight weapons...

[Suddenly, Claw shifts forward and his arm is a blur as he snatches the cigarette out of Casey's mouth. He turns to Kimmel and hands it to him.]

TC: And know what is the most appropriate weapon to use.

[The crowd applauds]

JK: That was like The Matrix! I didn't even see you move until you already had it!

TC: [Glances at Casey] I'm not going to try and kick a guy in the head when he has nearly half a foot on me. My hand is closer. I don't even need to stretch beforehand.

JK: Jeez, that was fast. How did that feel, Casey?

CJ: Oh, I'm kind of used to it. That's how I quit smoking... He kept doing that to me before I could light them.

[Claw turns to look at Casey, but as he does, throws a lightning fast round kick, knocking the cigarette out of Kimmel's hand. Based on Kimmel's reaction, he had no idea the kick was coming...]

JK: JESUS!

CJ: HA! Code Brown!

TC: You're a lot shorter, Jimmy, so I don't need to stretch for you.

JK: Wh... Woah! That was... Wow! I felt the wind off it, and that's it!

[Claw steps forward and shakes Kimmel's hand, grinning an almost feral grin.]

JK: My god, you scare me even more now. Ladies and gentlemen, AWA 2016 is out now on all major consoles, and you can play as my guests Tiger Claw and "Blackheart" Casey James! Thanks, guys, for being on the show. Next up, Joshua Dusscher!

CJ: Who?

[The audience gives applause as the title graphic for Jimmy Kimmel Live comes back on the screen for a moment or two, then fades as we go back to the commentary team.]

GM: Casey James and Tiger Claw continue their media tour over the next few weeks, telling the entire world just how great AWA 2016 is, Bucky.

BW: I love that game, Gordo. I haven't been a video game guy since Mario ate his first mushroom but this is the best. You can run someone in Career Mode - perfect for an old manager like me. You can download created characters from the Internet. You can even put on the matches of your dreams. And of course, you've got me on commentary.

GM: I'm there too.

BW: Of course you are.

GM: AWA 2016 was the #1 seller in the first two weeks of its release and its only getting hotter so check out Casey and Claw on your favorite media spots and don't forget to get your copy of AWA 2016 today. Sweet Lou, take it away, my friend!

[We cut back to the locker room where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing in front of the AWA backdrop.]

SLB: Thank you, Gordon, and I don't mind saying that I've really enjoyed putting together my own dream Memorial Day Mayhem on AWA 2016. Of course, fans, as the weather gets warm, the AWA gets closer and closer to the biggest stage of the summer, Memorial Day Mayhem. You know, a lot of people will tell you that summer begins at the end of June but I think we all think of Memorial Day as the UNofficial start of the summer... and when you think of Memorial Day, you've gotta think of Memorial Day Mayhem which is just 21 days away, coming to you LIVE On Pay Per View from the Key Arena in Seattle, Washington. What a card that promises to be. And my guest at this time has already punched his ticket to Memorial Day Mayhem, I'm talking about the Number One Contender to the AWA World Television Title and the man who will challenge for that gold in Seattle... Shadoe Rage!

[Shadoe Rage sweeps into the shot. Unlike his most recent appearances, he isn't cloaked in black. His dreadlocks are loose and free. He wears his old fuchsia leather robes and fuchsia and gold-starred trunks. His sunglasses are the rose tinted aviators he wore during his title reign. Even his beard has been tamed and braided back into the two twists. The change is striking as Rage exudes joy. He turns his back to the camera, throwing his arms out wide and then pirouetting for the people.]

SR: Oh yeah, today is the day that everybody in the AWA didn't want to see. Shadoe Rage is going to Memorial Day Mayhem to end this farce that is called Stupidnova's title run. Tell me something, Sweet Lou Blackwell, when was the last time the champion had to earn his rematch despite having a contract that grants him a rematch?

[Blackwell can't respond.]

SR: Don't hurt your head trying to make up a lie because it has never happened. The AWA doesn't want to acknowledge my greatness. Don't worry, I know where the resistance is coming from in the front office and when the time is right I will deal with it myself. But for now, like days of old, it's the return of the pink and gold! The AWA World Television title is coming back to me and there is nothing that fraud Stupidnova can do about it. Nothing at all. Memorial Day Mayhem is coming and Stupidnova your time with my belt is coming to an end!

SLB: What about Derrick Williams! I mean, he was robbed of his chance...

SR: Derrick Williams is the same as he's always been... no factor whatsoever. They wanted to pretend that Derrick Williams is in my league! In what world does he match me? He's too young, too dumb, too inexperienced. He wanted to talk slick about my elbow? He didn't need 20 feet of air to make somebody pay? Really, maybe you should have tried it, Williams, because I'm standing here the once and future AWA World Television Championship and you're out in the cold crying over spilled milk!

[Blackwell makes a face at the mangled metaphor.]

SR: Williams, you never had a chance. So all your crying and your excuses are just sour grapes. You were not and will never be good enough for the AWA World Television Champion. And that's from the School of the Truth!

SLB: With all due respect, Shadoe. You're counting your chickens before they're hatched. You aren't the World Television Champion yet and Supernova proved to be more than a match for you last time.

SR: Stupidnova knows that he can't keep me from that title. He's been ducking and dodging and hiding behind weak competition to try to extend his reign. Well, it isn't going any further than Memorial Day, Sweet Lou. There I will restore balance because that's just... what I do.

[Rage cracks a malicious grin.]

SR: I am greatness personified. And speaking of greatness, let me explain to you my greatness. I'm so excited about Memorial Day Mayhem that I decided to give the world a treat. Aren't I something, Sweet Lou Blackwell? Aren't I something?

SLB: You're something all right.

SR: Remember when you told me to get a pet?

SLB: Vaguely.

SR: Well, I did just that. I went out and found a pet... A PET PROJECT! I went out and found an up and coming tag team. And I decided I'm going to let them share in my legacy and my greatness. They've been gifted with a legendary name...

SLB: The Prophets of Rage?

[Rage glares Blackwell into silence. He raises his sunglasses so that he can stare directly into Blackwell's eyes.]

SR: Don't you dare ever speak that name to me again. Do you hear me? Unbelievably out of place, Blackwell. No, this name means more to me than that. This is a historical first! For the first time ever... let me introduce to you... Amos Carter... Rashan Hill...

THE MISSSSSSSSSSSFITSSSSSSSSSSS!!!

[Amos Carter and Rashan Hill enter from backstage. They are both dressed in pink and gold tights. Both men have smiles as bright as the sun. Carter's nappy fro is even bigger and twistier than before and Hill's flattop has been braided into ponytailed cornrows. They bump fists. Each man is wearing a pink version of Rage's single black glove. They are shaking in bewilderment at standing next to Shadoe Rage and being interviewed on Saturday Night Wrestling.]

AC & RH: Sick!

SLB: The Misfits? Wait a minute... that's your sisters' team.

SR: Yeah, they have been bestowed the name of the most successful Rage tag team there ever was. And they've been indoctrinated in the ways of the Misfits. Never ask. Always take. And never accept being second.

AC : No doubt, boss!

[Carter holds up his fist for a bump but Rage merely regards it blankly before moving on. Hill makes a 'Yikes' face at Carter. His glee is still evident as he giggles.]

SR: Sweet Lou Blackwell, these two men are much like me... overlooked and underappreciated by the AWA. I'd been telling them for months that they matter and all of a sudden they weren't on the shows any more. If I didn't ask the office for them in matches, they weren't scheduled to compete. So I reached out to them and asked them if they wanted in on my plan. And they were all the way in. So they went off to Toronto to train with my family and now they come back Misfits, ready to take on the AWA tag-team scene. And take it by storm... yes, they will. We're talking about a legacy now, Sweet Lou. I'm sick of sitting in the shadows. They're sick of sitting in the shadows. So now it's into the light. Why don't you ask them a question, Sweet Lou. Do your job unlike Stegglet. Don't disrespect them!

SLB: Well, I'm sorry, but I'm scratching my head here as to all of this!

AC: Headscratcher? Headscratcher, Sweet Lou? Really? What's so headscratching about me and Rashan Hill forming the greatest tag team the AWA will have ever seen? I'm confused. Enlighten us, please.

SLB: Well, I mean, to throw your lot in with Shadoe Rage and his family. To adopt the name of one of the most famous women's tag teams in history...

RH: Lemme cut you off right there, man. The Misfits ain't the name of one of the most famous women's tag teams in all the world. It's the name of one of the most famous tag teams in the world, period! So yeah, we took the name happily because bein' a Misfit open doors for us that been closed for a long time, you know what I'm sayin'?

AC: Yeah, I mean, we couldn't even get matches on AWA shows before Mr. Rage came to us and said "Gentlemen, you matter. I'm going to make you something."

SLB: But why would he do that?

RH: Because the man is just great. I mean, y'all can hate on him all y'all want and pretend not to understand him, but he's one of the best mentors out there. He been through a lot in this business, man. He's been a multi-time World Tag Team champion, he's the greatest World champion in AWA history...

SLB: World Television Champion... and even that is up for debate.

AC: Up for debate? Do you know your facts, Sweet Lou? For one calendar year... 365 days that man reigned as the AWA World Television Championship. The best wrestler on TV. And I know because I was in the ring with him. I felt that knee to my temple. I felt that elbow to my throat. I couldn't breathe right or think right for weeks. He's the most complete package in the business and he has a great mind for teamwork. I learned so much at the Rage wrestling school. So we may be a new tag team but thanks to Shadoe Rage we're more than ready, right, Rashan?

RH: You damn right, Amos. This is the Sick Boi clique, right here.

SLB: The what?

AC & RH: We the Sick Boi clique... the Sick Boi clique... the Sick Boi clique!

SLB: I don't know what that means.

RH: That means we not just tag team partners. We brothers, man. We gotta bond now that none of these other tag teams have. I mean, we coulda just thrown in the towel and given up because nobody was willing to give us a chance. Nobody was willing to polish us. But Shadoe Rage saw our talent, our hunger, our ability and he sharpened it, man. He smoothed out those edges, filled in those missin' pieces and

now we're on our way. Now we got music. Now we got fans. Now we got real gear. Now we got a plan.

AC: And that plan is to go all the way to the top. Because Rashan Hill right here, he's my brother. And I am my brother's keeper.

RH: This man right chea, that's my brother. He ain't heavy. He's my brother. And I am his keeper.

AC & RH: And we're going to keep on keeping together right to the top. And with Mr. Rage coaching us, it isn't going to be a long trip.

[Rage nods in acknowledgement.]

SLB: Coach them? Shadoe Rage, you're becoming a coach?

SR: Just like the great Bill Russell, I'm going to be a player-coach! Yeah, not only will I be the World Television Champion again, but I will be the coach for the next great tag team. And Sweet Lou, there will be no hiding for these men... there will be no bottom feeding. Tonight, I debut the Misfits! AWA, pay attention, because these hungry wolves are coming after you!

AWA, the Misfits are here. And it doesn't matter who you are or what you're about, you stand in the Misfits way and you're next on the hitlist! The Misfits are it!

[Carter and Hill break out into a smile being the subject of the legendary catch phrase. They look at each other with goofy grins.]

AC & RH: Sick!

SR: Down that aisle, boys! Down that aisle to victory!

SLB: There you have it, ladies and gentlemen. Shadoe Rage debuting a new tag team, the Misfits. I don't know what to make of this at all. I guess time will tell. Gordon, Bucky, back to you.

[We fade away from Blackwell and out to ringside to our announce duo.]

GM: The Misfits? Just what is Shadoe Rage up to this time?

BW: It seemed pretty clear to me, Gordo. He's on a mission to give his guidance to two young men who are underappreciated around here... just like he is.

GM: Let me get this straight. Amos Carter and Rashan Hill went to the Rage wrestling school for... what? A month? And now they're going for two fine young wrestlers who essentially couldn't break out of the preliminary ranks here in the AWA for years to... what? A tag team that Rage thinks he'll lead to the top.

BW: Everyone's gotta start somewhere. And for Carter and Hill. they've always had the physical tools to be successful. Maybe now, they'll have the edge to get there driven into them by Shadoe Rage.

GM: Well, fans, we're about to find out just what the so-called player/coach has managed to do for these two men so let's go up to the ring for all the action!

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

PW: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first... at a total combined weight of 580 pounds... the team of the Sicilian Stud and BEEF Bonnnnham!

[The Stud waves to the cheering crowd as Bonham steps up to the midbuckle, jerking two thumbs at the "BEEF!" written on his singlet as he bellows "BEEEEEEEEEEF!" The Grand Forks crowd buys in, picking up the chant.]

"BEEF!" "BEEF!" "BEEF!"

GM: The fans here in North Dakota seem to have a liking for Beef Bonham who you can only imagine must be thrilled at the AWA heading back to his hometown of Seattle, Washington for Memorial Day Mayhem coming up in just 21 days.

BW: If this is the kind of Beef we're going to be subjected to on Saturday nights, I just might go vegetarian.

GM: Oh, brother.

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And their opponents... at a total combined weight of 475 pounds... accompanied to the ring by their coach, Shadoc Rage... the team of Amos Carter and Rashan Hill...

THE MISSSSSSFFITSSSSSS!

[They should have never given these men an entrance.

Lo fi noise fills the arena as Sleigh Bells' "Crown on the Ground" blares through the arena.

#You never doubted it,
You're so proud of it,
You straight shouted it,
There's no doubt of it,
You couldn't care less,
You love goodness,
You think it's endless, endless, endless, #

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 colours.

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 smooths back his cornrowed ponytail. He wears gold boots and gold tights with fuchsia stripes down the sides.]

GM: Well, here they come, Bucky.

BW: The men that Shadoc Rage obviously feels are the future of our industry!

GM: We'll see how they stack up against Beef Bonham and the Stud.

[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.

#You think it's gotta diss,
It doesn't bother us,
No, nobody know never knew about it,
And in the spotlight,
You get to sit tight,
You wanna hit that, ahh, ahh,

Set, set that crown on the ground and-ah,
Set, set that crown on the ground and-ah
Set, set that crown on the ground and-ah
Set, set that crown on the ground and-ah
Set, set that crown on the ground and-ah
Set, set that crown on the ground and-ah
Ah, ah-ah, ah-ah, ah-ah ah-ah,
Ah, ah-ah, ah-ah, #

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.]

BW: I can't wait to see this, Gordo. I can't believe Amos Carter and Rashan Hill got an entrance like this.

GM: The whole thing has me confused, Bucky. Has Shadoe Rage grown so delusional that he thinks he can make these two stars?

BW: Why does that have to be delusional, Gordo? I mean, is he crazy? Oh yeah, but the man did become the longest reigning World Television Champion ever and I still don't think he lost that title fairly. He's also been part of one of the most successful tag teams in history. He knows his business.

GM: Well, that much is true, but I don't know if he can turn these two into gold in a month or so.

BW: We're about to find out.

[The bell sounds as the Sicilian Stud steps out towards the middle of the ring. Shadoe Rage is still going over instructions with both members of the newly-formed Misfits. He's violently pointing at Carter, ordering him out to the middle of the ring.]

GM: Shadoe Rage looks pretty active as their coach so far, deciding that Amos Carter will start this off for his team.

BW: Hey, these kids aren't used to this bright of a spotlight. They've gotta get some advice right up front.

GM: That didn't really look like advice, Bucky... more like an order.

[Carter scrambles into the ring, leaping around excitedly. He dashes to the ropes, bouncing off quickly with a spring in his step...

...and runs right into the Stud who simply lowers his shoulder, sending Carter

ricocheting to the mat! He tumbles end over end before coming up to his feet and spilling to the mat again.]

GM: Amos Carter went flying off that shoulder block!

BW: And Shadoe Rage is slapping the mat in frustration! This can't be the start he expected.

[Amos Carter gets back to his feet, shaking off the cobwebs. Rage is shouting at him, ordering him back to the middle of the ring. Carter obliges, marching up to the Stud, sticking a finger in his face.]

"You think you're so strong, huh? Well, let's see!"

[Carter sticks out his right hand high in the air for a test of strength. The crowd cheers as the Sicilian Stud looks at the hand and smirks.]

"Oh, you think it's funny? Let me show you what it's like!"

[With a nod, the Stud raises his hand, locking fingers with Amos Carter...]

GM: Here we go... I'm not sure this is the best idea for Amos Carter.

[Carter raises his left hand, locking his other hand with the Stud...

...who simply flicks his wrist, putting pressure on the overhand knucklelock as Carter cries out in pain, jumping up and down on the mat.]

GM: So much for that.

BW: Yeah, I'm not sure what he was thinking there. The Stud is taller, heavier, and stronger. Shadoe Rage might want to call for a timeout here.

GM: Well, as we all know, there are no timeouts in the world of professional wrestling.

[The Stud forces Carter downwards as Rage shouts to his charge. Down on a knee, Carter bites his bottom lip before rolling back onto his shoulders, swinging his leg up and catching the Stud in the gut with a boot!]

GM: Oh! Nice move there by Amos Carter... breaks the grip, up to his feet...

[Carter immediately leaps up, lashing out with one leg in a dropkick that catches the Stud hard across the chest, sending the Stud falling back into the ropes as Carter climbs to his feet.]

"OH YEAH! THAT'S THOSE BULGARIAN SPLIT-LEGGED SQUATS"

[Amos Carter taps his head.]

"YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE QUADRICEPS OF DEATH, BABY!"

GM: And Amos Carter being very vocal here with his opponent... and Shadoe Rage just ordered him to tag out.

BW: Good call, coach! Carter wasn't following up on the one-legged dropkick so he needs a breather so he can refocus on the action.

GM: And that'll bring Rashan Hill into the ring. Obviously, when Shadoe Rage barks, this duo listens, Bucky.

BW: As they should. He's the coach!

[Hill rushes in, tying up with the Stud. Being larger than his partner, Hill is able to battle the Stud to a standoff...

...until the Stud shifts his weight, flipping Hill over him with a hiptoss.]

GM: The Stud takes him over... and here he comes!

[The fans cheer as the Stud connects with a running clothesline, taking Hill over the top and sending him out to the floor.]

GM: Over the top to the floor goes Rashan Hill and Shadoe Rage is absolutely beside himself outside the ring!

[While Rage rants at his team, the Stud walks to the corner, slapping the outstretched hand of his partner.]

GM: And here comes the Beef!

[Rage shouts at Carter who runs along the apron, climbing the ropes. The referee wheels around, moving to stop him from getting illegally into the ring...

...which allows Rage to grab Hill by the arm, physically dragging him along the ringside mats towards the corner.]

GM: Well, this is completely illegal. The referee's missing all of this thanks to Amos Carter.

BW: Sure, but it's really thanks to Coach Rage who advised Carter to run that play.

[And sure enough, Rage turns to the referee, holding his hands up in a "T" as he shouts "TIME OUT!"]

GM: And there's the call for timeout.

BW: Not one of those twenty second timeouts either. This is a full.

GM: This is not because-

[Before Gordon can tell us about the status of timeouts in pro wrestling... again... Rage shouts at both members of his team...

...and then slaps Hill across the face!]

GM: Oh! What kind of coaching is that?!

BW: It's tough love, Gordo!

[Rage shouts again.]

"You matter. Get in there and show them that you matter!"

[Hill nods as Rage turns to shout at the taunting ringside fans.]

GM: Shadoe Rage showing a serious lack of control here tonight and I have to wonder if referee Davis Warren will end up ejecting him from ringside before this night is through.

[Scrambling back into the ring, Hill throws a glance at Rage who urges him forward as Beef Bonham waits for the tieup.]

GM: Back to the tieup... and Hill goes downstairs with a knee to the gut!

BW: Bonham might not have even felt that through all that flab.

[With Bonham reeling, Hill pounds forearms down across his broad back, trying to hammer him off his feet.]

GM: Rashan Hill laying in those forearms on Beef Bonham but can't take him down so far.

[Staggering away from Hill, Bonham backpedals as Hill advances, delivering a spinning mule kick to the gut.]

GM: Oh! Right into the midsection again.

BW: See, great coaching. Rage's team has come out sharp after the time out. He's got their attention.

[Maneuvering Bonham into the Misfits' half of the ring, Hill presses the advantage with a palm thrust into the chest, shoving Beef backwards as he strikes. A second one lands Bonham in the wrong part of town before Hill does a big windup, landing a third palm strike, this one into the chin of Bonham.]

GM: A series of palm strikes - very effective - by Rashan Hill and- what's this now?

[The crowd jeers as Hill dances in place, dropping into a martial arts pose...

...and a bark of "Tag!" from Rage gets Amos Carter coming back into the ring.]

GM: Ask and you shall receive apparently. Carter back in... Hill holding Bonham in the corner... and a knife edge chop across the throat by Carter!

BW: Good double team there, using the referee's count. Not bad. Rage has his team tagging quickly and cutting the ring off. They're getting the basics down, Gordo. Rage can coach!

[With Bonham trapped in the corner, Carter gets a running start, leaping up onto him...]

GM: Monkey flip attempt by Carter but...

BW: He can't get him over!

[Carter flails about for a moment before reaching out, slapping his partner's hand.]

BW: Tag!

GM: I don't think Bonham saw it though, lifting Carter up...

[Walking out of the corner to the middle of the ring with Carter draped over his shoulder, Bonham swings Carter down in a standing slam to the mat.]

GM: Oh! Big slam!

BW: Yeah, but Carter's not the legal man!

[And as Bonham turns around, he gets flattened with a running clothesline by Hill!]

GM: Oh my! Big clothesline connects and down goes a very big man in Beef Bonham.

BW: Come on, Gordo. You gotta be impressed by what we're seeing here. That was a masterful display of tag team wrestling by the Misfits and it's all thanks to Coach Rage.

[Hill grabs Bonham by the arm, dragging him up off the mat and whipping him into the buckles. He turns to face Rage, shouting "Should I do it, boss?" and gets a nod in response.]

GM: Shadoo Rage gives his approval... Hill to the corner...

[A smirking Hill throws his head back, cupping his hands to his mouth with a howl.]

GM: Are you kidding me?

[Hill dashes across the ring, leaping into the air, crushing Bonham in the buckles with a very familiar flying splash.]

BW: Ha ha! Rashan Hill pulled a page out of Stupidnova's book and did it better than Stupidnova ever could!

[A smirking and nodding Hill struts out to the center of the ring, soaking up the jeers as Bonham staggers from the buckles. Hill reaches back, slipping his arm under his opponent's...]

GM: Looking for a hiptoss here... but he can't do it!

[Hill grimaces, trying a second time... and a third...]

GM: Beef Bonham is too big, Bucky!

[...and Bonham pivots, twisting to throw a devastating clothesline that takes Hill off his feet!]

GM: Big clothesline by Beef!

BW: The Beefline?

GM: Oh, let's not do that.

[With the crowd cheering, Bonham stumbles across the ring, falling into the corner and tagging in his partner to another cheer.]

GM: And in comes the Stud. The Misfits have been completely unable to build up momentum during this match. Every time they get some continuity there, they get cut off.

BW: They are learning though. The Coach has 'em in the game which is more than they could ever say before this night.

[The Stud moves in quickly, grabbing a side headlock and using it to take Hill over to the mat.]

GM: Headlock takedown by the Stud, rolling him back onto his shoulders...

[Hill gets counted down for two before his shoulder pops up with a "nononono!"]

GM: Rashan Hill almost got caught napping there... and look at this as the Stud slides from the headlock into a hammerlock...

[Hill tries to get up, scrambling to get off the mat as the Stud switches from the hammerlock into a chickenwing!]

GM: Chickenwing! He locks it on!

[Hill is now VERY desperate to get off the mat as he struggles to get free...

...and Rage shouts "get in there!" to Carter who obliges, jumping through the ropes...]

GM: Carter's in but the referee cuts him off! The referee holding him back!

[The Stud tosses Hill aside, ready to defend himself from the incoming Carter.]

GM: The Stud's ready for a fight if it's coming, fans...

[The referee forces Carter out of the ring as the Stud angrily turns around towards Hill...

...who leaps up in a standing vertical, lashing out with a back leg lariat!]

GM: OHH! Where in the world did THAT come from?!

BW: That's an athlete right there, Gordo! Wow, look at the air he got on that! And just like that, the Misfits turn things around again!

[With the crowd jeering and Rage nodding in approval, Hill drags the Stud over to the corner, slapping his partner's hand.]

GM: Another quick tag out of the Misfits...

[Carter grabs the top rope, slingshotting over the top rope, lashing out with a kick to the head that puts the Stud back down on the canvas in a seated position.]

GM: Athletic move out of Amos Carter as he takes his partner's place in the ring.

[Carter looks down at the Stud, his face lighting up with glee before he dashes to the ropes, rebounding off. He leaps over the seated Stud, bouncing off the ropes again to build maximum speed...]

GM: Here comes Carter!

[...and drops into a baseball slide, connecting with a clothesline that drags his opponent's head down to the mat!]

GM: OHHH! What a move out of Amos Carter! A vicious clothesline!

BW: See how he crooked his arm on that clothesline? Shadoe Rage does that. It creates a bulldog effect as the opponent is dragged down, smashing the back of the victim's head into the mat.

[Popping back up, Carter continues to play the human pinball and bounces off the ropes with a sliding dropkick to the Stud's ribs.]

GM: Ohh! Another impactful move out of Carter, rolling into a cover for one... two... no, that's it.

[Carter sits up, clapping his hands together angrily. He moves to continue his assault but a shout from Shadoe Rage draws his attention.]

GM: Carter looked like he was going to pour on some more offense there but Shadoe Rage was thinking otherwise.

[Carter turns, looking at Rage who again shouts, "TAG OUT!"]

GM: Amos Carter being ordered to make the tag but-

[Carter shakes his head, enthusiastically shouting "I got this, boss!" before yanking the Stud up to his feet.]

GM: Carter opting to stay in the ring...

BW: Disobeying the Coach?!

[Carter snaps off a stinging jab to the chin... and another... and another before dropping down, swinging his leg back into a legsweep, toppling the Stud down to the mat...]

GM: Standing moonsault!

[...and moonsaults right down onto the Stud's raised knees!]

GM: OHHHH! And a big mistake there for Carter!

BW: Big mistake?! Shadoe Rage is apoplectic out on the floor! He's losing what's left of his mind! Carter didn't listen to the Coach and now they're in some serious trouble!

[Gripping his ribs as Rage SCREAMS at him, Carter starts crawling one way across the ring as the Sicilian Stud rolls to all fours, crawling in the opposite direction.]

GM: Both men are looking for the tag! Both men looking to get their fresh partner into the ring!

[With the crowd cheering on the Stud, Beef Bonham hops up and down on the apron, shouting to his partner. Rashan Hill is stretching his arm as far as humanly possible as Rage continues to shout at his men.]

GM: I think the Stud's going to get there first! I think he's gonna make it!

[The Stud reaches up, ready to slap the hand of Beef Bonham...

...when Shadoe Rage comes charging around the ring, going around the ringpost as Rashan Hill starts to come into the ring, drawing the referee's attention...]

GM: Wait, wait, wait!

[...and Rage YANKS Bonham's leg, pulling him off the apron and preventing the diving Stud from making the tag!]

GM: Oh, come on! Blatant outside interference by Shadoe Rage!

BW: The referee didn't see it! He didn't see it!

[Bonham is down on the floor as the Stud desperately searches for him. Shadoe Rage dances away gleefully, clapping his hands repeatedly as Hill steps back out to the apron, slapping his partner's hand.]

BW: Brilliant move by the Misfits and the Coach!

[Hill climbs through the ropes, rushing across the grab Hill by the hair, dragging him away from his own corner just as Bonham gets back up on the apron...]

GM: Bonham gets back up but it's too late!

[Hill buries a boot into the gut of the Stud, using a snapmare to take him into a seated position. He charges to the ropes, building up steam...]

GM: Ohhh! Low dropkick, right to the mush!

[Hill rolls into a lateral press, earning a two count before the Stud's shoulder lifts up off the mat.]

GM: Two count only... and take a look at this...

BW: Hill has obviously been learning from his Coach, learning the lessons of tag team wrestling. He tags Carter back in, always keeping a fresh man in.

GM: I don't know how fresh Amos Carter is at this point. He was pretty rattled when he tagged out.

[Carter scoops the Stud up, lifting him up and flinging him down in a front slam in front of him. He quickly snaps off an elbow to the sternum, driving the point of his elbow down into the chest.]

GM: Elbowdrop!

[Carter scrambles up, dropping a second elbow... then a third...]

GM: Elbow after elbow!

BW: He's taking a page out of the Coach's playbook and doing him proud, daddy!

[With five elbows landed, Carter scrambles back to his feet, taking aim, leaping into the air...]

GM: Kneedrop!

[...but the Stud rolls to the side again, sending Carter crashing down on his knees on the canvas!]

GM: He missed! He missed the kneedrop!

"TEN MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES!"

[Again, the crowd starts cheering as Rage races back and forth alongside the apron, shouting at Carter to make the tag as the Stud starts crawling across the ring again.]

GM: Again, the Sicilian Stud is looking for the tag! Again, the Stud trying to get big Beef Bonham back into the ring!

[Carter rolls to his back, grabbing his knees in pain.]

GM: Rage is screaming at Carter, ordering him to tag out... but can he do it? Can he recover from that hard fall on his knees to make the tag?

BW: It hurts more when you're not expecting the impact and those knees have to be rocked with pain right now!

GM: The Stud struggling across the ring... struggling to get to the corner...

[Shadoe Rage suddenly rolls under the ropes into the ring, grabbing Carter by the ankle, dragging him across the ring as the referee shouts at him, protesting the blatant interference...]

GM: Wait a second! How is that NOT an instant disqualification?!

[The referee forces Rage through the ropes out onto the apron where the former champion drops to the floor, angrily slamming his arms down on the apron as Hill reaches over, stretching out his arm...]

GM: The Misfits make the tag off that illegal assist...

[Hill comes rushing in as the Stud makes a diving lunge!]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Beef Bonham comes into the ring, throwing himself into an impactful clothesline that takes Hill off his feet!]

GM: Beef takes him down!

[Bonham wheels around, pointing to the fans as a "BEEF! BEEF! BEEF!" chant starts up.]

GM: Hill coming back up...

[Bonham winds up his right hand... and then throws the left, sticking a jab as the fans shout "BEEF!"]

GM: Left jab!

[Bonham throws another as the fans again chant "BEEF!"]

GM: The fans here in Grand Forks are solidly behind him!

[The jabs continue to fly as the fans continue to chant "BEEF! BEEF! BEEF!" And with Hill dazed, Bonham spins his right arm around and around, winding it up as the crowd goes "BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE..."]

GM: Overhead elbow!

["...EEEEEEEEEEF!" is shouted throughout the building as Hill flies into the air, crashing down to the canvas!]

GM: Oh my! What an elbow!

[Hill scrambles up, staggering towards the corner where Amos Carter is waiting but Bonham cuts him off, scooping him up, swinging him around and slamming him down to the canvas.]

GM: Biiiiiig body slam!

[And with Hill down, Bonham bounces off the ropes, giving a two armed fist pump before leaping into the air, crashing down with all his weight in a big splash on Rashan Hill!]

GM: SPLASH! BIG SPLASH! 330 pounds down across the chest!

[Bonham reaches back, snatching the leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!! WHERE THE HECK IS THE REFEREE?!

[A furious Bonham looks up and spots Shadoe Rage back up on the apron, shouting at the official, drawing his attention away from the pinned Rashan Hill.]

GM: Come on, referee! Do your job in there!

BW: He is! It's part of his job to answer a manager - or a coach in this case - when they have questions about a call!

GM: He's distracting him from the pin and you know it, Bucky!

[With the referee tied up with Rage, Amos Carter quickly scales the ropes, standing tall for a moment...

...and then throws himself into the air, taking aim at the back of Beef Bonham!]

GM: FLYING ELBOW OFF THE TOP!

[But Bonham rolls aside, sending Carter crashing down on top of his own partner!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[Dragging Carter off the mat, Bonham shoves him back into the neutral corner, hammering away at him with fists as the Sicilian Stud staggers back in, pulling up Rashan Hill and battering him with fists as well!]

GM: All four men are in the ring! We've got a donnybrook on our hands! Katie, bar the door, we've got ourselves a pier sixer!

BW: Get the Stud out of there, he's not legal!

GM: Neither is Carter! But at this point, I'd be surprised if Davis Warren knows who IS legal thanks to the shenanigans of Shadoe Rage out there!

[Rage is still arguing with the official from his spot on the apron...

...when the crowd breaks into cheers!]

GM: Oh my stars! Derrick Williams! Derrick Williams!

BW: What's HE doing out here?!

[The crowd roars as the young lion jogs down the aisle towards the ring. Inside the ring, the Stud and Bonham are battering Hill and Carter in opposite corners.]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands inside that ring and... Derrick Williams is up on the apron now too!

[Davis Warren rushes over to Williams, shouting at him as Shadoe Rage breaks away, dashing down the apron, quickly scaling the ropes...]

GM: Rage is up top! Shadoe Rage is up top!

[...and the former World Television Champion leaps off the top, crashing down on a surprised Bonham, hitting Carter as well but not seeming to care...]

GM: DEATH FROM ABOVE!

[But as a smirking Rage looks up...

...he finds that Derrick Williams has swung the referee around, pointing right at Rage. Rage starts shaking his head back and forth, begging off and pleading.]

GM: Rage hit the double axehandle but the referee saw it! He saw it!

BW: Thanks to Derrick Williams! What business does that punk have out here?!

GM: Shadoe Rage has been all over Williams' business in recent weeks and-

[Davis Warren walks towards Rage, gesturing with a double axehandle. Rage shakes his head again, throwing his arms apart, pleading his case. Warren points to his own eyes, points at Rage...]

GM: Did he...?

[...and signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: There's the bell! It's over!

[Shadoe Rage loses his mind again, spinning away and kicking the ropes, shouting at Carter and Hill as a grinning Williams looks on. The official ducks through the ropes, speaking to Phil Watson who nods and makes it official.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, the Misfits have been DISQUALIFIED because of outside interference. As a result, your winners of the match... the team of the Sicilian Stud and BEEF Bonham!

[The Misfits are apoplectic. They rush Davis Warren, crowding him and complaining about the result. Shadoe Rage does not join the fray. He simply stares a hole through Derrick Williams until the corner of his lip curls into a smile.]

GM: And the Shadoe Rage vanity project is off to a rocky start.

BW: They were robbed, Gordo! Robbed plain and simple!

GM: I don't think so! Thanks to Derrick Williams, NONE of us were robbed of seeing the right decision! Fans, we've got to take a quick break but we'll be right back so stick around for that!

[Rage is still glaring at Derrick Williams 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 come back up live in the backstage area where Mark Stegglet stands in front of an AWA backdrop.]

MS: AWA fans, Memorial Day Mayhem is just three weeks away and we saw the World Television Champion in action a little earlier. Let me bring him in at this time... Supernova, welcome.

[Supernova walks onto the set. His yellow and black facepaint is peeling off a bit and sweat still glistens on his body. The TV title is slung over his shoulder.]

MS: Supernova, you have kept busy the last couple of weeks with title defenses. Now, the stage is set for you and Shadoe Rage to meet, the long-awaited rematch from SuperClash. What's going through your mind, Supernova?

S: What's going through my mind, Mark, is that at Memorial Day Mayhem, we are going to settle things once and for all! Shadoe Rage, don't think for one minute I don't know what you've been up to... that it was you who shut the lights off so you could have somebody attack Derrick Williams and steal a victory. I'm sure you'd love nothing more than try that death in darkness stunt that you're associated with at Memorial Day Mayhem, but I have assurances from Emerson Geller that it's not going to happen. So that means, Shadoe Rage, you're going to have to prove beyond any shadow of a doubt that you really are deserving of this belt.

[He slaps the belt over his shoulder.]

S: And that means you're going to have beat the man who was once hungry to become a champion, but now that he is, doesn't want to let that taste go away! Ever since I won the TV Title, everybody has been lining up to get their shot, everybody has thrown their best at me and then some, but so far, nobody has been able to take it! And that's because the more I hold onto this belt, the hungrier I get to keep it!

[He points at the camera.]

S: That's what you're up against, Rage. A man who was once hungry to win a title, but now, is hungry is to keep the title! You'll find out at Memorial Day Mayhem, Rage, that taking the title back from me is gonna be far easier said than done, when you step into the ring with a champion who is hungry to prove he is the better man, the man most deserving of the title!

MS: Keep in mind, Supernova, that after Memorial Day Mayhem, whoever does walk out with the title, will be set to defend that belt against Derrick Williams, a challenger who has twice come close to winning it.

[He stops in mid sentence, noticing something out of the corner of his eye.]

MS: Speaking of which, here's Derrick Williams himself!

[Williams slowly approaches, eyeing Supernova warily.]

S: Hey... I've got no problem with you, kid.

[Williams winces at "kid" but says nothing.]

S: In fact, I'm a little bit impressed by what you just did out there. Nice job.

[Williams looks at Supernova's offered handshake for a moment and then accepts it...

...before pulling the champion close by the hand.]

DW: Make no mistakes, Supernova. What I did out there wasn't to impress you. It wasn't to make you pat me on the head and say "nice work, KID."

[The word "kid" is dripping with anger.]

DW: I've got a personal issue with Shadoe Rage that has nothing to do with this...

[Williams slaps the faceplate of the title belt hanging over Supernova's shoulder.]

DW: ...or you. Rage wanted to walk away and forget about me... not gonna happen. He and I have unfinished business to take care of...

[Williams touches the title belt again.]

DW: Just like you and I do.

[Supernova sizes up Williams for a minute.]

S: You know, Derrick, I can tell you've got a hunger inside of you as well! I know you want another shot and I'll tell you this... I plan on being the TV Champion after Memorial Day Mayhem and I look forward to stepping into that ring against you, when we can have a title match without Rage or anyone else getting involved! But rest assured, even after Memorial Day Mayhem, I can promise you I'm still gonna have that hunger to prove that I am deserving of this title belt!

[Williams nods.]

DW: I have no doubt that you deserve that belt, champ... but I also have no doubt that I don't give a damn which one of you walk out of Seattle with the title. Because I'm coming for it... and whichever one of you is in my way when that happens...

[Williams shrugs with a slight smile.]

DW: ...that's just too bad for you.

[And as soon as "you" escapes Williams' mouth, the lights in the interview area cut out to black, leaving our camera shooting a completely black scene.]

DW: What the-?! AH!

[There's a lot of noise going down in the darkness, muffled shouts, bodyparts hitting bodies. Loud clangs and clunks. Mark Stegglet shouting for someone to get the lights back on.]

And after several moments, the lights do come back on.]

MS: Oh my god.

[Stegglet spreads his arms wide, looking down as the camera pans around the scene, showing Supernova down on the floor, holding his head in pain. A few feet away, Derrick Williams is flat on his back, blood pouring from a wound on the side of his head.]

MS: We need a doctor! Can we get some help in here?! Derrick... my god, Derrick's busted open.

