

Saturday Night Wrestling

Mercedes-Benz Arena

Berlin, Germany

July 30, 2016



[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 then up to a shot of Mark Steglet standing backstage in the Mercedes-Benz Arena.]

MS: In pro wrestling, you can be on top of the world one moment and then at the bottom of the heap in the next. I don't know if anyone better epitomizes that than my guest at this time. Ladies and gentlemen, speaking to us for the first time since his disappointing defeat at the hands of Juan Vasquez at the Battle of Boston... Ryan Martinez.

[Into the frame steps the former World Heavyweight Champion, Ryan Martinez. Visually, Martinez appears to have regressed to an earlier stage in his career. His dark hair has been cut short, into an Ivy League style haircut. Gone is his elaborate ring gear in favor of something far more basic. He wears a simple black hoodie with the letters "AWA" written in white across the chest. He wears a pair of simple black wrestling trunks, black wrestling boots and black kneepads. It's the gear of a Tiger Paw Pro "young boy," fresh out of the dojo, not the attire of a decorated superstar.]

MS: It's no secret that you've been down, Ryan. No secret that your body is still paying a price from what Juan Vasquez did earlier in the year. Injuries compounded by what some of called a too quick return to the ring.

[Martinez nods.]

RM: You're right, Mark, it isn't a secret. My body is hurt. My neck hurts. My arm is injured. My shoulder is never going to reach one hundred percent. And I've heard what everyone says. They tell me to go home. They tell me to rest and recover.

But Mark, I'm telling you, and I'm telling everyone that's listening that I can't heal in bed. I can't recover at home.

I'm where I have to be, doing what I have to do.

The ring is where I'll recover, Mark. The ring is where I'll be redeemed and rejuvenated.

[Stegglet continues.]

MS: Two weeks ago, we all heard what Chris Blue said to you. He warned you that there was something ominous on the horizon. He even suggested that your focus should not be on Juan Vasquez and the Axis.

[Another nod from the White Knight.]

RM: I heard what he said. But like all the well intentioned people telling me to go home and sit like a potted plant, he just doesn't understand how this all works. Because I can't look to the horizon as long as Juan Vasquez is standing in front of me. I can't fight the good fight, so long as an evil man is walking tall.

I can't ignore Juan Vasquez, Mark. No matter what's on the horizon.

But I'll tell you what I can do.

[Martinez draws in a deep breath and exhales it slowly.]

RM: I can make myself ready for all of the battles to come.

MS: I'm not sure I'm following you.

RM: Right now, I can't beat Juan Vasquez. Right now, I can't stop the rising tide that Chris Blue was speaking about. Right now, my mind and my body aren't ready.

But what I can do right now, Mark, is be of service.

[The camera focuses tightly on the White Knight's face, which expresses the indomitable will that has always driven him.]

RM: Torin the Titan has called on me to help him in the Steal The Spotlight Series. And that, Mark, I can do.

I can be the very best partner that Torin has ever had. I can fight at his side. I can fight with honor in the name of an honorable man. I can stand beside Torin, Jack Lynch, The Gladiator and Macht Kraftwerk and I can be worthy of being in those men's company.

I can challenge the other men in the Steal the Spotlight Series and prove that I can still stand toe to toe and eye to eye with the best in this sport.

Iron sharpens iron, Mark, and I can be sharpened.

Like I said, I'll never be ready for the enemies before me and the enemies yet to come if I am idle. I'll never get into ring shape unless I take on the very best the AWA has to offer. Men like Supreme Wright. Men like Fujimoto, men like Jordan Ohara.

Men like Mifune...

[The last name took more than a little effort for Martinez to get out.]

RM: Right here, right now, I pledge that, for as long as I am in this series, it will be my only focus. The only thing I am here to do is stand at Torin's side and help him achieve his victory. I will fight for him and only for him.

And when the Steal the Spotlight series has made me ready? Then the White Knight will return, and, as it always has before, the darkness will flee before the light.

Count on it!

[After another nod of his head, a resolute Martinez walks away, prepared to join his teammates as we fade to black...]

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

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

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

#Oh-ohohohoh-ohohohohoh!#

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

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

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

#Oh-ohohohoh!#

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

#The seeds in my head
Visions in red#

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#Scream#

#Scream#

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

#Scream#

#Until they hear you#

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

#Scream#

[The black screen "shatters" into a live shot outside the Mercedes-Benz Arena - 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! And for the very first time, we are LIVE in Europe! We are LIVE in Germany! We are LIVE in Berlin! And we are LIVE in the Mercedes-Benz Arena for what promises to be another incredible night of professional wrestling action!

[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 specially-colored roped ring of black, red, and gold ropes from top to bottom. The black mats are down covering the floor and the black metal barricade is up to keep the fans at bay. Two tables can be seen at ringside from this elevated view.

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

Another cut gets us down to ringside where we find the ever-present Gordon Myers - the Dean of Professional Wrestling announcing - in a salt and pepper sportscoat and black slacks. A big smile is on his face as he speaks.]

GM: It's been a long, long time since Bucky Wilde and myself stood at a little podium in a much-too-hot television studio in Dallas, Texas and welcome the world to the American Wrestling Alliance. If you'd told me that night that someday, I'd be standing here halfway across the world calling a Saturday Night Wrestling, I would've thought ol' Buckthorn there had spiked my pre-show coffee.

[The camera shot shows Bucky Wilde for the first time. The colorful color man has gone with a shockingly subtle black sportscoat and pants alongside a bleached white dress shirt and a tie that has the same three layers of color as the ring ropes, flashing in light-up rhythm.]

BW: I learned a long time ago not to waste the good stuff on you, Gordo. We're here! We finally made! Grand ol' Europe has come out in full force to welcome us to their shores!

GM: That's right. We've received quite the welcome here in Berlin and everywhere we've been so far and... well, we've got quite the show to give back to the people in thanks so let's get right down to it. Our opening match tonight is a huge one as it's the first in our Steal The Spotlight Series that will be taking place during our European tour.

BW: A series of elimination matches - they start on five versus five tonight and then in two weeks in Italy. The survivors of those two matches will meet on the last night of our tour in London and the sole survivor will win the Steal The Spotlight contract which means they get to call their shot. Any match they want, Gordo.

GM: We've seen people use that contract for title matches... to settle grudges... anything goes really. But it's easily one of the most treasured prizes in all of the AWA... so right now, let's go backstage to our own Mark Stegglet where our two teams have assembled with some final pre-match comments!

[We fade backstage where Mark Stegglet finds himself surrounded by quite the mass of humanity... and that's just Torin. The rest of Team Titan is there too, two on either side of Stegglet -- though Gladiator is pacing in place -- as Torin towers behind the interviewer.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. Gentlemen, we are just moments away from the first matchup in this Steal The Spotlight Series with the five of you - Team Titan - taking on the unit known as the Electric Dragons. Torin The Titan, my friend, you put together quite the squad for this event.

[Torin swings a hand down on Stegglet's shoulder, nearly dropping the interviewer but Torin grabs him with the other hand to hold him up.]

TTT: HO HO! Sorry, young Stegglet... Torin not always know his own strength. That's what Team Titan is about! Strength! Team Titan is mighty like Torin himself! The son of the Blackjack... the White Knight... the one who talks to the Gods themselves... and lil' Macht, my old friend.

[Torin grins a yellow-toothed smile at the masked Macht Kraftwerk who nods in approval.]

TTT: Who can stand against such a team?

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: That's an excellent question. Jack Lynch, what do you think about this team you're on and what chance do the Electric Dragons have against the five of you?

JL: What do I think?

[The Iron Cowboy leans forward, looking first over his right shoulder and then over his left.]

JL: I think you're lookin' at somethin' unbeatable, Jason. I think that one of us five is gonna be the one who steals that spotlight.

And what chance do the Electric Dragons have against us?

[Lynch lets out a low whistle and shakes his head.]

JL: I'm thinkin' they got no chance at all.

Every single man is here is one I'm proud to stand with. I know 'em all, and they all got my respect. We're goin' forward with one goal in mind - victory.

And I got no doubt that you're lookin' at five men who'll be gettin' their hands raised before much longer.

MS: No lack of confidence from Jack Lynch. And speaking of confident, I have to wonder how you're feeling, Mr. Martinez. Do you share your teammates' confidence?

[The former World Champion nods his head solemnly.]

RM: I am confident, Mark. But not just confident. I'm certain.

When Torin the Titan called my name, I was happy to answer that call. And when I saw who else he wanted on his team – Jack Lynch, one of my best friends. The Gladiator, a man I've always admired, and Macht Kraftwerk, a veritable legend... that was when I knew that victory lay ahead of us.

There are times, Mark, when you look around you, and you know that you're standing shoulder to shoulder with giants. There are times when you know that the people around you will never fail.

And I swear, Mark, I'm not going to fail them either.

This is the team that was meant to be. This is the team of destiny. We are the men who will go away.

MS: And talk of destiny and of fates written in the stars leads us inevitably to you. Gladiator, do you feel the same pull of destiny?

G: WHETHER ONE BELIEVES THAT IT WAS FATE OR DESTINY OR THE WILL OF THOSE WHO KNOWS WHAT IS TO COME THAT BROUGHT OUR COMBINED STRENGTH TOGETHER, NOW IT IS EVIDENT THAT AN ENTIRE HOST OF TITANS STANDS BEFORE YOU, READY TO ENTER COMBAT AGAINST THOSE WHO LIKEN THEMSELVES TO A MYTHIC BEAST! AND THOUGH THE ONES WHO OPPOSE IT ARE MIGHTY COMBATANTS IN THEIR OWN RIGHT, THEY SHALL FIND THEMSELVES OVERWHELMED BY OUR COMBINED FORCES, BECAUSE WE ALL FIGHT WITH HONOR, FOLLOWING THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW PATHS WHEREVER THEY MAY LEAD US! EVEN IF THEY ARE NOT ONES THAT SERVE THE ALMIGHTY JUPITER AND JUNO AS I DO, THEY SERVE A HIGHER CALLING OF THEIR OWN FOR ALL THAT IS JUST IN THIS UNIVERSE! AND WHEN TONIGHT'S COMBAT IS COMPLETED, IT SHALL BE THE TITANS BEFORE YOU THAT WILL STAND TALL, BASKING IN THE GLORY OF THE ULTIMATE VICTORY!

[Kraftwerk nods, enthused over the Gladiator's stirring speech... And lets out a hearty laugh - but certainly not as deep as Torin's.]

MK: Ach, mine apologies to you all, but everytime! Everytime Torin!

[Kraftwerk steps up and sizes up the team captain and shakes his masked head in wonder.]

MK: Each time, myself wonders! How did they build a man of four - nien, five Machts?!

[The German cruiser laughs again, but waves his hands about while taking in a swig of water.]

MK: But as amazing as it is to see my dear friend Torin everytime, this team? This team! Myself cannot picture such a better one! Fighters, all of us, in each our way! Those men on the other side?

[Macht shrugs his shoulders and nods.]

MK: Of sure, they have great fighters too, but these men here?

[Macht looks at his peers on Team Titan, nodding at each one of them.]

MK: Myself knows, Torin, you picked none better! Each of you have a heart to fight for the good and the talent to battle against anyone! And for that?

[Macht put a hand on the shoulder of Lynch and Martinez.]

MK: Myself is much happy to welcome you to Mein Deutschland and fight with you tonight!

[A booming laugh from Torin has the microphone put back in front of his face.]

T: You see, young Stegglet? It not matter how many dragons they have... we have pride of Germany...

[Macht raises a fist in front of his face with a nod.]

T: ...King of Cowboys...

[A lop-sided grin from Jack Lynch.]

T: ...man who speaks to Gods...

[Gladiator hisses through his teeth.]

T: ...White Knight...

[Martinez nods solemnly.]

T: ...and...

[Torin smashes a fist into his chest with a loud "THUD!"]

T: ...we have giant.

[Torin throws back his head in another booming laugh, causing Stegglet to flinch.]

MS: That's Team Titan for you. Confident and ready for battle. Now, let's go to another part of the backstage area and find out what their opponents have in mind just moments before bell time!

[We cut to another part of the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing.]

SLB: Thanks, Mark, and as I stand back here in the-

RH: [interrupting from off-screen] No. NO. I do not like it!

[As the camera shot pulls back, we see Team Electric Dragons in all their glory coming into view. Riley Hunter is red-faced and agitated about something as he backs into the field of view. Noboru Fujimoto, Jordan Ohara, "Cannonball" Lee Connors, and Skywalker Jones with Buford P. Higgins bring up the rear behind him. We're obviously in the midst of some kind of argument.]

NF: You agreed to this, Hunter.

JO: We all agreed that we would take a blind vote on names.

SLB: ...And I take it that Riley Hunter is not fond of the name "Team Electric Dragon."

RH: The vote was a sham! We came in deadlocked because Skywalker kept voting on his own name.

[Jones rolls his eyes.]

SJ: Look here, jive turkey, there ain't nothing wrong with the name "Team Skywalker!"

[Hunter throws his hands up in exasperation.]

RH: I don't even like "Star Wars." You buncha nerds! I'm tempted to give Connors a stack of books just to dump 'em! And stuff him in a locker! Just on principle.

LC: But you won't, will you?

RH: [sigh] Nooo nooo.

LC: Because...?

RH: ...Because I don't want to get kicked.

LC: Because you don't want to get kicked in the...?

RH: ...Because I don't want to get kicked in the face again.

LC: ...By me.

RH: By you.

SLB: I take it you're having trouble getting along with your teammates, Riley Hunter.

RH: No no, Sweet Lou Blackwell. I'm used to it: I'm an excellent people-person, just ask any of my ride-or-dies on the Dead Man's Party. Team dynamics are my forte. I have no doubts that myself and all of these four men will cruise to finals in the UK. And after that, then it will be...

[Turning to Fujimoto.]

RH: Fus-ro-da, Dragon!

[Turning to Ohara.]

RH: Burn out, Phoenix!

[Turning to Connors.]

RH: Strike hard, strike fast, no mercy, Cannonball!

[Turning to Jones.]

RH: And... bad... Star Wars thing.

SJ: You keep calling me Star Wars and I'll make sure the FORCE of my right hand AWAKENS upside your head! Now fall back and let the one true emperor of the skies break it down for ya', punk bit-

[Everyone's eyebrows raise slightly as Jones is about to throw down some major league profanity...]

SJ: ...-BOY.

[There's some looks of relief in the background, while Hunter is appalled at Jones' barbaric lack of decorum.]

SJ: These are the true facts, Sweetest of the Lous...Skywalker Jones has made more appearances and made more eliminations in Steal the Spotlight than any other!

[In the back, we can hear Buford yell out "FACT!"]

SJ: Skywalker Jones has more experience in Steal the Spotlight than all these juggadolts combined!

["FACT!"]

SJ: Most important of all, Skywalker Jones is guaranteed to put out the most mindblowin', freaked out, funkadelic Steal the Spotlight entrance possible!

["FAAAACCCT!"]

SJ: And you know despite all the ego strokin', headbuttin', and chest puffin' goin' on, and man of Skywalker Jones' quality knows one thing above all else and that's how to lead a team in Steal the Spotlight to victory!

["Factfactfactfact...FACT!"]

NF: I'm the leader.

[Jones laughs.]

SJ: I'm not saying you aren't, Nobi boo-boo...

[Blackwell can be seen mouthing "Nobi boo-boo?" in the background as Jones continues.]

SJ: ...but a true leader knows to delegate and put his team in the best position to win! And the moment you made the BRILLIANT decision to draft Skywalker Jones, Team Skywalker...

NF: Electric Dragons.

SJ: ...Yeah, sure. That.

[Jones goes right back into his rant.]

SJ: Team ELECTRIC DRAGONS was shooting straight to the top! It doesn't matter if Torry Titan is ninety feet tall and breathes fire! Don't matter if Jackie Lynch is wearing black, white or fuschia with pink polka dots! Don't matter if fat boy Martinez is gonna knock fools out with his spare tire! With me by your sides, we WILL prevail!

[With an enthusiastic "YOU TELL 'EM, JONES!" from Buford, Skywalker Jones strikes a dynamic pose, as everyone just stares at him like he has three heads. Everyone just looks at each other for a moment, before Jordan Ohara decides to say something.]

JO: Sweet Lou, what's in a name? A team like this with any other name is still the team to beat. I know, people look at the names on Team Torin and see well, you've got a Giant, an Iron Cowboy, a White Knight ... and then you look over here and think ... they're too small, but didn't Cannon Lee Connors over here already upset a giant? Didn't Riley Hunter defy all odds and take out Dave Bryant? Didn't Fujimoto punk some people in the Battle of Boston? And the Skywalker? C'mon, man, he is the definition of stealing the spotlight.

SJ: That's MISTER Steal the Spotlight to you, rookie!

[Jordan looks at Skywalker Jones.]

JO: Buford's going to be doing our entrance right? I love his work, man, it's so cool.

BPH: I'm also available for weddings, and bar mitzvahs, playa'!

[Jordan flashes a big grin.]

JO: But back to you, Lou. This team is mobile, unselfish and super talented. We're gonna hit hard and fast and from every angle and all those big lugs on Team Titan are going to feel how Goliath felt when he matched up with David way back when. Supremely confident until we hit with a stone right between the eyes. Team Electric Dragons in the building and we're going to shock the world here in Berlin! I can't wait to get out there and compete on the biggest stage in front of all those European fans against the biggest names in the AWA. They are legends in their own right and rightfully so, but we're going to be legendary too! Can we win this, Sweet Lou? I know we can!

[The excitable youngster goes to high five all his teammates. Surprisingly, Jones is there to high five him.]

SJ: That's right! Beautifully said! We all oughta be like Mike!

JO: The name is Jordan.

SJ: Whatever, what you said was great!

[With an exasperated sigh, Noboru Fujimoto walks out of view, shaking his head. A chuckling Jones drapes an arm across Jordan Ohara's shoulders, guiding him from view. Riley Hunter eyes Lee Connors, looking like he might try something but Connors shakes his head and Hunter backpedals away, raising his hands.]

SLB: And that's... a team. No matter the name, can they exist as a unit and survive against Team Titan? We're about to find out.

[We fade from Blackwell backstage out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: Tonight's opening contest is the first in our STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT SERIES!

[Big cheer!]

RO: In just a moment, two teams of five will come to the ring to compete in an elimination tag team matchup. Eliminations can occur by pinfall, submission, countout, disqualification, or referee stoppage. The match will continue until an

entire team has been eliminated. Once that has happened, the survivors on the other team will advance to the Steal The Spotlight Series Finals to be held in London, England on the final night of the European tour!

[Another big cheer!]

RO: And now...Team Electric Dragons' personal ring announcer...Buford P. Higgins.

[A BIG roar from the German faithful greets Higgins, as the diminutive hypeman steps into the ring, looking like a million bucks in a tailored white suit and long white silk scarf. He pulls his trademark golden microphone from his back pocket and greets the crowd with the biggest, most obnoxious grin he can possibly muster.]

BPH: GUTEN ABEND to you too, Germany!

[A big cheer! Buford cackles.]

BPH: Damen und Herren, are you ready to pay homage to the greatest collection of talent the world has ever seen???

[Another big cheer, but Buford pretends to clean his ears.]

BPH: Seems kinda' silent to me. Imma' ask you again, are you ready to see the greatest, most stupendous, charismatic, handsome, drop dead sexy, breathtakin', thrillseekin', heart-stoppin', gravity-defyin', physics-breakin' group in the history of professional wrestling...

[He takes a second to catch his breath.]

BPH: ...and Riley Hunter?

[The crowd goes "OH!" at the dig. Buford yells to the back.]

BPH: HAHA! Just kiddin', Riley! You're beautiful!

[He turns his attention back to the crowd.]

BPH: Well Germany, it's time!

OUTTA' YOUR SEAT AND UP ON YOUR FEET, PLAYAS!

'Cause here they come! Led by THE Electric Dragon, Nobi boo-boo himself, we got the man who believes he can fly and believes he can touch the sky, JORDAN OHARA! ; the giant killer, "CANNONBALL" LEE CONNORS ; and the man, the myth, the legend...

Sky.

"SKY!!!"

[The German crowd enthusiastically joins in.]

BPH: Walker.

"WALKER!!!"

BPH: Yo' Germany, you think you got what it takes to do what comes next?

[A huge roar!]

BPH: Why'd I know you'd do that?

[Deep breath now!]

JOOONNNNNNNNN
NNNNEEEESSS!!!!

[The crowd goes wild, out of their minds, cheering like mad...]

BPH: Oh yeah...and Riley Hunter.

[Buford laughs wildly as the arena goes dark and "Princes of the Universe" by Queen plays, announcing the arrival of Team Electric Dragon...]

#HERE WE ARE, BORN TO BE KINGS
#WE'RE THE PRINCES OF THE UNIVERSE

[...as the song kicks into high gear, smoke begins to rise from the stage as we see five silhouettes appear, each striking a dynamic pose. As the smoke clears, we see them in the flesh...]

...Team Electric Dragons. They all simultaneously raise their arms triumphantly...]

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMM!!!!!"

[And with an explosion of fire and pyro, the crowd roars.]

As Skywalker Jones' cheerleaders lead the way, Team Electric Dragon walks down the aisle like the coolest guys in the room. They make their way to the ring with a whole lot of "Who's your daddy?" in their step and "Bow down to your masters!" in their swagger.]

GM: Buford P. Higgins, ladies and gentlemen.

BW: You know he's only on the payroll so he can do that a few times a year, right?

[Gordon chuckles as the fivesome known as Team Electric Dragons settles into the ring, the lights come up and Rebecca Ortiz steps back into position to introduce the opposing team.]

RO: Annnnnnd their opponents...

[The sounds of swirling winds leads into Bon Jovi's "Wanted Dead Or Alive" as the lights dim and a spotlight hits the entryway again.]

RO: First... from Dallas, Texas... he is the King of the Cowboys...

JAAAAAAAAAACK LYNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[Clad all in white, the Iron Cowboy walks into the view of the Berlin crowd. He throws his gloved hand up in the shape of the Lynch family legacy - the Iron Claw - to a loud reaction before moving to the side of the stage.]

RO: His partner... from Parts Unknown...

THE GLAAAAAADIAAAAAATOOOOOOOOOOOOOR!

[Pumping his arms up and down wildly, The Gladiator comes out onto the platform. He stares down the aisle, pointing at the ring before settling back with his partner.]

RO: Their partner... from Oberammergau, Germany...

[HUUUUUGE CHEER!]

RO: MAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACHT KRAAAAAAAAAAFTWERRRRRRRRK!

[The hometown hero emerges from the curtain in green wrestling tights with black on the waistband and a gold line running down each leg. He's also wearing black boots with gold trim. His mask is special for this occasion - a yellow base with a thick black band around his bald head and red trim around his orifices. Additionally, on the back rests the Bundeswappen federal eagle emblem...

...oh, and to really put the crowd on their side, he's carrying and waving the flag of Germany on the end of a metal pole.]

GM: Listen to this crowd! What a moment for this German competitor!

[Kraftwerk continues to wave the flag back and forth, soaking up the moment as Ortiz continues.]

RO: Their partner... he is a former AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...

THE WHITE KNIGHT...

RYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYANNNNNN MARRRRRRRTIIIIIIJNEZZZZZZ!

[Dressed in the same "young boy" attire we saw him in during their interview backstage, the former World Champion slowly makes his way into view, raising an arm at the cheering crowd before joining the other three members of his team on the ramp.]

RO: And finally... he is the TEAM CAPTAIN...

TOOOOOORIIIIINNNNN THE TIIIIIIITANNNNN!

[The cheers get even louder for the Eiffel Tower himself walks through the curtain onto the stage. He smiles broadly at the crowd's big reaction, waving a massive hand at them as he joins his teammates on the stage. He wraps his huge arms around them all, leaning over to say something...

...and then the group starts to walk down the aisle together.]

GM: Both of these teams came together in the recent Steal The Spotlight Series draft... and both teams are very unique in their construction, Bucky.

BW: If by "unique", you're talking about Torin drafting his old buddy Kraftwerk who hasn't made a dent in the business since the late 90s...

GM: No, that wasn't what I meant.

BW: Oh, you must mean Fujimoto drafting a bunch of hummingbirds to take on a team of elephants.

GM: Not exactly.

[Team Titan reaches the ring, Torin watching as his squad climbs up the ringsteps before he follows them, swinging a leg over the top rope to climb inside the squared circle.]

GM: Team Titan hits the ring and... what a reception for this squad!

BW: Of course! With all the blatant pandering waving the flag out there! Why WOULDN'T they get a hero's welcome?!

GM: Can you really call it pandering when it's a German athlete waving the flag?

[On cue, Kraftwerk mounts the middle rope, waving the flag back and forth before handing it off to a ringside attendant and joining his teammates in the corner for a last second strategy session.]

GM: Both teams huddled up now, trying to make sure they're all on the same page.

BW: Steal The Spotlight is an interesting game, Gordo. First, you've got to get along with your partner so you can get through to the next round but if you get there, you might have to beat up your own partners.

GM: And there are some very interesting matchups in this one... as well as some potential matchups when - and if - they make it through.

[As the teams start to break down their huddles, moving out of the ring, it quickly becomes evident that it's going to be the two team captains starting things off for their respective squads.]

GM: Would you look at that, Bucky? The two captains are going to square off at the outset... and the first thing I notice now that Noboru Fujimoto has removed his jacket is the amount of tape on his upper arm. What is that all about?

BW: My sources tell me that Fujimoto injured his bicep and tricep training for this tournament, Gordo. He wanted to be out there so badly though, he's just going to tape it up and try to go.

GM: Wow! That could have huge implications are this match if Fujimoto is injured... and his team looks surprised by this too. You can see Lee Connors and Jordan Ohara talking on the apron... did they know? Who knew?

[Fujimoto swings his arm around a few times, loosening up as Torin looks menacingly across the ring at him...]

...and the bell sounds, officially kicking off the first-ever Steal The Spotlight Series.]

GM: And here we go! We're underway here in Berlin and-

[At the sound of the bell, the former Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown Champion rushes across the ring, leaping into the air and slamming his forearm into the side of Torin's skull!]

GM: Oh my! Fujimoto starting off quickly!

[Spinning around, Fujimoto presses his back into Torin's massive torso, swinging his left elbow back into the side of the head... then his right... left... right... left... right...]

GM: Fujimoto with a flurry of offense out the gate and...

[Fujimoto turns back towards Torin, reaching out to grab an arm. He muscles up enough strength to send the giant across the ring, crashing into Team Titan's turnbuckles. With a shout, Fujimoto rushes across again, leaping up to slam his forearm into the jaw a second time!]

GM: Another leaping forearm smash!

[The Electric Dragon backs to the middle of the ring, beckoning the giant towards him. The Eiffel Tower staggers forward, moving towards Fujimoto who awaits him as the crowd buzzes with excitement...]

GM: Torin's in trouble!

[Fujimoto grabs the approaching Torin around the head and neck, ducking down to get more momentum...]

GM: He's going for the Falling Laser Lasso! He's trying to finish off the giant!

[The former Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown Champion swings back the other direction, looking to drive Torin's face into the canvas...]

...but the giant comes to a dead stop with a thundering "NOOOOO!"

GM: Torin blocks it!

[Fujimoto's eyes go wide as Torin grasps him by the throat, lifting him high up into the air, twisting around...]

...and THROWS him down with a powerful chokeslam!]

GM: CHOKESLAM! HE SLAMMED FUJIMOTO OUT OF HIS BOOTS!

[Torin sinks to a knee, planting his powerful hand down on the chest of Fujimoto, staring across the ring at the rest of the Electric Dragons as the referee counts one... two... and three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

RO: Noboru Fujimoto has been ELIMINATED!

[The Berlin crowd buzzes with shock at the sight of the giant regaining his feet, still looking across the ring at the opposing team. No sign of the usual mirth from the giant. He is all business... dangerous business.]

GM: Did that just happen?! Did we actually see that?! The team captain of the Electric Dragons is eliminated in... what's the time on that, Curt?

[Gordon pauses as he presumably listens to the timekeeper.]

GM: Just over a minute?! Incredible!

BW: Well, we shouldn't be too surprised, Gordo. We saw the giant put down Supreme Wright in less than five minutes back at Memorial Day Mayhem. Torin The Titan doesn't compete often in the AWA but when he does, he's an overwhelming force to be reckoned with.

[Torin extends one of his lengthy arms, beckoning someone else to join him inside the ring...]

...and he gets his wish as Riley Hunter ducks through the ropes. Hunter sweeps an arm towards his teammates with a flourish, gesturing to himself with a loud, "THEY'RE _MY_ TEAM NOW, GIANT!"

GM: Riley Hunter seems to be taking control of the team now that his longtime rival is eliminated from the match and the Steal The Spotlight Series.

[Hunter eyes Torin warily as the giant steps towards him...

...and then runs forward, ducking under the giant's stretching grasp. Hunter comes up behind him, throwing hooking blows to the ribcage from behind, landing rights and lefts to the body!]

GM: Hunter taking the fight to Torin from behind!

[Hunter backs off, taking aim, jumping up and down in place as he waits for Torin to turn around...

...and then leaps into the air, swinging his knee forward in a leaping bicycle knee strike that catches the lurching Torin on the chin!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INSTANT KARMA!

[The blow snaps Torin's head back, his eyes fluttering for a moment as Hunter does a front roll to his corner, reaching out to slap the hand of Skywalker Jones who races down the length of the apron, climbing to the top rope with slickness and speed...]

GM: Jones is up top, poised and ready to fly!

[As Torin wobbles towards him, the high flyer throws himself into the air, driving both of his feet into the giant's chest with a missile dropkick!]

GM: Dropkick off the top connects!

[Jones pops up, possibly in shock at Torin being able to keep on his feet after that...

...and then Jordan Ohara reaches over the ropes, slapping Jones on the shoulder. The crowd cheers for the Phoenix as he rushes down the apron, climbing to the top rope...]

GM: Ohara's up top now as well!

[And with a shout, the Phoenix takes flight, throwing himself into a crossbody aimed at the giant...

...and the Phoenix Flame takes him off his feet, putting Torin down on the mat with a colossal thud!]

GM: PHOENIX FLAME CONNECTS! COULD OHARA DO IT?! COULD OHARA SHOCK THE WORLD RIGHT HERE?!

[The count gets one... gets two...]

GM: OH MY!

[...but Torin PRESSES Ohara off of him, flinging him across the ring to a shocked reaction from the Berlin crowd!]

GM: Wow! What power! What strength on the part of the giant!

[But as the giant is struggling to get off the mat, Ohara rushes to the corner, slapping Lee Connors' hand.]

GM: And one more tag brings the final member of Team Electric Dragons... they may need a new name now... into the ring. It's the young rookie "Cannonball" Lee Connors!

BW: Who is about a buck fifty soaking wet.

GM: Not quite but he definitely has a major size mismatch when battling the giant.

[Connors tries to take advantage of the situation, rushing into the fray where he finds Torin on a knee, battling to get back to a vertical base. The karate expert winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: Big kick across the chest!

[Connors throws a second...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[And a third...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Torin grabs at his chest as Connors steps forward, looking to continue the attack...]

...but the "karate kid" gets shoved away by the giant, sending him sprawling backwards and crashing down to the canvas.]

GM: Ohh!

BW: So much for that.

[Connors though, quickly regains his feet, and rushes back into the fight as Torin regains his feet...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RUNNING PALM STRIKE! RIGHT ON THE JAW!

[Torin's eyes again flutter at the impactful blow to the chin. As he struggles to stay on his feet, Connors squares up on him, throwing a right kick to the body... then a left... then a right... then a left... then a right... then a left... and with the crowd roaring, he starts jumping from foot to foot, landing kick after kick to the body as Torin just absorbs all the blows!]

GM: LOOK AT THIS!

BW: He's barely even landing on the ground before he throws the next kick! It's like something out of a Hollywood movie, daddy!

[And with Connors still on the attack, Torin simply reaches out, snatching a handful of messy black hair...]

"HOOOOOOOOOGA!"

[...and lands a giant-sized headbutt that sends Connors flying through the air and crashing down onto the canvas. Torin stumbles to the side, wobbling into a tag.]

GM: There's a tag and in comes The Gladiator!

[Sliding into the ring and immediately pumping his arms towards the sky, the Gladiator circles around the stunned Connors who slowly gets up off the canvas...

...and then the Gladiator dashes to the ropes, rebounding back as he swings his arm around...]

GM: CLOTHESLI-

[The crowd gasps in shock as Connors bridges backwards, completely avoiding the blow as the off-balance Gladiator goes falling across the ring. Connors kips back up to his feet, moving into a martial arts pose before charging the Gladiator from behind, stepping up on the middle rope as the Gladiator turns...

...and SNAPS his head back with a kneestrike up under the chin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Connors leaps back off the ropes, going into another martial arts pose as the Gladiator stumbles away from the ropes...

...and then goes into a full spin...]

GM: SPINNING BACKFIST!

[But the Gladiator catches the incoming blow under his arm, defiantly shaking his head as he grabs Connors by the throat, pushing him back across the ring into the neutral corner.]

BW: This is turning out to be a tougher fight than the Gladiator bargained for, Gordo.

[The Gladiator shoves Connors back into the corner, winding way back with a double axehandle...

...but Connors spins out of the corner, causing Gladiator to whiff on his attack. Connors quickly accelerates across the ring, using a front roll before popping up into a tag.]

GM: Connors makes the tag... and Riley Hunter's back in!

[Hunter leaps through the ropes but as the Gladiator comes stalking towards him, Hunter slams on the brakes, holding out his hand and shouting, "STOOOOOOP!" A puzzled Gladiator obliges, looking at Hunter for a moment.]

GM: What in the world is this all about?

[A smirking Hunter suddenly points to the sky, mimicking the Gladiator's gestures of pumping his arms and legs towards the air...

...and when he looks down, the Gladiator does not appear to be amused!]

GM: CLOTHESLINE TAKES HIM DOWN!

[The Gladiator spins around as Hunter staggers back to his feet...

...and gets bowled over with another running attack!]

GM: Another clothesline by the Gladiator! Riley Hunter's having the battle taken to him by the Gladiator!

[And a third running clothesline leaves Hunter a quivering mess on the mat as the Gladiator pumps his arms up and down to the roaring crowd in Berlin!]

GM: The American Ninja is in some serious trouble early as Team Titan looks for a clean sweep!

BW: Hunter shouldn't even have to get inside the ring with this maniac. The American Ninja is the Seven Star Athlete... the Gladiator is a puffed-up goon who DOES like gladiator movies!

[Circling around the recovering Hunter, the Gladiator grabs a handful of hair, charging across the ring and driving him facefirst into the top turnbuckle before making a tag...]

GM: There's the tag and Macht Kraftwerk, the German hero, enters the ring for the first time in this one!

[Kraftwerk steps in, throwing a pair of chops to the chest of Hunter before grabbing him by the arm...]

GM: Big whip across...

[But as Hunter approaches his own corner, he climbs the turnbuckles, using a backflip to sail through the air, avoiding the incoming Kraftwerk who hits the buckles. Hunter lands on his feet with a smirk, beckoning Kraftwerk towards him...]

GM: Kraftwerk coming out of the corner...

[The German rushes towards Hunter who promptly scoops him up...

...and then presses him over his head to a surprised reaction from the German crowd!]

GM: Hunter showing off some power of his own!

[Hunter steps forward, dropping Kraftwerk facefirst on the canvas. The German flips over to his back as Hunter sets his feet...]

GM: Look out here! STANDING MOONSAULT!

[...and lands gutfirst right across the raised knees of Kraftwerk who snatches a quarter nelson, dragging Hunter into an inside cradle!]

GM: CRADLE! KRAFTWERK LOOKING FOR THE UPSET!

[The referee dives to the mat to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! Hunter JUST got the shoulder up in time!

[A fired-up Kraftwerk climbs up off the mat, throwing a left hand to the jaw of the rising Hunter. A right follows right behind it, sending Hunter stumbling back into the neutral corner where Kraftwerk grabs ahold of his hair, pasting him with a

headbutt between the eyes that sends Hunter down into a seated position in the corner!]

GM: Oh my! Kraftwerk taking the fight to Hunter!

[Kraftwerk backs off, looking in on the seated Hunter..

...and with the German crowd cheering him on, he runs right back in...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Running soccer kick to the chest!

BW: The man’s in the corner! Let him out of there!

[Kraftwerk looks out at the crowd, holding up a finger.]

GM: He’s going to do it again... Kraftwerk backing off to take aim...

[And when he charges back in...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: GOODNESS!

[Kraftwerk grabs Hunter by the ankle, hauling him from the corner, diving across his chest in a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR- another last moment kickout by Riley Hunter! You can hear the rest of Hunter’s team shouting encouragement for him from the corner... they may not like him but they also don’t want to be down five to three against Team Titan, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely not.

[Kraftwerk reaches down, bringing Hunter to his feet by the arm. He drags him towards Team Titan’s corner, reaching out to slap the hand of Ryan Martinez who gets a big cheer as he steps in.]

GM: And in comes the White Knight... and while Jackson Hunter might not be a member of the Axis, you have to think that Martinez would like to send his cousin a message...

[Martinez angrily drags Hunter across the ring, throwing him back into the buckles...

...and then looks out on the German crowd, a determined look on his face.]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

GM: MACHINE GUN CHOPS!

[Martinez pauses, taking a breath, as the fans chant for more. Ever a man of the people, young Ryan obliges...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...until Hunter EXPLODES from the corner with Instant Karma, catching Martinez flush on the chin, knocking him flat!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT A SHOT!

[Hunter pauses, seemingly trying to decide if he wants to go for a cover or not... and then opts not to, reaching out to tag Skywalker Jones who instantly leaps to the top rope.]

GM: Jones to the top in a flash!

“ZERO G!”

[And as Jones calls his shot, he leaps into the air, flipping backwards while sailing forward...]

GM: DOWN WITH THE SHOOTING STAR PRESS!

[Jones wraps up both legs, cradling them tightly as he looks for perhaps the biggest pinfall of his singles career!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Martinez kicks out, breaking up the pin attempt! Jones angrily slaps his hands together three times quickly, shouting at the official as he gets back up to his feet, pulling the AWA's White Knight up by the hair...]

GM: Irish whips him across...

[With a whoop, Jones leaps high into the air, driving his calf across the throat of Martinez with a leaping sidekick!]

GM: Down goes Martinez again!

BW: And you've gotta start asking yourself if he's STILL not ready, Gordo. How bad is that neck? How bad is that arm? Is Ryan Martinez coming back too early out of his own ego telling him that HE'S gotta be the one to take out Juan Vasquez?

[Jones pulls Martinez off the mat...]

“WHAAAAAAP!”

GM: Ohh! Overhead chop by Martinez!

[Jones recoils from the blow, clutching his chest before he grits his teeth and BLASTS Martinez with a straight right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Oh! And Jones returns fire!

[Martinez grimaces, straightening up...]

“WHAAAAAAP!”

[...and BLASTS Jones across the cheek with an open-handed strike!]

GM: Martinez rocked him!

[But Jones isn't backing down, throwing a quick jab... and another... and another... and another... and when Martinez' knees start to buckle, Jones drops his hands to his side, bobbing and weaving back and forth, laying the badmouth on Martinez...]

BW: Martinez might be seeing double right now!

GM: Oh yeah? Hit the guy in the middle, Ryan!

[Jones arrogantly sticks out his chin, shouting at Martinez to "HIT ME!" Martinez tries, whiffing on another slap, nearly falling over...]

...and then Jones leaps up, drilling him with a Superman punch and putting Martinez down on the mat!]

GM: Oh my! What a shot and-

[The crowd ROARS as Jones throws himself into a standing Shooting Star Press, wrapping up Martinez again!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And Martinez AGAIN kicks out in time!

[Jones pops up in a rage, crawling towards the official, grabbing him by the shirt, shoving three fingers into his face...]

GM: Skywalker Jones can't believe it! The former tag team champion thought he had it won right there, fans!

[Jones is beside himself, clawing at his hair as he shouts at anyone who'll listen. Realizing he needs an exit, Ryan Martinez starts crawling across the ring, trying to get to his corner where four outstretched hands await...]

...but Jones circles around him.]

"NAH! NAH, NAH, NAH! IT AIN'T GOIN' DOWN LIKE THAT!"

[Jones reaches down, grabbing Martinez by the hair, hauling him to his feet where he pushes him back into the neutral corner. He grabs Martinez by the arm, whipping him across the ring...]

GM: Martinez whipped from corner to corner...

[Jones slaps his right leg a few times, shouting "IT'S COMIN' FOR YA!" before he charges across the ring, swinging his leg up...]

BW: YAAAAAAKUUUUUUUUZ-

[But Martinez LUNGES out of the corner, throwing himself towards his corner as Jones' Yakuza kick whiffs in the buckles. The White Knight's lunge takes him to one of his best friends who tags in!]

GM: Jack Lynch is in! The Iron Cowboy!

[Lynch rushes the corner where Jones is off-balance and hurting... and tees off, throwing big haymakers to the skull of the high flyer.]

GM: Lynch grabs him by the arm... whips him across...

[Jones hits the buckles, staggering out as Lynch rushes towards him, leaping into the air, smashing his arm across the collarbone!]

GM: LARIAT! LYNCH GOT ALL OF THAT!

[And the Iron Cowboy quickly secures a lateral press as the official dives to the mat, delivering the one... two... and three!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

RO: Skywalker Jones has been ELIMINATED!

[The crowd cheers for the King of the Cowboys as he climbs to his feet, looking down at Jones who is rolling from the ring.]

GM: Wow! And just like that, Team Titan takes a five on three advantage... and that's NOT good news for Team Electric Dragons... as you can tell by the expression on the face of Riley Hunter.

[The American Ninja quickly rallies the troops in the corner, speaking to Jordan Ohara and Lee Connors rapidly as Lynch awaits the next opponent inside the ring.]

GM: Bucky, if you're Ohara, Hunter, and Connors looking across the ring at those five opponents - what is your strategy?

BW: Run.

[Gordon chuckles.]

BW: No, I'm serious. Every single man on Team Titan is going to be at least a step slower and in some cases, much worse. They need to outrun, out think, and outmove the bigger team... try to wear 'em down.

[Jordan Ohara seems to draw that straw. He steps through the ropes, getting a slap on the back from Riley Hunter as Jack Lynch edges towards him, arms extended.]

GM: And this is an interesting showdown, fans. Jordan Ohara and Jack Lynch would seemingly be on the same side of a lot of issues... and in fact, were on the same side just two weeks ago in New York City. But I suppose there are no friends or allies when the Steal The Spotlight contract is on the line.

BW: That's right. You've got Stench out there saying he wants a shot at Johnny Detson - well, having that contract would guarantee it. Ohara wants to break through to the next level - having that contract might be the ticket... if Juan Vasquez leaves anything left of him two weeks from tonight in Milan.

GM: What a battle that's going to be with "Hotshot" Stevie Scott the man in the middle for it... and here's our tieup!

[Ohara and Lynch grapple in the middle of the ring. The Iron Cowboy's size advantage is quickly apparent as he backs Ohara up into the ropes. The referee steps in, calling for a break...]

...and gets one as a smiling Lynch backs off, patting Ohara on the shoulder before he does.]

GM: Clean break there.

BW: You gotta wonder how long that'll last. We're approaching the fifteen minute mark of this match already and we've got a long way to go.

[As Lynch retakes the middle of the ring, waving Ohara towards him, the Phoenix obliges as the two come together in another tieup...]

...which lasts a split second before Ohara uses an armdrag to toss Lynch down to the canvas!]

GM: Whoa! Lighting quick armdrag by Jordan Ohara!

[Lynch rolls to a knee, shaking out his arm as he eyes a waiting Ohara warily.]

GM: I'm not sure Jack Lynch saw that one coming, fans.

[The Iron Cowboy rises off the mat, swinging his arm across his chest a couple of times, giving a nod as he approaches Ohara again.]

GM: Back to the lockup... and right back down to the mat! Another impressive armdrag by Jordan Ohara!

[Lynch rolls to a knee again, this time looking a little more agitated as he shakes out his arm. From the corner, Ryan Martinez has a word of advice, waving Lynch over to whisper to him. Lynch nods as Ohara waits in the middle again.]

GM: A little strategy session there... perhaps Ryan Martinez saw something.

[Lynch edges back out to the middle of the ring, looking to lockup a fourth time. And as he does, Lynch fires off a short right hand to the jaw, sending Ohara stumbling backwards, clutching his cheek.]

GM: Oh! Hard shot to the jaw by the big Texan!

[The former tag team champion advances on Ohara, looping a big boot up into the midsection against the ropes. He grabs Ohara by the arm, shooting him across the ring, extending his arm for a clothesline...]

GM: Ohara off, ducks the clothesline...

[The Phoenix leaps to the middle rope, springing off, twisting around into a crossbody that knocks Lynch off his feet!]

GM: Oh my!

[Riley Hunter shouts something at Ohara as he gets right back up, waiting for Lynch to stir off the canvas...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and lands a big knife edge chop across the chest that takes Lynch off his feet, putting him back down on the mat as Ohara stands over him in a martial arts pose and the crowd cheers.]

GM: Wow! And Ohara puts Jack Lynch down with one heck of a chop!

[Lynch scoots back to the ropes, a red welt across his chest as Ohara stands over him, waiting for him to rise. But as the Texan gets up, he stays next to the ropes, walking alongside them to the corner where he slaps the hand of Ryan Martinez.]

GM: And there's the tag to the White Knight... and listen to the crowd go nuts for the idea of this showdown!

[Martinez steps through the ropes, fire in his eyes as he stomps across the ring, getting right up in the face of Ohara. He delivers a two-handed shove to the chest, knocking Ohara back a step...

...and then slaps himself across the chest.]

GM: Oh my... a bit of a heated situation here... and if I'm not mistake, Ryan Martinez has just asked Jordan Ohara to hit him with one of those chops, Bucky.

BW: Martinez is known for throwing one heck of a chop himself, Gordo. This should be interesting.

[Martinez gestures at his chest again as Ohara looks around, a bit shocked by the crowd's enthusiasm for this battle. The Phoenix nods, stepping forward, locking eyes with the White Knight who calls for the chop again...

...and Ohara obliges!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Martinez grimaces at the blow...

...but stands his ground, defiantly shaking his head at Ohara as the crowd buzzes at the "coolness" of the moment.]

GM: Ryan Martinez... no effect!

BW: Oh, he's feeling it but he'll be damned if he lets Ohara know it!

[A smile crosses the face of Martinez as he shifts position, very clearly pointing at Ohara and saying "my turn." Ohara nods his head quickly, pulling back his arms, sticking out his chest...]

GM: And now it's Ohara's turn...

[Martinez spits on his hands, rubbing them together, leaning over to build anticipation. The crowd is absolutely roaring now, waiting for the blow to be thrown...]

GM: Here we go...

[...and then Martinez pops up, lets loose a shout, and throws a knife edge chop across the chest of Ohara!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Ohara stumbles back a step, nearly dipping down to a knee...

...and then stands straight up, staring Martinez in the eye to a huge reaction!]

GM: OH! MY! STARS!

[Ohara steps closer to Martinez, getting up in the face of Martinez this time...

...and Martinez responds with a short headbutt to the bridge of the nose, sending him falling back to the ropes where Riley Hunter slaps the shoulder of the young Phoenix. Hunter ducks through the ropes, shouting at Martinez as Ohara protests the blind tag.]

BW: I think Ohara wanted some more of the White Knight, Gordo.

GM: Sure looks that way. I'm sure those two will get another opportunity to do battle and... and Riley Hunter wants Martinez to throw a chop at him too?!

[Hunter stands up, playing to the crowd, pointing to his chest, shouting at Martinez...

...and then assumes the pose: chest out, arms back, staring into the eyes of Martinez who winds up...]

GM: Martinez is gonna give it to him too!

[But as Martinez goes to throw the chop, Hunter surges forward, throwing himself into a front roll to duck under it. He comes to his feet behind Martinez, snatching a half chicken wing before snagging the second arm, pulling it back...]

GM: What the-?!

[...and DUMPS Martinez on the back of his head with a lightning quick released Tiger Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Martinez rolls over onto his stomach but Hunter will not hesitate, yanking him off the mat by the back of the hair...

...and tees off with a series of forearm strikes to the back of the head!]

GM: Oh! Blow after blow to the head and neck of Martinez!

BW: That's the weak spot! That's what the piledriver went after and don't think for a second that Jackson Hunter didn't let his cousin know that!

[A rolling elbow to the back of the head sends Martinez flying forward, bouncing chestfirst off the ropes, staggering back towards Hunter who deadleaps into the air, snaring Martinez' head between his legs...

...and DRIVES his head down into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: He SPIKED him with the reverse rana! That might do it!

[Hunter flips him over, diving across his chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But Martinez' shoulder comes flying off the canvas, breaking up the pin attempt. Hunter comes to his feet, waving his arms, shouting at Martinez to get up off the canvas. The former World Champion doesn't stir fast enough for Hunter though

who swoops in, yanking him up. He stands behind Martinez, reaching around to grab the wrist...]

GM: What in the...?!

BW: He's gonna finish him off, Gordo!

[Hunter whips Martinez out, uncoiling the arm...

...then delivers a lower octave shout of "GET OVER HERE!" before yanking Martinez back into an Instant Karma!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The White Knight stumbles backwards, his eyes flickering as Hunter spins him around, lifting him up onto his shoulders...]

