

Homecoming

SEPTEMBER 9TH, 2017
AMERICAN AIRLINES CENTER
DALLAS, TEXAS

HOURL TWO

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

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

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

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

[The logo and fanfare fade...

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

"WE ARE... FOX SPORTS!"

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[The logo fades to black...

...and then up to a live shot of the crowd inside the American Airlines Center. The crowd cheers at the sight of themselves upon the big screen. There is no pyro on this night. No screaming music to welcome us to the big event. Not even a panning shot down the aisle of the ring setup which is the same as usual.

Instead, we cut straight down to ringside to the AWA play-by-play man - an AWA Original if you will. Gordon Myers is flying solo on this night so far - dressed in a charcoal grey suit, holding a mic in hand as the camera comes upon his grinning - yet exhausted-looking face.]

GM: Ladies and gentlemen, we are LIVE here in the American Airlines Center! We are LIVE here in the birthplace of the AWA - Dallas, Texas!

[A HUGE roar goes up from the AWA faithful for themselves and their city. Gordon looks around, beaming as he gestures to them.]

GM: Right here where over 20,000 Dallas diehards have assembled to witness what is sure to be one of the most unpredictable nights in AWA history!

[Another big cheer!]

GM: For a long time now, Homecoming has been one of my favorite nights of the year for the AWA as for so long - this city was my home away from my home in Atlanta, Georgia... and every year, I look forward to coming back here on this night to show our thanks to the fans who were with us from the very beginning... for the people who were with us from Day One!

[The hits keep coming for Gordon Myers who has the crowd whipped into an early frenzy.]

GM: For those who haven't heard the news, the AWA is... well, we're flyin' without a net here tonight! You may notice that the man who has been by my side for so many years, Bucky Wilde, isn't here. You may notice that Rebecca Ortiz isn't here... and I promise you that there are a whole lot of others who aren't here either. The Mexico tour has come to an end but due to... travel difficulties...

[Gordon's expression tells us exactly what he thinks of that excuse.]

GM: ...we've got half our locker room and production team stuck in Mexico City! But I'm here! You're here! We've got a whole host of special guests here as well! And more than a few surprises too... some who are even going to be surprises to me, I'm sure. This is a night... where just about anyone might show up...

[Gordon's voice trails off and he seems just about to speak again when he's interrupted by a song very familiar to professional wrestling fans - a song that causes a HUGE ROAR to erupt from the fans in the American Airlines Center.

"Cult Of Personality" is blasting over the PA system... and you know what that means.

The shot cuts to the top of the aisle where the graphic reading "C. O. P." flashes on the PA system. A few moments pass before the curtain parts.

Former World Champion "Wild Thing" Kevin Slater is the first to appear, a grin on his face as he stands in a pair of black slacks with a dress shirt and tie. He points to the cheering fans...

...and then makes a big production of ripping off the tie, tossing it aside with a "WE DON'T NEED THAT TONIGHT!"

Slater steps a few more steps down the ramp and then pauses, snapping his fingers with a "Almost forgot!" and then jerks a thumb over his shoulder towards the entrance where "The Outlaw" Bobby Taylor emerges from the backstage area.

Like Slater, Taylor's in a pair of black slacks but he's gone for a red dress shirt unbuttoned a few notches. The black Stetson rounds out the ensemble as Taylor approaches his longtime friend - and occasional enemy - clapping a hand down on his shoulder. He looks out on the fans, both men grinning as we catch Taylor remarking "I'll never get tired of that sound" to his friend who nods in agreement as the two men start walking down the ramp towards the ring.]

GM: No sooner do I get the words out of my mouth than we get our first surprise of the night in the form of Bobby Taylor and Kevin Slater - the Outlaw and the Wild Thing. The Cult of Personality is here and... well, sure... Bobby Taylor is part of AWA ownership and Kevin Slater is a backstage official but I gotta wonder what they're doing out here tonight, Buc- oh... well, I'm sorry, fans... force of habit. I'm told I'll be seeing a few different color commentators out here with me here tonight but my thoughts are down in Mexico City with my old friend. Buckthorn, be careful and be safe... and my thoughts are with you and all our other friends and colleagues down there as well.

[Taylor and Slater reach the ring quickly, the former climbing the steps as the latter rolls under the ropes, getting to his feet. Both men take an offered mic from ringside, still grinning at the loud reaction as their music starts to fade.]

KS: Damn, Outlaw. Twenty years later and these people still cheer when we show up... can you believe that?

[Taylor nods.]

BT: Nostalgia's a powerful drug. Now, quiet down... all of you... before Blue starts pitching the brass on Eternally Extreme 3.

[The crowd cheers as Slater mockingly grabs his back in pain.]

KS: Can't go through another Chris Blue booked show. No chance.

[Taylor nods.]

BT: I bet you all are wondering what we're doing here tonight. Kev, talk to 'em.

[Slater grins, stepping towards the ropes.]

KS: So, earlier today, I was kicking back in my hotel room here in Dallas, waiting to come to the arena tonight and I got the call from Adam Rogers - another one of the AWA's backstage officials. "What's up, Natch?" I told him... and then he dropped my jaw telling me about all the craziness going down in Mexico City.

And you know the first thing I thought?

[Slater looks over at Taylor.]

KS: I thought "Damn, I'm glad I took vacation days last week and skipped the Mexico tour!"

[The crowd laughs as does the Outlaw.]

KS: But the second thing I thought? "The show must go on."

[Taylor nods.]

BT: And that's when he called me. He said, "I know you've been avoiding the shows because of Castillo but he's stuck in Mexico and we're here sooooo..."

[Taylor spreads his arms.]

BT: Here we are!

KS: That's right. See, about two months ago in South Philly, that man... my best friend... pulled me aside and told me to go out to that ring and enjoy every moment... to embrace every moment... because at our age, there's no telling when the last time you get in that ring will be your last.

And in South Philly, I enjoyed ALMOST every moment.

[Slater grimaces in Taylor's direction.]

BT: You too? Casey's not here. You can't try to cash in that bounty on him like Rob did. Besides, I already apologized!

[Slater nods.]

KS: You did. And we're cool. But I'm not. Casey James ruined that night for me... ruined that moment... and so if we're going to throw open the doors tonight and invite everyone here to try to help us get a three hour show in the books while half the locker room is eating honey roasted peanuts on a runway... well, I thought we might as well make a new memory... make some new moments here... tonight!

[The crowd cheers again!]

BT: It was almost ten years ago now that I showed up a Marriott conference room in Austin, Texas and told the world that the AWA was being created because everything I had in my life, I owed to this business... and I wanted to give something back. And for nearly ten years now, I've tried to live up to that each and every day I went to the office... to the ring... to the boardroom... wherever I was needed to make this company the premier promotion in all of professional wrestling.

So, on a night where the AWA just might need a guy like me...

[Slater clears his throat.]

BT: ...or two guys like us...

[Slater nods.]

BT: ...then we decided we'd slip those boots back on for tonight and give something back.

[Another big cheer rings out as Taylor nods.]

BT: But that said... this isn't just us being nice guys. We've got another reason for being here. And that one's not business - it's personal.

Kev said that I stopped coming to shows because I didn't want to see Javier Castillo and that's not EXACTLY right.

I stopped coming to shows because I was afraid of what I'd do to Castillo if I saw him again.

[The crowd roars as Taylor glares into the camera.]

BT: Because I still haven't forgotten what he and his thugs did to my son... and while Wes tells me to stay out of it... that someday - and we hope that day is soon - he'll be back to take care of it himself...

Well, I've never been good at staying out of things when my kid is concerned.

So... James Lynch.

[A shocked reaction rings out from the Dallas crowd.]

BT: You were in that Tower with my son... you were pretending to be Supernova and making his life hell too... so yeah, I think you've got a fight comin'... and it's comin' today. So, you go back there and dig up whatever Korugun goof you can find... and you get them in this ring with you later tonight...

'Cause Kev and I are coming for you, boy... and your daddy never prepared you for what comes after that.

[Taylor throws the mic down, the music kicking in once more as Gordon Myers' voice is heard over the cheering crowd.]

GM: Now that's how we kick off Homecoming! The Cult of Personality is in the house and they've thrown down a challenge to James Lynch and the rest of Korugun here tonight! Oh my! Fans, this promises to be one wild night so buckle up and hang on to your hindquarters because we're off and runnin' already!

[The camera cuts from the shot of the ring...

...and with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we end up in the office of the AWA President which is set up as it usually is...

...except there is a shapely set of legs in red high heels resting on the polished oak desktop. A loud knock is heard.]

"Enter."

[Unlike her employer, Veronica Westerly doesn't bark the order - more of a growl with implied menace. The door swings open to reveal the masked giant known as Polemos. He holds it open as an unknown stagehand sticks his head through the doorway.]

"You asked for me?"

[Westerly nods, waving him forth. There's an awkward moment where unknown stagehand is very obviously checking out her legs. A slight smile crosses her red-painted lips before she pulls her legs down, breaking off his leering.]

VW: Kurt, is it?

[The stagehand freezes... and a nudge from Polemos that nearly knocks him off his feet seems to stir him.]

"Mike."

[Westerly nods.]

VW: Mike. Yes, of course. Mike, you know why I asked for you?

Mike: They said you needed an assistant.

[Westerly sneers.]

VW: An assistant. Right. Mike, I need someone to help me tonight. Can you do that?

[Mike nods... fast.]

VW: Good. You've been told who I'm waiting for?

[Mike nods... fast.]

VW: And is he here?

[Mike shakes his head... fast. Westerly grimaces.]

VW: Where. The Hell. Is He?!

[Westerly slams a fist down on the desk, causing Mike to visibly jump.]

Mike: Should I check again?

[Westerly nods.]

VW: Go stand in the parking lot until he gets here. Javier promised a World Title match for tonight and he's going to get one, damn it.

[Westerly smiles.... then notices Mike standing there still, looking dreamily at her.]

VW: WHY ARE YOU STILL HERE?! GO!

[Mike leaps into action, nearly bumping into Polemos as he races out of view. Westerly sighs deeply.]

VW: Men.

[And with another flash of the ACCESS logo, we cut to ringside, where Gordon Myers is joined by a familiar face at ringside, as Shane Destiny can be seen putting on a headset.]

GM: Tensions are running high all over the American Airlines Center tonight for sure... and now, as you can see, fans, I have a special guest joining me, as it is indeed Homecoming for a former wrestling champion, and a former member of the AWA roster... Shane Destiny, it feels like just a few days ago we were talking about women's wrestling!

[Destiny cracks a smile.]

SD: It was, wasn't it! Gordon, good to see you, in person this time. Some odd circumstances, but I think we'll make the most of it.

GM: I understand you've brought us quite a treat today.

SD: I have! You know, I was here in Dallas along with several members of P*WIN to train at the Combat Corner, just for some of that corporate synergy, and maybe some Texas brisket later...

[Gordon and Shane chuckle.]

SD: But a good wrestler always brings their gear juuuuuust in case they're needed, and here we are! I believe you've seen Casey Cash in the past here on Saturday Night Wrestling against Molly Bell, but for those of you who haven't been watching our P*WIN shows on Twitch, and aren't familiar with Japanese women's wrestling, you're going to see quite a veteran team tonight in the Dream Warriors.

GM: And this will also be the first time we've seen the full team of the Peach Pits here on Saturday Night Wrestling, although we've seen Donna Martinelli in action a few times, and of course, they have been wrestling on the Power Hour. Let's take it up to Tyler Graham for the introductions.

[We cut up to the ring where the Power Hour ring announcer is ready for his big show debut.]

TG: Texas fans... tonight's opening contest is a trios match in the Women's Division, set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit!

[The sparkly pop sounds of Carly Rae Jepsen's "Cut To The Feeling" bounces across the PA to boos from the Dallas crowd.]

TG: From Beverly Hills, California... weighing in at a total combined weight of 374 pounds... SHANNON WALSH, KELLY TAYLOR, and DONNA MARTINELLI... THE PEEEEEEEEAAAACH PITSSSSSS!

[The announced trio comes bouncing through the curtain into view... well, one of them anyways. Donna Martinelli is in pink spandex - booty-hugging trunks and a sports bra style top with a teardrop-shaped cutout that is bedazzled in silver glittering... stuff. She's bouncing in time to the music, pumping her fists, waving her arms, trying to get the crowd into an impromptu dance party.

Walsh and Taylor look less enthused about this whole scene - they're both in black with pink trim. Walsh is in long tights with an accompanying black quasi-tank top. Her hair is tied back in a tight ponytail as she kinda glares at her new partner. Taylor's gear is closer in style to Martinelli sans the hot pink and glitter. She has a lopsided grin on her face though as she watches Martinelli try to get the crowd going.]

GM: And here's the trio of the Peach Pits, Shane. You've had a chance to see Donna Martinelli a few times in P*WIN, where I understand she's undefeated?

SD: She is, but she's also never gotten a win without cheating in some way. She's used the ropes for leverage in all three of her victories.

GM: You've had a chance to see the other two Peach Pits in action as well, right?

SD: I have, both on the Power Hour as well as footage of them throughout the United States. Shannon Walsh is really impressive with her ground game, and Kelly Taylor... well, she's got a good pedigree, and she likes to take chances. If the team of Walsh and Taylor have a chance to fully gel, I think they'll be top contenders for any tag team title in the country.

GM: And how about Martinelli?

SD: She sure tries hard, Gordon.

[The two chuckle, as Graham begins to introduce their opponents.]

TG: And their opponents, representing P*WIN...

First, she hails from Baltimore, Maryland, weighing in this evening at 141 pounds... she is the "Charm City Cutie"... CASEY CAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!

Her partners... at a total combined weight of an even 300 pounds... from Fujiyoshida in the Yamanashi Prefecture of Japan, and Jinsekikogen in the Hiroshima Prefecture of Japan, respectively...

"THE MOST VALUABLE BLONDE" HONEY KOBAYASHI!

"THE BATTLE PRINCESS" MISAKI ISHIKAWA!

Together, they are... THE DREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAM
WAAAAAAAAAARRIORRRRRRRRRRRRRRS!

["Cutie Honey" by GO!GO!7188 starts to play as the P*WIN trio parts the entranceway to mostly confusion from the Dallas fans. Kobayashi is wearing an orange one-piece outfit with white ruffles throughout, along with matching white boots and kneepads that have an ornate gold design down the side. She has long blonde hair that reaches her shoulders.

Ishikawa is wearing a black one-piece outfit that has cutouts on the sides near her waist, along with orange chevrons on the front and orange tassels decorating her hips, along with black boots and kneepads. Her hair is long, brown, and voluminously curly.

Cash, meanwhile, is wearing the same black and white checkered jacket we saw her in prior to being chased by Molly Bell a few weeks ago, and is wearing tights and a sports bra patterned after the Maryland state flag, only the colors have been altered to orange and black. She is wearing black boots, and also has orange sweatbands on her wrists with noticeable Under Armour logos. Her hair is worn in a tight bun on the top of her head.]

GM: Shane, here are the opponents for the Peach Pits, coming to us from your P*WIN organization.

[We hear a nervous laugh from Destiny.]

SD: Well, let's not say it's entirely mine, because Misaki Ishikawa and Honey Kobayashi are my business partners in this venture. Fans of Japanese wrestling, and women's wrestling in general, will certainly know how great both these women are. They've won quite a few titles in their 14 years of tagging up together, but Gordon, Misaki is actually better known as a trainer these days. You may be familiar with her most prized pupil.

GM: Oh?

SD: Yeah, Misaki is the one who trained Miyuki Ozaki for the ring. In fact, that taser that Miyuki is known for carrying around, Misaki used to carry a similar taser in her... shall we say wilder years.

GM: Probably fortunate for the Peach Pits, then, that perhaps Misaki Ishikawa isn't as wild as she used to be.

SD: We'll see, Gordon - Misaki's still capable of dishing out some significant punishment even without using a high-voltage electrical weapon.

[The P*WIN team gets to the ring, Kobayashi and Ishikawa attempting to gain favor from the Dallas crowd. We see the Peach Pits in the opposite corner rolling their

eyes and mocking the Japanese team, as well as the rookie Cash. We see a female referee, clad in a black polo shirt and black slacks, give instructions to both teams as the music fades.]

GM: I see an unfamiliar official in the ring as well.

SD: That's P*WIN Senior Official Rebecca Daniels in the ring, Gordon. She's been an official for close to 15 years, a true pro's pro when it comes to refereeing. She was with us at CCW as well, helping their crop of officials learn their craft.

[Suddenly, the Peach Pits dart across the ring, with Walsh going after Kobayashi, Taylor after Ishikawa, and Martinelli after Cash! Daniels frantically signals for the bell.]

GM: The Peach Pits jumping the team of the Dream Warriors and Casey Cash to get things going here! Cash hasn't even had a chance to remove her jacket!

SD: You'd have to think they're going to look to isolate Cash out of the gates, Gordon. Kobayashi and Ishikawa are true veterans, but this is only Cash's fourth pro match. If the Peach Pits had a chance to do any kind of research on their opponents here, that's got to be what they're aiming for.

GM: I think you might be right, Shane, as Walsh sends Kobayashi out to the floor, and Taylor does the same to Ishikawa... now all three are trying to triple up on Casey Cash!

[Walsh, Taylor, and Martinelli drive boots into the stomach of Cash at the same time, then Martinelli tries to grab at Cash's wrist. Cash pulls away, so Martinelli grabs at the sleeve of Cash's jacket, yanking hard...]

"RIIIIIIIIIIIIPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!"

[...tearing the sleeve right off!]

GM: She just tore the sleeve off of Casey Cash's jacket, Shane!

SD: Oh, and Casey loves that jacket too! She's going to be heartbroken!

[Martinelli takes the now-empty sleeve and uses it to slap Cash across the face, as Daniels tells the Peach Pits they need to get two members out of the ring. Cash suddenly drops to the mat, being pulled out from underneath the bottom rope.]

GM: ... look at that, Shane, Misaki Ishikawa came around on the floor and literally pulled her tag team partner out of the ring!

SD: Like I mentioned, Gordon, both of the Dream Warriors have been at this for a while. Misaki knows she's not going to get anywhere running into a three on one or three on two situation. The match may have started, but I don't think the referee's going to count Cash out because the Peach Pits don't have a legal wrestler yet, technically.

GM: I think you may be right, Shane, because the referee is still trying to get the Peach Pits to get two members out of the ring.

[Daniels sternly motions to the Peach Pits' corner, loudly saying "one in, two out!" in spite of their protests and demanding that Cash be counted out. Finally, they comply, as Walsh and Martinelli step out of the ring. Ishikawa inspects the damage to Cash's jacket as Cash pouts on the floor, and Kobayashi pats Cash on the head.]

GM: Casey Cash is utterly distraught by the damage done to that jacket, Shane.

SD: Gordon, when Harley Hamilton told her she thought it was cute, Casey wouldn't stop talking about it for days. To be honest, she still hasn't stopped. The Peach Pits may have emotionally taken her out of this match and not realized it.

[Ishikawa can be seen conferring with Daniels, and can be overheard asking if Cash was ever declared legal. Daniels shakes her head, so Ishikawa spryly steps into the ring.]

GM: I believe Misaki Ishikawa just asked if Casey Cash was ever made legal?

SD: That's right, Gordon. A lot of wrestlers don't think to ask the official if there was a legal wrestler declared on a jumpstart like that. With Cash feeling some kind of way about her jacket, it's smart for Misaki to ask the official if Cash was ever designated as legal to see if a tag needs to officially be made. We're not at Estrellas where those swaps due to touching the floor can be legal.

GM: So here we go, with I suppose the legal start of the match, as Misaki Ishikawa of the Dream Warriors is locking up with Kelly Taylor of the Peach Pits.

SD: Misaki is 33 years old, a 16 year veteran of the sport. Standing 5'3" and weighing 134 pounds, she's someone a lot of people overlook on the surface because of her size, but she's got one heck of a pedigree when it comes to her skills.

GM: Taylor trying to push Ishikawa back, but... Ishikawa steps on the back of Taylor's knee! That's one way to get some leverage! Now Ishikawa moving into a headlock, and a lightning quick headlock takeover.

[Ishikawa cranks the headlock and slightly arches her hips up, adding leverage to the grip.]

SD: If Taylor wants out of this headlock, she's got two options here. The first is to put her hands up to Misaki's and try to pry apart that grip, or she can wrap her arms around Misaki's waist and try to roll her over to force the break by a pin attempt.

GM: Been in a few of those, huh?

SD: Yeah, and had to drain out some blood from my ears to prevent the ol' cauliflower ear look. It wasn't a good one for me.

[Both chuckle as Taylor puts her hand up to Ishikawa's to try and pull on the grip, while at the same time, putting her hand in the cutout of Ishikawa's outfit, yanking it to pull Ishikawa onto her shoulders. Daniels doesn't even have time to get into position before Ishikawa releases the headlock, getting to her feet and wagging her finger at Taylor.]

GM: Ishikawa not staying on the ground for even a one-count, opting to let go of that headlock.

SD: Misaki's smart about positioning, Gordon, she doesn't like her shoulders being down for even an instant.

[Taylor gets back up, trying for a leg dive, but Ishikawa sprawls out, then does a spin on Taylor's back, shouting "wheeeee!" for full measure, only for Walsh to storm the ring and boot Ishikawa right in the face. The crowd, previously somewhat unfamiliar with the P*WIN team, has decided to embrace them and boos Walsh.]

GM: A completely uncalled for boot to the face by Shannon Walsh, and she's being admonished by Rebecca Daniels for her intrusion on the match, Shane.

SD: Misaki having a little fun off the sprawl, and I guess any ring where Shannon Walsh is becomes a no fun zone, huh.

GM: Taylor now with a knee to the side of Ishikawa's head, and bringing her over to the corner.. here's a tag to Walsh!

[Walsh steps into the ring and drives a knee into the side of Ishikawa, then scoops her up and sends her crashing to the mat for a bodyslam.]

GM: A solid bodyslam there by Shannon Walsh, going for a quick cover now... and only a one count before Ishikawa kicks out.

SD: It was really soon for Walsh to go for the cover, but I like the awareness she showed there. She had Ishikawa's back on the mat and clearly knows the caliber of wrestler Ishikawa is, so she's going for the pin when she can. It may not pay off now, but it's a good instinct to have.

GM: Walsh staying right on top of Ishikawa, applying a chinlock...

[Ishikawa grabs at Walsh's wrist, quickly pulling down and sending Walsh face-first into the mat!]

GM: And Ishikawa is able to pull Walsh down to the mat! Ishikawa maintains control of that wrist, turning it into a hammerlock, and drives the knee right into the upper arm of Walsh!

SD: Walsh may have a lot of potential, and I like that she went for that quick cover, but she's really deciding to test herself by mat wrestling against Ishikawa.

[Ishikawa tucks Walsh's head, then uses the hammerlock to roll Walsh onto her shoulders, using the momentum to get Walsh back up to a standing position.]

GM: Ishikawa really using Walsh's momentum against her, getting Walsh back standing... now still holding that wrist...

[Ishikawa twists Walsh's wrist, turning it into a throw towards the Dream Warriors' corner.]

GM: And Walsh sent into the corner by Ishikawa!

SD: Ishikawa has a background in judo and aikido, as you can tell by that kotegaeshi, Gordon. She's dangerous if she gets control of that wrist.

GM: Ishikawa closing the distance in the corner... and there's the tag to Honey Kobayashi!

SD: This is going to be a change in mood for sure, Gordon! Honey Kobayashi is a 14 year pro, 5'6" and 166 pounds, but she's far more lighthearted compared to her partner.

[Ishikawa holds Walsh in the corner, as Kobayashi stands up on the middle rope, shouting "IKUZOOOOO!" out to the audience. Kobayashi then climbs into the ring, clapping her hands, which the crowd picks up on.]

GM: Kobayashi trying to get the crowd behind her now, but she's not doing much of anything, Shane.

SD: Not yet, anyway.

[Kobayashi stands in front of the corner, where Ishikawa has stepped out, but is still holding Walsh's arm on the outside. Walsh attempts to burst out of the corner, but finds herself restrained, and looks at Rebecca Daniels to complain.]

GM: Shannon Walsh isn't pleased by... well, let's call it what it is, Shane, deliberate cheating.

SD: Bending of the rules, sure!

[Walsh goes to pull her arm out, and Ishikawa releases, causing the momentum from Walsh's energy to push her forward. Kobayashi steps out of the way, shouting "NOOOO NO NO!", and trips Walsh.]

SD: Okay, that part may have been deliberate.

GM: Kobayashi tripping Shannon Walsh!

[Kobayashi quickly takes advantage, dropping a leg across the back of Walsh's neck.]

GM: And a legdrop to follow up! Kobayashi let Walsh's anger get the better of her, but Shane, you have to admit, that wasn't the most fair tactic.

SD: Oh, it was sneaky for sure.

[Kobayashi lets out another shout, then lands a hip drop on the lower back of Walsh.]

GM: Hip drop by Kobayashi! And a second! And a third! Kobayashi has close to 50 pounds on Shannon Walsh, and is really doing some damage to that lower back!

SD: Kobayashi specializes in... bizarre attacks, shall we say, Gordon? But she's very effective in the ring.

GM: Kobayashi dragging Walsh to the corner... tagging Ishikawa back in! Now applying... there's a camel clutch! And Ishikawa with a kick right to the face!

SD: Ishikawa now taking control of that camel clutch... ha, this is something else that the Dream Warriors specialize in, Gordon.

[Ishikawa pulls Walsh up so she can get a full look, as Kobayashi lays down in front of both, striking several poses, Ishikawa accentuating each pose with a "WOO!" to the crowd. Eventually the crowd catches on, joining in with a "WOO!" each time. Ishikawa looks over at the moping Casey Cash, shouting "WOO!" at her, but Cash lets out a disinterested "woo", still looking at her destroyed jacket.]

GM: A pose routine by the Dream Warriors... and Rebecca Daniels coming over to break things up. Shannon Walsh looks so angry, she could spit nails, Shane.

SD: Walsh isn't really known for her enjoyment of sillier aspects of wrestling, so this has to be getting under her skin for sure.

GM: Ishikawa letting Walsh to her feet, and... oh! Walsh with an elbow right to the stomach of Ishikawa! Walsh rolls to her corner... both Martinelli and Taylor have their hands out for a tag, and Walsh... tags Taylor! In comes Kelly Taylor!

SD: Taylor coming in with a nice dropkick, she caught Ishikawa right on the shoulder with that one. And a second, again, same positioning!

GM: And Taylor catches Casey Cash on the jaw with a dropkick too! She caught Cash napping on the apron with that one! She follows it up with a dropkick for Honey Kobayashi as well!

SD: I guess if the Peach Pits weren't going to get Cash isolated, they had to pick someone, and they're going with the next smallest wrestler. I'm not entirely sure if that's the strategy to work with, but I like that they're trying an isolation strategy!

GM: Taylor is now waving Walsh back into the ring... they're sending Ishikawa off the ropes, and there's a double clothesline! Taylor hits the ropes, Walsh catches her on the rebound... and Walsh hiptosses Taylor onto Ishikawa! Walsh leaving the ring, here's the cover by Taylor! That's one, two... and Ishikawa kicks out!

SD: A solid double-team move there by Taylor and Walsh! I really like their instinct of going for the cover when they have an opponent down!

GM: Taylor picking Ishikawa up, bringing her to the corner... now the tag to Donna Martinelli! The first time we've seen Martinelli here! Martinelli and Taylor sending Ishikawa off... Taylor steps away... a big spinning back kick from Martinelli, connecting with Ishikawa right to the jaw!

[Martinelli, thrilled with her move, takes a moment to soak it in from the crowd.]

SD: And here's the primary difference so far between Walsh, Taylor, and Martinelli, Gordon! You notice those quick pins by Taylor and Walsh, even though they haven't gotten the win, they're at least trying for the win. Martinelli just hit a big kick and is opting to celebrate instead of trying for the cover! If Martinelli takes on more of an attitude like her partners, it could do her some good!

GM: Walsh and Taylor trying to get Martinelli to cover Ishikawa, and I think they have gotten Martinelli to press the advantage!

[Martinelli smiles, turning around to find a rather irritated Ishikawa, adjusting her jaw, standing behind her. Martinelli's eyes grow wide, and she wildly throws a punch, which Ishikawa ducks under.]

GM: Ishikawa ducks under the punch... whoa! A kind of judo throw there by Ishikawa!

SD: That's a harai goshi, and Martinelli just got her world turned upside down!

[Ishikawa looks to her corner, seeing both Kobayashi and Cash standing at the ready. She pulls Martinelli up to her feet, then reaches out to tag Kobayashi. Ishikawa then slaps Cash on the shoulder and shouts "YOU! IN!"]

GM: A tag to Honey Kobayashi, but she's also calling for Casey Cash to get in as well!

SD: A triple team coming up, perhaps! Maybe trying to finish this thing!

GM: Ishikawa has Martinelli standing, pushes her to the ropes...

[Martinelli hits the top-rope chest-first, as Ishikawa pushes Cash to the mat behind Martinelli, causing Martinelli to fall backwards as she stumbles back. When Martinelli rolls back up to her feet, she's met by a waiting Kobayashi, who snares her in a Cobra Twist!]

GM: A schoolyard trip by Ishikawa, using Casey Cash as a weapon, and now Martinelli caught in a Cobra Twist!

SD: And Kobayashi is known for jumping back to the mat with this, Gordon! If she does that, it's called the Honey Flash, and she's pinned so many great wrestlers with it!

[Ishikawa runs off the ropes, driving a boot to Martinelli's face!]

GM: A Yakuza kick by Ishikawa!

"THUDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDD!"

GM: And Kobayashi jumped back into a pinning combination! The Honey Flash!

[Ishikawa gets Cash standing, as the two intercept Walsh and Taylor, while Kobayashi holds Martinelli in a grounded, pinning version of the Cobra Twist.]

GM: That's one! Two! And three! The Dream Warriors and Casey Cash are going to take it!

[The bell sounds as Kobayashi releases Martinelli, but remains on the mat, resting her chin on her hand. Ishikawa sees her partner and shouts "WOO!", then gives Cash a playful shove, causing Cash to give a slightly more enthusiastic "woo" than before.]

SD: You've got to think that Walsh and Taylor are going to use the footage from this match in a strategy session with Martinelli. There's no shame in losing to a team with the Dream Warriors on the other side, but if Martinelli had maintained that advantage, I think we're talking about a different story here, Gordon.

GM: Especially since we never really saw Casey Cash in the match, Shane.

SD: That's true. Cash was a non-factor ever since Martinelli ripped her jacket. In fact, I think if it hadn't been veterans like Misaki Ishikawa and Honey Kobayashi on the other side, this match probably could have gone the Peach Pits' way.

GM: If anything, it's a lesson in not underestimating your opponents and always trying to press that advantage.

SD: You bet, Gordon. I think the Peach Pits have a lot to bounce back from here, if they just take this as a small bump in the road, not a pothole.

GM: Well, thank you for being here, Shane, for what is going to unquestionably be a wild night of action here at Homecoming! Fans, don't you dare go away because who knows what's coming up next?

[As the P*WIN trio continues to celebrate their win, we see Martinelli sitting on the mat with the mother of all pouty faces before 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...

...and we fade back up backstage where we find Theresa Lynch standing next to "The All-Around Athlete" Laura Davis, who is dressed in her red, white and blue track suit. Davis' long, brown hair is pulled back behind her head.]

TL: Fans, I'm here with Laura Davis, who was supposed to wrestle Michelle Bailey tonight at Homecoming, but Bailey is unable to be here tonight because of the issues with flights out of Mexico. Laura, I imagine you are disappointed in this turn of events...

[Davis holds up a hand, cutting off Lynch.]

LD: Disappointed, Lynch? Aggravated is a better way to put it. Bailey puts out an open challenge, I sign it, she gets hurt, isn't cleared to compete in Mexico but flies down there anyway... what, did she need to visit a specialist when she was there? All she had to do was stay at home, get healed up, get a prescription if she needed one, and she would have been here tonight, ready to prove she has what it takes.

TL: Laura, I think you know why Michelle went to Mexico -- she was hoping she could fulfill her obligations there, just as you would expect her to fulfill her obligations tonight at Homecoming.

LD: [rolls her eyes] Well, far be it from me, then, to question her priorities. Now, if she's not going to be here to face me tonight, then we may as well...

[Laura trails off as a high-pitched whine can be heard from off-camera. After a moment, the recently-defeated Donna Martinelli comes stomping onto the scene with a loud grunt of exasperation.]

TL: Donna Martinelli, we're kind of in the middle of someth-

[Martinelli interrupts.]

DM: Theresa! Seriously?! You want to know how I feel about losing out there?!

[Theresa shakes her head.]

TL: Not rea-

[Donna interrupts again.]

DM: I'M NOT IN THE MOOD FOR YOUR QUESTIONS, THERESA! GOSH!

[Martinelli puffs out her bottom lip, hands on her hips... and then turns towards her mentor, Laura Davis.]

DM: Laura, did you see what they did to me out there?! Did you see how they... they TRICKED me?! How they-

[It's Davis' turn to interrupt.]

LD: I saw it all. Including this...

[She gestures to Martinelli and Theresa.]

DM: But...

[Davis holds up her hand, then curls it into a fist, save for her pointer, which is directed at Martinelli.]

LD: Hold on, Donna... what have I told you about interrupting an interview of somebody you consider to be a mentor?

[Donna now bows her head, looking like she just let her idol down.]

DM: To not to.

LD: That's right. Now, I can understand you being upset about losing, but you need to get your chin up, get back out there and keep learning. Are we clear?