[Stegglet drops the mic, kneeling down next to Derrick Williams who is groaning in pain as he puts his hand over his eyes. Supernova slowly sits up, wincing in pain as he looks around.]

S: Kid? You okay?

[Supernova pushes up to all fours, edging over to check on Williams as we slowly fade through black out to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Another lights out attack!

BW: I'm telling you, Gordo... those power bills can be expensive.

GM: It wasn't that. You know very well it wasn't that. You saw Supernova and Williams targeted by that one and... well, there's only one man that comes to my mind who would be after those two.

BW: Careful, Gordo. You've got no proof and who knows what Shadoo Rage is gonna do to someone who slanders him.

GM: Derrick Williams got busted open at the hands of... well, whoever it is. We'll try and get you an update on his condition as the night progresses but fans, right now, we want to take you back to last week's edition of the Power Hour. The featured attraction of last week's show was Kerry Kendrick taking on Caspian Abaran. Now, those two have had a rivalry since Kendrick returned to the AWA. There's a risk anytime a competitor steps inside a ring - especially when you're taking a rival... but no one expected this. Take a look...

[The words "POWER HOUR" appear on the screen as we get live commentary over footage we saw a week ago.]

GM: Bucky, you and I were on the call for this one and as we join this match in progress, you can see that Caspian Abaran is just about to turn this thing around...

[As we join the action, Kerry Kendrick attempts a belly-to-back suplex but Abaran flips out of the lift, landing on his feet behind him, leaping up to snap a foot off the back of Kendrick's head.]

GM: ...and put the match in his favor. You have to admit that.

BW: Yeah, I'll admit it. That flying cockroach caught Kerry Kendrick with that kick to the head but Kendrick, with his amazing resilience, kicked out at two.

[That doesn't jive with what we see on the screen as there's no referee in sight for the count.]

GM: Not exactly. The referee had been knocked down earlier and he wasn't able to make what I believe would have been a match-ending three count and victory for the luchador.

BW: But here you see Kendrick - like the ring general that he is...

GM: No, here you see Canibal - who has been stalking Abaran for weeks now - running down the aisle while the referee is trying to recover. But Abaran saw him coming, hit the ropes...

[We see Abaran's daredevil dive through the ropes towards Canibal, dropping into a slow motion shot as Canibal squares up...

...and sprays some sort of red mist into the eyes of Abaran who crashes and burns out on the floor!]

GM: There! There it was right there. Canibal spitting that red liquid that he uses during his ring entrance RIGHT into the eyes of Caspian Abaran. Absolutely disturbing, fans. Now, we don't know what that liquid... that so-called "blood" is

but whatever it is or was that night left Abaran screaming in pain and blinded. It was just academic from there for Canibal to roll him back in... Kendrick hits the belly-to-belly... one... two... three. Kerry Kendrick gets the win but to me, fans, the real story is the injury suffered by Caspian Abaran.

BW: Oh, what? You're gonna cry for Abaran now like you did for Sweet Daddy Williams last time?

GM: ...

BW: What?

GM: Look... what happened to both of those men was terrible. Luckily, we're told that Caspian Abaran's recovering nicely and will have a statement to make next weekend on the Power Hour. Sweet Daddy Williams, however... Bucky, you know very well that his career is in jeopardy.

BW: And it couldn't have happened to a nicer guy. Gordo, I know you're chummy with ol' Fatso but he and I have never gotten along and if Juan Vasquez ended his miserable career, it's a public service if you ask me.

GM: I can't believe you'd say that. Truly can't believe it. Fans, let's go back to Mark Stegglet who I understand is with Supernova. Mark? Are you there?

[We abruptly cut to the back where Mark Stegglet and a cameraman are chasing Supernova down a hallway. Supernova is shouting, pushing doors open at random.]

MS: "With" is a relative term, Gordon! We're trying to keep up with Supernova who... who after he was attacked... after he and Derrick Williams were attacked earlier tonight by... well, we assume it was Shadoe Rage but since the lights were out, we can't say for sure. But after that happened, the TV champ stormed out of the room, searching for Rage and luckily, he hasn't found him yet but we've also been unable to stop him. Supernova! Supernova, can we get a-

[Supernova kicks another door open, looking inside.]

S: WHERE ARE YOU, RAGE?!

[He turns, shoving another one open.]

S: I know he's back here somewhere, Mark. I'm gonna find him.

MS: You're gonna find him and... what? What happens then?

S: Someone's gotta pay for what happened back here... what's been happening lately. Gellar says he likes the boys to handle their own business... so that's what I'm doing. Handling business.

[He shoves another door open, looking inside.]

MS: Supernova, I understand why you're so upset but-

S: You can't even begin to understand how upset I am! I fought this guy for almost a year now, Mark... and he just won't go away. He's like a bug... a little bug who keeps flying past your ear, buzzing in it, and you can't quite swat him down. I was gonna wait and swat him down for good at Mayhem but if he wants to come after me now, I can oblige!

[Supernova kicks a door open...

...and then charges blindly through it with a roar! Mark Stegglet looks shocked, waving the cameraman frantically forward. The cameraman runs through the doorway, showing Supernova on top of Shadoe Rage on the locker room floor, pounding him with a right hands!]

MS: We gotta get security back here!

[Stegglet's shouts are punctuated by the grunts of pain from Shadoe Rage and the shouting of Supernova.

This goes on for a few moments before Rashan Hill and Amos Carter come rushing in past the cameraman. Hill throws himself into a tackle, yanking Supernova off of Rage. Carter is on the scene too, stomping Supernova before he can get himself off the floor.]

MS: Somebody help!

[Hill gets to his feet as well, joining his partner in stomping Supernova into the concrete floor. After a moment, Shadoe Rage is up too, diving past his proteges into the fray, wrapping his hands around the throat of the World Television Champion.]

SR: YOU WANNA JUMP ON ME?!

[Rage throttles Supernova back and forth, smashing the back of his head into the floor.]

SR: JUMP ON ME, BOY! JUMP ON ME!

[Rage starts pounding Supernova's painted face with quick right hands as suddenly a commotion breaks out as AWA officials and security flood into the room. The cameraman tries to stay close but soon finds himself getting shoved backwards as they try to drag Rage off the World Television Champion...

...and we cut 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 Stegglet, and Todd Michaelson at the AWA Grand Opening Press Conference is seen.]

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

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

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

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

"These men had a dream too."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

...and then fade up to backstage where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell standing before an AWA backdrop.]

SLB: AWA fans, we are just three weeks away from Memorial Day Mayhem. One of the matches set to take place will be Rex Summers defending the Steal the Spotlight contract he won at SuperClash, and he's going to be defending it against this man... please welcome The Gladiator.

[Gladiator walks onto the set, dressed in his wrestling attire, his gladiator helmet atop his head and...]

G: Aaarrggghhh aaarrggghhh aaarrggghhh.

[...he's doing that. Gladiator paces about the interview set as Sweet Lou talks.]

SLB: Gladiator, needless to say, you have been on a tear ever since you arrived in the AWA... for nearly 18 months, you have fended off every challenge that has been sent your way, but now comes what some say may be your greatest challenge yet... an opportunity to win the Steal the Spotlight contract, but at the same time, against a formidable opponent. Gladiator, what can you tell me about Rex Summers.

[Gladiator speaks in hushed tones at first.]

G: Men like Rex Summers think the accolades they have obtained through ill-gotten means are theirs to do with as they please. They dangle them as if they were slabs of meat in front of a hungry lion, teasing the lion, making it believe it will have its feast, only to yank it away at the last minute, believing they can continue the torment and they will be immune from any ensuing consequences of their actions. But it is only a matter of time before the lion leaps forward, not only to seize that slab of meat, but may force those who torment the lion to suffer the inevitable consequences, forcing them to realize they can never be immune from them.

[He stops pacing, raising a finger to the camera and raises his voice.]

G: I AM THAT LION HERE TO MAKE YOU, REX SUMMERS, SUFFER THE INEVITABLE CONSEQUENCES! YOU HAVE BAITED OTHERS WITH YOUR TEASING AND TORMENTING OF WHEN YOU WILL CASH IN YOUR STOLEN SPOTLIGHT! AND THOUGH YOU MAY CLAIM YOU WERE FORCED TO PUT THE SPOTLIGHT UP FOR GRABS, YOU COULD HAVE CHOSEN TO CASH IN WHENEVER YOU SAW FIT! BUT YOU DECIDED TO CONTINUE THE TEASING AND TORMENTING, AND FOR THAT, REX SUMMERS, NOW YOU COME FACE TO FACE WITH THE GLADIATOR, WHO SHALL NOW SEIZE THAT SPOTLIGHT FROM THAT FROM YOU AND FORCE YOU TO REALIZE YOU CAN NEVER BE IMMUNE FROM THE CONSEQUENCES OF YOUR ACTIONS!

[And then...]

G: SNORT snaaarrrl SNORT!

[...that happens and he continues pacing about.]

SLB: Gladiator, you mentioned Rex Summers and the way he has used the Steal the Spotlight contract, that he has not been willing to divulge when he would cash it in. Now that you have the chance to lay claim to the contract for yourself, the question I would have is what you would do should you win the contract, and more importantly, when you would cash it in?

[Gladiator stops pacing and keeps speaking loudly.]

G: JUPITER AND JUNO HAVE TAUGHT ME THAT ONE STEP MUST BE TAKEN BEFORE YOU KNOW WHERE THE NEXT STEP WILL TAKE YOU! AND YOU, REX SUMMERS, YOU ARE THAT FIRST STEP I MUST TAKE AND MY SIGHTS ARE SET ON YOU AT MEMORIAL DAY MAYHEM! AND ONLY WHEN OUR BATTLE IS OVER WILL I KNOW WHERE MY PATH TAKES ME, WHERE MY DESTINY LIES! MAKE NO MISTAKE, I KNOW WHERE I WANT THE PATH TO GO, BUT ONLY UNTIL THE STEP IS TAKEN ON THE PATH WILL I KNOW WHERE IT WILL GO! TO SPECULATE FURTHER ON WHERE IT WILL GO IS TO TAKE MY EYES OFF THAT FIRST STEP, BUT REST ASSURED, ONCE I HAVE TAKEN THAT STEP, I WILL NOT HESITATE TO CONTINUE DOWN THAT PATH AND I WILL NOT TEASE OR TORMENT ANYONE!

SLB: Gladiator, one thing that must be considered is that Rex Summers has aligned himself with the likes of Callum Mahoney and Kerry Kendrick. You have seen what

those three have done to a few others here in the AWA, namely Pure X and Terry Shane III. Are you concerned that Rex Summers might be insisting on some backup at Memorial Day Mayhem?

G: [raising his finger] I KNOW WELL OF THE MONGRELS AND SCOUNDRELS THAT REX SUMMERS ASSOCIATES HIMSELF WITH! IF I HAVE TO GO THROUGH THEM TO TAKE THAT STEP ON THE PATH, THEN SO BE IT! BUT LET THEM BE WARNED THAT THE LION GROWS HUNGRIER WITH EACH PASSING DAY AND IF THEY TRY ANY TEASING OR TORMENTING LIKE REX SUMMERS HAS TRIED, THEY WILL FIND THEMSELVES FORCED TO DEAL WITH THE CONSEQUENCES OF THEIR ACTIONS AS WELL! FOR I AM THAT LION AND AT MEMORIAL DAY MAYHEM, THE LION'S HUNGER WILL BE SATISFIED!

[He lets the last syllable hang as he storms off the set.]

SLB: All right, I can only wonder if Rex Summers is prepared for a man who yet to be defeated in the AWA! I can't wait until Memorial Day Mayhem in Seattle to fi...

[Sweet Lou's words trail off as he looks off-camera.]

SLB: I'm sorry. Can I help you?

[The camera pivots in the direction of Blackwell's gaze and rests on... what... in... the... holy... fu-]

?: No, no, no, Sweet Lou... you can't help me. But the question is... can Laredo Morrison... help you?

[Blackwell looks puzzled at the newcomer, standing in long airbrushed purple and gold tights with match boots. He's wearing a wifebeater that has seen better days with a nylon jacket over the top, bright gold with "NOTHIN' BUT A GOOD TIME" written across the back... we know this because he does a spin move while approaching Lou who jumps back at the sight of him.]

LM: And the answer, Sweet Lou... is you're damn right, I can.

SLB: I'm sorry. My interview was with the Gladiator and it's concluded so it's time to go back out to the ring...

[Morrison raises a hand... very, very close to Lou's face.]

LM: Not so fast, Sweet Lou. I know this is a business and as a business, y'all have business to take care of. But Laredo Morrison has come to Grand Forks for a reason and that reason needs to be talked about before you can get back to business.

[Blackwell winces.]

SLB: I... think I followed that. Okay, I'll bite... who the heck are you and why are you here?

[Morrison leans closer, pushing his gold-tinted sunglasses down to the tip of his nose, looking over them at Blackwell.]

LM: I'm... Laredo... Morrison.

[Morrison shakes his head, looking away with a mumble about "follow the product."]

SLB: Yes. I got that much. It's an unusual name to be honest.

LM: My mama was an unusual lady, Sweet Lou. Was a Band Aid for Led Zeppelin, you know.

SLB: I... did not. A Band Aid?

LM: Almost Famous. Great movie. Check it out.

[Blackwell shakes his head again.]

LM: Anyways, she always told people that I was named after the city I was born in and the rock star she thought was my pappy. I asked her so many times to stop telling people that but she just wouldn't. At my sixth birthday party, she got into a drinking contest with Misters Beam and Daniels, got drunker than a three-toed skunk, and told everyone what the lyrics to "Break On Through" were really about.

[Morrison shakes his head as Blackwell's jaw drops.]

SLB: Wait a second... are you telling me that you're Jim Morrison's son? Of The Doors?

[Morrison turns back to Blackwell with a serious stare.]

LM: No, I'm saying my mama told everyone that.

SLB: And you believe it?

LM: Are you callin' my sweet dearly departed mother a liar, Sweet Lou?

SLB: I... uh, well... you know he died in 1971, right?

[Morrison and Blackwell have a staring showdown. A long one. Ridiculously long. The kind where it gets awkward for everyone but yet no one wants to turn away. Even those watching at home... right... about... now. Blackwell finally turns away as Morrison grins confidently.]

SLB: Uh, well... again, can you tell me why you're here?

LM: Of course I can because that's the kind of man Laredo Morrison is, Sweet Lou. I'm the kind of man who beat Mad Dog Watkins so badly, he couldn't remember what his own son looked like. The kind of man who fought Tex before he was violent. The kind of man who walked into the IIWF Coliseum one day in 1997, took one look around the joint, and told Brian Lau that I'd seen better rats at the Baltimore Armory, jack!

[Blackwell looks at the camera, eyes bugged out a little bit.]

SLB: You, of course, are referring to the legendary rodent problem in the IIWF Coliseum.

[Morrison looks confused.]

LM: No, Sweet Lou, I'm talkin' about the sweet, sweet tai-

SLB: Alright, well... Logan Morrison...

LM: Laredo.

SLB: Whatever. Thanks for joining me for... some reason.

LM: You're gonna be seeing a lot of me around here, Sweet Lou! And you know who else is gonna be seeing a lot of me?

SLB: Who's that?

LM: YOU!

[He does a big double-fingered point at the camera before striking a double bicep pose, not showing off much in terms of muscle. He nods with a big grin before sidestepping out of sight.]

SLB: I... uh...

[Blackwell shrugs.]

SLB: How do you wrap that up? Let's go to the ring.

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

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

["Lighting Does the Work" by Chad Brook strikes up.]

PW: Hailing from Fargo, North Dakota weighing in at 255 pounds...he is a North Dakota State alumni and two time First Team All MVFC Conference football sensation, representing the Thundering Herd...

[Big hometown ovation!]

PW: DOUG "THE FURNACE" LAVERNE

[Laverne jogs up to a hefty ovation from the North Dakota faithful. He's wearing a green wrestling singlet with yellow trim and has a Thundering Herd flag draped across his shoulders. Laverne throws one arm into the air which draws a second pop from the fans and then slaps every single hand he possibly can on the way down.]

BW: Is this kid for real?

GM: Give him a break, Bucky. It's his first time back in front of his hometown crowd since graduating from North Dakota State University two years ago. He's a local star to these folks and even had a brief stint with the Green Bay Packers.

BW: He got cut before the season started. I wouldn't really call that a "stint", more like a stench. Speaking of Stenches...what's the deal with Theresa getting her own show, Gordo? Why aren't we addressing that debacle?

GM: She's been doing a heck of a job holding down Power Hour for the AWA, Bucky. I'm not sure really sure what you're getting at.

BW: Well, in two weeks, I'm officially announcing that I am going out to the ring for a special edition of THE CALL OF THE WILDE! Why don't we talk about THAT?! It's HUUUUUGE news, Gordo.

GM: It certainly has been a long time since the last one of those... thankfully.

BW: Hah! Just be happy that Emerson Gellar knows how to pop a quarter hour rating... heck, maybe I'll take up a whole half hour or an hour even!

GM: I certainly hope not.

[Laverne skips up the steps, ducks through the ropes, and jogs around the entire ring.]

BW: Look at this schmuck. Someone get down here and pound him back into obscurity.

GM: Well, who's it going to be?

BW: What?

GM: On The Call of the Wilde.

BW: Well...

PW: And his opponent...

BW: That's gonna have to wait, Gordo, it's Phil's time to talk!

GM: Unreal.

["Give Him Everything You've Got" by Craig Armstrong fires up!]

BW: Well, apparently, it's not going to have to wait long.

PW: Hailing from Strong Island standing 6 foot 3 weighing in at 287 pounds... you know him as the QUADRASAURS, THE MONSTA MUSCLE, THE GUNZILLA THRILLAH...

[The ring announcer looks down at the note card in his hand with disbelief. Shaking his head, he continues...]

PW: HE IS GOD'S GREATEST CREATION...

FLEEEEEEEEEEEEEEX FERRIGNO!!!

BW: Phil's really been doing a bang up job pumpin' the crowd up for Flex, Gordo.

GM: Not by choice, I'm sure. However, there is really no hype needed for this man, Bucky. He's been a wrecking machine since the moment he stepped into an AWA arena and nobody has made the monster break a sweat yet.

[The methodical tones of metal being struck, the eerie wind up, and finally the score kicks in with the violin instrumental and rapid escalation of beats. Flex bursts through the entrance portal, fists beating across his massive physique, and then exploding outward. He's got the chainmail headdress...he's got the mirrored Aviator glasses...he's got gobs and gobs of baby oil lathered across his pecs. But he's also got something that nobody else except AWAs.com does...a BRAND spankin' new FLEX CAPACITOR shirt hanging from his trunks. You too can own a part of history, or the future, for only \$19.99]

BW: You might as well strike up the NDSU band now, Gordo, this is gonna be Doug Laverne's swan song and it ain't gonna be pretty.

[Ferrigno comes to a stop at the bottom of the ring steps. He glares up at Laverne, nods his head, and then stalks over to a nearby AWA official and snatches a mic out of their hands. Ferrigno stomps up the steps, shoves his way through the ropes, and nearly bulldozes over Davis Warren before taking over the center of the ring.]

FLEX: YAAAAAAA KNOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOW!

[The fans don't seem too thrilled, shouting back at Ferrigno who doesn't seem too bothered.]

FLEX: I came out to the ring two weeks and thought I made myself perfectly clear, Gellar. Ferrigno's shop...it's all but DONE! The Goods, they ain't for sell! And me...

[He jabs his thumb into his chest.]

FLEX: I told ya the Shop ain't openin' until you put me in the ring with some REEEEEEEAL competition. And this jock strap...he ain't got what it takes to hold up these CANNON BALL BICEPS and he sure as the pavement is black ain't ready for the QUAD-RA-SAURUS!

[Strike the pose. The double bicep pose. The people are not happy.]

FLEX: I gava ya fair warnin', Gellar. And instead of shakin' in the shadows and dealin' me an Ace, you trot out this back mini camp floppy disc and call em' competition. These PEOPLE don't want to see this clown wrestle me!

[There's a huge cheer for the idea of Laverne and Flex locking up.]

FLEX: These people don't want to see some letterman jacket wearin' Glee reject go belly to belly with the king of twisted steel, cheap thrills, and sex appeal!

[More ruckus. He's not even listening to them.]

FLEX: NOBODY... NOBODY IN THIS CRAP HOLE OF AN ARENA IN THIS PIT OF A TOWN WANTS TO SEE SHIRLEY OVER THERE LACE EM' UP WITH GOD'S GREATEST CREATION FLEX! FERRIGNO!

[They do.]

FLEX: So I'm gonna do everyone in North Dakota a huge favor and STICK A GRAND FORK in this waste of MY time. I'm stickin' to THESE GUNS, GELLAR!

[He cocks his bicep up into a tight curl one inch at a time before it nears his lips.]

FLEX: KISS THIS IDEA AND THE FLEX-WAGON GOOD. NIGHT.

[Flex drops the mic and waves off Laverne who has been bouncing from side to side like a dog on a leash for the past minute. He steps through the ropes and just as he does, the crowd ROARS as "the Furnace" catches fire and charges across the ring...

...CLUBBING Flex Ferrigno over his exposed back!]

BW: Well, chalk that up as a bad idea.

[The North Dakota faithful continue to cheer as Laverne repeatedly drives rapid double axe handles across the back and head of Ferrigno who nearly falls through the ropes as his sunglasses fly into the aisle. Flex gathers himself, shoves his way back into the ring, and throws off his chainmail headdress and as he does the bell sounds off!]

GM: It's official, we've got ourselves a match after all!

[Laverne sprints the other direction, rips back across the ring and drives a lifting knee into the gut of Flex who doubles over. He continues to hammer away at his

back - jolting rights, lefts, forearms, elbows, and any part of his arm that moves, driving Ferrigno down to one knee. The First Team All Conference athlete begins to jab his fist into the side of Ferrigno's head over and over again until...

...Ferrigno has had just about enough.]

BW: CLUBBING RIGHT BY FLEX!

[Laverne stumbles back from the ferocity of the strike. Ferrigno stands up straight, wipes the spit from his mouth, and stalks towards Doug Laverne.]

BW: If ya poke the sleeping monster just enough eventually he's gonna wake up and well, beat the day lights out of ya, Gordo.

GM: Doug Laverne has got his hometown crowd behind him, Bucky. He's no joke, he's built like a brickhouse.

BW: More like a can of beans compared to the physical specimen standing across from him.

[Flex stalks forward and Laverne strikes him across the jaw once, then twice, then goes for a third strike but Flex swats his arm away and the momentum carries him back to the ropes where Ferrigno just steamrolls over him with a clothesline that sends him CRASHING over the top rope and down to the floor!]

GM: Laverne falls hard to the floor! Flex Ferrigno, he's...he's going out after him! We haven't seen him take this approach yet, Bucky!

BW: I don't think too many kids watching at home right now are itching to go and pretend to be Doug Laverne in their backyard after the show.

[Ferrigno hops down from the apron and goes right for Laverne. He gutwrenches him, lifts him waist high and pivots so he's facing the ring, then LETS HIM FLY...

...and SUPLEXES him against the ring barrier that nearly spills into the front row from the impact!]

GM: WHAT A SUPLEX, BUCKY!

BW: Should have just let the Monsta Muscle walk away.

[Ferrigno jerks Laverne up and right into a military press before hurling him down to the barely-padded floor!]

GM: OH MY STARS! THIS IS NOT THE HOMECOMING DOUG LAVERNE WAS HOPING FOR!

[Ferrigno stands over Laverne who lays crumpled on the floor below him and then begins barking out at the crowd, "HE BELONG TO YOU?!" A few fans chatter back at Ferrigno and he glares at the crowd before grabbing Laverne by the back of the trunks, side steps towards the ring, and HEAVES him through the bottom and middle ropes.]

GM: Ferrigno taking this thing back inside. Davis Warren is at a count of eight, Bucky. Ferrigno better not mess around and get back in himself.

BW: I'm not worried.

[As Warren counts off nine, Flex rolls in the ring after him. As he lays next to Laverne, he rolls to his chest, digs his fingertips into the mat, and begins cranking out rapid push ups.]

GM: Come on, this isn't necessary.

BW: Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen. No sweat off his back, Gordo!

[Ferrigno, with his face inches away from Laverne who is starting to push himself up, starts screaming "STAY DOWN, HERO!" which only draws more fight from Laverne who manages to get up to all fours. Ferrigno quickly pops up and eggs him on further.]

GM: Laverne trying to get off the mat and get back into this thing.

BW: Big mistake. Huge. Almost as big as Flex's arms.

[Just as Laverne gets to his feet, Ferrigno SHOVES him into the ropes where he bounces back into the waiting arms of Flex...

...who shoves him into the air...

...catches his twisting frame...

...and DRIVES him back head and shoulder first into the canvas!]

BW: THERE IT IS!

GM: POP-UP GERMAN SUPLEX! IT'S OVER!

[Only the ripped powerhouse doesn't go for the cover.]

GM: Cover him! What's he doing, Bucky?

BW: No clue.

[Ferrigno walks over the barely moving Doug Laverne and looks straight into the main camera, "THE IS ON YOU, GELLAR!" and pulls Laverne back up into a standing version of the camel clutch, yanking Laverne's arms back over Ferrigno's legs, cupping his hands under the chin and pulling back hard.]

GM: He's got him trapped in a submission hold - a modified version of the camel clutch we're used to seeing out of former AWA competitors like Sultan Azam Sharif.

[Ferrigno violently throttles him up and down before belting out, "GET THE STRETCHER!" and Warren has seen (and heard) enough.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The official has put a stop to this one. Laverne couldn't keep going. I'm not sure if he gave up or the referee ruled him unable to continue but it's over nonetheless.

[Ferrigno raises up out of the camel clutch, lifting his arms into a double bicep pose as his music kicks in and Phil Watson makes it official.]

GM: Another impressive - and dominant - victory for Flex Ferrigno over the hometown here and you've gotta wonder if there's room in Seattle for big Flex.

BW: Move over Space Needle... a new must-see attraction is headed to town.

GM: Fans, let's go backstage to some footage recorded earlier today!

[We fade back to the locker room area to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY" where the two members of the Shadow Star Legion - Kenji Nakamura and GEMINI Hashimoto - are standing. Both are wearing red and silver shiny vests over their bare torsos which are covered with a sheen of sweat.]

KN: For weeks, all we hear is Winner Takes All. We hear about Taylor and Donovan defend titles against Dufresne and Lynch.

[Nakamura nods.]

KN: We... respect Travis Lynch. We like Travis Lynch. Dufresne?

[Hashimoto exhales sharply with a snort of derision. Nakamura smiles.]

KN: My partner... says it all. But they no team. They no partners.

[Nakamura gestures to Hashimoto and himself.]

KN: We are tag team. We are partners. We train together. We travel together. We live and breathe and train and fight together.

And when we get champions in the ring - no matter who - we win together... we be champions together.

[Hashimoto strikes a fighting pose, beckoning with his hand towards the camera.]

KN: This is... official challenge. Champions versus Shadow Star Legion. Mr. Gellar...

[Nakamura pauses, searching for the appropriate English.]

KN: ...make it happen.

[Hashimoto gives a nod at his partner's words 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 AWAshop.com."

[Fade to black...

...and then fade in to what looks like another high school gym. Specifically, we are in the last row of seats, folding chairs, which all seem to be occupied by people, predominantly white, of all ages, shapes and sizes, including one Louis Matsui, looking a little out of place, dressed in a grey sports coat over a black T-shirt and blue jeans, rapt in silent attention to something going on off-camera. The camera focuses on Matsui, so there is not much in terms of detail that we can tell about everyone else around him, other than the noise: we hear raucous cheering and responses to the sounds of what we can assume to be bodies hitting canvas. Occasionally, there is the smack of flesh on flesh. Without taking his attention away from the action, Matsui tries to speak above the noise.]

LM: We're here in the Manassas Boys and Girls Club right here in Manassas, Virginia, one of the last stops, I hope, before I head home and get into talks with the AWA front office over a few potential signings, that's right, signings that need some serious, and I mean serious, consideration. It's been a crazy ride... I don't think I have been in this many churches, Jewish Community Centers, Armories, and Elks Lodges in all my life. It started at a point when I was at my lowest, but the

journey and the people I've met along the way have got me looking at things a little more positively.

"SMACK!"

[We hear the loud smack of flesh hitting flesh, as the crowd breaks into another round of cheering. We hear them chant what sounds like "Joey's gonna kill you" over and over again.]

LM: In fact, what I'm seeing right now might be the best thing I have seen so far!

[The cameraman starts to pan the camera towards the action, but Matsui actually reaches out and physically stops him from doing so.]

LM: Uh-uh. Not yet. It is not the time yet for the AWA to see what I am seeing... But soon, when the time is right, you will see. You will all bear witness to the crowning jewel of the Matsui Dynasty...

[A sudden burst of cheers and applause. This time, Matsui also rises from his seat. Wide-eyed and bright-eyed, we see him clapping and cheering along with everyone else, even as the sound fades. Soon, the image, too, fades to black.]

And we cut backstage, where Mark Stegglet stands alongside National Champion Travis Lynch and "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne. The latter is clad in a pair of blue jeans, a white shirt with black horizontal stripes and a black blazer topped off with a white pocket square; his blond hair falling down onto his shoulders. Travis is decked out in a pair of faded blue jeans, his trademark super medium black T-shirt, with TRAVIS in gold letters upon it, around his neck hangs his silver crucifix and around his waist rests the AWA National Championship belt. Travis flashes a smile at the camera as Mark Stegglet begins to speak.]

MS: Fans, I'm backstage with the National Champion, Travis Lynch, and his soon-to-be tag team partner at Memorial Day Mayhem as well as in just a few moments here in Grand Forks, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne. Calisto, I'll start with you. Two weeks ago, there was question after question as to whether Travis Lynch could trust you. It seemed as though Travis wasn't even sure. How do you answer that? Can he trust you?

[A smirk from Dufresne before he answers.]

CD: Can Travis Lynch trust me?

[A look towards Lynch.]

CD: Hell no he can't. If I had my way, that National Title would be around my waist, not his.

[Travis and Stegglet look somewhat taken aback, but Dufresne raises a finger.]

CD: But what Travis Lynch and the rest of the AWA CAN trust is that my hate for Johnny Detson and the Kings of Wrestling far outweigh my desire to have my title back. Travis Lynch CAN trust the fact that I'm not stupid enough to think I can bring these clowns down on my own. So, for as long as we need each other to accomplish our goals - Travis' noble and mine decidedly less so, - he can absolutely trust Calisto Dufresne.

MS: Travis, Calisto claims you can trust him, so do you believe him?

TL: Mark, I don't trust a word that comes out of that mouth of his.

MS: Then how are you going to work as a team at Memorial Day Mayhem?

TL: Like I said, Mark, I don't trust his words, but I trust two things about him. Do you know what those are?

[Mark shakes his head no.]

TL: I trust his desire for revenge and his greed. Yeah, I said greed, Mark. Calisto brags better than anyone here in the AWA and he's said it himself. He has yet to wear the golden World Tag Team Championship belt around his waist. He's held every other title in the AWA he's set his sights on. So now he's set his sights on the one wrapped around Donovan and Taylor's waists. Calisto says I can trust him, but what I know is, he'll do anythin' to capture championship gold.

[Travis casts a glance to Dufresne, who smirks and nods his head in agreement.]

MS: There are questions about whether the two of you can partner together effectively given that you've never been a team with one another?

CD: Mark, we're not talking about two pretty faces here. Travis Lynch is the National Champion. Calisto Dufresne is the most decorated superstar in the history of this company. They used to say the Miami Heat were merely mercenaries coming together who couldn't win because they couldn't be a TEAM. That's garbage, Stegglet. Teamwork is cute, but it's no substitute for superior talent.

Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan may have the gold, but let's be real: It's not Bobby and Rob walking through that door. They've got a lot of hair to grow on their faces before I get concerned about climbing in the ring with them. I'm not worried about Johnny Detson sticking his nose in things; he's only worried about his own not getting knocked out of place.

TL: I teamed with Vasquez, Mark... sure, the aftermath of that was a pier six brawl, but if I can survive a night with him in my corner...

[Travis pauses and looks at Calisto as he grabs the silver crucifix.]

TL: I have faith in the Good Lord above that I can team as long as I have to with Calisto. And I'll tell you this, Mark, I will get another pound of flesh out of the Donovan family. I will make sure the Kings of Wrestling understand they are only pretenders who stole the World Tag Team Championship and stole the World Heavyweight Championship to boot!

So when we walk out of Memorial Day Mayhem with those World Tag Team Championship belts around our waists, you can be damn sure the Kings of Wrestling will know their true place!

Now, if you excuse us, we're going to head down the ring and show the world just what kind of team we're going to be.

[Dufresne cracks a grin as he pats Lynch on the back, the duo making their exit off-camera.]

MS: Travis Lynch may not be able to trust Calisto Dufresne to do the right thing... but it sounds like he trusts him to do all the WRONG things if it means getting his hands on Taylor, Donovan, and those World Tag Team Titles. Gordon, Bucky... back to you.

[We cut back down to ringside.]

GM: Thanks, Mark... and I've got to wonder, Bucky, if Travis Lynch is making a serious error in judgment heading into this Winner Takes All match.

BW: Travis Lynch has made bad decisions his entire life, Gordo. The first one was coming out of the womb and being a part of that family. Now he's got one of the least trustworthy men on the planet as his tag team partner in a match where Travis Lynch could very well lose his National Title as well.

GM: In just a few moments, they're going to be in action as a tag team for the very first time and it should be very interesting to see where they're at as a unit just three weeks before they challenge for the gold.

BW: Not just challenge - defend too.

GM: Absolutely right. It's Winner Takes All in Seattle and... well, Travis Lynch is taking a very big risk if you ask me. Now let's go to the ring.

[We cut to Phil Watson standing in the ring.]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... at a total combined weight of 540 pounds... Buzz... Jolt...

STATIC ELECTRICITY!

[The two big hulking power guys with spiky hair lean in at the camera, running some trashtalk from behind their dark sunglasses as they stand in matching neon green singlets.]

GM: And this should be a pretty good test for Lynch and Dufresne, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. Static Electricity might not have the best win/loss record but they're physically impressive and if Lynch and Dufresne aren't on top of their game, they just might find out the hard way what it takes to be a tag team in this business.

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And their opponents... first, weighing in at 245 pounds... he is the Ladykiller... CAAAAAALISTOOOO DUUUUUFRESNNNNNE!

[The arena lights begin to flicker slightly as the opening riffs of ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man" begin to blare across the sound system, the crowd responding to the music with a mix of cheers and boos. The camera cuts to the entranceway, where the curtains part to reveal "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne. Dufresne is clad in pair of deep purple trunks and boots. He takes a few steps out of the curtain, turning to look...]

BW: Separate entrances? Not a good sign, Gordo.

[And as the music switches up to the rock classic "Tom Sawyer" from Rush, the crowd ERUPTS into cheers. Dufresne joins in, clapping as the Texas Heartthrob himself comes striding through the curtain to an even bigger reaction (especially from the ladies in the crowd.)]

PW: And his tag team partner... weighing in at 252 pounds... he is the AWA National Champion...

TRAAAAAAAAAAAAVIS LYNNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[The Texan walks down the aisle, pausing next to Calisto Dufresne. He slowly reaches out, shaking the hand of a smirking Dufresne before the duo starts down the aisle together.]

GM: And here they come... the duo who will challenge for the AWA World Tag Team Titles in 21 days...

BW: And defend the National Title.

GM: You're quite hung up on that. Do you really expect to see a new National Champion crowned in Seattle?

BW: Gordo, it comes down to one thing. I don't believe these two can function as a team well enough to win the tag titles... and if they can't do that, it means that they very well could lose the National Title as well.

GM: Of course, the rules say that Travis Lynch has to be pinned or made to submit for the National Title to change hands. If Calisto Dufresne is pinned or submits, they lose the match but Travis keeps the gold.

BW: And if I'm Dufresne, I'm waiting for Lynch to take advantage of that and leave me hung out to dry.

GM: You're quite the diabolical plotter, aren't you?

BW: Self-preservation is my speciality... and if Travis Lynch had the sense that God gave a squirrel, he'd be thinking just like me.

[The duo reaches the ring, scaling the ringsteps and climbing between the ropes to mostly cheers from the Grand Forks crowd.]

GM: Alright, we're settling in here and I'm looking forward to this one.

[The music fades as Travis Lynch hands the National Title over to the referee. He turns around to face his partner and finds Dufresne already standing on the ring apron, holding the tag rope.]

GM: Ooooookay. It looks like Calisto Dufresne has made the decision to have Travis Lynch start this off.

BW: Red flag! Right there!

GM: Oh, knock it off. Let's see what these two can do in the ring together before we accuse one or the other of trying to betray their partner.

[Lynch smiles, shaking his head and then turns back to face the opposition who does a double fistpump, flexing as they come apart.]

GM: And for Static Electricity, it's going to be Jolt starting things off.

BW: How can you tell these two apart?

GM: Well... for starters, they're not twins. They're not even related, Bucky.

BW: Yeah but... big muscle guys. Same colored tights.

GM: You really are something, old friend.

[As the bell sounds, Jolt strides out of the corner, coming straight at Travis Lynch, lunging into a collar and elbow.]

GM: Right into the tieup at the outset, jostling for position... and Travis Lynch looks to be holding his ground against Jolt pretty well...

[Jolt is struggling and straining to push Travis Lynch back but the muscular National Champion holds firm... and then they break apart. Jolt glares at Lynch who stays in position. Jolt walks back and forth, swinging his arms across his body.]

GM: Looks like Jolt might go for that again.

[Working himself up, Jolt suddenly rushes into another tieup, struggling to get Lynch backed down...

...when Lynch suddenly spins out, hooking a rear waistlock.]

GM: Nice go-behind by the Texan, hanging on Jolt looks for a way out...

[Jolt grabs at the wrists of Lynch, trying to pull them apart. He hangs on, his entire body shaking as he pulls and pulls...

...and pulls the hands apart, breaking the waistlock...]

GM: Jolt's doing it! Jolt's doing it!

[Lynch suddenly grabs Jolt by the shoulder, swinging him around and decking him with a right hand... and another... and another...]

GM: Lynch opening up on Jolt, backing him down...

[Grabbing the arm, Lynch whips Jolt across the ring, sending him bouncing off the far side...

...and takes him down with a drop toehold, bouncing Jolt's face off the mat!]

GM: Drop toehold, expertly executed by the Texan who comes up to his feet and-

[The crowd groans as Calisto Dufresne slaps his partner's shoulder, tagging himself in.]

GM: Alright then.

BW: That was a blind tag... and Calisto Dufresne just brought himself into the match.

[A smirking Dufresne ducks through the ropes, gesturing for Travis to step out. Travis raises an eyebrow, staring at the Ladykiller for a moment... and then with a shrug and a nod, he steps out to the apron.]

GM: Okay... now the Ladykiller is in there... and in comes Buzz on the other side.

