



Estrellas En El Cielo

September 4th, 2017

Estadio BBVA - Guadalupe, Mexico

PART TWO PART THREE

[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 a black screen.]

A voiceover begins.]

"The story of professional wrestling in Mexico begins back in 1863 with a man named Enrique Joaquin, the father of Lucha Libre."

[Some very old photos flash by of Joaquin standing in a ring, a smile on his face.]

"But it wasn't until 1933 when the sport's roots truly began to take hold."

[A different face are in the photos that follow - Hernán Bethke Gutiérrez, the man who started the first major pro wrestling company in Mexico. The final photo shows Gutiérrez standing proudly in front of a large flag that reads "OMLL - Organización Mexicana de Lucha Libre.]

"In the near century that has passed, some of the sport's greatest have competed right here in Mexico..."

[We get a montage of photos and old clips showing famous luchadors like La Pantera, Gemini, Pedro Ortega Jr., El Corazon Negro, La Pulga Gigante, CUCO Travieso, Juvenil Infierno, and many more... most notably the greatest luchador of all time, El Vengador.]

"...and tonight, the American Wrestling Alliance brings the greatest stars of professional wrestling from around the world to Mexico on this special night of celebration and unity."

[The clips change to more modern shots featuring some of the AWA competitors on tonight's show: Raphael Rhodes, Hannibal Carver, Derrick Williams, Jackson Hunter, Max Magnum, Kurayami, Casey James, and all the rest.]

"And with the help of our friends in Mexico, we will put those stars... in the sky."

[We cut to an interior night time shot of Estadio BBVA, slowly panning up through the open roof to the night sky, the stars twinkling over a silent soundtrack...

...and we fade to black.

A few moments pass before we come to a live shot inside Estadio BBVA with a burst of green, red, and white pyro rocketing into the air, lighting up the inside of the stadium with colors as the crowd roars their approval for the show.

As the pyro continues to soar, getting louder and larger all the while, we see a modified Saturday Night Wrestling setup with everything super-sized a bit. Bigger screen. Bigger stage. Longer ramp.

A zipline shot down the ramp takes us quickly towards the ring where we see the red, green, and white roped ring. The ring aprons have been painted with the event logo, dropping down to scrape the thin protective mats surrounding the ring, covering the stadium grass at ringside. The steel barricades are in place as are our usual timekeeper's table position.

As a familiar voice rings out, we find ourselves cutting to a shot of the announce table at ringside where we see Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde set to go.]

GM: Hello everyone and a Happy Labor Day to you all wherever you may be! For the very first time, the American Wrestling Alliance is roaring into Guadalupe, Mexico for a very special night. It's Estrellas En El Cielo and we couldn't be more excited to be here. Isn't that right, Bucky?

BW: You got that right, Gordo! We've been down here in Mexico for a couple of days now and the fans down here are PUMPED to see some good ol' fashioned AWA action!

GM: The spirit of lucha libre is in the air here tonight and we're just moments away from our opening match but before we go to the ring, let's go backstage and hear from the participants in what should be an exciting showdown!

[We cut backstage, where Mark Stegglet is standing by with the team of Raphael Rhodes, Sid Osborne, and Tizona, along with Dana Kaiser. Rhodes is rotating his shoulder, trying to keep it loose, as Osborne just glares at the camera. Tizona is hopping from foot to foot, the high-flyer looking to keep himself moving, and Kaiser stands by Stegglet, a towel over her shoulder.]

MS: Excitement is in the air to be sure, Gordon! In just a few moments, our first trios match of the evening is going to take place, and it's one that the three men standing beside me have wanted for quite some time. Whether it's Tizona looking to get his hands on Guerreros del Mundo throughout all of Mexico, or Raphael Rhodes and Sid Osborne looking to finish this issue they've had with all three... Dana Kaiser, would it be safe to say that this team is prepared?

[Kaiser nods.]

DK: The hallmark of any great athlete, of any great fighter is their preparation, Mr. Stegglet. Sometimes it's to their detriment, because sometimes the preparation you need is to know when to protect yourself for future battles.

[Kaiser grasps the towel from over her shoulder.]

DK: The last time Raph and Sid were in the ring with Guerreros del Mundo, my preparation included an out, in case of extreme measures. Like, say... illegal switches behind the referee's back from human filth like Logan Blackburn. But I want to make sure there is something quite clear tonight, Mr. Stegglet. Tonight?

[Kaiser underhand pitches the towel off-screen.]

DK: I'm taking that out of my hands.

[We see Rhodes nudge Osborne, and hear him say "that's for you, lad". Osborne nods and smirks slightly, just barely breaking his intense stare.]

DK: It's been made clear that this little problem we have with Guerreros del Mundo ends tonight. That means no towel throws. No stoppages, not from me, anyway. I swore to Raph that, no matter what... I trusted him to finish this tonight.

[Tizona puts his hand up, stopping his bouncing, and turns to the camera.]

T: You see, Guerreros, whether it's me chasing you to get you to fight me, or you trying to wreck the lives of these three here?

[Tizona motions to Rhodes, Osborne, and Kaiser.]

T: We're all tired of this absolute nonsense. Arminius, I showed you a couple of weeks ago... I'm just as good as you in the skies. Anything you can do, I can do it too.

[Tizona cracks a smile from underneath his mask.]

T: And I can do it better. And hey, thing is... I'm going to do it to prove to the world that you're nothing but a fraud. You and Destro Star, and that little chump leading

you two around on a leash. I've waited a long time for tonight... and I'm not letting it slip through my fingers.

[Tizona resumes bouncing. Osborne rubs his chin.]

SO: You know, in my life there's been a constant. I haven't been handed many things. I've never received anything without asking for it and without breaking my back trying to get it. But the three that we'll be looking across the ring at tonight...

[Osborne nods.]

SO: They did exactly that. I didn't ask for any of this...

[Osborne gestures at Rhodes and Kaiser. At Tizona.]

SO: ... but I got it anyway. Right on a platter you served up this team of Raph and I. Before you stuck your nose in, before you tried to take advantage of the fact that we took each other to the limit... as an easy road to put him on the shelf...

[Osborne shakes his head.]

SO: There's no way in hell we would've been a team. No way that my career would've gotten this kickstart, no way that his career would've taken this turn at the stage of the game he's at.

[Osborne clasps his hands together, bowing them towards the camera.]

SO: So thank you. Thank you for the gift of this team. Thank you for the gift of being able to train with a vet of this sport. I don't go in for a lot of the nepotism crap that runs rampant around here, but in the case of Raphael Rhodes?

[Osborne smirks, nodding his head.]

SO: It isn't a bunch of talk. So, thank you. Thank you for the gift of Tizona. If not for all the cowardly attacks, it's not even likely we would have even met... much less be fighting side by side.

[The smirk is quickly replaced with a look of grim determination.]

SO: But you still have to go down. Because I didn't work my way here, kicking and clawing to even get a shot to be someone's stepping stone. I'm not going to get used as a convenient weapon when someone has daggers in their eyes for someone else. Because tonight?

I'm going to shut YOU up.

[Rhodes looks at Osborne.]

RR: You know what makes me really, really happy, lad?

SO: What's that?

RR: When I see a man with a big mouth, and a bigger ego... and I get a chance to break him down to nothin' but what's in his heart.

[Rhodes looks at the camera.]

RR: Logan Blackburn, you got nothin' in your heart but vacant spaces. That was a great trick you pulled on me, pullin' that little switch with the masks. What do you have left, yeah? What do you have left, when the masked man on my side and Sin

City Sid take out your lucha thugs? What do you have left when it's just me and you? Because then, it don't much matter how many tricks you got, or how much you can run your mouth, or how big an opinion you got of yourself, do it?

[Rhodes quickly snaps his head side to side to loosen his neck muscles, then rotates his shoulders.]

RR: For all your sneak attacks, for all your mask swaps, for all your braggin', for all you say about me and Dana... at some point tonight, it will come down to me and you. And you remember what that's like for you, don't you, Logan?

[Rhodes cracks his knuckles.]

RR: Your tricks are goin' to run out, Logan. And they're goin' to run out tonight, in front of 50,000 people, as they watch me make you scream for everything you hold holy. The only thing you'll have left to save you...?

[Rhodes smiles at the camera, a toothy, disturbing grin.]

RR: If I still have the mercy I had for you in Essen.

[Rhodes laughs to himself, as the grin disappears, replaced by a stoic thousand yard stare.]

RR: If.

[Rhodes puts up the hood on his sweatshirt, storming out of the scene, followed by Kaiser, Osborne, and Tizona.]

MS: Some strong words from the team of Raphael Rhodes, Sid Osborne, and Tizona, alongside Dana Kaiser. Surely a war to watch. Rebecca Ortiz, you've been waiting a long time for this one - so take it away, my friend!

[We fade from backstage out to the ring where the roaring crowd salutes Rebecca Ortiz who stands center ring in a glittering silver dress with a slit on the skirt. Splashes of green and red cut diagonally across her torso as she grins at the response.]

RO: BIENVENIDA A ESTRELLAS EN EL CIELOOOOOOOOOO!

[Another huge roar goes up from the crowd!]

RO: Tonight's opening contest is a TRIOS MATCH with a thirty minute time limit!

[Another big cheer!]

RO: Introducing first...

[The sounds of "Unstoppable" by E.S. Posthumus begins to play, drawing boos from the crowd.]

RO: At a total combined weight of 395 pounds... ARMINIUS AND DESTRO STAR...

GUERRRRRRRRRRROOOOOOS DELLLLLL MUNNNNNNNNDOOOOOOO!

[An impressive laser light show heralds the arrival of the two luchadors, as they emerge from the entrance way, standing at opposite sides of the ramp.

Arminius wears a blood red mask with holes cut for eyes, nose, and mouth but that conceals the rest of his identity. A small hole in the back allows braided black hair

to escape and hang down the back of his head to hide neck. His torso is also covered with a skin-tight black bodysuit with a golden Celtic Cross that covers the entire front of the outfit.

Destro Star wears a silver mask with small slits for his eyes and mouth. His body is concealed by a flowing red cape, secured around his neck by a gold chain with his family crest hanging from it.]

RO: And their partner...

[The then lights go out, as a white sheet is raised at the top of the aisle. It then opens up to the projected image of the interior of a gun barrel, reminiscent of the introduction sequence seen in James Bond films. We then see a silhouette of a man as he walks from right to left as the barrel follows his movements. Suddenly, the silhouette stops and turns to the camera. However, instead of a single shot, it is a hail of "gunfire" that tears the sheet into shreds. A blood-red wash of light then fills the arena, as "Man of War" by Radiohead begins to play and we see a smiling Logan Blackburn, with a Tommy gun in hand, step through the sheet with Guerreros del Mundo.]

RO: ...he hails from London, England... weighing in at fourteen and one half stone... here is "The Dirty, Rotten, Scoundrel"...

LOGAAAANN BLACKBUUUUUURRRRNNNN!!!

[As Blackburn discards his "weapon", we see he is dressed in sunglasses and a black tuxedo, which he quickly tears away, revealing his wrestling attire underneath: black wrestling tights with the phrase "Hello, Dana" across the crotch stenciled in cursive.]

GM: Oh, you've gotta be...

BW: Hah! I love it!

GM: Well, you know who won't love it? Raphael Rhodes. Raphael Rhodes who is ALREADY in a bad mood here tonight after Blackburn took to the Internet in recent days to direct some off-color comments towards Rhodes' wife, Dana Kaiser, Bucky.

BW: I gotta think those comments were true, Gordo.

GM: You do?! Why?!

BW: Well, isn't everything you read on the Internet true?

GM: Oh, brother.

[The Triangulo de Muerte reaches the ring, Blackburn and Destro Star climbing through the ropes as Arminius leaps to the top, springing off in a backflip, falling to a knee on the landing with his fist down on the canvas. The music fades as Rebecca Ortiz continues.]

RO: And their opponents...

First, representing the AWA, he currently resides in Minneapolis, Minnesota, weighing 217 pounds, and he is accompanied by his trainer and advisor, Dana Kaiser...

RAPHAEL RHOOOOOOOOOOODES!

Also representing the AWA, from Las Vegas, Nevada... weighing in at 260 pounds...

He is the SIN CITY SAVIORRRRRRR...

SIIIIIIIIIIID OSBORRRRRRRRRNNNNNE!

And representing SWLL... from Savannah, Georgia... weighing 193 pounds...

TIIIIIIIIIIZONAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

[The drumbeat of "Shaping the Southern Sky" by Kylesa thunders through Estadio BBVA as the crowd erupts in cheers in familiarity for the American import Tizona, who is the first through the entrance. He's wearing a black mask with white framing around the eyeholes, a small cutout underneath his nose, and an open mouth and chin. He's also wearing a sleeveless black bodysuit with a silver sword printed over his heart, and a red cloth belt. He has on red wrestling shoes worn under black leather shinguards.

Following him closely behind is Sid Osborne. Sid is wearing his usual black zip-up hoodie with "SHUT ME UP" written on the back in what appears to be duct tape. He unzips the hoodie as he nods at his partners. Underneath it, we can see the thick torso of the Sin City Savior in a flat black double singlet with red trim that goes down to mid-thigh.

Last but not least is Raphael Rhodes, with Dana Kaiser by his side. Rhodes is wearing red leg-length tights with a white stripe down each leg, along with white boots. Notably, he's also wearing a black zip-up hoodie, and much like Osborne, he has a message written in duct tape on the back of his, sporting the word "SEND FOR HELP". Kaiser is also wearing a black zip-up hoodie, red leggings, and white sneakers, but alas, no message in duct tape.]

GM: There had been some concerns in the past with Sid Osborne and Raphael Rhodes about team unity, but if appearances are any indication, they're on the same page tonight, Bucky!

BW: So they are color coordinated and found the entrance tunnel at the same time. That doesn't mean they'll be able to function as a team the same way that Guerreros del Mundo have!

GM: One thing we've definitely seen over the last few weeks has been the improvement of Osborne and Rhodes as a team, you can't take that away from them.

BW: Let's say you're right, Gordo... now they throw a wild card like Tizona into the mix, who they've never teamed with before. What a potential mess this could end up being if Tizona tries to steal some of the spotlight!

GM: I don't think it'll end up quite that way, Bucky.

[Tizona reaches the ring first, jumping up onto the ring apron, then immediately vaulting over the top rope into the ring.]

BW: See? Showoff.

GM: ...that doesn't mean anything!

[Rhodes puts in his mouthguard on the way to the ring, as he and Osborne both slide headfirst into the ring to meet up with their partner before Guerreros del Mundo can attack.]

GM: And right on the defense they go! They know how dangerous Logan Blackburn is and with his so-called lucha assassins by his side, he's even more dangerous.

[Blackburn immediately starts barking at Rhodes, trying to get under his skin as Dana Kaiser tries to prevent her husband from charging his rival before the bell.]

GM: And the tensions are running high here in Guadalupe, Mexico, fans as these two teams get set to square off in what will be our first six man tag of the night.

BW: Trios match, Gordo. When in Rome...

GM: Absolutely. And as someone who is not totally familiar with the world of lucha libre, I asked the AWA front office to give us a little extra help here tonight, Bucky, and boy, did they ever deliver. Fans, please welcome the third member of our commentary team here tonight - the voice of the all-new Power Hour, Salvatore Albano! Big Sal, welcome to Estrellas En El Cielo!

[We cut to the announce table where the appropriately nicknamed "Big" Sal is seated, a huge grin on his face.]

SA: Thank you so much, Gordon. It's always a privilege to be on the call for AWA action and it's an even bigger honor to be with the A-Team here tonight in Mexico for this historic event.

BW: Well, I pity the fool that's gonna have to call this one, Albano, because with the high-speed high-octane offense of Guerreros del Mundo, they may move quicker than we can speak.

SA: No doubt about that but before this one gets going, let's talk about the rules for this one. Lucha libre fans may be wondering if the AWA will be implementing standard Trios Match rules here tonight such as two out of three falls and I'm told that after intense negotiations with our friends at SWLL, it was decided that the only rule the AWA will be adopting from SWLL is that if one member of a team goes to the floor, that's as good as a tag.

GM: And we've seen that rule implemented before if our fans think back to the Battle of Los Angeles and the Cibernetico match with the Wise Men's Army. It adds an international flair to what promises to be a good one.

[Cut back to the ring where a seething Rhodes is in his corner, trying to be calmed down by Dana Kaiser and Sid Osborne while Blackburn stands on the middle rope outside the ring, still running his mouth...]

GM: Logan Blackburn certainly isn't at a loss for words here tonight and that could work to his advantage as Raphael Rhodes' hot temper seems to be white hot as this one gets ready to get going... and now it looks like it'll be Tizona starting things off for his side and the high-flying Arminius starting off on his side.

SA: Straight to the heart of the lucha libre being brought to the masses here tonight - I love it!

[The bell sounds as the two luchadors begin circling one another to cheers from the crowd.]

GM: History in the making already in this one and I know AWA fans down here in Mexico have been waiting for this night for a long time.

SA: Absolutely. You think back several years ago to the "near miss" when the AWA tried to bring a Trios Tournament here to Mexico and it's just been an ever-present

discussion - "when will the AWA come to Mexico? When will the fans in Mexico finally get a taste of AWA action?" Tonight it's here!

GM: From shows in Japan and Canada to across the pond in Europe, the AWA has certainly had our share of international events but this is the first time South of the Border.

[Arminius makes a lunge for Tizona, quickly twisting the arm into an armwringer as Tizona grabs at his shoulder. The masked man looks for a way out as Arminius twists the arm a second time with Logan Blackburn looking on approvingly from the floor.]

SA: Gordon, as has been discussed in the past, while we've referred to this trio as Guerreros del Mundo stateside due to their association with Angelica Westerly - who I'm told is here in the building tonight scouting as she will be all week during this tour of Mexico - here in this country they're better known as Triangulo de la Muerte - the Triangle of Death - one of the country's top trios and one of the top contenders to the SWLL Trios Titles currently held by the Dogs of War.

GM: Which means these three have worked together often as a unit and will be a tough challenge for this new squad of Rhodes, Osborne, and Tizona.

[Tizona steadies himself and then runs towards the neutral corner, running right up the ropes to the top turnbuckle where he leaps off, twisting through the air out of the wristlock and into an armdrag that flings Arminius across the ring!]

GM: High flying armdrag out of the luchador, Tizona, who came to the aid of Sid Osborne and Raphael Rhodes a little over a week ago to get this team together in the first place...

[Tizona is right up to his feet as Arminius sprints towards him, using an overhead armdrag to toss Arminius down to the canvas again...]

SA: Down he goes for a second time and Tizona's got the skills to pay all the bills, my friends.

[Tizona breaks into a dash to the ropes, rebounding back towards Arminius who drops down into a drop toehold, hanging Arminius out over the middle rope.]

GM: Tizona to the ropes again!

[The luchador leaps up, swinging his legs between the ropes for a feint kick...

...but Arminius spins out of the way, causing Tizona to fly right back through into the ring where Arminius runs down along the ropes, leaping up to the middle rope, springing off blindly to land on the shoulders of Tizona...]

GM: Victory roll perhaps and- oh my!

[The crowd cheers as Arminius goes forward towards the ropes, tumbling over the top, dragging Tizona out to the floor with him...]

GM: Both men out and-

SA: And that's as a good as a pair of tags, Gordon! Here comes the Sin City Savior!

[Osborne goes rushing in as Destro Star does the same on the opposite side of the ring, throwing a big chop that takes the luchador up into the air off his feet, sending him crashing down to the mat...]

GM: OSBORNE CHOPS HIM DOWN!

[Osborne swings around, throwing another chop as Destro Star comes at him again.]

GM: And down he goes a second time!

[As Destro Star gets back to his feet, Osborne grabs him by the back of his masked skull, rushing towards the corner and smashing his face into the top turnbuckle in the neutral corner.]

SA: A maskful of buckle right there... and the Sin City Savior looking to send him for a ride...

[An Irish whip sends Destro Star crashing into the opposite neutral corner as Osborne comes barreling across the ring after him, laying in a vicious running palm strike that lifts the luchador's legs off the mat before settling back down.]

SA: Destro Star has been one of the most disliked competitors in all of lucha libre for some time now. His time as a singles competitor with Anastasia by his side may have been supplanted by his time with Blackburn and Arminius but the jeers for Destro Star are as strong as ever.

[Osborne backs off, watching as Destro Star stumbles along the ropes towards him...

...and uncorks a standing clothesline, taking the luchador over the top rope, depositing him out on the floor!]

GM: AND OSBORNE SENDS HIM TO THE FLOOR!

SA: He's not done yet, Gordon! Osborne letting these fans know - here he goes!

[The Sin City Savior dashes across the ring, hitting the far ropes, building up speed...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the crowd ROARS as the 260 pound Osborne hurls himself between the ropes in a tope dive, driving Destro Star backwards into the ringside barricade!]

GM: WHAT A DIVE OUT OF OSBORNE!

[Osborne gets to his feet, pumping a fist as he's about to get back inside the ring but the referee waves him off.]

SA: And there's that unusual tag rule we talked about. Osborne hits the floor so that makes Raphael Rhodes the legal man!

BW: But he didn't tag him!

SA: Yes. That's the point.

BW: Don't get smart with me, Albano. I'll get you on the first flight back to Atlanta... in COACH!

[Rhodes comes swiftly through the ropes, squaring up as Blackburn comes rushing in...

...and then slams on the brakes as he spots a pissed-off Rhodes waiting for him, swinging around and diving through the ropes out to the floor!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Hey, take a look at Rhodes in there, spitting fire and fury, and tell me you'd be rushing to throw down with him, Gordo.

GM: I wouldn't but if Blackburn didn't want Rhodes in that kind of mood, maybe he should've laid off talking about the man's wife!

[As the crowd boos the cowardly Blackburn, Dana Kaiser shakes her head with disgust on the floor.]

SA: Something I noticed when they came out here, Gordon - Dana has NOT brought that towel out here with her tonight, the one she threw in to save Raphael Rhodes - her husband - from Blackburn's dangerous chickenwing. No sign of the towel, gentlemen.

GM: We saw her toss it aside and say that it's up to her charges to finish this and that's exactly what they'll be looking to do here tonight.

[From the floor, Blackburn runs his mouth up at Rhodes who steps up on the ropes, shouting down at him...

...which is when Arminius slips back into the ring, rushing Rhodes from the blind side, connecting with a running dropkick that causes Rhodes to take a hard fall over the top rope, flipping once before slamming the small of his back down on the apron and dropping off the floor!]

GM: HARD FALL FOR RHODES THANKS TO A SNEAK ATTACK FROM BEHIND!

[The fans jeer loudly as Arminius reaches out, trading a fist bump with a gleeful Logan Blackburn who taunts the fans before launching into a series of stomps to the back.]

GM: Blackburn all over Rhodes on the outside now!

SA: Gordon, as a fan of lucha libre, it's hard to hear the fans boo Arminius - a man that they cheered for so long.

GM: Arminius turned his back on the fans though when he joined up with his brother and with Logan Blackburn... perhaps showing his true colors.

[Arminius is watching the action on the outside when Tizona rolls in on the other side, climbing to his feet. He rushes his fellow high flyer from behind but a shout from Blackburn warns Arminius who spins away as Tizona leaps into the air, landing on the middle rope...]

GM: Arminius moves but Tizona on the move as well!

[Tizona springs back, twisting around to hook a headscissors, snapping Arminius down to the mat...

...where Arminius handsprings out of it, wagging a finger at Tizona as he gets back to his feet!]

GM: Quite the show of athleticism by both men so far in this one... and they're not done yet.

[Arminius rushes at Tizona who sidesteps, shoving him towards the ropes where Arminius bounces back into a rolling sole butt by Tizona that doubles him up.]

GM: Tizona goes downstairs... to the ropes now...

[But as Tizona rebounds, Arminius straightens up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ROUNDHOUSE KICK TO THE TEMPLE!

SA: Tizona may be seeing his own estrellas after that one, boys!

[Tizona stumbles backwards, barely able to stay on his feet as Arminius twists to run to the ropes, rebounding back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SHOOOOTAAAAAY TIME! Right to the jaw!

[The palm strike stuns Arminius, causing him to stagger back as Tizona moves in on him...]

SA: And now he's lighting him up with palm strikes! Blow after blow, battering him back!

[The palm strikes drive Arminius back towards the ropes before Tizona whips around, rushing to the ropes again...]

GM: These guys are moving a mile a minute out here and...

[As Tizona rebounds back, Arminius pops him up into the air, sending him up...

...and Tizona deftly lands on the top rope, springing off immediately...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SPRINGBOARD SOMERSAULT TO THE FLOOOOOOOOR!

[The somersault dive wipes out Blackburn on the outside, getting a big cheer from the crowd and Dana Kaiser who grins while applauding loudly.]

SA: Dana Kaiser likes it! These fans like it! And I gotta admit, I liked it too!

BW: If you're just gonna start rooting for your favorites, you might as well have sent us Westerly!

[Sal chuckles.]

SA: That wouldn't have been much help to you two. The closest thing Dylan gets to lucha libre is the Nacho Bellgrande he gets for lunch every Tuesday.

[Arminius looks out on the floor..

...and when Sid Osborne comes barreling down the apron towards him, he ducks down low, avoiding an Osborne clothesline!]

GM: Swing and a miss by Osborne!

[Grabbing the top rope, Arminius leaps up, snapping a foot off the ear of the Sin City Savior!]

GM: Ohh! Enzuigiri finds the mark!

[With Osborne stunned on the apron, Arminius grabs a front facelock...]

GM: Wait a second here... Osborne's 260 pounds! This kid's a hair under 200 and...

[The crowd buzzes as Arminius shows off his tremendous upper body strength, hoisting Osborne into the air without much issue, bringing him crashing down in a vertical suplex.]

GM: ...and he brings him in the hard way! Oh my!

[Arminius kips up off the mat to his feet, pumping his arms to a smattering of cheers.]

SA: You can hear some fans here in Guadalupe still showing their support for Arminius... but the majority are letting him have it.

[Approaching the corner, Arminius slaps his brother's hand.]

GM: The tag is made... in comes Destro Star..

[The luchador duo approaches the downed Osborne, rolling him over onto his chest, each man grabbing a leg...]

GM: Looks like we've got a doubleteam on the way... lifting him up...

[The crowd groans as a double wheelbarrow suplex connects, throwing Osborne down on the back of his head and neck.]

SA: The luchadors taking a page out of the playbook of Sid Osborne himself! And right now, Osborne is reeling on the canvas.

[Blackburn gets back to his corner, clapping for his allies as Arminius ducks out and Destro Star stays in. Tizona is on the other side, shouting encouragement to Osborne as Raphael Rhodes kneels on the floor, Dana Kaiser by his side.]

GM: We're just a few minutes in and both sides are showing signs of physical trauma from the other...

[Destro Star grabs an arm, hauling Osborne up to his feet...

...who promptly DECKS him with a stiff forearm strike to the jaw!]

GM: OH! What a shot!

[Destro Star stumbles back, rubbing his masked jaw...

...and then uncorks one of his own!]

GM: Oof! Destro Star returns fire!

[Osborne cracks him again.]

GM: Another one!

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”
“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[He pauses, throwing a crotch chop at Osborne before stepping back in, springing off the middle rope into the air and snapping his foot off the ear!]

GM: OHH! And that’ll have Osborne hearing the dinner bell for sure!

[Blackburn grabs the arm, whipping Osborne from corner to corner, sending him crashing into the neutral corner again...]

GM: And Blackburn simply walking across, no wasted motion as he stays on the attack here...

[He winds up again...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”
“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”
“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”
“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”
“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”
“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[He steps out again... and this time twists around, throwing a crotch chop in Dana Kaiser’s direction.]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Raphael Rhodes promptly comes through the ropes, looking to get his hands on Blackburn which brings the referee over to cut him off..

...which allows the luchadors to slip back into the ring. They whip Osborne across the ring into the opposite corner, moving towards him as Blackburn drops down on the mat, raising his knees into the air...]

GM: Triple team behind the referee’s back!

[...and the luchadors double hiptoss Osborne into the air, bringing him down across the raised knees!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: TREMENDOUS TRIPLE TEAM ACTION BY GUERREROS DEL MUNDO!

[Arminius and Destro Star scamper out of the ring, leaving a beaming Logan Blackburn behind to plead his innocence as a puzzled official turns around and sees Osborne down on the canvas.]

BW: And look at Logan Blackburn, as innocent as a young child.

GM: Give me a break.

[A smirking Blackburn takes a stroll around the ring, pausing to make sure he taunts Raphael Rhodes a little more. Rhodes again starts to come through the ropes but this time, Dana Kaiser is there to talk him down.]

GM: Rhodes wants a piece of Logan Blackburn so badly he can taste it but right now, that anger is doing his team more harm than good.

[Tizona also tries to reason with Rhodes in the corner as a grinning Blackburn turns back towards a slowly-rising Rhodes. Blackburn methodically rolls down his kneepad, exposing his bare kneecap for all to see...

...and then surges forward, driving his knee into the face of Osborne, knocking him flat once more!]

SA: KNEE TO THE DOME OF OSBORNE! And by exposing that kneecap, he does even more damage than usual...

[Measuring his man, Blackburn drops the bare knee down into the head, sliding right into a lateral press.]

GM: Blackburn makes the cover - he gets one! He gets two! But that's all! Sid Osborne showing he's still got something left in the tank as Blackburn gets back to his feet, pulling the kneepad into place.

[Blackburn strides across the ring, slapping the hand of Destro Star to bring him back into the match.]

GM: Another tag for Triangulo de Muerte as Destro Star comes back in, hauling Sid Osborne up to his feet... oh! Short back elbow, right under the chin!

[The blow sends the Sin City Savior staggering backwards, falling against the ropes. The luchador pursues, tying Osborne's arms up in the ropes.]

SA: Destro Star looking to immobilize Osborne here for perhaps one of his favorite maneuvers.

[The luchador backs off to center ring, lifting his arms and miming shooting a shotgun at the trapped Osborne before charging in, leaping up and driving both feet into the chest with a shotgun dropkick!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Nearly caving in the chest of Sid Osborne with that one, daddy!

[Destro Star pulls Osborne out of the ropes, throwing him down to the mat for another pin attempt.]

GM: Osborne down again... that's one! That's two! That's- shoulder up!

[The luchador slaps the mat in annoyance, holding up three fingers at the official who holds up two in response. Destro Star climbs to his feet, walking to his corner again where he slaps his brother's offered hand.]

GM: Another tag, this one to Arminius now...

[Destro Star scoops up Osborne, slamming him down in the middle of the ring as Arminius scampers down the apron, slingshotting up into a springboard...]

GM: SPRINGBOARD 450!

[...and CRASHES out of the full flip into a big splash!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: That's gotta do it!

GM: Hooks the leg! ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

[The crowd cheers as Osborne's shoulder pops up off the mat in time!]

GM: Close call there for the Sin City Savior but he's able to kick out before three and keep this one alive for his team.

[Arminius climbs to his feet, clutching his ribs.]

SA: Looks like Arminius may have banged up his own ribs with that 450 splash... a lot of impact on it.

BW: That's why they call it high risk offense, Albano.

SA: No arguments here, Wilde.

[Bucky sputters at the use of his last name as Arminius stomps back to the corner, slapping his brother's hand again.]

GM: Quick tags being made by Triangulo de Muerte as Destro Star comes back in...

[Destro Star promptly walks down the apron as Arminius pulls Osborne into position. The masked man slingshots himself into a somersault senton, crashing down on the torso.]

GM: Another high impact down across the body of Osborne! Could this be enough?

[Another near fall follows before Osborne kicks out in time.]

GM: So close once more! The luchadors and Blackburn are giving Rhodes, Osborne, and Tizona all they can handle and then some...

[Pulling Osborne to his feet, Destro Star lands a series of stiff elbowstrikes, alternating right-left-right-left as he drives the Sin City Savior back up against the ropes...]

GM: Destro Star's got him on the ropes... now to the ropes himself, getting a running start...

[But as Destro Star approaches for whatever he's got in mind, Osborne drops to a knee, causing the spinning leg lariat for Destro Star to go awry, first tangling him up in the ropes and then dropping him out on the apron unceremoniously!]

GM: Ohh! And that one did NOT pay off for Destro Star as Osborne avoids the spinning kick... and now Osborne's got a chance to get back into this, Bucky.

BW: He does but he's gotta get across the ring and make the tag.

SA: Looks to me like he's got other ideas, boys.

[Osborne struggles to his feet as Destro Star attempts to do the same on the apron...]

GM: Both men fighting to their feet... and Destro Star gets there first, grabbing Osborne by the head...

[Running down the length of the apron, Destro Star attempts to slam Osborne's head into the turnbuckle...]

...but Sid gets a foot up on the buckles, blocking the faceslam!]

GM: Blocked by Osborne and-

[And Sid returns the favor, smashing Destro Star's masked head into the ringpost instead!]

GM: OHH! HEADFIRST TO THE STEEL!

[A dazed Destro Star staggers backwards as Osborne leans against the buckles for a moment...

...and then steps up with one foot on the middle rope, immediately twisting back and throwing himself into a clothesline that flips Destro Star inside out before dumping him out to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A MOVE FROM OSBORNE AND WHAT A FALL FOR DESTRO STAR!

[A weary Osborne kneels on the canvas, breathing heavily as the crowd cheers...]

GM: And now Osborne's got the window to make the tag he so desperately needs!

[...and then gets up, promptly walking to the corner...]

BW: I think he's got other plans, Gordo!

GM: I think you're right! Osborne's climbing the buckles... what on Earth is he doing?!

SA: I think he's going to make a tag in his own special way!

[Standing with one foot on the top turnbuckle, Osborne lets loose a huge roar before throwing himself into the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and dives onto a rising Destro Star with a massive crossbody from the top!]

GM: OHHHHH MYYYYYY! WHAT A DIVE OUT OF OSBORNE!

[With both Destro Star and Osborne on the outside, Tizona and Arminius come rushing through the ropes for their respective teams. Tizona ducks a wildly thrown clothesline, continuing on to the ropes, rebounding back towards Arminius...]

GM: Arminius goes low...

[Arminius drops to a knee, looking for a double chop to the body but Tizona leaps into the air, front flipping over the attack, landing on his feet, and keeps on going to the ropes where he leaps again, landing on the middle rope, springing back as he twists around...]

GM: CROSSBODY CONNECTS!

[Tizona gets right back up, running to the ropes again as Arminius scrambles up to his feet, leaping into the air, snaring Tizona's head between his legs...]

GM: ARMINIUS TAKES HIM DOWN WITH A RANA!

[Both men scramble up again, Tizona running towards Arminius who sidesteps, shoving Tizona towards the ropes. Tizona leaps to the middle rope, springing back blindly to land on Arminius' shoulders...

...and SPIKES him with a reverse rana!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Tizona pops up, pumping a fist triumphantly as Arminius rolls around on the mat, clutching the back of his neck. The fans are roaring as Tizona waits, beckoning Arminius back to his feet...]

GM: We've got a wild scene on our hands now as these two incredibly athletic competitors are going at it!

[As Arminius slowly starts to stir off the mat, Tizona dashes to the ropes again...

...where he promptly falls over the top, crashing down out on the floor thanks to Logan Blackburn "accidentally" leaning on the top rope, pulling it down enough for Tizona to lose his balance!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: And Logan Blackburn again pays huge dividends for his team! Arminius and Destro Star may know how to fly, Gordo, but Logan Blackburn knows how to win!

[With Tizona on the outside, Arminius quickly dashes to the ropes behind him, speeding across the ring...

...and leaps to the top rope in a single bound, springboarding off into the air, flipping backwards while soaring forwards towards the three men already outside the ring!]

SA: SPRINGBOARD SHOOTING STAR!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: HOLY...

SA: AHHHHHHHHH QUE MORRRRRRTAAAAAAAAL!

[The springboard shooting star to the outside has wiped out everyone on the floor, leaving a pile of wrecked humanity on the barely-padded floor.]

SA: In the immortal words of Drowning Pool, let the bodies hit the floor!

[Logan Blackburn stands on the apron, looking out in awe at the scene on the outside...

...and completely forgetting that with Osborne and Tizona on the outside, someone is waiting for him.]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Run for it, Logan!

GM: Blackburn's got no idea that-

[Blackburn suddenly frantically turns...

...and gets grabbed by BOTH ears as a fuming Rhodes YANKS him over the top rope into the ring!]

GM: Now he does!

[Blackburn finds himself down on his knees, promptly begging Raphael Rhodes for mercy... heh.]

GM: Blackburn's all alone in there with Rhodes and...

[As Rhodes pauses for a moment, looking out at the cheering crowd imploring him to do significant damage, Blackburn takes his opportunity to strike, lunging forward and driving his head into Rhodes' midsection.]

GM: Ohhh! Headbutt downstairs by Blackburn!

[A grinning Blackburn gets up, pointing to his temple as he taunts the crowd. He snatches a front facelock, slowly turning it over to stand back to back with his rival.]

GM: Neckbreaker on the way and-

SA: Maybe not!

[The crowd cheers as Rhodes grabs the wrists, pulling the arms from around his neck as Blackburn looks on in horror. They twist back around to face one another and...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HEADBUTT!

[The Rhodes' headbutt catches Blackburn FLUSH near the eyesocket, sending him down to his knees with Rhodes standing before him...]

GM: This can't be good for Blackburn!

[Rhodes nods to the cheering crowd before winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BIG CHOP RIGHT TO HIS BLACK HEART!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Blackburn's chest rapidly developing red welts, Rhodes shifts his stance...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[And CRACKS Blackburn across the ear with an open-handed slap.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Blackburn slumps forward, down on all fours as Rhodes continues to stand over him, staring down...]

...and then leaps up...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LEAPING STOMP ON THE FINGERS!

BW: HEY! THAT'S BLACKBURN'S THING!

GM: Not anymore!

[Blackburn rolls to a seated position, cradling his injured fingers in his hands as Rhodes steps behind him...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CROSSFACE!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ANOTHER ONE! FOREARM ACROSS THE EYESOCKET!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MAKE IT THREE!

[Blackburn tries to slump to the mat but Rhodes grabs a handful of hair, defiantly shaking his head, dragging Blackburn up to his feet by the hair...]

GM: Waistlock!

[Rhodes lifts Blackburn into the air, dumping him down on the back of his head and neck!]

GM: GERMAN SUPLEX! And he rolls right through to his feet...

[He lifts Blackburn up, dropping him down a second time!]

GM: He's STILL not done! Rhodes is sending a message to everyone who is watching - get on his bad side at your own peril!

[Rhodes rolls Blackburn to his feet once more, still holding the waistlock...]

...which he abruptly releases, reaching up to wrap his arms around the head and neck instead!]

GM: SLEEPER!

[Rhodes hangs on as Blackburn flails about, looking for an escape...]

...and then leaps up, wrapping his legs around the Dirty Rotten Scoundrel's torso, dragging him down to the canvas where he combines the sleeper with a bodyscissors that immobilizes Blackburn!]

GM: RHODES HANGING ON! HE'S GOT IT LOCKED IN!

[Out on the floor, we see Destro Star trying to get back into the ring but Sid Osborne wraps up his legs to prevent it...]

GM: Blackburn's fading! The sleeper's taking him down...

SA: It may be on the verge of taking him out as well, Gordon!

BW: Somebody get in there!

GM: Blackburn's allies are out of reach! They can't get in to break the hold! Blackburn's arms are slowing down as the blood flow is constricted! Rhodes has this hold expertly applied and...

[The referee grabs the limp arm of Blackburn, lifting it into the air and letting it go...]

GM: That's one!

[The official lifts the arm again, letting go...]

GM: Make it two! If it drops again, it's over!

[The referee informs Blackburn of that as he lifts the arm a third time, holding it up a little longer before he releases it...]

GM: THAT'S IT! IT'S OVER!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ROARS at the sound of the bell that signals the victory of their favorites...]

...but Rhodes hangs onto the sleeper, cranking back on Blackburn's head and neck as an alarmed referee shouts at him to break the hold.]

GM: Come on, Raph... it's over now.

BW: This is uncalled for! This is a blatant attempt to injure a man, Gordo! Blatant!

GM: Well, after all the garbage that Logan Blackburn has put Raphael Rhodes through, it's hard to-

BW: Are you justifying this?!

GM: Not at all. But can you really blame him for wanting his pound of flesh here tonight? Can you?

[Dana Kaiser quickly gets into the ring, putting a hand on her husband's chest, whispering something to him.]

GM: Dana Kaiser in there trying to settle Raphael Rhodes down and...

[After a few more moments, Rhodes lets go of the sleeper, slumping backwards on the mat as Kaiser breathes a sigh of relief and the fans continue to cheer as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Here are your winners... the team of TIZONA, SID OSBORNE, and RAPHAEL RHOOOOOOOOODESSSSSS!

[Kaiser pulls Rhodes to a seated position, a smile on her face as she slips an arm over his shoulders, pulling his head towards her. Sid Osborne and Tizona have rejoined their partner in the ring now, the former reaching down to pull Rhodes up to his feet as the fans continue to cheer.]

GM: A big win here to kick off Estrellas En El Cielo.

SA: I'd call that an understatement, Gordo. I gotta call this a pretty significant upset. The team of Triangulo de Muerte has been one of the top trios in Mexico for quite some time now - a top contender to the Dogs of War and the SWLL Trios Titles... and to get knocked off by a brand new team, that's gotta be disheartening to the team representing Guerreros del Mundo.

GM: A very good point, Big Sal... and as the winners continue their celebration, let's go backstage and-

[The signature sound of a snarling jungle cat rings out over the PA system, quickly followed by the sounds of "La Cama de Piedra" by Cuco Sanchez creeping across the PA system.]

BW: EL PRESIDENTE EN LA CASA!

[A few moments pass, long enough for us to determine that there's a pretty solid mixed reaction for Javier Castillo coming from the Guadalupe crowd... and then the Generalissimo himself slithers out into view, dressed in a dark charcoal suit, flanked on either side by MAWAGA and John Law - the night's protection for El Presidente. He has a mic in one hand that causes a significant "CLUNK!" sound to ring out a few times as he claps his hands at the top of the aisle.]

JC: Excelente, mis amigos! Very good!

[Raphael Rhodes glares down the ramp at Castillo who is absolutely beaming.]

JC: What a tremendous matchup to kick off this very historic night of AWA action... ESTRELLAS EN EL CIELO!

[There's a pretty big reaction for the event name as Castillo grins wider, somehow believing those cheers are for him.]

JC: Thank you, thank you! You're welcome, my friends! You are so welcome!

[The cheers quiet some as Castillo looks out on the huge crowd.]

JC: Now, some of you might be wondering why I'm not speaking in my native Spanish to you all right now... and I place the blame squarely on those closed-minded executives back there who told me we must appeal to the global audience and not the local one!

[The boos ring out from the crowd in Mexico.]

JC: Yes, yes... I know! I feel the same way! After all, you are my people! Mi familia! After nearly a year of being subjected to the most vicious... the most vile comments from fans throughout the United States, it is so good to be back home!

[Another mixed reaction goes up... the boos a little louder this time. Castillo arches an eyebrow.]

JC: Oh... I see that the United States has managed to export a few of those... deplorables... right back here to Mexico!

[The crowd reacts again - the boos even louder this time.]

JC: Do you hear this, MAWAGA? Do you hear this, Mr. Law?

[MAWAGA doesn't respond but Law nods, tugging at the black leather gloves on his hands. Castillo lowers the mic, muttering with disgust under his breath.]

JC: You... ungrateful...

[The boos pop up again, cutting him off. His cheeks start to flush with anger.]

JC: AFTER ALL I'VE DONE FOR YOU?! Do you think ANYONE in that locker room wants to be here tonight?! Do you think ANYONE in the AWA front office wants to be here tonight?! NO!

This company was born in Texas... and STILL couldn't be bothered to come to Mexico for nearly a decade until I showed up and made it happen... eh?!

[The boos are a little less loud this time but still enough to anger Castillo.]

JC: You boo me?! The man who brought you this magnificent show?! The man who showed you there is more to professional wrestling than what you've had to live with for so long?!

I should... MAWAGA, what should I do?

[MAWAGA doesn't respond.]

JC: Should I send Mr. Law into this crowd and show these people the meaning of the law?! Of American justice?!

[Law sneers as the crowd boos louder.]

JC: Should I... should I walk out this door... cross that border... and never come back?!

[A big cheer at the idea of that as Castillo gets even MORE upset at that.]

JC: Or maybe... maybe I should call the production truck and tell them to cut the damn feed! Maybe I should call security in here and tell them to throw every one of you ungrateful gilipollas out into the street because this show is over! Eh?! Is that what you want?! Es eso lo que quieres?!

[Castillo is absolutely fuming now, pacing on the ramp as the fans start to chant in his direction.]

"CRI-MI-NAL!"

"CRI-MI-NAL!"

"CRI-MI-NAL!"

SA: Uh oh. It sounds like El Presidente's reputation has preceded him.

[Castillo glares out at the crowd, lifting the mic to respond...]

"CRI-MI-NAL!"

"CRI-MI-NAL!"

"CRI-MI-NAL!"

[He pauses, his mouth moving but without saying anything...]

...and then he angrily throws the mic down to the ramp, storming back through the curtain as the crowd ROARS for that and we cut back to the announce team seated at the ringside table.]

GM: Well, that certainly didn't go the way he planned. Javier Castillo sent slinking back through the curtain with his tail between his legs and... well, you don't hate to see that, guys.

SA: Certainly not.

BW: No comment.

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: That was one heck of a way to kick off what promises to be a great night of action... and we'll be right back with more action here on Estrellas En El Cielo!

[We fade from the announcers...]

...and fade 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 fade back up to Stevie Scott and Max Magnum in a pre-recorded segment earlier in the day, standing in the sun in the parking lot of Estadio BBVA, far enough away that the stadium rises above the trees behind them. Magnum wears his usual black t-shirt with the white block font reading "SPLX BCHS"; Stevie, on the other hand, sports a multi-colored button-down shirt, reflecting a bit more of the "old" Stevie Scott in attire. Magnum, of course, is mostly expressionless aside from his usual cold, heartless stare.]

HSS: You've made your choice, Dave Bryant.

[The Hotshot motions to the stadium behind them.]

HSS: Tonight, in Guadalupe, Mexico, in the stadium known as El Gigante de Acero...you will face your own steel giant.

[Magnum half-smirks at the thought of getting to hurt Bryant later.]

HSS: You didn't make this choice blindly, either. You are quite aware of what you're getting yourself into. And yet, tonight, you will still enter this arena behind us and when the time comes, you will walk yourself down the aisle in front of 50,000 fans. You will climb into the ring and do your best to avoid the certain devastation that awaits you.

And for that, Dave...

[Stevie nods.]

HSS: I admire you.

You've already admitted that you know what you are up against, that even in the prime of your career, you would have been hard-pressed to solve the riddle of Max Magnum...to go toe-to-toe, face-to-face with the Alpha Beast, the Modern Day Man of Steel himself...a man who wants nothing more than to inflict pain and punishment on anyone who dares stand in his path.

[Magnum cracks his knuckles underneath his gloves, drawing a look from Stevie.]

HSS: You see, Dave? Max is anxious. Minutes pass like hours for him as he anticipates the opportunity to knock down another pillar of the AWA. And with each minute that drags by, that simply adds more fuel to his fire as he dreams up new ways to cause you to feel a level of pain you didn't understand existed.

So you have to ask yourself, Dave...is it worth it?

[The Hotshot pauses for a couple of beats to let the question sink in.]

HSS: Is it worth risking your ability to stand upright without the aid of medical equipment in order to prove that you can STILL be, as you put it, "that Dave Bryant one more time?"

Is it worth it to find out, even if you CAN be that Dave Bryant tonight...that it still won't be enough?

[Stevie shakes his head.]

HSS: I admire you for trying, Dave, but Max here? He doesn't share that sentiment.

He just wants to shed some blood, pop some ligaments, and break some bones.

And trust me, Dave. If you thought what Max has done to the likes of Calisto Dufresne, Juan Vasquez, and Raphael Rhodes was bad...you're in for a very unfortunate surprise tonight.

[Magnum smirks again.]

HSS: This is normally where I'd issue a warning to walk away or talk about threats and guarantees, but you've already been giving the warnings and have allowed them to go unheeded.

So whatever happens to you tonight. Doc, just remember.

It's going to be your own...damn...fault.

[Stevie smiles, then looks over his shoulder at the arena behind him.]

HSS: Enjoy walking in there, pal.

Because you aren't walking out.

[Cut back to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

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

[Bucky interjects.]

BW: Not even gonna need ten, daddy.

GM: We'll see about that.

[The heavy opening guitar and drumbeat of KISS's "God of Thunder" blasts over the PA and into the open air of the Estadio BBVA, drawing a mixed reaction from the Guadalupe crowd - mostly boos, but yet excitement about getting to see this man up close and in person.

Emerging first, it's the manager...pardon, advisor...the AWA legend, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott. Scott is decked out almost entirely in black - a black suit, black shoes, a black tie, with the only white being the shirt underneath his jacket. His sandy blond hair is pulled up into a man bun, because of course it is. No STEVIEGRIN~! tonight but rather a smug, cocksure smile as he pauses in the middle of the ramp and turns to his left, waiting to be joined by his client.]

RO: Introducing first... being accompanied to the ring by his advisor, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott...

[As Ortiz begins her introduction, Max Magnum emerges into view. Shocker: he looks pissed off.]

RO: ...hailing from the city of Mountain Iron, Minnesota...weighing in at 295 pounds...he is...

MAAAAAAAX! MAGNUUUUUUUMMMMMMMMMMM!

[The Alpha Beast takes his spot alongside Stevie clad simply in black trunks, black knee and elbow pads, and black boots that reach halfway up his calves. The massive physical specimen pauses at the top of the ramp, hopping side-to-side before violently throwing his arms outward and downward, perhaps signifying his intent to break Dave Bryant in half, as a stream of pyro explodes around him.]

GM: Here he comes, Bucky, it's Max Magnum, who has been waiting for his opportunity to get his hands on Dave Bryant after a handful of altercations between the two since Magnum attacked the former AWA World Champion at Memorial Day Mayhem.

BW: Stevie Scott said it best just a few moments ago, Gordo. Bryant's got heart but he's lacking in brains if he really thinks he wants a piece of the Alpha Beast.

[The edited song skips the first few lines and cuts directly into Gene Simmons' strikingly accurate description of Magnum 40 years prior.]

I WAS BORN ON OLYMPUS
TO MY FATHER, A SON
I WAS RAISED BY THE DEMONS
TRAINED TO REIGN AS THE ONE

[Stevie leads the way to the ring with Magnum walking beside him step-for-step, as Stevie is giving words of advice to his client during the trip down the aisle. As they reach ringside, Stevie takes the conventional route of climbing the steps into the ring while Magnum chooses to display his freakish athleticism by simply jumping to the apron from a standing position.]