[Donna sighs deeply, nodding her head.]

DM: I'm sorry. But maybe I can make it up to you.

LD: What are you talking about?

DM: Well, I...

[She bites her lip, then suddenly perks up her head.]

DM: I know! I can get you an opponent for tonight!

[Davis cocks her head.]

LD: I'm listening.

DM: I know Michelle Bailey isn't here tonight, but I know somebody else who is here!

LD: Really? Who?

DM: Follow me!

[Martinelli grabs Davis by the arm, and Davis is actually willing to let Martinelli do this, while Lynch and the cameraman follow. Martinelli guides her mentor down a hallway, heading past several dressing rooms and towards catering, as Martinelli cranes her neck, on the lookout for someone specific.]

TL: Donna, we really don't have time for-

DM: Oh, you bet we have time for this, Theresa! This is going to be great!

[Martinelli's eyes narrow.]

DM: There she is. HEY MARIAAAAAAAAAA!

TL: Mar-... oh no.

[Martinelli takes a second to quickly whisper into Davis' ear, as a grin forms on the face of "The All-Around Athlete." Martinelli then rushes after an unfamiliar figure, who turns around, her face a mask of confusion. Martinelli catches up to her, wrapping her arm around the unknown's broad shoulder. Davis and Lynch catch up to Martinelli and the unknown. Lynch's face has gone pale.]

TL: Donna, please don't...

[Martinelli waves her hand dismissively.]

DM: Laura, I want you to meet someone! This is Maria Spinella! She just started wrestling for P*WIN.

[Spinella gives an annoyed look to Martinelli, then looks back to Davis, trying her best to fix her face. She gives a quick glance over to Lynch, almost as if to say "how did I get into this?"]

MS: Charmed.

LD: I figured somebody standing in the presence of the greatest women's wrestler in the world would be a little more respectful... but I'll let it pass. I'm sure you're having a difficult night as it is.

MS: You could say that. If you'll pardon me...

[Spinella tries to walk away, but Martinelli pinches the sides of Spinella's mouth.]

DM: See?! Look at the family resemblance!

MS [muffled]: Donna, I swear, if you don't let me go...

[Martinelli lets Spinella go, and Spinella's eyes practically shoot daggers at Martinelli. Davis snaps her fingers to draw Spinella's attention.]

LD: As I understand, you have a familial connection here in the AWA. My protege here tells me you're related to someone. Someone absent.

[Davis smiles.]

LD: But it seems you're ashamed of that certain someone, hmm? After all, why wouldn't you use the name?

[Lynch tries to interject.]

TL: Please, this is extremely inappropriate...

LD: No, I think what's inappropriate is that I don't have a match tonight, and yet here's someone from the same bloodline standing here in front of me.

[Davis glares at Spinella, whose face has become bright red.]

LD: Unless, of course, you were here to tell her off, maybe. I'd understand that.

MS: You don't know me, lady. You don't know who my family is.

[Spinella looks at Martinelli, then back to Davis.]

MS: ... yeah. You for dang sure don't know who my family is.

[Davis stares for a moment, then shrugs.]

LD: So be it.

[She glances at Martinelli.]

LD: Looks like you were wrong, Donna. You should know better than to disappoint your mentor.

[Martinelli's jaw drops, and a pouty gasp escapes from her mouth.]

DM: No, I wasn't! Tell her to take out her contacts! That'll prove it!

[Spinella looks at Lynch, then shakes her head.]

MS: Lord, this ain't goin' to end without a fight, is it.

[Spinella sighs, stepping back and covering her eyes for a moment, poking at them with her index finger. When she uncovers them, her brown eyes have become different colors... her right eye brown, her left eye light blue. Martinelli cackles.]

DM: Know anybody else who has eyes like that, Laura?

LD: I must apologize, Donna... it appears you were right. So tell me, Spinelli. Are you ashamed of Michelle Bailey or what?

[Spinella's face contorts into a frown.]

MS: Look, I don't know what you're drivin' at here, or what the point of all this is, but if you're itchin' for a fight, I'm fixin' to feel like one too.

DM: Sheesh! You'd think she could answer the question!

[Spinella growls at Martinelli.]

MS: QUIT BEIN' UGLY, DONNA! I swear, if you don't keep your mouth shut, I'll knock you so high into the air you'll starve on the way down.

[Spinella jerks her head back to Davis.]

MS: As for you, hell no, I ain't ashamed of my mama!

[We hear the crowd "oooooooooh" in the background.]

MS: If you're madder than a wet hen about my mama bein' stuck in Mexico and decided to come take it out on her kid, get it in your thick skull and imagine how I feel!

[Spinella glares at Davis.]

MS: If that's the whole reason you're pickin' on people in the hallway, I'm fine with takin' my mama's place tonight and slap you to sleep, then slap you for sleepin'.

[Spinella tilts her head, with the phoniest possible Southern smile coming across her face.]

MS: See you in a bit, darlin'.

[Spinella turns around and storms off as Davis gets a sly smile on her face.]

LD: It looks like I've got my opponent for tonight.

[She turns to Martinelli.]

LD: Thank you, Donna. You did a good job.

TL: Excuse me, but what are you...

[Davis holds up a hand, cutting her off.]

LD: Save it, Lynch. I've got a match to prepare for.

[She departs the scene, leaving a beaming Donna Martinelli and a stunned Theresa Lynch behind...]

...and we fade back out to the ring where Gordon has been joined by another familiar face at the announce desk.]

GM: Laura Davis has apparently found an opponent for tonight... and she's found one in the form of Michelle Bailey's daughter! P*WIN competitor Maria Spinella will make her AWA debut here against the All-Around athlete later on tonight.

[Gordon whistles between his teeth.]

GM: And after what we saw Davis do in that Iron Woman match recently, I'm greatly concerned for young Spinella. But shifting gears, I'd like to welcome you back to ringside where I've got - joining me at this time - former World Tag Team Champion, Idol Austin of Dynasty... and Mr. Austin, thank you for joining me here tonight to help out on commentary.

IA: The pleasure is yours, Myers... but the payday is mine.

GM: We asked you to join me during this next match because of your extensive experience as a tag team competitor. Dynasty is widely considered as one of the greatest tag teams of all time and-

IA: THE greatest, Myers. Get it right.

GM: Well, that's certainly debatable... but as the fans can see, we've been joined in the ring by Daniel Ross and MISTER - the duo known as Ringkrieger - and while they await their unknown opponents in this one, Mr. Austin... I gotta ask how you and Eugene Robinson would've faired in your heyday against the likes of Ringkrieger.

IA: Forget about our heyday, Myers. We could beat these guys now! Today!

GM: I don't want to argue with you but have you seen these two in action?

IA: Of course. Even after being long finished with full time competition, I keep my eye on the sport. I know who's who... I know what these two are capable of... and I know exactly what Eugene Robinson and I would do to them in a tag team match.

GM: I see... well, we'll have to agree to disagree on that point, I suppose... but right now, let's find out who will be facing this very tough international duo in action.

[There's a pause as MISTER and Daniel Ross, standing at attention in the ring, stare down the aisle awaiting their opponents...

A rumbling fills the air...quickly followed by the booming opening notes of Brujeria's "Ritmos Satanicos.]

GM: I... this sounds familiar.

IA: Oh, I know exactly who this is... that sense memory is strong and I...

[Austin's words trail off as the man known as The Robfathah strolls out from behind the curtain, a big grin on his face.]

GM: Rob Christie?! The Robfathah?! Does that mean-?

[Christie takes two steps then turns, nodding at the entrance...

...and the crowd cheers as the men known only as Kraken and Killdozer stride into view!]

GM: Oh my! The Brothers Kraken?!

IA: You people weren't kidding when you said you threw the doors open to anyone.

[Kraken raises his arms in the air, roaring gutturally at nobody in particular. Killdozer nods his head, screaming "YEAAAAAAAAAH!" as he pumps his arms a few times. Inside the ring, MISTER and Ross are quickly huddling up, Ross gesturing down the aisle.]

GM: And from the look on the face of Daniel Ross, Ringkrieger was NOT expecting something like this!

[The Robfathah smirks before stepping side, making way for his massive tag team as they stride down the aisle towards the ring where Ross and MISTER await them.]

GM: Well, we promised a night of surprises and you could knock me over with a feather right about now! The Brothers Kraken versus Ringkrieger!

IA: And make no mistake about it, Myers - Kraken and Killdozer are both in their late 30s-early 40s now... but they're still one of the most dangerous duos on the block.

[As they reach the ring, they keep on going, climbing through the ropes...

...and throwing themselves at the waiting Ringkrieger!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Kraken pairs up with Daniel Ross and Killdozer squares off with MISTER - the Brothers Kraken throwing big fists as Ross and MISTER respond with forearms and open-handed slaps. The crowd ROARS at the sight of four hard-hitting brutes throwing down in the middle of the ring!]

GM: And just like that, we've got a fight on our hands!

[Getting the better of the European duo, Kraken and Killdozer grab their respective dance partners by the back of the head, throwing them through the ropes to the outside...

...and then smash forearms off each other's chests as the crowd roars!]

GM: And also just like that, the Brothers Kraken have cleared the ring! How about that, Mr. Austin?

IA: Well, if Kraken and Killdozer can get the job done against these two, I KNOW Dynasty can.

GM: Back to that, huh? Okay... well... oh, look at this now...

[Barely on the floor for a few seconds, Ross and MISTER climb back through the ropes into the ring, throwing themselves at the Brothers Kraken for Round Two of a throwdown!]

GM: And this fight is breaking loose again! Referee Joe Knight out here... a fill-in official and... good luck, kid! Welcome to the AWA!

[Knight is getting in the midst of the brawl, throwing his arms about and shouting for order...

...which is when MISTER and Ross manage to get the Brothers Kraken thrown out to the floor in return!]

GM: Out goes Kraken! Out goes Killdozer!

[The Robfathah is right there by them, red in the face as he shouts, "GET BACK IN THERE! BREAK THEM!"]

GM: Kraken's back in! Killdozer too! AND HERE WE GO AGAIN!

[The four men break into a brawl for the third time in a matter of moments...]

GM: It's Kraken and Daniel Ross! It's MISTER and Killdozer!

[The latter pair sees Killdozer teeing off with a series of hard right hands to the ample jaw of MISTER, backing him across the ring...

...but MISTER swings him around, laying in a vicious forearm strike that sends Killdozer spilling through the ropes to the outside!]

GM: OHH!

[On the other side of the ring, Kraken's 307 pounds has Ross on the move backwards...

...and a heavy clothesline flips Ross over the top rope, dumping him to the outside!]

GM: AND OUT GOES DANIEL ROSS AS WELL!

[And the crowd ROARS as they realize what that means!]

GM: And all that remains in the ring is Kraken and MISTER! The two largest men in this match and-

IA: And two of the toughest men in the business too. Everyone knows how tough MISTER is but don't forget, Kraken went toe to toe with the man who currently wears the GFC Heavyweight Championship, Rufus Harris - the Rottweiler!

GM: One of the biggest pro wrestling fans around and...

[MISTER and Kraken go chest to chest, bumping each other around the ring as the crowd roars with anticipation...]

...and then MISTER lands a big forearm to the jaw... and Kraken returns fire...]

GM: MISTER with a forearm! Kraken with the same! This is a slugfest!

[The crowd reacts to each and every blow landed, cheering and groaning under the impact of the shots...]

...and the crowd gets louder as Kraken gets an edge, hammering MISTER back towards the neutral corner!]

GM: And can you believe this?! MISTER is getting outgunned right now! We've never see that before!

[With MISTER's back against the buckles, Kraken goes to town, throwing hooking blows to the temple, MISTER trying to cover up as the 307 pounder from Cripple Creek, Colorado goes to town on him...]

GM: Kraken opening up!

[The big man grabs MISTER by the wrist, looking for a whip...]

GM: The whip is reversed! MISTER on the move!

[A running hip attack from MISTER finds the mark, his hindquarters smashing into Kraken's torso!]

GM: And MISTER smashes him up against the corner..

IA: Trying to use his size against someone just as big.

[MISTER snaps off a trio of short back elbows to the temple, stunning Kraken as Christie shouts encouragement to his charge from out on the floor..]

...and MISTER twists around, smashing his skull into Kraken's, causing Kraken's knees to buckle...]

GM: MISTER's all over him in the corner!

[Grabbing the back of Kraken's masked head, MISTER lays in one... two... three stiff forearms to the jaw...]

GM: Now it's MISTER's turn with the whip... and Kraken reverses it in kind!

[MISTER slams back into the buckles as Kraken comes barreling in on him, throwing his 300 plus pound frame into a running avalanche...]

...but MISTER lifts his leg, his boot catching Kraken under the chin!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Kraken staggers back as MISTER takes surges forward...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

IA: CLOTHESLINE OUT OF THE CORNER! KRAKEN GOES DOWN HARD!

[MISTER drops down on Kraken, pushing him down with a lateral press.]

GM: We’ve got one! We’ve got two! We’ve got- no! Kraken out at two!

[MISTER gets quickly to his feet, stomping Kraken a couple of times before he pulls the Colorado native up off the mat...]

GM: MISTER gets him up... and now MISTER looking to PICK him up!

[The crowd buzzes as MISTER ducks low, looking to slam the 300 plus pounder... but Kraken slams his elbow down into the ear of MISTER once... twice... three times... four times...]

...before lifting MISTER up into his own powerful arms, dropping down in a ring-shaking front powerslam!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: BIG POWERSLAM! WE COULD BE HEADED FOR AN UPSET HERE!

[The referee drops down, slapping the mat once... twice...]

GM: And this time, it’s MISTER who is out at two!

[Climbing to his feet, Kraken points to the ropes, charging towards them...]

GM: Kraken off the far side... LEAPING SPLA-

[The crowd groans as MISTER rolls aside, causing Kraken to crash ribs-first down into the mat!]

IA: Nobody home on the splash! MISTER gets out... and now he’s really getting out, tagging Daniel Ross back in...

GM: Ross, the hard-hitting submission specialist is back in, pulling Kraken u- oh, come on! He’s got the man by the nostrils!

[A sadistic grin crosses Ross’ face as he pulls Kraken up before unloading with a vicious slap across the face...]

“SLAAAAAAAAP!”

[And another...]

“SLAAAAAAAAP!”

[A well-aimed headbutt sends Kraken stumbling back into the far ropes where Ross winds up again...]

“SLAAAAAAAAP!”

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[With Kraken reeling, Ross whips around, running to the opposite set of ropes, rebounding off...

...and tumbling down to the mat as The Robfathah sneakily hooks the ankle, tripping Ross down and drawing jeers from the Dallas crowd!]

GM: Christie with the trip from the outside - and somehow our inexperienced official missed it!

IA: Lucky for the Brothers Kraken. That could've easily been a disqualification... and you'd never catch Dynasty doing something like that.

GM: I seem to recall your fair share of illegal tactics.

IA: Sure, but you'd never CATCH us doing something like that.

[With Christie taunting the ringside fans giving him a hard time, Daniel Ross rolls under the ropes to the outside...

...and with the crowd suddenly buzzing, Christie whips around and finds a sneering Daniel Ross waiting for him.]

GM: Uh oh!

[Christie immediately starts backpedaling, his ample arms lifted in front of him, shaking his head vigorously.]

GM: And the Robfathah is begging for a way out of this one! He may have just made the biggest mistake of his life, fans!

[Christie continues to back up as Ross comes towards him, matching step for step, clearing the ringpost...]

GM: LOOK OUT!

[...which is when Killdozer comes charging in from the blind side, connecting with a ferocious spear tackle on the outside of the ring, crumpling Ross to a heap on the floor!]

GM: SPEAR! SPEAR! SPEAR ON THE OUTSIDE BY KILLDOZER!

IA: And that could COMPLETELY change this one around, Myers! Christie looked like he was in trouble but he lured Daniel Ross into a trap and... heh, that's the kind of managerial guidance my partner and I could've used a time or two.

GM: The 'Dozer pulls Ross up, shoving him back into the ring where Kraken is waiting for him...

[Kraken yanks Ross to his feet, tossing him into the nearest set of buckles where he again goes to work, landing vicious hooking blows to the side of the head as Ross takes them all without any sign of defense!]

GM: KRAKEN IS ALL OVER HIM!

IA: Get your hands up, kid!

[With Ross in a daze in the corner, Kraken takes aim and lands a huge standing clothesline against the buckles!]

GM: CLOTHESLINE CONNECTS!

[Kraken backs off as Ross stumbles out towards him, scooping him up across his shoulders...

...and DRIVES Ross back in a Samoan Drop!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: ROSS GETS CRUSHED UNDER KRAKEN! KRAKEN ROLLS OVER TO COVER!

[Kraken doesn't bother to hook a leg as the referee counts again.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO! THR-

[Ross' shoulder pops up off the mat, breaking the pin attempt just in time as the crowd groans for the near fall!]

GM: A very close count there! Daniel Ross almost going down in defeat to this surprise appearance from the Brothers Kraken...

[Kraken gets right back up, slapping Killdozer's offered hand.]

GM: There's another tag... in comes Killdozer...

[Kraken joins the incoming Killdozer in pulling Ross to his feet by the arms, whipping him across the ring together...]

GM: Ross off the far side... ohh! Double clothesline!

[Ross goes down hard off the doubleteam, Killdozer diving to his knees to cover him...]

GM: Down goes Ross again - and another two count for the Brothers Kraken!

[Killdozer smashes his fists down into the mat, glaring at the official as he shouts "ONETWOTHREEARRRRRRRRGH!" The official holds up two fingers as Killdozer climbs to his feet, stomping around the ring...]

GM: Killdozer thought he had him off the double clothesline... but Ross kicked out in time... and now Killdozer's gotta figure out what else it'll take to put Ross down for a three count.

[Stomping his way back towards the slowly-rising Ross, Killdozer swings a forearm down across the back of the head... and neck... and then across the shoulders before shoving Ross into the buckles.]

GM: Killdozer puts him in the corner...

[Taking aim, Killdozer throws one standing clothesline... and another.. and a third, rocking Ross from head to toe...]

GM: Killdozer hammering away - Ross barely able to stand!

[Killdozer backs off, pointing his fingers at the stunned Ross as he reaches the opposite corner...]

GM: Killdozer has his sights set on Daniel Ross!

[Lowering his shoulder, Killdozer charges across the ring with a bellow...]

GM: KILLDOZER ON THE MOOOOOOVE!

[Charging wildly in on Ross, Killdozer lowers his head to brace for impact...

...but Ross swings his knee up...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!”

GM: KNEESTRIKE! KNEESTRIKE!

[The knee catches Killdozer flush on the jaw, sending him stumbling backwards away from Ross, trying to keep his feet under him as Ross winds up his right arm...

...and THROWS HIMSELF into a diving lariat, knocking Killdozer flat on his back!]

GM: LARIAT BY ROSS!

IA: I've known a Texan or two to throw a lariat like that, Myers - but never a guy from California!

GM: Ross connects! Ross covers! ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOO! TH-

[And this time, it's Killdozer who kicks out in time, breaking up the pin!]

GM: Ohhh! Two count only!

[Ross pushes his way to his knees, still trying to recover from the assault he's taken so far as Killdozer drags himself towards his corner...]

GM: Killdozer on the- tag! In comes Kraken!

[Kraken steps in, promptly pistoning a fist into the jaw of the kneeling Ross, knocking him back down to the mat. A few stomps follow as Killdozer drags himself up using the ropes. At a shout from Kraken, Killdozer moves to help his partner get Ross to his feet by the arms...]

GM: Another double team on the way by the Brothers Kraken... double whip... another double clothesli- ducked by Ross!

[Ross bounces off the far side, leaping into the air...]

GM: AND HE DROPS 'EM BOTH WITH A FLYING CLOTHESLINE OF HIS OWN!

[A big cheer goes up for the takedown as Ross starts crawling towards his corner on his hands and knees, looking up towards a waiting MISTER who has his arm outstretched...]

GM: MISTER's waiting for him! Ross trying to get there annnnnnd...

[The crowd ROARS as Ross dives into a tag!]

GM: TAG!

[Rushing into the ring, MISTER sets his sights on the rising foes...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”
“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: OVERHEAD CHOP ON KRAKEN!

[MISTER pivots...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”
“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: And one for Killdozer as well!

[Turning back to the stunned Kraken, MISTER ducks low, looking for the slam on Kraken again...]

GM: HE SCOOPS HIM UP AND-

[The crowd groans as Killdozer SMASHES a double axehandle down across the back of the head, breaking the slam attempt!]

GM: OH! FROM BEHIND!

[With the referee shouting for Killdozer to depart, he ignores the official, grabbing MISTER’s arms and holding them back behind him...]

GM: Killdozer’s got MISTER hooked! Kraken shaking the cobwebs clear and-

[Kraken gets into position, giving a shout as he goes into a very quick spin for a man of his size...]

GM: URAKEN!

[...and unleashes his signature spinning backfist towards the trapped MISTER who wriggles free...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and causes the blow to land squarely on the cheek of Killdozer!]

GM: HE HIT HIS PARTNER! KRAKEN HIT HIS OWN PARTNER!

[Killdozer goes down like a rock as MISTER scrambles away, grabbing Kraken by the shoulder..

...which sends Kraken into another spin!]

GM: URAKEN! DUCKED!

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”
“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[MISTER unloads a massive knife edge chop, sending Kraken off his feet and down to the canvas!]

GM: DOWN GOES KRAKEN!

[MISTER rushes towards the corner, slapping Ross’ hand before he hits the ropes, rebounding back on the prone Kraken, leaping into the air...]

GM: SITDOWN SPLASH!

[MISTER pops back up, spinning clear as Kraken sits up, grabbing his chest in pain...

...which is when Daniel Ross comes charging across the ring...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: THUNDERFOOT STRIKES! THE SOCCER KICK CONNECTS!

[And as Kraken flops back down to the mat, Ross dives on top of him, wrapping up both legs...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEE!

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: Wow! And Ringkrieger picks up the win in this hard-hitting tag team showdown!

IA: An impressive win against two very tough opponents... and Gordon, there's been a lot of chatter about Ringkrieger being on the verge of something big here in the AWA pretty much since the day they arrived. Maybe this will be the win to get them on their way.

GM: Maybe it will. Of course, the World Tag Team Titles will be on the line later tonight when Next Gen defends the gold against the Soldiers of Fortune... and I'm sure Ringkrieger would love to get a shot at the winner of that one. This win might get them in the discussion. Right now, however, we're going to go backstage to some... very special backstage interviewers.

[We cut backstage, where we see Seductive & Destructive, standing by. Harley Hamilton is dressed in a white t-shirt that reads “MY BEST FRIEND” on top and “IS A PERFECT ANGEL FROM HEAVEN” at the bottom, with a picture of a smiling Cinder making a “Grace face” pose, framed in between; low rise acid wash jean shorts and Birkenstock's. Her hair is in two space buns, which appear to be held in place by metal straws.

Cinder is also in her fresh-off-the-presses merchandise: a black tank top with chibi interpretations of Harley Hamilton and Cinder playing ring-around-the-rosie, with faux duct tape helpfully labelled “SEDUCTIVE & DESTRUCTIVE” in black marker. Her flame red hair hangs in a straight fringe over her eyes.]

HH: Hey there, folks! I'm your co-special backstage interviewer, the beautiful, vivacious, polyamorous, two-time all-Atlantic 10 First Team in women's basketball and its all-time leader in steals and assists, the Natural Born Legend...

[She runs her hand through her hair and dramatically tosses it from side to side before turning to the camera with a smirk.]

HH: ...Harley Hamilton!

[She then double points to Cinder.]

C: ...An' I would be yer co-interviewer: the pure dead stunnin', fulla gallus, serving two consecutive lifetime bans from Tesco, yer one and only Cutthroat from Caledonia...

[She ruffles her unruly red hair.]

C: ...sssssCindah!

HH: And together, we're known as...

Both: SEDUCTIVE AND DESTRUCTIVE!

[They both strike "seductive" cheesecake poses.]

HH: You may know us better as the world's greatest tag team, but today...

C: ...we're the world's greatest backstage interviewers!

[We then see an annoyed looking Trish Wallace walking into the shot.]

HH: And our very special guest is...

[Harley turns to Cinder.]

HH: [Whispering] Hey Cindy, what's her name again?

C: Tresh Wallet.

[Harley turns back to the camera, beaming.]

HH: TRASH WALLACE!

[Trish is not amused.]

TW: Trish... Wallace.

[Cinder shrugs.]

C: Aye, well nobody's perfect, are they?

[Harley nudges Cinder with her elbow.]

HH: Except yooouuu.

[Cinder nudges her right back.]

C: Nooo, you!

HH: Noooo, you!

C: NOOOOO! You!

[Trish just shakes her head at Cinder and Harley's giddiness.]

TW: ANYWAY, did the "World's Greatest Backstage Interviewers" have anything they wanted to ask me? Why am I standing here?

C: Awright, big lass. Ya needn't get tetchy with us.

HH: Is it because Cindy and I are such good friends, "T-Bone"? Does the purity and potency of our unbreakable bond that is unparalleled through the annals of history, make you uncomfortable?

C: Aye, where's yer bestie, T-Bone?

HH: She's still in Mexico, isn't she?

[Trish frowns.]

TW: Yeah, Skylar and I were supposed to be in a tag team match tonight, but...

C: She's found some new friends she'd rather spend her time wit'.

[That one seems to really tick Trish off.]

TW: Michelle Bailey asked her to fill in for her, nothing else-

HH[Interrupting]: And she didn't ask you, obviously.

[Harley coyly twirls her hair, trying to look innocent, but it's clear she's like a shark sensing blood in the water.]

HH: It seems to me now that Swiftie-poo's got The Asylum off her back, she can spend her time hanging out with the cool kids and not have to drag you around with her like some square-shaped third wheel.

[If Harley was paying attention, she would notice Trish's face turning a deep shade of red and her fists turning white from how hard they're being clenched... but she's on a roll.]

HH. It sure feels like you're an afterthought to everyone around here, Trishy-kins. Skylar's busy partying down south of the border with Ayako and Molly Bell. Your brothers? They don't want to have anything to do with you. And your dear old daddy doesn't seem to have any interest in you--ACK!

[Hamilton freezes in pain as Trish Wallace's hand wraps itself around the wrist she holds the microphone with, almost bringing her to her knees. Obviously, Wallace has alarming grip strength. Cinder cowers behind Harley.]

TW: LEAVE. DAD. OUT OF THIS. My dad could EASILY take your dad.

HH[Through gritted teeth]: No... he... can't...

TW: Shut up! If Mr. Graham was not a dirtbag CHEAT, "Battlin'" Burt Wallace would be the name on everybody's lips. And if I have to pummel his pedigreed, airhead daughter to within an INCH of her LIFE to get some respect around here... well, there's still some openings on the card tonight.

[Wallace throws Harley's arm aside and stomps off-screen. Cinder's courage returns to her once she sees the back of Trish Wallace.]

C: Aaaach, are there??? Well, my beautiful and beloved Harley'll make a mince pie outta ya tonight! Awayyego, big lass.

HH: Wait, what? I didn't even bring my gear! How am I suppose to wrestle in sandals!?

C: Ye can borrow my boots!

[Harley rubs her wrist, staring at Cinder incredulously.]

HH: Are you serious, Cindy? Do we even wear the same size???

C: Eh, no worries! It'll be great! I can be a master color commenter for yer match too. Lookit!

[Cinder holds up a glittering jacket. The back reads "BIG BUCKS." Harley is, unsurprisingly, uncomforted.]

HH: I can't believe you...

[A beat.]

HH: ...You bedazzled that jacket without me!

[We fade away from this... scene...

...and go to another part of backstage where we find Theresa Lynch standing in a crimson red dress, grinning at the camera.]

TL: As one of the only interviewers left in the building, you would think my plate would be full tonight. However, with Harley Hamilton and her pal, Cinder, so... graciously... agreeing to take on some of my duties, I found myself with enough time to track down some of the AWA medical staff to get an update on someone who had a very bad night down in Guadalupe, Mexico at Estrellas En El Cielo... I'm referring to the former AWA World Champion, Dave Bryant. And if you didn't see it... well... buckle up for this one. Roll it, boys.

[Accompanied by some dramatic music, we get footage marked "ESTRELLAS EN EL CIELO" with Dave Bryant leaning in the corner, barely able to stand. The voices of Gordon, Bucky, and Sal intercut with the action as needed.]

GM: 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.

[With a quick cut, we see Magnum wrap his powerful arms around Bryant's waist, lifting him up and dumping him on the back of his head and neck with a German Suplex. The crowd reacts as we get a series of quick cuts, showing different angles of Bryant's hard landing.]

GM: And the German Suplex finds the mark again!

[We cut again, this time showing Magnum with Bryant up on his shoulders, setting up for the ever-dangerous Bombshell.]

BW: I think the Doctor of Love is about to go for the worst flight of his life.

[But as Magnum spins, Bryant spins out of the hold, landing on his feet and...]

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-

[But as Bryant charges in, Magnum lifts him effortlessly into the air, spinning him around, shoving him skyward, helicoptering through the air before CRASHING down chestfirst to the canvas! We get another quick series of cuts, showing the crash landing over and over.]

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

[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 the action speeds up in a fast forward as Magnum lifts Bryant again, hoisting him onto the shoulders, and burying him down with another Bombshell!]

GM: Gaaaaah.

[The crowd's boos are loud and boisterous as Magnum stares out at them...]

...and then we speed up the action again as Magnum lifts his limp form up onto his shoulders.]

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

[Bryant gets another rough landing as Gordon's voice calls it.]

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...

[Magnum is still looking down on Bryant when suddenly we get a shot of a good-looking young man hurling a white jacket into the ring. The referee looks puzzled, Max Magnum looks angry, and then we hear the bell.]

SA: 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.

[Brett Bryant slides into the ring, checking on his father as Magnum stares down at both of them...]

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 referee Koji Sakai up to his feet...]

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

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

GM: No, no, no!

[Magnum muscles up the young man, spinning him around, and sending him rotating rapidly and crashing violently down to the canvas alongside his father!]

GM: MAX MAGNUM IS A DAMN MONSTER!

[The word "MONSTER!" echoes over and over as Magnum surveys the carnage and a panicked Stevie Scott throws himself in front of him before we cut back to Theresa.]

TL: It was a horrible scene to witness... and Max Magnum left a pile of bodies in his wake. I checked in with Dr. Bob Ponavitch by phone earlier today and he updated me on the condition of all three. First of all, referee Koji Sakai was sent back to the States after what we just saw. He was hospitalized with a broken collarbone and... well, he'll be out of action for a couple of months at least... and I'm told that AWA management has yet to decide on a punishment for Max Magnum for those actions.

[Lynch looks solemn.]

TL: Our thoughts are definitely with Koji and our best wishes for a speedy recovery. Now we come to Brett Bryant who we're told was shaken up by the Bombshell but as many know, Brett Bryant has been training to follow in his father's footsteps into the wrestling ring for some time now so we're told he's more mentally shaken up by Magnum's actions towards his father than physically injured.

[Theresa shakes her head.]

TL: If only we could say the same for the former World Champion. Dave Bryant returned to the AWA earlier this year, looking to recapture a little of the magic that made him a World Champion back in 2013 and 2014... but unfortunately for the Doctor of Love, he ran full-steam into a runaway locomotive named Max Magnum. And after the beating Bryant took at the hands of Magnum in Mexico, we're told that Dave Bryant is currently recovering from a concussion and a serious shoulder injury. That shoulder injury is currently under examination and it is believed that Bryant will undergo further testing when he returns to the United States in the days ahead. We'll have more info for you on that in the weeks to come but right now, it's time for quick word from our sponsors but stay right here with us on Fox Sports X as Homecoming continues after this!

[Theresa beams 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 another 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 then back up to a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, sending us right back into the office of Veronica Westerly who is now pacing nervously. She's muttering to herself, looking down at her phone when a knock on the door interrupts.]

VW: WHAT?!

[The door shoves open revealing Polemos and Ms. Westerly's "assistant" for the night, Kurt... err, Mike. Whatever. Mike looks nervous at Westerly's tone.]

VW: You. What do you want?! I told you to stay in the parking lot until-

Mike: You have a phone call.

VW: A call? I do? Is it-

[Mike grimaces as he raises a second cell phone in his hand.]

Mike: It's Mr... err, Generalis... President... It's... it's...

VW: Javier.

[Mike nods, holding out the phone with one trembling hand. Westerly eyes the offered phone for a moment... and then shakes her head.]

Mike: But... but he said you haven't been answering-

[Westerly responds in an angry whisper.]

VW: Of course I haven't been answering! I was trying to avoid THIS... this right here! Now... get rid of him!

[Mike visibly gulps as he weighs who he's more afraid of in this moment...

...and then slowly raises the phone to his ear.]

Mike: Mr. Castillo, sir? Yes, uhh... she's... uhh... she's not available right now.

[He grimaces as Castillo presumably lets him have it.]

Mike: I... yes, I understand, sir. I'll let her know. You...

[He pauses again.]

Mike: You're only an hour or so from landing?

[Westerly's eyes flash at this news as she starts pacing again.]

Mike: Yes, sir... I'll tell-

[Mike slowly lowers the phone.]

Mike: He hung up.

[Westerly ignores him as she continues to pace.]

VW: Damn it... where are you?!

[And with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we end up in another part of the backstage area where we see two people arguing. One is a balding middle aged man, gray tee shirt and jeans with a headset around his neck. He's adjusting a red blazer on a heavy set gentleman with a disheveled buttoned down shirt that's barely tucked into his navy blue slacks. A microphone is thrust in his hand as he looks around nervously.]