[The bleached blonde Buzz strides out to the middle of the ring, swinging his arms out in front of him in a big pose, showing off his muscles with a roar as Calisto Dufresne watches.]

GM: Buzz with a tremendous upper body physique.

[Dufresne claps a bit, nodding at the display.]

GM: What's he doing?

BW: Dufresne's trying to check out the back. He wants to see if Buzz' back muscles are as big as the arms and the chest.

[Buzz gestures for Dufresne to back up as Buzz twists around, revealing his back to the camera, striking a pose to show off the definition and size of his back muscles...

...which is all well and good until Calisto Dufresne clubs him in the back of the head with a forearm smash!]

GM: Well, that just happened.

BW: Dufresne's one of the smartest guys in the sport. He tricked Buzz into that... not that that's a big deal. I don't want to say Buzz is dumb but when someone told him he should watch smarter programs on TV, he tried turning up the Brightness setting.

[Gordon chuckles at the joke as Dufresne puts the boots to Buzz down on the mat, stomping him into the canvas as Travis Lynch looks on from the corner.]

GM: Dufresne dragging Buzz up off the mat, whipping him hard into the corner... and comes in after him with a back elbow to the jaw!

[The blow causes Buzz to slump against the buckles as Dufresne grabs the top rope, extending his leg and planting his boot against the throat of his opponent.]

GM: Now, these are the type of tactics that you can be sure that Travis Lynch isn't comfortable with but he might accept them if it means getting his chance to get his so-called pound of flesh against the Kings of Wrestling in 21 days.

[The referee counts Dufresne, causing him to break the choke at four. Dufresne backs off, taking aim...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Knife edge chop in the corner!

[Dufresne winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: A second big chop across that muscular chest of Buzz.

[Grabbing Buzz by the arm, Dufresne whips him across the ring into the far turnbuckles...]

GM: Dufresne charging across the ring from corner to corner...

[But Buzz pulls himself out of the way, causing Dufresne to slam chestfirst into the buckles.]

GM: Ohh! Dufresne comes up empty with the running clothesline in the corner!

[Grabbing Dufresne by the hair, Buzz slams his head into the top turnbuckle a half dozen times before using the hair to fling Dufresne down to the canvas.]

GM: And just like that, Buzz has turned this thing around for his team.

[Reaching out, Buzz brings his partner back in.]

GM: Quick tag and in comes Jolt...

[The duo pulls the Ladykiller off the mat, backing him into the ropes as each man grabs an arm...]

GM: Double whip shoots him across...

[Clasping hands, the Static Electricity members barrel over Dufresne with a double clothesline! Jolt quickly dives down on Dufresne, attempting a lateral press.]

GM: Jolt with the cover - one! Two!

[But the shoulder slips up off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: No, no... two count only for the Ladykiller.

[Jolt pushes up off the mat, slapping his hands together three times. The official shakes his head, holding up two fingers.]

GM: The referee telling Jolt it was only a two count.

[Jolt climbs to his feet, tagging his partner again.]

GM: Quick tag there again... and they're going for another doubleteam...

[With Buzz coming in, they back Dufresne into the ropes again, attempting another double whip.]

GM: Double clothesli- ducked by Dufresne!

[And as the Ladykiller hits the ropes, Travis Lynch reaches out and slaps him on the shoulder.]

GM: Blind tag!

[Dufresne ducks the second clothesline attempt, grabbing the ropes to stop himself as Travis Lynch slides in behind the opposition...

...and with a tap on the shoulder, Buzz turns into a wild haymaker!]

GM: Big left hand on Buzz!

[Spinning slightly, Lynch uncorks a second left hand!]

GM: Two! A second shot to the jaw!

[Lynch twists slightly, throwing two lefts to the jaw of Jolt this time!]

GM: Lynch is taking them both on!

[Grabbing the duo by the heads, Travis winds up and SLAMS their skulls together to a big cheer!]

GM: Double noggin knocker!

[With Static Electricity dazed, Lynch grabs Jolt by the head, running across the ring and throwing him through the ropes to the floor as Calisto Dufresne steps off the ropes, buries a boot in the gut...]

GM: Dufresne hooks him!

[...and lifts him up, DRIVING Buzz' head into the canvas with the Wham Bam Thank You Ma'am!]

GM: DDT! HE SPIKED HIM!

[A smirking Dufresne rolls to the side, taking a knee...

...and then spreads his arms wide, presenting the unconscious Buzz to Travis Lynch who shakes his head and then drops into a lateral press.]

GM: One. Two. Three. They got him!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Lynch rises up off his defeated opponent, locking eyes with a grinning Calisto Dufresne who says "You're welcome" to the man who he'll team with to challenge for the World Tag Team Titles in 21 days.]

BW: Well, Gordo... what do you think?

GM: They got the win at least... but there definitely seemed to be some kinks to iron out in the next few weeks if they're going to compete against the World Tag Team Champions, Bucky.

BW: Three weeks to get ready to challenge the Tag Team of the Year for 2016? They're dreamin', daddy - and so are you.

GM: Speaking of dreaming, in two weeks' time, we're going to see if Allen Allen can make his dream come true of finally getting past Mr. Sadisuto and Downfall when Allen teams with the returning Rotgut Rustlers in six man tag team action! That one is going to be a fun one to see, Bucky.

BW: I'm always a fan of Allen Allen getting his tail handed to him and since that's exactly what I expect is going to happen two weeks from now... yeah, I think it will be fun!

GM: You're too much. Fans, right now, let's take you back to two weeks ago when Charisma Knight was coming out here for the latest edition of her Open Challenge. But things did not go as the AWA - or ultimately, Ms. Knight herself - planned. Take a look...

[We cut to footage marked "Two weeks ago..." where Phil Watson is standing in the ring, speaking. We've got live voiceover from Gordon and Bucky in Grand Forks.]

GM: Phil Watson was bringing out the latest woman to answer this Open Challenge from Charisma Knight that's been going on for months now. It was scheduled to be young Lisa Drake - a young up and comer from the indy scene who we've been informed is no relation to the former women's competitor who made a name for herself several years back... however, this Lisa Drake took on that name in tribute to her.

[And on the screen, we see a young woman jogging down the aisle, slapping hands with the fans...

...when suddenly Charisma Knight bullrushes in out of nowhere, diving into a chopblock on the back of Drake's knee, sending her screaming in pain down to the floor.]

BW: So much for the history lesson...

GM: An absolutely brutal attack by Knight, going right after that knee...

[The shot shows Knight dragging Drake up the aisle by the hair, flinging her headfirst into the steel barricade at ringside.]

We do a quick cut to a little later in the attack where Knight folds Drake's leg under her, lifting her up...

...and then running full steam, driving Drake's injured leg into the ring apron before dumping her to the floor.]

GM: Gaah! Absolutely vicious and uncalled for. This is the kind of thing that might warrant a fine... maybe even a suspension in my book.

BW: Charisma Knight had had enough, Gordo. For weeks now, she's been doing these Open Challenges expecting that the AWA would finally serve up their big signing... would finally give her Ayako Fujiwara who signed WEEKS ago and has yet to show her face. Knight wants Fujiwara and now she's going to take out anyone who gets in her way until she gets her.

[We cut to taped audio where Knight is on the mic after her assault.]

CK: How's THAT for your Open Challenge, Gellar?

[The crowd continues to jeer as Knight leans back, running a hand through her red hair, down to the now-showing brunette roots.]

CK: You know what, Gellar? I've had it! I'm sick of it all. I'm sick of this...

[She gestures at the downed Drake being tended to in the corner.]

CK: I'm sick of them...

[She gestures at the crowd.]

CK: ...and I'm sick of YOU!

[She points at the camera.]

CK: Since the moment my Open Challenge has started, I've left a trail of broken bodies in my wake... and what do I have to show for it? Miss Adorably Marketable sits at Number One without doing a damn thing! I send the ratings through the roof... and no bonus for Charisma... because my money got spent on someone who hasn't even bothered to set foot in an AWA ring since she was signed OVER A MONTH AGO!

[Knight's rantings have the fans letting her have it. She shakes her head at the crowd's reaction.]

CK: Again, Gellar... again I showed up on Saturday Night Wrestling. Again, I showed up ready to face the best in the world... I showed up waiting for the one person that I've been training non-stop for.

And again, you keep her from me. Again, you protect her from me!

THIS...

[She points to Lisa Drake, being loaded on a stretcher, the tights around her right knee have been removed, showing a visibly purple, swollen knee area.]

CK: ...IS ON YOU, GELLAR! And from this moment forward, every time I come out here to compete and I DON'T get Ayako Fujiwara... my opponent is going to end up JUST... LIKE... THAT!

[We cut again as Knight looks to continue her attack on Lisa Drake and are back to Gordon and Bucky in Grand Forks on audio.]

GM: But it wasn't enough for Charisma Knight who decided that she was going to finish young Miss Drake off once and for all. But what Knight didn't know is that Miss Drake had a friend in the back who had seen quite enough of what Charisma Knight was bringing to the table on this night.

[The shot shows us the young lady that we've come to know as Skylar Swift diving headfirst under the bottom rope. She comes to her feet - clad in black leather pants and a white tanktop that reads "Dream Girl" in punk cursive across the chest, and greets the incoming Knight with a forearm smash!]

GM: It was Skylar Swift, a friend of Lisa Drake's from their days on the indy scene, meeting Knight head on. Swift, a Canadian competitor, was here to shoot some promotional material for the upcoming AWA tour of Canada when she saw her friend being violently attacked.

[A series of forearms backs Knight off but she charges back in with a clothesline...

...and the crowd "OHHHHHHHs" as Swift bridges back, avoiding the move in a Matrix-style move. A shocked Knight swings around and catches a spinning roundhouse to the ear that knocks her to the mat where he promptly rolls out to the floor. Swift angrily waves her back into the ring as the crowd cheers...

...and fade back to live action from the pre-taped footage.]

GM: It was a wild scene in Minneapolis, Minnesota when that went down and, fans, we can now confirm that contracts have been issued for sometime during our tour of Canada for Charisma Knight and Skylar Swift to go one-on-one! Hopefully, that one gets signed soon.

BW: I'd love to see that go down.

GM: But right now...

[Gordon sighs.]

GM: It's time for another Charisma Knight Open Challenge and quite frankly, I'm very concerned over what's going to happen if Ayako Fujiwara is not in the building and we have no indication that she is, Bucky.

BW: There's going to be hell to pay if she's not, daddy.

GM: Phil Watson, take it away...

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

PW: Wrestling fans, the following match is a Women's Division Open Challenge match scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, in the ring at this time, 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 as the crowd's polite cheers

turns to boos as New Year's Day's "I'm About To Break You" starts blasting over the PA.]

PW: And her opponent hails from Cleveland, Ohio... weighing in at 150 pounds...

CHAAAAARISMAAAAA KNIIIIIIIGHT!

[At the announcement of her name, Charisma Knight steps through the entrance, although dressed to compete is not what could be used to describe her. She's wearing street clothes of black BOC boots, baggy black cargo pants, and a black and white striped shirt under a black leather jacket, wearing her dyed red hair with still more visible brown roots loose down to right in between her chin and shoulders. She refuses to acknowledge the crowd, marching down the aisle, stepping through the ropes, and walking straight over to Phil Watson.]

GM: Charisma Knight obviously not dressed to compete here and... I smell trouble, Bucky.

BW: Yeah, I'd say we're all in Barney.

GM: Huh?

BW: Barney. Barney Rubble? TROUBLE!

GM: I have no idea what's going on right now, fans, but Charisma Knight in street clothes after she threatened to brutalize anyone not named Ayako Fujiwara who tried to face her can't be a good combination.

[Knight snatches the mic away from Phil Watson, turning to look at her announced opponent, DiNozzo.]

CK: Why am I not surprised?

[The crowd buzzes as Knight shakes her head.]

CK: Little girl, I'm gonna give you one chance. You know it, I know it, this arena knows it, and Gellar knows it.

You're out of your league, and you're not going to prove a thing against me. Take your bubbly tail, take the forfeit I'm going to gift you, and get the hell out of here.

[Knight stands there, staring at DiNozzo who hasn't budged yet.]

BW: That's a generous offer. She should take it.

GM: I don't know a thing about Jenny DiNozzo but from the look in Charisma Knight's eye, that might be sound advice.

[Knight, seeing DiNozzo holding her ground, speaks again.]

CK: I'm not in the mood to snap a knee tonight, but don't mistake my generosity for a second.

[DiNozzo takes a moment to consider, looking into Knight's eyes...

...and thinks better of it, exiting the ring. The referee protests but DiNozzo simply shrugs, making her exit up the aisle to jeers from the crowd.]

GM: Well, not the bravest decision by Jenny DiNozzo but judging by what we saw happen to young Lisa Drake two weeks ago, it might prove to be the wisest one.

BW: Absolutely. Good call.

[With her opponent dispensed with, Knight looks around at the jeering crowd, shaking her head.]

CK: I'm done with this game. I played this game for three months now. Emerson Gellar lined them up one by one... and I knocked them down... one... by... one.

[She lifts an arm, dangling her fingertips in the air.]

CK: He dangled a carrot in front of me for three months... and just kept pulling it back.

[She snatches her arm back, shaking her head again.]

CK: I am the best wrestler in the Women's Division and I'm toyed with by management because I'm playing the game. I'm not showing up at autograph signings. I'm not eating hot dogs with my besties on Instagram.

But make no mistake, I am the best... and I want to be recognized as such. And the way I see it, there's only one way to do that.

[Knight throws her arm violently to the side.]

CK: And I'm not going to let myself get distracted by some blonde cover girl from Canada who jumped me from behind two weeks ago. Her day is going to come too but right now, let me take a second to send a clear and direct message to Emerson Gellar. Gellar, if you're watching and I know that you are, pay attention because this is the last time I'm going to say it.

I. WANT. AYAKO. FUJIWARA!

[Big cheer from the Grand Forks crowd!]

CK: Do you hear me, Gellar? I will not put on wrestling gear again until the most hyped signing of the Women's Division grows a spine, gets on a plane, and comes to face me in the ring so I can stretch her knee and leave no more questions about who deserves to be recognized as the best in the AWA.

If you didn't know, Empress-lite, I am challenging you.

You.

[Knight points directly into the camera.]

CK: Watch the tape, get a translator, get it subtitled, whatever.

I am challenging Ayako Fujiwara and I will NOT compete until she graces us with a reply. So it's in your court, Fujiwara.

Are you the real deal like the videos hype?

[The corners of Knight's mouth curl up into a smile.]

CK: ...or just a talked up coward?

[Knight drops the mic, turning as the boos continue. She ignores them as she exits the ring and makes her way back up the aisle.]

BW: Now, THAT'S a challenge, daddy. Charisma Knight means what she says. The days of the Open Challenge are OVER. She is NOT getting back inside that ring until Ayako Fujiwara is the one standing across from her.

GM: We'll have to see what Emerson Gellar... AND Ayako Fujiwara for that matter... have to say about that. Fans, let's go backstage right now to Colt Patterson who has a very special guest. Colt?

[We cut again to the backstage area... or more pointedly to the flexed right bicep of Colt Patterson in mid-pose. He starts to speak over the shot of his muscle.]

CP: Gordon Myers, you wide-eyed buffoon... it's about time you cut over to the true top talent portion of the show because not only do you have the Number One interviewer in all of professional wrestling but my guest at this time is beyond a shadow of a doubt, the greatest professional athlete in the world today... the AWA World Heavyweight Champion himself... Johnny Detson!

[The shot pulls back from Colt's arm as Johnny Detson walks into the area wearing a pair of jeans, a custom white t-shirt with the Fox Sports X logo on it, and his purple Kings of Wrestling jacket over it. The World Title belt is draped over his left shoulder as he extends a hand to Colt who gladly shakes it.]

JD: Colt, always a pleasure.

[Patterson grins at the compliment.]

CP: Champ, I gotta thank you for taking the time out of your busy scheduled defending the World Title all over the world.

JD: Over one hundred successful defenses, Colt.

CP: Impressive. You're shattering records everywhere we go. Obviously the most successful World Champion in AWA history.

JD: Obviously.

CP: Well, thanks again for taking the time to talk today.

[Detson nods with a smile.]

JD: Colt, I always have time to speak with one of the beacons of investigative journalism. But you are right... I do have a busy schedule. I have all this planning for Memorial Day Mayhem...

[Detson smirks.]

JD: Hotel booking... what suit to wear... making sure I'm there watching when my brothers, Taylor and Donovan, finally destroy Dufresne and the final Lynch infecting this federation.

[Patterson nods.]

CP: I know everyone's looking forward to that. A World Without Lynches.

JD: Hey, that's a heck of an idea, Colt. I just might pick up another Oscar for that next year.

[The duo chuckles for a moment before Colt raises a hand.]

CP: Let's get serious for a moment though. Two weeks ago on this very show, Emerson Gellar tried to get Rex Summers to use his Steal The Spotlight contract to cash in on you at Memorial Day Mayhem... and almost succeeded!

[Detson shakes his head.]

JD: That was unfortunate the way Gellar tried to trick Summers.

CP: The way he didn't tell him until the last minute that Kendrick, Toughill, and Mahoney would be banned from ringside?

[Again, Detson shakes his head and laughs.]

JD: No, no, Colt... that Gellar tried to convince Summers that Johnny Detson was going to defend his title on his night off.

[Detson smirks and wags his finger back and forth.]

JD: Not going to happen. I don't know who this Emerson Gellar continues to fool himself into thinking that he is... but Johnny Detson is NOT wrestling at Memorial Day Mayhem, and there's nothing he can do about...

[The World Champion's words trail off as he looks off-camera. Colt Patterson follows his gaze and the camera shot pulls back as the Director of Operations, Emerson Gellar walks into view.]

EG: Is that right?

[Gellar "tsk, tsks" under his breath.]

EG: You're saying that there's nothing I can do about you not wanting to wrestle at Memorial Day Mayhem? Is that what I heard?

[Detson nods... not as confidently as you might imagine.]

EG: Here's the problem, Johnny. For weeks now, ever since you said you weren't going to defend the title at the biggest stage of the summer... people have been asking me why I don't just FORCE you to defend the title. Surely that's within the powers granted to my office, right?

[Detson shakes his head... also not as confidently.]

EG: Unfortunately, you're right in this case. You have defended the title within thirty days of the event on a live arena show and that means you've fulfilled your contractual obligation as the AWA World Champion. Kudos to you.

[Gellar golf claps as Detson beams.]

EG: I guess deep down, I was hoping you'd turn out to be a worthy champion who WANTED to defend his title instead of someone who would just come out here and hype up how many fictional defenses he has on his record.

[Detson reaches up, grabbing at the title belt.]

EG: It turns out the only way I can compel you to defend the title would be in the event of a Steal The Spotlight cash-in... and now that that plan failed.

[Gellar shrugs.]

EG: I suppose all I can do is say... enjoy your night off.

[Detson smirks, nodding excitedly now.]

JD: You see, Colt... I told you that he couldn't-

[But Detson is cut off as the Director holds up a finger, drawing the ire of the champ.]

EG: Just one more thing though. I may not be able to FORCE you to defend the title... but I can certainly sign the match if you agree to it.

[Detson audibly laughs at the idea.]

JD: Agree to it? Why on Earth would I agree to it? I already told you that I'm taking the night off, Gellar!

[Gellar nods.]

EG: Oh, I know, I know. But... Johnny, are you a gambling man?

[Detson looks puzzled.]

JD: What are you talking about now?

[Gellar smiles.]

EG: Johnny, I'm a big sports fan... and I watched a TON of March Madness. And I gotta admit, I'm a bit of a gambler so I was placing a few bets here and there during the tournament and now that it's over, I'm kinda jonesing for more.

So, I thought I'd come out here tonight and make a wager with you.

[Detson raises an eyebrow.]

JD: Go on.

[Gellar grins, trying to reel him in now.]

EG: Later tonight, your "brothers" Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan are scheduled for a tune-up match for their Main Event at Memorial Day Mayhem. What do you say if I scrap the planned opponent for them and put them in a different match against opponents of my choosing?

[Detson's eyes flash. He starts to shake his head but Gellar again raises a finger.]

EG: Not so fast. You haven't heard the stakes. If they win, not only do you get to take the night off and not defend the title at Memorial Day Mayhem with no more complaints from me... but I'll extend that offer. You will also walk into the Battle of Boston - assuming you're still the World Champion - and you won't have to defend the title THERE either.

[Detson is practically salivating at that, nodding his head.]

JD: What? You think I'm scared of my brothers losing?! They're going to tear apart whatever team you've got in store for them and I'm going to coast through life as the World Champion all the way through the summer, baby! Gellar, I acc-

[Finger raised again. Detson's REALLY getting annoyed at getting cut off now.]

EG: Again, not so fast. I want to make sure you know ALL the stakes. You know what happens if your team wins tonight... but if MY team wins...

Taylor and Donovan keep the titles... no sense in spoiling my Main Event after all... but YOU, Johnny Detson... you WILL defend the World Championship at Memorial Day Mayhem against...

[Dramatic pause.]

EG: TORIN THE TITAN!

[HUGE CHEER from inside the building! Detson's eyes go wide at the news. The smug look from Detson's face is immediately gone as well as most of the color from his face. Whatever words that were ready to come out of the champ's mouth are gone. After what seems like an eternity, Detson speaks.]

JD: Torin?

[Detson looks at Colt then back to Gellar.]

JD: The Titan?

[Detson looks at Colt again and then smirks and shakes his head.]

JD: No, no, no. You can't do that. (Turns to Colt.) He can't do that. (Turns back to Gellar.) There's no way you can do that. He barely has a contract, he's not even listed in the rankings, the Championship Committee would never allow that, there's no time to prepare... the Network... the Network couldn't advertise sufficiently...

[Gellar smiles.]

EG: Oh, I disagree, Mr. Detson. He DOES have a contract. And as of April 12th, he is the Number Six Contender to the World Heavyweight Title. The Championship Committee has approved of this offer and the Network... well, with this event on Pay Per View, the Network has no say in the matter.

So, Mr. Detson... the decision is yours. If you don't have the confidence in your... what do you call them again? Your brothers?

[Gellar chuckles.]

EG: Then all you have to do is say no. But, if you do, rest assured that I will make damn sure that you defend that title at the Battle of Boston... against a top contender of MY choosing.

[Gellar lets the threat hang over the World Champion. Detson's eyes go wide with rage. He points right at Gellar and opens his mouth to shout but then stops. Slowly, a smile begins to form on his face and the finger he was pointing just begins to shake at Gellar as if he's playfully scolding him.]

JD: You! I know what you're doing! You're trying to drive a wedge between me and my brothers. That's not going to happen. You want a wager...

[Detson shoots a glance at Colt, who briefly can be seen shaking his head no, then the champ quickly licks his lips and takes a deep breath.]

JD: ...THEN YOU GOT ONE! Taylor and Donovan are the AWA World Tag Team Champions and there's not a team here that can beat them!

[Gellar nods.]

EG: I'm sure you're right... but later tonight, we're going to find out for sure.

[The Director of Operations nods to both men, turning to exit. Detson stands there with Colt, almost forgetting he's even there.]

JD: And just to be sure Gellar don't try to pull a fast one... I'll be there personally to support my brothers-in arms!

[With that, the champ leaves in the opposite direction as Gellar.]

CP: And just like that, Colt Patterson brings the scoop of the night! What was supposed to be an easy night at the office for Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan just got very, very real. We're going to take a commercial break, people, but remember... the pleasure was all yours.

[Patterson curls a bicep, rolling it up to plant a kiss on it 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 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 we fade back up to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY." The shot is of one-half of the Northern Lights, Chris Choynet, standing in street clothes alongside Sweet Lou Blackwell.]

SLB: Chris Choynet, we all heard the update last weekend on the Power Hour. Your partner, Rene Rousseau, is going to be okay?

[Choynet solemnly nods.]

CC: He is, Lou, he is. But it makes me sick to my stomach that I have to answer that question.

[Choynet turns slightly, pointing at the camera.]

CC: Dave Cooper! You couldn't handle it - your precious ego couldn't handle the idea that the Northern Lights were too good... too principled of men to stand alongside the likes of you. You couldn't handle the face that the Northern Lights wanted NOTHING to do with you.

[The Maine native shakes his head.]

CC: So you sic'd your Samoans on us. But instead of fighting us straight up... instead of being men... they lived up to being the savages that everyone says they are when Mafu came off the top rope onto MY partner, Rene.

So, yes, Lou... Rene is hurt... and yes, he'll be back before too long.

[Choynet points at the camera again.]

CC: But "before too long" is too long to me. And that's why I've gone to Emerson Gellar tonight and told him that I want those Samoans in the ring again. I want them in there so that I can get some payback for my partner... my friend... my brother, Lou.

SLB: A rematch? But who? Who will be your partner?

CC: There are a whole lot of men in this locker room who proudly stepped forward, disgusted at what they saw out of Cooper and his Samoans... they all want to be my partner. Who I picked? Well, I guess you'll find out with the rest of the world next weekend on the Power Hour because I'm going to be in tag action with my temporary partner, getting ready for our shot at the Samoans. Rene, this one's for you!

SLB: Big news backstage here in Grand Forks tonight, fans, as Chris Choynet has found himself a partner and he's gunning for the Samoans!

[We fade through black and back to live action where Mark Stegglet stands in front of an AWA backdrop. Standing with him are the members of Next Gen. To Stegglet's left is Daniel Harper, who wears his wrestling attire consisting of a white singlet with the words "NEXT GEN" in blue lettering, white kneepads and wrestling boots. Howie Somers stands to Stegglet's right, dressed in similar attire, only his is blue and the words "NEXT GEN" are in white lettering.]

MS: Howie Somers, Daniel Harper, in just a few minutes you two will step into the ring to face the Bros of Anarchy. Matt Rogers and his new tag team partner, Paulie Italiano, have claimed that others are taking the spotlight from them and have specifically named the two of you which led to tonight's match. What is your mindset going into tonight?

[Harper speaks first, an intense look on his face.]

DH: Bros of Anarchy, I don't know what gave you this ridiculous idea that my partner and I were trying to take your moment away from you. But because you decided to run your mouths off at us, you got our attention! You asked for a couple

of weeks to prepare for this match, you got them... now you have to back up your words! Rogers, you've never given me any reason to like you and your attitude toward me and my partner makes it clear I still have no reason to like you! And Paulie Italiano, if that's the guy you want to team up with and be a yes-man for, then I have no reason to like you, either!

[He points a finger toward the camera.]

DH: Tonight, Bros of Anarchy, I'm sure you think this is your chance for your moment, but you aren't getting it at our expense! Howie Somers and I, we dedicated ourselves to getting better as a team, to put ourselves on the path that leads right to the World Tag Team Titles, the path that leads us to a spot at SuperClash, and the way I see it, this is our moment... our moment to prove, once again, to the fans of the AWA that we are staying steady on that path to those goals. And Bros of Anarchy, after tonight's match, you won't be able to blame us for stealing your moment... you can only blame the people who are staring back at you in the mirror!

MS: Howie Somers, your partner seems intent on proving a point. I take it the feeling is mutual?

[Somers rubs his chin as if thinking about what he wants to say.]

HS: Sir, my friend here may not have much patience for guys like Matt Rogers, but you better believe I'm right by his side. So, yes, I want to prove a point as much as he does. Rogers, you talk a lot of talk, and I'll admit that in recent weeks, you and your partner have backed it up in that ring. Tonight, though, you have to back up your words against us... and like Daniel Harper said, we have objectives we want to accomplish and, Rogers, because you and your partner chose to mouth off at us, the two of you happen to be the next team we face to reach those objectives.

[He gets a slight smile.]

HS: And believe me, we aren't planning on any setbacks! The way I see it, Rogers, as good as you are, you won't be backing up any words tonight. Same goes for you, Paulie Italiano... I can't understand why you'd choose to team up with a guy like Rogers. You seemed like a nice enough guy at one time. But you made your choice and you have to live with it... just like you and Rogers will have to live with your decision to get in our faces, to get in that ring with us, and to be the next team against whom we will prove a point. And from there, with any luck, Next Gen will be the next team to get a shot at the gold, and give my partner and I the chance to accomplish that first objective.

[He turns to Harper.]

HS: Let's show them what Next Gen is all about.

[The two exchange a high five.]

DH: Like your sister used to say... to the ring!

[The two walk off the interview set.]

MS: Next Gen wants a shot at the World Tag Team Titles, but first, they'll have to get past the Bros of Anarchy! Phil Watson, she's all yours!

[And with that, we fade back into the interior of the Alerus Center where the grating electric sounds of "More Human Than Human" by Rob Zombie starts up over the PA.]

PW: Wrestling fans, the following tag team contest is set for one fall. Introducing first, from Belmar, New Jersey and Oakland, California, at a total combined weight of 449 pounds... PAULIE ITALIANO... "THE ANARCHIST" MATT ROGERS... THE BROS OF ANARCHY!

[Matt Rogers steps from the entranceway first. He has pale skin, long black hair, a mustache, and pointed goatee. He is slight of build, and has a few tattoos on his arms and chest. He wears long black tights with a red circle-A anarchist symbol on each leg, black ankle supports, and heavily taped wrists, forearms, and fingers. He's also sporting a black leather jacket with red and white bandanas wrapped around the shoulders and an intricate skull design stenciled on the back in red paint.

Walking up behind him is Paulie Italiano. He has well tanned skin, perfect teeth and dark brown spiky hair. He wears multi-colored trunks and knee pads with black boots, a T-shirt that says "WATCH THE HAIR" and a headband that says "PAULIE." He also wears sunglasses.]

GM: The Bros of Anarchy are an unusual pairing, but one thing is certain, these two have enjoyed success ever since they started teaming.

BW: It's like the old commercial, Gordo... how somebody complained that they put chocolate in their peanut butter, only to find out how great that combination was. That's the Bros of Anarchy.

[Rogers keeps his head bowed, as if he doesn't want to be bothered by anyone, as he walks down the aisle, while Italiano has a big smile on his face, more than willing to play up to the crowd.]

GM: A contrast in styles, a contrast in personalities, a contrast in attitude, but they have worked well together so far. We'll see how that continues against Next Gen tonight.

BW: You can talk all you want about their differences, Gordo, but Rogers and Italiano both felt they weren't getting respect from the rest of the AWA. And tonight, when they beat Next Gen, I'll guarantee you that they're gonna get more respect.

[The two reach the ring and Rogers is first to enter, sliding under the bottom rope and popping to his feet. He lifts his head and stretches his arms out wide, giving the fans an arrogant look. Italiano steps between the ropes and stretches his arms wide, a cocky smile on his face. He goes to give Rogers a high five, but Rogers scoffs at him.]

GM: I'm not sold that these two are getting along, though, as you can see right there.

BW: Hey, Italiano may have a few things to learn about this relationship, but they'll come together in time.

GM: This relationship seems more like Rogers giving the orders and Italiano carrying them out.

BW: Hey, Rogers is the brains of the team, so it makes sense, doesn't it?

["More Human Than Human" fades out and is replaced by "Wake Up" by Story of the Year.]

PW: And their opponents, from Boston, Massachusetts and El Paso, Texas, at a total combined weight of 495 pounds... HOWIE SOMERS... DANIEL HARPER... NEXT GEN!

[Howie Somers and Daniel Harper emerge from the entranceway. Somers, the larger of the two, is dressed in a navy blue singlet with the words "Next Gen" across the front in white lettering, plus matching knee pads and wrestling boots. Harper wears a white singlet with "Next Gen" across the front in navy blue, white kneepads and wrestling boots.]

GM: Now here's a team that functions like a team... Somers and Harper have trained together, were mentored by family members and have been on a roll since SuperClash!

BW: The way you talk, Gordo, you act like these two already have the win in the bag! They're going to find out that you don't look past the Bros of Anarchy!

[Somers and Harper stand at the entranceway, turn to each other and exchange a high five. Both have slight smiles on their faces, but the smiles are gone as they head down the aisle toward the ring. They slap hands with ringside fans but keep their eyes focused on the ring ahead.]

GM: I don't think Next Gen is looking past anybody, Bucky. In fact, you look at those eyes and you can tell they are focused.

BW: All I've heard them talk about is the Kings of Wrestling... and while I understand everybody wants to talk about the greatest thing going in the AWA, like the Kings are... but when that's all you talk about, you aren't focused on anything else! Next Gen is talking about wanting a title shot, but they haven't earned that yet!

[Somers and Harper climb onto the ring apron and duck between the ropes. The two spread their arms to the side, soaking in the cheers of the fans, and hook their thumbs toward the words printed on their attire.]

GM: You can call it looking past people, Bucky, but Next Gen is doing what any tag team should do, and that's thinking about becoming the World Tag Team Champions. And this match could be a step toward a shot if they win tonight.

BW: That's just it... if they win tonight. But I think the Bros of Anarchy are going to surprise you, Gordo!

[Next Gen takes their place in their corner and Harper elects to start for his team. On the other side, Rogers has directed Italiano to the apron and steps forward as the bell rings.]

GM: Harper and Rogers starting things off... they circle and lock up.

[Harper and Rogers tie up collar and elbow and both look for leverage, but neither one can budge the other and they back off.]

GM: These two men evenly matched in terms of strength, Bucky.

BW: In that, yes, but Rogers has a few advantages.

GM: Such as?

BW: Such as experience, Gordo. Rogers has more of that.

GM: He does, but Harper has really made strides since his arrival in AWA.

BW: And yet he's still not old enough to drink, Gordo!

[Harper and Rogers approach one another, only for Rogers to unleash a kick to the midsection.]

BW: See, there it is, Gordo... the experience. Rogers suckered him in!

GM: I don't know if I'd call it that, but Rogers does hold the advantage now.

[Rogers hits two more kicks to the midsection, backing Harper into the corner, then unleashes a quick series of jabs to the ribs.]

GM: Rogers working over Harper in the corner... now has him by the arm... Irish whip on the way...

[Rogers whips Harper, but Harper is able to reverse the attempt.]

GM: A reversal! Rogers hits the turnbuckles!

[Rogers staggers out of the corner and Harper measures him, catching him flush under the jaw with an uppercut.]

GM: European uppercut! Rogers is stunned after that patented move by Harper!

BW: Bah, he stole it from Callum Mahoney!

GM: Actually, Harper learned that from his mother.

BW: So either Harper is a thief or a momma's boy! Or both!

GM: You're unreal, Bucky.

[Harper grabs Rogers in a side headlock, but Rogers is quick to shove him off.]

GM: Rogers sending Harper into the ropes... a hiptoss... no, wait, it's reversed!

[Harper sends Rogers to the canvas, and as The Anarchist rises to his feet, Harper leaps into the air with a dropkick.]

GM: Dropkick takes Rogers down! And now it's Harper in control!

[Harper pulls Rogers up, twists his right arm, then tags Somers.]

GM: Tag made to Howie Somers... he measures Rogers... double axehandle blow to the arm!

BW: Somers trying to pick him up... Rogers escapes it!

[As Somers tries to slam Rogers, The Anarchist slides down his back and kicks Somers in the knee.]

GM: And Rogers goes downstairs! Look at those vicious kicks to the knees and shins!

BW: That's smart wrestling... to take a big man down, you go after the legs!

[Somers staggers as Rogers grabs him and headbutts him, then backs him into the ropes.]

GM: Here's an Irish whip by Rogers... but Somers with a reversal!

[As Rogers come off on the rebound, Somers ducks down and back body drops him to the canvas.]

GM: Back body drop by Somers... but here comes Italiano!

[Italiano charges Somers, but he sees him coming and back body drops him to the canvas as well.]

GM: Somers takes Italiano over! Now Harper is back in the ring!

BW: We've got mayhem already, Gordo!

[Harper goes after Italiano, dragging him up and backing him into a corner, as Somers does the same to Rogers.]

GM: Next Gen has the Bros of Anarchy in the corner... Irish whips by Next Gen!

[Somers and Harper sends Italiano and Rogers straight into one another. As the Bros stagger, Harper leaps at Italiano from behind.]

GM: Dropkick by Harper! The Bros collide... and they're getting out of there!

[Rogers and Italiano slide out of the ring as Harper and Somers high five one another before the referee orders Harper back to his corner.]

GM: I think it's clear Next Gen isn't looking past the Bros of Anarchy at all, Bucky.

BW: All right, so they got a lucky start, but believe me, the Bros are only getting warmed up.

[Rogers and Italiano regroup outside the ring. Italiano walks around the ring to his corner, while Rogers slaps the apron and argues with the referee.]

GM: Rogers complaining about Harper entering illegally.

BW: As he did, Gordo!

GM: Only because Italiano entered illegally first!

BW: Yeah, bring up the minor details, that's what you do, Gordo!

[Somers remains calm, motioning with one hand for Rogers to return. Rogers, after a moment, slides under the ropes, but holds up his hand.]

GM: What does Rogers want?

[Rogers slaps hands with Italiano.]

BW: Obviously to let his partner show what he can do.

[Italiano approaches Somers and forces him into a lockup, managing to shove him back to a neutral corner.]

GM: And Italiano catching Somers off guard... now working him over with a series of forearms!

BW: He's gonna try to set him up for a suplex!

[Italiano grabs Somers' tights but can't lift him off the mat. After a moment, Somers grabs Italiano and lifts him up into a suplex of his own.]

GM: But it's Somers getting the suplex instead! The bigger man showing his power!

[Somers gets to his feet and as Italiano gets to all fours, Somers delivers a series of double axehandle blows to Italiano's back.]

GM: Somers staying on top of Italiano, not letting him catch a breather!

[With Italiano down on the mat, Somers slaps his partner's hand before pulling Italiano up. Each man grabs an arm, whipping Italiano across and linking their own arms...]

GM: Double clothesline finds the mark!

[Somers ducks out as Harper drops into a lateral press, earning a two count before Italiano kicks out.]

GM: Italiano out at two after the doubleteam by Next Gen... Harper bringing him back up now...

[Sliding in next to Italiano, Harper snaps him back down with a Russian legsweep, rolling back through it to his feet where he leaps into the air with a quick elbowdrop to the sternum.]

GM: There's that patented combo by Harper! And a cover... a count of one... two... and that's all he'll get again as Italiano slips out.

BW: Give Italiano some credit, Gordo. He's really hanging in there tonight.

GM: He absolutely is as Harper pulls him up again... setting up for something here...

[Reaching back to hook the right leg, Harper takes Italiano up and over with a fisherman suplex, bridging as the referee drops down again.]

GM: One! Two! Th- again, he slips out!

[Harper looks over at the official who holds up two fingers. The young man shows some frustration, slapping his hands together as he moves back to his feet, grabbing the rising Italiano by the back of the head...]

GM: Harper pulls Italiano up... OH! The European uppercut once again!

[Rogers ducks between the ropes, but the referee steps in front of him.]

GM: Rogers trying to get in there...

BW: And so is Howie Somers! He doesn't belong in the ring!

GM: Neither does Rogers!