GM: What in the... Hunter's a blur of offensive assaults!

[...and spins him out, DRIVING him down on the back of the neck with a powerbomb. He stays on his feet, stacking up the legs into a folding cradle as the referee dives to the mat!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And again Martinez kicks out! Again, the former World Champion is hanging on for dear life!

[Hunter shouts, grabbing angrily at his own hair as he stomps away from the downed Martinez...

...and gets slapped on the shoulder by Jordan Ohara!]

GM: And Ohara returns the favor! Another blind tag!

[Hunter's eyes flash with anger for a moment as Ohara runs down the apron, quickly scaling the turnbuckles...]

GM: Ohara's up top! Martinez is still down on the canvas!

[And the Phoenix takes flight, pumping his arms and legs...

...and DRIVING his weight down on the torso of Ryan Martinez!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: PHOENIX FLAME OFF THE TOP! THAT MIGHT DO IT!

[Ohara reaches back, tightly cradling both legs as the referee dives to the canvas.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[The crowd holds their collective breath, waiting for the shoulder to pop up... squeak up off the canvas... waiting for the last second kickout...

...that never comes.]

GM: Three?! He... he got him! Jordan Ohara just pinned Ryan Martinez!

[The Berlin fans go silent, waiting to hear it made official.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... Ryan Martinez has been ELIMINATED!

[And then the crowd begins to buzz with disbelief as Ryan Martinez very slowly sits up on the mat, looking over at the official who holds up three fingers. Martinez' gaze drifts over to Ohara who looks overjoyed, standing near his corner, ready for action...

...and then slowly nods, rolling under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: My stars, I can't believe it! Going into this... much like at the Battle of Boston... many had to consider Ryan Martinez one of the odds-on favorites to win this whole thing but... he was just eliminated, fans! He was just eliminated at the hands of Jordan Ohara!

BW: Well, after Riley Hunter put a world class butt kicking on him.

GM: Hunter did a lot of damage but Ohara lands the finishing blow - the Phoenix Flame off the top... and Ryan Martinez' exit from this match puts us down to a four-on-three scenario. Torin The Titan, Jack Lynch, The Gladiator, and Macht Kraftwerk taking on Riley Hunter, Jordan Ohara, and Lee Connors. And Team Electric Dragons may still be one under but they just struck a major blow towards evening the odds by making sure that Ryan Martinez was the first one eliminated from Team Titan. Incredible.

[Ohara watches as Martinez departs.]

GM: And with all the health issues facing Ryan Martinez in 2016, doesn't part of you have to wonder if we just witnessed some kind of... I don't know.

BW: A passing of the torch?

GM: I suppose that would be the closest thing to what I was thinking. Jordan Ohara came into this match looking to make a major impact and he certainly just did that.

[Ohara steps away from the corner, looking across the ring at the opposition, wondering who will be next...

...when Torin The Titan steps back over the ropes.]

GM: And in comes the giant looking to settle things down. The situation got a little out of control right there for Team Titan but Torin's coming in to try to regain control.

[Ohara eyes the giant for a bit, as if trying to figure out what in the world he can do next.]

BW: Whatcha got now, kid?

[Torin steps forward again, closing the distance to Ohara. Ohara suddenly breaks for the ropes, rebounding off towards the Eiffel Tower who swings and whiffs on a big knife edge chop of his own. Ohara leaps up to the second rope, springing back with a dropkick on the chin of the giant that wobbles him!]

GM: Oh! Ohara lands a dropkick on the mark!

[Ohara surbles up off the mat, running to the ropes again. This time, he leaps up to land a flying knee to the chest of the giant, putting him back a couple of steps.]

GM: Blow after blow landing on Torin, trying to take the giant off his feet...

[Ohara rushes to the ropes a third time, building momentum as he comes back towards the giant...

...who surges forward, throwing his leg up to drive his massive boot up under the chin of Ohara, a blow that flips the Phoenix through the air, twisting him around and dumping him back on the canvas!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: HOLY...

BW: That might be it right there, Gordo! It might be over for Ohara already!

GM: It certainly could be. Incredible impact on that big boot... and look at this now, Torin The Titan dragging Jordan Ohara up off the mat...

[Torin gives a nod to the cheering Berlin crowd, lifting Ohara up with one mighty arm, and tossing him down with a simple body slam... from a 7'2" giant.]

GM: Goodness!

BW: Even the simplest of moves in the hands of a giant are absolutely destructive! A big boot! A body slam! Incredible!

[The giant stands over Ohara, looking down at him as he tries to roll to all fours...

...but Torin reaches down, snatching Ohara by the back of his tights, deadlifting him straight up to his feet where he uses the tights to fling him back into the neutral corner.]

GM: Ohara gets thrown into the corner by Torin!

BW: The kid is about 225 pounds and Torin's throwing him around like a bag of potatoes, Gordo.

GM: To Torin, just about EVERYONE is a bag of potatoes!

[With Ohara on the buckles, Torin uses his left hand to hold him there as he raises his right with a mighty “HOOOOAAAAAAAH!”...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

BW: I could FEEL that one, Gordo. It's like getting hit with a frying pan in the heart!

[Reaching under Ohara's arm with one arm and around his head with the other, Torin goes to biel the Phoenix out of the corner..

...and legitimately throws him the entire distance of the ring, sending him bouncing off the canvas into the opposite corner!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Absolutely awe-inspiring, fans! That was... I can't even begin to describe it!

BW: But now he's gotta finish the kid off!

[With Ohara still down on the mat, Torin uses his boot to roll him into position before he backs into the buckles, stepping up to the second rope as the crowd begins to buzz with concern for the Phoenix.]

GM: We've seen this before in Torin's matches all over the world! If he drops his 472 pounds down on Ohara, this match is over for the young Phoenix!

[Torin stands tall, balancing himself as he looks down at Ohara...

...and then looks across the ring at Riley Hunter who suddenly is shouting in his direction.]

GM: Torin distracted by Hunter!

BW: Did Hunter just call him a "massive ball of earwax?"

GM: I believe so.

[Torin bellows something unintelligible at Hunter before turning his focus back down on Ohara, leaping from his perch with his butt aimed at the chest of the Phoenix...]

GM: SITTING SPLASH!

[...but Ohara rolls clear at the last moment!]

GM: He missed! He missed the sitdown splash!

[Torin grimaces, pain shooting up his spine from the impact on his tailbone as Ohara starts crawling towards his corner, looking to make a tag.]

GM: Torin went for the homerun and ended up swinging at a pitch in the dirt for Strike Three! And Jordan Ohara's gotta get out of there, Bucky!

BW: He does... he needs to make the tag and give one of his partners a chance to see if they can finish off Torin.

GM: What does it take to finish off a giant, Bucky?

BW: We might be about to find out, Gordo.

[The crawling Ohara ends up near his corner, struggling on his hands and knees to get closer...

...and with a lunge, he tags himself out of the match!]

GM: Connors makes the tag! The young rookie from Winnipeg!

[The 177 pound Cannonball storms the ring to where Torin is still sitting on the match. He uncorks a flurry of strikes - left kick to the head, right kick to the head, a rapidfire explosion of palm strikes between the eyes.]

GM: Connors is all over him, blow after blow to the head!

[Dashing to the ropes, the smallish rookie builds up incredible speed as he rebounds back, leaping into the air with a double kneestrike and rides it down to put Torin on his back!]

GM: OHH! Connors drives him down to the mat under his knees!

[Springing to his feet, Connors looks around, trying to figure out what he wants to do next...]

...and uncorks a beautiful standing Shooting Star Press, crashing down on Torin's mighty chest. He reaches back, grabbing a kneepad, trying to tug the massive leg up into a cradle as the referee drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Torin shoves Connors off him, breaking up the pin. Connors though, quickly regains his feet, looking for his next attack...]

GM: Connors right back up, looking back and forth... what comes next for the Canadian karate kid?!

[And with Torin still down on the mat, struggling to get up, Connors dashes to the ropes, ducking through them and quickly making his way up towards the top rope...]

GM: Connors is going to take to the sky. He's got that incredible Atomic Cannonball senton we've seen before. Could we be about to see that here?

[Connors suddenly hurls himself into the air, flipping wildly through the sky...]

...and SMASHES down backfirst on the stunned Torin!]

GM: THERE IT IS! THE ATOMIC CANNONBALL!

[Connors frantically rolls over, again trying to pull a leg into a cradle.]

GM: IS IT ENOUGH TO TOPPLE THE GIANT?!

[And as Connors tries to secure the pin, the referee drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Torin shoves Connors off at the last moment, breaking up the pin. Connors sits up on the canvas, grabbing at his head with both hands in disbelief. The Berlin crowd is buzzing as Connors scrambles up, looking around wildly.]

BW: And you can see the inexperience of Lee Connors on display here, trying to figure out what to do next. He looks confused. He looks thrown off. He hit his big move and it wasn't enough so now what?

[Connors scrambles across the ring, ducking through the ropes again...]

GM: He's going for it again!

[Connors steps to the second rope, looking out on the crowd as he heads to the top...]

GM: "Cannonball" Lee Connors is heading to the top... looking for one more big move... one more big attack to put Torin down for a three count!

[But as Connors steps to the top rope, he sees a terrifying sight...

...a rising Torin The Titan lumbering towards him!]

GM: Torin's up and-

[Reaching up, Torin wraps a hand around the throat of Lee Connors, stopping him cold! The Titan reaches up with the other hand, grabbing Connors' torso...]

GM: He caught him! Torin's got him up there and-

[The Eiffel Tower flings Connors off the top rope, sending him flying across the ring, where he CRASHES down on the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And Torin throws him down off the top rope!

[The Titan staggers across the ring, moving towards his corner where he reaches out and slaps Macht Kraftwerk's hand.]

GM: Tag!

[The German crowd erupts at Kraftwerk being brought in... and gets even louder as he starts to climb the ropes. Torin The Titan turns his back to the corner as Kraftwerk steps to the top.]

GM: What are they...?

[The Titan reaches up, grabbing Macht's hands as the popular cruiserweight steps onto the giant's shoulders!]

GM: Oh my stars! Macht Kraftwerk on the shoulders of the giant!

[Torin walks out of the corner, still holding Kraftwerk's hands as he approaches the prone Connors...]

GM: Torin walking to the middle of the ring and...

[Kraftwerk lets go of Torin's hands, standing tall as the German crowd goes nuts for the home country hero...]

...and then Kraftwerk leaps off the top, pumping his arms and legs on the way down...]

GM: FROG SPLASH!

[...and CRASHES down on the prone Connors!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Kraftwerk reaches back, snatching Connors' leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Kraftwerk rolls off of Connors, clutching his ribs in pain as a laughing Torin exits the ring and Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Lee Connors has been ELIMINATED!

[The crowd cheers the elimination at the hands of the Germany native.]

GM: And with that elimination, Team Titan is now up 4-2, fans... leaving just Riley Hunter and Jordan Ohara on Team Electric Dragons. On the other side, it's Torin The Titan, The Gladiator, Macht Kraftwerk, and Jack Lynch.

[But with Kraftwerk reeling from the high impact frog splash, Riley Hunter dives through the ropes, swooping the dazed and hurting Kraftwerk off the mat. With a nod, Hunter snatches the arms into a double chicken wing, lifting him up into the air, turning to face Torin The Titan...

...and drops him from the elevated double chicken wing into a face plant!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: DAY OF LAVOS!

[Hunter rolls to the side, sliding right into a double leg cradle, getting a quick and easy three count.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

RO: Macht Kraftwerk has been ELIMINATED!

[The German crowd ERUPTS in jeers as Riley Hunter springs to his feet, an arrogant smirk on his face...

...and turns towards Torin The Titan, lifting his hand and twisting his fingers into a pistol, pointing at the giant.]

GM: Uh oh.

[An enraged Torin The Titan shouts at Hunter, starting to come over the ropes...

...but Hunter cuts him off, throwing himself into a shotgun dropkick to the chest, sending Torin tumbling off the apron to the floor!]

GM: Torin was on his way in but Hunter's having none of it!

[Hunter slides out on the apron, pointing down at Torin who straightens up...

...and the Seven Star Athlete tears down the apron, leaping off the apron with a flying kneestrike to the skull, sending Torin down to a knee!]

GM: Hunter strikes again!

[Scrambling back up on the apron, Hunter stomps his foot in rhythm, getting some in the crowd to clap in rhythm with the stomp...

...and as Torin regains his feet, Hunter leaps up into the air, springing off the top rope...]

GM: MOONSAULT!

[...and crashes down onto Torin, knocking the giant off his feet, putting him right back down into a seated position on the floor. Hunter scrambles up, rolling under the ropes into the ring.]

BW: Hunter's fired up!

[Hunter walks around the ring, screaming and shouting, all fired up as he pounds his chest...

...and then dashes into the ropes, hitting the ropes closest to Torin, bouncing off to hit the far ropes, building up tremendous steam...]

GM: HUNTER ON THE RUN!

[...and HURLS himself over the top rope, knocking Torin down on his back with a somersault dive over the ropes. Hunter lands on his feet, getting right up in the face of the front row of the Berlin crowd, shouting at them.]

GM: OHHHHHH MY! RILEY HUNTER WIPES OUT TORIN THE TITAN!

[Hunter spins away from the railing, sliding under the ropes...

...and instantly orders the referee to start a ten count.]

GM: And look at this! Hunter wants him to count Torin out of the ring!

[The referee walks over to the ropes, starting his ten count.]

GM: Hunter's trying to get the countout.

BW: This is brilliant, Gordo! It's going to be near impossible to get a pinfall or submission on Torin The Titan so a countout would be ideal!

[Hunter shouts at the official, waving an arm and telling him to count faster.]

GM: The official is doing a fine job with the count - no matter the opinion of the American Ninja!

[The count gets up to four as Torin The Titan struggles to roll to a hip, trying to get his near five hundred pound frame off the floor as Jack Lynch and the Gladiator shout encouragement from the apron.]

GM: His partners are cheering him on, trying to get him up to his feet...

BW: If he can't get up, Gordo, we're down to two on two - it's a straight up tag match at that point!

GM: He's going to have a hard time beating that count in my estimation, Bucky... look at Torin struggling to get up...

[Torin manages to sit up on the floor, grimacing with each breath as the count goes to six...]

GM: The count is up to six... could Riley Hunter have masterminded a way to put down the giant?

[The Eiffel Tower reaches up from the floor, looping a hand on the ring apron as Hunter defiantly shakes his head, shouting at the referee who counts seven...]

GM: Torin's getting up! He's using the apron to pull himself up!

[He almost rips off the apron in the process, fighting his way up to his feet as the count hits eight...

...and Riley Hunter sprints across the ring, connecting with both feet in the face of a surprised Torin!]

GM: OHH! Baseball slide by the American Ninja!

[Hunter hops out on the apron, shaking his head at Torin who is leaning on the ringside barricade. As the giant pushes off, staggering towards the ring, Hunter leaps off, snaring a front facelock...

...twisting through the air, and DRIVING Torin's skull into the thinly-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TORNADO DDT OUT ON THE FLOOR! OH MY!

[Hunter gets up to his feet, shouting again at the downed Torin before rolling back into the ring and demanding a count again...]

BW: The DDT was on that ringside padding - the mats on the floor. The mats are thin... there's not a whole lot of protection there but it DOES keep Torin from getting his head driven into solid concrete!

[Hunter shoves the referee towards the ropes, waving an arm as he mimics counting.]

GM: The referee's going to start another ten count out there on Torin The Titan. Hunter tried this a moment ago but Torin was going to beat the count in time.

[The American Ninja backs off, stroking his chin...

...and ducking out of the way as the Gladiator takes a swipe at him from the apron. Hunter points at the Gladiator, running his mouth in his direction as the referee moves to get between them.]

BW: Oh, come on! He's not counting!

[The Gladiator steps into the ring, shouting at Hunter as the referee tries to get in front of him...

...which gives Hunter the chance to roll back out of the ring, shoving the timekeeper out of his seat...]

GM: What's he-?! Hunter's got a chair! He's got a steel chair!

[Hunter rushes towards the downed Torin, winding up with the chair...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STEEL CHAIR DOWN ACROSS THE KNEE!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Hunter frantically throws the chair aside, diving back under the ropes as Jack Lynch protests to the official who just gets the Gladiator out of the ring, turning to face Hunter who begs off, pleading his innocence as Jordan Ohara looks displeased from the apron.]

GM: Hunter took that chair to the knee out on the floor!

BW: Not just any knee, Gordo... he went right after the knee that took Torin out of the Battle of Boston when the Synd-

GM: You know better than that.

BW: Fine... when the two individuals we've been asked not to refer to by name busted up his knee! Hunter - ever a student of the game - knew Torin's biggest weakness coming into this match and he just took king-sized advantage of it!

[The referee shakes his head at Hunter, ordering him back to his corner as the count begins again on the giant who is writhing in pain on the floor, groaning in agony at the attack on his already-injured leg.]

GM: This is trouble for Team Titan. Torin The Titan's leg just underwent a hellacious assault with that steel chair by Riley Hunter and-

[In the corner, Jordan Ohara swings Hunter around by the shoulder, shouting at him and jabbing a finger into his face.]

GM: Uh oh. It looks like we might have some trouble in Hunter's own team.

BW: That goody-two-shoes Ohara! Hunter might have just paved the way to victory for them and he's going to gripe about how the American Ninja did it?!

[Hunter doesn't even bother with Ohara, backing out of the corner and watching as the official counts four...]

GM: The count to four and Torin is still on his back on the floor! Jack Lynch is shouting for his partner to get up... begging the Eiffel Tower to regain his feet and lead his team to victory...

BW: Right now, it might take a week for him to just get to his feet!

GM: The referee still counting... look at Hunter... practically salivating at the idea of this plan working...

BW: I'm telling you, Gordo. After the run that Riley Hunter put on at the Battle of Boston after being the biggest free agent signing of all time... after what we've already seen tonight... is there any doubt that Riley Hunter is the man to watch in the back half of 2016? This man is making waves everywhere he goes and every time he steps into the ring!

GM: Thirty minutes gone by in this one... five men remain. Remember, fans, we have to reach the total elimination of one team for the match to be over and right now, Team Titan still holds a three on two advantage.

BW: For now.

GM: That's what I said, Bucky!

BW: I don't think you're giving Riley Hunter enough credit for this plan, Gordo. I really don't.

GM: Forgive me for not drooling over the strategy that involves clubbing someone's knee with a steel chair! He's not exactly going to earn the nickname "The Brain" in my book after that.

[The referee's count is up to seven now as Torin struggles to get his arms under him, trying to get up off the floor.]

GM: The count is at seven and Torin continues to have trouble getting off the floor... this could truly be it for the Titan in this one.

[The Titan winces, pushing himself to a knee...]

GM: Now at eight. Torin giving it everything he's got!

[Hunter is practically jumping up and down with each count now, waving for the speed to pick up...]

GM: Nine! Torin on his feet! One more chance!

[The giant stumbles forward, trying to get to the ring. He grabs the ropes, the crowd cheering as he makes one last try...]

...and cries out, falling back to a knee on the floor as the official counts ten.]

BW: That's it! Hunter did it!

"DING! DING! DING!"

RO: Torin The Ti-

[But before Rebecca can make it official, her announcement is swallowed by The Gladiator storming the ring, clubbing Riley Hunter from behind with a forearm smash across the shoulderblades that sends him falling across the ring into the ropes.]

GM: Torin's gone! We're down to two on two!

[The Gladiator spins Hunter around against the ropes, lighting him up with a big chop across the pectorals!]

GM: Oh my! Big chop by the Gladiator!

[Grabbing Hunter by the arm, the Gladiator fires him across the ring. Hunter rebounds back, ducking under a clothesline attempt to hit the far ropes.]

GM: Hunter off the far side... crossbody- CAUGHT!

[The crowd roars as the powerful Gladiator catches the struggling Hunter in his muscular arms...]

GM: Remember, fans... the Gladiator won the Steal The Spotlight contract earlier this year from Rex Summers, cashing it on Johnny Detson to take his first shot at the World Title...

BW: And failed miserably, getting a big ol' "and one" at the end of his record!

[The Gladiator turns around a full 360, showing Hunter off to all four sides of the building...]

...and then sets him down on his feet in front of him.]

GM: What the-?!

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE SLAPPED THE TASTE OUT OF HUNTER'S MOUTH!

[Hunter stumbles away, staggering across the ring with his arm outstretched...]

GM: Wrong corner!

[...and walks right into a haymaker between the eyes from the Iron Cowboy!]

GM: Ohh! What a right hand by Jack Lynch!

[Hunter staggers back the other way towards the Gladiator who lifts him up over his shoulder...]

...and drops him down on a bent knee!]

GM: Inverted atomic drop by the Gladiator!

[And with Hunter reeling in pain, the Gladiator backs into the ropes, rebounding off with a leaping shoulderblock that sends Hunter flying halfway across the ring, crashing down to the canvas where he promptly rolls out to the floor!]

GM: Hunter bails out of the ring! He's had enough of the Gladiator!

[But before he can get too far, Jack Lynch drops off the apron, retrieving Hunter, and fires him back under the ropes to a big cheer! A protesting Hunter climbs to his feet, shouting at Hunter, complaining to the official...]

...and turns right around into a scoop as the Gladiator slings a struggling Hunter up over his shoulder...]

GM: The Gladiator's got him up! Walking around the ring with him!

[Pausing in the corner, the Gladiator gives a big thumbs down before charging out to the middle of the ring...]

...and DRIVES Riley Hunter down into the canvas with a running powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAAAAAAM!

[The Gladiator plants his palms down on the chest of Hunter, pressing up as he stares out at the roaring crowd...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Kickout! Hunter kicks out in time!

[The Gladiator shows three fingers to the referee who shakes his head, insisting it was a two count as Hunter rolls out of the ring again...]

GM: Again, Hunter's looking for a way out of here!

BW: He's gotta find a way to slow the Gladiator down. The Gladiator is soaring on momentum right now and-

[Reaching over the ropes, the Gladiator snatches Hunter by the hair, trying to drag him up towards the apron...

...when suddenly, the crowd breaks out into jeers!]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: Oh, thank the Maker!

[The jeers are for "Red Hot" Rex Summers who is jogging down the aisle towards the ring, clutching the badly-dented metal briefcase that he once carried the Steal The Spotlight contract in.]

GM: What is Rex Summers doing out here?!

BW: What's he doing out here?! He's got every right to be out here! He's the last man to win the damn Steal The Spotlight! It's a crying shame he's not in this Series, Gordo!

GM: That may be true in yours and his warped world view but he's NOT a part of this and he's got no business out here!

[The official shouts at Summers from the ring but Summers pulls up just before getting there, shaking his head, pleading innocence.]

GM: Summers is trying to convince the referee that he's just out here to watch but-

[The Berlin crowd roars as Jack Lynch hops down off the apron, moving to confront Summers.]

GM: And there's no love lost between the Lynch family and Rex Summers! This one goes back to their time in Texas... in PCW.

[Lynch has a few harsh words for Summers who backpedals to the side, moving around the ring as the Iron Cowboy backs him down. Summers throws a glance at the ring where the Gladiator is pulling on Hunter, trying to get him back in the ring...

...and as the Gladiator brings Hunter over the top with a big vertical suplex, Summers leans back and spits right in the face of Jack Lynch!]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH! You've gotta be kidding me!

BW: Man, I've always wanted to do that!

GM: Rex Summers just SPAT in the face of Jack Lynch!

[The Iron Cowboy reaches up, wiping the saliva from his face...

...and then bursts into a sprint, charging after the fleeing Summers, chasing him around the ring...]

GM: We've got a footrace on our hands! Summers is trying to get away from Jack Lynch and the big Texan can't wait to get his hands on him!

[Summers is in a sprint, throwing the occasional glance towards the ring as the Gladiator tries to stay focused on the action...

...and suddenly, Jordan Ohara drops down off the apron, stopping Rex Summers cold!]

GM: What in the...?!

BW: Ohara, this is none of your business!

[Trapped between Ohara and an advancing Jack Lynch, Rex Summers rolls into the ring, briefcase in hand, scrambling to his feet...

...and runs right into the Gladiator who scoops Rex Summers up, pressing him up over his head!]

GM: OH MY STARS! OH MY STARS!

[The Gladiator keeps Summers pressed high for all to see...

...and then drops him down over his shoulder before DRIVING the Red Hot One into the canvas with a powerslam!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: HE PLANTED HIM! THAT OUGHTA TEACH SUMMERS TO GET INVOLVED IN SOMETHING THAT DOESN'T INVOLVE HIM!

[Summers goes rolling from the ring with the assist of the referee.]

GM: The referee's putting Summers out and-

BW: Look! Look at Hunter!

[Having retrieved the fallen metal briefcase, Hunter winds up...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and BLASTS the Gladiator across the back with it!]

GM: Good grief! What a shot!

[Hunter backs off, watching...

...and his eyes go wide, his jaw dropping as the Gladiator turns around, not feeling any effect from the briefcase to the back at all. The Gladiator stares at Hunter who looks past him...]

GM: The Gladiator didn't feel it! The Gladiator is-

[Hunter suddenly throws the briefcase at the Gladiator who snatches it out of the air...

...and Hunter drops down to the mat, grabbing his head a split second before the official turns around.]

GM: Wait... wait, no!

[The official looks at Hunter... then at the Gladiator holding the dented briefcase...

...and signals for the bell!]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: NO!

BW: Oh man, he did it again!

[The referee leans out to Rebecca Ortiz who makes it official.]

RO: By way of disqualification, The Gladiator has been ELIMINATED!

[The crowd jeers the decision as Hunter rolls around on the mat, holding his head... and then rolls over to his hip, winking at the nearby camera as the Gladiator fumes inside the ring...

...and then turns, looking down the aisle at a fleeing Rex Summers who is still feeling the effects of the powerslam!]

BW: Uh oh. Run Rex run!

GM: The Gladiator's got Rex Summers in his sights and vengeance on his mind!

[The Gladiator suddenly exits the ring, charging down the aisle towards Rex Summers who makes a break for it, trying to get out of the arena before his powerful rival gets to him!]

GM: Summers is running for it and the Gladiator might chase him all the way back to the States, Bucky!

BW: The Gladiator can do whatever he wants except move on in this Series! He's done! He's gone! And now that stinkin' Jack Stench has got himself stuck between a Phoenix and a Ninja!

[But Ohara still looks disgruntled, pacing on the apron, glaring at Hunter as the American Ninja drags himself to his feet. The Iron Cowboy steps in, looking across at his two opponents...]

GM: And suddenly, after Team Titan has had the odds in their favor all match long, the scene shifts! Now it's Jack Lynch taking on Riley Hunter AND Jordan Ohara.

[The Iron Cowboy takes a few deep breaths, looking at both men...

...and then storms across the ring, catching the recovering Hunter with a pair of haymakers...]

GM: Big right hands on Hunter!

[Lynch suddenly spins, dropping Ohara off the apron with another right hand!]

GM: Oh!

BW: Cheap shot by that stinkin' Stench! DQ him, ref!

[Lynch turns back towards a fleeing Hunter, snagging him by the back of the tights, yanking him into a side waistlock, lifting him up...]

GM: Lynch lifts him up... and jumps into the air!

[A jumping back suplex rattles Hunter from head to toe as Lynch rolls into a lateral press, reaching back to hook a leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Hunter slips the shoulder out, breaking up the pin attempt.]

GM: Two count only... and look at the Iron Cowboy!

[Lynch swings a leg over the downed Hunter, taking the mount as he grabs a handful of hair...]

"EINS!"

"ZWEI!"

"DREI!"

"VIER!"

"FÜNF!"

"SECHS!"

"SIEBEN!"

"ACHT!"

"NEUN!"

"ZEHN!"

[Lynch climbs to his feet, a smile on his face at having landed ten blows to the head as the crowd counts along. He leans down, pulling a dazed Hunter up by the arm...]

GM: Big whip to the corner!

[Hunter SLAMS into the buckles, grabbing the small of his back as he sinks down to all fours. The Texan stalks in after him, reaching down to pull him into a bodylock...]

GM: GUTWRENCH!

[...and HURLS him halfway across the ring with a gutwrench suplex!]

GM: And Jack Lynch is feeling it here in Berlin! He's looking to finish off Riley Hunter... move on to Jordan Ohara... and find a way to walk out of here as the sole survivor for his team!

[Lynch again stalks across the ring. This time, Hunter manages to get up, backpedaling away as he begs off. He ends up backed into the corner as Lynch advances quicker, looping an uppercut up under the chin! A wad of saliva shoots up into the air as Hunter gets knocked nearly over the buckles before dropping back down to his knees.]

GM: Oh my!

[Lynch grabs Hunter by the hair, hauling him up to his feet...]

GM: Lynch has got him in the corner... big right downstairs... and another...

[Grabbing an arm, Lynch whips Hunter across the ring. The American Ninja again slams into the neutral corner as Lynch charges in after him, ready to drive home a clothesline in the corner...

...but Hunter leans back, bringing his boot up into the chest of Lynch, cutting him off and causing him to fall back!]

GM: Oh! Hunter caught him coming in!

[Lynch steadies himself, charging in a second time...

...but Hunter leaps up with the assistance of the ropes, lashing out with a kick to the ear of Lynch!]

GM: OHHH! HEAD KICK!

[The Iron Cowboy staggers away, barely able to keep his feet as Hunter sizes him up, running in from behind, getting a HUUUUUGE vertical leap as he laces his leg behind Lynch's head, driving him facefirst to the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Hunter frantically flips Lynch over onto his back, hooking a leg and rolling into a side press!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But the big Texan's shoulder comes off the canvas, breaking up the pin attempt. Hunter rolls to his knees, smashing a fist into the canvas...

...and then looks up at Jordan Ohara who has an arm outstretched in his direction. Hunter reluctantly gets up, pointing at Ohara...]

GM: Still some tension between these two and-

[Hunter aggressively slaps Ohara's hand, pointing at Lynch and shouting "FINISH HIM OFF, KID!" Ohara moves in swiftly, pulling Lynch to his feet.]

GM: Backhand chop by Ohara... now one over the top to the forehead!

[A Mongolian Chop across the sides of the neck sends Lynch staggering back into the ropes where Ohara advances on him, grabbing an arm...]

GM: Irish whi- no, reversed!

[Lynch ducks down, setting for a backdrop but sets too early as Ohara sees it coming, leaping over Lynch, dragging him down in a sunset flip.]

GM: Sunset flip! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Lynch clashes his boots together on Ohara's ears, breaking up the pin attempt.]

GM: Lynch escapes in time!

[Ohara scrambles up as Lynch does the same. Lynch takes a wild swing at Ohara who ducks the sluggish blow, reaching back to hook Lynch by the arm. He grabs the other arm as well...

...and then drops to his knees, pulling the struggling Texan down in a backslide!]

GM: BACKSLIDE FOR ONE!! HE GETS TWO!!! HE'S GOT HIM- NO! NO!

[The crowd roars at the nearfall as Ohara claps his hands together.]

GM: I thought he had him right there!

BW: So did Ohara, Gordo!

[Ohara moves quickly towards Lynch who is trying to get up but is a step slower, getting to a knee...

...and BURIES a right hand into the advancing Ohara's midsection!]

GM: Lynch goes downstairs!

[The Texan straightens up, grabbing Ohara who is sucking wind after the gutshot. He scoops him up for a slam...

...but has a little too much oomph on the lift, causing Ohara to slip out over the back, hooking a rear waistlock...]

GM: Ohara to the ropes!

[Bouncing back, Ohara rolls Lynch into a rolling reverse cradle, dropping back into a bridge!]

GM: A page out of Adam Rogers' playbook - the Natural Bridge!

[The referee dives to the canvas.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!:

GM: My stars! Jack Lynch just BARELY beat the count that time! Incredible!

BW: GAAH! FINISH HIM!

[Ohara is the first one up again, lighting up the rising Lynch with a knife edge chop. A second one lands as well, sending Lynch staggering back towards the ropes.]

GM: Ohara moving in on him...

[But a desperate Lynch throws a cowboy boot into the gut, cutting off Ohara's attack. He grabs a handful of hair, rushing towards the ropes and flinging Ohara over the top!]

GM: Lynch tosses him out... BUT LOOK AT THIS!

[Clinging to the top rope, Ohara holds himself...

...and then powers himself back up, swinging over the top and dropping back inside the ring!]

BW: Ohara skins the cat! You know what kind of upper body strength it takes to do that?!

[A surprised Lynch turns around as Ohara rushes him...

...and then sidesteps, hurling Ohara over the top a second time! The lanky Texan turns his back, trying to catch a breather...]

GM: HE DID IT AGAIN!

[But Ohara powers himself back up over the ropes a second time, rushing towards the turning Lynch...

...and leaps up, snaring Lynch around the head and neck with his legs...]

GM: Headscissors!

[And uses a rana to drag Lynch over the ropes, depositing him on the floor as Ohara lands back inside the ring down on his knees...]

...which is when Riley Hunter leans over, slapping Ohara on the back.]

GM: TAG!

[Ohara looks annoyed at Hunter, hands on his hips as the American Ninja slides back into the ring, rushing to the corner. He wiggles his fingers with anticipation as the Texan regains his feet on the floor...]

...and Hunter sprints from corner to corner, leaping over the top rope to land on the middle rope outside facing inside the ring...]

GM: MOONSAULT!

[...and wipes out a rising Jack Lynch with the moonsault on the floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[And despite all the dastardly tactics we’ve seen from Riley Hunter, a chant slowly starts for the Seven Star Athlete.]

“NIN-JA!”
clapclapclap
“NIN-JA!”
clapclapclap
“NIN-JA!”
clapclapclap
“NIN-JA!”
clapclapclap
“NIN-JA!”
clapclapclap
“NIN-JA!”
clapclapclap

[Hunter climbs to his feet, dropping in a dramatic bow to the cheering crowd before throwing Lynch back under the ropes inside the ring. Hunter moves to the corner, climbing the ringsteps near his own corner...]

...and then steps up on the second rope, moving to the top...]

GM: Hunter’s up top and-

[Ohara reaches up, slapping his shoulder...]

GM: TAG!

[An agitated Hunter shouts at Ohara who rushes down the length of the apron, stepping to the second... then to the top...]

GM: Ohara tagged himself in! Lynch is down on the canvas!

[Ohara HURLS himself off the top, pumping his arms and legs before crashing down on the prone Texan!]

GM: PHOENIX FLAME CONNECTS!

[Ohara bounces off, clutching his ribcage from the impact...

...and Hunter follows suit, leaping off the top rope, pumping his arms and legs before CRASHING down onto the laid out Lynch!]

GM: HUNTER WITH A FROG SPLASH OF HIS OWN! OH MY STARS!

[Hunter is still holding his ribs as he rolls back over towards Lynch, diving across him in a cover...]

GM: Hunter makes the cover and-

BW: Count, you idiot!

[...but the official waves it off, pointing to Ohara!]

GM: Ohara's the legal man - not Hunter!

BW: GAAAAH! If Jack Lynch wins this thing, I'm going back to the States!

GM: Is that a promise?!

[Hunter gets off the mat, clutching his ribs as he hobbles over towards Ohara, yanking his own partner up to his feet from behind...

...and Ohara wheels around, catching Hunter with a knife edge chop that knocks him off his feet!]

"OHHHHHHH!"

GM: Ohara hit Hunter! He didn't know who it was, I don't think! He thought it was Jack Lynch coming after him!

[Ohara looks down at Hunter, grabbing at his own head in remorse. He quickly shakes it off, leaning down to grab Hunter by the arm, apologizing to his partner as he tries to bring him up to his feet.]

GM: Ohara's telling Hunter what happened, telling him that-

[Hunter comes to his feet, shoving Ohara back!]

GM: Uh oh!

[The volatile American Ninja gets right up in Ohara's face, pointing at the laid out Lynch, shoving him a second time. Ohara, not one to be bullied, shoves Hunter in response, shouting at him as the official tries to regain control of the situation.]

GM: The referee's telling them that Ohara is the legal man and...

[Hunter backs off, raising his hands as Ohara turns to move in on Lynch...

...but Hunter grabs him by the shoulder, whipping him around to face him, leaping into the air to drive his knee up under the chin!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INSTANT KARMA!

[Hunter ducks out through the ropes, reaching over and slapping Ohara across the face.]

GM: I suppose that's a tag!

[Grabbing Ohara off the mat, Hunter wheels around and HURLS him over the top rope, throwing him out to the floor. The Berlin crowd gets on Hunter's case a bit for this before he turns back to Lynch, reaching down to pull him up off the canvas...]

GM: SMALL PACKAGE!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Lynch drags a surprised Hunter down to the mat!]

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HUNTER KICKS OUT! OH MY!

[Hunter comes up quickly, grabbing the rising Lynch by the hair. He yanks the Texan to his feet, sliding in behind him...]

GM: Hunter's going for the Day of Lavos! He grabs the arm- no! Lynch elbows his way out of it!

[A looping Lynch right hand sends Hunter falling back towards the ropes. Lynch advances on him, grabbing him by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip...

[Hunter bounces off towards Lynch who scoops him up, pivots, and drives him home with a thunderous spinning powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM!! POWERSLAM!! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: NO! NO! TWO COUNT ONLY!

[Lynch pushes up to his knees, grabbing at his own head with both hands and letting loose a frustrated shout before getting back to his feet.]

GM: And that time, it was Jack Lynch who thought he had things well in hand...

[A quick camera cut to the floor shows Jordan Ohara laid out on the ringside mats as we see Lynch pulling Hunter to his feet in the background.]

GM: Ohara's down, trying to get up after his own partner assaulted him!

BW: And rightfully so!

GM: In the meantime, Riley Hunter may be regretting that decision as Lynch brings him to his feet again...

[Grabbing Hunter by the arm, Lynch backs Hunter up against the ropes.]

GM: Irish whip across, Lynch to the ropes himself...

[And as the Iron Cowboy rebounds...

...his target goes missing as Jordan Ohara snatches Hunter by the ankle, tripping him up!]

GM: Oh! Ohara on the floor!

BW: You idiot! He's trying to win the match for you!

[A fired-up Ohara drags Hunter under the bottom rope to the floor...

...and drills him with a knife edge chop across the chest! Hunter responds with a short forearm and the Berlin crowd goes crazy at the brawl between two teammates outside the ring!]

GM: We've got a fight on the floor!

[Jack Lynch looks puzzled at the whole thing, gesturing to the official who rushes over, sliding out to the floor and trying to break up the brawl at ringside...]

GM: The referee's out on the floor, trying get Hunter and Ohara separated!

[Lynch stands inside the ring, hands on his hips, staring out at the chaos on the floor...

...when suddenly, the front row of fans on the side of the ring behind Lynch are going nuts!]

GM: WAIT! WAIT! WHO'S THAT?!

[The ring apron has been flipped up and someone rolls under the bottom rope, coming to their feet behind Jack Lynch.]

GM: IT'S DETSON! JOHNNY DETSON IS IN THE RING!

[Detson grabs Lynch by the arm, swinging him around into a boot to the gut. The World Champion yanks Lynch into a standing headscissors, reaching down to hook both arms...

...and leaps up, DRIVING Lynch facefirst into the canvas to a huge explosion of jeers from the crowd!]

BW: WILDE DRIVER! WILDE DRIVER!

GM: NO! REFEREE, TURN AROUND!

[But the official is still struggling to get Ohara and Hunter separated as Detson rolls back out of the ring, ducking down low as he runs up the aisle.]

GM: Was he... was he under the ring, Bucky?!

BW: He HAD to have been! He wasn't there and suddenly he was! He must've been hiding under the ring for... what? Over an hour?! That's dedication, Gordo!

GM: That's insanity! Johnny Detson stooping to incredibly low levels in an attempt to attack Jack Lynch!

[The referee manages to get Hunter and Ohara separated on the floor when Hunter suddenly spots Lynch down on the mat. He quickly pulls himself up on the apron, leaping into the air, springing off the top rope...]

GM: HUNTER OFF THE TOP!

[Rotating in mid-air, Hunter crashes down across Lynch's chest with a springboard splash! The official looks puzzled for a moment and then dives headfirst under the bottom rope. Jordan Ohara stands on the floor, shaking his head as the official starts his count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[And the crowd ERUPTS in a mixed reaction as the three count comes down!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: It's over! Hunter and Ohara are your survivors!

[Riley Hunter, grinning like a madman, rolls off of Lynch and rolls right out of the ring to the floor. Jordan Ohara dives under the ropes, coming to his feet. He looks exasperated at Hunter, taking a knee next to Jack Lynch as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... your winners of the match, moving on to the Steal The Spotlight Finals... RILEY HUNTER and JORDAN OOOOOHAAARAAAAA!

[Ohara looks out at Ortiz, sighing and nodding his head as he checks on the Iron Cowboy.]

GM: Riley Hunter and Jordan Ohara will be moving on to the Finals of the Steal The Spotlight Series to be held in London in a month's time and... wow. What a match that was, fans. You might not like how it concluded - heck, I might not like it - but you have to respect the efforts put in by all ten competitors.

BW: And if that's how we're STARTING the European tour, what else are we bringing to the table, Gordo?

GM: Everyone will have to stay tuned in to find out! Fans, we've got to take a quick break but when we come back, it's time for action in the AWA Women's Division so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black...

...and then back up. We see two young kids - a boy and a girl - standing at the barricade at an AWA live event. They are on their feet, screaming and shouting for the action in the ring. We can hear a bell and soon, Travis Lynch is standing in front of them, giving them both a high five with the AWA National Title belt hanging over his shoulder. The young man turns towards the camera.]

"Wow! I wish I could be the champion!"

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

[And with a flash of light, the young man has a replica of the National Title hanging over his shoulder. The boy yelps with glee, slapping the title belt with a big grin on his face. The voiceover continues as we see the title belts one by one.]

VO: Okay, maybe you can't be the champion but you can own your own version of the same title belts you see on TV each and every week!

The National Title, the World Television Title, the Tag Team Titles, even the World Heavyweight Title can be yours!

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

[A quick shot of a grown man holding the World Title in the air, smiling broadly.]

VO: Oh, and don't think we forgot about you...

[FLASH!

And now the little girl from the start of the ad is holding her own version of the Women's World Championship.]

"I can be a champion too!"

[Cut to a three shot of the adult and the two kids each holding up their title belts.]

VO: Available now at retail stores everywhere and AWAShop.com!

[Fade to black...

...and back up on the backstage area where we find Terry Shane III and AWA Director of Operations Emerson Gellar in the midst of a pretty heated conversation. Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing nearby.]

EG: -lunatic of a brother out there causing all sorts of-

TS3: He's NOT a lunatic!

EG: Are you serious right now?! Have you seen some of the stuff he's-

[Blackwell interrupts.]

SLB: Gentlemen, gentlemen... PLEASE! Some decorum for a moment! Look, I invited you both here to discuss the Jimmy Jack Shane situation and obviously, you couldn't wait until the red light was on so... Terry Shane, please... state your case.

[Shane pauses, taking a deep breath to compose himself before continuing.]

TS3: Look, Mr. Gellar. I know my brother's not perfect. He's not the kind of guy you'd want representing the AWA at a car show or a Comic-Con or on the local news. He's...

EG: Insane?

TS3: ...unpredictable, yes.

EG: Unpredictable?! Mr. Shane, I wasn't here for that incident in Las Vegas but I've heard the stories. I also wasn't in that territory in Florida for the thing with the prosthetic leg. Or in Boston for the Rottweiler Incident. Or in... need I go on?

[Shane grimaces.]

TS3: Yes, my brother has a colorful history. But it doesn't mean he can't be a valuable member of this roster. Look at the people you've employed! For crying out loud, Caleb Temple worked here for a time! Ebola Zaire! Morgan Dane! My brother looks almost like a Boy Scout compared to them.

[Gellar arches an eyebrow.]

TS3: I said "almost." But Mr. Gellar, these Wallaces are driving me nuts. Every time I turn around, they're there... and I've found someone who is willing to stand by my side out there. Most people aren't. Most people in this locker room STILL wouldn't give me the time of day and I get that... I understand.

EG: Well, what about Bobby O'Connor? He's your friend, right?

[Shane pauses, nodding.]

TS3: Yeah, of course. Bobby's one of my best friends in the entire world but since he came back he's been... he's been driven... he's been focused. This thing with Detson and the Kings of Wrestling.

[A shake of the head.]

TS3: I just don't think he has time for me. But my brother does. And he's willing to be my partner against the American Idols in whatever match you want... whenever, wherever. I make one phone call and he's on the plane to Milan to stand by my side two weeks from tonight.

[Gellar sighs, shaking his head.]

EG: I just can't do it, Mr. Shane. It's... it's just too much of a risk for the AWA. I'm sorry but your brother will NOT be allowed into the building at any AWA event... period. I don't care if I have to put armed security at every entrance... it just can't happen. Are we clear?

[Shane grimaces and then slowly nods.]

TS3: Yes... sir.

[Shane turns, making his exit and leaving Gellar behind.]

EG: Now...

[Gellar looks off-camera, arching an eyebrow...]

EG: If you'll excuse me, Mr. Blackwell...

[Gellar starts walking away. Blackwell throws a glance in the direction that Gellar is walking, arching his own eyebrows as we abruptly cut to another shot backstage where Theresa Lynch stands with her brother, Jack Lynch. The elder Lynch is still in his ring gear. Sans cowboy hat, we can see his dark hair matted to his head, as sweat continues to pour down his face. His arms, back and chest are similarly covered in sweat.]

TL: I hope the listeners will forgive me if I'm biased, but what we saw out there was nothing short of robbery. Johnny Detson robbing you of another victory can't sit well with you.

[Lynch runs a hand through his hair, exhaling slowly.]

JL: That's puttin' it mildly, Reece.

Seems like the story of my life lately is that I'm within a hairsbreadth of gettin' what I want, and that damn Johnny Detson comes up from behind and steals it from me.

TL: I understand you've asked for this time to send the World Champion a message?

[Lynch nods his head.]

JL: Johnny Detson, I want you to hear what I'm about to say. I ain't here to tell ya no story. I ain't here to speak no parable. What I say is man to whatever lowdown trash you are.

Ya see Detson, for too long, you've been livin' in a fantasy world. You've been livin' in the land of limousines and endorsements. You've been livin' high on what Fox executives and a bunch of hangers on have been tellin' ya.

But that, Johnny Detson, ain't real life.

Real life ain't bein' called a King and havin' your every whim catered to. Real life is comin' to this country to make a better life for yourself and your family and never knowin' when someone's gonna kick down your door and tell ya to go back to where ya came from.

That's real life, Johnny Detson.

Real life ain't eatin' caviar and drinkin' champagne. Real life is workin' three different jobs until your body breaks down, and then prayin' you got enough insurance to cover a bill that's more than you'll make in the next two years.

That's real life, Johnny Detson.

Real life is goin' to college to make somethin' of yourself and then spendin' the next twenty years payin' interest on loans even though ya still can't get a job in the field you spent all that time studyin'.

That's real life, Johnny Detson.

I was raised in Texas, and my daddy taught me all about real life, Detson. He taught me that a man plants his feet on the ground, looks another man in the eyes and when he gives his word, then he dies before he breaks it.

My daddy taught me that real life is goin' out there, every night, sweatin' and bleedin' and fightin' with everything you got, and not ever makin' excuses.

That's real life, Johnny Detson, and it ain't nothin' you're acquainted with.

[The camera cuts to Theresa, her blonde head nodding along with her brother's words.]

JL: But Detson, you're about to become acquainted with real life, courtesy of these two Texas sized fists.

One shot is all I need, Detson. One match. That's it, that's all I need. We ain't gotta go around the circuit, I ain't gotta chase you, because it won't take me but one time to take that gold belt that's currently around your waist and make it my own.

I am Jack Lynch, and I'm a better man than you are Johnny Detson. And that ain't no hype, that ain't no slogan.

That's real life.

So what's it gonna be Detson, you gonna give me my shot?

[A slow smile comes over Theresa's face, the camera focused on her, so that we cannot see the source of her happiness.]

TL: I don't think Johnny Detson would ever agree to face you. But I know someone who can make that happen... isn't that right, Mr. Gellar?

[The camera changes angles, and we see, standing behind Jack Lynch, none other than Emerson Gellar.]

EG: One shot? That's what you want, Mr. Lynch?

[Lynch nods.]

JL: That's it.

[Gellar grins.]

EG: How's tonight work for you?

JL: You're offerin' me a title match tonight?

EG: I am.

JL: Well, then Mr. Gellar... I accept!

[The two men shake hands.]

TL: There you have it. Tonight, it will be Jack Lynch vs. Johnny Detson, for the World Title!

[A grinning Theresa Lynch kicks it back to ringside.]

TL: Gordon, Bucky... back to you!

[We cut back to the ringside area where-]

BW: ARE YOU SERIOUS?! YOU'VE GOTTA BE KIDDING ME! YOU'VE GOTTA BE MAKING- I CAN'T- WHO IN THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, GELLAR?! THAT PIECE OF GARB- I CAN'T EVEN- ARRRRRRRGH!

[Bucky storms away, red-faced and fuming.]

GM: Well... that just happened. Jack Lynch has his shot... he's got it tonight... and I have to imagine that Jack Lynch, the Iron Cowboy himself, will NOT throw away his shot later tonight, fans, in tonight's Main Event!