"Look, Tom... you have to do this, there's no one else! The others are all tied up and... Tom? Tom? TOM!!"

[The middle aged guy snaps his fingers at "Tom" who nods nervously.]

"Yeah, yeah... I mean no, if you could just..."

"No, its got to be you."

"But why...?"

"Because I said so. Just look at the camera and read the cards, you'll be fine. Tom... Tom... just read the cards. The cards, Tom."

[The middle aged man points towards the camera and walks off towards the left. Tom pulls out a tissue and starts dabbing the sweat off his brow. He squints towards the camera as he reads the card.]

Tom: My guest at this time is...

[Tom's jaw drops, taking a few moments before recovering.]

Tom: ...AWA World Champion, Johnny Detson?!

[Tom beams with a nervous excitement as into the scene walks Johnny Detson. Detson is dressed to wrestle in his long gold tights with black boots. The AWA World Title rests over his shoulder.]

Tom: You're Johnny Detson!

JD: I am.

Tom: That's awesome!

JD: It is.

Tom: Hey, do you remember when you won the World Title?

[Detson stops and looks over Tom who is sweaty and fidgety in his tight clothes.]

JD: I do...

Tom: Yeah, that was great man.

JD: I'm sorry who are you? What is this?

Tom: Tom, I'm Tom.

JD: Well Tom, great to meet you. Now is there a reason I'm here, or are we so desperate for filler in this ghost town tonight, they decided to have me star in a This is Your Life segment?

[A voice calls out from off-camera.]

"READ THE CARDS, TOM!"

Tom: What... who? Oh yeah. No, no, no... I have.... Questions...

[Detson smirks.]

JD: Fire away, kid.

[Tom starts squinting towards the camera.]

Tom: Johnny, tonight... you... go... up... against a... mystery... opponent... what...

[Detson holds his hand up in front of Tom.]

JD: I think I get the gist, kid. Mystery opponent, another match, impossible odds. Whatever am I going to do?

[Tom nods.]

JD: Nothing.

Tom: Nothing?

JD: I mean, don't get me wrong... I'm going to go out there and defend this title...

[He slaps the face of the title belt.]

JD: ...defend and retain this title... MY TITLE... against...

[Detson pauses.]

JD: Did we name my opponent yet?

[Tom shrugs as the voice calls out from off-camera again.]

“Ms. Westerly stated your opponent hasn’t arrived!”

[Detson shakes his head.]

JD: Hasn’t arrived? Is there some special red eye from Mexico that I don’t know about? Last I heard, everyone’s still on the runway except Javier and his special charter plane... This place is practically empty back here so they’re going to have to get creative and we all know that they don’t have a creative bone in their body, so it’s either...

[Detson trails off. He stops for a moment and then looks towards the camera.]

JD: He’s not here yet?

[Detson’s still looking at the camera as he laughs.]

JD: Get creative...

[Again, Detson trails off. He chuckles and then looks at Tom.]

JD: Great interview kid, top notch. Really, you asked the hard hitting questions. But they want a match? They want to take this from me? Well then, I say why wait?

[With that, Detson slaps Tom on the back and walks out of sight... quickly.]

Tom: We’ll be... right back?

[And we fade to black again.]

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 as we come back from commercial, we find "Kashmir" has been playing and AWA World Champion Johnny Detson is pacing around the ring.]

GM: Folks, we are back on perhaps the most unpredictable night in AWA history and the World Champion is here in the ring! Colt Patterson, what in the world is going on here tonight?

CP: When it rains, it pours, jack... and right now, we've got a thunderstorm raging over this show. Who knows what the heck is gonna happen next?

[Detson produces a mic, waving a hand for the music to be cut.]

JD: Veronica Westerly!

[The crowd jeers as Detson smirks at the response.]

JD: I understand you have an opponent for me! A challenger... for this!

[He holds up the title belt, drawing cheers this time as he nods.]

JD: Well, seeing how we have no one here and this crowd came here to see a show... why don't you come out here and bring him on out and we do this match right here, right now?!

[A bigger cheer goes up this time from the crowd eager to see the promoted World Title defense. There are several moments of pause as Detson waits.]

JD: Come on, Rhoni... I don't have all night here.

[The crowd is buzzing with anticipation.]

GM: Johnny Detson calling out the woman running the show here tonight - Veronica Westerly... and I can't imagine that'll sit well with her.

CP: She may just ignore him, Myers! She's a very busy woman and she's got a lot on her plate tonight. She may not even-

[The boos instantly kick in as Veronica Westerly makes her way into view, Polemos a few steps behind her. She too has a mic in hand.]

VW: Johnny Detson... if you've learned anything here in the past few months in your dealings with Korugun, it should be that WE run this show... not Ryan Martinez... not Hannibal Carver... not Julie Somers or Next Gen... and certainly not you.

[The crowd jeers as Detson smiles, nodding.]

JD: Hey, I get that, Rhoni... and if you want to spend the rest of your night trying to figure out how to get these people to stick around to see the Main Event of Allen Allen vs Buddy Lambert... well, more power to you. But me? From what I hear, Castillo is about an hour out from being in the building... and I'm guessing he's going to be one hell of a bad mood...

[Westerly cringes at the suggestion.]

JD: So if it's all the same to you, let's get this over with it so I can get out of here before he shows up and tries to put me back in the hospital again.

[Westerly shakes her head.]

VW: I can't do that, Johnny. Your match is not now... it's not up next... it's... it's... it's later, okay! It's later!

[Detson smirks.]

JD: But Rhoni, I don't get it. I'm here...

[He points to the crowd.]

JD: ...they're here...

[A big cheer goes up...]

JD: Even you're here. You obviously have an opponent in mind so let's hit the music, get him out here, and give these people their title match.

[Westerly shakes her head, looking more flustered.]

VW: He's not here, okay?!

[Westerly pauses, obviously having said something in the heat of the moment that she didn't intend. Detson grins even wider, nodding his head.]

JD: He's not here? The opportunity of a lifetime to face the World Champ for the title and he's not here? Who would do such a thing? Who would take good solid advice and choose to ignore it so they can do their own thing? Man, that must be aggravating for you. I wouldn't know anything about that.

[Detson chuckles before leaning against the ropes and glaring at Veronica.]

JD: But let me tell you about what I do know. Javier, you know... your boss... wants me beaten for this title - not stripped, not vacated, but beaten. So... that puts you in an awkward situation and gives me a little bit of pull around here.

[Detson steps away from the ropes and backpedals to the middle of the ring.]

JD: So let me tell you how this is going to go down. You name the opponent and they come down to this ring right here, RIGHT NOW!

[Detson shrugs, backing up towards the ropes.]

JD: Or you can explain to your boss why Dallas, Texas didn't get to see their World Champ in action here tonight 'cause I'm going home.

[Westerly's eyes flash, raising her hand.]

VW: Wait, Johnny! Wait! You can't do that!

[Detson pauses, smirking.]

JD: I'm the champ, darlin'... I can do pretty much whatever I want.

[Detson steps through the ropes halfway when Westerly cries out again.]

VW: No, no! You can't leave! Javier wants a title match and...

[Westerly looks around anxiously.]

VW: ...no... no, damn it! I will not do it! You will wrestle when I tell you to wrestle! You will defend the title when I tell you to defend it! I might not be able to strip you of it but I'll-

[She gets cut off as Detson gets out of the ring, walking up the ramp in her direction. The crowd is jeering this showdown as Westerly nervously stammers into the mic.]

VW: No... no, no... I can't.. you can't...

[She finally snaps.]

VW: NO! FINE! You win, Detson.

[Detson smirks, backing up towards the ring again.]

VW: You want a challenger? You got one.

[She lowers the mic as an inhuman, primal howl fills the arena, followed by the sound of drums being pounded on.]

GM: Uh oh.

CP: Maybe you should've kept your mouth shut, Johnny.

GM: This music can only mean the arrival of the Congonlesan Savage himself, Muteesa! The man who put Johnny Detson in the hospital recently as he mentioned!

CP: Will that belt even fit around Muteesa's waist? They might have to make a new one for him if he wins it!

[The first one past the curtain is "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett, wiping his bald head with a deep crimson handkerchief as he strides into view.]

GM: Whoa! And how about that, Colt? Doctor Harrison Fawcett is leading Muteesa to the ring?!

CP: These two are no strangers to one another, Gordon. If you go back into Muteesa's history, Fawcett has managed him at times in many different promotions over the years - down in Texas, in Florida, in Puerto Rico... these two definitely have a bond that dates back for a while. Who better to lead Muteesa to the World Championship than his most trusted advisor?

GM: No sign of Morgan Dane though who we're told is still recovering from that brutal Falls Count Anywhere battle with Shadoe Rage on the Power Hour recently.

[Fawcett turns, shouting instructions in a foreign, incomprehensible language, to the man that lumbers behind him. The massive beast known as Muteesa. Muteesa's face is not visible, as it is hidden behind a massive wooden mask, carved to look like a screaming demon. Muteesa's body is covered in white war paint, with a hand print over each pectoral, and a series of concentric circles over his prodigious belly. Strange, abstract designs cover his arms. Muteesa stops frequently, slapping his enormous hands against his round belly.]

GM: Johnny Detson getting back inside the ring... and after the recent assault by Muteesa that put Detson on ice for the Mexico tour, you have to imagine he's not exactly surprised by this development.

CP: Gordon, I get the feeling that this was Plan B for Veronica Westerly though. Muteesa was ready to come out here... but I don't think he's her first choice.

GM: We've heard a few times tonight - just moments ago from Ms. Westerly herself - that "he's not here" in reference to this mystery challenger, we assume. So, Muteesa being the backup option certainly makes sense.

[Westerly and Polemos stay on the stage, watching Fawcett lead Muteesa towards the ring where Detson is waiting, handing off the World Title belt to a nearby unknown official.]

GM: Detson hands over the belt - that's referee Ricky Ortega from down in Combat Corner Wrestling, getting his first chance to call a match here on the big stage as well...

[And as Muteesa comes up on the apron, discarding his wooden mask...

...Detson charges him, smashing a right hand into his head!]

GM: And here we go!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Detson keeps firing away, throwing haymakers at the skull of the near-400 pound savage.]

GM: Detson's fists are flying - this isn't usually his strong suit but they're doing a number on Muteesa so far!

CP: Detson can't back off, can't slow down... he's gotta keep this fight going!

[Grabbing Muteesa by the back of the head, Detson runs down the length of the ropes, smashing his head into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Ohh! Headfirst to the corner.. and look at the wobble on Muteesa!

[Holding the top rope with one hand, Muteesa dangles dangerously off the apron as Fawcett shouts something in an unknown language in his direction.]

GM: Detson's gonna do it again now... grabs the head a second time...

[They run back the other way but this time, Muteesa gets a foot up on the middle rope to block it...

...and BURIES a knife-edged chop in the throat of Detson!]

GM: OHH!

[The champion staggers backwards, clutching his throat, coughing and gasping for air as he falls to his knees. Muteesa steps through the ropes, giving his belly a few slaps as he circles the kneeling World Champion...]

GM: The man from the Republic of Congo... six foot six... 380 pounds... a hired gun from the Korugun Corporation is looking to cement his name in the history books here tonight in Dallas, Texas with the World Title on the line.

[Muteesa raises both arms high in the air.. and then digs his fingers into the area where the neck and shoulder meet on Detson who cries out in pain right away!]

GM: A nerve pinch applied by Muteesa - talk about this hold for a bit, Colt.

CP: It looks so simple but there is a lot of technique involved in a successful one. The so-called bad versions of this just hurt a lot but the good ones can even render someone unconscious.

GM: What would you describe this one as?

CP: What Muteesa lacks in technique, he more than makes up for in enthusiasm.

[Muteesa bellows as he continues to dig his fingers into the nerve of Detson, causing the champion to cry out again...

...which causes a surprising chant to break out from the AWA faithful.]

"LET'S GO JOHN-NY!"
clap clap clapclapclap
"LET'S GO JOHN-NY!"
clap clap clapclapclap
"LET'S GO JOHN-NY!"
clap clap clapclapclap

GM: Are my ears deceiving me or are these Texas fans CHEERING for Johnny Detson?!

CP: Strange times we live in, Gordon. You only have to turn on the news to see that. But here in the AWA, we've seen a string of recent surprising attitude changes. Detson, Derrick Williams, Shadoe Rage... the fans are embracing all three of them and that's something that if you told me a year ago it would happen, I would've asked one of the backstage doctors to come and give you a test involving a cup.

[Gordon chuckles as Detson starts to battle up off the canvas, seemingly fired up by the chanting crowd.]

GM: Detson fighting to his feet! Could the cheers of these fans actually be INSPIRING Johnny Detson?!

[Detson, on his feet now, buries an elbow back into the ample midsection of his challenger... and a second... and a third one breaks the hold to cheers, freeing the champion who quickly dashes to the ropes, rebounding back...

...and running right into Muteesa who lifts him by the throat with both hands!]

GM: THAT'S A CHOKE!

[The referee is immediately counting as Muteesa shrieks wildly, trying to throttle the life out of the champion...]

CP: Listen to Fawcett! Fawcett screaming at Muteesa in whatever tongue that is and...

[Muteesa hurls Detson down to the canvas, narrowly breaking before the five count. He glares at the official, licking his chops menacingly as Fawcett continues to speak on the outside.]

GM: And you have to give credit to Veronica Westerly for sending Fawcett out here with Muteesa... he may be the only one who could communicate with the man from the Congo well enough to guide him in this title match.

CP: Muteesa's notorious for getting himself disqualified in matches because he simply can't be controlled. Harrison Fawcett... excuse me, DOCTOR Harrison Fawcett... remedies that problem for sure.

GM: And in the meantime, Johnny Detson has gotta be wondering what he can do to stop Muteesa. This man is so big, so strong, so vicious... it's not the kind of opponent that Detson is used to facing, Colt.

CP: Definitely not... and whatever evil genius plan Johnny Detson has in mind, he better put it into play fast.

[Muteesa circles around the floored Detson, mumbling and groaning as he does, waiting for Detson to get to a knee...

...and as he does, Muteesa pulls him the rest of the way up, landing a leaping headbutt that sends Detson staggering back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: What a headbutt there, putting everything he has behind it... and Johnny Detson does NOT want to be trapped in the corner with the 380 pounder!

[Muteesa winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Heavy knife edged blow across the chest! Detson hanging onto the ropes, trying to stay on his feet...

CP: He's gotta do that. He doesn't want to be in the corner with Muteesa but he wants to be on the mat even less.

[Muteesa winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Make it a pair as Muteesa continues to cave in the chest of the World Champion with those chops!

[Muteesa backs off, slapping his ample midsection as the official orders him to stay out of the corner..

...but Muteesa disregards that command, marching back in where he leaps high, smashing an overhead chop down between the eyes!]

GM: Ohhh! And down goes the champion in the corner!

CP: For a guy the size of Muteesa, he moves incredibly well in there. The leaping headbutt... now the leaping chop, adding even more behind his near-400 pound frame on those blows.

[Muteesa grabs the top rope, planting his bare foot on the throat of Detson, pushing down as he squeals madly...]

GM: Another choke - this time using his foot, pushing all his weight down on the throat!

CP: Detson's usually the one bending - if not breaking - the rules in his matches and now he's finding out how the other half lives.

GM: I hate to say it - but he might need to do a little bending and breaking of his own if he's going to survive a battle with the mighty Muteesa!

[Muteesa again breaks at Fawcett's command, stalking around the ring.]

CP: Muteesa moving around like a hunter stalking his prey... the ultimate big game hunter as he looks to score a kill on Detson and capture the biggest prize of them all, the AWA World Title.

GM: Detson's still down in the corner, trying to use the ropes to get up off the mat as the referee checks to see if he can continue... and somewhere, Javier Castillo is smiling if he knows about what's going on.

CP: He might not even be watching right now. If what we're being told is right, Castillo is less than an hour away from landing here in Dallas... a short limo ride from the airport and the General will be back in the house in what Detson accurately described as the worst mood ever after what he's gone through today.

GM: After what HE'S gone through?! What about our friends who he abandoned on a runway in Mexico?! What about them?!

CP: Well, we don't know the whole story yet so I'll-

GM: Sorry to cut you off, Colt, but the champion is on his feet now and... Fawcett shouting to Muteesa, trying to take advantage of Detson's weakened state...

[Muteesa slaps the belly a few times before charging in...]

GM: Detson's gotta move! Detson's gotta-

[...and leaps into the air, looking for his big splash in the corner...]

GM: -MOVE!

[Detson lunges from the turnbuckles, causing Muteesa to crash into the corner to big cheers!]

GM: Detson moves! Detson clears out in time!

[Detson pulls up off the mat, hanging onto the ropes as he turns around and sees Muteesa stumbling backwards out of the corner. The champion runs right in, hopping up on the middle rope...

...and leaps off, stretching out his arm...]

GM: CLOTHESLINE OFF THE SECOND ROPE! HE DROPS THE CHALLENGER!

[With Muteesa down and the Texas crowd roaring, Detson dives atop Muteesa's ample chest, trying to hook a tree trunk of a leg...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO!

[But Muteesa kicks out, hurling the champion off of him.]

GM: A mighty kickout by a mighty challenger... and look at Detson now!

[With the crowd cheering him on, Detson dives on top of Muteesa in an ugly mount, swinging his fist as fast as he can, bouncing it off the skull of the challenger!]

GM: Detson taking the fight to Muteesa down on the mat! He's pounding away on him and-

[The crowd gets louder as Detson grabs Muteesa by the head, lifting it off the mat and SMASHING the back of the skull into the mat!]

GM: Ohhh!

[And again...]

GM: OHHHHHH!

[...and again!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Detson gets up, giving a mighty bellow of his own as he steps towards the middle of the ropes, springing off the second with an elbow down into the chest of Muteesa!]

GM: Springs off the ropes with an elbow... and he's got Muteesa down and reeling!

[Fawcett again can be heard muttering something to Muteesa as Detson climbs to his feet, pointing to the downed challenger...]

GM: Detson backing off, creating some room to work...

[Taking aim on Muteesa, the World Champion gets a running start, leaping up to drop a knee down between the eyes!]

GM: Ohhh! Leaping kneedrop on the money!

[Muteesa flails about on the mat as Detson gets up, holding up a finger to the crowd shouting "ONE MORE TIME!"]

GM: Detson's gonna do it again!

[The champion slowly and dramatically tugs down his kneepad this time, exposing his bare kneecap...]

CP: Detson's really gonna give it to him now!

[He backs into the ropes, getting more momentum as he bounces off, walking towards Muteesa...]

...and then pulls up short, jumping over the challenger and lightly throws a back kick to the cheek!]

CP: Detson rubbing a little salt in the wounds of Muteesa - and I don't know if I agree with that, Myers. He hasn't won anything yet!

GM: I gotta agree with you there. Johnny Detson's got his massive challenger down and he needs to take advantage of it - not mess around taunting him and wasting valuable time.

[Detson smirks as he backs to a corner, waving his arms, calling for Muteesa to get up off the mat...]

GM: And don't look now, Colt - but I think Johnny Detson is calling for the Wilde Driver!

CP: You meant the Colt Driver?

[Gordon chuckles as Detson shouts "UP!" to his downed challenger.]

GM: Again, Detson shouting at Muteesa... trying to get him on his feet... and listen to Fawcett... what in the world could he possibly be saying?

CP: Stay down. Don't get up. Hey, this guy's gonna kick you in the gut and then spike your face into the mat! Something like that probably.

GM: A fair assumption now as Muteesa climbing to a knee, Detson wisely trying to stay out of his field of vision...

[Detson keeps moving to his side, keeping the back of Muteesa's head in front of him as the near-400 pound challenger struggles to his feet...]

GM: Muteesa's up... look at Detson!

[And as Muteesa staggers in a circle, Detson buries a boot into the midsection!]

GM: Ohh! Detson goes downstairs!

[Detson steps into a standing headscissors, reaching down to hook an arm as Fawcett is SCREAMING now at Muteesa...

...who suddenly straightens up, backdropping Detson through the air and sending him crashing down on the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Muteesa backdrops out of it! Perhaps Fawcett's words of warning getting through in time and... uh oh!

[Muteesa slaps his ample belly a few times, sizing up the downed Detson. Fawcett's smile threatens to crack his face as he nods wildly, pointing to the downed Detson and smashing his hands together.]

CP: Fawcett's telling him to squash Detson like a bug! Someone get the hose ready!

GM: COLT!

[The near-400 pound Muteesa backs into the ropes, bouncing off towards the prone Detson...]

GM: BIG SPLASH!

[...but the World Champion rolls aside, causing Muteesa to SLAM down on the empty canvas to big cheers from the Texas crowd!]

GM: He missed! He missed the splash!

[Detson gets back to his feet, not wasting a moment as he reaches down, grabbing Muteesa by the wrist, hauling him up off the canvas...

...where he buries a boot into the gut, tying up the arms as quickly as he can...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WILDE DRIVER! WILDE DRIVER!

[He muscles the super heavyweight over onto his back, diving across his chest.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd cheers as Detson rolls off the defeated Muteesa, thrusting his arm up into the air triumphantly. The referee steps over, grabbing his wrist and pointing to him as Tyler Graham makes it official.]

TG: Your winner of the match... and STILL AWA World Heavyweight Championnnnnn...

JOHNNNNNNYYYYY DEEEEEEEETSONNNNNNN!

[Detson climbs to his feet, jerking the title belt out of the official's hands, clutching it to his chest...]

GM: Johnny Detson retains the title against the rather tough test of Muteesa who goes down in defeat to the Wilde Driver. Detson's got the belt... he's held that title for nearly six months now since defeating Ryan Martinez back on St. Patrick's Day earlier this year...

CP: And it looks like he's about rub this win in the face of the acting boss!

[...and then turns his gaze up the ramp towards Veronica Westerly who stares down the aisle at him, her eyes burning a hole through the World Champion who grins, jerking a thumb at himself as he holds the title belt up for all to see.]

GM: Detson taunting Veronica Westerly from inside the ring... and I'm not sure this is the best idea for him at all. It's not like Detson has a lot of allies in the locker room these days and...

[Gordon trails off as Westerly sweeps her arm over her shoulder, bringing Ebola Zaire and Morgan Dane out onto the ramp.]

GM: Uh oh.

CP: So much for the stories of Dane recuperating, Gordon. He's here and he's ready to fight!

[Dane and Zaire make a fearsome looking pair on the top of the stage...

...and when Westerly orders Polemos to join them, Johnny Detson starts looking around nervously.]

GM: And the Korugun Corporation is heading for the ring! It may not be all of them - lucky for the World Champion - but it's enough to give Detson a startle!

CP: Johnny's looking for a trapdoor, an escape hatch, something to get out of there before-

[But as the Korugun monsters get about halfway down the ramp, a piece of music kicks in - one that sends the AWA faithful into a ROAR!]

GM: WHAT IN THE-?!

[The drums are pounding, the guitars shredding, and then a voice howls...]

#LET'S GET READY TO RUMBLE!#

[With "A Warrior's Call" by Volbeat in full swing, the Dallas crowd ROARS as Johnny Detson's eyes go wide...]

CP: I'm having flashbacks to about two months ago in South Philly, jack!

GM: You're not the only one!

[Veronica Westerly grins as the curtain parts...]

...and the AWA's Engine of Destruction comes into full view.]

GM: BRIAN JAMES! BRIAN JAMES IS HERE AT HOMECOMING!

[The Korugun foot soldiers have stopped dead in the aisle, Doctor Harrison Fawcett bellowing at them to halt in mid-stride. All eyes - from the ring, to the aisle, to every single soul in the building are now trained on the top of the stage where over the head of Brian James is a white towel. The towel covers the majority of his face, revealing only the shadow of a scowl beneath a dirty blond goatee.

James is in street clothes - a pair of black workout pants and a t-shirt that reads "CLAW ACADEMY - POWER THROUGH PAIN"...

...and he slowly raises his right hand, well-taped and ready as he points a threatening finger at Johnny Detson who bellows "HE DOESN'T WORK HERE ANYMORE!" just before James starts stomping down the ramp towards the ring where Detson throws the title belt aside, readying himself for the fight to come.]

GM: DETSON IS READY! JAMES IS COMING! ON A NIGHT OF THE UNEXPECTED, THIS ONE TAKES THE CAKE SO FAR!

[Upon drawing close to the ring, James whips the towel off his head, flinging it towards Harrison Fawcett, striking him in the face with it but not pausing as he keeps moving towards the ring and the waiting World Champion.]

GM: We got a sneak peek of this at Eternally Extreme but tonight, it's going down in an AWA ring at long last!

CP: Brian James has been gone for months, Gordon! It was way back on April 1st in San Francisco when James quit the company and we haven't seen him on AWA television since!

GM: Almost six months have passed since James has appeared in an AWA ring and...

[He slides into the ring, coming quickly to his feet before the World Champion can ambush him...

...and this scene has the AWA faithful going absolutely crazy!]

GM: What a moment! Brian James and Johnny Detson - former allies turned hated rivals - are staring across that ring at one another! The crowd here in Dallas is going wild and who can blame them?!

[Detson is saying something off-mic to James who nods his head, smirking at his former "leader"...

...and then James dives at him, grabbing both legs, and lifting Detson off the mat with ease before throwing him down to the canvas!]

GM: TAKEDOWN BY JAMES!

[James swiftly and deftly moves from takedown to mount, fists cocked and on the move as they rain down on the World Champion who is desperately covering up, trying to defend himself from the physical assault by the son of the Blackheart!]

GM: BRIAN JAMES HAS COME TO DO DAMAGE ON THE WORLD CHAMPION!

CP: And judging from this, Gordon - James hasn't lost a single step since April! He looks to be in tremendous physical shape and he's doing a number on Johnny Detson the likes of which few can do!

GM: James is all over him! He's all over him on the outside and-

[A shout from Fawcett sends the Korugun soldiers back into motion. Morgan Dane is the first one in, throwing himself into a double axehandle to the back of James' head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MORGAN DANE FROM BEHIND!

CP: Korugun's attacking Brian James?!

[Veronica Westerly is looking on in shock from the ramp as Dane and Zaire take turns stomping James into the canvas while Polemos climbs in to join them.]

GM: I suppose that makes sense! After James quit, Javier Castillo hit him with a suspension and... well, the Korugun Army is doing what they think their General would want them to do!

CP: It doesn't seem to be what Veronica Westerly would want them to do!

[Westerly is waving her arms, screeching down the aisle at her soldiers as Zaire and Dane pull James to his feet...

...and Polemos wraps a massive paw around his throat!]

GM: Polemos has got him! Polemos has got him!

[Westerly can be heard screaming "STOP! STOOOOOP!" but the God of War has other ideas, lifting James high into the air...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and throwing him down with a massive chokeslam!]

GM: CHOOOOOKESLAAAAAAM!

[Westerly grabs her head with both hands, looking on in disbelief as Muteesa gets up to join his allies - forming a four on two attack on the World Champion and the Engine of Destruction!]

GM: James and Detson are being hammered into the mat by Korugun!

CP: And you talked about Detson not having many allies in the back - with Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor still sidelined, Brian James doesn't have many allies either, Myers!

GM: These two are defenseless! Korugun is having their way with-

[Suddenly, the lights go out, the crowd now buzzing.]

GM: Wait a minute... what's going on...

CP: I know we said anything can happen but this is ridiculous. Turn the damn lights back on!

[The buzzing crowd gets louder..

...and that's when the video wall lights up with an image of a sun to a big cheer!]

GM: Wait a second! Could it be...?!

[We hear a collection of horns playing over the PA system -- horns that open "Runnin' With The Devil" by Van Halen.

The strums of the guitar follow, a red light at the entranceway flashing in tune with the strums.

The image of the sun grows larger, as you hear the tapping on the cymbal, the sound of fingers running over a keyboard.

Then the guitar riff kicks in, the image bursts into a sea of red, flaming pyro shoots up at the entranceway.

And one word appears on the video wall in black lettering over the sea of red.

"SUPERNOVA"

And, as they say, the place comes unglued.]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[That's when Supernova walks out from the entranceway. We can make out enough of him to see that he's dressed in a black trenchcoat and his brown hair hangs just past his ears.

The lights come up with each step he takes down the ramp, and we can see he has a black shirt and blue jeans underneath the trenchcoat. He wears a pair of shades, which he removes as he heads to the ring, revealing yellow and orange paint, resembling flames, around his eyes.

He tosses the shades aside, then reveals what's in his other hand -- a baseball bat.]

GM: SUPERNOVA IS HERE AT HOMECOMING!

[A shout from Fawcett gets Morgan Dane scrambling out into the aisle, rushing up the ramp to confront the incoming Supernova who walks right past Veronica Westerly without even acknowledging her.]

GM: Morgan Dane on the move, looking to stop-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd reacts as Supernova swings the top of the baseball bat into the midsection, doubling Dane up...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and then CRACKS the bat down across the back of Dane, leaving him in a pile on the floor before he moves further down the ramp towards the ring where Muteesa and Ebola Zaire are taking turns dropping elbows on the downed Brian James!]

GM: Supernova’s heading for the ring and-

CP: He doesn’t like ANYONE in there, Gordon!

GM: That much is true but Supernova appears to be a man on a mission right now... rolling in...

[As he comes to his feet, he sees that Polemos has the World Champion up, his hand wrapped around his throat...]

GM: Polemos is gonna chokeslam the World Champion too!

[...but Supernova has other ideas, swinging the bat down overhead, cracking Polemos across the wrist and forearm with it!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Polemos drops back, grabbing his wrist in pain...

...and Johnny Detson takes the opportunity to rush him, connecting with a clothesline that sends the big man spilling over the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: DETSON CLEARS OUT POLEMOS!

[In the meantime, Supernova smashes the bat down across the lower back of Ebola Zaire, sending him stumbling to the corner...

...which is when Supernova dashes across the ring, crushing him against the buckles with a Heat Wave splash!]

GM: HEAT WAVE ON ZAIRE!

[The super heavyweight falls through the ropes to the outside as Brian James is battling back to his feet, still getting chopped by Muteesa but still getting up to the roar of the Dallas crowd!]

GM: Brian James is up! The Engine of Destruction is up!

[Muteesa swings an overhead chop but James catches the wrist with both hands, holding it at bay long enough to SLAM his skull into Muteesa's face, sending him falling backwards towards the ropes...

...which is when James ducks low, scooping the near four hundred pounder up into his powerful arms!]

GM: OH MY STARS! OH MY STARS!

[James steps to the ropes and unceremoniously dumps Muteesa over the top, throwing him down to the floor with a roar! He swings his arms back, giving off a bellow as Johnny Detson retrieves Supernova's fallen bat...

...and as James whips around, he sees Detson sneaking up on him with the bat...]

GM: These three have cleared the ring but... but what now?!

[Supernova grabs the bat, ripping it out of Detson's hands. He points a warning finger as James shouts at Detson. All three men are trading words, threatening one another as the crowd cheers the wild scene...

...and we fade to black.

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Fox Sports X. Come get some.”

[We fade to black...

...and fade back up to live action. We’ve got a panning shot of the American Airlines Center crowd, fans cheering and buzzing over what they just saw moments ago.]

GM: Welcome back to Homecoming, fans... and what a night it has been here already. The return of Brian James. The Cult of Personality challenging James Lynch to a match. The appearances of the Brothers Kraken and some of our friends from P*WIN and so much more. We called it a night when just about anything might happen and so far, we’ve lived up to...

[Gordon trails off as the buzzing sound from the AWA faithful grows louder.. and louder..

...and the camera cuts to show someone walking with purpose through the crowd in street clothes.]

GM: What in the...?

[As the person in the shot becomes clearer, the crowd proceeds to get louder because this is not just any AWA superstar.

It’s an AWA champion.

In fact, it’s the AWA World Television Champion, Michael Aarons, dressed in blue jeans and a “CHAMPION FOR HIRE” t-shirt. He sneers at the buzzing fans as he strides towards the ringside railing, hurdling over it. A pair of security guards rush to confront him but Aarons shouts a warned threat at them.]

GM: That’s Michael Aarons! Just days ago - during Estrellas En El Cielo - the news broke that Michael Aarons - the current AWA World Television Champion - was having contract issues with the AWA and...

[Aarons snatches up a mic from a protesting timekeeper, rolling under the ropes into the ring. The security guards at ringside look around anxiously as Aarons taps the mic a few times.]

MA: -better turn this damn thing on.

[Aarons smirks upon hearing his voice.]

MA: Good. At least you people can do that much right. I’ve got a lot to say and I need this mic live so I can make sure everyone hears it.

A few days ago, when the AWA wanted the eyes of the wrestling world on Mexico... when they wanted names like Hannibal Carver... like Derrick Williams... like Jackson Hunter and Julie Somers and Kurayami and all the rest... when they wanted them to be trending on Twitter.

There was ONE name at the top of the charts... and that name was Michael Aarons.

[The champion nods as the fans jeer.]

MA: But it wasn't because I was stealing the show live on Fox Sports X... not that night. It was because that dirt sheet peddler Brian Potter broke the news that yours truly was telling the AWA to stick it!

[More boos rain down on a sneering Aarons.]

MA: The AWA doesn't want to pay me what I'm worth? Well, I'm more than happy to go somewhere where they will... and Mr. Alana, I'm happy to work Wednesday nights!

[The crowd "ooooooooohs" at Aarons' reference to the competition.]

MA: And I'll be even happier to show up on Wednesday...

[He holds up the TV Title belt.]

MA: ...and lay this down at your feet, big man.