[Rogers backs up into his corner and ducks between the ropes as Somers comes after him. The referee orders Somers to his corner as Harper has Italiano in the center of the ring, applying a side headlock.]

GM: Headlock by Harper... but Italiano shoves him off.

[As Harper hits the ropes, Rogers raises his leg and catches him with a kick to the back of the head.]

GM: Rogers with a shot to the head! The referee never saw it!

BW: That's what Somers gets for trying to interfere!

GM: But Rogers lured him in! And now Italiano will try to take advantage of that cheap shot from his partner.

[Hooking the stunned Harper, Italiano twists him around and takes him down with a swinging neckbreaker!]

GM: And Italiano takes Harper to the mat!

BW: See, that's what you call good teamwork, Gordo!

[With Harper down on the mat, Italiano stands over him and pumps his fist a few times while moving his hips about.]

GM: What arrogance by Italiano!

BW: What great dance moves, you mean!

[A quick tag to Rogers follows the "dance moves," bringing Rogers in quickly, dashing at the rising Harper and delivering a running kick to the ribs.]

GM: Matt Rogers coming in hot, putting the boots to Harper down on the mat...

[Again pulling Harper to his feet, Rogers headbutts his opponent, sending him staggering back into the ropes.]

GM: Rogers moving in, shoots him across...

[And as Harper rebounds back, Rogers leaps into the air, flattening him with a leg lariat.]

GM: Rogers drops him again...and he makes a cover of his own.

[A two count follows before Harper kicks out.]

GM: Two count only... and Rogers is looking to finish this off, pulling the young man to his feet yet again...

[Rogers motions to Italiano, who sticks his boot between the ropes so Rogers can ram Harper's head into the raised boot.]

GM: Rogers puts him into his partner's boot... and there's another quick tag.

BW: These guys are moving fast, working well so far.

[Rogers and Italiano each grab an arm, rocketing Harper across the ring, and sending him skyward with a double backdrop.]

GM: Way up high and down hard to the canvas...

[Rogers vacates the ring as Italiano drops a knee down into the chest, sliding into a lateral press...]

GM: One! Two! And that's all again!

BW: Two count only, Gordo, but the Bros of Anarchy are looking good so far in this one.

GM: They certainly are... and as Daniel Harper is down inside the ring, Howie Somers is outside the ring on the apron, trying to fire up these fans here in Grand Forks... trying to get them behind young Daniel Harper.

[Somers is on the apron, clapping his hands and encouraging the crowd to do the same, as Italiano sets Harper up.]

GM: Italiano with a front facelock... could be going for a DDT...

[Before Italiano can do anything, Harper manages to lift him up and send him over, collapsing to his hands and knees as he does!]

GM: Harper backdrops his way out of it! He's got Italiano down on the mat and he's got himself a clear shot at the corner where his partner is waiting to get inside that ring!

BW: Italiano is looking for the tag too though, Gordo...

[A grimacing Italiano rolls over to his hip, pushing up and diving towards the corner...]

BW: ...and he gets there!

[Rogers jumps into the ring, rushing across as Harper pushes up to his feet, arm stretched out towards Howie Somers' hand...

...but a jumping chop to the back of the head sends Harper back down to the canvas, cutting him off before he can get to the corner.]

GM: Ohh! Harper gets cut off by Matt Rogers!

[With Harper down on the mat just a few feet from his partner, Rogers puts the boots to the youngster, stomping him viciously as Somers cringes at the action before him.]

GM: Howie Somers being forced to watch as Matt Rogers gives Harper a taste of his boot leather.

[Rogers sneers as he drags Harper to his feet again, scooping him up, and bodyslamming him to the canvas away from where his partner is waiting for him.]

GM: Big slam down to the mat... and Rogers is pointing the corner, Bucky.

BW: He's looking to finish this!

[Rogers scales the turnbuckles, measuring up Harper once he's up top...

...and with an arrogant smirk on his face, Rogers leaps into the air, extending his knee...]

GM: KNEEDROP!

[But young Harper rolls clear, causing Rogers to crash and burn!]

GM: He missed! Rogers' knee goes slamming down into the canvas!

[Rogers rolls to his back, clutching his knee in pain as Harper stays down on his face on the canvas.]

GM: Both men are down after Rogers missed the flying kneedrop! Both men are down!

BW: It's a race to see who can get the tag!

[Rogers, wincing with every movement, rolls towards his corner where Paulie Italiano waits with his arm outstretched...]

GM: Italiano waiting for the tag on one side...

[We cut to the other side of the ring where Howie Somers is slamming his hand down on the top turnbuckle, shouting "COME ON!" at his partner who pushes up to all fours, trying to crawl across the ring.]

GM: Rogers might have gotten the worst of it, but he's closer to his corner.

[The Grand Forks crowd is screaming and shouting for Daniel Harper as the young man tries to get to his corner.]

GM: Harper's making his move, trying to get to his partner...

BW: Tag! Italiano coming in hot...

[But as Italiano enters the ring, Harper lunges forward.]

GM: And Harper gets the tag, too!

[Somers ducks between the ropes and blocks a right hand by Italiano, then fires off several forearms of his own.]

GM: Somers rocking Italiano!

[Grabbing the off-balance Italiano by the arm, Somers flings him into the ropes where he flattens him on the rebound with a running clothesline!]

GM: Big clothesline by Somers!

[Somers turns, waving his arms at Italiano who slowly works his way back to his feet. As he gets there, Somers runs into the ropes, building up speed as he comes charging back towards Italiano, leaping into the air...]

GM: FLYING TACKLE!

[The jumping shoulderblock takes Italiano down again, sending him down in a heap to the canvas.]

GM: Italiano is down... look out! Here comes Rogers!

[But as Rogers charges, Somers sees him coming and knocks him off his feet with a hard right hand.]

GM: Somers takes him down with the right hand! He's cleaning house, Bucky!

BW: So far but it ain't over yet, Gordo.

[Somers waves his arms at the crowd, getting them pumped up even more as Daniel Harper ducks back in.]

BW: And now Harper's back in... isn't the referee going to do something?

[Harper goes right after Italiano, greeting him as he starts to rise with a European uppercut that sends him falling back into the neutral corner.]

GM: Italiano dazed in the corner... Harper has Somers by the arm... look at this!

[Harper whips Somers toward Italiano and Somers crushes him in the corner with a shoulder to the midsection.]

BW: How is the referee allowing this?

GM: It's at his discretion, and given that Rogers entered illegally, it's no surprise Harper would come to the aid of his partner!

[Meanwhile, Harper has backed Rogers into the corner after a European uppercut, then takes Somers by the arm again and whips him toward Rogers.]

GM: And Rogers gets crushed in the corner, too! Hard shoulder to the gut by Somers!

[The referee directs Harper back to his corner as Rogers staggers out, but is met with a clothesline by Somers.]

GM: Rogers sent out of the ring! It's just Somers and Italiano now!

[With Somers celebrating the big clothesline, Italiano rushes him from the blindside...

...but Somers twirls around, catching him coming in, lifting him up over his shoulder...]

GM: Somers has got him up!

[...and leaps forward, driving him down into the canvas with a powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM! That might be it, fans!

[With Italiano down, Somers comes up off the mat, reaching out and slapping his partner's hand.]

GM: Somers tags in Harper and-

BW: They're not done with him yet!

[Somers hoists Italiano easily up across his shoulders, holding him in a fireman's carry as Harper comes charging in, grabbing Italiano by the neck and pulling him off with the swinging neckbreaker.]

GM: Generation Gap! This one is over, fans!

[Harper drops down on top of Italiano as Somers rushes to the side of the ring, knocking down Rogers before he can climb through the ropes.]

GM: Count of one... two... three!

[The bell rings and Harper rises to his feet, where Somers greets him with a high five.]

PW: The winners of the match... NEXT GEN!

[Somers and Harper allow the referee to raise their arms in victory. Rogers slowly gets to his feet outside the ring, reaches under the ropes and drags Italiano out.]

GM: And Next Gen continues their winning ways... it may only be a matter of time before they are facing the World Tag Team Champions, whoever they may be!

BW: They may have won tonight, but they've got a lot of other tag teams who would love to have a match with them. With Next Gen atop the rankings, a win over them would put a team in line for a title shot, so they've got a target on their backs!

GM: I'm sure Next Gen will be ready for whoever they face down the road. Fans, let's go backstage to Mark Stegglet!

[We crossfade to the locker room area where Mark Stegglet is standing with the Director of Operations, Emerson Gellar.]

MS: Alright, fans, as you can see, I'm backstage here at the Alerus Center with Emerson Gellar. Just a little while ago, Mr. Gellar, you struck a deal with Johnny Detson... made a wager if you will. If Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan win their tag team match tonight against the team of your choosing, Johnny Detson won't have to defend the title at Memorial Day Mayhem OR the Battle of Boston. But if the team you select wins, then Detson will defend the title in Seattle against... TORIN THE TITAN!

[Gellar grins.]

MS: That's huge news... but I gotta ask the question on everyone's mind right now. Who will Taylor and Donovan be facing tonight?

EG: Oh, I think I'll save that one. You can find out when they do.

MS: Fair enough but right now, we're not here to talk about tonight... we're not even out here to talk about Memorial Day Mayhem. You've requested this time to talk about the upcoming Battle of Boston event. For the fans at home who aren't aware, give us some details on this show.

[Gellar nods.]

EG: Sure thing. When I first signed on to be the AWA Director of Operations, I sat down with your Uncle, Jon Stegglet, and we had a conversation about the state of the AWA and what was next. One of the things that I wanted to see very, very badly is I wanted the opportunity to bring the best in the world to one city... for one weekend... and see who comes out on top. To see who is the absolute best in the world.

MS: And that's what the Battle of Boston is all about?

EG: Absolutely. A three night tournament. 24 of the best wrestlers in the world coming to Boston as the AWA goes there for the very first time. And at the end of it, the very first AWA Three Way Dance for the tournament championship.

MS: In a tournament like this, Mr. Gellar, the speculation is always going to be about who is coming to compete. You said 24 competitors... I can look around this locker room alone and pick out 24 competitors.

EG: I think we all could, Mark... but then we'd be crowning the best wrestler in the AWA and that's not my goal. My goal is to invite wrestlers from the AWA... from elsewhere in the States... from Japan, from Mexico, from Europe, from all over the

world... heck, I might even invite someone who isn't even a pro wrestler... and put them in that ring to find out who is the best in the world today.

MS: Alright, tonight is about learning a little bit about who will be in the tournament. What do you have for us?

[Gellar nods.]

EG: Well, the first thing I can officially confirm after lots of rumors is that we'll be having a Battle Royal at Memorial Day Mayhem - an open invitational Battle Royal open to any competitor in the world who wants to pay their way to Seattle and climb in that ring. If they do and if they win, they're going to be entered into the Battle of Boston.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: Big news there. What else?

EG: A few moments ago, we talked about my wager with Johnny Detson. So I can also officially confirm that no matter the result of the tag team match later tonight, Torin The Titan WILL be in Seattle. And if he's not fighting for the World Title that night, he WILL be in the Battle Royal.

MS: If the giant ends up there, you have to think the odds are on his favor. Mr. Gellar, there's been a lot of discussion surrounding the champions of the AWA. What role will they play at the Battle of Boston?

EG: Mark, we take great pride in our champions and we believe they truly are amongst the best in the world. So, we've got two of our singles titles on the line in Seattle and I can officially say here tonight that the two competitors holding those titles at the end of the night will be entered into the tournament.

MS: What about the World Champion? What about Johnny Detson?

[Gellar smiles.]

EG: Let's wait and see what happens later tonight.

MS: Alright, you mentioned looking for competitors from other countries. Any news on that front?

EG: I've dispatched talent scouts all over the globe. Japan, Mexico, the UK, Germany, and a whole lot more. We're looking for the best in the world to compete in this tournament so while I don't have anything official at this point, we're hoping to have more information for you in the coming weeks... maybe even days.

MS: Mr. Gellar, thanks for your time.

EG: My pleasure, Mark.

MS: Now, let's go back out to the ring to see a competitor who no doubt hopes to be included in the Battle of Boston in action...

[And with that, we fade back out to the ring where, waving his hands to the crowd, is the wonder from Down Under, "Outback" Zack Kelly. Kelly begins to stride back and forth, arms scissoring in front of him, as he prepares for his opponent.]

PW: The next contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, and already in the ring, hailing from Wagga Wagga, Australia and weighing in tonight at 247 pounds... "OUTBACK" ZACK KELLY!

[The cheers increase slightly for Kelly's introduction.]

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 295 pounds... representing the Kings of Wrestling...

[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 Kelly away from the center of the ring.]

GM: And this, ladies and gentlemen, is the first time we have seen Brian James in singles competition in quite a long time, since before SuperClash!

BW: Not for lack of trying! I hear that Brian Lau can't find anyone willing to sign on the dotted line!

GM: Did you, by chance, hear that from Brian Lau?

BW: A journalist never reveals his sources!

GM: Give me a break, will you?

[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.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And we're off!

[But the action does not commence immediately, as a wary Kelly circles around James, not yet engaging. For his part, the Son of the Blackheart only pivots his body to keep Kelly in view, not yet engaging either.]

GM: In an interesting bit of trivia, "Outback" Zack Kelly was, in fact, the first man that Brian James faced after officially taking on Brian Lau as his manager.

BW: I guess it has been long enough that this idiot forgot what the hell he went through last time!

[Kelly finally decides to throw caution to the wind, and rushes forward at James, bouncing off the ropes first to gather momentum. He comes in hard, and shoots a hard forearm that connects with James' jaw. James reacts by blinking, and then snarling at Kelly.]

BW: That forearm had no effect, Gordo!

GM: Kelly going back to the ropes, shoulder tackle! No effect once again!

BW: Now you see why he's a King of Wrestling!

[Unable to move James, this time Kelly shoots in, grabbing at James' legs, trying to take him down with a double leg. For his efforts, Kelly receives a downward elbow between the shoulder blades, and immediately drops to the mat.]

BW: Buddha's Mighty Elbow!

GM: I... what?

BW: Buddha's Mighty Elbow, Gordo! During my weekly lunch with Mr. Lau, he was kind enough to hand me a list of Brian James' techniques since you can't be bothered to learn their names!

GM: Oh brother!

[James reaches down, scooping Kelly up off the mat, bringing him to his feet. Kelly is sent hard into the ropes, and on the rebound, James takes a half step back, measuring Kelly. The first strike he unleashes to Kelly is a hard palm strike to his chest, which doubles Kelly over. Next, Kelly receives a flurry of palm strikes to both sides of his head, the attacks coming from both of James' hands. The flurry ends with an upward palm strike that catches Kelly in the mouth and nose, sending him flying back.]

BW: Tornado of Ghostly Palms!

GM: You're not going to stop, are you?

BW: Not until King Brian does, daddy!

[As James moves to stand over the prone Kelly, the camera pulls in close to Kelly's face, showing that his nose is bloody and one of his eyes is starting to swell shut. Slowly, Kelly rolls to his stomach, and begins to push himself upwards. James rewards Kelly's efforts by launching short, "slapping" kicks with the point of his foot directly to Kelly's face.]

GM: Let me guess. Heaven's Caress?

BW: Nah, that's just plain old nastiness Gordo. But I'm glad to see you're trying!

[James, playing with Kelly the way a cat might play with a wounded mouse, follows the crawling Kelly as he makes his way across the ring, peppering him with the stinging kicks the whole time. Kelly finally gets to the corner, and begins to pull himself up. Out of desperation, Kelly throws an elbow back, catching James in the stomach. The behemoth takes a step back and Kelly comes to the second rope, leaping forward at James.]

GM: Fierro Press from the second rope!

BW: Not so fast, Gordo!

[Kelly leaps, but finds himself in the waiting arms of Brian James. James pivots, and then runs, full speed ahead, driving Kelly back first into the opposite turnbuckle.]

GM: Kelly slumps down into the corner. And its fair to say, Bucky, that Kelly is only sitting upright because he's up against the turnbuckle.

BW: And he's only breathing because Brian James is in a rare good mood!

[James grabs Kelly by the hair, pulling him to his feet. Kelly's arms are draped over the top ropes, where he's kept propped up, so that James can unleash another barrage. His first strike is a uppercut which catches Kelly on the temple.]

BW: Upward Cannon Punch!

[Next is a spinning kick to Kelly's ribs.]

BW: Side Shatter Kick!

[As Kelly's eyes continue to glaze over, James unleashes a series of elbows, alternating between each of his elbows, that causes Kelly's head to bounce around bonelessly.]

BW: Thunder of Seventeen Clouds!

GM: Will you just stop? And where is the referee?

[On cue, the camera cuts across the ring, where Brian Lau stands on the apron, distracting the referee and keeping him from laying a five count on James. Lau finally jumps down and the referee scoots across the ring, starting his count in the corner. At four, James yanks Kelly into a clinch, and then unleashes a storm of knees to the face and chest.]

GM: Brian James with a devastating knee fury!

BW: Hey, you got one Gordo!

[Kelly falls to the mat like the proverbial sack of potatoes, and the referee moves in to check on him, only for James to yank him up before the referee can make a call.]

BW: He's not done with him yet!

GM: And a hard whip sends Kelly back first into the corner.

[James goes to the opposite corner, runs forward, and 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 Kelly's face.]

BW: Tsunami Death Strike!

[James leans back and catches the forward falling Kelly in his arms.]

GM: We've said it many times, but what sets Brian James apart from other big men is that while they all have size and power, Brian James also has agility, and more importantly, a flawless technique.

[James takes hold of Kelly'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 Kelly's heart.]

GM: BLACKHEART PUNCH!

BW: Stick a fork in him, daddy, he's done!

[James looks down at Kelly, and with a look of utter contempt, plants a foot in the center of Kelly's chest. The referee drops down, and the count is, as they say, academic.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Here is your winner...

BRIIIIIIIAAAAAN JAAAAAAAMES!

GM: It has been a long time since we've seen him in singles' competition, but it is clear that Brian James is just as dangerous as ever.

BW: Hail to one of the Kings of Wrestling, Gordo!

GM: Good grief. Fans, we're going right back to the ring, where Theresa Lynch has the, ahem, "honor" of getting a word with Brian Lau and Brian James.

[We go back to the ring, where Brian James is seen pulling his mouth guard out of his mouth and tossing it across the ring. Theresa Lynch cringes as it lands near her

feet, and makes a wide circle around it. Lau passes James the white towel, who uses it to wipe the sweat from his face.]

TL: Mr. Lau...

BL: Hello, toots!

TL: Ugh, let's not start that again.

BL: Good idea. Don't you start. Just stand there and look pretty. I'll do the heavy lifting, just as I did for you a few weeks ago. So let's begin, Miss Lynch, with a pop quiz. Do try to keep up.

[Lynch just shakes her head and rolls her eyes.]

BL: March twenty ninth, two thousand and fourteen, do you know what the importance of that day is, Miss Lynch?

TL: Yes I do, it was...

BL: I didn't think so! So let me tell you, Miss Lynch. That is the day that Brian James made his in ring debut for the AWA. And on that day, with nothing but the most minimal preparation time, Brian James CARRIED Michael Aarons to the Finals of the Stampede Cup. And he would have won it all, if Aarons had not dropped the ball that night.

TL: That is, well, that is one way to view what happened.

BL: Yes, the correct way. Now, here is another date for you, Miss Lynch. May the twenty sixth, two thousand fourteen. I'm certain you know what day that is, don't you?

TL: That was the date of that year's Memorial Day Mayhem.

BL: You are correct. And do you know what happened on that date?

TL: Well...

BL: On that date, Miss Lynch, Brian James won the inaugural Mayhem Match. Two months after his debut, Brian James earned himself a shot at the World Television Title. And on June seventh, two thousand and fourteen, Brian James took his shot at the World Television Title.

TL: A match that he lost to Ryan Martinez...

BL: Miss Lynch, you are beginning to try my patience. Yes, it is true that Brian James did not win the World Television Title on that day. But, considering the fact that Brian James had been in the AWA for only a handful of months, and the fact that he was facing a soon-to-be World Heavyweight Champion, it is still, you must admit, quite a feat.

TL: It is.

BL: And today, Miss Lynch, is May seventh, two thousand and sixteen. That is precisely, one year, eleven months, and one day since Brian James had his shot at Ryan Martinez. And do you know, Miss Lynch, how many singles matches Brian James has lost since then?

TL: I would say that...

BL: Precisely zero is the answer, Miss Lynch. Brian James has not been beaten in singles' competition in nearly two years' time. A record that surpasses that of The Gladiator. And yet, until this very moment, when I pointed it out to you, it is an accomplishment that has gone completely unheralded in the AWA. And do you know, Miss Lynch, how many title matches Brian James has been granted in that time frame?

TL: Well...

BL: Don't strain yourself, Miss Lynch. The answer is the same. Precisely zero. The greatest record in the history of the AWA has not only gone unheralded, but unrewarded! Brian James is the ultimate combat athlete in the entire world of sports. He is the indomitable, invulnerable, invincible Engine of Destruction. And he has been overlooked for far too long.

Now you might ask, does this all mean? Well, don't let me say the words, don't let me be the one to speak over an important message.

Brian, I believe you have something to say?

[The camera cuts to the scowling visage of Brian James.]

BL: I'm done waiting.

I've spent two years watching as one loser after another was given opportunity after opportunity. How many title shots was Supernova given? How many times did Travis Lynch fail against Driscoll, and get rewarded for that failure? And just tonight, they announce that Derrick Williams is going to be given another title shot and half a breath later, Torin The Titan is offered a World Title shot? For what? Five minutes' worth of work.

That is not how I am going to allow this world to work.

Do you know what it feels like, to stand next to Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan, my brothers in arms, and see the titles belts around their waist and have to explain why I am not a champion? Do you have any idea what it feels like to stand next to Johnny Detson and watch as he defends his World Heavyweight Title when I have nothing of my own to defend?

Those men, Donovan, Taylor, Detson... those men are true champions. They are the elite of this sport. They are the Kings of Wrestling.

And it's high time I got a crown of my own.

Emerson Gellar, don't let these words fall on deaf ears. You reach into your desk, and you find yourself a contract for a title match.

Now I know that you've made your plans through Memorial Day, but you need to be very clear on this. I'll give you to the end of that show to make something happen.

And if you don't? Then let the blood be on your hands, Gellar.

[After a final scowl from James, the camera cuts back to Lau.]

BL: I hope you heard those words. For too long, the AWA has awarded the mediocre and the mundane. For too long, a King of Wrestling has been given short shift.

But every action comes with a consequence, and if Emerson Gellar continues to overlook Brian James, then his inaction will have dire consequences.

And that, Miss Lynch, is all you and everyone else, needs to know.

[With those words, Lau and James exit the ring.]

TL: Oh, I get to talk now?

[Theresa gives a disgusted shake of her head.]

TL: Fans, we'll be right back with more action here on The X.

[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.

And then back up backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands in front of an AWA backdrop.]

SLB: Fans, you'll remember two weeks ago on Saturday Night Wrestling that the Samoan Hit Squad faced The Northern Lights... in that match, we saw Mafu come off the top rope and big splash Rene Rousseau when he was prone on the floor. There's no word on when Rousseau will be returning to the AWA, but as we heard earlier, Chris Choynet is be looking for a new partner and...

[It's at that moment that "The Professional" Dave Cooper walks onto the set, holding up his hand and cutting off Sweet Lou. Cooper is dressed in a black button-down shirt and brown slacks.]

DC: And the details can be learned on that app of yours, Blackwell. But I'll tell you what exclusive that you should be giving, and that is The Northern Lights should have taken my offer when they had the chance.

SLB: Dave Cooper, what you are doing here?

DC: Here to let everyone of the nickel-and-dimers out there know the real scoop... The Northern Lights are finished! The Northern Lights are history! And Chris Choynet is never gonna find a partner, because there isn't a man out there who is willing to team up with him because they all know what the Samoan Hit Squad will do to them if they dare to step into the ring against them!

SLB: I think you will find there are a lot of tag teams who would be more than willing to step into the ring to face the Samoans... in fact, my sources say that Chris Choynet is on the verge of finding a partner and I'd wager you'll be meeting that partner very soon!

DC: That's a losing bet, Blackwell. I certainly wouldn't want you picking any winners for me. Believe me when I tell you that Choynet is not gonna be finding another partner any time soon, so he's better off packing his bags and going somewhere else!

[Before Sweet Lou can get in another word, Cooper waves a hand in front of him.]

DC: Now then... you will do your job and you will conduct the interview you're scheduled to conduct. Allow me to bring in the most dangerous tag team in the AWA... Mafu and Scola, the Samoan Hit Squad!

[That's the cue for the Samoans to walk onto the set. Scola, the bigger of the two, walks behind Sweet Lou, stands there and folds his arms, giving the camera a menacing look. Mafu comes in beside Cooper, his hair hanging in front of his face, but you can make enough of the cruel smile on it.]

SLB: Well, since the Samoans are here... [turns to Scola] I don't suppose you have anything to say about that assault on Rene Rousseau and...

[Sweet Lou stops, noticing Scola's menacing look is now directed at him. Scola's eyes harden, but he doesn't move otherwise.]

DC: Blackwell, I've told you before that Scola doesn't like you. He's here because he's part of a team with Mafu and myself. You want to talk to somebody, Mafu is right here.

[Before Sweet Lou can say a word in, Mafu snatches the mic from him. He gets a wild look in his eyes.]

M: Rousseau! How's it feel, knowing what happened and that there was nothing you could do to stop it! Choynet! How's it feel, knowing you have no partner and you cannot hope to defeat my brother and I! And to every other team in the AWA, know that if we can destroy The Northern Lights, we can destroy you, too! You cross our paths, the only thing you will know is suffering! Ha ha!

[He shoves the mic back to Sweet Lou.]

SLB: Well, I take it that's all I'm going to get from the Samoans... but Dave Cooper, I have to ask you, what could be next for the Samoans?

DC: Well, for starters, Blackwell, the World Tag Team Title match at Memorial Day Mayhem is of particular interest to me. After all, I believe I have a future World Tag Team Championship duo right here, and that with my guidance, it's only a matter of time before they become champions.

SLB: Wait a minute, Dave Cooper, don't tell me you're planning to get involved somehow. I know about your type, about how the likes of you and Brian Lau go about handling business.

DC: [holding up his hand] Whoa, Blackwell, you can stop with your narrative right there. First of all, I don't need to get involved in the match, because I don't work on behalf of anybody but the Samoans, meaning I don't work on behalf of Lau. Second, Lau doesn't need me to work on his behalf because he's a Hall of Fame manager and he knows how to handle his own affairs. Third, my interest has nothing more to do with wondering who will walk out with the gold... after all, whoever has the gold is the team the Samoans will have to challenge in the future. And fourth, and most of all, I have my doubts that Travis Lynch and Calisto Dufresne are gonna have any chance, simply because I know Dufresne all too well.

SLB: Hold on... do you know something about Dufresne that you aren't telling us?

DC: All I'm saying is I know the man too well and I know how he conducts his business. I'll leave it to you and the nickel-and-dimers to figure out what that means, but somehow, I doubt you'll figure it out. Now, before you start trying to instigate anything more, I think we're done here. [Slaps Mafu on the shoulder.] Let's go, gentlemen.

[Mafu turns to the camera and laughs again, then follows Cooper off the set. Scola stares at Blackwell for a moment, before walking off the set after Mafu and Cooper.]

SLB: That man stirs the pot more than a five-star chef making chicken noodle soup. [Shakes his head.] Now let's head out to the ring where Mark Stegglet has a very special guest of his own. Mark?

[We fade from backstage out to the ring where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, my guest right now is a man who says he stands for honor and fair play. This is the young man who comes to us from Charlotte, North Carolina by way of Japan ... "The Phoenix" Jordan Ohara.

[The piano riff and break beat loop of "I Can" begins as Jordan Ohara steps onto the stage. He is wearing his ring gear and a Willie Hammer T-shirt. Ohara looks distressed. Even as the crowd cheers for him, he doesn't do his normal rock out entrance. He makes sure to wave to the fans but he doesn't bop his head or dance. He walks to the ring, slapping fans hands. Stegglet notices the difference in his demeanor as the young Carolinian steps into the ring.]

MS: Jordan, that's not your usual entrance. I can tell there's a lot on your mind.

JO: Thank you, Mr. Stegglet, for having me out here. Yes, I apologize to my fans for not being my normal self. I've been very frustrated since the last Saturday Night Wrestling show. And the reason I've been frustrated is because of Larry Wallace and Hamilton Graham.

MS: It was a tough match.

JO: Mr. Stegglet, I don't mean to sound arrogant, but I know I had him beaten. I had Larry Wallace beaten in that ring and he had to cheat to get a tainted victory. To me that is reprehensible. You will understand, Mr. Stegglet, that when I was training in Japan, Mifune-san stressed to us that this sport was about honor and respect. It was about a man competing against another man to see whose spirit, whose will was stronger. I expected Hamilton Graham to be teaching his pupils the same thing.

I was wrong.

[The crowd supports Ohara.]

JO: Mr. Stegglet, Hamilton Graham is an embarrassment as a mentor. Larry Wallace is flawed as a result of his improper training and has to rely on cheating to win. I am appalled that a legend would allow his pupil to stoop-

[And Ohara is cut off by the gravelly voice shouting out over the PA system.]

"WHO IN THE HELL ARE _YOU_ TO SAY THAT?!"

[The boos of the crowd pick up as the former World Champion, Hamilton Graham, stalks into view. He's wearing black slacks and a white polo as he walks quickly and angrily down the aisle. Climbing the steps, he ducks through the ropes into the ring where Ohara is watching him approach.]

GM: Apparently, Hamilton Graham has taken issue with the words of-

[Graham stomps across the ring, getting right up in Ohara's face...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: HOLY-

GM: He SLAPPED Jordan Ohara right across the face!

[Ohara's face stays turned, his cheek turning red as Ohara absorbs what just happened to him. Graham stays right there though, jabbing an angry finger into the chest.]

HG: You DARE to say those things about me, BOY?! You come out here in front of all these people and disrespect ME?! I don't give two squirts what Mifune told you. If Mifune was telling you anything, he should get you on the phone tonight and tell

you what happened when he and I got in that ring together in Japan. I'll spoil the end for you, BOY... I busted his eyebrow open, dropped him on his head with my piledriver, and he spent six months on the shelf with a concussion.

And if you keep running your mouth the way you're running it, the same thing is going to happen...

[The finger moves up from the chest to the face.]

HG: ...TO YOU!

[Graham suddenly cranks his arm back to slap Ohara across the face again...

...but Ohara reaches up, catching the wrist to a big reaction!]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Hey! That's a living legend! Get your damn hands off him!

[Graham backpedals, turning Ohara's back to the entryway as he shakes his head, begging off. A fired-up Ohara isn't letting go of the wrist though, staring at Graham and reading him the riot act...

...when suddenly, the crowd begins to jeer again as "Flawless" Larry Wallace comes tearing down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: WALLACE! WALLACE!

[With Ohara's back turned, Wallace is almost to the ring when Graham reaches out with the other arm, hooking Ohara around the neck, holding on tight as Wallace slides in...

...and elevates, driving both feet into the back of Ohara's head in a picture perfect standing dropkick!]

GM: OHH!

[Ohara slumps forward as Graham swings him into the corner. The former World Champion approaches, pulling Ohara's head back with a handful of hair...

...and BLASTS him in the eyebrow with his knuckles!]

GM: Right hand by Graham!

[Hanging on to the hair, Graham fires off another... and another... and another until a trickle of blood comes from above the eye.]

GM: Hamilton Graham with that legendary right hand has just split open the eyebrow of Jordan Ohara! The Phoenix is bleeding and-

[A fired up Graham yanks Ohara out of the corner by the hair, yanking him into a standing headscissors...]

BW: Here it comes, Gordo! He said he was gonna do exactly what he did to Mifune! He's gonna take Ohara right out of Memorial Day Mayhem!

[With Graham directing traffic, Wallace hops up on the midbuckle, standing tall, waving his hands as Graham leans over, hooking his arms around the torso of Ohara...]

GM: Somebody's gotta stop this! Somebody-

[But before Graham can do it, Ohara manages to straighten up, backdropping Graham down to the mat!]

GM: Oh! He gets loose!

[And wheeling around, Ohara winds up...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[...and connects with a knife edge chop, sending Wallace falling off the buckles, over the ropes, and crashes down to the floor to a big reaction from the Grand Forks crowd!]

GM: OH MY STARS! WALLACE HITS HARD! WALLACE GOES OVER THE ROPES AND DOWN HARD TO THE FLOOR!

[Ohara swings around to confront Hamilton Graham who is already backpedaling away. The Phoenix advances on him, the crowd cheering him on as Graham scrambles away, falling to the mat...]

...and rolling out to the floor before Ohara can get his hands on him. Ohara shouts angrily at the fleeing Graham as the fans cheer!]

GM: Jordan Ohara got jumped from behind by this pair of weasels and just narrowly escaped a major problem.

BW: That spike piledriver was coming for him, Gordo. Hamilton Graham was gonna do to Ohara just what he did to Mifune.

GM: But Ohara escapes and sends his rivals running. What a battle it's going to be at Memorial Day Mayhem when these two collide!

BW: Are you kidding me? It's almost like a handicap match out there. Graham doesn't even have to get physically involved and Ohara is outgunned.

GM: Give me a break... fans, Memorial Day Mayhem - the biggest stage of the summer - is the talk of professional wrestling. The lineup continues to get bigger and stronger and earlier tonight, Charisma Knight attempted to add another one-on-one matchup to the show. She wants Ayako Fujiwara and fans, we've got Ayako Fujiwara standing by on the phone to respond to that challenge. Miss Fujiwara, can you hear me?

[The screen then splits to show what appears to be a publicity still of a smiling, pigtailed Ayako Fujiwara wearing her Olympic Gold Medal, flexing her biceps. The words "BY PHONE" appear underneath her name at the bottom of the screen as we hear Ayako's voice.]

Ayako: Hello? Can you hear me?

GM: Hello, Ayako! It's very nice to meet you for the first time.

[Ayako's voice is bright and cheerful. Her English is slightly accented, but otherwise flawless.]

Ayako: It is nice to meet you too, Mr. Myers!

BW: Hey! I'm here too! Bucky Wilde! Multi-time announcer of the year! You musta' heard of me, right?

[We can hear Ayako laughing softly over the phone.]

Ayako: Yes, Mr. Wilde. It is very exciting to meet a famous announcer like you as well!

BW: Now that's what I like to hear! Hey...this girl knows her stuff, Gordo!

[Gordon gives Bucky an exasperated look.]

GM: Indeed. Now then, you must know why we're calling, Ayako. We're sorry to bother you, but I'm sure you're familiar with Charisma Knight.

[The bright tone in Ayako's voice dulls just a bit at the mention of Charisma Knight's name.]

Ayako: ...hai. I am very familiar with her. She does not have the best reputation here in Japan.

BW: And she's been obsessed with you for months!

Ayako: I...am aware of her anger towards me.

GM: Then I take it that you would not be surprised that she has issued a challenge for a match against you.

[Silence.]

GM: Ayako?

BW: We wanna know if you're gonna' accept her challenge or not!

[There's a short pause, before Ayako begins to speak again.]

Ayako: I will make this brief and straight to the point.

I accept Charisma Knight's challenge.

[A cheer can be heard from the crowd as they hear Ayako's answer.]

GM: Well, there we have it! The challenge has been accepted! Thank you for your time, Ay-

[Ayako interrupts Gordon.]

Ayako: Just one more thing before I go, Mr. Myers. If you are able to, please pass along this message to Charisma for me.

GM: Um...sure. What is it?

[Ayako speaks, but the cheerfulness is all but gone now. Her voice takes a serious tone with a slight edge to it.]

Ayako: Be careful what you wish for.

[With that, Ayako abruptly hangs up and we're left listening to a dial tone.]

GM: Oh my stars.

BW: Maybe it's just me... but I get the feeling that's gonna be one heck of a fight, Gordo.

GM: You better believe it. Add it to an already top-notch lineup coming to you in 21 days from Seattle, fans... and now, let's go down to the ring for more action!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. First, in the corner to my right, from Fargo, North Dakota... weighing in at 265 pounds... Karl Craig!

[A decent-sized guy strikes a double bicep pose in a double-strapped yellow singlet, giving a shout of "LET'S DO THIS, NORTH DAKOTA!" to a few cheers.]

PW: And his opponent...

[And suddenly, the lights cut out in the arena.]

GM: The lights are out here in the Alerus Center but there's about to be a very bright spotlight shining on the man about to walk through that curtain, Bucky.

BW: You better believe it, Gordo.

[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: Here he comes... one of the hottest superstars in the world of professional wrestling.

[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 back on Saturday Night Wrestling!

BW: And listen to this ovation! These people may be in the sticks in North Dakota but there's no mistaking the fact that they know their wrestling! Noboru Fujimoto is here and what a treat for these North Dakota nobodies!

[Fujimoto stands at the entrance way soaking in the crowd's roar of appreciation over his appearance. 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: Noboru Fujimoto made his official AWA debut a little over a month ago and we've heard a lot of talk about Fujimoto petitioning to get his name in the mix for the Battle of Boston tournament. A win here tonight would certainly get him in the picture in my estimation, Bucky.

BW: A win here tonight?! How is Fujimoto not just GIVEN a spot in the tournament?! He's one of the biggest stars in all of Japan and now he's here in the AWA!

GM: His reputation does, of course, precede him but he's gotta EARN that spot in the Battle of Boston if you ask me.

BW: Just like Torin earned his potential shot at the World Title?

GM: Torin The Titan beat Supreme Wright! Who has Fujimoto beaten in the AWA?

BW: He's about to beat this schmuck - no doubt.

GM: We're about to find out.

[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!"

[The man from Fargo - Karl Craig - swings his arms across his chest a few times before moving sideways out of the corner, circling towards Fujimoto who circles the opposite direction, making Craig chase him...

...and then coming together in a collar and elbow tieup in the middle of the ring.]

GM: Lockup at the outset of this one... Fujimoto's giving up about thirty pounds to Karl Craig who's packing quite a few muscles on him.

[Craig strides forward, pushing Fujimoto back towards the ropes. The referee steps in, calling for a clean break. Craig waits a moment... and then backs off, nodding his head to cheers from the crowd. Fujimoto arches an eyebrow at Craig before clapping a few times, nodding his head as well.]

GM: It looks like Fujimoto appreciates that show of sportsmanship from Kyle Craig.

[Craig, back in the middle of the ring, watches as Fujimoto approaches. Again, the two combatants tie up as Craig tries to outmuscle Fujimoto again, walking him back across the ring but before they reach the ropes, Fujimoto swings Craig around, pushing him against the ropes.]

GM: Fujimoto with a nice switcharound there, putting Craig against the ropes...

[And as the referee calls for the break, Fujimoto slowly lets go...

...and then suddenly rears back with a right hand, ready to deliver a big forearm across the chest. Craig recoils, covering up...]

GM: No clean break here!