BW: -RIDICULOUS STUPID GARBAGE TRASH OFF-

GM: Oh, would you stop?!

[Gordon shakes his head as Bucky fumes.]

GM: And now, we turn our attention to the AWA Women's Division. Of course, fans, it was just two short weeks ago when that division was center stage in the world's most famous arena - Madison Square Garden - showcasing the best female competitors in the world in the AWA's annual Rumble with the winner becoming the very first AWA Women's World Champion. It was a tough battle and at various times, it looked like many of the field stood a chance to win it all. However, in the end, it came down to three women - Melissa Cannon, Ayako Fujiwara, and the eventual winner and champion, Lauryn Rage. Congratulations to Miss Rage but

she's going to have her work cut out for her because challengers from all over the world are already lining up to face her.

[Gordon shakes his head.]

GM: However, at this moment, we need to discuss one of her potential challengers who WON'T be lining up to face Lauryn Rage... not for a little while at least. Charisma Knight was scheduled to be in action here tonight in Berlin and throughout this tour of Europe. She was booked. She was advertised. However, we have been told that not only is Miss Knight not in the building tonight, she did not even make the flight to Europe with the rest of the AWA superstars. No one knows where she is... no one's seen her at all since Madison Square Garden. But the AWA has officially fined Miss Knight for her absence and issued an official warning to her management, informing them of a potential breach of contract.

[Myers takes on a very stern expression.]

GM: There is nothing that means more to the AWA than our fans... and when someone like Charisma Knight no shows an event, that means that - unintentionally or not - we lied to our fans about someone competing. We apologize to fans of Charisma Knight all throughout Europe. But shifting gears now, we're going to see the final woman to be eliminated from the Rumble, Ayako Fujiwara, in action!

[We cut to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest in the AWA Women's Division is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from the Netherlands... at 143 pounds... TESS BAKKER!

[A young blonde woman jumps up on the middle rope, glaring menacingly at the jeering crowd before hopping back down.]

RO: Annnnnnd her opponent... from Fujinomiya, Shizuoka Prefecture, Japan... weighing in at 73 Kilograms... she is a former Olympic Gold Medalist...

AYAKO FUJIWARA!!!

[There's a very loud roar of cheers as the lights go out and "The Cyborg Fights" by Makoto Miyazaki plays. The roar grows even larger once the crowd sees Ayako Fujiwara, dressed in an elaborate black Susohiki-style kimono, emerging from behind the curtains with her arms spread wide apart. She stops at the top of the aisle and lower her head momentarily to soak in the crowd's reaction, before lowering her arms and making her way down to the ring.]

GM: One of the top female competitors anywhere in the world and she competes right here in the AWA, fans... and after what happened two weeks ago in New York City, I'd imagine that Fujiwara will be looking to get a shot at the Women's World Title in the very near future.

BW: Does finishing second in a Rumble really make you the top contender though? What about competitors like Erica Toughill? Surely she's a more worthy challenger.

GM: We'll be hearing from Erica Toughill later tonight as well but right now, I'm looking forward to seeing how this Berlin crowd reacts to the young lady who has earned the nickname Miss Germany.

[Stopping as she reaches the ring, she grabs the edge of the apron with both hands and bows deeply, before leaping up and sliding in under the bottom rope. Fujiwara removes her kimono, revealing a powerfully built, thickly muscled body with broad shoulders, large thighs and an athletic frame. She is dressed in a sleek, sleeve-less

black catsuit with a corset-like top tied together with red string, fingerless elbow-length gloves, an elaborate gold embroidered belt sash, and knee-high boots. Fujiwara then interlaces her fingers and fixes her eyes on Tess Bakker, calmly rotating her wrists in a way that can only be described as chilling.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: And it’s showtime here in this one!

[The smaller Bakker edges from her corner, eyeing Fujiwara warily. The former Olympian strides from the corner to the middle of the ring where she pauses, awaiting Bakker’s arrival...]

GM: Tess Bakker taking her time to get there... maybe not looking forward to tangling with a former Olympian.

[Bakker suddenly rushes forward with a shout, trying to ambush Fujiwara but the Japanese female ducks down, snatching a rear waistlock as Bakker runs by. The crowd buzzes, anticipating the German Suplex, but Fujiwara simply lifts Bakker off the mat, swinging her high through the air, and then throws her down chestfirst on the canvas!]

GM: Oh my! King-sized takedown by Fujiwara... or should I say queen-sized takedown!

BW: Be as politically correct as you want, Gordo, but Bakker bounced off the mat like a basketball!

[Fujiwara stays down, crouched low as she watches Bakker regain her feet. Rushing in, Fujiwara snatches Bakker in a fireman’s carry, flipping her up and over onto her back. Both women scramble back up but as Bakker gets to her feet, Fujiwara leaves her, uncoiling with a standing dropkick that sends Bakker sailing backwards, flipping ass over teakettle before coming to a stop near the ropes.]

GM: Oh my!

BW: Well, it wasn’t quite Flawless but it wasn’t far off either.

[With Bakker climbing back to her feet, Fujiwara rushes across the ring towards her...]

...but Bakker drops down, tugging the top rope with her, sending Fujiwara tumbling over the ropes, slamming down in a heap on the barely-padded floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: OH! Fujiwara hits the floor hard after that miscalculation!

[The blonde from the Netherlands ducks through the ropes to the apron, raising an arm as she backs down until her back touches the ringpost. Fujiwara slowly gets to her feet...]

...and Bakker comes tearing down the aisle, leaping into the air, bringing both knees to bear on the chest of Fujiwara and riding her down to the canvas where she smashes her into the floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: AND FUJIWARA GOES DOWN HARD ON THE FLOOR AGAIN!

[Bakker climbs off the mat, throwing her arms in the air and dipping into a theatrical bow towards the jeering crowd. Turning back towards Fujiwara, she snatches her up by the hair, flinging her under the bottom rope back inside the squared circle.]

GM: Fujiwara gets put back under the ropes, back inside the ring...

[Back on the apron, Bakker grabs the top rope, slowly climbing the ropes from the middle of the apron...]

GM: What's this?

BW: It takes incredible balance to be able to do this, Gordo. Out there in the middle of the ring, the ropes aren't very stable to stand on at all. That's why most competitors only use them to slingshot or springboard... not to fully stand on them.

[Stepping on the middle rope, Bakker looks out at the jeering crowd, eyeing the rising Fujiwara...

...and then steps to the top before leaping off, throwing herself the fairly short distance in a cross body!]

GM: Down goes Fujiwara again! And that's a cover, fans!

[A two count follows before Fujiwara muscles out with ease.]

GM: Two count only... and look at Bakker, right on top of Fujiwara!

[With wild eyes, Bakker grabs Fujiwara by the hair, repeatedly smashing the back of her head into the mat as the crowd lets her have it for her aggressive actions. Sneering, Bakker climbs back to her feet, leaning down to drag Fujiwara up off the mat.]

GM: Both women back up on their feet now...

[Bakker lands a pair of short jabs to the jaw before grabbing Fujiwara by the hair, racing across the ring with a high-pitched yell, looking to slam Fujiwara's head into the buckles...

...but Fujiwara swings a leg up, planting her foot on the buckles and blocking the slam!]

GM: Blocked by Fujiwara!

[Grabbing a second handful of hair, Bakker attempts the slam a second time but Fujiwara still blocks it...

...and then stuns Bakker with a short headbutt before executing a faceslam into the top turnbuckle of her own!]

GM: Ohh! And Fujiwara puts her into the turnbuckle!

[Bakker staggers backwards as Fujiwara slides behind her into a slight crouch, fingers wiggling with anticipation...

...and then lunges forward, securing an inverted headlock before violently swinging Bakker over in a headlock takedown, slamming her facedown into the canvas!]

GM: OH!

BW: She calls that Saka Otoshi!

GM: I call it effective! Bakker might be on Dream Street after that one!

[Fujiwara pops back up, looking down at Bakker who is facefirst on the canvas. She leans down, wrapping her arms around the downed Bakker in a rear waistlock...]

GM: Fujiwara leaning over, hooking those powerful arms around Bakker!

[...and with the crowd cheering her on, Fujiwara deadlifts Bakker off the mat, holding her in front of her as she strides out to the center of the ring.]

GM: Look at the power!

BW: Incredible.

[Standing in the middle of the ring, resisting Bakker's attempts to free herself, Fujiwara suddenly leans back, driving her down on the back of her head and neck, holding in place for a bridging German suplex!]

GM: OHHHH! MT. FUJI SUPLEX!

BW: Miss Germany is in the house, Gordo!

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR- OHHH! Bakker slips a shoulder up at the last second! Just barely escapes in time!

[Fujiwara is swiftly to her feet, clapping her hands together in frustration. She moves towards Bakker who is crawling across the ring, trying to create some space by getting to the ropes.]

GM: Tess Bakker is running for her life right about now as Fujiwara tries to hunt her down...

[Bakker gets to the ropes, throwing herself at them as Fujiwara hooks another waistlock from behind...]

GM: She's got her again but Bakker's hanging on to the ropes!

BW: Can you blame her?! Fujiwara is throwing her around like a sack of garbage!

[Fujiwara yanks and yanks, trying to get Bakker clear of the ropes but she manages to hang on...

...which is when Fujiwara suddenly lets go and opens fire, throwing a series of right and left elbowstrikes to the back of the head!]

GM: Elbow after elbow to the skull!

[A well-placed right elbow sends Bakker spilling through the ropes, falling out to the ring apron...

...where Fujiwara steps up to the middle rope, reaching over to grab Bakker by her blonde hair, pulling her up...]

GM: Fujiwara's trying to bring her in the hard way and...

[Bakker reaches up, digging her fingernails into Fujiwara's eyes. The Japanese competitor cries out in pain, stumbling away as the crowd jeers again. Bakker

quickly grabs the top rope, nodding her head in anticipation, looking eager to strike...]

GM: Bakker leaps... SPRINGBOARD!

[She twists in mid-leap, springing off and twisting around into a crossbody...

...and ends up snatched by the powerful arms of Fujiwara!]

GM: CAUGHT!

[The crowd buzzes with anticipation as Fujiwara dips down, Bakker's head nearly touching the canvas...

...and then spins back the other way, twisting around, and DRIVING Bakker down into the mat!]

GM: KANPEKINA! THAT'S ALL SHE WROTE!

[And the official sure enough delivers the one... two... three count to end the match.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Cheers ring out from the AWA faithful in Berlin as Fujiwara rises off the mat, raising her arms in triumph.]

GM: And that's an impressive victory for Ayako Fujiwara here in Berlin, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. She's got the goods and the whole world knows it. If she does get her hands on Lauryn Rage at some point, you'd better believe that The Kid has got her work cut out for her if she's going to retain the AWA Women's World Championship.

[Fujiwara smiles, giving slight bows towards the cheering crowd...

...when suddenly, "I'm the Best" starts up through Mercedes-Benz Arena.]

GM: Speak of the devil, Bucky...

BW: The Queen is on the scene!

[With a loud "POP!" sound, white and gold confetti begins to rain down from the ceiling of the German arena...]

GM: And apparently, it's time for a celebration of sorts... yet I can tell you, fans, this is certainly not on our show format.

BW: It should be! She's the champ, Gordo! Why shouldn't she be honored after all she did to win the title two weeks ago?!

[We cut from a surprised-looking Fujiwara in the ring to the entrance area where a single gold spotlight hits as the video wall fills with Instagram filtered images of Lauryn Rage in action. The like counter in the bottom left hand corner of the screen climbs at a rapid rate until the screen explodes into the script "LAURYN RAGE."

With a burst of gold-tinted smoke belching through the entrance curtain, Lauryn Rage strides out onto the top of the entryway. She is dressed in a gold unitard with white accents and her trademark single pink glove. She holds the Women's World

Title over her shoulder as she poses at the top of the stage, right hand on her hip and her left hand held out to the crowd. As the crowd boos her, she makes a shocked face and then waves off the crowd before she pony struts down the aisle...

...and makes a left turn, pulling up to the interview platform where she's all alone as she climbs the steps to stand atop it. She throws a smirk towards the ring where Ayako Fujiwara is still standing before reaching off-camera and demanding a microphone be placed in her hand.]

GM: It looks like the new champion has something to-

BW: Shhh! Just listen for once!

[As the music cuts out, Rage looks out over the German crowd with a satisfied look on her face before raising the mic to her mouth.]

LR: Achtung, Deutschland! Der champion ist hier! Wie gehts?

[The crowd shockingly boos the poor German accent.]

GM: And right away, this crowd here in Berlin letting Lauryn Rage know that she is not popular here in Germany.

[Rage plants a hand on her hip, looking agitated.]

LR: Excuse me, I was talking.

[The crowd's booing gets louder.]

LR: EXCUSE me, I was TALKING!

[The German fans take the cue and get even louder in their booing.]

LR: ENTSCHULDIGUNG, ICH HABE GESPRACHT!!!

[The crowd noise gets even louder.]

LR: You people make me sick! With your snotty attitudes, your all black fashion sense, your lack of humor and your stupid spitty language.

[Yes. Louder.]

GM: Well, that's a page right out of How To Make Friends. Go to a foreign country and insult their attitudes, clothes, and language. People of Germany, I have to say that Lauryn Rage does not speak for ANY of us here in the-

[Rage angrily shouts at the crowd again.]

LR: You don't know when something good is going right in front of you. You have to ruin it! I stand before you the AWA's first Women's World Champion and you just boo me. Why? Because you're dumb, hateful sheep! So, you can keep booing, but I'm going to keep talking. You hear me, Berlin? Ich bin nicht Berliner!

[Rage has to wait this time before she can speak again as she riles up the crowd to the point where she can't be heard.]

LR: None of you would be here without me! I am the most relevant thing in this business!

Not Melissa Cannon! Not Julie Somers!

[The new champion turns towards the ring, throwing a dismissive gesture.]

LR: Not Fujiwara over there! ME! I AM THE CHAMPION! I AM WOMEN'S WRESTLING!

That's right, I said it! I'M WOMEN'S WRESTLING! MY FAMILY IS WOMEN'S WRESTLING!

[Rage is worked up now.]

LR: I cut my teeth in this business. I ripped my diapers in this business. I was practicing rolling around in the womb. Medusa Rage, who I eliminated, is a Hall Of Famer! Dalbello Rage... 36 championships! Godiva Rage... 15 time tag team champion in the Misfits! And Mantha? She may not have ever wrestled, but she ran the business and made us what we all are today. And with that pedigree. With that history in my blood, you stupid people really thought someone else was going to be the first woman to hold up this title? Really? Like ... _really???_

[Lauryn shakes her head.]

LR: There is NO ONE more qualified than me to be champion... there is NO ONE better than me... there is NO ONE out there who can take this from me!

[Rage lowers the mic for just a moment... just long enough for another voice to ring out.]

"Ah. Excuse me?"

[And the crowd ROARS at the sight of Ayako Fujiwara still standing in the ring, mic in hand. With the other hand, she begs off.]

Ayako: No disrespect meant to the new champion, but I had something I wanted to say to you.

[Rage nods her head, slapping the face of the title belt before she holds it over her head. She stares holes through Fujiwara.]

Ayako: I'm not sure if anyone has said it already, but I just want to say... congratulations.

[Rage arches an eyebrow suspiciously as the crowd jeers this turn of events. Fujiwara lowers the mic, extending her hand for a handshake.]

Ayako: If you'll do me the honor, I want to congratulate the new champion in person...in the ring.

Please.

[Rage slings the title belt back over her shoulder, carrying the mic in hand as she steps off the platform.]

LR: You want to congratulate me in person?! It's bad enough that you have the GALL to interrupt my celebration! It's bad enough you think what you have to say is more important than what the most relevant woman in this entire industry has to say!

[The crowd is jeering again as Rage works her way up the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes where Fujiwara still has her hand extended.]

LR: But you know what, Fujiwara...?

[Fujiwara doesn't know what based on her facial expression.]

LR: I smell a rat! I think you wanted to get me in this ring so you can attack da Kid! You want to sneak me and suplex me, right ... MISS GERMANY!

[Big cheer for the nickname! Fujiwara smiles, insistently sticking out her hand.]

Ayako: Lauryn, not to sound cocky, but if I wanted you suplexed...

[She steels her gaze at Lauren just ever so slightly.]

Ayako: ...you would've already been suplexed.

[The crowd roars for the threat as Rage takes a step back against the ropes, shaking her head as Fujiwara sticks out her hand again.]

Ayako: There's no hard feelings. All I'm asking is for you to step into this ring to shake my hand and allow me to say congratulations on your victory.

[Fujiwara leaves her hand out insistently... waiting... and waiting... and waiting...]

GM: Lauryn Rage looks terrified in there. Is she going to shake her hand or what?! She's the champion! She's afraid of a little handshake?!

BW: No! She's not! She's afraid of getting ambushed!

GM: That's not how it looks to me and all of these people. She looks like a coward!

[Rage seems to realize exactly that, suddenly rushing forward in a huff, sticking out her hand to quickly shake Fujiwara's before turning to walk away...

...and finding that she can't go anywhere.]

GM: Uh oh.

[Fujiwara keeps her grip on the hand, refusing to let Rage escape as Fujiwara raises the mic.]

Ayako: And now that I've congratulated you...

...I want to tell you that I want title match!

[HUUUUGE CHEER! Rage's eyes go wide as she snatches her hand away (thanks to Fujiwara letting go). She cradles the title belt to her chest, shaking her head in refusal...]

Ayako: And... uhh...

[A sheepish grin.]

Ayako: ...I'm not the only one.

[The sounds of "Battle Without Honor Or Humanity" rings out over the PA system to a huge reaction from the Berlin crowd. After a moment, Melissa Cannon comes tearing through the curtain, charging down the aisle towards the ring. Rage looks around in a panic and as Cannon dives under the ropes, surging to her feet, the new champion rushes her with the title belt in her hands...]

GM: Rage with the belt!

[...but Cannon ducks under it, running to the far ropes, bouncing back, and leaving her feet with a Fierro Press on an off-balance Rage, taking her off her feet to a huge reaction!]

GM: Cannon bowls her over!

[Snatching a handful of hair, Cannon hangs on as she throws a series of forearm smashes to the jaw of Rage who frantically tries to cover up.]

BW: This is a sham! Fujiwara and Cannon had this ambush planned all along!

GM: You've got no proof of that, Bucky!

BW: Look at them working together! I know they plotted this! Shenanigans! I declare shenanigans!

[Cannon lets up, climbing to her feet as Rage rolls from the ring, snatching her title belt up as she does, and starts backing away from the ring in a rush!]

GM: Melissa Cannon clears out the new champion!

[The crowd is roaring as Rage backs down the aisle, shouting back at Cannon and Fujiwara from the floor. A smirking Cannon waves her back towards the ring but Rage declines, continuing to back away...

...which is when Melissa Cannon turns around, locking eyes with Ayako Fujiwara.]

GM: Well, well, well...

BW: Now THIS is interesting. Drop her on her head, Ayako!

[Cannon steps closer to Fujiwara, speaking to her off-mic. Fujiwara nods a few times, keeping her eyes on Cannon...

...and then extends her hand to Cannon as well.]

GM: Ayako Fujiwara offering a handshake to Melissa Cannon as well. What's going to happen here?

[Cannon looks at the hand, staring at it for a few moments...

...and then raises her own hand, gripping Fujiwara's to a big cheer from the crowd!]

GM: Oh yeah! And it looks like we've got ourselves another alliance... for now at least... inside the AWA Women's Division!

BW: Of course we do! They're all ganging up on The Kid! But it won't matter because Lauryn Rage has the brains to outsmart them all!

GM: We'll see about that as the new Women's World Champion backs down the aisle, wanting no part of these two superstars. Fans, we've got to take another break but stick around because we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling right here on The X!

[Fade to black...

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

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

...and then come back up to live action where "I'm The Best" is playing again over the PA system. A very angry Lauryn Rage is stomping down the aisle again, not bothering with her usual entrance shenanigans. As fans at ringside stretch out to touch her, she brushes them off violently.]

GM: Welcome back, fans, and as you can see, the Women's World Champion is coming right back out here to the ring after what happened before the break and she is less than pleased with the situation, Bucky.

BW: Would you be? She makes history as the first Women's World Champion and she gets interrupted by a punk and one upped by Melissa Cannon! She's the champion! She's not someone to be trifled with!

GM: Well, her issues with Melissa Cannon certainly run deep.

"Give me that microphone!"

[With that squawk, Lauryn Rage takes the center of the ring. The crowd is jeering her every word as she stands there glowering at them.]

LR: You think da Kid is just going to take this disrespect lying down?

I'm not just going to lie down and let somebody make style on me. Unlike you people, I'm not apologizing for being me. I'm not apologizing for being the best. And I'm not going to ask for you to accept my greatness. I am just going to be great.

[The crowd jeers as Rage holds the belt up over her head.]

LR: And I want you people to know why I am champion. I want Melissa Cannon to know why I am champion. I want Ayako Fujiwara to know why I am champion!

And every woman back there in that locker room... I want them to know why I'm the champion too.

[Rage walks towards the ropes, facing down the aisle towards the entrance.]

LR: So, if there's anyone back there listening who wants to come down that aisle, take their shot, and find out up close and personal why I'm the champion, now's the time to get out here and come get it!

[With that, Rage throws down the microphone and holds up the gold and white Women's World Championship. The crowd is erupting at the possibility of the impromptu title match.]

GM: Are you kidding me? We just found out a little while ago that Johnny Detson will be facing Jack Lynch for the World Title later tonight... now you're telling me Lauryn Rage is going to put the Women's World Title on the line as well?! What a night this is in Berlin and we're just barely getting started!

BW: Gordo, I think this is a mistake! Cool off, champ! You're letting them get under your skin. You dictate your title defense schedule... you decide when... you decide where... you decide who...

"HEY HO! LET'S GO! HEY HO! LET'S GO!"

[As the Ramones' punk classic "Blitzkrieg Bop" blasts out over the PA system, Victoria June bounces out onto the stage in her torn denim shorts, torn fishnets, a "DIE TOTEN HOSEN" concert T-shirt knotted under her breastbone. June bangs her head as she throws up the shaka horns, her tawny afro flying. The light-skinned, heavily freckled Afropunk bounds down to the ring, bursting with energy.]

GM: Whooa my! It looks like Victoria June has accepted the challenge, Bucky!

BW: Well, that's a relief to me... and it should be one to Lauryn Rage too.

GM: June put up quite the fight in the Rumble two weeks ago. We also saw her in action on the Power Hour recently and this young lady seems like a force to be reckoned with in this Division if you ask me.

BW: Rage rolled the dice and got lucky. She could've gotten Cannon out here... we know she loves answering Open Challenges. Even though she already wrestled, she could've gotten Fujiwara too. Plus, we're in Europe! Who knows what kind of women are out here in the ranks?

[June quickly gets to the ring, sliding under the ropes to cheers from the crowd. She stomps across, getting right up in the champion's face. They get nose to nose,

Rage shouting at June as the two jostle each other back and forth while a referee comes jogging down the aisle.]

GM: We've got a referee en route and I guess that makes this match official. Rebecca Ortiz, let us know what we're about to see!

[Rebecca Ortiz climbs into the ring as June backs off the corner, tugging at the ropes as Rage shouts at the incoming referee.]

RO: It is now time for a contest that is one fall with a thirty minute time limit and it is for the AWA Women's World Championship!

[Big cheer!]

RO: First, she is the challenger... now residing in Toronto, Canada but originally hailing from Jackson, Tennessee... weighing in at 160 pounds...

VICTORRRRRRIAAAAA JUUUUUUUUNE!

[June never takes her eyes from Lauryn as she raises her shaka horns in the air. The crowd cheers the spunky challenger.]

GM: I can't pretend to know what Afropunk means but I do know Victoria June is a bundle of energy in that ring. Lauryn Rage may have stepped into something she isn't ready for.

BW: Could you imagine this punk as our new World Champion? This would be terrible!

[Ortiz continues.]

RO: Annnnd her opponent... weighing in at 150 pounds... she hails from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada... she is the AWA WOMEN'S WORRRRRRRLD CHAMPIONNNNNNN...

LAURRRRRRRRYNNNNNNN RAAAAAAA-

[Ortiz is cut off, diving out of the ring as Lauryn Rage aggressively charges across the ring...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and SLAPS June across the face, sending her reeling back into the corner as the referee signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go! One fall, thirty minute time limit!

[As the official scoops up Rage's dropped title, handing it out to a ringside attendant, Rage grabs June by the shirt collar, unloading across the face with vicious slaps!]

"Ain't nobody gonna embarrass me, ya dig?"

[Three more heavy-handed slaps find the mark before June returns fire with a hard headbutt that staggers Rage.]

GM: Oh! Victoria June's had enough of that!

[As Rage staggers back, June ducks down, grabbing Rage around the waist as she charges across the ring, driving her back into the corner.]

GM: June knocks her back into the corner!

[Grabbing a handful of Rage's hair, June drives home another headbutt... and another... and another...]

GM: Headbutt barrage in the buckles!

[After a half dozen headbutts, Rage collapses on her butt in the corner as June continues to headbutt the top turnbuckle, finally spinning away and shouting "LET'S GO!" as she marches out to the middle of the ring to a roar from the German crowd!]

GM: Victoria June is FIRED UP, fans!

BW: She's crazy, Gordo! She was hitting her own head on the buckles!

[The crowd jeers as a dazed Lauryn Rage rolls under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: And it looks like the champion's looking to take a breather. She wants no part of Victoria June when the adrenaline is flowing through her like that.

BW: Can you blame her? SHE WAS HEADBUTTING THE TURNBUCKLE! ON PURPOSE!

[The still-fired up June stomps around the ring before coming to a halt near the ropes, shouting at the champion to get back inside the ring to another cheer from the AWA faithful. Rage throws a dismissive gesture her way, turning to shout at the fans nearest to her.]

GM: Lauryn Rage taking her time out there on the floor, taking some time to abuse the ringside fans who paid their hard-earned money to be here tonight.

[A smirking Rage slowly works her way around the ring, allowing the count to get up to seven before she climbs up on the apron. The official breaks the count as Rage ducks through the ropes...

...and then pulls herself back through, jumping back down to the floor, shaking her head at June as the crowd jeers louder.]

GM: Lauryn Rage certainly not making any friends tonight in Berlin as she refuses to get back inside the ring to compete.

BW: She'll get back in there when she pleases, Gordo. That's the advantage of being the champion.

GM: Well, the advantage of being the champion is that you can't lose the title by countout or disqualification... something she might be considering right about now despite demanding this match herself.

[Rage circles the ringpost, encountering a particularly vocal group of fans. She glares at them for a moment before kissing her fingers and smacking them on her backside.]

GM: I'm not even going to dignify that gesture with a comment. Disgusting.

[A few more moments and referee's counts pass before Rage climbs up the ringsteps, walking along the apron, and ducks through the ropes to get back inside the ring...

...and immediately rushes forward, locking up with the challenger in a collar and elbow tieup!]

GM: Right into the lockup for the champion, jostling back and forth... trying to get the bigger and rougher June back...

BW: June might have a strength advantage but Rage is more experienced, Gordo.

[Rage dips and shifts her grip, coming up in a side headlock, squeezing her forearm into the ear of the challenger before grabbing a handful of hair and using it to flip June over to the mat with a headlock takedown.]

GM: Rage takes her over but she had a handful of hair which the referee is asking about right now.

[June struggles on the mat, gesturing to her hair. The referee asks Rage again but she denies it, shaking her head.]

GM: Rage denying the hairpull that we all saw... but she's not able to keep June down as the challenger works her way up to a seated position on the mat.

BW: Rage still holding the headlock alongside her but there's not a lot of leverage there.

[Grabbing a waistlock, June rolls Rage back, putting her down on her shoulders.]

GM: One!

[Rage immediately lets go of the hold, breaking the pin and scrambling up to her feet. She gets there before June does, greeting her challenger with a knife edge chop across the chest...

...but June returns fire with one of her own, causing Rage to recoil backwards, cringing as she wobbles backwards to the corner.]

GM: Rage back into the corner... June charging in!

[Lowering the shoulder, June drives it into the midsection of Rage, lifting her up off the mat for a moment.]

GM: Big tackle in the corner... and now June's got the hair!

[With a whoop, June flips Rage out of the corner, tossing her down to the mat with the aid of the hair to a big cheer!]

BW: Hey, that's illegal!

GM: Turnabout is fair play, Bucky! The champion went to the hair first.

[As Rage staggers to her feet, June catches her by the hair a second time, flinging her backwards into the corner.]

GM: June tosses her back to the corner...

[Standing in mid-ring, June gets a running start, leaping up to drive her body into Rage's in the corner!]

GM: Oho! Victoria June connects with what Supernova would call the Heat Wave but she calls the Mosh Splash!

BW: Whatever you want to call it, the Rage family is downright sick of that move!

[With Rage pinned in the corner, June turns her back, pressing it into Rage, throwing a back elbow to the side of the head... and then one to the other side... a right... a left... a right... a left...]

GM: The elbows are flying in the corner and Lauryn Rage is definitely regretting making this challenge right about now, fans!

[The referee protests, ordering June out of the corner. As she steps out, Rage shoves her a little further out, creating some space.]

GM: June charges back in!

[But this time, Rage ducks out of the corner, causing June to slam her own back into the buckles!]

GM: Ohh! She missed that time!

[Rage buries a right hand into the ribcage before yanking her out of the buckles, lifting her up over her shoulder..]

GM: The World Champion with Victoria June slung over her shoulder..

[...and with a running start across the ring, Rage slings June into the buckles with a devastating spinebuster bomb into the corner!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[June falls forward to her knees, slumping down facefirst to the canvas as the crowd boos the turn in momentum.]

GM: And just like that, the complexion of the match has changed! What a devastating maneuver!

BW: Usually Lauryn pulls that out later in the game, but she needed a game changer.

GM: She certainly got one, taking Victoria June from all offense to laid out on the mat in one shot...

[Rage steps forward, looking down at June on the mat, and leaps up into the air, dropping her weight down on the lower back of Victoria June!]

GM: Ohh! Sitdown splash on the back! And with those two pieces of offense, you have to imagine Victoria June's spine is lit up with sparks of pain at this point in the matchup.

[Still down on the mat, Rage buries a knee in the back of June, grabbing the chin and pulling back on a chinlock.]

GM: Rage putting more pressure on the spine... will Victoria June be able to hold on? We've got to take a break but stay with us to find out!

[Fade to black...]

And fade back up on a rising sun coming up over a crystal blue lake. A voiceover begins.]

"The future."

[The sun continues to climb via time lapse footage.]

"It is said that the future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams."

[The sun reaches its peak, dazzling as it lights up the water below.]

"At the Korugun Corporation, our dreams are the same as yours."

[Cut to a shot of children playing in a very green meadow.]

"To live... to love..."

[To a shot of two elderly people smiling as they hold hands.]

"To make the most out of every moment we are blessed with."

[To the crack of a baseball bat and a cheering crowd.]

"To the joys of community... of family... of kinship..."

[To a young toddler walking out into the surf on a beach only to be scooped up by a nervous father who lifts him high in the air.]

"To all of life's promise... and potential."

[To a spaceship rocketing off its launchpad towards the sky.]

"To pushing the boundaries of what is expected..."

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

[The Korugun Corporation logo slowly crawls over the curvature of the Earth.]

"Korugun. To life and all that it offers."

[And we slowly fade to black,..

...and then come back up to live action where Lauryn Rage has procured a half Boston Crab, leaning back to apply more pressure on Victoria June's back.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans... and during the break, Lauryn Rage has been in complete control of the action, continuing to work over the challenger's back which was hurt just before the break.

[Rage stares at the camera, suddenly a slow smiling crossing her face.]

GM: And I'm not sure I like the look on her face. I wonder what in the world she's thinking right now, Bucky.

BW: If I had to guess, I'd say she's got a bad idea in mind for Victoria June. You know, Gordo... a lot of fans probably don't know that this rivalry runs pretty deep. These two used to compete in the same promotion - Age of Rage wrestling - and

their fair share of run-ins there so Lauryn will enjoy whatever beating she lays on June here tonight.

[Rage breaks the half Crab, leaning down to drag June off the mat by the hair. The referee reprimands her but Rage pays him no mind, looking to apply a half nelson...

...but June instinctively knows what's coming, using her free arm to throw a trio of back elbows, breaking Rage's grip on her!]

GM: June fighting out and-

[Rage shoves her from behind, sending her into the ropes. As June rebounds, Rage rushes forward, swinging her arm wildly for a clothesline but the challenger ducks under it, hitting the ropes again...]

GM: June ducks the clothesline and-

[The challenger leaves her feet, throwing herself into a vertical bodypress that topples the Women's World Champion!]

GM: FIERRO PRESS! THE PRESS TAKES HER DOWN AND-

[The fans roar as June grabs Rage by the hair, repeatedly smashing the back of her into the canvas!]

GM: And just like that, Victoria June turns the tide in this one!

[Several headslams connect before Rage coils up, kicking June away from her for a moment. With the distance created, the champion rolls to her knees, pushing up off the mat as June comes rushing in...

...and Rage pops up off the mat, burying a back elbow under the chin of June!]

GM: Ohh! Elbow on the mark! Taking a page out of Shadoo's playbook... and that seemed to be all instinct, Bucky.

BW: Yeah, but when you're a part of a wrestling family as fabled as the Rages, that instinct can be all you need sometimes.

[June staggers back off the elbow, her chest bumping against the ropes as Rage approaches, pushing her neck down to press the throat into the top rope.]

GM: That's a choke, ref!

[Rage is living up to her surname as she thrashes about, trying to strangle the air out of Victoria June!]

BW: Lauryn is incensed by June, Gordo! You can see it in her face!

"I'll show ya who's the best!"

GM: And Lauryn Rage taunting Victoria June as the referee forces the break.

[Rage breaks at four... and then steps back in, kicking the back of June's knee, knocking her down to the mat where Rage pushes June's throat into the middle rope, using her shin for leverage as she lets loose a manic scream to the sky!]

GM: Another choke! Rage is relentless!

[Another four count follows before Rage lets go, backing away from a coughing and gasping June who is still laid out over the middle rope...]

GM: The referee is letting Lauryn Rage have it for her dirty tactics and-

[Rage suddenly shoves the official out of the way, rushing back in, leaping into the air, and driving both knees into the back of June's head and neck, driving her throat into the rope again before sending her flying back to the mat, grabbing at her throat as Rage dives across her chest for a cover.]

GM: Rage with a cover for one! She gets two! But that's all!

[A frustrated Rage slaps the mat repeatedly before climbing to her feet, marching over to the official and getting right up in his face.]

BW: This is a mistake, Gordo. She's got the challenger down and stunned - she needs to stay on her! She's letting people get under her skin when usually she's the one getting under everyone else's. That's how she won the title and that's how she needs to defend it.

[Peeling away from the official, Rage uses a handful of hair to yank June into a front facelock...]

GM: Looking for a suplex perhaps...

[Rage goes to lift June into the air but June snakes a leg around Rage's, successfully blocking it.]

GM: No! She can't get her up!

[Rage goes for it a second time but June blocks it a second time...

...which is when Rage straightens up, slamming a double axehandle down on the back, knocking June down to a knee. She grabs the front facelock again, muscling June up and over with a suplex.]

GM: Ohh! And that'll send a jolt down the spine of the challenger..

[Rage floats over into a lateral press, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: One! Two! But again, June kicks out!

"GOOOOOOODDDDDDDDD!"

[An incensed Lauryn Rage flips Victoria June onto her stomach and then sits on her with a camel clutch. She grabs a handful of June's afro and uses it to pull back even more as the referee argues with her to release the hair.]

GM: Camel clutch using the hair for leverage!

[As the count reaches four, Rage releases the hair... and then promptly grabs it again.]

GM: Oh, come on! She grabbed the hair again!

BW: With the other hand. It isn't the same infraction. She's allowed. She has a five count to break.

[And Lauryn continues the cat and mouse game with the referee, alternating hands as she pulls Victoria June's hair in the camel clutch. The game continues for a while until the referee physically grabs Lauryn's wrists to stop her from pulling.]

BW: You can't touch a competitor!

GM: The referee's threatening to disqualify her for repeated breaking of the rules! He'd be perfectly within his rights to do that!

[Rage is arguing with the official, standing on her feet as the referee warns her again...

...and Victoria June suddenly surges to a knee... then both knees...]

GM: JUNE'S GETTING UP!

[With Rage still arguing with the referee, June gets to her feet, hoisting Rage up into an electric chair lift...]

GM: She's got the champion up! She's got her way up high and-

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG SLAM BY THE CHALLENGER!

[A weary June rolls over to all fours, crawling up the torso of Rage, slinging an arm across Rage's chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Kickout! Rage gets the shoulder up in time!

[June rolls off Rage onto her back, breathing heavily alongside the AWA Women's World Champion.]

GM: Both women are down! Both champion and challenger are down on the canvas after that big slam! We're just past the ten minute mark of the match and... at this point, you've gotta wonder who wants it more? Who can drive themselves to the finish line and walk out of Berlin with the World Title around their waist?

[June slowly sits up on the mat, breathing heavily as she struggles to get up to her feet. Rage is right beside her, trying to get up as well when June buries a boot into her midsection.]

GM: Victoria June going downstairs!

[Rage staggers back, clutching at her midsection. June sizes her up as Rage straightens, throwing herself at the champion with a one-legged dropkick!]

GM: June takes Rage off her feet again!

[June climbs off the mat, shouting "COME ON!" at Rage and the Berlin crowd cheering her on. The challenger approaches Rage who is trying to get up off the mat, snatching her by her magenta hair...]

GM: Two hands full of hair... BOOM! Big knee to the skull!

[June swings her knee up, striking the head a second time... and a third...]

GM: Knee after knee to the head of the champion and...

[With a whoop, June lands one more big knee, sending Rage flying through the air, crashing down onto her back as June dives across her chest, reaching back to hook a leg...]

GM: Another cover gets one! She gets two! She gets-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

BW: Shoulder is up!

GM: Just barely that time! Victoria June was a half count away - maybe less - from becoming the AWA Women's World Champion!

[Rage rolls to her hip, twitching on the canvas as June kneels beside her.]

GM: Victoria June made the wrong side of history by being the first woman eliminated in the Rumble to crown a champion. Can she avenge that humiliation by taking down “Da Kid” here in Germany?

BW: No way, Gordo! No way!

[Climbing to her feet again, June brings Rage up with her by the arm. A weary June whips Rage towards the ropes...]

GM: June shoots her in... Rage off the ropes...

[A desperate Rage throws herself into the air with a crossbody, trying to topple the challenger..]

...but June catches her, holding firm as she walks out to the center of the ring...]

GM: She's got the champion up! What's she going to do?!

[With a shout, June jumps into the air, driving Rage down to the canvas with a front powerslam!]

GM: OHHH!

[June stays on top of Rage, reaching back to secure the leg.]

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

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd deflates as the referee holds up two fingers.]

GM: SHOULDER UP! SHE JUST BARELY GOT THE SHOULDER UP!

BW: Lauryn Rage is still the champ, ya dig?!

GM: “Ya dig.” Listen to you!

[June looks up at the official, pleading her case for a faster cadence on the count as Lauryn Rage rolls under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Rage bailing out of the ring... desperately trying to save her title!

BW: That's slander, Gordo! You've got no proof of that!

GM: Maybe not but Lauryn Rage is out of the ring, trying to get some separation between herself and-

[As Rage gets to her feet, Victoria June rushes across the ring...

...and HURLS herself through the ropes, colliding with Rage, and sending them both crashing into the railing!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BOTH WOMEN INTO THE RAILING!! OH MY STARS!

BW: A whole lot of impact out here on the floor and I've gotta say that Lauryn Rage is really in trouble now!

GM: Both women down on the floor... and you've gotta wonder if we're about to see history made here in Berlin!

BW: Where are the Rages? The Misfits? The Serpentes? Heck, isn't there a US Air Force base nearby? Somebody save Lauryn!

[June slowly climbs to her feet on the floor. Reaching down, she hauls Rage up to her feet. Sensing victory, June shoots Rage under the ropes inside the ring.]

GM: June puts her back in... rolling in after her... she's gotta feel like victory is within reach, fans!

[Pulling Rage off the mat by the arm, June takes aim...]

GM: June drags her up... clothesline!

[...and takes her down with a short-arm clothesline!]

GM: She's not done!

[Dragging Rage up, she hits a second short-arm clothesline, leaving Rage laid out on the canvas.]

GM: The crowd in Berlin are on their feet! Could this be the end of Lauryn Rage's title reign and the beginning of Victoria June's?!

[With Rage down on the mat, June grabs the legs, looking for the leg grapevine.]

GM: And we saw this on the Power Hour! Victoria June is looking for the Scorpion Crosslock!

BW: If she locks this in, it might be over, Gordo.

[But as June reaches down to lock in the hold, a desperate Rage reaches up, seizing a handful of June's hair to yank her off balance...]

GM: What the...?!

[...and drags June down to the mat in a small package!]

GM: ROLLUP!

[Rage keeps her grip on the hair, shielding it from the official's view as the referee counts one... two...]

BW: SHE GOT HER!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: She did it! She did it! Da Kid is still da Champ!

GM: She cheated, Bucky. You saw her use the hair.

BW: I saw her beat this punk with a wrestling move, Gordo. So did the referee!

[Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Your winner... and STILL AWA Women's World Champion...

LAURRRRRYNNNNNN RAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[Rage rolls from the ring, snatching up her title belt off the timekeeper's table and clutching it to her chest.]

GM: Lauryn Rage, by hook or by crook, snatches victory out of the jaws of defeat! Rage retains the title right here in Berlin and... wow. Victoria June came just about as close as you can get without winning the title.

BW: Close only counts in horseshoes and hand grenades, daddy!

GM: Indeed. Lauryn Rage scores the win, keeping the title and... well, hopefully there will be another day for Victoria June. Hopefully she'll get another chance at some point to become the champion but for now, fans, Lauryn Rage is your AWA Women's World Champion... and we've got to go to a commercial but when we come back, it'll be tag team action featuring the Samoan Hit Squad so don't you dare go away!

[Rage backpedals down the aisle, thrusting her title belt up into the air 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 back up to live action in the Mercedes-Benz Arena where Rebecca Ortiz is standing center ring.]

RO: This is a tag team contest scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, to my left, at a total combined weight of 482 pounds... first, from Wagga Wagga, Australia, "OUTBACK" ZACK KELLY!

[The Australian with brown hair and brown eyes, dressed in tan wrestling trunks with "Down Under" airbrushed across the back in white, white kneepads and tan boots, waves to the crowd, a smile on his face.]

RO: And his partner, from Watertown, New York... CHARLIE STEPHENS!

[A man with a buzzcut and dressed in camouflage trunks, black knee pads and boots, and a white T-shirt with "USA" in red and blue letters salutes the crowd, then removes his shirt.]

GM: Charlie Stephens lending his support to "Outback" Zack here tonight. We're told that Charlie's usual partner, "Captain" Joe Flint, didn't come on the European tour so Stephens is on his own here.

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

RO: And their opponents... accompanied to the ring by their manager, "The Professional" Dave Cooper, and representing The Lion's Den... they hail from the Isle of Samoa, at a total combined weight of 530 pounds... Scola and Mafu... THE SAMOAN HIT SQUAD!

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

GM: The Samoan Hit Squad has dominated the tag team ranks for the past few months and, just two weeks ago, we saw that confrontation between them and the team of Cesar Hernandez and Chris Choisnet, who want a rematch with the Samoans.

BW: Do those two have a death wish, Gordo? You talked about how the Samoans have dominated the tag team scene, and it wasn't enough for Hernandez and Shawnee to get beaten once before... now they want to get beaten again?

GM: Hernandez and Choisnet want to avenge their friend Rene Rousseau, who we have not heard from for several months.

BW: Yeah, and that's because he got smart and headed back to Canada rather than risk another beatdown at the hands of Scola and Mafu!

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

GM: Given what went down two weeks ago, I can imagine that rematch will be signed for the very near future, although it appears Cooper preferred to sign this match for tonight.

BW: It's called sending a message to Hernandez and Shawnee that it's not too late to back out of that challenge, Gordo. Watch what happens to Kelly and Stephens!

[Cooper ducks between the ropes as the bell rings. Scola steps forward for his team, with Kelly approaching the big Samoan.]

GM: Zack Kelly at a considerable size disadvantage, but then again, most men are against the likes of Scola.

[Kelly fires off a series of forearms, but they hardly seem to faze the big Samoan, though Kelly does manage to back him up into the ropes.]

GM: Kelly with the early advantage, though...

[But not for long, as Scola reaches out to grab Kelly by the head and drives his own into Kelly.]

GM: OH! A big headbutt by Scola! Kelly dazed on his feet.

BW: And there's more where that came from.

[Scola grabs Kelly by the arm, pulls him close and delivers a series of three headbutts.]

GM: And Scola with those arm-trap headbutts! He lets Kelly go and Kelly goes down!

BW: So much for Kelly's advantage... time for Scola to show what having an advantage is really about!

[Scola grabs Kelly around the waist and hoists him up and over his head with ease.]

GM: And look at the power behind that overhead belly-to-belly throw!

BW: See, this is why Hernandez and Shawnee should be having second thoughts about that challenge, Gordo!

GM: I doubt those two are reconsidering anything, Bucky.

[Scola drags Kelly off the mat as Cooper motions to the Samoans' corner. Mafu has his hand extended.]

GM: Cooper wanting the tag and Mafu appears anxious to get in there.

[Scola slaps hands with Mafu, then hoists Kelly up into a bearhug.]

GM: What are the Samoans setting Kelly up for?

[Mafu enters the ring and climbs to the middle turnbuckle, a wicked smile on his face...

...then he leaps off and drives his forehead into Kelly's.]

GM: OH MY! Mafu headbutting Kelly while he's trapped in that bearhug!

BW: And look at how Kelly goes limp after Scola release him... this one may be over already!

[Scola exits the ring and Mafu dives across Kelly, then starts biting his forehead.]

GM: Come on now! Mafu biting Kelly! There's no reason for that!

BW: There's a perfectly good reason, Gordo... those idiots Hernandez and Shawnee need a reminder as to why they should never had laid out that challenge two weeks ago!

[The referee puts the count on Mafu, who stops at four and glares at the referee for a moment. He whips his head back and enough of his hair is brushed back to reveal the crazed look in his eyes.]

GM: I don't like that look in Mafu's face... I can only imagine what he has in store for Kelly.

[Mafu drags Kelly off the canvas. Kelly is dazed on his feet as Mafu measures him up, then raises a leg.]

GM: Goodness! What a vicious thrust kick by Mafu!

[Kelly slumps down in his corner, where Stephens slaps his hand.]

GM: And Charlie Stephens enters the match for the first time!

BW: His mistake, Gordo!

[Stephens rushes Mafu, hitting him with forearm blows, then a kick to the midsection to double him over.]

GM: But look at this... Stephens taking the fight to Mafu!

[Stephens backs Mafu into the ropes, then grabs him by the arm.]

GM: Now Stephens with the Irish whip...

BW: But look at that reversal, Gordo!

GM: Stephens into the ropes... Mafu putting his head down.

[That's when Stephens puts on the brakes, grabs Mafu by the head and drives him face first into the canvas...

...but Mafu rises to his knees, unfazed.]

GM: Stephens drove Mafu into the mat, but it had no effect!

BW: You can't hurt a Samoan by going after the head, Gordo!

[Mafu grabs Stephens and headbutts him, then drags Stephens to his feet and cinches him up.]

GM: Mafu taking Stephens over... vertical suplex and nicely executed!

BW: See, Gordo, Samoans can do more than just brawl and headbutt people. They can wrestle, too, and do it well!

[Outside the ring, Cooper applauds Mafu's effort, then shouts to his charge, "Let's see that teamwork again."]

GM: Cooper wanting Mafu to tag Scola... and that's exactly what happens.

BW: Can't wait to see what they do next!

[Mafu whips Stephens into the ropes, then back body drops him...

...where Scola, who has entered the ring, catches Stephens in midair and drives him to the mat.]

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

BW: How's that for teamwork, Gordo? Stephens has got to be finished!

[Scola casts a quick glance at Cooper, who shakes his head and says, "Not yet... show me a little more."]

GM: How can Cooper not want this match to be over... Stephens is clearly out.

BW: You heard Cooper... he wants to see more of what Scola can do!

[Scola drags Stephens to his feet, then lifts him up and places him on the top rope, so that Stephens' back is to the ring.]

GM: What in the world could Scola be setting up Stephens for?

BW: Whatever it is, it's going to be very painful!

[Scola ducks between the ropes and climbs to the top, then drags Stephens and hoists him onto his shoulders.]

GM: What in the world is he...

[That's when Scola leaps off the top rope, driving Stephens to the canvas with a powerslam.]

GM: OH MY STARS! Top-rope powerslam!

BW: Can you believe it, Gordo? Power and agility! What a combination!

[Scola drops down across the prone Stephens and hooks the leg.]

GM: And the three count here is academic, fans! My goodness!

[The referee's hand slaps the mat three times and the bell rings. Mafu ducks between the ropes and slaps Scola on the shoulder.]

BW: I hope Hernandez and Shawnee were watching that! Nobody is going to get up after a powerslam like that!

GM: You'll get no argument from me there, Bucky. Let's get the official word.

[Scola gets to his feet and he and Mafu brush aside the referee, waiting for Cooper to enter the ring, stand between his men and raise their arms.]