I'M THE LORD OF THE WASTELANDS
A MODERN DAY MAN OF STEEL
I GATHER DARKNESS TO PLEASE ME
AND I COMMAND YOU TO KNEEL

[Magnum takes his place in the middle of the ring, hopping side-to-side again while staring intensely into the air. Stevie stands beside him, applauding his client.]

BW: And if you notice, we've got Max Magnum standing alongside Stevie Scott... both of them practically dressed in all black from head to toe. I talked to the Hotshot earlier today and I asked him about that.

GM: And?

BW: And he said what else would you wear to a funeral procession for Dave Bryant's career.

[The music trails off as the music shifts to "Big Gun" by AC/DC which heralds the arrival of a former two-time AWA World Champion...]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent... from Las Vegas, Nevada... weighing in at 235 pounds... he is the DOCTOR of LOVVVVVVE...

DAAAAAAAAAAAAAVE BRYYYYYYYYYYYYYYANNNNNNT!

[The crowd ROARS their approval as the Doctor of Love strides into view. The brown-eyed, clean-shaved former World Champion has his shoulder-length hair pulled back in a ponytail as he stands at the top of the ramp, hands on his hips, looking out on the roaring crowd. He turns towards the camera on the stage, showing them his arm...]

GM: The man's got goosebumps and who can blame him! This crowd is JACKED to see Dave Bryant back in action!

SA: The former World Champion made his AWA return back at Memorial Day Mayhem in the Rumble... and that's the night he met Max Magnum for the first time.

BW: Tonight may be the time he meets the Alpha Beast for the LAST time, daddy.

GM: It's certainly a possibility. There has been a lot of discussion recently on whether or not Bryant is making a mistake stepping into the ring with Max Magnum - the undefeated Max Magnum I should add - here tonight.

BW: It's not the lack of a loss that worries me for Dave Bryant, Gordo. It's the brutality. It's the savagery. It's the calculated menace that Magnum carries with him everywhere he goes. He wants the win... make no mistake... but he also wants this entire industry to pay attention and show the proper respect to the man who believes he is the future of professional wrestling.

[Bryant makes his way down the aisle in a pair of white trunks, foregoing the fancy robe on this night. He's all business as he approaches, nodding his head as he stares up at Magnum and Scott who await him.]

GM: Dave Bryant says he knows what he's getting into tonight - I sure hope he's right.

[Dave Bryant slides under the bottom rope into the ring...]

...and rushes Max Magnum, leaping into the air to land a right hand to the side of the head with enough force behind it to send Magnum falling back into his corner as Stevie Scott bails out and the bell sounds!]

GM: The former World Champion looking to start things off quickly... raining those right hands down on the head... the lefts as well now...

[The crowd is ROARING for Bryant as he hammers away at Magnum, driving the Alpha Beast down to where he's leaning against the buckles for support. The referee steps in, shouting at Bryant to back it off...]

GM: Bryant's on fire here early!

[The Doctor of Love steps out, giving a big shout to the Mexican crowd who shouts in response...]

...and then turns back into a rampaging Magnum!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A devastating clothesline out of the corner by Max Magnum!

BW: He nearly took his head off with that one, daddy!

GM: Bryant goes down and he goes down hard!

SA: So much for that fire, Gordon - it looks like Max Magnum came armed with an extinguisher.

[Magnum rubs at his jaw, grimacing as he stares down at Bryant who writhes in pain on the canvas.]

BW: And I think Bryant's early flurry there just managed to piss him off, Gordo.

GM: Bucky! Language!

BW: Eh... we're out of the country. I'm not even sure that's a bad word here.

[Magnum grabs the top rope, stomping the side of Bryant's head once... twice... and a third one sends the former World Champion rolling under the ropes to the outside of the ring.]

GM: Bryant rolls out, looking to create some distance and find a chance to get back into this... but Magnum's going right out after him. These two have been on a collision course since Memorial Day Mayhem and Max Magnum would love nothing more than to end Dave Bryant once and for all here tonight.

[Out on the floor, Magnum pulls Bryant off the ringside mats by the hair, holding him up and looking him in the eye...

...before SMASHING his face down on the ring apron!]

GM: Goodness. Hard slam, driving the face into the apron and Bryant's stumbling away, again trying to create some distance...

[Magnum pursues as Bryant nears the ringpost.]

GM: Magnum reaching out with those powerful arms and-

[Bryant gets around the ringpost, quickly reaching back to grab Magnum by a wrist and uses his own walking momentum against him with a yank...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAANK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd cheers as Bryant pulls Magnum into the ringpost, smashing his forehead into the steel. The former World Champion dances around the dazed Magnum who uses the post to stay on his feet, scrambling up on the apron behind him...]

GM: Bryant with a veteran's move there, using his environment to his advantage and now Magnum's a little wobbled there... Bryant looking to land a big blow here though...

[With a shout, the former World Champion runs down the length of the apron, throwing himself into the air..]

GM: CROSSBODY!

[...but the powerful Magnum snatches him out of the sky, shaking his head defiantly as Bryant struggles and squirms, trying to get free!]

BW: Bryant went for something out of his usual playbook, Gordo, and now he's about to pay the price for it!

[Magnum walks alongside the ring, almost parading by the fans with a struggling Bryant held in his massive limbs...

...and then with a running start, he DRIVES Bryant down across his knee with a spine-stinging backbreaker!]

GM: Ohhh! And that'll stop the struggle for the moment at least.

[Magnum slowly straightens up to his feet, raising his arms over his head as the crowd jeers lustily in his direction.]

BW: Max Magnum came into this match as a rare breed, Gordo - a favorite in a match against a former World Champion. A former two-time World Champion for that matter. But despite that, the oddsmakers had Magnum as the odds-on favorite to win this thing... and right now, he seems well on his way to making that happen.

SA: Magnum's looking good so far, Bucky, but there's a reason they wrestle the matches. Bryant's got some fight left in him for sure.

BW: Was I talking to you at all, Albano? No, I wasn't.

[Magnum again drags Bryant to his feet with a handful of hair, tossing him back under the ropes into the ring. The Alpha Beast climbs up on the apron, Stevie Scott looking on approvingly as Magnum slips back through the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Both men back inside now...

[Bryant crawls across the ring, grabbing hold of the ropes in an effort to get to his feet before Magnum can get to him.]

GM: Bryant battling his way up... ohh! He caught Magnum coming in with a back elbow to the chin!

[Magnum stumbles back, rubbing at his mouth to check for blood...

...and then snatches a rear waistlock on Bryant to the concern of a buzzing crowd!]

GM: Wait, wait!

[Magnum hoists Bryant into the air, hurling him halfway across the ring before dumping him on the back of his head and neck with a released German suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: The German Suplex is on the money right there! All impact on the head... on the neck... and Dave Bryant is in serious trouble early on, fans.

[Magnum gets to his feet, nodding to the jeering crowd as Stevie Scott turns to look at them...]

"YOU WANT MORE?!"

[The Hotshot turns back to Magnum with a nod... "AGAIN!"]

GM: Uh oh.

SA: And now the fans here in Guadalupe have gotten under the skin of Stevie Scott and Max Magnum and that won't do any favors for Dave Bryant, Gordon.

GM: That's for sure. Magnum pulling Bryant up, dragging him up by the back of the tights...

[Magnum wraps his powerful arms around Bryant's torso again, ready to send him for a bumpy ride...

...but Bryant snaps the elbow back into the jaw!]

GM: Bryant fighting back! One elbow... make it two! A third one on target as well!

[The third elbow causes Magnum's arms to slip free from the waistlock. Bryant quickly whips around, throwing a right hand between the eyes... then snaps off a jab... and another... and another... backing Magnum halfway across the ring...]

GM: Bryant's got these fans on their feet! Can he get that old Dave Bryant back inside his core just one more time?!

[Bryant winds up again but as he swings, Magnum catches the fist in his hand, staring down coldly at a shocked Bryant...

...and then he reaches out with his other arm, hooking Bryant under the armpit, swinging his left hand around to hook him also...]

GM: What's he...?

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ROARS as Magnum lifts and Bryant takes flight, soaring over the top rope and crashing down HARD just a couple of feet before the end of the entrance ramp with a biel throw!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

SA: Correct me if I'm wrong, fellas - but it looks like every time Dave Bryant lands a shot or two, Max Magnum pumps up the volume and does even MORE damage than he intended to! A biel toss OVER the ropes to the floor?! Bryant may be about to spend the rest of his Labor Day in a Mexican hospital!

[Magnum stands inside the ring, looking over the ropes at a floored Dave Bryant as the crowd buzzes at what they just saw and Stevie Scott applauds gleefully.]

GM: Well, Stevie Scott certainly likes what he's seeing so far in this one...

BW: We're not even five minutes into this match and Max Magnum is giving Dave Bryant the kind of beating we've NEVER seen the former World Champion take before, Gordo.

GM: That's quickly becoming a trend for Max Magnum who has - in recent months - violently assaulted the likes of former World Champions like Calisto Dufresne and Juan Vasquez. Dave Bryant's just another one on that list, Bucky.

BW: No better way to prove to the world that you should be THE MAN than to beat up everyone else who had that claim at one point. Wherever the heck James Monosso is, he'd better tell his nursemaid to change the channel before Magnum senses him watching and comes for him too.

[With Bryant still laid out on the floor, barely moving, Magnum steps through the ropes again, ignoring the protests of Koji Sakai.]

GM: Referee Koji Sakai letting Magnum have it but Magnum's not listening. He's seeing red right now and he's looking to put Bryant on a slab here tonight.

[Magnum grabs the legs of Dave Bryant, dragging him across the ringside area, pulling him closer to the barricade where some rowdy fans start giving Magnum the business as well...]

GM: The fans here in Mexico are red hot here tonight and they're loving this AWA action on display tonight in Guadalupe.

BW: Yet they boo Javier Castillo?! The man who brought it to them?! Disgusting!

[Magnum tightens his grip on Bryant as he lifts him bodily off the floor..

...and SWINGS him into the ringside railing!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GIANT SWING INTO THE STEEL!

[He holds him up... and then swings the other way...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND AGAIN!

[...and one more time...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...before he lets go, letting Bryant slump limply to the floor once more. Magnum rolls his shoulders and neck, staring out at the jeering crowd as Stevie Scott slides in behind his charge.]

"You've got him where you want him, Max. You've got him exactly where you want him."

[Magnum nods his head, apparently agreeing with his advisor as he leans down, dragging the limp Bryant off the mat, pulling him bodily towards the ring where he chucks him back in again.]

BW: Magnum puts him back in and I think Bryant should try to avoid the floor at all costs right about now.

GM: I think you're right. Magnum has done some tremendous damage to Dave Bryant outside the ring - an area that used to be a winning battlefield for the former World Champion.

[Magnum again slides in after Bryant who is belly-crawling his way across the ring, trying to get away from his attacker.]

GM: Bryant almost fleeing from Magnum now... knowing how bad of a situation he finds himself in...

[The Alpha Beast strolls across the ring, confidently looking down on Bryant as he reaches the ropes, pulling himself to his knees...]

GM: Magnum right behind Bryant again, maybe looking for another German Suplex attempt...

[Magnum wraps his arms around the waist again, indeed looking for the aforementioned suplex...

...but Bryant lunges forward, grabbing the ropes with both arms, hanging on for dear life as Magnum tries to rip him free!]

GM: Bryant's got the ropes - trying to save himself here!

[Magnum is straining, trying to pull Bryant free but the former champion's grip is saving him for now. The referee steps closer, trying to get them out of the ropes...

...maybe a little too close.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: FOUL! FOUL!

SA: He kicked him in the lil' Magnums!

[The mule kick to the groin outside of the referee's vision breaks off Magnum's suplex attempt, sending him staggering backwards...]

GM: This is Bryant's chance! He's got his window of opportunity here!

[Bryant grabs the top rope, jumping up onto the second, springing off and twisting around to grab Magnum by the head...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DDT! DDT! A LEAPING SPRINGING DDT!

[The crowd ROARS as Bryant muscles Magnum onto his back, diving across him!]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT! IT...

[The crowd groans as Magnum kicks out JUST in time!]

GM: BRYANT WAS SO CLOSE! SO CLOSE RIGHT THERE TO SHOCKING THE WORLD!

[Bryant rolls off of Magnum, lying on his back, staring up at the sky as he buries his head in his hands.]

GM: Bryant thought he had him! He thought the DDT would be enough!

[Stevie Scott is looking on, gripping the canvas tightly, a VERY concerned look on his face.]

GM: And suddenly, Stevie Scott's not laughing anymore! Suddenly, Stevie Scott doesn't look as cocky as he has since Max Magnum showed up in the AWA! Suddenly, Stevie Scott realizes that his man is human after all!

[Bryant rolls to a hip, pushing up to a knee as he gets to his feet...]

GM: And now it's Dave Bryant who is on the attack...

[Grabbing the top rope, Bryant launches into a series of vicious stomps, forcing Magnum to roll out of the ring, landing on his feet on the outside...

...where Dave Bryant goes after him!]

GM: Magnum's outside, on his feet with Bryant in pursuit...

[Bryant slams a double axehandle across the base of the muscular neck, sending Magnum stumbling up the aisle towards the ramp.]

GM: Bryant's got him on the run... another big clubbing forearm to the back of the neck...

[Magnum starts up the incline of the metal ramp, Bryant still following behind him. He pulls Magnum to a halt, driving the point of his elbow down into the back of the neck once... twice... three times...]

GM: And Bryant's focusing his attack on the neck... on the neck he might've hurt with the DDT!

[Bryant grabs the head, doubling Magnum over for a HUGE standing kneelift that snaps Magnum's head back, again sending him stumbling up the metal ramp to the cheers of the crowd...]

GM: The former World Champion said he needed to channel the old Dave Bryant... that he needed to find the old Dave Bryant... and right now, that's exactly what he's doing!

[With Magnum stumbling away but still on his feet, Bryant pauses, taking aim...

...and dives forward, smashing his shoulder into the back of Magnum's knee!]

GM: OHHH! HE CLIPPED HIM! HE CLIPPED HIM! AND THAT BRINGS THE BIG MAN DOWN!

[Magnum sinks to a knee, his face covered in pain as he grabs at the knee that Bryant threw all his weight into!]

SA: A big man's not a big man if he's down on the mat!

GM: Dave Bryant perhaps thinking about the Iron Crab... thinking about getting Magnum softened up a little bit for that. Bryant's got two major weapons in his arsenal - the Iron Crab and that devastating superkick.

SA: Bryant was doing superkicks before superkicks were cool.

[Circling around the kneeling Magnum, Bryant rears back, driving a right hand down between the eyes... and another... and another...]

GM: Bryant just pounding away on the outside! Trying to show the world that he does - indeed - still have it! That he's still the man who held the World Title on two occasions! That he's still the man who beat Supreme Wright and Juan Vasquez on the road to winning the World Title!

[Bryant gets Magnum to his feet, steering him back down the ramp towards the ring where he SMASHES his face into the ring apron!]

GM: And Bryant returns the favor from earlier tonight, facefirst off the apron. He shoves him under the ropes now, pushing him back into the ring...

[But he stops Magnum before he's all the way in, his legs dangling over the apron. Bryant grins as he grabs the leg he clipped...

...and SLAMS the back of the knee down on the edge of the apron, causing Magnum to cry out in pain for perhaps the first time ever!]

GM: OHH! Bryant going after the knee again!

[Magnum quickly slides back into the ring before Bryant can do further damage, the former World Champion pulling himself back in...]

GM: Magnum's down - and the big man is hurt!

[Magnum is grabbing at his knee as Bryant gets to his feet, nodding to the cheering crowd as he points to Magnum...]

GM: Bryant's going for it! Bryant says he's going to lock in that Iron Crab!

[Approaching the downed Magnum, Bryant leans down to grab the legs... but finds Magnum's arms wrapped around the ropes.]

GM: Magnum's got the ropes! Bryant was looking to get that submission locked in but Magnum's got the ropes and he can't get him loose!

[The referee is shouting for Bryant to break his grip on the legs but the former World Champion is still struggling to rip Magnum free from the ropes...]

GM: Bryant finally lets go... the fans here in Guadalupe wanted to see that Iron Crab locked in... they wanted to see the big upset but it's not to be... not yet at least...

[Bryant backs off, arguing with the official for a few moments before he steps back in towards Magnum who is on a knee, getting back to his feet near the ropes...]

GM: Bryant's got him down - ready to try to finish the job...

[Magnum suddenly lunges forward, wrapping his massive arms around the torso of Bryant, lifting him up and shoving him skyward...

...where Bryant DROPS throatfirst across the top rope!]

GM: OHHH! HOT SHOT! HOT SHOT BY MAGNUM!

[Bryant flops backwards to the canvas, clutching his throat as he kicks his legs wildly on the canvas...]

GM: Max Magnum pulling a page out of Stevie Scott's playbook on that one! What a counter and that may have just completely turned this thing around!

[Magnum grabs the ropes, shaking his leg out a few times, trying to restore the blood flow through the hurting limb as Bryant continues to flail about on the canvas. Stevie Scott suddenly looks pleased once more, pounding a fist on the apron as he implores Magnum to "stay on him!"]

GM: A scare survived by both Scott and Magnum... and now Stevie Scott may be looking to end this before Dave Bryant can get back up.

[Leaning down, Magnum drags the struggling Bryant to his feet, whipping him into the nearest set of buckles. He runs the short distance to the corner, landing a big clothesline. A wince is evident as Magnum shakes out the knee again before giving Bryant a shove out of the corner..

...and then BLASTS him with a lunging clothesline to the back of the head, falling to his knees as he delivers it!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: That might be it. That might’ve been enough right there.

[Magnum kneels on the canvas, breathing heavily as Scott slaps the apron again.]

“GIVE. HIM. MORE.”

GM: No cover there. A bit surprising.

BW: Not to me, Gordo. Stevie Scott and Max Magnum are out to send a message to the rest of the locker room... and the front office. They can all be concerned with one another - Martinez and Castillo, Hunter and Williams... Ohara... Carver... Lynch... Wright... all of `em... but if they’re not at least looking at Max Magnum in their rear view mirror, they’re making a dangerous mistake.

[Magnum pushes back to his feet, looking down at the prone Bryant who is trying to get his arms underneath him to push to his feet...]

...but Magnum cruelly pushes his boot into the forearm, knocking Bryant back down on the mat.]

GM: Magnum just... he’s kicking him when he’s down - that’s what he’s doing now.

[The Alpha Beast leans over, pulling Bryant up by the hair, tugging him into a bearhug, lifting him up with ease...]

GM: Magnum’s got him up... over his shoulder now like a rag doll...

[Magnum circles around once and then DRIVES Bryant’s spine into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohhh!

[Grabbing the middle rope, Magnum leans over, driving his shoulder into the midsection once... twice... three times... four times... five times... make it a half dozen before he leaves Bryant to slump down into a seated position in the corner, gasping for air...]

...which is when Magnum plants his foot across the face, raking his boot across the flesh over and over again!]

GM: This is just a savage beating in the corner now! Max Magnum has gone from trying to win this match to a whole other level of brutality.

BW: Those bootscrapes aren’t going to win a match but it just might teach a lesson to old man Bryant and the rest of the locker room trying to ignore the Modern Day Man of Steel!

[Magnum plants his boot on the throat, pressing down while pulling on the ropes for extra leverage...]

GM: A blatant choke now... just robbing the air from the lunges... and Magnum breaks it just before the five count.

[He again shakes out his knee before going for a little walk around the ring, confidently looking out on the jeering crowd with dismay.]

GM: Magnum looks like he's on top of the world right now.

"TEN MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Well, Bucky... as we hear the timekeeper call there, you were wrong about that. Dave Bryant has survived ten minutes with Max Magnum.

BW: Only because Magnum LET him, Gordo. Magnum could end this at any time now... he just choose not to. This is Max Magnum's world, daddy - we are all just subjugated citizens in it.

[Magnum circles back to Bryant who has managed to get to his feet in the corner, facing away from the ring...

...which is when Magnum wraps his powerful arms around the waist, this time snapping Bryant up and over with ease, dumping him violently once more!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And the German Suplex finds the mark again!

[Magnum gets right back to his feet, looking out at Stevie Scott who gives a nod.]

BW: And don't look now, Gordo... but I think the Doctor of Love is about to go for the worst flight of his life and he's flown on Spirit Airlines before so that's saying something!

[Magnum pulls Bryant right back to his feet, coldly looking him in the eye before ducking low, popping him up into a fireman's carry...]

GM: Magnum's got him on those massive shoulders... and this can't be good news for Dave Bryant!

BW: Tower control - prepare for takeoff!

[Magnum walks out to the middle of the ring, ignoring Bryant's weight on his shoulders as he lifts his leg to give it one more shake before he starts going into an airplane spin...]

GM: HERE WE GO! MAGNUM SPINS AND-

[But before he can deliver his signature move, Magnum loses control of Bryant who slips off the shoulders, landing on his feet behind the Alpha Beast...]

GM: Bryant slips free and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUPERKICK! CALL ME IN THE MORNING CONNECTS!

[The signature superkick snaps Magnum's head back, causing his eyelids to flutter...]

GM: Magnum's hurt! Magnum's dazed!

BW: But that big son of a gun won't go down!

[Bryant looks alarmed at that fact, shaking his head as he steps back, looking for more of a running start...]

GM: He's going for it again! Bryant takes aim and-

[Bryant surges forward for a second superkick attempt...

...as Magnum surges forward, ducking low...]

GM: HE'S GOT BRYANT UP!

[Magnum goes into his spin again, twisting around violently...

...and then SHOVES Bryant skyward, helicoptering through the air before CRASHING down chestfirst to the canvas!]

GM: BOMBSHELL! HE DROPS HIM WITH THE BOMBSHELL!

[Magnum stumbles backwards after the move, falling back into the ropes where he again pauses to shake the pain out his leg as Stevie Scott applauds proudly.]

GM: Bryant's not moving! Not at all!

SA: This one, sadly, appears to be over for the former World Champion, Gordon.

GM: I'd have to agree with you, Sal. Magnum is still on his feet, not moving to cover yet... but he might have all week to make this cover and still get the three count.

[Magnum stands tall, pushing off the ropes, looking down on Bryant...]

GM: For Pete's sake, cover the man.

[Magnum looks out on the jeering crowd, shaking his head in defiance...

...and then leans down, dragging Bryant up to his feet again by the hair, pulling him right back into another fireman's carry.]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

[The crowd gets even louder as Magnum goes into another high velocity Airplane spin, going around and around until...]

BW: LIFTOFF!

[...and Bryant bounces violently facefirst off the canvas a second time!]

GM: Gaaaaah.

[Magnum again drops back near the ropes but doesn't fall into them this time, still staring down at the unmoving Bryant as the referee points to Bryant, shouting at Magnum to make the cover...]

GM: The referee's ordering Magnum to cover but...

BW: Nobody gives Max Magnum orders, Gordo.

GM: I'm sure that's true but...

[Magnum's glare turned towards Koji Sakai causes the referee to scamper out of harm's way...

...which is when Magnum angrily pulls Bryant off the mat again, lifting his limp form right up on his shoulders again...]

GM: Enough is enough, damn it! Somebody's gotta stop this guy!

[Magnum goes into another airplane spin, the crowd roaring their disapproval for what they're seeing...

...and Bryant takes flight once more, twisting through the air before landing hard on the canvas. He rolls immediately to his back, no other motion at all as Magnum towards over him, looking out on the loudly jeering crowd.]

GM: That's three! Three damn Bombshells by Max Magnum on the former World Champion, Dave Bryant! Three Bombshells when one would have been more than enough... and this one's gotta be over even if the referee has to stop the damn thing!

BW: Hey, you saw the look Magnum gave Sakai. You stoppin' this thing if you're Koji?

GM: That's not my call to make but-

[The crowd begins buzzing as someone comes hurdling over the barricade, rushing towards the ring. The good-looking young man is carrying a white jacket in his hands and wastes not a second in throwing it through the ropes into the ring.]

GM: What the... who is that?

[The referee looks at the jacket in the ring... then out at the young man on the floor...

...and then twists around, waving for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd reacts with a mix of cheers and boos for the bell as Magnum glares at the official who called for the bell...]

GM: That young man on the floor... that's... is that...?

SA: It definitely is. That's Brett Bryant - the son of Dave Bryant - who just threw in the... well, the jacket in this case... for his father before Max Magnum could inflict any more damage.

[With the bell having sounded, Brett Bryant slides through the ropes, crawling towards his legendary father as Magnum stares down at the scene unfolding in the ring.]

GM: Brett Bryant had seen enough. He'd seen his father take too much punishment at the hands of Max Magnum and with Magnum no longer content with a victory, Brett Bryant felt he had to act to protect his father.

[As the official and Brett Bryant tend to the Doctor of Love, Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... the referee has ruled that Dave Bryant's corner has thrown in the towel for him... therefore your winner by-

[A monstrous roar from Max Magnum cuts off Ortiz as he leans down, yanking Koji Sakai up to his feet...

...and OBLITERATES him with a standing lariat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Even Stevie Scott looks shocked and horrified by this turn of events as Magnum DESTROYS an AWA referee with a clothesline!]

GM: OH MY GOD!

BW: Holy... that was a referee he just hit!

SA: He didn't just hit him, Bucky... Max Magnum may have just put Koji Sakai in a damn hospital!

[A shocked Brett Bryant jumps up to his feet, sensing trouble as Magnum turns towards him...

...but it's too late as Magnum lifts the young man up on his shoulders in no time flat, going into a spin...]

GM: No, no, no!

[...and chucks the twenty-something year old into the air, sending him rotating rapidly and crashing violently down to the canvas alongside his father!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MAX MAGNUM IS A DAMN MONSTER!

[A shocked Stevie Scott gets into the ring, quickly jumping in front of a heavy-breathing, violence-infused Magnum before he can do any more damage, muttering "That's enough! That's enough, Max! Come on!"]

GM: Get that savage the hell out of there, Scott!

[Stevie somehow manages to do exactly that, getting Magnum to step through the ropes, hopping down to the floor. The Alpha Beast raises his arms over his head, soaking up the jeers from the Guadalupe crowd as Stevie Scott looks on anxiously at the ring where AWA medical has swarmed the scene, trying to triage the carnage as quickly as possible.]

BW: Max Magnum wins the match... and in the process, he has shown the world what kind of destructive force he is! Who can stop this man, Gordo? Who?!

GM: I don't know... but someone's gotta do it... and soon.

[We hold on Magnum and Scott retreating back up the aisle before 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."

[We fade to black...

...and then come back to live action inside Estadio BBVA where we can hear "You're The Best" playing over the PA system. Inside the ring, we can see the Shooting Stars have made their way to the squared circle as the fans cheer. Downpour is standing on the middle rope, pointing out to the Guadalupe fans as Lee Connors grins at the reaction, looking wide-eyed at the huge crowd in attendance.]

GM: Welcome back to Estrellas En El Cielo - and as you can see, the Shooting Stars came to the ring during our commercial break, looking for their unnamed opponents for this match. Sal, you gotta be happy for Downpour in particular in this moment.

SA: Absolutely, Gordon. Downpour's roots are here in Mexico... in the world of lucha libre and I know he was looking forward so much to competing here tonight. The Shooting Stars have been on a bit of a downturn as of late but this match makes everything they've been going through worth it.

GM: Now if only they knew who their opponents are.

[Connors raises the mic as the music fades.]

LC: Thank you... thank you all so much.

[Another cheer goes up as Downpour hops off the middle rope, moving to join his partner.]

LC: This moment... this night... it means so much to both of us. When you look back on our time together as a team this year, we've had some big nights. Eternally Extreme with the Idols... the Battle of Saskatchewan in front of my home country's fans... the World Tag Title match with Next Gen recently. But I think this... this right here... means the most of all.

[Downpour nods, patting Connors on the back.]

LC: Ever since we became a team, I know how much it's meant to my partner, Downpour, to be a part of an AWA event in Mexico. In fact, he was one of the guys lobbying the hardest for this event to happen... and so I'm so happy for him to be here in front of you all tonight.

[Connors grins, stepping to the side and giving a little bow towards Downpour who returns it and then embraces his partner to another big cheer. As they break apart, Connors turns towards the aisle.]

LC: So, the only thing that's left at this point is to get our opponents - whoever they are - out here to this ring so we can show all of you great fans here in Mexico EXACTLY what the Shooting Stars can do!

[Downpour nods, standing behind Connors with his hands on his partner's shoulders as Connors throws the mic aside, beckoning towards the locker room.]

GM: Alright, time to find out who their opponents are gonna be! Bucky, you've always got the grapevine going - who is it?

BW: I don't know. All I know is that Downpour set this up with Javier Castillo on the last Saturday Night Wrestling and El Presidente said he'd have someone ready for them to face. But I haven't heard a word about who it is.

SA: So many great tag teams have competed here in Mexico over the years - it really could be just about any of them.

[Connors shouts "COME ON! LET'S GO!" as Downpour nods his head again...

...and then abruptly drops to his knees, swinging his arm up!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT?! WHAT?!

[Connors slumps to his own knees, victim of a vicious low blow by his own tag team partner. The crowd is in shock as Downpour stays on his knees behind his partner, reaching forward to pull him back by the hair, their faces side by side now...]

GM: Downpour just-

SA: Why did he do that?!

GM: I have no idea! The Shooting Stars have been one of the most popular teams in the AWA since forming and... sure, they've been on a bit of a rough patch as of late but- I can't believe this!

[Downpour hops from his knees to his feet in one athletic leap, circling around to face his presumably now-former partner.]

GM: Downpour looking down on Lee Connors, staring him dead in the eye...

[The masked man spreads his arms wide, looking at Connors who is at his mercy...

...and then uncorks a brutal, lightning quick rolling sole butt that catches Connors flush in the temple, knocking him motionless to the canvas to a disappointed groan from the AWA faithful!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Downpour stays standing, looking down on a prone Connors. He spreads his arms wide again, beckoning with his hands for the crowd’s reaction which gets louder and angrier by the moment.]

GM: A shocking turn of events here... and I hope this guy’s proud of himself! He turned his back on his partner in front of his home country’s fans and... was Castillo in on this?!

SA: He had to be, Gordon. There was no match! There were no opponents! Downpour got he and Connors on this show by telling Castillo EXACTLY what he intended to do tonight. That had to be how it went down!

GM: Absolutely stunning.

[Downpour turns away from the prone Connors, walking over towards the cameraman who is on the apron. The masked man reaches up, snatching his fingers into the eyehole of his mask and pulling hard.]

GM: What in the world...?

[The cloth rips and tears under Downpour’s grip, stretching out to reveal Downpour’s skin underneath. As we catch a partial glimpse of Downpour’s face, he leans forward to shout into the camera...]

“DOWNPOUR.. NO MORE!”

[And with that, he steps through the ropes, walking back up the ramp to the jeers of the AWA faithful as Lee Connors stays laid out inside the ring.]

GM: Disgusting... absolutely disgusting.

BW: I don’t know - I’m kinda impressed.

GM: You would be. Fans, we’re going to take another quick break but when we come back it’s the first of possibly two AWA Women’s World Title matches here tonight when Kurayami puts the gold on the line against a returning Betty Chang!

[The man formerly known as Downpour continues to walk back up the ramp, ignoring the jeers of the Mexican fans as we fade to black...

Cut to a college library where two students have a physics textbook open.]

STUDENT #1: So what's question 10?

STUDENT #2: “Matter that produces and/or emits ionizing energy can be described by what adjective?”

[Student #1 looks up from the book and slams it shut. Cutaway as he stands up, now suddenly wearing Derrick Williams' gold “Future” coat from SuperClash VIII through the miracle of editing. He takes out his phone and presses a “play” button.]

[A wide shot of the entire library as the student spreads his arms to the chorus of Imagine Dragons.]

“RADIOACTIVE... RADIOACTIVE...”

[Cut to a sushi chef with a white towel over his head and a kimono with a Claw Academy logo. To Volbeat's “A Warrior's Call,” he bursts through curtains to serve a platter of sashimi to a table.

In a gym, a woman does sit-ups in and out of frame to “You've Got Another Thing Coming” by Judas Priest. After her third sit-up, her face is spontaneously painted with a black and yellow 'S'. She cups her hands to her mouth and howls.

A man and two school-aged children step through the automatic glass door of a big box retailer to “Black Skinhead” by Kanye West. They are all in hooded fighter's robes, and they stoically nod at the camera in unison as they pause by the shopping carts.

A woman prances through a maze of cubicles to “I'm The Best” by Nicki Minaj, twirling a red braid and balancing a cup of coffee.

A civic worker in a visibility vest tries to move a dead tree branch into a truck to “Brian Boru's March” by The Chieftains. With part of the branch under his arm and his other hand, you'd swear he was giving the branch an armbar.

On a playground, a little girl with a distinct scowl stomps up to home plate to “Another One” by Night Club. She swings her bat wildly at the ball resting on a tee.]

STUDENT #2: [voice] Yeah, I think that's right.

[Cut back to library. Student #1 still has his arms open, but now to the sounds of library ambience. Someone in the background coughs. He sits back down.]

STUDENT #1: Okay... uh... Question 11?

“AWA: Be Your Entrance.”

“The Official AWA Playlist, available now on Apple Music and Spotify.”

Click The Link!

[Fade to black...

...and we fade back up to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Welcome back to Estrellas En El Cielo where we're just moments away from the AWA Women's World Title being on the line - the only title on the line tonight here in Mexico - and our challenger is...

[Stegglet extends his arm, inviting his guest in. There's an awkward moment where he stands there motionless.]

MS: Ahem... our challenger is...

[Again, he waits... and waits... and waits...]

MS: Uh, Betty... that's your cue.

[The camera pulls back slightly as a gasp is heard from off-camera before Betty Chang bounces into view in a black and red singlet that extends on her arms to mid-forearm and on her legs to mid-thigh.]

BC: Sorry, Mark, I... well... did you see...?

[She trails off, gesturing off-camera.]

MS: Yes, I saw what happened to your friend, Lee Connors. I saw what-

[Chang's eyes go cold, her cheeks suddenly flushed with red as she points an accusatory finger.]

BC: YOU!

[We pan rapidly over to show the man formerly known as Downpour, his mask in tatters on his face, walking through the Chimpanzee Position.]

BC: He was your friend! Heck, you are MY friend! Were! How could you?!

[Downpour has no response, silently walking past Chang without even looking at her. Betty seems on the verge of tears as she glares at his back.]

MS: Betty, I... Betty... can you even go out there? Can you challenge for the title in the state you're in?

[Chang silently nods, biting her bottom lip.]

BC: I have to, Mark. I've worked so hard to come back and to get this chance. So many people believe in me - the fans, the Coltons, the guys and gals down here in Mexico at the gym...

[She sighs.]

BC: Lee. He's hurt but I know what he'd say if he wasn't. He'd tell me that I've gotta focus. I've gotta find my inner dragon and get out there and turn her loose on that big, bad monster Kurayami. And that's what I'm going to do, Mark. That's what I'm-

[Betty's eyes drift off-camera again.]

BC: Oh no.

[The camera pulls aside again, revealing Lee Connors being carried back through the curtain across the shoulders of two men. He's got an arm draped on both of their shoulders, practically being dragged into view.]

BC: LEE! Lee, are you okay? Can you hear me?!

[The two people carrying him keep walking.]

"He's pretty banged up, Betty. Barely conscious."

[Chang nods her head, watching as a limp Connors is carried from view.]

BC: This isn't how this night was supposed to go, Mark.

MS: I'm sure.

BC: But...

[She gives a nod, steeling her spine.]

BC: But at least I can give Lee a nice surprise when he wakes up - me as the brand new Women's World Champion!

[She closes a fist, pressing it into her open palm and holding her arms in a triangle in front of her chest. Betty throws a slight bow at the camera as we fade from backstage out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is for the AWA WOMEN'S WORRRRRRRRLD CHAMPIONSHIP!

[The Mexico crowd gives a big cheer!]

RO: Introducing first... she is the challenger... from Seattle, Washington... weighing in at 112 pounds...

BETTYYYYYYYYYY CHAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!

[The lights dim in Estadio BBVA as smoke surrounds the entryway. A few moments pass as a rock version of the Mega Man 3 theme starts up...

...and as the guitars kick in with speed, Betty Chang emerges through the curtain to a large cheer from the Mexico crowd! Chang grins at the reaction, bowing to the fans before she snaps off a trio of roundhouse kicks ending with a "HAAAAAAAA!" towards the camera...

...and then starts to jog down the ramp, sliding from side to side to slap as many offered hands as she can reach.]

GM: Betty Chang on her way to the ring for the first time since April of this year when she ran into the monster - the Queen of the Kaiju herself - the mighty Kurayami!

[Reaching the ring, Chang steps up on the apron... then up on the second rope before hopping over the ropes into the ring with a big smile on her face. She clenches a fist, raising it in salute to the crowd as they cheer in response.]

GM: Betty's getting a nice reaction from these fans here in Guadalupe.

BW: Better than she'll be getting in a few moments from Kurayami.

GM: That's for sure.

[Chang takes a few deep breaths, looking out at the big crowd before backing to the corner, nodding her head to Shari Miranda as Miranda does a quick patdown of Chang's high black boots and kickpads.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd her opponent...

[The lights in the stadium come crashing down...

...and a loud, booming laugh is heard over the PA system just before Judas Priest's "Dominitor" kicks in.]

"WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!"

[A TOWER of flames bursts out from either side of the entrance stage. A few moments pass before Kurayami emerges on the entrance stage, her eyes locked on

the night's challenger. The Queen of the Kaiju gives a slap to the title belt over her shoulder before she comes storming down the aisle.]

RO: From Japan... weighing in at 250 pounds... she is the AWA WORRRRRRLD WOMEN'S CHAMMMMMPIONNNNNNNN...

KUUUUUUURAAAAAAAAAYAAAAAMIIIIIIIIIII!

[The powerful Women's World Champion does not react to the jeers of the crowd, stomping towards the ring in her spiked jacket as she keeps her eyes on Betty Chang who is just a step or two out of the corner, hopping from foot to foot, shadowboxing as she awaits her opponent.]

GM: Betty Chang - in her shoes, a lot of women would be absolutely terrified at the force of nature heading her way...

SA: A lot of men too, Gordon.

GM: Absolutely... but Betty's not backing down. She's showing tremendous courage here and-

BW: Is it courage or is it being foolish? We're about to find out.

[Kurayami reaches the ring, grabbing the middle rope to pull herself up on the apron. She looks across at Betty Chang who waits eagerly for her shot at the gold. The mighty Kurayami gives a smirk, nodding as she shrugs out of her spiked jacket, dropping it straight down on the floor.]

GM: You've gotta wonder what kind of strategy Betty Chang has for a match like this. Giving up so much in size... in strength... in ferocity. I hope she has a gameplan to combat much of that.

SA: She has to, Gordon. We know that Betty's been deep in training since last April - with the Coltons up in Canada, with a lucha libre training camp down here in Mexico. She says she's ready for her return... but is she ready for Kurayami?

[Kurayami comes through the ropes, immediately handing the title belt to the official.]

GM: No wasting time there. Kurayami is ready for action.

[The referee shows the belt to the crowd, drawing another cheer, before she put it out to the timekeeper. She circles back to Kurayami, doing a quick search, giving some final instructions before she strides out to center ring...]

GM: It's almost time now. Betty Chang's been waiting four long months for this and...

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HERE WE GO!

[At the sound of the bell, Chang feints as though she's going to barrel across the ring towards Kurayami who pulls up her fists into a defensive stance... but Chang stops, shaking her head with a grin.]

GM: Betty Chang not willing to run into the mouth of the lion... not yet at least.

[Kurayami beckons her closer but Chang shakes her head.]

GM: A little bit of a stand-off here. Kurayami inviting the charge... inviting the surge of offense by the challenger but the much-smaller Betty Chang may not believe that's the best course of action for her in this one.

SA: I've gotta agree with Betty here. Make Kurayami come to you.

BW: Oh, that's brilliant, Albano. We've seen what happens when Kurayami comes to people - pain, brutality, and usually a trip to the hospital!

SA: Possibly... but is it any better when you go to her?

[Chang dances from foot to foot in the corner, waiting for Kurayami to approach. The anxious Women's World Champion moves a few steps closer towards the middle of the ring, glaring a burning hole through her challenger.]

GM: And it seems like Chang's strategy to get Kurayami to come to her is working so far. Kurayami is doing exactly that.

BW: I don't know if Kurayami even cares who attacks who at the outset... in the end, it's all the same to her.

[Chang beckons her forward again but Kurayami stays center ring, glaring her down...]

GM: We know Chang will be have a speed advantage - a quickness edge. She's got a lot of striking skills...

SA: But so does Kurayami and Kurayami's strikes will have a lot more behind them.

GM: Kurayami again waving her out of the corner but again, Chang refuses and-

[With a twinkle in her eye, Chang kisses the palm of her hand, swinging around and slapping her rear end to a big cheer.]

GM: Well, Betty Chang with an idea where Kurayami can stick her-

[A flash of anger in Kurayami's eyes tells the tale as she barrels across the ring towards a waiting Chang...

...who leans back in the corner, popping her feet up and slipping through the ropes to the apron as Kurayami crashes HARD into the empty corner!]

GM: Ohhh! Kurayami comes up empty... and Chang is on the move!

[Grabbing the top rope with both hands, Chang leaps up, swinging a leg over the ropes and catching the stunned Women's World Champion with a foot bouncing off her forehead!]

GM: And Chang caught her again! Kurayami is stunned!

[The champion stumbles backwards out of the corner a few feet as Chang quickly gathers herself and starts climbing the ropes...]

GM: Chang's going up top! Betty Chang taking a chance here!

SA: She's gotta do it, Gordon. The oddsmakers have her as such a steep underdog here, you know she's gotta take a risk to try to win this one!

[Chang scrambles quickly to the top rope, giving a shout before leaping off, tucking her arms beside her and DRIVING her feet into the chest of the Women's World Champion in a missile dropkick...

...that again sends Kurayami stumbling backwards but does not take her down!]

GM: Oh my! A dropkick off the top rope stuns the champion but does not drop her! Betty Chang looks shocked! She thought that might put her on her back at least!

[Chang is quickly to her feet, snapping off a series of three quick leg kicks to the side of the knee, hobbling Kurayami...]

SA: Trying to chop her down! Keep going, kid!

[Chang snaps off a spinning back kick, catching Kurayami FLUSH on the cheek...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but again she staggers and does not fall!]

SA: She still can't get her down!

BW: She's showing us more than she did the last time she fought Kurayami but is it enough?!

[Chang looks shocked at Kurayami still standing, looking around a bit frantically before reaching out and snatching a side headlock...]

GM: A headlock?!

BW: Are you kidding me?!

SA: This seems like a really bad idea.

[Chang gives a whoop as she runs towards the ropes, leaping up so that her feet hit the top rope, springing back...]

GM: BULLDOG!

[...but Kurayami will... not... fall!]

GM: BLOCKED! And...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as Kurayami cradles Chang in her arms like a small child...

...and then brings her CRASHING DOWN across a bent knee!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

BW: She may have just broken her in half!

[Sliding her off the knee into a seated position, Kurayami immediately brings her to her feet with a handful of hair...

...and with a demonic shout, the Queen of the Kaiju UNLEASHES a devastating standing lariat that flips Chang completely inside out before dumping her in a heap on the canvas!]

SA: SWEET SAN ANGELO!

[Untangling the pile and shoving Chang onto her back, Kurayami plants her palms on the chest, tongue aggressively shoved out as the referee counts one... two... and three.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: She got her!

[The crowd jeers as Kurayami slowly gets to her feet, allowing Miranda to raise her hand as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

GM: Betty Chang gave it all she had - everything she had - but it wasn't enough.

BW: Kurayami might've just knocked everything she had right out of her skull, Gordo.

GM: That clothesline... my word, that was hard to watch.

[Kurayami is given the title back as she immediately holds it up towards the nearest camera.]

“ARE YOU WATCHING, SPITFIRE?! ARE YOU WATCHING?!”

[She sneers at the camera, stepping closer and raising a closed fist.]

“You're next, Somers. Just like her.”

[She points to the downed Chang being tended to by Shari Miranda as the fans continue to jeer.]

GM: And that victory means that later tonight, we're going to see ANOTHER Women's World Title match... and this one promises to be a tougher fight for the champion when Julie Somers - the top contender to the crown - gets her long-awaited shot at the gold, fans. And coming up in just a few short moments, we'll see tag team action when Kingsley and Sawyer meet Landon Grant and an AWA Original in Tin Can Rust! Don't go away, fans!

[Kurayami stands over Chang, holding the title over her head as we fade to black...

...and then fade 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 as we fade back up, we find ourselves backstage where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell, looking as dapper as he can in a dark suit and a patterned red tie. He is flanked to the left by Alexander Kingsley III and to his right by Curt Sawyer, both in their matching ring gear of cherry red jackets with their initials in script over the left pec. Kingsley's blond hair is slicked back and though their match is moments away, he still wears a pair of Cartier sunglasses. Sawyer, on the other hand, sports a scowl underneath his thick brown beard.]

SLB: We are backstage here at Estadio BBVA for Estrellas En El Cielo... and gentlemen, you are about to embark upon what is likely the biggest match in your young career as a tag team, one you asked for and received, and I'll start with you, Alexander Kingsley... how can you take this man to my right and turn him against his friends?

[Kingsley removes his sunglasses and looks incredulously at Sweet Lou before tugging at Lou's ear. Blackwell quickly swats the hand away.]

AK3: Do those flaps on the side of your head even work, Lou? Have you not been listening to what Curt's been saying for the last three months? We're getting tired of repeating it, but let me spell it out one more time for the hard of listening such as yourself.

[Kingsley alternates his eyes between Lou and the camera.]

AK3: All I did was open this man's eyes. Opened his eyes to the way his so-called friends treated him. To the way his so-called friends took advantage of him. To the way his so-called friends, like City Jack and Tin Can Rust, leveraged their relationship with him to get what THEY wanted...

...while giving Curt absolutely nothing of value in return.

[Sawyer nods in agreement.]

AK3: If the changes you've seen in Curt Sawyer over the last few months...the changes in his physique, in his conditioning, in his ability, and in his determination... if those don't tell you who his REAL friends are, then Lou, you and everyone else who wants to ignore that?

You're living in denial.

And Denial must be a city in Kentucky, because that's exactly where City Jack and Tin Can Rust have taken up residence. Fat Jack wants to paint himself as some sort of victim in this when he's the one who victimized Curt for YEARS.

Tin Can Rust wants to paint himself as this peacemaking friend who just wants what is best for his old bartender. Well, take a good look at him, Tinny, because this IS what's best for Curt Sawyer.

And you, Landon Grant...I guess you just want to make a name for yourself, kid. Lucky for you, we are more than happy to oblige.

[Blackwell, seemingly having had enough of that, pulls the microphone away from Kingsley and turns to Sawyer.]

SLB: All I have to ask you in response to that, Curt Sawyer, is this - is it worth it to associate yourself with this arrogant, spoiled brat?

[Perhaps a bad choice of words from Lou, as Sawyer jerks his head toward the broadcaster and raises his eyebrows before speaking in a measured tone.]

CS: Lou, me and you have never had any issues and if you want to keep it that way, you'll choose your words a lot more carefully from this point on, you got me?

[Lou visibly gulps in response as Sawyer's voice raises.]

CS: Now back to matters at hand! As soon as we're done talking, Alex and I are going to march down to the ring and teach a hard lesson to Tin Can Rust and Landon Grant.

[Sawyer balls up his right fist.]

CS: Rust, you seem to think you and me are still tight. Son, you ain't talked to me in years until I started running with Alex here, so save your breath with all of that virtuous talk you've been spewing. You and I both know, you ain't the white hat you pretend to be.

And as for you, Landon...

[Curt smiles an evil smile.]

CS: Kid, I'm going to teach you that if you don't keep your nose outta my business, I'll drop you on the floor so fast, people will be reminded of your lard-ass dad lying on the floor of the Rusty Spur after one of his all-night benders.

SLB: Wait a minute! Are you...are you calling City Jack a drunk?

[Kingsley grabs Blackwell's arm and pulls the microphone toward him.]

AK3: Oh Lou, the stories Curt has shared with me...you wouldn't believe them! The number of times they had to call a cab to take him home, dragging him up off the floor and throwing him in the back, giving the driver an extra twenty in case Jack blew chunks all over the back seat.

[Kingsley smirks and looks at Curt.]

AK3: Hey Curt...maybe it runs in the family.

SLB: Come on now, that's uncalled for!

[Sawyer leans in toward Blackwell.]

CS: No, Lou, what was uncalled for was the fact that I let myself get taken advantage of for all those years by people like City Jack and Tin Can Rust.

So tonight?

[He rubs his right fist in his left hand.]

CS: It's time to start collecting on some unpaid tabs.

[Kingsley slaps Sawyer on the shoulder as the duo walks out of the camera frame.]

SLB: The team of Sawyer and Kingsley continuing to make waves here in the AWA tag team division but they're taking on their toughest test to date for sure in the team of Landon Grant and Tin Can Rust who are standing by with Mark Stegglet. Mark?

[We fade to another part of backstage where we find Mark Stegglet standing by with the aforementioned gentlemen.]

MS: Here with the team of Tin Can Rust and Landon Grant before they head to the ring to face off against two men who not so long ago wouldn't be enemies, but have made their intentions known, Sawyer and Kingsley...

[Rust curls his upper lip, letting out a displeased grunt at the names. Both young Landon Grant and Tin Can Rust are in black T-shirts with "Bluegrass Bred - Kentucky's Pride" in green/white/red font over their respective wrestling attires.]

MS: And from looking at your attire, should I call you Kentucky's Pride as well?

LG: Not quite, Mr. Stegglet, not quite. I'll do what I can, what I do in that ring - but to call me a member of Kentucky's Pride? Naw, it's not anything near what this man-

[Grant points his thumb at Rust.]

LG: -and my pops can get done in the ring. But make no mistake! Tonight, here in Mexico City - I tell you, Mr. Stegglet - for me? This here is the first time I stepped out of my home, out the US and into another soil... And first time competing not on the Power Hour, not in Hotlanta, but on the main stage...

[Grant, losing himself a little bit in the moment, shakes his head and waves off the butterflies.]

LG: Look, I got the nerves but, man! All that said, I tell you? We WILL answer the call! We WILL make those two punk dogs know the power of our pride!

MS: Strong words, but I have to ask you Tin Can Rust, what your condition is after the assault Kingsley and your friend - or former friend -

[Rust holds up his hand, shaking his head.]

TCR: No, not former. The man that attacked me from behind, cracked me in the head... Damn near cracked a couple bones... That ain't the man I call a friend. That ain't the man that broke bread in my house, with my family, sharing lives beyond the ring... That man that night and that man tonight ain't no Curt Sawyer I know.

[The camera focuses on Rust as he intensely looks into the camera.]

TCR: The Curt Sawyer I know ain't no coward! He ain't the wretched scum off the bottom of my boots! He's ain't some green-eyed dirt led around like a dog by some silver-spooned piece of garbage. The Curt Sawyer I know ain't no jealous, backstabbing son of -

[Grant checks Rust with a hand on his shoulder, which Rust grumbles off.]