[Aarons smirks as the fans jeer the idea of an AWA title being taken from the company.]

MA: But before I can do that... I've got one last piece of business to take care of here. See, the AWA legal team jumped all over that story... they filed a suit before Potter could rate his own article a Seven Star Classic.

They said I was in breach of my contract... and wanted to take ME to court!

[The crowd reacts with big cheers as Aarons looks around in disgust.]

MA: After everything I've done - both in Air Strike and on my own - for you people, you have the BALLS to cheer that?!

[Another big cheer goes up.]

MA: Much like the AWA... you people can go to hell!

[The jeers pick up again as Aarons shakes his head.]

MA: My lawyers got involved... and they reached a deal. And I don't like this deal one bit... but they said it's the only way to keep me from being sued.

So, here I am.

One night. One more match. One last chance for all of you...

[He points towards the locker room entrance.]

MA: ...to take this...

[He holds up the title.]

MA: ...off the hottest free agent in this business!

[The crowd cheers the idea of a title defense.]

MA: Well, I shouldn't say ALL of you... because my lawyers got some concessions of our own. This title is on the line... but I got a say as to who can challenge for it.

[The boos pick up again.]

MA: I saw that Terry Shane is back tonight.

[Big cheer!]

MA: No Terry Shane!

[Big jeers!]

MA: In fact, I won't defend this title against ANYONE in the Top 5 contenders list - no Shane... and... well, it looks like the rest are all stuck in Mexico. Sorry about that, kids. Better luck next time!

And speaking of luck... if they want to stand a shot to take this title from me, whoever is about to walk through that curtain better have a four leaf clover shoved up their-

[The ripping guitars of AC/DC's "Thunderstruck" kick in to a surprised reaction from the Dallas crowd!]

GM: Wait a second!

[As the vocals join the fray, more of the crowd starts to cheer, remembering just who this music is for.]

"THUN-DER!"

[Aarons looks around in confusion, shouting "WHO IS THIS?!" to no one in particular.]

"THUN-DER!"

"THUN-DER!"

"THUN-DER!"

[And as the song really kicks in, the blue chip prospect himself - Whaitiri - appears on the ramp to a big reaction!]

GM: That's Whaitiri! The 2016 Brass Ring Tournament winner! One of the hottest prospects the AWA has ever seen!

[Whaitiri takes a moment to soak up the cheers of the crowd...

...and then breaks into a sprint, charging down the aisle where he dives headfirst under the bottom rope as Aarons rushes to attack.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The super athletic Whaitiri comes to his feet on a run, ducking under Aarons' flailing right hand attempt. He hits the far ropes, rebounding back towards the off-balance Aarons...]

GM: Whaitiri on the mov-

[...and SLAMS his 255 pound muscular frame into the stunned Aarons, knocking the wind out of him and putting him down on the canvas!]

GM: SPEAR! SPEAR! THE CHARGE OF TŪMATAUENGA!

[With Aarons reeling on the canvas, clutching his ribs in pain, Whaitiri gets to his feet, quickly ducking under the ropes, rushing down the apron...]

GM: Wait a second! Whaitiri's climbing the ropes! Whaitiri is climbing the ropes!

[The crowd is ROARING now, screaming and shouting as Whaitiri scales to the top, standing tall with his arms spread wide...]

...and LEAPS into the air, soaring high and far across the ring!]

GM: RANGINUI'S PRAYER! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!

[Whaitiri stays on top, hooking the legs tightly and nodding his head along with the count...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HE DID IT! HE DID IT! WE'VE GOT A NEW CHAMPION!

[Aarons rolls from the ring as the crowd celebrates the title change, the referee snatching up the fallen title belt, handing it over to the triumphant blue chip prospect who is absolutely beside himself, hugging the title belt to his chest with a huge smile on his face.]

GM: Michael Aarons may be heading out the door but he is NOT taking the World Television Title with him... thanks to the new champion, Whaitiri!

[Whaitiri climbs to his feet, thrusting the title over his head with one arm as the crowd continues to cheer. He gives a triumphant shout as he stomps across the ring, climbing up on the middle rope to soak up the cheers.]

GM: Whaitiri has done it! Whaitiri has shocked the world here at Homecoming! Oh my!

[With a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we find ourselves back inside the office of the night's showrunner - Veronica Westerly - who appears to be in the midst of a chewing out session, stalking down a line of Korugun soldiers. We can see Morgan Dane, Polemos, Muteesa, and Ebola Zaire.]

VW: YOU IDIOTS!

[Westerly stomps down the row.]

VW: There was only ONE person out there who I wanted hurt... and that was Johnny Detson! And YOU...

[She pauses in front of Muteesa.]

VW: ...couldn't even do that right! But getting into a fight with Supernova...

[She shakes her head in disgust.]

VW: And who the hell told you to lay your hired hands on my son?!

[A fifth man steps forward from behind Ebola Zaire's hulking frame. When he speaks, he speaks with confidence... and a hint of menace. It is Doctor Harrison Fawcett.]

"D"HF: I believe that would be me.

[Westerly twists around, glaring a hole through Fawcett.]

VW: You? You had one mission here tonight, Fawcett. Control Muteesa and win the World Title. You failed... again.

[Fawcett doesn't flinch at the attack.]

"D"HF: A thousand pardons, my dear lady. I truly regret your displeasure at my job performance. Perhaps, I could offer some advice as to how to get the best of me?

[Fawcett reaches into his left pants pocket, taking out a watch.]

"D"HF: Next time, if you could give me more than ten minutes notice... I'd be more than happy and able to bring you Detson's title...

[Fawcett pauses, smiling.]

"D"HF: ... and his head.

[Westerly doesn't look away, eyes still burning into Fawcett.]

VW: After you admit to telling these monsters to put their hands on my son, what in the hell makes you think there will be a next time?

[Fawcett smirks.]

"D"HF: Again my apologies... but I was under the impression that you were only in charge of this show for tonight.

[Westerly doesn't respond so Fawcett keeps speaking.]

"D"HF: Since you do not deny it, I will assume I'm correct... which means that Generalissimo Castillo will return to his rightful spot on the top of our organization as soon as he arrives -

[Fawcett looks at his watch once again.]

"D"HF: - within the hour, I believe.

[Still no response from Westerly.]

"D"HF: And with those things being true, I chose to act - and have our soldiers act - in a way that I believe General Castillo would command. The last time I checked, Ms. Westerly... your son is not an active AWA employee... and in fact, is not welcome at any AWA event.

[Westerly starts to sneer now.]

"D"HF: I believe that if Mr. Castillo was here and saw Mr. James attack another member of the AWA roster, he would order his Army to put an end to him... no matter who he is related to.

[There is no mistaking the menace in those words, Fawcett inching closer to Westerly who doesn't back down.]

"D"HF: I did what I thought was right. I am so very sorry that I did not let my determination waver in the face of nepotism. If the General wants to punish me when he arrives, that's his choice...

[He raises a hand, sticking a finger in Westerly's face.]

"D"HF: Not yours.

[And with that, he turns and exits, leaving a fuming Westerly behind.]

VW: That little...

[She shakes her head.]

VW: One day, I'll convince Javier that we don't need his kind around... and when I do, I'm going to take great pleasure in having him suffer in front of me.

[Westerly turns away from the closed doors, locking her eyes on Polemos.]

VW: And you. You're the worst of all. I got you this job! I kept you employed! And your loyalty to me ended the moment you got your hands on my son... and **CHOKESLAMMED** him!

[Westerly's hand snaps out, striking Polemos across the face with a hard slap.]

VW: Get out. Now.

[Polemos stares at Westerly for a few moments... and then turns to exit, pushing through the door as Westerly stomps over to the desk, letting loose a shout of frustration before flopping down in the chair behind it...

...and with a flash of the ACCESS logo, we go back to a panning shot of the American Airlines Center crowd, still buzzing over the World Television Title unexpectedly changing hands when suddenly...

Static.]

GM: Oh my!

[The crowd cheers at the sound of "Dance of the Knights" by Sergei Prokofiev coming over the PA system - a song that can mean the arrival of only one man.]

GM: It's been a few weeks now since we've seen him but the much-anticipated return of Terry Shane is upon us! And here comes the former cham... oh, come on!

[Gordon's exclamation comes just as the crowd ERUPTS into jeers at the sight of not Terry Shane coming through the entryway but rather the self-proclaimed Foundation, Kerry Kendrick alongside Miss Sandra Hayes. Kendrick walks in a pair of blue jeans and a t-shirt that reads "SELF MADE MAN" across the chest. Miss Sandra Hayes trails behind him in a skintight pink dress and a smirk. Kendrick raises a mic.]

KK: Cut the music!

[The music abruptly goes quiet as Kendrick and Hayes stand atop the entrance stage, soaking up the jeers of the AWA faithful...]

GM: Well, welcome back to ringside on this chaotic night... I was told that this was to be Terry Shane III making a statement out here tonight about his future in wrestling, but obviously these two have hijacked that moment.

[...jeers that quickly turn into something else.]

"WE WANT RIC-KI!" *clap clap clapclapclap*
"WE WANT RIC-KI!" *clap clap clapclapclap*
"WE WANT RIC-KI!" *clap clap clapclapclap*

[Kendrick sneers at the chant, looking out on the Texas crowd as he raises his mic.]

KK: So you call this "Homecoming?"

I call this living in the past.

[The crowd boos lustily at that remark as Kendrick gestures to Hayes and the duo start walking slowly down the ramp, still speaking all the while.]

KK: I know this was supposed to be Terry Shane's time out here tonight. And I'm sure everyone on social media has been hearing the hype about how he's going to finally call me out. But if there's one thing I have to demonstrate, even on a night like tonight, it's that you have to make allowances for where you are in the food chain.

Shane, you've been relieved of that Television Championship, which means... back of the line for you.

[Kendrick jerks a thumb over his shoulder, drawing more boos.]

KK: Let me make one thing clear, there is nothing I would rather do than to invite Terry Shane down to this ring and lay a beating on him... to leave him laying in a puddle of his own blood for everyone to watch. In front of his lovely ex-manager.

[Hayes bats her eyelashes in Kendrick's direction as he gestures to her.]

KK: In front of all these gape-mouthed blank-staring rednecks...

[That touches a nerve.]

"WE WANT RIC-KI!" *clap clap clapclapclap*
"WE WANT RIC-KI!" *clap clap clapclapclap*
"WE WANT RIC-KI!" *clap clap clapclapclap*

GM: We can hear what the crowd wants... but Kerry Kendrick is telling us what HE wants as well... and I say bring him out here, Self Made Man! He's not got a leash on him for goodness' sake.

[Kendrick reaches the ring, climbing up on the apron where he takes a seat on the middle rope as Hayes moves through them. Kendrick leers at her as she does, smirking as he joins her inside the ring. She slides up next to him, draping her arm over his shoulders as he continues.]

KK: But to be quite honest, Terry Shane doesn't bring much to the table any more. I got bigger fish to fry now. I'm an AWA World Title contender, a high ranking one, and beating Terry Shane doesn't advance me up the contender rankings.

Terry Shane can confront me all he wants, but he has nothing to offer me that I want. I think his old man carting around his replica IWA World title belt interests me more at this point. Y'see...

[Kendrick puts his arm around Sandra Hayes, who bites her bottom lip with a grin and twirls her hair playfully.]

KK: You had your chance, Shane. I'm gonna save you the chance of embarrassing yourself by coming out to my ring and beating you like a little tetherball around the

pole again. Instead, I'll suggest that while you're here in Dallas you check in with those CCW guys. You might fit in there instead.

[Hayes chuckles as Kendrick laughs at his own joke. The crowd is booing once again, letting him have it when...

Static.]

GM: Alright! Here we go!

[A moment passes before Terry Shane emerges into view, shaking his head at Kendrick and Hayes all the way down the ramp. His music plays for the second time of the night as he strides down the ramp in a white polo shirt and black dress slacks.]

GM: The former World Television Champion has arrived here in Dallas after a few weeks regrouping after losing that title to... well, a guy who doesn't work here anymore! But he's back... he's here... and he's headed towards the ring where Kerry Kendrick has been running his mouth for the past couple of minutes.

[Shane reaches the ring, running up the steps and ducking through the ropes, ready to defend himself from Kendrick as needed... but no attack comes as Shane leans through the ropes, getting his own mic to work with.]

TS: Dallas, Texas! Damn, it's good to see you guys!

[The crowd cheers for Shane who grins in response, nodding his head.]

TS: Well... it's good to see them.

[He gestures to the fans.]

TS: But you two...

[He points to Kendrick and Hayes.]

TS: ...are another story. First thing's first, Self Made Man...

[Shane steps closer to Kendrick who takes a half step back. Shane's voice is harder when he speaks, a hint of the man Terry Shane USED to be evident as he points to Hayes.]

TS: ...if you ever talk about my father again, you're going to get a flashback to the guy SHE used to know. And if you think that's good for you... go ask Hannibal Carver and Steve Spector about it.

[Kendrick sneers as Hayes runs her hand across his chest, shaking her head at Shane.]

TS: My father is a good man. A great man just like his father before him. My father - Terry Shane Jr. - sold out more arenas defending that IWA World Title than the number of times you've claimed to be a future World Champion.

[The crowd "ohhhhhs" as Hayes shouts something off-mic at Shane.]

TS: Easy there, tiger. We'll get to you in a second.

[Hayes stomps her foot, planting her hands on her hips as Kendrick tries to soothe her. Shane grins at the reaction.]

TS: This is Homecoming. Right back in Dallas, Texas where it all started...for all of us.

[Shane winks at Hayes but it's Kendrick who feints towards Shane which draws some "spooky fingers" from the former Ring Leader to the crowds' delight.]

TS: And as you love to remind everyone, Kendrick... you were in the first match on the first show in this city all those years ago barking the same nonsense that you've spent the past three...four....maybe five years - who can keep track these days - yapping about. Big game Kerry Kendrick.

Feels a lot more like the big bust, doesn't it?

After all these years, the least you could have done is slapped a fresh coat of paint on yourself but instead you drugged up last summer's fashionista and reminded us all why some trends are better off in back of the closet or at the curb of Goodwill.

But the part that I know really drives you up the wall? Is that now with that little firecracker by your side, there's just twice as many of you shooting duds in Camp Kendrick.

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

TS: But the only thing you ever had going for you is long gone and the people here constantly remind you of how amazing she is which has to make you feel so tiny and worthless but I'm sure you're used to that by now.

Ain't that right, Sandra?

[The chants start up again as Hayes stomps her feet, screaming as she plants her hands over her ears.]

"WE WANT RIC-KI!" *clap clap clapclapclap*
"WE WANT RIC-KI!" *clap clap clapclapclap*
"WE WANT RIC-KI!" *clap clap clapclapclap*

[Shane looks around with a grin, nodding his head.]

TS: And me? I've spent the past five years going from someone who talked a big game, to someone who LIVES IT.

[The Dallas fans roar in approval. Shane beams at the response, turning his gaze onto his former manager.. and more?]

TS: And then there's you.

[Shane shakes his head.]

TS: Honestly, when you and Diamond Rob packed your bags a couple of years ago, everyone else thought you were gone for good... but me? I knew better. I knew you were too stubborn and ego-driven to ride off into the sunset without a proper send off and like the saying goes, Sandra Hayes... I always knew... someday... you'd come walking back through my door.

[Hayes rolls her eyes melodramatically in disgust.]

TS: You've spent every day since you've been gone telling everyone how you were the reason for my success... how I'm obsessed with you... how it should have been the Hayes Gang... how I can't let go of what we had together both professionally... and personally...

[The crowd buzzes at this statement.]

TS: And hell, Sandra... maybe you're right. Maybe I can't let go.

[Shane steps closer as Kendrick steps in front of Hayes in a protective stance.]

TS: But maybe I'm not the only one.

[Kendrick shouts something off-mic at Shane who turns his gaze back onto him as Sandra turns her head to the side, no longer looking at Shane.]

TS: I've got a question for you, Kerry.

[Shane gets right up into Kendrick's face.]

TS: At night, do you ever listen close enough when she's saying your name?

[Kendrick looks puzzled by the question.]

TS: Does that "K" ever sound like a "T"?

[Hayes and Kendrick look momentarily dumbstruck as the crowd lewdly hoots at the innuendo. Shane gives a slight, playful shrug in response, turning back towards Hayes...]

TS: You know as well-

[Shane is abruptly cut off as Hayes draws her arm back...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Hayes swats Terry Shane III across the cheek, incensed. Shane is momentarily stunned...]

...and then bowled over by Kendrick, who starts throwing fists.]

GM: Kendrick with the cheap shot there! Straight out of the Self Made Man's playbook, sadly.

[Kendrick has Shane pinned down on the mat, pounding his fist down into the temple as Shane tries to cover up.]

GM: Shane may have struck a nerve there as Kendrick is looking to do some serious damage now... and I'm not sure we've got the personnel available tonight to break this donnybrook up!

[Climbing to his feet, the Foundation rips his t-shirt off, and starts circling the ring in a rage, like he's deciding how to punish Shane next. Sandra Hayes shadows him, egging Kendrick on. But Terry Shane is not so easily vanquished.]

GM: Terry Shane is back up and--

[Shane likewise tries to tackle Kendrick, driving him into the corner..]

...but Sandra Hayes is driven backward with him and is roughly sandwiched into the buckles as Shane and Kendrick throw fists with wild abandon!]

GM: Oh no! Miss Hayes got caught in the crossfire there!

[Sandra Hayes collapses to the ring apron dramatically as the men continue their malicious scrap. With the odds evened, Terry Shane seems to finally be getting the better of it, raining haymakers down on the Self Made Man.]

GM: This fight continues... and she may not be my favorite person but I think we need to get some help out for Sandra Hayes...

[Shane lands a pair of hard lunging elbowstrikes from the mount, causing Kendrick's fighting fury to die down. Seeing that he's finally subdued Kendrick, Shane gets to his feet, swinging an arm around as he circles him.]

GM: Shane's calling for the spinning toehold! He leans down, grabbing the-

[Shane pauses, losing focus as he glances around and sees his former... associate... prone and dazed on the apron.]

"Sandra!"

[Shane shouts to her in concern, letting go of Kendrick as he dives to his knees and crawls over to her.]

"Sandra! I'll..."

[Shane looks around in a panic, searching for medical personnel who are nowhere in sight.]

GM: Terry Shane coming to the aid of Sandra Hayes, trying to find some help for her... and it looks like he's going to do it himself!

[His expression full of concern, Shane slides out of the ring and gently scoops up Sandra Hayes in the classic one-person carry. He strides up the aisle with a sense of urgency.]

GM: Terry Shane, whether they had a falling out or not... He is a human being, and he's obviously very concerned about the well-being of Sandra Hayes, who is not a trained competitor. I didn't quite see what sort of impact she took when she was jammed into those turnbuckles but from how she went down from the collision, she looks to be in bad shape.

[Shane quickly gets up the ramp, ducking through the curtain while carrying an unconscious Sandra Hayes in his arms.]

GM: Shane's getting Hayes to the locker room - hopefully taking her to the trainer's room for medical assistance...

[As Shane and Hayes disappear through the curtain, Kerry Kendrick regains his faculties...

...and then looks around in confusion.]

GM: Kendrick has no idea what just happened! He can't find Shane! He can't find Sandra and-

[An irate Kendrick leaps out of the ring, charging up the aisle as he bellows with rage...]

"SHAAANE! SHAAANE!"

[...and 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...

...and as we come back up, we’ve got a cameraman in the backstage area jogging to keep pace with a furious Kerry Kendrick who is stalking through the locker room area, occasionally shouting “SHANE!” or “SANDRA!” He turns a corner, spotting Theresa Lynch standing near a rolling equipment case, speaking to a stagehand.]

KK: You!

[Kendrick stomps over towards a startled Lynch who backsteps into the wall.]

TL: What do you want?

KK: Where did they go?

TL: Where did who-

[Kendrick angrily steps closer, nearly pinning Lynch against the wall as she yelps with concern.]

KK: Don’t play dumb with me, girl. Tell me where they-

[Lynch anxiously shouts in response.]

TL: THE TRAINER'S ROOM! THEY WENT TO THE TRAINER'S ROOM!

[Kendrick shoves the stagehand aside as he stalks away, leaving Theresa looking on nervously. The cameraman pursues Kendrick down the hallway another twenty feet or so until he reaches a room and shoves the door open...

...and with a loud shout, he rushes inside.

The cameraman runs the distance between he and Kendrick, shoving the door open to find Kendrick and Shane tangled up on the floor of the trainer's room, trading punches as a nearby Sandra Hayes wearily sits up on her medical bed, shrieking with concern...

...and we cut back out to the announce table where Gordon Myers is seated alongside Colt Patterson.]

GM: A chaotic scene backstage here in Dallas as Kerry Kendrick and Terry Shane have taken their fight back there as well. Hopefully we can get some security in there before anyone else gets hurt.. but in the meantime, you can see that Colt Patterson is back with me as we are about to see a couple of wrestlers receiving a tryout tonight.

CP: On a night when no one knows what's coming next, it only seems right to grab a couple of kids out of the Combat Corner and give them the chance of a lifetime here on worldwide TV, Gordon.

GM: Well, that's exactly what we're going to get here...

[We cut to the ring where we see, on the left side of the ring, a slender man with short, blonde hair, dressed in a pair of red trunks, white wrestling boots and a black vest.]

GM: This young man here is a hometown wrestler, right here in Dallas, Rollie Westerman. I understand he's one of the top prospects out of the Combat Corner.

CP: Gordon, I've heard this kid has a lot of promise, even though he's not very big. But I've heard the same is true for his opponent, and he's a much larger man.

[On the right side of the ring, we see a black man with short, black hair in dreadlocks and a goatee. He has a muscular build and wears a pair of blue tights and white wrestling boots.]

GM: That is true, Colt. This is Van Reynolds, and he's a Texas native, too, though he's from Amarillo. I understand he played linebacker in high school.

CP: He's definitely got the strength advantage, Gordon. This could be a classic matchup of strength versus speed.

GM: I'm certainly looking forward to seeing what these two young men are capable of as we're just about to get this one underway and... wait a minute... who is coming down the aisle now?

[The crowd's attention turns to a man who is moving at a quick pace down the aisle towards the ring. This man has thinning brown hair, a mustache, and is dressed in a white button-down shirt and blue jeans.]

GM: That's Dave Cooper! What is he doing here?

CP: Considering the way he left the company, I'm guessing he's not SUPPOSED to be here but that's certainly not stopping anyone tonight, Gordon.

GM: Cooper was one of the many AWA competitors who were shown the door in the initial days of power of the Korugun Corporation and... wait, what is he doing?

[Cooper goes right to the ringside table, where he grabs the mic. He ascends the ring steps and ducks through the ropes, ignoring the two men in the ring.]

GM: Hold on... we're supposed to be having a tryout match here...

[Cooper walks to the center of the ring and raises the mic.]

DC: I've got a few things to get off my chest...

[But he's interrupted as Westerman approaches him, taps him on the shoulder, and we can hear him say "What are you doing, man?"

And then he's met with a kick to the midsection.]

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

CP: No, but who is going to tell The Professional that?

[Cooper drops the mic, then whips Westerman across the ring, then catches him off the ropes underneath the legs, turns and slams him into the mat.]

GM: SPINEBUSTER! I don't believe this!

[Cooper takes a breath and arches his back, appearing to be bothered by that move.]

CP: Did that take as much out of Cooper as it did Westerman?

GM: Are you seriously calling this like a match now, Colt?

CP: Hey, I'm simply making an observation, Gordon, even if I'm just as surprised by this turn of events as you!

[Cooper rises to his feet, but that's when Reynolds approaches him and spins him around. Reynolds throws up his hand and says, "What's your deal?"

Cooper's response is to deliver a hard shot right to Reynolds' throat.]

GM: Not Reynolds too! Haven't you done enough, Dave Cooper?

[Reynolds staggers backwards, allowing Cooper to give a quick kick to the midsection, then to snare him in a front facelock and drive Reynolds into the canvas.]

GM: And now a DDT! I can't believe this!

CP: I can't believe it either!

[Cooper drags Reynolds up and throws him through the ropes. He holds his back for a moment, but then notices Westerman getting up, then grabs the mic.]

GM: What is Cooper doing... oh no! He hit Westerman in the head with the mic!

[Westerman staggers as Cooper grabs him from behind and runs him into the ropes, launching him over the top, where Westerman lands in a heap on top of Reynolds.]

CP: I guess we're not going to have our tryout match tonight.

GM: And all thanks to Dave Cooper... what is he even doing here? He's not even employed by AWA any longer!

[Cooper pauses to catch his breath, then raises the mic.]

DC: Like I said, I've got a few things to get off my chest. The first is directed at one Javier Castillo, who's been calling himself El Presidente, El Jefe, El Generalissimo, anything with the letters E and L in front of it.

If you ask me, Castillo's nothing but El Assh-

[The audio gets muted for a moment as Cooper smirks... and when the sound comes back, we can hear the crowd "ooh" and "aah" at that remark.]

GM: Oh my.

CP: I'm not even gonna comment on that one, Gordon.

GM: I guess it's good he's not currently employed by this company.

CP: Castillo might re-hire him just so he can fire him again.

[Cooper continues as the crowd noise dies down.]

DC: Meanwhile, he decided to fire Scola and Mafu, only to let them back in for the Stampede Cup, as if he can just take the talent I scout and use them for his own personal means. Now, Scola and Mafu wised up and decided not to do any more business with him, while the likes of Muteesa and Polemos are still following him around like lost dogs who'll do anything for somebody who throws a bone their way.

[He then points toward the back.]

DC: And the reason they won't come out from the back now is because they know that, even at 51 years old, I'd whip their hides without breaking a sweat, and that is the end of the discussion!

[A few fans are now cheering Cooper, believe it or not.]

CP: That's a good question, Gordon. Why hasn't the Korugun Army come out here?

GM: Your guess is as good as mine, Colt.

[Cooper continues.]

DC: Now, in the few minutes I have left, I'm gonna let you all know that while I won't be getting into the ring to wrestle any time soon, I'm far from finished with the AWA.

Unfortunately, neither the Samoans nor Rene Rousseau has expressed any interest in returning at this time, but that's all right, because I'm always scouting new talent. And I'm going to promise you that, in the not-too-distant future, I will have a new talent to bring to the AWA.

Whenever I find that talent, whoever it may be, I can promise you that it won't matter who's running things in the AWA -- that talent I find will be here, will be kicking tail and taking names, and will establish himself as the new big man on campus.

Now, don't worry your little self, Javier -- I'll see myself out, son.

[He tosses the mic down on the canvas, then ducks through the ropes and climbs down to the floor. He then slowly climbs over the ringside railing and leaves through the crowd.]

GM: Dave Cooper just crashed this tryout match and... well, I don't know what this "big man on campus" talk is all about.

CP: Well, after what just went down, Cooper may as well be the big man on campus tonight.

GM: Fans, we need to take a break. We'll be right back with more of Homecoming.

[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

75 DAYS AND COUNTING

And then cut back to black.

A moment passed before we fade back up to show Gordon Myers sitting at ringside as music plays over the PA system.

GM: Welcome back to the American Airlines Center on what is definitely a very interesting night of action here at Homecoming.

[We cut to the ring where we see a young official inside the ring, checking Kayla "The Pistol" Cristol for weaponry.]

GM: And as you can see, young Dan Turkman from Combat Corner Wrestling is the official for this one - a match advertised as a tag team contest but due to Victoria June being stuck in Mexico, is now a one-on-one encounter. Kayla Cristol getting set for action and her opponent...

["Sick Like Me" by In This Moment continues to play as the video screens flash images of the haunted overly shadowed eyes of Charisma Knight and the surrounded-in-pain solid black eyes of Dr. Leah White.]

GM: ...will be the former Doctor, Leah White... who is - of course - accompanied by her former patient, Charisma Knight.

[We cut to the aisle where red and white spinning lights are illuminating the building as Knight and White - collectively known as The Asylum - make their way down the aisle towards the ring. Knight holds her hands out as she heads to the ring, almost dancing along to the music. She's much more animated than her partner, who just slowly follows along, betraying no emotion.]

GM: And if I was Kayla Cristol, I would be very concerned about the ringside presence of Charisma Knight out here tonight when Cristol's ally is hundreds of miles away.

[White climbs upon the ring apron, ducking through the ropes and walking to the middle of the ring, throwing her head back as Knight walks along the apron...

...and heads straight towards Gordon Myers.]

GM: On second thought, I AM very concerned about the ringside presence of Charisma Knight all of a sudden as it seems as if she's heading this way and-

[A clattering of noise is heard, presumably as Knight slips on the spare headset.]

CK: HEY GORDY!!! How's tricks?

[Gordon audibly sighs.]

GM: Charisma, welcome to the broadcast booth... and as this match is just about to begin, what are your thoughts on this being changed into a singles match with one-half of your opponents tonight being stuck in Mexico?

[Knight hisses.]

CK: First, Vicky does a whole bunch of talking in our direction and now she's allegedly stuck on a runway somewhere. She left her partner all alone, Gordy!

GM: "Allegedly?" It's pretty well-established that half of our locker room is on a runway in Mexico - including Victoria June. But you and your former Doctor turned... well, I don't know what to call her.

CK: Super special bestie automaton!

GM: I... well, alright. But you both are here, Kayla Cristol is here, and this one is set to begin.

[The bell sounds as Cristol and White begin to circle one another.]

GM: Charisma, how does the shift to a singles match change your plans?

[Silence for a few awkward moments as White and Cristol lock up, the more experienced Cristol easily securing a side headlock.]

GM: Charisma?

CK: Did you know, Gordy, this was supposed to be a tag match?

GM: Did I... well, yes... we just went over that... and...

[We cut to ringside for a moment just as Cristol uses a headlock takeover to put White down on the canvas. Knight is very clearly pulling a smartphone into view.]

GM: What are you doing now? Can we focus on the match please?

CK: Gordy, I know what you're thinking.

GM: I find that unlikely. A quick one count there by your ally as she rolls Cristol onto her shoulders and-

CK: You're sitting there asking yourself...

[Please don't.]

CK: What does a young, psychotic, possibly possessed by a mischievous lesser demon... girl in a conservatorship run by her childhood best friend need with a smartphone in this day and age? But I'll tell ya, ever since Moé went and got me this, it's been outstanding. Okay, outstanding might be overselling it a skosh, but it's really fun. Although first, I tried that Facebook thing, but I got banned. Apparently, sending PETA pictures of...

GM: I really don't think-

CK: Sure, sure. The kids. Gotta think about the children. Anyways... after that, I was sitting in the back and ran into Harls and Cindy and Harls was like "Whatever, Cinder, show her Tinder.", and Cindy was like...

[Cover your ears as a HORRIBLE Scottish accent is incoming.]

CK: ..."Oi, goan, yer gonna luv this luv, it's like a proper buffet it is!" and I tried that, and it was fun for a few days. Note, I have to take time off next time we run through Shreveport, but that's another story for another day and venue, like my Patreon. Anyway, then I went and found Twitter...

GM: I'm sure this is all quite fascinating to... someone... but can we call the match please?

[Back on their feet, White sends Cristol off into the ropes, rebounding back into a tackle that runs right into White...

...who refuses to go down, merely grinning and sticking out a black tongue.]

GM: Oh dear.

CK: ...and I saw some stuff I didn't like...

GM: Like that tongue? What kind of diet do you have this girl on?

CK: I mean, the amount of people on there that think Lee Lee and I are SOFT?! That we're too busy being funny and are jokes? I mean, I followed one Tweet to this thread on some Message Board, Piledriver Video Review I think it was, and

we're overrated? We're a circus act? Let me tell you, Gordy... that just doesn't sit right with us, ya know. So, I was back thinking, and Lee Lee suggested we crank it up a notch.

[Cristol bounces off the ropes again, throwing herself into a harder tackle... and again White doesn't go down.]

GM: Suggested? She talks?!

CK: You just don't know how to hear her, Gordy. Anyway, we brainstormed and tonight gave us the perfect opportunity so... if you'll wait a minute here...

[We cut back to the announce table where Charisma is staring at her phone, swiping and tapping away.]

GM: Are you... are you calling someone during this match?

CK: Calling? What am I... your age?

[We see the phone light up with the puzzled face of Victoria June.]

VJ: What in the...?

CK: Oh, hey Vicky! Oh, this video calling's a hoot, innit?

VJ: What the hell do you-?!

CK: Don't be rude! I heard you weren't getting live TV being stuck on a runway in Rio de Jan-

GM: That's not where-

CK: -that you'd want to know how your new bestie is doing. Oh, she's just facing Lee Lee one on one since you're there and she's here and we're here but... oh, say Hi to Gordy!

[Charisma turns the phone towards "Gordy" who weakly waves.]

GM: Hello, Victoria. I hope everything is-

CK: Hey, this is my dime, Gordy, so I'm doin' the talking! Vicky... I just wanted to make sure I had your attention. Hang on...

[A loud "THUNK!" is heard as Charisma dumps her headset off onto the table, running over towards the timekeeper's table where she snatches up the house mic.]

CK: You're still watching, right?

[We're unable to hear Victoria June's response as Knight tosses the phone down on the table, snatching up the timekeeper's vacated chair...]

GM: Wait, wait!

[Cristol dashes to the ropes again, coming back towards a rising White...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Knight BLASTS Cristol across the back with the steel chair, pitching her forward and down on the canvas!]

GM: Good grief!

[Knight slides the chair into the ring, retrieving her phone and the mic.]

CK: Did you see that?! Did you see it?!