RO: Here are your winners... THE SAMOAN HIT SQUAD!

[Mafu flings his head back, his hair cleared from his face and the crazed look in his eyes and wicked smile is evident. Scola just scowls and Cooper has a big smile on his face.]

GM: A decisive victory for the Samoan Hit Squad, but it doesn't look like Cooper and his men want to leave the ring.

BW: I guess they want to do an interview right there.

GM: That's not normally how it works.

BW: You going to tell the Samoans and Cooper that, Gordo? Good luck with that!

[That's when Colt Patterson walks down the aisle and to the ring. He steps between the ropes, a microphone of his own in his hand.]

CP: Dave Cooper, it's a pleasure to see you once again! And I must say, that was an impressive victory by the Samoan Hit Squad!

DC: [nodding] Colt, it's always a pleasure to talk to you! What did you think about that top-rope powerslam that Scola showed the world?

CP: That's one of the most devastating moves I've ever seen! I'm sure that's going to draw a lot of attention to the Samoans, who I must say, have had their best success under your guidance!

DC: Colt, as much as I want to take credit for their success, I can't, because they have as much credit for it, too. They knew they had what it took to be the best tag team in the AWA... all they needed was somebody who would take them seriously and want to help them become the best! And that's exactly what I do for these fine men!

CP: I've got to ask you, though, Dave... will your men be challenging for the tag team titles in the near future? After all, the current champions, Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan, have declared there isn't a single team left to challenge them!

[Mafu is about to speak, but Cooper pats him on the shoulder.]

DC: Hold on, Mafu... I got this.

[Mafu looks at Cooper for a moment, then nods.]

DC: All right, let me make one thing clear... I have nothing but respect for Brian Lau, so out of respect to him, I'm gonna go easy on Taylor and Donovan. Besides, I understand how it is when you're young and you have success... you think you're invincible. But the fact of the matter, Taylor and Donovan, is while you have been beating other challengers, Scola and Mafu here have been putting together a string of victories and it won't be long before they are challenging for the gold. So I'll put it to you this way... don't get too cocky, because I've got a team right here that is not only capable of being challengers, but being the next World Tag Team Champions!

CP: Are you laying out a challenge to the champions, Dave?

DC: [shaking his head] Not yet, Colt... because right now, the Samoans and I have some unfinished business to attend to. That brings me to Chris Choisnet and Cesar Hernandez. I thought after we beat the two of you the last time, you'd learn not to go messing with The Lion's Den again. But two weeks ago, you started running your mouths and daring us to get in the ring with you again... well, I will accept that challenge and let's get that match set for two weeks' time. And then we'll finish you off for good and move on toward our ultimate goal of not only winning the World Tag Team Titles, but establishing The Lion's Den as the premier collection of talent in the AWA!

[He motions to Mafu.]

DC: Now, Mafu, go ahead and tell them all about it.

[Mafu steps toward Colt, the wild look still in Mafu's eyes.]

M: Cesar Hernandez and Chris Choisnet want to keep pushing their luck! I promise you that, in two weeks, your luck will run out! Scola and I are going to finish the two of you off, once and for all, and then there will be no question who deserves a shot at the tag team champions! Ha ha!

[Colt looks at Scola for a moment.]

CP: Scola, do you care to say a few words?

[Scola has his arms folded and stares at Patterson, then shakes his head. However, he does extend a hand, which Patterson accepts.]

CP: I understand, Scola... you prefer to let your work in the ring do the talking! And believe me, that top-rope powerslam should tell everyone all they need to know about the damage you can do!

DC: Your understanding is appreciated, Colt... and you can mark this down as well, that The Lion's Den is keeping an eye on all the talent that has made its way to the AWA as of late. And in the future, you never know who might get the call to become part of what is destined to be the premier collection of talent in the AWA!

[With that, Cooper directs Mafu and Scola to follow him out of the ring.]

CP: There you have it... the Samoan Hit Squad is looking to prove who should be the next challengers for the World Tag Team Titles, and Dave Cooper is looking for more talent to guide to greatness! And I'm thinking Hernandez and Choisnet made a big mistake issuing that challenge... I wonder if they know what they're really getting themselves into! And speaking of tag teams, let's go backstage where Sweet Lou is standing by with another member of the AWA tag team division!

[We cut to the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing between two men who look like the proverbial cats who ate the proverbial canaries. Both are wearing matching white full-length tights, shirtless, and wearing bright yellow sunglasses. Yes, they are the Wallace twins... also known as YOUR American Idols.]

SLB: Joining me at this time, Chaz and Chet, the American Idols... and gentlemen, I'm assuming you heard what Emerson Gellar had to say here earlier tonight to Terry Shane. He says no Jimmy Jack Shane in ANY AWA building.

[Chaz tilts his head towards Sweet Lou, the smile still on his face as his glasses slide down to the tip of his nose. He looks over them at Lou.]

Chaz: Of course we heard the news! Try as you might, Blackwell, you'll never be the AWA's answer to TMZ.

Chet: Perez Hilton maybe.

[The two Wallaces eye Blackwell up and down for an uncomfortably-too-long moment.]

Chaz: Maybe. But the fact is, Blackwell, that Emerson Gellar has made the right call since that time he dropped a dime to bring yours - us - truly to the AWA. Jimmy Jack Shane is a menace, I say! A MENACE!

Chet: I heard he once used a goat to cut a man's hair after a Hair vs Hair match. Savage! Who would do such a thing?!

SLB: I don't think that's true at all.

Chet: Are you calling me a liar, Blackwell? Because if there's one thing I can't stand to be called...

Chaz: Millennial.

Chet: True but-

Chaz: Overweight.

Chet: Yes and-

Chaz: Poorly dressed.

Chet: Well, that's just-

Chaz: Terry Shane.

Chet: HOW DARE YOU, SIR?!

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: Can we get back to the point?

Chaz: The point, dear Blackwell, is the same as it ever was. Terry Shane is a schizophrenic, egomaniacal, overbearing, self-inflated... loner. No one wants to team with him! He admits it! Even his so-called buddy Bobby O'Connor would rather watch Hasselhoff's Greatest Hits than team with him.

Chet: Which means that... Terry Shane... it is time to reap what you have sowed, old... acquaintance we wish would go away and never be heard from again. Because you crossed a line when you sic'd your maniac brother on us.

Chaz: You crossed a line but we're more than willing to put you back behind it... right here... in Berlin...

[Smirk.]

Chaz: ...tonight.

SLB: Is that a challenge? Another tag team match? But he said it himself! You just repeated it! He has no partner!

[Chaz Wallace shrugs.]

Chaz: Some people are unpopular because of where they come from...

Chet: How they dress...

Chaz: How they talk...

Chet: Who their parents are...

Chaz: Who they hang out with...

Chet: And then there's Terry Shane who is...

[The Wallace twins look at each other for a moment then trade a big high five before turning back to the camera...]

Chet/Chaz: ALL OF THE ABOVE!

[And with that, the Wallaces take their leave.]

SLB: I still don't... was that a challenge? Those two should be spokesmen for Tylenol because every time I talk to them, I get a world class headache. Oh brother. Let's go back to the ring!

[We crossfade from Blackwell back to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is waiting.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring at this time, from San Cristobal in the Dominican Republic, and weighing 275 pounds... ANGELO CORDERO!

[The pudgy, balding wrestler with the shoulder-length mullet and Tom Selleck-style mustache sneers as he raises his arms. Cordero wears a Dominican Republic-themed singlet with black boots.]

"You've Got Another Thing Coming" by Judas Priest kicks in, drawing a loud crowd response.]

RO: His opponent hails from Venice Beach, California, and weighs 260 pounds... AWA fans, here is SUPERNOVA!

[That's the cue for the AWA fan favorite to step through the curtain and onto the stage. He sports blonde hair in a crew cut, his face is painted black and yellow, resembling a flame, he wears black tights with yellow flames up the sides and black boots with a small sun imprinted on the sides.]

GM: The former World Television Champion, Supernova, here in action tonight, and these fans still strongly behind him despite his title loss two weeks ago.

BW: That these fans want to keep backing a guy like Supernova instead of a proven winner like Kerry Kendrick or Shadoe Rage shows all you need to know about their intelligence!

[Supernova makes his way down the aisle and is more than happy to slap hands with the fans stretching their arms over the barricades.]

GM: I'm sure that title loss is weighing on Supernova's mind, especially because it was Shadoe Rage himself that cost Supernova the title.

BW: Hey, you know how much Rage treasured that TV title and the only way to get another shot was to make sure Supernova was no longer the champion -- especially given how much Supernova was afraid to get in the ring with Rage again!

GM: That's not true and you know it, Bucky! Emerson Gellar made it clear that Shadoe Rage had received enough shots at Supernova and it was time for Supernova to face other challengers.

BW: Yeah, you try to tell me Supernova had nothing to do with that!

[Supernova has reached the ring and climbs onto the apron. He cups his hands to his mouth and howls, drawing cheers. The face-painted wrestler ducks between the ropes and tests them out, before stepping forward and circling his opponent, Angelo Cordero.]

GM: You can tell yourself whatever you want, Bucky, but Supernova beat Rage twice and more than proved he was worthy of the TV title. And I'm betting that Supernova is out to prove he's not just worthy of wearing that title again, but perhaps more than that.

BW: Yeah, I'm sure this is the part where you remind everyone how Supernova beat Johnny Detson, thanks to that no good Stench boy!

GM: You brought it up, Bucky... that Supernova has beaten the World Champion makes him a worthy World Title contender in my eyes.

BW: Yeah, and your vision is less than 20-20, so that tells me all I need to know about that opinion, Gordo!

[The bell rings and Supernova locks up with Cordero, who manages to get the upper hand and force the face-painted wrestler back into the corner.]

GM: Cordero has Supernova backed into the corner... the referee calling for a break...

[Cordero steps away, but tries to sneak in a forearm smash at the last second...

...but it's blocked by Supernova, who grabs Cordero by the arm and shoves him into the corner instead.]

GM: Cordero tried to pull a fast one, but Supernova saw it coming!

[Supernova unleashes a quick kick to the midsection, then grabs Cordero by the shoulder and tosses him out of the corner.]

GM: Cordero hiptossed and goes down! He's up to his feet... and Supernova with a dropkick!

[Cordero rolls to the side of the ring and pulls himself up on the ropes. Supernova is quick to approach him.]

GM: Supernova on the offensive... look at that series of forearms!

[The face-painted wrestler hammers Cordero upside the head with one forearm smash after the other. Supernova's pace quickens with each shot, leaving Cordero staggered...

...until he falls to the canvas face first. Supernova cups his hands to his mouth and howls.]

GM: Cordero is down!

BW: And Supernova would rather pander to the fans than follow up! No wonder he's no longer the TV champion!

GM: That's not how it happened, Bucky, and you know it.

[Supernova drags Cordero off the canvas and cinches him in a front chancery, then grabs Cordero by the tights.]

GM: Supernova takes Cordero up and over in a vertical suplex!

BW: I'll give Supernova this much... Cordero is no small man and Supernova lifted him with ease.

GM: Supernova's strength on display, that much is true, Bucky!

[Rising to his feet, Supernova runs into the ropes, then as he comes off, he leaps high into the air while extending an elbow.]

GM: And look at the height on that elbowdrop, Bucky!

BW: Oh, he's trying to one up Shadoe Rage, is he? I'm not impressed and I know Rage isn't, either!

[Supernova rolls to his feet, dragging Cordero up once more and whips him into the ropes.]

GM: Irish whip by the former TV champ... he charges Cordero... clothesline takes him down!

[Supernova looks to the crowd once more, spreading his arms apart, then motioning to the corner.]

BW: I think I know what Supernova wants to do next, Gordo!

GM: I agree with you on that, Bucky! Supernova has Cordero up... backed into a corner...

[Supernova grabs Cordero by the arm and whips him to the opposite side, then measures him up and charges.]

GM: HEAT WAVE! Right in the corner!

[Supernova steps back as Cordero staggers forward. The face-painted wrestler shoves Cordero down, then grabs him by the legs and turns Cordero onto his back.]

GM: And here comes the Solar Flare!

BW: He's locking it on right in the center of the ring! Nowhere for Cordero to go!

[Supernova turns Cordero over into the Texas Cloverleaf, bearing down the pressure on Cordero's back and knees.]

GM: And Cordero is quick to submit! This one is over, fans!

[The referee calls for the bell, then taps Supernova on his shoulder. He releases the hold and allows the referee to raise his arm in victory.]

RO: Here is your winner... SUPERNOVA!

[The fans cheer as Supernova cups his hands to his mouth and howls once more, then ducks between the ropes.]

GM: Supernova making quick work of Angelo Cordero tonight... right now, let's go to Sweet Lou Blackwell, who will try to get a few words from the former TV champion!

[We go up to the stage where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands, mic in hand.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, what a night of action thus far on Saturday Night Wrestling... please welcome my guest at this time, Supernova!

[The face-painted wrestler approaches Sweet Lou. Supernova has a slight smile on his face.]

SLB: Supernova, two weeks ago, Kerry Kendrick won the World Television title from you, thanks in part to one Shadoe Rage. I imagine you are not going to let those issues go unanswered, am I correct?

S: Sweet Lou, you know I'm the type who doesn't forget things so easily. And I'm certainly the type that just lets people get away with whatever they want. And for nearly two years now, Shadoe Rage has been nothing but a thorn in my side. He's that pesky housefly that can't take a hint to go away! And if he thinks that costing me the TV title is going to cause me to tuck my tail between my legs and go away, he is sorely mistaken!

Yeah, losing the title is a setback for me, just like losing in the finals of Battle of Boston was a setback for me. But I'm letting neither setback stop me from building on my legacy here in the AWA! There will be a time when I settle things with Shadoe Rage, just like there will be a time when I settle things with Kerry Kendrick! No setback is going to stop me from continuing to prove why I am the franchise of the AWA, why I am the man who all these great AWA fans look up to, and why I am destined to reach the top of the mountain again!

[The fans cheer in response and he acknowledges them with a quick wave of his hand.]

SLB: Supernova, you mention about getting to the top of the mountain. While some would say that you have a great chance of regaining the TV title in the future, others would say you might be moving on to bigger things. You have wins over the likes of Johnny Detson, the current World Champion, and Rex Summers, one of the toughest wrestlers in the AWA, and reaching the finals of Battle of Boston counts for a lot. Have you considered that maybe it's time to move beyond the TV Title and challenge for the World Title in the near future?

[Supernova rubs his hand under his chin.]

S: That's the real question, isn't it, Sweet Lou? I'm not gonna deny that the World Title is in the back of my mind... that I want to prove to Johnny Detson that my win at Battle of Boston was no fluke! And given the way he and the Kings of Wrestling continue to look down upon everyone else here in the AWA, acting so full of themselves, I'd love nothing more than to knock them all off their perches! But as far as when that happens, Sweet Lou...

[He takes a deep breath.]

S: I've got a lot on my plate and I have to figure out what comes next, Sweet Lou. But I can promise you -- it won't be long before everyone finds out what does come next!

[He cups his hands to his mouth and howls, then walks toward the back.]

SLB: Supernova, ladies and gentlemen! I, for one, cannot wait to see where he goes from here and I'm sure AWA fans agree! Fans, don't you dare go away - we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling!

[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 to live action backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing next to Hall of Fame manager, Brian Lau.]

SLB: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling where earlier tonight, we heard the news that in TONIGHT'S Main Event, it's going to be Jack Lynch challenging for the

AWA World Heavyweight Title against your charge Mr. Lau, Johnny Detson. Your thoughts?

[Lau goes to open his mouth but is immediately interrupted.]

“LAU!”

[An intense Johnny Detson walks up to Brian Lau. His voice intense and angry, his face, wide-eyed and panicked. He points a finger at Lau.]

JD: You told me this was all done. You told me this was all settled! You assured me over the phone all week that stuff like this wasn't going to happen anymore!

[A clearly agitated Lau looks to the World Champion and holds his hands up in front of his body, trying to calm Detson down.]

BL: Johnny, you have every right to be angry. You should be angry! You should be outraged! This is unjust! This is... evil!

But don't worry. This is all under control. This will be taken care of! Haven't I always taken care of business?

But even if I can't... you know you have nothing to worry about. All you need to do is go in there tonight against Lynch and....

[Detson cuts Lau off with a shake of his head.]

JD: NO! No more! Geller's power has gone unchecked. Once again trying to put me in a match that I've had no time to prepare for! Once again, someone's illegal tactics are getting rewarded at my expense. First it was Gladiator at Memorial Day Mayhem which was an illegal match. Then it was the ref at Battle of Boston, which was an illegal decision! Now this... Jack Lynch already had a match today he can't have another one, let alone for my Heavyweight title! And what has he done to deserve a title shot? Nothing!

SLB: He beat you in the middle of the ring last show!

[Detson slowly turns and glares a hole through Blackwell, noticing him for the first time. He reaches up and snatches the microphone from him.]

JD: That's because a nameless daddy's boy client of a certain manager went into business for himself and made that match a handicap match.

[Detson slowly turns and glares at Lau clearly not forgetting last Saturday Night Wrestling. Detson points behind him.]

JD: I've successfully defended that title over two hundred eighteen times, and Gellar is using cheap tricks and chicanery to try and steal this title that I earned. But the question I have for you...

[Detson again points right at Lau's face.]

JD: ...is are we going to keep taking this, or are we finally going to start doing something about it?

BL: Something will be done! You have my word. After tonight, you'll never have to worry about Jack Lynch again.

Trust me... I know exactly what to do.

[Detson glares at Lau.]

JD: You better take care of this! Because if you don't take care of it, if you can't get things under control, then I'll do it myself.

And believe me, you don't want me to be the one to take care of things!

[With those words, Detson storms off.]

SLB: Well...

[Lau cuts Blackwell off with a glare.]

BL: Not another word, Blackwell. I know you're loving this. Well, laugh it up!

Jack Lynch, just remember that you wanted this. And when you get it... it's all your fault!

[With those words, Lau races off, trying to catch up with Detson...

...and we fade out to the aisleway where Chaz and Chet Wallace are making their way down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: We are LIVE here in the Mercedes-Benz Arena for Saturday Night Wrestling where the American Idols, the Wallace twins, are heading down the aisle towards the ring. They want another match with Terry Shane here tonight and... to be frank, Bucky, I don't think they should get it! Terry Shane has admitted himself that he doesn't have a partner and-

BW: And whose fault is that? Terry Shane used to have an army! He used to have a gang! And he squandered it! He used to have one of the greatest managerial minds on his side... and he wasted her too! Terry Shane's got more personalities than Sybil and he's shocked when no one trusts him?

GM: The Wallaces hit the ring and... oh brother... please don't give these two a microphone.

[No one hears Gordon's pleas as the ringside attendant hands over a pair of microphones to the Wallace brothers.]

Chaz: I know you people are new to being in the presence of greatness but allow me to explain how things work to you.

We... are the next big thing in the AWA Tag Team Division!

We... are where the power lies!

We... are the representatives of the US branch of the Dead Man's Party!

And with all those things being true, when we say jump... you better bump your head on the light bulbs.

[Chet raises his mic.]

Chet: It wasn't a request. It wasn't a suggestion. We want Terry Shane right back inside the ring... and we want it tonight... in fact, we want it right now! So, when we walk down this aisle and we don't see Rebecca Ortiz' heavenly body...

[Cut to ringside where Ortiz grimaces, shaking her head.]

Chet: When we don't see a referee...

[Chet steps up on the middle rope.]

Chet: Then we assume that our request has been ignored and-

[Static.]

GM: Uh oh. Well, the Wallaces may not have gotten their way in getting this match put together but it certainly seems like Terry Shane is going to give them what they want!

[The curtain parts and Terry Shane emerges through the curtain, standing in his ring gear. He points to the ring where the Wallaces, now beaming with happiness, are walking around the ring, shouting for Shane to get down that aisle to the ring.]

GM: Terry Shane is heading to the ring and he's heading down there all alone.

[Shane gets halfway down the aisle, pausing to stare at the Wallaces who wave him closer...

...when suddenly, a wide grin crosses the face of Terry Shane.]

BW: What's he smiling about? He's about to get his teeth kicked in and-

[The crowd begins to buzz as someone in a janitor's uniform, carrying a broom and a bucket, hops over the railing, diving under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: That's... it's JIMMY JACK SHANE!

BW: He's wearing a janitor's uniform! He snuck in the damn building and-

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The broomstick cracks as Jimmy Jack smashes the wooden handle across the back of Chet Wallace, sending him sprawling through the ropes out to the floor!]

GM: Jimmy Jack Shane just clubbed Chet Wallace with the broom!

[Chaz Wallace whips around, rushing towards the wild-eyed Shane...]

"CLANK!"

[...and Jimmy Jack Shane CLUBS Wallace between the eyes with the metal bucket!]

GM: SHANE FLATTENS CHAZ WALLACE AS WELL!

[Grabbing Chaz Wallace by the hair, Shane drags him to his knees...

...and then reaches behind him, pulling something out of his belt.]

GM: Oh my... that's a-

BW: It's a toilet brush! And it looks... gaaah... it looks USED!

[The crowd grimaces as Jimmy Jack Shane jams the business end of the stained brush into Wallace's face, rubbing it vigorously back and forth as Wallace tries to get loose. Wallace cries out...

...and Shane obliges by shoving the toilet brush into the mouth!]

GM: AHFFF!

[A coughing and gagging Wallace gets thrown down to the mat, crawling out of the ring as Terry Shane moves in, grabbing Chet Wallace and hurling him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Terry Shane puts Chet Wallace in and-

[Jimmy Jack Shane scoops up the bucket by the handle, swinging wildly at Chet Wallace as he comes in...]

"CLANK!"

[The metal bucket bounces off the skull of Chet Wallace, knocking him down to the mat as Jimmy Jack steps over him, winding up again...]

"CLANK!"

"CLANK!"

"CLANK!"

"CLANK!"

"CLANK!"

"CLANK!"

[And a desperate Chaz Wallace reaches under the ropes, grabbing Chet by the ankle, dragging him from the ring as Terry Shane rolls in, a big grin on his face as he embraces his brother.]

GM: Oh my! The Shanes are together and they just cleaned house on the Wallace twins!

[Chaz - still coughing, spitting, and gagging - is practically dragging his brother down the aisle as the crowd roars for what they just witnessed.]

GM: And you've just gotta wonder what the reaction of Emerson Gellar is going to be to this. Jimmy Jack Shane was banned from the building and showed up anyways. I can't imagine the Director of Operations is going to take that well. Right now, Sweet Lou is standing by with the former World Television Champion, Shadoe Rage! Lou?

[The cameras cut to a backstage shot of Sweet Lou Blackwell. He has microphone in hand and his eyes shift between the cameraman and offstage. Given his cue, he launches into his spiel.]

SLR: Thank, Gordon! The AWA has come to Europe and my goodness, what a Saturday Night Wrestling we've had in the great city of Berlin. And speaking of things on television, my next guest has an obsession with television, if you will. The World Television championship to be exact. He is the FORMER World Television champion, Shadoe Rage.

[The biseinen dreadlocked warrior emerges onto stage, dressed in his black sleeveless leather surcoat, his frayed hooded scarf pulled up over his bearded visage. Rage faces the camera a moment to give Berlin a look at his exotic, animal features and wild bright eyes before he turns and stares down Sweet Lou. Sweet Lou seems suitably intimidated as Rage begins to speak in that ridiculous strangled rasp of his.]

SR: Former World Television champion. FORMER World Television champion. You really like to try to rub salt in the wounds, don't you. You really like to try to rub salt in the wounds, Sweet Lou.

[Rage turns to face the camera, pulling back his hood and letting his dreadlocks fall freely about his shoulders and frame his face.]

SR: You know who else is a FORMER World Television champion? Stupidnova, yeah. Former World Television champion.

SLR: You mean Supernova, don't you? And let's be fair, he didn't lose the championship so much as you stole it from him!

SR: Stole it from him? He stole it from me! Did he ever beat me in ten minutes? No. Couldn't do it. So they kept changing the rules until he got lucky.

SLB: Lucky?

SR: Yeah, lucky. But his luck ran out because in New York, New York - the big city of dreams - my dream came true and Supernova went down for the count and now Kerry Kendrick is the World Television champion. And Emerson Gellar can't protect Kendrick from me! That wasn't the deal! So now, I am the Number One Contender to the title I should never have lost! And I want my shot... TONIGHT!

SLB: You know, Shadoe, I kind of expected you to say something like that. So I did a little planning and I'd like to introduce my next guest who will answer the question. He is the man we call the boss, Emerson Gellar.

[Rage's face betrays a mix of shock, rage and concern as Gellar enters the set. Gellar takes one look at Rage, letting loose an exasperated sigh as he shakes his head.]

EG: Why? Why on earth would you even come back here and ask for this match tonight?

SR: You know why! I'm the Number One Contender! I'm-

EG: It's been announced for a week now. The World Television Title IS on the line tonight... and it's on the line with Kerry Kendrick defending the title against Caspian Abaran. Now, that's coming up next and-

[Rage angrily interrupts.]

SR: DECEPTIONS! You told me, Gellar.. you told me I couldn't have another shot at the title as long as Supernova held the title. Now? No more champion Stupidnova! So, where's my shot? Huh?! Where's my shot?!

[Gellar shakes his head.]

EG: Your shot will come, Mr. Rage.

[Rage nods happily.]

EG: But not tonight. Caspian Abaran has that shot tonight and... I'm sorry but I really don't have time for this.

[Gellar turns, making his exit.]

SR: You MAKE time for me, Gellar! GELLAR! GELLAR?!

[Rage angrily shouts at the exiting Gellar before turning in a huff, walking away from Blackwell.]

SLB: Well... Shadoe Rage has a shot at the TV Title coming up... someday. But not tonight and in just a few moments, fans, we're going to the ring to see Kerry Kendrick put the title on the line against an old rival, Caspian Abaran! Don't go away because we'll be right back!

[Fade to black.

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

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

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

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

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

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

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

"These men had a dream too."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

...and then back up to live action where Caspian Abaran is standing in the backstage area with Mark Stegklet.]

MS: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans, and we are just moments away from seeing Kerry Kendrick defend the World Television Title for the very first time against this man - Caspian Abaran!

[The luchador nods his head, pumping a fist.]

MS: Caspian, you and Kerry Kendrick are no strangers to one another. How does that experience help you heading into this big title showdown?

[Abaran nods.]

CA: Experience is everything, Mark! Experience is what makes a wrestler know what contracts to sign and which ones to save for another day. Experience is what makes you know in that ring whether you should go for a cover or go to the top rope. Experience tells you if you should train on the mat or in the gym. It's everything. And with all the times I've taken on Kerry Kendrick, I know everything there is to know about him.

[A smile from the good-looking fan favorite.]

CA: I know when he's going to grab for my hair... I know when he's going to choke me. I know when he's going to be looking outside the ring for his buddies to help him out. I know all of it. But what I don't know, Mark...

MS: What's that?

CA: ...is how he's going to react after all this time waiting to be a champion when I snatch the belt off his waist his first night defending it?

That one... is a mystery.

[Abaran turns, making his exit as we fade to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: Our next contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit and is for the AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPIONSHIP!

[Big cheer!]

RO: Introducing first, he is the challenger...

[The opening to "Nomad" by Santana starts to play over the PA.]

RO: Heading down the aisle from Montemorelos, Mexico... weighing in at 209 pounds...

CASSSSSSPIANNNNNN ABARANNNNNNNNN!

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

GM: Caspian Abaran has been on a bit of a roll at our live events in recent months and this could be the big break he's been waiting for. Abaran, as he said moments ago, is no stranger to Kerry Kendrick and vice versa so it'll be interesting to see how that familiarity plays into this matchup.

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

RO: Annnnnnd his opponent...

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

RO: Accompanied by his bodyguard Erica Toughill... From Philadelphia, Pennsylvania... weighing 235 pounds... he is the AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMMMMMPIONNNNN...

KERRYYYYYYYYYYYY... KENNNNNNNDRICK!

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

GM: Well, if Kerry Kendrick is concerned to be facing Caspian Abaran in his first TV Title defense, he certainly isn't showing it...

[And at the sound of the bell, Caspian Abaran goes charging across the ring. He ducks under a wild right hand by Kendrick, leaping up to the second rope, stepping to the top, springing off...]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[...and throws himself at Kendrick, hooking his head between the legs, and flipping the champion over with a rana!]

GM: Kendrick gets taken down hard right out of the gate and... running dropkick by Abaran sends Kendrick through the ropes and out to the floor!

[The luchador climbs to his feet, pumping a fist in the air as he grabs the top rope with both hands...]

...and slingshots over the top, wiping out the World Television Champion with a crossbody on the floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: And Caspian Abaran is off to a red hot start here in Berlin!

[Pulling Kendrick off the mat, Abaran rolls him under the ropes into the ring. He grabs the ropes, pulling himself up on the apron, looking to continue building momentum...]

GM: The champion coming to his feet off the mat...

[Abaran leaps into the air, springing off the top rope. Kendrick ducks low, running towards Abaran who sails over him, dropping into a front roll and coming up to his feet unharmed. He spins around as Kendrick bounces off the far ropes, rebounding towards him...]

GM: Kendrick charging in!

[But Abaran ducks down, leaping up to hook Kendrick's arm, swinging up and around the champion, hooking his head between the legs, and snapping off a headscissors that throws Kendrick down to the mat!]

GM: Another flying headscissors by the speedy and agile Abaran!

[Abaran greets the rising Kendrick with a knife edge chop across the chest followed by an overhead chop that sends Kendrick falling back into the corner.]

GM: The champion backpedaling away as Caspian Abaran looks for a way to get him down for a three count.

[With Kendrick backed up into the corner, Abaran lands a pair of chops before reaching out, grabbing the champion's arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[Kendrick hurls Abaran towards the corner but as he approaches, Abaran slams on the brakes, leaping over to the apron. Kendrick races towards them but Abaran uses the rope to pull himself into a forearm smash to the jaw! Kendrick staggers backwards as Abaran grabs the top rope with both hands again...]

GM: Abaran looking to strike again!

[But as Abaran tries to slingshot himself into a springboard, Kendrick surges forward as Abaran's feet hits the top rope, sending him flying backwards through the air and crashing down on the floor to a big shocked reaction!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! What a hard fall all the way to the floor that was!

[Kendrick immediately drops to the mat, rolling under the ropes to the floor where he promptly scrapes Abaran up off the mat, spinning him around...

...and ROCKETS him into the steel barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE BARRICADE AT RINGSIDE!

[The surly champion approaches the railing, grabbing hold of it as he rains down stomps on the head of the unmasked luchador from Montemorelos, Mexico.]

GM: Kendrick's all over him on the floor, really turning things around in a hurry.

[Dragging Abaran off the floor again, Kendrick takes aim and smashes his head into the ringside railing!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Kendrick pulls Abaran through the ringside area, tossing him back under the ropes.]

GM: Both men back inside the ring now...

[The TV Champion climbs off the canvas, dragging Abaran into a front facelock...

...and SNAPS him over with a perfectly-executed snap suplex!]

GM: Goodness!

BW: That'll send a jolt from head to toe.

[With Abaran down on the mat, Kendrick backs up to the corner, hopping up to the midbuckle...

...and then leaps off, driving the point of his elbow down into the throat!]

GM: Ohh! Leaping elbow by Kendrick... and a cover to match...

[A two count follows before Abaran's shoulder comes up off the canvas.]

GM: Two count only and- ohh! Hard right hand! And another! Those are closed fists, Bucky.

BW: I can see that, Gordo... so can the referee apparently.

[The referee reprimands Kendrick as he climbs to his feet, shaking out the fist he just used to batter his challenger...

...and then puts the boots to the formerly masked head of Abaran!]

GM: Stomp after stomp in the middle of the ring, Kendrick doing a number on his long-time rival.

[Leaning down, Kendrick hauls Abaran off the mat by the hair, flinging him back into the buckles. The champion charges in after him, twisting his body into a back elbow up under the chin!]

GM: Oof! Big elbow finds the mark and-

[Kendrick bends over, grabbing the legs of Abaran, yanking them out from under him.]

GM: Kendrick grabs the legs... look out here!

[Falling back, Kendrick catapults Abaran up into the air, sending him flying a few feet before Abaran crashes facefirst down to the canvas.]

GM: Down goes the challenger!

[A smirking Kendrick climbs to his feet, moving in on the downed Abaran again. He pulls the legs out a second time, measuring the distance to the corner turnbuckles...]

GM: Kendrick sets him up again... slingshot!

[But this time, as Abaran flies through the air, he lands on the middle rope unharmed!]

GM: Oh! Abaran lands on the second rope!

[Kendrick quickly scrambles to his feet as Abaran turns around, facing the risign Kendrick...]

...and leaps into the air. The champion ducks, hoping to send Abaran flying over him to the canvas but Abaran grabs Kendrick on the way over, pulling him down in a flying sunset flip!]

GM: SUNSET FLIP! COULD THIS DO IT?!

[The referee dives to the mat, ready to count a potentially title-changing pin!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Kendrick slams his legs together on the ears of Abaran, breaking up the pin!]

GM: Kendrick breaks it up in time!

[Abaran gets quickly to feet, burying a spinning heel kick into the gut of Kendrick. The challenger grabs Kendrick by the hair, smashing his head into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Headfirst to the corner... and Abaran hangs on...

[With Kendrick still leaning against the buckles, Abaran steps up on the ropes, taking a seat on the top turnbuckle while reaching out with both hands to grab Kendrick by the head...]

GM: We've seen this before! Abaran looking for the tornado facebuster!

[Abaran gives a shout to the crowd, swinging one arm around and around in the air...]

...and then kicks off the buckles, twisting through the air...]

GM: TORNADO...

[But in mid-spin, the World Television Champion reaches up, shoving Abaran off, sending him flying through the air before he crashes facefirst down on the canvas!]

GM: OH MY!

BW: What a counter, Gordo! Kendrick shoves him off and-

GM: He's setting him up now!

[In a crouch, Kendrick gives the knee a few quick slaps...]

GM: Abaran trying to get up off the mat, trying to keep this fight going...

[But as he pushes up off the mat, Abaran finds himself doubled up as Kendrick rushes across the ring, swinging his knee up...]

...and DRILLS the challenger right up under the chin!]

GM: OHHH! LIBERTY BELLRINGER!

[Abaran goes flying through the air, his head snapping back and slamming into the canvas as his body hits the mat. The champion throws his arms apart, indicating it's all over as he dives across his rival's chest.]

GM: Kendrick with the cover - he gets one! He's got two!

[And as the referee slaps the mat a third time, the crowd jeers loudly.]

GM: He got him!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Kendrick rolls off Abaran, thrusting his arm triumphantly up into the air as Erica Toughill snatches up the title belt at ringside, sliding into the ring to give the strap back to the rising champion.]

GM: And Kerry Kendrick with a successful defense of the World Television Title - his first successful defense - right here in Berlin.

BW: It's gotta feel good for it to be against an old rival too, Gordo.

GM: I'm sure it does... but Kerry Kendrick's not going to be able to take his foot off the gas. The line of potential challengers for the World Television Title runs out the door of the Mercedes-Benz Arena and the first one in line is-

[Before Gordon can finish speaking, Shadoe Rage bursts through the curtains, robed and cowled, to huge jeers from the AWA faithful.]

BW: Hey, he heard you talking about him!

GM: Shadoe Rage was NOT who I was talking about, Bucky, and I think you know that... but I DO have to wonder what in the world he's doing out here. I think Emerson Gellar made it clear that he's got-

[Rage's words cut off Gordon.]

SR: Congratulations, Kerry Kendrick on your first successful title defense!

[The crowd buzzes for the congratulations.]

SR: And congratulations, Kerry Kendrick... on your LAST successful title defense.

[Rage gets closer to the ring while talking, staring a hole through Kendrick as he approaches the squared circle. The Berlin crowd is letting him have it for the unwelcome interruption.]

SR: That's because I'm demanding my title shot!

[More boos from the Berlin crowd. Rage looks out at them disdainfully, shaking his head before turning his gaze back on Kendrick as he gets even closer to the ring.]

SR: I don't care what Gellar says. You know... and I know... that you aren't champion until you... beat... me!

[The Berlin crowd gets even louder. Rage's cool demeanor is quickly breaking down.]

SR: YOU'RE NOT THE CHAMPION! I'M THE WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPION! AND I ONLY NEED ONE SHOT TO PROVE IT! I ONLY NEED-

[Kendrick gets his hands on a mic, interrupting Rage.]

KK: For the love of all things ratings, can you please shut your mouth? Good lord, I can actually feel the breeze from channels changing all over the pro wrestling world when you come out here and talk.

[Kendrick smirks at Rage who is fuming mad at this point.]

KK: You know, Rage... unlike Supernova, I've got no problem giving anyone who deserves a title shot their chance.

[Rage nods, raising an arm.]

KK: Unfortunately for you, I'm also not about to waste my time against someone who hasn't been relevant in...

[Kendrick pauses, looking at a wristwatch that doesn't exist. He turns towards Erica Toughill who has her gaze locked on Rage.]

KK: When was he the Black Jesus? 2000-something?

[Toughill shakes her head, waving a hand dismissively.]

KK: The 90?! Wow. And I thought no one cared about Dave Bryant anymore. Only the AWA would employ the greatest young talent in our sport and still give TV time to the Senior Circuit. It's like social welfare run amok for old timey pro wrestlers. Well, Shadoe Rage... you had your handout for over a year.

Time to put you out to pasture, old man.

[A smirking Kendrick turns his back...

...and Shadoe Rage comes tearing under the bottom rope, ready to strike...]

GM: Here comes Rage!

[But he runs headlong into Erica Toughill, menacing him with a croquet mallet. Rage grimaces, snapping back a step as Toughill looks ready to unload with a shot across the head. Kendrick slowly turns around.]

KK: Tsk, tsk, tsk. You should know by now, Rage, that Kerry Kendrick and SM&K are always ready for anything. And i mean...

[Kendrick lets the punchline hang as Rage is suddenly tripped up, dragged under the ropes to the floor where Callum Mahoney attacks him, clubbing Rage wildly with rights and lefts...]

KK: ...anything.

[Kendrick hands the TV Title over to Toughill, sliding out to join Mahoney in assaulting Shadoe Rage. Each man quickly grabs an arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: INTO THE RAILING GOES RAGE!

[Mahoney is right on top of him again, holding a loose side headlock as he batters Rage with closed fists to the head. Kendrick cheers him on from nearby...]

...when the Berlin crowd lets loose another reaction!]

GM: Here comes the Misfits!

[Coach Rage's squad comes charging down the aisle, rushing into the fray. Rshan Hill dives onto Mahoney and Rage, trying to break them apart as Amos Carter starts trading blows with the World Television Champion!]

GM: We've got a fight out here on the floor! It's breaking down here in Berlin! Fans, we need help out here! We'll be right back!

[The brawl continues as 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." On the sidelines of a huge soccer stadium, we can see Mark Stegglet, smiling happily and holding up a white-and-blue soccer jersey with "AWA" imprinted on it instead of a player name. He is shaking the head of another smiling man wearing the same jersey.]

GM (voice-over): Earlier today, some AWA superstars had the chance to attend a training session of Berlin's famous soccer team, Hertha BSC.

BW (voice-over): Such a great stadium and they waste it on soccer.

GM (voice-over): While the visit was meant to be very cordial, it took a turn for the worse, as many of our recent interactions with established sports teams seem to go.

[The camera zooms out to show that Stegglet is flanked by Supreme Wright and Canibal. Canibal, wearing a faded denim jacket, black leather pants, a "Rammstein"-shirt and sunglasses, shows little interest in the proceedings. Wright is dressed far more casually than we're used to, wearing a red Gingham Oxford Polo sport shirt and gray slacks, with a pair of sunglasses on his head.]

BW (voice-over): Whoever sent those two to a such an appearance should be fired. I'm surprised Canibal didn't simply combust in the sunlight and Supreme Wright was probably calculating the odds on how long it would take to snap those soccer goofballs' legs.

[In the footage, Stegglet turns to Wright with the jersey in his hands and seems to ask him to put it on. The former AWA champion glares at the interviewer, but eventually nods, complying with the request. However, as he slips his arm through the jersey, Canibal lashes out from behind and lands a cheapshot to the back of Wright's head, sending Wright to the ground and his sunglasses flying off his head!]

GM: As you can see here, Canibal took this momentary distraction to attack Wright.

[The small crowd disperses very quickly as Canibal manages to land some more quick hits and a vicious looking knee strike to Supreme's chest before Wright manages to throw the jersey in Canibal's face. He dodges a wild strike to the head from the blinded Canibal and retaliates with an elbow strike that sends Canibal

backpedaling. Shockingly enough, we see Wright curl his right hand into a fist, ready to strike the stunned Canibal with a punch!

However, before either wrestler can lunge forward to continue the fight, suit-clad security rushes into the scene and separates the men. On the edge of the chaos we see Mark Stegglet, picking up the trampled and smeared Hertha jersey with a look of terror in his eyes. We cut back to the announcer's table.]

GM: Needless to say, the front office was less than thrilled with the ruckus which has been all over the German evening news.

BW: Hey, that was more action than the soccer guys have seen all year!

GM: Fines are still being discussed. We have gotten words from both men afterwards.

[We cut to Canibal, still wearing the same outfit. He is crouching in front of a graffiti covered wall. Whatever streetlight illuminates the scene flickers rapidly.]

C : Why? Why why why why why?

Is that really a question that needs to be answered? Are my actions so obscure, so nebulous that you need my testimony to remove your ignorance?

[He cocks his head to the side and licks his lips.]

C : You have to learn, amigos, you have to learn about the nature of Canibal. You ask me on this voyage to Europa, to Germany, Berlin ... and still you ask. And still you demand.

You have confused me with some tame canine, to be trotted out, fawned over ... petted.

But you are running with wolves now. Hungry ... _hungry_ beasts. There is no taming, there is no chaining me.

And Supreme Wright? Please realize that this was just a little rooster's crow for you, waking you up to your new nightmare. Even now, you probably do not believe it yet, but in two weeks, in Italia, in Milano ... amigo, I will _devour_ you!

To sate my _hunger_!

[He bares his teeth before the lights flicker once more and Canibal disappears into darkness.

Cut back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: That young man is very determined but I think he severely underestimates Supreme Wright.

BW: You never know, Gordo. Canibal is the kind of psychopath you just can't get a good grip on and he has surrounded himself with similar monsters. Heck, I don't even know what to expect when Wright gets in there with The Hangman?

GM: Perhaps Supreme Wright comments on that in his reaction to the incident this afternoon. Let's take a look...

[The scene then crossfades to a shot of Supreme Wright, standing outside the stadium, surrounded by reporters.]

SW: I shouldn't have been surprised by what Canibal did. We know his deal. He's violent, impulsive...dangerous.

[Wright narrows his eyes.]

SW: But it's nothing I haven't seen before. I've been inside the wrestling ring with the most violent and dangerous beings the world's had to offer. I don't fear them, because inside MY ring, there's nothing more violent and dangerous...

...than me.

[A smirk.]

SW: In two weeks, my Supreme Squadron faces Canibal's Beasts. The army he built of out of men who thrive on chaos and violence and fear. But I've said it before and I've said it again, there's nothing in this world that's more frightening, more terrifying, more fearsome than a wrestler...and my Supreme Squadron, is the most frightening, terrifying, and fearsome collection of WRESTLERS this world has ever seen.

[Supreme flashes a fierce and dangerous grin, made all the more unsettling by the fact this is a man that rarely, if ever smiles.]

SW: Canibal will find out that the true monsters in this world aren't hidden in the shadows and the things to be feared aren't the creatures that go bump in the night. No, Canibal, the only monsters in this world...will be the ones standing across from you inside MY ring. The only things to fear...are my Supreme Squadron.

[He stares into the camera, his words cold and devoid of emotion, but filled with a warning that would make any man take heed.]

SW: See you in two weeks.

[And with that, we fade out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from Berlin, Germany... weighing in at 258 pounds... LUDVIG LANG!

[Big cheers go up for the hometown kid - a young man in black trunks with yellow trim. He gives a shout, screaming in German to the fans.]

RO: Annnnnnd his opponent...

[The arena is engulfed in darkness as the slow, haunting piano chord from the beginning of DMX's "Ain't No Sunshine" is heard.]

#It's dark...and hell is hot#

[Suddenly, large columns of flame erupt from the top of the aisle.]

"WOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!!!"

[All eyes immediately move up the rampway, where the entrance is flooded in white light. There, we see an approaching silhouette walking towards the entranceway, stopping and then thrusting both arms triumphantly into the air, as the lights return inside the arena and the boos reach a deafening ROAR when the people see their fallen hero...]

...Juan Vasquez. The former National Champion's head is thrown back as he holds his pose, soaking in the crowd's reaction.]

RO: From Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 238 pounds...

JUAAAAAAAAAAAAAN VASSSSSQUEZZZZZZ!

Ain't no sunshine when it's on #
Only darkness every day #
Ain't no sunshine when it's on #
Cuz when it's on, ya gonna be gone #
Every time cuz we don't play

GM: The fallen hero of the American Wrestling Alliance is in the Mercedes-Benz Arena and...

[Vasquez extends his arms, his fingers waving towards him, beckoning someone forward.]

GM: ...and he hasn't come alone.

[After a moment, we see that Jackson Hunter, Maxim Zharkov, and the Suited Savage known as MAWAGA are entering the building, taking up flanking positions on either side of the Hall of Famer. With his army present, Vasquez' mouth twists up in a smirk before the group heads down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: The group known as the Axis of Evil is heading down the aisle towards the ring and if I'm young Ludvig Lang, I am very uncomfortable with this development.

BW: You honestly think Juan Vasquez needs help to defeat Ludvig Lang?

GM: Needs, no. Will take because he's a vindictive son of a... gun, yes.

[As they near the ring, Vasquez sends Maxim Zharkov to one side of the ring and MAWAGA to another as he climbs the ringsteps. Vasquez is followed closely by the Axis' advocate, Jackson Hunter in a cheap-looking drab suit; if one looks closely, his tie patterned in black and metallic blue flames to match Vasquez's ring gear. In addition to his ever-present clipboard, he has a tablet under his arm.]

GM: And... I don't know what's worse: watching Vasquez's twisted henchman Jackson Hunter rumbling slowly toward you like a migraine, or him suddenly being upon you like a cluster headache.

BW: Smile when you say it, Gordo. The Axis' fixer is on his way over here.

GM: Oh brother. What in the world did I ever do to deserve-

- BZZT - CLUNKCLUNKCLUNKBZZT -

[Myers is interrupted by the too-loud sound of the spare announce headset being roughly picked up and put on.]

JH: As Mr. Vasquez's Director of Social Media Relations, it is my duty and obligation to counterbalance the negative propaganda emanating from this biased announce position.

GM: [muttering] Oh, here we go for another trip around the English language... [normal announcing voice] Mr. Hunter, won't you sit down.

JH: I prefer to stand.

[And stand he does, a few inches too close to the rear and right of the seated Myers, the tablet rested in the crook of his arm.]

GM: This one looks like it's about to be underway. The referee having a conversation with both competitors and-

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go!

[Vasquez starts to walk out of the corner before suddenly pulling up short, pointing across the ring at Lang.]

GM: What's this about?

JH: It appears to me that this Lang kid is in violation of AWA Rulebook Chapter 16 Section A Paragraph 4 regarding proper ring attire.

BW: I've never read Section A.

JH: Oh, it's most enlightening, Bucky. It says that the bootlaces must be a complementary color to the boot as per the Pantone guide or-

[As the referee kneels down, checking Ludvig Lang's boot, Juan Vasquez charges across the ring and blasts Lang (who is standing on one foot) between the eyes with a running forearm smash, knocking him off his feet.]

GM: Cheap shot by Vasquez at the bell!

JH: I'll have you know, Mr. Myers. Nothing Juan Vasquez does is cheap. From the private jet that brought the Axis to Europe so I didn't have to sit with the likes of you to the stretch limousine that picked us up at the air strip to-

GM: Please, spare me.

[Vasquez grabs the top rope, slamming his boot down repeatedly into the skull of the downed Lang as the crowd jeers.]

GM: Come on, referee! Get him off the man!

JH: Gordon... this Tweet might interest you. It looks like @awalegacy says "It's about time that the AWA got some knowledgeable announcers out there to speak the truth about the Axis - no offense, Bucky."

BW: None taken!

GM: I can't believe someone would actually say something like that. Are you making this up?

JH: How dare you. How DARE you. I am merely presenting the viewpoint of John and Jane Q. Wrestling Fan to the broadcast, because let me tell you, Myers, REAL wrestling fans...

GM: Vasquez pulling Lang off the mat, shoving him back into the corn-

JH: ...REAL wrestling fans are sick of elite wrestling announcers sitting behind desks telling them who they should and who they shouldn't like...

[Vasquez squares up, throwing alternating rights and lefts to the body of the young German as the referee shouts at him to back off.]

GM: Vasquez refusing to acknowledge the official who should disqualify him right now if you ask me.

JH: ...And REAL wrestling fans are not under-employed fat losers with nothing better to do with their time than sit in their bedrooms like fat astronauts in a black Hot Topic t-shirts reading inconsequential, un-spellchecked garbage, fabricated by other fat losers.

GM: Would you knock it off?! I'm trying to call a match here!