BW: Oh no?

[But Fujimoto pulls up, smirking as he lightly pats Craig on top of the head to a mix of boos and laughs from the Grand Forks crowd.]

GM: You have to be impressed by the talent of Noboru Fujimoto... it's his attitude that many find lacking.

BW: Including you?

GM: Yes, as a matter of fact. The arrogance isn't a bit too much to you, Bucky?

BW: I enjoy confidence in a pro wrestler and Fujimoto's got that in spades, daddy.

[Fujimoto backs to the center, waving Craig forward with an extended arm and a fired-up Craig obliges, marching across the ring towards Fujimoto, pulling him into a side headlock.]

GM: Craig locks the headlock in, cranking on the head and neck of his smaller opponent.

[Fujimoto looks for an escape, tapping his hand against the ribs of Craig before backing into the ropes with him, throwing him across the ring.]

GM: Craig off the far side...

[The Japanese superstar rushes forward, ducking a Craig clothesline attempt, throwing himself down into a pushup position as Craig comes off the far ropes. Fujimoto kicks his legs up, scissoring his legs around the head of Craig, tucking his own head and rolling forward into a headscissors takedown!]

GM: Whoa my! Skillful takedown by Fujimoto...

[Fujimoto rolls through it into a seated position, tucking his fist under his chin as he lounges back on the mat, grinning at the mixed reaction from the crowd. Karl Craig climbs back to his feet, shaking his head at Fujimoto.]

GM: Fujimoto's just making light of this matchup and Karl Craig's losing his cool, Bucky.

BW: That means he's playing right into Fujimoto's hands. He wants him to blow his top and make some mistakes.

[Craig gets up, rushing towards Fujimoto who spins around, throwing himself at the feet of Craig who hurdles over him, slamming on the brakes, spinning around to confront Fujimoto who is up on his feet...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and delivers an open-handed slap that spins Craig's head around, turning him away from Fujimoto who grabs him by the hair, delivering three short forearms into the kidneys before hooking him around the waist, lifting him up into atomic drop position...]

GM: Fujimoto lifts him up... OHHHHHH!

[The crowd has a similar reaction as Fujimoto swings Craig back down, dropping him in a facefirst powerbomb before flipping him over onto his back, rolling him back into a double leg hook.]

GM: Powerbomb gets one! It gets two! It gets-

[Craig's shoulder comes flying off the mat just in time!]

GM: Near fall right there! Fujimoto out of nowhere almost got the win VERY early in this one, Bucky.

BW: Fujimoto doesn't get paid by the hour, daddy! That facefirst powerbomb almost got the quick win and Fujimoto looks a little annoyed that it didn't.

[Fujimoto climbs off the mat, slapping his hands together quickly three times as the official shakes him off, holding up two fingers.]

GM: Fujimoto certainly thought he should've gotten a three count right there, Bucky.

BW: Who can blame him? I could've timed that three second count with an hourglass, Gordo.

[The Electric Dragon steps up to the downed Craig, looking down at him with disdain, dropping down to drive a knee into the chest.]

GM: Kneeling kneedrop. Much like Demetrius Lake, he doesn't even bother jumping into the air on those... just kneeling down and jamming in that knee to the torso.

[Fujimoto stands up before dropping a second... then a third...]

GM: Fujimoto not looking to cover this time... just looking to punish Karl Craig right now.

[Grabbing Craig by the leg, Fujimoto flips him over into a half Boston Crab with ease. Craig immediately cries out, clawing at the canvas as Fujimoto stands tall, looking out at the crowd with a satisfied smile.]

GM: Fujimoto switching gears here, perhaps looking for a submission instead...

[Holding onto the leg, Fujimoto pivots slightly, raising his leg and viciously stomping Craig in the head over and over and over as the referee kneels down, checking for a submission...]

...but Fujimoto lets it go, shaking his head at the official and then at the crowd. He lifts his arm, wagging a finger.]

BW: Hah! I love it, Gordo. Noboru Fujimoto is saying it's not going to be that easy.

GM: I'm never a fan of someone trying to punish their opponent instead of beating him. Fujimoto, of course, was revealed as the final member of that Tiger Paw Pro Four who were recruited to the AWA towards the end of 2015. And what an impact that foursome has made in short order, Bucky.

BW: The Shadow Star Legion laying down that challenge earlier. They want a future title shot at Taylor and Donovan.

GM: And of course, Jordan Ohara debuted at SuperClash as part of Steal The Spotlight and has really been on a roll ever since. But what about Fujimoto, Bucky? What about the mysterious backer who holds his contract... who got him here to the AWA out from under the noses of the TPP front office? Heck, he got signed here without many in the AWA front office knowing as well!

BW: I'm not at liberty to share that information, Gordo.

GM: Does that mean you know who it is?

BW: When's the last time I haven't known the scoop before anyone around here, including that toad Blackwell?!

[Dragging Craig off the mat, Fujimoto pushes him back into the turnbuckles where he grabs the arm, whipping him across the ring...]

GM: Irish whip sends him across... Fujimoto following him in...

[The Electric Dragon runs across the ring and leaps into the air, driving his forearm into the side of Craig's jaw!]

GM: Big forearm connects... and he shoots him across again...

[Running across the ring a second time, Fujimoto lands an identical leaping forearm smash to the jaw. He dashes out, hitting the ropes as Craig staggers out of the corner...]

...and leaps into the air, corkscrewing his body before delivering a forearm uppercut that knocks Craig flat on his back on the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! What an athletic move by the Electric Dragon, fans!

[Fujimoto pushes up to his knees, spreading his arms and soaking up the reaction of the fans in Grand Forks. He smiles at the mixed response, nodding his head as he pushes up to his feet, waving a hand towards Craig who is trying to crawl away from Fujimoto.]

GM: Karl Craig sensing danger, trying to create some space between he and Fujimoto...

[Fujimoto slowly walks after Craig who reaches the corner, grabbing the ropes to try and pull himself to his feet...]

GM: Craig dragging himself up off the mat...

[The Japanese native dashes in towards Craig who pivots, driving his elbow back up under the chin!]

GM: Ohh! Craig caught him coming in!

[Stepping up to the second rope, Craig raises a fist, giving a big shout that some fans echo as he jumps off...]

...and gets snatched around the head and neck by Fujimoto who doesn't even hesitate before twisting to the side, DRIVING Craig facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: FALLING LASER LASSO!

[With Craig unconscious on the mat and the crowd roaring for the devastating knockout blow, Fujimoto rolls into a cover, pushing up to look right into the camera as the referee delivers the one-two-three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Another impressive victory here for the Electric Dragon.

BW: Enough for you to put him in the Battle of Boston?

GM: As you very well know, that's not my decision to make. That belongs to Emerson Gellar and I'd say that remains to be seen. We've got a couple months

before the 4th of July so Noboru Fujimoto has plenty of time to prove that he belongs in that tournament.

BW: I'm surprised to hear you think so little of the competition over in Tiger Paw Pro, Gordo.

GM: That's not what I'm saying at all... and it looks like the Electric Dragon is making his way over to the interview platform where Sweet Lou Blackwell awaits him. Lou?

[We cut over to the interview stage where Blackwell is standing.]

SLB: Thanks, Gordon. As you said, an impressive victory for Noboru Fujimoto - the Electric Dragon - here in Grand Forks as he shows the AWA fans exactly why he's considered one of the best in the world. He's on his way over here now... and Mr. Fujimoto, please, I've got some questions for you that a whole lot of people are looking for answers to.

[Fujimoto slowly walks up the steps to the interview platform, eyes locked on Blackwell. He places his hands on his hips, slowly shaking his head.]

NF: No.

SLB: No? No, what?

[Fujimoto visibly sighs.]

NF: No, the Electric Dragon will not answer your foolish questions. No, the Electric Dragon does not have the time to be bothered by the likes of you.

[The fans start to let Fujimoto have it for his attitude. This gets his attention as he turns to look at them, anger flashing in his eyes. He points at them.]

NF: But all of you have nothing but time to listen to what I want to say!

[The boos get a little louder for the former Global Crown Champion as he nods with a smirk.]

NF: When I was on top of the world in Japan, they all said that I had to come here. They all said that the AWA was where the top competition was and that if I wanted to prove myself to the world, I had to be in the world's greatest wrestling organization.

And so I came because what other place would the greatest competitor in the world go than the greatest wrestling organization in the world?

I came to get the competition... the competition I deserve...

[He turns his gaze on the ring, pointing to where he just competed - a look of disgust on his face.]

NF: But that? That was not competition! That man was not worthy of sharing MY ring with me. THAT... was a waste of time to the greatest wrestler in the world today.

[Fujimoto dusts off his hands nonchalantly.]

SLB: Wait one second, that young man put up a fight against you... can you deny that?

[Fujimoto turns back to Blackwell.]

NF: A fight? A fight is what unskilled warriors do. A fight is what these people will do in the parking lot to get close to one of their heroes. A man... an athlete... a champion like the Electric Dragon does not fight. He competes...

...and that man was no competition.

That man was no competition for me... for I am Noburo Fujimoto, the Electric Dragon.

[He strikes a pose with his arms outstretched as more fans boo.]

NF: And while many will come out here and claim they want competition... they are not the Electric Dragon... and a competitor of my statue doesn't simply want competition, Lou Blackwell... they CRAVE it... they DESIRE it to show off their greatness.

[Blackwell can be seen rolling his eyes.]

SLB: Alright, alright... so you're not getting the competition you're looking for. What are you going to do about it?

[Fujimoto cracks a smile.]

NF: Finally. Finally you ask a question worth answering, Lou Blackwell.

Earlier tonight, we heard Emerson Gellar talking about the Battle of Boston tournament and his desire to crown the greatest competitor in the entire world over. He says the best competition in the world will be there to do battle... and only one will walk out on top.

This... intrigues me, Lou Blackwell.

[Fujimoto raises his hand to his chin, stroking it a few times.]

NF: This intrigues me very much. But Mr. Gellar also said that he was on the hunt for the best in the world. He was on the hunt in Europe... in Mexico... and even in my native Japan...

[Fujimoto shakes his head.]

NF: Mr. Gellar, you need not look any further because the best in the world stands here on your interview platform. The best in the world stands here... inside your arena. The best in the world stands here... on your television show. The best in the world just competed... in your ring.

I am here, Emerson Gellar... now all you need to do is embrace my greatness.

[The arms go wide again as the fans jeer his arrogance.]

NF: Do not look elsewhere. Do not search far and wide. Simply come to me and say, "I need you to compete in the Battle of Boston and show all of these pretenders to the throne exactly who should sit upon it."

And I will listen. And I will oblige.

[Blackwell suddenly interrupts.]

SLB: Now hang on one second here, Fujimoto...

[The crowd cheers Blackwell's show of disrespect as the interviewer is a little fired up as well. Fujimoto turns towards him, his eyes again flashing with anger behind his cool exterior.]

SLB: Look, no one is going to doubt your ability in that ring... and you sure do talk a good game as well. But before you walk out of here, I've got a question to ask - one that the entire wrestling world wants an answer to - and I'm not letting you leave until I ask it.

[Fujimoto sighs and then bows his head slightly in agreement.]

SLB: What I want to know about is your so-called "representative." I've been in contact with Miss Sandra Hayes, trying to get to the bottom of this, and she says she can't tell me anything other than that she is no longer your representative here in the States. She says she sold your contractual rights to someone who wishes not to be named until the time is right and THAT person is the one who slipped you out from under Tiger Paw Pro's noses and THAT person is the one who signed you here in the AWA and caused all that drama.

Who, Mr. Fujimoto? Who is it? Who is this representative who caused all this?

[Fujimoto looks at Blackwell for a few silent moments, staring at the interviewer who suddenly looks like maybe this line of questioning wasn't the best of ideas. A look of disgust is on the face of the former Global Crown Champion. He sneers at Blackwell...

...and then turns to walk away without having given a single thought to answering Blackwell's question. The crowd jeers as Blackwell grumbles.]

SLB: So much for that line of questioning. Fans, I'm not done trying to get to the bottom of this and if you check the app tonight, I'm going to have an exclusive commentary on who I believe is Noboru Fujimoto's mysterious benefactor. We'll be right back so stay right where you are!

[Fade to black.]

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

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

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

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

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

SLB: I have officially upgraded, folks!

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

"SWEET LOU'S HOTLINE.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

[We fade to black...

...and then come back up to live action where Phil Watson is standing in the middle of the ring.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit in the Women's Division! Introducing first, to my left, from San Francisco, California, and weighing 125 pounds... WENDY HUGHES!

[A slender blonde-haired woman with a smirk on her face tosses her hair back. She is dressed in a baby blue top and matching tights with white wrestling boots.

"She Works Hard for the Money" by Donna Summer starts up over the PA system, drawing cheers.]

PW: And her opponent, from Boston, Massachusetts, and weighing 145 pounds... ladies and gentlemen, she is "THE SPITFIRE" JULIE SOMERS!

[Julie Somers emerges from the entranceway. She wears a red halter top with matching Spandex shorts that come just above her knees, red kneepads and white wrestling boots. She stands at the top of the ramp, motioning with her hands to encourage the fans to cheer.]

GM: Julie Somers is quite the fan favorite here in the AWA... listen to this reception!

BW: Yeah, she's such the fan favorite, they stuff the ballot box to make her the Number One Contender in the Women's Division!

GM: The rankings have nothing to do with fan support, Bucky, but Somers has been quite successful since her arrival in AWA.

BW: Yeah, if you call voter fraud successful, Gordo!

[After a moment, she struts down the entranceway, reaching out to slap hands with fans. Upon reaching the ring, she slides underneath the ropes, rolling to her feet and heading right to the corner. She climbs onto the second turnbuckle and raises her arms, motioning with her hands to encourage the fans' cheers again.]

GM: Somers going up against a young lady from California who is getting a tryout match... Emerson Gellar doing as much as he can to find new talent for the burgeoning Women's Division.

BW: He may be doing a lot of scouting, but he hasn't even announced when a championship will be established.

GM: That is true, but Gellar has had a lot on his plate as of late.

BW: If you mean by coercing people like Johnny Detson and Rex Summers to not set their own schedules, then yeah, I'd agree with that, Gordo.

[The bell rings and Somers and Hughes circle each other, Hughes diving for Somers' legs, only for Somers to sidestep her. Hughes rolls to her feet, but is trapped in the corner by Somers.]

GM: Somers going after Hughes... firing away with a series of chops!

"WHAP!"

"WHAP!"

"WHAP!"

GM: Somers grabs Hughes by the arm... whips her across the ring!

[Somers runs in after Hughes, mounts the second rope and signals to the crowd.]

GM: Somers falling back... monkey flip takes Hughes down!

[Somers rises to her feet and pumps her fist.]

BW: Yeah, brownie points for a move like that, but it takes more than that to beat somebody like, let's say, The Serpentes!

GM: The Serpentes, and Lauryn Rage as well, have drawn the ire of not only Somers, but Melissa Cannon as well and as we saw earlier tonight, those issues are far from settled.

[Somers moves toward Hughes, pulls her off the mat and whips her into the ropes.]

GM: Somers runs into the ropes... catches Hughes with a flying forearm! Nice move!

BW: You mentioned those issues Rage and The Serpentes have... it all goes back to Somers and Cannon being out of their league!

GM: You seem to be selling Somers and Cannon a bit short, Bucky.

BW: You've seen The Serpentes... they're big and strong, they work well together as a team. And Rage, you can't dispute the greatness than runs through her family!

[Somers, meanwhile, has charged Hughes as she rises to her feet and leaps onto her shoulders.]

GM: Somers, though, is dominating this match right now... a nice takedown there!

[Somers brings Hughes down to the mat with a huracanrana, then rises to her feet, playing up to the fans, who cheer.]

BW: There's a difference between dominating somebody like this girl and dominating The Serpentes, Gordo.

GM: Much like I'd say there's a difference between The Serpentes dominating the teams they've faced and a team like, say, Somers and Cannon.

BW: That's different, Gordo. The Serpentes have wrestled many times as a team, yet how often have you seen Somers and Cannon team up?

[Somers heads to the corner and scales the turnbuckles.]

GM: Julie Somers heading to the top rope... usually, she does this when she goes for the moonsault.

BW: So what does she have in mind here?

[Hughes rises to her feet, just as Somers leaps off and extends her legs.]

GM: OH MY! Missile dropkick! What a high risk move by Julie Somers!

[Somers springs to her feet and drags Hughes back up.]

GM: Somers has been in complete control of this match... she's setting up Hughes... takes her over with a neckbreaker!

[Hughes lies prone on the mat and Somers rises to her feet and points to the corner.]

GM: And it looks like she's going for the moonsault!

BW: If she hits it, it's over, Gordo!

[Somers climbs the turnbuckles and stands on the top rope. She extends her arms for a moment, then lowers them and flips backwards.]

GM: And there it is! Somers hits the moonsault and hooks the leg!

[The referee slides down to the canvas and slaps the mat three times.]

GM: And as you said, Bucky, once Somers hits the moonsault, it's over!

BW: Well, don't count on her hitting that against The Serpentine or Lauryn Rage! Because they'll be a much bigger challenge!

[Somers rises to her feet, a smile on her face as the official raises her arm.]

PW: The winner of the match... "THE SPITFIRE" JULIE SOMERS!

[Somers pumps her fist in the air and walks over to the camera, pointing at it.]

JS: Serpentine, Lauryn Rage, don't think for a minute I'm done with any of you... you'll be dealing with me and my friend Melissa Cannon soon enough, I promise you that! I've got my eyes on you!

[She then ducks between the ropes and hops to the floor, walking around ringside and slapping hands with fans...

...and we fade to a shot of Gordon and Bucky down at ringside.]

GM: Another victory for Julie Somers who has a lot on her plate as well as of late with Lauryn Rage, the Serpentine, and her quest to be the first AWA World Women's Champion, Bucky.

BW: You think that goody-two-shoes stands a chance against the three you just mentioned let alone competitors like Erica Toughill and Charisma Knight? You're fooling yourself as much as she is, Gordo.

GM: That remains to be seen... but fans, we're just 21 days from Memorial Day Mayhem and one of the most exciting lineups I can recall. So many great matches that I'm eager to see but perhaps none more than the Russian Chain battle that will

take place between Kolya Sudakov and Maxim Zharkov. Sudakov, of course, was an AWA Original, teaming with his uncle Vladimir Velikov for quite some time before going on to enjoy singles success as one of the longest reigning National Champions in history. Since then, he has traveled all over the world, competing in pro wrestling, in kickboxing, and in Mixed Martial Arts.

BW: Gordo, longtime fans of the AWA don't need to be reminded what kind of competitor Kolya Sudakov is but since it's been a while since he's competed here on a regular basis, allow me to lay some 411 on the rest of the uneducated slobs out there. I've had the pleasure of seeing the Russian War Machine compete all over the world. I've seen him kick someone into unconsciousness in a kickboxing ring. I've seen him pummel someone into submission in a MMA cage. And I - heck, both of us - have seen him turn more people inside out in that ring in front of us than we can count. Kolya Sudakov is one of the toughest fighters in any ring on the planet.

GM: That he is. And as you just have shown, Kolya Sudakov's resume is hard to deny but on Memorial Day in Seattle, he will do battle with a younger, stronger, bigger competitor in Maxim Zharkov who has made his personal mission to show the world that there is a new dominant force coming out of Russia. But as we get close to Memorial Day Mayhem, I have to wonder if Maxim Zharkov has lost his focus. He's out here with Juan Vasquez. He's out here jumping Alex Martinez from behind. He seems to be looking past Kolya Sudakov and that's a huge mistake in my book.

BW: Hey, let's not get ahead of ourselves. Zharkov is big, he's bad, he's dangerous... and with Jackson Hunter and now apparently Juan Vasquez in his corner, you know he's going to have a gameplan. It's going to be a nasty one in Seattle.

GM: Fans, as we announced on the Power Hour, one of our crews recently went to Russia at the request of Kolya Sudakov - taking a peek at his preparations as he gets ready for this Russian Chain Match. After the events of two weeks ago, Mr. Sudakov has returned to the United States and we will be speaking to him live in just a bit but before we go, let's take a look at this footage from Sudakov's Mother Russia as he prepares for war.

[We fade through black to a snow-covered ground in front of a very large hill. The camera pans up it, showing that it is currently still snowing, before panning back down to the ground. After a few moments, a man emerges from through a treeline. He's breathing heavily as his breaths turn to frost as they hit the air. He jogs up to a stop next to the cameraman who has the camera right on him. Dressed in a red and black sweat suit, it is the Russian War Machine himself, Kolya Sudakov.]

KS: Good. You made it.

[Sudakov looks the cameraman up and down.]

KS: Can you keep up?

[With a slight smile, Sudakov turns and starts jogging again. The cameraman follows from afar, showing Sudakov as he jogs along the tree line.]

We fade to another shot. This time, Sudakov stops at a row of snow-covered trees leading to a thick forest. He stops at the first one, planting his palm against it as he catches his breath.]

KS: When the match was made for Memorial Day Mayhem, Kolya knew there was only one place to come... one place to get ready for it.

[Sudakov spreads his arms wide.]

KS: Home.

[He nods his head.]

KS: These days, Kolya live in America much of time... but America never home to Kolya. Kolya always Russian... how you say... at heart. Kolya bleeds Mother Russia. Kolya believes in Mother Russia. The world say Russia is bad... Kolya believes Russia can be better.

Zharkov wants fight? Wants Russian Chain Match?

[Sudakov turns to unzip the backpack he was wearing, withdrawing the heavy metal Russian chain. With a nod, he slowly drapes it across his neck and shoulders, feeling the weight of it.]

KS: Kolya must come home to get ready.

[Sudakov steps back, throwing a high kick at the tree, yielding the sound of someone cutting wood. He crouches low, ducking as he moves around the first tree, coming up with a palm strike with the weight of the chains holding him down. He spins around the second, landing a spinning backfist on the next one...

...and we fade again, this time to Kolya Sudakov sitting in front of a fireplace, a roaring blaze within it.]

KS: Russia is always best place to train. There are no fancy gyms like in America. No expensive machines. In Russia, we train with our bodies against the elements. The cold. The air that cuts through to the bone.

[Sudakov closes his eyes.]

KS: Sometimes Kolya think about when he come to America... when he first started pro wrestling. Kolya thinks about the AWA... teaming with Uncle Vladimir... learning how to be a man... a champion.

Kolya was proud back then. Proud to represent my people. Proud to show the children here in Russia that you could be Russian and still be strong... still be great.

Now?

Kolya wake up sore every day. Knees. Hips. Back. Neck. Too many years. Too many fights.

[He sighs.]

KS: Kolya not sure many fights are left for him... so when Zharkov say he the future, he's right. He IS the future. He IS what's next... the "Last Son of the Soviet Union."

Zharkov can be to children what Kolya was.

[Sudakov shakes his head, opening his eyes.]

KS: But he must break Kolya to do it. Kolya not walking away. Kolya not giving up. Kolya not go down... how you say... without a fight.

Kolya not know how many fights are left. Could be a hundred. Could be ten.

[Sudakov raises an extended finger.]

KS: Could be one. Memorial Day Mayhem could be Kolya's last fight.

But if it is... Zharkov, know that you face man with... nothing to lose.

That make Kolya dangerous. That make Kolya strong. That make Kolya want to show Russia that he not done... he's not finished.

Finish me, Zharkov. Break me. End my career.

[Sudakov nods, gesturing off-camera.]

KS: Show them you deserve their love. Show me that you're ready.

[The Russian War Machine lifts the steel chain, wrapping it around his fist.]

KS: Show me.

[He stands up, staring into the camera.]

KS: SHOW ME.

[Sudakov steps forward, raising the chain to just below his chin as he shouts.]

KS: SHOOOOOOW MEEEEEEEEEE!

[Cut to black.,,

...and then back up on a split screen that shows Gordon Myers on one side and Kolya Sudakov on the other. Sudakov is dressed in a black polo with the AWA logo stitched across the heart.]

GM: "Show me" indeed. Mr. Sudakov, as we count down the days until Memorial Day Mayhem, you appear to be ready.

[Sudakov nods.]

KS: Gordon Myers, we know each other long time now.

[Myers nods in response.]

KS: You know what Kolya can do. You know what Kolya is...

[Sudakov raps his knuckles against his temple.]

KS: Here...

[And then claps his hand over his heart.]

KS: ...and here. You know Kolya never go into a fight without being ready. No matter if in cage in Japan... in Hexagon... in squared circle. Gordon Myers, do you remember when Kolya first came to America to wrestle?

GM: I do. I certainly do.

[Sudakov smiles.]

KS: Kolya... very young then. Very dumb. Very foolish. Much like Zharkov now. Zharkov think he know everything... just like Kolya did. Because Zharkov have

devil on his shoulder telling him that... making him believe... just like Kolya did. Zharkov tell the world there's no one he can't beat... just like Kolya did.

And maybe Zharkov right... just like Kolya was.

[Sudakov nods, looking down slightly.]

GM: Kolya, I have to ask. Two weeks ago... after what happened on our last Saturday Night Wrestling, you interrupted your training back in Russia to return to the United States and many believe it was because of what happened two weeks ago to Sweet Daddy Williams.

[Sudakov grimaces slightly.]

KS: Kolya done many things in career he not proud of, Gordon Myers. Many things. Kolya hurt people. Kolya try to injure instead of beat. Kolya walk out on AWA. Many mistakes. Kolya can do nothing to change that, Gordon Myers.

Sweet Daddy Williams was one of Kolya's first opponents in America. Uncle Vladimir stand there with you in Atlanta... talk about how fat he was... how he's... big joke.

[The Russian War Machine shakes his head.]

KS: Sweet Daddy Williams fight harder than any man Kolya ever in ring with. He give Kolya hard fight... tough challenge. When Kolya saw two weeks ago...

[Another shake of the head.]

KS: Kolya come back to America. Kolya go see Sweet Daddy Williams. Kolya sit in his room, watch him fight to stand on his own feet.

[Sudakov looks up at the camera, his eyes glistening.]

KS: Kolya weep for Sweet Daddy Williams. He may never come back. But he will fight. He will try. He tell Kolya to get back in gym. He tell Kolya to train harder than he ever has. He tell Kolya to...

[Sudakov pauses.]

KS: Hold... that... line.

[Sudakov nods, a steely expression on his face now.]

KS: So Kolya here. Kolya going to Seattle. Kolya ready for fight. Kolya ready for WAR!

KOLYA READY TO HOLD... THAT... LINE!

[Sudakov storms out of view as our split screen cuts back to Gordon Myers.]

GM: Kolya Sudakov says he's ready to hold that line and when the Russian War Machine talks, you better believe it, fans. We're going to take a quick break but stick around because you won't want to miss what's next!

[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 to live action where we find Colt Patterson standing in the ring, the camera close on his face.]

CP: Grand Forks, North Dakota!

[Big cheer!]

CP: Oh, if you people at home could only see the standing ovation.

[The camera jump pans back away from the still frame shot of Colt Patterson's face. There are no fans standing for Colt but there is two people standing on either side of him in Pure X and Terry Shane III.]

CP: The suits wanted me to come out here to talk to the two of you... to try and get the people the truth about what's going on around here when it comes to you two and the underrated and under-appreciated trio of "Red Hot" Rex Summers, Callum Mahoney, and Kerry Kendrick... you might've heard of 'em as SM&K.

[Pure X pops his right fist into the palm of his other hand as Shane shakes his head from side to side.]

CP: Those three... they haven't let you off the hook since the first time the two of you laced up the boots against them. You heard the message earlier tonight. If you cross them, they've got a young lady with a real bad attitude just waiting to slug you across the back of the head. What do you say about that?

[X steps forward, brushing shoulders with Colt as he leans over the mic.]

PX: Now if you excuse me for a second here, Terry, I just need to let a couple things out from my mind from what Colt just made reference too. Kendrick? Mahoney? Summers? You all need to WAKE UP! We?

[X points to Shane and himself.]

PX: We aren't going anywhere either! And we sure as hell should concern you more than cowering behind your woman - though, I do have to agree with you there, Kendrick - Toughill's shown she carries around a bigger stick than anyone else in your group!

[Some of the crowd cheers that line. Colt's jaw drops.]

CP: Easy now... X? Should I call you X? Remember, this is a family show.

[Pure X smirks at Patterson, leaning over the mic again.]

PX: Colt, a couple of weeks ago, we showed the world - and those three - exactly what we could do when the numbers are even - when there's a fair fight. We had Mahoney and Summers crying in our holds and I don't doubt for one second that given another chance? Given an actual fight? The master of the spinning toe hold and the master of the anklelock will make you all tap! So if any of you three actually have a pair, you should be more than willing to face us again and let us see who the better wrestlers are in this ring!

[Another cheer from the crowd for that prospective "fair fight". As the crowd calms, X turns back to Terry Shane III. Colt readies himself to speak but Pure X doesn't budge from his position.]

PX: BUT... I doubt that's ever going to happen. All three of them know that the two of us can outwrestle them any day, every day! So they won't fight with any honor and that just means the two of us? We need to be smarter. We have to have eyes in the back of our heads, gameplan better, and ensure they can't use their numbers against us. And even moreso? We need to get in THEIR heads!

CP: And how do you propose you do that?

[Patterson pulls the mic before X can answer that, turning towards Terry Shane with an arched eyebrow.]

CP: Shane, usually we can't shut you up out here. Cat got your tongue?

[Shane leans in.]

TS3: You are absolutely right, Colt. I have been quiet. I have been waiting. I have been watching those three clowns run their mouth since the moment I came back and what... answer me this, Colt Patterson... what do THEY have to show for it? All the gloating. All the gusto. Rex Summers is actively defending a shot at glory because he knows once he cashes it in and loses he will have nothing left.

[Patterson pulls the mic away again.]

CP: You're speaking from experience there.

[The crowd "oooooohs" the verbal low blow as Shane shoots a glare at the interviewer.]

TS3: Funny guy. But it's true, I guess. I know what it was like to earn that opportunity. I know what it was like to walk down the ramp with the eyes of the world on you and I know what it was like to fail in that moment. For a moment, it broke me, Colt. I'm not going to lie to you and pretend that losing to Dave Bryant and letting the World Title slip through my fingers didn't throw me off my game.

It's all there... look at what came next. Look at the self destruction I went through. I didn't just fall... I collapsed.

It took a true friend like Bobby O'Connor to get me back on my feet and it took man like Pure X to keep me here.

[Patterson looks agitated as he speaks again.]

CP: Tell your sad story walking, kid. I'm still out here looking for answers... looking for the truth... and the truth is, I want to know EXACTLY what you two plan to do about SM&K.

[Shane throws a glance at Pure X who nods. The former Ring Leader turns back to Patterson with a smile.]

TS3: We're going to CALL... THEM... OUT! We want them right now!

[Big cheer! Patterson shakes his head.]

CP: The two of you are going to call all three... heck, all FOUR of them out right now?!

[But before either of them can answer, the sounds of "Overdrive" by Lazerhawk begins to play over the PA system. One after the other, Rex Summers, Callum Mahoney, Kerry Kendrick and Erica Toughill all pour out of the entryway, all dressed to the nine, much as they were earlier. The crowd cheers the music since it means

they're about to get a confrontation. Colt Patterson smirks, gesturing down the aisle as Pure X slaps Terry Shane on the shoulder, the duo getting ready for a fight. As they appear in the aisleway, Kerry Kendrick's got the mic in hand.]

KK: Look out, kids. It's Emerson Gellar's four worst nightmares in the house.

[Kendrick gestures to his comrades.]

KK: You've got the Women's World Champion in waiting. No matter how much agitprop they put on Cannon and Somers to convince you they're the best in the world, we all know the truth.

[Erica Toughill pops a wad of bubble gum, tapping her baseball bat into her open palm.]

KK: You've got the Armbar Assassin, the man that should be the World Television Champion already if it weren't for Supernova being North America's largest naturally occurring source of ducking and dodging.

[Mahoney smirks, jerking a thumb at himself.]

KK: You've got "Red Hot" Rex Summers, the 2015 Steal The Spotlight winner and the only man around these parts with the brass dangles to tell Gellar exactly where he can stick it!

[Summers grins, holding up the red Haliburton with the Steal The Spotlight contract within.]

KK: And then there's me - the Self Made Man, THE AWA Original, the Straight Shooter with a deadeye...

[Kendrick twists his fingers into a pistol, holding it up to "fire" at the camera.]

KK: ...that just doesn't miss. So, when I tell Emerson Gellar that if Travis Lynch and Calisto Dufresne are Main Eventers, then he better check with O'Connor's decrepit grandpa to see what kind of severance package this place pays since Gellar's going to find himself begging Bill Masterson for a damn job after the buyrate for Memorial Day Mayhem comes in...

[The crowd "ooooohs" in response to that one.]

GM: We're live, folks. You just never know-

[Kerry Kendrick cuts off Gordon Myers' voiceover.]

KK: And before Gellar can find the right monkey in the truck to cut off by mic, let me turn my deadeye on the two of you...

[Kendrick turns his "pistol" towards the ring.]

KK: Starting with you, the Langseth nobody gives a damn about...

[Another "ohhhhh!" rings out as Pure X gestures at Kendrick, waving him towards the ring.]

KK: It's only fitting that you somehow managed to saddle your comeback to the only horse lamer than you. Do you understand that? The only thing that could make a comeback and be less popular than Terry Shane is smallpox.

[Shane shakes his head at Kendrick.]

KK: The two of you stand out here claiming to be great technicians... threatening to tap us out...

[Kendrick slips in behind Callum Mahoney, planting a hand on his shoulder.]

KK: I got a newsflash for you: this man right here is the one, the only, the original Armbar Assassin... and that's not a cute gimmick slapped on him some marketing department, Mr. Salience.

[Kendrick lowers the mic and can be heard asking Mahoney if he knows what that means. Mahoney shrugs in response.]

KK: When you walk into the Armbar... you tap your way back out. No exemptions. No exceptions.

[Shane shakes his head, pointing a finger at the quartet.]

KK: Oh... no? No, you think I'm wrong? You think you can survive the Armbar of THE Armbar Assassin?

[Kendrick smirks.]

KK: Then why don't you prove it, Terry Shane. Why don't we come down that aisle, climb in that ring, and send this show's quarter hour rating through the roof with a little Armbar Challenge?!

[The crowd cheers that idea! Shane can be seen nodding his head, pulling off his t-shirt and flinging it to the mat as he waves them towards the ring.]

GM: Wow! Fans, it looks like the Challenge has been accepted! They're heading to the ring and we're going to get this - Terry Shane taking on Callum Mahoney in the Armbar Challenge right after this quick 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...

...and we come back to the ring where Ricky Longfellow has come down, trying to get everyone out of there.]

GM: We are back LIVE here on The X, fans, and as you can see, referee Ricky Longfellow has hit the ring to try to get this thing under control. He's already got his hands full just trying to keep everyone at bay here for this Armbar Challenge where Callum Mahoney sets to slap what many deem as the inescapable armbar on Terry Shane III!

BW: I think Shane may have bitten off more than he can chew, Gordo. Mahoney didn't just wake up as the Irish National Champion. His storied reputation prior to the AWA has been proven to be more than a circus act or novelty show. When Mahoney gets a hold of your arm, it's like the jaws of death.

GM: I don't doubt Shane's ability, Bucky, but I tend to agree that he let his emotions get the best of him when he accepted this challenge.

[With Longfellow getting everyone but Terry Shane and Callum Mahoney out of the ring, the two technicians square off, barking at one another from across the ring.]

GM: Now, remember the rules for this. It's been a while since we've seen the Armbar Challenge but Terry Shane must surrender his arm to Mahoney who must fully apply the Armbar before Shane can attempt to escape.

[Shane and Mahoney maneuver towards one another, closing in on the center of the ring. Ricky Longfellow, arms out chest high, does his best to walk the two as professionally as he can towards one another. Shane slowly lifts his right arm up, extending it to Mahoney.]

BW: Mahoney is gonna snap that arm in two, Gordo.

GM: Ironically, it was actually Shane who put Mahoney into an arm submission of sorts the first time they collided back in St. Louis just a bit over a month ago.

BW: Remind me again how that worked out for him? I seem to remember him getting a welcome home beat down and taking Pure X with him.

[Mahoney closes in, pawing at Shane's arm... his fingers dance loosely as he bounces them off of Shane's wrist who continuously shakes his arm as he leaves it hanging out for Mahoney to grab.]

GM: Terry Shane is playing it smart here, Bucky. He's keeping that arm loose. Instinctively most men would want to tense up on that arm, like bracing yourself for an impact if you saw a car narrowing in on you from behind, but that's when the body is most prone for injury.

BW: Thanks, Dr. Phil.

GM: That doesn't even make sense.

[Mahoney, grinning at Shane, finally makes a violent stab for Shane's wrist and just as he tightens his grip...

...Mahoney lets up and the crowd lets him hear it!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Shane throws his arms up in the air and Mahoney mouths something to Ricky Longfellow.]

GM: What could possibly be wrong?

BW: Tons of things, Gordo! Maybe he didn't like his grip... maybe Shane said something to him that threw him off... maybe there was a slight breeze coming at him from a peculiar angle... maybe -

GM: Maybe he's afraid that he can't make Shane tap!

BW: No, that's not it.

[Shane begins to pace near the ropes as Mahoney continues to bark at the official.]

GM: Mahoney is pointing at the mat, not sure what he's getting at here.

BW: Must be some of Shane's sweat on the canvas.

GM: Now Longfellow is going over to Shane and I'm doing my best to read lips on the monitor here...

[The camera zooms in on Longfellow who mouths, "You gotta lay down" to him.]

GM: Is he telling Shane he's gotta get down on the ground for this?

BW: You bet he is! This is a Mahoney Armbar Challenge, Gordo. It's not a standing armbar. The Mahoney armbar is-

GM: I know what it is, Bucky!

BW: Then why are you asking?

GM: Callum Mahoney has proclaimed for months that he can slap this deadly armbar on any man, any time. If it's so dangerous then why can't he do the work and drag Shane down the ground?

BW: Because he could just tell him to lay down. Any other questions?

[Shane, now on his knees, yells out at Mahoney, "Good enough for you?!" and Mahoney tells him to "lay down". Pure X, from the far side of the ring, shouts out at Mahoney who brushes him off as he looks to Summers, Kendrick, and Toughill in his corner who rally him on.]

GM: Any time now.

BW: Don't rush the man. Even I recognize that Terry Shane III is a crafty little technician in that ring, if Callum Mahoney doesn't go at this just right, Shane could make a mockery of him on national television!

GM: We can only hope.

[Shane, now on his back, lifts his right arm back up.]

GM: Alright... here we go...

[Mahoney edges in, his fingers wiggling with anticipation as he looks to apply the Armbar...]

GM: Mahoney moving in... almost there...

[Suddenly, Mahoney leans down and slaps the right arm of Shane which draws Shane to sit straight up. Longfellow jumps in front of Shane, arms spread to keep the two apart as Mahoney backpedals away, pointing at Shane.]