TCR: ... that man.... that man just ain't the Curt Sawyer I knew for years and years. And for me?

[Rust holds up his taped up arm, looking down at his legs.]

TCR: Sure, I probably shouldn't be in that ring tonight, but after what those two dogs did to me? After they keep putting my friend's name in their mouths? I ain't goin' anywhere BUT that ring to give them these!

[Rust puts up his tightly clenched fists as he narrows his eyes towards the camera.]

TCR: For me, for Landon, for City Jack... and for the man I once knew.

[Rust slowly drops his fists as the camera widens out. The two Kentuckians walk out, Landon giving Stegglet a handshake before exiting while Rust just walks by, grumbling.]

MS: Call them Kentucky's Pride perhaps but tonight, we're calling them two men on a mission as they look for a little bit of payback. Rebecca Ortiz, take it away!

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

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

[Ortiz lowers the mic as "Make The Money" by Macklemore & Ryan Lewis kicks in over the PA to jeers from the all-new Power Hour. viewers in the building. After a few moments, we see the team who this now introduces stepping into view.]

RO: At a total combined weight of 504 pounds... the team of Curt Sawyer and Alexander Kingsley!

[The duo is all business as they emerge from the locker room dressed as we saw them moments ago. Kingsley raises his arms in the air upon mention of his name as they make their way down the ramp towards the ring.]

GM: There's certainly an air of foreboding tonight, gentlemen, as these two get set to go against Tin Can Rust and Landon Grant... and it's always difficult to see two former friends go at it in there like Rust and Sawyer.

BW: Gordo, when are you going to get it through your head - neither of these two think they're friends anymore. And tonight, Curt Sawyer is gonna show Rust that no matter what he thinks, Sawyer's on the right path in this pairing with Kingsley.

GM: We'll see about that.

[Reaching the ring, Sawyer rolls in under the bottom rope as Kingsley scales the steps, ducking through after his partner. He again raises his arms, drawing boos from the Mexico crowd as the music starts to come down...

...and "My Old Kentucky Home (Turpentine and Dandelion Wine)" by Johnny Cash plays as the Estadio BBVA fans get to their feet and sound a good ovation!]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd their opponents... at a total combined weight of 495 pounds... Landon Grant... Tin Can Rust...

KENTUCKYYYYYYYYYYY'S PRIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIDE!

[The slightly different version of the legendary duo steps out to another decent sized reaction from the fans. The two men, though, couldn't be further apart from demeanor as well as condition.

Young Landon Grant is full of smile and enthusiasm, taking in the grandeur of the open air arena, fans, and atmosphere. He appears to be in top form, with maybe a tinge of nerves showing through on this his big first moment in the ring.

His partner, though, shows nothing but piss n' vinegar as he stomps down the ring, angry at the actions that caused this match to come to fruition. The elder member of this KP is also still in bad shape, his right arm taped up and probably other underneath his t-shirt and singlet.]

GM: And here they come, fans... not the same Kentucky's Pride who were part of the backbone of the early days of the AWA roster but this newly-formed squad of Tin Can Rust and Landon Grant certainly has the potential to make the same kind of impact.

BW: The only impact these two are likely to cause is City Jack's beer belly hitting the floor when he sees what Sawyer and Kingsley do to his buddy and his kid, Gordo.

GM: Oh, come on!

[As they get to the ring, Rust lets up on his mood for a second to allow Grant to step through the ropes first, letting the upstart protege a chance to enjoy this moment. Grant looks around, shakes his head in awe, before holding the ropes for partner to enter.]

GM: A big moment for Landon Grant - the first time competing in front of a crowd this size. The fans here at Estadio BBVA have been fantastic all night long and they're showing the kid some love here tonight, Sal.

SA: That's right, Gordon. And while you and Bucky haven't seen this young man compete very much yet - he's been a regular on the Power Hour lately so I've seen a lot of him and I'm telling you that if Kingsley and Sawyer are taking him lightly, they're making a huge mistake.

[Rust and Grant huddle up, having some final strategy talks as Kingsley and Sawyer exchange a high five before Sawyer steps out to the apron.]

GM: And this looks like it'll start off with Alexander Kingsley in there for his team... and now it looks like the rookie, Landon Grant, will start for his.

[Grant claps his hands together a few times, grinning at the huge crowd as the referee checks on both men and signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: We're off and running in this tag team match here at Estrellas En El Cielo... and right to the collar and elbow we go...

[The two men jockey for position mid-ring before Grant slips out and locks in a side headlock...]

GM: Into the headlock goes Grant, wrenching the head and neck of Kingsley...

SA: We may not know much about Landon Grant yet, Gordon, but as a student of Tin Can Rust and City Jack, I'm guessing we can lock down two things - the kid's got good fundamentals and the kid can fight.

GM: Amen to that. Kingsley backs to the ropes now, shoving him off...

[Grant hits the far ropes, rebounding back to hurdle over Kingsley who dives at his feet...]

GM: Up and over goes Grant... off the far side and...

[With a shout, Grant barrels into Kingsley with a tackle, sending Kingsley flopping backwards, rolling over onto his stomach to a cheer.]

GM: ...down goes Kingsley off the tackle!

[Nodding to the crowd, Grant grabs the rising Kingsley by the wrist, twisting the arm around into a wristlock.]

GM: Wristlock locked in, working the arm now... ohh... big clubbing forearm across the tricep... and another one...

[Kingsley moves in a circle, trying to find a way out... moving quicker and quicker... and with a yank, Grant takes him off his feet, putting him down on the canvas to another cheer.]

GM: Down goes Kingsley again... and Grant drops a leg across the arm!

[Kingsley cries out, rolling to his back, clutching his elbow as Sawyer shouts encouragement from the corner.]

GM: You talked about those good fundamentals, Sal... Landon Grant working over the arm early on...

[Grant grabs the wristlock again, bringing Kingsley back to his feet where Kingsley quickly reverses it, twisting the arm around into his own hold...]

GM: Kingsley reverses it... hanging on to the wrist himself now...

[And with a sneer, he grabs the back of Grant's hair, yanking him down to the canvas.]

GM: Oh, come on!

[The crowd jeers as the referee asks Kingsley if he pulled the hair. Kingsley, of course, denies the accusation as he measures the downed Grant for a pair of stomps to the upper body.]

GM: Kingsley putting the boots to Grant now, working him over and-

BW: Look at that big hot head Rust!

[Rust is shouting angrily at Kingsley, pointing over the ropes at him as Kingsley continues to stomp away. Kingsley finally stops, taunting Rust who angrily paces the apron.]

GM: Tin Can Rust trying to keep that legendary temper under control... but you can tell he really wants to get his hands on Kingsley and help out his best friend's son at the same time.

BW: Gotta keep your cool if you wanna succeed here in the AWA - Rust knows that better than anyone.

GM: He certainly does. Former National Tag Team Champion. One-half of one of the greatest tag teams in AWA history.

[Kingsley brings Grant back to his feet, leading him back into the corner where his partner awaits.]

GM: Here we go now... the tag is made to Curt Sawyer..

[Sawyer comes through the ropes, promptly drilling Grant with a right hand on the jaw, knocking him to a knee.]

GM: Big right hand by Sawyer, the former barkeep who finally looks to be on track here in the AWA after a couple of false starts over the years.

BW: And who can he thank for that? Alexander Kingsley, that's who!

GM: It's hard to argue that even if you don't like Sawyer's change in attitude.

[Sawyer brings Grant out of the corner by the head, scooping him up and slamming him down on the canvas near the corner.]

GM: Scoop and a slam... and a quick tag right back to Alexander Kingsley who comes in... and drops an elbow down into the chest.

[Kingsley rolls to his knees, applying a lateral press for just a little more than a one count as Sawyer steps back out.]

GM: One count only..

[Kingsley gets back to a knee, grabbing a handful of hair and SMASHING a right hand between the eyes to a protest from the official.]

GM: Closed fist there - no doubt about it. But Kingsley and Sawyer are looking to take control early here, keep this young rookie away from his more experienced partner..

[The heir to Kingsley Online Entertainment brings Grant back to his feet, chucking him back against the buckles before making another tag.]

GM: Sawyer coming back in now..

[Kingsley lays in a European uppercut before Sawyer comes in, winding up and throwing a right hand... and another... and another..]

GM: Sawyer teeing off in the corner - get him out of there, ref!

[The referee obliges, forcing Sawyer to back out of the corner with his hands raised..]

...but he quickly moves back in on the cornered Grant.]

GM: Sawyer out but right back in and-

[Grant leans back in the buckles, swinging a boot up into Sawyer's midsection.]

GM: Grant fighting back!

[Grabbing Sawyer by the head, Grant unloads with a series of haymakers that have the crowd rocking and rolling...

...and then SLAMS Sawyer's head into the buckles before turning towards his corner, giving a shout to Tin Can Rust.]

GM: And now Grant's got a window to make a tag...

[But as he steps out of the corner, Grant gets tackled around the legs by Sawyer, dragging him down to the mat...

...but not before he slaps Kingsley's offered hand.]

GM: There was a tag before Sawyer tangled up Grant... in comes Kingsley again...

[Running into the ring, Kingsley takes aim and drops another elbow on Grant, right across the back of the head to cut off the tag attempt.]

GM: And just like that, Kingsley and Sawyer reassert themselves as the dominant tag team in this one. Landon Grant started this match for his team and we're a handful of minutes into this one now and Grant hasn't managed to get Tin Can Rust back in.

SA: Gordon, we just don't know what kind of experience - if any - Landon Grant has in a tag team match. This could be his first one for all we know.

GM: An excellent point, Big Sal.

[Sawyer rolls out to the floor as Kingsley rolls to his knees, hooking a front facelock on the downed Landon Grant.]

GM: Kingsley trying to keep Grant under control with this hold but the young man keeps on fighting, working his way back to his feet with ease and- ohh! Right up the middle with a kneelift by Kingsley... and another..

[The two knees to the sternum stun Landon Grant long enough for Kingsley to sling Grant's arm over his neck, taking him over with a suplex.]

GM: Suplex - nicely executed!

BW: Nicely? You kidding me? Alexander Kingsley's had the best trainers in the world - he settles for nothing less than perfection.

[Kingsley rolls to his knees, a smirk on his face as he looks over at Tin Can Rust who is eagerly slapping the turnbuckle, shouting "COME ON, KID!" at his student.]

GM: And this one is NOT going the way Tin Can Rust had hoped for, gentlemen.

SA: Absolutely not. But his hopes had to be tempered by his expectations. Sawyer and Kingsley have been a duo for months now. Rust and Grant have never teamed before to the best of my knowledge and it shows.

GM: Are you saying tag team wrestling isn't hereditary?

[Sal chuckles as Kingsley grabs the arms of Grant, dragging him back towards his corner where Curt Sawyer looks on with an approving nod.]

BW: That trademark of tag team wrestling - cutting the ring in half.

[Kingsley slaps the offered hand again, dragging Grant back to the ropes as Sawyer slips in...]

GM: Another tag... Irish whip by Kingsley and... ohhh! Sawyer nearly takes his head off with a running clothesline!

[Sawyer pumps both arms triumphantly as Rust shakes his head with disgust from the apron.]

SA: BOOM GOES THE DYNAMITE! What a clothesline!

[Sawyer points a threatening finger at Rust who again shakes his head.]

GM: And you know, we talked about Tin Can Rust looking like he wanted to get his hands on Alexander Kingsley... but he definitely doesn't look like he wants to get his hands on Curt Sawyer, his old friend.

SA: Sooner or later, he may not have a choice, Gordon.

GM: That's for sure as Sawyer pulls Grant back to his feet again... looking to inflict more damage...

[As soon as he gets to his feet, Grant snaps off a right hand to the jaw... and another... and another...]

GM: Landon Grant firing back!

[The crowd starts to rally behind Grant as he staggers Sawyer under the series of haymakers...]

...which is when Sawyer swings a knee up into the midsection, cutting Grant off cold...

...and SPIKES him with a DDT!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Sawyer rolls to his knees, dragging a finger across his throat to the jeers of the crowd before diving across a prone Grant.]

GM: Sawyer makes the cover!

SA: It could be! It might be! It's- no! Grant slips the shoulder at two!

[Rust claps his hands, shouting to Grant again as the crowd cheers as well. Sawyer glares at the official before swinging a leg over Grant, pinning him down as he lays in a series of hard right hands to the skull!]

GM: Sawyer pounding away, a little bit of frustration here... he thought he had him beat after that DDT.

BW: He ain't the only one, Gordo.

GM: Probably not... but Landon Grant lives to keep on fighting... and now Tin Can Rust REALLY wants to get in that ring and throw those hands!

[Sawyer climbs to his feet, looking over at Kingsley who encourages his partner to stay focused on the match. He offers up a hand and Sawyer nods as he drags Grant up and towards the corner.]

GM: Another tag... quick exchanges by this duo who are rapidly climbing the ladder here in the AWA.

BW: They'll rocket up the ladder if they pick up a high profile win like this one, Gordo.

GM: A very good point... and there's the tag...

[Sawyer pulls Grant back into a side waistlock as Kingsley steps in, hopping up to the middle rope...]

GM: Double team on the way... Sawyer powers him up... and drops him down with a back suplex!

[With Grant down on the mat, Kingsley leaps off the middle rope, driving his fist down between the eyes!]

GM: Ohh! And maybe that'll be enough to put this young man down for the count!

[Kingsley leans across, smirking at an anxious Tin Can Rust as the referee delivers another count.]

GM: ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! THREEEE- OH! Grant slips the shoulder free again!

SA: Incredible heart! Incredible resiliency on the part of this young rookie on his first match on a major stage such as this international event!

GM: Tin Can Rust pacing the apron once more. Not only does he want the tag, fans, he NEEDS the tag.

[Sawyer barks something across the ring at Rust who grimaces, shaking his head again and shouting "WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO YOU?!" to a smirk from Sawyer.]

GM: Tin Can Rust still trying to get to Curt Sawyer... trying to get his friend back to the surface...

BW: Where did being Tin Can Rust's friend ever get Curt Sawyer but late on his electric bill? With a new toy he couldn't afford to buy his kid because he'd covered Kentucky Pride's bill for wings and beer?!

GM: I'm sure Kentucky's Pride paid more than their share of tabs at the Rusty Spur.

[Kingsley leads Grant back to his feet, pushing him back against the ropes...]

GM: Another whip by Kingsley...

[Kingsley ducks down, doubling up for a backdrop attempt...]

...which is when Grant slams to a halt on his knees, popping Kingsley on the chin with an uppercut that sends him sailing backwards through the air, flopping down on the canvas!]

GM: GRANT WITH THE UPPERCUT! DOWN GOES KINGSLEY!

SA: And this is the kid's chance, Gordon! This is his chance to get that tag and turn this thing around!

[On his hands and knees, Landon Grant turns himself around to face the right direction towards Tin Can Rust who has his arm stretched out as far as he can manage, shouting to his partner...]

GM: Rust is ready! Rust is waiting!

[Grant starts inching forward as Kingsley tries to recover from the haymaker to the jaw, rubbing his chin as he rolls back and forth on the canvas.]

GM: Grant's on the move! There's no one in his way!

[Kingsley rolls to a knee, looking around as Grant gets closer and closer. Curt Sawyer is pointing across the ring wildly, trying to get Kingsley's attention.]

GM: Kingsley can't find him! He's stunned and-

BW: Now he's got him!

[A desperate Kingsley makes a lunge for Grant's legs...

...but Grant kicks off the mat, lunging himself!]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd ROARS as Tin Can Rust slaps the hand as it comes towards him, getting into the match for the first time. The veteran comes through the ropes, fists pumping as the fans go wild. Kingsley gets to his feet, shaking his head, begging off as Rust moves in on him...]

SA: BOOM! WHAT A RIGHT HAND!

[Kingsley goes flying through the air, flopping down on the canvas as Rust nods to the cheering crowd...]

GM: Kingsley's right back up and-

[The crowd cheers as Rust lays him out with another right hand!]

GM: Tin Can Rust bringing the fire down here in Mexico!

[Rust shouts at Kingsley, beckoning him up to his feet where he grabs a handful of hair, winding up around and around like a windmill...]

GM: Rust winding waaaaaay up annnnnnd....

[...and UNCORKS a haymaker that sends Kingsley flying through the air again, crumpling in a heap on the canvas!]

GM: TIN JAW ROCKER CONNECTS!

[With Kingsley down, Rust dives on top of him... but not for a cover, instead kneeling over him as he grabs a handful of Kingsley's dark hair, pounding his fist down into the skull repeatedly to a huge ovation!]

GM: And Rust doesn't bother to cover - he's come to get a piece of Alexander Kingsley for the things Kingsley's said about his best friend and for what Kingsley did to warp the mind of Curt Sawyer!

[Rust is still pummeling Kingsley as the referee is protesting, waving his arms frantically...

...which is when Curt Sawyer slips into the ring, burying a double axehandle onto the back of Rust's neck, causing him to pitch forward on the canvas!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Sawyer gets reprimanded by the official, backing across the ring as Rust gets to his feet, glaring over at Sawyer who shouts "DO SOMETHING, OLD MAN!" at his former friend.]

GM: Tin Can Rust may not be looking forward to a fight with Curt Sawyer but I don't think the feeling is mutual, fans, as we close in on the ten minute mark - the halfway point in the time limit for this one.

[Rust rubs at the back of his neck, turning back towards Kingsley who has managed to crawl his way towards the neutral corner, using the ropes to pull himself up as Rust advances on him...

...and grabs Kingsley by the ears before uncorking a big headbutt that lifts Kingsley off the mat and dumps him on his rear in the corner!]

GM: Headbutt finds the mark and down goes Kingsley again...

[Grabbing the top rope, Rust starts to rain down stomps on Kingsley, driving his boot down on top of him over and over as the referee again starts to loudly protest...]

GM: Tin Can Rust risking disqualification here for the second time in this match, totally ignoring the referee's instructions as he works over Kingsley in the corner...

[Rust finally backs off, trading a few words with the official before he steps back in, dragging Kingsley up by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip across and- oh my!

[The ferocity of the whip sends Kingsley barreling across the ring where he somehow flips upside down, smashing hard backfirst into the buckles before sliding back down to the mat again.]

GM: So much impact there on the spine of Kingsley - if he even has one!

[Rust slowly stalks across the ring again, throwing a glance over to the corner where Curt Sawyer is standing...]

GM: Kingsley again fighting up to his feet, trying to get there before Rust arrives on the scene...

[And with Rust distracted momentarily by his former friend, Kingsley lashes out with a kick RIGHT to the kneecap of Rust, a blow that causes him to slump down to his other knee.]

GM: OH!

SA: Rust is hurt, Gordon! Tin Can Rust is hurt and hurt bad!

[Rust grimaces, grabbing at his knee, rubbing vigorously at it as the referee checks to see if he's okay.]

GM: The referee's right there now, checking on Rust...

[With Rust down on a knee, Kingsley drags himself along the ropes, reaching to slap the hand of Curt Sawyer which isn't extended but is gripping the top rope as he looks inside the ring.]

GM: There's a tag... I can't say for sure, fans, but it looked to me like Curt Sawyer wasn't looking for the tag there.

[Sawyer looks surprised at Kingsley who points over at Rust emphatically.]

BW: Kingsley's telling him to get in there... to get in there and finish the job.

[A slack-jawed Sawyer slowly moves through the ropes, looking down on the kneeling Rust from across the ring. The referee holds up a hand, requesting Sawyer stay back as he checks to see if Rust can continue.]

GM: Sawyer's the legal man now but I'm not sure if Tin Can Rust can go on. He's still grabbing at that knee and really hasn't moved very much since Kingsley kicked the leg out from under him.

[Kingsley again implores his partner to go after Rust. Sawyer nods but only takes a step or two towards him before holding up again as the referee tries to get an answer out of Rust.]

GM: We've got Landon Grant up on the apron now as well again. He looks very concerned as well. The referee trying to keep him out of the ring also though just in case the match can go on.

[Sawyer edges another step closer, looking down on Rust with... sympathy?]

GM: Curt Sawyer is in there... but thankfully he doesn't seem to be in any hurry to go after Rust when he's like this.

SA: Perhaps those old bonds are stronger than he and Kingsley thought, Gordon.

GM: I hope you're right about that.

[Sawyer stands, looking down on his former friend, reaching out a hand towards him...]

...and Rust responds with a two-handed shove, knocking Sawyer a few feet back as he pushes to his feet, trying not to put weight on the injured knee.]

GM: Kingsley must've gotten him right in the kneecap, fans... and who knows what kind of damage he's done. But right now, Tin Can Rust's concern is Curt Sawyer and just what Sawyer's intentions are right now.

[Rust balls up his fist, striking a defensive pose on one leg as Sawyer raises his hands defensively, shaking his head...]

GM: I think... I think Sawyer's trying to tell Rust he was trying to help him. He's trying to tell him he-

[Rust waves a dismissive hand at Sawyer, turning his back and reaching out a hand towards Landon Grant...

...which is when Curt Sawyer strikes, throwing himself down so his shoulder JAMS into the back of Rust's injured knee!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Rust immediately cries out in pain, crumpling to the canvas as Sawyer kneels on the mat next to him.]

GM: That son of a- that no good-

BW: Easy, tiger.

GM: Curt Sawyer was trying to convince his friend - his former friend, I should say - that he wasn't going to hurt him and as soon as he turns his back... as SOON as he turns his back, Sawyer went after the knee!

[Sawyer slides his knee onto Rust's ankle, pinning it down as he repeatedly slams his fist down on the knee, Rust crying out with every blow landed.]

GM: Sawyer's going after the knee again now!

[Kingsley looks on with a grin from the corner, nodding his approval as Sawyer grabs the leg, twisting it over into a half Crab as he turns so that he's staring right at a fuming Landon Grant!]

GM: Half Crab locked in! He might get the submission here!

[A screaming Tin Can Rust claws at the canvas, shaking his head back and forth as the referee checks to see if he wants to submit.]

GM: Rust is trying to hang on!

BW: Why?! Isn't he done for like his buddy, Jack? Take the paycheck and call it a career, oldtimer!

[As Rust screams out again, Landon Grant's seen enough, coming through the ropes and belting Sawyer off his feet with a right hand!]

GM: Oh yeah! The kid got a shot in!

[But the referee is quick to step in, forcing Grant to exit as Sawyer drags Rust across the ring to the corner, waving his partner in...]

GM: Kingsley's in without a tag - the referee is tied up with Grant trying to get in to help his partner!

[Sawyer lifts Rust up over his shoulder, gesturing to Kingsley who nods, squatting low as he gets into position...]

GM: What's this now?

[And as Sawyer goes to throw Rust down in a standing spinebuster, Kingsley leaps up and snags the head and neck, adding a leaping neckbreaker for good measure!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That's gotta be it!

[Kingsley exits as Sawyer covers, the referee turning around to count. Landon Grant comes quickly in as the count hits one...]

GM: Grant coming to save!

[...but Kingsley moves quicker than Grant, clearing the half distance of the ring, leaping over the pin attempt to dive at the legs of Grant as the referee slaps the mat twice...]

GM: But Kingsley cuts him off! Annnnnnd...

[...and the referee hits the mat a third time as the fans groan as Sawyer nods his head emphatically with the count.]

GM: ...make it three! Sawyer and Kingsley pick up the win!

[Sawyer climbs back to his feet, sneering at the booing crowd as Rust rolls to his side, cradling his knee in pain. Landon Grant fights his way free from Kingsley's grasp, diving to his knees alongside him.]

GM: And... well, this doesn't look good at all, fans.

BW: We may have just seen the end of Tin Can Rust's days in a wrestling ring, daddy. Sawyer and Kingsley ripped apart that knee, left it in pieces, and all the king's horses and all the king's men can't put that leg back together again.

GM: Oh, that's hysterical. You're a real riot, you know that?

[Grant looks very concerned as he waves to the back for a doctor, trying to keep Rust still as Sawyer and Kingsley celebrate their win.]

GM: We've got medical team members on the way... Tin Can Rust is obviously hurt and... well, I sure hope he's okay. Rust - as we said at the Battle of Saskatchewan - doesn't wrestle as much as he used to... and I hope his recent activity at the Stampede Cup and here tonight haven't brought on this injury.

SA: From where I'm sitting, Gordon, the only one who brought on this injury is Rust's old pal, Curt Sawyer.

[Sawyer looks down disdainfully at Rust as Grant glares at him from his knees on the canvas. Kingsley grins, patting Sawyer on the shoulder as the duo exits the ring and starts back up the ramp.]

GM: Nevertheless, an impressive victory for Sawyer and Kingsley who continue to make waves here in the AWA Tag Team Division. Fans, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, the AWA Women's Division - the hottest division in all of wrestling - is on display so stick around, won't you?

[Kingsley raises his arms in triumph as Sawyer sneers, glaring back down the ramp at their defeated opponents 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."

[We fade to black...

...and we fade back up to a panning shot of the 50,000+ on hand in Estadio BBVA.]

GM: Welcome back to Estrellas En El Cielo where it's been an exciting night already and our next match is sure to be chaotic, as the AWA sends a trio of women athletes to go up against a trio of SWLL luchadoras.

BW: We're not exactly sending our best, are we, Gordo? I mean, Ayako Fujiwara's still banged up after the Iron Woman match. The word I got is that Michelle Bailey might not be cleared to compete tonight and we don't know who, if anyone, would be replacing her. And to make it worse, the third woman in the match is a cat.

GM: Bucky!

BW: And not only is she a cat, but she's a cat who is hurt too!

GM: I guess, to be fair, that is a good point about the injury. A few days ago in Philadelphia, at our partner promotion P*WIN, the SWLL trio got the jump on Molly Bell. To go over what happened, we wanted to bring in a special guest. He's the promoter of P*WIN, as well as a champion around the world that just retired from in-ring competition a few weeks ago. Coming to us from his in-home studio in Philadelphia, Shane Destiny!

[We cut to a split screen, with Gordon, Bucky, and Sal on the left, and Shane Destiny sitting in his podcast studio and office on the right. His office is decorated like a man who would rather remember the camaraderie of his wrestling career rather than the accomplishments, as there are a couple of dozen framed candid photos of Destiny and his wife Roxie with a who's who of wrestlers over the last 20 years. The only two things that represent his in-ring career are two framed 8x10 promotional photos.]

The first is of Destiny as part of Ego MAX in EMWC, standing behind Luke Kinsey, Juan Vasquez, and Tommy Stephens, looking menacing. The second is Destiny standing beside Michelle Bailey during their tenure as a tag team in Michigan. In the photo, the childhood best friends look thrilled to be working together in a pairing that, at least on the surface, seemed to make little sense. Destiny has a wide grin on his face, his brown hair looking neatly trimmed (for a change) and his face sporting a couple of days of stubble.]

SD: ¡Hola amigos! ¿Cómo estás?

GM: Shane, my friend, I didn't know you spoke Spanish!

SD: I don't, that's about as far as I got in Duolingo. I wanted to get in the mood of the show though! I'm better at Japanese. Ogenki desu ka?

[Gordon smiles and shakes his head, as Sal interjects.]

SA: That's the same question, Shane!

SD: Look, I'm from North Carolina, y'all, I'm polite. It's great to see you three!

GM: It's great to see you, too. I understand you have some footage to show us that might not be as good to see, though.

[Destiny nods his head.]

SD: That's true, yeah. Just four days ago, here in Philly, we ran a one night tournament to crown the P*WIN Tag Team Champions. And as you saw on the Power Hour, Michelle Bailey suffered an injury due to Kelly Kowalski's headbutt. On the day of our show, we were informed that Michelle's nose had just been set, and she would be prohibited from competing to not risk further injury. Then, Molly Bell mentioned that she wanted to let one of our standby teams waiting in the wings get a shot at the tournament, so she would withdraw.

GM: A very kind gesture by Molly, if I may say so.

BW: A gutless gesture, you mean.

GM/SD: Bucky!

[Gordon and Shane chuckle at their inadvertent timing.]

BW: Oh, you two are just going to gang up on me, is that how it is?!

SD: No, no, sorry. Look, I know Molly's unique, but I've been looking after her for a long time. I didn't train her myself, but she's basically the same as one of my kids now.

BW: Why does everyone want to adopt this cat?!

[Destiny ignores that.]

SD: Once word that Michelle and Molly had withdrawn got around, I heard this loud squeak from the SWLL team, which is weird because... and I checked my notes and everything, I didn't remember booking La Ardilla, but there she was, causing trouble just like she did in Saskatchewan. And Gordon, she tells me that the only reason Miranda Montenegro and Leona Fernandez are in the tournament are to meet up with Michelle and Molly and soften them up for this show tonight.

[Destiny sighs.]

SD: So already I'm displeased because someone I didn't book is at my show trying to tell me how to run it, now I find out they're there under false pretenses, and that squirrel says that they want Molly in a match and they don't care how. Michelle says "let me find a partner for Molly", she comes up with Maggie Rhodes, and we have ourselves a non-tournament match.

BW: Yeah, and that's where the cat became roadkill, huh?

GM: Bucky, please stop! Shane, I understand you have footage of what happened.

SD: I do. Here's someone you're quite familiar with, Sal... Theresa Lynch and myself had the call last Thursday. At this point in the match, Molly has been in for the entire duration.

[The screen transitions over to a small Philadelphia arena, with approximately 500 people in attendance. Molly Bell is down in the ring as Leona Fernandez attempts to lift her up.]

TL: Fernandez is trying to get Bell picked up... looking perhaps for another power move.

SD: It's been all luchadoras so far, and if Molly can't get to the corner and make the tag soon, I don't know how much more she's going to be able to stand.

TL: Fernandez has Bell in a standing position, cinching her hands around the waist, could be going for a belly-to-belly...

[The Philadelphia crowd roars to life as Bell headbutts Fernandez!]

TL: Headbutt by Molly Bell! And a second! Bell's broken free from Leona Fernandez's grasp!

SD: She's about nine, maybe ten feet away from her corner, Theresa. Fernandez and Montenegro have done a great job of isolating Bell in their corner, and when you're trapped on one side of the ring, nine or ten feet can feel like a mile.

TL: Bell had Fernandez staggered... grabs her by the wrist...

[Another roar from the crowd as Bell unleashes a surprising show of strength!]

TL: THERE'S A SHORT-ARM LARICAT! Shane, that window of opportunity is wide open!

SD: It sure is! In tag team wrestling, there's a time to go for the cover and a time to go for the tag, and this is the latter! She needs a fresh woman in the ring now, and this is the time to do it!

TL: Bell now crawling over to Maggie Rhodes... Rhodes has her hand extended! Just a few feet away! If she dives, she'll get there!

[And Bell does dive... but she misses the tag.]

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[Because Maggie Rhodes pulled up her hand.]

SD: WHAT?!

TL: Maggie... Maggie Rhodes just pulled up her hand! Now she's stepping down from the ring apron!

SD: I don't get it! I know Maggie had issues with Molly beating her back in April in the AWA, but I thought they worked them out!

TL: And look at Michelle Bailey at ringside, Shane!

[Bailey, her nose bandaged, looks at Rhodes, shouting "WHY?!" She looks back into the ring, as Fernandez has grabbed Bell by the boot and started to drag her back to her corner, resulting in Bell hissing and screaming as she's being dragged. Rhodes looks at Bailey with a sly little grin and says "you know why", then walks down the ramp and out of the arena.]

TL: Maggie Rhodes has left! Molly Bell is all alon-... oh no she's not!

[Bailey jumps up onto the apron, thrusting her hand out to try and make the tag to Bell.]

TL: Michelle Bailey is on the apron, she's got her arm out!

SD: Theresa, I don't know if Rebecca Daniels is going to allow this! Michelle is not cleared to compete!

[The aforementioned Daniels, the referee for the match, notices that Bailey is on the apron and walks over to the corner, instructing her to get down.]

TL: Shane, you're right! The referee is telling Michelle Bailey that she's not cleared...

SD: You hear that? She also said the match has already started, no substitutions allowed!

TL: Oh no... this is not going to end well for Molly Bell.

[Bailey continues to protest, as Fernandez and Montenegro take the time to double-team Bell in the far corner. Bailey agonizes over the assault on Bell, frantically pointing towards the luchadoras' corner.]

TL: Michelle Bailey is desperately trying to get the referee to look at what's happening to Molly Bell in the corner, but the referee is more concerned with getting Bailey down off the apron!

SD: I hate to say it, but the referee has a point!

[The crowd's boos get even louder, as Daniels motions to the locker room.]

TL: She just threw Michelle Bailey out!

SD: And look at La Ardilla at ringside! She's jumping for joy!

TL: This seems like a little much though, Michelle is trying to protect her friend.

SD: I'm a little surprised too, an ejection seems a little much considering Michelle never got into the ring, but Rebecca's one of the best refs in the game. I trust her judgment, even if it's REALLY unfortunate in this case.

[Another P*WIN referee, Jake Mansfield, shows up to escort Bailey from the ringside area, as Bailey looks absolutely furious. Back in the ring, Fernandez lifts up Bell onto her shoulders.]

TL: Fernandez with... looks like a backbreaker? No, wait, that's a torture rack!

SD: I've seen her do this in the footage I researched, Theresa. That's not the end of the move.

[Fernandez pulls down on Bell's shoulders a couple of times to torque the hold, then swings Bell's shoulders and torso forward...]

TL: Oh my God...

[... bringing Bell down with a resounding thud to the mat!]

TL: Fernandez... with a power bomb?! Out of a torture rack!

SD: Theresa, I hate to say this, it's about to get worse. She just tagged in Montenegro.

[Montenegro starts to scale the turnbuckles as the crowd breaks into panicked boos.]

TL: Shane, is she seriously climbing the turnbuckles?

SD: She is indeed... Montenegro is infamous for a top rope splash that she calls the Landslide, that has to be what she's going for here.

TL: And Molly Bell isn't moving from that power bomb by Fernandez. Oh come on, this isn't necessary!

SD: La Ardilla told me she wanted to send a message, soften up, maybe even take out Molly and Michelle. If what looks like is about to happen happens, I think she may have fulfilled her goal to eliminate Molly, as sad as I am to say that.

[Montenegro positions herself on the top rope, standing tall.]

TL: Shane, Montenegro has nearly a hundred pounds on Molly. This is completely unnecessary!

[Montenegro leaps off connecting with a top rope splash that results in a wail of agony from Bell, followed by bringing the crowd to silence.]

TL: Montenegro with the cover... it's clear this one's over.

[The bell sounds as Montenegro gets up off of the fallen Bell, and we cut back to the split screen of Gordon, Bucky, and Sal on one side and Destiny on the other. Destiny's smile is gone.]

SD: I feel bad about booking that.

BW: Why, because you cost us a match?

[Destiny glares.]

SD: Because Molly's a good kid. She didn't deserve that. Fortunately, after the match was over, Michelle came back with a chair and the help of two additional wrestlers who competed earlier in the evening, Misaki Ishikawa and Honey Kobayashi, to clear the ring of the luchadoras.

SA: While that footage was being aired, we got the official word from Dr. Ponavitch... Michelle Bailey has not been cleared to compete due to her broken nose, but Molly Bell will indeed compete tonight. The official diagnosis is bruised ribs, but she passed all of Dr. Ponavitch's pre-match tests, and she'll be able to wrestle.

BW: So what does that mean, a handicap match? Ayako and the cat against those two killers and their squirrel friend?

GM: No, I understand that Michelle had a designated substitute on standby, so that substitute will take her place.

BW: What! Who is it? Why don't I know these things?

SD: Oh, I know who the substitute is. The luchadoras are in for a rough evening.

[Bucky looks flustered and points at his monitor.]

BW: Shane Destiny doesn't even work here and he knows the substitute, but I don't? What's going on here?!

[Destiny smirks.]

SD: What can I say, Bucky? Best friend privileges. Michelle tells me a lot of things she'd never tell you.

GM: Shane, thank you for joining us and bringing us this footage. We hope to see you again soon, and hopefully next time under more fortunate circumstances.

SD: My pleasure! ¡Cuídate!

[And we cut back to the single shot of Gordon, Bucky, and Sal. Bucky looks a little perturbed.]

BW: I think he got further in Duolingo than he said.

GM: Well, let's hope Sweet Lou Blackwell had more luck with Duolingo than Shane did, he's standing by with our SWLL trio in our upcoming match.

[We cut to Blackwell, standing beside La Ardilla, who is dressed out in her ring attire of a squirrel bodysuit and mask. Standing behind her, wearing a black bodysuit and looking especially menacing, is the massive Miranda Montenegro. To Montenegro's side, wearing a leather jacket and a black singlet, is Leona Fernandez. La Ardilla has a smirk visible on her face underneath her mask.]

SLB: La Ardilla, we all saw what happened just a few days ago in Philadelphia, and it sure seems clear that you're satisfied with what happened.

LA: Of course, old man! Of course I'm satisfied!

[La Ardilla cackles, as Montenegro and Fernandez remain stoic.]

LA: I warned that gato what would happen if she got into the ring with legends of lucha libre, did I not? I warned her that her lives had ran out, did I not? She chose to get in the ring with my killers unprepared, and look what happened!

SLB: In all fairness, La Ardilla, her tag team partner walked out on her!

LA: I owe that cat no fairness! Not after the mockery she made of me!

[La Ardilla looks at the camera with a snarl.]

LA: Poor poor cat. Did some grease-covered wench on a motorcycle break your pop star's face before we could? Did your chica Japonesa tire of feeding you treats and leave you all alone? Am I supposed to feel sympathy for you? It was all in my plans, cat. Divide...

[La Ardilla slices the air vertically with her hand, making a "fwoosh" sound.]

LA: ... and conquer.

[La Ardilla meets her hand with a punch, shouting "WHAP!" as she connects.]

LA: Now you come to me in my country, broken. Your pop star is here, but not allowed into the fight. Do you think I care who replaces her? Probably more garbage from the scrap heap for my killers to dispose of. And do you think you can rely on that Ayako of yours? Do you think she still cares for you? Why did she not come with you to Philadelphia? Ha! Still broken by that Laura Davis, or perhaps tired of your burdens?

[La Ardilla turns back to Blackwell.]

LA: The cat is sick, old man. Tonight, we put her out of her misery.

[La Ardilla, Montenegro, and Fernandez leave the scene, as Blackwell appears stunned.]

SLB: I hope, at least for Molly Bell's sake, there are some flaws in that sinister squirrel's plan. Mark Stegglet, let's take it over to you for their opponents.

[We cut over to the other backstage interview area, where Molly Bell is standing by, her ribs taped up and her collar around her neck, clinging closely to Ayako Fujiwara. Fujiwara has on a ripped, oversized hooded denim jacket over her wrestling attire. She wears the hood over her head, obscuring her face from the camera, but we can see that she is not wearing her usual catsuit. Instead, she has on a sleek, black and red asymmetrical strap crop top with a corset-like front tied together with crisscrossing red and black string. Her abdomen is now fully exposed and she wears middle waist black motorcycle pants with rivets running up and down the legs with short wrestling boots.

Molly is wearing a red halter crop top with the word "MEOW" printed across the chest in black. She is also wearing a sleeveless denim jacket, black spandex shorts, black kneepads, and black boots with "MEOW" down the sides in white. Her blonde hair has been styled in braided twin tails, and has been cut recently because she has bangs now.

Standing beside them is a dejected-looking Michelle Bailey, wearing a blue and pastel pink floral swing dress and white sandals. She has a bandage covering her nose, and there is still some bruising around her eyes, which she has tried to pair with a soft pink eyeshadow. Her hair is worn in a loose side ponytail barely held together with a white scrunchie over her left shoulder. Mark Stegglet looks concerned for the state of the trio.]

MS: Mark Stegglet, standing by here with a fairly bruised up team after those heinous comments by La Ardilla. Molly Bell, we know you've just been cleared by Dr. Ponavitch to compete. How are you feeling tonight?

Molly: ... I...

[Molly sighs, then lets out the saddest little mew she can, pressing herself closer to Ayako. Michelle waves Stegglet over to her, and Stegglet complies.]

Michelle: Mark, I think right now, there's a couple of things that need to be addressed. First and foremost... Molly, nothing that La Ardilla said should be believed, okay? Don't you worry. You're going to be fine.

[Michelle tries to reach over to give Molly a scratch behind the ear, but Molly pulls back some, switching over to Ayako's other side. Michelle sighs and nods her head.]

Michelle: I probably deserve that. You know, there's a lot of apologies I need to make tonight. To the fans, either watching tonight or in the building who were hoping to see me wrestle, I'm sorry that I'm not able to compete. I was really hoping enough time would have passed between my nose being set and now that I'd get cleared, and I was wrong.

[Michelle looks at Ayako.]

Michelle: Ayako, I'm sorry to you as well. You trusted me with Molly a few days ago, and... well, we saw what happened. I let you down.

[Michelle sighs and tries her best to look at Molly, who is avoiding her gaze.]

Michelle: Molly... I swore I'd find you a partner against those two monsters that would be there by your side, and I thought... y'know, with my history with the Rhodes family, I thought my history with them would mean something to that coward Maggie Rhodes. But I was wrong, and it got you hurt. There's no excuse. It was my mistake. I'm sorry.

[Michelle looks back at Ayako.]

Michelle: Now I have to worry about whether I'm about to make the same mistake, because I'm picking my replacement tonight too. But Ayako... Molly... I'm not just picking from a list of a couple of people there to be alternates. I had the entire AWA Women's Division roster that I could choose from, and I think... I know I made the right choice.

[Michelle looks at Mark Stegglet.]

Michelle: Because when I thought about who could replace me tonight, I thought about who could go up against the best that lucha libre had to offer. I thought about who could take to the skies, or throw strikes, or do whatever was necessary to win. I thought about who could potentially go up against a 241 pound monster like Miranda Montenegro, or a 183 pound beast like Leona Fernandez, and not have any fear. And I thought... does this wrestler only exist in my dreams?

[Michelle smiles at the camera.]

Michelle: Then I realized... maybe she's a Dream Girl instead.

[On cue the Canadian Dream Girl, Skylar Swift, steps into view. Her honey brown hair flows down her shoulders though it now bares a noticeable set of white streaks down the front. She looks fully recovered from her World Title match in Regina as

weeks ago her face and body were painted black and blue in some after match photos circulating around the internet as she embraced the war wounds in some very instagramable photos. Tonight though she is all glitzed up in her signature bedazzled gold suspenders over a white top and matching gold sequined tights.]

MS: Wow, this certainly is big news! Skylar, you've been off the grid since the AWA jumped the border and now you've flown all the way down here to Mexico to step right back into another war zone against quite the ensemble of women on the other side of the ring. Are you sure you're ready to stand toe to toe with the likes of Miranda Montenegro and-

SS: I think you should have stopped after "this is big news", Mark.

[She gives Stegglet quite the glare and then looks over to Molly and just can't help herself as she scratches her behind the ears which draws a joyful, albeit painful, smile from Molly Bell.]

SS: I've just been DYING to do that. First off... when you wake up in a fog at five AM and see this girl's face on your screen...

[She gestures over to Michelle Bailey, a sheepish grin coming across the face of the "Platinum Princess".]

SS: You DON'T let it go to voicemail. When I saw Michelle was calling at the time of day she was, I knew it was important as she knows the cutesy moniker of the Dream Girl wasn't just won from gracing the cover of magazines... this girl loves her sleep.

[A wink.]

SS: I also knew from the tone of her voice... she was hurting. Michelle doesn't take a step back for anything. She's been through some of the most extreme matches our sport has ever seen so for her to have to pick up the phone and call me... well... she didn't even have to ask. I knew, Mark. I knew she needed my help and these women next to me needed a third and I've been absolutely dying to get back into the ring ever since going toe to toe with the Queen of the Kaiju. I know I have big shoes to fill taking her place...

...but I've also got a crown to fill and I'm not going to get that chance again sitting at home with my head on my pillow anymore.

It's time for Skylar Swift to get back into the ring and to do it beside another legend like Ayako and this little Purrrrrncess...

[Molly grins, a little bit of purring audible.]

SS:well, it was a no brainer. I'm honored, girls. To be your friend. To be your partner. But most importantly... I'm ready to fight!

[There's a pause, very brief but noticeable. Michelle looks at Ayako, a pleading look on her face, almost as if to say "well? How did I do?"]

MS: Well, Ayako... what do you think about tonight and what's in front of you?

[Ayako keeps her head down, unresponsive until Molly nudges her in the shoulder with her head.]

"What do I think?"

[Ayako raises her head, causing the hood to fall from her face. As it does, we see the somewhat startled expression on Stegglet's face as it reveals Ayako with her once long, flowing hair now dramatically cut into a side swept undercut. The side swept hair on top is ash silver, long enough to fall and cover the left side of her face, while the shaven sides are dyed black. She glares at Stegglet.]

Ayako: I think it's unfortunate that we had to drag someone as bright and talented as Skylar Swift into this mess with La Ardilla. I really do wish we could have teamed up under better circumstances, Skylar. But honestly, what do I "think?"

I think the time for talk is far past over. My actions always did speak louder than any of my words ever could and my message inside that ring tonight will be an absolute roar.

[She turns to Michelle.]

Ayako: Don't worry about what happened, Michelle. After tonight, La Ardilla will be nothing more than a distant memory.

This war...is OVER.

And I will be the one that ends it.

[She rises to her feet, pulling the hood back over her head. As she turns to walk away, we see these words on the back of her jacket:

"THIS MACHINE SUPLEXES FASCISTS"

Ayako takes two steps, before stopping and slapping her hand on her thigh twice.]

Ayako: Let's go, Molly.

[Molly quickly dashes over to Ayako's side, following behind her as she walks off to battle. Skylar looks at Michelle, who simply nods her head as the two follow after Ayako and Molly. We cut back to the ring, where we see a shot of the smiling Rebecca Ortiz.]

RO: Our next match is a Women's Division contest, set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit, and it is a TRIOS MATCH!

[The crowd roars with anticipation, but their roars suddenly become boos as "Night Danger" by Pretty Maids filters through Estadio BBVA's sound system.]

RO: Introducing first, representing SWLL...

From Ciudad Juárez, Chihuahua, weighing in at 129 pounds... she is "La Roedor más Siniestra"... LAAAAAAAAAAAA ARDILLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

From Nuevo Laredo, Tamaulipas, weighing 183 pounds... she is "Reina Salvaje de la Lucha Libre"... LEONAAAAAAAAAAAA FERNAAAAAAAAAAAAANDEZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

And from Torreón, Coahuila, weighing 241 pounds... she is "La Montaña Caminante"... MIRANDAAAAAAAAA MONTENEGROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[The SWLL trio walks through the entrance, as the boos get even louder, with La Ardilla egging the crowd on. Miranda Montenegro gives an icy stare to anyone who dares get close to her, and Leona Fernandez simply marches towards the ring.]

GM: Sal, I have to say, I'm surprised to hear this response for the SWLL trio on what would conceivably be their home mat advantage.

BW: Yeah, what gives, Albano?

SA: Miranda Montenegro, or "The Walking Mountain" as she is nicknamed, is one of the most dangerous and notorious rudas in all of lucha libre. With a career that has spanned nearly thirty years of tormenting the top technicians in all of Mexico, she has always been one of the most unpopular luchadoras in history. Something Andy Dawson, our referee for this contest, might want to be aware of, by the way, is that she is known for smuggling weapons in the ring in her boot. She's used pencils, ballpoint pens, forks... you name it, it's probably found its way into that boot of hers.

GM: How about Leona Fernandez? What can you tell us about her?

SA: Leona Fernandez is a heartbreaking story, Gordon. She was a technicala sensation when she debuted back in 2003 at just 15 years old, but fame overwhelmed her, and she was arrested in 2011 for possession of narcotics. Ever since her return to the lucha libre scene in 2014, she fell under the influence of Miranda Montenegro and proclaimed herself to be "the Savage Queen of Lucha Libre". It's almost like she's a completely different wrestler since her return to the ring.

BW: And the squirrel's just off her rocker, I assume.

GM: Bucky!

SA: Bucky's not that far off. You heard Rebecca Ortiz's introduction, La Ardilla is referred to as "The Most Sinister Rodent", and certainly we've seen by her actions that it's not far from the truth. La Ardilla's another one like Leona Fernandez that debuted as a technicala, but fell under the spell of Miranda Montenegro and has become one of the most heinous rudas in all of lucha libre over the last couple of years.

GM: Fascinating that Montenegro seems content to let La Ardilla be the mouthpiece here, then.

SA: Montenegro is very calculating, Gordon, and I think you'll see that play out in the ring. Something else to watch out for, is that in her thirty years... she has quite literally never, and I mean NEVER been suplexed or slammed.

[The SWLL trio is in the ring, as Andy Dawson checks his earpiece, then goes to try and check Miranda Montenegro's boot, with Montenegro threatening Dawson briefly before consenting to a check. Dawson comes up with nothing, but as he goes to check Leona Fernandez, if one pays very close attention, they can see La Ardilla and Montenegro appear to have a quick consultation, followed by Montenegro stuffing something into her boot.]

GM: Well, if there's anyone who can do it... it'll be the woman about to be introduced!

RO: And their opponents...

First, from Richmond, Virginia, weighing in at 152 pounds... MOLLYYYYYYYY
BELLLLLLLLLLL!

Substituting for the injured Michelle Bailey, from Montreal, Quebec, Canada, weighing in this evening at 125 pounds, she is the "Canadian Dream Girl"...
SKYLARRRRRRRRRR SWIFTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!

And from Fujinomiya in the Shizuoka Prefecture of Japan, weighing 73 kilograms...
AYAKOOOOOOOOOOOO FUJIWARAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

["The Cyborg Fights" by Makoto Miyazaki plays through Estadio BBVA, as the AWA trio of Ayako Fujiwara, Skylar Swift, and Molly Bell, accompanied by Michelle Bailey, walk through the entrance to a hero's welcome, though some fans appear stunned by the change in appearance of Fujiwara.]

SA: And here comes the team representing the AWA, and what a difference a day makes!

GM: Skylar Swift is certainly a big replacement for the injured Michelle Bailey, but what about this change by Ayako Fujiwara? A definite change in appearance, hopefully not in attitude.

SA: Well, Gordon, she mentioned on the all-new Power Hour that she said she was tired of being pushed around, having no control over her destiny. Perhaps this is a sign of what's to come.

BW: Maybe she'll get rid of that silly cat following her around if she's serious about that.

GM: Bucky! Stop!

[Bell follows closely behind Fujiwara, as Swift bounds over the top rope to enter the ring first. Bailey climbs onto the apron and holds the ropes open for Bell and Fujiwara, as fans, unprepared for Fujiwara's change in appearance, throw the blue, pink, and white streamers they brought to the building to greet Fujiwara. Bell excitedly lunges after the streamers, but winces and holds at her ribs after a quick lunge. Bailey helps the ring attendants clear the ring of the streamers, then hops out of the ring to take the corner of Fujiwara, Bell, and Swift, as Fujiwara glares across the ring at her opponents, calmly rotating her wrists in a way that can only be described as chilling.]