“DING! DING! DING!”

CK: Oh, did you hear that, Vicky? That mean ol’ referee just disqualified Lee Lee! Someone’s gotta pay for that. And since you’re not here...

[Charisma shrugs as she rolls into the ring where the referee tries to intervene but White ignores him as she lifts Cristol up over her shoulder.]

GM: Oh stop this, you made your point!

[Knight waves to the downed chair, twisting around to make sure Victoria June gets a clear shot of her standing with White and Cristol behind her. A cackling Knight shouts “DO IT, LEE LEE!”]

GM: NO!

[Following orders, White swings Cristol back over, sitting out and SLAMMING Cristol’s back onto the downed steel chair!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[White sits stoic on the mat as Knight falls to her butt, rolling back so that she’s holding up the camera that can see both her and Cristol at the same time.]

CK: Vicky? VICKY?! ARE YOU THERE, VICKY?!

[We can no longer hear or see Victoria June but her reaction has Knight in wild giggles.]

CK: Vicky, I’m SO glad we could be your in-flight entertainment here tonight... did you enjoy flying Asylum Air?

[Knight smirks as June presumably tells her off.]

CK: Hmpf. That’s gratitude for you, Lee Lee. It seems like maybe Vicky needs this one to be a double feature.

[We can see some AWA officials jogging from the back, hoping to stop whatever Knight has in mind.]

CK: Lee Lee, we’ve got guests! Entertain them please!

[The former Dr. White rolls to her knees, crawling across the ring towards the ropes where the officials are approaching...

...and she slowly opens her mouth as black, viscous liquid come pouring out, causing them to leap back with disgust and horror.]

GM: Dear god... what IS that?!

[Knight, still holding the phone in one hand and the mic in the other, somehow gets them both together as she pulls Cristol up with her free hand.]

CK: Vicky, Vicky, Vicky... you thought this was business. But it's become personal. Think of it as... motivation! A kick in the pants to get you going!

[Knight slowly pulls Cristol's head towards her, cradling it in a familiar position as she bats her eyes at the phone and Victoria June who we can see is shouting at her.]

CK: See, I've taken an interest, Vicky. You're my next project. You may even become my masterpiece!

All you have to do is come for me. Please.

[She smirks.]

CK: I'm begging you, Vicky... come do your worst.

[Charisma again cackles, tilting the phone down to capture Cristol's near unconscious face, then back to hers.]

CK: Vicky, you're going to be Magnificent!

[And with that, Charisma executes her One Bad Day, driving Cristol's face into the steel chair!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Gaaaaaah...

[The crowd groans, the jeers starting to form again as Knight sits up, laughing loudly...]

CK: Hey Vicky... tell the pilot that you're ready for takeoff.

[She dramatically winks to the camera before tossing it into the air, letting it bounce off Cristol's prone body as she rolls from the ring, beckoning White to her side. The duo start their way up the aisle, black liquid still dripping off White's mouth as Knight lovingly dabs at it with a black handkerchief she's produced from somewhere.]

GM: This so-called match... this was a damn setup! A complete damn setup from the get-go!

[Knight slips an arm over White's shoulders, guiding her up the aisle as the AWA officials tend to Cristol's unconscious form inside the ring.]

GM: This is a bad scene in the ring here... a very bad scene and we-

[With Leah White and Charisma Knight celebrating in the aisle, we hear the signature snarl of a big jungle cat followed by the sounds of "La Cama de Piedra" by Cuco Sanchez creeping across the PA system.]

GM: What is this about now? Javier Castillo is here already?

[The crowd is jeering the music as Veronica Westerly slides into view, looking out from the stage at the boing fans.]

GM: Not quite. It's the Woman of the Hour, Veronica Westerly, who is filling in for Javier Castillo running this show here tonight... and apparently she has decided to

borrow his trademark entrance music for the evening... but the real question of the moment is - why is she coming out here?

[Westerly walks alone, not flanked by her usual "honor guard" of the monstrous Polemos... and she walks with purpose, quickly making her way down the aisle, past a curious Knight and a stoic White, towards the ring.]

GM: Well, whatever is on her mind, she's definitely in a hurry to let us know about it. Westerly climbing the steps now... and we're about to hear from the woman in charge... at least for another hour or so.

[Westerly stands center-ring, waiting for the music to die out before she raises the microphone and starts speaking.]

VW: Could someone get this...

[She gestures at the motionless Cristol.]

VW: ...out of MY ring.

[The AWA officials in the ring and at ringside leap into action, gingerly rolling Cristol from the ring as Westerly looks on approvingly. She waits until Cristol is being helped up the aisle until raising the mic again.]

VW: As has been mentioned to me several times today... and by several people... I am only in charge for tonight.

[She looks down a very nice Rolex on her right wrist.]

VW: For less than an hour to be exact.

[Westerly sneers as the crowd cheers.]

VW: But that doesn't mean the decisions I make in that hour can't have lasting implications.

[The crowd buzzes there... wondering exactly what she's implying.]

VW: Homecoming has already resulted in one of the wildest and most unpredictable nights on record... and some of those unpredictable moments have yielded a need for future follow-up.

For example, we have a new World Television Champion.

[A big cheer goes up for Whitiri, the new champion. Westerly nods.]

VW: You're welcome. And congratulations go out to Whitiri... who will make his first title defense on the Power Hour.

[Another cheer goes up for the title defense.]

VW: In addition, after what we just saw just a short while ago, I have made the executive decision to schedule a match for the next Saturday Night Wrestling... in Oklahoma City... where we will see Terry Shane and Kerry Kendrick go one-on-one.

[Another big cheer goes up!]

VW: Earlier tonight, we saw an interaction between the offspring of two legendary wrestlers from my father's era... and tonight, we will see them in the ring together when Trish Wallace and Harley Hamilton meet.

[Yet another big cheer!]

GM: Veronica Westerly seems to be giving the fans exactly what they want so far... I smell a rat.

[Westerly waits for the noise to die down.]

VW: And lastly, after what happened earlier this week in Mexico, I have scheduled the AWA National Title to be on the line in two weeks in Oklahoma City... when Jackson Hunter will defend the title...

[Westerly pauses for dramatic effect.]

VW: ...against Hannibal Carver!

[The crowd ROARS for this announcement as Westerly beams, satisfied at the reaction to her slate of matches.]

GM: Wow! I gotta say, fans... I'm impressed by that! After all these months of Javier Castillo booking matches to his own favor and under questionable motives, it's refreshing to see-

[A burst of static is heard over the PA system as the video wall lights up with the Access 365 logo.]

GM: What's this now?

[Westerly arches an eyebrow towards the big screen, watching as we see someone storming through the backstage area, a cellphone pressed to her ear.]

GM: Is that...?

[Westerly gestures at the screen, looking off-camera to someone and saying something unheard by the mic.]

GM: That's Marissa Monet! Shadoe Rage's partner and the mother of his child! But what is she doing here? And why are we showing her now? What is...?

[Westerly seems to have the same reaction, lifting the mic.]

VW: What is this? Get her off the screen!

[Monet turns a corner, her face flattened with rage, getting a different shot from the ACCESS cameras as she stalks into what we can now tell is the Chimpanzee Position. The crowd begins to buzz as Westerly looks around nervously.]

VW: Is she coming out here?! Security!

[Monet shoves the cell phone into the back pocket of her skin tight ripped blue jeans as she storms past a couple of protesting backstage officials, shoving one aside as she strides up a staircase...

...and as we cut back into the American Airlines Center, she walks out onto the stage to a surprised reaction from the Dallas fans!]

GM: She certainly is, boss lady! Marissa Monet has arrived at Homecoming!

[Westerly raises the mic again.]

VW: Marissa Monet... welcome to Homecoming!

[Monet doesn't acknowledge the greeting, stomping down the ramp towards the ring where Westerly fidgets nervously. Monet climbs up onto the ring apron, ducking through the ropes with a mic in hand. Westerly puts on her best fake smile as she greets Monet in the ring.]

VW: What... uhh... what are you doing here? I thought you'd still be in Mexico... maybe on the plane with-

[With an edge to her voice, Monet interrupts.]

MM: I flew home early.

[Westerly slowly nods, still smiling.]

VW: Mexico not to your liking? Too hot this time of year?

[Monet smirks.]

MM: What I saw in Mexico made me hot for sure, Westerly... but it had nothing to do with the weather.

VW: What are you-

[Monet angrily interrupts, jabbing a finger into Westerly's lips whose eyes go wide as she steps back.]

MM: I'm talking about your Korugun goons attacking Shadoe all week at every damn arena he went into.

[Westerly slowly nods.]

VW: Look, I've been here and-

[Monet interrupts again.]

MM: Don't even think about trying to tell me you and your boy Castillo aren't in lockstep. It got so bad down there, Shadoe sent me home with our baby girl home to make sure we were safe. And now that Adrianna is back home safe...

[She steps forward, standing toe to toe with Westerly again.]

MM: ...I've got a little business to settle with you about all that.

[Westerly again backsteps, looking around nervously for protection that is nowhere to be found.]

MM: Much less tough without your hit squad watching your back, Veronica?

[The Woman of the Hour shakes her head, begging off.]

VW: Look, Marissa... I don't know what you think you're doing here. I don't know what you've got in mind.

[Monet smirks. She reaches up to her right ear and makes a show of removing one her big hoop earrings.]

MM: It's pretty simple, Veronica.

I'm gonna kick your ass.

[The crowd ROARS at the idea of that as Westerly's eyes go wide and Marissa pockets the earring.]

VW: Wait, wait... please... come on now... Marissa, you can't be serious.

[Monet removes the other earring, nodding and shouting "DEAD SERIOUS!" off-mic to Westerly.]

VW: I've been involved with this business my whole life, Marissa... but you don't have a contract here... and I'm not a wrestler!

[Monet grins.]

MM: Then it's a damn good thing I didn't come here to wrestle...

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The slap across the cheekbone knocks Westerly off her feet, putting her down on the mat where Monet jumps on top of her.]

GM: OH MY GOODNESS! MARISSA MONET JUST SLAPPED VERONICA WESTERLY!

[With Westerly underneath her, Monet grabs two hands of Westerly's long hair and SLAMS the back of her head down into the mat!]

GM: OH!

[She pulls a struggling Westerly off the mat, slamming her back down again!]

GM: OHHH! This is a mauling! Westerly's not a wrestler - just like she said and...

[Monet yanks Westerly up by the hair, paintbrushing her across the face as she shouts at her.]

"TELL YOUR GOONS TO STAY AWAY FROM MY MAN!"

[Westerly stretches out her arms, trying to dig at the eyes or flesh of the six foot six giant...

...when suddenly, Monet finds herself being dragged by the hair off of Westerly...]

GM: That's Morgan Dane! Dane came out here to help Westerly and...

[Westerly rolls from the ring, fleeing up the aisle as she grabs at the back of her head in pain, stumbling and falling onto the ramp...

...and Dane HURLS Monet down to the canvas by the hair, sending her down in a heap!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! Marissa Monet is a former Women's World Champion in her own right - she's no ordinary woman but Morgan Dane is a monster of a man! He just threw her down and...

[Dane stands over Monet who starts to get up... and he draws his right hand back, seemingly ready to club her with it...

...but a shout from the floor stops him cold!]

GM: Fawcett! Fawcett just got out here and he stops Dane before he makes a mistake he can't-

[With a scream and a surge to her feet, Monet rushes Dane, throwing her fists as quickly as she can, battering Dane with both hands on both sides of the face! The crowd ROARS for the assault as Dane tries to cover up...]

GM: MONET'S GOING AFTER DANE! SHE'S GOING AFTER MORGAN DANE HERSELF!

[...and then instinctively delivers a two-handed shove, putting his weight behind it...]

GM: OHHHH!

[...and ends up shoving Monet through the ropes, sending her spilling out of control to the outside where the back of her head goes BOUNCING off the barely-padded floor!]

"OHXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX"

[Fawcett looks on, jaw dropped in shock as Dane stands by the ropes, looking down on Monet as the crowd falls silent at the hard fall to the floor she just took.]

GM: That son of a... he just shoved her to the floor! I don't... I don't know, it could've been an accident but... he shoved her without caring what the end result was!

[Fawcett waves a hand towards Dane, calling him back to his side where the duo slowly back down the ramp, suddenly joined by Veronica Westerly who is nursing a swollen and bloody lip as she glares at the downed Monet.]

GM: I... what a chaotic scene out here at ringside... let's... uhh... okay, yes... let's go to commercial while we try to restore some order. Unbelievable.

[Westerly rests a grateful hand on Morgan Dane's shoulder 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 then back up on the backstage interview area, where we see Harley Hamilton standing by. Conspicuous by her absence is Harley’s partner in crime, Cinder.]

HH: Hey there once again, you beautiful people! It’s me, the bodacious, breathtakingly babelicious Harley Hamilton, back to bring you all the hard-hitting questions to your favorite AWA stars! And right now, my guest is...

[Suddenly, the big smile disappears and the blood drains from her face as Kelly Kowalski walks into view.]

HH: You’ve got a lot of nerve showing your face in front of me, “Red”.

[Tonight, the Jersey Devil wears a black leather jacket over a tight-fitting white tank top and a pair of blue jeans with holes in the knees. Her red hair is pulled back into a messy ponytail, and she’s sporting a scowl on her face. She gives Harley a head to toe, up down look and snarls again.]

KK: Havin’ a lotta nerve is how I roll. Ya know that. Or ya should. Ya used to like it.

[She gives Harley a wink.]

KK: Anyway, long time no talk, Pinkie Pie. Where’d Sporty Spice go?

[Kelly points to the picture of Cinder’s face on Harley’s t-shirt. A look of disgust appears on Harley’s face. She appears highly offended.]

HH: Her name is CINDER and she went to look for a pair of wrestling boots that fit me for my match later on tonight. You know, like how a REAL friend would.

[Kelly rolls her eyes.]

HH: But you wouldn’t know anything about that, would you? No, you just abandon your quote unquote “friends” the moment you taste a little success and forget they ever existed. Right?

[Kowalski cocks her head to the side, and mouths the word "friend" before the scowl returns to her face.]

KK: I dunno what the hell you're talkin' about, Pinkie.

You're...

[Kowalski points her finger at Hamilton.]

KK: ...the one who stopped talkin' to me once ya realized I wasn't gonna be the way ya got on TV. Suddenly, I was on read for hours without a reply.

[Harley is stunned into silence for a moment, before snapping back with a vengeance.]

HH: And why wouldn't I distance myself? Look at you. It's pathetic what you've become! You let Michelle Bailey outsmart you, cheat you out of a win, made you apologize to her for breaking her nose and then you THANKED her for making you look like an idiot.

KK: Now you listen here...

HH: The Kelly Kowalski I knew wouldn't have just broken Michelle Bailey's nose, she would've broken her entire damn face and laughed about it! Tell me, Red, how many flowers did you send her after that match? Was it roses or carnations? Did it come with a "Get Well Soon" card from Hallmark?

KK: Ya do know who you're talkin' about, right? Michelle Bailey is one of the toughest chicks out there. Who've you fought without needing your little lapdog's help and taking every shortcut in the book, Harl?

I lost. I ain't happy about it. But if I was gonna lose, ain't no shame in losin' to Bailey.

[Harley laughs.]

HH: Don't you get it? She played you for a fool! You think that was the end of it? That cougar's not going to let you get away with breaking her nose.

[Kowalski stares at Hamilton.]

KK: Pinkie...

What. The. Hell. Are. Ya. Talkin'. About?

I never can tell when you're just talkin' 'cuz ya like the sound of your own voice or you actually believe this stuff.

Michelle Bailey ain't the vindictive type. She ain't gonna be jumpin' outta the shadows like some crazy lady lookin' for revenge.

We had a match. She won. That's the end of it.

At least until I get another chance to beat her.

[Harley snorts.]

HH: Ha! Are you kidding me? When have I ever been wrong about anything? Remember how she smiled in your face after your match? She was smiling, because she was already planning to bury a knife in your back.

[Kelly laughs in disbelief.]

KK: Are you crazy?

I came out here to do an interview, and you're comin' at me with all these crazy conspiracy theories like ya did that time ya stayed up all night listenin' to those stupid podcasts!

But listen Pinkie Pie...

[Despite the use of the nickname, Kelly's voice is deadly serious]

KK: If you're really missin' the "old" me. If you're really doubtin' my ability to break someone's face without feelin' sorry about it?

[Kelly shrugs off her leather jacket and takes a step towards Hamilton.]

KK: Why don't ya come find out for yourself that I'm still more than capable of leavin' someone lyin' in their blood.

HH: I...

[A look of shock appears on Harley's face, before she steels her resolve and takes a step towards Kelly, as they're basically nose to nose.]

HH: ...I'd be more than happy to bust open your skull and show you just how far you've fallen. But...

[She takes a step back and backs down.]

HH: ...I already have a match tonight and I got better things to do than get your blood on my shirt.

KK: Whatever ya say, Harl.

[Fuming, Harley turns and yells to someone off camera.]

HH: I can't conduct an interview under these conditions! Get someone else to do it!

[And with that, Harley exits the stage, leaving Kelly Kowalski shaking her head at her as she watches her leave. Fade out..]

...and then back to a panning shot of the American Airlines Center crowd, still buzzing over the wild night of action they've seen already on this unpredictable evening. Then we cut down to ringside where Gordon Myers is standing.]

GM: Welcome back to Homecoming, fans... and in just a few moments now, I'll be joined once again by Shane Destiny to call the action when Laura Davis takes on Maria Spinella in a match that... well, has a lot of us here in the AWA on edge here tonight, that's for sure. Still to come, we've got the World Tag Team Titles on the line... we'll find out if James Lynch has accepted the challenge of the Cult of Personality... we've got Supreme Wright in action still to come as well... but before-

[Gordon grabs his headphone, listening intently.]

GM: Okay. So, right now, I'm getting word from the back that AWA President Javier Castillo who has been en route to Dallas, Texas for this entire show has just arrived at nearby Dallas Love Field... about twenty minutes away from here... and I'm told

that we dispatched a camera crew there earlier tonight to capture his arrival. Let's go there now.

[We cut to a shot of a private jet sitting on the tarmac with a graphic that reads "DALLAS LOVE FIELD." A large rolling staircase is being brought towards the gleaming white aircraft as a long black stretch limousine is being positioned near the staircase.]

GM: Alright, fans... there we are now... you can see the private jet that Javier Castillo personally secured to get him out of Mexico while he abandoned so many of the AWA's locker room and staff and... well... there will be plenty of time to address that situation but right now...

[The staircase is locked into position as the door pops open.]

GM: Okay, here we go...

[The first to emerge from the doorway is AWA President Javier Castillo, cell phone in hand. He looks quite agitated and annoyed.]

JC: What are you telling me? Brian James?! Supernova?!

[Castillo rubs at his temple vigorously.]

JC: And where the hell is Westerly during all of this?!

[He pauses, listening.]

JC: Marissa Monet?! I don't...

[He turns, waving a hand over his shoulder as he starts to climb down the staircase. A few moments pass before we see MAWAGA, John Law, Derek Rage, and Kurayami emerge from behind him.]

JC: We're... how far is it to the arena?

[His shout is answered by someone.]

JC: We're about twenty minutes away. No, I brought some people back with me.

[A pause.]

JC: Yes... yes, I'll deal with it all myself when I get there. Tell Veronica I'll need to see her... immediately. The car is here... we're on the way...

[Castillo hangs up the phone, smiling as the stretch limousine awaits them. The driver slides out from under the wheel and moves around to open the passenger's door. Castillo turns to smile at his troops.]

JC: You see? Membership in Korugun has its privileges!

[Smiles are all around for that one... except for Kurayami... and MAWAGA... okay, Law and Rage smile. Castillo too as he starts to get into the car..

...which is when the baggage compartment on the jet suddenly drops open in the background and a disheveled figure drops to the ground.]

GM: Wait a... is that...?!

[Gripping a metal suitcase in hand, the wild-eyed Shadoe Rage comes tearing across the runway and...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[...and BASHES his own brother in the back of the head with it, knocking him to the asphalt!]

JC: WHAT THE-?!

[Rage wheels around, smashing MAWAGA between the eyes with the suitcase as well, knocking him backwards. Castillo scrambles away as Rage throws himself into John Law's back, sending him crashing into Kurayami who topples over!]

GM: Shadoe Rage is a stowaway! Shadoe Rage rode in the damn luggage compartment for hours!

[Rage gets back to his feet, surveying the scene as Castillo looks on in horror...

...and then pivots and delivers a kick all the way from down south in Punta Sur to MAWAGA's nethers.]

GM: OH!

[Castillo backs off, shaking his head.]

JC: No, no!

[Rage rolls across the hood like something out of an action show from the 1980s, ignoring the protesting Castillo as he dives inside the limo, slamming the driver's side door shut.]

GM: Are you telling me...?!

[Castillo bellows.]

JC: WE LEFT YOU IN MEXICO!

[And with a screech of the tires, Shadoe Rage speeds away, leaving a shouting Castillo helpless outside his jet. He looks around wildly, turning his anger on his soldiers.]

JC: Four of you! And nobody can stop one lunatic! Why do I pay you?!

[Castillo angrily jerks his cell phone out of his pocket, slapping buttons frantically on it before putting it up to his head.]

JC: SEND ANOTHER CAR IMMEDIATELY!

[There's a moment's pa-]

JC: DON'T ASK QUESTIONS! JUST DO IT!

[He murmurs something in Spanish that probably shouldn't be translated.]

JC: And tell security to be on alert. The limo coming to the arena is not me... IT'S NOT ME!

[He lowers the phone, again screaming after the rapidly-departing car...

...as we cut to backstage, where Theresa Lynch is standing by with Maria Spinella. Spinella is swaying from foot to foot, her hands on her hips, trying not to appear nervous, eyes fixed on her feet. Her hair, long and brown with light blonde highlights, is worn in braided pigtails on the back of her head, coming down over her shoulders. She's wearing a loose-fitting green and gold T-shirt, cut down to a sleeveless crop top, with white text stating "Pinecrest Patriots Lacrosse" on the front, along with black spandex shorts, black kneepads, and black Adidas wrestling shoes.]

TL: Unexpected happenings are the theme to tonight as we just saw our at Dallas Love Field... and tonight, I don't think anyone expected to see this match between the "All-Around Athlete" Laura Davis and you, Maria Spinella, but here you are, and it's just moments away. You have to admit, you're diving into deep water.

[Spinella breaks out of her swaying to look at Lynch.]

MS: Yeah, if you had told me yesterday that I'd be in this position, I'd think you were playin' one heck of a practical joke on me, Theresa. But here we are... and here I am. And this ain't divin' into deep water, this is skydivin' into the ocean.

[Spinella claps her hands and looks at the camera.]

MS: I remember Laura Davis askin' what kind of person would've wrestled in the EMWC, so before I go out there, I want to tell you. Mind indulgin' me?

[Spinella looks at Lynch, a hopeful look in her eyes. Lynch nods, and Spinella looks back at the camera.]

MS: My mama's the kind of person who gave up everythin' to make sure I had food in my mouth and shoes on my feet. She's the kind of person who never let me forget how much she cared about me, no matter how far away she was. She always found a way to call me right before my bedtime, to sing me to sleep or tell me a story, even if she was about to go wrestle. She's the kind of person who used to remember how many days she was gone on the road, and when she came back, she counted off each day by tellin' me how many times she missed me.

[Spinella takes a deep breath and lets it out.]

MS: That's the kind of person that Michelle Bailey is, Laura Davis. You got a lot of damn nerve to come up to me with that chump Donna Martinelli, to stick a camera in my face and try to tell me that I'm ashamed of anything about my mama. You're lucky I didn't knock you out of your socks right there and then.

[A smirk forms on Spinella's face.]

MS: But my mama raised me better than to punch out a lady, except under proper circumstances, like in a match.

[Spinella looks over at Lynch.]

MS: You know my mama, right?

TL: I do.

MS: I said a word that ain't true?

TL: You haven't, to my knowledge.

MS: She texted you today? I bet she's found a way to watch the show tonight.

TL: She has, actually. She...

[Lynch sighs.]

TL: She's worried about you.

[Spinella nods.]

MS: Wouldn't expect anything less.

[Spinella looks at the camera.]

MS: Laura Davis, you want to know what kind of person would wrestle in the EMWC? The kind of person who's stranded in Mexico right now, tryin' to figure out how she's gettin' home, but is more concerned about whether or not her baby girl's goin' to get through this fight okay.

[Spinella scoffs.]

MS: And you think I'm ashamed of her?

[Spinella shakes her head.]

MS: I'll give you your flowers, Davis. You can probably tie me up in knots, sit on my back, and eat my lunch. I know full well what you can do to me. But I'll make sure of one thing, lady...

[Spinella punches her fist into her palm.]

MS: If I get one openin', just one shot, I'm goin' to knock you clean into next Wednesday, and I ain't goin' to have any regrets in doin' it.

[Spinella walks off, as Lynch looks at the camera.]

TL: I think it's safe to say that what Maria Spinella lacks in experience, she more than makes up for in heart. Gordon, back to you.

[We cut back to ringside, where Gordon Myers is being joined once again by Shane Destiny. Destiny has a look of concern spread across his face.]

GM: Thanks, Theresa... and once again, we welcome Shane Destiny out here to ringside. Shane, it's obvious by the look on your face that you are taking the upcoming match with a heavy heart.

[Destiny nods his head.]

SD: Gordon, I'm new to this broadcasting thing, so you're going to have to forgive me. I don't think I can be objective here.

GM: I think after a decade of working with Bucky, I'm used to my broadcast colleague not being objective.

[Myers seems to be expecting Destiny to laugh, and Destiny lets out an uneasy chuckle.]

SD: Thank you for trying, Gordon, it's just... look, how many of us have ever announced a match where you've known one of the participants since literally the day they were born? Because tonight, Laura Davis...

[Destiny shakes his head.]

SD: God. Laura Davis is going to wrestle Maria Spinella, and I know it's not good for ratings for me to be doom and gloom out here. I can already hear people screaming at me in my headset over this, but Maria Spinella is only 20 years old, Gordon. This is going to be only her third pro match. I just...

[Destiny sighs.]

SD: I'm not kidding, Gordon. I was at the hospital, June 17, 1997, the day she was born. I held her in my arms on the day she was born, Gordon. This match scares the hell out of me. I know full well what Laura Davis can do, and...

[Myers pats Destiny on the back.]

SD: I'm just going to hope for the best. And I hope that Rebecca Daniels, who's up in the ring right now to officiate this match, is aware of the experience difference and is willing to stop this match if it gets out of hand.

GM: I think we all do, Shane, but we also have to give young Maria Spinella credit for being willing to step in on very short notice to take this match in place of... jeez, her mother, Michelle Bailey, against Laura Davis tonight.

[Myers takes a deep breath.]

GM: This is going to be something else. Tyler, it's all yours.

[We cut to Tyler Graham in the ring, with referee Rebecca Daniels standing in a nearby corner.]

TG: Our next match is a Women's Division contest, set for one fall, with a twenty minute time limit! Introducing first, substituting for Michelle Bailey, tonight she is making her AWA debut... she weighs in at 168 pounds, and hails from Pinehurst, North Carolina...

MARIAAAAAA SPINELLAAAAA!

[We start approximately 38 seconds into the electronic pulsing of "Oceans" by Ducky, as the 20 year old Maria Spinella walks through the entrance, with a determined look on her face. She looks nervous as she walks down the aisle, eyes fixed on the ring, but opts not to step in, walking around the ring and heading over to the commentary table. We see Destiny stand up at ringside, as Spinella greets him with a hug, and we hear her say "I'm going to make you proud, Uncle Shane".]

SD: I'm already proud of you, and so's your mom, Bailey. You don't have to do this.

[Off-microphone, we can hear Spinella just barely say that she's doing this because she wants to, and that she'll be okay. Destiny nods and the two break their hug, as Spinella rolls into the ring.]

GM: Shane... a touching moment, but... I'm sorry to ask, why did you just call her by her last name?

[There is a moment of uncomfortable silence.]

SD: I didn't.

GM: ... I'm sorry, I don't mean to pry. What does that mean?

SD: ... Gordon... that... that's not my story to tell, okay?

[Spinella removes her Pinecrest Patriots Lacrosse shirt, revealing a grey and black sports bra to go along with her black shorts, kneepads, and black Adidas wrestling shoes. Rebecca Daniels comes over to give her final instructions as the music fades. The lights dim and the opening chords of Jorge Quintero's "300 Violin Orchestra" play over the PA system. Up on the giant videoscreen, a scrambled image comes up and, as the violins reach the crescendo, the image forms words that simply read:

"DAVIS #1"

Then, as the orchestral music starts up again, two spotlights hit the entranceway and, standing there, is none other than the person about to be introduced.]

TG: Introducing, from Indianapolis, Indiana, and weighing 150 pounds... ladies and gentlemen... this is "THE ALL AROUND ATHLETE" LAURA DAVIS!

[Laura Davis has her back toward the crowd, her arms spread to the sides. She is wearing a red, white and blue track suit, and on the back on her jacket in blue lettering are the same letters on the videoscreen.

"DAVIS #1"

Davis then turns around, a serious look etched on her face. The woman with brown, shoulder-length hair pulled behind her head and with brown eyes, lowers her arms, and walks down the aisle, her gaze fixed on the ring ahead, the spotlights following her.

When she reaches ringside, she stops, raises her arms again, curls her hands into fists, then extends her thumbs so they point toward the lettering on the back of her jacket. The arena lights come back up and the spotlights fade.]

GM: Laura Davis is unquestionably one of the top stars in the AWA Women's Division.

SD: She really is, Gordon. When you talk about great wrestlers, forget about gender, just great wrestlers, Laura Davis has to be considered among the top here in the AWA. The match she and Ayako Fujiwara had was an absolute masterclass in pro wrestling.

GM: Shane, I'm sure you've been locked in a Twister before. You can attest to the viciousness of the hold that Fujiwara had locked on Davis in the waning moments of that match.

SD: I can, and for Davis to have survived it against someone with the strength of Ayako Fujiwara says a lot about her toughness. I know Michelle Bailey was really looking forward to stepping in the ring tonight to see what she could do against someone with the skills of Davis, but...

[Destiny trails off.]

GM: I understand. Hopefully that match can be rescheduled in future.

[Davis lowers her arms, ascends the ring steps, ducks between the ropes and spreads her arms once more. Davis unzips her jacket and removes her pants, revealing her wrestling attire, which consists of a dark blue leotard with matching elbow pads and wrestling boots.]

GM: Laura Davis is all business as we expect.

SD: That's one thing I think that may ease my tension a little... I hope. Davis goes after each opponent with the same ferocity regardless of skill. The thing I'm concerned about is whether Davis wants to exploit that skill level and difference.

GM: Shane, a significant amount of our viewers are going to be unfamiliar with Maria Spinella, so before the match begins, please tell us a little about her.

[Destiny takes a moment to collect his thoughts.]

SD: She's 20 years old, 5'8", 168 pounds as you heard Tyler announce her. She was a three sport star at Pinecrest High School in Moore County, North Carolina, playing volleyball, basketball, and lacrosse. As you can see, she spends a lot of time in the gym. I'm biased as hell but I think she's got a world of potential. And, of course... she's the daughter of AWA wrestler Michelle Bailey, which I guess we're just going to tell the world today.

GM: Why was she wrestling under a different last name, Shane?

SD: ... again, I'm sorry to be evasive, that's not my story to tell. I'm sorry.

[Destiny sighs.]

SD: Can we just call the match? This is hard enough.

GM: That's fair, as it looks like we're about to get underway.

[The bell sounds as Davis and Spinella stare at each other, Davis looking down arrogantly at Spinella.]

GM: Davis coming into this with the height advantage, but Spinella with the weight advantage.

SD: The best bet for Spinella in this, Gordon, she's going to have to throw bombs and rock Davis. Spinella has some okay technical skills for her experience level, but if she tries any kind of grappling with Davis, she's going to get ground into paste.

GM: Davis is very cool and collected in there, and from what we've seen tonight, Spinella is very fiery. It seems like Davis is playing into that, almost daring Spinella to make the first move.

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And Spinella does so! She just shoved Laura Davis halfway across the ring!

[The crowd roars as Spinella charges at Davis, rushing her into the corner, firing lefts and rights, wildly punching at Davis!]

SD: YEAH! GET HER, KID!

GM: Maria Spinella gets Laura Davis cornered, and is throwing haymakers!

SD: This is exactly what she needs to do, Gordon!

GM: I don't know how many of those are connecting, Shane, but she's throwing them from as far back as she can!

[Davis is covering up, as Spinella continues to swing for the fences, but there's one problem... nobody noticed Rebecca Daniels demanding a clean break. And when Daniels counted and got to five, and Spinella hadn't stopped, Daniels interjects herself, much to the crowd's displeasure.]

GM: Wha-... Rebecca Daniels is separating the two!

SD: Oh jeez, Gordon, I didn't even see her! Rebecca must have been counting Spinella for a clean break!

GM: That's exactly what she was doing! If she got to five, she's physically separating them!

[Daniels gets distance between Spinella and Davis, as Spinella shouts at Daniels, who shouts back "you break when I tell you to break!"]

GM: Spinella's going right back into the corner, Shane!

SD: Why not?! Might as well!

[Davis has other plans though, waiting for Spinella to get close, then lifting her up into the air and slamming her face into the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Oh! A veteran move there by Laura Davis to impede the momentum of Maria Spinella!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And a stinging knife edge chop that turns Spinella around! She had some pepper behind that one, Shane.