GM: Are you kidding me? He wants the left arm now? Just pick an arm already!

BW: That's exactly what he's doing, Gordo. He chose left!

[Climbing off the mat, Shane walks back to his corner as Mahoney loudly complains. Leaning over, Shane converses with Pure X who whispers something into his ally's ear.]

GM: Terry Shane perhaps getting some final advice from Pure X.

BW: You know, Gordo... for a lot of years, a whole lot of people who you'd consider experts in the field of pro wrestling have said that Pure X is the greatest technical wrestler in the world. You have to wonder if maybe he'd be better off trying to escape this hold than Shane would.

GM: A valid point for sure as Shane, having heard X's advice, heads back out to the middle of the ring... sitting back down... laying back down on the mat now...

[Shane lifts his left hand up and mockingly waves it at Callum Mahoney who stalks around him before finding just the right spot. The Armbar Assassin pokes at Shane's arm several times before finally snatching his wrist.]

GM: Here we go, Bucky!

[Mahoney pauses for a moment and then begins to step over Shane...

...only Shane rifles his feet up in the air and scissors the arm of Mahoney!]

GM: ARMBAR BY SHANE!

[But before anyone in the ring can even react, Shane unlocks his legs and rolls back to a sitting position right in front of Pure X who proudly slaps him on his shoulders as he smiles across the ring at Summers and Kendrick who immediately begin protesting with Ricky Longfellow. Mahoney slaps the mat and begs for Shane to come forward.]

GM: Terry Shane III just sent a bit of a message to Callum Mahoney there.

BW: Yeah, that he's a cheater! His little comeback story didn't fool anyone! He's still the same cowardly cheater that he always was!

GM: Mahoney has been wasting all of our time, Bucky. Terry Shane III just let him know that he's not here to mess around.

[Longfellow calls for both men to step back in the center of the ring and Shane walks forward first, arms out at his side. Mahoney shouts something at him which draws a wry smile from Shane.]

GM: The referee is asking the two men if this is going to happen... an excellent question if you ask me...

BW: It will if Shane will man up and do what he said he was gonna do!

[Mahoney gestures down to the mat and screams at Shane to get down. Shane mouths, "Alright, alright" and for the third time lays back down on his back. Mahoney paces back and forth, looking to his corner again and Summers cups his mouth, giving a shout which draws a nod from the Irishman.]

GM: Looks like we are still on for this Armbar Challenge, Bucky, Mahoney is jabbing at Shane's left arm again. Shane realistically has about ten to fifteen seconds to figure a way out of this thing before the damage done grossly outweighs the reward from escaping the hold itself.

BW: Ten to fifteen seconds? Only if you like tying your shoes with one hand. But in all seriousness, you get one, maybe two attempts at escaping and anything after that would come at the cost of a broken arm and months on the sidelines. At that point not only is Memorial Day Mayhem out of the cards but you can kiss the Battle of Boston goodbye and he'd be lucky to come out in a sling at SuperClash.

[Mahoney, with Shane's wrist in his left hand cups the right hand over Shane's arm as well, tightens his grip, grimaces...

...and then throws the weight of his entire body downward as he slams his back down and scissors the left arm of Terry Shane III!]

BW: NOW THAT'S AN ARMBAR, DADDY!

GM: He's got Shane hooked in that cross-arm breaker, Bucky! Shane is desperately trying to roll his body towards Mahoney!

[Shane rolls his right shoulder off the mat, trying to position himself so he can reach out with his free hand and grab his other arm. Mahoney senses Shane's evasion and violently begins to shake the arm of Terry Shane III as he presses downward with his legs and tries to force Shane back down to a flat back!]

BW: He's gonna tap, Gordo! I can feel it!

[Shane digs deep, roaring out as he swings his body up and desperately reaches for his hand...

....and just as he grabs it, Mahoney slides his right forearm further across Shane's left arm and wrenches back even harder with all of his strength!]

GM: SHANE'S GOT HIS HAND! HE'S CLASPING ONTO HIS OWN HAND WITH EVERYTHING HE'S GOT!

BW: COME ON MAHONEY, SHOW HIM WHY YOU'RE THE IRISH CHAMPION!

[Pure X kneels down in Shane's corner, shouting instruction out at Shane!]

GM: Pure X is screaming for Shane to grab Mahoney's wrist! He must see something from his angle!

[Shane must have heard his partner, as he quickly lets go of his own hand and grabs the left wrist of Mahoney that is over his arm...

...which is Kerry Kendrick's cue to come flying around the ring, grabbing X by the ankles and YANKS him off the apron, causing his chin to bounce off the mat!]

GM: OHH! KENDRICK ATTACKS PURE X!

[And with Shane at Mahoney's mercy, Rex Summers rushes into the ring, leaping into the air, and drops a knee down into the exposed chest of Terry Shane as the referee signals for the bell!]

GM: This Armbar Challenge is over! And it's obvious that SM&K never wanted it to begin with!

[Mahoney lets go of the armbar as Summers puts the boots to Shane down on the mat. The Fighting Irishman climbs to his feet, joining the Steal The Spotlight winner in more stomps.]

BW: GET `EM, REX!

[Out on the floor, Kerry Kendrick grabs Pure X by the hair, smashing him headfirst into the ringpost as Summers and Mahoney continue to work over Terry Shane inside the ring.]

GM: The referee calling for the bell again! He's trying to get control of all this but-

[Kerry Kendrick slides under the ropes into the ring, joining his allies in the beatdown of Terry Shane as the crowd begins to buzz with concern for the former Ring Leader.]

GM: Terry Shane is all alone in there taking a beating! Pure X is down on the floor - he got his head driven into the steel ringpost by Kerry Kendrick and now Kendrick, Summers, and Mahoney are all over Terry Shane, Bucky!

BW: All I know is Mahoney proved he is the master of the armbar once again! Terry Shane III did NOT escape the hold until Mahoney let it go!

GM: We won't ever know because just as Shane looked like he might be about to escape, this pack of vultures swooped in on him and his ally!

[Ricki Toughill slides in, joining the mix as Kendrick and Mahoney pull Shane up, holding him by the arms...]

GM: Oh, come on now... there's no need for-

[...and Toughill BURIES the end of the baseball bat into the ribcage of the trapped Shane, drawing big jeers from the Grand Forks crowd!]

GM: Toughill with the ball bat!

[Toughill hands the bat over to a requesting Summers.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Now Shane's REALLY gonna get it. Rex Summers has been hot under the collar since two weeks ago when Emerson Gellar pulled a fast one on him... and now he's going to take it out on Terry Shane! It couldn't happen to a nicer guy, Gordo!

GM: Summers has got the bat... winding up... taking aim...

[When suddenly, the North Dakota crowd EXPLODES into cheers!]

GM: GLADIATOR! OH MY STARS, IT'S THE GLADIATOR!

[The Gladiator sprints down the aisle, diving under the ropes at full speed, He pops up to his feet as Kerry Kendrick comes towards him, earning a standing clothesline that knocks Kendrick off his feet.]

GM: Down goes Kendrick!

[Gladiator pumps a muscular arm as Mahoney comes for him, fist drawn back.]

GM: Mahoney's gonna take his shot... right hand!

[But Gladiator blocks it before uncorking a haymaker that sends Mahoney flying backwards through the air, crashing down to the canvas!]

GM: Mahoney goes down as well! The Gladiator is taking the fight to SM&K! The North Dakota faithful are on their feet! The Gladiator is in the ring and he's got his eyes on Rex Summers!

[Rex Summers comes at his Memorial Day Mayhem, drawing the baseball bat back for a full-on swing...

...and the Gladiator catches the swing under his armpit, shaking his head as the crowd LOSES IT!]

GM: OH MY STARS! OH MY STARS!

[Summers' eyes go wide as he tries to rip the bat out of The Gladiator's grasp...

...when Erica Toughill suddenly leaps up on the Gladiator's back, flailing about with right hands to the head as she wraps her left arm around his throat!]

GM: TOUGHILL OUT OF NOWHERE!

BW: Careful, Ricki! This guy's crazy!

[With Toughill distracting the Gladiator, Summers actually bails out of the ring, leaving her to deal with him...

...and as he flails back and forth, Toughill falls off on her butt where she promptly rolls out to the floor to join her allies!]

GM: The Gladiator - my stars, the Gladiator has cleared the ring!

[The Gladiator pounds his chest a few times with clenched fists, looking down at SM&K as they backpedal down the aisle.

Inside the ring, Terry Shane is clutching his ribcage as ringside officials help Pure X to his feet out on the floor.]

GM: The signs of battle are all over ringside. Shane's down and hurt. Pure X is down and hurt as well. SM&K did their damage... but the arrival of the Gladiator sent them scurrying up the aisle and-

[Up the aisle, Rex Summers has the red Haliburton holding the Steal The Spotlight contract clutching to his chest in a bearhug as he defiantly shakes his head back and forth.]

GM: Summers may have just seen his future, Bucky, and it is in the hands of the Gladiator!

BW: Heaven help us all if that's true, Gordo.

GM: Fans, we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling!

[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 Shadoc 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 where our cameraman has set up shop inside the trainer's room. Lauryn Rage is lying on the trainer's table, an ice pack on her head and cold compresses around her neck and shoulders. The Serpentes stand over her as the trainer flashes a penlight into her eyes and asks her a series of questions. Mark Stegglet then enters the shot.]

MS: We're here backstage at the AWA trainer's room. I was wondering if I could get a word or two with Lauryn.

O/C: No, you may not!

[The camera swings from Stegglet to the door as Shadoe Rage and the Misfits sweep in. Rage is livid, holding his head and ribs. The Misfits also come behind him, looking a little battered from their earlier confrontation. Rage storms over and stands over Lauryn. His gaze goes from her to the Serpentine. Stegglet tries to sneak the microphone towards Rage.]

SR: (staring at Copperhead and Mamba) You two are supposed to be Serpentine... weren't you trained by Medusa... a Hall of Famer. And you let this happen.

[The Serpentine stiffen.]

SR: You fix this. You have a match right now against two small timers. One of them is named Michelle Young. She's a friend of Julie Somers...

[Rage nods his head.]

SR: You understand what I'm saying. That baby bird pays the price for this. Get it?

[Rage doesn't wait for an answer.]

SR: Get out.

[He looks down at his sister and gently rubs her blue hair. He looks towards Mark Stegglet.]

SR: This will not stand, Stegglet. Get out. GET OUT!

[The camera cuts off quickly...

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

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit and is in the Women's Division! Introducing first... the team of Michelle Young and Louise Wiggans!

[Michelle Young is a 5'5 blonde in a white halter top and black shorts. Viewers have seen Louise Wiggans before. The short, dowdy red-head in her green ring gear waves to the crowd to tepid response.]

PW: And their opponents... from Rahway, New Jersey and Brooklyn, New York... they are the Mamba and Copperhead...

THE SERRRRRRPENTIIIIIIINESSSSSS!

["Money, Power, Respect" blares over the speakers as the Serpentine arrive. First comes Copperhead. The copper-colored Dominicana curses out the fans and hisses at them with her fanged teeth. Finally, the camera catches the Mamba standing at the top of the ramp. The shot cuts to a rear view of her broad back as it blots out the rest of the screen. She spreads her lats impressively before she marches down the aisle, posing and flexing.]

GM: Fans, we've seen Louise Wiggans compete against the Serpentine before but this Michelle Young is a new one to the AWA, trying to make her big break in this business.

BW: She'll get her break. Might be her leg, her arm, her neck... but she'll get it messing around with the Serpentine in the mood they're in.

GM: Shadoe Rage read the Serpentine the Riot Act a few moments ago, blaming them for his sister getting knocked out again by Lori Wilson and her Lightning Strike... telling them that Michelle Young is a friend of Julie Somers' and-

BW: Wilson jumped her from behind! And Lori Wilson lost the match! She's just a sore old loser, Gordo... and if Shadoe says that Young has to pay for what happened to his baby sister, you better believe it's gonna happen.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And here's the bell, Copperhead starting off against Louise Wiggans.

"Hermana, tag out if you know what's good for you."

GM: Copperhead is warning Wiggans that she doesn't want any part of the Amazon today. Will Wiggans throw her partner to the wolves?

BW: She should! Shadoe Rage said he wants Michelle Young to suffer. Louise Wiggans is just in the way, daddy.

GM: That's not what this young woman is made of in my estimation, Bucky.

BW: Then she's a bigger fool than I thought.

[Wiggans responds to the threat by charging in, throwing some forearms to the chest of Copperhead but the Snake Amazon is unfazed. She looks down at her chest and then across at Wiggans with her harsh orange eyes. She smiles slowly, revealing her fangs.]

BW: Uh oh.

[Copperhead slaps away another forearm strike from Wiggans before overwhelming her with heavy forearms of her own, battering Wiggans off her feet and down to the mat on all fours where Copperhead continues to unload the heavy blows.]

GM: Copperhead is absolutely pummeling Louise Wiggans down into the mat.

BW: Think she's regretting not making that tag now?

GM: She very well might be... look at this... Copperhead just flinging Wiggans by the hair into the corner. Wiggans is definitely in the wrong part of town now as Copperhead cuts the ring off, making the tag to Mamba...

[Mamba steps through the ropes, continuing the assault with heavy right haymakers to the jaw.]

BW: There's no technique involved here, Gordo. This is a straight up assault.

[Wiggans cringes under the assault, wilting to the canvas.]

GM: Louise Wiggans trying her best to stay on her feet after this brutal assault but she's taking a pounding and is down- well, I was about to say she was down on the mat but Mamba pulls her up by the hair, shoving her back into the corner again...

[Mamba takes a measuring step backwards before leaping up, blasting her with a dropkick to the head that snaps Wiggans' head back before she slumps down to the mat, leaning against the buckles again.]

GM: What a dropkick! Unbelievable height on that one... and another quick tag, bringing the Copperhead back into the mix.

[Copperhead pulls Wiggans off the mat by the hair, shaking her head before throwing her across the ring with a massive biel toss, bouncing her off the mat towards her own corner. Copperhead insistently points at Michelle Young, again insisting for Wiggans to make a tag.]

GM: Copperhead again asking for Michelle Young... and this time, Young is coming in whether Wiggans wants to make that tag or not.

[Reaching over the ropes, Young pulls Wiggans close enough to slap her hand, tagging in to cheers from the Grans Forks crowd.]

GM: And the plucky Michelle Young giving up a lot of height and weight to Copperhead of the Serpentes.

BW: This is the girl that the Snakes wanted... which if it doesn't terrify you, it should.

[Copperhead lunges at Young as she comes into the ring but the speedster ducks and rolls, avoiding the attack. Copperhead angrily slaps the ropes before turning, rushing Michelle Young again...]

GM: Young may be giving up size but she's making up for it with speed, ducking under the attack again... and a dropkick of her own rattles Copperhead, sending the larger competitor back into the buckles.

[The Serpentine angrily slaps her hand down on the turnbuckle. Mamba slaps her partner on the shoulder, whispering to her as Copperhead nods.]

GM: A little mid-match strategy session on the part of the Serpentes. Copperhead's moving from the corner again...

[Creating some space between the buckles and herself, Copperhead lunges forward...

...but pulls up, feinting the attack as Young goes to roll under again. Copperhead goes into a spin...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and absolutely turns Michelle Young inside out with a discus lariat!]

GM: HOLY...

[Copperhead stands over the writhing Young, shouting at her.]

"Stupida! Stupida! Stupida! I'm a kick your stinkin' teeth in!"

BW: And now Michelle Young is in SERIOUS trouble, Gordo. The speed's been neutralized so now it's hurtin' time.

[With Young down on the mat, Copperhead lays in the boots for several hard kicks as the crowd jeers the much-larger competitor.]

GM: Copperhead pulling her off the mat... oh! Hard slap across the back of the head!

[She repeats the slap a few more times before dragging Young up, to her feet, and right into an inverted headlock before she leaps up, driving the back of the head into the mat with a modified bulldog!]

GM: Right down on the back of the head! You talk about a move that could leave you on Dream Street, that was it, Bucky.

BW: If Young's dreaming right now, she's dreaming of a world where she never made buddy buddy with Julie Somers. That's what brought this all one, Gordo.

[With Young down on the mat, Copperhead hits the ropes, building up speed as she leaps into the air, dropping a big splash down across her torso.]

GM: Big leaping splash by Copperhead! Again, some incredible height on that attack... but she's not even going to try and cover her.

BW: No way, Gordo. This one's not about winning. It's about hurting.

[Copperhead strides across the ring, making the tag again.]

GM: And in comes the Mamba, pulling her off the mat, scoops her up and slams her down! Brutal slam by Mamba... and look at this now, taunting these fans as well as her opponent.

[The crowd does jeer as Mamba drops to a knee, flexing a double bicep pose before climbing up and dropping an elbow down on the back of Young's head!]

GM: The Serpentes continue to punish Michelle Young...

BW: Young needs to tag out in a bad way, but I don't see the Serpentes letting her out. This is the opponent they wanted in the ring. They're sending a message that the Rages and their allies aren't happy about what happened to Lauryn.

[Mamba climbs to her feet, making another tag.]

GM: In the meantime, the Serpentes are showing off their tag team abilities, keeping the fresh woman in the ring with frequent tags.

BW: Which lets them use double-team maneuvers like this one.

[Mamba pulls Young up off the mat, lifting her up into a tight bearhug as Copperhead steps in, hopping up to the second rope...

...and then takes flight, connecting with a flying clothesline that sends Young spinning in the air and crashing down to the mat!]

GM: Oh, good grief! That might be it right there if the Serpentes choose to try and end this thing.

BW: Nah, they're not done yet, Gordo.

[Copperhead pushes back up to her feet, leaning over the downed Young.]

"Baby bird, you let your friends know that the Serpentes ain't messin' around!"

[With Mamba still in the ring and the referee protesting, the Serpentine hook Young around the throat, lifting her into the air, and DRIVING her down to the canvas!]

GM: DOUBLE CHOKESLAM! That's it!

BW: Is it?

GM: It better be!

[Referee Scott Ezra shouts at Mamba, trying to get her to exit the ring as a brave Louise Wiggans rushes in, charging across the ring, throwing a dropkick at Mamba, knocking her back into the corner. Wiggans gets to her feet...

...and Mamba shoves the official aside before LEVELING her with a running clothesline!]

GM: OHH!

BW: So much for bravery.

[Mamba stomps Wiggans until she rolls out to the floor as a pissed-off Copperhead snatches Young by the throat, hauling her limp form up to her feet as Mamba ignores the protests of the official, grabbing her around the throat again.]

GM: This is too much! This is going too far!

BW: This is what you call sending a message, Gordo. Do you think Somers is watching?

GM: I absolutely think she is and I'm betting she's seen just about enough!

[The tandem lifts Young into the air again before driving her down to the mat with a second double chokeslam!]

GM: OHH, COME ON!

[The official throws his arms apart, shouting at both women to finish the match...

...but when Mamba reaches down to grab her again, Scott Ezra spins away, signaling for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: What the-?!

GM: Scott Ezra has disqualified the Serpentine!

BW: WHAT?! WHY?!

GM: He kept trying to get Mamba out of the ring and she wouldn't go! He tried to get them to end the match and they wouldn't do it! Take your pick, Bucky!

BW: Oh, now he's done it. That's just going to make them mad.

[Copperhead makes a move towards the official who dashes aside, sliding out to the floor as a furious Mamba turns her attention back to the motionless Michelle Young down on the mat.]

GM: The match is over! Get them out of here!

BW: I'd say the match is over when they decide it's over, Gordo.

GM: That's not how this works! If they won't stop, maybe they need to be fined! Maybe they need to be suspended!

[And as Mamba pulls Young off the mat by the throat again, holding her in place as Copperhead comes back to join her in the double choke...

...the crowd ERUPTS in grateful cheers!]

GM: SOMERS! JULIE SOMERS!

[The Spitfire comes tearing down the aisle all by herself, quickly racing up the ropes as the Serpentine is alerted to her presence...

...and HURLS herself off the top, knocking both Mamba and Copperhead down to the mat as Michelle Young rolls to the floor. Somers scrambles, diving on top of Mamba with right hands to the skull as the fans get louder!]

GM: Julie Somers is getting her some after watching her friend be absolutely physically dominated by the Serpentine...

BW: Because of her!

GM: It's not HER fault!

BW: That's not how Shadoe Rage sees it!

[Somers is still pounding when Copperhead comes up off the mat, grabbing her by the hair from behind, pulling her off of Mamba.]

GM: Copperhead drags her off Mamba...

[And suddenly, the crowd begins cheering again!]

GM: MELISSA CANNON!

[Cannon tears down the aisle, diving under the bottom rope. She comes to her feet, exploding into a series of short forearms on Copperhead, backing her up against the ropes as she grabs Julie by the wrist, rushing forward together...

...and takes her over the top rope with a double clothesline, sending Copperhead down to the floor!]

GM: OH YEAH! Copperhead gets cleared out by Somers and Cannon!

[As Mamba comes up to her feet, Cannon throws a quick one-two forearm shot combo as Somers takes aim, rushing in, leaping up to snare her head between her legs...

...and takes Mamba up and over the ropes with a rana!]

GM: OH MY! There goes Mamba as well!

[Somers pumps a fist at the sight of Mamba out on the floor. Copperhead staggers over to stand alongside her partner as Cannon and Somers glare out.]

GM: Wow! This one just got red hot in a hurry, fans. We're going to take a quick break but when we come back, I'll be talking to the two women you see in the ring right now - Julie Somers and Melissa Cannon!

[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 then we fade back to live action where Gordon Myers is standing between two very angry looking women in Julie Somers and Melissa Cannon.]

GM: Alright, fans, I'm here at ringside with Melissa Cannon and Julie Som-

[An angry Somers cuts off Myers.]

JS: I have had enough! For weeks I have watched as The Serpentes have done nothing but cripple their opponents. It's not enough for them to win matches... they want to injure everyone they face! And tonight, they tried that one too many times against somebody I happen to know well! A friend of mine, Michelle Young, trained by one of my mentors, Stephaine Harper. Michelle wanted nothing more than to have a shot at wrestling in the AWA. So if Mamba and Copperhead think for one minute that I'm going to stand by and watch them try to put my friend out of the sport...

[She brushes her hair back behind her head, her face contorted, as if she's trying to watch what she says. She takes a deep breath]

JS: I just showed them how wrong they were!

GM: Melissa Cannon, what in the world is going on here?

MC: It's simple, Gordon. I was in the back talking to Lori Wilson... turned my back for a second and before I knew it, Julie was out the door and down the aisle. She didn't even hesitate before she put herself in harm's way - putting herself right in the Serpentine's path to save her friend. That's the kind of person I want watching MY back, Gordon. That's the kind of person I like calling a friend. And when friends need each other, they're there for each other. So, I'm telling you right here and now, that when we take on the Serpentine... we're going to be there for each other and that's more than those two snakes and their pal can handle.

GM: Julie, I know emotions are running high but-

JS: [cutting off Gordon again] Emotions are running high doesn't even begin to describe what I'm feeling right now! Serpentine, we've got you at Memorial Day Mayhem and we are going to put an end to this, once and for all! No longer are you going to get away with trying to injure somebody. No longer! At Memorial Day Mayhem, it ends!

MC: And you make sure Lauryn Rage is ringside to watch it happen because once we've put their shoulders down for a three count...

JS: She's next.

[Somers and Cannon exit as Gordon nods, turning back to the camera.]

GM: The challenge has been made and now we just have to wait and see if it's accepted! But right now, let's go backstage where the World Tag Team Champions are standing by!

[We cut back to the locker room area where Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan, dressed for action with the title belts slung over their shoulders, are standing on either side of Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. Gentlemen, this could not be the night you had in mind. What was scheduled as a tuneup match for the two of you has turned into what promises to be a competitive affair with some very high stakes.

[Taylor snorts.]

WT: Competitive affair? You don't even know who the opponents are going to be tonight, Mark, and you're already writing us off as overmatched?

MS: Not overmatched for sure as you two are the World Tag Team Champions... but you just said it yourself. You guys don't even know who your opponents are going to be but with the stakes laid down - the wager between Emerson Gellar and your so-called brother-in-arms Johnny Detson - you have to think Gellar is going to pull out all the stops.

TD: Are we supposed to be afraid, Stegglet?

[Donovan does the "spooky fingers."]

TD: Because we're not.

WT: That's right... because we've seen the tag teams in this locker room. We know who Gellar's got to choose from. You know, maybe he's going to bring out the Shadow Star Legion... those two no-necked wannabes from Japan who kicked a whole lot of butt over there but ain't gonna do a damn thing against the Kings of Wrestling.

TD: Or maybe he's got the Wilde Bunch. Dumb and yes, even dumber, to come out here and fight us. Odds are they'd get distracted by the idea of indoor plumbing and end up looking at the lights.

[Taylor laughs obnoxiously, throwing out his arm in front of his partner.]

WT: No, no, I got it, Tony... he's gonna put all his hopes and dreams squarely on the shoulders of Next Gen who've had our names on their lips for months now. Harper and Somers want to talk about how we embarrass the business... how we embarrass our family... how we sully the names of the men who came before us...

[Taylor shakes his head.]

WT: You may not like our attitudes, boys... and you may not like our style...

[Taylor slaps the title belt hanging over Donovan's shoulder and then the one on his own.]

WT: But you sure do have to appreciate the results.

[Donovan smirks.]

TD: You see, Stegglet... we're not worried about what Emerson Gellar's got up his sleeves here tonight because he doesn't have the Fraternity Boys... the Epitome of Cool... heck, even Violent-

[Taylor lifts a hand with a shush.]

WT: Tsk, tsk... you know the rules.

[Donovan shrugs.]

TD: Even those bugs we swatted in Air Strike. So, bring what you got, Gellar... we'll be waiting.

WT: You know who else will be waiting?

TD: Who?

WT: Johnny's travel agent because when we're done with whoever Gellar trots out here, Johnny's going to be looking to take a vacation for the 4th of July!

[The two men laugh at their own joke as Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: I just don't understand how you two can take this situation so likely.

WT: It's simple, Steggs. You're being blessed right now to stand next to the AWA World Tag Team Champions...

TD: Amen.

WT: The Tag Team of the Year for 2016...

TD: Mmhmm.

WT: The Kings of Wrestling...

TD: Yes sir.

WT: The most dominant duo since Hardin and Thunder...

TD: From bell to bell...

WT: ...and the team that your mama warned you about.

TD: ...and straight to hell.

WT: You're damn right. Besides, Mark... you of all people should know by now... the Kings of Wrestling?

We've always got a plan.

[Taylor very noticeably winks at the camera, gives Stegglet a little shoulder check, and walks out of view as Tony Donovan stays behind. Stegglet eyes him warily before speaking.]

MS: You've got something else to say to your opponents tonight?

[Donovan grins, leans close to the camera, and with a whisper...]

TD: Start running.

[And with that, he also makes his exit, leaving Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: Those two are something else. Fams, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, it'll be a non-title tag team action with VERY high stakes 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.

And then back up on the ring where we can still hear "Beer Drinkers And Hell Raisers" playing over the PA system. Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan are in the ring, giving Phil Watson a hard time as Brian Lau tries to peek over Watson's shoulders at his note cards. Watson pulls them away, glaring at Lau.]

GM: Welcome back, fans... and you can see that our impatient World Tag Team Champions made their way out here during the break. I believe they are a lot more anxious about this match than their comments to Mark Stegglet let on.

BW: Hey, facing an unknown opponent is never easy, Gordo... even when you're the Tag Team of the Year for 2016.

[Phil Watson speaks up.]

PW: The following contest is a non-title match set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this ti-

[Brian Lau snatches the mic out of Watson's hands.]

BL: We already know who they are! The whole world knows who the World Tag Team Champions are, Watson! We want to know who the opponent is and we want to know... NOW!

[Lau shoves the mic angrily into the chest of Watson, knocking him back a few steps. Watson grimaces as he glares at Lau...]

PW: And their opponents...

[Watson lowers the mic and walks out of the ring, leaving three confused Kings of Wrestling behind.]

BW: What kind of scam is this? What is Gellar pulling now?

GM: I'm not sure. Perhaps Phil Watson doesn't even know who the opponent is. He certainly didn't seem to-

[Suddenly, the video wall at the end of the aisle lights up with the smiling face of the Director of Operations, Emerson Gellar, who is backstage somewhere.]

EG: It looks like you guys are pretty eager to see who I found to face you. Before I bring them out, let's make sure - one more time - that we understand the wager going into this match. If you two win, not only does Johnny Detson get the night off at Memorial Day Mayhem from defending his title... but he'll also get the night off at the Battle of Boston from defending his title.

[Lau grins happily, nodding his head as he pats Taylor and Donovan on the backs.]

EG: BUT... if the team I'm about to send out there wins... then Johnny Detson WILL defend the title at Memorial Day Mayhem... and he'll do it against TORIN THE TITAN!

[Big cheer from the crowd! Lau swings his arms apart, shaking his head, shouting "NOT GONNA HAPPEN! NO WAY!"]

EG: Do we have a deal?

[Lau nods from inside the ring, shouting "SEND THEM OUT!"]

EG: Very good. Gentlemen, it's time to meet your opponents...

[Gellar's image fades away as a pregnant pause overtakes the arena. The crowd buzzes with anticipation, waiting to see who Gellar is going to unleash on the World Tag Team Champions...

...until familiar music begins to play over the PA system. The music brings a HUGE surprised reaction from the AWA faithful, a trio of dropped jaws inside the ring, and Gordon Myers uttering three words.]

GM: Oh... my... stars.

[The music is Slayer's "Dead Skin Mask" and as a trio walks from the back into the spotlight, the Alerus Center erupts in a shocked reaction!]

GM: WELCOME... TO THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE!

[The black-hooded form of the Prince of Darkness, Anton Layton, leads the way, walking with purpose towards the ring as The Lost Boy and Porter Crowley come lumbering into view behind him, flanking him on either side as Layton leads them down the aisle, raising his familiar crystal above his head.]

BW: Wha... there... there must be some mistake!

GM: I don't think so!

BW: Why?! Why would Layton do this?!

GM: Why would anyone managing a tag team in the AWA turn down a shot at the World Tag Team Champions - non-title or not?! Imagine what happens if the Slaughterhouse wins! Heck, for all we know, Emerson Gellar may have made some kind of deal to get them out here to begin with!

BW: A deal with the Devil himself.

[Taylor and Donovan look obviously concerned, huddling up but keeping their eyes on the aisleway as the dark trio approaches. Brian Lau is talking to both men, trying to settle them down, trying to keep them focused...

...but all that goes to hell as The Lost Boy and Porter Crowley slide under the bottom rope, coming to their feet, and rushing towards the World Tag Team Champions!]

GM: HERE WE GO!

[The bell sounds as Porter Crowley launches himself at Wes Taylor with a headbutt that catches him right in the mouth, knocking the son of the Outlaw back towards the corner as The Lost Boy and Tony Donovan start trading haymakers near the ropes. A shocked Brian Lau slams his hand down into the apron, shouting and pointing an accusing finger at Anton Layton who keeps his black hood in place, just looking up at the action in the ring with a smile.]

BW: Brian Lau is HOT at what's going on here. He can't believe Layton would allow Gellar to use him as a puppet.

GM: You sure you want to call the Prince of Darkness a puppet?

BW: I... uh... I don't know what came over me there. I apologize.

[In the ring, Crowley is pounding Taylor in the corner, his forearm flying faster and faster as it slams into the ear of one-half of the World Tag Team Champions, driving him from his feet and down into a seated position in the corner...

...just as The Lost Boy uses a swinging double axehandle to the chest of Tony Donovan, knocking the third-generation competitor down to the mat where he promptly rolls out to the floor. The Lost Boy moves to follow him but the referee jumps in his way, ordering him back to the corner.]

GM: The referee trying to get some semblance of control in this one... somehow getting The Lost Boy out to the apron...

[Crowley strides out of the corner, half-hobbling and crouched over as he wanders out to the middle of the ring, a wild look in his eyes as the fans buzz at what they're seeing...

...and then tears back in, driving his knee into the face of the seated Wes Taylor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A sneering Crowley grabs Taylor by the leg, dragging him out of the neutral corner to the middle of the ring. Stepping away, Crowley throws himself wildly into the ropes, rebounding off...

...and DROPS a 260 pound knee down across the bridge of the nose!]

GM: OHH!

BW: Wes Taylor could NOT have been ready for this, Gordo! No one could have! No one could've seen this coming!

GM: It certainly has shocked the fans here in the Alerus Center for sure... and they can't even figure out if they want to cheer Crowley for beating up Wes Taylor or boo him because he's Porter Crowley.

[Crowley stays down on Taylor, grinding his knee back and forth across the face of the good-looking youngster.]

GM: Crowley's trying to rip the nose right off Taylor's face!

["Pretty" Porter switches his position, grabbing Taylor by the hair and pistoning a fist repeatedly down between the eyes of one-half of the tag champions. Tony Donovan has climbed back up on the apron, shouting to his partner as Crowley hauls him to his feet, flinging him into the wrong part of town.]

GM: Taylor gets tossed back into the corner of the Slaughterhouse... and there's a tag to The Lost Boy!

[The Lost Boy ducks through the ropes, allowing Crowley to grab him by the singlet, swinging him around...

...and THROWS him like a spear towards Taylor, The Lost Boy's skull crashing into the gut of the champion!]

GM: Ohh! An effective yet unusual double team by the Slaughterhouse right there.

BW: Effective yet unusual could be the tagline for the Slaughterhouse in general, Gordo.

GM: It certainly could... and now the Lost Boy, hammering away with double axehandles to the chest of Taylor.

BW: These two are out of control. They can't stay focused on a body part, going after the face, the gut, now the chest.

[The referee steps in, forcing The Lost Boy to back off. He does - for a moment - and then moves back in towards Taylor who shoves himself out of the corner, connecting with a back elbow under the chin that stuns the wild one.]

GM: Taylor with the elbow, trying to create some space...

[Taylor wheels around, throwing a solid right hand to the jaw of Porter Crowley, knocking him off the apron to a scattering of cheers from the confused North Dakota crowd.]

GM: Taylor trying to fight his way out of the corner!

[But the lumbering Lost Boy throws a big boot up into the midsection, cutting him off. Taylor grabs the top rope with his right arm, trying to stay on his feet...

...and instantly regrets it as The Lost Boy grabs the arm, leaning over to sink his teeth into it!]

GM: He's biting him! He's biting him!

[Taylor howls, swatting at the Lost Boy's head as the referee starts a count.]

BW: The Lost Boy is a savage animal in there... and look at Layton, he's loving this.

GM: After what we saw two weeks ago, it's obvious that The Lost Boy and Porter Crowley have forsaken their former manager, Doctor Harrison Fawcett, who we had out here earlier tonight.

BW: Perhaps not by choice.

GM: That mysterious crystal is never far from the side of Anton Layton - that's for sure.

[The Lost Boy backs off at the count of four and change, licking his lips as Taylor winces in pain, holding his arm. The referee turns his back on the corner, reprimanding the dental work...

...as Crowley loops the tag rope around the throat of Wes Taylor, choking him with it as Taylor kicks his feet in the air, trying to escape as the fans react.]

GM: Crowley and The Lost Boy using some of the same tactics that the Kings of Wrestling like using... and you have to imagine that Johnny Detson is sitting in the back right now, wondering if he's made a horrible mistake that could cost him the World Title in just 21 nights.

BW: Could?! He's facing a giant if they lose this! A giant who beat a former two-time World Champion in less than five minutes!

[Crowley lets go just before the referee turns around, shoving Taylor from behind and sending him staggering towards The Lost Boy who scoops him up in his powerful arms, turns in a full 360, and slams him back down to the canvas.]

GM: Big body slam by The Lost Boy...

[Throwing his head back, the face-painted savage lets loose a howl that draws some jeers from the crowd... and then stomps Taylor in the head... and again... and again, forcing the champion to roll over near the ropes. The Lost Boy grabs the top rope, pressing his boot down on the throat of Taylor.]

GM: We've got another choke. Lau protesting. Donovan protesting. But the referee can't do anything but count.

[Again, The Lost Boy breaks at four and change, stomping away and leaving a coughing Taylor down on the mat as he tries to drag himself towards his corner where Tony Donovan is waiting for him.]

GM: Taylor's desperately looking to make a tag here but The Lost Boy circles around, moving back towards him...

[The Lost Boy delivers a hard soccer kick to the ribs of the crawling Taylor, forcing him under the ropes and out onto the ring apron. A snarling Lost Boy steps out on the apron with him, pulling him up by the hair...]

GM: Uh oh... both men out on the apron now and this can't be good news for either of them, Bucky.

BW: I wouldn't think so but you can hear Brian Lau screaming at Taylor, advising him on what to do. Lau understands the stakes in this one just as much as Johnny Detson does, Gordo.

GM: I'm a little surprised the World Champion isn't out here for this actually.

[The Lost Boy throws a pair of haymakers at Taylor, sending him staggering back towards his own corner. He advances on the Last Outlaw who steps forward, popping him under the chin with an uppercut!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: You could hear that one up in the cheap seats!

[Taylor lays a boot into the gut of The Lost Boy, hooking a front facelock...]

GM: Wait a second! Wait a second!

[...but The Lost Boy has other ideas, straightening up, and sending Taylor flipping over the top before crashing down on the barely-padded floor with a backdrop!]

GM: OH MY STARS, WHAT A COUNTER!!

[The Lost Boy grabs the top rope, keeping his balance as a wide-eyed Tony Donovan shouts to his partner. Brian Lau quickly scampers over, taking a knee next to Taylor as Anton Layton gleefully cackles.]

GM: Taylor went down hard off that backdrop and Bucky, you have to start thinking ahead a bit as well. Yes, this is a non-title match. Yes, the stakes are high for Johnny Detson. But Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan have a Winner Takes All title match against Calisto Dufresne and Travis Lynch in 21 days. If one of them gets injured against these two monsters, it could really cause some problems for them.

BW: Absolutely... and that's gotta be what's running through Brian Lau's head right about now.

GM: Lau right down on the floor with Taylor, trying to talk to his young protege and...

[Gordon goes silent for a moment.]

GM: Okay, fans... we've just received some breaking news. We've got a camera en route and-

[We cut to said camera, pushing through the entrance curtain. The shot goes blinding white for a moment until the camera adjusts...

...and reveals Travis Lynch and Calisto Dufresne, steel chairs in hand, keeping Johnny Detson from coming down the aisle!]

GM: Oh my! Look at that!

BW: THAT'S why Johnny isn't out here! These two thugs are keeping him from coming to the ring and- what right do they have to do this?!

GM: I don't know but Johnny Detson is being held at bay by the men who will challenge for the World Tag Team Titles in 21 days! The World Champion's got a ton on the line here and... he can't get to the ring to help his allies! So much for the so-called plan that the Kings of Wrestling were bragging about! Fans, we've got to take another break but we'll be right back with more of this tag team showdown!

[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 Stegglet, and Todd Michaelson at the AWA Grand Opening Press Conference is seen.]