GM: And if there's one thing about Ayako Fujiwara that hasn't changed, it's that wrist warmup of hers.

BW: Why is Michelle Bailey allowed to stay out here for this, huh? Seems a little unfair to me. The luchadoras don't have anyone in their corner.

GM: I would imagine it's because she was the original contracted participant in the match, Bucky.

BW: I think the luchadoras should get to have someone out there, just in case Bailey gets a little froggy.

SA: Considering Montenegro's propensity for stabbing people with common household utensils, maybe it's fair enough that Bailey's out there for another set of eyes on her.

GM: He's got you there, Bucky.

[Bell points at La Ardilla and loudly hisses, indicating that she wants to start the match with her, but La Ardilla waves dismissively as both her and Montenegro step out of the ring, letting Leona Fernandez represent their team.]

GM: What cowardice there by La Ardilla! She started this whole thing by trying to blind Molly Bell, and now she doesn't even want to start the match with her!

BW: More like brilliance, Gordo. She's been in Bell's head ever since Saskatchewan, and this is just more mind games.

[The AWA trio discuss who's starting on their side, as Dawson can be heard saying "one in, two out". Swift and Fujiwara have a quick chat, with Fujiwara nodding, and both Fujiwara and Bell step out, letting Swift start. With one in from each team, Dawson calls for the bell to raucous cheers from the crowd.]

GM: So we're going to see Leona Fernandez starting this one off against Skylar Swift. Andy Dawson drawing the assignment for what should be a wild matchup here at Estrellas En El Cielo.

BW: And not just because it's Animal Queendom in the ring, what with a cat and a squirrel and a lioness.

GM: Bucky...

[Fernandez scowls at the upbeat Swift, then charges at her, attempting to put a boot right between her eyes.]

SA: Fernandez aims a Yakuza kick right away at Skylar Swift!

GM: Swift just narrowly able to escape that one!

[Swift bounces foot to foot as Fernandez stalks after her, swiping at her with a left hook that Swift rolls underneath.]

GM: Swift evading the strikes of Leona Fernandez, and Sal, just like you mentioned, that speed advantage really helping out here.

SA: Totally, Gordon. When people think lucha libre, they think fast-paced action, but Montenegro is very much a grinding-to-a-halt brawler, and Fernandez has become quite methodical over the last couple of years. Swift having that faster pace is definitely going to frustrate these two experienced rudas.

BW: Yeah, until they catch her and turn her into a Francophonic smear on the mat.

[Fernandez growls and dives at Swift, who deftly leaps over Fernandez and stomps on the back of her shoulders, then lands beside her on her feet.]

GM: WHOA! That's the key part, Bucky, they have to catch her first! What graceful maneuvering by Skylar Swift!

SA: Swift now off the ropes, looks like she's going to catch a rising Fernandez...

[Swift leaps at Fernandez, who is getting to her feet...]

GM: Dropkick, right on the chin! Fernandez wobbling, but still on her feet!

BW: Caught her right on the button and didn't take her down! That's why this was a bad choice, there isn't nearly enough force behind those strikes to take down a monster like Fernandez! What happens when a big bad like Montenegro gets in here?

[Swift darts off the ropes, connecting with another dropkick, this time squarely on the shoulder, as Fernandez is pushed back somewhat but remains standing.]

GM: Another dropkick and Fernandez remains up! Swift coming off the ropes once again...

[Fernandez throws out an arm for a clothesline, but Swift ducks underneath, quickly turning around and hopping onto Fernandez's shoulders.]

SA: Swift up on the shoulders, firing away punches at Fernandez's head!

GM: We could see a victory roll coming up!

[But the veteran Fernandez raises her hands up, pushing the back of Swift's thighs, and flings her forward, causing her to go splat face-first on the mat to a chorus of boos.]

BW: Yeah, or we could see Skylar Swift eat the canvas. That could happen too.

GM: Leona Fernandez pushing Swift off and dropping her face-first onto the mat, now... oh come on! There's no need for this!

[The boos get louder as Fernandez grasps Swift by the hair, grabbing two fistfuls to grind Swift's face into the mat.]

GM: Fernandez trying to maim, potentially disfigure Skylar Swift here in Guadalupe!

[Fernandez takes a moment to grin at the crowd, shouting "¡Esta perra me pertenece!", but soon finds herself tumbling through the ropes as Swift pulls her by the hips through the top and middle rope.]

SA: Skylar Swift using what momentum she can to pull Leona Fernandez out of the ring...

[Swift gets to a standing position, and takes off to the other side of the ring, rebounding off...]

GM: Oh, here she comes!

[The crowd roars its approval as Swift dives through the ropes, catching a rising Fernandez with a beautiful-looking tope suicida!]

GM: Between the ropes dive there by Skylar Swift!

BW: Watch out! Here comes that cat!

[Molly Bell rushes into the ring, snarling and hissing, trying to pull La Ardilla in...]

GM: No! Molly, watch out!

SA: She didn't see... !

[As Bell grabs La Ardilla's mask to pull her into the ring, she doesn't see Miranda Montenegro grab her from behind and flatten her with a forearm to the back of the neck.]

BW: That dumb cat didn't pay attention, and it's going to cost her big!

GM: Swift and Fernandez went out to the floor, and that's as good as a tag tonight... Molly Bell just made herself legal, but she didn't see Miranda Montenegro get into the ring as she was trying to go for La Ardilla! It's Bell and Montenegro in the ring right now!

BW: Yeah, and this didn't work out too well for her a few nights ago in Philadelphia, did it?

SA: Montenegro is famed for that Landslide splash off the top rope, and she used it to great effect Thursday night at P*WIN to bruise Molly Bell's ribs. Now she's in prime position to do even more damage!

[Montenegro picks up a rising Bell and drops her hard with a bodyslam, then nonchalantly steps on her ribs, as Bell screams in pain.]

GM: 241 pounds of Miranda Montenegro absolutely crushing Molly Bell's torso right now. And look at her mocking Bell!

SA: Yeah, but Gordon, look at Ayako Fujiwara's face.

[We cut to the AWA trio's corner, and the infuriated face of Ayako Fujiwara, flushed with anger, as she stands primed for position for a tag.]

SA: You think she's not bursting at the seams to rip Miranda Montenegro apart?

BW: Ain't gonna do a bit of difference if she can't get in there legally.

GM: The relationship between Fujiwara and Bell is unusual, but if one thing's clear, it's that Fujiwara is highly protective of Bell. It's got to be eating Fujiwara up to see Bell getting pummeled like this.

[Montenegro cackles as she drops a knee into the abdominals of Bell, yanking Bell up by the hair to ensure no pinfall is recorded.]

GM: And again, more weight dropped onto the stomach of Molly Bell. The intention here seems quite clear, and that's to injure Molly.

BW: She humiliated La Ardilla in Saskatchewan by chasing her up that bear, so now she's getting her just desserts here, daddy!

SA: Don't you think La Ardilla attempting to blind Bell had a lot to do with that?

BW: You keep quiet over there, B-Team, and stick to being our lucha Wikipedia.

GM: La Ardilla sure seems satisfied to let Montenegro do her dirty work.

[Montenegro sizes the fallen Bell up, dropping an elbow onto her ribs, causing Bell to wail in agony once more. With a smirk, Montenegro starts to tear at the bandaging at Bell's ribs as La Ardilla can be heard shouting with joy.]

GM: Montenegro is removing that bandage around Bell's ribs!

BW: She's just trying to help the cat loosen up, Gordo!

GM: Come on, Bucky, Molly Bell was cleared for action by Dr. Ponavitch with specific instructions to be bandaged up! This is obviously an attempt to hurt her!

[Bell tries to fight back, causing Montenegro to pepper Bell's ribs with punches. Fujiwara can take no more, running into the ring and driving a forearm right into the back of Montenegro's head to the delight of the crowd.]

BW: Hey! Blatant interference by Ayako Fujiwara!

GM: Montenegro has shown she doesn't care about pins, she's clearly out to hurt Bell, and Fujiwara can't take any more! Fujiwara staggering Montenegro...

[Fujiwara sizes Montenegro up, as Bell can be seen rolling out of the ring.]

SA: Looks like Bell is out... Andy Dawson confirming that Fujiwara is legal!

BW: What?! How is that legal!

GM: Bell touched the floor! That's as good as a tag!

BW: With Fujiwara already in the ring?!

SA: Normally that rule is that Fujiwara would have to be out of the ring, but it's at the referee's discretion... wait a second...

[Fujiwara waits for Montenegro to turn around, then charges...]

SA: ... THIS! IS! SPARTAAAAAAA!

[... connecting with a push kick that sends Montenegro staggering into the ropes!]

GM: Big time push kick there by Ayako Fujiwara, and if those ropes weren't there to hold her up, she might have just been floored by it!

BW: I doubt that! Montenegro probably couldn't get knocked down if she was hit by a truck!

SA: Ayako's push kick sure has to feel like getting hit by a truck! Look at Montenegro!

[Montenegro opts to go through the ropes, falling to the floor, as Leona Fernandez rushes into the ring and attempts to tackle Fujiwara.]

GM: Fernandez is legal, trying for that tackle... oh my stars!

[Fujiwara DRIVES a knee right into the chest of Fernandez, causing Fernandez to tense back up.]

GM: What a knee strike by Fujiwara!

SA: And here come the elbows!

[Fujiwara starts dishing out elbows to Fernandez, rattling her with left and right elbows, staggering Fernandez to the ropes. She then backs up a few steps, letting out a scream, and rushes at Fernandez...]

"WHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHACKKKKKKKKKKKKK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SWEET SAN LORENZO!

GM: RUNNING ELBOW STRIKE! OUT GOES FERNANDEZ!

SA: Out on the floor right next to Montenegro, too!

[Fujiwara stares out on the floor, then a smile creeps across her face as she slowly turns around, looking towards the SWLL corner, pointing a finger out at the lone luchadora standing, a now horrified La Ardilla, and says just one word.

"You."

Fujiwara gestures for La Ardilla to get into the ring as the crowd's roar is so loud that even the hard camera shakes a little.]

GM: La Ardilla is the only one left for the SWLL trio!

BW: No way! There's no way Fernandez and Montenegro are out like this!

SA: Listen to this crowd, guys! They want to see Ayako Fujiwara rip La Ardilla to shreds!

GM: La Ardilla is frozen in fear! She can't move!

[Fujiwara continues to stare, La Ardilla continues to quiver, when suddenly...]

SA: OH NO!

[... Fujiwara disappears from the ring.]

GM: Miranda Montenegro! She just grabbed Fujiwara by the foot and pulled her out!

SA: She just saved La Ardilla's hide, Gordon!

BW: These luchadoras always seem to have a plan, guys!

GM: That seemed more like a last ditch effort to me, Bucky... SWIFT!

[Skylar Swift rushes into the ring, grabbing La Ardilla by the mask and pulling her in.]

SA: She's got La Ardilla!

GM: Swift and La Ardilla are legal! Here we go!

SA: The two smallest, fastest members of each team in the ring! This one might cause motion blur on your sets, fans!

[Swift pushes La Ardilla into the ropes, catching her on the rebound for a shoulder toss, but La Ardilla manages to grab Swift's wrist and take Swift over with an armdrag.]

GM: Armdrag there by La Ardilla, looks like she's maintained control of the wrist...

SA: Don't let the costume or the tactics fool you, Gordon, La Ardilla was once known as one of the craftiest high flyers in lucha libre before she joined up with Miranda Montenegro.

GM: La Ardilla now running over to the ropes, jumping up...

[La Ardilla hops up to the top rope, then lets her feet give way, bouncing the top rope against the back of her quads and flipping herself backward, twisting Swift's wrist and pulling Swift backward with another armdrag.]

GM: Another unique armdrag there by La Ardilla! Swift right up onto her feet... La Ardilla with...

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

GM [disappointed]: ... a thumb to the eye.

SA: And that's why the fans here in Guadalupe have been so disappointed with what they've seen out of La Ardilla. She taunts them with glimmers of her high-flying, then goes and pulls stunts like this.

BW: Hey, is she making more money? Climbing up the card? Whatever puts more in the bank account, right?

[La Ardilla punches Swift, shouting at her, "do you want to defend the cat? Huh? This is what you get for defending the cat!", then punches her again.]

GM: La Ardilla with two punches to Skylar Swift... now taking to mocking her.

[La Ardilla covers her eye, staggering around as she mocks Swift, then looks over at the AWA corner. She motions for a bottle of water, thrown to her by Montenegro.

"Here's one for you, pop star."

La Ardilla opens the bottle of water, taking a big gulp...]

"FWISHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What an absolutely disgusting display by La Ardilla! She just spat that water all over Michelle Bailey!

SA: What did Bailey do to deserve that?!

BW: You heard what La Ardilla said, guys, anyone who stands up for Molly Bell is no friend of hers.

[We cut to the soaking wet Michelle Bailey, who is glaring into the ring at the taunting La Ardilla.]

GM: Wait! Cut back to the ring! Cut back!

[We cut back to the ring, as Skylar Swift used La Ardilla's distraction to jump onto Fernandez with a tornillo to the awe of the crowd, just able to get an off-balance Fernandez down. La Ardilla continues to taunt Bailey from inside the ring, not looking behind her, as the crowd's furor continues to rise.]

BW: Look behind you, squirrel girl!

SA: She's not going to like what she sees!

[Bailey points to La Ardilla, who hears the crowd, and starts to turn around...

... but doesn't need to fully turn before a hiss lets her know who's behind her.]

GM: Molly Bell is back up! Damaged ribs and all! Skylar Swift took that moment where La Ardilla was distracted by Michelle Bailey to go to the floor and let Molly Bell take her place, to get La Ardilla all alone!

[La Ardilla turns around, attempting a quick dash at a thumb to the eye, but Bell dodges.]

GM: Bell's just inches away from getting her paws on La Ardilla! She's wanted this since La Ardilla tried to blind her in Saskatchewan!

SA: Molly's got La Ardilla by the mask! She's finally going to get La Ardilla!

[La Ardilla, though, clever squirrel that she is, grabs Bell by what's left of the bandage around her ribs and pulls her towards her corner, driving her face-first into the turnbuckles while ripping the bandage off.]

GM: Bell driven face-first into the buckles, and that bandage is gone! Montenegro's on the apron... wait a second!

[The crowd boos heartily as Montenegro jabs an object into the throat of Bell, causing Bell to gag, while La Ardilla distracts Dawson by waving Bell's lost bandage in his face.]

GM: Wait a second, what was that in Montenegro's hand?!

BW: I love how sneaky these luchadoras are!

SA: Gordon, that looked like a pencil! She just jabbed a pencil into the throat of Molly Bell!

[The camera cuts back to the corner of the AWA trio, where Ayako Fujiwara again looks completely furious.]

GM: We saw how much Ayako Fujiwara became angered by the tactics of the luchadoras a moment ago, and it took Montenegro pulling her out of the ring to save La Ardilla. What happens if she gets to be legal again?

BW: You've got to think there's a plan for that.

SA: It seems clear to me so far that they can't match Ayako in the ring, they're having to resort to unscrupulous measures.

BW: All that matters is that W, daddy.

GM: La Ardilla... a deliberate thumb to the throat! Come on, Andy!

[Andy Dawson warns La Ardilla about staying off the throat, and La Ardilla raises her hands innocently.]

GM: La Ardilla looks like... she's going for a backslide on Molly Bell!

SA: Yeah, and look at her feet, Gordon.

[La Ardilla backslides Molly Bell and very clearly puts her feet on the ropes. Andy Dawson just stares at the pin with his hands on his hips and says "come on, I'm not counting that". La Ardilla stands up and shrugs, as if to say "it was worth a shot".]

GM: I can't believe La Ardilla. She's toying with Molly Bell.

BW: I don't know, I think I like her. I've never seen someone so callously disrespectful of their opponents or the rules. You love to see it.

SA: Well, I don't love to see it, Bucky.

BW: You don't count.

[La Ardilla grabs the still-gagging Bell by the scalp, brushing the hair out of her face, and shouts "now you go over the rainbow bridge, gato!", tagging Montenegro.]

GM: Oh no. Montenegro coming back in, and... I don't like the looks of this.

SA: Montenegro seems to be hiding something in her right hand there, Gordon, you see that? Maybe that pencil again!

BW: Someone better be ready to console Ayako, because she's about to lose her pet.

[La Ardilla holds Bell in place as Montenegro takes her sweet time getting into the ring, and Bell does what any cat who doesn't like to be held does to La Ardilla's hand.

She bites it.]

SA: Hey! Taking a bite out of lucha crime!

GM: I don't normally advocate for biting, but after everything they've done to her, I don't blame her one bit!

BW: You hypocrites! Both of you are total hypocrites!

[La Ardilla howls as Bell chomps down on her hand, only for Bell to release as Montenegro swipes at her with the pencil.]

GM: Molly Bell just barely getting out of the way of Montenegro!

SA: Montenegro is really good at obscuring foreign objects, but you see Andy Dawson's right in there trying to check Montenegro's hand!

[The fans at ringside are going ballistic, trying to tell Dawson about the pencil, when Bell does something to show she's a smart kitty after all.]

BW: Wait a second! What a coward!

GM: Coward nothing! Molly Bell just remembered the rules!

[Bell slides out of the ring, her back paws touching the floor. The fans start with a low rumble of cheers again, getting louder and louder as Montenegro turns around...]

SA: Molly Bell went to the floor!

[Montenegro turns around, seeing an absolutely seething Olympic gold medalist/cat mom standing across the ring from her. Well... not standing for long.]

GM: HERE COMES AYAKO!

[Fujiwara charges, kicking Montenegro in the face to knock her into the buckles, then elbowing Fernandez to knock her off the apron.]

GM: Ayako Fujiwara has come back in, and she is taking it to the luchadoras! A kick for Montenegro! An elbow takes out Fernandez!

SA: There's a standing dropkick for La Ardilla!

[La Ardilla is sent flying from the apron to the ringside floor after a well-placed dropkick by Fujiwara, where she crashes with a resounding thud.]

GM: Fujiwara's on fire here! She grabs Montenegro...

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A jaw-rattling short-arm clothesline! Montenegro crumples down to the mat!

[... and... somehow... planting her with the Kanpekina, as the crowd shakes the stadium with its cheers.]

GM: TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY ONE POUNDS OF MIRANDA MONTENEGRO JUST GOT SLAMMED WITH THE KANPEKINA! AYAKO FUJIWARA JUST SLAMMED MIRANDA MONTENEGRO!

SA: Think of everything that's passed in nearly thirty years of wrestling, gentlemen... and we can chalk this one up. Ayako Fujiwara just made history tonight in Mexico, she's the first woman to ever slam OR suplex Miranda Montenegro!

[La Ardilla, on her feet on the floor, is stunned by what she just witnessed. On the other side of the ring, Michelle Bailey is hopping up and down in place, unable to contain her joy at seeing her friend's unbelievable strength.]

GM: And Fujiwara... she... she's pushing Montenegro out of the ring with her feet! She doesn't want to pin her!

SA: She certainly could, Gordon! But she doesn't want to!

[Fujiwara finally gets Montenegro out, and points to the floor where La Ardilla stands, causing the crowd to erupt further.]

GM: She wants this to end with La Ardilla!

SA: La Ardilla's responsible for this whole mess! It's only fitting that it ends with her!

[La Ardilla puts her hands up on the floor, trying to beg off...

... but Skylar Swift shows up behind her, a smile on her face, as she grabs La Ardilla and pushes her into the ring.]

BW: Oh come on! This isn't right!

SA: It's absolutely right, Bucky!

GM: Oh yeah! Here we go! La Ardilla comes face to face with Ayako Fujiwara!

[La Ardilla trembles in fear as she looks across the ring at Fujiwara. Fujiwara cracks a smile.]

BW: This is totally wrong! They're torturing poor La Ardilla!

[Fujiwara looks around, and calls out...

"MOLLY! COME TO MOMMY!"

SA: Ayako wants Molly Bell in on this!

GM: As well she should, after what La Ardilla put Molly Bell through!

[We cut to a wide shot of the ring, as La Ardilla pleads with Fujiwara for mercy. Molly Bell stands behind her, simply waiting. Fujiwara pats La Ardilla on the head, turning her around and shoving her forward, as Molly Bell charges...]

SA: POUUUUUUUUUUUUUUNCE!

[... and Pounces La Ardilla several feet back, into the waiting arms of Fujiwara, who whips her over with a bone-crushing German suplex.]

GM: And Miss Germany's waiting in the wings! German suplex to follow up!

SA: That's not all! Fujiwara holds onto the grip!

BW: This is wrong!

[Fujiwara deadlifts La Ardilla up, holding her body in the air for several seconds. La Ardilla's head hangs limp, her arms dangle, and her feet sway only from the motion of being lifted.]

BW: Come on! Look at this! She's out cold!

SA: Bucky, I think you may be right! La Ardilla isn't moving!

[Fujiwara suddenly, unceremoniously drops La Ardilla to the mat.]

GM: Ayako Fujiwara and Molly Bell used that combination of the Pounce and the German suplex, and Fujiwara opting not to go for the second German suplex... now she's turning La Ardilla over with the toe of her boot!

[Fujiwara glares down at La Ardilla, planting her boot onto La Ardilla's sternum.]

BW: What kind of cover is that?!

GM: Andy Dawson's going to count it! That's one, that's two... and that's three! The AWA team is going to take this one home!

[The bell sounds, as Bell makes a backwards kicking motion over the fallen La Ardilla.]

SA: And I think that motion there by Molly Bell says it all, guys! I think she's done with La Ardilla!

BW: Yeah, because she got the help of a stone cold killer out there like Ayako Fujiwara! Fujiwara and Swift did all the work!

[Bell hugs Fujiwara tight, as Swift gets back into the ring along with Bailey to celebrate the win.]

GM: A big win here tonight for the team of Fujiwara, Swift, and Bell, and... wow, Fujiwara sure did get back onto her winning ways here tonight.

SA: And not to mention, Skylar Swift really looked impressive. She took it to Leona Fernandez with a fury that a lot of wrestlers wouldn't have been able to muster.

BW: Also appearing... Molly Bell.

GM: Would you be nice, Bucky?

BW: I wouldn't bet on it.

GM: This night continue to be one for the history books and right now, we're going backstage to where Mark Stegglet is looking to get a word from the AWA President Javier Castillo about this landmark event. Mark?

[We fade back to the locker room area where we find Mark Stegglet standing right outside the door that is marked "EL PRESIDENTE."]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. It's been an exciting night of action here as the AWA brings our own special brand of professional wrestling south of the border for the very first time and we're not done yet. We've still got our Mexican Death Match with the one million dollar bounty on Casey James hanging out there over his head. We've got the big trios showdown between Dead Man's Party and Los Renegados. Plus, we learned earlier that we'll see the Women's World Title at stake between Kurayami and Julie Somers as well. But coming up in just a few moments, we've got-

[The door abruptly swings open, nearly hitting a surprised Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Oh!

[John Law is standing there, glaring at the interviewer.]

JL: What?!

MS: I... uh... well, I wanted to talk to Jav- Mr. Castillo about the next match - Rage versus Rage.

[Law grumbles, nodding his head.]

JL: Boss man... you want to talk to Stegglet?

[A few moments pass before Javier Castillo sticks his head out.]

JC: What?!

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: I just wanted to get your thoughts on our next match. This brother versus brother battle you set up between the Rages.

[Castillo grins.]

JC: Oh, you're welcome. I know it'll be a thrilling, hard-fought battle.

MS: I'm sure you're right but... well, is this all to get payback on Shadoc Rage for refusing to join the Korugun Corporation?

[Castillo grimaces.]

JC: Free will is an amazing thing, Mr. Stegglet. The ability to make your own choices... to live your life as you'd like... to walk your own path.

But free will has consequences... and I believe Mr. Rage is learning that the hard way these days.

[Stegglet interrupts.]

MS: But he beat Morgan Dane in the match you set up! If he beats Derek Rage here tonight-

JC: That's a big "if," Mr. Stegglet... just like Derek Rage is a big man. I believe that Derek Rage is going to be your winner here tonight. In fact...

[Castillo looks back into the office, waving an arm. A moment later, John Law brushes past him, heading into the hallway past a surprised Mark Stegglet. Castillo's head pops back out.]

JC: ...I guarantee it.

[Castillo smirks as he ducks back into his office, slamming the door behind him.]

MS: Javier Castillo guaranteeing that Derek Rage will come out on top here tonight and... well, that's gotta be a lot of pressure to put on the massive shoulders of Derek Rage who is standing by with Sweet Lou Blackwell. Lou?

[We fade to another part of the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands in the middle of the shot. To the right of him is the giant, Derek Rage, dressed in his black wrestling togs with purple insets. He stares coldly down at Sweet Lou, clenching and unclenching a fist almost the size of Blackwell's head. The AWA interviewer blanches each time the fist closes.]

SLB: Thanks, Mark. Javier Castillo showing a lot of confidence in the skills of this man right here... getting ready to compete in the match that pits brother against brother like Cain and Abel... Derek Rage. Mr. Rage, I've got to ask you how it feels to be going up against your brother again today of all days.

[Derek Rage is stoic, staring down at Lou without a word.]

SLB: Are you feeling any kind of remorse?

DR:

SLB: Nothing? Nothing at all?

[Rage's continue silence causing Blackwell to sigh with a shrug.]

SLB: Still nothing. All right... well, let me ask you this. Today is your brother, Shadoe Rage's, birthday. How can you wrestle your own brother here at Estrellas En El Cielo on his birthday? I mean, what kind of brother is-

[Blackwell flinches and ducks as Derek cocks back his huge fist yet again.]

SLB: Now hold on, there's no need to get rough! There's no reason for violence! I'm just doing my job here!

[Rage calms.]

SLB: You don't like that question either? Fine. Alright, let's try this one. Do you really hate your brother that much that you would wrestle him on his own birthday just so you can curry Javier Castillo's favor?

[Derek Rage doesn't respond verbally... but with a twinkle in his eye, he slowly nods in the affirmative. Blackwell's jaw drops.]

SLB: Are you kidding me? Money is THAT important to you?

[Rage again nods as Blackwell sighs.]

SLB: Look, I get it. Family is family and sometimes family fights but... this is your brother. Your own flesh and blood. Your...

[Blackwell trails off as his gaze drifts off-camera slightly, remaining there until someone strides into the camera's view. Derek Rage's eyes turn towards the interruption. It's Lauryn Rage. The youngest Rage is dressed in her AWA "Guess Who's Back" T-shirt and tight-fitting shredded white jean shorts. Derek Rage frowns at the sight of his little sister. Lauryn's glare shoots daggers through him.]

SLB: Lauryn Rage, what are you doing here?

[Lauryn shakes her head, looking up at her brother.]

LR: I was hoping to talk some sense into my brother here, but I can see that he's not talking again.

SLB: He is certainly leaning into the whole strong silent type, let me tell you.

[Lauryn Rage slips closer to her brother, edging Blackwell almost out of the shot completely as she stares Derek down.]

LR: This is what you're down to? Whoring out for Castillo's cash?

[Blackwell grimaces at the question but Rage doesn't respond, keeping his eyes on his sister. Lauryn continues, frustration in her voice.]

LR: You know, I used to look up to you more than physically. I'm sad that I can't really do that right now.

[She lifts her hand, shoving it towards his face as she turns away.]

LR: I can't even look at you right now. This is pathetic.

[Derek Rage's cold eyes are boring into her as she shakes her head again.]

LR: Look, if you come to your senses, you know where to find your family. Your real family.

[There's a moment where Derek Rage's gaze softens... just a moment where Derek Rage chews his lip thoughtfully...

...and then turns his back on his little sister.]

LR: Heh. It's like that, is it? Well, I guess you made your choice then.

[Lauryn eyes Derek Rage up and down like he's short and sucks her tooth before she turns and leaves the way she came. A moment passes, Derek Rage's entire body tensing up...

...and then he strides away in the opposite direction of his sister, leaving Blackwell behind.]

SLB: Well... Derek Rage may not have a lot to say... but I think his actions just spoke a mouthful here tonight to his sister, Lauryn Rage. Family drama is in the air here in Guadalupe. It's going to be very interesting to see how this one shakes out. Rebecca, let's go back to you...

[We fade back to a panning shot of the Estadio BBVA crowd before fading into the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

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

[A voice calls out over the PA.]

"GET IN THAT CELL!"

[The sound of a prison cell door clanging shut begins the piano and drum loop of Public Enemy's "Black Steel in the Hour of Chaos."]

RO: From Halifax, Nova Scotia ... weighing 340 pounds... he represents the Korugun Corporation... DERRRRRRREK RAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[The boos come pouring down as Korugun's hired giant - Derek Rage - emerges out onto the ramp covered in a silk black boxer's robe, the hood thrown up over his head. He pauses at the top of the ramp a moment, raising his massive hand up towards the sky... and then starts the long walk down the ramp towards the ring, turning to glare from side to side at the fans once in a while.]

GM: What an impressive giant of a man. But even after what we just heard... or didn't hear... from him, I still don't understand why he wants this match... why he wants this fight with his own brother. On his birthday no less!

BW: He's doing it for the money, Gordo. He's doing it for Korugun and the General!

GM: Money?! He's going to try to maim his own brother for money?!

BW: Money's a powerful motivator, Gordo. Besides, we say it all the time around here lately. Brothers fight! And this is going to be a fight.

SA: Sweet Santa Maria, that's an understatement, Bucky. This man chose to blow himself up to make sure his brother blew up in their Death in Darkness match at Externally Extreme 2. He doesn't need any help. There's no limit to how far he'll go.

[Rage stands center ring, shrugging off his robes. He is a tower of muscle and bad attitude in black togs with purple insets. He rolls his wrists, staring up at the entrance, awaiting his brother.]

GM: And Derek Rage looks ready here tonight. Let's go backstage to Sweet Lou Blackwell who I understand is standing by with Shadoe Rage as we speak.

[And the cameras go back to backstage. Sweet Lou Blackwell stands to the right of Shadoe Rage who has his back to the camera to display a beautiful cape in the red, white and green stripes of Mexico. Over Rage's left shoulder in the 6'6 afroed Marissa Monet. Rage turns to the camera, revealing his three year old daughter Adrianna standing in front of him. She's long and lanky, exceptionally tall for three years old with her hair beaded up. She looks like a brown-skinned version of her father. She holds on tight to her father's leg. Rage leans down to kiss her on top of her head before his attention locks in on Sweet Lou Blackwell.]

SLB: Thanks, Gordon... and first of all... Happy Birthday wishes to the Human Tornado, the Sensational Shadoe Rage. I see you're here with the lovely Marissa Monet and your gorgeous daughter, little Adrianna. My goodness, she's so tall and only three years old? You have a beautiful family, Shadoe Rage, I'll tell you that.

SR: Yes, I do. Yes, I do. Thank you for noticing, Sweet Lou Blackwell. There was no way I was going to spend my birthday in Mexico without them.

[Blackwell turns towards Monet.]

SLB: It must be fun for you, Marissa, to do a warm weather tour like this. Have you been enjoying everything Mexico has to offer?

[Monet smiles at the interviewer.]

MM: Mexico is beautiful, Sweet Lou. It's so hot and pretty and the people have been wonderful. It's not like Brooklyn at all, you know what I mean? Adri and I

have been taking in the sights everywhere and she's been loving it. Haven't you, darling?

AR: Yes, mommy. I like the fancy masks. They're pretty.

[Blackwell smiles.]

SLB: She must be talking about the luchadors and their long tradition of colorful masks.

MM: She can't get enough of them. I guess I shouldn't be surprised. Wrestling is in her blood.

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: A potential third generation of Rages in the industry? How about that?

[Blackwell turns back to Shadoe Rage.]

SLB: But I've got to say... as wonderful as your vacation may have been and as special as this birthday might be, Shadoe Rage, it's got to have a little bit of a bittersweet taste because tonight you face off against your brother, your own flesh and blood, the 7'2, 340 pound Derek Rage who has been on a mission to deliver pain to any and everybody who gets in his way.

[Shadoe nods as Blackwell continues.]

SLB: Not that he was saying much... well, anything... when I spoke to him earlier but it was pretty clear he's determined to make you hurt tonight. It's got to weigh heavily on you that you have to put your hands on your own brother tonight because of the whims of our president, Javier Castillo.

[Rage turns to the camera.]

SR: President Javier Castillo, president of the AWA... the American Wrestling Alliance... you must really hate my guts for what I did to you and your main man the unbeatable MAWAGA and then that supposed Wildman of yours, Morgan Dane. I taught you a little lesson about the Human Tornado, the Sensational Shadoe Rage, didn't I, Castillo?

[Rage nods his head, pointing to the camera.]

SR: And now you're giving me my own brother in Mexico for my birthday... Derek Rage... the 7'2 hitman, size twenty two thousand shoe. My blood is coming after my blood! Largest hitman in the world. Biggest bounty hunter ever. Can you believe how spiteful Castillo is, Sweet Lou?

[Blackwell shrugs.]

SLB: Actually, I can.

SR: Of course you can because the petty in that man is unrelenting. Castillo is bent out of shape because I had the nerve to reject his offer to become part of the Korugun army, but here's one thing that Castillo clearly doesn't understand. I might be crazy, but I'm not insane. Or is it I might be insane, but not crazy. Even I get it confused. But it doesn't matter. I got a birthday celebration in that ring down there tonight and what a party it is going to be.

Big D, welcome to my birthday party. You're the guest of honor. I know you don't want to be part of the family right now, but we're standing here together and full of pride.

[Rage glares into the camera, his hazel eyes catching fire.]

SR: Look at your little niece, man. Look at your little niece right in the face and explain to her why her uncle wants to hurt her dad. Don't worry. I did it for you. I'm not afraid of a difficult conversation. I'm not afraid of you! You and Javier Castillo have one thing in common. You're far too in love with your own power. You both believe that you are the strongest forces in this industry. But you're both men.

Big D, you're an impressive man but a man nonetheless. You know me. You've known me since birth. I'm the Human Tornado, a force of nature! And nature trumps anything that man can bring to bear. So tonight I'm going to beat you right here in Mexico in front of tens of thousands of people and millions watching all around the world. And I'm going to put this issue to rest between us. You want to be your own man, cool. You want to be Castillo's bounty hunter. Do your thing. But stay out of my way... stay out of my family's way and it will all be good.

[Rage throws a glance to Marissa and Adrianna before turning back to the camera.]

SR: Tonight, little brother, you're over your head. I owe it to Marissa here. I owe it to Adrianna. I owe it to the fans to settle this once and for all. And tonight will be that...

[Rage trails off as Lauryn Rage steps onto set.]

SLB: Lauryn Rage... well, welcome back... we just saw you earlier with your brother, Derek, and now-

[Lauryn interrupts.]

LR: Family business, Sweet Lou. I'll always be there for my family. I came to wish my big brother a Happy Birthday and... Oh my God, Adri, you're killing us with your cuteness!

[She picks up her niece and balances her on her hip. She looks up at Shadoe Rage with serious eyes.]

LR: Bro, I'm just here to say, whatever happens tonight, I've got your back.

[She extends her hand. Shadoe takes it and pulls her into a rough hug, making sure the camera captures all three of the Rages.]

SR: Derek Rage, this is the power of family. This is what you've turned your back on! Tonight, you will learn what it means to leave the family!

[Rage turns to speak to his family and Blackwell.]

SR: I will see you all back in my dressing room for cake and tequila. Adri, tonight, you're going to stay with your Auntie Lo Lo, because I'm in a mood for celebrating. It's going to be a wild party in that ring, Sweet Lou. I promise you that!

[Rage sweeps off towards the ring.]

SLB: Well, ladies he is fired up. Will it be enough to lead him to victory?

LR: It will. It has to.

SLB: Let's get back to ringside and find out.

[We fade back out to the ring where Derek Rage is staring up at the video screen that just aired his brother's interview. Derek seems even angrier than before, his hands gripping the top rope tightly as Rebecca Ortiz raises the mic again.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The sounds of Johnny Cash's "God's Gonna Cut You Down" begins to play over the PA system to a somewhat surprisingly positive reaction.]

RO: From Halifax, Nova Scotia... weighing in at 244 pounds...

He is "SENSATIONAL"...

SHAAAAAAAAADOOOOOOOOOEE RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[The cheers pick up a little more as the crowd anticipates the arrival of Shadoe Rage who emerges from the locker room area onto the stage, thrusting his arm up into the air to cheers from the crowd. He twirls a finger in the sky before pointing down the ramp towards his brother who awaits him inside the ring.]

GM: Shadoe Rage, the former World Television Champion who has been causing quite the stir with Javier Castillo and the rest of his Korugun Army as of late, is on his way to the ring and-

[The crowd begins to buzz loudly as John Law comes ripping through the curtain, a long metal rod gripped in his right hand...

...that he promptly uses to BASH Shadoe Rage in the back of the knee, sending him down to the steel ramp howling in pain!]

BW: Well, he WAS on his way to the ring, daddy! Not anymore!

GM: John Law, the personal security enforcer for Javier Castillo, has struck and he has struck hard here in Mexico! What's in his hand there?

SA: It looks like one of those metal collapsible batons that some security and law enforcement personnel use.

GM: A metal rod slammed right into the back of the knee and-

[The crowd starts booing louder as Law slips the rod across the throat of Rage, dragging him to his knees while choking him with the weapon.]

GM: Look at this now! How in the world is Shadoe Rage expected to compete after an attack like this?!

BW: I think that's the point, Gordo. A loss by forfeit is still a loss and Javier DID guarantee a loss tonight.

GM: This is horrible. I'm no fan of Shadoe Rage's actions over the years but I certainly don't think he deserves to be attacked like this! Not at all!

[Law suddenly straightens up, smashing the metal rod down on the back of the neck, causing Rage to pitch forward, laid out on the ramp...

...and then down across the back... and again... and again...]

GM: Oh, come on! Somebody put a stop to this!

BW: Who?! Security?! He IS the law, damn it!

[After a few more blows land, John Law backs off, leaving Shadoc Rage in a puddle on the ramp. He slides the metal baton closed, turning to walk back towards the curtain as the fans continue to jeer loudly.]

GM: Shadoc Rage has been violently and viciously assaulted here at Estrellas En El Cielo and... after a beating like this, there's no way he's getting in that ring to face his brother, fans. Not a chance!

BW: Happy birthday, ya goof!

GM: Would you stop?! We've got Shadoc Rage laid out on the entrance stage... we've got AWA doctors coming through to check on him... and fans, at this point, I have no idea if this match is even happening! None at all! We're going to take a quick break and we'll find out after this.

[With Rage laid out on the stage, we 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...

We fade back up on a live shot of the entrance stage where we can see Shadoe Rage on all fours, crawling down the ramp towards the ring.]

GM: Welcome back, fans... and can you believe your very eyes right now? That's Shadoe Rage, crawling like an animal towards the ring! That's how badly he wants to compete in this one!

SA: It's been a hard year - physically - for Shadoe Rage and this is just the latest capper on that year.

[We cut to the ring where Derek Rage is arrogantly waving his brother onward, a smirk on his face.]

GM: And Derek Rage is loving this. He's absolutely loving this, inviting his brother to.... yeah, go ahead.. get in there with the giant...

[The larger Rage steps on the bottom rope, pushing it down in another invite towards Shadoe who continues to crawl down the aisle. The referee is asking Derek to step back but the seven footer seems uninterested in obliging.]

GM: Derek Rage is waiting for Shadoe in there and... well, you talk about Shadoe having a rough year physically... it may be about to get much, much worse if he actually gets in there with his brother.

[We cut back to the aisle where a pair of AWA medics are trying to convince Shadoe to abandon this idea.]

GM: No one likes this plan on the part of Shadoe Rage. No one likes the idea of him getting in there when he's all banged up.

BW: Well, Derek does.

GM: True.

BW: And Javier probably.

GM: Also true.

[Shadoe shoves a medic aside as he gets down to the ringside area, pointing a finger up at Derek as he pushes to his feet, grabbing the railing to stay up. A few fans pat him on the shoulders, giving him words of encouragement as he shouts something off-mic at a waiting Derek Rage.]

GM: Shadoe Rage trying to get there... trying to get to the ring and he's almost made it somehow. I can't imagine how.

SA: The knee's gotta be killing him after Law used that baton on it... and he took a beating with that baton as well. But in the immortal words of Elton John, he's still standing.

[The former TV Champion reaches the ring in a stumble, catching himself on the apron before falling over to the floor. He grabs the middle rope, pulling himself up on the apron...

...which is when the seven footer strides past the referee, grabbing his brother around the head...]

GM: And it looks like Derek Rage isn't waiting for a bell. He isn't waiting for the referee's permission to start this match...

[Derek Rage loops an arm under his brother's, tossing him effortlessly over the ropes with a biel throw down to the canvas.]

GM: The big man brings him in... and now there's the bell. This one is official here in Guadalupe, Mexico and Shadoe Rage has gotta find a way to get up and get going or this one will be short-lived and painful for the former World Television Champion.

[Derek stalks his brother who is trying to scoot away from him, shouting "UP!" at him.]

GM: These two may be brothers, gentlemen, but unlike the Lynches, they have absolutely no problem going to war with one another.

SA: There's a long history between these two - a long, complicated, messy history that has brought us to this point. I don't even know if they see themselves as family these days.

[Reaching down, Derek grabs Shadoe by the hair, hauling him up to his feet. He slips his hands under the armpits, tossing Shadoe through the air and into the nearest set of turnbuckles...

...and then rushes forward, crushing Shadoe beneath 340 pounds with a clothesline!]

GM: Ohhh! Clothesline in the corner! And Shadoe Rage just got rocked very early on in this one - if he wasn't already coming in at a severe disadvantage.

[Derek backs up, watching Shadoe stagger out towards him which is when he scoops him up over his shoulder...

...and drops him facefirst on the top turnbuckle!]

SA: The unpredictable Shadoe Rage rolled the dice in continuing this match after the assault by John Law and he just rolled a Snake Eyes!

[Rage is flat on his back on the canvas, the crowd jeering as Derek stands over him, nodding at the jeering fans.]

GM: Derek Rage, brought back to the AWA earlier this year by the Korugun Corporation, is looking to do a big favor to El Presidente... to the Generalissimo by taking out Shadoe Rage who has been a thorn in the side of Javier Castillo for several weeks now.

[Derek extends his arms to his sides, beckoning for more jeers from the Mexico crowd.]

GM: Derek Rage is enjoying the reaction of these fans... he's feeding off them as he tries to inflict maximum punishment to his brother.

[Dragging Shadoe's body off the mat, Derek shoves him back into the corner again, swinging his knee up into the ribcage... and again... and again...]

GM: He's just mauling the man in the corner now - Shadoe Rage can barely even stand...

[Derek steps back, taking aim...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and slams a frying pan-sized overhead chop into the chest of his brother, causing Shadoe to crumple to his knees before falling to all fours on the canvas.]

GM: What a chop that was!

BW: You could hear that one back in El Paso, daddy.

GM: Derek Rage absolutely dominating his brother here so far thanks to John Law and his pre-match assault.

[Derek looks out on the crowd again, seemingly enjoying the boos being dropped down onto him. A sneering giant reaches down to grab his brother off his hands and knees, lifting him with ease into gutwrench position...]

GM: The big man's got him up... Shadoe Rage has shown absolutely no signs of life in this one so far...

[...and hurls him halfway across the ring on the release, bouncing him off the canvas as Shadoe goes skidding under the ropes, falling off the apron to the floor to another shower of boos from the crowd.]

GM: A hard fall to the outside for Shadoe Rage... and Derek Rage remains in complete control of this one...

[Derek points outside the ring, indicating his intent to follow Shadoe out. He steps over the top rope, ignoring the protests of the official before dropping down to the floor alongside his brother.]

SA: You've gotta think getting the chance to work over his brother who took a beating before the match even started is almost a dream come true for Derek Rage, Gordon.

GM: That sounds about right. Derek Rage certainly looks pleased with how this is going as he drags Shadoe to his feet again...

[The seven footer grabs his brother by the arm, taking aim...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: IRISH WHIP SENDS SHADOE INTO THE STEEL!

[Derek backs off, giving himself plenty of room to maneuver as Shadoe hooks his arms over the railing, trying to stay on his feet as his brother takes aim...]

GM: Here comes Derek!

[The 340 pounder comes stampeding across the ringside area, twisting around at almost the last moment...]

GM: BOX OUT!

[...but at the true last moment, Shadoe Rage throws himself to the floor, narrowly avoiding the charge...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND THIS TIME, IT'S DEREK RAGE WHO HITS THE STEEL!

[Derek Rage leans against the railing, pain all over his face as Shadoe tries to crawl back towards the ring.]

GM: Derek Rage took the hard shot... the self-inflicted hard shot I should add... into the steel barricade at ringside and that just might open a window of opportunity for his brother, Big Sal.

SA: It might but Shadoe Rage has been through a lot already here tonight and it's going to take some Herculean level of effort out of him to turn this one around.

[Shadoe reaches the ring, pulling hard on the ringpost to drag himself back to his feet...]

GM: Shadoe's trying to get up... trying to fight his way to his feet to the cheers of many in this stadium tonight...

BW: And I STILL can't believe that, Gordo. Did you ever imagine we'd hear this guy get cheered?

GM: Never did I ever... and look out!

[With Shadoe leaning against the ringpost, Derek rushes him again...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE POST GOES DEREK RAGE!

[Shadoe leans against the apron, having narrowly avoided another Box Out attempt, this time against the ringpost which is now pressed up against the spine of the seven footer!]

GM: Derek Rage misses for a second time and now that window of opportunity is REALLY open!

SA: But can Shadoe Rage climb through it after the physical punishment he's been through tonight already?!

[Shadoe hobbles towards where Derek is leaning against the post, grabbing a handful of hair as he twists Derek around... and SMASHES his face down on the ring apron to cheers!]

GM: Shadoe Rage showing some signs of life here! He's got Derek Rage reeling after two costly mistakes by the seven footer and now it remains to be seen if Shadoe has enough left in him to finish him off!

[With a grunt and a grimace, Shadoe shoves Derek Rage under the ropes, rolling him back inside the ring. Grabbing the middle rope again, Shadoe pulls himself up on the apron...

...and points to the corner to even more cheers!]

GM: And we know that's where Shadoe Rage likes to do the bulk of his damage - the top rope.

SA: The home of the Death From Above double axehandle. The launching pad of the Angel of Death elbowdrop.

[With Derek prone inside the ring, Shadoe starts down the apron towards the corner, visibly hobbling on the leg that John Law attacked before the match as he does.]

GM: Shadoe moving very slowly... thanks to John Law... but now he's trying to climb. Trying to work his way up the turnbuckles... trying to get to that top rope to inflict more damage...

[Shadoe gets to the corner, using almost all arms to pull himself up while hopping up on one foot...]

GM: This is going to be a slow and painful climb for the former Television Champion as he attempts to get to his much-adored perch...

BW: Perhaps too long, Gordo. He's moving too slow!

GM: Derek Rage starting to stir on the canvas now... starting to get to his feet...

SA: Shadoe can still use the Death From Above if he gets there just a little quicker...

[The crowd seems to sense the same, urging Shadoe onward and upward until...]

GM: No! Caught by Derek!

[Shadoe struggles against his brother's grasp as Derek prevents any attack off the buckles...

...and HURLS him from the top rope, throwing him down with a mighty slam!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Big slam off the top and-

BW: And that's gotta do it, right? That's gotta be it!

GM: We may find out... yes, Derek Rage with the cover now...

[A two count follows before Shadoe Rage kicks out, slipping the shoulder off the mat as Derek Rage glares at the official.]

GM: Two count only! Shadoe Rage refusing to stay down!

SA: And that's kinda the theme of his career, isn't it? Both in the ring and outside of it. Refusing to stay down no matter the obstacles placed in his path.

GM: Derek Rage is right back to his feet now... moving a little slower, grabbing that back has he gets up... but he's standing and he's got his eyes set on doing even more damage to his brother here in Mexico.

[Hauling a dazed and hurting Shadoe Rage to his feet, Derek lifts him into his powerful arms with ease...]

GM: Another slam perhaps... at least this one won't be off the top- OHH!

[The crowd groans as Derek brings his brother down across a bent knee in a backbreaker...]

GM: Backbreaker by the seven foot giant!

[...and lifts him right back up before putting him down across the knee again..]

GM: A second backbreaker!

BW: Not even breaking a sweat in holding a two hundred and something pound guy across his chest. This guy is an impressive physical specimen. So strong... so athletic for a man his size and...

GM: Make it three now!

[Derek finally shoves Shadoe off his knee to the mat, leaning across him in another pin attempt...]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! We've got- no! Again, Shadoe Rage gets the shoulder up in time!

SA: And whether you love him or hate him, you've gotta be impressed with the physical resiliency of Shadoe Rage. He took his beating from John Law... he's taken a beating from his own brother... and yet he still keeps on fighting here in this one.

GM: It's an impressive show for sure...

[Climbing to his feet again, the seven footer looks down on him...

...and then slaps his right hand down on the head, gripping him in a clawhold.]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: And that "impressive show" may be about to get its final curtain, daddy!

SA: Derek Rage hooks the clawhold and we all know what that's the setup for... look at the strength, deadlifting his brother off the mat in the unfriendly confines of that clawhold...

[With both Rages on their feet once again, Derek parades his brother around the ring in the clawhold, making sure that one and all sees exactly what's about to happen to Shadoe...]

GM: The Hammer of God is set to be unleashed upon Shadoe Rage, being led out to the middle of the ring now, still trapped in that clawhold...

[Suddenly, Shadoe Rage "wakes up," slapping at the grasping arm and hand, trying to batter his way free...

...but Derek slides his other hand around to the back, lifting him into the air...]

GM: HAMMER OF-

[But Shadoe slips out of the grip, landing on his feet behind Derek, collapsing to a knee as he does since the bad knee buckled on impact...]

GM: Oh! Shadoe's loose and-

[Derek swings around towards his kneeling brother...

...who just throws himself at Derek's massive legs, wrapping himself around them, swinging and shifting his weight, trying to wreck the balance of the seven footer.]

GM: Shadoe's trying to take him down! Derek's trying to stay on his feet but Shadoe's trying to...

SA: TIMMMMMBERRRRRRR!

[And the mighty oak known as Derek Rage goes tumbling to the mat to a big cheer as Shadoe Rage quickly throws himself on top of his brother's torso, pinning him down as he swings his right fist down like a hammer into the head... over and over and over...]

GM: Big hammerfists from the top by Shadoe, trying to beat his brother down into the mat!

BW: That takedown was sheer desperation, Gordo.

GM: I won't argue that but it worked, didn't it? He got him down, he saved himself from the Hammer of God-

BW: For now.

SA: For now is all that matters sometimes, Bucky.

BW: Oh, you're still here?

[Shadoe climbs off the mat, grabbing the nearby top rope as he uses it for balance while stomping his brother into the canvas...]

GM: Stomp after stomp, driving Derek Rage down and down and down...