JH: And I presenting you with concise facts: clear, cold, and refreshing. As long you don't engage with any of that, you can proceed with your verbal contortionism.

GM: Is that even a word?

JH: I'm not just here to explicate my rhetorical virtuosity, Gordon.

GM: My stars—it's like arguing with a thesaurus.

[Grabbing Lang by the arm, Vasquez whips him from the corner to corner. He smirks, leaning back against the buckles before rushing across the ring, leaping into the air...]

GM: DOUBLE KNEES BY VASQUEZ!

[Vasquez backs off, waving for Lang to come out of the corner but when the young German staggers towards him, the former National Champion wraps him up, tossing him overhead and sending him bouncing off the canvas with an Exploder Suplex!]

GM: Ohhh! Impressive suplex by Vasquez, tossing young Ludvig Lang who is all of 19 years old halfway across the ring, Bucky.

BW: 19?! They sent a 19 year old in there to face a Hall of Famer? These people are meaner than I thought.

[The camera cuts out to the floor where MAWAGA is standing, watching as Ludvig Lang rolls under the bottom rope, seeking the safety of the floor.]

GM: Lang drops to the floor and... speaking of meaner than we thought, look at that monster known as MAWAGA!

JH: A generous gift from our benefactors in the Korugun Corporation.

GM: I'd love to spend some time discussing the link between the Axis of Evil and the Korugun Corporation.

JH: So would Jason Dane but he knows if doesn't have his facts, percentages, and statistics 100% correct and sacrosanct under the law, then I will be in his face and down his throat like a Facehugger Alien.

[The referee starts arguing with Vasquez inside the ring as MAWAGA drags Lang off the floor and then jams a stiff-fingered blow up into the windpipe, sending a gasping Lang down to all fours on the floor. The Suited Savage adjusts his black tie before walking away, leaving Lang on his own.]

GM: MAWAGA strikes hard out on the floor... and that's going to allow Juan Vasquez to roll out there and try to take advantage of it.

[Hauling a coughing Lang to his feet, Juan Vasquez pulls him into a front facelock...]

GM: Oh, I don't like the looks of this.

JH: You know who does, Gordon? @SpaceFlyingDragonrana says-

GM: Vasquez lifts him up...

[Vasquez twists slightly, DROPPING Lang gutfirst across the steel barricade. Lang bounces off, dropping down on the back of his head on the floor as he clutches his ribcage in pain.]

JH: -"Juan Vasquez deserves to wear the AWA World Title. He carried the company in the early years and now they've tossed him aside."

GM: I don't... isn't there a character limit on Twitter? 140 characters or something like that?

JH: Well, I... what are you implying, Myers?

GM: I told you already! You're making all of this up!

JH: I can't believe you'd insinuate such a thing. I mean... look at this one from-

GM: Please, no.

JH: -a real wrestling fan in @Jody56057555. She says...

[The tweet from Jody56057555 appears on screen this time, a ticker running across the bottom of the shot.]

JH: "It's an outrage that VASQUEZ was kept out of STS, but aslo,..." I assume she meant 'also,' "...also competing in the SuperClash VII main event. Hashtag... Mah-Wah-Gah." I truly agree with that one. Can you imagine how much better last year's SuperClash would've been if Juan Vasquez met Ryan Martinez for the World Title and not that drunken delinquent Han-

GM: Careful there.

JH: Psssh. Let me check my big list of things Jackson C. Hunter will talk about when he feels like: F... F... "Foaming At The Mouth While Strangling Play-by-Play Announcers," "Focaccia,..." here it is: "Former AWA talent."

[Vasquez shoves a hurting Lang under the bottom rope before rolling himself under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Both men in the ring at this point and Ludvig Lang may be rethinking signing on for this match. He hasn't had a single bit of offense yet.

BW: Or defense for that matter.

JH: An excellent point, Buckthorn, but I expect nothing less from you. By the way, have you selected a restaurant for our weekly dinner? The check will be picked up by the Axis... as usual.

[Vasquez drags Lang off the mat by the arm, whipping him into the far corner. With a smirk, Vasquez comes charging in on him...]

...but Lang steps out, swinging a leg up in a superkick!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Superkick connects and that'll send a shudder through Juan Vasquez who is just about a month and change away from facing "Hotshot" Stevie Scott in the ring.

BW: Or are we? I've heard a few reports that Stevie Scott is having second thoughts after seeing Vasquez dominate anyone he comes in contact with.

GM: Stevie Scott may be a lot of things, Bucky, but he's no coward. He signed the contract for that match at Homecoming and you better believe he'll be there... just like he'll be in Milan next week to referee the matchup between Vasquez and Jordan Ohara.

JH: Speaking of being fed to the wolves, poor little Ohara. You'd think the AWA would have given him some warning before sending him down this deep dark alley to visit Mr. Vasquez again. Did they not see what he did to Willie Hammer? Did they not see what he did to Sweet Daddy Williams- need I go on?

GM: Please don't.

[With Vasquez rattled off the superkick, Lang strings together a bit of offense, dropping the former National Champion with a pair of running back elbows under the chin. He gives a war whoop as Vasquez gets up again, ducking in to hook him around the torso...]

GM: Northern Ligh- no! Vasquez clubs him across the back... and again... and again!

[He uses the clubbing forearms across the back to send Lang down to his knees where Vasquez yanks him back up by the tights, hooking a waistlock...]

GM: Suplex!

[...and takes the young German up and over with a released German Suplex, bouncing the back of his skull off the canvas!]

GM: Oh my! And I would think that would be just about it for this young man fighting for his life in front of his hometown fans here in Berlin, Bucky.

JH: It ends when Mr. Vasquez says it ends, Gordon. You'll know the match is over when his opponent can only be reassembled by air crash investigators.

[Vasquez comes up to a knee on the canvas, a sickening grin on his face as the fans jeer his beating of the German native. He slowly rises to his feet, approaching the downed youngster. With the toe of his boot, he flips him over onto his torso...]

GM: What's this all about now?

[The Hall of Famer wraps up Lang's leg around his own, reaching down to grab the arms of the young man as the crowd lets loose a concerned buzz. Vasquez turns slightly, looking out at the German crowd with that disturbing smile still on his face...]

"FOR GERMANY!"

[...and he pulls back on the arms, lifting Lang's torso off the mat before planting his boot on the back of Lang's head, DRIVING him facefirst into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: CURBSTOMP!

[The crowd groans in sympathy for the 19 year old as Vasquez slowly rolls him over onto his back, taking a knee beside him as he plants his fist down into the chest.]

GM: This one's over. One... two... thr-

[But the crowd's disappointment turns to anger as Vasquez yanks the kid off the mat by the hair, breaking the pin. The boos from the crowd plant a smile on the face of Vasquez.]

GM: Oh, come on! This kid's had enough!

JH: We'll decide when he's had enough. The AWA wants to disrespect Juan Vasquez by sending a 19 year old out there and pretending he stands a chance... well, Juan Vasquez does what Juan Vasquez always does: turns disrespect into victory. Or as @OGCurbstomp says-

GM: Oh, shut up!

[Vasquez pulls the young man off the mat to his knees, resting him there. The kid is barely able to stay vertical as Vasquez backs off, slowly lifting his right hand for all to see...

...and then SMASHING it across the cheekbone of Lang, snapping his head to the side and dumping him in a motionless heap on the canvas.]

JH: And that's it. Ring the bell, this kid is as dead as Detroit.

[Vasquez puts his boot on the chest of Lang, standing and soaking up the jeers of the crowd as the referee counts one... two... three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

JH: Now, if you'll excuse me...

[There's a rustle of sound as Hunter discards his headset, moving to join Juan Vasquez inside the ring.]

GM: Good riddance.

BW: It's always great to have him around.

GM: Speak for yourself, Bucky.

[Vasquez watches as Zharkov pulls the German off the mat, throwing him effortlessly over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Good grief! Hasn't that young man been through enough?!

BW: Apparently not according to the Axis.

[The Hall of Famer looks out to the floor, gesturing for a mic. After a few moments, one is handed to him.]

JV: This...

[He gestures to the fallen Lang.]

JV: This is the best that Germany has to offer me?

[The crowd jeers that assumption.]

JV: More importantly, this is the best the AWA has to offer me?

[More boos.]

JV: For the very first time, the AWA has come to Europe. It's a history-making event! And on the very first European show in our history, what do they do with the man who BUILT this place? What do they do with the man who CARRIES this place on my back? What do they do with the STAR OF THE SHOW???

[Vasquez scoffs.]

JV: They stick me in a match with a 19 year kid who wouldn't have stood a chance if you'd put him in a tank! Did this guy get caught with Bobby Taylor's wife or something? Why would you do that to someone!?

[He shakes his head sadly.]

JV: And they call ME barbaric.

[The boos are pouring down on Vasquez who huddles up with Jackson Hunter for a moment, nodding a few times before continuing.]

JV: This...

[Juan searches for a word to perfectly frame this picture.]

Jv: ...this TRAVESTY you just saw hardly seems fair. Because I know that deep down in your hearts, every single one of you here tonight bought that ticket because you hoped...you DREAMED...you fell down to your knees and PRAYED that Juan Vasquez and The Axis would be here.

[He grins big.]

JV: And here we are.

[Cut to a wide shot of the Axis, the fans giving them hell for their presence.]

JV: But thanks to some sadistic maniac in the back, you got cheated out of your hard-earned Euros and watched me face less than adequate competition. And as the face of the AWA, as the man who's served as its international ambassador for YEARS, I say...

...the people of Germany deserve more than this!

[He gestures to the fallen Lang again.]

JV: You deserve Juan Vasquez...Round Two.

[Vasquez turns to Hunter, speaking off-mic. Hunter nods several times, patting Juan on the back.]

JV: And that's why I've decided to give you your money's worth... by issuing...

[Another glance at Hunter who nods emphatically.]

JV: ...an Open Challenge!

[The crowd ROARS at the thought of that!]

JV: That's right... I'm putting myself out here, willing to take on the best that Germany... the best that the _AWA_ has to offer! I don't care if it's one of the Lynches... I don't care if it's Supernova... I don't even care if it's Ryan Martinez...

[Big cheer at the idea of that!]

JV: But it's none of those guys actually.

[The crowd deflates, buzzing with confusion.]

JV: Because the Open Challenge has already been answered - that was fast. Good work, Jackson.

[Hunter bows his head slightly in thanks.]

JV: And it's... that guy I talked to backstage a little while ago. Come on down... guy!

[There's just a split second delay... like the individual was already waiting at the curtain. The first one through the curtain is a smiling Louis Matsui, dressed in a black sportscoat over a blue t-shirt and jeans. He turns back towards the curtain with a presenting flourish as his charge walks through the curtain.]

GM: That's Joe Estrada! We saw Matsui debut Estrada not long ago for the world to see after months of searching the entire country for a so-called Diamond in the Rough... and here he is!

BW: Wow, Juan Vasquez meant it when he said he wanted a tougher challenge. This guy is the real deal.

[Joe Estrada strides through the entranceway, dressed in a pair of black shorts and taped feet, perspiration dripping from his forehead. Wasting no time, he adjusts the tape around his wrists, as he continues down the aisle, followed by his manager.]

GM: Estrada and Matsui heading down the aisle... and I have to admit, I smelled some kind of a setup when Juan Vasquez first start talking about this a few moments ago but Joe Estrada should be a very tough matchup for Vasquez.

BW: Absolutely.

[Reaching the ring, Estrada climbs the ring steps, onto the apron, wiping his feet on it, before stepping through the ropes, into the ring. He stands in the center of the ring and raises both arms in the air, before heading to his corner, where he is joined by his manager, who stands on the apron, resting his elbows on the top rope, as he gives instructions to his client...

...when suddenly, Juan Vasquez walks out of his corner, hand raised and mic at the ready.]

JV: Hold on, hold on... Mr... Estrada, is it?

[Estrada doesn't respond, rocking back and forth, loosening his wrists for the fight to come. He stares stoically across the ring at Vasquez who grins.]

JV: Oh, you're in the zone? Got it. No worries. I've been there a few times myself. It's a great place to be before the biggest match of your life! So keep on zoning out, because what I have to say isn't really directed to you...

[He turns slightly, grinning.]

JV: ...it's directed at you, Louis Matsui.

[Matsui's jaw drops, looking across the ring at Vasquez who gestures for him to get inside the ring. A puzzled Matsui complies, stepping through the ropes to stand next to Estrada.]

JV: With this match with Stevie Scott coming up, Louis, I've been doing a lot of thinking about my time here in the AWA lately...a lot of thinking about the good ol' days. Remember the good ol' days, Louis? When I was tradin' headbutts with Raphael Rhodes...when Tumaffi was out here bellowin' before eating a stagehand...when James Monosso wasn't in a nursing home...good times, good times!

And during that time, you and I...we went a few rounds ourselves. You and I...we've been through our fair share over the years. I think I've still got a few aches and pains every morning thanks to Mizusawa. Remember when we all thought he was going to be the next big thing in our sport?

[Matsui grins, nodding with a gleam in his eye.]

JV: Well, after a couple of doses of vitamin Juan, he wasn't...was he? At the end of the day, he was just a Giant Aso who left you high and dry to go back to Japan. At the end of the day, he was just another one who they thought would be the end of Juan Vasquez until Juan Vasquez showed that he cannot be stopped...

[Juan strikes his fist into the air.]

JV: ...that Juan Vasquez CANNOT DIE!

[Louis flinches a bit at that sudden outburst.]

JV: Sorry, I get a little carried away talking about my own immortality, but Louis, it wasn't just Mizusawa that everyone thought was going to be a megastar... it was you.

[Matsui mouths "me?!" as he clutches his chest.]

JV: Yeah. Everyone thought you were the second coming of Brian Lau... that you, Waterson, and Childes were going to be the managerial masterminds that ruled this place for years to come.

But they're gone... and you're still here. And that says something to me, Louis. It says to me that you've got something special in you... that you've got the drive and desire to be on top of this business...

[Vasquez pauses, looking around at the confused crowd.]

JV: And that's why I'm out here to offer you the chance of your lifetime, Louis.

We've got a spot for you... in the Axis.

[Matsui's jaw drops, shaking his head in disbelief. Joe Estrada stops his pre-match warmup, looking over at Matsui who seems starry-eyed at this point, slowly stepping out of the corner.]

JV: We're going to give you the chance to do what everyone in this company eventually will... you're going to bend the knee and accept your place as part of the most dominant force in professional wrest-

[The sentence isn't even out of Juan's mouth before Matsui marches across the ring, dropping down to his knee in front of Vasquez in a kneeling bow. Vasquez starts laughing loudly, looking over to Hunter who has a smirk on his face.]

JV: Good... good... and now-

[And now, Joe Estrada is marching angrily across the ring. He stops when he gets to Matsui, reaching down to snatch him up to his feet by the collar. A panicked Matsui starts pleading his case, begging off as Estrada throttles him back and forth...

...and suddenly, MAWAGA bursts into motion, lashing out with a thrust kick to the ear of Estrada, knocking him to the side and forcing him to drop Matsui.]

GM: Oh! MAWAGA strikes!

[MAWAGA swoops in swiftly behind Estrada, swinging an arm down like an axe on the back of his head, knocking him down to his knees. He moves around the kneeling Estrada, clutching the shoulders tightly as he drives home a headbutt between the eyes!]

GM: Headbutt!

BW: MAWAGA is savaging him!

[MAWAGA steps back as Estrada struggles to stay vertical...

...and SNAPS his head back with a thrust kick under the chin of the kneeling Estrada!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The thrust kick lays out Estrada, laying in a heap on the mat as MAWAGA stands over him, breathing heavily and ready to strike again at a moment's notice.]

GM: Goodness!

[Vasquez steps forward, mic still in hand...]

JV: Easy there, big guy. He's done.

[The hand on MAWAGA's shoulder seems to calm him... a little bit.]

JV: Well...not quite yet. Maxim, if you will...

[Zharkov swoops in, pulling Estrada off the canvas, and hurls him OVER the ropes and to the floor. He dusts off his hands as he finishes, stomping back to take his place next to Hunter.]

JV: Ladies and gentlemen of Berlin... and the entire world watching on Fox Sports X... I proudly present to you the newest member of The Axis... LOUIS MATSUI!

[A joyful Matsui leaps up, thrusting his fists in the air. He's standing in the middle of the ring, the crowd jeering while the Axis claps...

...well, not quite all of them.]

BW: What a moment here in Berlin! A new member of the Axis of Evil, Gordo! Isn't it great?

GM: Great isn't the word I'd really use to describe it but-

[Suddenly, Jackson Hunter storms forward, smashing his tablet into the back of Matsui's head and knocking him down to the mat as the crowd falls silent.]

GM: What the-?!

BW: I don't know.

[Hunter stands over Matsui, glaring down at him.]

JV: Louis, Louis, Louis... after all these years...

[Hunter pulls Matsui up by the hair, turning him to face Vasquez.]

JV: Did you really think I'd let you exist on my level?

[The crowd jeers again.]

JV: But I do want to say "Thank you." Thank you for providing the AWA and everyone watching with a very valuable lesson...

ANYONE is willing to do ANYTHING... to be a part of the Axis.

[Juan nods at Hunter and makes a slashing motion with his thumb across his own throat.]

JV: Farewell, old friend.

[Vasquez tosses the mic aside as Hunter shoves Matsui towards Vasquez who quickly tucks his head between the legs, lifting Matsui up into piledriver position...]

GM: Wait a second! He's just a manager! He's not-

[...and DROPS him skullfirst on the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: PILEDRIVER! MY GOD, THE PILEDRIVER!

[Vasquez again rolls to a knee, a bloodthirsty expression on his face as he stares down at the motionless Matsui.]

GM: I can't believe we just saw that! There was nothing... NOTHING... to give Juan Vasquez a reason to do that to... to a manager, for crying out loud! Louis Matsui is practically defenseless and-

BW: And Juan Vasquez just put this entire company on notice. He doesn't give a damn who you are... he doesn't give a damn what your role is in this company... no one is safe from the Axis. Heck, Gordo... he might even come over here after you.

GM: If he does, I'm going down swinging!

BW: You do that, oldtimer... you do that.

GM: We're going to need medical help in there for Louis Matsui. You heard Juan Vasquez reminiscing about the so-called "good ol' days"... well, Matsui's been a part of the AWA from the very beginning! He's had success with the likes of Mizusawa and Maximus and... well, not as much success in later years... but he's been a constant presence. There was no need for this, Bucky. He wasn't a threat to anyone. He was just trying to make his way day-to-day through this business... trying to climb back to the top where he once was. He even agreed to join the Axis!

BW: Some grudges never die, Gordo. And Juan Vasquez has had a grudge against that man for a long, long time. I think we just saw it settled... just like we may finally see things settled between Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez in about six weeks back in Dallas, Texas at Homecoming.

[The Axis stays in the ring, watching as the medical team tends to the fallen Matsui, Dr. Bob Ponavitch waving for a stretcher to be brought to the ring.]

GM: This is a terrible scene... truly awful... and honestly, I'm still in shock. Juan Vasquez' soul has been lost to the fires of bitterness and anger and jealousy and-

BW: Careful, Gordo. You're putting yourself on his radar with that kind of talk.

GM: I don't give a damn, Bucky. He wants to come for me? Come for me! I won't be shut up... I won't be silenced. I'm going to hold the line just like so many others have... I'm going to tell the truth about Juan Vasquez and the truth right now is that he's a god da-

[Abrupt cut.

Mark Stegglet is backstage, microphone down around his hip. There's a few moments of silence as Stegglet looks around...

...and then suddenly looks up.]

MS: Huh? We're on? Uhh, okay... welcome backstage, fans, where... well...

[Stegglet seems to compose himself very quickly - a far cry from his early days of employment.]

MS: On a night of twists and turns, one of the of the most shocking events was one of the earliest. Speculation is running rampant that we've seen a passing of the torch, a changing of the guard. The whole of the AWA Galaxy is wondering - is this the dawn of the Age of the Phoenix, and the end of the Era of the White Knight?

[The camera focuses on the man behind Stegglet. There, leaning against the wall is the former World Heavyweight Champion, Ryan Martinez. Martinez has his head tilted skyward, his eyes half closed. Still dressed in his simple black gear, Ryan's head slowly falls forward, as he stares straight ahead at Dane.]

MS: I'll cut right to it - are your best days behind you?

[Martinez slowly peels himself off the wall and steps forward. He brings his hand to his chin, rubbing it thoughtfully. Drawing in a deep breath, and exhaling it slowly, the White Knight leans forward.]

RM: Mark, let say this as simply as I can - it isn't over. I am right here. Beaten, battered, abused and disgraced. But these two feet of mine are still planted firmly

on the ground, and this heart of mine is still beating red Martinez blood. And so long as those things are true, it'll never be over.

Jordan Ohara, tonight, you beat me, and I say congratulations.

I know who you are, Ohara. You and me? We come from the same place. Had the same teacher. Our blood is soaked into the same proving ground. And tonight, you put me down.

But Ohara, you mark my words. One some night, it'll be just you and I in that ring, and then I'll show you a thing or two. Oh, there'll be a handshake at the beginning and one at the end, but between those two shows of respect, the only thing I'm going to show you is that one good night on your part doesn't mean that my time is over.

MS: It does raise the question though, where do you go from here?

[Martinez nods.]

RM: And that's something I've had a long time to think about tonight, Mark. Where do I go from here? I thought Steal the Spotlight would be the crucible, but it wasn't to be. I gave my best to you, Torin, but it wasn't good enough.

After the match, my phone rang, and the man on the other end said he had some advice for me. He told me to slow down. He told me I needed to pull back. Take it easy. Challenge someone who wasn't at the very top. He told me that I'd spent too long going all in and that I needed to pull back.

But you know, Mark, I'm a Martinez. And the truth is, we're not so good at half measures.

[Some of Martinez' trademark fire begins to creep into his eyes.]

RM: So what's next for me, Mark? Well, if I've got to get ready for Juan Vasquez, then I think there's only one way to do that. I've got to take out the man currently backing every one of Vasquez' plays. I'm talking about the Russian, Mark.

Bring me Maxim Zharkov.

[And there it is, the fire in Martinez' narrowed eyes.]

MS: I... you can't be serious? You want Maxim Zharkov?!

[Along with the fire is a bit of madness, the same spark often seen in his father's face.]

RM: I'm as serious as it gets, Mark. If I can't have Juan, if I can't be in Steal the Spotlight, well then, the next best thing is taking out the man that's currently doing all of Vasquez' dirty work.

Yeah, I'm hurting. So what? I've been hurt before. I've been written off before. And every single time, I've been the last man standing.

I want Zharkov. And when I get him, I'll give him the two things he's never had here in the AWA. A beating that he'll never forget, and his very first loss.

Count on it!

[Martinez starts to step away when a loud voice is heard off-camera.]

“CLEAR THE WAY! MAKE SOME ROOM, PEOPLE!”

[Stegglet’s eyes drift towards the voice as does the cameraman.]

RM: What the hell?

[The cameraman starts jogging towards the loud noises, showing a motionless Louis Matsui being rolled through the locker room area on a stretcher, Dr. Ponavitch leading the way.]

RM: What happened?

[One of the stagehands stops, turning to talk to Martinez.]

S: You didn’t see it?

RM: No, I was getting ready for... I just did an interview with Mark. What-

S: Vasquez. It was Vasquez.

[The stagehand jogs away, trying to catch up as the cameraman stays and watches Ryan Martinez as he stares at Louis Matsui being wheeled through the backstage area.]

RM: Vasquez. Of course it was.

[Martinez stands still for a moment...

...and then with a loud and angry exclamation, he slams his hand into a nearby crate, turning quickly and stalking down the hallway out of view 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 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 come back on pale steeped hands, a glisten of sweat on them.]

SLB: We are back here live on Saturday Night Wrestling on The X in the midst of a historic evening with the first AWA shot on European soil and joining me at this time...

[The shot has been steadily pulling back since Blackwell started speaking, now revealing the weaselly-looking Draco Romero. He wears a black suit with white dress shirt and a skinny black tie. Behind him is the hulking Varag in his black mask. The leather straps criss-crossing his muscular bare torso go along with the black vinyl-ish tights.]

SLB: ...is the monster known as Varag and his manager, the enigmatic Draco Romero. Mr. Romero, welcome to Berlin.

[Romero's face twists into a thin smile.]

DR: Mr. Blackwell, do not presume you can welcome me to anywhere on this planet. As a traveler and big game hunter, I have ventured all over the globe and there are few places that I have not laid foot. From the icy tundra of Antarctica to the deserts of Egypt and all points in between. A man of my status does not achieve his lofty

position by staying in one place and dreaming of what might be. He does it by going out and making it so.

SLB: I see. And that's what you intend to do tonight... make it so against Dylan Harvey?

[Romero gives a dismissive gesture.]

DR: Mr. Harvey is nothing more than a moth, Mr. Blackwell. An annoying nuisance buzzing around my ear. He distracts me from my true goals here in the AWA and thus, he must be eliminated.

SLB: Eliminated?

DR: Eliminated. When this day ends, no more will any AWA fan speak the name of Dylan Harvey except in hushed tones - a warning to those who feel it wise to step onto the path of my monster, Varag.

[Varag lets loose a strained growl from behind, causing Blackwell to jump.]

SLB: Since you brought him up, don't you think it's time to shed some light on this man?

DR: Your insistence on calling Varag a "man" rather than the "monster" that he is tells me you are not ready, Mr. Blackwell. In time, perhaps it will become a wise idea to illuminate the masses about Varag... who he is... where he comes from... why he's here.

SLB: You won't even tell us why he's here? Surely it's to win titles... to make money... for glory...?

[Romero delivers a snort of derision.]

DR: Glory means nothing to Varag. Money? Titles? Those are the things that mere mortals crave. Varag and those we represent do not seek out the cravings of mortals, Mr. Blackwell. They rest on a plane high beyond that.

SLB: I have no idea what that means.

DR: In your case, Mr. Blackwell, ignorance is bliss... because when men like you understand the desires of a monster, your days become walking nightmares of which you cannot wake.

Much like Dylan Harvey is about to experience.

[Romero smiles again - a greasy, off-putting grin that makes everyone uneasy.]

DR: Good day, Mr. Blackwell.

[Romero makes his exit, leaving Blackwell to shake his head.]

SLB: A man of many words but no real answers. What is the mystery behind Draco Romero? Earlier today, we caught up with Dylan Harvey who faces a very tall task tonight in mere moments when he meets the monster known as Varag. Take a look...

[We cut to footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT." It's a dark blue AWA backdrop, in front of which stands Mark Stegglet. To his right is the slender frame of Dylan Harvey. His hair pulled back in a tight ponytail, Dylan is in the middle of finishing taping up his wrists as Mark begins.]

MS: Dylan, tonight you find yourself faced with perhaps your greatest test since entering the ring wars here in the AWA. A man you have become all too familiar with, Draco Romero and moreso... his monstrous protege, Varag.

[Dylan nods.]

DH: It's a night I've been expecting. You can't get in the way of men like Romero without them tossing their muscle at you. I haven't been around here for long, but you run across guys like that everywhere in life. They don't have what it takes to put you in your place, so they hide behind some big bully and make him do the heavy lifting. It won't be the first time I get in the crosshairs of a weasel like that, and I'm sure it won't be the last.

[Mark nods.]

DH: I know I'm not the biggest or the toughest around here. Hell, I know I'm not even close. But one thing I have learned is that a friend like Beef Bonham isn't something you come across everyday. The places I've been...

[A cold look suddenly come across Dylan's face. Mark is taken aback by the sudden distance in Dylan's eyes, and breaks the silence.]

MS: Dylan?

[Dylan blinks, shaking his head. He pulls at the tie in his hair, letting his stringy locks fall and partially cover his face.]

DH: Sorry, Mark. I have a lot on my mind. This is important. Not just because it's a chance to prove myself and not just because I'm tired of these two trying to use my friend as an example to everyone. Beef is a good man, not someone to be used as some kind of toy to show the world how big and scary Varag is. Believe me, I get it. I've seen how powerful he is. How ruthless. And I know I'll be lucky to make it out of this match alive, much less lay that monster out.

[Dylan nods, his eyes piercing with intensity.]

DH: Romero likes to tell a lot of stories to creep everyone out. Now, I might not be the most religious man in the world, but I seem to remember this old chestnut about Goliath and the little scrub that took him down by shooting a simple rock at the giant.. I might not be much, I might not be able to be much more than a moth.

But tonight?

[Dylan nods.]

DH: Maybe I'll be a slingshot instead.

[Dylan strides away as we cut out to the ring to live action where he is already in the ring in the process of being introduced.]

RO: -from Twinsburg, Ohio... weighing in at 182 pounds... DYLLLLLANNN
HARRRVEY!

[Harvey raises an arm, standing near the corner. He is shirtless, showing off his slender physique that comes from years of competitive swimming. He's got long stringy hair pulled back into a tight ponytail. His bright, blue eyes are the standout feature on his good-looking face, boring into the camera as he looks out at it.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[Lana Del Rey's creepy cover of "Once Upon A Dream" from the Maleficent soundtrack plays over the PA system. After a few moments, a slender man dressed in black from head to toe emerges from the entrance portal - the man we know as Draco Romero. His jet black hair is slicked back and his pencil-thin mustaches is wet down, giving a greasy look to it. He looks very much like the guy trying to sell you a used car that might blow up on your way home... and that smile... oh, that devious smile. He pivots, giving a slight bow as he waits.]

RO: From Parts Unknown... accompanied to the ring by Draco Romero... HE IS VAAAAAAAAAAAAAG!

[And soon enough, through the curtain walks a man dressed in a pair of black vinyl pants with a silver studded belt. He wears a matching mask with small slits for his eyes and mouth. A silver studded collar around his muscular neck is present as he flexes his fingers, his bare torso rippling with muscles as he walks past the slender man who nods with an approving smile, turning to follow him down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: And in walks the man - pardon me, the monster as Draco Romero insists we call him - known as Varag. And Bucky, after several weeks of seeing this man in action now, what can you tell me about him?

BW: I'm truly not at liberty to say.

GM: I see. He take you some place nice for dinner too?

BW: Gordo, what are you implying?!

GM: That your credibility is bought and paid for by the managers of the AWA... Fawcett, Lau, Hunter... now this guy.

BW: Alright, Gordo... I'll give you one bit of info. Draco Romero is VERY well funded.

[Gordon waits.]

GM: That's it? That's all I'm getting?

[Varag grabs the middle rope, moving to pull himself up on the apron...

...but Dylan Harvey's got a different plan, charging across the ring, throwing himself between the ropes with a baseball slide dropkick to the chest, sending Varag tumbling backwards!]

GM: Dylan Harvey attacks before the bell, looking to get a little bit of payback for his friend and partner, Beef Bonham!

[Harvey pops back up, grabbing the top rope with both hands...]

GM: Look out here!

[...and slingshots over the top rope, throwing himself on top of Varag with a crossbody that actually knocks Varag off his feet to a big cheer from the Berlin crowd!]

GM: And Dylan Harvey takes Varag off his feet! That might be the first time we've seen that, Bucky!

[Harvey gets up off the floor, rolling back into the ring to cheers. He pumps a fist to the crowd as the bell rings to officially start the match.]

GM: We're off and running in this one...

[Draco Romero is instantly over by his masked charge, shouting angrily at him. Varag comes off the floor, no expression apparent behind his all-encompassing mask. He grabs the middle rope, eyes locked on Harvey as he goes to pull himself up on it...

...and Harvey rushes in, throwing a forearm to the side of the head!]

GM: Harvey on the attack again and-

[Varag reaches out, snatching a handful of ponytail and yanks Harvey into a headbutt!]

GM: Ohh! That got him!

[Harvey staggers backwards as Varag steps through the ropes, swinging his muscular arms back...

...and then SLAMS them down on the back of Harvey, sending him facefirst down to the mat!]

GM: Big double axehandle by the powerful Varag!

[With Harvey down on the mat, Varag stomps him between the shoulderblades a trio of times before looking out at Romero.]

GM: And Dylan Harvey was hoping to get some payback here tonight but I'm just not sure that's in the cards for him, Bucky.

BW: I KNOW it's not. The kid's got spunk but Varag is a monster in there!

[Varag leans down, grabbing Harvey by the hair, hauling him to his feet where he drives him facefirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Varag sends him hard into the corner... and a big back elbow up into the jaw!

[He leans in, delivering a second big blow...]

GM: Irish whip on the way, shoots him across...

[But as Harvey nears the corner, he leaps up on the second turnbuckle, spinning around to face the incoming Varag...

...and leapfrogs into the air, allowing Varag to slam chestfirst into the corner to cheers from the crowd!]

GM: Harvey avoids the corner charge, using his size to his advantage...

[With Varag reeling, Harvey moves back in, squaring up on him...]

GM: Palm strike to the chest... look at this!

[The crowd is roaring for the flurry of palm strikes being thrown by Harvey.]

GM: A parade of palm strikes in the corner!

BW: There's not much behind those but he's got Varag stunned by them!

[Harvey backs off, giving himself room to run back in, jumping up on the middle rope and snapping a kick off the back of Varag's head!]

"OHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HEAD KICK IN THE CORNER!

[Sitting down on the top rope, Harvey uses the flat of his boot to shove Varag out of the corner, stumbling out towards the middle of the ring as a concerned Draco Romero shouts orders to his masked charge...]

GM: Harvey's got him stunned and-

[But as Harvey leaps off the top, ready to strike again...

...Varag surges forward, connecting with a powerful clothesline that takes Harvey out of the sky!]

GM: OH!

[Varag reels after the attack, falling into the buckles where he steadies himself, looking to recover...]

GM: Varag taking a little more punishment than we're used to seeing from him... and at the hands of Dylan Harvey no less which has to surprise most of our viewers.

BW: Hey, Harvey's been gaining some support from the fans on the live events lately. He's building up momentum but Varag is the kind of guy who can kill momentum dead with one move.

GM: And he may be looking for that one move right now...

[Varag pushes out of the corner, grabbing Harvey by the hair, pulling him up to his feet...]

GM: We've seen this unique backbreaker out of Varag before...

[Varag lifts his powerful arms, wrapping them around Harvey's head and neck...]

BW: He's going for that uranage backbreaker and if he hits it, it's over, daddy!

[But as Varag muscles him up into the air, Harvey somehow manages to slip out, landing on his feet where he quickly backpedals to the ropes, bouncing off towards Varag...

...and gets FLIPPED inside out with a massive big boot on the chin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! What a shot that was!

[Varag stands in the middle of the ring, looking down at Dylan Harvey who got dumped in a bad way on the mat.]

GM: Varag slowly walking around the ring, getting a little breather as he's been tested a bit more than we're used to.

BW: And than HE'S used to, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely.

[Romero leans through the ropes, saying something off-mic to Varag as Dylan Harvey pushes up to his hands and knees...

...and the camera catches something in his eyes... just a split second... a flash of some sorts...]

GM: Varag getting some advice, moving back in on Harvey...

[But Harvey suddenly and unexpectedly gets to his feet, rushing towards Varag, ducking under a wild clothesline attempt to bounce off the far ropes, rebounding towards the masked powerhouse...]

GM: Harvey off the far side and-

BW: SPEAR! SPEAR! SPEAR!

[The 180 pound Harvey - with as much momentum behind him as he can muster - throws himself into a spear tackle that catches Varag around the midsection, taking him off his feet and putting him down on the mat. Harvey cries out, grabbing his shoulder in pain as he leans into a pin attempt.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEE!!! OH MY STARS!!

BW: WHAT?!

[Harvey promptly rolls quickly, getting the hell out of the ring before Varag can recover. The Berlin crowd EXPLODES into cheers for the upset as Harvey takes a knee on the floor, clutching his shoulder in pain.]

GM: Dylan... my stars, Dylan Harvey with one of the biggest upsets that I can recall! He just toppled Varag! He beat the monster!

[Draco Romero scales the ringsteps, climbing into the ring. He stares out at Harvey, his eyebrow arched with interest as he watches the young man raise his arm delicately as his victory is announced by Rebecca Ortiz.]

GM: An upset win - a HUGE upset win! Incredible!

[Harvey slowly gets to his feet, looking in at Romero and the fallen Varag who is still down on the mat clutching his ribcage.]

GM: It took everything that Dylan Harvey had in his body but he put down the monster and this crowd is in shock, fans!

BW: Well, that kid's going to have quite the night on the town with winner's half of the purse, daddy.

GM: He certainly is! Go have some fun, kid! You deserve it! Let's go over to Colt!

[We fade away from the celebrating Dylan Harvey to the interview stage, Colt Patterson (in a buckskin coat and glittery shirt) stands, mic in hand.

Beside him already is the sullen and pouting Erica Toughill. Her inky black sidecut is slicked back, a pair of sunglasses resting above her forehead. She's in her street clothes as opposed to her usual workout gear: a black leather motorcycle jacket

and turquoise and orange nebula-printed leggings. This is also, surprisingly, one of the few times she is not wielding a sporting good.]

CP: Guten tag, Germany. You're looking at Colt Patterson: the only man in the AWA who's as imposing and as classically designed as the Brandenburg Gate. But I'm lucky enough to be here with one of the few people I admire in the AWA, and that's the Tigress... the Alley Cat... the Queen of Clubs... the dark horse of women's wrestling: Erica Toughill. Erica, you've been the strong, silent type for months now... lately you haven't been afraid to speak your mind, but what's this I hear about an apology? I've never apologized to anyone and I never will.

ET: Colt, something that's been in my head for weeks now has been the power of forgiveness. I said that July 4th, the Battle of Boston was one of the most embarrassing days of my life because I let my boys in SM&K down.

But you know what? They forgave me. We all upgraded to first class on the flight over here and talked it out over a few beverages. I usually don't feel this good unless I've got my arm around my opponent's trachea. Heh... or if Rex decides he's tired of his current Sweetheart and I get to dispose of the bimbo any way I want. Anyway...

Now Julie Somers and I... what happened at the Rumble two weeks ago was the culmination of months of the two of us talking behind each other's back, and what happens when you don't talk to people's faces.

So, Spitfire... Let me look into your eyes, and let me talk to you with the entire AWA Galaxy as our witness.

GM: I can't believe this, Bucky! Erica Toughill, who has been terrorizing the Women's Division for almost a year now—she's going to apologize!

[After a moment, Julie Somers steps through the entrance curtain, making her way onto the stage. She is dressed in a blue and red Supergirl T-shirt and blue jeans. Her wavy brown hair is pulled into a ponytail. The look on her face suggests a mix of curiosity and annoyance as she walks towards the interview platform.]

BW: And Julie Somers is actually coming out to hear it for herself? Be careful, Erica, she's a sneaky little-

GM: Buckthorn Wilde, you will not even finish that statement!

[As Julie arrives on the platform, Patterson holds the microphone to Somers.]

JS: I—

[Somers manages an entire half-syllable before Toughill talks over her.]

ET: Julie, I know that what happened at the Rumble when I pulled you off the top rope to the floor seems unfair. Understand that I've been dealing with unfair circumstances all my career. If you know what I had to go through to get here... if you know how I had to grind to get to this position, I think you'd understand. I started my career when women's wrestling was treated like a sideshow attraction—a freakshow.

[Somers purses her lips, like she wants to say something right now, but keeps silent.]

ET: I had dreams of being like Lori Dane or Laura Davis or Sierra Browne, but I need a title to do that. I'm 33 years old, Spitfire, and the window for me to cash in and be a superstar rather than just a freakshow brawler is closing. Understand that

it felt like you killed my dreams in the Rumble. But... forgiveness is a powerful thing. I accepted the forgiveness of Summers, Mahoney, and Kendrick and it felt like the healing began.

[She gulps hard.]

ET: So, Julie... I hope you'll do the right thing, and accept my forgiveness. We can move on and cut out this cancer that's grown between us.

All you have to do is say, "I'm sorry, Erica," and my forgiveness is yours.

[A frown forms on Somers' face and she shakes her head.]

JS: You know, for one minute, I thought maybe you were willing to reconsider the way you've been acting ever since you came here to the AWA, ever since you and I crossed paths. And right now, I wish I could even pretend to be disappointed in you. But knowing everything I know about you, it doesn't surprise me one bit that you'd be acting this way.

ET: Julie, if you the first thing about me, you'd know that I'm an Angels and—

JS: [waving her hand in front of Erica] No, you've had your chance to talk. Now it's my turn.

[Patterson looks like he wants to say something, but Somers casts a look in his direction.]

JS: And Colt, you don't have to say a word. I know Erica Toughill won Angels and Amazons. I was watching Angels and Amazons when I was a teenager, thrilled to see that the women were allowed to take center stage. I didn't get involved with wrestling on a whim -- I knew for a long time that I wanted to be a wrestler! Who wouldn't want to be a wrestler after seeing such legends like Tara Smith, Marissa Monet, Stephanie Harper, Erin McCoys, Arielle Starr -- the list goes on! So many talented athletes, joshi legends, women who proved they were more than just eye candy, proving their talents as a wrestler!

But you know who stood out in particular, Erica? An ordinary-looking girl in a plain red singlet who entered that 30-woman Rumble, made it to the very end of one and only lost out to a great talent in Summer Blake, then came back a year later and, this time, she didn't settle for a runner-up, but she won the whole thing! To prove that you could win it all after falling short a year earlier was an inspiration to many women -- and, yes, it inspired me, too!

Then I learned that you were signed to the AWA and I figured that was the day the AWA was going to recognize the incredible talent that was out there, but hadn't had her chance yet on a bigger stage. But what did I see when you got to that bigger stage?

[Somers' eyes narrow and she raises a finger in Toughill's direction.]

JS: All I saw was a bitter woman, acting entitled, taking everything out on everyone who gets in her way. Then she casts her lot with three self-centered, entitled boys who want to gang up on anyone who gets in their way, too.

You know, I met a lot of my heroes when I was younger and it was a pleasure to talk to them and see what knowledge I could gain. But now I'm in here with someone who was a hero of mine -- and in this case, it's pretty clear you had no business being a hero of mine.

Because you seem to think the only way you can feel good about yourself is to beat me down, treat me the way you think the world treated you, and most of all, cost me the chance to achieve my biggest dream of all -- to become the first ever AWA Women's Champion

But believe me, Erica, when I say that I won't let a setback get me down. I'll keep chasing that dream of becoming a Women's champion, even if I don't hold the distinction of being the first. But I'll chase it by working toward that dream, rather than act like it should be given to me, then throw a fit when it doesn't go that way.

I don't want your forgiveness, Erica -- I want you in that ring. You sign the match to face me and we'll settle those matters. But, hey, you want an apology, then here you go...

[She brushes a loose strand of hair away from her face.]

JS: I'm sorry, Erica -- that I thought you were a woman to aspire to, but instead turned out to be a petty, vindictive, insecure, bullying little girl who...

[That tears it for Toughill. She takes a swing at Somers, but can't make contact with Colt Patterson between them. He tries to block access between the two.]

GM: Oh my! It's broken loose here!

BW: Did you see that? Somers is trying to take a cheap shot!

[Somers leaps past Patterson and dives onto Toughill, but both women get lost in a swarm of backstage agents and referees trying to keep the two apart.]

GM: It's out of control up on the interview stage! Someone get ahold of Toughill!

BW: Toughill?! It was Somers who jumped on her, Gordo!

GM: Only after repeatedly being provoked!

[We get another shot from atop the platform of Somers and Toughill now down on the floor, trying to get at one another. Tommy Fierro is shielding Toughill with his body, pushing her back as Vernon Riley tries to get Somers to back down.]

GM: Chaos has broken loose in Berlin once more and fans, we're going to need a minute to get this situation under control! We'll be right back!

[Fade to black...

...and then back up. We see two young kids - a boy and a girl - standing at the barricade at an AWA live event. They are on their feet, screaming and shouting for the action in the ring. We can hear a bell and soon, Travis Lynch is standing in front of them, giving them both a high five with the AWA National Title belt hanging over his shoulder. The young man turns towards the camera.]

"Wow! I wish I could be the champion!"

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

[And with a flash of light, the young man has a replica of the National Title hanging over his shoulder. The boy yelps with glee, slapping the title belt with a big grin on his face. The voiceover continues as we see the title belts one by one.]

VO: Okay, maybe you can't be the champion but you can own your own version of the same title belts you see on TV each and every week!

The National Title, the World Television Title, the Tag Team Titles, even the World Heavyweight Title can be yours!

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

[A quick shot of a grown man holding the World Title in the air, smiling broadly.]

VO: Oh, and don't think we forgot about you...

[FLASH!

And now the little girl from the start of the ad is holding her own version of the soon-to-be-crowned Women's World Championship.]

"I can be a champion too!"

[Cut to a three shot of the adult and the two kids each holding up their title belts.]

VO: Available now at retail stores everywhere and AWAShop.com!

[Fade to black...

...and we fade up backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands in front of an AWA backdrop.]

SLB: We have a lot more exciting action for you tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling, fans, here at the start of our European tour! But before this tour got underway, we were supposed to see a tag team title defense, in which Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor were to defend against my guests at this time... Howie Somers and Daniel Harper, otherwise known as Next Gen.

[And that's the cue for Somers and Harper to walk onto the set. Somers is dressed in a black polo shirt and khakis, while Harper wears a San Antonio Spurs T-shirt and blue jeans.]

SLB: Howie and Daniel, two weeks ago at Madison Square Garden, you were set to challenge for the AWA World Tag Team Titles, but you never made it to the ring. You were found laid out backstage, and given the suspicious circumstances regarding how it happened, there has been a rumor -- just a rumor, mind you -- that Donovan and Taylor may very well have been responsible for that attack.

[Somers takes a deep breath, as if trying to keep his composure.]

HS: Sweet Lou, Daniel and I have made it no secret how sick and tired we are about the attitudes of Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan. How we are tired of them thumbing their noses at the people who really paved the way for their success and how we are tired of them looking down upon the rest of the tag teams, brushing us all aside as if we aren't worthy of their attention. And I saw the clip after the show of what they were saying after we were attacked -- how they've beaten yet another team, and believe me, I never buy into an opponent forfeiting a match as a real victory.

But that doesn't mean I buy into the rumors, Sweet Lou. It's not because I don't think Taylor and Donovan are capable of such an act -- after all, we've seen plenty of times when the Kings of Wrestling have stacked the deck against others, especially as they grow more desperate to hang onto the titles they currently have. It's because for all the ways that I can't stand the Kings of Wrestling, I've never

heard any one of them talk like what I swore I heard after I was knocked to the ground, before I lost consciousness.

SLB: [puzzled] And what exactly did you hear, Howie?

HS: It was some kind of laughter, Sweet Lou... something along the lines of...

[Another deep breath.]

HS: Ehehehehe!

[Blackwell raises his eyebrows.]

SLB: If I didn't know any better, that sounds somewhat like Anton Layton.

[Harper nudges Blackwell, drawing the latter's attention.]

DH: You know, my friend hates to raise his voice, so maybe I can do better.

[He frowns and his tone sounds almost mocking.]

DH: EHEHEHEHEHEHE!

HS: [gesturing to Blackwell] That sound more like Layton?

SLB: Well... that's closer to a reasonable facsimile. But, Daniel, can you confirm whether you heard that yourself?

DH: Unfortunately, Sweet Lou, I was knocked silly before I had a chance to know what hit me. But I will say this... if my friend here says he heard it, I believe him!

With that said, I hope my friend isn't quick to dismiss any such involvement by the Kings of Wrestling because I suspect they knew it was going to happen! Let's face it, not only was Layton upset that we got the shot at Taylor and Donovan and his boys didn't, but I've got reason to believe Layton's been working for the Kings all along!

SLB: Well, that's a pretty bold accusation to make, Daniel.

DH: But still one that makes a lot of sense if you think about it! The Kings know that Layton wasn't happy about not getting the title shot, plus they weren't happy about having to defend the titles on short notice, so what better way to get out of the match than to pay off Layton to have The Slaughterhouse jump us from behind, lay us out and prevent us from even getting in the ring against the champions!

[He jerks a finger to the camera.]

DH: Well, Layton, you and your boys got our attention again! You want to go doing the dirty work for the Kings of Wrestling and keep us from getting our rightful shot, then we're gonna have to beat you... again! And Taylor and Donovan, don't get too comfortable, because once we take care of The Slaughterhouse, we're gonna get that title shot we earned and there's not gonna be any chance for you to weasel your way out of it!

[He slams his right fist into his left hand as he says his final words.]

SLB: Howie, what do you think?

HS: Sweet Lou, all I'm gonna say is I won't put anything past the Kings of Wrestling. But regardless of what they did, Daniel is right... Slaughterhouse has our

attention, full and undivided. Layton, we will be watching Lost Boy, Porter Crowley, and especially you, I guarantee that.

SLB: All right, a bold accusation coming from Daniel Harper, but needless to say, it's clear Next Gen has a score to settle with The Slaughterhouse. Let's go back to ringside for tag team action!

[Crossfade to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following tag team contest is set for one fall. Introducing first, already in the ring... From Topeka, Kansas, USA, weighing in at 272 pounds, Lee Harrigan!

[Harrigan punches his hand into his open palm with a scowl.]

RO: His partner, from Miami, Florida, USA... he also weighs in at 272 pounds... Steven Shaw!

[The equally chunk-headed Shaw does a quick, oiled-up flex for the (charitably silent) Berlin wrestling fans.]

BW: Look at these guys, Gordo. This what the future of the AWA's supposed to look like?