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

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

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

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

"These men had a dream too."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

...and then come back to live action where Wes Taylor's arms are being held by The Lost Boy and Porter Crowley slams a forearm across the chest, sending him down to a knee.]

GM: Welcome back, fans. During the break, the Slaughterhouse has continued to dominate the World Tag Team Champions... and as you saw right before we went to commercial, Johnny Detson has been unable to get past Dufresne and Lynch to come down here.

[Pulling Taylor to his feet, Crowley walks him towards the Slaughterhouse corner before SMASHING his face into the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Taylor goes hard into the corner and as we creep up on the ten minute mark of this match, this kid has been absolutely brutalized by Crowley and The Lost Boy at the orders of Anton Layton.

BW: I hope Emerson Gellar is happy with himself, Gordo. I hope he's happy!

GM: Well, this isn't the way Gellar wanted to get Johnny Detson inside the ring at Memorial Day Mayhem but at this point, desperate times call for desperate measures.

[With Taylor leaning against the buckles, Crowley grabs him by the hair with one hand and SMASHES his skull into the face of Taylor - not particularly caring where his strike lands.]

GM: Headbutt in the corner... and another... and a third!

[Taylor clings to the ropes, trying to stay on his feet as Crowley steps back at the referee's order...

...and then BLASTS Taylor across the bridge of the nose with a two-step clothesline, causing Taylor to slump down, sitting on the mat with his back against the buckles.]

GM: Devastating clothesline to the face!

BW: TO THE FACE! What kind of an animal does such a thing?!

GM: Porter Crowley and The Lost Boy certainly fit that description as Anton Layton continues to bark orders from the floor... ordering another tag and the Slaughterhouse obliges, bringing The Lost Boy back into the mix.

[The Lost Boy steps in, joining his partner in stomping the face and chest of Taylor for a four count before Crowley exits the ring.]

GM: The wild-eyed Lost Boy, dragging Taylor up by the arm... big whip coming up...

[The whip SLAMS Taylor's back into the buckles, again clinging to the ropes to stay on his feet as Brian Lau and Tony Donovan shout encouragement to the son of the Outlaw. The Lost Boy looks out to Layton and receives instructions, nodding in understanding as he leans against the Slaughterhouse buckles...]

"TEN MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Here comes the 300 pounder!

[...and charges across the ring, looking to put Taylor through the buckles with a running avalanche!]

GM: AAAAAVAAAAALANNNNCHE!

[But Taylor leans back, desperately swinging his left leg up and jamming his cowboy boot up under the chin of The Lost Boy - a move that surprisingly earns a few cheers from the crowd who might've started to feel sorry for Taylor.]

GM: TAYLOR BRINGS UP THE BOOT!

[The Lost Boy staggers back, shaking his head to clear the cobwebs and comes in again...

...but Taylor sidesteps, flinging him chestfirst into the corner where he stumbles back out towards the waiting Taylor who catches him, lifts him up, and dumps him on the back of his head with a back suplex!]

GM: Oh my! Taylor with the counter and he's just opened a window for himself!

[Taylor stays on his back for several moments, breathing heavily as Tony Donovan steps up on the second rope, screaming at his partner to get to the corner and make the tag. Brian Lau echoes that cry, repeatedly slamming his hand down on the ring apron.]

GM: The Kings of Wrestling are calling for that tag!

[Taylor rolls to his stomach, stretching out an arm towards the corner that he's nowhere near...]

BW: Taylor doesn't even know where he is, Gordo. He's reaching for the tag and he's nowhere close to Tony Donovan!

[The Lost Boy grabs at the back of his head as he rolls to all fours, turning himself towards the shouts of Anton Layton, crawling in that direction.]

GM: Both men are down... both men are looking to make the tag...

[The Lost Boy is on his knees, wobbling forward as Porter Crowley stretches out his hand. On the other side of the ring, Wes Taylor is literally dragging himself across the ring, trying to get to Tony Donovan...]

GM: The Lost Boy's getting close! The Lost Boy is almost there!

[Crowley reaches out, slapping the hand...]

GM: Porter Crowley makes the tag!

[Crowley comes through the ropes, lumbering across towards Taylor who drags himself just outside of reach, stretching out his arm...

...and to a surprising burst of boos, Crowley grabs Taylor by the hair, pulling him back as he desperately stretches out his fingers towards Donovan.]

GM: Crowley cuts him off! Taylor was almost there as well and Crowley cut him off!

[Pulling him a few feet back, Crowley steps in behind the kneeling Taylor, swinging his arm violently across the face... once... twice... three times... four times before shoving him facefirst down to the mat to jeers from the crowd.]

GM: Porter Crowley with some brutal crossface strikes, throwing Taylor down to the mat and Donovan has some words for him.

[Donovan verbally attacks Crowley who simply smirks in response, turning to put himself between Taylor and Donovan as Taylor again pushes up, stretching out his hand...

...and Crowley soccer kicks him in the cheek, knocking him back down as Donovan cringes!]

GM: Good grief!

[A sneering Crowley leans down, dragging Taylor up off the mat by the arm, flinging him towards the ropes...]

GM: Taylor off the ropes...

[Crowley lifts him up around the torso, turning slightly so that he can drop him facefirst across the top turnbuckle...

...but Taylor manages to get the momentum going back the other way, SPIKING Crowley headfirst into the mat!]

GM: DDT! DDT! WHAT A COUNTER BY TAYLOR!

[And now with Crowley laid out on the mat and some fans cheering the impactful counter, Taylor pushes himself to all fours, crawling across the ring towards Donovan's outstretched hand...]

GM: Almost there! Allllmoooooost there!

[...and makes a lunge, slapping it!]

GM: TAG!

[The Lost Boy comes through the ropes, rushing across the ring towards Tony Donovan who is coming in hot...

...and dives towards the legs of the uncontrolled savage, slamming his shoulder into the front of the knee and sending The Lost Boy flipping through the air to the mat!]

GM: OH! Chop block! He took the Lost Boy's knee right out from under him!

[Donovan comes back to his feet, moving towards the corner where Porter Crowley is dragging himself to his feet, peppering him with right hands to the side of the head before whipping him across the ring...]

GM: Irish whip from corner to corner... here comes Donovan!

[A running avalanche in the corner is quickly turned into a side headlock as Donovan swings an arm in the air before charging out, leaping into the air, and DRIVING Crowley facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: BULLDOG HEADLOCK! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!

[Donovan flips Crowley over, diving across his chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But a kneeling Lost Boy throws himself on Donovan's back, breaking up the pin attempt.]

GM: No! The Lost Boy breaks it up!

[The Lost Boy grabs Donovan by the hair, slamming hammerfists down as the referee shouts at him, ordering him to get out of the ring. The Lost Boy ignores him though, getting to his feet as Crowley does the same, grabbing at his scarred face.]

GM: The Slaughterhouse with the double team... whips him across...

[The brawling duo lock hands, looking for a double clothesline but Donovan ducks it on the rebound, coming off the far side...

...where Brian Lau trips up The Lost Boy, breaking off the attack as Crowley runs right into a snap powerslam by Donovan!]

GM: POWERSLAM!

[Outside the ring, Anton Layton snaps his hood back, staring dead in the eyes of Brian Lau from across the ring...]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: That might've been a mistake, Brian!

GM: The Prince of Darkness is coming for Brian Lau!

[Layton angrily stomps from his spot in the corner, circling around the ringpost as Brian Lau backpedals away, begging off...]

GM: Layton's coming for him and I can't wait to see what happens there!

[Inside the ring, Tony Donovan catches a glimpse of what's going on out on the floor...

...and makes a dash for it, baseball sliding and driving his feet into the side of Anton Layton's head, sending the Prince of Darkness toppling over on the floor!]

GM: OHH!

[Donovan slides out to the floor, standing over Layton, trash-talking the Prince of Darkness as Lau scampers around the ringpost, joining in the trash-talking.]

GM: Well, Brian Lau looks REAL brave now, Bucky.

BW: Hey, he's got some backup now so... wait a second!

[Lau's eyes light up at the sight of Anton Layton's treasured crystal laying on the floor just outside of Layton's hand. He shouts something to Donovan who starts putting the boots to Layton as Lau slips in, leans down, and snatches it. His eyes go wide as he lifts the crystal over his head towards the sky.]

GM: Oh my stars! Brian Lau's got the crystal! He's got the crystal!

BW: The most powerful manager on the planet just got UNLIMITED POWWWERRRR!

[Donovan turns back to the ring, climbing up on the apron as Porter Crowley staggers towards him, catching him with a right hand across the jaw.]

GM: Oh! Crowley catches him!

[Grabbing Donovan by the hair, Crowley races down the length of the ring, looking to smash his face into the ringpost...]

...but Donovan brings up a boot to block it! He throws a back elbow, catching Crowley in the cheek and sending him spinning away.

Meanwhile, out on the floor, a gleeful Lau is backing up, crystal in hand...]

BW: Brian! BRIAN! TURN AROUND!

[...and backs right into The Lost Boy! Lau spins around, a panicked look on his face as he sees the monster staring him dead in the eyes. He tries to back up but before he can, The Lost Boy grabs him by the hair and BLASTS him with a headbutt that knocks Lau out COLD!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: HE'S OUT! LAU IS OUT COLD!

[The Lost Boy stands over him as Anton Layton rises off the floor, walking over and retrieving his property from the downed Hall of Fame manager.]

"FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!"

GM: And now Layton's got the crystal back! Layton's got- wait... what's going on? Go!

[We cut quickly back to the locker room area where a furious Brian James is now standing side by side with Johnny Detson and - steel chairs or not - he's coming through Dufresne and Lynch!]

GM: WE'VE GOT A FIGHT IN THE BACK! A FIGHT HAS BROKEN OUT IN THE BACK!

BW: The Lost Boy put his hands on Brian Lau and now Brian James is going to cave in every single part of his body for it!

[As the brawl continues in the locker room, security and AWA officials flooding into view, we cut back to the ring where Tony Donovan is whipping Porter Crowley across the ring...]

GM: Crowley off the far side... ducks the clothesline...

[Crowley hangs onto the ropes, not coming back again. Donovan looks puzzled at him until a bellow from behind gets Donovan's attention just before The Lost Boy leaves his feet with a wild crossbody block that knocks the third generation grappler down to the mat!]

GM: OH MY!

BW: Crowley and Donovan are legal, I think.

GM: I think you're right... and so does the referee as he orders The Lost Boy out of the ring.

[As The Lost Boy exits, Crowley drags the dazed Donovan up off the mat...

...and then ducks down, lifting him up into a fireman's carry...]

GM: He's got him up! Crowley's got him up!

[And suddenly, the crowd rises to their feet, reacting to the sight of a brawl in the aisleway!]

BW: THEY GOT THROUGH!

[We cut to the top of the aisle where Brian James is ruthlessly battering Calisto Dufresne with elbowstrikes while Johnny Detson and Travis Lynch exchange haymakers. They are ringed by AWA officials and security trying to keep them from getting any closer to the ring...]

We make a quick cut back to the ring where a distracted Porter Crowley has allowed Tony Donovan to slip off his shoulders. The official is also distracted, looking down the aisle and not seeing Donovan drop down to his knees...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: LOW BLOW!

[Crowley recoils from the blow, staggering forward and collapsing over the middle rope. The referee wheels around, shouting at Donovan, accusing him of the illegal strike as Donovan pleads his case...]

...and suddenly, someone comes over the barricade, snatching up a ringside chair in their hands...]

GM: Wait a second! Wait a second!

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and TEES OFF on the head of Porter Crowley, bashing him with the chair across the skull!]

GM: HOLY...

[Crowley collapses backwards in a heap. Tony Donovan shoves his way past the referee, diving across him as a still-dazed Wes Taylor flings himself at the legs of The Lost Boy, holding him as the referee dives to the mat!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE!!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: Unbelievable!

BW: VICTORY!

[Donovan rolls off of Crowley, holding up three fingers as the referee grabs him by the wrist, holding it in the air.]

BW: They did it, Gordo! The tag champs showed why they’re the best in the world!

GM: With all those outside shenanigans?! I can’t... that’s Shane Taylor!

BW: The bodyguard delivers, daddy!

GM: We haven’t seen him with the Kings in weeks and... what a timely arrival for the bodyguard of Brian Lau who looks just as shocked as I am. Shane Taylor just paid huge dividends for the Kings of Wrestling and... my stars, Bucky, I just realized... Detson. Detson won the bet!

BW: He sure did!

[The sound of the bell has slowed the brawling in the aisle but Brian James is still being physically restrained by about ten security guards trying to prevent him from getting to The Lost Boy. Nearby, a huge grin is splashed across the face of Johnny Detson as he thrusts his arms up into the air!]

GM: Johnny Detson just... he just got out of defending the World Title at Memorial Day Mayhem!

BW: AND the Battle of Boston! Johnny's got a vacation to plan, daddy!

GM: This is awful... simply terrible. Porter Crowley had... he had Donovan up for Damaged Goods. If he had hit it, it would've been all over, Bucky.

BW: Coulda, woulda, shoulda... the fact is that the Slaughterhouse put up one heck of a fight but the Kings are still the Kings! They told you, Gordo! They told us all that they had a plan and they sure did!

[Inside the ring, Wes Taylor is embracing his uncle who saved the day for the Kings of Wrestling as Brian Lau looks on happily. Tony Donovan leans against the ropes as Lau pats him on the back, retrieving the title belts from the ringside attendant.]

GM: What a huge moment for the Kings of Wrestling! They just saved the World Title - potentially for months!

BW: There's gonna be one heck of a party tonight... too bad we're in Grand Forks where the Instagram model crop ain't gettin' a single "like" from this broadcaster.

GM: Fans... the celebration is ongoing... except for Brian James who may need to be tied down to keep him from caving in The Lost Boy's skull... we're going to take another break but when we come back, it's just about Main Event time here on The X and you do NOT want to miss that!

[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.

As we come back from black, a single spotlight shines over the ring. And there, in the center of that spotlight is a man who is truly a living legend in the sport of professional wrestling. His figure is unmistakable. Seven feet tall, three hundred and fifty pounds. In blue jeans and a black leather jacket, with the spotlight reflecting brilliantly off of his mirrored shades. There is only one Alex Martinez, and the Last American Badass waits for the deafening roar of the fans to die down, as he prepares to speak.]

AM: Ya know somethin', for just about twenty years, I've been doin' this.

[Martinez looks out over the Alerus Center, nodding his head a few times, as he considers the thousands in attendance.]

AM: Comin' out here, standin' in front of the fans, holdin' the mic up and speakin' from the heart. And for damn near twenty years, it's been the easiest thing in the world for me.

Whether I was cheered, or whether I was booed, I've never had any problems comin' up with somethin' to say.

Until somethin' happened two weeks ago that left me speechless.

[Martinez draws in a breath and exhales slowly.]

AM: Twenty years is a long time, and let's tell it like it is. Alex Martinez ain't never been a saint. Sometimes I've been on one side of the fence, and a lotta times I've

been on the other. I've done fair share of hell raisin'. And lookin' back on it, there's things I've done that I've come to regret.

But through it all, there's always been one thing that's stayed consistent. When I fought, I fought for myself. The titles I won? They were for me, and for me alone. The wars I waged, they were because someone got in my way or made the mistake of pissin' me off. When I spoke, I spoke my truth, for myself.

I've lived my life as a fighter, but every fight has been about myself. I ain't never needed somethin' bigger than myself. I ain't never wanted no cause, never looked for no ideal. I'm Alex Martinez, the Last American Badass. And for twenty years, that's all I've ever needed.

Until two weeks ago.

[Martinez begins to pace back and forth, the spotlight following him as he does.]

AM: Two weeks ago, the fans were screamin' out the name "Martinez," but it wasn't me they wanted.

They were screamin' for another Martinez. For a man who represents somethin' that they all believe in. Them fans chantin' "Martinez" and wearin' them #HoldTheLine and White Knight t-shirts weren't lookin' for Alex Martinez, because he ain't the man that they believe in.

And when that big Russian put me on my ass, and I was lookin' out at the arena through glazed eyes, well, that's when I saw the light, and I finally understood what was happenin'.

[Martinez stops in the center of the ring.]

AM: See, I always knew that I had to fight. I always knew that, when it comes down to it, I'm one of the meanest, nastiest sons of bitches that was ever put on this earth. But what I came to understand was this –

The most important thing in the world is what we fight for. And if the only thing we fight for is ourselves, then the world becomes a very small place. All my life, I've fought for just myself, and I've been wrong those whole damn time. There are things bigger than me. Things bigger than any one person. And those big things? Those are the things worth fightin' for.

Those are the things that those people believed in. And they were chantin' for the man who's spent years comin' out and tellin' them just that. That they can dream big. That they can stand for somethin' right, and somethin' meaningful.

And so for two weeks, I've been askin' myself a simple question:

What do I believe in now?

[The camera zooms in close on Martinez' face.]

AM: And there's a simple answer – I believe in the same thing every AWA fan believes in.

I believe in the man who stood up to the Wise Men. I believe in the man who rallied together a dozen different men, with a dozen different beliefs, and who took the fight to the Wise Men, and refused to surrender until they were defeated.

I believe in the man who actually made the AWA great again when he sent them Wise Men packin'.

I believe in the man who went into the most famous arena in the entire world and took the World Title from the unbeatable World Champion.

I believe in the man who ended the career of the most evil man to ever lace up a pair of wrestlin' boots. And who ended that career right here, in the center of the ring, and didn't need a chair, a table, or a fireball to do it.

I believe in the man, who, at the age of twenty-five, still holds the record for the AWA's longest World Title reign. The man who beat Dave Bryant, who beat Hannibal Carver, and who went sixty minutes with Johnny Detson and even though he had a bum shoulder, beat him too.

I believe in my firstborn son.

[Martinez pulls off his shades, and the camera zooms in tight on his dark eyes.]

AM: I believe in Ryan Martinez.

Ryan has always believed that hope was stronger than fear. That strength could defeat cowardice. He has always looked forward, and never looked back. He has always believed in the future, and never longed for the past.

What you saw when this show started tonight was the work of little men. Petty, vindictive, small-minded, and I'll say it again, little men. Men who have no hope, who possess no convictions. Men who want to grab everything and claim its theirs. Men who can't even recognize the difference between right and wrong because they've made their worlds so small there ain't room in it for anything but their own tiny little wants.

Maybe it seems like they're right. Maybe it seems like in this world you gotta take what ya want and leave nothin' behind for anyone else.

Except that time after time, Ryan Martinez has proven that's not true.

Hope will always overcome despair. Honor will always triumph over greed. The world, and the AWA will always eventually come outta the darkness and into the light. Ya saw it with the Wise Men. Ya saw it with Temple.

And I believe that one day, the sun will rise again.

Until then, all that you fans need to do is what Ryan asked ya to do.

Hold that damn line!

[And with those words, a roar erupts across the Alerus Center, deafening in its intensity, and each time it seems to die down, it roars back to life, until finally, there is enough quiet for Martinez to continue.]

AM: And I swear, on my son's name, that I'll be standin' right there with ya. I'll fight for everything that I believe in. I'll fight for my son, until the day comes when he's back and fightin' for himself. I ain't here for myself no more.

I'm here for him, and if ya believe in the White Knight, then this Badass is here for you too.

Here's the simple truth – this old body don't have much fight left in it. Twenty years of bein' knocked around has made me famous, but its also left me beat all to hell. And I ain't complainin', and I ain't bitter, and I got no regrets. It is what it is, and if I had to do it all over again, I'd go twice as hard.

But “almost done” ain’t the same as bein’ done.

Believe this - there’s still a couple more fights left in this old dog. And one of them fights I got left in me is against the smallest man in the AWA.

I’m talkin’ about you, amigo.

Vasquez, I’m sure you can’t quite wrap your head around high minded concepts like hope. And that’s fine, because you and me? We’re cut from the same cloth, ain’t we? Street kids who fought their way to the top. Only difference between you and I is that somehow, in my old age, I managed to learn somethin’ about bein’ a better man and you’ve been poisoned by your own hype.

But let me say this straight: let’s you and me fight.

And let’s do it on Memorial Day!

Gellar, I’ll sign whatever piece of paper you want. I’ll agree to any stipulations ya come up with. All I want is a ring, a referee, and Juan, and if I get that, then I don’t care what else I gotta sign away. And frankly, with the way Juan and his Russian buddy have been actin’?

I believe ya want this too.

So make it happen. Because there’s one last thing I believe. I believe that if Juan Vasquez gets in the ring with me on Memorial Day, then he’s gonna get...

BURNED!!!

[And with that, Martinez lets the microphone drop from his hand, as he exits the ring, making his way back to the locker room.]

GM: I... I’m speechless, Bucky.

BW: Thank god for small miracles.

GM: Alex Martinez with a challenge - and a promise. He is going to be right here for AWA fans, living up to the ideals that his son, Ryan, laid down. He’s going to be right here to Hold The Line. And he wants to do exactly that at Memorial Day Mayhem when he goes one-on-one with Juan Vasquez.

BW: Look, it’s good to make the fans cheer... and that’s all he was going for there because you and I both know that Alex Martinez has not been physically cleared to compete... he has not been medically cleared to compete. We both know there’s a better than good chance that he never competes again. So, he can stand out here and make a grandstand challenge that he knows will never take place and these idiot fans can smile about it. But we know the truth. And the truth is that Alex Martinez’ days as professional wrestler are done... they’re over... he’s finished.

GM: I refuse to believe that. These fans refuse to believe that. And now it’s up to Emerson Gellar to refuse to believe that. Make it happen. Give these people what they want to see. Give them Juan Vasquez versus Alex Martinez... and give it to them at Memorial Day Mayhem.

[We fade away as Alex Martinez walks out of view...

The black screen is there for a moment, holding steady.

And a word appears all in white.]

"WARRIOR."

[The word fades, leaving the black screen for a few moments.

And a new word appears all in white.]

"FIGHTER."

[It too fades back to black.

And another word appears in white.]

"SOLDIER."

[Black. White. A little bit faster now. Two words flashing in succession.]

"DEFENDER."

"CONQUEROR."

[A little bit faster now, two more words flashing one after another.]

"GUARDIAN."

"VICTOR."

[And then the black screen, leading to one more...]

"HERO."

[This one stays for a while before slowly morphing into a final word.

Make it a name.]

"MASON."

[It stays for a very long time before fading to black...

...and then up 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 21 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! If you do not already have your tickets, we are SOLD OUT in Seattle so make your plans right now to join us from home - contact your cable or satellite provider and tell them you want to be a part of Memorial Day Mayhem. Let's take a look at the lineup so far!

[Cut to a shot of the Serpentes on one side of the graphic and Julie Somers with Melissa Cannon on the other.]

MS: It'll be tag team action in the Women's Division when Julie Somers and Melissa Cannon team up to take on The Serpentine. The bad blood between these four has been building up for weeks now and tonight finally sent it over the edge.

[The graphic changes to show a whole lot of AWA competitors.]

MS: Earlier tonight, Emerson Gellar made it official - an Open Invitational Battle Royal with the winner earning themselves a slot in the Battle of Boston tournament! We know that Torin The Titan will be making his AWA return in this one but who else has made the field? We'll have more names in the weeks to come.

[Another graphic change shows a silhouette of a man with the word "MASON" underneath.]

MS: How about the much-anticipated debut of the man simply known as Mason? There's been a lot of hype around this one and I, for one, can't wait to see what this competitor brings to the table.

[The graphic switches again, this time showing Jordan Ohara and Larry Wallace flanked by Hamilton Graham.]

MS: These two have been at each other's throats for weeks and in Seattle, we'll see the rubber match when "Flawless" Larry Wallace takes on Jordan Ohara. Of course, with Hamilton Graham at ringside, Ohara better grow eyes in the back of his head for this one.

[Another switch, this time showing Rex Summers and The Gladiator.]

MS: The Steal The Spotlight contract will be defended once more when "Red Hot" Rex Summers takes on The Gladiator by order of Emerson Gellar. You can bet that SM&K will be looking to protect the prized possession of Rex Summers but will it be enough to put a stop to the undefeated streak of The Gladiator?

[The graphic changes to show Charisma Knight and Ayako Fujiwara.]

MS: You talk about big debuts? Ayako Fujiwara - at long last - is coming to the AWA and in her debut match, she's going to go one-on-one with Charisma Knight who has been calling her out for months! This one has the potential to shake the Women's Division to the core.

[Another graphic change.]

MS: What happens when you take two of the most physical fighters in pro wrestling and hook them together with a ten foot steel chain? Bloodshed. Carnage. Brutality. The Russian Chain Match pitting Kolya Sudakov against Maxim Zharkov is on the card as well.

[And again.]

MS: It'll be a SuperClash rematch when Supernova puts the World Television Title on the line against the man he won it from, Shadoc Rage! After recent events, this one promises to be a hot one to kick off the summer.

[The words WINNER TAKES ALL appears on the screen.]

MS: And in the Main Event, it'll be Winner Takes All when Travis Lynch and Calisto Dufresne take on the World Tag Team Champions, Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan. Remember, fans... if either Lynch or Dufresne pin or submit the champs, the tag titles will change hands... and if either Taylor or Donovan pin or submit Travis

Lynch, they'll become the new National Champion. It's going to be high stakes in Seattle for this one.

[The graphics fade, leaving Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: Now... earlier tonight, we heard a challenge issued by Alex Martinez, the Hall of Famer himself. He has called out Juan Vasquez. He has offered to sign anything the AWA wants him to sign. He has agreed to any stipulation that Juan Vasquez wants. He wants Vasquez and he wants him at Memorial Day Mayhem. Joining me right now LIVE is Emerson Gellar to address this situation...

[We cut to a split screen shot with Stegglet on one side and Gellar on the other.]

MS: Mr. Gellar, you heard what Alex Martinez had to say no doubt...

[Gellar nods.]

MS: ...do you have a response for him... and for the AWA faithful who want that match?

[Gellar nods again.]

EG: Mark, this is not the first request that Alex Martinez has made for a match since suffering his injuries at the hands of the Dogs of War over a year ago. He has made requests for matches with them... with Caleb Temple... with Hannibal Carver... and yes, with Juan Vasquez.

However, this is the very first public request he's made.

[Gellar bites his lower lip briefly.]

EG: My response is the same as he's heard over and over. The AWA medical staff - to a person - has refused to grant Mr. Martinez clearance to compete as a professional wrestler. The accumulation of injuries that he's received over the past twenty years has certainly caught up with him and as I stand here, we have not found a single doctor willing to clear him to compete.

MS: Mr. Gellar, are you saying that Mr. Martinez' request is denied?

[Gellar looks solemnly into the camera.]

EG: Unfortunately, yes. As much as I - as a promoter - would love to put Juan Vasquez versus Alex Martinez on Memorial Day Mayhem, I cannot - in good conscience - make that-

[Suddenly, a calm, yet almost threatening voice interrupts this scene.]

"Mr. Gellar..."

[The split screen abruptly ends as the camera pans over to source of this interruption. There, we see the two-time AWA World Heavyweight champion, Supreme Wright. A roar of boos greets the former champion, who stares coolly at Gellar. He is dressed stylishly as always in a grey/purple checkered plaid tweed jacket, a lavender dress shirt underneath, and grey slacks.]

SW: ...a minute of your time, please.

[Gellar drops his head and rubs his temples.]

EG: I was in the middle of...

[Gellar's voice trails off as he gestures towards the camera. With a shake of his head, he continues.]

EG: Of course, Supreme... how can I help you?

SW: I assume you've taken notice of what I've accomplished recently.

EG: Yes. Of course. You've made a very impressive winning streak for yourself. It's quite an extensive list of victories in such a short amount of time.

[Supreme doesn't react to Gellar's words, continuing to stare at the Director of Operations with unblinking eyes.]

SW: Then I don't think it's out of line for me ask what your plans are for me at Memorial Day Mayhem.

[Silence.]

SW: It's a simple question, Mr. Gellar.

EG: It's not as simple as you think.

SW: Mr. Gellar...

...I respectfully disagree.

[He takes a step forward. To Gellar's credit, he doesn't take a step back.]

SW: You're bending over backwards trying to find a way to place a man physically incapable of wrestling into MY ring and you find a place for me? You can find precious blocks of time to devote to promote and hype whoever the hell this...

[Wright pauses briefly, trying to remember.]

SW: ...MASON person is, but you can't schedule a match for your best wrestler?

[Supreme narrows his eyes.]

SW: Mr. Gellar, if I didn't know any better, I'd be led to believe that you have something against me.

[The expression on Wright's face doesn't change, but his calmness almost seems to make his demeanor seem even MORE threatening.]

EG: Far from it, Mr. Wright. Believe me, everyone up top is impressed by your recent winning streak. It seems that you're very motivated when faced with a challenge. And while we do recognize and appreciate your skills, it seems that whenever you have something to prove, you're capable of upping your performance even higher.

SW: Get to the point, Mr. Gellar.

EG: What I'm saying, Supreme... is that while you may not be on the card right now, there's still an opportunity for you to prove that you belong on it. Continue to win. Continue to dominate. Continue to show us just what you're capable of.

[Wright doesn't say anything, but he appears to be considering Gellar's words.]

EG: Consider this... motivation.

SW: "Motivation?"

[Wright snorts.]

SW: Mama didn't raise no fool, Mr. Gellar. I know exactly what you're doing. But I'll play your game.

[He leans in close. Far too close for comfort.]

SW: If you want to see what I'm capable of when I'm...

[Wright smiles. It's as unsettling as you'd think it is.]

SW: ..."motivated", then that's exactly what you're gonna' get.

[And with that, Wright takes a step back. He glares at Gellar. Merely for a brief moment, but for what seems like a lifetime, before turning around and walking away. Gellar shakes his head to himself and walks off into the opposite direction as we fade out...

...and then back up to another part of the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing. On one side is Bret Grayson, the Olympic gold medalist who is in prime physical condition with wide shoulders and well-defined muscles. His short black hair is messily curled as he stands in a stylized version of a Team USA wrestling singlet - red with blue and white star logos in various places. There is a gold medal imprint on the chest of the singlet.

On the other is Sid Osborne who is just about as different as you can get. He's a punk rock prom king, sporting two full sleeves of tattoos along with more on his chest. His hair is five tall spikes of jet black with red tips. He's currently also sporting a chain between his nose ring and his ear ring while standing in his jet black double singlet with silver trim.]

SLB: Fans, it's like I've stepped into the Crockett Coliseum all over again as I stand here between these two men who've made their way through the Combat Corner and now compete as part of CCW - Combat Corner Wrestling. Gentlemen, I have to say that the entire world was shocked to see you here tonight.

SO: Is that right, Lou? The entire world?

[The Sin City Savior's every word is dripping with smarminess.]

SO: Did you run out and do a quick survey? And was the second question on that survey "do you think that Juan Vasquez and Maxim Zharkov will be getting their asses kicked tonight?" Because I can give you the answer to that one, Lou... hold on, hold...

[Osborne looks away and then turns back with a big fake grin.]

SO: SURVEY SAYS?! "DING!" It's on the board, Lou. It's not a matter of conjecture, it's a matter of fact. When Juan Vasquez ran his mouth two weeks ago in OUR direction, it became a situation where we couldn't stand by and wait for someone else to shut him up.

SLB: So...

SO: You know what, Blackwell... we got this.

[Osborne snatches the mic away from Sweet Lou, nudging him aside.]

SO: Juan Vasquez is out there tonight talking about Gordon Myers bringing the so-called fake news. Well, let me lay some facts on everyone right now.

My name is Sid Osborne and they call me the Sin City Savior. And I'm one of the most miserable men in this whole business unless I'm in the ring putting my elbow upside someone's jaw and my boot up someone's ass.

[Osborne turns the mic towards Bret Grayson who leans over.]

BG: Fact.

[Osborne nods, reclaiming the mic.]

SO: And his name is Bret Grayson... and despite being the most noble son of a bitch that I know... despite neither one of us liking each other one single bit... he's a friggin' Olympic gold medalist and one of the best professional wrestlers that YOU haven't seen.

[Grayson shrugs with a grin.]

BG: Fact.

SO: And if you're sitting at home right now thinking that this is going to be a walk in the park for Vasquez and Zharkov, I will tell you right now... looking each and every one of you dead in the eye... that you are wrong.

[Grayson leans in, his voice lowered.]

BG: Fact.

SO: And if you just happen to be Maxim Zharkov thinking that you can twist us into knots, throw us around, and shout about Mother Russia like you've done to preliminary wrestlers and schlubs from other sports from the past year, you'd be wrong too.

BG: Fact.

SO: And if you're Juan Vasquez...

[A smirk crosses Osborne's face.]

SO: Oh, if you're Juan Vasquez...

[Osborne settles in like he's about to let loose... but Grayson snatches the mic away from him.]

BG: Sorry, Sid... nobody's got time for all that. You see, my partner here tonight is known for having a bit of a mouth on him... and I feel like if I let him finish what he was about to say, not only would we be here all night but we just might find ourselves looking to take a meeting with another promotion tomorrow morning.

[Osborne shrugs sheepishly.]

SO: Fact.

BG: So, let me make it real clear what's about to happen. The two of us are going to walk down that aisle. We're going to climb in that ring. We're going to show the world why the Combat Corner is STILL the best place on Earth to train to be a pro

wrestler. We're going to show them why CCW may not be the major league but it's got competition like you wouldn't believe.

And we're going to show Zharkov and Vasquez why getting in the ring with us...

[He gestures at Osborne and himself.]

BG: ...is as real as it gets.

[Grayson turns, making his exit as Osborne stays behind, mic in hand.]

SO: Fact. You piece of-

[And we abruptly cut from backstage to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

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

[The lights drop down to nothing, plunging the arena into darkness to the loud buzz of the crowd.]

A low electronic buzz is heard; the opening section of "Final Countdown" by Europe. As the various industrial/synth sounds come up, small plumes of steam emit from around the entranceway. And then, the famous synthziser riff begins, causing the crowd hype to build.]

GM: These two sure know how to make an entrance.

BW: Pretty disrespectful if you ask me. These guys haven't paid their dues, Gordo. What gives them the right to make everyone wait like this?

[The entire opening keyboard section plays with the arena in darkness.]

GM: Juan Vasquez caused this, fans. Remember, Vasquez was the one two weeks ago who said that the Combat Corner hadn't produced any talent in a long time... and apparently Sid Osborne and Bret Grayson have taken offense to that.

[At last, as the voice counts down from ten, a thin golden silhouette appears on the big screen. It fills in as the countdown proceeds, and dim white lighting reveals that the entranceway is filling with thick white mist, like a smoke cloud. At about four, we can make out that the filling-in silhouette is a gradually-illuminated Olympic Gold Medal, and the mist really starts to pour out from the curtain.]

At two, the entrance way floods with golden light, as if a rocket were taking off. And at zero, the light drops, replaced by red, white, and blue small spotlights playing through the now-receding mist, and resting on a figure who is now being revealed standing in the entrance way... none other than Bret Grayson. The big screen displays a slow-motion image of Bret Grayson on the gold medal stand in the Olympic Games as Grayson replicates the gold medal pose under the spotlights, head bowed as if receiving the medal. His head raises back up as the arena lights return to normal, and smirks at the arena as he displays his Olympic Gold Medal by stretching out his arms.

Bret Grayson is a man in prime physical condition, with wide shoulders and well-defined muscles. He has black hair kept short but messily curled. He has hazel eyes and an epic-level smirk. He's wearing a white ring jacket with an American flag design motif and "USA" emblazoned on the back in red and blue font. He stands at the top of the aisle, taking it all in...

...until Sid Osborne storms from the back, shoving past his tag team partner in a black hoodie that covers up his upper body, leaving his thick legs exposed as he heads towards the ring, not bothering to wait for Grayson who strides down the aisle, chin up and head held high.]

We're leaving together,
But still it's farewell

[Upon arriving at ringside, Grayson walks around the ring and walks up to the steps. He stands on the steps, head bowed again, and both hands raised in the air with index fingers pointing to the sky. And he waits.]

And maybe we'll come back,
To earth, who can tell?
I guess there is no one to blame
We're leaving ground
Will things ever be the same again?

[Grayson waits until the chorus...]

IT'S THE FINAL COUNTDOWN!

[... and as it goes, he takes the last step onto the apron, nimbly hops over the top rope, and does a quick spin, immediately dropping to his knees and stretching his arms again to the cheers of the crowd as a single white spotlight is now on him. Red, white, and blue spotlights now sweep the entire arena. He leaps up from his knees, much as he did when he won his gold medal, and flings his ring jacket off to the mat with a flourish. This reveals his ring attire: a blue stylized version of a Team USA wrestling singlet, with red-and-white star logos and "USA" imprinted across the back in red and white. His boots are a matching shade of blue and he sports white knee pads. Grayson walks around the ring, going to the second rope in each corner, soaking in the cheers...]

PW: At a total combined weight of 503 pounds... the team of BRET GRAYSON and SID OSSSSBORRRRRNNNNE!

[The music starts to die down as some of the fans pick up a chant, dueling with different sections of the crowd.]

"SIN CI-TY SID!"
"BREH-ET GRAY-SON!"
"SIN CI-TY SID!"
"BREH-ET GRAY-SON!"
"SIN CI-TY SID!"
"BREH-ET GRAY-SON!"

[The chants continue as Osborne too mounts a midbuckle, shedding his hoodie as he looks out on the fans with a nod.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The fans ERUPT into boos at the sound of DMX's "No Sunshine."]

#It's dark... and hell is hot

PW: At a total combined weight of 565 pounds... accompanied down the aisle by Jackson Hunter... the team of THE TSAR, MAAAAAXIIIM ZHAAAARRRRKOV... and JUAAAAAAAAAAN VAAAAASSSSSQUEZ!

[The boos pick up as the aforementioned trio walks into view, standing in unity at the top of the aisle, looking out at the Alerus Center crowd. Hunter is a step or two in front of the duo, dressed in the same suit we saw him earlier. He looks incredibly pleased with himself, nodding at the jeering crowd.]

Maxim Zharkov is a fortress of humanity, his head shaved clean but with thick eyebrows and a might mustache. To the ring, he's wearing short amateur style wrestling boots and a metallic grey amateur singlet with a single five-pointed red star on the front outlined in gold.]

BW: The good ol' USA taking on Mother Russia. Feels like the Cold War has come to North Dakota, daddy!

GM: I've got a feeling this Cold War is about to get hot real quick, Bucky.

[Juan Vasquez rounds out the so-called axis of evil, standing in one of his trademark jumpsuits. He's pulled the top down, showing off a black t-shirt underneath that reads "I BROKE SWEET DADDY'S NECK" in block white text. He jerks a thumb at his chest, grinning at the crowd's reaction as the trio starts down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: The electricity is in the air for this one as these two young men from Combat Corner Wrestling look to make an immediate impact on the American Wrestling Alliance.

BW: Think about that for a second, Gordo. Osborne and Grayson are down there in CCW, waiting to get the call to the big leagues like Downfall before them... and I have to guess that if they pull off a win here tonight and shock the entire wrestling world, that door would be open to them, wouldn't you?