[Shadoe peels off for a moment, shaking out his bad leg as he keeps an eye on his seven foot brother who again is trying to sit up...

...and Shadoe promptly steps up on the second rope with his good leg, springing off to drop an elbow down on the sternum of his brother!]

GM: Ohhh! Elbowdrop connects by Shadoe Rage! And a cover!

BW: This is more desperation - there's no way he gets him!

[Bucky is proven right as Derek Rage kicks out with power at two, sending his brother flying into the air right through the ropes and out onto the apron!]

GM: Oh my! What a kickout!

[Shadoe scrambles to his feet as Derek does the same, reaching out to grab at Shadoe...]

GM: Derek grabs him, going to bring him in the hard way agai-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd cheers as Shadoe loops his hands around his brother's neck, dropping off the apron and snapping Derek's throat down on the top rope!]

GM: What a counter by Shadoe to save himself once more!

BW: Oh, but look at him now, Gordo! Look at him now!

[We cut to the floor where Shadoe Rage is on his back, cradling his knee in pain.]

SA: When he dropped off the apron for that clothesline, he landed full force on that bad knee. Bucky called it desperation and he was right, Gordon. Shadoe wasn't even thinking when he did that or...

GM: Or he wouldn't have landed on that bad leg.

SA: That's right.

GM: Shadoe Rage buys himself some time here... but at what cost? Was the price too high for the level of damage he's done to himself once again here in Mexico?

[With Shadoe on the floor and Derek inside, both laid out on their backs, the crowd begins to buzz...

...and then begins to jeer once more.]

GM: Oh, come on! This guy?! Again?!

[The jeers get louder as John Law comes stomping down the ramp towards the ring, eyes locked on the ringside area where Shadoe Rage is reeling from his self-inflicted pain.]

GM: John Law's coming out here... and hasn't he done enough in this one?

SA: He's just following orders, Gordo. Or so he would have you believe.

GM: For a man who is supposed to be about the law... about justice... he sure knows absolutely nothing about either of those things.

BW: Tell him that to his face.

[Law reaches ringside, looking down at Shadoe Rage who is struggling to get up off the barely-padded floor once again. The referee cuts Law off, waving his arms and imploring him to return to the locker room but Law will have none of it, walking away from the official while keeping his eyes on Shadoe.]

GM: John Law is taking up a spot over here by us... and I don't like the looks of this at all. Shadoe Rage was already fighting this match at a tremendous disadvantage and now he's got John Law out here lurking?!

BW: Lurking?!

GM: That's right, lurking... like a thug... like a criminal...

BW: He's a highly respected member of the Korugun Army, Gordo!

SA: Sixty dollar steak last night for dinner, Bucky?

BW: Well, I don't see how that's relevant.

[Inside the ring, Derek Rage is getting to his feet, rubbing his throat a bit as he looks out, trying to figure out where his brother is...]

GM: Derek Rage back on his feet... and he may be looking to make the kill now. He's inflicted a lot of punishment but Shadoe keeps coming back.

BW: Hammer of God. One, two, three. It's as easy as that.

[Derek walks over towards the ropes, looking down to where he last saw his brother..

...only to find no one there.]

GM: Where in the...?

BW: He's missing!

[The seven footer angrily turns towards John Law who rushes over to look on the other side of the ring... only to find no one there either.]

GM: What in the...?!

BW: He's under the ring! He's under the ring!

GM: He's gotta be and- wait! Wait!

[The crowd buzzes as Shadoe Rage emerges from under the ring, rolling back inside...

...and rushes his brother from the blind side, hobbling on one leg but still manages to throw enough into a clothesline just as Derek turns around, sending the seven footer falling over the top rope to the outside!]

GM: DOWN TO THE FLOOR GOES THE BIG MAN!

[Wincing in pain while shaking out his injured knee, Shadoe Rage approaches the corner once more...]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

BW: This guy is out of control, Gordo! He's got no sense of self-preservation at all!

GM: Shadoe Rage climbing... hopping... crawling... whatever it takes to get to the top rope...

[With the majority of the crowd in Mexico cheering him on, Shadoe Rage manages to get to the second rope, one foot resting on the top as he waits for his brother to get back to his feet on the outside...]

GM: Derek Rage starting to stir! Derek Rage starting to get back up but when he does, he's got an awful surprise waiting for him!

[Shadoe waves a beckoning hand, calling his brother back to his feet...]

GM: Derek's up and-

[Shadoe steps to the top, throwing himself forward without much leap behind it...]

GM: DEATH FROM ABO-

[But as Rage plummets downwards, John Law moves quickly to act, shoving Derek Rage clear as the double axehandle off the top comes crashing down across the skull of Law instead!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE GOT LAW! HE GOT LAW!

SA: Yes he did but-

GM: Derek Rage from behind!

[As a wincing Shadoe Rage turns around, Derek is waiting to engulf his head with a massive hand...]

GM: CLAWHOLD LOCKED IN AND-

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: HAMMER OF GOD ON THE APRON! OH MY!

[The seven footer gives his brother a shove, rolling him in off the apron into the ring. He quickly moves in after him, getting to his feet...]

GM: He’s not done! Derek Rage lifts him up again... and another clawhold!

[The giant hoists his brother skyward...]

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: AND ANOTHER HAMMER OF GOD CONNECTS! OH MY STARS!

[Keeping the clawhold applied, Derek Rage stays on a knee as the referee drops down to count the one... two... three.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: That’s it.

[Derek Rage climbs off his knee to his feet, raising his arm over his head to jeers from the Mexico crowd.]

GM: Derek Rage picks up the victory over his brother... on his brother’s birthday no less. Of course, you’ve gotta give partial credit to John Law... and I’d assume Javier Castillo was behind this whole thing.

SA: A safe bet, no doubt, Gordon. But what I’m wondering right now is - after seeing what Shadoe Rage was willing to do to take out one of Castillo’s soldiers on the Power Hour, what’s he going to do now that he’s been robbed out of this one here tonight?

GM: Shadoe Rage has been calling himself a human tornado as of late... and there may be a big ol’ F-5 heading Korugun’s way in the very near future.

BW: Or not.

[The crowd begins to buzz as a stunned John Law slides a steel chair under the ropes into the ring.]

BW: You better cancel that tornado warning, boys, because Korugun’s looking to take care of this particular problem right here and now!

[A sneering Derek Rage retrieves the chair, picking it up off the canvas as Shadoe Rage rolls over to his chest on the mat, his arms under his head.]

GM: The giant's got the chair and Shadoe Rage is in a very vulnerable position right now, Bucky. Very vulnerable!

BW: Absolutely. This is Shadoe Rage's worst nightmare - on his back alone and hurting with a ticked-off Derek Rage holding a steel chair!

[The seven footer winds up with the chair, holding it high overhead...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STEEL CHAIR DOWN ACROSS THE BACK!

[The blow flattens Rage down on his stomach as Derek holds the chair aloft over him, looking down on him...]

SA: A vicious and vile chairshot by the seven footer Korugun hitman... and Shadoe Rage is in a pile at his feet! Battered and possibly broken! And as my good friend Kendrick Lamar might say... DAMN.

[Derek Rage looks out on the jeering crowd, disdain on his face...

...and then turns his gaze back down on Shadoe Rage, twisting the chair around in his hands to point the edge of the chairback down...]

GM: What's he doing now?

[He lifts his massive leg, planting his foot on the ankle, pinning the leg down to the canvas...]

GM: Oh no... no, no...

SA: When John Law attacked Shadoe Rage before the match, he went after the knee... and I've got a feeling that Derek Rage is going to do the same thing right now, Gordon!

GM: I'm afraid you're right! He's got the chair and he's got the leg pinned down and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The seven footer SLAMS the edge of chair down into the injured knee, causing Shadoe Rage's entire body to recoil in pain, rolling back and forth on the mat, grabbing his leg as Derek Rage continues to look down on him...

...which is when the crowd reacts to someone running down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Wait a second! That's Lauryn Rage! The sister of both these men is coming down here!

SA: Lauryn Rage, who just recently made her return from injury to the AWA, spoke to both of her brothers before this match... and now it looks she's getting herself involved in the aftermath as well!

[The first AWA Women's World Champion slides into the ring, delivering a two-handed shove to Derek Rage's chest, likely not budging him except he takes two voluntary steps back, still holding the steel chair in his massive hands.]

"NO! NO MORE!"

[An agitated Lauryn Rage stabs a finger in the air towards Derek Rage.]

“You won! It’s over! Get out of here!”

[But Derek Rage is going nowhere, slowly shaking his head at his sister.]

“I said get lost!”

[Still no movement from the seven foot giant as Lauryn Rage sinks to a knee, placing a hand on Shadoe Rage’s knee. She looks waaaaay up at Derek Rage, trying to protect her brother from him.]

GM: Lauryn Rage trying to protect Shadoe Rage from Derek Rage and that steel chair!

BW: It’s a family reunion here in Mexico!

GM: Not the kind that any of them wanted... I assure you of that!

[Derek Rage continues to hold the chair, looking down on his sister who is whispering to Shadoe Rage, trying to comfort him as he grabs at his knee in pain.]

GM: Derek Rage tried to take out the knee with that chair and...

[Lauryn Rage gets back to her feet, angrily shoving her brother back again.]

GM: I don’t-

[Without warning, Derek extends a powerful arms and flings his sister aside, sending her crashing down to the canvas.]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: That son of a- that’s his own sister! His sister, damn it!

SA: Derek Rage just threw his sister to the mat because she was trying to protect Shadoe Rage from him! From Korugun!

GM: I can’t believe it! I can’t believe I just witnessed that!

[The crowd is angrily jeering Derek Rage now as he stands towering over his sister, menacing her with the chair still in his hands...]

GM: What’s he gonna do now?! Is he going to hit his own sister with that steel chair?!

[With Lauryn laid out on the canvas, Derek turns his attention back to Shadoe, stalking towards him...]

GM: Well, at least he’s left Lauryn alone...

BW: For now.

GM: For now, yes... of course. But Shadoe Rage on the other hand... Shadoe Rage is helpless and down on the canvas... and Derek Rage has got that chair and some evil intentions!

[Derek steps closer to his brother, chair in hand...]

GM: Shadoe Rage is down! Shadoe Rage has no allies, fans - not a single one except his sister who is out here with him! No friends to save him from this attack... no friends to save him from Korugun! He is on his own!

[Derek steps closer, raising his leg to step on the foot again, sneering at his downed brother...]

GM: He's got that injured knee in his sights! Derek Rage looking to finish the job started by the likes of Morgan Dane and John Law.

[The seven footer raises the chair up, ready to swing it down on the knee again...]

GM: No, no! Come on! Don't do this! That's your own brother! That's-

[But before Derek Rage can swing the chair, something else gets swung up into the giant's groin...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LOW BLOW! LAURYN RAGE FROM BEHIND!

[Derek Rage immediately doubles over, the crowd ROARING for the "foul" from the blind side...]

GM: LAURYN RAGE SAVES HER BROTHER AND-

[With the seven footer doubled up, Shadoe Rage pushes up off the mat, leaping up and tucking his knee into the chair, pressing the steel against his brother's face...]

GM: SKULLBUSTER! OUT OF NOWHERE!

[Derek Rage goes flying backwards, flopping motionlessly to the canvas as Shadoe Rage grabs his knee, wincing in pain again as Lauryn Rage grins at Derek Rage getting floored...]

...and with the crowd roaring, John Law slides into the ring...]

GM: Look out now! John Law is in as well and-

[And with Lauryn imploring him to run for it, Shadoe Rage rolls out of the ring, using the aid of his sister to get over the railing and into the crowd!]

GM: And there go the Rages! Shadoe and Lauryn running off into the night here in Guadalupe! John Law is left alone in there and-

[Law angrily kicks the bottom rope, shouting a threat at the fleeing Rages as Derek lies flat on his back on the mat.]

BW: And we haven't seen the end of this one between Shadoe Rage and the Korugun Corporation, Gordo - I can promise you that.

GM: I'm sure you're right about that, Bucky... and while this might not be the happiest of birthdays for Shadoe Rage with this loss tonight, the party is in full effect in the aisles here in Guadalupe!

[We cut to the crowd where the Rages are standing, Lauryn supporting her brother with his arm across her shoulders as they look back towards the ring, the cheering crowd all around them...]

...and we fade to black...

...and then fade 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 back up on live action where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell standing backstage with a curious expression on his face.]

SLB: Welcome back to Mexico, AWA fans... and while this has been an exciting night of action... I've gotta say there's also some chicanery in the air if I do say so myself. For days now, we've been promoting a Mexican Street Fight... and now... we're just moments away from what should be a battle for the tags between Robert Donovan and the man with the price on his head, Casey James... and all of a sudden, we're being told that this is a Mexican Death Match!

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: I don't know what's going on with that but... well, these two legendary competitors have warred many times over the years... and while Robert Donovan's

issue with the Blackheart is more personal than money... don't think for a second that he'll pass up on that payday promised by Korugun executive John Wesley Hardin if he can earn it. But Donovan's not the only one gunning for that million dollar bounty. We've seen the Dogs of War go for it... we've seen the Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad coming for it... and... well... take a look at this...

[We cut to footage marked "EARLIER THIS WEEK" where we find Mark Stegglet standing outside near a curb. Cars are driving by in the background and Stegglet's as casually dressed as we've seen him in some time.]

MS: Hello, AWA fans! It's getaway day here for the AWA's superstars and staff as we get ready to head to Mexico...

[He gestures with his arm as the camera drifts to show a pair of airliners sitting on a runway.]

MS: ...about two specially chartered planes.

[Stegglet shrugs.]

MS: Wouldn't want someone like Hannibal Carver on the same plane as Jackson Hunter, would we? As the old song says, you gotta keep 'em separated... and separated they will be at 30,000 feet. But right now, I'm out here trying to get some words with different AWA competitors as they arrive here at the airfield and...

[Stegglet eyeballs an approaching vehicle - a beat up looking van.]

MS: What in the world...?

[The van that appears to have been cherry red at one point in its lifetime prior to peeling paint and rust brakes abruptly right next to Stegglet who tries to take a peek inside. A moment later, the side door swings open as loud heavy metal sounds, a cloud of unidentified smoke, and finally, the form of "Blackheart" Casey James carrying a baseball bat bag over his shoulder steps into view.]

CJ: Thanks for the lift. Always happy to meet a fan.

[A voice calls out from inside.]

"A fan?! Who the heck are you, man? You owe me twenty for-"

[And James slides the door shut, rapping with his knuckles on the dented door before the van vanishes in a squeal of burning rubber and some shouted angry words from inside.]

MS: Casey James!

[James looks startled, jumping back with his fists raised. Stegglet raises a soothing hand.]

MS: It's just me.

[James eyeballs him up and down.]

MS: Mark Stegglet?

CJ: Stegglet? You... Man, you've aged _well._

[Mark shakes his head.]

MS: No, no... not my Uncle Jon... Mark Stegglet. I do interviews. I work here.

[James looks wary.]

CJ: Ooohhh-kay... Fine.

[Casey pauses, still scanning Stegglet in front of him. The wary look on his face drops as apparently the ocular patdown has been passed.]

CJ: Sorry, Steggs. This bounty thing's got me a little jumpy. You know... it's not bad enough that they're coming after me in the ring like Donovan this weekend or the Dogs of War a few weeks ago... but some drunk took a swing at me in the bar last night?

[James rubs the back of his head, almost as if remembering the blow.]

CJ: Had a hell of a right hand. Red glove. No depth perception, though.

[The Blackheart shakes his head, shouldering the bag as he starts to walk past Stegglet.]

MS: Mind if we tag along?

[James shrugs.]

CJ: Free country, ain't it? For now anyways.

[James keeps walking, Stegglet trailing behind and gesturing for the camera to follow.]

CJ: Now, like I said before, I can't really fault anyone for gunning for me. A million bucks changes a life, even in this day and age... But that don't exactly mean I'm gonna take it easy on them, you know what I mean? Huh?

[Casey gives Stegglet a look that suggests the question might not have been rhetorical.]

MS: Errr... Yes?

CJ: HA! You better believe it, kid! That's why it's a good idea to bring along a bag of tricks when it feels like the world's out to get you.

MS: Speaking of which, can we get an idea of what...

[Casey cuts Stegglet off as they go through a pair of sliding doors. He grumbles as he spots a security checkpoint ahead.]

CJ: Ugh... I've always hated airport security. You work in South Laredo enough, you get used to swallowing balloons... You know what I'm saying?

MS: I... suppose.

CJ: Ask your uncle. The 90s were... Well, they were the best - sex, drugs, and rock and roll, man... and I never learned to play guitar!

[James throws his bag with a loud clunk on the conveyor belt, watching as it gets pulled into the x-ray machine. His eyebrows raise as he quickly and not-very-casually goes through the checkpoint as a very distinct beeping sound is heard. A security guard comes towards James, not-very-casually moving his hand towards the gun on his belt...]

Guard: Mr. James?

CJ: You know it.

Guard: We've got some questions, sir...

CJ: [Rolling his eyes] Listen, is this about the Singapore thing? I was cleared of that.

Guard: ...about some of the... items... in your bag?

CJ: Oh! Oh. Pssh. Figures.

Guard: Well, look... this is a charter flight for your company and we were told to give some... leeway... in the items we allowed on this flight but...

CJ: Those are all necessities. You know... shampoo, soap...

Guard: Straight razor?

CJ: Gotta shave, right?

Guard: What about this club with the-

CJ: Shh. Spoilers.

[He nods towards the camera, drawing a confused look from the guard.]

Guard: Alright. But what abou-

[The next question never comes as a loud shout is heard from off-camera followed by a shrill scream of horror. James barely turns towards the shout when Malcolm Sweeney of the Summit charges into view, clubbing James with a forearm smash on the ear, knocking him onto the back end of the conveyor belt.]

MS: What the-?!

[Sweeney proceeds to start pummeling James with haymakers aimed at the skull as we see Rory Smythe rush into the frame as well, holding a wooden chair aloft over his head. He's gripping it by the legs as the unfolding chair is swung down, cracking the other legs off as they smash down across James' back. The Blackheart grunts, slumping down on his knees on the floor as Callum Mahoney comes into view.]

CM: Good job... let's finish it!

[Mahoney grabs James by the wrist, likely about to hook him in one of his signature armbars but before he can, James lowers his shoulder and charges Mahoney backwards, crashing into a plastic plexiglass partition that goes collapsing down on the ground as more security guards scatter, hands on their weapons at the craziness unfolding in front of them.

Smythe rushes towards a rising James who actually surges out of a three point stance to flatten him with a clothesline that takes him off his feet! James keeps on going, leaping up to tackle Sweeney backwards into the conveyor belt. He lands a pair of big rights before snatching up his nearby bag, raising over his head...]

CJ: DUDE! CHECK MY BAG!

[... and bringing it down on Sweeney's chest with a nasty thud!]

CJ: Pretty sure this one's on the no fly list, buddy.

[He swats a hand down on Sweeney's face for good measure before shouldering his bag, scampering towards the departure gate while shouting over his shoulder back at the camera.]

CJ: See ya in Mexico, assho-

[And the feed cuts as we fade back to a panning shot of the sold out stadium crowd...

...and then into the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is our MEXICAN DEATH MATCH!

[Big cheer!]

RO: There are no countouts and no disqualifications! You can only win by pinfall, submission, or knockout!

[Ortiz lowers the mic for a moment as the opening notes of the Metallica cover of "Turn the Page" hit the PA...and a few moments later, the looming figure of Robert Donovan steps into the aisle.]

RO: Coming down the aisle... from Pensacola, Florida... weighing in at 332 pound...

ROBERRRRRRRRRT DONNNNNNNNOOOOOVANNNNN!

[Donovan is wearing a pair of loose leather pants with stylized griffins running up the outside of each leg, a dark red double-strapped singlet with the word "Heritage" scrawled across his abdomen, and black boots. He pauses halfway up the aisle to adjust the heavy brace on his left elbow, then makes his way up the aisle, stepping slowly up the ringsteps and pausing on the apron briefly before stepping over the top rope into the ring. He slowly walks around the ring, just waiting for the opposition to arrive.]

GM: The big seven footer... the man who once called styled himself as one of the most extreme brawlers on the planet... now finds himself in a Mexican Death Match against one of the men he's fought longer and harder than any man on the planet.

BW: I'm looking forward to this one, daddy.

[Donovan stands near the ropes, looking down the ramp, waiting for his opponent to arrive as the music fades and Ortiz raises the mic.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The crowd explodes as Foul Taste of Freedom blares over the PA. At the head of the aisle, Casey James bursts out from behind the curtain. He's dressed in his street fight gear: black jeans, combat boots, a tank top with his own face on a WANTED poster, and heavily taped fists.

Casey soaks in the reaction, looking to the crowd and nodding. With one hand, he points to the one million dollar bounty listed on the wanted poster on his shirt. With the other, he carries his bat bag full of violent potential.]

GM: Casey James is here tonight, and he's here to fight, Bucky!

BW: And this is a guy that knows what he's doing in a fight. One look at that face is all the proof you need that this man has seen some action.

SA: Casey can thank Donovan for a lot of the entries on that particular resume, most notably a particularly nasty scar courtesy of a certain barbed wire wrapped Singapore cane. That's why he's brought what he calls his "bag of tricks" to the ring with him. I'm curious to see what he's got in there.

BW: Be careful what you wish for, Albano. This is like a Stephen King situation that's about to get ugly fast.

[Casey, who has walked down the aisle by this point, stops at ringside, staring a hole into Donovan. He reaches into the bag.]

GM: Looks like Casey wants to get an early start in this Mexican Street Fight... sorry, Mexican Death Match now... going into the bag... Oh dear...

BW: A kendo stick wrapped with barbed wire! To start!

SA: That's the same style weapon Donovan used to give him that autograph on his face! Casey is looking to get some payback!

BW: And you better believe he's planning on collecting twenty years of interest while he's at it. This will get bloody!

[James slaps the cane down on the apron a few times, pointing in at Donovan with it who beckons him forward with two well-taped hands...

...and the Blackheart - as expected - needs no further invitation as he climbs up on the apron, barking at the seven footer who surges forward...]

GM: Wait a-

[...and DRILLS James with a running big boot that sends the Blackheart sailing backwards off the apron, crunching down on the barely-padded ringside floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Well, that's one way to start a fight!

SA: What better way could there be?!

[The referee - Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller - makes a big show of leaping up, grabbing at his hair in shock as Donovan sneers down on his longtime rival.]

GM: For over two decades, these two men have gravitated towards one another any time they were in each other's orbit. And those clashes have always been violent, brutal, and downright bloody... and I expect this one to be no different as the referee reluctantly calls for the bell there. This one is underway.

[Donovan nods at the official as he steps over the top rope, ending up on the apron, looking down at the still-prone James. The barbed wire-wrapped Singapore Cane is a few feet away from James' grasping hand as Donovan keeps an eye on it as well.]

GM: James is down at the start of this one... remember, no countouts and no disqualifications but the win has to come INSIDE the ring. No pins on the floor.

[Donovan steps down off the apron, moving towards James who is pushing up on his elbow, trying to scoot out of the seven footer's lengthy reach.]

GM: Donovan grabs the legs... what's this now?

[The big man drops back, catapulting James into the air, and flinging him chestfirst into the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: James goes flying into the apron - the hardest part of the ring - and that could easily crack a sternum, fans!

SA: And you have to keep in mind - this is a battle fought in Donovan's own mind on two fronts. Yes, he wants payback for James' betrayal at Eternally Extreme as well as all the bad blood between them over the years... but with the bulk of Donovan's career in the rear view, there's gotta be an overwhelming desperation to cash one last big paycheck. A million dollars - blood money if you will - offered up by John Wesley Hardin for the man, woman, or child who can end Casey James' legendary career.

GM: A cracked sternum could go a long way to accomplishing that goal and lining Donovan's pockets for years to come.

[Donovan makes the slow climb back to a standing position, approaching James from behind to grab him by the hair, smashing his face down on the ring apron!]

GM: Donovan BOUNCES James' skull off the apron... the referee asking them to get the fight back inside the ring but he has no power here. Pete Miller's only job is to count a pin or call for a submission.

[With James' leaning over the apron, Donovan turns back towards the entryway...

...and slowly approaches the barbed-wire wrapping Singapore cane, reaching down towards it as the Mexican crowd gets louder in anticipation at the violence to come.]

GM: Donovan's got the cane!

SA: Casey brought it to the dance but Donovan's stolen the first jig with it!

[The seven footer turns back towards James who has started to push back to a standing position. He rears back straight overhead with it...

...which is when James whips around, burying a likely steel-toed boot into Donovan's exposed midsection!]

GM: Ohh! And James goes downstairs on him!

[The cane goes clattering back down on the ringside mats as James ducks low, lifting the bigger competitor around the torso, lifting him into the air over his shoulder...

...and then sits out, dropping Donovan facefirst down on the apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And now it's Donovan's turn to eat the apron!

[Donovan rolls off onto the floor, grabbing at his face as James leans against the apron, catching a breather.]

GM: And while there was no announced time limit for this one, you can't imagine it'll take long for these two to reach their breaking points considering the stipulations-

BW: And the shape their bodies are in after two decades of abuse.

GM: That too.

[James pushes back to a standing position, looking down on Donovan as he walks back over towards the cane... but skips past it, digging into his large baseball bat carrying bag instead.]

GM: James digging into his proverbial bag of goodies here...

[James pulls his hand back out, revealing what appears to be a police officer's nightstick.]

BW: Do you think he stole that from one of the guards in the airport?!

GM: I wouldn't put anything past the Blackheart, Bucky.

[James watches as Donovan uses the apron to pull himself back to his feet...

...and James waffles him in the ribcage with the weighted club, causing Donovan to crumple to a knee.]

SA: And it looks like Robert Donovan's about to serve some unexpected hard time in Mexico!

BW: Not a place you want to do time.

SA: Are you speaking from experience, Bucky?

BW: I... well... hey, look at this!

[James slips the nightstick across Donovan's throat, pulling back on it as the seven footer coughs and gasps for air.]

"YOU'VE GOT THE RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT, ASSH-"

[The audio thankfully cuts out as we can see James berating Donovan. A skilled lip-reader might pick up phrases like "I'll beat your lawyer's ass too!" and "do they give the death penalty for being a prick for twenty years?!" After what seems like an eternity of silence, James lets go of Donovan, watching him slump down to the floor as he tosses the nightstick recklessly aside.]

GM: Are... are we back on?

SA: Those aren't the usual rights we're using to hearing on TV but... well, Casey James is far from the usual kind of guy.

GM: We apologize for the language, fans. It seems like no matter how times Casey James is told it's not 1998, he fails to remember.

BW: One of our bosses once dropped a lighting rig on his head and he thought he was a different guy for months. You surprised he can't remember what year it is?

[James drags Donovan off the floor, shoving him up under the ropes and into the ring before turning back to his bag...]

GM: And it looks like this match might be about to get inside the squared circle for the first time... but Casey James wants to bring something- oh!

[The crowd buzzes as James picks up the entire bag, tossing it over the ropes, sending a handful of items scattering across the ring.]

GM: What in the world...?

BW: We've got a roll of coins over here by us... is that a roll of duct tape?

GM: Sure looks like it. I see a pair of brass knuckles as well and... oh dear.

[James rolls under the bottom rope, scooping up what appears to be a piñata that is shaped like an antelope.]

GM: The Blackheart on the move and-

[He winds up overhead with both hands and HURLS the antelope down on the back of a rising Donovan. It immediately cracks in half, showering the seven footer with candy and sending it flying throughout the ring.]

BW: Hey! Free candy!

[James leans down, scooping up a handful of candy and chucking it into the crowd with a loud "HAPPY HALLOWEEN, MOTHER-" and our audio cuts out again.]

GM: And again, we apologize for the language of Casey James who apparently thinks it's Halloween as well as 1998.

[The Blackheart turns his focus back to his bag of tricks as he digs through it, pulling a long white athletic sock into view...]

GM: A sock?!

BW: What's he gonna do with that? Choke him?

[James' hand disappears into the bag again as he digs through his arsenal, pulling out a pool ball - an eight ball to be precise - and dramatically drops it inside the sock.]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

[Donovan has managed to push back up to all fours as James takes aim...]

GM: No, no, no!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as James bashes the billiard ball loaded sock down across Donovan's lower back...]

GM: Good grief! That's gotta send a jolt right down your spine!

[James spins the sock around a few times...

...and SLAMS it down between the shoulderblades of Donovan, causing the crowd to groan in pain a second time.]

SA: And right about now, you'd think that it's Robert Donovan with the million dollar bounty on his head.

[James swings the sock around his head a few times, building up speed and playing to the crowd as he circles around to where Donovan is now kneeling on the canvas, looking up at him...]

GM: Don't do it, Casey! Don't you-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Donovan's eyelids flutter as he slumps backwards to the canvas and James shouts "KIIIII-YAAAAA!" with a dramatic flourish, tossing the sock aside as he dives across the downed Donovan!]

GM: James with the first cover of this Mexican Death Match... he gets one! He gets two! He gets- no! Donovan slips the shoulder up in time!

[James angrily claps his hands together, swinging a leg over Donovan's torso to take a sloppy mount, driving his right hand down into the skull, providing his own commentary as he does it...]

"REMEMBER SOUTH LAREDO?!"

[Another one.]

"LOS ANGELES?!"

[Another one.]

"SOUTH LAREDO AGAIN?!"

[Another one.]

"LOS ANGELES AGAIN?!"

[He gets to his feet, shaking out his hand as Donovan lies on the canvas, wincing in pain as James steps away from him, looking around...]

GM: Uh oh... and it looks like Casey James has decided it's time to go for the barbed wire wrapped Singapore cane he brought out here... that weapon that has such a long history between these two men.

[James steps to the apron, dropping off to the floor as he retrieves the cane, tossing it over the top rope, narrowly missing the official who dances aside to avoid it. The Blackheart's not done though, yanking up the apron to pull a pair of steel chairs into view, chucking them over the ropes wildly as well, once nearly crashing onto Donovan as it hits the mat.]

GM: Look out! This guy's a real wild man in there.

SA: No one's ever been able to control Casey James and I don't think anyone's about to change that here tonight.

[James rolls under the ropes, scooping up one of the chairs he tossed inside the ring. He straightens it up, holding it front of him...]

...which is when Robert Donovan throws a big right hand, punching the chair back into James' face and right out of his hands!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Donovan shakes his hand as James falls back into the ropes, shaking his head to clear the cobwebs.]

GM: What in the...?

BW: It's usually a James who likes to punch metal - not a Donovan.

GM: And Donovan on the move now... with a chair of his own!

[Donovan winds up the chair over his head... and James lashes out with a boot to the gut, cutting him off again.]

GM: Both these men looking to land a shot with those chairs but so far they can't get it down.

[With the chair down on the mat, James snatches a front facelock on Donovan, trying for a DDT...]

GM: James hooks him and...

[But Donovan straightens up, lifting up his seven foot frame to backdrop the Blackheart through the air and down onto the canvas, just missing the steel chair at their feet.]

GM: A near miss there for James - almost landing on that chair... and now Donovan's got the chair again!

[As James rolls to all fours, Donovan winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and smashes the chair down across James' back, leaving him prone on the canvas as the crowd groans at the impact. A quick camera shot of Donovan's back shows two deep red welts where the pool ball smashed into his body earlier.]

SA: Look at those marks - those welts, guys. Casey James did some major damage with that sock of pain earlier!

BW: Not as much as Donovan's about to do with that chair!

[Donovan winds up a second time as James pushes up onto all fours.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A second time down across the back - good grief!

[Turning away from his longtime rival, Donovan opens up the chair, setting it down in the seated position on the canvas...]

...and then grabs the second chair, repeating the action so that they're face to face with one another.]

GM: What does Donovan have in mind here, fans? Some evil intentions on the part of the seven footer if you ask me!

[Dragging James up off the canvas, Donovan lifts him up under his arm in side slam position. The crowd starts to buzz as Donovan steps forward, holding James up over the open steel chairs...]

GM: Donovan's looking to cash that check right now!

BW: Are ya watchin', Outlaw?!

[Donovan lifts James a little higher and then SLAMS him down on the steel chairs, mangling the metal underneath James' three hundred pound frame, leaving a mess of twisted steel and broken body underneath!]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ROBERT DONOVAN TRYING TO TAKE CASEY JAMES TO PAINVILLE!

[James lies in the metal, growing in pain as Donovan sits on the canvas, nodding to the roaring crowd...]

...and then flings a chair aside, sending it bouncing against the ropes as he settles into a lateral press of his own.]

GM: Donovan makes a cover of his own now - we've got one! We've got two! We've got-

[James' arm shoots up off the mat, dragging his shoulder up with him as Donovan grimaces.]

GM: What a battle we're seeing here in Guadalupe, fans! Two longtime rivals going to war with no rules and they're taking full advantage of that in this one. We just saw Robert Donovan deliver the biggest sideslam of his career through that pair of chairs and somehow Casey James managed to kick out to keep this thing going!

BW: I'm a little surprised Donovan made a cover there. If James was strong enough to kick out, I don't think Hardin's writing the biggest check of Donovan's career.

GM: An excellent point, Bucky - Robert Donovan trying to win two ways here tonight.

[Donovan climbs to his feet, kicking the other bent chair aside as well.]

GM: The seven footer looking down on James, trying to figure out what comes next in this war.

[Turning away from James, Donovan steps over the top rope, dropping out to the floor.]

GM: Where is Donovan going now? He's got James in trouble and he's... oh brother...

BW: He's looking for something to cash in on that bounty, Gordo, and he may have just found it!

[Donovan has pulled up the apron, dragging a table into view to a big cheer from the AWA faithful.]

GM: We've got a table out here on the outside... Donovan opening that up, setting it up on the floor and... now what's he doing?

[With James still down and reeling in the ring, Donovan walks around the corner of the ring, pulling up another side of the apron...

...and the crowd REALLY reacts this time!]

GM: Oh my stars!

SA: Robert Donovan just took this Mexican Death Match... TO THE EXTREME!

[The crowd ROARS as Donovan lifts a barbed wire wrapped board into the air, carrying it around the ringpost and slapping it down on top of the table for a most intimidating sight.]

GM: Are you kidding me?! A table with a barbed wire board on top of it?! What in the world is going through Robert Donovan's mind?!

BW: About a million dollars worth of bad intentions!

[Donovan nods at his impromptu construction project before climbing up on the apron, swinging a leg over the top rope...

...which is when Casey James wildly wings a bent chair across the ring at his foe, sending it bouncing off Donovan's shoulder!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[James leans against the ropes, glaring at Donovan who is half in the ring, half out on the apron precariously hanging on with the barbed wire table set up behind him. The Blackheart pushes off the ropes, running across the ring...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and delivers a running kick to the underside of the top rope, driving the rope up into Donovan's groin!]

GM: JAMES GOES LOW! JAMES GOES LOW ON THE SEVEN FOOTER!

[Donovan slumps backwards, his leg swinging back over the rope so that both feet are on the apron. James nods approvingly, grabbing Donovan by the head and BLASTING him with a right hand between the eyes!]

GM: Big right hand by James!

[He winds up, throwing a second heavy hand...]

GM: Make it two! Donovan trying to hang on! Trying to keep from going through the very thing he put together!

[James winds up again, drilling Donovan between the eyes a third time!]

GM: Donovan with white knuckles hanging onto the top rope! James is trying desperately to knock him off the apron.

[Shaking his head, James breaks away, running to the ropes, rebounding back as quick as he can...]

GM: HERE COMES THE BLACKHEART!

[...but Donovan reaches out a mighty hand, catching James around the throat!]

GM: HE CAUGHT HIM ON THE WAY IN! HE-

[Donovan attempts to muscle James up for a chokeslam but James grabs the top rope, blocking the lift..

...and then surges forward, driving his skull into Donovan's cheekbone, knocking him down to a knee on the apron!]

GM: Ohhh! James lands that headbutt, right below the eye!

[With Donovan kneeling on the apron, James steps through the ropes, nodding to the crowd that is suddenly buzzing with anticipation as the two brawlers stand right next to the barbed wire stacked table...]

GM: James on the outside now as well - both men on the apron and... what in the world is James doing?!

[The crowd's buzzing gets louder as James folds Donovan over, doubling him up and shoving Donovan's head between his legs for a standing headscissors!]

SA: Uh oh! Don't look now, gentlemen, but I think James is looking for a powerbomb!

BW: Through that barbed wire table?! On a seven footer?!

GM: Casey James trying to make the mother of all highlight reels here in Mexico!

[James grits his teeth, trying to hoist the seven footer up into the air as the crowd waits to see if he can pull it off...]

GM: JAMES GOING FOR IT! HE'S TRYING FOR THE POWERBOMB!

[But as Donovan slumps back to a knee, James breaks off the lift attempt, shaking his head...]

GM: He couldn't get him up! Seven feet, over three hundred pounds!

[James slams a forearm down on the back over and over again, trying to soften Donovan up for another attempt...]

GM: James hammering away, trying to weaken Donovan and...

[And suddenly, James reaches down, wrapping his powerful arms around Donovan's body again...]

GM: Going for it again! Can he get him in the air?!

[...and again breaks it, shouting angrily in frustration...]

GM: James still can't do it and-

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as Donovan straightens up, backdropping James over his head where he CRASHES down on the edge of the apron!]

GM: Good grief! Donovan with the backdrop to get free and James landed RIGHT on the apron!

SA: Spinefirst on the apron and that's gonna have James hurtin' for certain!

[From the exertion of the backdrop, Donovan falls back through the ropes, landing on the mat near the ropes as James writhes in pain on the apron, grabbing at his lower back.]

GM: Both men are down and both men are hurting after that!

BW: And if you want to talk about a debilitating injury that could put a million bucks in the pocket of Robert Donovan, Casey James getting dropped on his spine like that on the apron could do the trick!

GM: These two keep going back and forth, back and forth in inflicting damage... just like they've done for twenty years. And these fans in Guadalupe are watching this latest chapter between these two, wondering just who is going to manage to come out on top.

SA: From the sands of South Laredo to the cold, unforgiving concrete of Los Angeles, these two have battled and bled in some of the toughest rings in professional wrestling and it's only fitting for them to have one more round here tonight in Mexico.

[Donovan reaches up, using the ropes to drag himself to his feet, breathing heavily as he does...]

GM: Donovan looks to be incredibly winded. A man of his size is never going to be known for his stamina but while he may not be capable of a forty minute war, his endurance will let him take a whole lot of punishment.

[On his feet, Donovan reaches down, grabbing the sitting-up James by the hair, dragging him towards his feet...]

GM: And now the seven footer may be looking for a way to finish this, pulling the Blackheart up...

[...and wraps his massive hand around James' throat, causing the crowd to roar as James' eyes bulge in horror...]

GM: Wait a second now... I don't like the looks of this at all!

BW: He's got James by the throat, right by that horror show constructed at ringside - the table with the barbed wire board sitting on top of it!

GM: Donovan's looking for a chokeslam here but he's been through the wringer in this one so far and I don't know if he can do it... oh! Hard right hand by James! And another one, trying desperately to fight his way out of this!

[The Blackheart rocks and fires a few more times, finally breaking his way free before grabbing the seven footer by the head, running down the apron and smashing his face into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Ohhh! Facefirst to the corner... and that'll shake up Donovan as James leans over the buckles, trying to catch his own breather as we've passed the fifteen minute mark in this Mexican Death Match here at Estrellas En El Cielo!

[With Donovan down on a knee, James looks out on the crowd, swinging his arms around one another...]

GM: What in the...?

SA: Is he going up top?!

[The crowd reacts with shock as the Blackheart steps up on the bottom rope.]

GM: In all my years watching Casey James compete inside the squared circle, I don't know if I've EVER seen him go up top!

BW: Not by choice at least.

GM: But here we are in Estadio BBVA with Casey James preparing to do the unthinkable! Casey James preparing to go to the extreme... to go further than he's ever gone before! James to the second rope now...

SA: He's taking his time getting up there.

BW: He might need a map! He may not know the way!

GM: James again swinging his arms around... for what? For a moonsault?! Some kind of a flipping splash?

SA: This is crazy! Listen to this crowd!

[The crowd is progressively getting louder as James puts one foot on the top rope, pointing to the sky...]

GM: JAMES IS GONNA DO IT! HE'S GONNA FLY! WE'VE NEVER SEEN THIS BEFORE!

[James steps to the top rope, standing tall...]

GM: HERE WE...oh.

[The crowd deflates as much as Gordon does as James leaps from the top... or kinda falls from the top... and bashes a double axehandle down across the back of Donovan's head, knocking the seven footer down to the canvas.]

GM: Typical Casey James right there.

[A smirking James looks out on the crowd, flipping off the now-jeering fans.]

GM: Only the Blackheart would find the time to taunt the fans in the middle of a battle like this, guys.

BW: Gotta love him.

SA: And bizarrely, he even has the support of the fans as of late but... well, Blackheart's gotta Blackheart.

[James chuckles at the booing crowd and shouts "ONE MORE TIME?!"]

GM: Oh, come on, Casey.

[The Blackheart is laughing to himself as he pulls the seven footer off the mat to his feet, lightly slapping Donovan on the cheek...

...and then lunges forward, scooping him up into the air...]

GM: OH MY!

[...and SLAMS him down on the canvas near the corner!]

GM: BIIIIIIIG BODYSLAM BY THE BLACKHEART!

SA: A whole lot of power right there! It takes a lot to lift a seven foot, 340 pounder in into the air for a slam like that!

[James nods his head, pointing to the top turnbuckle again...]

GM: Are really going through this farce again?

[The Blackheart ducks through the ropes, slapping a hand down on the top turnbuckle.]

SA: It would appear so, my friend.

GM: James is heading up top... one more time as he says...

[The former World Champion steps to the bottom rope, nodding his head at the crowd's grumbling reaction at going through this again...]

GM: James taking a long time with this climb... making that spinning gesture with his arms once again... taunting these fans here in Guadalupe once more...

[James seems to laugh as the boos come down again, stepping one foot to the top rope...]

...only to find the seven foot Donovan waiting for him, raising his arm up and shoving his fingers into the mouth of James, causing his eyes to bulge!]

GM: OH! CAUGHT! DONOVAN WITH THE MANDIBLE CLAW!

[The crowd is ROARING now... but those cheers quickly turn to surprise as Donovan recoils, shaking his fingers...]

GM: Did he just... did he BITE Robert Donovan?!

[Donovan winces as he grabs at his hand...]

...and then the seven footer rushes back in, reaching up with the left hand this time, grabbing James by the throat!]

GM: OH MY! HE'S GOT HIM! HE'S GOT HIM!

[The seven footer looks up at a struggling James...]

...and then lifts him off the top rope, twisting around and HURLING James down to the canvas with a thunderous chokeslam!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CHOOOOOOKESLAAAAAAAAM OFF THE TOOoooooop!

[The crowd ROARS for the mighty impact, the ring shaking underneath James' body being flung from the perch to the canvas!]

GM: DONOVAN IS DOWN! JAMES IS DEFINITELY DOWN... BUT CAN THE SEVEN FOOTER TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS MASSIVE MOVE AND GET THE WIN HERE IN GUADALUPE?!

[With Donovan down on the mat, the fans are clapping and cheering, trying to get the big man to make a potentially match-ending cover.]

GM: These two legends of the ring have been fighting for about fifteen minutes here tonight but their wars have gone on for some twenty years now. And every time they climb into the ring against one another, people have speculated it's the final battle between them... and every time they seem to find a way back to each other.

[The seven footer starts to move, rolling to a hip, dragging himself towards the still-prone James.]

GM: Donovan's trying now... trying to make that cover... pulling himself towards James who still hasn't moved after that devastating slam off the top rope!

[Donovan pulls even closer, finally throwing an arm across the chest...]

SA: It could be! It might be! It's- nooooo! The Blackheart kicks out!

[Donovan flops right back over onto his back as the crowd "ooooohhhs" at the kickout.]

GM: It took too long to cover off that chokeslam - too long to get into position and that time gave Casey James enough energy to kick out... and this Mexican Death Match goes on here at Estrellas En El Cielo.

[A weary Donovan sits up on the canvas, running his hands over his face as James rests on his hip nearby. The seven footer slowly gets his leg under him, pushing off the mat...]

GM: Donovan making the slow climb back to his feet... the slow climb to whatever comes next in this battle to put the Blackheart down for a three count.

BW: It's gotta be more than a three count if he wants that check for a million bucks with Hardin's John Wesley across the bottom.

SA: At this point - with as much punishment as these two have put one another through - Donovan might settle for the victory and worry about the cash another day.

BW: With a million bucks on the line, how could you settle for less?

[The seven footer regains his feet, slowly moving towards the downed James, grabbing a handful of his hair to haul him back to his feet where he promptly pushes the former World Champion back against the ropes.]

GM: Donovan's got James on the ropes now and he's... look at this... he's tying James' arms up in the ropes! Completely immobilizing the arms!

[Sensing trouble, James desperately tries to get free, trying to twist his arm out from in between the ropes as Donovan turns away, looking on with a nod.]

GM: Donovan's got him trapped and now he's... oh no.

[The crowd ROARS as Donovan reaches down to grab his weapon of choice, lifting the barbed wire-wrapped Singapore cane over his head...]

GM: Oh my! The land of Extreme has come to Mexico!

[A helpless James sees Donovan inching closer with the cane, desperately trying to wriggle free now.]

GM: James can't get loose! He's trying but he can't get free from those ropes!

[Donovan extends his arm, edging the tip of the cane under James' chin. The Blackheart's eyes go wide as Donovan menaces him with the skin-ripping weapon, speaking to him off-mic...]

GM: What in the world could Robert Donovan possibly have to say to him right now? What could he-

[The seven footer abruptly switches his stance, swinging for the fences towards the exposed torso of James...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as Donovan drops back a step, watching as trickles of blood start to escape the bare torso of the Blackheart.]

GM: Donovan cracks that cane across the ribs... across the chest of Casey James and it's the big man who draws first blood here in Guadalupe, Mexico!

[Donovan eyeballs James again, nodding his head as he rears back, this time over his head...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and BLASTS James between the eyes with the cane, the barbed wire actually getting tangled in James' hair for a moment before Donovan yanks it free, pulling some strands of the Blackheart's hair with it!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES!

[A cut has been opened up on James' forehead as well, dribbling blood down onto the rest of his face as Donovan stands tall, cane still in hand as he looks down upon his longtime rival...]

GM: We've got James bleeding from the head now as well!

SA: You knew the crimson would eventually start to flow in this one - it was only a matter of time and it looks like time has run out for the Blackheart.

[Donovan looks out on the cheering crowd, lifting the cane over his head with both hands this time...]

...and then steps forward, pressing the barbed wire into the already-cut forehead!]

GM: AHFFF!

[Donovan sadistically rubs the barbed wire back and forth on the forehead, shredding the skin of James who cries out in pain as Donovan digs the metal barbs deeper into his flesh!]

GM: HE'S RIPPING AND TEARING AT THE SKULL OF CASEY JAMES!

[Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller tries to intervene, begging Donovan to let up and try to end the match... and after a few more moments, the seven footer obliges, tossing the cane aside and going to work on releasing James from the ropes.]

GM: James is... well, he's in the very early stages of becoming a bloody mess as Donovan cuts him loose so to speak and-

[As the bloodied James stumbles forward, Donovan sinks his fingers into the gasping mouth once more...]

GM: Vengeance! Donovan is looking for Vengeance!

SA: In more ways than one.

GM: Can he get him up in that mandible claw chokeslam he's been using for the better part of 20 years?!

[But as Donovan attempts to get James up into the air, the Blackheart grabs Donovan's wrist with both hands...]

GM: What's this now?!

BW: He's trying to power out, Gordo!

[The crowd is buzzing as the powerful James pushes on the wrist, trying to extract the pressing fingers from his mouth...]

GM: Casey James is fighting it! Trying to fight his way free!

[Donovan tries to push down with one hand as James attempts to push back with both of his...]

GM: Can he escape?! Can he get out of this and-

[James suddenly gives a big shove, forcing the hand out...

...and promptly drops his arms, winding up, and throwing a short range heart punch!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BLACKHEART PUNCH! BLACKHEART PUNCH!

[Donovan immediately collapses to the canvas in a heap as James slumps to a knee after delivering the big blow.]

GM: James connects and will that be enough?! Is that Blackheart Punch enough to get the one-two-three here in Guadalupe as we creep closer to the twenty minute mark in this brutal and now-bloody battle?!

SA: I'm not sure that it is, Gordon. James didn't get the full windup on that - it didn't land with the same degree of impact that it typically does. It was a desperation move, to get away from Vengeance... and it accomplished that but I don't think it's enough to get the win.

[To prove Big Sal correct, Donovan has already rolled to a hip as James breathes heavily on his knee.]

GM: The toll of this battle is written all over both of these competitors faces. The blood really starting to come down the face of Casey James - forming the proverbial

crimson mask. Robert Donovan is reeling as well, unable to get back to his feet after that snapshot Blackheart Punch...

[But the bloodied James is able to get to his feet, letting loose a roar of exertion as he rises... and then steps towards the seven footer, looking to strike again.]

BW: He should pick him right up, land another Blackheart Punch, and call it a damn night.

GM: That may be exactly his plan as James pulls the big man up... pushing him back against the ropes... what's this now?

[Whereas Donovan used the ropes to tie up his opponent moments ago, Casey James seems to have another idea...]

GM: James is looking for something... something he knows was in his bag of goodies so to speak...

[Spotting it, James moves quickly, grabbing it and lifting it up for all to see...]

GM: He's got that roll of duct tape!

BW: Oh, he's gonna REALLY make sure Donovan can't get away this time!

[James pulls one end of the tape, getting it free from the roll as he loops it around and around the right wrist of Donovan and the top rope.]

GM: He's taping him to the ropes! Casey James securing Robert Donovan in the ropes!

[A bloody grin from James follows as Donovan tries to rip his way free from his binding. James tosses the roll of tape aside, apparently satisfied with just one wrist secured.]

GM: James heading back over... uh oh!

[The crowd ROARS as James retrieves the fallen barbed wire-wrapped Singapore cane, holding it high for all to see with both hands...]

GM: And it looks like James is going to use the cane on Donovan now - return the favor from what-

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[The crowd buzzes with confusion as James brings the wooden cane down over his knee, snapping it in half before flinging the pieces aside, narrowly missing Blue Shoes who scampers out of the way, warning James for his recklessness.]

SA: I'm confused now, guys. I thought for sure he was going to use that cane on Donovan just as Donovan did to him - a little Biblical action.

GM: James obviously has other ideas but what those are... he's digging in that bag now...

[James suddenly pulls another item into view, something that causes an immediate reaction from the crowd.]

GM: What in the...?

BW: What IS that thing?!

[James holds it high over his head, a huge grin on his face as he does. This vulgar display of power shows off a wooden club about three feet long. The club has a handle to be gripped and two flat sides with some kind of carving in the wood while the edges are lined with deep black nasty-looking blades.]