SD: Davis weathered the early storm, and if she starts to use that technical ability to her advantage, this might be a quick evening.

[Davis dives down at Spinella's leg, her shoulder connecting with the back of Spinella's right thigh, taking her to the mat. Destiny can be heard gasping.]

GM: Shane Destiny is over here cringing in pain, watching that leg dive by Laura Davis.

SD: I've been hit like that before and it hurts like hell, Gordon. Davis is striking with almost surgical precision. I'll give her credit, she knows exactly where to attack someone to get them in a position to hurt them.

GM: Davis steps on Spinella's left ankle, pushing out Spinella's right foot! Really applying the pressure to Spinella's legs.

SD: Almost like a wishbone split, Gordon... she's putting that pressure on Spinella's hamstrings and quads with this.

GM: Spinella trying to use her upper body to free herself from this, maybe get to the ropes.

SD: I think what a lot of people don't realize when you're in a move that strictly attacks your lower half is how much that pain ripples through your body. If you try to move your upper half, you still need to scoot the lower half that's being attacked, and all Davis has to do is crank on that split and ripple more pain down.

[Davis steps off the left ankle, wrapping her legs around the right leg of Spinella and applying a kneebar.]

GM: And a kneebar applied by Davis! Davis going for the submission!

[Spinella starts to scoot towards the ropes, as Davis applies pressure to the leg, causing Spinella to scream with each movement.]

SD: I kind of don't think she is, Gordon. The kneebar might be more painful, and you can see her applying the pressure here, but by giving up that wishbone, she made it a little bit easier for Spinella to get to the ropes.

GM: What are you saying?

SD: I don't know yet, Gordon. I'm thinking out loud. I know when I used to play with my food, so to speak, I would put them in moves that hurt more but were easier to get to a rope break on.

[Another uncomfortable silence as Spinella continues to inch closer to the ropes.]

SD: I hope I'm wrong.

[Spinella touches the ropes, as Daniels starts to count. She almost gets to five as Davis breaks just at the verge.]

GM: And Laura Davis is taking every possible moment of the referee's five count on the rope break.

SD: Laura Davis is as arrogant as she is talented. And hey, I know from experience, you need a healthy ego sometimes to get ahead in wrestling. I imagine the way Maria Spinella talked to her stung that ego some, and she's looking to not only knock her down a peg, but send a message to who her originally scheduled opponent was tonight.

GM: Spinella shaking her leg out here, Davis definitely did some work on it.

[Davis rushes right into a lockup, using her height and Spinella's wounded leg to maneuver her into the center of the ring.]

SD: Good positioning by Davis...

GM: Davis with control of Spinella now... wait!

[Spinella tries to throw an uppercut, which Davis is able to dodge. Davis uses Spinella's momentum to take Spinella down with an armbar, as Spinella frantically locks her hands.]

GM: Davis is trying for an armbar here, and Spinella has her hands locked!

SD: If Davis gets the grip on Spinella's hands broken, she can cinch in that armbar, and I think there's no choice but to submit for Spinella, Gordon.

GM: Spinella trying to roll Davis onto her shoulders... and look at this!

[Davis adjusts her positioning, shifting her hips so instead of a regular armbar, she now is in position for a Fujiwara armbar, with Spinella on her knees.]

SD: Davis is going for a Fujiwara armbar, if she can flatten Spinella out on the mat! Spinella is in exactly the right position, she's on her knees... Gordon, she needs to roll forward. God, I wish I could shout it out.

GM: I appreciate you trying to be professional here, Shane.

SD: If she rolls forward, Davis loses all that positioning.

GM: Davis might be aware of that, Shane, because she's trying to reposition herself.

[Davis readjusts her hips and turns, grabbing Spinella's free hand, and pushes Spinella's torso forward, which flattens Spinella out. Davis takes advantage of having both of Spinella's arms trapped, applying a grounded double chicken wing.]

GM: A double chicken wing, Shane!

SD: And Spinella's been flattened out! If Davis can reach her arms forward to apply a crossface with this, or maybe even just pull Spinella's arms back to bend the spine back to a sharp angle, this could easily be a submission.

GM: Davis is definitely running this rookie through the ringer tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling.

SD: Watch closely at Spinella's legs, Gordon. Davis is keeping a close eye on them, but Spinella is trying to shift her legs towards those ropes. Trying to get a rope break once again.

[Davis' head looks exactly as Destiny mentioned, at Spinella's legs inch closer to the ropes. Davis suddenly abandons the far chicken wing, holding Spinella down and driving a knee into the base of Spinella's spine, drawing a warning from the official and an eye roll from Davis.]

GM: Knee to the spinal column by Davis, and the referee is warning about where those knees are hitting.

SD: Any strike to the spine is a dangerous one, but you can see by the body language that Laura Davis doesn't seem all that concerned.

GM: Davis now guiding Spinella back to her feet...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Snap suplex! Absolutely no hesitation by Laura Davis!

SD: And there's the cover, Gordon!

GM: Davis gets one! And two!

[The crowd cheers as Spinella is able to get a shoulder up.]

GM: Maria Spinella is still in the fight!

SD: Laura Davis with lethal precision on the snap suplex, so there was no flaw in the execution there, Gordon. Spinella just barely managed to get out.

GM: Davis now hoisting Spinella to her feet, what could we see coming up here... could be a backdrop suplex coming up!

[Spinella suddenly, aggressively slams her elbow against the side of Davis' head!]

GM: Oh my! Elbow from Spinella!

SD: Spinella taking a couple of steps back...

[Spinella lets out a shout, rushing forward a couple of steps...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS! Maria Spinella just jumped into the air and... was that a volleyball spike?! She just connected with an open-handed strike, full speed, right to the top of Laura Davis' head and sent Davis crumbling to the mat!

SD: Just like she was spiking a volleyball, you're right Gordon, except that volleyball was Laura Davis' head! The opening's there, kid! Pin her!

[Spinella stumbles to her feet, still feeling the soreness in her right leg.]

GM: Maria Spinella has an opening, Shane, but that leg seems like it's bothering her!

SD: Don't waste time! PIN HER!

GM: Shane! You can't help her like that!

SD: I know! I'm sorry! It's just... it's the moment!

[Spinella shakes her head, staring at Davis as Davis gets to her feet. Spinella then stands up tall, indicating that she's pulling something out of an invisible quiver, and miming that she's firing an arrow straight for the slowly-rising Davis.]

SD: Whatever she's setting up for, she better hit it!

GM: Spinella's priming for something...

[Davis turns around, as Spinella charges, shouting at the top of her lungs...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHE MISSED!

SD: ... oh no.

[Spinella flies at Davis, trying to throw herself at Davis with the Britney Spear, but Davis just narrowly dodges, and Spinella crashes sternum-first into the middle turnbuckle.]

GM: Maria Spinella went for Michelle Bailey's Britney Spear but came up empty!

SD: ... oh please no.

[Davis pulls the dazed Spinella back to the center of the ring, lifting her up into a vertical suplex position...]

GM: Vertical suplex? Maybe a brainbuster? She's known for both...

SD: ... please, please...

[... suddenly, Davis twists Spinella's body around.]

"THHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHUD!"

[And the crowd falls into hushed silence, as Davis drops to her knees, sending Spinella plummeting to the mat with the most lethal move in her arsenal, the screwdriver. Spinella is laid out on the mat, arms and legs out to the sides, as Davis gets to a standing position.]

GM: ... oh... my stars.

SD: ... no...

[Davis smirks as she holds her arms out to her sides, then hooks her thumbs towards herself, dropping a knee onto the fallen Spinella's chest. The only sound we hear, aside from boos starting to pick up from the crowd, is the three-count of Rebecca Daniels, then the bell sounding.]

GM: Laura Davis... just used the screwdriver to... she just beat young Maria Spinella with the screwdriver, fans.

SD: Gordon, I... I can't...

GM: Shane, go. It's okay.

[We hear a headset being removed, as Laura Davis steps away from the fallen form of Maria Spinella. Misaki Ishikawa has already slid into the ring to tend to the downed Spinella, and Shane Destiny can be seen climbing into the ring to assist as well, immediately kneeling beside Spinella. Davis smiles at her handiwork, as Ishikawa gets in her face and shouts "what the hell is the matter with you?!" at her. We hear Davis say "what, too much?" with a grin on her face as the boos get louder and Rebecca Daniels steps in between Davis and Ishikawa.]

GM: The screwdriver is one of the most violent moves in wrestling, fans. It's a vertical suplex turned into a tombstone piledriver, and Laura Davis just used it on Maria Spinella. I don't know if we can tell the exact impact or where Spinella landed, on her upper shoulders or the top of her head, but... I really hope she's not hurt badly. I... I don't really want to speculate, especially considering we know her mother is watching.

[Myers sighs, as we now see Honey Kobayashi also climb into the ring.]

GM: Michelle, I'm sorry. Can we get some help out here? The wrestlers are nice to keep this maniac Laura Davis away, but we need medical staff out here. And could we cut away from the ring, please?

[We cut to Myers at ringside.]

GM: Fans, I don't know what to say. Can we cut to anything else please?

[And we abruptly cut 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 as we come back up to a panning shot of the crowd, still buzzing after what they witnessed happen to Maria Spinella moments ago, we hear Gordon's voice break through.]

GM: We are back live here in Dallas, Texas for more action at AWA Homecoming and... while I don't have a full update on the condition of Spinella, I can happily inform you that she was able to get up to her feet with some assistance during the break... and she was able to walk out on her own power. We know from past experience just how dangerous any form of the piledriver can be... but we also know that the person delivering that move can use slight variations of it to try to lessen the impact - turning a potentially crippling blow into a knockout... or a stinger as they say. For whatever reason, that appears to be the case here as Laura Davis has spared Maria Spinella potentially permanent injury here tonight... and that update - while for you all for sure - is very specifically aimed at a very worried mother on a runway in Mexico.

[There's a moment of silence just before the heavy machine gun like drums of Judas Priest's "Painkiller" blare over the loudspeakers. And as the fans begin to boo loudly, out steps the demon cowboy himself, James Lynch.]

GM: And this is something we've been waiting all night for. It was just after we came on the air tonight that we received a surprise appeared from AWA official Kevin Slater and AWA co-owner Bobby Taylor, two men who once teamed in a group known as the Cult of Personality. And tonight, those two men came together again to issue a challenge to this man right here... James Lynch. Let's see if Mr. Lynch has decided to accept that challenge.

[To the ring, Lynch wears a long black leather duster, on the back of the duster is a white skull wearing a black cowboy hat and a red bandana. Both of Lynch's hands are covered in black gloves, while the lower half of his face is covered in a black bandana with a white skull design.

Lynch makes his way to the ring and steps to the center of the ring, pulling down his bandana but leaving it hanging around his neck. He stares straight ahead, the coldness in his eyes unnerving. After exhaling slowly, he begins to speak.]

JAMES: Last time I was in an AWA ring, a travesty took place.

Supernova took a baseball bat to my head, and cost me my match against Johnny Detson.

[The cheers from the crowd are deafening. A look of deep anger comes across the face of James Lynch, but it lasts only a moment before the eerie, dead-eyed look returns to his face.]

JAMES: Cheer if you want, but you do nothing but prove yourselves to be deluded. Because the travesty isn't what I lost. But what you lost.

You lost the chance to have me as your World Champion.

All of you need to pause a moment, and lament what could have been.

If I had won...

[But what might have been is drowned out by the sound of guitars and synth, as the familiar opening bars of Bon Jovi's "Wanted Dead or Alive" blares over the loudspeakers.

And if you thought the cheering was loud before...]

GM: Heeeeeee's baaaaaaaack! We haven't seen him for awhile, but what better place than Dallas, Texas, what better event than Homecoming to say the words... THE IRON COWBOY IS BACK!

[He comes strolling out through the entranceway. The eldest of the Lynch Clan. A former National Tag Team Champion. A winner of the Stampede Cup. A former World Tag Team Champion. A former World Heavyweight Champion.

Jack Lynch is home.

The elder Lynch wears a black button-down dress shirt tucked into a pair of blue jeans, his white cowboy hat resting easily on top of his head. He enters the ring and moves towards his brother, though he leaves a healthy distance between them. Producing a microphone, he looks straight ahead at the man he won both tag team gold and the Stampede Cup with.]

JACK: So I heard you were lookin' for me...

[There's another cheer from the crowd.]

JACK: Well Jimmy, here I am. So say what you gotta say.

[The crowd is buzzing for this showdown.]

GM: James Lynch - as you may recall - showed up recently on the Power Hour and told his sister Theresa that he needed to speak to his big brother who wasn't taking his calls. It looks like she delivered that message because Jack is here to have that conversation.

[James nods and draws a breath. Upon exhaling, he takes a step forward. He's about to take another, but Jack holds up his hand.]

JACK: That's close enough. Say what ya gotta say.

[James nods his head.]

JAMES: That's fair, Jack.

And I deserve it.

I haven't been a very good man lately. I've been... misguided. I was lost and I was jealous. But I've been doing a lot of soul searching. A lot of talking with a spiritual advisor.

And Jack? Here in Dallas. Here at Homecoming...

Well, I want to come home.

[Jack looks at his brother, shaking his head in doubt.]

JACK: What're you tryin' to say, Jimmy?

JAMES: I'm saying that, for my entire life, there was always one thing I could count on. And that was you, Jack Lynch.

"Backed by Jack," that's the saying. And it still means something. It means something to me.

[Jack's facial expression softens.]

JAMES: I'm not perfect, and I don't expect you to forgive me all at once. But I can change, Jack. Things can be better.

And we can start tonight.

[Once again, there's a softening in Jack's facial expression, but the doubt remains.]

JACK: What're you gettin' at? Enough beatin' around the bush.

[James nods, obviously struggling with this.]

JAMES: I want to take the first step. I want to prove to you that we can be the Lynches again.

I want to show you that tonight, we can be as good as we ever were.

You and I... we team up tonight. We stay on the same page for just one night, and things will be different.

[Jack arches an eyebrow at his brother, hands on his hips.]

JACK: Back to how they used to be?

[James shakes his head.]

JAMES: Better. Much better. I promise...

[James pauses, and then says the one thing Jack needs to hear.]

JAMES: ...Brother.

[Jack has a visceral reaction to hearing that word. He nods his head.]

JACK: Okay, Jimmy...

You are my brother. And I do love ya. So ya want a chance to make it right tonight?

[Jack nods his head.]

JACK: Then you got it.

[The brothers do not hug or even shake hands. They're not quite there yet. But both exchange nods, and then exit the ring, James after Jack.]

GM: Wow! How about that?! On a night that has already been filled with surprises, we just got ourselves a match I don't think any of us thought we'd ever see - the Lynch Brothers versus the Cult of Personality! Tonight! I can't wait for that one... and speaking of tag team matches, we are now just moments away from the AWA World Tag Team Titles being on the line between the 2017 winners of the Stampede Cup tournament, the Soldiers of Fortune, and the current AWA World Tag Team Champions, Next Gen! This one has been hotly-anticipated for some time now so let's go backstage and hear from both the challengers and the champions as this big featured matchup gets set to go down!

[We fade to the number one contenders to the AWA World Tag Team championships, the Soldiers of Fortune. The Stampede Cup winners are standing in front of the AWA logo, no interviewer in sight. "Captain" Joe Flint stands at attention, while Charlie Stephens paces in the background. Both men are dressed in their fatigues, chomping at the bit to get their tag team title match started.]

JF: The biggest night of the year, AWA Homecomin', an' half the roster ain't even here to celebrate it. Hell, even our friend "Sweet" Lou Blackwell's stuck down in Mexico. I wonder what he did to cause an international incident. I swear, ya gotta keep an' eye on him at all times.

[Flint chuckles.]

JF: He'd do anythin' to not be here tonight. Shame, but when that nonsense gets cleared up, I got a victory cigar with his name on it.

Now, to address the matter at hand. Tonight, in a few minutes, we go to war with Next Gen. Daniel Harper, Howie Somers... I'm sure ya've lost sleep over what happened at the Stampede Cup. We were willin' to do whatever it takes to win the million dollars. Flagpoles don't come cheap, ya know.. and the damage to that trophy will serve as a reminder of what straw stirs the drink around here.

If we were willin' to do that to win a million dollars... imagine what we're gonna do to win the tag team championships tonight.

[Flint pauses, rubbing his chin.]

JF: Those belts need an' upgrade anyway. I have a design in mind. What do ya think, Charlie?

[Stephens snorts, seemingly having other things on his mind. Flint's grin seems to grow even wider, as his partner continues to pace back and forth in the background. He takes a big swig out of his energy drink, and then seems to wind up to throw it off screen. Stephens pauses, thinking better of it, and turns towards the camera.]

CS: I tell ya, this ain't helpin' my anxiety.

Joe Flint over here, talkin' about how Next Gen's lost sleep ever since we won the Stampede Cup.. hell, take look at me.

[Camera closes in on Stephens, who has really baggy eyes.]

CS: For two weeks now, I've been running on four hours of sleep, sometimes less. Just the thought of punching Next Gen over and over, bustin' their lips, eyebrows, foreheads open... whatever I can think of is keeping me up at night. Kind of like Christmas - only much, much more violent. Santa's comin' to kick some ass, kids!

[Flint raises an eyebrow and interrupts.]

JF: What kinda Christmases did ya celebrate?

[Stephens pauses.]

CS: Perfectly normal ones. Just a figure of speech.

[Flint nods his head.]

CS: Ya know, guys, Joe over here was droppin' hints about what we're willin' to do to take those titles home. Have you two even thought about what you're willin' to do to keep those titles around your waists?

[Stephens grunts.]

CS: You're gonna have to go to a place you've never thought about goin' to. Hell, a year ago we never thought we'd have to go to that very same place! We couldn't spin our own wheels, goin' nowhere. If we were still American Pride, wavin' flags around, kissin' babies an' salutin' old goats sittin' in the front row thanks to a military discount... we wouldn't be here tonight. Bein' stuck in the same ol', same ol', night in and night out, while the country we love burns to the ground while our overpaid politicians fiddle in the background... the thought of that drives us every single day.

Tonight, once the war is over, I plan on climbin' into the backseat of the Fat Man an' sleepin' like a baby. Next Gen, it's up to you tonight to continue to make my life a livin' sleepless nightmare.

[Stephens steps back as Flint steps forward.]

JF: Take it from us, punks, war is hell. If yer gonna keep those belts around yer waists, yer gonna have to understand what kinda hell it actually is.

[Flint grins an evil grin.]

JF: At ease...

[And we fade away from the challengers...

...and go to another part of backstage where we find Theresa Lynch standing between the members of Next Gen, the AWA World Tag Team Champions. Howie Somers and Daniel Harper are each dressed in their wrestling attire: white singlets with "NG" in navy blue lettering, navy blue tights, white kneepads and wrestling boots. They each wear a navy blue vest and have an AWA World Tag Team Title belt strapped around their waists.]

TL: Fans, the AWA World Tag Team Title match is about to get underway, and I'm here with the current champions, Next Gen. They will be facing the Soldiers of Fortune, the winners of the 2017 Stampede Cup, and Howie Somers, I imagine you and your partner will be looking to even the score after the Soldiers beat you for that very Cup.

[Somers nods.]

HS: Theresa, tonight's match is about more than just the Stampede Cup. It's about more than just the AWA World Tag Team Titles we wear. It's about the fact that the Soldiers of Fortune proclaim they represent what the United States is supposed to be about, when all they do is act like cowards.

Like the way they smashed that Cup in the back of my head -- I still remember that night, when they decided it wasn't enough that they had won the whole tournament, but that they wanted to humiliate me and Daniel.

Well, Soldiers of Fortune, all you did is make me that more focused to bring the both of you down and teach you about what America is really all about. That it's not just about winning, but holding yourself to a high standard when doing so -- a standard you far from met when you took it upon yourselves to bring that Cup down over my head.

And I'll be thinking about that with every punch I land and every kick I throw at you tonight, I promise you that.

[Lynch turns to Somers' partner.]

TL: Daniel Harper, I take it the feeling is mutual.

DH: You got that right, Theresa! Joe Flint, Charlie Stephens, my friend here and I busted our tails off to win the belts around our waist, and we're not about to let a couple of jerks dragging our military's name through the mud, take them from us!

You won the Stampede Cup -- fine, we won't take that from you. But that doesn't mean you've earned any respect from us, because your attitudes stink! The way you go about your business stinks! And the way you act like Americans have grown soft and your ideas about how people need to follow your example of acting high and mighty, definitely stinks!

[He gestures at the title belt around his waist.]

DH: Tonight, you get your shot at these belts. And tonight, we put you down for good and leave no doubt in anyone's mind that we are the best tag team in the AWA! More importantly, we show everyone in the AWA that your idea about the American way is only going to lead you nowhere!

You made your mark in Saskatchewan at our expense, Soldiers of Fortune. Tonight, we return the favor!

[He gestures off screen.]

DH: Come on, my friend -- to the ring!

HS: You don't have to say that twice.

[The two walk off the set, leaving a grinning Theresa Lynch behind.]

TL: The champions are on their way to the ring and they are ready for the battle to come! Let's hope the Soldiers are ready to live up to their name! Now, let's go down to the ring to Tyler Graham for the introductions!

[We fade from backstage to the ring where Tyler Graham is standing.]

TG: The following contest is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and is for the AWA WORRRRRRRRRLD TAAAAAAG TEAAAAAAM CHAMPIONSHIPS!

[Big cheer!]

TG: Introducing first... they are the challengers...

[The opening guitar wailing from the Damn Yankees' "Don't Tread On Me" comes over the PA system as the crowd erupts into jeers.]

TG: At a total combined weight of 523 pounds..

"CORPORAL PUNISHMENT" CHARLIE STEPHENS....

"CAPTAIN" JOE FLINT....

THE SOLDIERS OF FORRRRRRRRTUNNNNNNNNNNE!

[The boos get louder as Captain Joe Flint and Charlie Stephens walk into view, dressed as they were moments earlier. Flint now carries the American flag on a flagpole, looking out on the fans with a nod. Charlie Stephens is pacing madly around his partner who smirks and then with a mighty bellow, he yells out..]

JF: FORWARD... MARCH!

[Stephens and Flint are heading down the ramp in tandem, marching towards the ring as the Texas fans let them have it... well, most of them. Not gonna lie. There are some Texans who fully embrace the Soldiers' attitudes because... well, those fans are Texans.]

GM: A little more support for the Soldiers than we're used to hearing in the arenas as of late but...

CP: How badly do you want to make a crack at Texas right now?

GM: We love our fans here in Texas...

CP: But...?

GM: I have nothing more to say on this matter.

[Colt chuckles as the challengers make their way to ringside, climbing up the ringsteps while still carrying the flagpole. Stephens goes through first, taking the flagpole over the top rope from Flint before Flint climbs in as well. He reclaims the flag as Stephens goes to attention, saluting it as the music starts to fade.]

GM: The challengers are ready for action - now let's get the champions out here and get this showdown underway!

[Tyler Graham raises the mic.]

TG: And their opponents...

[First there's silence, then you hear a little chanting.]

"Do-do-do-do do-do-do-do
Do-do-do-do do-do-do-do"

[And then, it kicks into the unmistakable chorus of "Centuries" by Fall Out Boy.]

#Some legends are told#
#Some turn to dust or to gold#
#But you will remember me#

#Remember me for centuries#

TG: From Boston, Massachusetts, and El Paso, Texas, at a combined weight of 495 pounds, ... they are the AWA WORRRRRRRRLD TAG TEAM CHAMMMMMMPIONSSSSSS...

HOWIE SOMERS... DANIEL HARPER... THEY ARE... NEXT! GEN!

[The members of Next Gen emerge from the entranceway dressed as we saw them moments ago. Somers and Harper each have one of the AWA World Tag Team Championship belts strapped around their waists.]

GM: A Stampede Cup rematch set to go down... this time with the World Tag Team Titles on the line. At the Battle of Saskatchewan, the Soldiers were able to pull out the win - could lightning strike twice here tonight in Dallas, Colt?

CP: The Soldiers have all the momentum behind them. The Stampede Cup has proven to be one hell of a launching pad to the World Tag Team Titles in the past. The Soldiers could be a short time away from reaching the ultimate goal in tag team wrestling - the gold!

[Somers and Harper turn to look at one another, share a nod, then face the crowd and raise their arms in the air, the crowd cheering. With a high five, the duo heads down the aisle, extending their arms to slap hands with fans. However, their eyes remain focused on the ring ahead, never taking their gaze off the Soldiers.]

GM: The champions are heading down the aisle - one of the few AWA competitors who planned to compete tonight and are still having their scheduled match... which is a good thing. Defending the titles against an unplanned opponents is a recipe for disaster.

CP: Just ask Michael Aarons.

GM: And that may just be the last time you hear that name on AWA TV!

[Upon reaching the ring, Somers and Harper climb onto the apron and duck between the ropes. Joe Flint vacates the ring, dropping out to the floor holding the flagpole aloft. Somers walks to the corner and leans against the turnbuckles, focus in his eyes, while Harper walks to the opposite corner on the same side, climbs to the second rope and raises his arms.]

GM: The fans showing their love for Next Gen - and that love is universal no matter our geographic location!

[After a moment, Somers walks toward Harper and slaps him on the back. Harper then leaps down from the corner and turns to Somers, the two exchanging another high five as the referee walks into view. Harper steps through the ropes, tugging off his jacket as he goes out to the floor to hand it off to a ringside attendant.]

GM: And how about this as a sight for sore eyes, Colt. That's our old friend Mickey Meekly back in the striped shirt for this one.

CP: Boy, they really scraped the bottom of the barrel to fill out this show, didn't they? Meekly was fired years ago!

GM: You sure know how to make a situation awkward, my friend. Mickey Meekly will be the man in the middle for this one, talking to both teams now and...

[Meekly abruptly spins, signaling for the bell.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[As the bell sounds, Charlie Stephens leans back and hocks a wad of spit into the face of Howie Somers!]

GM: OH, COME ON!

CP: Stephens spat right in his eye, Gordo!

GM: And someone like Howie Somers isn't about to take that lying down!

[A fired-up Somers charges Stephens, trying to get his hands on him as Stephens goes falling through the ropes to the outside.]

GM: Harper out on the floor, getting rid of his entrance jacket...

[Somers chases Stephens around the ring, finally catching up and bowling him over as referee Mickey Meekly steps out on the apron, warning both men to get back inside the ring.]

GM: Somers is taking it to Stephens out on the floor! Charlie Stephens has turned into a real pain in the neck as of late. You saw some of his actions at the Stampede Cup, Colt?

CP: Of course I did... and what I saw was a guy coming into his own inside that ring. He's not Joe Flint's little buddy anymore - he's his own man and he's just as capable inside that ring as anyone else! He's a half million dollars richer... and he may be on the verge of becoming one-half of the World Tag Team Champions!

[With Somers raining down blows on a struggling Stephens, Meekly drops down off the apron, again shouting for the two men to separate and get back into the ring...

...which is when Joe Flint strikes!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: That son of a- he just hit Harper in the back of the head with the flagpole!

CP: He smashed that metal flagpole across Harper's head... his neck... wherever it was and Harper went down like a sack of cement!

[The camera stays on Harper, laid out on the floor as the crowd is reacting to Somers getting his hands on Charlie Stephens, pulling him off the floor and tossing him back inside the ring.]

GM: Somers puts Stephens back in... I don't think he has a clue what just happened to his partner! Daniel Harper is down after that shot with the flagpole behind the official's back and...

CP: He's down and he may be out, Gordon! He hasn't moved an inch since Flint landed that blow.

GM: And with Harper down on the outside, this has effectively turned this match into a two-on-one advantage for the challengers... although you wouldn't know it to look inside that ring right now!

[The crowd cheers as Somers lands a heavy right hand, sending Stephens spilling across the ring. He pivots as he spots Joe Flint coming under the ropes to join the fray, the referee trying to get the match down to a one-on-one confrontation.]

GM: The referee - our old friend Mickey Meekly - struggling to keep control of this one. It's been a few years since we've seen him in an AWA ring in this capacity but Homecoming is living up to its name in more ways than one here tonight, fans.

[Somers catches the incoming Flint on the way to his feet, pasting him with a stiff forearm shot that knocks him right back down to the canvas.]

GM: Somers is fighting off both men so far!

CP: Yeah, but for how long, Gordon?!

GM: That remains to be seen... big whip on Stephens!

[The crowd cheers as Somers runs him down with a clothesline, knocking Stephens flat once again. Somers pumps a powerful arm as he turns back to check on the recovering Joe Flint.]

GM: Flint trying to get up... and Somers is gonna help him out!

[Somers scoops Flint up, throwing him down in a bodyslam as the crowd cheers even louder for Somers battling both members of the 2017 Stampede Cup Champions.]

GM: Somers circling back to Stephens now - come on, referee! Get one of these men out of there!

[Pulling Stephens up, Somers hooks a front facelock, slinging Stephens' arm across his neck and shoulders...]

GM: Somers looking to take him up!

[...and hoists Stephens into the air, holding him straight up and down for a few moments...]

GM: Look at the power!

[...and then drops down to the canvas, shaking the ring with a delayed vertical suplex!]

GM: And down goes Stephens!

[Somers gets up, giving a whoop as he circles past the ropes, taking a look at his partner...]

GM: Somers checking on Daniel Harper who is still down on the outside...

CP: At least he's moving now, Gordon.

GM: That's small progress but progress nonetheless as Harper grabs the back of his head and neck, really feeling the effects of that disgusting sneak attack with the flagpole by Captain Joe Flint before this match even got going!

[Somers looks visibly concerned for his partner as he turns back towards a rising Joe Flint, pasting him with a double axehandle down between the shoulderblades... and another... and a third, driving Flint down to his knees where Somers yanks him up and tosses him through the ropes to the outside!]

GM: Somers sends Flint out to the floor! If the referee can't get it down to one on one, Somers is gonna take care of it himself!

[The Next Gen powerhouse turns around, burying a right hand into the midsection of the rising Stephens... then lands a haymaker that sends Stephens staggering back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Howie Somers putting those fists to good use, hammering away on Charlie Stephens who finds himself all alone in there against one-half of the World Tag Team Champions.

[Somers lays in a few short forearms in the corner...]

GM: Joe Flint's coming back in! Flint scrambling up off the floor, trying to take advantage of the numbers game.

[The referee tries to cut off Flint but the veteran moves right past him, clasping his hands over his head...]

GM: Flint front the blind side and... ohhh! Somers catches him coming in with a right hand to the gut!

[Grabbing a handful of skull in each hand, Somers drags them out to the middle of the ring and SMASHES their heads together to a big reaction!]

GM: We're a few minutes into this and Somers STILL is fighting off both men! I know Michael Meekly's been out of the game for a while but this is ridiculous! Get some control in there for crying out loud!

[The referee shouts at the downed Joe Flint, ordering him out of the ring as Somers circles around the two challengers, throwing another look to the outside where Daniel Harper is still reeling from the blow to the back of the head and neck.]

GM: Harper's still down and Somers finds himself in there defending the titles on his own right now! Big right hand on Flint sends him staggering back...

[Somers circles back to the rising Stephens, grabbing him by the arm...]

GM: Big whip and... WHAM! Stephens and Flint go crashing into each other... and Flint spills out to the apron again! And again, Somers has managed to get himself all alone in there with Charlie Stephens.

CP: He needs to go for the win and go for it quickly, Gordon. Harper can't help him and Meekly's still struggling to get control of this one!

[With Flint getting to his feet on the apron, Somers hammers Stephens back into a corner...]

GM: Somers going to work on Stephens... look out here...

[Doubling over, Somers grabs the middle rope, driving his shoulder into the midsection once... twice... three times...]

GM: Somers trying to knock the wind out of Stephens... and can you believe this? Here comes Flint again!

[The referee moves to intercept, shouting at Flint who nudges him aside, walking around into a Somers forearm shot before Somers grabs him by the wrist, pushing him back into the opposite corner from Stephens...]

GM: Here we go again... big whip!

[Flint goes crashing into the corner, smashing Stephens into the buckles to big cheers from the crowd!]

GM: Stephens gets crushed in the corner!

[Flint staggers out, falling to a knee against the ropes as Stephens stumbles alongside the ropes...]

...and Somers charges him, connecting with a clothesline that flips Stephens over the top rope, dumping him out to the floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: SOMERS CLEARS OUT STEPHENS!

[The crowd cheers as Somers does a slow spin, looking back to spot Joe Flint trying to get back to his feet...]

GM: Flint’s still in there... but he’s not the legal man, Colt!

CP: He’s not at all but the referee’s not putting him out... in fact, Meekly’s over checking on Harper...

[The official confers with ringside medical attendants who are checking on Harper as well...]

...and totally miss Somers grabbing Flint under the armpits, lifting him up into the air, and dropping him out in a sitout powerbomb!]

GM: OHHH! SOMERS PLANTS HIM! THAT MIGHT DO IT!

[Somers stays in position, leaning over to plant a hand on the midsection as the crowd counts “ONE!” “TWO!” “THREE!”]

GM: Where’s the referee?!

[The crowd jeers as the referee is kneeling on the apron, looking down on Harper and the ringside medical people as Somers slaps the canvas himself three times.]

GM: Somers has him beat! Somers makes his own count!

CP: Which means absolutely nothing! The only count that matters is the one of the referee assigned to this match - Mickey Meekly!

GM: Get in there, Meekly!

[A fired-up Somers gets to his feet, throwing up his arms in frustration as he looks around for the official, spotting him out on the apron. With an angry shout, Somers stomps across the ring.]

GM: Somers is coming over, trying to get Meekly to get back in the ring and... whoooooa!