GM: The great fans here in Germany rather stoic in anticipation of this contest, but I think that will change when they see the opponents in this match.

[A loud orchestral hit echoes through the Mercedes-Benz Arena: the climactic scene of Mozart's "Don Giovanni." The fans rise to their feet and look to the entryway.

Another orchestral hit and two wrestlers appear at the entry, standing at ease, their arms clasped behind the back. The deep operatic bass of the Commendatore roars. The fans seem to recognize the opening lines and sing along.]

"DON JAAAAA-VA AAAA-NEEEEE! A CHIIIIIN-AAAAA TEEEEE-GOOOOO! MEEEEEN-VEEEE-TAAAAA-SIIIII! EYYYYY SONNNN VAAAA-NOOOOOO-TOHHHHHH!"

GM: The fans here singing along to "Don Giovanni!" These two are quite popular here in their home country, let's hand it back up to Rebecca Ortiz for the formal introduction of Ringkrieger.

RO: Their opponents, weighing in at a combined 525 pounds... From Leipzig, Germany... KARSTEN... MARQUARDT...

[Kartsen Marquardt is young and lean, almost dapper, with a neatly trimmed light brown haircut. His cauliflower ears and stern expression betray his experience as a ferocious veteran athlete. He wears a t-shirt with the art deco "Ringkrieger" logo over his basic black wrestling tights and shinguarded boots. A white soccer scarf with black lettering is around his neck.]

RO: ...And from Innsbruck, Austria... MMMMMISTER...

[MISTER, despite being impeccably groomed and radiating class and respect, lives up to his nickname as "Der Oger aus Innsbruck." His forehead slopes sharply, and his head seems to rest on his palid, stocky torso without a neck between. Under the gold-buttoned grand coat the color of red wine he wears to the ring, he wears basic black tights and boots. A white scarf with black lettering is around his neck.]

RO: ...They are... RINGKRIEEEEEGERRRR!

[Upon climbing the ring apron, they wipe their boots before stepping through the ropes. They stand in the ring, facing out to the cheering audience. MISTER stands upright clasps his hands behind his back, standing at ease. Marquardt takes off his scarf and holds it aloft, revealing the words on it: "RESPEKTIERE DIE LEINWAND."]

GM: "Respektiers die Leinwand." That means: "Respect the Canvas," fans; and that is what Ringkrieger is all about.

BW: Wait a minute, Gordo: I thought you said these guys rubbed people the wrong way.

GM: They have a very strong following here in Germany, Bucky, but I've heard that not everyone is a fan of the "Ring Warriors'" philosophy elsewhere on the continent.

[Mister doffs his coat and waits on the apron.]

GM: And it looks like young Karsten Marquardt is going to be starting things off here tonight with—I believe that's Lee Harrigan there.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Karsten Marquardt, a second-generation wrestler... I had the occasion to meet his father Christian Marquardt when he was overseeing some of the great wrestling tournament festivals here in Germany. Now an adherent to MISTER's Ringkrieger movement.

"RING – KRIE – GER!"

"RING – KRIE – GER!"

"RING – KRIE – GER!"

BW: Sounds like a lot of people here are into the movement.

[The larger Harrigan smirks as Marquardt circles.]

GM: Going to be interesting to see what this young man does. Marquardt is only 22 years old, but fights with the experience of a vet... he's in there with an opponent who outweighs him by fifty pounds. Collar-and-elbow tie-up and—

"CRACK!"

GM: ...Marquardt with a sharp kick to the pelvis of Harrigan!

"CRACK!"

GM: And another! Takes his opponent to a knee here in the opening stages of this match.

BW: That's some surgical strikes there, daddy! The kid zones in on his man's weak point like a shark.

[Marquardt zones in and latches a front facelock onto his opponent.]

GM: Marquardt controlling the head now, back into the Ringkrieger corner, tags in MISTER. They call him the "Ogre From Innsbruck," but he's trained in jiu-jitsu and catch wrestling... I'm told he's also a strict vegetarian, Bucky.

BW: Yeah, what is the deal with this big marshmallow-y guy? What's supposed to be so impressive about—OHHH!

[MISTER levels Harrigan with a Big Boot to the side of the skull. Marquardt vacates the ring, but begins immediately climbing the ropes.]

GM: MISTER picking up his opponent with ease, elevating him by the legs. Where is Karsten Marquardt going?

[Marquardt leaps off the top rope in a somersault, over MISTER, and catches Harrigan by the neck on the way down!]

GM: Somersault neckbreaker from Karsten Marquardt with an assist by MISTER, and MISTER keeps control of the legs... into a... I guess you'd call that a Berlin Crab, Bucky.

BW: This fella MISTER is so big he can call it whatever the heck he wants, Gordo!

[Harrigan manages to find the ring ropes nearby.]

GM: Referee calls for a rope break here, but MISTER is hanging on.

BW: He's got a count of five; he knows how to use it.

GM: A break on four. From what I'm told, Ringkrieger respect the sport of wrestling, but don't always respect their opponents.

BW: You said it: these two look pretty vicious in there.

[Harrigan makes it to his corner and tags in his more chiseled partner.]

GM: Then again, it looks like Ringkrieger's opponents don't think much of them either.

[Steven Shaw flexes his bodybuilder physique in front of MISTER.]

SS: "Hey tubby! THIS is what a man is supposed to look like!"

[MISTER simply replies with the international gesture to 'bring it on.' Shaw replies...]

"SMACK!"

[...With a slap across the prominent jaw of MISTER.]

GM: Oh boy.

BW: Oh daddy, if looks could kill.

[MISTER scowls.]

SS: "What are you gonna do about, Üter?"

"CRACKKKKKKK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS! What a chop from MISTER!

BW: Geez, that sounded like a shotgun going off!

"CRACKKKKKKK!"

GM: Another, and that doubles Shaw over! What a—

[MISTER doesn't even give his opponent a second to think about it, locking in a front overhead waistlock.]

GM: ...And a gutwrench suplex that launches his man two-thirds of the way across the ring!

[MISTER rolls out of the ring, dragging Shaw to the apron. He begins pumping his opponent forearm up and down, smashing over the edge of the ring multiple times.]

"RING – KRIE – GER!"

"RING – KRIE – GER!"

"RING – KRIE – GER!"

BW: Ow, ow, ow, ow, ow!

[With leap into the air that seems almost impossible for a man of his size, MISTER delivers a final smash of Shaw's forearm across the apron, bending his wrist a few degrees too far in the process. Shaw rolls back to the center of the ring, but MISTER rolls in after him, cutting him off with a stomp.]

GM: MISTER just relentless—he's a predator in that ring. What's he got planned now...?

[MISTER backs off, then runs at Shaw, leaping into the air in the seated position.]

GM: OHHH... my stars!

[He lands across the chest of his opponent vertically, dropping his 300+ pound torso like a sack of rocks onto Shaw's ribcage.]

BW: Yeah, note to self: don't call MISTER "tubby."

[MISTER scrapes Shaw off the mat and guides him back to the Ringkrieger corner.]

GM: Tag made to Marquardt. MISTER holding that arm of Shaw's and Marquardt just pummeling it with those soccer-player-like kicks... into a sleeperhold. A bit of a different technique to that sleeperhold, Bucky...

[Marquardt uses the sleeper as though he's trying to position Shaw, rather than put him out. As his larger opponent begins to fade, Marquardt guides him to a seated position.]

GM: He may be setting up for that massive finishing kick of his or... yes, he's going for it!

[Marquardt drops to his back and extends Shaw's arms behind him, applying a legscissors to them.]

GM: The Christian Marquardt Special! His father's patented hold! Lee Harrigan trying to make the save here!

[The much faster MISTER moves to intercept Harrigan long before he can break the CMS. He leaps through the air...]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: Is there anything this guy DOESN'T do that's huge?!

[MISTER takes out Harrigan with a seated dropkick. Harrigan goes ricocheting back through the ropes and to the floor of the Mercedes-Benz Arena.]

GM: That dropkick wasn't pretty, but it more than made up for it in effectiveness!

BW: Are you kidding, Gordo! He almost blasted the lug into the mezzanine!

[Meanwhile, Marquardt still has the CMS locked in tight to the worked over arm of Steven Shaw. He begins to jab at Shaw's ear and the back of his head with the heel of his boot.]

GM: And Shaw submits, and Ringkrieger have definitely owned the AWA mat in this contest tonight!

“DING! DING! DING!”

“RING – KRIE – GER!”

“RING – KRIE – GER!”

“RING – KRIE – GER!”

[Marquardt releases the CMS, allowing Shaw to roll out of the ring. MISTER clasps him by the hand and pulls him upright, exchanging a brief bro hug. As “Don Giovanni, A Cenar Teco” plays once again, he picks up his scarf hanging from the ring post and displays it for the crowd.]

[“RESPEKTIERE DIE LEINWAND.”]

GM: And Ringkrieger are not done, tonight! It looks like the coach and leader MISTER wants to address the crowd.

M: Guten Abend, Berlin! Grüße von Ringkrieger!

[Their home country cheers in appreciation. Karsten drapes the scarf around his neck and stands stock upright, his arms clasped behind his back.]

[Then MISTER switches to English, almost effortlessly.]

M: And if you'll indulge me, I wish not to address our supporters here in Germany, but rather our guests tonight: the AWA.

Myself and Karsten wish to apologize for being unable to attend both the Battle of Boston and Steal the Spotlight. Our commitments here in Germany and across the continent rendered us ineligible for both. But we said, “we will be in Berlin this summer for the AWA tour and we can promise you two things: absolute heart, and the best match of the night.”

We, however, do not feel that is the case tonight. Our opponents tonight were models... fake athletes whose only use for a gym is give off the appearance that they've been training, masking their ineptitude with a tanning booth and baby oil.

The AWA is supposedly full of competitors looking to prove their merit in this ring. So, Respect the Canvas—Respektiere die Leinwand, and send us someone who will take pride in their work!

BW: That sounds like an open challenge to me, daddy!

GM: We've seen a taster of what Ringkrieger can do just now, fans. It sounds like they're hungry for more.

“RING – KRIE – GER!”

"RING – KRIE – GER!"
"RING – KRIE – GER!"

[As the fans begin to buzz, the sounds of a classic 80's guitar riff begins to reverberate throughout the Mercedes-Benz Arena. The fans immediately recognize the riff as being the intro to "Balls to the Wall" by Germany's own heavy metal legends, Accept.]

GM: Fans, I have no idea whose music this is...

BW: Something tells me we're about to find out.

[As the song continues, out steps a man who is, frankly, not all that impressive looking. Five foot ten, bald head, a physique that resembles an egg or a bowling pin. And yet, as the camera focus on his snarling, determined face, the fans erupt in a deafening chant.]

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"
"I-YURN BAD-GER!"
"I-YURN BAD-GER!"
"I-YURN BAD-GER!"
"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

[Manzo Kawajiri strides forward, stopping in the center of the aisle to raise his hands, encouraging the chant. Over his chest, Kawajiri wears a black t-shirt, with the phrase "#PBK" written across the chest in red letters.]

BW: Hey Gordo, what do you think "PBK" stands for?

GM: Well, "K" is for "killer." And the rest? Well, it means I'll be looking for a new job if I tell you.

[Kawajiri makes his way into the ring, pacing back and forth, snarling at MISTER and Marquardt. With a microphone in hand, Kawajiri stops to stand in front of the pair of them.]

MK: We are in Germany!

[On cue, the fans cheer.]

MK: But this is the AWA!

[The German fans, happy to be seeing the world's premiere wrestling organization in their home country, break into a loud "AWA!" chant that lasts for nearly a full minute before dying down.]

MK: And this is Kawajiri's home!

[The Iron Badger lifts his head, glaring at the Ringkrieger tandem.]

MK: No one disrespects Kawajiri's home.

You want a fight? You fight Kawajiri!

Kawajiri not model! Kawajiri not fake!

[MISTER interrupts, pointing his index finger at Manzo Kawajiri.]

M: Manzo, friend, I appreciate your enthusiasm, but Ringkrieger, myself and Karsten have already proven ourselves here in Germany.

[Ringkrieger are suddenly not so popular...}

GM: Now hang on a minute, they just said—

BW: ...They just said they've got nothing else to prove on their home turf, Gordo.

M: We have nothing else to prove tonight, and nothing else to prove in this country. So, Karsten...

[Karsten silently turns to his partner and coach.]

M: Karsten, willst du in zwei Wochen ein Match mit dem Iron Badger?

[Karsten rubs his chin and nods.]

M: There it is, Manzo. Ringkrieger is joining the AWA on tour through Europe as well. Karsten would like to meet you in two weeks in Italy.

MK: You want to fight in Italy?

[Kawajiri ponders that for a moment.]

MK: Then we fight in Italy!

You two... you say you are fighters. You say you are the best. You say you are... what does Ringkrieger mean?

M: Ringkrieger is not just about fighting and doing battle. It's about more than just the blood, sweat, and tears... to use the cliché. It is about advancing the sport of professional wrestling around the world.

MK: That's not right. That's not what it means. Kawajiri knows what "Ringkrieger" means. He knows that it means what you two really are.

It means you two are....

[A slight grin comes to Kawajiri's lips.]

MK: PUNK... BITCHES!

[Whatever esteem the German fans hold for their countrymen seems to be gone now, as they repeat the taunt, over and over.]

GM: Oh dear.

BW: And I thought the censors nearly blew a fuse when you went on your little rant earlier, Gordo.

GM: My apologies for that. I lost my temper and-

[Kawajiri smiles as he continues.]

MK: And I prove it in Italy!

[Kawajiri turns his back on the pair of them, only to be spun around by an advancing Marquardt. Kawajiri's response is brutal and swift, as he drives the top of his head into Marquardt's chest, sending him down to the ground. The Iron Badger and MISTER lock eyes after that, but finally, MISTER waves him away dismissively.]

BW: This might break down any minute now Gordo.

[But instead, officials enter the ring, pushing Kawajiri back, and eventually instructing him to exit the ring. Kawajiri finally agrees, but as he walks backwards up the aisle, he repeatedly points to his shirt and to the two men in the ring. As he exits, the fans once more erupt in chanting.]

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

GM: Well, I don't know if its official yet, but I've got to believe that Emerson Gellar is going to sign Marquardt against Kawajiri in Italy in two weeks time.

BW: That's gonna be brutal, Gordo. I can't wait!

GM: Speaking of brutal, if you were with us two weeks ago at Madison Square Garden, you saw one heck of a brutal chairshot at the hands of Charisma Knight when she clubbed Skylar Swift across the face. Somehow... someway, Swift was able to fight down the pain and compete in that match anyways but we caught up with her a little earlier to get some comments and... well, I have to warn the folks at home that Miss Swift's current condition isn't for the faint at heart. Take a look...

[We crossfade to footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT" where Theresa Lynch is backstage standing in front of an AWA banner. The camera slowly pans back and we realize she is joined by a woman we weren't quite sure was going to make the trip across the pond.

The "Dream Girl" Skylar Swift.

Only Swift, typically beaming with bright baby blue eyes, a wide smile, and fashion that favors her good side -- which is every angle possible...has her honey-brown hair strewn over her face. A sky blue duster hangs from her shoulders to the floor over a scoop neck white shirt and jeans you'd need a letter opener to peel off.]

TL: I am joined at this time by a woman who has traveled across the globe to join us on our European tour, Skylar -

[Skylar, not usually one to interrupt, holds up a single finger the abruptly cuts off Theresa Lynch.]

SKY: Theresa...

[Skylar now pauses, her head teeters from side to side...then she delicately brushes her hair away from her eyes revealing a right eye that is still nearly swollen shut and encircled by black and yellow tones that even the world's greatest door to door Avon sales lady couldn't cover up.]

TL: Eh...I...

[Thersea finally just cringes as the sight of Skylar's eye.]

SKY: Yeah, you can say it. Look at it. Look at me, Theresa. Look at what Charisma Knight left me with.

[She scoffs.]

SKY: But you know what? I had it coming. I called Charisma out and sometimes when you run around asking for a fight...

...well, apparently it opens you up for someone to slap you across the face with a steel chair.

And it could have ended there. It SHOULD have ended right then and there. But something happened, Theresa. Something...IT took over my body. That rush. That adrenaline. The roar of the crowd. The moment...the history that was being made.

I wasn't going to let a chair smashed against the side of my face keep from me chasing my dream...well not when I thought a little concealer would do the trick. But I've been thinking of that moment just like hundreds of little girls around the world fall asleep at night thinking about a moment like that. To make history. To be thrust into the spotlight as symbol of power for little girls across the world.

I worked too hard, too long, and went through too much to let a little shiner keep me down. Call it adrenaline, call it too many late nights watching Lynda Carter as Wonder Woman on Netflix, call it...

TL: A concussion?!

[Skylar finally flashes a quarter smile.]

SKY: Yeah, you could call it that. And as much as I want to walk down to the ring tonight, I haven't been medically cleared to compete tonight and you know what? That kills me, Theresa. If there's even one little girl sitting out in the crowd tonight that split her piggy bank open just to be here like I did when I was a little girl well that really...

...REALLY...

[Skylar shakes her fists.]

SKY: Grinds me gears, Theresa!

[Now it's Theresa who sports a smile.]

TL: Yes, I can see that.

SKY: But what I can do is speak into this camera, look Charisma Knight in the eyes as best as one can with one eye glued shut, and remind her...remind Charisma what happened the last time she stepped into the ring with me and woke up staring at the lights because apparently she didn't learn her lesson the first go around. Maybe it's Charisma who has been suffering from concussions, Theresa. Maybe I need to kick her in the head one more time and knock some sense BACK into her.

So if you're listening, Charisma, wherever you are...and I know you are. Focus. Focus hard for one moment. Pull out those cobwebs or remove the crazy glue you poured into your ears and listen to me closely. If it's a war you want with me then consider the first shot FIRED. I may not be able to step into the ring tonight but I'll be in Italy...

And I'll be in England.

And if this is all too much for you to soak in that twisted little skull of yours then I'll be in Dallas when the AWA touches back down in the States.

In fact I'll be in every small town or big city until you walk down that aisle and we finish this once in for all. It's not about Lisa anymore. It's about you, me, and this constant reminder...

[Skylar points to her discolored eye.]

SKY: ...that you've left me with. Now it's my turn to return the favor only a black eye is going to be the least of your worries.

[Skylar stars to walk off screen.]

TL: Was that a threat?

[She spins back, looking over her shoulder.]

SKY: Believe in the Dream.

[And walks off.]

TL: I'll take that as a yes. We've got to take a quick break but we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling and the man they call Mason!

[Fade to black.]

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

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

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

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

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

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

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

"These men had a dream too."

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

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

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

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

[The shot of the old Corner fades into a shot of the Crockett Coliseum - an artist rendering of a renovated Coliseum with the Combat Corner sign out front. A second rendering shows a new backstage area, filled with workout equipment and a

few wrestling rings. A third rendering shows a renovated arena bowl with less seating, giving room for the backstage improvements while still leaving room for the fans who will attend the new Combat Corner Wrestling shows.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

...and then fade back up to live action where Mark Stegglet is atop the interview platform.]

MS: Fans, it's already been a historic night on our first AWA tour through Europe, but my guests at this time are not happy...

[The Berlin fans boo as through the curtain steps Maxim Zharkov in a red tracksuit, followed closely by advisor Jackson Hunter in a drab suit and a gunmetal grey tie with a metallic red star.]

MS: ...But then again, Jackson Hunter, when have you and your man Maxim Zharkov ever been happy?

JH: Mr. Zharkov prefers to show warmth and affection in private because he's dignified, Stegglet. On that topic, you could learn a lesson. I certainly hope you deleted your computer's browser history before hopping that flight over here.

[Stegglet's eyes go wide and he shifts slightly.]

JH: And yes, I do know about that little out of the way website. I'm only warning you out of deference to the Stegglet family name. Information is the 21st century's ultimate commodity. A mosquito can't sneeze in that locker room without me knowing about it. Why do you think Sweet Lou is so cantankerous around me? Because he's been on me to give up the goods on everyone so he can parcel it out to make a buck.

And in this day and age, what isn't said is usually louder than what is said. What's funny about this European tour, Mark? What's missing from this picture? Where aren't we going?

We're wrestling in Germany, Austria, Italy, UK, France, Spain, Switzerland, Netherlands, Czech Republic, Monaco, Malta, San Marino, Andorra, Vatican City, The Principality of Sealand... Where in Europe are we not going?

[Zharkov leans over, looming massively between Hunter and Stegklet.]

MZ: Where indeed?

Na vore shapka gorit. It is obvious.

This is a slight against me and my Mother Russia.

Perhaps it is time that I reciprocate that disrespect, eh, American Wrestling Alliance?

Perhaps it is time to rid you of your golden goose.

[On that ominous note, Zharkov glares down at Stegklet from under his bushy eyebrows and is led off camera by Jackson Hunter.]

MS: Golden goose? He's gotta be referring to Ryan Martinez and his challenge from earlier tonight! Does that mean the challenge is accepted? Gentlemen?

[But there is no answer for Mark Stegklet as the Axis duo exits, leaving us to fade to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from the Swiss Alps... weighing in at 294 pounds... Claudio Boxler!

[A very well-built man in trunks resembling the flag of Switzerland strikes a double bicep pose to a mixed response from the crowd.]

RO: Annnnnnd his opponent...

[The lights cut out to black. The crowd buzzes with anticipation, waiting to see who is about to appear. After a moment, a drumbeat familiar to just about anyone on the planet rings out.]

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

[The crowd quickly begins clapping along, stomping along, smacking the railing in rhythm to create quite the sound as the opening synthesizer notes kick in. Steam and smoke pour into the entryway, completely covering it. Strobe lights start to fire in rhythm as well, lighting up the smoke and steam.]

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

[After a few more moments, the physical specimen known only as Mason strides out through the curtain. He stands, head down amongst the smoke and the steam, breathing in deeply.]

“DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN”

“DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN”

“DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN”

[As he emerges, dressed in his standard red trunks, boots, kneepads, and single deep crimson glove, Mason exhales sharply, spewing smoke from his lungs like a fire-breathing dragon. He tilts his head up, looking down the aisle and into the ring with his icy blue eyes. A low growl comes from him as he eyes his victim for the night. He speaks - barely above a whisper - just enough for the camera (and the entire world watching) to hear.]

“The end... is... now.”

[He storms forward, throwing an uppercut at the air just in front of the camera, spotlights shining on him as he heads towards the ring. Mason slaps himself on either side of the head, trying to fire himself up as he moves swiftly towards his victim.]

RO: From DEEEEEEEEEEE-troit, Michigan... weighing in at 285 pounds...

MAAAAAAAAAAAAAASONNNNNNNNNN!

[The enigmatic powerhouse climbs up the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes to enter the ring.]

GM: The undefeated, unbeaten, completely dominant machine known only as Mason has come to Berlin!

BW: Of course he has! Gellar's here, isn't he? He wouldn't leave his golden boy at home.

GM: That's hardly fair, Bucky. Yes, Emerson Gellar has let the entire world know that he believes this man is the future of our sport... but Mason's backed up those words in the ring. He's completely dominant!

BW: Against tomato cans and the worst scrubs since TLC was at their peak. Let's see him face some real competition and maybe I'll be impressed, Gordo.

GM: Well, let's see how he does against the Swiss superstar known as Claudio Boxler. That young man looks to be in tremendous shape.

BW: Sure, but this isn't a bodybuilding contest.

[Mason stands across the ring, pacing back and forth in his corner, waiting for...]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: And here we go!

[Mason suddenly turns on a dime, dashing across the ring, leaping into the air, jamming his right hand into the jaw of a shocked Boxler!]

GM: OHHH! SUPERMAN PUNCH ON THE RUN!

[A dazed Boxler falls back into the ropes, bouncing off towards Mason who catches him...

...and military presses him straight up over his head!]

GM: OH MY! LOOK AT THE POWER!

BW: That's a near three hundred pounder he's got pressed up over his head like that, Gordo!

GM: It sure is and... DOWN to the mat he goes!

[Mason walks across the ring, having dropped Boxler facefirst on the mat. The intensity of Mason is apparent as he approaches the ropes, leaning over to look at the camera.]

"GAME... OVER!"

[Mason spins back around, marching across the ring towards the recovering Boxler. He snatches the Swissman in a front facelock. He pauses, looking out at the crowd who roars in response...

...and then hoists Boxler up into the air, holding him straight up and down for a vertical suplex...

Holding...

...and holding...

...and holding...

...and holding...

...and holding...

...and holding...

...and holding...]

GM: Look at the power!

[...and then finally swings him out, letting go and standing tall as he HURLS him down in a ring-rattling powerbomb!]

GM: DEVASTATION! It's over, fans!

[Mason dives across the torso of Boxler's chest, nodding his head along with the referee's count of one... two... and three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And that's the way it goes when Mason climbs inside that ring, Bucky.

BW: It does when Gellar lines up these tomato cans for him to fight. When is the Championship Committee going to put this guy up against some real competition?! I'm sick of seeing him mow everyone down. Until this guy gets in there with someone willing and able to put up a fight, I'm not going to say a single word during another one of his matches.

GM: There's barely time to say a single word during his matches but... I'm sure he'll be very disappointed by your lack of insight into his skills. On that note, fans, let's head backstage to our own Sweet Lou Blackwell who has a very special guest. Lou?

[Cut to the backstage area where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing in front of the AWA banner. He is smiling broadly as he begins to speak.]

SLB: Thank, Gordon! It is my privilege to introduce the current and longest-reigning AWA National Champion...

[Even in the backstage area the cheers are nearly deafening.]

SLB: Travis Lynch!

[The current AWA National Champion enters from the right side of the camera, a smile upon his face. He is attired in his trademark super smedium black t-shirt, with the word TRAVIS, written upon it in a stylized gold font, blue jeans, a pair of cowboy boots and the AWA National Championship belt wrapped around his waist. His left hand is still heavily taped.]

SLB: Travis, it's been a while. Hope all is going well with you.

TL: It has been a while, "Sweet" Lou.

[Travis slaps the back of "Sweet" Lou with his right hand and Blackwell takes a step forward from the impact. He winces slightly but the smile quickly returns to his face.]

SLB: I know the AWA board has had you on a whirlwind of promotional tours due to the injury to your hand.

[Travis nod his head.]

TL: That's right "Sweet" Lou, I've been on the road doing autograph signings, radio interviews, podcasts and even a commercial or two while I let this hand...

[Travis lifts his left hand up.]

TL: ...Heal up. And I have to say, Lou, it's been a dream come true to spend some additional time with my fans. Night in and night out each and every one of them spend their hard earned money to come cheer me on, so gettin' to give them an extra ten minutes to just talk is an absolute honor and in some cases just humbling, Lou.

Sometimes the boys in the back, myself included, forget that not everyone is as lucky as us to be livin' out our dreams night in and night out.

[Blackwell nods his head in agreement as Travis continues to speak.]

TL: But as much as I have loved bein' out there and gettin' the time to hang with the great fans of AWA... I miss doin' battle inside that squared circle. Now I know that may sound selfish, Lou, but if those very fans spend the money because I was advertised and suddenly I can't be there due to injury... it just sucks, Lou. I feel like I let each and everyone of them down.

SLB: An injury is beyond your control though, Travis.

TL: Tell that to the brother and sister, who told me their family bought tickets to a show six weeks in advance just to see me wrestle, and I wasn't there. It's like a knife to the heart to see the disappointment in their eyes. It's rough, Lou, it really

is. But it so good to know that Ryan, Bobby, Jordan and Jack went out of their way to slap their John Hancock's on those kids' sign.

SLB: Well, I've heard rumors you've gotten good news regarding the hand in the past day or two.

[The smile returns upon Travis' face and it appears a tad bit brighter than before.]

TL: That's right "Sweet" Lou. I have gotten good news on the hand. I've been cleared to return to the ring on August 13th! Two weeks from tonight!

SLB: Assuming there are no additional setbacks?

TL: Oh, come on, "Sweet" Lou, don't jinx me like that. But yeah, assumin' there are no setbacks in the next two weeks, I will be in Milan, Italy and you know what else? I have the perfect opponent in mind for my return to action.

[A quizzical look comes across the face of "Sweet" Lou.]

SLB: And who would that be, Travis?

TL: It would be the man who claimed that he stomped me to dust!

[The arena begins to buzz.]

TL: It would be the man who walked out of the Battle of Boston victorious...

Brian James!

[Big cheer from inside the arena at the idea of that showdown!]

TL: Oh, I've heard you runnin' your mouth, James, sayin' that you should be the Number One Contender to my title, that you're the uncrowned champ!

[The buzz is a full force roar now.]

TL: Uncrowned champ? Don't forget your little dogs made sure I didn't go into our match at full strength... but I ain't here to make excuses. You won that night, James, there's no denyin' it but boy, I ain't dust! I didn't get carried away by the wind to be forgotten. Hell no!

I'm still here and I will be in Milan, Italy so if you want a shot at the title...

[Travis pulls the AWA National Championship belt from around his waist and holds it high in the air for moment.]

TL: Then come get some!

[With that, Travis places the title belt over his right shoulder and walks away.]

SLB: And that, my friends... is a challenge. Your turn, Mr. James.

[Blackwell grins as we fade out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is set to get going.]

RO: This match is scheduled for one fall... currently in the ring, from Berlin, Germany...

[Nice hometown cheer.]

RO: ...weighing in at 260 pounds, Hans Schmitz!

[Nice cheer as the man stands there in blue trunks and poses for the crowd.]

RO: And his opponent...

[A familiar piano beat begins to play.]

BW: Oh no.

RO: ...from El Paso, Texas...

BW: Oh no.

[The drums start throughout the arena as "Can't Hold Us" begins to play for the first time since February.]

RO: ...weighing in at 195 pounds... making his AWA return...

COOOOOOOOODYYYYYY MERRRRRRRRRTZ!

[Huge cheer as running out from the back comes one half of the duo known as Air Strike, Cody Mertz. Mertz stops at the entrance and takes in the welcoming reaction with a huge smile on his face. He is wearing long white tights with a double vertical green stripes down each leg. He looks at the camera and points at his shoulder doing circles showing off the range of motion and giving the thumbs up before taking off towards the ring going back and forth slapping as many hands as he can.]

BW: I don't remember inviting him back here.

GM: Indeed it is a surprise but Cody Mertz looks to be making his return to the AWA here tonight!

BW: Nothing good can come from this!

[Mertz gets to the apron and slings himself over the top rope. Making his way over to the center of the ring, he raises his arms up in the air to the cheer of the crowd.]

GM: Cody Mertz making his return against a local competitor here in Berlin, Hans Schmitz.

BW: Hopefully this Schmitz guy can get the job done and send this kid back before he gets a chance to unpack.

[The bell sounds and the two competitors immediately go to the center of the ring in a collar and elbow tie up. Schmitz quickly gets the advantage, using his power advantage to shove Mertz down to the mat.]

BW: Gordo, Cody Mertz isn't going to be matching power with anyone let alone someone almost seventy pounds heavier than him.

GM: And Schmitz showing off that strength right here as he poses for the crowd.

[Mertz gets right back up into another collar and elbow tie up. This time Schmitz backs Mertz all the way to the turnbuckle where the official immediately signals for the break. Schmitz holds his arms up signaling for a clean break only to throw a haymaker at Mertz. Mertz, though, saw it coming and rolls out of the way, ducking the punch and ending up back in the middle of the ring.]

GM: Where he doesn't have the strength, he certainly has the quickness as Hans is finding out.

BW: Being an annoying little gnat only gets you swatted down harder!

GM: Hans back in the center of the ring and another collar and elbow tie up.

BW: Which won't benefit Cody Mertz if he keeps letting Hans use his strength.

[Schmitz again backs Mertz up, this time to the opposite corner, however at the last second, Mertz quickly reverses and puts Schmitz' back into the corner.]

GM: Nice reversal by Mertz as the referee is calling for the break.

BW: And like a sucker the dumb kid is going to give it to him.

[Indeed he does as Mertz holds up his hands, backpedaling to the center of the ring...

...where a frustrated Schmitz charges in on him, ending up getting taken off his feet with a drop toehold from the former tag champion.]

GM: Oh! Schmitz goes bouncing facefirst off the mat!

[Mertz quickly slides into a side headlock, wrenching the neck of his stronger opponent as he tries to keep him grounded.]

GM: Mertz hanging onto that side headlock but you have to wonder for how long as the much-stronger Schmitz looks to power himself back up to his feet...

BW: He just got back up like it was nothing at all, Gordo.

GM: And now he's looking to shoot Mertz across.

[Backing into the ropes, Schmitz powers Mertz off, throwing him to the far ropes where he bounces back...

...and gets dropped by a big Schmitz shoulder tackle that is accompanied by a loud shout!]

GM: Well, when those two bodies collide, there's little doubt as to who will end up on top.

[Mertz scrambles up off the mat, coming in on Schmitz who quickly scoops him up, spins him around, and slams him down on the canvas with a bone-rattling slam!]

GM: Scoop slam by the German... and this doesn't seem to be going the way that Cody Mertz had in mind tonight, Bucky.

BW: Hey, if this match ends with this jumping flea getting swatted, it worked out even better than I could've hoped for. And so far, Schmitz is following a good plan to keep Mertz off his feet, taking away his quickness and his high flying skills.

GM: That would be a good plan.

BW: Of course it is, daddy! Never question my managerial chops!

[The German pulls the rising Mertz all the way up, shooting him in the direction of the ropes.]

GM: Shoots him in again...

BW: A German whip perhaps?

[Schmitz ducks down, setting for a backdrop...

...perhaps setting too early as Mertz sees it coming, leaping into the air, trying to drag the German down for a sunset flip!]

GM: Sunset flip... but can he bring him down? Can he pull Schmitz off his feet?

BW: Schmitz is trying to get his balance back!

[The German does regain his balance, leaping up to drop his weight down in a seated senton on Mertz...

...but Mertz vacates the premises, causing Schmits to slam tailbone-first down on the canvas!]

GM: Ohhh! And that's not going to work out well for Hans Schmitz!

BW: Hopefully he doesn't have a long car ride home.

[Mertz scrambles back to his feet, steadying himself as he waits for Schmitz to rise, throwing a big dropkick that knocks the German down to the mat.]

GM: Nice dropkick by the former tag champ!

[The German gets right back up and a second dropkick puts him right back down!]

GM: And there's that speed... there's that quickness and high flying ability!

[Scrambling back to his feet, Mertz steps up to the downed Schmitz, leaping high into the air with a standing senton, crashing his back across his opponent's chest!]

GM: OHHH! And did you see the vertical leap on that backsplash?! So impressive!

[Flipping over, Mertz applies a lateral press, getting a two count before the German powers out.]

GM: Two count only... and Mertz is staying right on top of him, pulling him up by the arm...

[Mertz looks to whip Schmitz across the ring but...]

GM: Irish whip reversed by the German...

[But as Mertz nears the corner, he grabs the top rope, kicking his body up into the air up and over a charging Schmitz, sending the German crashing backfirst into the buckles!]

GM: Ohh! Nice counter by Mertz!

[And with a running start, Mertz charges to the opposite corner, building up speed as he charges back across the ring, throwing an impactful running dropkick to the chin that snaps Schmitz head back!]

GM: Ohhh! And that dropkick does a number on the German!

BW: Cody Mertz is one of the quicker people in the AWA and he's using his strengths to great success here tonight so far.

GM: And he's not done yet.

[Snatching a side headlock on Schmitz, Mertz walks out of the corner, twisting to jump on the middle rope, springboarding off...]

...and DRIVES the German facefirst into the mat with a bulldog!]

GM: Oh my! It looks like Cody Mertz may have picked up a few new tricks since the last time we saw him... and there's another cover! He gets one! He gets two! He- no!

[Mertz looks at the official who holds up two fingers. A resigned Mertz gives a nod, climbing back to his feet.]

BW: He's going to have to do a little bit more to put a guy of Hans' size down to the mat for the three.

GM: He may be planning exactly that right now, Bucky, as he's up on his feet across the ring, signaling for Schmitz to get up as well.

[As the German rises, Mertz charges across the ring, throwing himself at Schmitz who ducks down as Mertz goes over the top rope. Schmitz gets up smiling while pointing at his head...]

GM: Schmitz thinks he turned this around but Mertz, showing off his incredible athleticism, landed on the apron!

[Schmitz turns around into a shoulder to the midsection by Mertz who straightens up, grabbing the top rope...]

GM: Mertz over the top and...

[The high flyer raises both knees, driving them down into the German's back and DRIVING him down into the canvas with them!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Goodness!

BW: That's new.

GM: Certainly is... and Cody Mertz doesn't appear to be done quite yet.

[Mertz quickly pulls Schmitz up, tugging him into a standing headscissors. He reaches down, hooking one arm dramatically, looking out at the crowd.]

GM: Is he... Bucky, is he going for a Billion Dollar Bomb? A Todd Michaelson specialty?

BW: If he is, he's in for a rude awakening because he's NEVER getting him up, Gordo.

[Mertz hooks the other arm, grinning at the crowd's reaction before he lifts Schmitz up into the air...]

...but instead of getting him up and flipping him over for the powerbomb, Mertz spins with the move, dropping him facefirst to the canvas with a split-legged facedriver!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: That was NOT the Billion Dollar Bomb, Bucky!

BW: More like a Billion Dollar Drop!

GM: Whatever you want to call it, it was certainly effective and... he’s still not done!

[Back on his feet, Mertz gives a signal to the crowd, spinning his arm around above his head, waiting for Schmitz to rise.]

GM: Cody Mertz is calling for something here... waiting for his opponent to get back up to his feet...

[A dazed Schmitz takes several more moments of the crowd buzzing with anticipation before he battles up to his feet. As he gets there, Mertz dashes to the ropes, running past Schmitz to bounce off, building up momentum as he comes back towards the German...]

GM: Mertz building up speed...

[And as he rebounds, Mertz grabs the arm as if going for a crucifix, leaving his feet, getting up around Schmitz’ head and neck, spinning around and around in a satellite headscissors...]

...and then taking him down in a Fujiwara Armbar where he SLAMS down into the canvas before jerking back on the arm a few times!]

GM: OH MY STARS! WHAT A MANEUVER! THE ARMBAR LOCKED IN!

[And instantly, Schmitz begins to tap out, screaming in pain as the referee signals for the bell.]

GM: And that’s it, fans!

[A grinning Mertz releases the hold, sliding to a knee before climbing to his feet, nodding his head happily at the crowd’s reaction as the official raises his hand and Rebecca Ortiz calls it out.]

RO: Your winner of the match... COOOOOOODYYYYY MERRRRRRRRRTZ

[Mertz grins at the reaction again, pumping both fists excitedly before making his exit from the ring.!

GM: Cody Mertz victorious in his return to the AWA here tonight and it looks like Mark Stegglet is going to get a few words in with the returning superstar.

[Mark Stegglet stands on the interview platform as Cody Mertz makes his way over slapping hands with the fans along the way. Finally standing next to Stegglet, Mertz cannot contain the huge smile on his face.]

MS: Cody, welcome back!

CM: Mark, I can honestly say...

[Mertz looks around the arena.]

CM: ...it's truly great to be back! When the AWA announced this European Tour, it was something I could circle on my calendar while I was rehabbing my shoulder. Because I didn't want to miss this for the world.

[Crowd cheers in appreciation.]

MS: And I don't want to take that away from you but if I could ask you a few questions? First off, how is your tag partner Michael Arons?

CM: Michael is great. He's doing his thing over in Japan, lighting the world on fire. But if we have anything to say about it, you haven't seen the last of Air Strike.

[Mertz raises his fist in the air to a cheer from the crowd.]

MS: And how's the shoulder?

CM: The shoulder is great, Mark, it's one hundred percent, actually it's the best it's ever been. It was tough this past month wanting to get back in the ring, back in front of all these fans. But I made a decision back in February to do everything in my power to get back in front of these people. And one of those things was to listen to the doctors and make sure I'm cleared to compete so I can make sure that something like a bum shoulder isn't caused by stupid decisions.

MS: Well, it was Taylor and Donovan that injured your shoulder-

[Mertz holds up his hand.]

CM: Excuse me, Mark... they had their part that's for sure, but the blame lies with me even more so than them. I made the decision to compete not being 100%. I made the decision to go out there without being medically cleared. And the results of that decision was close to six months out on the shelf.

[Mertz shakes his head and takes a deep breath.]

CM: Somewhere along the way, it got lost on Michael and myself what this is all about. We got it in our head that the titles, the awards and the accolades measured how great we were. Don't get me wrong - they're great and I truly cherish every single time we were fortunate enough to claim any of those prizes.

[Mertz looks out to the crowd.]

CM: But being here, in that ring, in front of this crowd. That is what's truly great. Making sure I'm able to give something to these people here or watching at home, that's what is truly great. Fighting with this [taps the left part of his chest] and being remembered here [taps his head] those are true measures of greatness that I've realized during this time away that I can't live without.

[Mertz frowns.]

CM: Since I've been away you have an Axis of Evil forming around someone I once considered a mentor. You have the Kings of Wrestling running around unchecked. And running with those Kings are Taylor and Donovan... the two who tried to permanently put me on the shelf. Tony Donovan who liked to tell people to start running.

[Mertz shakes his head.]

CM: Well, that's not going to happen Tony. Now I know you guys like to consider yourself the Tag Team of 2016. Heck, you could very well be that. But I'm not here

about your titles, or whatever awards you think you deserve. No, I'm here because of what you tried to do to me last February. Tried to and failed to.

[Mertz moves his shoulder around and smiles again.]

CM: And since I'm still standing, let me tell you this. I don't care if it's Wes Taylor, I don't care if it's Tony Donovan. But I'm challenging one of you two to a match, for what you tried to do to me, and everything else you've tried to pull since then. So next show in Milan, I'll see one of you two in the ring. Thanks, Mark.

[With that, Mertz walks away, pointing to the crowd and clapping his hands towards them before heading to the back.]

MS: Well, I'd say that's a challenge from a VERY determined Cody Mertz. Will Taylor or Donovan accept that challenge? We'll have to wait and see but right now, fans, we've got to take a quick break but when we come back, the Slaughterhouse will be in action and you do NOT want to miss that so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.]

We open to a panoramic view of a packed house at an AWA show. After a moment, the opening to Coldplay's "Sky Full Of Stars" plays in the background as we get sweeping shots of cheering AWA fans.

As the lyrics begin, we catch back-to-back clips: a dramatic staredown in the ring between Dave Bryant and Supreme Wright, then two cheering fans side by side... one wearing a Bryant T-Shirt, one wearing a Wright T-Shirt.]

#'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[Next up we see Bobby O'Connor autographing a fan's Bobby O'Connor poster at ringside during a house show (when the wrestlers have time to do that kind of thing).]

I'm gonna give you my heart

[Then we see Johnny Detson walking down an aisle, berating the fans (who are waving a poster with a collage of AWA faces at him) as he goes by, but the one fan next to them with the gold-tinted Johnny Detson sunglasses is clearly thrilled about it. A similar shot sees Travis Lynch going by, pausing and giving a smile to a young lady with a Travis T-Shirt; she swoons.]

'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[And then, a super slow-motion shot of Ryan Martinez using the brainbuster on an opponent in the ring, which fades to transparency as we see a group of fans with Ry-Mart attire and merchandise cheering at ringside.]

Because you light up the path

[The music fades, but the cheering of the fans is still loud as we get another panoramic crowd shot. And then the stinger: AWAsShop.com.]

And as we fade back up, we see the back of Anton Layton's velvet robe, showing a blood red crescent moon in a starry sky. The voice of Mark Stegklet is heard.]

MS: Joining me at this time, fans, they are the Number Two Contenders to the AWA World Tag Team Titles... they are the Slaughterhouse. And of course, they are accompanied as always by their manager, the Prince of Darkness, Anton Layton.

[The camera was pulling out the whole time to show that yes indeed - the whole gang in there and dressed for action.]

MS: Mr. Layton, you and your men are about to head down the aisle for tag team competition here in Berlin but before you go out there, I was wondering if you have a response to the accusations laid down by Next Gen earlier tonight... that you and the Slaughterhouse were the ones who assaulted them two weeks ago before their World Tag Team Title match.

[Layton turns to face the camera, his hood hanging over much of his face.]

AL: Lies, Mark Stegglet, are mere seductive whispers on the wind. Would I lie to you?

MS: I... I'm not sure.

AL: Ask.

MS: Did you do it? Did the Slaughterhouse assault Next Gen?

[Layton softly chuckles.]

AL: The blood of those long gone run through their veins, doesn't it? Harper out here speaking of his legendary mother... hoping to one day be able to stand up and look her in the eye and know that he's somewhat worthy of being in her presence. Somers whose uncle could've been great... he could've been a legend... but instead he showed his true colors... yellow and green.

MS: Yellow and green? I don't understand.

AL: Eric Matthew Somers betrayed those closest to him for the love of money... and because of the cowardice running through his body. Does young Howie have the same cowardice? Hmm. I wonder.

[Porter Crowley slips in from the side, his head cockeyed as he mutters in a pained tone.]

PC: Maybe we'll have to split him open and smell what comes out for fear! FEAR!

[Layton grins, nodding his head as Crowley lurches back the other direction.]

MS: I feel like I'm not going to get a straight answer here.

AL: The evidence has been presented to you, Stegglet. All you need to do is make a decision. Make it. Do it, Stegglet. Accuse me of what Harper and Somers have.

MS: Well, the evidence DOES seem to point to you... you all... being behind the attack.

AL: It does, doesn't it?

[Layton shrugs.]

AL: The shroud of guilt falls over us but the blood of our foes will wash it away and leave us sparkling like newborns seeing the light of the world for the very first time.

MS: I take it that's a yes... and are they also right that you're working for the Kings of Wrestling?

[Layton's smile vanishes in an instant.]

AL: There have been times in my career where I've served the whims of others, Mark Stegglet. You might remember my Unholy Alliance.

MS: YOUR Unholy Alliance? I think Percy Childes might beg to differ about that.

AL: He can beg all he wants but the cries of the pitiful fall on deaf ears. He's not here, Mark Stegglet... his days in the sun have passed and all that remains is what I have promised from the beginning. The Darkness.

And The Darkness works for no mere mortal, Stegglet.

[Layton lifts his hands, showing red streaks of (presumably) paint on his palms as he addresses the camera.]

AL: If the blood of the next generation is on our hands, it is because WE wanted it there... not because someone else did.

[An obviously agitated Layton shoves Stegglet back a step, stalking past him as Porter Crowley giggles uncontrollably, following behind. The Lost Boy stops, looking down at Stegglet, panting heavily with his red-painted tongue lolling close to Stegglet's face. Stegglet winces, sidestepping to his right to create some space.]

MS: That sounds like a denial to me, fans. The Slaughterhouse seems to have acted alone in their assault of Next Gen two weeks ago... but why? Perhaps we'll gain a little more-

"RORWF!"

[A loud bark from The Lost Boy nearly knocks Stegglet over as he flees the scene...

...and we fade back to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit.

[Bucky interjects.]

BW: Not going to need even half that, lady.

[Rebecca continues.]

RO: First, in the corner to my right... from Hamburg, Germany... at a total combined weight of 432 pounds... the team of Hans Schmidt and Otto Wolf!

[There are some cheers for the German duo...]

BW: Hans Schmidt? Any relation to the Hans Schmitz we saw earlier?

GM: I don't believe so... considering they have completely different last names.

BW: Wise guy, eh?

[...that quickly turn into groans of utter fear as the horrific sounds of screaming fills the air.]

BW: Here comes trouble.

[The screams turn into Slayer's "Dead Skin Mask." A few moments pass before the black-hooded form of the Prince of Darkness, Anton Layton, walks into view. He stands as the music builds.]

RO: And their opponents... they are accompanied to the ring by Anton Layton... at a total combined weight of 562 pounds... The Lost Boy and Porter Crowley...

THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE!

[The Lost Boy and Crowley come lumbering through the curtain to flank a smiling Layton on either side. He produces an all-too-familiar crystal from his sleeve, holding it high so the camera can catch a glimpse of the glittering gem...

...and thrusts it in the direction of the ring, sending his two monsters stomping down the aisle towards the squared circle.]

GM: The Slaughterhouse on their way down the aisle for tag team action... and Bucky, you heard what Next Gen had to say earlier and what Anton Layton had to say moments ago. I think we can pretty much close the case on who assaulted the Number One Contenders to the tag titles right before their title shot two weeks ago.

BW: Well, that might be true but what we still need to find out is what exactly Somers and Harper can do about it? They're a good team, I'll give them that. But if they think they can wrestle with The Lost Boy and Porter Crowley, they're out of their everlovin' minds.

[The German duo huddle up, looking down the aisle as the dark trio approaches the ring. The Lost Boy rolls under the ropes, entering the ring. Down on his knees, he barks and snarls in the direction of them as the official scampers to the side, trying to order Layton to keep his team back. Porter Crowley climbs up on the apron, ducking through the ropes where he grabs his partner by his greasy topknot, dragging him back towards the corner.]

GM: Crowley trying to keep that wild animal, The Lost Boy, under control.

BW: Good luck with that. The only one who can keep either of these guys under control is Anton Layton... and I think we all know why.

GM: Come on, Bucky... do you really truly believe in the power of the Eye?