SA: Wait a second... I know what that is! That's a Macuahuitl! An ancient war club used by the Mayans, the Aztecs...

BW: Look at those blades!

SA: Obsidian blades - sharper than high quality steel razor blades!

BW: Or barbed wire?

SA: Or barbed wire.

BW: Thank you so much, you walking Wikipedia.

GM: But... but... he's going to use THAT on Robert Donovan?!

BW: No, he brought it for Show and Tell. Of course he's gonna use it on him! He might cut his damn head off with it!

[The crowd is buzzing with concern for Donovan as James edges closer to his foe. Donovan, having spotted the club, is urgently pulling at his arm, trying to wrench his wrist free from the duct tape. Alarm is obvious on his face as James inches closer and closer, a sadistic grin on his face...]

GM: If he hits him with that, it's gonna do SERIOUS damage!

SA: This thing was lethal back in the 16th century! Completely capable of decapitation!

BW: Casey James is one of the few men in pro wrestling history who lost a body part inside the ring. He might be about to add a new member to that club.

[Donovan swings a leg out, trying to kick at James who stays out of the way, smirking as Donovan swings his free arm next shouting "NO!"]

GM: Donovan's trying to defend himself but-

[The referee steps closer, trying to get James to put the weapon down to no avail as James moves closer again...]

GM: Donovan's trying to-

[Another swipe of the arm comes but James avoids it and then steps past it, pushing his body up against Donovan's as he raises the club up...

...and DIGS the obsidian blade into the forehead of his opponent, causing Donovan to howl in pain as the crowd echoes the reaction!]

GM: AHHH! HE'S CUTTING HIM! HE'S CUTTING HIM!

[James digs the blade back and forth a couple of times before dropping back, leaving a nasty bloody gash on the forehead of Donovan. The camera catches the wound dripping onto the canvas before a very wise technical director orders a cut to a shot of a shocked crowd in Guadalupe.]

GM: Casey James just used that... that club... that Mayan war club... whatever you called it, Sal, on the forehead of Robert Donovan! He just carved his forehead right open with it and-

[James grins as he slashes down with the club again, this time right towards Donovan's trapped wrist, slicing through the tape with ease as he sends the seven footer stumbling off the ropes, falling to his hands and knees on the canvas.]

GM: Donovan gets free! Well, he was cut free but-

[James swings the club back over his head, taking aim at Donovan's prone form.]

GM: NO!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The Blackheart SMASHES the club down across the shoulderblades of Donovan, thankfully using the flat of the club rather than the blades, driving the seven footer down onto his chest on the mat.]

GM: Oh... oh my. My heart skipped on that one. I thought Casey James was going to try to cut him in half, boys.

BW: It's not over yet, Gordo.

[James looks down at Donovan, the club still in his hands...]

GM: What's he gonna do now?!

[...and rears back with it, holding it high overhead!]

GM: NO, NO! DON'T DO IT! DON'T DO IT, CASEY!

BW: He's gonna kill him.

[Bucky's quiet utterance is barely heard over the crowd roaring with shock at what they're seeing as James swings the club down blades first towards Donovan...

...who rolls - quite literally - for his life!]

GM: OH! HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[The impact of the swing lodges the club in the canvas, James frantically trying to yank it free...]

GM: The club is stuck! How deep did those blades go?!

[James continues to try and yank the club free as Donovan crawls a few feet away, blood dripping from his wound onto the canvas...]

GM: James can't get it loose! He's trying but he can't get it out of the mat!

[He angrily gets up, stomping towards Donovan. James grabs him by the hair, yanking him to his feet...

...which is when Donovan slaps the grasping hand away, swinging his right arm back and forth...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Donovan's fist SLAMS into the chest of Casey James, sending him flying backwards as his hand seemingly explodes into a shower of...]

BW: Coins! It's raining money in Mexico!

GM: Donovan with a Blackheart Punch of his own... and he packed that fist with that roll of coins we saw James bring in here earlier!

[James collapses to the canvas Donovan surges forward, throwing himself on top of James.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! KICKOUT!

BW: THE BLACKHEART BEATS SOME MORE!

[Donovan pushes up to his knees, blood streaming down his face as he looks around at the buzzing crowd...]

...and his eyes lock on the monstrosity constructed at ringside - the barbed wire board laid atop the table near the ring.]

GM: Oh my god.

[The seven footer slowly rises, nodding his head as he points out to the table, drawing a huge reaction from the AWA faithful.]

GM: Donovan's gonna put him through the table! Robert Donovan's looking for a million dollar move right here to END Casey James once and for all!

SA: The man tried to impale him a few moments ago - hard to blame him, isn't it?

GM: When you put it that way, I suppose you're right.

[On his feet, Donovan reaches down, grabbing James' blood-soaked hair, dragging him up off the mat...]

GM: The big man bringing him up...

SA: Very slowly, Gordo. As the great Jackson Browne would say, these two are runnin' on empty right about now. Twenty-five minutes of action... and I think most are surprised they're still standing after that!

GM: I know I am. These two legends of the ring are out here in the ring in Mexico, reminding the world of what it was like back in the late 90s when they ruled the wrestling world!

[Donovan walks his longtime rival across the ring, as far away from the table as possible, pulling him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Uh oh. Are you kidding me?!

[The seven footer lifts James up into the air, flipping him into a crucifix powerbomb position. Blood streams down the faces of both men as James struggles against the hold, trying to get free as Donovan sets his feet...]

...and starts running across the ring!]

GM: OH MY STARS! OH MY STARS! HE'S GONNA-

[But as Donovan nears the ropes where he intends to hurl James over the ropes and down onto the carnage that's been constructed, James manages to wriggle free, landing on his feet behind Donovan...]

GM: Oh, thank the...

[...where he promptly wraps his powerful arms around the waist of the seven footer, lifting him up into the air...]

GM: NO!

[...and DUMPS him over the top rope with the belly-to-back suplex that has been known for decades in the sport as the Outlaw's Curse...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARRRRRRRRRRRRRS!

SA: AHHHHHHH QUEEEEEEE MORTAAAAAAAAL!

[Donovan's body goes CRASHING through the barbed wire board, breaking it in half... then through the table, splintering it as well, until he ends up in a broken pile of humanity on the canvas, covered in the wreckage of the wood and the skin-tearing barbed wire. James leans through the middle rope, a mad look in his eyes as he stares out at the ruins, the crowd ROARING for the scene.]

GM: ROBERT DONOVAN IS BROKEN! HE'S BROKEN AT THE HANDS OF THE BLACKHEART!

[James slips through the ropes, falling to the floor where he grabs Donovan by the wrist, dragging him out of the pile.]

GM: James is trying to get him back in - remember, the match can only end inside the ring...

[The Blackheart pulls Donovan's dead weight to his feet, revealing lacerations on Donovan's back as well as he shoves him back inside. James rolls under the ropes, throwing himself onto the seven footer.]

GM: James with the cover! ONE! TWO! THREE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: He got him!

[The crowd cheers for the hard-fought win as a weary James rolls off into a seated position, nodding his head at the victory.]

GM: What a battle between two hardcore legends - two men who - title or not - definitely deserve to be considered kings of the death match. I don't know what made Javier Castillo switch this from a Street Fight to a Death Match but-

BW: You don't think his ol' pal from the executive board room had something to do with it?

GM: Are you saying-

BW: The man put a million dollar bounty on Casey James' career - you better believe he's going to rig the deck to make sure someone gets a chance to cash it in.

[James is on his knees now, crawling towards a ringside camera peeking through the ropes at him.]

GM: The Blackheart picks up the win in this brutal, brutal affair... something very atypical for the standard AWA show... but I suppose this is not a standard night, gentlemen.

SA: The stars are in the sky - Estrellas En El Cielo - for sure but right now, the stars are in this ring, Gordon.

[The bloodied Blackheart sticks his head through the ropes, addressing the cameraman.]

"For twenty years, I've been kickin' his ass, Hardin... ain't no different tonight."

[James spits a wad of blood on the canvas.]

"You want to cash that bounty?"

[He spreads his arms wide.]

"Who else, huh?! Who else you got?! I'N RIGHT HERE, YOU SON OF A BITCH! I'M RIGHT HERE - COME AND GET ME, YOU FU-"

[And the audio conveniently cuts as our camera cuts to a shot of some thrilled fans in the crowd in Guadalupe. Gordon audibly sighs.]

GM: Again, fans... I have to apologize for the language of Casey James. Someday he'll remember it's 2017.

BW: I doubt it.

GM: Alright, fans... we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, we're going to hear from tonight's challenger in the Women's World Title Main Event - the Spitfire, Julie Somers - so don't you dare go away!

[James gets to his feet, raising his arm in the air to more cheers as we fade to black.

We hold on a black screen for several moments before we hear the sound of footsteps. Loud footsteps breaking through a completely silent room.

They come to a halt.

A slight clearing of the throat.]

"WELCOME..."

[And with the blast of a spotlight, we see a circus ringmaster standing in the middle of it, a huge grin upon his face.]

"...TO THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH!"

[The boisterous "Whooooooooo!" of "The Greatest Show" from the soundtrack to the upcoming "The Greatest Showman" is heard a few times before...]

#Ladies and gents... this is the moment you've waited for...#

[The ringmaster winks at the camera, an actual sparkle showing off his polished white teeth...

...and we cut to a graphic that reads:

SUPERCLASH IX
THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

80 DAYS AND COUNTING

And then cut back to black.

We fade from black to backstage where we find Mark Stegglet standing next to "The Spitfire" Julie Somers, who is already dressed in her wrestling attire, consisting of a red halter top, matching Spandex shorts, red kneepads and white wrestling boots. Her wavy brown hair is pulled back behind her head.]

MS: I'm Mark Stegglet backstage at Estadio BBVA where, Julie Somers, later on tonight you will be facing Kurayami for the Women's World title. Now, Kurayami agreed to face you and Betty Chang in the same night, and you saw what happened to Betty. Kurayami finished her off in a matter of minutes, and she made it clear after the match that you would wind up just like her.

JS: I saw the match, Mark. No disrespect meant to Betty Chang, because I admire her determination to prove herself. I definitely think her future is bright, but there are a few differences between her situation and mine.

First of all, I've been doing this a lot longer and I've been in the ring with a lot of different women who wrestled a lot of different styles. Being in a match against somebody like Erica Toughill, taking a match under her terms and having to give every ounce of my heart and soul to find a way to win that match, that's something that's helped me prepare for a moment like this.

MS: It's interesting you bring up Erica Toughill -- you saw what Kurayami did to her several weeks ago. She attacked Toughill and left her lying, targeting her back -- there's a question as to whether or not Toughill will be able to wrestle again.

JS: Well, there's a second reason why my situation is different from Betty Chang's -- that's the fact I can't stand watching Kurayami hurt other women, injure them, try to end their careers. I've seen that enough and no more -- no more -- will I let that happen again!

[She takes a deep breath, as if she's trying to keep her composure.]

JS: Ricki and I may not be friends, but I found more respect for her each time I faced her, and I wasn't going to stand by and watch her take a beating like that! Every time I've watched Kurayami injure somebody, try to end a career, that's only made my blood boil, and only further fueled my desire to put her down for the count!

[She takes a deep breath again.]

MS: Let's not forget as well that you have put her down for the count -- in fact, you are the only woman to have pinned Kurayami since she began competing full time in the AWA. It may have been a tag match, but it's still a distinction you hold.

JS: And that, right there, is the third difference -- people can say what they want, but I proved that Kurayami may be a tough woman to beat, but she's not unbeatable. And for anybody who wants to put an asterisk by that win, that leads to the fourth difference between me and Betty.

I've got all the desire in the world to show people that win was no fluke, and in doing so, to realize my biggest dream yet -- and that's to be a champion! And that's something I've been waiting to become for a long time, ever since they officially launched a Women's Division in the AWA nearly two years ago!

[She gestures to herself.]

JS: Mark, I have the heart, the desire, the determination and the will to fight through any obstacle, right every wrong I've seen and realize my dreams, and that is what separates me not only from Betty Chang, but anyone else Kurayami has faced thus far!

[She then points to the camera.]

JS: And Kurayami, tonight, you're going to be reminded about all of that -- especially how I won't let bullies like you get away with the crap you've pulled. And what better way to do that than to take that women's title belt from you!

[She thumps her chest.]

JS: Con el corazón, iré lejos. Vamos!

[We see the translation appear on the screen: "With heart, I will go far. Let's go!"

And with that, she walks off camera...

...and with a flash of the ACCESS 365 log, we find ourselves standing outside the office of Javier Castillo. John Law is present, overseeing the conversation unfolding between the Generalissimo of the Korugun Army, Javier Castillo, and his seven foot soldier, Derek Rage. We seem to have caught them in mid-conversation.]

JC: -excellent job out there tonight. Your brother made a mistake when he put his hands on me... and you just helped him learn that lesson the hard way tonight. So...

[With a snap of his fingers, Castillo is handed a stack of cash from John Law. A smirking Derek Rage nods his head approvingly as Castillo reaches the money out towards him...

...and then snaps it back, raising an eyebrow.]

JC: But I couldn't help but notice, amigo, that your hermano is still standing. He and your sister, running off through the crowd to a little birthday party. Yes?

[Rage's smirk is instantly gone, replaced with a burning gaze. He nods slowly.]

JC: Mmhmm. So, while this...

[He slaps the wad of cash against Rage's chest.]

JC: ...is yours tonight... next time, I want more. And then you get more.

[He spreads his arms, grinning.]

JC: And everyone is happy. Comprendé?

[Rage nods again.]

JC: Good.

[Castillo turns, going back into his office as a groan of pain is heard from off-camera. A quick cut to a different angle shows Casey James dragging his bloody form down the hallway towards a doctor's office, being flanked by two AWA medical team members. Rage is watching this scene unfold alongside John Law. After a moment or two, James disappears through a door, muttering something about "seven foot morons armed with barbed wire."]

JL: Now that's REAL money, big man.

[Law follows into Castillo's office as Derek Rage continues to watch where Casey James was standing, slowly nodding his head again...]

...and with a flash of the ACCESS logo, we're back in another part of the backstage area where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell.]

SLB: AWA fans, it's been an exciting night of action South of the border here in Mexico... but we're already looking ahead as well and that means we're looking towards this Saturday night back in the states... back in Texas... and back in the AWA's hometown of Dallas... and while the suits didn't want to drag the Control Center set down here, I'm here to talk about what we've got in store for you at Homecoming coming up this weekend. Let's take a look at this lineup...

[Blackwell disappears as we get a graphic with a Homecoming logo and four competitors on the screen.]

SLB: Of course, this is the big one - the AWA World Tag Team Titles on the line when the champions, Next Gen, put the gold at stake against the Number One Contenders and the 2017 Stampede Cup winners, the Soldiers of Fortune! This one promises to be a battle that you will NOT want to miss!

[The graphic switches to Johnny Detson holding the World Title with a blacked out silhouette next to him.]

SLB: We also know that the AWA World Heavyweight Title will be on the line when Johnny Detson defends the gold against an opponent of Javier Castillo's choosing that he will NOT reveal until Saturday night. With Detson feeling the effects of so many title matches as of late, you have to wonder if this mystery opponent could have too much stacked in his favor for Detson to overcome.

[The graphic changes again.]

SLB: The AWA Women's Division will be on display when the team of Charisma Knight and Dr. Leah White - the Asylum - take on Victoria June and Kayla Cristol in tag team action.

[Another switch of the graphic shows former Television Champion Terry Shane on screen.]

SLB: It's been a few weeks now since Terry Shane dropped the World Television Title to Michael Aarons in questionable fashion... and Saturday night, the former champ will return and he'll be in the house in Dallas, Texas!

[The graphic changes up again.]

SLB: And another Women's Division showdown is set as Laura Davis - fresh off victory in the Iron Woman's match - takes on Michelle Bailey... IF Bailey is medically cleared to compete.

[The graphic fades to go back to Blackwell.]

SLB: It's one of the most eagerly anticipated nights every year as the AWA is comin' home and fans, you do NOT want to miss it! Just like you do NOT want to miss the match coming up next where will see two of Mexico's finest trios in action when Los Renegados take on DMP MEX - Dead Man's Party Mexico. And right now, we're going to hear from Los Renegados!

[We go to another part of backstage where Los Renegados are standing in front of an Estrellas En El Cielo backdrop. The AWA and SWLL logos are featured prominently above those of the sponsors. Malasangre and Konoe are both in black T-shirts, with "LOS RENEGADOS" in white across the front, over their respective ring attire: black tights, with the words "MALA" and "SANGRE" in a crimson font stylized to resemble dripping blood down the front of each leg, for Malasangre; white boxer-style trunks for Konoe.

Unusually, Konoe does not have his Aviators on. Instead, it is Luciana rocking the sunglasses, along with a gray tank top with "CHICAS RENEGADAS" in black across the front, over a black bra, and a pair of white, gray and black camo-patterned pants. Her hair is tied back in a ponytail.

Malicia has on a similar tank top and black faux leather shorts. Her hair, dyed jet black on the left half of her head and a deep red on the right side, is tied back, possibly braided, so as to fit under a black field cap. Malicia holds a black flag, wrapped around a flagpole resting on her shoulder. With the flag wrapped around the pole, we can only make out some red markings on it, and can only assume it is the Los Renegados flag.

The usually reticent Konoe is, uncharacteristically, the first to speak.]

KK: I could be Television Champion now ... But, Chet, Chaz, you did not even give me chance to show what I would do to your buddy Michael Aarons ... No matter. Aarons and I will have to find another time to finish what you interrupted ... Maybe at Homecoming. Quizás ... Pero esta noche nosotros confirmamos cual es la primera facción de todo México ... At Power Hour, you got the jump on us ... But it was three on two. Esta noche, we are three, and we come at you head-on!

M: Idiotas ... Americanos ... Puede que nos hayas sorprendido en Center Stage. Pero esta es nuestra casa ... And in our house, you are not just up against three!

[He points with his thumbs at Malicia and Luciana.]

M: You do not just face us five! No, Dead Men ... When you come into OUR HOUSE, you fight the thousands ... And THOUSANDS ... Of the Renegados ARMY!

[The shot pans over to the third man - and the leader of Los Renegados - Caballo Salvaje. He crosses his arms across his bare torso, glaring into the camera...

...and gives a stoic nod before...

We cut to another part of the backstage area where we get a closeup of Mark Steggle standing. Just below his chin are a pair of white-taped wrist and forearms.]

MS: Los Renegados say that an army is coming for these men - the Dead Man's Party. Gentlemen, your thoughts.

[The camera pulls back a bit to show Chaz and Chet Wallace on opposite sides of Stegglet, the owners of the taped wrists. Elijah Wilde is standing behind Stegglet, his back to the interviewer.]

Chaz: Our thoughts... our thoughts... hmmm.

[Chaz and Chet slowly turn their wrists in unison to reveal the letters "M" and "A" on their tape so that one is on top of the other. Stegglet's eyes go wide as they pull their arms back and Chaz speaks.]

Chaz: Our thoughts is that the AWA can hold us down... they can put us down... but they can't shut us up! And this one... tonight... this one is for our friend back home who REFUSES to be bullied by the suits.

Chet: That's right. Tonight, Los Renegados find themselves in the wrong damn place... at the wrong damn time... because the American Idols are PISSED... OFF... and that means that someone is gonna get Experienced.

[He nods.]

Chet: Tell `em, big man.

[Elijah Wilde whips around, a wild look in his eyes as he puts his hands on Stegglet's shoulders, causing the interviewer to wince.]

EW: The boys have their reasons for beating people up tonight. I've got my own. For those of you unfamiliar, my name is Elijah Wilde.

Yes, yes... the same Elijah Wilde who OWNED each and every single AWA superstar who got in the ring with me back in Japan.

The same Elijah Wilde who has a BLOOD RELATIVE who has worked for the AWA since Day One...

[He holds up one finger.]

EW: ...and still can't get a damn phone call returned from the front office.

I'm a wild eyed Southern boy. You think I like workin' my ass off in Mexico? You think I like breakin' myself in Japan?

No.

For years, I've been trying to get my foot in the door of the AWA and for years, that door keeps getting slammed on it. And it doesn't matter the connections I have. It doesn't matter about the Idols... about my Uncle Bucky... it doesn't even matter that the AWA's damned golden boy was MY best friend for a long, long time.

[Chaz sticks his head in from off-camera.]

Chaz: Youth Gone Wilde. Google it.

[Wilde continues.]

EW: And you know why I can't get the time of day? It's because I'm too dangerous. Because I'm too unpredictable. Because I'm too rebellious. Because I won't toe the line. Because I won't be held down.

Because the AWA knows unleashing me on their locker room would be heaven for the fans and hell for everyone else.

[Wilde nods.]

EW: But tonight... tonight is a different story. The boys came calling and I answered the call because that's what I do.

Because they're family.

And when the Dead Man's Party calls, you answer.

[Wilde sneers.]

EW: Los Renegados reunite! It's a damn publicity coup! The newspapers.. the TV shows... the Internet... they're going crazy that the AWA put this together. It's a welcome back party the likes of which this country's never seen.

Tonight, I'm crashing the damn party. I got no invite. No calligraphy for Eli.

But I don't give a damn. I'm coming in with a six pack of beer and one hell of a bad attitude.

Tonight's my night. Tonight's my night to show the AWA front office and the AWA fans EXACTLY what they're missing out on. Tonight's my night to show the world that Elijah Wilde is the best kept secret in professional wrestling.

[He stage whispers.]

EW: But lemme let you in on the secret...

I hurt people. I break people. I beat people.

[Wilde's eyes go cold.]

EW: Count on it.

[And we fade from backstage out to the sold-out stadium where the crowd is buzzing in anticipation of what comes next...

...and we fade to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is our TRIOS MATCH and it is scheduled for one fall with a sixty minute time limit!

Introducing first...

[The signature sound of Oingo Boingo's "Dead Man's Party" starts up over the PA system to a big reaction from the Mexico crowd. The video wall lights up with some dancing skeletons wearing sombreros.]

RO: The team of Chaz and Chet Wallace and Elijah Wilde...

THE DEAD... MAAAAAAAAN'S... PARRRRRTYYYYYYYYY!

[As the curtain parts, Elijah Wilde storms through the curtain with a roar, punching himself in the jaw with a taped fist as he comes to a halt. The smirking duo known as the American Idols trail behind, nodding at their volatile partner's entrance. The Idols point to Wilde who seems to be seething as he stands at the top of the ramp...

...and then Wilde stomps down the ramp, leaving his partners to trail behind in a pair of glittering crimson vests over bare torsos with white full-length tights.]

GM: The Dead Man's Party is back in Mexico!

[Estadio BBVA is rocking as the trio heads to the ring, Wilde sliding under the bottom rope at a full-on sprint. His partners climb up on the apron, slingshotting in tandem over the ropes. They each drop to a knee, flanking Wilde who steps on the middle rope, shouting and pointing at the jeering fans...]

GM: The Wallace twins... Elijah Wilde... getting ready for battle. And that alone is enough to make international headlines. But their opponents... well, we're ready - as the kids say - trend worldwide, fans!

[Eight women line the top of the entrance ramp, four on each side. They are dressed in gray crop tops, white, gray and black camo-patterned shorts, and black field caps. The women stand at ease, with their hands behind their back, but, as "Touch and Go" by Emerson, Lake & Powell begins to play, they snap to attention, straightening up and bringing their arms to their sides. Malicia steps out onto the entrance stage, flagpole in hand. She unfurls the Los Renegados flag, black with red lettering and waves it in time to the synthesized horns.

Luciana is next to emerge. She brings her right hand up to her forehead in a salute and the eight women salute back. Luciana begins making her way down the ramp, followed by Malicia, still waving the flag.]

#Man in the street nowhere to sleep#
#No time for nothing no Patek Phillipe#
#Pedal to the metal blow by blow#
#You're runnin' with the devil it's touch and go#

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponents... being led down the aisle by Luciana and Malicia... the team of Kaz Konoe, Malasangre, and El Caballo Salvaje...

LOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOS
RENEGAAAAAAAAADOOOOOOOOOOOS!

[Malasangre emerges next, or, at least we assume it is Malasangre based on the tights he wears, because he has also thrown on a mask that is half covered in shiny black hexagons, seemingly fashioned out of flexible PVC and resembling shards of obsidian, the other half black and smoke gray, airbrushed to present a spectral visage.]

SA: The mask of El Espejo Negro being worn by the man who know calls himself Malasangre. El Espejo is, of course, a well-respected figure in SouthWest Lucha Libre and a former mentor of Malasangre, but this is less a tribute than Malasangre reminding everyone of his pedigree.

[Malasangre holds his hands down and out in front of him, with thumbs and index fingers extended, forming the letter "M." He is soon joined by Kaz Konoe, who, with the slightest nod of acknowledgement to his teammate, takes his place next to his fellow renegade as both men take in the reaction from the Estadio BBVA crowd.]

#They're leaving you nothing and nowhere to go#
#Just put you in the corner like an old banjo#
#The strings are breakin' but you can't say no#
#You're runnin' with the devil it's touch and go#

[The eight women on either side of the ramp are now moving to the music, as Konoe and Malasangre step away from each other, leaving room between them for

the third man, the team captain and leader of Los Renegados. Stepping through the curtains as the crowd's cheering peaks to a deafening roar is the "Wild Horse" himself, Caballo Salvaje. He is dressed in the Charro style of a mariachi band member, with a white bolero jacket and pants with gold embroidery, along with a white cape with gold Aztec designs on it that rests on his shoulders. He wears a white mask with gold outlines on the eyes and mouth and the silhouette of a horse rearing up on either side.]

SA: And here is El Caballo Salvaje, "The Wild Horse", who is wearing the very same mask that he lost, when he formerly wrestled under the name El Caballo Blanco, "The White Horse"! He took the pain and humiliation of the loss of his mask and turned it into motivation...into strength and has become one of the biggest stars in all of Mexico.

[Caballo Salvaje undoes some buttons on his suit, as two of the women walk over to him and help him remove his jacket and cape. He grabs his pants and in a dramatic display, tears it off, before waving it over his head and throwing it into the crowd. He then pulls off his mask, revealing a classically handsome Latin male with a wild mane of red hair. He headbangs to the music briefly, before throwing his head back and letting loose a war cry that drives everyone into a frenzy. The trio starts making their way quickly down the aisle, alongside their accompanying women as the Mexico crowd ROARS for the reunion and arrival.]

GM: The crowd is buzzing for this one - the long-awaited return of Los Renegados, one of the premiere trios in all of Mexico.

SA: And much like we saw earlier, this will be conducted as a single fall match per the agreement between SWLL and the AWA... however it will also allow an exit to the floor to be the same as a tag.

[Los Renegados huddle up in their corner for a moment, the crowd waiting to see who will be starting things off for each of the trios.]

GM: It looks like it'll be Chet Wallace starting things off for his team... and Bucky, you'll have to wait just a little longer to see your nephew in action here tonight.

BW: I'd wager it won't be much longer. He looks like a mad dog ready to slip his leash.

[Kaz Konoe stays in the ring as his partners exit, leaving the Blackstar behind with Chet Wallace.]

GM: And now Kaz Konoe choosing to stay in for Los Renegados... and this is quite the clash of international experience, Big Sal.

SA: Absolutely. You've got Chet Wallace on one side of the ring who has - of course worked in Japan as part of the Dead Man's Party as well as here in Mexico... and Kaz Konoe - is there anywhere that Kaz Konoe HASN'T worked? We talk about Konoe getting his start training as a 17 year old under the legendary GOLIATH Takehara, going on to work for Total Japan Pro Wrestling... then moving on to the equally legendary Japanese promotion, G-Pro. Of course, he'd go on to compete in Tiger Paw Pro in the years to come... but he spent five years here in Mexico as well, working for SouthWest Lucha Libre... abandoning his rule-abiding, youthful persona to become the brash, anti-authority El Renegado de Japon before finally making his way to the AWA, a place he'd been trying to get to since late 2009.

GM: Well, he's here now... and even with all the history between these two, there's some fresh bad blood in this rivalry as it was just a few days ago in Atlanta when Kaz Konoe was set to challenge Michael Aarons for the World Television Title but

that turned out to be a trap set by the American Idols and Elijah Wilde who attacked Konoe.

“DING! DING! DING!”

[As the bell sounds, the two competitors lunge at one another, tangling up in a collar and elbow that Chet Wallace quickly spins out of, hooking a hammerlock. Almost instantly, Konoe slickly spins out, ending up with an overhand wristlock, quickly forcing Wallace down to the mat.]

GM: Quick one count there and...

[Wallace kicks up off the mat, rolling through the wristlock to his feet, leaping up to land a standing dropkick that sends Konoe down to the canvas as the crowd jeers.]

GM: Nice dropkick by Chet Wallace... and you can tell from the reaction to that from the fans that the Dead Man's Party will not be looked upon fondly by the crowd in this one.

[Chet scampers to his feet, beckoning Konoe towards him but Estrella Negra is slow to his feet, eyeballing Chet Wallace.]

GM: The pace is slow and steady right now... but I can't imagine it'll be that way for long, Sal.

SA: Absolutely not. Both of these teams are known for fast-paced, high-energy matchups with big dives, big slams, and some of the craziest action you've ever seen. This is just a feeling out period for both squads.

[Konoe moves towards Chet Wallace who lunges back into the tieup...]

GM: Back to the lockup... Chet pushing Konoe back against the ropes now... no, no... right into the corner..

[Chet quickly slaps Chaz' offered hand. Chaz comes through the ropes but Konoe is swinging for the fence, sending Chet to the deck with a right hand and then a second Chaz, fighting his way free from the corner, sliding back out to the middle of the ring as the crowd cheers.]

GM: And the Idols tried to trap Konoe in the corner but the Blackstar was having no part of that. He gets free and...

[An annoyed Chaz rushes him...

...and gets taken right off his feet, his face bouncing off the canvas thanks to a drop toehold!]

GM: Oh! Down goes Chaz Wallace!

[Chaz scrambles up, wiping a hand across the back of his mouth...

...and realizes he's in the wrong part of town, eating a right hand from El Caballo Savlaje followed by one from Malasangre before he staggers out to mid-ring where Konoe drops him with a standing dropkick of his own!]

GM: Ohhh! And down goes Chaz again!

[Konoe gets to a knee, shrugging in Chaz' direction as Wallace rolls under the ropes to the floor..

...and Elijah Wilde comes in swiftly, barreling across the ring and DRILLING Konoe with a diving forearm smash to the back of the head, sending them both down to the canvas!]

GM: WILDE FROM BEHIND!

BW: That runs in the family, Gordo.

[Still on his knees, Wilde snatches a handful of Konoe's hair, pumping his fist repeatedly into the Blackstar's face before he gets up, switching to stomps to the head and neck, forcing Konoe towards the ropes...

...but he pulls him up by the hair before he can roll out and escape the match, quickly whipping him across the ring...]

GM: Konoe on the rebound and...

[Wilde lifts Konoe up under his arm, using Konoe's own momentum to spin back the other direction before DUMPING him across a bent knee!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: And he calls that one a Walk On The Wilde Side!

[Konoe flails about on the mat, clutching his back before he rolls under the ropes to the safety of the outside.]

SA: Konoe rolls out, as good as a tag here in this one... and let's see who's going to come in to take on the six foot, 300 pound brawler from Hotlanta, Georgia.

[It's Malasangre who is the next one in, dashing across the ring, ducking a wild knife edge chop by Wilde...]

GM: Ducks the chop...

[...and on the rebound, he ducks a running clothesline attempt, sliding to his knee to come to an abrupt halt...]

GM: ...and the clothesline as well...

[...and as Wilde angrily charges back again, Malasangre uses his own momentum against him, scooping him up, twisting around, and PLANTING him with a quick and impactful powerslam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: MALASANGRE WITH THE POWERSLAM ON A MAN NEARLY A HUNDRED POUNDS HEAVIER THAN HE IS!

[Wilde comes up holding his lower back as Malasangre barrels towards him, leaping into a spinning leg lariat that sends Wilde toppling over the ropes to the outside. The crowd cheers as Malasangre gets up, clapping his hands together over his head as the fans start to clap along with him...]

SA: And it is so unusual for me to hear the fans showing their support for the likes of Malasangre but this reunion of Los Renegados has - at least temporarily - boosted the love of this once-dastardly trio in the eyes of the fans throughout all of Mexico and- OHHHHHHHHHH!

[Big Sal reacts as Malasangre runs across the ring, hurling himself between the ropes to jam a forearm into the jaw of Elijah Wilde, knocking him for a loop and sending him spinning back into the ringside railing...

...which leaves Chaz Wallace and El Caballo Salvaje to replace their partners inside the ring...]

GM: In comes the next pair... and look at Chaz just UNLOADING on Salvaje!

[Chaz is a flurry of offense - rights and lefts, a few leg kicks, and then a leaping enzuigiri, all finding the mark on the six foot, 230 pound Salvaje who stands stoic until Chaz gets up...

...and then CRACKS him with a right hand, knocking Chaz flat!]

GM: OHH! What a shot! What a right hand!

[The crowd cheers that one as Salvaje quickly yanks Chaz up, shoving him back into a corner.]

“WHAAAAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAP!”

[Four chops are followed up with four stiff elbows to the jaw to match. He grabs the arm, whipping Chaz from corner to corner where his spine jolts against the impact of the buckles...]

GM: Chaz stumbles back out... taking a-

[The crowd gasps as Salvaje shoves Chaz skyward, popping him up...

...and then catching him in a backbreaker!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[As Salvaje shoves Chaz off his knee, Wallace goes rolling under the ropes to the outside...]

GM: And out goes Chaz Wallace! That means we're going to get another member of the Dead Man's Party in the ring and-

[The crowd buzzes as that other member climbs through the ropes, stomping across the ring and bumping chests with Salvaje!]

GM: Uh oh! And the two biggest men in this match are ready to throw down!

[Wilde stabs a taped finger into the cheek of Salvaje who slaps it away angrily...]

GM: We've got a tense situation here and-

[Suddenly, Chet Wallace comes springboarding off the top rope towards Salvaje who twists around and KNOCKS him out of the sky with a right hand!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Salvaje whips back around, sticking his finger in Wilde's face...

...who also spins away, just in time to catch a flying Malasangre with a headbutt to the sternum, sending him spiraling down to the canvas for a rough landing!]

GM: Good grief!

[And back goes Wilde to Salvaje, ready to throw down once more...

...and throw down they do, battering one another with wild rights and lefts, the crowd going nuts for the exchange!]

GM: And we've got another fight on our hands here in Guadalupe!

[The looping haymakers from both men are landing fast and furious as neither is willing to give ground in the middle of the ring...

...and Salvaje swings a knee up into the midsection, cutting off the exchange.]

GM: El Caballo Salvaje goes downstairs, cutting off Wilde cold...

[The luchador hooks an arm around Wilde's upper body, reaching down for the lower...]

GM: Exploder suplex on the way perhaps and- AHHH! HE'S BITING HIM! HE'S BITING HIM!

BW: That's my boy.

[A chuckling Bucky Wilde looks on as Wilde gnaws on the nose of Salvaje, causing him to cry out in pain. Wilde lets go, swinging Salvaje around by the shoulder to face away from him...]

GM: Waistlock from behind!

[...and hoists Salvaje into the air, dumping him down on the back of his head and neck with a released German Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Elijah Wilde pops back up, throwing his arms apart, taunting the Mexico crowd who jeer loudly as Salvaje tries to recover down on the canvas...

...and instead rolls out, dropping off the apron.]

GM: Salvaje's out and...

[Kaz Konoe slingshots over the top rope, coming to a halt as Wilde jerks around to stare him down.]

GM: Konoe's back in... and wisely, he chooses to not blindly charge into a fight with Elijah Wilde who is running on pure rage here tonight it seems like.

BW: He's a man on a mission - a man trying to prove a point.

GM: Well, if you're gunning for a spot on the AWA roster, I suppose taking out that aggression on someone who is already on the roster would be a good way to do it.

[Wilde uses that momentary pause to his advantage, rushing towards Konoe...

...who simply drops down, pulling the ropes with him as Wilde falls over them.]

GM: Ohh! Wilde goes up and over... but he hangs on... still on the apron...

[Konoe quickly runs to the ropes, leaping to the middle rope before springing back into a dropkick that sends Wilde off the apron to the floor!]

GM: And Konoe clears out Wilde... and here comes Chaz Wallace again!

[Chaz reaches over the top rope, yanking Konoe by the hair, throwing him down to the mat before he slingshots over the top rope into a legdrop on the Blackstar!]

GM: Ohhh! Nice move there by Chaz Wallace... and Chaz with a cover!

[A two count follows before Konoe slips a shoulder out.]

GM: Konoe's out at two!

[Chaz slaps his hands on the mat as he swings a leg over Konoe, pounding away at him as the Mexico crowd jeers loudly.]

GM: Chaz pommeling him down, trying to beat him into the canvas...

[Dragging Konoe to his feet, Chaz whips him into the DMP corner, charging in, and twisting into a back elbow up under the chin before he slaps his brother's offered hand.]

GM: Tag!

[Chet slingshots over the top rope to stand alongside his brother, throwing a pair of double back elbows. They flip Konoe out of the corner into a seated position before leaping up to land a double dropkick to the back of the head!]

GM: Nice doubleteam by the Idols! Another cover!

[But again, Konoe slips out at two.]

GM: Another two count... and another tag. Here comes the Idols, doing what they do best.

SA: Quick tags. Effective and innovative doubleteams.

[Chaz slingshots over the top again, this time into a somersault senton, rolling up to his feet before snapping off a standing moonsault as Chet drops to a knee, pointing to his brother with both hands...]

GM: Make it another cover!

[Another two count follows, Chet loudly protesting as he exits the ring, watching as Elijah Wilde climbs up on the apron alongside his partner.]

GM: Chaz Wallace in there with Kaz Konoe still... big whip to the neutral corner...

[Chaz rushes across the ring towards Konoe. The Japanese superstar dives out of the way of the charge... and Chaz smartly leaps up, landing on the middle turnbuckle in the corner...]

GM: Trading counters and...

[Chaz leaps off, twisting around into a crossbody...

...and Kaz takes him out of the sky with a standing dropkick to the torso!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: KONOE WINS THE COUNTER BATTLE!

[And with both men down on the mat, they start crawling towards their respective corners where their partners await...]

GM: Both men trying to get to the corner! Both men trying to make the tag!

[Konoe gets his feet underneath him as he gets to the corner, making a dive...]

GM: TAG!

[Malasangre comes charging hard through the ropes, rushing towards Chaz Wallace who is back on his feet...]

GM: Malasangre on the move!

[Leaping into the air, the luchador snags Chaz Wallace's head between his legs, flipping him over onto the canvas with a rana!]

SA: Huracanrana by Malsangre! The luchador bringing the high octane offense in this one!

[Malasangre gets up, nodding to the cheering crowd as he dashes to the ropes again...]

GM: And another one! Flipping Chaz over onto the mat again!

[Chaz Wallace is a dizzy and dazed mess as he tries to regain his footing, Malsangre swinging a finger in the air as he gets back up...]

GM: The luchador calling for something here - Sal, any idea what...?

SA: Here it comes!

[Snatching the rising Chaz in a front facelock, the luchador rushes the ropes, running right up them, kicking off, twisting through the air...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: TORNADO DDT! HE SPIKED HIM!

[With Chaz prone on the canvas, Malasangre dives on top of him...]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd groans as Elijah Wilde slips in, charges the pile, leaping up to drop 300 pounds down on Malasangre's back with a senton!]

GM: WILDE BREAKS UP THE PIN!

[The fans are booing, Los Renegados are angrily protesting, and the referee is shouting at Elijah Wilde as he backs to his corner, flashing a double middle finger at the official who protests even louder.]

GM: No respect for authority... and if you needed any proof this young man is a Wilde, you just got it!

BW: I taught him that one.

GM: I have no doubt.

[Malasangre slowly crawls to the corner, grabbing his back with one hand as he slaps the offered hand of El Caballo Salvaje.]

SA: And the big man of Los Renegados is back into the ring. The de factor leader... the team captain of this group and arguably its most dangerous member. The Wild Horse is on the stampede and we'll see if Chaz Wallace can survive the unbridled savagery of this man.

[Salvaje grabs the rising Chaz by the face with one hand, shoving him backwards into the ropes, shouting something in Spanish at him...

...and then simply piefaces him up and over the ropes to the floor...]

GM: OHH! OUT GOES CHAZ!

[...and then slowly turns, pointing a finger at Elijah Wilde again to another big reaction!]

GM: And he wants Wilde!

SA: Here we go again!

[Wilde doesn't hesitate, moving quickly through the ropes, charging towards the waiting Wild Horse...

...and it breaks down into a rapid exchange of fists again!]

GM: THE FISTS ARE FLYING IN MEXICOOOOOO!

[The crowd is ROARING as Salvaje and Wilde trade blows once again...

...and Wilde grabs the smaller man by the head, tossing him back into the neutral corner!]

GM: Wilde's got him in the corner.. big chops... big elbows! Wilde's going to town on him!

[But suddenly, the luchador loops his arms around Wilde's neck, spinning him back into the corner...]

GM: Salvaje reverses it!

[The crowd gets louder as the luchador uncorks a half dozen brutal elbow strikes to the jaw...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The repeated slaps drive Wilde down to a slouched position in the corner...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and further on down, all the way to where his butt is just inches away from the canvas which is when El Caballo Salvaje steps back, spits on his open palm...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and sends Wilde all the way down to a seated position against the neutral corner!]

SA: SALVAJE SLAPS! HIM! DOWWWWWWN!

[Walking away from the corner, swinging his arms up, riling up the fans, Salvaje stomps across the ring...]

...and charges back in...]

GM: HERE HE COMES!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RUNNING KNEELIFT IN THE CORNER!

[The luchador stomps across the ring, slapping the offered hand of Malasangre.]

GM: TAG!

[Malasangre steps in, moving swiftly to the opposite neutral corner...]

...and charges from corner to corner, leaping into the air, and crushing Wilde against the buckles with a double knee!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MALASANGRE STRIKES HARD!

[The luchador sprints back to his corner, slapping the offered hand of Estrella Negra.]

GM: Another tag - this one to Kaz Konoe!

[Konoe runs down the apron, grabbing the top rope as he comes to a halt. He promptly slingshots into the air, changing direction in mid-flight to swing back in with a dropkick to the face!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND KONOE LANDS ONE AS WELL!

SA: Is that Strike Three for Elijah Wilde?!

[Konoe pops up, looking to pull Wilde from the corner..

...but spies El Caballo Salvaje sticking out his hand, calling for a tag.]

GM: And Salvaje wants back in... and Konoe obliges!

[The tag draws cheers as Salvaje steps in, marching in place for a moment...

...and then breaks into a sprint, charging across the ring!]

GM: SALVAJE ON THE MOVE!

[But before connecting with a running kneelift, the luchador slams on the brakes, lifting his leg, planting his boot on the face...

...and delivers one hell of a disrespectful bootsrape!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Wilde recoils in pain, flailing back and forth on the canvas, rubbing at his eyes as the luchador spreads his arms, posing for the cheering crowd.]

GM: Salvaje adding insult to injury... and perhaps a little injury to injury as well!

[The luchador goes to grab Wilde by the ankle...

...which is when Chet Wallace comes charging into the ring, looking to attack from behind!]

GM: Chet's in and- uh oh!

[The crowd buzzes as the Wild Horse whips around, wrapping his powerful arms around the torso of the American Idol...

...and CHUCKS him effortlessly over the top rope to the floor with an overhead belly to belly suplex!]

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: OH MY STARS!

SA: The belly to belly to the floor! Inspired by the legendary Outlaw's Curse suplex we saw Casey James use earlier tonight!

[Salvaje pounds his fist into his chest, shouting out to the floor where Chet Wallace is unmoving on the floor...

...and Chaz comes through the ropes, angrily shouting and waving his arms at Salvaje, a move that causes the referee to cut him off!]

GM: Chaz was coming in - on his way in and he got cut off by the referee!

[Chaz is trying to get past the official... or is he?]

GM: Wait a-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd jeers as a battered Elijah Wilde crawls on his hands and knees behind the distracted luchador, swinging his arm up into the groin!]

GM: LOW BLOW FROM BEHIND!

[Wilde shoves the Wilde Horse into the ropes as Chaz exits the ring peacefully, rebounding back...]

GM: POP UP!

[...and the former tecnico is caught on the way down, DRIVEN into the canvas!]

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: POWERBOMMMMMMMMB!

[Wilde stacks up the legs, leaning over in a pin attempt.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! THRE-

[The crowd cheers loudly as a charging Malasangre connects with a dropkick to the ribcage, breaking up the pin!]

SA: LOS RENEGADOS LIVE TO FIGHT SOME MORE!

[Malasangre vacates the ring as a fuming Elijah Wilde gets up, firing some words in the luchador's direction as he pulls El Caballo Salvaje off the canvas.]

GM: Wilde pulls him up - what else has he got?!

[Wilde walks across the ring, slapping the hand of Chaz Wallace...

...and then ducks low behind Salvaje, powering him up onto his shoulders!]

GM: Uh oh! Electric chair lift by Wilde! He's got the Wild Horse up!

[Chaz walks to mid-apron, nodding his head as he grabs the top rope...

...and slingshots to the top, springboarding off...]

GM: DROPKICK!

[...and lashes out with his legs, catching Salvaje in the chest with his feet, knocking him off Wilde's shoulders, and down into a hard crash on the canvas!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Chaz throws his arms apart, shouting “IT’S OVER!” as he dives across the downed luchador...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THRE-

[The crowd cheers as Malasangre again makes the lunge, diving on top of Chaz' back and breaking up the pin!]

GM: And again, Malasangre makes the save for his squad!

[This time, Malasangre pulls Chaz to his feet, peppering him with a trio of quick forearm shots to the jaw as the referee protests...]

GM: Chaz getting a mouthful of forearms... to the ropes goes Malasangre...

[Malasangre leaps to the middle rope, ready to spring back...

...but Chaz follows him in, leaping up with a dropkick to the butt that sends the luchador into a front flip over the top rope, crashing down onto a rising Chet Wallace on the outside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CHAZ SENDS MALASANGRE TO THE OUTSIDE!

BW: But I'm not sure that didn't pay dividends for Los Renegados! He landed right on top of Chet when Chet was trying to get up!

[Chaz pumps his arms, celebrating the big move as he looks out on the two bodies on the outside...

...and with a grin, he shouts "THIS ONE'S FOR YOU, RILEY!"

GM: What's he doing now?!

[Chaz runs towards the corner, leaping over the ropes, landing on the middle rope on the outside...

...and SNAPS off a moonsault from the outside onto both his own brother and Malasangre!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: TRIANGLE MOONSAULT! AN HOMAGE TO HIS SIDELINED FRIEND, RILEY HUNTER!

GM: We've got Wallaces on the floor! We've got Malasangre on the floor! We've got-

BW: Konoe's climbing!

[With bodies on the outside, Kaz Konoe climbs to the top rope, looking out on the outside where the Wallaces and Malasangre are getting to their feet...

...and Konoe leaps backwards, corkscrewing through the sky...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BLACKSTAR PRESS TO THE FLOOOOOOOOR!

[With the Wallaces outside, Elijah Wilde slips back inside the ring, grabbing the rising El Caballo Salvaje by the red hair, dragging him to his feet, and booting him in the midsection!]

GM: Well, at least Wilde's not going to dive too!

BW: Not yet at least!

GM: A fair point as... he lifts the Wild Horse up!

[Holding the 230 pound luchador aloft, Wilde charges from corner to corner...

...and HURLS him into the turnbuckles, jolting the spine of the Wilde Horse!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: He calls that the Thunder Crusher!

[And as Wilde backpedals out of the corner to the far corner, throwing himself aggressively back against the buckles, he watches the luchador slump to a seated position in the corner...

...and charges right back in, flinging himself into a rolling cannonball!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Wilde gets back to his feet, dragging the luchador by the foot out of the corner...

...and then rolls him backwards up to his feet, promptly shoving him in the back into the ropes again...]

GM: POP UP!

[...but the luchador goes up and over, still on the move...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: AYYYYY DIOS MIIIIIOOOOOO! WHAT A SOMERSAULT DIVE BY THE WILD HORSE!

[Wilde whips around angrily, looking around at the ring that is totally empty except for him...

...and with fury in his eyes, he stomps across the ring to the corner, quickly climbing the turnbuckles...]

GM: Wait, wait! Don't do this! Don't do it!

BW: That's 313 pound up top and...

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Wilde adds his mass to the pile, hurling himself into a cannonball off the top rope onto the pile of friends and foes alike on the floor!]

GM: IT LOOKS LIKE A DAMN CAR CRASH OUT HERE! WE'VE GOT BODIES EVERYWHERE YOU CAN SEE!

SA: And with everyone on the outside, it's anyone's guess as to who is legal in this one now!

BW: Legal?! We've got guys looking for the nearest meat wagon and you're worried about who is legal?!

SA: It's still an active match! We still need a winner and a loser!

BW: Oh, we've got a loser and I'm lookin' at him, Albano!

GM: Try to control yourselves, gentlemen... for all of our sakes... and it looks like we're about to get an answer to your question, Sal. Chet Wallace - the first one to the floor to begin with - is the first one up... and he's bringing Malasangre with him!

[Chet tosses Malasangre under the ropes, rolling in after him...]

GM: They're both back in now... and what's Chet got in store next?

[Chet ducks low, crouching as he watches Malasangre get back to his feet...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUPERKICK!

[The blow knocks Malasangre back against the ropes, hanging onto the ropes to stay on his feet...]

...which is when Chaz rolls in as well, ignoring the referee...]

GM: The referee's telling Chaz to get out and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF! MAKE IT A SECOND SUPERKICK ON MALASANGRE!

[The luchador hits the ropes, staggering back off towards the brothers...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AND A DOUBLE SUPERKICK TO BOOT! NO PUN INTENDED!

[Chet waves his arms, calling it over as he starts to drop into a lateral press...]

...which is when Kaz Konoe leaps off the top rope, sailing down towards them...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: HOLY-

SA: THE IDOLS KICK KONOE OUT OF THE SKYYYYYY!

[Chaz gestures to Konoe and then to Malasangre who Chet stomps right under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Malasangre goes out - that makes Konoe totally legal... and a double whip puts him in the corner..

[Backing off, the Idols look at one another, putting their fists together so the "MA" is facing the hard camera... which earns a quick cut to the crowd before we hear "DROPKICK PARRRRRTYYYYYY!" from off-camera...]

...and cut back just in time to see Chaz run from corner to corner, throwing a dropkick to the chin of Kaz Konoe, causing him to sink down in a heap in the corner...]

GM: THAT'S ONE!

[Chet points with two finger "pistols" at Konoe before barreling across after his brother, leaping into the air...]

GM: MAKE IT TWO!

[The second dropkick has Konoe in a limp pile in the corner as Elijah Wilde slides into, grabbing the top rope with both hands, restraining himself as the Idols clear the path...