[The crowd “ohhhhhs” as Somers reaches over the ropes, grabbing Meekly by the hair, pulling him up to face the ring. The official shouts at Somers, slapping his hand away as Somers points to the downed Flint, slapping his hands together three times.]

GM: Somers is letting him know that he had him beat! Letting him know he had Flint pinned in the middle!

[As Somers shouts at Meekly, Charlie Stephens comes charging back into the mix, smashing Somers with a leaping knee between the shoulderblades, knocking him into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Stephens with the sneak attack from the blind side! Just like they did to Daniel Harper just after the bell rang on the outside!

[Stephens is raining down blows on the staggered Somers as the referee steps into the ring, waving for the match to continue.]

GM: Stephens is all over Somers... and of course, he's the legal man but the referee didn't put Flint out when he wasn't!

CP: You sound totally confused, Myers!

GM: I FEEL totally confused, Colt! I have no idea what's going on out here!

[With Stephens pounding the dazed Somers into the corner, Joe Flint joins his partner on his feet, lacing a boot into the midsection...]

GM: Kick to the gut by Flint... overhand right by Stephens - they're doing a number on Somers now... and this is a blatant two-on-one with referee Mickey Meekly not doing a damn thing about it!

CP: Hey, Somers just tried to rough up the ref! Can you blame Meekly for not wanting to protect him?!

GM: I want him to do his damn job, Colt! Is that so tough?!

[Flint and Stephens drag Somers out of the corner, whipping him across the ring and taking him down with a double back elbow under the chin...]

...as Meekly again turns to check on Harper.]

GM: Ohhh! Down goes Somers... and what is Meekly doing now?!

CP: He's checking on Harper! Maybe he's thinking of stopping this match since Somers is by himself out here. He'd certainly be at his discretion to do that!

GM: If he was going to do it, wouldn't he have done it long ago?!

CP: I'm not Mickey Meekly... thank god... so I can't answer that, Gordon.

[With the referee's back turned, Stephens and Flint take turns stomping Somers into the canvas...]

GM: This is a damn mugging!

[Flint drags Somers to his feet, nodding his head at Stephens as he wraps his arms around the upper thighs, lifting Somers up as Stephens dashes to the ropes, building up speed... then hitting the ropes again to get even faster...]

GM: Stephens off the far side! They've got him set and-

[Stephens leaps into the air, whipping out his arm for a bulldog lariat, dragging Somers down to the canvas!]

GM: SECOND AMENDMENT CONNECTS!

[With Somers prone on the canvas, Stephens crawls on top, Flint standing guard...]

GM: Not like this... please not like this!

CP: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! THEY GOT 'IM!

"DING! DING! DING!"

CP: WE'VE GOT NEW CHAMPIONS!

GM: Are you kidding... this is a shame... a damn crime is what it is!

[Stephens pushes up to his knees, a huge grin on his face as Flint throws his arms up in triumph as the overwhelming majority of the Dallas crowd jeers loudly.]

GM: A robbery! Thievery at its worst! Describe it however you want but the Soldiers of Fortune just STOLE these titles!

CP: How do you figure?!

GM: Daniel Harper's been laid out since the opening bell! Flint hit him with that flagpole and Harper's been down ever since! And what in the world is wrong with Mickey Meekly?!

CP: Hey, he's just a little out of practice.

GM: Out of practice?! He let the Soldiers doubleteam almost the entire time! He missed the count completely when Somers hit that powerbomb! I don't like to criticize the officials because they've got a hard, hard job but... but I'm at a loss, fans. I truly am.

[The referee hands the title belts over to Stephens and Flint who are in full celebration now, Stephens jumping up and down with a loud "YEAAAAAH!" as Flint grins madly, slapping the title belt down over his shoulder.]

GM: The Soldiers of Fort-

[Tyler Graham's voice interrupts.]

TG: Here are your winners...

[Dramatic pause.]

TG: ...and NEEEEEEEEWWW AWA WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS...

THE SOLLLLLDIERRRRRS OF FORRRRTUNNNNNE!

[The boos get louder as Flint and Stephens hold the title belts over their heads, soaking up the crowd's reaction.]

GM: Confusion or not... we do have new World Tag Team Champions. The Soldiers of Fortune - about six weeks after winning the Stampede Cup - have won the titles here at Homecoming in what I would describe as controversial fashion.

CP: No controversy in my book! They took advantage of a situation and they took advantage of a rusty referee! And you've gotta feel good for Joe Flint. Flint's been in this business a long, long time and this is no doubt the biggest win of his career!

GM: Charlie Stephens as well. Stephens who first came to the AWA as a guy who spent the majority of his nights looking at the lights. But this attitude change... this mentorship by Joe Flint... and Stephens is a completely different man.

CP: A completely different champion, jack!

GM: He is indeed... and while I don't think we've seen the last of this one, on this night, the Soldiers stand tall! They are your new tag team champions, fans, and as the celebration continues, we're going to take a quick break! We'll be right back with more AWA Homecoming so stick around!

[Flint and Stephens continue to stand tall, holding their titles aloft as the fans rain down jeers...]

...and 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 find Veronica Westerly pacing nervously in what appears to be the underground parking area of the American Airlines Center. Her face shows some signs of bruising and swelling with a pronounced split lip on display as well. But all of that is secondary to the anxious expression on her face...

...an expression that seems to only get worse as a white limousine pulls into view. Westerly's head jerks up in the direction of the car, watching as it approaches.]

VW: Here he is.

[The car pulls to a stop about ten feet away from her. Westerly strides towards it, straightening her spine and pulling back her shoulders as she draws near. The passenger door swings open before she can grab the handle, revealing the towering form of Derek Rage, the Women's World Champion Kurayami, the Head of Security John Law, and the personal bodyguard MAWAGA.]

VW: Welcome back. I'm glad you could-

[The voice of Javier Castillo booms out from inside the limo.]

JC: Veronica? What in the hell happened to your face?

[Veronica touches at her split lip, shaking her head as Castillo comes into view to the jeers of the fans watching inside the arena.]

VW: I had a little... incident... with Marissa Monet.

[Castillo's eyes go wide.]

JC: Monet?! Rage's partner?! Have you see him?! Where is he?!

[Westerly shakes her head, obviously confused.]

VW: Shadoe Rage? No, I haven't seen him. Isn't he still in Mexico?

[Castillo glares angrily.]

JC: No, you idiot! He stowed away on our jet! He stole the other limo! He-

[Castillo and Westerly are suddenly lit up in a harsh white light.]

JC: What the-?!

[With a squeal of rubber tires on pavement, the alarm on Castillo's face is immediate...]

JC: MOVE! MOVE!

[Castillo races past Westerly, leaving Veronica to fend for herself as the rest of the Korugun crew scatter...]

...and the stretch black limo last seen at the airport tears into view, speeding across the asphalt...]

“CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!”

[...and SLAMS violently into the now-empty limo, colliding in a mess of mangled steel!

A panicked Castillo looks on, watching smoke drift into the night sky from the speeding car. There's a moment of silence as they all stare at the badly-damaged limo they were riding in moments ago...

...and then fury fills Castillo.]

JC: GET! HIM!

[John Law breaks into motion, charging around the car to the other side, swinging open the driver's side door...

...where we find a grinning Shadoe Rage, blood streaming down from a split eyebrow...

...who quickly finds himself yanked out of the car by John Law who throws Rage into the side of the car, denting the door!]

JC: Break him in half!

[With Rage down on the asphalt, MAWAGA and John Law take turns stomping him into the pavement as a seething Derek Rage climbs up atop the car, staring down from his seven foot frame on his brother.

After a few more stomps each, MAWAGA drags Shadoe Rage up by the hair, glaring into his eyes...

...and chucks him onto the hood of the car where Derek Rage gladly grabs his brother by the throat, pulling him to his feet where he shifts his grip, wrapping his hand around Shadoe's face...]

JC: You will pay for this, Shadoe Rage... for all of it! Starting right... NOW!

[And on "NOW!" Derek Rage lifts his brother up in the clawhold, hoisting him some seven feet into the sky...]

“CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!”

[...and DRIVES him down THROUGH the limo's windshield!

The seven foot Rage stands over his broken brother, now lying in a spiderweb of broken glass. Javier Castillo looks on, nodding approvingly as he straightens his suit jacket.]

JC: Let's go. We've got a show to do.

[The soldiers of the Korugun Army leave the motionless Shadoe Rage behind, turning to walk back inside the arena...

...as we fade out to the ring where a royal blue and gold-clad man whirls his opponent smoothly through the air with an armdrag takedown. Omega's hand flashes up to adjust his blue mask slightly.]

GM: Welcome back, fans... and you'll excuse me a moment if I don't call this match and say what in the world did we just witness?! Shadoe Rage is here... Javier Castillo and his soldiers are here... and we just saw a terrifying scene out there in the parking lot here on the most unpredictable Homecoming we've had in a long time on this Saturday night in the heart of Texas. Joining me at this time is our colleague from Power Hour, Dylan Westerly.

[The opponent scrambles upright with some surprising agility, but walks into a second armdrag from Omega.]

GM: Dylan, thank you for joining us on such short notice.

DW: Always happy to be here on Saturday night on The X. We have a long tradition-

[Omega catches his opponent in a third armdrag as Myers cuts his rambling color commentator off.]

GM: For the trifecta from Omega! You're joining us in progress and the opening minute of this contest has been all Omega... and I've gotta say I'll do my best to call the action in this one but my mind continues to drift out to that parking lot. What in the world was Shadoe Rage trying to do?!

DW: Cause more chaos? Destruction? You know, the usual for Shadoe Rage.

GM: Thankfully, it did not look like he was trying to commit vehicular homicide as he aimed for the other side of the car from where they were standing... but he certainly tried to do some damage.

[The fans let off a cheer as Omega stands with his elbows and wrists crooked out in the Omega Pose.]

DW: Now Gordon, this was supposed to be Omega taking on Atlas Armstrong, and I was hoping to see Mickey Cherry's superhuman get a taste of his own medicine from a real superhero.

GM: Or a real enough superhero.

DW: Real enough to make Atlas Armstrong take him seriously.

GM: Yes, that's right Dylan: we were scheduled to see Atlas Armstrong and Omega go head-to-head tonight, but Armstrong is unavailable and we have a standby opponent available for Omega. However, I'm told that match WILL go down next Saturday night on the all-new Power Hour... so you'll get to see that one up close and personal, Dylan.

[Cut to Omega's opponent, who is slightly bigger and more sinewy than the weedy Omega. He brushes himself up as he gets off the ground, shooting an unimpressed glare at his posing opponent. He's in plain blue trunks and wrestling boots. He's a young, rough, good-looking guy, with undercut short dreads, patchy beard, and tattooed sleeves.]

GM: I'm told this young man is O.D. Brown, just starting out in this business.

DW: D'ya think this kid ever pictured himself fighting someone from Neptune, Gordon?

GM: I don't know, Dylan. You'd have to ask our colleague Sebastian McIntyre about that.

[Omega dashes to the ropes and rebounds with a spinning heel kick, but O.D. Brown has it scouted and does a forward roll to evade.]

DW: Oh, look out!

GM: Neptunian or not, Omega is one of the fastest wrestlers in the AWA!

[Omega tries to shoot for a leg, but Brown hops into the air and lands behind Omega. Omega takes a swing in the air, but Brown clasps his hands behind his back as if to show off how easy it is to evade his opponent's strikes...

...and cartwheels to one side!]

DW: Now this kid... what's his name, O. D. Brown...?

GM: [confirming] O. D. Brown.

DW: Now he's just hot-dogging!

GM: Well, in the AWA, we don't win matches on style points, but this Brown is looking to make a name for himself on his first shot on national television!

[Omega pouts in response to O. D. Brown's smirking. Then he clasps his hand around Brown's neck.]

DW: That just made Omega mad.

GM: Be that as it may, I don't think this young man is in any real peril.

[Omega grunts zestily as he desperately tries to chokeslam his 6' 2", 225 pound opponent.]

"nnnnnnNNNNNGGGHhhh! Had enough yet?!? rrrrrrGGGGGGGHHH!"

[The nonplussed O. D. Brown elbows Omega in the side of the head. He sweeps around Omega quickly with a rear waistlock.]

GM: Looking for a belly-to-back suplex maybe here... no, Omega slips out with a rear waistlock of his own...

DW: Back and forth, Gordon!

GM: ...and now Brown out the back door, once again controlling the waist!

[Brown throws Omega into the air, but Omega over-rotates.]

GM: Belly-to-back but Omega lands on his feet!

DW: Setting up for the Event Horizon-

[Omega tries to capture Brown in an inverted face lock, but Brown pushes free and leaps in the air...

...and surprises Omega with a back flipping kick to the head that stuns Omega and draws "ooooh"s from the impressed fans.]

DW: WOW, GORDON! DID YOU SEE THAT? DID YOU SEE THAT?

GM: My stars! An overhead backflipping kick from this youngster! He's got Omega reeling!

[Brown shoots Omega to the turnbuckles with an Irish whip and charges in after. Omega regains his faculties in time to grab the top rope and hoist himself in the air to deliver a rope-assisted back brain kick to the charging O. D. Brown, and lands behind him to roll him up.]

GM: We've got a cover, referee in position... two, and... a kickout.

DW: I think Omega has realized he's got to kick into a higher gear here.

GM: He will have to, especially when that postponed match with Atlas Armstrong takes place next weekend. Omega with a very nice looking overhead neckbreaker to O. D. Brown.

DW: Seb Mac keeps pestering me to call it "Triton's Tenacity." I don't know why he's so invested in Omega myself, Gordon.

GM: I can hardly imagine. Must be something in the Delaware water.

[Omega pulls Brown upright and cinches both arms, back to back, carrying his opponent like a backpack.]

DW: Wow, that is some super strength, Gordon!

GM: O. D. Brown does not look like a small man, but he's got him up in that lucha-style backbreaker!

[Omega clasps his hands under Brown's chin above him and drops to his knees, jarring his opponent's neck over his shoulder.]

GM: A lucha special neckbreaker!

DW: "Sedna's Silence," apparently...

GM: Call it what you will, Omega is the last word in the squared circle right now.

[Omega heroically strikes another "Omega Pose," scanning the American Airlines Center for the cheers of the younger fans in attendance. He pulls O. D. Brown into an inverted face lock.]

GM: Looking to finish things off here!

DW: No one escapes the Event Horizon!

[Omega swings his free arm across Brown's torso, and drops down to cover him. Omega makes very sure to hook a leg very tightly, ensuring that the referee counts the full three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Omega raises his arm and fetches his cape from the ring apron before dramatically posing on the turnbuckles as John Barry's overture from "The Black Hole" plays.]

GM: And another win for this oddball Omega.

DW: He almost got caught flat-footed there a couple times, didn't he, Gordon?

GM: I don't want to take anything away from either competitor in this match, but it sure looked like Omega got a lucky break with the still undefeated Atlas Armstrong unable to attend Homecoming. We'll see if that luck continues in the Center Stage Studios one week from tonight though. Omega picks up the win and now we're heading backstage where Theresa Lynch is standing by with Kelly Kowalski... maybe this time Kelly's interviewer can act with some professionalism, eh? Take it away, Theresa!

[Cut to the interview area, where Theresa Lynch stands with Kelly Kowalski. The Jersey Devil is less agitated than when last she was in front of a camera, but there's still an intensity that keeps her from standing entirely still.]

TL: Thanks, Gordon... and welcome back, Kelly. I'm sorry about what happened earlier.

KK: Ain't your fault. But I am happy I'm out here gettin' interviewed by someone who knows what they're doin'.

[Lynch smiles at that.]

TL: I do need to say something. I've known Michelle Bailey for a long time, and those things that Harley Hamilton said? I hope you know that nothing could be further from the truth.

[Kowalski nods.]

KK: I don't know her as well as you do, but I know that Bailey is a stand up gal. And trust me when I say that there's no one more familiar with Harl puttin' her... spin on things than me.

But listen Theresa, this is gonna be the THIRD time now that Kelly Kowalski has come out here and all anyone wants to talk about is Michelle Bailey.

And as much as I respect her... I'm tired of Michelle Bailey bein' what I gotta talk about.

Next time I say her name, it'll be when she gives me my rematch. Until then?

Time for me to talk about me.

[Theresa nods, gesturing with her arm.]

TL: Well, the floor is yours.

KK: Ever since I got here, I've been about gettin' in people's faces and makin' sure they knew who Kelly Kowalski was – the girl who'll give ya a fight that ya won't ever forget. Breakin' faces and takin' names is what I'm all about.

And I'm gonna keep on doin' it.

So Theresa, I'm out here tonight to pick a fight.

TL: I'm assuming you have someone tonight.

KK: Oh yeah, I know just the girl.

I've been lookin' over the field, and I know just who's next for me.

And that unlucky gal is...

[Suddenly, a voice can be heard, shouting from off screen.]

"YOU!"

[Lynch and Kowalski look in the direction of the voice, as Kowalski raises her fists and Lynch's eyes widen.]

TL: No, don't...!

"FWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!"

[The screen fills with a white spray, obscuring the screen. We can barely make out a figure rushing into the frame, swinging a large, cylindrical object.]

TL: Stop! Don't do that!

[With a loud clunk, the object collides with what appears to be the back of Kowalski's head. As Lynch and several AWA officials rush to clear the spray from the room, we see that the cylindrical object was a fire extinguisher, as it sits next to the prone form of Kowalski. Kowalski's attacker is sitting on her back, pulling on her head and neck with an inverted facelock, screaming in a high-pitched, incoherent screech.]

TL: Someone get her off of Kelly! She hit Kelly with that fire extinguisher! Can we get some help over here?!

[A few more chaotic moments pass before one of the AWA's backstage officials, John Shock, rushes into the camera's shot and manages to get his hands in between the attacker's arms to loosen her grip, pulling her off Kowalski, causing her to stagger back a few steps.]

JS: YOU! OUT OF HERE!

[The attacker brushes the hair out of her face, revealing her looks to the camera for the first time. She has long hair, down to her midsection, colored like a pastel rainbow - a style commonly called "mermaid hair". She has black makeup seemingly airbrushed across her eyes in a bold black stripe, along with black lipstick. She has several visible piercings, including her lower lip on the left side and her right nostril. She's wearing a black crop top with a heart cut out near the neckline, along with a pastel pink miniskirt with a lace-up waist and black suspenders dotted with silver hearts seemingly there for the aesthetic of it all. The look is completed with pastel pink Chuck Taylor All-Star sneakers.]

???: As strong as ever, aren't you, cowboy?

[The attacker's mouth grows into an ear-to-ear grin, toothy and disturbing. Her eyes grow wide and seemingly twinkle under the lights. She takes on a passive posture, almost as if to say she's done with her attack. Shock takes a good look at Kowalski's attacker, and his face grows pale with a realization.]

JS: Wait. Hold on. I know you. Aren't you...?

[The attacker's hand darts out from her side, placing a well-manicured pastel pink fingernail across Shock's lips, making a "shhhhh" noise. She nods her head and retracts her hand.]

???: Don't say naughty words to a lady. Your mama taught you better, didn't she?

[A little giggle escapes the attacker's mouth.]

???: I'm the "Pretty Hate Machine"... Kylie Kujawa.

[Shock takes a moment to absorb this, trying to find the right words. Kylie tilts her head, pouting at Shock, before he finally finds the right ones to stammer out.]

JS: I guess I thought I knew you, huh.

Kylie: I thought I knew me too, lonesome stranger. Oh well.

[Kylie looks down at Kelly Kowalski, her wide, toothy grin returning as Kelly is being tended to by medical staff. She then looks back at Shock, brow furrowed and a concerned frown now on her face.]

Kylie: Do me a favor. You tell Tori Scott down there with the splitting headache and the sore neck that I have a message for her.

[Kylie leans in close to Shock, who takes a half-step back. Kylie pauses for a moment, giving Shock a sad little look, almost as if she's saying "don't you want to hear my secret?" with her eyes. She lets loose a very animated sigh, complete with an eye roll, before pointing a finger at the fallen Kelly.]

Kylie: You tell her that she may think she got away with breaking a nose recently... but she's got a lot of payback she owes on, and I'm a debt collector. Tonight's just the start. She may think she's ready and willing to fight anyone...

[Kylie's grin returns.]

Kylie: ... but she'll never grasp the true form of my attack.

[Kylie kisses the air, making a "mwah!" noise as she merrily skips away. Shock shakes his head.]

JS: I'll be damned.

[Shock kneels beside Kowalski, looking at Lynch, and points a finger towards the direction Kylie skipped off in.]

JS: That kid's dangerous.

[And as Shock steps back, watching as a pair of AWA medical personnel run into view, 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 we fade back to a panning shot of the sold out American Airlines Center crowd, waiting and eager to see what’s coming next on this unpredictable evening...

...which is when we hear the voice of Tyler Graham.]

TG: Ladies and gentlemen... one of the owners of the American Wrestling Alliance...

JONNNNNN STEGGLET!

[A big cheer goes up from the AWA faithful as Jon Stegglet emerges from the backstage area, dressed in a simple brown suit. He has a roll of paper in his clenched hand, waving it to the crowd as he heads towards the ring.]

GM: Another surprise here tonight. Jon Stegglet is here! One of the original owners of the AWA and a man who has been very vocal about the path that Javier Castillo and the Korugun Corporation has taken the AWA down throughout this year.

[Stegglet grins at the cheering crowd, pausing to slap the occasional hand as he heads down the ramp.]

GM: It’s great to see my old friend here in Dallas... where it all began for the AWA... but why is he here? I suppose we’re about to find out.

[Stegglet runs swiftly up the stairs, walking down the apron to retrieve a house mic before ducking through the ropes into the ring. Stegglet raps the mic with his knuckles a few times before he hears a booming sound over the PA system. He grins, nodding his head before raising the mic.]

JS: HELLO DALLAS!

[A huge cheer goes up as Stegglet smiles, waving an arm at the roaring crowd again.]

JS: Gotta love that. But I'm not here tonight just to enjoy being out here with all you wonderful people again. I'm here for business.

And business... that is most definitely unfinished.

[The crowd buzzes at that comment.]

JS: You see, I had no intention of being at this show tonight - not at all.

[The crowd jeers.]

JS: I know, I know... you people know me. You know how much pro wrestling means to me... you know how much the AWA means to me... and you know how much the city of Dallas means to me.

So what does it say to you that I couldn't even stomach the idea of being at this show tonight until earlier today?

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

JS: It's a common theme. You heard Bobby Taylor say it earlier tonight. You haven't seen Todd Michaelson in ages. Blue would tell you he's still home recuperating from South Philly but... there's a reason that the people who have given the last near decade of their lives to this company can't even stand to be at the shows anymore.

And that reason is Javier Castillo.

[The boos pick up again as Stegklet nods in agreement.]

JS: And I know Castillo is here now... I know he'll be running for the curtain in just a moment, demanding someone hit his music so he can get out here and try to shut me up...

But you can try all you want, Castillo. Tonight, NOBODY shuts me up!

[Another big cheer rings out!]

JS: See, I'm not just here because I got the call that the AWA needed help tonight... I'm here because I was ASKED to be here.

Who asked me to be here? Well, that's a funny-

[And before Stegklet can finish, the roaring big jungle cat that can only mean the arrival of Javier Castillo cuts him off. The crowd erupts into a roaring groan as Stegklet sighs, shaking his head. A few moments pass before a disheveled-looking Javier Castillo bursts into view, flanked by John Law and MAWAGA - his protective detail. He's got a mic in hand.]

JC: No, no, no, no, no, no, nooooooo! I don't think so, Stegklet!

[The boos are quite vociferous here in Dallas for El Presidente.]

JC: Whoever asked you to be here... they made a mistake... because as you can see, I am here now... and I've got a show to put on!

[Stegglet nods.]

JS: Yes, I can see you're here... yet I don't give a damn.

[Big cheer!]

JS: Because I'm staying until I've said what I came here to say!

[Another big cheer!]

JS: And one of the things I came out here to say tonight was... thank you.

[Castillo grins.]

JC: You're welcome.

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

JS: Not you, you malignant little worm... these people! These fans here in Texas! This is Homecoming! This is the one night a year when we can come back to Dallas and remember all the good times in that hot little studio down the road! We can remember all those shows in the Crockett Coliseum! We can-

[Castillo interrupts.]

JC: We get the message. You've thanked them. You can go now.

[The crowd jeers as Stegglet chuckles.]

JS: Oh, we're not done yet. See, earlier this year, I tried to thank these fans with a really special treat. I tried to put the tenth edition of Memorial Day Mayhem here in Dallas, Texas - a historic night - to thank them for all they've done to support the AWA over the past nine years and change...

...and you RIPPED it away from them.

[The crowd boos loudly now as Castillo nods.]

JC: That's right! I did! And Chicago LOVES the AWA now!

[Stegglet nods his head.]

JS: Fair enough. Some would argue it was the right call... I think it was a horrible way to spit in the face of these people in Dallas. And I came here to make it right.

[Castillo looks puzzled.]

JC: And how do you intend to do that?

[Stegglet grins.]

JS: I thought you'd never ask. Roll it, boys.

[The video screen lights up, all eyes turning towards it as our shot turns to just the video package.]

"TEN YEARS."

[A rapid series of shots fly by. A sharp-eyed viewer might recognize them as scenes from the Main Events of every SuperClash that's come before.]

"ONE NIGHT."

[A series of voices are heard, all saying one word "SuperClash."]

"HISTORY WILL BE MADE."

[We get a quick-moving shot, running through the grass of a stadium, crossing five yard line after five yard line...]

"IN DALLAS, TEXAS."

[...and then the shot swings up, panning in a circle until it lands on a MASSIVE video wall that reads "SUPERCLASH X - AT&T STADIUM - NOVEMBER 22, 2018"

...and the American Airlines Center crowd EXPLODES in the biggest reaction of the night!]

GM: Oh my stars! SuperClash X is coming to Dallas, Texas... and listen to these fans!

[The roar is deafening as Castillo looks down the aisle with a dropped jaw at Jon Stegklet who is beaming, looking around at the roaring crowd.]

JS: You see, Castillo... this is what 20,000 overjoyed Texans sound like... just imagine Thanksgiving of next year when we hear what OVER ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND SCREAMING AWA-LOVING TEXANS SOUND LIKE!

[The crowd gets even louder somehow, some fans literally jumping for joy as Castillo looks around, an agitated expression on his face. He waits for the crowd noise to die down some... just enough so he can be heard...

...and slowly raises the mic.]

JC: No.

[And there go the boos again. Stegklet chuckles.]

JS: Aw, that's cute, Javier. You think you actually have a say in this matter.

[Castillo shakes his head.]

JC: No, no, no! I took Memorial Day Mayhem away from these idiots... and I'll take SuperClash X away too! All it'll take is one call to my friends at FOX... one call to the executive board room and they'll-

[Stegglet interrupts.]

JS: You know, Javier... it's funny you mention that too.

[Castillo arches an eyebrow.]

JS: See... while you were busy getting half our locker room... half of MY family because that's what they are... they're MY family... while you were getting the stuck on a runway in Mexico because of whatever crooked crap you've got in your past...

[The crowd "ooooooooohs" as Castillo fumes.]

JS: ...I was taking phone calls. I was taking call after call from people you know... people you think like you... people who got you this job... and each and every one of them had one thing to say.

"Go to Dallas tonight."

And so... here I am.

[Stegglet spreads his arms to another cheer.]

JS: As it turns out, El Presidente... I'm not the only one who doesn't like the way you do business.

[Castillo shouts something off-mic down the ramp at Stegglet.]

JS: As it turns out, the executives at FOX are getting a little sick of the way you run things too.

[Castillo raises the mic.]

JC: Lies! Lies and propaganda! The ratings have never been higher! The buyrates-

[Stegglet interrupts.]

JS: Oh, you're good for business... that's true. Or at least... you were.

Because the way I - and FOX - see it... you're slipping, man. And we don't even have to go back that far to see it.

The Saskatchewan Screwjob?

[Castillo beams as the crowd boos.]

JS: Listen to them! They HATED the idea of two of their favorites getting screwed out of a spot in the Stampede Cup Finals... and that was ALL on you. And when the fans aren't happy... the suits aren't happy.

Or what about Estrellas?

Ryan Martinez. The biggest Latino star this industry has... and you shut him out of appearing on the AWA's first show in Mexico... out of spite?

[Castillo seems a little caught off-guard by being called out for this stuff.]

JS: That's just throwing money away... and you know how Corporate America feels about that.

But like you said... business is booming... so you've kept your job...

[Castillo nods, jerking a thumb at himself.]

JS: ...for now.

[Castillo's eyebrows go up as the crowd buzzes.]

JC: For now?! What do you mean "for now?!"

[Stegglet smirks.]

JS: I mean that when whatever you did in Mexico to cause this crazy night to happen... you set a chain of events into motion that I just don't think you can stop, Castillo.

See, because as it also turns out... the suits at FOX don't particularly care for you and I sniping at each other online... in the press... in calls to their offices. They're over it... and I can't blame them because I'm over it too.

You and I... we'll never get along... we'll never be able to work together.

Our visions for this business are very different... and FOX knows it.

[Stegglet nods.]

JS: So, Javier... to put it like my friend the Outlaw might...

"This town ain't big enough for the both of us."

[The crowd is still buzzing, waiting for the other shoe to drop.]

JS: And FOX agrees. They think it's time for one of us to go.

[Castillo's eyes go wide as the crowd cheers. He nervously licks at his lips while raising the mic.]

JC: Which one?

[Stegglet smiles.]

JS: That depends.

[Castillo's brow furrows.]

JC: Depends on what?

[Stegglet grins broadly.]

JS: Depends on who wins at SuperClash... IN WARGAMES!

[The crowd EXPLODES again as Stegglet chucks the mic over his shoulder, watching Castillo blow a gasket up on the stage, screaming and shouting off-mic as the roars echo throughout the American Airlines Center.]

GM: WARGAMES?! ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

[Castillo is ranting and raving off-mic as Stegglet beams down the aisle at him.]

GM: Jon Stegglet is out here dropping BOMBSHELLS everywhere to be seen! SuperClash X in AT&T Stadium! WarGames coming up in two months at SuperClash IX! What the... this is crazy! This whole night is crazy and we're nowhere near done yet! Wow...

[Gordon trails off as the crowd continues to roar..

...and with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we see Theresa Lynch standing in the backstage area, conferring with a production assistant.]

TL: Right. So after that interview, I'm going to go over-

[Theresa pauses as she looks up off-camera. She sighs.]

TL: Sorry, Paul. Can you give me a second?

[The production assistant follows her gaze and then quickly nods, scampering away as Jack Lynch steps into view.]

TL: Jack.

JL: `Reesa.

[Theresa smiles.]

TL: It's good to see you back.

JL: It's good to be back but-

[Theresa interrupts.]

TL: And it's good to see you and James on the same page.

[Jack slowly nods.]

JL: Here's hopin' it stays that way. But you know that ain't why I'm here right now.

[Theresa sighs again, nodding.]

TL: Go ahead. Get it out of your system.

[Jack nods.]

JL: I say this as your big brother whose loved ya your whole life...

[Jack pauses, giving his sister a serious look]

JL What are you thinkin'?! What's goin' through your head, gettin' involved in this stuff with Kendrick and with Hayes and with-

TL: Hey, they got me involved! I didn't volunteer!

JL: Well, ya need to get yourself UNINVOLVED before you get hurt.

TL: I can handle myself.

[Jack sighs.]

JL: And what does Supreme think about it?

TL: I didn't ask for his opinion... or yours for that matter.

[Another voice calls out.]

"But you're going to get it anyways."

[Theresa rolls her eyes as Supreme Wright strides into view, standing alongside his SuperClash VIII tag team partner.]

SW: First off... welcome back.

[He addresses Jack who nods.]

SW: Secondly, you know he's right.

[And that's to Theresa who shakes her head.]

TL: No, I don't. Look, it's hard enough being taken seriously when you're Blackjack's daughter and everyone assumes he got you a job... it's about ten times worse when people know that my big brother and Supreme Wright are going to show up and beat them up if they say the wrong word to me.

SW: This isn't about the wrong words. Kerry Kendrick is dangerous. He's unpredictable. And Sandra Hayes-

TL: Sandra Hayes is a spiteful little-

JL: She's dangerous too, 'Reesa. Just ask Travis.

[Theresa shakes her head again.]

TL: I'm not asking you... I'm telling you both that I can handle this. I can handle myself. Are we clear?

JL: I hear what you're sayin', but-

[Theresa clears her throat.]

TL: No, no... are we clear?

[Jack sighs, shaking his head, but he knows his sister all too well.]

JL: Yeah. We're clear.

[She turns to Supreme.]

TL: And you? Can I get you - both of you - to give your word that you'll stay out of this?

SW: That's a lot to ask.

TL: I know. But that's what I want. I want both of you to let me handle this and for neither of you to get involved... no matter what.

[Jack and Supreme look to one another for a moment... and then slowly nods to Theresa.]

TL: Good. Now... I love you both... but I've got work to do. Get out of here.

[Jack sighs, slapping Supreme on the back before walking out of view. Supreme stares at Theresa for a few more moments.]

TL: I mean it. Go.

[Supreme nods, lightly placing a hand on Theresa's shoulder before he walks away, leaving Theresa to herself....

...and with a flash of the ACCESS logo, we are in another part of the backstage area where Javier Castillo is nervously pacing, his cell phone pressed to the side of his head.]

JC: No... no... yes, I understand but-

[He pauses, listening.]

JC: I already explained it was a misunderstanding!