BW: Hey, I'm not one for magic and the occult and all that... but I trust my own eyes and I've seen grown men drop down to their knees and pledge their eternal loyalty when that crystal is focused on them. I don't know how... and I don't really think I want to know but the Eye of Tyr... let's put it this way... I don't believe in the Devil but I believe in the Eye of Tyr.

[Layton takes his spot at ringside, watching Crowley try to subdue his partner as the referee steps out to the middle and signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: There we-

[At a shout from Layton, Crowley pivots and allows The Lost Boy to go tearing out of the corner. Otto Wolf squares up, raising his arms to defend himself as the Lost Boy swarms him, clubbing and swinging wildly with both arms, overwhelming Wolf and sending him back into the corner.]

GM: The Lost Boy's in the wrong part of town and he doesn't give a damn!

[Barking as punctuation, The Lost Boy throws some furry boots into the midsection of Wolf over... and over... and over...]

GM: Come on, referee!

[The referee's count reaches four and change before The Lost Boy backs off, snapping at the official who gets the heck out of Dodge before the 300 pounder runs back in, throwing himself into an avalanche!]

GM: Ohh! Big 300 plus pound splash in the buckles!

[The Lost Boy grabs Wolf's arm...

...and sinks his teeth into the forearm, causing the German to loudly scream and (likely) curse in his native tongue. The referee starts another count but The Lost Boy uses his grip on the arm to steer it into a tag.]

GM: Forced tag by The Lost Boy...

[Reaching out, The Lost Boy snatches Hans Schmidt by the hair, rifling him headfirst into the connector between the ringpost and the turnbuckle, sending him falling to the floor.]

GM: OH!

[The Lost Boy shoves Wolf aside, ducking through the ropes where he jumps off with a stomp on the downed Schmidt.]

GM: The wildman heading out to the floor, not wasting any time in staying right on top of his opponents...

[Hauling Schmidt off the floor by the hair, The Lost Boy shoves his own face up into Schmidt's, howling, snapping, and barking as strands of saliva splash out onto his helpless opponent...

...before SLAMMING him shoulderfirst into the ringpost!]

GM: Good grief!

[On the apron, Otto Wolf protests the illegal attack using the post...

...and gets yanked off the apron by the back of the trunks, slamming down on his back on the floor for his efforts!]

GM: Good lord! The Lost Boy is a one man wrecking machine out there right now!

[Leaving Wolf in incredible pain, The Lost Boy swoops back in on Schmidt, pulling him off the post and shoving him back under the ropes.]

GM: Schmidt back inside the ring now... and the Lost Boy crawls in as well.

[Staying down on his hands and knees, The Lost Boy lets loose a howl as he crawls towards Schmidt who pushes up to all fours...

...until the Lost Boy surges forward, smashing his skull into Schmidt's head, knocking him flat on his face.]

GM: The Lost Boy dragging Hans Schmidt up to his feet, whips him across to the far corner where Porter Crowley is waiting.

[As The Lost Boy approaches, Crowley seems to be chomping at the bit to get inside the ring, pacing back and forth and when The Lost Boy slaps his hand, Crowley storms inside the ring into action.]

GM: Crowley into the ring and he's coming in hot, fans!

[Grabbing a handful of Schmidt's hair, Crowley slams his forearm down across the bridge of the nose. He instantly follows with a headbutt at the same spot, knocking Schmidt down to his knees...

...but Crowley reaches down, hooking him under the armpits to pull him up.]

"GET! UP!"

[The 260 pounder from Parts Unknown reaches out to grab Schmidt's throat with both hands, pinning him against the turnbuckles as Crowley slams his head down between the eyes... twice... three times... four times...

...and as the referee protests the violence in the corner, Crowley flips him high out of the corner with a biel throw.]

GM: Hans Schmidt gets tossed halfway across the ring by Porter Crowley!

[With Schmidt down on the mat, Crowley slowly walks towards him...

...and DROPS a knee down in the middle of Schmidt's face!]

GM: Goodness! That might be enough right there, fans!

[Crowley climbs back to his feet, teetering around the ring as a reeling Schmidt tries to get up off the mat...]

BW: Right about now, I'm guessing Schmidt wishes he'd turned tail and got the heck out of town when they saw themselves competing against the Slaughterhouse tonight.

GM: The Slaughterhouse, of course, will take part in the Steal The Spotlight Series next time as part of Canibal's squad. That should be a very interesting encounter... and if the Slaughterhouse were to eventually win that Steal The Spotlight contract, I'd imagine they might use it on the World Tag Team Champions.

BW: I don't think there's any doubt about that one, Gordo.

[Grabbing the rising Schmidt by the hair, Crowley marches him into the corner where he drives his face into the top turnbuckle. Hanging onto the hair, Crowley grinds the face back and forth on the buckle, causing Schmidt to howl with pain as the referee tries to get Crowley to release him. Eventually, he does... slowly backing away as The Lost Boy grabs him by the hair, sinking his teeth into Schmidt's forehead!]

GM: Referee, turn around!

[But the official is caught up with warning Crowley, completely oblivious to the illegal activity going on behind him. The Lost Boy shoves Schmidt away, sending him sprawling on the canvas as Anton Layton looks on with a smile.]

GM: Schmidt down on the mat... and Crowley drops down there with him...

[Grabbing two hands full of hair, Crowley lifts Schmidt's torso off the canvas and DRIVES his face back down into the mat. He sneers at the jeering crowd as he lifts

Schmidt up a second time... and drives him back down a second time! This time, he presses the face into the mat, dragging it back and forth across the canvas.]

GM: Porter Crowley is ripping and tearing at the face of this young man and the referee may have to put a stop to this!

BW: The Slaughterhouse is unstoppable, Gordo. You really think Harper and Somers stand a chance against these two?

GM: I get the feeling we're going to find out the answer to that question very soon.

[Crowley climbs up to his feet, arms raised as he pleads innocence to the protesting official...

...and then savagely stomps the back of Schmidt's head, mashing his face into the canvas once more. Peeling off, Crowley falls back to the corner, tagging in his partner.]

GM: The tag is made and the Lost Boy coming back in...

BW: Straight out of the frying pan and into the fire.

[The Slaughterhouse drag Schmidt back into the neutral corner, whipping him from one to the other. Crowley follows him in first, BLASTING him across the face with a clothesline!]

GM: OHH! What a clothesline!

BW: To the face! To the face!

[Crowley twists, shoving Schmidt out of the corner. He wobbles - out on his feet - to the middle of the ring where The Lost Boy comes tearing across the ring, barking and snarling as he throws himself into a sloppy, wild but impactful crossbody block, wiping out Hans Schmidt.]

GM: This one could be over right here, fans.

BW: It could've been over a long time ago if they wanted it to be.

[The Lost Boy doesn't appear ready to end things though, dragging Schmidt off the mat by the hair, pulling him back out to the middle of the ring where he flings him towards the ropes again. As Schmidt rebounds, the powerful Lost Boy shoves him towards the sky...

...and then with his hand wrapped around his own top knot, he swings his mighty skull upwards, driving it into the sternum of the falling Schmidt!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: What in the...? Was that a pop-up headbutt?!

GM: Seems right to me... and they're STILL not done.

[Another tag to Crowley brings the monster in, circling the downed Schmidt before pulling him to his feet. He ducks down, lifting Schmidt up into a fireman's carry, slowly walking towards the hard cam...

...and then shoves Schmidt over his head, swinging his knee up to catch him flush in the face!]

GM: OHH! DAMAGED GOODS!

[This time, Crowley sinks to his knees, flipping the young German over into a pinning position...]

GM: That's all she wrote... one... two... and three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Crowley climbs to his feet, quickly joined inside the ring by The Lost Boy who throws his head back in a rabid howl as Anton Layton climbs up on the ring apron.]

RO: Your winners of the match... THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE!

[The boos pour down on the brutal duo as we spy Otto Wolf back in the ring, crawling to the aid of his partner...]

...which is enough to draw the ire of Anton Layton who barks an order to his team. Crowley and the Lost Boy surge into action, putting the boots to a shocked Wolf.]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: They're not done yet!

[At some barked instructions from Layton, Crowley hauls Wolf off the mat, holding his arms back as the Lost Boy lashes out with heavy boots to the midsection. He backs off as Crowley shoves Wolf forward into a clothesline, taking him off his feet!]

GM: Oh!

[Crowley sneers at the crowd's reaction, continuing to put the boots to Wolf as The Lost Boy backs to the corner, hopping up on the midbuckle...]

GM: All three hundred pounds of the Lost Boy up on the second rope and-

[The Berlin crowd erupts into cheers!]

GM: Harper and Somers! Next Gen is heading for the ring!

[Harper dives under the bottom rope, throwing himself at Porter Crowley with a flurry of fists to the head. Howie Somers pulls up, putting himself in between The Lost Boy and the downed Wolf. He shouts at the wild savage, daring him to attack...]

...and when he doesn't, Somers rushes forward, shoving the Lost Boy off the middle rope, sending him toppling over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: OH MY!

[Somers spins around, joining his partner in attacking Porter Crowley up against the ropes. The hefty Somers leans over, driving his shoulder repeatedly in to the gut before each member of Next Gen grabs an arm...]

GM: Double lift... and a double atomic drop on Crowley!

[Harper waves an arm to the crowd, dashing to the ropes to strike again...]

...but Anton Layton is there, yanking Harper's ankle out from under him!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: This isn't a match, Gordo! Anything goes out-

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as Layton HURLS Harper bodily into the steel barricade, leaving him laying as the Lost Boy rolls back inside the ring, steel chair in hand...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STEEL CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK OF SOMERS!

[The blow knocks Somers down on all fours as the Lost Boy rears back again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD! This is a mugging, Bucky!

[Layton smirks at the carnage inside the ring, giving a shout at the Lost Boy who whimpers sadly as he tosses the chair aside. Crowley and the Lost Boy exit the ring, standing behind Layton who nods with satisfaction as they make their way down the aisle towards the locker room.]

GM: At last, the Slaughterhouse lets up... but they've done a number on Daniel Harper and Howie Somers who were only out here to help.

BW: Yeah, well... sometimes it doesn't pay to be a do-gooder and stick your nose where it doesn't belong.

GM: We're going to need to get some help out here... and while we do, let's go backstage and hear from someone who we'll be seeing in competition a little later.

[The camera cuts back to "Sweet" Lou Blackwell standing next to Derrick Williams, already in his gear.]

SLB: A dangerous scene out there at ringside as I'm here backstage with Derrick Williams who has a match in just a few moments, but is coming off a tough, tough loss to Maxim Zharkov two weeks ago in New York. Derrick, how are you bouncing back from that loss?

DW: Well Lou, you're right, it was a tough match. I said that I didn't fear Zharkov, and I took it right to him. And yeah, I came up short. But like always, it's just a small setback, I'll be back on the right path and getting back into the thick of things pretty quickly.

SLB: And you have to feel good about your newfound friend and tag partner Jordan Ohara advancing in the Steal the Spotlight series earlier tonight.

DW: Of course I do, Lou. J and I have been working together, a natural gelling, if you would. Any momentum is good momentum, and it was great to see him go out there in a big time situation like the Steal the Spotlight match and come up with a huge win there, and a pin over someone like Ryan Martinez, and it's a big boost.

SLB: I couldn't help but notice that you weren't drafted to any of the teams, Derrick. Any issue with being left out, since up til tonight you've been in every Steal the Spotlight match you've been on the roster for?

[Williams sighs, crossing his arms]

DW: Yeah Lou, it stung a bit to not see my name drafted on any of the teams, but you know, it's not that big a deal. One door closes, another opens, and there'll be another opportunity coming for me around the bend, I'm sure of it. Now if you don't mind Lou, I have a match coming up I need to finish warming up for.

[Williams leaves as Lou closes us out]

SLB: Well thank you Derrick, there you have it, Derrick Williams bouncing back from defeat and looking to get back to winning ways. We're going to take another break but when we come back, it'll be something I've been looking forward to for two weeks now - Mark Stegglert sitting down with Jeff Matthews! That's after the break so stay tuned, AWA fans!

[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 we fade back up on a studio set. There are two chairs on either side of a glass coffee table. On one side sits Mark Stegklet. On the other, a former World Champion and Pro Wrestling Hall of Famer, Jeff "Madfox" Matthews. Matthews is in a black suit, the very epitome of professionalism as the camera cuts to a solo shot of Stegklet.]

MS: For weeks now, Sweet Lou Blackwell had been fanning the flames of speculation - talking about a major free agent signing... suggesting it just might be the biggest free agent signing in AWA history in fact. The names were running rampant - former AWA superstars, competitors from Mexico and Japan... but two weeks ago, we got the answer we were looking for... but perhaps not the answer we were expecting when Jeff "Madfox" Matthews made his return to the world of professional wrestling after an extended absence. In fact, other than a one-off appearance here and there, Jeff Matthews has not been an active pro wrestler since the early 2000s.

First of all, Mr. Matthews... welcome to the American Wrestling Alliance.

[The camera cuts back to Matthews who smiles with a nod.]

JMM: Thanks Mark, I appreciate it.

[Cut back to the two shot.]

MS: I have to say, Mr. Matthews... I was quite shocked when I saw you come to the ring in Madison Square Garden and I know I wasn't alone in that. No one has seen you inside a ring for quite a while as I mentioned and I suppose the main question that everyone has here tonight is - why now?

[Matthews nods in agreement with Stegklet's comments.]

LD: No ref.

JS: DAMN!

[Indeed, the referee is still out flat from that flailing arm of Caleb Temple...however, he is starting to show signs of life. Matthews rolls off of Temple, kneeling in the center of the ring.]

JS: Look at Matthews...he's totally distraught. He thought he had this match won...but fate was not on his side.

BL: So close...so very close.

LD: It's not over yet!

[Matthews suddenly seems to realize the same thing as he moves over to Barnes' side, trying to shake the referee back to his feet...to no avail.]

JS: The Madfox...the challenger is trying to revive the official, trying to get Mike Barnes up to his feet...trying to get that pinfall on the champion.

[But while Matthews is trying to get the ref to his feet...another person in the ring is nearing their feet.]

JS: The World Champion's almost up, guys! Caleb Temple is almost back- he is! Temple's up!

LD: And Matthews doesn't know it! The Madfox doesn't know that Temple's up!

[And the crowd begins to buzz as Temple dips into his boot...for that oh-so-familiar weapon.]

JS: NO! Temple's got that damn lighter out again! He's got that-

[A moment of silence covers up Jon Stegglet's swearing. Ah, it was a different time.]

JS: -lighter out again!

LD: He won the World Title with a fireball...he's wreaked havoc over this whole company with those fireballs. Jeff Matthews is at Temple's mercy and he doesn't even realize it!

JS: The Madfox is still trying to get the referee back to his feet... still trying to revive Mike Barn-

[Matthews suddenly turns around...and Temple lights up!]

"WHOOOSH!!"

JS: HE MISSED! HE MISSED! MATTHEWS MOVED!!!

[HUGE POP!]

JS: FUJIWARA ARMBAR!!! MATTHEWS SLAPS ON THE FUJIWARA ARMBAR!!!

LD: And Temple's in the middle of the ring! Caleb Temple's got no ropes to put his foot on this time! Matthews has that Fujiwara locked in!

[The roaring crowd hushes a bit as Ken Graham takes the mic.]

KG: Your winner of the match....

And...NEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEW EMWC WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...

JEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEFF

MAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAATTHEWWWWWWWWWWSSSSSSSSS!!!

[ENORMOUS HOMETOWN POP!]

JS: Matthews has done it! I can't believe it, fans!

[Barnes awards the title belt to Matthews, who clutches the gold like it's the greatest thing he's ever seen. The Madfox drops to his knees, holding the gold belt against his crimson covered chest.]

JS: And the Madfox is a ball of emotions tonight in South Carolina... in his home state! For one night...this man is a hero! Jeff Matthews...welcome home!

BL: Unbelievable.

[Matthews continues to kneel in the ring, the roaring crowd near deafening levels now.]

JS: Fans, it's been a hell of a night here in South Carolina... but we're out of time! On a night where we just witnessed history...we'll see you next week!

[One final shot of Matthews clutching the greatest prize in our business...blood streaming down his face...

...and we fade back to a grinning Matthews, obviously reeling in the nostalgia of what he just saw. He reaches up, rubbing at a corner of his eye for a moment before he clears his throat.]

JMM: That... that was a special night, Mark.

MS: No doubt, Mr. Matthews... and it was a tremendous victory over one of the best our sport has ever known.

JMM: I sense a "but" coming up here.

[Stegglet smiles.]

MS: But... do you think you can still compete with best the world has to offer after so much time off?

[Matthews pauses as the camera zooms in on him, considering the question.

JMM: I don't THINK I can, Mark. I KNOW I can.

[He nods.]

JMM: I've kept myself in good shape and I've been keeping tabs on the wrestling world still. I know the best is here and I want to be able to show my family, the fans and more importantly... show myself that I still have what it takes to compete at a high level.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: I understand that for sure... and there's certainly something to be said for that. What are your expectations out of this return though? What do you hope to accomplish?

[Jeff pauses for a second and just smiles before answering]

JMM: Gold. Isn't that the treasure we all seek at the end of the rainbow? I want to feel the rush of standing in the middle of the ring, holding that championship gold above my head. I want to climb back to the top of the mountain and stay up there for as long as I can. I talk to my kids about trying to live each day without regrets. Surely, I'd be a hypocrite if I didn't take my own advice.

And then there's something that's been eating at me.

MS: Care to elaborate?

[Again, Matthews pauses but this time he looks off to the side with appears to be a glimmer of a tear forming in his eye. He clears his throat and returns his focus to Stegglet.]

JMM: Inevitably as you get older, people you know and care for, pass away. Family... two great friends. I've sat around far too long feeling bad about that and decided I needed to do this.

I needed to end my career on my terms. I walked away from this sport a broken man. When I walk away this time, I will walk away with no regrets, with no unanswered questions.

MS: Then-

[The former World Champion immediately cuts him off]

JMM: I feel like I've watched my life in split screen with one side being the truth and the other being what I perceived to be the truth. I'm not a perfect man, Mark. But I understand the reality of what has gone on. I am singularly focused on making sure my legacy will live on for my family and for this great sport for which I have given most of my adult life for.

I'm here. I'm all in.

MS: Strong words there, Mr. Matthews.

Speaking of strong words, it seems your actions against Jayden Jericho two weeks ago have not gone unnoticed either.

[Matthews laughs.]

JMM: Listen, I'm still getting over the fact Ronnie D has a kid. I respect him sticking up for his old man, but sometimes you just have to nip that nonsense in the bud.

[Stegglet smiles.]

MS: Be that as it may, it appears as though the Playboy has issued a challenge to you. One-on-one for his son's professional wrestling debut. Your thoughts?

[Matthews chuckles, clapping his hands together.]

JMM: I've never been one to shy away from a challenge. If they want me in a match, they got it. I didn't come to the AWA to rest on my laurels. If someone wants a fight, I'll give it them. And that's a promise.

MS: Well, you heard it here first, folks. Jeff Matthews - the Hall of Famer and former World Champion - is back in the world of professional wrestling right here in the AWA where he intends to make everyone remember exactly who the "Madfox" is. Best of luck to you, Mr. Matthews.

JMM: Thanks, Mark.

[The duo exchanges a handshake as we slowly fade from the pre-taped footage to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, currently in the ring at this time...

[The camera pans to the right where a man with curly brown hair, green eyes and wearing a blue singlet with a black back and white wrestling boots stands. He runs his hand over his Fu Manchu as Phil Watson continues with the introduction.]

RO: ...he currently resides in Dresden, Germany and weighs 267 pounds...

This is Nico Buckler!

[Nico thrusts his right hand into the air to a polite applause from the crowd.]

RO: And his opponent...

[Rebecca Ortiz pauses for a moment and as she does a sultry voice is heard over the sound system.]

"OH REXY, YOU'RE SO SEXY"

[As the voice fades, Mickey Avalon's "Stroke Me" begins to play. A sample of Billy Squier's classic 'The Stroke' is easily recognized...]

"STROKE ME STROKE ME"

[As Mickey Avalon finishes saying it's "As easy as one, two, three" the curtain opens and out walks the one and only "Red Hot" Rex Summers and a fiery red-headed beauty. She smiles widely as her arm is wrapped around Rex's. She is wearing an Egyptian blue halter top and a pair of form-fitting white pants.]

RO: Hailing from St. Paul, Minnesota, he weighs in at 251 pounds... being accompanied to the ring by...

[The next words are dripping with disgust.]

RO: ...the luckiest girl on the planet tonight...

"RED HOT" REX SUMMERS!

[Summers is dressed in a full length blue robe with white sequins running down both lapels and in a zig-zag formation across the front. He walks slowly down to the ring, a cocky strut shows his arrogance and disdain for his opponent.]

GM: With the events that happened earlier tonight, I am absolutely stunned Rex Summers is out here for this match!

BW: Rex Summers is a man's man, Gordo, of course he's going to be out here! The Lynches don't scare him and that face painted madman doesn't either!

[Summers simply smirks as he approaches ringside, and we catch the words "Red Hot" are spelled out in more sequins on the back of the robe as he walks past the camera, the Summers Sweetheart by his side, beaming at the camera. They walk up the steps together where she sits on the middle rope, allowing Summers to easily step into the ring where he grabs at the mic.]

RS: Cut that music.

[The boos continue to grow in intensity.]

RS: What I'd like to have right now is for all you repugnant, repulsive, boorish Berliners to stop shoving schnitzel in your mouths while I show these lovely ladies what a true masterpiece looks like.

["Stroke Me" begins to play again as "Red Hot" Rex Summers spreads his arms and the Summers Sweetheart begins to disrobe the former Steal the Spotlight Winner.]

BW: As Colt Patterson would say - Michelangelo can only dream that his David was as perfect as Rex Summers is.

GM: Come on, Bucky! I expect better from you... though I'm not sure why.

[The crowd begins to buzz as the robe opens and airbrushed upon the tights is the face of The Gladiator.]

GM: Bucky, is that the Gladiator's face?!

BW: HAH! It sure is!

[The Summers Sweetheart finishes removing the robe as Summers lets a throaty chuckle out. He places his hands behind his head and slowly gyrates his hips showing off the airbrushed tights to the camera.]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

BW: This is fantastic, Gordo! The Gladiator's never looked better!

GM: I... this is going to inflame an already heated-up situation and you know it, Bucky!

[The referee shakes his head, signaling for the bell...]

GM: Here we go! One fall, ten min-

[The crowd noise surges upwards as Summers looks around puzzled.]

GM: UH OH!

BW: REX, BEHIND YOU!

[The crowd is at a fever pitch as The Gladiator charges down the aisle and slides under the bottom rope.]

BW: Rex! Rex! Turn around!

[The Gladiator takes a wild swing with a clothesline aimed at Summers but the Red Hot One ducks under it, diving through the ropes...]

...and goes running right up the aisle!]

GM: Summers is running for his life! The Gladiator came to get a measure of revenge right now for what went down earlier tonight but Rex Summers is running for it!

[The Gladiator wheels around, ducking through the ropes to race after Summers down the aisle as Nico Buckler stands by, a confused expression on his face.]

GM: Summers is out of here and... he left the Sweetheart behind!

[The shocked Sweetheart stands at the top of the aisle, wailing at her abandonment as the Gladiator chases Summers down the aisle...

...and the referee starts counting.]

BW: HEY! What the heck does he think he's doing?!

GM: That seems pretty obvious to me, Bucky. He's counting.

BW: But why?

GM: Hey, Summers was in the ring... the bell rang... and then he ran for it!

BW: This isn't fair! The Gladiator- he- arrgh!

[Gordon chuckles as the count grows to four... to five... as a surprised Nico Buckler looks enthusiastic.]

GM: Summers is not coming back, fans! That count is at seven... at eight...

BW: This is a travesty!

[The count hits nine and with a grin, the referee makes one more count before waving for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: That's it!

[Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Your winner of the match as a result of a countout...

NIIIIIIICOOOOO BUCKLERRRRRRRRR!

[An overjoyed Buckler hops up and down, jumping to the middle rope, shouting to the fans.]

GM: Nico Buckler wins! Victory by countout!

BW: This is wrong, Gordo. Absolutely wrong.

GM: It looks pretty right to me... and so will the winner's side of the purse! Hit the pay window, kid! This is your night!

[Buckler continues to celebrate as we fade backstage where Mark Stegklet is standing.]

MS: It's been an exciting night of action here in Berlin and this European tour is only going to get better when we kick it into overdrive two weeks from tonight in Milan. Let's take a look at some of the matches that have been announced for that big event!

[Stegglet disappears as we get a graphic of the two Steal The Spotlight teams.]

MS: The Steal The Spotlight Series will continue with The Supreme Squadron taking on La Bestias del Mal! Whoever survives that one will head on to London where they will meet Riley Hunter and Jordan Ohara in the Grand Survival Showdown.

[The graphic changes.]

MS: How about this one, fans? The former AWA World Champion, Ryan Martinez, going one-on-one with Maxim Zharkov in a rematch from the Battle of Boston. In Boston, Martinez picked up the win by disqualification. Can he actually put the big Russian's shoulders to the mat for the first time in Milan?

[Another graphic change.]

MS: This one JUST got signed moments ago. Brian James, the son of the Blackheart, is going to be pulling double duty in Milan. We already know he'll be part of the Steal The Spotlight Series but we also just learned that in Italy, he'll be challenging Travis Lynch for the National Title!

[And again.]

MS: It'll be the in-ring return of the Madfox when Hall of Famer Jeff Matthews takes on the son of the Playboy, Jayden Jericho, in his AWA in-ring debut!

[And again.]

MS: Earlier tonight, we saw Shadoe Rage and his Misfits tussling with SM&K and now we can announce that in Milan, that six man tag team match will go down as well.

[Keep it coming.]

MS: This one's been a long time in coming, fans, as the Samoan Hit Squad will finally face the challenge of Chris Choisnet and Cesar Hernandez. Can the popular duo avenge their injured friend at last? We'll find out in two weeks' time.

[Annnnd... well, you know.]

MS: A match with international intrigue as Ringkrieger's Karsten Marquardt takes on the Iron Badger himself, Manzo Kawajiri!

[And once more.]

MS: And Juan Vasquez will take on Jordan Ohara in another Battle of Boston rematch... but this time, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott will be the Special Guest Referee!

[Fade the graphic back to Stegglet.]

MS: It promises to be a hot one in two weeks in Milan, fans, but right now, let's head back down to the ring for one-on-one action!

[Crossfade back to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: Tonight's next matchup is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Currently in the ring, first, in the corner to my right... from Cologne, Germany... weighing in at 285 pounds... ERIC BLANKE!

[The crowd boos local rulebreaker Eric Blanke, who is wearing a black singlet with black boots, his hair cropped and brown. He has a large build with a bit of a gut underneath his singlet.]

RO: Annnnnnd his opponent...

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

RO: From Brooklyn, New York... weighing in at 270 pounds...

DERRRRRRRIIIIIICK WILLLLLLLLLLLIAMS!

[At the announcement of his name, Derrick Williams enters the arena to the cheers of the crowd. His brown hair frames his face, wavy coming down to his chin, matching his brown eyes and a shade darker than his olive skin. He has a short beard growing on his face, and does have generic tribal tattoos on his arms and back, like many of his generation.

His ring gear consists of short, thigh length glossy black tights with "DW" in a stencil font enclosed in a silver circle, in silver, with "Brooklyn" written smaller in a similar font on the bottom left front. He wears black boots, coming up to mid-calf, with black knee pads. His wrists are taped with glossy black athletic tape, with black, half finger weightlifting gloves on his hands, and black neoprene elbow pad/braces, the one on the right adorned with Skull in silver on the pad portion. Rounding out the ensemble is a black glossy vest with a silver hood, pulled up as he walks along the aisle, slapping hands with the fans as he does.]

GM: And young lion Derrick Williams is on his way down the aisle fresh off a fierce match in New York City two weeks ago against Maxim Zharkov where he came so close to knocking the big Russian off and ending his undefeated streak.

BW: But he didn't do it! Just like Ryan Martinez isn't going to be able to do it! And just like his buddy Jordan Ohara is going to get knocked off by Juan Vasquez two weeks from tonight!

GM: That one is coming up in Milan and you better believe that Derrick Williams will be doing everything in his power that night to make sure it's a fair fight between Vasquez and his friend and tag team partner, Jordan Ohara... but tonight, this is about Derrick Williams taking on local tough guy, Eric Blanke.

[Williams hits the ring and ascends the stairs, entering the ring and pulling down his hood, appealing to the crowd before removing his vest, then starting some adjustments to his gloves and elbow pad while being checked by the ref]

GM: Blanke is a journeyman that's competed all over for Europe for years now... and he should be a bit of a test for the young lion.

[The referee signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And we're off and running in this one... right into a collar and elbow lockup to get us going. Blanke's the bigger of the two weight-wise but Williams has power to spare as Blanke slides right into a side headlock, locking it in, and leaving Williams looking for a way out.

BW: He can look all he wants, Gordo, but we both know he's not smart enough to find a way out.

GM: Speak for yourself there, Bucky, as Williams pushes Blanke back up against the ropes...

[Using the ropes for an extra push, Williams shoves the European off, sending him across the ring where he bounces back...]

GM: Big tackle and... oh my, neither man gave an inch on that one.

[Blanke begins yelling in German, met with an eye roll from Williams.]

GM: That was two freight trains colliding there and now Williams is signaling for Blanke to try again. Blanke obliges... to the ropes... big crash comin' up!

[The two smash hard into one another again, leaning into it...

...and again, neither man is willing to budge!]

GM: Blanke again fires off some strong words in German.

BW: You speak German?

GM: Well, no actually.

BW: Then how do you know they're strong words? He could be inviting him for a post-match beer.

GM: Highly unlikely, Bucky.

[Blanke again dashes to the ropes... this time, Williams follows in, rebounding a few steps behind Blanke.]

GM: Look out here!

[A confused Blanke slams on the brakes, slowly turning around right into a running Williams clothesline!]

GM: Oh my! Peek-a-boo clothesline by Derrick Williams takes Blanke off his feet!

[Williams smirks at having pulled a fast one on the German, stepping back and beckoning for his opponent to get back to his feet.]

GM: Williams stands and waits...

BW: Always a problem with these young baby-kissin' kids, Gordo. They don't have the killer instinct to get the job done.

GM: We'll see about that as Blanke struggles back up to his feet...

[As the German wobbles towards Williams, the young lion scoops him up and slams him down...]

GM: Scoop and a slam by Williams... to the ropes now and a big leaping elbow down across the sternum!

[Williams gets back to his feet, quickly grabbing a side headlock on Blanke before he can get to his feet.]

BW: That's... actually not a bad strategy for Williams. His big move works on the head area, and that headlock wears down the opponent.

GM: Blanke trying to find a way out before too much damage is done to his head and neck but that won't be easy with a 270 pounder grinding away with that headlock.

[The German - down on a knee - reaches around Williams' torso, locking his hands together, and rolls back to the side, dragging the young lion into a pinning predicament.]

GM: Blanke gets one! He gets- no, Williams out at one and change.

[But the counter allows Blanke to get back to his feet, forcing Williams to a standing position as well. Blanke backs into the ropes, shoving Williams off...]

GM: Blanke ducks down, Williams up and over to the far side...

[And on the rebound, Williams runs right over Blanke, knocking him flat with a running tackle!]

BW: And Williams is able to do what he wasn't able to do a little earlier now that he's built up some momentum.

GM: Right back to the ropes goes the young lion...

[Blanke dives at the feet of Williams again, forcing him to hurdle over him.]

GM: Williams off the far side, Blanke... leapfrog...

[But as Blanke attempts the leapfrog, Williams snatches him out of the sky, spinning him over in a scoop powerslam!]

GM: OHHH MY! WILLIAMS PLANTS HIM WITH THE POWERSLAM!

[Williams pops up, pumping a fist to the German crowd as he walks around the ring...]

GM: Williams is fired up and he's got this crowd fired up with him!

[The young lion spins his arm around and around, ready to strike as the German journeyman struggles back to a seated position...

...and Williams bounces off the ropes, charging right in on the sitting Blanke, sliding and hitting him with an elbowstrike as he does!]

GM: SLIDING ELBOW CONNECTS!

[Williams rolls to the side, applying a lateral press but not bothering to hook a leg as the referee drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Blanke lifts the shoulder, breaking the count.]

GM: Two count only though. The elbow doesn't quite have enough to keep him down for a three count.

[Williams claps his hands together as he gets to his feet, hauling Blanke up as well, hooking him around the waist...]

GM: The young lion hoists him up... and drops him down in a back suplex!

[He rolls to the side again, applying another lateral press.]

GM: Another cover for one! For two! But that's all again!

BW: He might be getting more if he ever hooked a leg, but no, you'd think he'd've learned by now.

[Pulling Blanke off the mat by the arm, the young lion shoots him into the corner.]

GM: Williams fires him in, coming in hot! OH! Blanke moves just in time!

[Williams bounces chestfirst off the buckles, staggering backwards towards the German who hooks a rear waistlock...

...and then takes him up and over in a German Suplex!]

GM: OHH! Big suplex by Blanke! Could we be looking at an upset here?!

[Blanke holds the bridge as the referee drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! T-

[There's a slight groan as the shoulder comes up off the mat, some of the German fans getting behind their countryman on such a big stage.]

GM: Two count only!

BW: Blanke caught Williams in a mistake and almost pulled off the upset, and he's keeping on him!

[Getting back to his feet, the German puts the boots to Williams for a bit before pulling him back off the mat.]

GM: And now it's Blanke's turn... big lift... holds him high... and SLAMS him down hard on the canvas!

[Blanke nods to the buzzing crowd as he backs into the ropes, bouncing back...]

GM: Blanke off the ropes... big leaping legdrop connects!

[The German stays seated, his leg across the torso as he orders the official to count.]

GM: Unusual pinning position gets him one... it gets two... it gets- no! Another two count for the big German!

BW: I think he might've had him there if he'd gone for a more traditional pin attempt, Gordo. There just wasn't enough bodyweight on Williams to get a three count like that.

GM: You're absolutely right but Blanke isn't one to give up. He's right back up, showing the experience that has made him one of the bigger names on the German wrestling independent scene in recent years.

[Pulling Williams up, Blanke pumps his fist twice, giving a signal that some of the German fans pick up on as he dashes to the ropes, rebounding back towards the staggered Williams...]

GM: Blanke off the ropes... clothesli-

[But as Blanke runs in, Williams ducks at the last second, catching Blanke around the upper thighs, picking him up, spinning around...]

GM: SPIIIINEBUSTER!

[Williams pops up, pumping both arms triumphantly.]

GM: He hit that big equalizer out of nowhere and completely turns things back around!

[With Blanke laid out on the mat, Williams is on his feet, adjusting his elbowpad...]

GM: And that means the Neuralizer is coming, Bucky!

[Williams looks out at the crowd, pumping them up as he pulls Blanke up once more, dragging him into a front facelock.]

GM: Maybe not. Maybe he's looking to put in a little more punishment before going for it...

[The young lion slowly twists the front facelock over, moving into neckbreaker position with Blanke's neck pressed against Williams' shoulder.]

GM: Neckbreaker on the way...

BW: Or is it?

[With a smirk, Williams wags a finger, releasing Blanke's head, spinning around and DRIVING his elbow right into the back of the German's head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: NEURALIZER! NEURALIZER! He turned that neckbreaker setup into a spinning elbowstrike!

[Williams drops down, applying a lateral press as the official drops down as well.]

GM: That oughta do it right there... the one... the two... and there's the three!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Derrick Williams picks up the victory here in Berlin, Germany on the first stop of our European Tour.

[Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Here is your winner... DERRRRRRRRRICK WILLLLLLLLLLLIAMSSSSS!

["All American Nightmare" starts playing as Williams has his hand raised. He circles the ring saluting the fans.]

GM: Derrick Williams with a win, getting back on track perhaps and looking ahead to whatever is next for him...

[Williams steps up to the midbuckle, pointing out to the fans.]

GM: After losing to Maxim Zharkov two weeks ago, the young lion from Brooklyn, New York certainly could use the victory, Bucky.

BW: Momentum's always a big thing in this business. You win a couple of matches, you feel like you're on top of the world. You lose a couple and you wonder if you'll ever win again. So, he's right back on the horse but what can he do with that horse is the question.

GM: I'm not sure about the horse but-

[And in mid-sentence, Gordon Myers is cut off by the arrival of the Axis of Evil as "Duel of the Fates" by Galactic Empire begins to play. The crowd immediately ROARS with boos at the sight of Juan Vasquez and Jackson Hunter stepping out from behind the curtains, followed closely behind by the monstrous MAWAGA and the equally monstrous Maxim Zharkov. Vasquez is still dressed in his ring gear from earlier, but is wearing a black t-shirt with the word AXIS written across the chest in white over a stylized stenciled white picture of the globe. In fact, besides Hunter in his shabby suit, Zharkov and even MAWAGA are in the same black t-shirt.]

GM: Oh boy. Here comes The Axis of Evil and you better believe this is bad news for Derrick Williams.

BW: You know how we were talkin' about momentum? Forget it. It's all about to come to a screeching halt, Gordo!

GM: We saw what The Axis did to Louis Matsui earlier. These jackals need to be stopped.

BW: Let's not go begging for another hero, Gordo...your last one is standing right there!

GM: I can't even begin to believe that Juan Vasquez and this... THING standing in front of us were the same person.

BW: Check out those shirts though, Gordo. Hot off the presses. I hear you can pick them up at AXISShop.com right now.

GM: Like these jackals need you shilling for them too.

[The members of The Axis each take a side of the ring, stepping up onto the apron and surrounding Williams. Producing a microphone from behind his coat pocket, Jackson Hunter addresses Williams.]

JH: Derrick Williams, please attend carefully! The message that follows is vital to the future of your own self-preservation!

[Derrick Williams takes a defensive stance, as all the members of The Axis step through the ropes and into the ring. Hunter tosses the microphone to Vasquez, who meets Williams' stare with a grin.]

JV: This isn't what it looks like.

[A shout of "Are you kidding me!?" comes from Derrick Williams, as he takes a step towards Vasquez. The Hall of Famer holds his left hand up, motioning for the New Yorker to calm down.]

JV: Woah there, big guy! Let's not get too hasty. I know you're not the type to do anything stupid and making any sudden movements towards me would certainly be the stupidest thing you could do right now.

[Juan chuckles.]

JV: Besides, I'm not here for your neck, amigo. What I'm here for...

...is to make you an offer you can't refuse.

[As the crowd roars at that revelation, a big smile forms on Vasquez's face. Williams' reaction is predictable, disbelief, followed by a shout of "Are you crazy!?"]

JV: No, kid... far from it. What I AM, is here to change your life. What I'm here to do is to give you the opportunity to walk in the rarefied air that only the truly elite know. What I'm here for...

[Dramatic pause.]

JV: ...is to offer you a spot in The Axis!

[A big shocked reaction can be heard from the German crowd as Williams' eyes open wide with shock.]

JV: How long have you been rotting away in the undercard, amigo? Two? Three years?

[Williams grimaces, looking down at the mat.]

JV: I can tell you're unhappy. You've got plenty of talent and ability, I can see someone that I can turn into the brightest star in this promotion. But you've got zero direction, zero mobility and zero connections to get you where you wanna' be.

JOIN ME, Derrick.

You think running with losers, drunks, and has-beens is gonna' get you to the big time?

[Vasquez chuckles.]

JV: Earth to Derrick... I'M as big time as it gets in professional wrestling!

I'll train you. I'll teach you.

I'll show you a world and take you to a level that you could only dream of!

[Vasquez nods as Williams locks eyes with him.]

JV: And I'll make YOU the future of the AWA!

[The crowd grumbles, concerned over what happens next as Williams looks around, taking a few deep breaths before gesturing towards Rebecca Ortiz. The house mic is tossed into the ring where Williams catches in, placing his other hand on his hip for a moment as he looks at the Hall of Famer.]

DW: Let me get this straight.

[Williams points an accusing finger at Vasquez.]

DW: You've been gunning down guys left and right...

[He points to MAWAGA.]

DW: You've been gunning down my friends...

[He points to Zharkov.]

DW: My brothers...

[And then jerks a thumb at himself.]

DW: Even me... and now you want me to join you?

[Vasquez silently nods, grinning at Williams.]

DW: Is this a "join me" like Louis Matsui got? A one way trip to a piledriver?

[Vasquez shakes his head, turning towards Jackson Hunter who produces a spare "AXIS" t-shirt, tossing it to Vasquez.]

DW: The real deal, huh? Listen... part of me would be flattered you're offering me the chance...

...if I believed a word out of your mouth!

[Big cheer! Williams shakes his head.]

DW: Not going to happen... amigo.

[As the crowd roars with cheers at Williams' words, Juan smiles and laughs.]

JV: Have it your way, kid. If you're satisfied with kissin' babies, being Jordan Ohara's sidekick and comin' in second place for the rest of your life, I ain't gonna force you to join us.

But lemme' give it to you straight, from the greatest and most successful wrestler the world has ever seen...

...to you.

At the rate you're going, you're never gonna' be a main eventer. You're never gonna' be a champion. And you're NEVER gonna' be a star.

Or...

[Juan tosses the black shirt in his hand at Williams, who snatches it out of the air.]

JV: The choice is yours, amigo. Put that shirt on and become a made man. Let's make the AWA great again. Let's make Derrick Williams great... PERIOD.

[Williams looks to the shirt in his hand, dropping the mic. He looks around at the crowd, who are booing loudly at the Axis and some chanting "NO!" at Williams.]

GM: Wait, he's not actually considering it!

BW: Do it kid, it'll be the best decision of your life!

GW: He can't do it! Derrick Williams, the young man that we've come to know can NOT do this! Kid, think about your mentor, Kevin Slater. Think about your friend, Hannibal-

BW: Gordon!

GM: I don't give a damn! Think about Hannibal Carver, kid! Think about what Juan Vasquez did to him!

[Williams takes a long look at the shirt, unfolding it to look at the word "AXIS" on the front. His eyes raise, resting on each member of the group... on MAWAGA... on Maxim Zharkov... on Jackson Hunter... and then finally on Juan Vasquez.]

JV: Well, kid... what's it going to be?

[Williams looks out at the AWA faithful, imploring him to turn it down, begging him to stand on his own...

...and with one movement, he changes everything.]

GM: No... oh my god, no!

BW: He put the shirt on! He did it!

[Williams slips the shirt into place, the word "AXIS" now standing out in the middle of his chest as Vasquez pumps a fist, shouting "YES!" loudly.]

GM: Derrick... Derrick, what on Earth are you doing?! You can't do this! You can't!

BW: Oh, but he did, Gordo! The kid grew a brain! No longer is he a hanger-on... now he's going to be someone! He's going to be a champion! He's going to be great!

[The crowd rains boos down on a grinning Williams who gestures to the shirt, shouting "Looks pretty good, doesn't it?" at the group in front of him. Jackson Hunter gives him a big thumbs up as MAWAGA and Zharkov lightly applaud. Vasquez turns to the fans, shouting at them...]

"ANYONE... will do ANYTHING... to join the Axis!"

[Williams moves across the ring, offering a hand to MAWAGA. But the Suited Savage doesn't budge so Williams just pats him on the shoulder instead.]

GM: I can't believe what we're seeing here. I can't believe that Derrick Williams would do this to... to... everyone!

BW: That's the problem, Gordo. You're worried about what Williams will do to and for everyone else... so was he! Instead, he needs to be worried about himself... and now, he needs to be worried about the Axis, daddy!

[Williams locks eyes with the man who defeated him two weeks ago, Maxim Zharkov, shaking his hand.]

GM: The crowd is all over Williams... they can't believe this just happened. And what about Jordan Ohara? Somewhere in the locker room, Jordan Ohara's gotta be shellshocked to see his friend and tag team partner BETRAY him like this! Somewhere back there... oh, look at Vasquez now!

[As Williams approaches, Vasquez raises the mic again.]

JV: Congrats, amigo... you made the right choice.

[Vasquez leans in, giving the young lion an embrace as the Berlin crowd lets this new Axis member have it. "Duel Of The Fates" begins to play over the PA system again as Vasquez raises Williams' arm, pointing to him with a big grin on his face.]

GM: I can't... I can't believe this Bucky, that Derrick Williams would turn his back on the fans, his friends, and the AWA to join with Juan Vasquez and the Axis.

BW: It was an offer that he couldn't refuse.

[Williams moves away from Vasquez, accepting the offered hand of Jackson Hunter...]

BW: I mean, it was only a matter of time before-

[Bucky is cut short as Williams suddenly yanks Hunter towards him, snatching him in a three-quarter nelson...]

BW: WAIT!

[...and SPIKES Jackson Hunter skullfirst into the canvas with an old friend's signature maneuver!]

GM: BLACKOUT! HE JUST BLACKED JACKSON HUNTER THE HELL OUT!

[Williams quickly rolls from the ring, knowing what's coming next.]

GM: THAT WAS THE - HE JUST NAILED HUNTER!

BW: WHAT THE HELL?!

[The crowd roars as Williams jumps over the barrier into the crowd, who are going nuts for him as the Axis in the ring realize what just happened.]

GM: The Axis didn't even see it! They were too busy gloating and-

[An irate Vasquez leans over the ropes, shouting "YOU JUST MADE A HUGE MISTAKE!" at the retreating Williams who rips off the Axis t-shirt, feigns wiping his rear with it, and tosses it back over the railing towards the ring.]

GM: This is incredible! This Berlin crowd has quite simply just gone nuts! Derrick Williams couldn't do it! He couldn't sell out to the Axis because Derrick Williams is his own man! Derrick Williams could never do it, Bucky!

BW: Well, maybe he COULD never do it but he SHOULD have done it because this is the last mistake he'll ever make, Gordo. You think the Axis will forget this? Derrick Williams just put one hell of a bullseye on his back!

[Williams continues to walk backwards through the crowd, grinning at the scene in the ring where Zharkov is kneeling down next to Jackson Hunter, screaming in Russian at Williams. Vasquez is shouting at MAWAGA, repeatedly asking "WHERE WERE YOU?!" to no reaction from the Suited Savage who has his eyes locked on Williams.]

GM: The Axis just suffered a big ol' blow across the bow and... wow! What a moment that was here in Berlin, Bucky!

BW: All I can say is that twit Derrick Williams better enjoy it while he lasts. We've seen what Juan Vasquez does to people he holds a grudge against and Derrick Williams just embarrassed... no, he HUMILIATED... the entire Axis right here tonight. He's a dead man walking if you ask me. Dead. Man. Walking.

[The camera stays on Derrick Williams as he wanders through the crowd, heading for the exit as we fade to black.]

Fade up on a nondescript hotel room. The footage appears to be shot on a cellphone that's been leaned up against a lamp or something. After a moment, the controversial Japanese cruiserweight known as KYOSUKE walks into view, sitting down in the chair, a smirk on his face.]

"Konichiwa, motherfu-"

[The shot disappears in a burst of static with an error tone...

...and then up to a shot of the exterior of the Nippon Budokan. A voiceover begins.]

"One of Japan's most legendary venues..."

[We get a rapidfire montage of The Beatles playing there in 1966, Led Zeppelin in the 70s, and Prince in the 90s. The footage "burns up in flames" leaving a shot of an empty arena, a wrestling ring in the middle with the Tiger Paw Pro logo in the middle of it.]

"...goes up in BURNING GLORY!"

[Cut to some Tiger Paw Pro footage to the sounds of "Light In The Dark" by Bridear...

Yoshinari Taguchi using a released Tiger Suplex to throw an opponent on the back of their head before wrapping them up in a double armbar bridging submission.

TORA diving through the ropes, wiping out an opponent with a tope con hilo.

Hercules Hammonds catching a rebounding opponent, throwing them skyward and then vacating the premises as they crash facefirst to the canvas.

Isaiah Carpenter of the Dogs of War sailing off the top rope with a springboard kneestrike, knocking a victim off the shoulders of Wade Walker.

Isamu Kobayashi trading vicious open-handed strikes with Takeshi Mifune... the latter of which batters Kobayashi back before using a knee to the sternum to knock him through the ropes where he's swarmed by a sea of unnamed attackers all sporting similar attire.

And finally, KYOSUKE crossing his arms on the top rope in an "X" before delivering a flying doublestomp.]

"On September 11th... on Fox Sports X... a very special presentation..."

[More footage.

Brian James delivering a head kick to an opponent, causing their eyes to roll back in their head before collapsing to the canvas.

A wild eight man tag team match with several dives over the top rope to the floor.]

"BURNING GLORY."

[Cut to white and silence. After a moment, KYOSUKE - now dressed in a bright red suit and swinging a golden pocketwatch on a chain walks into the middle of the screen, turning and speaking in broken English.]

"Don't miss it..."

[A devilish smirk.]

"...assho-"

[And cut.]

We fade back up to a grinning Mark Stegglet backstage in Berlin. By his side is the AWA Director of Operations, Emerson Gellar.]

MS: September 11th right here on The X, our good friends in Tiger Paw Pro present BURNING GLORY and Mr. Gellar, I'm sure you're excited about that news.

EG: Excited? I'm so excited, Mark, that I've already booked my travel. I'm going to be right there in the Budokan checking out all the action... and you just never know who I'm going to come back with.

[Stegglet chuckles.]

MS: Well, speaking of Japan, I know you had a few reasons for asking to join me here right now and one of those reasons was that it's time to eliminate a city from our list of finalists for SuperClash 2017... SuperClash IX... is that right?