...and he sprints across, throwing himself into another high impact cannonball!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Wilde rolls out as Chet drags Konoe out of the corner, grabbing both legs, flipping over into a double leg cradle...]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT...

[The crowd ROARS as the Blackstar kicks out in time, breaking up the pin!]

BW: You’ve gotta be kidding me!

GM: Konoe kicks out! Los Renegados are still in this one!

[Chet pounds his fists into the mat in frustration as Chaz bullies the referee across the ring, arguing the count...

...which is when Malasangre grabs Chaz by the ankles, pulling him off his feet and dragging him out to the floor where he promptly hurls him backwards into the ringside railing!]

“CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: CHAZ GOES INTO THE RAILING!

[A fired up Elijah Wilde gets back into the ring, gesturing for Chet to get Konoe up and finish him off...]

GM: Wilde's calling for that pop up powerbomb again!

[Chet whips Konoe towards the ropes, sending him rebounding back towards Wilde who shoves him skyward...

...but on the way down, Konoe snatches a front facelock, twisting through the air...]

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: TORNADO DDT! WHAT A COUNTER! WHAT A COUNTER!

[A shocked Chet Wallace rushes to Wilde's side, promptly grabbing him and getting him back to his feet...

...which is when El Caballo Salvaje charges across the ring, leaping HIGH into the air, burying a foot in the chest of Chet Wallace and one in the chest of Elijah Wilde, DRIVING both men into the canvas to a thunderous reaction!]

SA: LA ESTAMPIDA! THE STAMPEDE CONNECTS!

[The impact causes Wilde to roll to the floor as Salvaje pursues, diving on top of him to keep him there as Kaz Konoe rushes across the ring, leaping over the prone

Chet Wallace, scrambling up to the top rope. He points to the crowd, his back to the ring...

...and LEAPS into the air, twisting around in a corkscrew moonsault...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BLACKSTAR PRESS! BLACKSTAR PRESS! HE GOT IT ALL!

[Konoe reaches back, snatching a leg as the official dives down to count.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: KONOE GETS THE PIN - LOS RENEGADOS WIN!

[The crowd EXPLODES for the bell as Los Renegados - the famed lucha trio - picks up the win in their big reunion matchup.]

GM: These fans in Guadalupe are going crazy as well!

SA: Like we said, Los Renegados were not the most popular trio during their heyday here in Mexico... but the fans came together here tonight to support them against the Dead Man's Party and they got exactly what they came to see in this one!

GM: And with Kaz Konoe scoring the deciding pin, you've gotta wonder if that'll provide Konoe with some much needed momentum as he continues to chase the World Television Championship.

[Konoe celebrates with his teammates as the Dead Man's Party regroups on the floor, the Wallaces trying to convince Elijah Wilde to head back up the aisle towards the locker room.]

GM: What a night! What a match! And fans, we'll be right back with more of this very special show in just a moment!

[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."

[We fade to black..

...and then come back up to live action backstage in Estadio BBVA where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell standing.]

SLB: Welcome back to Guadalupe, Mexico... and joining me now are two gentlemen who in a few short minutes look to be in for the fight of their lives...

[From behind Blackwell, Jackson Hunter appears from the shadows, clutching the AWA National Title belt to his chest greedily. Blake Colton looms menacingly on the other side of Sweet Lou.]

SLB: ..."The Death Star" Blake Colton and STILL the AWA National Champion, Jackson Hunter. Gentlemen, you are a long way from the plains of Canada.

BC: Yah right, bahd. Definitely not as much fun as my parents' timeshare in Ixtapa.

JH: Ah, come on Death Star. You miss so much when you don't step foot outside the resort. Like this lovely stadium--I mean, it's no Mosaic, but it's... nice. Quaint.

SLB: Well, Mr. Hunter this "quaint" stadium is filled with fans who are anticipating retribution when your former Axis associate Derrick Williams can finally get his hands on you in the ring.

JH: I intend to rise above your attempts to rile me, Sweet Lou...

[Hunter glances back and forth between Blackwell and the camera as Sweet Lou and Blake Colton wait for the other shoe to drop.]

JH: ...But before I do, Lord Baldemort, let me remind you that I am the AWA National Champion, which says everything that needs to be said about me as a competitor. A picture is worth a thousand words, and the National Title is worth thirty pieces of silver.

Lou, when you've been around as long as I have, you'll find it very difficult to get a rise out of me.

SLB: [muttering] I've heard that about you.

[Blake Colton tries to stifle a snicker, finding Blackwell's deadpan actually funny. Hunter carries on without missing a beat.]

JH: Now Derrick, where's your belt, eh? Everyone had you pegged as a future champion, Future. "You were supposed to be the chosen one, Anakin!" Instead, Next Gen are walking around with your tag team belts, and your partner..

[Blake Colton hands Jackson Hunter his shovel, etched with initials.]

JH: ...well, he met with an unfortunate landscaping accident.

SLB: You hit Riley Hunter, your own cousin, with that shovel.

JH: And the wrestling world mourns, because we are down one preening, zealous, chicken-plucking chicken of a competitor. I am mourning because I didn't get the other preening, zealous chicken-plucking chicken in System Shock. Tonight is my shot to rectify that. And you went out and got yourself a brand new partner, Derrick. What was his name, Blake?

BC: Hamilton something, I think.

JH: Yeah, Hamilton... Carter?, I wanna say...?

[Sweet Lou gets more and more indignant at Hunter and Colton's facetiousness...]

SLB: Are you seriously claiming not to know who Hannibal Carver-

[...But he keeps getting interrupted.]

JH: Is he from CCW, Death Star? Was he one of those guys Jackie Bourassa fought?

SLB: Hannibal Carver is-

BC: He's one of those "weed whacker and fluorescent light tube" bahds.

JH: Well, the AWA is fortunate to have you and I to teach Derrick Williams and Animal Carmen about tact and finesse.

SLB: HANNIBAL CARVER was featured prominently in the Stampede Cup, where he and Ryan Martinez went further in the brackets than you two did.

JH: Doesn't ring a bell.

SLB: He Main Evented SuperClash VII!

JH: Did he? No, I think that was...

SLB: You were in attendance!

JH: Hmm. I suppose I was. You learn something new every day.

SLB: You know, I've heard the line about how those of us who have never stepped foot in the ring have no place to criticize any wrestler, but you two, sirs, are in for a very long night in Guadalupe if you approach Carver and Williams with that flippant attitude. It'll make you wish you stayed on the beach.

[Colton grabs the shovel back from Hunter and points the flat toward Blackwell's face. From the other side, Hunter holds the belt out, mirroring the shovel.]

BC: Or they could be facing the National Champion and the Death Star, bahd.

JH: Who is in for the long night, Sweet Lou? Just watch me.

[We fade away from Colton and Hunter to some area of the stadium, cut off from public use. It's a staircase to be specific, the camera is at the bottom looking up. Sitting on the closest steps is "The Future" Derrick Williams, but his look is, different. It's all black. His boots, black with white laces, his kneepads black, his mid-thigh length trunks black with a white stripe outline, his fists are even taped up in black tape. He's also wearing a black zip-up hooded sweatshirt, left open but hood up over his head.

Standing farther up the steps is Hannibal Carver. Carver is wearing his usual black tights with gray barbed wire print circling his legs from the lower thigh to his black wrestling boots. He wears a black shirt with the slogan BLOODSHED ON THE STREETS emblazoned across the chest in red lettering. He hooks his thumbs in the black fanny pack at his waist as Williams speaks up.]

DW: You know, if you look at what's gone on this year since February between me and Jax, you'd think that now, today, I'd be mad. But I'm not. Don't get me wrong, Jax throwing us under the bus to power grab made me mad. Catching me in my hubris made me mad. Taking out Riley made me mad. Getting your boy Colton to take down Maxim made me mad. Hell, I can even say I'm mad about you two taking out Ohara two weeks ago.

But beyond that, I'm more mad that I had to pull out my 'In case of emergency' card. Nah, tonight, I'm not mad. I'm... reflective. So far, in my career, I've been lucky really, Lucky enough to sit under a few very large learning trees. And all three taught me some very important lessons... and there are two that apply.

[Williams holds up one finger.]

DW: Always have a backup...

[And another.]

DW: ...and never let yourself be taken by surprise.

[Williams shrugs.]

DW: And to you, Jax... I'm not mad at you. Not tonight.

Tonight, I'm grateful. I'm grateful for what you pulled off, surprising me, taking away my position, my crew, and my plan A for comin' after you. Because, frankly, I forgot a lesson. I got complacent. I thought I was cool with El Presidente, and I was very mistaken. I thought Ri and I could get through Next Gen without putting all the extra work we usually do, and I was very mistaken. I thought I could pull double duty, win a Rumble, snag some cash, a title shot, roll right back and take out Next Gen, and I failed. I thought getting the tag belts back in a cage was a given, that the Stampede Cup was a gimmie, and that I didn't have to worry about Max. I was wrong.

[Williams rubs his fists.]

DW: But you know what, Jax... you woke me up. My biggest trial. You took my crew, my spot, you brought me down to my lowest. So low that I went to Jordan Ohara for help.

[Williams smirks at the well-placed verbal jab.]

DW: And when you took that, I had to do something I said I'd never do, even though I knew the offer was always on the table. This guy behind me, it's not a secret we hang. But we steer clear of each other in the ring because Rule 1, there are no friends on this side of an Arena door.

But I'm not a dumb kid. I know I can't take both of you on and I know that there isn't any one else out there that I didn't piss off over the last year..

[Williams nods.]

DW: So I had to call in a favor. And that? That leads us to tonight.

I said I wasn't mad, Jax. I'm not even mad at Colton. But that doesn't mean you're not catching our fade. Because while you re-taught me a lesson I should've remembered, I'm still getting my payback. I'm still gonna log your boy off. And Hannibal and I... well, remember, you called down this thunder. You could've had me and J... but, well... best laid plans and all that.

[Carver pauses to sit down on the step he was standing on. He nods at the camera, putting a hand to his forehead.]

HC: It's funny yeh say that... yer in case of emergency card. Because there's been times, damn near everyone in the back figured this was coming.

[Carver moves his hand off of his forehead, extending his index finger.]

HC: Some big monster broke yer mentor's hand and landed on yeh with all the weight in the world. I stayed in the back and watched it happen. I could've ran out, hell yeh were barely a month in this company so it would've only been right to fight by yer side...

[Carver shakes his head.]

HC: But yeh told me no. Told me to let yeh take care of business no matter how banged up yeh were.

[Carver pauses, scowling at his hand.]

HC: Dane. Then there was Morgan Dane. He bashed my skull in with a shovel and put on the shelf. By then me and Derrick here had been hoisting a case about every night on the road.

[Carver shakes his head.]

HC: And I told yeh to stand back and let me put that mental patient back in the intensive care unit where he belongs.

So the fact that we're here today? The fact that we're about to fight side by side in that ring?

[Carver nods grimly.]

HC: That should tell the whole story about where we are. Because we've always left any friendship when the last can of brew is empty. Because we've let anything and everything that goes on outside the bar and the car be what it was. Whether it's one of us getting taken down when we aren't looking. Hell, even if it was him siding up with someone that tried to take me out. It's all business.

But, here's the thing.

[Carver hooks a thumb in Williams' direction.]

HC: Derrick and me? We grew up a lot different. In life and in this sport. For me, the more shots that get thrown back, the more empties that get tossed on the floor of the car, the more someone gets put in a certain category.

Yeh may not be friends, but yeh start to like the son of a bitch. More importantly, yeh start to respect him more with every road story.

[Williams smirks as Carver points his index finger towards the camera.]

HC: So boys, I don't have some long standing anger towards yeh. I don't even hardly know who the hell yeh are. I ain't one of these geeks in the back that stays on top of every single body that makes their way into a wrestling ring.

But, have I been waiting a while to stomp the holy hell out of someone on this man's say so?

[Now it's Carver's turn to smirk.]

HC: Yeh bet yer ass I have.

[Carver slaps Williams on the shoulder.]

HC: Don't get me wrong, now... I ain't exactly flying blind tonight. Derrick has told me plenty. Told me every weakness to keep my eyes peeled for. Plus, as I was saying before...

[Carver shakes his head as he gets back to his feet.]

HC: I don't have a lot of room in my heart got someone running around with a damn shovel.

That ain't all, either. If yeh just run at someone with daggers in yer eyes, that's cool with me. I can relate, as it's one of my favorite hobbies right behind shotgunning beers and hockey trivia.

But yeh had to play yer games. Had to sneak around and get rid of Williams' running buddies instead of taking him out face to face. And after all the crap I've dealt with the suits around here playing their human chess games instead of taking care of business with fists...

[Carver shrugs, zipping open his fanny pack. He takes out a can of beer, cracking it open and spilling some suds on an eye-rolling Derrick Williams. He takes a long deep sip.]

HC: I've got a lot of anger built up with all the crap I've been put through and my fist hasn't smashed nearly enough faces. Neither of yeh have the faces I want to smash the most, but yer damn close. After the years the undisputed kings of drinking the boys under the table are hitting the ring together... and after we're done with yer sorry carcasses?

[Carver raises the can again, crushing it as he chugs the rest of the brew. He steps forward, side by side with the now standing Williams.]

HC: Yer getting stuck with the bar tab.

[Carver tosses the crushed beer can at the camera as we cut back out to a panning show of the Estadio BBVA crowd before fading to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a sixty minute time limit.

Introducing first...

[The rumble of distant thunder and synths from "Vale of Shadows" by GUNSHIP that fills the stadium, which is bathed in magenta and turquoise light like an eighties movie.]

GM: Time now for the penultimate match of the evening, and a grudge that has been boiling over for the duration of the summer.

[Through the curtain steps a wiry, stubbled man in a battered, high-collared suede coat the color of charcoal. He plays it cool, but he has the demeanor of a velociraptor, and a dangerous smirk on his face. In his arms, he clutches the AWA National title greedily.]

GM: This man, Jackson Hunter claimed to be the mastermind of the Axis and now, like a curse, sits atop the AWA with the National title that he stole. And if he was hoping for the same ovation from Estadio BBVA as he got earlier this summer at the Battle of Saskatchewan, he is barking up the wrong tree.

SA: Absolutely, Gordon. I first encountered the Velociraptor when I started studying under Al Pickard in the last days of Chinook, and he was a master manipulator then as he is now. He is intelligent, calculating, and very easy to underestimate. Jackson Hunter is also arrogant, sadistic, and chronically insecure about his place in wrestling history. He is very much the Walter White of professional wrestling.

[And he's not alone: behind him is the hulking presence of the six-four, 350 pound Blake Colton. Colton looks very much like the Sasquatch he has been compared to, with his mop of unkempt dirty blonde hair emerging from the top of his "Rising Sun" bandana and his bushy, untrimmed beard. His massive, powerlifter arms and barrel chest are barely contained by the denim jacket he wears, the sleeves already torn away. Colton waves his arms in the air at the fans in the Estadio BBVA, demanding, "on your feet!" as he slowly makes his way down the ramp behind his sinister mentor.]

SA: And what would Walter White be without his Jesse Pinkman?

GM: You have to think that Blake Colton is somewhat of a fish out of water in this situation, Sal.

BW: He's a 350 pound Death Star, guys. He can do that anywhere.

SA: I am loath to argue with you, Bucky... but as good as Blake Colton is, and as dangerous a competitor as he is, as high as his ceiling is... he is inexperienced. He has been a pro for less than two years, and historically, he's needed a more experienced mentor to keep him on track.

[Ortiz continues.]

RO: At a combined weight of 560 pounds... First, from Calgary, Alberta, Canada... he is the "DEATH STAR..."

[Colton pauses on his way up the ring steps to spread his arms wide, mouthing "Death Star" along with Ortiz.]

RO: ...BLAKE... COLTON.

[As he ascends the ring steps, Jackson Hunter turns his back to the ring to face the crowd. He takes a moment to snarl at his surroundings.]

RO: And from the Broken Arrow Ranch in Last Mountain, Saskatchewan, Canada... he is the AWA NATIONAL CHAMMMMMPIONNNNN... JACKSON... HUNTERRRRRR!

[Hunter flings his arms into the air at a 45 degree angle, gesturing a Nixonian "peace sign" on either hand. He holds his arms in the air for a few seconds to survey the stadium full of fans with a reptilian smirk.]

SA: Hunter, of course, no stranger to Mexico. He spent much of 1996 and 1997 wrestling here for a number of smaller companies as "Raptor Real," and would later parlay that experience into success as a junior heavyweight in Japan.

["Vale of Shadows" fades out. Colton is in red and black bike short tights with white and yellow trim. The word "DEATH STAR" is written across the back, and a stylized infinity symbol crest is on the front. His knee pads are red, and he has short red and black wrestling boots with white laces. Hunter wears shiny, black and silver snakeskin-patterned loose-fitting pants, and a sleeveless black and dark grey rashguard top.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponents...

[The crowd boos for Hunter and Colton turn to cheers as Imagine Dragons' "Radioactive" starts playing over the arena]

RO: First, now residing in Miami, Florida... weighing in at 265 pounds... he is "THE FUTURE"...

DERRRRRRRRRICK WILLLLLLLLLLLIAMSSSSSS!

[At the announcement of his name, "The Future" Derrick Williams walks through the entrance, more animated than we see him normally. Like in the earlier video, Williams is in different attire for him: black boots with white laces and trim, black knee pads, black tights going down to mid thigh with white borders, black tape around his fists and wrists, and he's wearing an open zip-up black hooded sweatshirt, with what might be a Mexican beer brand logo on the right breast but we won't mention it because they're not paying us to. He takes a few steps toward the ring and stops just after the stage on the ramp, smiling while rubbing his wrists.]

RO: And his tag team partner..

[The crowd ROARS as the Imagine Dragons' song gives way to the siren that can only mean one thing.]

"GONNA BE A BLACKOUT!!"

[The crowd EXPLODES as the Dropkick Murphys fire up the PA system and a wild-eyed Hannibal Carver comes stalking into view. He's dressed as he was in the earlier footage, pausing to slap Williams on the back.]

"Let's go, kid... the beer's on ice and yeh know I like `em cold."

[Williams nods and the duo starts stomping down the aisle towards the ring as the Estadio BBVA crowd shows this makeshift team some love.]

SA: And when you talk about crowd reactions that are still a little bit surreal - you gotta talk about the fans cheering the likes of Derrick Williams who spent the last

year and change until very recently tormenting the heroes of the AWA and earning the ire of fans all over the world, Gordon.

GM: Well, some of that love goes out to the man walking down the ramp with him... but Williams has been earning the respect of the fans as of late as well as he does battle with the very people he used to stand side-by-side with.

[Williams and Carver slide into the ring, coming to their feet where the referee rushes to insert himself between the two teams who trade words from a distance as the official struggles to maintain control.]

GM: This one could break down at any time... and right now, the referee just wants to get this one off to a clean and even start.

[With the fans cheering and the music fading, the official works to get things under control before starting the match.]

GM: I've been waiting for this one for a while now... and I can't wait to see what goes down here at Estrellas En El Cielo on Fox Sports X.

[The official checks in with both teams as they finally separate, moving to their respective corners for some final discussions.]

GM: We're just about ready to go now... final strategy on the minds of both teams...

[Seeing no signs of a war about to erupt, the referee waves a hand to signal for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The bell has sounded and this much-anticipated tag team showdown is set to begin here in Guadalupe, Mexico... this clash between former partners and former friends in Jackson Hunter and Derrick Williams... the long-awaited union of Williams and Hannibal Carver..

[Jackson Hunter arrogantly saunters out of the corner, smirking in the direction of Derrick Williams who trades a clash of forearms with Hannibal Carver before the Boston Brawler steps out, leaving the Future behind...]

SA: And just like that, Gordon - we're about to get one of the most anticipated showdowns since Tupac and Biggie with Jackson Hunter and Derrick Williams getting ready to throw down.

[Williams strides to mid-ring, waving a hand at Hunter, calling him to join him there...]

GM: Williams wasting no time. He's been waiting to get his hands on Hunter for weeks now - ever since the 4th of July when Hunter attacked and injured two of Williams' best friends.

[Williams waves a hand again but Hunter seems in no hurry to come to him.]

GM: What's Jackson Hunter waiting for, huh? He wanted to talk a big game earlier but he seems less than eager to back those words up with his fists tonight.

[Hunter grins at the eager Williams one more time, shaking his head before reaching back and slapping Blake Colton's hand to big jeers from the Mexico crowd.]

GM: Oh, come on. The tag is made and in comes the man Jackson Hunter has deemed the Death Star.

[Blake Colton steps through the ropes, nodding his head at the jeering crowd as he swings his massive arms in front of his barrel chest a few times.]

BW: And if your TV just got a little bit louder and a little bit brighter, that's because of the power surge that just stepped through the ropes, daddy!

[Colton steps from the corner, Hunter giving him some encouraging words as Colton looks across the ring...

...and raises one of those muscular arms to point at Hannibal Carver.]

SA: A change of plans is in the offering here as Colton wants Carver and not Williams... and Derrick Williams is gonna oblige!

[Williams slaps Carver's hand with force, pointing angrily across the ring and imploring his partner to "kick his ass!" Carver nods, grinning at his young and enthusiastic partner as he steps in.]

GM: Now it's Carver and Colton... and here we go!

[The two competitors circle one another a couple of times, the circle getting tighter and tighter as they draw near...]

GM: Lockup in the middle... and this doesn't seem like something that will go well for the Boston Brawler!

[Proving Gordon right, Colton immediately shoves Carver back across the ring, backing him into the corner where Jackson Hunter swings an arm over the ropes, slapping his partner's shoulder...]

GM: And just like that, Jackson Hunter tags himself back in!

[Hunter comes quickly through the ropes, winding up as Carver winds up and cracks Colton in the head with a right... then one to Hunter... then one to Colton...]

GM: Carver trying to fight his way out of the corner!

SA: He's in the wrong part of town but he's asking for directions!

[Carver lands a couple more haymakers to the skull of both before grabbing them by the heads and clashing their skulls together!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DOUBLE NOGGIN KNOCKER! DOWN GOES HUNTER! DOWN GOES COLTON!

[The Canadian duo quickly bail out to the floor, leaving a pissed-off Carver behind, pacing the ring angrily.]

SA: Carver cleans house and he's looking for some more dustbunnies to send packing!

[Carver is stomping around the ring, shouting at Colton and Hunter to get back inside the ring...

...which is when Derrick Williams hops off the apron, circling around the ring, the crowd getting louder as he does...]

GM: Here comes Williams on the outside!

[A charging Williams snatches a fleeing Hunter by the back of the tights, tossing him under the ropes into the ring to cheers!]

GM: And Williams sends Hunter right back in to Carver!

[Hunter scrambles up, shouting and pointing at Williams... but turns right into a haymaker from Carver... and another... and another...]

GM: Carver's battering him back...

[Hunter goes falling back into the neutral corner as Carver rocks and fires, rocking Hunter with blow after blow as the crowd cheers loudly.]

GM: Carver with the whip... Hunter hits the corner hard!

[Hunter comes stumbling out of the corner as Carver goes into a spin...]

GM: ROLLING ELB-

[...but the wily Hunter sees it coming, diving to the mat and rolling right under the ropes out to the floor!]

SA: Jackson Hunter is heading for the hills after that rolling elbow came within a heartbeat of some Hunter heartbreaker... and the fans here in Guadalupe are not too fond of what they just saw. They want to see Hunter stick in there and fight and Jackson Hunter has done everything but that so far in this one.

[Hunter quickly walks around the ring, muttering up at a waiting Carver who is eagerly anticipating another chance to land that elbow...]

...but Hunter instead reaches his corner, rolling in, slapping Colton's offered hand, and rolls right back out to even more boos.]

GM: Just cowardly, cowardly stuff on the part of Jackson Hunter.

BW: Hmmpf. You call it cowardly, I call it brilliant! Hunter's not about to get into a slugfest with either of these hard-hitters. He's going to get in there when it's to his advantage and not a second sooner.

[Colton cockily steps through the ropes again, a grin on his face as he eyeballs the waiting Carver who has his fists clenched and ready to throw.]

GM: Back to Colton and Carver... and let's see if this goes any differently from the last time they squared off..

[The two come towards one another again, Carver laying the badmouth on the rookie strongman as he approaches...]

...and Colton suddenly changes levels, lowering his shoulder into the midsection of Hannibal Carver as he drives him backwards into the neutral corner.]

GM: Colton catches him, driving him in... big shoulders now to the body... one after another, trying to knock the wind out of the Boston Brawler..

[Colton suddenly straightens up, grabbing a gasping Carver by the arm, whipping him across the ring...]

GM: Colton shoots him in, Carver hits the buckles and-

[Carver comes charging right back out, connecting with a running clothesline that brings cheers from the crowd... but Blake Colton does not go down from it!]

BW: That's 260 pounds comin' at ya with a clothesline but Colton's on his feet still!

[Carver looks a little surprised, shaking his head as he runs to the ropes, bouncing off again...]

GM: A second clothesline... and again, Blake Colton keeps his feet!

[The Boston Brawler swings his arm around a few times, running to the far ropes, building up a head of steam...]

GM: To the ro- OHHH!

[The crowd groans as Jackson Hunter yanks down the top rope, sending Carver tumbling over the pulled-down ropes and crashing down on the barely-padded stadium grass!]

GM: Hunter pulls down the ropes!

BW: A brilliant move by a brilliant tactician!

[Williams angrily jumps down off the apron, stomping around the ring shouting threats aimed at Jackson Hunter who is in the corner, pointing him out to the official.]

GM: Davis Warren on the move now as well... cutting off Williams from getting his pound of flesh for his partner..

[Williams and Warren are angrily arguing on the outside as Colton steps out, dropping down to join Hunter on the floor...]

GM: Wait, wait, wait!

[...and with each man holding an arm, they pull Carver to his feet...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as Carver's spine SLAMS into the steel railing thanks to the two Canadians. Colton quickly shoves Carver back in, rolling in after him just in time for the official to see Colton slap Hunter's offered hand.]

GM: And there's the tag... just when they've got Carver down and hurting. That's when Jackson Hunter wants in!

BW: Can you blame him?

SA: As Bucky would say, it's a sound strategy for a guy who certainly wants no part of a straight up fight with neither Carver nor Williams.

[Grabbing the top rope, Hunter walks down the apron a bit, nodding to the crowd who buzz in anticipation...]

GM: Some kind of a slingshot or springboard on the way here...

SA: We don't see much of it anymore but Jackson Hunter was a world class high flyer back in his younger days up in Canada... over in Japan... and yes, right here in Mexico...

[Hunter gives a shout as he slingshots over the top rope, landing on his feet...

...and with a sneer, he STOMPS the lower back of Hannibal Carver.]

SA: Well, that's not what these fans were hoping to see out of him... and I suppose that was the point for a man who certainly seems to enjoy the ire of the paying customers.

[Hunter keeps on stomping the lower back, landing a half dozen stomps before the referee forces him back. The former Axis manager turns towards his former charge, taunting him from a distance...

...and again, Williams tries to come into the ring, drawing the official over to block his path.]

GM: Derrick Williams' hot temper is not paying off for him here tonight so far. He needs to calm down and keep his cool, guys.

SA: Easier said than done, Gordon, when you've got someone like Hunter in your face.

[Dragging Carver to his feet, Hunter measures him and drills him between the eyes with a right hand, sending Carver stumbling and falling into the Canadians' corner.]

GM: Carver back in the wrong part of town for sure...

[Hunter steps closer, raising his right hand as he looks out on the crowd.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Ohhh! Knife edge chop that you could hear back in San Diego!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Another one... right on target!

SA: Back in his days in Canada, Jackson Hunter was known for having the hardest chops on the entire roster of Chinook Wrestling... and while time may have passed him by in some of his skills over the years, those chops remain absolutely devastating.

[Carver is reeling in the corner as Hunter lays in chop after chop, leaving his chest littered with red welts before the referee steps in again, forcing Hunter to back off. The former Axis leader obliges, hands raised as he walks back a few steps...

...and then pushes past the official, throwing himself into a dropkick to the knee that takes Carver down, putting him on his back in the corner!]

GM: Jackson Hunter never fails to take advantage of an opening, fans - and he certainly got one there!

[With Carver down on the mat, Hunter grabs the top rope, laying in some more stomps, this time to the ribs and chest of the Boston Brawler.]

GM: Get him out of the corner, ref!

[The official is shouting at Hunter who completely ignores him as he steps up on the middle rope, propelling himself into the air before stomping down on the sternum of Hannibal Carver!]

GM: Ohh! Come on!

[Hunter sneers at the jeering crowd... then at the protesting official before he slaps the offered hand of his powerful partner.]

GM: The tag is made once again and in comes the Canadian Strongman... the Death Star... Blake Colton. Sal, you've got a lot of history with the Coltons and the Chinook Wrestling territory - what do you think about this young man?

SA: I think he's got all the potential in the world, Gordon. The power, the strength, the raw athleticism. He's over three hundred pounds and we've seen him leapfrog with ease. And with Jackson Hunter by his side, he's only going to get better.

BW: And with his relative newness to the wrestling world, it's hard to scout him too. Not a lot of matches on tape for him yet.

SA: Are you saying the Death Star plans are not in the main computer?

BW: I'm saying I'd love to stuff you in a trash compactor, geek.

[With Hunter out and Colton in, the big man pulls Carver to his feet, whipping him into the neutral corner..

...and then rushes right in after him, crushing him beneath all his weight in a running avalanche!]

GM: OHHH! 340 POUNDS SMASHING INTO CARVER IN THE CORNER!

BW: Someone get the spatula! Or maybe just a hose, daddy! Carver's ribs are MUSH after that one!

[Colton steps back, watching eagerly as Carver stumbles out towards him. He wraps his massive arms around the Boston Brawler before flinging him over his head, bouncing him across the ring...]

GM: Overhead throw and a strong one! Over half the distance of the ring!

[The Canadian Strongman gets up slowly, smirking at the jeering crowd, pausing to give a double bicep flex before turning his gaze back on the struggling Carver who is using the ropes to pull himself to his feet, falling back into the opposite neutral corner...]

GM: Carver's back on his feet but he's having a hard time staying there...

BW: He's gonna have a lot harder time when Colton gets through with him!

[Colton walks across the ring, moving in on Carver who has looped his arms over the top rope to stay on his feet...]

GM: Carver trying to- oh! He kicks Colton in the gut and-

[The kick seems to annoy Colton more than hurt him as he rears waaaaay back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TWO HANDED CHOP... RIGHT DOWN TO THE CHEST!

[The thunderous blow leaves Carver in a bad spot but Colton ignores the referee's pleas to back off, wrapping a hand around the head as he slips a powerful arm under Carver's...]

GM: Hang on now... Colton... OHHH! He hurled him three-quarters of the way across the ring with that biel throw!

BW: Like he was a sack of potatoes, daddy!

[Colton glares at the downed Carver for a few moments before slapping the hand of an insistent Jackson Hunter.]

SA: Hunter wants the tag and Hunter gets the tag from his partner!

[Hunter joins Colton in the ring, dragging Carver to his feet...]

GM: Double whip by the Canadians... and a double clothesline takes Carver down again!

[Hunter and Colton exchange a double high five over Carver's prone form, drawing jeers from the crowd as Derrick Williams grimaces, slapping his hand on the top turnbuckle and shouting to his partner.]

GM: Derrick Williams wants in there so badly he can taste it, fans.

BW: The only dish the Canadians are serving up is a pain-filled poutine so the Future should call it a night and leave Carver to the wolves.

[Hunter pulls Carver to his feet, making sure he's staring straight at an agitated Williams as he boots him in the gut.]

GM: Hunter goes downstairs... hooks the arms now...

[Hunter shows some surprising strength as he muscles Carver up, flipping him over and dumping him across a bent knee.]

GM: Ohhh! Underhook into the backbreaker! Another solid shot to the back and Hannibal Carver's in some serious trouble at almost the ten minute mark of this matchup.

SA: I'll say - he still hasn't been able to get the Future into the ring since just a few seconds into the match. Williams has yet to physically engage with the other duo in any meaningful way.

[On his feet, Hunter grabs the leg of Hannibal Carver, flipping him into a half Boston Crab.]

GM: Half crab sunk in here... and look at Hunter, deliberately positioning Carver so that he'd be forced to look right up at his partner.

SA: Or is he making Williams have to look at his friend who he's been completely unable to help so far?

GM: Both are true... and Hunter now looking over his shoulder, shouting something in Williams' direction. I couldn't tell what he said.

SA: That might be for the best. During my time up in Chinook, there was a reason my old friend and mentor Al Pickard christened him the Patron Saint of the Seven Second Delay, Gordon.

[Hunter wrenches back on the leg, demanding the official check for a submission.]

BW: A hold like this puts pressure on the knee as well as the back... and the Canadians have been working over the back of Carver all match long so he's gotta be feeling it right about now.

GM: Hannibal Carver's crawling at the mat, looking up at his partner but he's a long way from getting there.

[Hunter shouts "AGAIN!" to the official who repeats his check to see if Carver wants to submit.]

SA: Never say never, guys, but I have a hard time imagining Hannibal Carver's going to quit in this one.

GM: Absolutely not.

[Carver slides his arms up underneath him, slightly getting his free knee under him as well as he drags himself a foot forward...]

GM: Oho, don't look now but Carver's on the move!

[Hunter looks surprised by Carver's sudden movement, shaking his head as the crowd starts to cheer.]

GM: Carver's making a move and Hunter can't believe it!

[The former Axis leader gives a yank on the leg, shouting "NO! NO!" at Carver as he tries to continue his attack on the back of the former SuperClash Main Eventer.]

GM: Williams reaching out - as far as he can...

BW: Not far enough!

GM: Not yet but Carver continues to make progress... he continues to gain ground and-

[Hunter abruptly spins to the side, viciously stomping the back of Carver's head...]

GM: OH!

[...and again...]

GM: OH!

[...and again!]

GM: For the love of...

[Hunter lets go of the trapped leg, swinging around and leaping into the air, dropping his knee down into the middle of Carver's lower back, causing the Boston Brawler to howl in pain!]

GM: Ohhh! Right down on the back with that kneedrop... and he's gonna keep the knee there, jerking back on the chin!

BW: And this puts more pressure on the back. You can talk all the garbage about Jackson Hunter that you want but the Velociraptor is a damn Rembrandt on the canvas!

[Williams stretches out his arm again as Carver reaches out his own but they remain more than a couple of feet apart as Hunter smirks at the attempt.]

GM: The crowd continues to support Carver and perhaps surprisingly Williams...

SA: The enemy of my enemy is my friend, Gordon.

GM: That appears to be true in Guadalupe tonight as Williams tries to get in there... trying to make that tag...

[Carver digs his arms into the mat, dragging himself forward on his stomach again...]

GM: Again, Carver getting closer... reaching out...

SA: Still not there.

GM: Carver pulling as hard as he can, dragging Hunter across the ring with him and-

[Hunter abruptly breaks the chinlock, getting up to DRILL Williams with a right hand to the jaw, sending the Future spilling off the apron to the floor to groans from the AWA faithful!]

GM: Oh! Hunter knocks Williams down and-

SA: Not for long!

[Williams dives under the bottom rope, trying to get his hands on Hunter who backs off, shouting as the referee dives between Williams and Hunter, trying to prevent the former allies from tearing into one another!]

GM: And again, the referee ends up protecting Jackson Hunter from Derrick Williams!

BW: As he should!

[With the referee tied up with Williams again, Blake Colton quickly enters the ring, grabbing one leg as Hunter grabs the other and together, they drag Carver back across the ring to their own corner as Williams and the crowd shout protests at what they're seeing!]

GM: This is terrible! Absolutely awful! It's like we need two referees out here for something like this! Hunter and Colton are taking advantage of this situation at every chance they get.

[The referee turns around, looking confused at Carver being all the way across the ring. He shouts a question to Hunter who shrugs before slapping the hand of his partner.]

GM: The tag is made and the big Canadian is back in.

[Colton steps through as Hunter exits to jeers that only get louder as Colton drags Carver off the mat. He holds him up with a hand around the throat, shouting in his face...]

GM: And now it's Colton taking the time to taunt Carver and-

[Carver snaps off a right hand to the jaw, stunning Colton and thrilling the crowd...

...but only for a moment as Colton lunges in, scooping Carver up, and shoving him skyward!]

GM: Oh my! Look at the power!

[The Canadian Strongman walks out of the corner, holding Carver aloft as he steps closer to mid-ring...

...and then steps clear, causing Carver to plummet facefirst down to the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Colton... to the ropes now...

[The 340 pounder bounces off, leaping high into the air as he draws near...

...and drops a big splash down across the back of Carver!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: That might be it, Gordo!

GM: It certainly could - Colton flips him over, makes the cover!

[A two count follows though before Carver kicks out, breaking the pin.]

GM: Two count only on Carver..

[Colton climbs to his feet, looking across at Williams, beaming arrogantly as he strikes another double bicep pose. A grimacing Williams shakes his head, pacing up and down the apron a few times as Colton walks back to the corner, slapping the offered hand.]

GM: Jackson Hunter tagging back in once again...

BW: Such good teamwork by these two. Quick tags. Keeping Carver in. You gotta be impressed by this duo.

GM: Colton lifting Carver up, over the shoulder now...

[Colton charges forward, smashing Carver back into the buckles again... and then holds him there as Hunter tees off, throwing haymakers at the skull of the trapped Carver as the crowd jeers!]

GM: Oh, and NOW Hunter wants to trade blows with Carver! Now that Carver's trapped under a 340 pound roadblock!

[The referee's count reaches four and a half before Colton straightens up, backing out of the way as Hunter winds up to throw another right hand... and another...

...and gets a huge right in response that sends him flying backwards, crashing down on the mat to big cheers!]

GM: Carver trying to fight out!

[The Boston Brawler pivots and drills Colton with a right hand, stunning the big man...

...and turns back into Hunter who flings himself at him, throwing wild rights and lefts before dragging Carver out of the corner, scooping him up and slamming him down a couple feet out of the buckles!]

GM: Hunter slams him down... and he's got the legs now...

[The Velociraptor gives a shout, calling for the Mindflyer as he attempts to step through the legs of Carver for his scorpion deathlock...

...but Carver grabs the stepping foot, blocking Hunter from stepping down on the canvas!]

GM: He's going for the Mindflyer but Carver's fighting it! Carver's got him off-balance and-

[Hunter steps back, trying to get his feet underneath him...

...which is when Carver draws his legs in, kicking them out and sending Hunter flying the couple of feet back towards the corner, smashing into the buckles and sending Blake Colton falling off the apron!]

GM: OHH! CARVER KICKS FREE! CARVER KICKS FREE!

[With Hunter stunned and Colton on the floor, Carver flips over onto his hands and knees, crawling across the ring towards an eager Derrick Williams as quickly as he can manage...]

GM: Carver's on the move! Carver looking for that tag and looking to get it as quickly as he can!

[Carver moves quicker than Hunter expects, clearing half the ring in a matter of seconds. The crowd grows louder as Carver gets closer to his partner, Williams stretching out as far he can reach...

...which is when Hunter comes sprinting out of the corner, running right past Carver, leaping into the air to bash a forearm into his former friend, knocking Williams off the apron again!]

GM: Oh! Down goes Williams again! Hunter again knocking Williams off the apron!

[The referee spins Hunter around by the shoulder, sticking his finger in the Velociraptor's face, reading him the riot act. Hunter backs up towards the middle of the ring...

...and once again, as Williams tries to come in, the referee gets in his path!]

GM: And here we go again, damn it! Again, the official is holding back Derrick Williams!

BW: As he should! That's the rules, Gordo!

GM: Hunter and Colton don't give a damn about the rules - why should anyone else?! Look! Just look!

[The crowd is jeering loudly as Hunter and Colton drag Carver back to their corner again. This time however, Colton pulls Carver up, holding his arms behind him as Hunter quickly hops up on the middle rope, takes aim...]

GM: Illegal doubleteam behind the referee's back! Derrick Williams is trying to call his attention to it but-

BW: Hunter leaps!

[The former Axis leader springs off the middle rope, aiming a double axehandle at the skull of Hannibal Carver..]

...who spins away from Colton's grasp, leaving Hunter to SMASH his own partner between the eyes to a HUGE CHEER!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[Colton goes down to the canvas, clutching his skull as a shocked Jackson Hunter looks on...

...and then gets even more shocked as Hannibal Carver grabs him by the hair, HURLING him over the top rope and out to the floor to another big cheer!]

GM: CARVER CLEANS HOUSE AGAIN! AND NOW THERE'S NO ONE STANDING BETWEEN HIM AND HIS PARTNER! GET THERE, HANNIBAL!

[Carver falls to his knees from weariness, crawling across the ring where Williams is jumping up and down, insistently sticking out his arm, begging his partner for the long-awaited tag...]

GM: Over fifteen minutes into this much-anticipated tag team grudge match, Hannibal Carver is trying to get Derrick Williams back into this match for essentially the first time!

[Carver is inching closer and closer, over halfway there now as the crowd continues to get louder...

...and a sharp-eyed viewer might spot Jackson Hunter hauling ass around the ring, slipping around the ringpost as Carver gets just outside of arm's reach to his partner...]

GM: Wait a second! Wait a-

[The crowd groans as Jackson Hunter grabs Derrick Williams from behind and YANKS him off the apron to the floor!]

GM: WILLIAMS GETS PULLED DOWN!

[The Future's eyes go wide as he points an accusing finger at Jackson Hunter who backpedals away, hands raised defensively as Carver reaches out towards the corner...

...and the hot-headed Williams breaks into a sprint, chasing Jackson Hunter around the ring to a huge reaction from the Mexico crowd!]

GM: WILLIAMS IS ON THE CHASE!

BW: Yeah, but look at his partner! Look at his partner, Gordo!

[Carver makes a lunge towards the corner, coming up empty finding there's no one to tag as he falls over the middle rope, hung out to dry...]

GM: Carver's there but Williams is not!

[Hunter rolls into the ring, trying to get away from Williams who slides in after him...

...and again, the referee jumps between them, protecting Hunter from Williams' wrath!]

GM: The fans here in Guadalupe are in agony waiting for Williams to get his hands on Jackson Hunter and-

[Running alongside the apron, Colton takes aim at the draped Carver and CRACKS him with a hard right hand to the cheekbone, spinning Carver off the ropes and down onto his back on the canvas!]

GM: OHH! DOWN GOES CARVER AGAIN!

[Hunter, spotting the downed Carver, grabs him by the legs, dragging him away from his own corner, again looking to step through for the Mindflyer...]

GM: MINDFLAY-

[...but Carver reaches up, dragging Hunter down to the canvas in a small package!]

GM: CRADLE! CRADLE!

[The crowd ROARS with anticipation...

...but completely and quickly deflates as they realize the referee is still tied up arguing with Derrick Williams!]

GM: The referee can't see him! The referee is missing this pin attempt!

[Williams spins the referee around, shoving him towards the cover. Davis Warren leaps into the air, landing on his knees alongside the pin!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! HUNTER KICKS OUT JUST IN TIME!

[The crowd groans as Jackson Hunter quickly gets up off the mat, eyes wide at the near fall that almost put him down. He promptly grabs Carver by the back of the trunks, pulling him to his feet with Carver's back to him...]

GM: Hunter's got him up... grabs the wrist...

SA: We've seen this before, Gordon, from Hunter's own cousin, Riley!

[Hunter uses the "rip-cord" to whip Carver around...

...but a desperate Carver YANKS the smaller Hunter back towards him and CRACKS him in the jaw with an elbow strike!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Hunter falls back to his butt on the canvas, flopping onto his back as Carver simply collapses towards his own corner...]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd EXPLODES as Derrick Williams makes the long-awaited tag, giving a shout as he climbs through the ropes, staring at the rising Jackson Hunter...

...and charges towards him, smashing his elbow into the jaw of his former friend!]

GM: ELBOW! ANOTHER! A THIRD!

[Williams grabs the staggered Hunter by the arm, whipping him into the neutral corner where Hunter stumbles back out as Williams ducks low...]

GM: BIIIIIIIIIG BACK BODY DROP BY WILLIAMS!

[The Future pumps both arms, giving another whoop as the crowd ROARS for the much-anticipated pummeling of Jackson Hunter. Williams turns back as Hunter gets to his feet, grabbing his lower back as he staggers towards the neutral corner, falling against the turnbuckles.]

GM: Williams on the move!

[Williams charges in fast, leaping into the air, and SMASHING his elbow into the jaw of Jackson Hunter!]

GM: OHHH! WILLIAMS ROCKS HIM IN THE CORNER!

[With Hunter in a daze, Williams whips him across the ring, sending the Velociraptor crashing into the buckles before he staggers back out towards a waiting Williams who lifts him by the upper thighs, rotates...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SPINEBUSTER! ONE OF WILLIAMS' SIGNATURE MOVES!

[Williams slides over the downed Hunter, applying a lateral press...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: COLTON BREAKS IT UP WITH A DOUBLE AXEHANDLE!

[The referee steps in, shouting at Colton, backing him across the ring towards his corner as Williams gets up, glaring daggers in Colton's direction.]

SA: Williams back to his feet... and I know he wants to get a shot in on Colton after that but he's gotta keep his focus. He's gotta keep his focus on Jackson Hunter and winning this match!

GM: That's absolutely right, Sal!

[Williams shouts something in Colton's direction as he hauls Hunter off the mat to his feet...

...and Hunter snakes a thumb into the eye on the way up, causing Williams to recoil in pain, rubbing at his eye!]

GM: Ohh! Hunter goes to the eye - trying to save himself through any means necessary!

[Hunter staggers to the corner, slapping Blake Colton's hand.]

GM: And Hunter manages to escape thanks to that thumb to the eye!

[Colton steps in, charging the blinded Williams...

...who suddenly clears his vision enough to catch the incoming Colton, lifting his 340 pounder in the air, twisting him through the sky, and DRIVING him down to the canvas with a thunderous powerslam that shakes the ring!]

GM: THREE HUNDRED AND FORTY POUNDS DRIVEN DOOOOOWN!

[Williams stays on Colton as the referee drops down to count.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[But as Williams covers and the referee counts, Hunter slips back in, rushing towards the pile, leaping into the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Williams spins away, causing Hunter to drop a senton on his own partner!]

GM: HUNTER MISSES! HE MISSED THE SENTON BACKSLASH!

[Williams nods his head at the cheering crowd, grabbing the rising Hunter by the arm, flinging him across the ring into the neutral corner!]

GM: Whip to the corner!

[Williams pulls the dazed Colton off the mat, whipping him the other way!]

GM: And Colton to the other side!

[Williams gives a shout, charging in and drilling Colton with a clothesline!]

GM: Big clothesline on Colton... Williams fighting both of these Canadians on his own!

[With Colton reeling, Williams runs back the other way, catching Hunter with one as well!]

GM: Clothesline on Hunter also!

[The crowd is roaring as Williams grabs Hunter's arm, whipping him across and RIGHT into Blake Colton. The big collision causes Hunter to stagger back, falling to his back on the canvas...

...and then Colton stumbles forward, flopping facefirst down into the groin of Hunter!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: The bells are ringing in Guadalupe!

[Hunter grabs his groin, wincing in pain as he rolls under the ropes to the outside of the ring, breathing heavily on the apron as Colton writhes in pain on the canvas, the fans going... nuts.]

GM: Hunter rolls out... and look out here, Williams is going after him!

[Williams moves quickly, sliding around the ringpost, building up speed...]

GM: Williams on the run and...

SA: BOOM GOES THE DYNAMITE!

[Another huge reaction goes up for the Drive-By dropkick rocking the jaw of Jackson Hunter, knocking him flat on the apron. Williams sits on the apron, nodding to the cheering Mexico crowd...]

...which quickly turns into a warning from the fans that doesn't get to Williams quick enough as a recovering Blake Colton reaches over the ropes, snatching Williams by the nostrils, dragging him up on the apron into a front facelock...]

GM: Colton's going to bring him in the hard way!

[Colton slings the arm over his neck, effortlessly lifting him up into the air for a vertical suplex...]

...but Williams slips out over the top, landing on his feet behind a surprised Colton!]

GM: Williams gets free - HE HOOKS HIM!

[The crowd ROARS as Williams snatches the three-quarter nelson...]

...and Jackson Hunter straightens up, slapping Colton's shoulder!]

GM: Was that a tag?!

[Williams leaps into the air, looking to drive Colton's skull into the mat with the Future Shock...]

...but Colton's power is too much for him, holding him aloft!]

GM: COLTON BLOCKS IT!

[Hunter slides in, rushing to the far ropes, rebounding back as Colton shoves Williams off. Williams' feet hit the mat just an instant before Hunter takes flight, pumping his leg...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: INSTANT KARRRRRMAAAAAA!

[Colton takes a protective stance as Hunter dives atop Williams, hooking the leg tightly.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd cheers as Carver flings himself at Colton's legs, knocking him backwards and down on top of both Hunter and Williams, breaking up the pin in time!]

GM: AND CARVER MAKES THE SAVE! OH MY!

SA: This is something else, Gordon!

GM: It certainly is... and now we've got all four men in the ring despite the best efforts of Davis Warren, trying to regain some control as we're over twenty minutes into this tag team clash!

[Carver wearily pulls up Colton, hammering a fist into his jaw over and over, forcing him back towards the corner as Davis Warren follows after them, shouting to get them out of the ring.]

GM: We've got Carver and Colton in the corner going to town on one another!

BW: The referee's lost all control, Gordo!

GM: It sure looks that way... and now Jackson Hunter pulls Derrick Williams up... big chop! And another! Hunter hammering him back into the buckles!

[The camera pulls back, showing the four men battling in corners opposite one another...]

GM: It's breaking down! And at this point, we've seen some hard-hitting action and you've gotta wonder who has got enough left in the tank to put the other side down!

SA: AND what's it gonna take to do it? We just saw Instant Karma. We saw an attempt at the Future Shock a few moments ago. Will it be a big gun like that that's needed to get the job done or do these two teams have something unexpected up their sleeves here tonight?

[Colton ducks low on the pummeling Carver, lifting him over his shoulder and throwing him over the ropes and out to the floor in a makeshift backdrop!]

GM: OHH!

SA: Out goes Carver! Colton clears out Carver and-

[A shout from Colton causes Hunter to spin out of the way as the super heavyweight charges in to smash his 340 pounds into Williams' trapped torso!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WILLIAMS MOVES! WILLIAMS GOT CLEAR!

[Williams keeps running after getting out of the corner, moving past a stunned Hunter, ducking a Hunter wild clothesline attempt as he rebounds back...

...and CONNECTS with a running clothesline of his own on Colton, tipping him over the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: AND NOW WILLIAMS CLEARS COLTON!

[With the crowd roaring, Williams whips around...

...and points right at Jackson Hunter who looks around in a panic!]

GM: Jackson Hunter's all alone! Hunter's in there by himself with Derrick Williams and that is the LAST place he wanted to be right now!

[Hunter raises his hands, begging off as he backpedals away from an advancing Williams...]