GM: That's a very logical assumption... and if it's true, it gives them even more of a reason to fight here tonight.

[And as the trio reaches the ringside area, still taunting the ringside fans, Sid Osborne dashes to the far ropes, building up steam as he barrels across the ring as fast as his thick legs will carry him...

...and LAUNCHES himself between the middle and bottom ropes with a tope dive!]

GM: BULLET DIVE TO THE FLOOR!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Osborne successfully topples Maxim Zharkov with his dive, sending Jackson Hunter scurrying as the fans roar!]

GM: Osborne takes down the big Russian!

[An annoyed Vasquez rolls under the bottom rope, coming to his feet, walking across the ring towards Bret Grayson...

...who lunges at Vasquez, snatching his legs, lifting him up and dumping him down to the mat in a takedown similar to a backdrop!]

GM: OH MY STARS! WHAT A TAKEDOWN!

[Vasquez scrambles up off the mat, shocked by the takedown. He comes up swinging, the Right Cross flying towards the jaw of Bret Grayson!]

GM: RIGHT CROSS!

[But Grayson ducks under it, causing Vasquez to whiff as the momentum spins him all the way around where the Olympic gold medalist secures a rear waistlock...]

GM: Waistlock!

[...and takes Vasquez up and over, dumping him on the back of the head with a released German Suplex!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Grayson pops back up, arms extended, going into a spin as Vasquez grabs the back of his head, rolling under the ropes and out to the floor where he slumps down to his knees as a concerned Jackson Hunter leans over to speak to him.]

GM: Vasquez is down! Zharkov is down! And Team Combat Corner is standing tall!

[Osborne joins Grayson in the ring, leaning over as he waves the rulebreakers back inside the squared circle. Out on the floor, Maxim Zharkov regains his feet, walking over towards Hunter and Vasquez, gesturing angrily at the ring.]

GM: Referee Davis Warren is trying to get some control here... it looks like Sid Osborne will be starting it off for his team.

[At ringside, Hunter drapes an arm over Zharkov's shoulders, pointing aggressively at the ring. With a nod, the Tsar pulls himself up on the apron before climbing inside the ring.]

GM: Zharkov in for the other side... and look at this, fans.

[Zharkov looks across at Osborne and with a shake of his head, he points an extended finger at Bret Grayson to the cheers of the crowd.]

BW: He doesn't want Osborne! He wants the Olympic gold medalist!

[Zharkov again asserts his desire to start the match against Bret Grayson who nods, hopping up and down as he stretches out his hand. Osborne looks disdainful as he backs up, slapping Grayson's hand with force.]

GM: And there's the tag. You want the Olympic gold medalist, Mr. Zharkov? You've got him!

[Grayson hops through the ropes into the ring, swinging his arms across his chest as the fans begin to chant... slowly at first and then louder and in unison.]

“U-S-A!”

“U-S-A!”

“U-S-A!”

[Grayson nods happily, pointing out to the fans who get louder.]

“U-S-A!”

“U-S-A!”

“U-S-A!”

[Zharkov sneers, looking around at the Grand Forks crowd as he crouches lower, getting into position as Grayson confidently walks out to the middle of the ring, waving Zharkov forward.]

GM: This should be very, very interesting, Bucky.

[The two men come together, grappling for position as Zharkov quickly goes behind Grayson, securing a rear waistlock of his own. He holds it for a moment, barking into the ear of Grayson before hoisting him into the air, flinging him down to the canvas with a waistlock takedown.]

BW: Impressive. Most impressive.

[Grayson rolls to a knee, glaring at Zharkov as he climbs back to his feet, clapping his hands together with a nod.]

GM: Grayson has to be a little surprised to be taken down like that by the Tsar. After all, he's-

BW: Yes, he's an Olympic gold medalist. We get it.

[The two men edge towards one another again, going right back into a grapple, fighting for position...

...and Grayson ducks under, locking his arms between the legs of Zharkov, hoisting him up and upending him, dumping him down on the canvas. Grayson spins out, diving to push Zharkov down onto his stomach.]

GM: Grayson gets him down!

[With Zharkov's face pushed into the canvas, Grayson spins across the back like a helicopter, rotating around three times before spinning out to a front facelock, tucking the arm under the Russian's, rolling him back in a single underhook takeover into a lateral press that gets a quick one count before Zharkov lifts the shoulder and the two come apart again.]

GM: Oh my! Bret Grayson showing off that amateur background and absolutely painting the canvas with Maxim Zharkov!

[Zharkov is angry as he gets to a knee, glaring at Grayson who extends both hands, hopping from foot to foot as he waves him forward.]

GM: Grayson's not done... he wants more of Zharkov...

[The Russian rises to his feet, grumbling at Grayson who simply smirks, repeating his invitation to battle some more.]

BW: And it looks like the Tsar's not done either, Gordo.

GM: Jackson Hunter shouting some instructions from out on the floor. I'm sure he has a TON of experience at grappling with Olympic gold medalists.

BW: I sense sarcasm.

[Zharkov lunges forward again, this time jamming a forearm into the jaw of Grayson who was expecting another tieup. A second one follows, staggering Grayson who falls back a few steps.]

GM: Well, so much for the grappling exhibition.

BW: This ain't amateur hour, this is PRO wrestling, daddy. Tell Grayson to go back to the Olympics if he's looking to play that game.

[Grabbing Grayson around the head and neck, Zharkov uses a snapmare to put him back in a seated position on the mat...

...and then snaps off a humiliating slap to the back of the head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Zharkov backs off, bouncing from foot to foot, mocking Grayson as the Combat Corner graduate comes back to his feet, holding the back of his head as he stares at Zharkov.]

GM: The Russian just trying to embarrass him right there, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. Mother Russia putting one in the win column over the Stars and Stripes is exactly what Zharkov needs as we head into Memorial Day Mayhem and that Russian Chain Match between the Tsar and the Russian War Machine.

GM: Zharkov shouting in Russian at Grayson... waving him forward... he wants to tussle again...

[Grayson looks determined this time. Focused. He nods his head as he approaches...

...and Zharkov lunges, throwing the forearm that Grayson slips under, hooking the waistlock...]

GM: WAISTLOCK!

[Grayson hoists Zharkov straight up into the air, swinging to the side and throwing him violently down with a waistlock takedown!]

GM: Oh my stars! He just threw a 350 pounder through the air and down to the mat like a sack of potatoes, Bucky!

BW: He's stronger than he looks, daddy.

[Zharkov pops up off the mat, charging in again...

...and Grayson again slips under, hooking the waistlock, throwing Zharkov down to the mat a second time! Grayson stands at the ready...]

GM: Wow!

[...but Zharkov slips out under the ropes to the floor to big cheers from the crowd as Jackson Hunter races to his side.]

GM: What an impressive showing out of Bret Grayson so far, Bucky!

BW: Hey, I'll give him all the credit in the world. He's showing that Juan Vasquez might've run his mouth a little ragged when he called out the Combat Corner. He's showing that just because names like Grayson, Osborne, Magnum, and whoever else is still down in CCW, it doesn't mean they're not ready for the big leagues, daddy!

[Outside the ring, Hunter walks Zharkov around the squared circle, jabbering away a mile a minute to his charge as the Russian stares up at Grayson who is ready for more action.]

GM: Zharkov taking the long way back to the ring, soaking up every bit of Davis Warren's count.

[The count gets up to eight when Zharkov climbs up on the apron, ducking through the ropes...]

...and then slaps the hand of Juan Vasquez who steps through the ropes to HUGE jeers from the Grand Forks crowd!]

GM: There's the tag and in comes Vasquez...

[The Hall of Famer takes a long look across the ring at an eager Bret Grayson...]

...and then shakes his head, pointing to Sid Osborne who nods, grinning.]

GM: Vasquez wants some of Osborne!

BW: Good. Maybe he can shut that punk's mouth once and for all.

[Osborne smirks as Grayson backpedals, slapping his hand...]

...and as the Sin City Savior ducks through the ropes, he sprints across the ring, throwing a bomb at a surprised Vasquez!]

GM: Oh! Big right hand!

[Vasquez recovers and returns fire and within seconds, we've got a slugfest with Vasquez and Osborne battering each other in the middle of the ring!]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands, fans!

[In mid-slugfest, Vasquez swings a boot up into the gut, doubling up Osborne. He quickly steps forward, hooking him in a standing headscissors...]

GM: VASQUEZ GOING FOR THE PILEDRIVER!

[But Osborne has other ideas, yanking Vasquez' legs out from under him, diving into a loose side headlock, and peppering the Hall of Famer with quick shots to the head!]

GM: OSBORNE'S GOT HIM DOWN AND IS GOING TO TOWN ON JUAN VASQUEZ!

[Pulling Vasquez off the mat, Osborne shoots him into the ropes with an Irish whip...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and takes a running Vasquez right off his feet with a reverse knife edge chop that sounds out all over the Alerus Center!]

GM: Good grief!

[Vasquez starts to get up as Osborne approaches, grabbing him by the arm, twisting it around in an armtwist. He quickly steps over the arm, forcing Vasquez to lean over...]

...and then swings his right heel back into the face of Vasquez once, twice, three times before letting go of the wrist and letting Vasquez slump down to the canvas.]

GM: Osborne bringing the fire all over Juan Vasquez...

[Vasquez crawls a few feet away, climbing to his feet and staggering towards the neutral corner as Osborne plays to the North Dakota crowd.]

GM: Vasquez in the corner... Osborne chasing him in!

[Running into the corner, Osborne cocks his right arm...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[...and BLASTS Vasquez with a running palm strike uppercut that lifts the Hall of Famer off the mat before he settles back down into a seated position in the corner. Osborne backs away, spinning to face the crowd, pounding his chest like a wildman and screaming to the fans!]

GM: Look at Osborne! He is PUMPED UP, Bucky!

BW: Of course he is! Some punk kid who has never seen a lick of national exposure has been gifted the chance to compete against one of the greatest of all time on worldwide television! If he wasn't experiencing a whirlwind of excitement, he needs to get the heck out of the business right now! This is the kind of thing people get into this business for, Gordo.

GM: That's right. If you're just in this business to get on TV, call it a day right now... but if you're here to compete against the best in the world, win championships, and-

BW: Make a whole lot of money.

GM: Yes, I suppose so... then you're in the right place.

[Osborne goes charging back in, tumbling forward and CRUSHING Vasquez against the buckles with a cannonball splash in the corner!]

GM: OH MY!

[Regaining his feet, Osborne hauls Vasquez out of the buckles by the foot, diving into a lateral press.]

GM: Osborne covers! This could be the biggest upset ever!

[The referee dives to the canvas.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Vasquez' shoulder flies off the mat, breaking up the pin count.]

BW: No, no, no! Two count only...

GM: And listen to these fans buzzing. They thought they were about to see something to tell their grandkids about, Bucky!

BW: Keep dreaming. This ain't no Cinderella story. Osborne and Grayson don't get the girl at the end. They don't walk into the sunset. They don't get their happy ending.

[Osborne grabs Vasquez by the hair, dragging him up to his feet...

...and LAUNCHES him over the top rope, throwing him down to the floor to a big cheer!]

GM: OSBORNE SENDS HIM TO THE FLOOR!

BW: Isn't that illegal?! Didn't we have a fan vote about that?!

[A completely fired-up Osborne ducks out to the apron, shouting to the cheering fans. He's apparently so fired up that he drops a few inappropriate words that cause a few muted moments on our broadcast.]

GM: We apologize for that, fans. The kid's having a moment!

BW: He can have his moment back in the slums where the only time he gets on television is when Cops comes to town if he keeps that up!

[Osborne presses his back against the steel ringpost in the neutral corner, waving a hand at Vasquez, beckoning the Hall of Famer to get back to his feet...

...and as he does...]

GM: OSBORNE!

[The Sin City Savior runs down the apron, flinging himself into a somersault...

...and crashes down onto a stunned Vasquez, wiping him out to an even bigger reaction from the Grand Forks crowd!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Osborne rolls to a knee, looking out at the cheering crowd with a satisfied smirk as the chant kicks in again.]

"SIN CI-TY SID!"

"SIN CI-TY SID!"

"SIN CI-TY SID!"

[Osborne nods his head, climbing to his feet before dragging Vasquez up with him and shooting him back under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Sid Osborne is having the kind of moment that kids like him dream of, Bucky! For any kid sitting at home thinking they want to be a pro wrestler when they grow up, they can look at Sid Osborne right now and think, "That could be me! I could be that guy right there!"

[Osborne climbs up on the apron, slapping the top turnbuckle a few times before placing a foot on the second rope...]

GM: Wait a second! Sid Osborne is heading up top!

BW: He's got that frog splash he calls the Stage Dive. If he hits this... god, I can't even imagine it!

[Osborne steps to the second rope... then to the top, looking out at the roaring crowd surging to their feet in anticipation of the huge upset...

...when Jackson Hunter desperately pulls himself up on the apron on the far side of the ring, shouting across at the official. Davis Warren pulls towards him as Osborne shouts a complaint...]

GM: Get him down from there! He's got no business-

[Zharkov suddenly rushes down the length of the apron, reaching up and SHOVING Osborne off the top rope, sending him flipping through the air in a somersault before he SLAMS down on his back on the barely-padded concrete floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Holy... my stars, fans! Sid Osborne just got THROWN off the top rope by Maxim Zharkov!

BW: The kid might be broken in half, daddy! His dream just turned into a damn nightmare!

[Zharkov retreats to his corner as Bret Grayson shouts at the official from the apron. A grinning Jackson Hunter drops back down to the floor as a puzzled Davis Warren looks around in confusion.]

GM: The referee didn't see it but Maxim Zharkov and Jackson Hunter just completely changed the complexion of this matchup, Bucky! Sid Osborne got shoved off the top and... my stars, what a horrific fall that was!

BW: The kid got flattened and... look at this!

[Crawling to the corner, Juan Vasquez makes the tag to the big Russian. Zharkov drops off the apron, moving around to where Osborne is laid out. He lifts him up, ignoring the official's protests.]

GM: Zharkov's going after Osborne on the floor...

[Wrapping his large arms around Osborne's torso, the Tsar charges forward, DRIVING the small of Osborne's back into the edge of the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE APRON HE GOES!

[Zharkov plants his palm against Osborne's chin, shoving his head back so he has to look at the big Russian who trashtalks him - presumably since it's in a different language...

...and then grabs Osborne by the back of the head, rushing forward, and HURLING the 260 pounder into the air, flipping him horizontal where he SLAMS into the ringside barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! Zharkov's trying to break the kid into pieces!

BW: Really small puzzle-like pieces. He wants to finish him off to the point where I can stand over here and go, "Oooh! I've got the piece with one of his red hair spikes!"

GM: Give me a break.

[Retrieving the downed Osborne from his spot by the barricade and ignoring the Grand Forks crowd letting him have it, Zharkov drags the Sin City Savior back towards the apron, chucking him back inside the ring.]

GM: Osborne tossed back in... and Zharkov's climbing back in after him...

[Bret Grayson shouts some encouragement to his partner, begging for the tag as Zharkov enters the ring, takes two steps...

...and STOMPS his massive foot down into the spine of the crawling Osborne, stilling any movement from him. He sneers at Grayson who shouts something in his direction.]

GM: Such a simple move out of Zharkov but so effective when you put nearly 350 pounds behind it.

[Moving to position himself between Osborne and Grayson, Zharkov reaches down, grabbing his fallen foe in a grounded gutwrench...

...and deadlifts him off the mat. He holds him there, turning to stare dead in the eyes of Bret Grayson...]

GM: Look at the power! The strength of the Russian!

BW: You think Kolya Sudakov is watching this, Gordo.

GM: You know very well that he is wherever he is. Sudakov's getting ready for that Russian Chain Match coming up at Memorial Day Mayhem that is going to be something else.

[Zharkov hurls Osborne through the air, dumping him back down on the canvas with the massive gutwrench suplex, staying on his feet the whole time...

...and turning right back towards Grayson, staring the American down.]

GM: Zharkov Suplex... and with ease!

BW: You get the feeling that the big Russian just don't like this Stars and Stripes sycophant.

[Grayson slaps the buckle, shouting to his partner as a dominant Zharkov walks around the ring, slowly circling back to where Osborne is still down on the mat.]

GM: Zharkov hauling Osborne back to his feet, dragging him up...

[And with a shout, Zharkov locks his powerful arms around the thick torso of Sid Osborne, lifting him off the canvas in a bearhug.]

GM: Bearhug!

BW: Talk about going back to basics. Wow!

GM: And in a modern pro wrestling world, many wrestlers have abandoned a hold like this. They simply find themselves exerting too much energy keeping an opponent trapped in it.

BW: There are so many known counters to it as well, Gordo... but when you take a guy with the strength of Zharkov, he can do so much damage to an opponent with this hold in such a short span of time. Sometimes you can't even manage one of those counters because you can't breathe... because your ribs are cracking... because your back is aching...

[Zharkov clenches his teeth, ragdolling Osborne back and forth a few times as he keeps the hold locked in. The referee leans in, checking for a possible submission.]

GM: Osborne saying no so far, trying to keep himself in this thing.

BW: And that's the other dangerous part about the bearhug, Gordo. Sure, you might be able to survive the pain... but can you stay conscious? With every breath Osborne takes, Zharkov is tightening the grip... and that means that Osborne can't bring in as much breath on his next inhalation. When you deprive the body of oxygen, sooner or later, you're going out.

[Bucky's words seem to ring true as Osborne's arms start to slow, dropping down towards his sides.]

GM: Osborne may be fading already! That's how strong Zharkov is, fans!

[The referee steps closer, again checking for a submission...

...but Osborne isn't answering. The referee holds up three fingers,]

GM: The official letting everyone know he's going to check to see if Osborne's still conscious. He'll lift that arm three times and if it drops three times, the match is over.

[The arm goes up once as Davis Warren holds it... and then drops it.]

GM: That's once.

[Warren holds up the hand a second time, waiting... and then drops it.]

GM: That's two.

BW: One more, Gordo, and it's over!

[The referee raises the hand for the third and final time, holding it for a few moments before letting go...

...and the hand stays up to cheers!]

GM: No! Osborne's still in this thing!

[Osborne's fingers curl, twisting into "horns" as more cheers ring out...

...and then he SLAMS his palm into the ear of Maxim Zharkov!]

GM: Palm strike to the side of the head!

[He throws a second... and a third...]

GM: Osborne trying to battle his way free of the bearhug!

[Osborne winds up...

...and then sinks his teeth into Zharkov's nose instead!]

GM: AHHH!

BW: He's biting him! He's biting him!

[The Tsar pulls away, grimacing as he grabs at his face. Osborne sinks to a knee, grabbing at his ribcage before climbing to his feet, clutching his lower back.]

GM: Osborne needs to make a tag... but he's going to the ropes instead! Trying to take advantage of the situation and-

[But as he rebounds back, he runs RIGHT into Zharkov who throws a shoulder into Osborne, sending him flying through the air and back down to the canvas with a shouldertackle!]

GM: Ohh! And right back down to the mat goes Osborne.

[A shout from the corner gets Zharkov's attention as he walks back, slapping his partner's hand.]

GM: The tag is made and in comes Juan Vasquez...

[Vasquez comes tearing through the ropes, rushing across the ring to where Osborne is on his stomach, trying to inch towards the corner..

...and the Hall of Famer drops a quick and impactful elbow down into the lower back!]

GM: Elbow...

[Vasquez gets right back up, dropping a second... and a third... and a fourth... and a fifth. He rises to his feet, glaring at Bret Grayson. With a shake of his head, he grabs the back of Osborne's singlet, hauling him to his feet where he smashes a series of forearms into the lower back...]

GM: Vasquez going right to work on the back of Sid Osborne, just as his partner's been doing over the last few minutes...

[The Hall of Famer hauls Osborne back up, hooking a rear waistlock...

...and takes him up and over, throwing him down on his back with a released German Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Released waistlock suplex, right down on the back again!

[Vasquez pops up off the mat, arms spread, spinning around and soaking up the jeers of the AWA faithful...

...and then flashes a double middle finger right at Bret Grayson.]

GM: Oh, come on. Such a flagrant show of disrespect.

BW: Hey, the Hall of Famer's telling this rookie that anything he can do, Vasquez can do better, daddy.

[Grayson paces along the ring apron, dying to get back in the ring but knowing it won't help his partner.]

GM: Bret Grayson begging his partner to make the tag, stretching out as far as he humanly can.

BW: Yeah, but Osborne is a lonnnng way from the corner, Gordo.

[Vasquez hauls Osborne to his feet, paintbrushing him across the face a couple of times as he shoves him back against the ropes.]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[A big knife edge chop catches Osborne across the chest before Vasquez grabs him by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip coming up...

[And as Osborne rebounds back, the Sin City Savior gets flipped upside down and dropped down across Vasquez' bent knee!]

GM: Tilt-a-whirl backbreaker!

[Vasquez shoves Osborne off his knee, lunging across him.]

GM: Covers for one! He's got two!

[But Osborne kicks out, breaking up the pin attempt.]

GM: Two count only there... and Juan Vasquez looks like he's trying to put the nail in Sid Osborne's coffin right about now.

[Back on his feet, Vasquez viciously stomps the back of Osborne once... twice... three times before turning, walking to the corner...]

GM: Vasquez going up... climbs up to the second rope...

[With a shout, Vasquez leaps into the air, dropping backfirst down across the injured back of Sid Osborne!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: A second rope backsplash!

BW: Shades of Juan Vasquez! Forget that Tommy Stephens guy!

[Vasquez again rolls Osborne over, hooking a leg as he covers.]

GM: One! Two! T-

[But again, Osborne's shoulder pops up off the canvas, breaking the pin!]

GM: No! Another two count!

[Grimacing at the official, Vasquez climbs to his feet, walking to the corner and slapping his partner's hand.]

GM: The tag is made and Maxim Zharkov re-enters the ring.

[Vasquez pulls Osborne up, hooking a front facelock as Zharkov steps up to the second rope, leaping off with a double axehandle across the exposed back!]

GM: Heavy blow by Zharkov puts Osborne back down on the canvas.

[With Osborne laid out on his stomach, Zharkov raises his powerful arms, soaking up the jeers from the crowd. He glares out at them, shouting in Russian at the North Dakota fans...]

...and then slowly backs into the ropes, rebounding off...]

GM: Siberian elbow! Right down into the lower back!

[Osborne cries out in pain from the 350 pound elbowdrop to the lower back as Zharkov rolls to a knee, his hand pressed down on Osborne's spine, keeping him in place as he rises to his feet.]

GM: Zharkov slowly to his feet...

[Reaching down, he grabs Osborne by the singlet, dragging him up to his feet...

...and wraps his massive arms around the torso of Osborne.]

GM: Waistlock!

[But before Osborne can be taken up and over with a German Suplex, he wraps his leg around Zharkov, blocking it.]

GM: Osborne with the block! Trying to stay on his feet!

[And as Zharkov attempts it again, a desperate Osborne simply swings his head back at high velocity, smashing the back of his skull into Zharkov's face!]

GM: OHH!

[Osborne stumbles away, grabbing at the back of his head as Zharkov clutches his nose and the crowd cheers.]

GM: Osborne HAD to get out of that and he did the only thing he could think of!

[Zharkov blinks his eyes, trying to clear his vision as he stomps in on Osborne again, swinging him around by the shoulder...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and gets POPPED with an impactful straight right hand by Osborne!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What a shot! Right between the eyes!

[Zharkov is dazed from the blow, eyes blinking as he staggers, trying to stay on his feet as Osborne turns, looking towards his corner where Bret Grayson is shouting at him, begging him to make the tag...]

GM: Zharkov is stunned and Osborne's got a chance! Osborne's got a chance to get to the corner and make that tag!

[Vasquez is SCREAMING at Zharkov from the corner as Osborne stumbles closer and closer...]

...and the big Russian hears him, racing forward, and snatching another waistlock...]

GM: WAISTLOCK!

[And this time, Zharkov is able to hoist Osborne into the air, throwing him overhead for a released "East German Suplex..."

...but Osborne does a full flip, landing on his knees!]

GM: OH MY STARS! WHAT A COUNTER!

[Osborne pushes up off the mat, racing across the ring as Zharkov gets back to his feet, turning around just as Osborne leaps into the air, looking to reach out and slap his partner's hand...

...and Zharkov snatches him out of the air, catching him over his shoulder!]

GM: ZHARKOV CAUGHT HIM! OSBORNE REACHING, STRETCHING...

[But Zharkov steps forward, JUST barely preventing the tag from being made as he barrels across the ring and SLAMS Osborne back into the buckles before tagging in his partner.]

GM: Quick tag to Vasquez...

[Vasquez steps in quickly, putting the boots to the body of Osborne in the corner. Zharkov exits as the referee orders Vasquez to back off.]

GM: Jackson Hunter with some words of encouragement from out on the floor...

[Vasquez backs away, arms raised as the crowd jeers him. He looks out on them with a disgusted sneer...

...which twists into a smile as he claps his hands a few times, stepping up to the middle rope.]

GM: What's this all about now?

[The former National Champion raises his fist, shouting for the fans to "COME ON! LET'S DO THIS!" before he starts raining down blows to the skull, imploring the fans to count along. Jackson Hunter, of course, obliges.]

GM: This is disgusting.

BW: Come on, Gordo! Three... four... five!

GM: Would you stop?

[Vasquez finishes raining down his ten blows, spreading his arms, waving for the crowd to react. And they do. Oh, how they do.]

GM: These fans in Grand Forks are letting Vasquez have it and-

[Suddenly, Sid Osborne ducks out from beneath the legs of the gloating Vasquez, leaping up to the middle rope alongside him where he hooks Vasquez...

...and SNAPS him back with a Russian legsweep off the second rope, bouncing the former El Cholo's head off the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! What a move! What a counter by Sid Osborne!

BW: It took a lot out of him as well though, Gordo.

GM: It certainly did! He crashed right down on that sore back. Now both men are down on the mat... both men trying to recover and get their team back into this thing!

[Across the ring, Bret Grayson climbs up on the second rope, shouting to the fans, clapping his hands. They oblige his request, cheering and clapping, stomping and

shouting for Sid Osborne as the Sin City Savior rolls to his chest and starts crawling across the ring towards his partner in this Main Event matchup.]

GM: Osborne's crawling! Desperately trying to make it across this ring!

[The fans in the Alerus Center are on their feet, roaring as they cheer on the rookie duo hoping to make a historic moment here in Grand Forks, North Dakota.]

GM: The kid has got Grayson in his sights! Vasquez is trying to get up, rolling to a knee, clutching the back of his head...

BW: Make the tag, Juan!

[Vasquez is stunned, unable to hear the shouts of Maxim Zharkov and Jackson Hunter who are much closer to him than the crawling Osborne is.]

GM: Vasquez doesn't have a clue where he is! He got his bell rung by that Russian legsweep off the middle rope!

BW: Osborne's about halfway across the ring, Gordo!

GM: He's closing in and-

[Vasquez pushes up off the mat, wobbling as he does, grabbing at his head...

...and then falls backwards into the corner, slapping his partner's hand!]

BW: TAG! IN COMES THE TSAR!

[Zharkov comes through the ropes, tearing across the ring...

...and runs right past Osborne, DRIVING a forearm shot between the eyes of Bret Grayson, knocking him off the apron and down to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Perfectly legal! Perfectly legal!

[A smirking Zharkov turns around, looking down at the crawling Osborne. He approaches, yanking the young rookie up to his feet...

...and right into a standing headscissors!]

GM: Oh no.

BW: TSAR BOMBA!

[Zharkov easily hoists the battered Osborne up into the air, lifting him into position for a crucifix powerbomb. Osborne is trapped, arms spread to either side as Zharkov steps closer to the middle of the ring, ready to drive his opponent down into the canvas and score the three count...]

GM: Osborne's in trouble, fans!

BW: The end is near! Do svidaniya!

[But Osborne has other ideas, kicking and wiggling as Zharkov tries to muscle him over...

...and with enough shaking, the Sin City Savior slips out, landing on his feet, does a front roll that ends with him sailing through the air towards Bret Grayson's outstretched hand!]

GM: TAG!

[And the roof nearly comes off the Alerus Center as Bret Grayson becomes the legal man, tearing through the ropes into the ring. He rushes the surprised Zharkov, landing three big haymakers to the jaw before wrapping his arms around the 350 pounder...

...and LAUNCHING him overhead with a belly-to-belly throw, bouncing him off the mat!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[Grayson pops up to his feet as a dazed Juan Vasquez comes out of the corner, charging in on the Olympic gold medalist who catches him coming in with a right hand to the midsection. He turns around, hooking a gutwrench on the Hall of Famer...]

GM: SUPLEX!

[Staying in gutwrench position, Grayson rolls through it to his feet, dragging Vasquez back up with him...]

GM: ANOTHER ONE!

[...and he rolls up a second time, snapping Vasquez over with a third gutwrench suplex, this time letting it go as the former champion bounces off the canvas!]

GM: ROLLING GUTWRENCH SUPLEXES BY BRET GRAYSON!

[Grayson pops up and immediately pulls down both straps on his singlet, signaling that he's looking to finish the match...]

"TWENTY MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES REMAIN! TEN MINUTES!"

GM: Grayson's got them both down, moving back in on Zharkov now...

[The Russian is slowly getting up off the mat, holding his own back as Grayson approaches. Grayson ducks down, slipping an arm between the legs of the Tsar like he's going for a torture rack. A knowing buzz ripples through some of the crowd but before Grayson can complete his effort, Zharkov rifles down his elbow into the side of Grayson's head once... twice... three times.]

GM: Zharkov escapes whatever Grayson had in mind there...

[Zharkov swings around, pulling a stunned Grayson into a standing headscissors.]

GM: And now it's Zharkov looking for the Tsar Bomba on Bret Grayson!

[But Grayson scoops the legs, taking Zharkov down to his back...

...and then flips the big Russian over, hooking the ankle!]

GM: ANKLE LOCK! HE CALLS IT THE LIBERTY LOCK!

[Zharkov cries out in pain, screaming in Russian as a panicked Jackson Hunter screams into the ring.]

GM: He's got it sunk in and judging by Maxim Zharkov, he's got him in a bad way!

BW: Zharkov's gotta get out of this fast! He's gotta escape, tap out, or he's going to have a broken ankle, Gordo!

GM: Zharkov clawing at the mat... trying desperately to get to the ropes...

[But a dazed Juan Vasquez pushes up off the mat, staggering across the ring...

...and YANKS Grayson into the Assassin's Spike, jamming his thumb into the side of the neck!]

GM: ASSASSIN'S SPIKE! Vasquez' version of the Asiatic Spike taught to him so many years ago by the great Adam Rogers!

BW: Vasquez isn't the legal man but he's putting Grayson to sleep with this!

[Vasquez drags Grayson away from Zharkov who rolls under the ropes to the apron, clutching his ankle in pain as Jackson Hunter moves in to talk to his charge.]

GM: The referee's trying to get Vasquez out of there... trying to tell him he's not the legal man...

[Reaching back, Grayson hooks the arm of Vasquez, alleviating the pressure on the side of his neck...

...and uses it to swing Vasquez over in a shoulder throw, tossing Vasquez down to the mat while falling backwards towards the corner where Sid Osborne slaps his shoulder.]

GM: What the...?!

BW: Blind tag by Osborne!

GM: After all the abuse he was put through?! He can't be recovered enough to get back in there! There's no way!

[A confused Grayson says the same thing as the referee forces him out and Osborne quickly scales the ropes, giving a shout before he hurls himself into the air...

...and WIPES OUT Vasquez with a crossbody off the top!]

GM: OSBORNE TAKES DOWN VASQUEZ!

BW: Who isn't legal!

[Osborne comes up to his feet, giving another shout as Vasquez rolls to the apron and Zharkov comes back in, rising off the mat while trying not to put weight on his ankle.]

GM: Osborne backs Zharkov into the ropes... palm strikes... right hand, left hand, right hand...

[Grabbing Zharkov by the back of the head, Osborne uncorks a series of stiff elbowstrikes to the temple, leaving the Russian dazed as Osborne turns, dashing to the far ropes, rebounding back in as Zharkov stumbles away from the ropes...

...and SHOVES Osborne up into the sky as Vasquez steps back in...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT IN THE-?!

BW: POP UP RIGHT CROSS! POP UP RIGHT CROSS! HOLY GOD IN HEAVEN!

[Osborne flops back motionless to the mat. Zharkov dives across him, hooking both legs as Vasquez rushes the corner, throwing himself into a tackle, pinning Grayson against the buckles as the referee drops down.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd instantly deflates at the sound of the bell as a smirking Vasquez drops to the mat, allowing Bret Grayson to go free. Grayson, however, does not race to the aid of his partner, standing with his hands on his hips glaring at him.]

GM: Well, it doesn't look like Bret Grayson was too pleased with Sid Osborne's decision to get back into that match, Bucky.

BW: Grayson seemed like he was doing pretty well until the kid jumped in there again. That's the epitome of a rookie mistake if you ask me.

GM: Indeed. And as Juan Vasquez gets to his feet, it looks like we've got a celebration on our hands.

[A disappointed Bret Grayson exits the ring, leaving Sid Osborne behind as Juan Vasquez grabs Maxim Zharkov by the hand, raising his arms in the air. Jackson Hunter soon joins his team, clapping as the Alerus Center crowd boos wildly.]

GM: Vasquez and Zharkov are victorious here tonight in Grand Forks, North Dakota, fans... and like it or not, these two are one heck of a powerful force for the entire AWA to have to contend with.

BW: An axis of evil, huh?

GM: You got that right. Fans, for Bucky Wilde, Mark Stegglet, Sweet Lou-

[But before Gordon can finish his wrap-up, music hits that puts the Alerus Center crowd back on their feet and absolutely roaring.]

GM: What the-?!

[As the sounds of Rob Halford ring out over the PA system, the AWA Faithful of Grand Forks, North Dakota are about to get... a little crazy.]

GM: ALEX MARTINEZ! THE LAST AMERICAN BADASS IS HERE!

[The seven foot Hall of Famer comes marching down the aisle with purpose, trailed by AWA officials and security, pleading with him to stay away from the ring. A shocked Juan Vasquez turns towards the entryway with a smirk. He grabs Zharkov by the arm, making sure he's nearby.]

GM: Alex Martinez is heading to the ring and... well, now what?!

BW: Exactly! Old Man Martinez can't get cleared to wrestle... so what? He's going to be a common street thug and try to jump Vasquez?! And even if he DOES get in that ring, Juan Vasquez ain't alone, daddy!

GM: He certainly isn't.

[The camera pans across the ring where Juan Vasquez is standing right next to Maxim Zharkov who is repeatedly flexing his hands, nodding his head, eager for Martinez to get into the ring with the two of them. Martinez stands there, looking up from behind his mirrored sunglasses...

...and then shrugs out of his leather jacket, dropping it on the ground to a HUGE crowd reaction!]

GM: Martinez isn't afraid! He isn't backing down! He's coming for Juan Vasquez and he doesn't give a damn who else is in his way!

[Ignoring the shouts of the AWA officials and security all around him, Martinez takes off his sunglasses, tossing them to a ringside fan in a #holdtheline t-shirt...

...and then pushes past the swarm around him, climbing up the ringsteps, swinging a leg over the top rope...

And there we are.]

GM: Oh my stars! We've got ourselves a showdown!

BW: We just need an O.K. Corral, daddy!

GM: Alex Martinez is standing in the middle of the ring in Grand Forks, North Dakota staring the axis of evil dead in the eye and daring them to come first!

[The Alerus Center crowd is absolutely going nuts, screaming and shouting for the confrontation...

...and when Alex Martinez strikes first, swinging a right hand into the side of Maxim Zharkov's head, they EXPLODE into a roar!]

GM: Right hand! Another! A third!

[Zharkov staggers backwards, falling back against the ropes...]

GM: Martinez with the whip, no- reversed!

[The reversal sends the Last American Badass back into the ropes...

...where he grabs hold of them, shaking his head...

...and flashing a middle finger at Maxim Zharkov!]

BW: There's a whole lot of sign language on display tonight!

GM: And somehow, I don't think Martinez is telling Zharkov that he's Number One!

[A fired-up Zharkov charges towards Martinez, ready to take his head off...

...but Martinez ducks down, yanking the top rope with him!]

GM: OH MY!

[The crowd ERUPTS again as Zharkov goes tumbling over the top rope, crashing down hard on the barely-padded concrete floor!]

GM: ZHARKOV GOES OUT TO THE FLOOR...

[Martinez gets back up, turns around...

...and stares right into the eyes of Juan Vasquez!]

GM: ...AND HERE... WE... GO!

[Martinez straightens up, "dusting off" as he continues to stare at his fellow Hall of Famer who looks left... then looks right... searching for a way out of this situation. The Alerus Center crowd is losing their minds at this showdown.

Martinez steps forward. Vasquez freezes, looking at him.

Martinez steps forward again. Vasquez shifts his weight back and pauses, finding his back against the ropes.]

GM: He's got nowhere to run! Nowhere to hide!

[A cruel smile crosses the face of Alex Martinez, nodding his head as Vasquez realizes his predicament...

...and decides that the best defense is a good offense, springing off the ropes, swinging his right hand! The blow lands solidly on Martinez' jaw before he returns fire.

Vasquez throws...

Martinez throws...

The two Hall of Famers battle in the middle of the ring, the crowd going wild as flashes fire all over the Alerus Center.

Vasquez staggers Martinez by lurching forward into a headbutt, jamming his skull up into the jaw of the seven footer. Martinez slumps to a knee as Vasquez turns around, raising his right hand for all to see.]

BW: He's going for the Right Cross! The most feared single blow in all of professional wrestling!

[Vasquez turns back towards Martinez, pulling back his right hand...

...but before he can throw it, Martinez surges to his feet, hooking both hands around the throat of the man who put his son in the hospital with a piledriver. He looks dead in Vasquez' wide eyes, says something unheard by all but Vasquez with the crowd ROARING...

And lifts him to the sky, shoving him up as high as he can before bringing him crashing down in a powerbomb that is simply known all over the world of professional wrestling as the Firebomb!]

GM: FIREBOMB! FIREBOMB! FIREBOMB!

[Martinez kneels beside Vasquez, a hand pressed down on his chest as he looks at him...

...and then surges back to his feet, pointing to a different side of the ring as he shouts three syllables that the fans quickly start shouting back at him.]

“MAR!”

“TI!”

“NEZ!”

“MAR!”

“TI!”

“NEZ!”

“MAR!”

“TI!”

“NEZ!”

“MAR!”

“TI!”

“NEZ!”

“MAR!”

“TI!”

“NEZ!”

“MAR!”

“TI!”

“NEZ!”

[Alex Martinez stands tall, standing over the laid out Juan Vasquez who is still staring at the lights, the sound of “MAR-TI-NEZ!” echoing in his ears...

...as we fade to black.]