[Gellar nods.]

EG: You're absolutely right, Mark. Now, as we revealed two weeks ago, there are some tremendous cities all over the world looking to be the host of next year's SuperClash but in the end, it can only be one. So as much as we appreciate and are flattered by all these tremendous offers, we do have to start trimming down our list so that we can make our final decision on Thanksgiving Night. If I could get the list of cities up on the screen please...

[The graphic overtakes the screen, showing the twelve cities currently under consideration.]

EG: I have to say that - even at this point with so many cities - this was a very difficult decision for AWA ownership to make. But... make it we have, eliminating two cities from considering this week. The first city no longer being considered to host SuperClash IX is... the host of this past year's Memorial Day Mayhem - Seattle, Washington.

[A line goes through Seattle on the list before it vanishes completely.]

EG: And one more... one of the three Canadian cities bidding on the event...

[A pause.]

EG: Calgary is no longer under consideration.

[And that city is removed from the list as well, leaving ten cities remaining on the graphic:

Toronto
Montreal
London
Tokyo
Mexico City
Los Angeles
Atlanta
Orlando
Detroit

Chicago

The graphic fades.]

MS: Alright, ten cities remaining on the quest to host SuperClash IX. In two weeks in Milan, I'm assuming you'll be right back with us to eliminate some more options.

EG: Absolutely... but that's not the only reason that I asked for this time, Mark. One of the hottest questions coming to my office these days - no matter the source - is regarding the situation between Flex Ferrigno and the Boston Red Sox' David Ortiz. Now, two weeks ago... a challenge was issued and a challenge was accepted. Since then, AWA legal has been deep in discussions with the Boston Red Sox legal team as well as Mr. Ortiz' personal representation.

[Gellar smiles.]

EG: I know this is something that everyone wants to see. I'm getting letters, e-mails, Tweets... I've gotten media requests from just about every major media outlet in the country. Now, some people might be wondering why neither Flex Ferrigno nor David Ortiz have appeared on our show tonight... and that was a specific request by AWA ownership. Until this situation is settled, we've asked both men to stay off AWA television until we know what we're dealing with.

MS: Is there any sort of timeline to that? Any guess as to when-

[Gellar holds up a hand.]

EG: According to AWA Legal, they believe they're close to coming to a resolution and... we hope to have more on this situation two weeks from tonight in Milan.

MS: Alright. Mr. Gellar, thanks for-

EG: One more thing, Mark. I mentioned that almost every major media outlet has called my office, inquiring about Ortiz versus Ferrigno. Well, one of those companies was Sports Illustrated. And after an extended conversation with their staff, I'm very excited to announce that the September issue of SI will feature an in-depth story focused on the legendary families of professional wrestling.

MS: Wow! That's huge!

[Gellar raises a hand again.]

EG: AND... one of those families will be on the cover! It's a tremendous moment... a great look back at the history of our sport and... seeing as Homecoming always has a bit of a nostalgic feel, we've decided that we'll be inviting members of these legendary wrestling families to Dallas to take part in a special ceremony that night when we reveal which family will be on the cover.

MS: Big news all around! Mr. Gellar, thanks for joining me and I'm sure you've gotta go find yourself a television to sit down in front of because you - like the rest of us - are not about to miss this World Title matchup that is just moments away!

[Gellar walks out of frame, a big smile on his face, leaving Stegklet behind.]

MS: It's Main Event time - the first AWA World Title match ever to take place in Europe and fans, it's going to be a good one I have a feeling! So, for the final time tonight, let's go down to Rebecca Ortiz for the introductions!

[Fade to the ring where Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit is your MAIN EVENT of the evening and it is for the AWA WORRRRRRLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP!

[Big cheer from the German crowd for the first AWA World Title match in Europe!]

RO: Introducing first... he is the challenger..

[And then, darkness fills the Mercedes-Benz Arena as the lights go completely dark. The crowd "ooooohs" in anticipation as the video screen near the entranceway flashes to life with shots of the vast, wide open landscapes of the Texas Badlands.

The synth sound of a keyboard growing louder and louder, until the guitar kicks in, and Jon Bon Jovi's voice carries over the crowd.]

#It's all the same, only the names will change
Everyday, it seems we're wastin' away
Another place where the faces are so cold
I drive all night just to get back home#

[With the words to "Wanted Dead or Alive" blaring, the crowd starts to come alive.]

#I'm a cowboy, on a steel horse I ride#

[With those words, the video fades, and a single spotlight cuts through the ensuing darkness, shining over the elevated entrance. In the center of that spotlight is the challenger, standing tall and proud.]

#I'm wanted
Dead or alive#

[With those words, the white cowboy hat comes off, and there he stands, drinking in the adulation of the crowd.]

GM: And there he is, fans! The Number Five Contender to the AWA World Title and tonight's challenger!

[Rebecca Ortiz takes it from there.]

RO: From Dallas, Texas... weighing in at 265 pounds... he is the Iron Cowboy...

JAAAAAAAAAAAAACK LYNNNNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[As the white-clad Lynch makes his way down to the ring, the Berlin crowd are on their feet, paying tribute to the man that they hope is mere moments away from capturing his first World Championship.]

GM: Jack Lynch has already been through one heck of a battle earlier tonight, fans, and Johnny Detson robbed him of a potential win there. And when Jack Lynch said he wanted his shot at Detson, Emerson Gellar obliged and said "how about tonight?!"

BW: Travesty! Injustice! This isn't right, Gordo, and you know it! Johnny Detson was NOT informed ahead of time that he'd be defending the title tonight. He wasn't prepared! He didn't have time to study tape and consult with his team of experts!

GM: Jack Lynch didn't have time for any of that either. He's had just as much time as Johnny Detson has to get ready for this match.

BW: Lies and falsehoods, Gordo! You know as well as I do that Lynch has been conspiring with Gellar for weeks or months to make this happen! Lynch has probably been preparing for this match since he came back at Memorial Day Mayhem!

GM: Those are bold accusations, Buckthorn, and I'd defy you to back them up with proof!

BW: The only proof I need is that Jack Lynch asked for a title shot tonight and he was given it! That's proof, daddy!

[The Iron Cowboy enters the ring, and immediately rushes to the corner, stepping up to the second rope where he throws his right hand up into the air, showing off his white gloved hand twisted into the form of the Lynch family legacy - the Iron Claw. To big cheers, Lynch hops down off the ropes, the lights coming up in full as he sheds his white duster to reveal white trunks and white boots underneath. He hands the duster out to a ringside attendant, looking all business as he walks to mid-ring, turning to stare down the aisle, awaiting the arrival of the World Champion as the music fades and Rebecca Ortiz takes control once more.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent...

[There's a grumbling from the crowd in anticipation of Lynch's opponent that turns to boos at the sound of "Kashmir" by Led Zeppelin.]

RO: From Hollywood, California... he weighed in at 248 pounds... representing the Kings of Wrestling and being accompanied down the aisle by his manager, Brian Lau...

He is the AWA WORLD... HEAVYWEIGHT... CHAAAAAMPIONNNNNNN...

JOHNNNNNNNNYYYYYYYYY DEEEEEETSONNNNNNN!

[At the sound of his name, Johnny Detson bursts through the curtain in a black zippered sweat jacket with the Fox Sports X logo embroidered over his left breast. The World Title belt is slung over his right shoulder as he stands at the top of the aisle. Brian Lau emerges behind him, clapping proudly for his charge as Detson stares out on the German crowd in his long gold tights and black boots.]

GM: The champion has arrived here in Berlin, ready to defend the title... and boy, he does NOT look happy about it.

BW: Can you blame him? This shouldn't be happening!

GM: Oh, I think it should and I think Johnny Detson can only blame himself for it going down here tonight in Berlin. If he'd stayed out of that Steal The Spotlight matchup, this match wouldn't be happening but he couldn't keep his emotions in check. He wanted to make sure that Jack Lynch didn't win Steal The Spotlight and the open contract that comes along with it... but in doing so, he gave Emerson Gellar the opportunity to make that match happen right here tonight.

[Detson turns to the side, shouting angrily at Brian Lau who gives a few nods and an assuring pat on the champion's back before the duo starts to walk down the aisle. The champion hasn't even bothered to take the hood off his head as he angrily marches down the aisle.]

GM: And earlier tonight, we heard Detson take Brian Lau to task for this happening... not the first time we've heard that happen in fact. I don't see how the only manager in the Hall of Fame can bear responsibility for this match going down

but... you have to wonder if there's trouble in paradise for the Kings of Wrestling, Bucky.

BW: Are you kidding me? One guy's the World Champion, one guy won the Battle of Boston, the other two are the tag champs and you're looking to cause trouble, Myers?!

GM: What about Shane Taylor?!

BW: What about Shane Taylor? He's a flunkie! A gopher! He gets the champion coffee! He likes the posts of their Instagram model friends!

GM: I thought he was Brian Lau's bodyguard! Where has he been lately?

BW: Brian Lau keeps Shane Taylor around and uses his skills as needed.

GM: And what about Dr. Harrison Fawcett? Brian Lau had some words for him two weeks ago as well.

BW: The good Doctor hasn't been the same since SuperClash last year. We all know that. Brian Lau did him a solid by letting him be associated with the Kings at all... and again, Brian's going to use him when he's needed. The Kings are fine, Myers, and I resent you implying otherwise!

GM: You're taking things awfully personal there, Buckthorn. One might think you've got a financial stake in their continued success. Maybe a monthly check for good press?

BW: SLANDER!

[As the announcers bicker, Detson reaches the ring, throwing his hood back at last before climbing up on the apron. He unzips the jacket, staring in at the Iron Cowboy...

...and then FLINGS his jacket in Lynch's face to boos from the crowd! The Iron Cowboy chucks the clothing aside, rushing towards the apron but Detson drops back off, wagging a finger at the incoming Texan who gets cut off by referee Ricky Longfellow, backing him out to the middle of the ring. Lau rushes over to Detson, looping an arm over his shoulders, whispering in his ear as Detson keeps his eyes on Lynch who starts to pace back and forth in the middle of the ring.]

BW: Lynch showing that hot-headed temper in there. That's what Johnny needs to take advantage of. He's GOT to. I can't handle the idea of a Lynch with the World Title. Travis with the National Title is bad enough. The Stenches being tag champs was bad enough. I will NOT tolerate a Stench with their greasy, cow manure-covered hands on the World Title!

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: I hope the personnel department is on standby because if Jack Lynch walks out of here with the World Title tonight, my broadcast colleague might have a nervous breakdown.

BW: It's not funny, Gordo. I actually might.

[Detson and Lau split apart, walking opposite directions as Detson slowly heads to the corner, keeping his eyes on Lynch as he steps up on the ringsteps.]

GM: Detson taking his time getting in the ring... you can tell he's not excited about this match. He recognizes that there's a very real threat to his title here tonight in Berlin.

[Up on the apron at last, Detson ducks through the ropes, going into a spin with a flourish as the referee sidesteps to make sure he keeps Lynch from attacking the World Champion before the bell. As the music starts to fade, Detson backs to the corner where Brian Lau has stationed himself, talking up to the World Champion who keeps nodding as he takes the World Title off his shoulder, staring long and hard down at it before handing it over to the official who thrusts it high over his head into the air, showing it to the crowd and to the challenger before having it placed out on the timekeeper's table at ringside.]

GM: And with all the pre-match pomp and circumstance out of the way, it's time to get down to action. It's Main Event time here in Berlin, Germany, with the AWA World Title on the line annnnnnnnd...

[After some final words to both competitors, Ricky Longfellow marches out to the middle of the ring and signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: ...here we go!

[And as soon as the bell sounds, Johnny Detson ducks through the ropes, dropping down to the floor to big jeers from the Berlin crowd.]

GM: What in the...?

BW: Hah! Take that, Stench! Not what you expected at all, is it?!

[With the crowd jeering loudly, Detson walks around the ring towards the timekeeper's table...]

GM: Where is he going?

[...and snatches the World Title off it, slinging it over his shoulder.]

GM: Wait a second!

[A smirking Detson turns, mockingly waving at Jack Lynch who is standing in the ring, hands on his hips...]

GM: Is he... is he leaving?! You've gotta be kidding me!

BW: One heck of a punchline, isn't it? Johnny Detson's telling Emerson Gellar where he can stick his impromptu title match and I love it! You're the man, Johnny! You're in charge! The Kings of Wrestling is where the power lies - not that little runt Gellar!

[Detson turns, saying something to a smiling Brian Lau before the duo starts walking back up the aisle, the booing crowd getting even louder as the World Champion attempts to walk out on the title match.]

GM: Detson's walking out on this historic World Title matchup, fans! I'd like to say I can't believe this but... I suppose it's really no shock at all when you consider the character of a man like Johnny Detson and the type of World Champion that he's been since capturing that title several months ago.

BW: Hey, Johnny decides when he defends the title and after defending the title on the live events two hundred and-

GM: Oh, shut up!

[Detson is about halfway down the aisle, Ricky Longfellow laying the count on him, when Jack Lynch has seen enough. The Berlin crowd surges to cheers as the Iron Cowboy slides under the ropes, stomping up the aisle towards an unaware World Champion and his Hall of Fame manager.]

GM: The King of the Cowboys is comin' for you, Johnny Detson!

BW: Run, Johnny! Run!

[The crowd gets louder and louder as the Texan gets closer and closer...

...and then is suddenly there, reaching out to spin the World Champion around by the shoulder and DROPS him with a right hand on the jaw to a huge reaction!]

GM: One big haymaker takes the World Champion off his feet!

[Brian Lau looks to intervene but a hard look from Lynch backs him off as the Texan leans down to pull Detson off the floor by the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and whips him into the solid steel barricade!]

GM: INTO THE RAILING GOES THE CHAMP!

[Detson hobbles away, staggering back down the aisle with Jack Lynch in pursuit. Brian Lau scoops up the fallen World Title belt, carrying it over his shoulder as he scampers back towards the ring as well.]

GM: And Jack Lynch is bringing Detson back down the aisle! He's not going to let this match go down like that if he's got anything to say about it, fans! Jack Lynch has an opportunity to become the World Champion here tonight on this first ever AWA Saturday Night Wrestling from Europe and he intends to make the most of that chance!

[Grabbing Detson by the blonde hair, Lynch rifles him headfirst into the railing again, bouncing his skull off the steel and sending him staggering further down the aisle towards the ring...]

GM: Lynch is taking the fight to the champion in the aisle!

[Lynch grabs Detson by the hair again, turning him around...

...but a desperate World Champion reaches out, digging his fingers into the eyes!]

GM: Oh! And the champion goes to the eyes! That just figures!

BW: Hey, whatever it takes to keep the title! Eye gouge, tire iron, tank! All is fair game!

GM: That's most certainly not true unless you operate under the moral code of Mr. Buckthorn P. Wilde.

BW: You didn't let me finish, Gordo! All is fair game when you're trying to stop the global tragedy that would be a friggin' Stench wearing the World Title! Stock markets would plummet! Global warming would explode! Half of California would sink into the sea... and not the part you'd want!

GM: Oh, would you stop?!

[With Lynch temporarily blinded, Detson grabs him by the arm, looking to return the favor...]

GM: Irish wh- reversed!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DETSON HITS THE STEEL AGAIN!

[And as he staggers away from the barricade, Lynch ducks down, elevating Detson high into the air and dumping him down on his back on the uncovered concrete floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BACKDROP ON THE FLOOR!

BW: There are no mats out there! That's solid concrete, Gordo!

GM: It certainly is... and maybe now Johnny Detson is regretting taking this match outside the ring like the coward he is!

BW: Coward?! Would a coward have defended the World Title at live events three hundred and-

GM: Knock it off!

[Lynch grabs the blonde ponytail of Johnny Detson, dragging him down the aisle towards the ring...]

BW: Off the hair! That hairdo costs more than Lynch makes in a month!

GM: I highly doubt that.

[Using the hair, Lynch fires Detson under the ropes back inside the ring as the referee's count on both men gets to six...]

BW: SIX?! Are you kidding me?! I could've counted to six hundred and sixty by now! This is another show of favoritism towards Jack Lynch, trying to save this match for him!

[With Detson back in the ring, Lynch grabs the ropes to climb up on the apron...

...when a desperate Brian Lau lunges at the challenger's leg, holding on tight to his boot as the referee counts seven!]

GM: Wait a second! Lau's got the ankle! Brian Lau's trying to get Jack Lynch counted out!

[An agitated Lynch looks down at Lau, violently shaking his leg, trying to get Lau to let go as the count hits eight!]

GM: The count is still going and Jack Lynch is in serious trouble here! Lau is being hidden from the referee by the ring apron and- this is a problem! A major problem for the challenger!

“NINE!”

BW: YES! YES! Just one more! Count this Texas turkey out!

[And with one more big shake, Lynch throws Lau off him, falling through the ropes to just BARELY beat the ten count!]

GM: He’s in! Lynch breaks the count in time! Jack Lynch just BARELY got in there - thanks to that snake Brian Lau!

[A frustrated Lau gets back to his feet, dusting himself off as Johnny Detson tries to take advantage of the interference, rushing across the ring to lay in a big stomp on Lynch before he can get to his feet. Grabbing the top rope, Detson lays the boots to Lynch, stomping him over and over and over...]

GM: And that interference by Brian Lau is exactly what the World Champion needed as he puts the shoe leather to the challenger down on the mat.

[The referee forces Detson to step back, the champion angrily protesting as he brushes right by him, going right back to work with big stomps to the upper body and head.]

GM: Detson gets backed off but gets right back on him.

[The count reaches four and change before Detson backs off, hands raised. He ducks down, lifting Lynch up by the hair, walking him across the ring to where he slams him headfirst into the turnbuckles.]

GM: The champion bounces his head off the top turnbuckle, knocking the Iron Cowboy back into the corner...

[Grabbing the top rope, Detson lays in a half dozen kicks to the midsection while the referee again warns him to back off.]

GM: Detson grabs the arm, whips him across...

[The champion follows after him, burying a running knee into the midsection!]

GM: Ohh! Runs across, driving the knee into the breadbasket!

[Detson backs off, throwing a hard uppercut, snapping Lynch’s head back before the champion grabs the arm again...]

GM: Another whip... no, reversed!

[The Texan falls to a knee as he sends Detson sailing towards the corner, SLAMMING hard into the buckles. The World Champion stumbles out of the corner towards the rising Lynch who hoists him up into his arms, spinning around...]

GM: POWERSLAM!! RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE!!

[Lynch stays down on Detson, reaching back to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Detson kicks out, breaking up the pin attempt.]

GM: Two count only but that turns things around in a hurry for the challenger!

[Lynch gets up off the mat, pulling Detson up by the hair, throwing a big right hand to the skull that sends Detson staggering backwards!]

GM: The lanky Texan lays in a big right hand...

[Detson pushes towards Lynch but an uppercut catches him flush, causing him to spit into the air before stumbling backwards, falling back against the ropes with his arms hooked over the top...]

GM: Lynch knocks him back against the ropes with that big right hand... and look out here! Lynch to the ropes, building up steam...

[And the big cowboy throws a big ol' cowboy boot up under the chin, flipping Detson backwards and sending him plummeting down towards the floor, his face slamming into the ring apron before he hits the barely-padded concrete!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Big boot connects and Detson takes a VERY hard fall to the floor!

BW: His face! He's got Hollywood good looks! I heard he's up for a modeling role for-

GM: Nobody cares about his modeling career! Nobody cares about his Hollywood career! He's a pro wrestler, damn it! He's in there to fight and wrestle and defend his World Title. If he can't be hit in the face because of that, maybe he'd rather be on Empire or a judge on American Idol than on Saturday Night Wrestling!

[With Detson sprawled out on the floor clutching his face, Brian Lau rushes to kneel down next to him...]

GM: The only manager in the pro wrestling Hall of Fame checking on the World Champion after that fall...

[Detson leans on Lau, using his manager to help him up off the mat while holding his face...]

GM: Lau helping Detson up... uh oh! Jack Lynch is going out after him!

[The big Texan rolls out to the floor, walking around the ringpost to come up behind Lau and Detson...]

...and to the thrill of the Berlin crowd, he grabs each man by the hair, hauling them up to their feet...]

GM: He's got 'em both! The challenger is fired up and- BOOM! Double noggin knocker!

[Lau falls backwards, collapsing to the thin ringside mats as Lynch uses his grip on Detson's hair to toss him back under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Lynch sends Detson back in... and he's going in after him!

BW: Can somebody help Brian Lau?! That savage Stench puts his dirty hands on him! Brian's going to have to burn that suit now and that suit costs more than Jack Lynch makes in a year!

GM: Would you stop?!

[Lynch rolls back in, climbing to his feet as he looks down at the dazed Johnny Detson who begs off, scooting backwards on his butt across the ring as the Iron Cowboy advances on him...]

GM: Detson's down and he's in trouble! Lynch is on the attack!

[The Texan slowly raises his right arm, showing that gloved hand in position for the Iron Claw...]

...which is when Detson suddenly comes to his feet, spinning to his side, and SHOVES Ricky Longfellow down onto his butt!]

"OHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[Detson smirks as he backs off to the corner, pointing at the referee who gets up, shouts at the World Champion...]

...and then points to the timekeeper, walking across the ring!]

GM: Wait, wait! Don't do this!

BW: Oh yes! Ring the bell! That no-good scoundrel Johnny Detson just laid his hands on an AWA official and that is BLATANTLY ILLEGAL! DISQUALIFY THAT MAN!

GM: No! That's exactly what Detson wants! Look at him! That's EXACTLY what he wants!

[Longfellow gets to the ropes, arm cocked to call for the DQ...]

...and then hesitates.]

GM: Don't do it, Ricky! You know that's what he wants!

BW: SHADDUP, GORDO! Follow the rules, you chump! Ring the bell!

[Longfellow slowly turns, looking at the smirking Detson who shouts "WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?!" at him.]

GM: See?! This is what he wants!

BW: Wants, schmants! Ring the bell!

[And then Longfellow waves his arms together, calling for the match to continue!]

GM: YEAH!

[The crowd ROARS the decision as Detson shouts at the referee, turning his focus away from Lynch...]

...which allows Brian Lau to reach under the ropes, grabbing the Texan around the ankle. Lynch turns, shouting at him as Detson suddenly storms across the ring, smashing his fist between the eyes of the challenger!]

GM: Oh! And again, Detson using the interference of Brian Lau to distract Jack Lynch and get himself back into this thing.

[A series of looping blows to the body against the ropes leaves Lynch clinging to the top rope, trying to stay on his feet...]

GM: Detson setting to whip him across...

[But as Detson yanks Lynch towards him, he brings his elbow up under the chin, knocking Lynch off his feet!]

GM: Short-arm back elbow! Unique offense out of Detson!

[Near the ropes, Detson grabs the top rope, raining down stomps on the floored challenger. The referee steps in, forcing the World Champion to back off. Longfellow issues a warning as Detson steps back in and steps on up to the second rope, springing up into the air, and dropping his knee down across the sternum!]

GM: Detson's got Lynch down on the mat... one knee to the chest... and here comes a second one!

[A second knee comes down on the sternum before Detson grabs Lynch by the ankle, dragging him away from the ropes. He drops a quick elbow before rolling into a lateral press.]

GM: Detson trying to finish it off but a two count is all we get off that.

[Detson kneels on the mat, grabbing Lynch by the hair, driving his fist into the head of Lynch once... twice... three times before climbing back to his feet. The World Champion raises his arms over his head, soaking up the jeers of the crowd as Brian Lau applauds outside the ring.]

GM: Well, Brian Lau seems pleased with what he's seeing.

BW: And why wouldn't he be, Gordo? Because what he's seeing is the greatest professional athlete in the world making a laughing stock out of this two-bit redneck whose daddy stuck a can of Old Milwaukee in his hands at the age of three and said, "There, boy. Now you're a man!"

GM: Boy, you're really worked up tonight.

[Pulling Lynch off the mat, Detson walks him out to the middle of the ring, pulling him into a front facelock...]

GM: Suplex on the way... and Detson takes him up and over with it, nearly snapping him right out of his boots!

[The World Champion rolls over, crawling into a pin attempt.]

GM: Detson covers for one... he's got two... but Lynch gets the shoulder up again.

[With a grimace and a shouted "WHAT?!", Detson grabs Lynch by the hair, again driving his fist into the head over and over...]

GM: Come on, ref! Get him off the man! Get him back!

[The referee's count forces Detson to back off at the count of four and change. An irate Detson gets to his feet, looking around at the jeering crowd. He sneers as he leans down, grabbing Lynch by the hair...

...and suddenly, gets plucked into a small package!]

GM: SMALL PACKAGE OUT OF NOWHERE!! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Detson abruptly kicks out of the pin attempt, getting loose in time!]

GM: Detson just barely kicks out of that small package!

[Detson scrambles off the mat as Lynch does the same. The champion throws a right hand to the jaw... and Lynch returns fire with a gloved right hand of his own...]

GM: Trading blows in the middle of the ring... Detson with a right hand... Lynch with another...

[But as Detson swings yet another, Lynch blocks it, spinning Detson around so that they are back to back...]

GM: BACKSLIDE!

[Lynch pins the shoulders to the mat as Detson struggles to get free.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The crowd groans as Detson slips free again.]

GM: And another kickout! Lynch trying to snatch one from Detson and I don't think Detson saw this particular strategy coming!

[Both men are a little slow to get off the mat this time as Detson takes a charge at Lynch who sidesteps, shoving him chestfirst into the corner. The World Champion staggers backwards into a Lynch schoolboy!]

GM: Another rollup! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But the shoulder pops up again!]

GM: Time after time, Jack Lynch is trying to snatch that World Title off of Johnny Detson's waist and time after time, Johnny Detson is finding a way to escape from those pin attempts!

[Detson looks a little dazed as he gets up again. The big Texan is slow to rise but quick to throw, catching Detson with a big right hand to the jaw, sending him stumbling backwards towards the ropes...]

GM: Another right hand puts the World Champion on the ropes!

[But as Lynch approaches Detson who is out of room to back up, the champion lashes out with a boot to the gut!]

GM: Oh! Detson goes downstairs on him!

[Lynch staggers backwards as Detson moves out, quickly spinning Lynch around into position where the Iron Cowboy is trapped in the standing headscissors.]

GM: He's going for the Wilde Driver! He's going for-

[But Lynch straightens up, tossing Detson through the air, and sending him crashing down on the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BACKDROP OVER THE TOP ON THE FLOOR!! GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

BW: That's... how many times has he hit his back on the damn concrete?!

[A panicked Brian Lau goes tearing around the corner, sliding to a knee next to the downed Detson who is crying out in pain while clutching his lower back in pain.]

GM: Detson's in some serious trouble after that fall to the floor. Yes, you're right, Bucky. He hit the floor with his back on a couple of different occasions now and that back is obviously giving him trouble right about now.

BW: The referee should stop the match, let Johnny keep the title, and adjourn the match 'til another day.

GM: Adjourn?!

BW: I believe that's at the referee's discretion to do that.

GM: It is not!

[Lau is down on his knees, talking to Detson as the referee starts his ten count and Lynch recovers on his knees inside the ring.]

GM: We've got the challenger trying to recover inside the ring. We've got Detson in a bad way out on the floor... Brian Lau is right beside... well, WAS right beside him. Where is Brian Lau going?

BW: I have no idea but I hope he's going to get Johnny medical help!

[Lau peels to a stop in the aisle, frantically waving both arms towards the locker room...]

GM: He might be doing exactly that, Bucky. Lau waving towards the back and...

[And the Berlin crowd ERUPTS into jeers!]

GM: Well, he wanted help but not medical help!

BW: ALL HAIL THE KINGS!

[The boos intensify as Wes Taylor, Tony Donovan, and Brian James come walking down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Brian James, the Battle of Boston winner... the World Tag Team Champions out here as well. No sign of Shane Taylor or Harrison Fawcett.

BW: I told you, Gordo - they don't count!

GM: I wonder how they feel about that.

[As the Kings reach the ringside area, Brian Lau quickly huddles up with them...]

GM: What is THIS all about?

BW: You gotta have a gameplan, daddy! And don't think for a second that Brian Lau doesn't have gameplan after gameplan surrounding how to save the World Title!

GM: Save?

BW: Keep! I meant "keep!"

GM: Oh, I think you meant exactly what you said because you realize that Johnny Detson's World Title is in serious jeopardy!

[Lau breaks up the huddle, sending the three Kings to surround the ring. Lau stays on one side as Donovan, Taylor, and James grab the other positions. Taylor leans forward, shouting something at a rising Jack Lynch as Brian James snatches up a steel chair, taking a seat at ringside.]

GM: Is... Brian James just sat down! He doesn't look quite as invested in this as his partners are.

BW: That's not true! Stop trying to cause problems! It's all for one and one for all!

[Donovan helps the World Champion walk along the apron, trying to get the blood flowing as Detson rolls under the bottom rope to break the ten count...

...but before Lynch can move in, Wes Taylor makes a grab at his ankle from the floor. Lynch angrily turns around, kicking at one-half of the tag champions as Detson rushes in from behind, throwing himself shoulderfirst into the back of Lynch's knee!]

GM: OH! HE CLIPPED HIM! HE CLIPPED HIM!

[The crowd groans as Lynch hits the canvas, writhing in pain as Detson kneels on the ankle, balling up his fist and repeatedly pounding it down into the knee.]

GM: Detson's going right after the knee, trying to take the challenger's base out from under him.

BW: Brilliant strategy. You take away the knee, you take away the Claw... you take away the Lariat... you take away the Calf Branding. If Lynch can't use any of those, he's going to struggle to put someone away... let alone the AWA World Champion!

[Detson scrambles up to his feet, holding his lower back as he stomps the knee... and stomps the knee... and stomps the knee...]

GM: Detson all over the leg! The referee trying to back him off!

[The official wedges himself between Detson and Lynch, backing the Hollywood native across the ring as Lynch rolls around in pain on the mat.]

GM: Detson drops down, rolling out to the floor next to Brian James...

[James steps back, watching as Detson lifts Lynch's cowboy boot to the sky...

...and SLAMS the back of his knee down into the edge of the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Detson continuing to go after the knee!

[The champion lifts the leg a second time... swinging the leg back down onto the apron!]

GM: Another vicious attack to that knee!

[Detson climbs up on the apron, holding on to ropes. He slides Lynch into position before springing up into the air, dropping his knee down across Lynch's knee!]

GM: OH!

[Detson steps through the ropes back inside the ring, looking a little more confident as Lynch grimaces down on the mat.]

GM: Detson dragging Lynch back inside...

[Grabbing Lynch's leg under his armpit, Detson flips him over into a half Boston Crab.]

GM: And now, Detson slaps on this half Crab, looking to possibly wrench a submission out of the challenger or maybe just doing more damage to the knee. Either way, this hold is very effective.

[Lynch claws at the mat as Detson leans back, cranking on the leg as Tony Donovan shouts encouragement from the floor...]

BW: Lean back further, use the leverage!

GM: Hey, you're not getting paid to sit here and coach the World Champion.

BW: He doesn't need coaching from me!

[Detson screams "ASK HIM!" to the official. Longfellow obliges but returns with an answer that Detson doesn't like.]

GM: Lynch not giving up... not yet at least...

[Detson switches his position, sliding his knee behind Lynch's...

...and DRIVES the kneecap down into the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That's one heck of a way to shatter a patella, fans!

[Detson smirks as Lynch scoots backwards, clutching his knee in pain as the World Champion continues to move in on him...]

GM: The champion staying on the attack, bringing Lynch back up to his feet...

[A big right hand from Detson sends the off-balance Lynch falling back into the corner...]

...where Detson blatantly wraps his hands around the challenger's throat!]

GM: He's choking Lynch! He's choking the Iron Cowboy!

[The referee starts a count, reaching four and change before Detson breaks the chokehold, backing off with his hands raised...]

...and then rushes back in, burying a knee into the midsection of the Texan!]

GM: Ohh! Running knee to the gut, that'll take the wind out of the challenger.

[Detson pulls Lynch out of the corner by the hair, throwing a big European uppercut up under the chin, knocking the challenger down to a knee. Winding up his arm, Detson swings his elbow down between the eyes once... and once more, sending Lynch down to his belly on the canvas.]

GM: Detson knocks him back down to the mat... and you can see the Kings of Wrestling cheering him on...

[Wes Taylor is all grins as he claps for his partner-in-crime. Tony Donovan gives a "Way to go, champ!" that draws jeers from the fans around him. Cut back to the champion looking down at the Texan at his feet disdainfully. He smirks at the position he's got Lynch in...

...and then deliberately drags his thumb across his throat!]

GM: Uh oh... and if you're a fan of Jack Lynch, this night just might be about over for him.

[Detson slowly reaches down, grabbing Lynch by the hair, hauling him up to his feet, pulling him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Detson's got him set... looking for the Wilde Driver!

BW: And if he hits this, I don't care if you're the King of Cowboys or King Kong himself, you're going down for a three count, daddy!

[Detson reaches down to hook the arm...

...but the Texan suddenly surges into motion, reaching down with his own arms, hooking them around the World Champion's legs and yanking them out from under him to a big cheer!]

GM: Wait a second! Lynch trips up Detson and-

[The Texan falls backwards, leveraging Detson up into the air...]

GM: SLINGSHOT!

[...and sends him CRASHING facefirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: INTO THE CORNER!!

[Detson staggers backwards, his eyes fluttering as Lynch reaches up, dragging the World Champion down into a sunset flip.]

GM: ROLLUP!! ONE!!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[The crowd ROARS with rage as the referee gets YANKED clear from the ring just before the three count comes down by Tony Donovan!]

GM: Tony Donovan, that snake in the grass, pulled the referee out of the ring!

[A shocked Longfellow gets up in Donovan's face, shouting at him as Jack Lynch struggles to get off the mat. The Iron Cowboy approaches the ropes, pointing back at Detson and shouting angrily at Donovan and Longfellow...

...which allows Detson to rush in from behind, delivering a forearm to the back of the head that sends Lynch spilling through the ropes out to the floor!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: I love it when a plan comes together... or at least STARTS to come together!

GM: This is why the Kings of Wrestling should NOT be allowed out there!

[Detson backs off, grinning broadly as the referee slides back in, reprimanding him for the outside interference...]

...but as Detson continues to talk to the official, it allows Wes Taylor to join his championship partner on that side of the ring, the duo putting the boots to Jack Lynch out on the floor!]

GM: This is ridiculous, Bucky!

BW: The champions are letting this Stench have it! He must've said something about Wes' daddy... fine upstanding man that he is.

[The tag champs continue to kick and stomp Lynch for a few more moments...]

...while Brian James takes one look at the action and simply walks to another side of the ring. Brian Lau throws a glance at the Engine of Destruction, pointing at the downed Lynch to no success to get James to join in.]

GM: Well, at least it's only a two on one right now. Brian James looks like he has no interest in helping out Johnny Detson right about now.

BW: That's a lie! He's just... busy.

GM: Busy, huh?

[Donovan and Taylor shove Lynch back inside the ring to where Johnny Detson brushes past the official to stomp Lynch once... twice...]

...and then suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

GM: And suddenly, Jack Lynch isn't alone out here!

[The cheers get louder as Travis Lynch, Bobby O'Connor, and Supernova come walking through the curtain, serious expressions on their faces.]

GM: And I think they're coming for a fight, Bucky!

BW: What?! They've got no business being out here! Security! SECURITY!

GM: They're coming out to even the odds for their friend and brother!

[Detson turns towards the aisle, angrily protesting to Ricky Longfellow who shrugs, pointing out the entirety of the Kings of Wrestling at ringside!]

GM: Detson's not happy about it but the referee's not hearing it! He's going to let it happen!

[Taylor and Donovan huddle up on their side of the ring as Brian Lau and Brian James come together on another side. Lau insistently points at the group of fan favorites as James grimaces, shrugging off the black towel around his shoulders, ready for a fight if it comes to that.]

GM: And this entire scene at ringside just became VERY explosive, Bucky. This could blow up on us at any given moment.

[Detson looks frantically over to Lau who pushes his arms down.]

BW: Lau's trying to get Detson to calm down but... how can he? Now the fix is REALLY in! Look at them letting these thugs out here! You think Jack Lynch's best friend would hesitate to cheat to put the title on Stench?! You think his brother would?! And don't get me started on Supernova!

[Detson nods at Lau, throwing one last glance over his shoulder at the incoming fan favorites before moving back in on the rising Jack Lynch, catching him with a right hand to the midsection.]

GM: We've got a brewing chaotic situation out here. O'Connor, Supernova, and Travis stop right at the mouth of the aisle... they're ready to help out their friend and brother if he needs it.

BW: Oh, he's gonna need it because the World Champion's about to finish him off!

[With Lynch backed against the ropes, Detson delivers a European uppercut up under the chin that snaps his head back. The referee steps in, shouting for Detson to let Lynch up off the ropes.]

GM: Detson turning away from Lynch and- OH! Mule kick up into the gut!

[Grabbing Lynch by the arm, Detson shoots him across the ring to the far side, throwing himself into a clothesline on the rebound! Detson lands on his knees from the effort of the clothesline, quickly rolling to the side to cover.]

GM: Detson with the cover for one! He gets two! But that's all!

[Detson again gets up, angrily stomping Lynch over and over. He leans down, pulling down his kneepad...]

GM: Kneedrop coming up...

[But before he drops the knee, Detson simply steps over the downed Lynch...

...and sweeps his foot backwards, kicking Lynch right in the face!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Hehehe... you gotta love that.

GM: I most certainly do not.

[Detson taunts the jeering crowd, gesturing for the Wilde Driver again.]

GM: And again, the World Champion calling for the Wilde Driver. He hasn't hit it yet but he's calling for it again.

[Detson leans down, dragging the Iron Cowboy up by the hair...

...but Lynch pops loose, throwing a big uppercut that snaps Detson's head back, sending him staggering back into the corner!]

GM: Oh! What a right hand!

[Lynch throws himself into the corner, burying a right hand in the midsection.]

GM: And now it's the big Texan, trying to string together a comeback!

[The Iron Cowboy grabs Detson by the hair, dragging him out to the middle of the ring...]

GM: Lynch scoops him up for a slam...

[But Detson slips out over the top, promptly driving his foot to the back of Lynch's hurting knee, taking him down to a knee...]

GM: Nice counter by-

[Detson takes a couple steps back, charging back in...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: SUPERKICK!

BW: No, no! That's the JohnnyKick!

GM: Whatever!

[Detson throws his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture, diving across Lynch's torso while wrapping up a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But again, Lynch lifts the shoulder off the mat, just BARELY breaking up the pin attempt!]

GM: OHHH! He almost got him there!

[Detson rolls off to his knees, angrily pounding his fists into the canvas!]

GM: And you can see the World Champion thought he had him right there!

[With Lau shouting "FOCUS! FOCUS!", the champion gets back up on his feet, running his hands through his hair..

...and then leans down, snatching Lynch off the mat with both hands full of hair. But before he can wrap him up, Lynch wraps his arms around Detson's torso, charging the distance of the ring and DRIVING him into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Lynch drives him back to the corner... big right hand... and another... and another!

[Detson is reeling as Lynch leans over, lifting Detson up and depositing him on the top turnbuckle.]

GM: The Iron Cowboy... the challenger sets him up top...

[Lynch steps back, throwing a big uppercut!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[The big Texan steps up to the second rope, muscling Detson's head down under his armpit as he slings the other arm over his neck...]

GM: And the King of the Cowboys is setting up for a superplex!

BW: After all those falls down on the back?!

GM: Lynch is looking to finish off Johnny Detson and walk out of Berlin as the AWA World Champion!

[The Texan grits his teeth as he grabs Detson by the tights, trying to leverage him up...]

GM: Detson's fighting it! Trying to hang on!

[Lynch pistons several blows into the ribcage, forcing Detson to let go of the ropes...]

...and with the crowd roaring, Lynch hoists him up into the air...]

GM: SUPERPLEX!

[...and brings him CRASHING down on the canvas with a massive thud!]

GM: HE GOT ALL OF THAT! BOTH MEN ARE DOWN! CAN JACK LYNCH TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT?!

[Reaching down to grab at his knee, Lynch winces as he tries to roll over...]

...and throws an arm across the chest of the World Champion!]

GM: COVER!

[Longfellow dives down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! MY STARS, HE KICKED OUT!

[With both men flat on their backs on the canvas, the German crowd is ROARING with appreciation for the battle they're witnessing. The men surrounding the ring - the allies of both champion and challenger - are shouting encouragement, begging them to get up and continue fighting.]

GM: Both men are down! The challenger hit that ring-shaking and spine-rattling superplex and... wow! Incredible!

[A wincing Lynch sits up on the mat, reaching down to grab at his knee as Detson rolls to a hip, cradling his lower back. Brian Lau can be heard shouting a bit louder than the rest, encouraging Detson to get up and "finish it!"]

GM: Detson's in a lot of pain... that back has been through the wringer tonight...

[Lynch rolls to a knee, pain visible on his face as he climbs off the canvas, swinging his right arm around. He pushes to his feet, walking a few steps over to pull the struggling Detson up off the mat, steadying him...]

GM: Lynch setting Detson in position...

[With a whoop, the Iron Cowboy dashes towards the ropes...]

GM: He's going for the Lariat!

[...but as he hits the ropes, Wes Taylor snakes an arm under the bottom rope, wrapping his hand around Lynch's ankle and tripping him up!]

GM: What the-?! He tripped him! He tripped the Iron Cowboy and-

[And that's Bobby O'Connor's cue to come charging around the ring, circling around the ringpost...

...and throws himself at a surprised Taylor with a Fierro Press, toppling him down to the floor as O'Connor starts pummeling him with fists to the head!]

GM: O'CONNOR'S GOT TAYLOR DOWN!

[Cue the explosion. Supernova rushes Tony Donovan, trading haymakers with him as they bounce up against the railing, causing it to drastically shift. Brian James rushes Travis Lynch, fire in his eyes as he throws himself into a double leg takedown, sweeping Lynch's legs out from under him!]

GM: WE'VE GOT A FIGHT ALL OVER THE FLOOR! THE KINGS! LYNCH'S ALLIES! THIS IS A FIGHT FOR SURE!

[Desperate to avoid the chaos on the floor, Brian Lau pulls himself up on the apron, looking around nervously at the fighting as Jack Lynch drags himself back to his feet...

...and SNATCHES a hold of Brian Lau, locking his hand around his skull!]

GM: IRON CLAW! THE IRON CLAW IS LOCKED IN! OH MY STARS!

[Lau is flailing about, swinging his arms and kicking his legs as he tries to free himself!]

GM: Jack Lynch has got Brian Lau trapped in the Iron Claw! Can you believe-

BW: JOHNNY!

[Rushing at Lynch's exposed back, the World Champion goes to throw himself into the challenger...

...but at the last moment, the Iron Cowboy sidesteps, causing Detson to SLAM into Lau, sending the Hall of Fame manager off the apron, sailing through the air, and crashing down on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS! OH MY STARS!

[The referee has slid out to the floor, shouting at the brawling competitors, trying to get people kicked out of the ringside area...]

GM: Detson can't believe it! He can't believe what he just did!

[The shocked World Champion looks out on the floor, his jaw slack with disbelief at what just happened. He slowly staggers in a circle...]

GM: CLAW!

[...and the crowd ERUPTS again as Jack Lynch locks his hand around Johnny Detson's skull!]

GM: LYNCH LOCKS IN THE CLAW! HE HOOKS DETSON!

[The determined challenger digs his fingers into the temples of the World Champion, trying to wrench a submission and the World Title away from him!]

GM: Lynch has got that Claw locked in! Can Detson escape?! Can he find a way out?! Can he-

[Suddenly, the crowd EXPLODES in jeers!]

GM: BRIAN JAMES!

[The son of the Blackheart dives under the bottom rope, coming to his feet, and BLASTS Lynch in the back of the head with a forearm!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: JAMES FROM BEHIND! FROM BEHIND!

[A shocked Detson tries to shake the cobwebs, looking across at James who gestures at him and Lynch...]

GM: James is telling him to... what's he...?!

[The dazed and hurting Detson snatches Lynch by the hair, spinning him around, grabbing the Iron Cowboy by the arms...]

GM: Detson's got him hooked! I can't believe this! I can't believe what I'm seeing!

[We see the referee still wrapped up on the floor trying to get control as Brian James stands, staring at Jack Lynch as he draws back his right arm...]

GM: He's... he's setting up for-

[...and with a loud bellow, James swings his right arm up, his fist aimed at the heart of the Iron Cowboy...]

GM: BLACKHEART-

[...but the challenger manages to slip out at the last moment, James' fist hurtling unstoppably towards the next target in its path...]

GM: -PUNCH!

[The fist SLAMS into the chest of Johnny Detson at high velocity and extreme impact, sending him flying backwards, collapsing to the canvas in a heap. Brian James' jaw drops, shocked by the unintended blow...]

...which allows Jack Lynch to storm towards him, wrapping his arm around the neck, and using the running clothesline to send James over the top rope, tumbling out to the floor!]

GM: LYNCH TAKES JAMES OUT!

[The big Texan spins around, rushing forward, and dives into a lateral press on Detson, wrapping up both legs...]

GM: CRADLE!!

[...and the referee slides back in, having spotted the pin attempt from the floor!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: OH MY GOD! HE DID IT! HE DID IT!!

BW: NO! NO! NOOOOOOOOOOO!

GM: We’ve got- I can’t believe it, fans! We’ve got a new champion! We’ve got a new-

[Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... your winner of the match...

[Ortiz takes a deep breath.]

RO: ...and NEEEEEEEEEW AWA WORLD CHAAAAAAMMMMPIONNNNNNNN...

JAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK LYNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[The World Title belt is presented to a jubilant Jack Lynch who thrusts the title belt in the air just a moment before he’s rushed by his friends and family!]

GM: Jack Lynch has won the World Title! Travis in there with him... his good friend, Bobby O’Connor... Supernova... and check this out, here comes the locker room!

[A joyous group of fan favorites come pouring down the aisle, walking right past the shellshocked Kings of Wrestling. Within moments, the ring is full of AWA fan favorites - Jordan Ohara, Ryan Martinez, Derrick Williams, Next Gen, Cesar Hernandez and Chris Choiset, Lee Connors, Julie Somers, Melissa Cannon, Ayako Fujiwara, Skylar Swift, Kayla Cristol, Lori Wilson, and many others.]

GM: The Kings have fallen here in Berlin and on this night, the Iron Cowboy stands alone as the World Heavyweight Champion! Oh yeah!

[Lynch is suddenly lifted up on the shoulders of his brother, Travis, and Bobby O’Connor, a huge smile on his face as he holds the title belt over his head...

...and we cut back to the floor where Johnny Detson is on his feet, holding onto his chest as he shouts at Brian James in the aisle!]

GM: Uh oh.

[Tony Donovan walks over to Detson, trying to calm the now FORMER World Champion down... and gets shoved back for his efforts.]

“Where the hell were YOU?!”

[And then points at Taylor.]

“And YOU?! You all dropped the damn ball!”

[A shaky Brian Lau approaches, also trying to calm down Detson who shakes his head.]

“You stay the hell away from me, Lau! This is all your fault! You can’t control this big, dumb anim-”

[The words don’t even finish as Brian James makes a lunge towards Detson, just BARELY cut off by Taylor and Donovan intervening and holding him back. A

seething James tries to reach past them, looking to rip Detson's throat out. Detson steps closer, shouting at the son of the Blackheart!]

"You're lucky they're holding you back, you bastard!"

[James makes another surge forward, nearly getting free from the tag champions' grip. Detson's eyes flash for a moment before he angrily turns around, stalking back up the aisle towards the locker room. Lau moves over towards James, putting a hand on his shoulder.]

"Calm down, Brian... please! We need to get this under control! We need to work together and-"

[James rips out of his friends' hands, turning to look at Lau, rage burning just under the surface.]

"Together? The HELL with "together"..."

[James gestures down the aisle towards the exiting Detson.]

"Who needs him?!"

[And with that, James also turns to exit, leaving a crestfallen Brian Lau standing between the World Tag Team Champions...

...as we cut back to the ring where the celebration continues.]

GM: It's a wild scene in Berlin! The Kings in chaos! A new champion crowned! And this European Tour is just getting started! Fans, when this night began, we promised you that history would be made with the first show ever in Europe... and as it turns out, we just had no idea how MUCH history would be made!

[Lynch is still on his friends' shoulders, cheers going up from the crowd and the rest of the AWA locker room inside the ring with him. We cut to a shot of Kayla Cristol, a Lynch family student, with tears in her eyes as she claps for the Iron Cowboy's biggest triumph.]

GM: What a moment! What a moment for the friends of Jack Lynch! The fans of Jack Lynch! His family - you know that Blackjack and Henrietta... James... Tammy and little baby Jamie... they're all watching back in Dallas... wow. It's been one hell of a night... one hell of a night. Bucky, how in the world do we top this?

[Bucky is gasping for air.]

BW: It can't... please... a dream? A nightmare?

GM: Ah, Bucky... you're going to love the new World Champion when you break out of your state of shock. For my stunned broadcast colleague and all the rest of us here in the AWA, I say so long and we'll see you next time...

[A shot of Jack Lynch clutching the World Title belt to his chest.]

GM: ...at the matches!

[And as Lynch shoves the title belt into the air to another deafening cheer, we hear something that sounds like an anguished sob over the headset as we fade to black.]