GM: Two former friends and there is no friendship left between these two now! This is Williams out for blood! Out for vengeance for Maxim Zharkov! For payback for Riley Hunter!

[Hunter suddenly lunges forward, right hand moving quickly...]

GM: Big right... BLOCKED!

[A left-armed elbowstrike stuns Hunter whose arms drop to his side.]

GM: ELBOW!

[Williams switches it up, throwing the right elbow... and another one that sends Hunter staggering in a circle...]

GM: Hunter's on Dream Street!

[The Velociraptor takes a big swing at Williams that misses by a couple of feet as he faceplants on the canvas to big cheers from the crowd!]

GM: Swing and one heck of a miss!

[Williams nods to the crowd, slapping his elbow as he watches Hunter push up off the mat, rolling to a seated position...]

...which is when Williams hits the ropes, rebounding back, and CREAMS Hunter with a sliding elbowstrike!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Hunter prone, Williams swings a leg over him, smashing his closed fist down into Hunter's head... and again... and again...]

GM: Derrick Williams is trying to get every bit of that bad blood between he and Hunter out of his system here! Trying to make Hunter pay for everything he's done over the past two months!

[The referee shouts at Williams, threatening a DQ if he doesn't let up. Williams reluctantly obliges, climbing to his feet, and pointing right at the downed Hunter.]

GM: Williams back up... and don't look now but Hunter might be about to feel a little Future Shock!

[Williams ducks low, hands on his knees as he watches Hunter trying to get back to his feet, totally unaware of what awaits him...]

GM: Williams is set! Williams is ready! Williams is-

[As Hunter gets fully to his feet, Williams slips up alongside him but before he can jump, Hunter desperately shoves him off...]

...and sends him right into his own corner where Hannibal Carver is standing!]

GM: Hunter gets free...

[Williams whips around, charging back towards Hunter as the official points to Carver...]

BW: Did Carver make a tag?

[Williams swings his arm out for a clothesline but Hunter ducks low to avoid it, spinning around as Williams slams on the brakes, also going into a spin...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”
“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and CRACKS Hunter on the jaw with a rolling elbow, spinning Hunter back the other way towards a waiting - and legal - Hannibal Carver who snatches a three-quarter nelson of his own!]

GM: BLACKOUT!

[Hunter's skull is DRIVEN ferociously into the canvas by Carver who spins around, making a cover as Williams stands guard.]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT IS!

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: CARVER AND WILLIAMS GET THE WIN!

[Carver slaps his hands on the canvas, climbing to his feet with a grin on his face as Williams gives him an immediate high five.]

GM: What a battle we saw between these four men but in the end, it's Hannibal Carver who pins the AWA National Champion with the Blackout... and that's gotta make both Carver AND Derrick Williams feel good, boys.

BW: There was so much craziness going on there at the end - are we even sure Carver was legal?!

SA: He was legal, baby - one hundred percent legal! And with a pin over Jackson Hunter, did Hannibal Carver just put himself in line for a future shot at the AWA National Title?

BW: Did you just call me “baby?!”

SA: Have you spent your entire announce career calling Gordon “daddy?!”

[Bucky fumes, Gordon chuckles, and Sal beams as the fans cheer the triumphant duo.]

GM: We may not have seen the last of this war but on this night, this battle belongs to Williams and Carver, fans! We'll be right back with our Main Event so don't you dare go away!

[As Williams and Carver mount adjacent corners to salute the cheering fans and menace the retreating Colton and Hunter, we fade to black...]

A familiar tune begins to play. One with an ear for music might recognize it as “One More Saturday Night” by the Grateful Dead playing very softly.

An equally-familiar voice is heard booming over it.]

“And for the first time in well over a decade, professional wrestling... real professional wrestling has made its' home in the Lone Star State here in Texas. We are live in Dallas, Texas at the WKIK Studios for what promises to be...”

[The words trail off as the music takes over and we catch a glimpse of the aforementioned WKIK Studios. It's a bluish gray standard television studio

set where you can see the AWA logo splashed across the wall above a small television monitor.

That shot dissolves to a panning shot of the WKIK Studios. Smackdab in the center of the studio is your standard wrestling ring... red, white, and blue ropes from top to bottom with the matching turnbuckles in the corner. The hard camera also shows a parade of flags on the back wall... everything from the USA to Canada to Mexico to Japan to the UK to Italy and some points in-between.

There are sets of bleachers set up on three sides of the ring, raising up about six rows. Not very high but enough to see over the people in front of you. The fourth side of the ring is clear, leaving a direct view for the announcers standing behind the announce desk we saw earlier.

A voiceover is heard.]

"The AWA began in a studio...

...and now each and every Saturday, it returns to a studio."

[Cut to the Power Hour logo splashed across the screen.]

"New format. New home. The same great AWA action.

The all-new Power Hour - don't you dare miss it."

[Fade to black...

...and then fade back up on an extreme closeup of the Women's World Champion, Kurayami, who seems about an ounce of rage away from breathing literal fire as she inhales and exhales heavily into the very close camera. A voice is heard from off-camera.]

MS: We are back here in Mexico at Estrellas En El Cielo - just moments away now from our gigantic Main Event. The AWA Women's World Title on the line between the Number One Contender - Julie Somers - and the current champion who is on her second defense of the night, the mighty Kurayami!

[The camera pulls back further, now much closer to normal framing.]

MS: Kurayami, you were victorious earlier tonight but you're about to go out there to face a much different opponent in Julie Somers. Do you-

[A deep, dark chuckle emerges from the champion. A little unsettling actually.]

MS: Did I say something funny?

[She nods, turning to address the interviewer.]

K: You did, Stegglet. For the better part of three hours now, people have been telling me, "Congrats on beating Betty Chang... but you've got a much different challenge in the Main Event." I'm here to ask you why, Stegglet. Why do you say that? No... why do you THINK that?

[Stegglet looks puzzled.]

MS: Betty Chang put up a valiant effort - there's no mistaking that. But she's not close to the experience level of Julie Somers... and many would say the talent level of Julie Somers.

[Kurayami nods.]

K: That may be true, Stegglet. But Betty Chang has one thing that the rest of these women around here do NOT have.

[Stegglet inquires.]

MS: And what might that be?

[Kurayami sneers.]

K: My respect. You see, Betty Chang took the worst beating of her life at my hands. She went to the hospital for days. She was in rehab for weeks. And then she went back to the gym... she got back on the mat... she worked hard... she got better... and then? She came back for more.

[Kurayami nods.]

K: And while I destroyed her again, Stegglet, I have to respect her for coming back for more. Because until I met her... I've never met anyone else that's done that.

I betrayed Lauryn Rage. I took her title. I put her on the shelf.

And she didn't come back until she could break a damn crutch over my head when I was expecting it... but where is she now? Hmm?

[Kurayami spreads her arms.]

K: Her sister? Grandma Medusa? She talked a good game... but when I beat her, she disappeared. She crawled back into a hole where she waits for someone to show her mercy and put her down. She didn't come back, did she?

MS: No, but-

K: The Canadian Dream Girl? Everyone wants to believe she had me beaten... that she was so close to taking this...

[She holds up the title aggressively towards the camera.]

K: ...and yet when I was done with her, she slinked off into her house to let the bruises heal on her pretty, pretty face... and when she showed that face again, she was content to be in the middle of the show as part of a damn animal show.

[Kurayami nods.]

K: They're all like that, Stegglet. Every single one of them.

MS: But what about Julie Somers?

K: What about Julie Somers? We're about to find out. We're about to find out what happens to Julie Somers when she has to get in that ring - one-on-one - with the most dominant wrestler she's ever laid eyes on. When she has to feel these fists bouncing off her skull... when she has to feel this body crashing down on hers... when she has to feel her spine bend and bruise and maybe even break by these hands...

[She holds up her hands in front of her, the title belt slung over her shoulder again.]

K: And then we'll get our answer, Stegglet.

MS: Our answer?

K: Will she come back?

[Kurayami snarls as she storms out of view and we fade out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is your MAIN EVENT of the evening!

[The crowd ROARS with enthusiasm!]

RO: It is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and is for the AWA WOMEN'S WORRRRRRRRRRLD CHAMPIONSHIP!

[Another big roar rings out!]

RO: Introducing first...

[The opening riffs that kick off "Is She With You," the Wonder Woman theme from the DC Cinematic Universe kick in over the PA system. Up on the giant video screen, there's a gold line that shoots up from the bottom and spins in a circle, within which one word fades up:

"SPITFIRE"]

RO: She is the challenger... hailing from Boston, Massachusetts and weighing 135 pounds... here is "THE SPITFIRE"... JUUUUULIEEEEE SOMERRRRRRRS!

[The fans roar loudly as Julie Somers emerges from the entranceway. She wears a small red jacket over a red halter top with matching Spandex shorts that come just above her knees, red kneepads and white wrestling boots. She stands at the top of the ramp, pausing for a minute to soak in the cheers.

Then she raises her hands in front of her and slaps her palms together, one hand going up and the other down, drawing more cheers.]

GM: I'm not sure what's with that gesture from Julie Somers, but this crowd certainly loved it.

BW: You swipe your palms to tell people something is finished, Gordo. How can she think she already has this match won?

SA: Actually, Bucky, in Mexico, the slapping of the palms like that is meant to say "let's go" and not that something is finished.

BW: Well, whatever it means, the only thing that will be finished is Somers' dreams at the hands of Kurayami.

[Somers gets a big smile on her face and she jogs down the ramp and aisle, reaching out to slap hands with fans leaning over the railing. When she reaches the ring, she slides underneath the ropes, then rolls to her feet and heads right to the corner. Somers mounts the second rope and raises her arms, motioning with her hands to encourage the fans' cheers some more.]

GM: You wanted to talk about Somers believing this match is already won, Bucky, and then you act like Kurayami has already won it. I won't sell Somers short, especially after she pinned Kurayami at Eternally Extreme.

BW: That was a tag match, Gordo. Somers doesn't have She Who Will Not Be Named to bail her out this time.

SA: That may be true, but the Spitfire has been... well, on fire as of late, and she could very well realize her dream of becoming the Women's World champion, tonight in Guadalupe.

[Somers' music fades out as Rebecca Ortiz continues.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd her opponent...

[A loud, booming laugh is heard over the PA system just before Judas Priest's "Dominator" kicks in.]

"WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!"

[A TOWER of flames bursts out from both sides of the entrance stage. A few moments pass before Kurayami emerges on the entrance stage, her eyes locked on the night's second challenger who bravely beckons her towards the ring. The Queen of the Kaiju gives a nod of acceptance, slapping the title belt over her shoulder before she comes storming down the aisle.]

GM: The champion is heading down the aisle - one title defense already in the books here tonight and now it's time for the second one!

SA: It's very rare for a champion to defend the title twice in one night... and for that second defense to be against the Number One Contender to the title, that's a daunting challenge...

BW: But if anyone can survive such a challenge, it's gonna be the World Champion, daddy!

[Kurayami reaches ringside, shrugging out of her spiked jacket before stepping up on the ringsteps and climbing through the ropes - a cold expression on her face. She stands in the corner, taking the title belt off her shoulder and tossing it in the direction of the referee. Shari Miranda catches the belt, lifting it over her head to show to the roaring crowd before she hands it out to ringside.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The bell has sounded and this huge Women's World Title showdown is underway!

SA: And when you talk about anticipated matchups, Gordon - we spoke earlier about our last match being highly anticipated - but this one is one of the most eagerly anticipated matches in all of wrestling.

GM: It sure is. Ever since Kurayami staked her claim to that gold earlier this year, Julie Somers has been working her way up the ladder towards her. She's beaten everyone put in front of her and the Spitfire thinks she's got what it takes to climb that final rung here tonight.

BW: But what happens when Kurayami yanks the ladder out from under her?

GM: It's certainly a possibility. Kurayami won the World Title from Lauryn Rage back on February 4th of this year in Houston, Texas.

SA: That means she's been the champion for 213 days so far - just a week or so beyond Lauryn Rage's reign to make her the longest reigning Women's World Champion.

GM: Kurayami only the second woman to hold that title - Julie Somers looking to become the third here tonight.

[Somers is in constant motion in her corner, hopping from foot to foot, flinging out a punch to the air a few times as she watches Kurayami who is motionless, staring across the ring at her challenger..]

...and then strides with purpose across the ring, moving right through the center towards where the Spitfire is standing.]

GM: Here comes Kurayami now... Somers needs to get out of that corner in a hurry...

[Somers quickly dances out of the corner, moving sideways to keep the ropes behind her as the champion shifts her approach, lunging for a lockup...]

GM: Kurayami goes high and Somers goes low, avoiding the tieup...

BW: Gotta keep away from the superheavyweight. Somers does not want to be within the grasp of the champion.

[Somers again sidesteps, staying in constant motion as Kurayami turns, approaching across the ring yet again as Somers waves her forward.]

BW: Kurayami on the other hand needs to get her hands on Somers. She can't run with her. She can't wrestle Somers' pace.

SA: So this really comes down to who can get the other to wrestle their style of match?

BW: Huh. Check that out. Even you can learn something at the elbow of true greatness.

SA: Gordon is a legend for sure.

[Bucky grumbles as Somers waves Kurayami towards her. The champion moves in a second time, making a lunge towards Somers who again ducks under, dancing away to some cheers from the crowd.]

GM: And again, Somers manages to stay out of Kurayami's reach.

BW: Making her move. Making her reach. Making her expend energy. Kurayami is an aggressive champion. She's not the type of stall... to use the time limit... to use a countout or a DQ to retain the title. She wants to hurt people and that aggression can sometimes be a problem for her.

[A shout of "COME ON!" from Somers sees Kurayami whip around.]

SA: The champion just looks like she's getting mad now.

[Kurayami moves a little quicker towards Somers this time, extending her arms for another tieup attempt...]

...but this time, when Somers goes low, the champion shifts levels and catches her, lifting her bodily up over her shoulder!]

GM: Uh oh! Somers went to the well once too many times there and Kurayami caught her!

BW: Yeah, but what's she gonna do with her?

[With a bellow, Kurayami surges forward, smashing Somers back into the corner!]

GM: Ohh! The champion sends her challenger crashing back into the buckles!

[The Queen of Kaiju takes a step back, throwing a hooking right hand that catches Somers on the ear.. then a left that lands on the other side. The crowd is jeering as Somers raises her arms, trying to protect her head as Kurayami batters back and forth with the clubbing hooks!]

GM: Kurayami's got her trapped, hammering away in the corner!

[Referee Shari Miranda is immediately on the scene, starting a five count as Kurayami continues to land impactful blows in the buckles.]

GM: Somers is taking a pounding... and finally, the referee steps in, forcing the champion to step back...

[Kurayami is fuming as she glares a hole through Miranda, standing about halfway across the ring from Somers who is reeling in the corner.]

GM: Miranda gets Kurayami out in the middle, giving the cornered Somers a chance to recov-

BW: Not for long!

[The crowd reacts as Kurayami goes charging in, ready to splash her opponent into the buckles...

...but Somers kicks her legs up, leaning back in the corner as Kurayami runs headlong into the raised feet that catch her on the chin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Kurayami stumbles backwards as the crowd cheers. Somers promptly hops up on the middle rope, sizing up the champion...]

GM: Somers on the second rope and...

[...and leaps off her perch, catching Kurayami on the chin with a flying dropkick!]

GM: DROPKICK CONNECTS!

SA: Look at the power of Kurayami though - the toughness to stay on her feet after getting that dropkick to the chin!

[Somers scrambles to her feet, not wanting to get caught down on the mat by the Women's World Champion...

...and leaps right up, landing a second dropkick that sends Kurayami sprawling through the ropes to the outside!]

GM: DROPKICKS HER TO THE FLOOR!

SA: But again, Gordon, Kurayami lands on her feet! The champion refusing to go down!

[Kurayami stumbles back, rubbing her chin as the ringside fans start to scream and shout in her direction...

...and she whips around, angrily kicking the barricade, causing the front row fans to leap backwards out of her range!]

GM: Look out! Kurayami out here at ringside now, letting these fans have it!

[The champion slowly turns away from the taunting fans...

...which is when the rampaging Somers clears the distance of the ring, HURLING herself between the top and middle ropes with a headfirst dive, extending her arms to shove Kurayami backwards into the ringside railing!]

“CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: The tope - that bullet dive between the ropes - finds the mark and sends the Women’s World Champion crashing into solid steel out on the floor!

[Somers - having landed on her feet after the dive - is immediately on the attack, trying to take advantage of Kurayami’s staggered state...]

GM: Somers measures her... wham! Big right hand to the jaw! And another!

[She fires off a few more before switching her stance...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

GM: Big chop on the outside!

[Somers lands a second and a third knife edge blow, lighting up the chest of the champion before she grabs her by the spiked hair, dragging her to a standing position...]

GM: Oh! Kurayami shoves her back! Trying to create some space so-

[Kurayami uses that created space as she lunges forward with a clothesline...]

GM: Somers ducks the clothesline!

[...and Somers promptly leaps back up, driving her feet into Kurayami’s knee, causing the champion to stumble backwards, hobbling on one leg but again not falling

GM: And the challenger goes downstairs, taking that wheel out from under the champion... but Kurayami refuses to go down to the early offense from the challenger.

[A fired-up Somers drags Kurayami towards the ring, smashing her face down on the ring apron to a big cheer from the crowd!]

GM: Somers taking the fight to the champion so far!

BW: And part of you has to wonder how much the earlier title defense against Betty Chang took out of Kurayami. It didn’t look like much - Chang defeated in pretty short order - but you never know how something like that will affect you.

[Somers pushes Kurayami up onto the apron, shoving her under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: And a smart move here by Somers. She knows she can win the match with Kurayami on the outside but she can't win the title so fighting on the floor is NOT to her advantage here tonight.

SA: But she's not headed back inside, Gordon - not yet!

[The crowd begins to buzz as Somers pulls herself up on the ring apron, nodding in anticipation as she grabs the top rope with both hands...]

GM: Somers looking for something big here!

[As Kurayami comes back to her feet, Somers steps to the second rope... then to the top before springing off...]

GM: DROPKICK OFF THE TOP!

[The feet catch Kurayami square in the chest, sending her stumbling back...]

SA: Dazed but not dropped! Kurayami managing to stay on her feet again - even under the impact of that missile dropkick off the top rope! And you've gotta be impressed by that, gentlemen!

GM: Absolutely.

BW: Everything the Women's World Champion does impresses me, daddy.

[Somers gets to her feet, looking a little alarmed that Kurayami didn't go down from the dropkick. She gives a quick shake of her head before ducking through the ropes, quickly climbing to the top...]

GM: And Somers isn't done with the aerial offense quite yet!

[Somers stands up top, throwing her arms over her head before she leaps into the air, flinging herself into a crossbody from her perch!]

GM: CROSSBODY... AND CAUGHT BY KURAYAMI!

[The crowd buzzes with concern for the challenger who is flailing and kicking, trying to get free as Kurayami steps to mid-ring, showing off her prize to the camera...]

...and then DROPS Somers across a bent knee in a backbreaker!]

GM: Ohhh! Backbreaker by the champion!

[Keeping Somers in her grasp, the champion straightens up again, turning to show Somers to the other side of the stadium...]

...and DROPS her a second time!]

GM: Back to back backbreakers by the Bloody She-Wolf of Tokyo!

[Still holding Somers, Kurayami gets back up, walking towards the corner...]

...and goes into a slight spin before FLINGING Somers out of her grasp, sending her spinning through the air before crashing down on the canvas to groans from the Mexico crowd!]

SA: Devastating offense from one of the most dominant wrestlers anywhere in the world! Kurayami took Japan by storm shortly after her debut... much like she's done here in the AWA. And you can hear these fans in Mexico react to that series

of offensive attacks right there. Julie Somers has become quite the popular figure here in Mexico after her public relations trips down here for the AWA to promote this show. This is essentially a hometown crowd for her, cheering her on as she looks to make history here tonight in Guadalupe, Mexico.

[Grabbing at her lower back, Somers staggers up to her feet, falling against the turnbuckles...]

GM: Somers is hurting after those backbreakers... HERE COMES KURAYAMI!

[The crowd groans as Kurayami lands a running avalanche, crushing Somers against the turnbuckles!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The champion steps back, watching as Somers stumbles out of the corner...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and then CREAMS the challenger with a standing lariat to the back of the head, knocking her flat!]

GM: Good grief! An absolutely brutal combination right there - the avalanche and the big clothesline to the back of the head.

BW: You can see Somers grabbing the back of her head and neck too, Gordo. No telling what kind of damage the champion did right there.

SA: Kurayami is a walking, living, breathing wrecking machine and she just showed that at any given moment, she can completely flip the switch on the momentum of a match.

[The Women's World Champion doesn't even attempt a cover, instead choosing to stand over the writhing Somers, taunting the Mexico crowd that is letting her have it.]

GM: And again, you can hear those jeers raining down on Kurayami - the crowd showing their support for Julie Somers just as Sal mentioned... but it's not looking good for the challenger at this particular moment.

[Kurayami turns away from the crowd, putting her focus back on her challenger as she grabs a handful of hair, physically dragging the smaller Spitfire to her feet where she promptly lifts her up and throws her down with a slam.]

GM: Absolutely no effort behind that slam at all. She did it with ease... Kurayami to the ropes now...

[The 250 pound Kurayami leaps into the air and DRIVES her leg down across Somers' collarbone, causing Somers' legs to kick up into the air before she settles back down on the canvas. The champion stays seated, her massive leg across the chest as she shouts "COUNT!" at Shari Miranda who quickly obliges.]

GM: Kurayami's first cover of the match gets one! It gets two!

[The crowd cheers as Somers kicks out at two. Miranda holds up two fingers at Kurayami who gives a nod before climbing off the canvas.]

GM: The champion back on her feet now, looking to continue this onslaught on the Number One Contender to her title. This is Kurayami's biggest test to date, Sal.

SA: It is but look at the previous times in her career when Kurayami has faced her biggest test to date. You think back to her time in Japan when she clashed with the infamous Miyuki Ozaki - and she put her in the hospital. She got the Hall of Famer, Medusa Rage, earlier this year on her case... and she put her down as well. Every time that Kurayami has faced her toughest test, she's passed with flying colors and left her opponent in a heap.

BW: Tonight's not going to be any different.

GM: We'll see about that.

[While the announcers bantered, the champion dragged Somers to her feet, flinging her into the corner. She backs off, pointing across the ring at her as the crowd buzzes with concern for their Spitfire...]

GM: Kurayami measuring her, setting up for something here...

[The Lady of Pain breaks into a charge, barreling across the ring towards a waiting Julie Somers...]

SA: AAAAAVAAAALAAAAANCHE!

[...but Somers tucks her head and front rolls out of the corner, causing Kurayami to SLAM chestfirst into the buckles to a big cheer! She staggers backwards as Somers gets up, rubbing at her collarbone before grabbing the hair of the champion once more...]

GM: Facefirst into the top turnbuckle! And again! Somers trying to get back into this one!

[Somers continues to slam the head into the buckles as the crowd counts along in Spanish.]

"TRES!"

"CUATRO!"

"CINCO!"

"SEIS!"

"SIETE!"

"OCHO!"

"NUEVE!"

"DIEZ!"

[Somers pumps a fist at the cheering crowd before grabbing the staggered Kurayami in a front facelock, dragging her towards the corner...]

GM: And it looks like there's a tornado in the future of the Women's World Champion!

BW: A tornado might be the only thing that can take her down, Gordo. A tree-pulling, house-destroying, cow-tipping F5!

[Somers climbs up to sit on the top turnbuckle, swinging her arm in the air towards the cheering crowd...]

GM: She's calling for it... here we go!

[Somers leaps off the turnbuckle, twisting around...

...but Kurayami spins all the way around, setting Somers right back up on the top turnbuckle...]

GM: Countered by the champion and-

[The crowd groans as Kurayami delivers a two-handed shove to the chest, sending Somers toppling off the turnbuckles, crashing down HARD on the barely-padded stadium grass!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Simple but effective!

GM: A hard fall to the outside for Julie Somers as Kurayami escapes her own batch of trouble just to put Somers right back in the middle of it! And as Somers falls to the floor, we're approaching the ten minute mark of this matchup.

BW: Plenty of time for Kurayami to turn Somers into a puddle on the outside.

GM: And that may well be her intention, fans, as Kurayami exits the ring, looking to follow Somers to the outside where she can inflict even more punishment on her challenger.

SA: Going into this one, there's been a lot of chatter online and in the locker room that Julie Somers is the one who can beat Kurayami, Gordon. People mention Eternally Extreme in South Philly when Somers hit the moonsault and got the three count in that tag match... and every time someone mentions it, Kurayami gets madder. She truly believes herself to be an unstoppable, an unbeatable force and Somers put a dent in that reputation. Kurayami would love nothing more than to end Julie Somers' title hopes here tonight in a fiery wreck.

[On the outside, Kurayami drags the challenger off the ringside mats, pulling her close enough to say something off-mic to her..

...and then to lift her straight overhead in a gorilla press!]

BW: Now THAT'S a press, daddy!

GM: Incredible power on the part of the champion, lifting Somers with ease!

SA: The only question that remains is - what is she going to do with her now?

[The champion takes a step to her side and DROPS Somers!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The Spitfire's face SLAMS down on the ring apron, snapping her neck back as she falls to the floor again, cradling her neck as she lays in a pile on the ringside mats.]

GM: Good grief! An absolutely brutal attack there by Kurayami, leaving Julie Somers in a heap at ringside!

SA: And that was another move that could do some serious damage to someone's neck, guys. We saw Somers' neck snap back as she hit the apron... who knows what that could've done.

[From inside the ring, we hear Shari Miranda imploring the champion to get back inside the squared circle but the Queen of the Kaiju ignores her, turning to look at the jeering fans...]

"IS THIS YOUR HERO?!"

[The boos get louder as Kurayami points to the downed Somers.]

"IS SHE YOUR SAVIOR?!"

[More boos as Kurayami sneers at the fans.]

GM: Kurayami seems to be letting the fans here in Mexico get under her skin a bit - unusual for the champion, Bucky.

BW: Hey, when you've got 50,000 people booing everything you do, it's bound to get to ya.

SA: And those boos might be about to get louder because the champion is dragging the Spitfire up, looking to do even more damage.

[Kurayami holds Somers up by the hair, glaring at the front row of fans who are still giving her a hard time...]

"YOU LOVE HER SO MUCH..."

[The champion loops an arm under Somers, bringing her other hand around the neck to meet it...]

"...TAKE HER!"

[And Kurayami HURLS Somers through the air in a biel throw, tossing her in a way so that Somers' spine SLAMS into the ringside railing, sending the fans leaping back!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Somers crumples to the ringside mats again, the crowd jeering as Kurayami spreads her arms wide, beckoning them to get louder.]

GM: And now it seems as though the champion is ENJOYING the reaction of these fans.

BW: You don't call yourself the Lady of Pain because you've got a sensitive side and you need to be loved, Gordo.

GM: Kurayami waving her arms, almost begging these fans to boo even louder.

[The champion smirks at the crowd's reaction before turning her attention back to Julie Somers, dragging her back to her feet and shoving her under the ropes back inside the ring.]

GM: The challenger put back in - we said it earlier, Kurayami doesn't want a countout either. She wants to beat Somers in the middle of the ring and prove she's the best in the world

SA: She wants everyone across the globe from Guadalupe to Guatemala... from Tampa to Tokyo... to know that she is the most dominant force in all of professional wrestling.

[Kurayami again turns away from the ring, shouting at the ringside fans.]

GM: Again, Kurayami allowing her attention to drift to these fans. I hardly think that's a good idea.

BW: Sometimes you gotta take a second to put these nickel and dimers in their place. Do they use nickels and dimes here? I never can understand international money.

[Kurayami turns back to the ring...]

...which is when a rising Julie Somers grabs the top rope, springing off the second rope for momentum as she holds onto the ropes, swinging her legs through in a dropkick with the feet catching the champion right in the mouth!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: WRECKING BALL DROPKICK CONNECTS! SOMERS WITH A DESPERATE MOVE BUT IT PAYS OFF AND KURAYAMI IS STUNNED!

[Kurayami stumbles backwards, just barely catching her balance as Somers leans against the ropes, trying to recover before the champion can get back inside the ring...]

GM: Kurayami trying to get back in - trying to take advantage before Somers can get a second wind...

[The Women's World Champion grabs the ropes, pulling herself up to a knee on the apron. She ducks through the ropes...]

...which is when Somers dashes towards her, swinging her knee up into the chin, snapping Kurayami's head back!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KNEELIFT! KNEELIFT! RIGHT ON THE MARK!

[The crowd is ROARING now as Kurayami dangles lifelessly over the middle rope!]

SA: She might've knocked the champion out! Kurayami went limp from that shot!

GM: This could be Somers' moment! This is her chance!

[Somers grabs Kurayami in a front facelock, dragging her up parallel to the mat...]

...and then with great effort, drags Kurayami out so that her feet are dangling over the middle rope...]

GM: She's got her up! Somers has Kurayami right where she wants her annnnnd...

[...and DROPS backwards, driving the champion's skull into the canvas!]

GM: ...DOOOOOWN INTO THE MAT! A DRAPING DDT BY SOMERS!

[With Kurayami totally stunned, Somers pushes and fights and forces the super heavyweight over onto her back!]

GM: Somers dives on top!

[Somers pulls Kurayami's large leg off the mat, cradling it as best as she can...]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! WE'VE GOT A NEW-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as Miranda breaks the count, pointing at Kurayami's leg draped over the bottom rope!]

GM: So close! So very close to a new champion being crowned!

SA: Over the past several months, many have hypothesized that the neck might be the weak point on Kurayami. We've seen the lariat from Margarita Flores have an impact. We've seen the Sharkbite by Medusa Rage. We've seen Skylar Swift use a swinging version of that Sharkbite - all to great effect. And Julie Somers - with that elevated DDT - nearly bested them all to become the third person to hold the Women's World Title!

[Somers pushes up to a seated position, a look of frustration on her face as she looks at Miranda who holds up two fingers. In the background, we can see Kurayami rolling under the ropes to the outside.]

GM: And now it's Kurayami looking for an escape. That DDT caught her good and she's trying to buy time to recover...

[Somers whips around, grabbing the top rope...]

SA: NO TIME OUTS!

[...and slingshots over the ropes into a crossbody that wipes out the champion on the outside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SLINGSHOT PLANNNNNNCHAAAAA!

[The crowd is roaring as Somers and Kurayami lay spilled out on the floor, a few feet apart after the impact on the floor.]

GM: Both women are down on the outside - champion and challenger alike. We're moving past the fifteen minute mark in the time limit of this one and what a battle we've seen so far as these two fight to see who will head back to the United States... back to Texas... back to Homecoming with the Women's World Title wrapped around their waist.

[A weary Somers pushes up off the mat, pumping a fist to the cheering crowd as she kneels down over Kurayami in an ugly-looking mount, throwing a big right hand to the head... and another...]

GM: Somers pounding away on the floor, trying to put Kurayami down!

[A few more blows land before Somers gets up to her feet, rolling back under the ropes into the ring. She stays on her back, still breathing heavy.]

SA: You take a look at Julie Somers right now and you can see she's struggling to get up, struggling to keep up the pace... and that's thanks to Kurayami. We've seen Somers in tremendous wars in the past with the likes of Charisma Knight or Erica

Toughill... but Kurayami's physicality just breaks down an opponent in a completely different way.

[Somers sits up on the canvas as the referee's count starts up on Kurayami again. The Spitfire shakes her head, waving a hand at Shari Miranda.]

GM: Julie Somers wants no part of a countout, fans. She's letting the referee know she wants Kurayami in there where she can pin her and win that title.

[Kurayami is slow to get off the ringside mats, dragging herself to a knee as Somers gets to her feet, speaking to Miranda who keeps on counting...]

GM: Somers is up... still trying to convince the ref to stop the count.

[Somers steps forward, grabbing the top rope with both hands...]

GM: Another dive?!

[...and steps up on the second rope, springing into the air again...]

GM: Another dropkick and-

[But Kurayami shifts her body to the side causing Somers' feet to whiff their target...]

...and the champion ends up catching Somers in a back suplex position, lifting Somers high into the air, twisting her to the side...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DROPS Somers spinefirst on the ring apron, causing the challenger to cry out in pain!]

GM: Good grief! Kurayami sends her down on the apron! A jolt up and down the spine as Somers hits the hardest part of the ring!

[But Kurayami isn't done, scooping Somers up over her shoulder, dragging her away from the ring...]

...and charges forward!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SPINEFIRST INTO THE APRON! OH MY!

[Somers cries out again, sinking to her knees on the floor as Kurayami stands over her.]

GM: Two devastating shots into the apron by Kurayami... and Julie Somers' spine has been absolutely rocked by the Women's World Champion here!

[The champion raises her arms over her head, soaking up the jeers of the Mexico crowd.]

GM: The champion hearing it from these fans in Mexico yet again...

BW: As long as she walks out of Mexico with the title, Kurayami doesn't give a damn what these people think about her, Gordo.

GM: I think you're one hundred percent right about that, Bucky.

[Kurayami looks up at Shari Miranda who is counting both women out of the ring, snarling in her direction.]

GM: The official laying the double count down... but Kurayami isn't headed back in... not yet at least.

[The champion grabs Julie Somers by the hair, dragging her to her feet. She steers her over towards the ringpost, placing a hand on each shoulder to shove the Spitfire back against the steel...]

GM: Kurayami puts her against the post... what's this now?

[The super heavyweight backs off, taking aim...]

GM: HERE SHE COMES!

[...and SLAMS her body into Somers, delivering an avalanche against the post!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS SANDWICHES SOMERS INTO THE STEEL!
OH MY STARS!

[Kurayami catches Somers before she falls, arms under Somers' armpits, dragging her alongside the apron as the referee again shouts to get her back inside the ring.]

GM: The champion's got Somers - barely able to stand!

[The champion glares at the official who is still counting, waving them back in...]

GM: Kurayami is risking a countout here - she can't ignore the referee like this.

[Tugging Somers into a standing headscissors, Kurayami positions herself so she's looking right up at the official...]

GM: A defiant Kurayami setting up for a powerbomb on the floor!

BW: And if she hits this, it's all over but the shoutin', daddy!

SA: It's more than that, Bucky. She could break her back with that powerbomb!

[With the crowd buzzing in concern for Somers, the super heavyweight hoists her into the air...]

GM: POWERBOM-

[...but as Kurayami rotates to take aim with the floor, Somers reaches out, grabbing the ropes!]

GM: SOMERS GRABS THE ROPES! SOMERS GRABS THE ROPES!

[She yanks herself out of Kurayami's grip, ending up on the apron. The World Champion twists around, making a grab for Somers who stabs backwards, smashing her foot into the champion's mouth!]

GM: OHH! Right in the mush!

[Kurayami staggers back away from the ring as Somers steadies herself...]

...and then leaps into the air, springing off the middle rope, flipping backwards...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: MOONSAULT! MOONSAULT! SHE WIPES OUT THE CHAMPION!

[The crowd is roaring as Somers and Kurayami are laid out on the floor after the high-flying dive!]

GM: BOTH WOMEN ARE DOWN ONCE AGAIN! Julie Somers puts it all on the line to take down Kurayami and save herself from that powerbomb!

SA: That was more than a move that could end a match, Gordon - that could end a career. We've all heard stories of powerbombs - not even powerbombs on the floor - that do serious damage. But a powerbomb on the floor can do career-threatening damage.

[As the referee continues her count with a shout of “FOUR!”, we see Julie Somers pushing up off the floor, looking into the ring from her hands and knees.]

GM: And Julie Somers is fighting to get to her feet. She can hear the count... she knows what's at stake.

BW: But she needs to get Kurayami back in also, Gordo! It's not enough for Somers to get back in herself. If she wants to win the title, she's gotta get Kurayami in as well!

[Somers gets to her feet, stumbling towards the ring. She trips upon approach, barely catching herself on the apron before falling to the floor again as the referee calls out “FIVE!”]

GM: Shari Miranda's count is up to five... Somers trying to get in... Kurayami starting to stir on the outside as well...

[The challenger grabs the middle rope, looking to pull herself in at the count of “SIX!”]

GM: We're up to six and...

[Somers looks into the ring... then looks back at the downed Kurayami...

...and then grabs the Women's World Champion by the wrist, dragging her up off a knee to her feet...]

GM: They're both up now and-

[The referee's call hits “SEVEN!” as Kurayami delivers a two-handed shove to the chest, knocking Somers back into the apron. The Spitfire rolls herself under the ropes at “EIGHT!”]

GM: Somers back in in time... here comes Kurayami!

[And at the count of “NINE!”, Kurayami rolls under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: The champion is in as well!

[The Women's World Champion stirs to a knee, pushing back up to her feet...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAACK!”

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Knife edge chop by the challenger!

[Somers winds up, taking aim on the staggered champion.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The second blow causes the champion to stagger backwards, Somers still advancing on her..]

GM: Nearly twenty minutes into this battle for the Women's World Title and Somers- ohhh! Another hard chop!

SA: And Kurayami - for perhaps the first time since becoming the champion - is in SERIOUS trouble now! We've seen her withstand blow after blow as champion but Somers' chops are knocking her back at this point which tells the story of just how much damage Somers has managed to do to Kurayami.

[Kurayami falls back into the corner, Somers still coming and winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With the champion reeling, Somers grabs her by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip... no, reversed!

[The reversal sends Somers crashing into the corner again, Kurayami immediately surging forward after it...]

SA: AAAAVAAAAALANNNNNNCHE!

[But before Kurayami can connect this time, Somers tucks her head and front rolls from the corner, causing the champion to stampede past...

...where she extends her arms, blocking herself from hitting the corner!]

GM: OH! Kurayami catches herself and-

[As Somers gets to her feet, Kurayami comes out swinging...]

SA: LARRRIAAAAATOOOOOO!

[The queen-sized lariat finds the mark, flipping Somers through the air and dumping her down on the canvas in a heap!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The champion drops to her knees, applying a lateral press as the referee drops down to count..]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! SOMERS KICKS OUT IN TIME!

[Kurayami rolls off, glaring at the official as Miranda holds up two fingers and then signals with two hands apart to show close it was.]

GM: We were less than a half count away from Kurayami retaining the title right there! So close... so very close!

BW: Somers got ROCKED with that lariat - completely turned inside out... and STILL kicked out!

SA: I think - perhaps - we're seeing a dose of the fighting spirit carried in the heart of Julie Somers that makes her the Spitfire, gentlemen! That lariat would've finished off just about anyone else that I can think of but Julie Somers kicks out and keeps on fighting! Incredible!

[Kurayami climbs to her feet, shouting something at the official who scampers away, still holding up two fingers.]

GM: Shari Miranda - wisely, I think - staying out of reach of the World Champion who came so close to retaining... and now you've gotta wonder what else she has up her sleeve to try to finish off Julie Somers.

SA: Kurayami's got a world of weapons at her disposal, Gordon. She's not even close to being out of bullets in the chamber.

[The Women's World Champion leans down, dragging the battered Somers to her feet, tugging her into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Kurayami pulls her into position for the Hinotama - for that ring-shaking powerbomb! She tried for the powerbomb outside but Somers got free... if she hits it here...

BW: Then we're going to have a new champion, Gordo!

GM: It's a distinct possibility. The champion's in the middle of the ring, looking out on this roaring crowd here in Guadalupe... they're PLEADING with Julie Somers to get free!

[With a shout of "SHI-NE!", Kurayami lifts Somers up into the air again...

...where Somers immediately begins pistoning her fist into Kurayami's skull, trying to fight her way free!]

GM: SOMERS TRYING TO GET LOOSE!

[Somers keeps on swinging, screaming wildly as she tries to pummel her way out of this precarious position...

...and then swings backwards, trying to get enough momentum to take the Women's World Champion over with a rana!]

GM: SOMERS WITH THE-

[The crowd groans as Kurayami holds her ground, defiantly roaring as she shakes her head at the crowd, standing still as Somers dangles helplessly, still trying to get enough momentum to take her down...]

GM: KURAYAMI BLOCKS THE RANA AND...

BW: BRINGS HER RIGHT! BACK! UP!

[The reaction of crowd turns into a concerned buzz as Kurayami powers Somers right back up onto her shoulders...

...and after a quick spin, she leaps up, sitting out in a thunderous powerbomb!]

SA: SPIIIIRAAAAAL BOMMMMMMB!

[Miranda dives to the mat to count.]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT IS... NOT! IT'S NOT!

[The crowd reacts as AGAIN Julie Somers snakes the shoulder up off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt!]

GM: SOMERS HANGS ON! SHE TOOK THE POWERBOMB BUT SHE STILL HANGS ON! WHAT HEART! WHAT FIGHTING SPIRIT!

SA: JULIE SOMERS HAS COME TO GUADALUPE TO WIN THAT TITLE!

BW: Amazing.

[An irate Kurayami gets off the mat again, taking a knee as she glares at the official who backs to a safe distance before holding up two fingers.]

GM: Shari Miranda staying out of harm's way as she lets the champion know it was just a two count... a wise move if you ask me.

BW: Again, how close can you get without winning?!

GM: Kurayami almost retained the title again! And with every near fall, she seems to get closer and closer, guys.

SA: Absolutely. We've seen the lariat... we've seen the powerbomb... now what?!

[Climbing to her feet, the World Champion looks down on the prone Somers, slowly lifting her arm to the sky...

...and gives a thumbs down, sticking out her tongue in a horrifying roar!]

GM: Kurayami letting the world know it's just a matter of time now...

[She stands over Somers, staring down at her...

...and then backs into the ropes...]

SA: Hang on now! She's looking for that big splash! She's looking to do what she did to Miyuki Ozaki in Japan!

[Kurayami bounces off the ropes, approaching the downed Somers...]

GM: BIG SPLASH!

[...and with a mighty leap, she propels her 250 pounds into the air, looking to drop it all on the Spitfire...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHE MISSED! SHE MISSED! SOMERS GETS CLEAR JUST IN TIME!

[Somers rolls towards the ropes, using them to pull to her knees, grabbing at her lower back as Kurayami rolls onto her back, clutching her ribs in pain.]

GM: Kurayami went for the mighty splash and comes up empty! And can Julie Somers take advantage of it?! Can the challenger cash in this timely counter to avoid the splash?!

[As Kurayami sits up on the mat, looking around in confusion, she spies her challenger using the ropes to pull herself to her feet...]

GM: Somers trying to get up... she needs to get up before Kurayami does...

BW: She's been through so much, Gordo - I don't know if that's possible.

[The Women's World Champion is still holding her ribs as she rolls to a hip, climbing off the canvas...]

GM: The champion's up first... shouting at Somers to get up...

["UP!" is the bellow from the Women's World Champion who waits for her challenger to get to her feet, dragging herself up using the ropes...]

GM: Somers trying to get up - she couldn't take advantage of the missed splash but maybe she bought herself some recovery time at least.

[With a bellow, Kurayami charges across the ring towards the dazed and hurting Somers...]

GM: HERE COMES THE CHAMP!

[...and the crowd EXPLODES as Somers grabs the top rope, falling down to the canvas with it as the approaching Kurayami goes SAILING over the top rope, flipping through the air before SLAMMING down on the barely-padded ringside floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KURAYAMI WITH THE HARD FALL! SOMERS PULLS THE ROPES DOWN AND THE CHAMP GOES TUMBLING TO THE FLOOR!

[The crowd is ROARING as Somers clings to the ropes, hanging on for dear life as she turns and sees the champion laid out on the floor again...]

...and with a deep breath, Somers points to the corner!]

BW: Are you kidding me?!

GM: Julie Somers has taken to the sky over and over throughout this match, trying to use her aerial offense to put Kurayami down, get the win, and get that title... and now it looks like she's set to fly once again!

[Somers approaches the turnbuckles, grabbing the top rope as she plants her foot on the second rope, climbing up...]

GM: The Spitfire's climbing... Kurayami still down on the outside.

GM: Bucky!

[Miranda looks out at the combatants again, checking for signs of life before...]

“THREE!”

GM: Both competitors still down on the floor.. but look at this now...

[The crowd starts to cheer again as they see Julie Somers slide her arms underneath her, trying to push up off the floor...]

“FOUR!”

GM: The count continues - a ten count like AWA rules and not the traditional twenty count you see in Mexico.

BW: Is it too late to change that?

GM: I’m afraid so... but look at Somers now... Somers is starting to get up...

“FIVE!”

[Somers pushes up to her knees, looking up at Miranda who pauses a moment.]

GM: Somers is on her knees - she might be able to beat the count.

SA: Yeah, but can Kurayami?

GM: I don’t know.

“SIX!”

[Somers grimaces as she gets to her feet, stumbling towards the ring apron, rolling under the ropes into the ring...]

GM: Somers breaks the count! She made it!

[Down on a knee, Somers grabs Miranda by the wrist.]

“Stop... please... stop counting.”

[The referee looks down at Somers who is begging her to cease her count.]

GM: Julie Somers wants the title! She doesn’t want a countout win! She’s begging Shari Miranda to stop counting!

SA: It’s not a no countout match though. The referees have a lot of latitude out there in enforcement...

GM: But she’s gotta count.

[Miranda turns to count again but Somers pulls her wrist harder.]

“Please! Don’t do it!”

[Miranda shakes her head, pointing to the AWA logo on her chest.]

GM: She’s gotta follow the rules, Julie! She’s got to!

[Miranda raises her hand again...]

...and Somers rolls under the ropes to the outside.]

GM: What?! Somers rolls out and-

SA: And now the referee has to start the count again! She's gotta start counting again and...

BW: She's gonna get Kurayami up!

[Somers approaches the champion, grabbing her by the hair, pulling her into a seated position...]

"ONE!"

GM: Somers is trying to get the champion up... trying to get her back inside the ring...

[The Spitfire pulls her up to a knee...]

"TWO!"

[...which is when Kurayami responds with a two-handed shove to the chest, sending Somers failing backwards...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TO THE POST! KURAYAMI SHOVS HER INTO THE POST!

[Somers crumples against the steel, hanging onto the post to keep from falling to the floor...]

"THREE!"

GM: Kurayami shoved her off! Somers hits the solid steel ringpost!

[The champion slowly gets to her feet, looking across the gap between her and Somers...]

"FOUR!"

GM: The count continues on BOTH women now... and Kurayami is... wow, she's staggered. Look at her trying to keep her balance!

BW: Kurayami has been put through the wringer here tonight by the Spitfire - win or lose, Gordo.

GM: We know what both these women are hoping for and- KURAYAMI ON THE MOVE!

"FIVE!"

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS!

SA: HER HEAD! HER HEAD HIT THE POST!

[The crowd ROARS as Julie Somers dove out of the way, causing Kurayami to deliver the avalanche to the steel ringpost, her skull bouncing off the unforgiving steel on impact!]

“SIX!”

[With Somers down on a knee on the floor, Kurayami stumbles backwards and then DROPS flat on her back on the floor. The Guadalupe crowd is ROARING for the miscue as Somers’ eyes go wide, looking at the downed Kurayami!]

GM: The champion is down! A huge mistake right there for the Queen of the Kaiju and-

“SEVEN!”

GM: Wait! The count is still going! The count is still going!

[Somers looks frantic at the ring where Miranda is still counting. She throws a look at Kurayami, getting to her feet as...]

“EIGHT!”

[The Spitfire grabs Kurayami by the wrist, pulling her to a seated position...

...but loses her grip as Kurayami falls right back down to the mat!]

“NINE!”

GM: The count’s at nine! The count’s at nine!

[Somers quickly spins, throwing herself towards the ring. She rolls under the bottom rope, looking to repeat her break of the count earlier..]

“TEN!”

[...and she rolls back out JUST after the ten count lands!]

GM: SHE BROKE THE COUNT! SHE BROKE THE-

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: Wait! What?!

[Miranda waves her arms at the action, signaling that the match is over.]

GM: Is... is it over?

SA: I believe it is, Gordon. Julie Somers tried to get Kurayami up and then realized she didn’t have enough time to do it. She dove back in, trying to roll out and break the count like she did earlier but she JUST missed it.

[Miranda goes over to the ring announcer as Julie Somers rolls back in, getting to her feet and throwing her arms up in a questioning fashion.]

GM: Somers doesn’t know what happened yet, Sal, but I think you’re right. I think you’re absolutely right.

[Miranda speaks to Rebecca Ortiz for a few more moments before Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... your winner of the match... by countout...
JUUUUUULIEEEEEEEEE SOMMMMMMERRRRRRSSSSSS!

[The crowd cheers the win as Somers grabs at her head with both hands, realizing what that means.]

RO: However, since the title cannot change hands on a countout... still your AWA Women's World Champion... KURAYAMI!

[Somers angrily kicks the bottom rope with a loud "DAMN IT!" as the fans react with a mix of cheers and boos for the decision. Shari Miranda retrieves the title belt from the timekeeper, walking across the ring with it.]

GM: A countout. Julie Somers was... she was SO CLOSE!

SA: As close as anyone's been during this reign by Kurayami for sure.

GM: Somers was on the verge of winning the title... of becoming the champion when-

[Somers snatches the title belt away from Miranda, holding it over her head to big cheers!]

GM: Well... Julie Somers has the title, fans... but we can assure you that she is NOT the champion.

BW: Enjoy your moment holding it though, Spitfire. It may be the closest you ever get to it.

[Somers holds the title belt for a few more moments, pulling it down to look at it before she hands it back to the official.]

GM: Somers is upset and you can hardly blame her... but you also have to believe that this is NOT the last chapter in this saga, gentlemen.

SA: Absolutely not, Gordon. Look at the facts here - Julie Somers is the only one who has PINNED Kurayami. Now she's the only one who has BEATEN Kurayami... even though it was by countout. And that means that the next time these two meet, there's only one thing left to accomplish.

BW: That's all well and good, Albano, but that woman right there...

[The camera is on Kurayami who is sitting up on the floor, a dazed expression on her face as the referee hands the title belt to her.]

BW: ...she's the champ! She's still the champ! And the way things are going for her, she may ALWAYS be the champ!

GM: Julie Somers has proven to the world that she can beat Kurayami... she can pin Kurayami...

BW: But she didn't do it tonight, daddy.

GM: There will come a day, Bucky. There will come another opportunity for Julie Somers and when that day comes, we may see a very different story unfold.

[Somers shakes her head again... but grins as she looks out on the cheering crowd. She steps up to the middle rope, pointing to fans, twisting her hands into a "heart" as she mouths "I love you" to the roaring crowd.]

GM: Julie Somers may not have won the title... but she's a champion in the hearts of all these tremendous fans here in Mexico!

BW: Oh, brother.

GM: Fans, it's been an incredible night of action here in Estadio BBVA! It's been our honor and pleasure to present the very first show in Mexico in AWA history! For all of our team here in Mexico... for Bucky Wilde and our special guest Big Sal Albano... I'm Gordon Myers wishing you... BUENOS NOCHES!

BW: Oh, hermano.

GM: Would you stop?! So long everybody!

[And as Somers continues to salute the cheering fans, we fade to black.]