[He pauses again, fidgeting nervously with a chain hanging around his neck.]

JC: Well, no... but I thought it was more important for me to get back here and not-

[From the side of the camera's view, we see Veronica move into view.]

VW: Javier?

[Castillo waves a hand at her, trying to shush her as he continues his conversation.]

JC: Oh, come on... Stegglet?! Are you kidding me right now?!

[Veronica tries again.]

VW: Javier.

[Castillo's face twists in anger in her direction. He slips a hand over the mic on the phone.]

JC: What could you possibly want right now?

VW: The show isn't over. There are more matches still. There are-

JC: I couldn't possibly give a damn any less! Did you hear what happened out there?! Just... just take care of it! Now, go!

[Westerly shrugs, turning... and smirking... as she exits, leaving the frustrated Castillo behind.]

JC: There's gotta be someone who can stop this. Can we get Rupert on the phone?

[And with a flash of the ACCESS logo, we cut out to ringside where Gordon Myers is seated - and looking quite uncomfortable with the situation.]

GM: A lot going on backstage tonight here at Homecoming as well... and... well folks, I'm joined here by my next color commentator for the night... Cinder!

[Cinder seems to take her role as "Bucky Wilde for a day" very seriously, speaking in a bizarre, nigh unintelligible, Scottish interpretation of American patois.]

C: Man, I tell ye what, that dang ol' Stench boys, daddeh! Aye, it's like this, daddeh: You' like a butterfly flappin `is wings deep down in that forest man an' it gonna cause a tree fall like five thousand miles away man. If-an ain't no body see it nobody don-done-e'en know it happen you know ibda baby born into this world int'know neck dang friends got no nothin but da go come into find out about `em ol evil, daddeh!

[After decades of calling professional wrestling, the look on Gordon Myers' face indicates that he finally thinks he is too old for this job.]

GM: Done?

[Cinder reverts to her Scottish accent.]

C: Eh, this is harder than I reckoned, Gordolocks! I do nae know how Mr. Wilde does it.

GM: I'm sure. Well, let's take it to Tyler Graham for the introductions!

[Cut to Tyler Graham in the ring.]

TG: The following match is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing now...

[The lights in the arena dim as "Heads Will Roll" by Yeah Yeah Yeahs, begins to play over the PA system. Bright gold flood lights fill the entrance way and dry ice smoke rises as we see Harley Hamilton coming up from beneath the floor. She turns and strikes a sultry pose as white lights then immediately flash all around her, as if paparazzi were taking photos of her.]

TG: ...she hails from Kansas City, Missouri...weighing in at 145 pounds...

HARLEYYYYYY HAMILTOOOOONNNNN!!!

[Harley is not dressed in her usual attire. Instead, she is wearing a bright pink halter crop top with cherries printed on it, a pair of pink hot pants with the same cherry motif, and black wrestling boots. She has the powerful build of an elite athlete, her shoulder length strawberry blonde hair styled with tight side braids on one side and curls on the other.]

GM: Harley Hamilton, wearing different wrestling gear than we're used to.

C: Best we could do on short notice. I'm sure the person I took it from is reasonable enough to nae mind us borrowing their gear. Least the boots fit, aye!

[Harley slides into the ring and once again gets into Tyler Graham's face. Harley yells, "Say it, Tyler!" before walking back to her corner. The ring announcer sighs, shaking his head before making another announcement.]

TG: Harley Hamilton would also like the audience to give a round of applause to the world's greatest color commentator and a "perfect angel from Heaven"...

CIINNNDER!

[Big boos greet Cinder with that announcement, as Harley walks up to the ropes, waving excitedly at her "bestie".]

GM: You're not quite Miss Popular here in Dallas tonight, Cinder.

C: [completely ignoring him and waving back excitedly] OHHH ME GOODNESS. SHE DID NAE HAVE TO DO THAT! Ah am the luckiest lass in the world, bytheway!

TG: And her opponent...

[The crowd comes alive as M83's "Oblivion" starts up. At the entranceway a thick woman, silhouetted by the lights, slaps her palms together, causing an explosion of chalk-dust to glow in the spotlight. On hearing the cheers of the fans, she pounds her chest with her fist and intensely makes her way down the aisle.]

TG: From Minneapolis, Minnesota, weighing in at 166 pounds, Trish... "T-BONE"... WALLACE!

[Trish Wallace, though barely over five feet tall, moves with a predatory power that shows her strength. Her long honey brown hair is braided into two pigtails that hang down behind her head. Thick arms and legs emerge from a halter-neck leotard covered in a dark blue and magenta galaxy print with gold trim. She climbs onto the ring and wipes her short white wrestling boots on the apron, stepping onto the bottom rope to boost herself high enough to step over the middle rope.]

GM: And here comes Trish Wallace, who took offense to the "interview" that you and Harley Hamilton conducted with her earlier tonight.

C: Tresh is a bit thin skinned fer being so thick, ain't she?

GM: You said Skylar Swift abandoned her and that she's friendless!

C: Ah, but that was classic banter, Mr Mayers.

GM: You two certainly aren't making friends around her. First you've drawn the ire of Margarita Flores and Xenia Sonova... and now Trish Wallace! I'm sure there's a few more names I'm forgetting.

C: [her voice dripping with sarcasm] Oh. Are there?

[T-Bone Wallace turns her back to the camera, balls up her fists, and bumps her knuckles together over her head. She pulls her arms down into a double-bicep pose, and looks back over her shoulder. Wallace gives the viewers at home a friendly smile and wink while flexing.]

C: She's been drinkin her milk, that's fer sure. That's a big lass.

[The two women move towards the middle of the ring, silently staring down one another. Standing a few inches taller, Harley raises her head to look down at Wallace, who is built much stronger and wider.]

GM: There's a lot of bad feelings here - the fathers of these two had a heck of a rivalry back in the day and it looks like their daughters are ready to carry on the tradition.

C: Yeh, I am reminded of the rivalry that mah da had wit' a caravan salesman when his non-educated delinquent daughter accused me of nickin' her lucky troll doll. But ah sorted her oot, bytheway. Ah set her on fire!

GM: Did you just-? I'm going to pretend I didn't hear that. At any rate, these two are ready to go!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[As the bell rings, Harley Hamilton goes straight into action and throws a hard forearm to the jaw of Wallace!]

GM: Oh, Harley Hamilton going right to work!

[Wallace is barely budged by the stiff shot, but gets smashed with another forearm to the jaw! And another! And another!]

GM: Harley Hamilton is quickly gaining a reputation as one of the harder hitters in the Women's Division, but Trish Wallace is holding her ground!

C: Aye, giein it laldy, Harley! Gie'er some welly fer me!

GM: I suppose the color commentary for this match will not be impartial. Or.. comprehensible, for that matter.

[Almost as if she heard Cinder from the announcers' table, Harley grabs a fistful of Wallace's hair and blasts her with a European uppercut...]

GM: Ohh!

[To no effect!]

C: Oh no. This nae a square go?

[Wallace shakes it off and slaps herself across the face a few times, before lunging forward and lifting Hamilton into the air, slamming her into the turnbuckles!]

GM: What a show of power by Trish Wallace! And now she's just driving home those shoulder thrusts into Harley Hamilton in the corner!

C: Tresh Wallets is bein' allowed to cheat here, Mr. Mayers! Why is the eejit referee lettin' this transpire?

[Grabbing an arm, she fires Hamilton off hard to the opposite corner, causing her to bounce off the turnbuckles as she then launches Harley high into the air, before she crashes down face-first into the canvas!]

GM: OH! A big toss into the air and Harley Hamilton must have fell seven or eight feet right back to Earth!

[Wallace pulls a hurting Hamilton to her feet and hits her with a blistering knife edge chop across the chest!]

GM: OH! I said earlier that Harley Hamilton may be one of the hardest hitters in the Women's Division, but when you have power like Trish Wallace does, she can hit just as hard!

[Grabbing a stunned Hamilton into a front facelock, Wallace looks out towards the crowd, before pointing at Cinder.]

"THIS ONE'S FOR YOU!"

C: [yelling a bit too loud back] OH. IS IT, BIG LASS?! Bolt ya rocket!

[Wallace then slings Hamilton's arm over her neck and lifts Harley up into a vertical suplex, holding her completely vertical at the apex of the lift...and keeps holding her completely vertical!]

GM: What a show of power! Trish Wallace has Harley Hamilton up for that vertical suplex and it doesn't look like she's coming down until Trish wants her to!

[Trish has Harley Hamilton held up for ten seconds... as the crowd slowly grows louder with each passing second...]

C: Put her doon! PUT. HER. DOON.

[...twenty seconds...]

GM: This is amazing!

C: ACH! Please, no! She's got vertigo! And if she doesn't she does now!

[...and at just slightly past the thirty second mark, Wallace finally brings Hamilton crashing down onto the mat with a HUGE vertical suplex!]

"THHHUUUUUDDDD!"

GM: A BIG TIME delayed vertical suplex from Trish Wallace and here's the cover!

[Wallace rolls onto Hamilton and hooks the leg.]

GM: One, two- whoa! Harley Hamilton kicks out at two with authority and she immediately rolls out of there. And...is she coming over here?

[Holding the small of her back, a hurting Harley walks towards the announcers' table, where Cinder is more than happy to welcome her.]

C: Come'er, Harley! *CLUNK*

GM: Wait! Where are you going? This is highly unprofessional, young lady!

[Cinder goes around the table and beckons Harley to her as the second generation wrestler falls into her arms in a hug, drawing a large round of boos from the crowd.]

GM: I've seen a lot of things in my many years behind the booth, but my color commentator has just left the table to comfort one of the wrestlers in the match... while the match is still happening! On second thought... Bucky may have done that a time or two in our time together as well. So, carry on, I suppose!

[Cinder holds Harley and points threateningly at a disbelieving Trish Wallace inside the ring, yelling "SHUT YER GEGGY!" before giving her "bestie" some comforting words and motioning for her to go back to the ring.]

GM: Unbelievable.

[Looking focused again, Hamilton climbs back up onto the ring apron...]

C: Awrite an' awaywego, Mr. Mayers.

GM: Welcome back to the booth... I guess.

[...and quickly has Wallace grabbing her. However, with some quick thinking, Hamilton grabs Wallace behind the head and drops down off the apron, bouncing her throat across the ring rope!]

GM: Ohh! Hamilton caught Wallace as she was trying to bring her in the hard way!

C: Aye! Pure dead brilliant of ye, Harls!

[Wallace staggers back, as Hamilton quickly slides back into the ring and rocks Wallace with a roaring elbow!]

"SMMAAACKK!"

GM: BIG SPINNING ELBOW! But Wallace stays on her feet!

[Hamilton then buries a boot into Wallace's midsection.]

GM: Harley goes downstairs and-

[She hooks a front facelock on Wallace and grabs her inner leg.]

GM: ...it looks like she's going for her patented Cradle suplex.

[But Wallace holds her ground, stopping Hamilton from lifting her.]

GM: No sir! Harley Hamilton can't budge her!

[After failing a second attempt, Harley releases Wallace and smashes her across the back with a clubbing forearm. Grabbing the hair again, Hamilton once again hits Wallace with a series of forearm strikes, before she throws another European uppercut that catches Wallace in the jaw, this time with enough impact to send Wallace stumbling back. She then throws a knife edge chop of her own...

...but Trish shakes it off and glares at Harley!]

GM: Oh boy, that seems to have woken Wallace up!

[Hamilton takes a step back, before lunging back in another chop across the chest.]

GM: That chop doesn't seem like it phased Wallace either!

C: Do somethin else, Harley! She's not playin' fair'!

[Hamilton goes back to the hair, once again throwing a series of forearms, but the moment she relents...

...Wallace rushes forward and bowls her over with a shoulder tackle!]

GM: Trish Wallace is a tank! She absorbed all those punishing blows from Harley Hamilton and she just kept coming at her!

[Wallace pulls Hamilton to her feet and whips her into the ropes.]

GM: T-Bone Wallace shoots Hamilton across... big clothesline ducked by Hamilton...

[Showing surprising agility, Harley leaps up onto the second rope and then blindly springboards off, twisting around into a blind crossbody block... only to be caught in the waiting arms of Trish Wallace!]

GM: Oh my! Harley Hamilton tried to catch Trish Wallace by surprise with that dive but she was the one caught by surprise... literally!

[Wallace takes a step forward and drops Hamilton across her knee with a punishing backbreaker.]

"OHHH!"

GM: A brutal backbreaker right on the knee for Hamilton, but Wallace is holding on!

[With a bellow, Wallace then powers Hamilton up onto her shoulder, as the crowd begins to buzz.]

GM: And it looks like Trish Wallace is looking to finish this match now! She's got Harley Hamilton in position for the Running Powerslam!

[However, before Trish can even take a step forward, Hamilton reaches back and rakes her fingers across Wallace's face!]

GM: OHH! She went right to the eyes!

C: No no no... She jest covered 'em. Nothin' illegal about putting yer hauns over ye opponent's eyes!

[Sliding out of Wallace's grip and dropping behind her, Hamilton is quick to capitalize as she grabs T-Bone into an inverted headlock...

"OHHHHHHH!"

...and drops her across her outstretched knee!]

GM: Oh my! What a beautiful counter by Harley Hamilton!

C: 'Bout time ya stopped gibberin' an paid me beautiful and beloved Harley a compliment, bytheway.

GM: And Hamilton goes right into the pin!

[The crowd cheers, as Wallace kicks out at two with room to spare. However, the progeny of one of wrestling's greatest champions quickly grabs Trish by the hair and yanks her up...]

GM: Wallace with the kickout, but Harley...

C: A little Glasgow Kiss, Harley!

GM: ...with the headbutt! And another pin!

[...and immediately smashes her skull into the strongwoman's, going right back into another pin!]

GM: One, two...no sir!

[Wallace slips the shoulder, causing a frustrated Hamilton to slam both of her hands down onto the canvas in anger. Sitting a dazed Wallace up, Hamilton quickly runs into the ropes and then dives forward, smashing home a forearm shiver across the jaw of the seated Wallace!]

"OHHHHHHH!"

GM: Oh my! A HUGE forearm smash from Hamilton! Wallace has to be seeing stars after that one!

C: Aye, and we're all lookin at a huge, massive star in the ring right now! 'MON THEN HARLEY!

[Hearing Cinder's banshee scream of support, Harley looks towards the announcers' desk rapidly blows several kisses towards Gordon and Cinder, as a big round of boos can be heard coming from the fans seated near them.]

GM: I don't think the crowd shares that sentiment with you, Cinder.

C: Well, they can bile their numpty heads then, aye?

[Now feeling like she's firmly in control of the match, Hamilton struts around the ring with her arms held out to the jeers of the crowd. She turns her attention back to Wallace and stomps down hard on her right knee, drawing a yelp of pain from the only daughter of Battlin' Burt Wallace.]

GM: It looks like Harley Hamilton is turning her focus to Trish Wallace's knee and that can only mean she's looking to set her up for the Indian Deathlock.

[Hamilton grabs Wallace's right leg and twists around into a spinning toehold, before sitting down and driving her weight down onto it.]

C: That's right, Harley! Break it! Break her leg!

GM: You have to be one of the least impartial color commentators I've ever had to work with... and that's saying something considering Bucky's reputation.

C: But I'm also the cutest!

GM: Don't you bat your eyes at me like that.

[With Trish's right leg trapped between hers, Harley grabs Wallace's left leg and laces it over her own. After a moment of struggle, she rises to her feet as Wallace once again cries out in pain, as she finds herself caught in Hamilton's version of the Indian Deathlock!]

GM: And there it is! The Indian Deathlock! The leglock that Harley's own father, Hamilton Graham made famous!

C: An' it's a pure, dead, painful hold, bytheway Mr. Mayers!

[Harley stands tall over Trish, giving her the bad mouth as she struggles to escape the hold.]

HH: "How does it feel, Trish? This is how my daddy beat yours, every single time they wrestled!"

[Harley laughs, as Wallace claws at her leg, grimacing in pain.]

HH: "Give it up, Wallace! I already know you're gonna quit on this match, just like Skylar quit on your friendship!"

[A look of fury flashes across Wallace's face, before she rears back...

"SLAAAAP!"

"OHHHHH!"

...and slaps Hamilton across the face!]

GM: Oh! Trish Wallace slaps the taste out of Harley's mouth and that had to have felt good!

C: Aye, Harley tells me she loves it when she gets hit.

GM: Pardon?

C: She says it really gets her motor runnin!

[Just as Cinder said, shockingly, Hamilton appears to have been reinvigorated by the blow!]

HH: "That's right baby, give it to me! Show me what you've got!"

[Wallace obliges, hitting her with another stiff slap!]

"OHHH!"

HH: "HELL YEAH! Gimme another!"

[Another slap!]

HH: "You're supposed to hit me like you mean it, Trish... LIKE THIS!"

[Grabbing Wallace by the hair, Hamilton yanks her towards her while still stuck in the Indian Deathlock. She rears back and slaps T-Bone hard across the face, knocking her back down to the canvas!]

C: Aye! Five across the coupon, Harley!

GM: With Trish Wallace trapped in that Indian Deathlock, Harley Hamilton has firm control of this match. Between the pain in her legs, the positioning in the middle of the ring and the disadvantage of fighting off your back, there's hardly anything Wallace can do but find a way to escape.

C: Aye! An' there is sweet hee-haw that Tresh Wallet can do 'bout it!

[Hamilton then proceeds to bridge back onto the top of her head, applying even more pressure on the hold!]

GM: And Trish Wallace is really feeling this hold now!

[Ignoring the pain, Trish Wallace shakes her head and begins to crawl towards the ropes...]

GM: Trish Wallace is fighting this! She's refusing to give up!

[...and with her hand inches away, Wallace makes a desperate grab and catches the bottom rope!]

GM: Wallace gets to the ropes! Harley Hamilton has to break the hold!

[Boos!]

GM: But she isn't releasing the hold!

C: YA GOT TIL FIVE, HARLEY! KEEP THE CLAMPS ON!

GM: Will you sit down!?

[The crowd boos Hamilton loudly, as the second generation wrestler keeps the Indian Deathlock on.]

GM: Harley Hamilton is flirting with being disqualified here!

C: KEEP THE SQUEEZE ON!

[Releasing right before the count of five, an annoyed Hamilton gets up into the referee's face, drawing another loud round of boos from the crowd as Wallace rolls out of the ring.]

GM: The referee is just doing his job! He's not going to just let Harley do whatever she wants in there

C: He should.

GM: Get real!

[Hamilton turns away from the referee and drops down to the canvas, slowly crawling over to the ropes to look down at Wallace, who is cradling her knee on the outside.]

HH: "It's all over for you, Trishy-kins!"

[Rolling out of the ring, Hamilton pulls Wallace up to her feet and puts her into a front facelock.]

GM: Wait a second, we saw this against Xenia Sonova! Harley Hamilton is planning on hitting Trish Wallace with that Tornado DDT on the outside!

C: And poor X-S Cargo was nothin' more than a defenseless punchin bag aftah Harley did it to her! Love it!

[With Wallace still in the facelock, Harley uses her as a base to run up the guardrail and kicks off, twisting around through the air..

...only to have Wallace slam on the brakes and set her back down...]

GM: NO! Trish Wallace blocks the Tornado DDT...

"OHHHHHH!"

GM: ...AND SHE THROWS HAMILTON OVER HER HEAD WITH A BELLY TO BELLY SUPLEX!

C: Oh would ye look at the time, Gordon!

GM: You stay right here!

[Getting to her feet, stumbling, Wallace grabs Hamilton and throws her underneath the ropes back into the ring. Sliding back in, Wallace musters as much speed as her damaged legs can and LEAPS into the air, crushing Hamilton beneath her with a senton backsplash!]

GM: OHH! Big time senton from Wallace and she's laying back for the pin!

C: Kick out!

[Neglecting to hook a leg, Wallace only manages a two count, before Hamilton shoots her right shoulder off the canvas, bringing a disappointed groan from the crowd.]

GM: Only two! Wallace should've hooked the leg there, but it looks like the match is taking its toll on her.

C: Aye, look at Wallets, will ya? She's suckin' wind like she's trying ta drink a triple-thick shake through a straw!

[Looking tired, a weary Wallace pulls Hamilton to her feet. However, Hamilton suddenly comes to life, yanking Wallace's head down with a handful of hair...]

GM: OH! A short kick to the face!

C: Aye, go to the dancin' on her teeth, Harley!

[Hamilton delivers kick after kick to Wallace's face, before shoving her back into the turnbuckles and shooting her across the ring...

...following in close behind with a high knee that catches her under the jaw!]

"OHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY! WHAT A KNEE!

[The sweat flies off Wallace as Hamilton connects. Standing on the second turnbuckle, Hamilton looks out towards the crowd and blows them a kiss...

...before dropping back down and pulling Trish out of the corner, hooking her into a front facelock.]

GM: It looks like Hamilton's going for that Cradle suplex again!

[Hooking the inside leg, Harley tries to lift Wallace up for the Cradle suplex, but is once again stopped by Wallace, who drops back down to the canvas and stands straight up, sliding Hamilton down her back and holding onto her legs.]

GM: Trish Wallace has that Cradle suplex well scouted as she blocks it once again and it looks like Harley Hamilton is in a world of trouble!

C: Fight it, Harley! Get outta there!

[Hamilton kicks her legs wildly, trying to break free of Wallace's grip. She manages to shove off of Wallace, landing in front of her. As soon as she lands on her feet, Hamilton goes into a spin, looking to crack Wallace with another roaring elbow. However, Wallace ducks under, leaving Hamilton off-balance. As she turns around, she loses sight of Wallace...

...who undercuts her with a low dropkick that takes her out at the knees!]

GM: OH! Trish Wallace came in like a wrecking ball with that one! Hamilton's stunned... Wallace has her up!

[The crowd buzzes as Wallace scoops Hamilton up over her shoulder for the Running Powerslam. However, the previous damage to her knee takes hold as it buckles.]

GM: OH! Wallace stumbles!

[She manages to steady Hamilton and spins her back around towards the center of the ring...

...but Hamilton's legs clip the referee as she does!]

GM: OHHH! Down goes the referee!

[Wallace doesn't notice though, as she takes two steps forward and dives...

...driving Harley Hamilton into the canvas with a ring shaking Running Powerslam!]

"THHHUUUUDDDD!!!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: OH MY! THERE'S THE RUNNING POWERSLAM! But...

[The crowd boos big time!]

GM: ...the referee is still down!

C: I have'ta do something! They need my help! *CLUNK*

GM: NO! WHERE ARE YOU GOING???

[The crowd erupts with jeers as they see Cinder slide into the ring...and she begins to put the boots to Trish Wallace!]

GM: Cinder, my color commentator... is attacking Trish Wallace!

[BIG POP!]

GM: BUT HERE COMES MARGARITA FLORES!

[Running down the aisle at full speed, The Tall Drink of Texas Water slides into the ring and immediately makes her presence known, as she takes out Cinder with a big boot that sends her out of the ring!]

GM: OH MY! Margarita Flores has had her issues with Harley Hamilton and Cinder recently, but right now, she's taking the fight to them!

[A huge roar comes from the crowd as Flores turns her attention to a rising Harley Hamilton, who quickly begins to beg off!]

GM: And this is what Margarita Flores has been waiting for... a chance to get her hands on Harley Hamilton!

[Flores grins, before lunging forward with her arm reared back, ready to take Hamilton's head off with the fiercest lariat in all of women's wrestling...]

"SMMMAAAAACCKK!!!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[...only to have Hamilton duck at the last second, as Flores accidentally mows down a rising Trish Wallace!]

GM: OH NO! WHAT A MISTAKE!

[Shocked, Margarita Flores stares down regretfully at Trish Wallace for a moment, before turning her attention back to Harley Hamilton...]

"SMMMAAACCKK!"

...who leaps as high into the air as her legs will allow, catching Flores in the jaw with a Superman forearm smash!]

GM: OH!

[The blow doesn't take Flores off her feet, instead causing her to stumble back...]

...to where Cinder has pulled down the top rope, low bridging her out of the ring!]

GM: And out goes Margarita Flores!

[Quickly springing into action, Harley Hamilton pulls Trish Wallace back to her feet and doubles her over with a boot to the midsection, before spinning around and grabbing Wallace into a 3/4 Nelson...]

"OHHHH!"

GM: Was that... The Snakebite??? Unbelievable! Harley Hamilton adds injury to insult by hitting Trish Wallace with one of Skylar Swift's signature moves!

[Dropping down for the pin, Hamilton frantically motions for the referee to count the pin, as he slowly comes to.]

GM: No! Not like this!

[The referee slaps his hand down on the canvas once... twice... three times!]

“DING! DING! DING!”

TG: YOUR WINNER OF THE MATCH...

HARLEY HAMILLLTOOON!!!

[The crowd jeers loudly as Harley and Cinder make a quick exit from the ring like two thieves disappearing into the night, as Margarita Flores rolls back into the ring to check on Trish Wallace.]

GM: As you can tell from their reaction, the crowd is NOT happy. Harley Hamilton steals the win, but it looks like this issue between her and Margarita Flores... and possibly even Trish Wallace is far from over.

[We cut to a shot of Seductive and Destructive at the top of the ramp, pointing and laughing at Flores and Wallace inside the ring, as we fade out.

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 with a flash of the ACCESS logo, we find Javier Castillo storming into his office. He does a doubletake towards a vase of flowers on his desk...

...and then with a bellow, he swipes his arms across the wooden desktop, sending the vase into the wall with a crash of smashing glass.]

JC: Nobody... nobody will listen.

[MAWAGA trails behind, listening... ironically.]

JC: I called every contact I had at FOX, MAWAGA. Every contact I have at Korugun. No one can do anything. This... this... this WarGames is set in stone. It's going to happen.

[The crowd inside the arena cheers this news as Castillo leans over his desk, shaking his head. He's obviously distraught, in an emotional state unlike anything we've ever seen from him before.]

JC: I... this...

[He breathes heavily, sharply... like he's on the verge of a panic attack. MAWAGA steps closer, raising a hand to put on his shoulder but before he can, Castillo slams his fists down into the desk and lets loose a roar of frustration. He jerks around to face his bodyguard.]

JC: I feel like I'm...

[Another deep breath.]

JC: ...losing control. And that can't happen, MAWAGA. It can't happen. If I don't have control, these idiots will walk all over me. If I don't have control, I don't have power... I don't...

[He shakes his head again.]

JC: No, no. I've... no, we've got to do something, MAWAGA. Let's...

[Castillo bites his lower lip nervously.]

JC: Yes. Let's go.

[Castillo storms past MAWAGA who slowly shakes his head... and with a flash of the ACCESS logo, we're out to the ring where Tyler Graham is standing.]

TG: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit.

Introducing first...

[The sounds of Ted Nugent's "Stranglehold" rips to live over the PA system, a song that AWA fans - and especially Texas fans - have not heard in a long time. There's a cheer for the music... which turns into a very solid mixed reaction as they realize who it's going to be for.]

TG: From Dallas, Texas... weighing in at 500 pounds... they are former Stampede Cup winners... former National Tag Team Champions... reunited and it feels so good...

JACK AND JAMES... THE LYNCH BROTHERRRRRSSSSS!

[James Lynch is the first one through the curtain, dressed as we saw him earlier in the evening. The crowd greets him mostly with boos but there are some cheers from Lynch family diehards hoping for a change of heart. James doesn't acknowledge the fans, sliding several feet out onto the stage before coming to a halt...

...which is when Jack Lynch emerges as well, bigger cheers greeting the former AWA World Champion. The Iron Cowboy is in white trunks, white boots and kneepads, and is sporting a white Stetson. He draws alongside his brother, looking out on the crowd with him...

...and then slowly raises a hand, patting James on the shoulder before the duo start making their way down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: It's a family reunion tonight at Homecoming... and I can't think of a better city to see the Lynches reunited as a team than here in Dallas. Colt Patterson, thanks for joining me out here again.

CP: You're excited about a Lynch reunion but as a former E guy to the bone, I'm excited to see the Cult of Personality back together. The thing about these old veterans, Gordon - every time they get in there could be the last time we see 'em so we've gotta cherish every match we get.

GM: Amen to that. Father time catches up to us all sooner or later, Colt...

CP: Sooner in your case, Gordon.

GM: Nice.

[The Lynches reach the ring, Jack climbing up on the second rope to salute the cheering Dallas fans as James tugs on the ropes, trying to stay loose as they await the arrival of their opponents.]

TG: And their opponents...

[There's a momentary pause as the crowd settles down and waits...

...and then a ROAR as "Cult of Personality" launches in over the PA system, sending the Texas fans into a nostalgia-fueled frenzy.]

TG: From Boston, Mass and Dallas, Texas respectively... the team of "WILD THING" KEVIN SLATER... "THE OUTLAW" BOBBY TAYLOR...

THE CULLLLLLLLT OF PERSONALLLLLITYYYYYYYY!

[The cheers intensify as the two "extreme" legends walk through the curtain together. Slater grins at the crowd's reaction, nudging his longtime friend who has no reaction - his eyes locked on the ring and his face etched in anger. Slater stands in a pair of black athletic slacks and a "vintage" t-shirt with "WALK ON THE WILD SIDE" written across it. Taylor has gone for blue jeans, cowboy boots, and a bare torso that has seen more in-shape days for sure.]

GM: Here they are - and Bobby Taylor looks like a man out for blood, Colt!

CP: Can you blame him? That's his son whose blood is on James Lynch's hands.

GM: Jack Lynch is kind of an innocent bystander in all of this but that won't matter when the match starts.

[Taylor throws a glance at Slater who gives a sigh before nodding...

...and the two veterans break into a dash, charging down the ramp towards the ring where the Lynches have peeled apart, squaring up and waiting for their opponents to arrive!]

GM: Here they come! Here they come!

[Seeing the look on Taylor's face, James Lynch bails out to the floor as Slater dives under the bottom rope, coming to his feet with a sheepish expression as he moves in on a surprised Jack Lynch!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The bell has rung but I don't think Bobby Taylor heard it at all! He's got James Lynch on the run already!

[Taylor, filled with a thirst for payback, is chasing James Lynch around the ring as Kevin Slater and Jack Lynch trade haymakers in the middle of it.]

CP: We've got a footrace on the floor and a fight in the ring!

GM: Taylor and Slater have no issues with Jack Lynch to the best of my knowledge, Colt - but Jack finds himself in the wrong place at the wrong time tonight here in Dallas, Texas - which we now know will be the site of SuperClash X on Thanksgiving Night 2018!

CP: I can't wait for that.

[The Iron Cowboy and the Wild Thing continue to trade blows as CCW official Otis Orton waves his arms wildly.]

GM: This official certainly may have his work cut out for him here tonight...

[James Lynch rolls under the ropes as Taylor comes in after him. Taylor dashes across the ring, scoring with a clothesline that sends Lynch toppling over the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: Taylor sends James Lynch to the outside and...

[Having momentarily dropped Kevin Slater, Jack Lynch turns his attention towards the Outlaw, grabbing him by the shoulder and swinging him into another haymaker.]

GM: And now the King of the Cowboys turns his attention to the Outlaw of Professional Wrestling!

[The former World Champion lands blow after blow, rocking Taylor to his cowboy boots with each shot as Slater rolls out to the apron, taking his spot in the corner as the referee waves to signal these are now the legal men.]

GM: Irish whip on the way...

[Jack drops his head, setting for a backdrop...

...but Taylor drops to his knees, cracking Jack in the jaw with a fierce uppercut that sends him staggering backwards as well!]

GM: Ohhh! What a shot by Taylor!

[Jack falls back into the ropes as Taylor gets up, moving in after him...]

GM: And now it's Taylor who has got Jack on the ropes, teeing off on him...

[The crowd is split as Taylor rocks and fires, throwing fists to the jaw of the Iron Cowboy. Grabbing the wrist, Taylor whips Jack across the ring, catching him on the rebound with a right hand to the midsection.]

GM: Taylor goes downstairs on the Iron Cowboy...

[James Lynch climbs back up on the apron, extending his arm towards his brother..

...and Bobby Taylor shoves Jack in the back, sending him stumbling into the corner.]

GM: And just like that, Taylor says if James wants the tag - he can make the tag!

[James looks a little anxious about it now, looking around as the crowd cheers for the tag...

...and then somewhat reluctantly, he slaps the hand of his brother, tagging himself into the match for the first time.]

GM: James Lynch tags in and-

[Taylor rushes the corner, throwing a wild right and some clubbing blows to the back of the head and neck as James comes through the ropes. He switches to kneelifts to the stomach and chest, pushing James back into the buckles.]

GM: Taylor's mugging James Lynch in the corner, trying to get that payback for James' involvement in Wes Taylor's injuries earlier this year.

[Looping an arm around the head in a loose side headlock, Taylor hammers his fist into the forehead multiple times, the crowd cheering all the while.]

GM: TAYLOR'S POUNDING AWAY AND LISTEN TO THESE FANS!

[Still holding the headlock, Taylor charges out of the corner, leaping into the air and driving Lynch facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: Bulldog headlock! Lynch goes down!

[Taylor doesn't even bother with a pin attempt though, flipping James onto his back where he takes a loose mount, driving his fist down between the eyes again and again!]

GM: And now Taylor's REALLY going to town on him!

CP: The blood of Wes Taylor is on the hands of James Lynch and now Bobby Taylor's trying to get some of Lynch's blood on his own hands!

[The referee warns the Outlaw to let Lynch up and Taylor obliges, breaking his attack at four, pulling Lynch to his feet by the hair. He charges across the ring, smashing James' head into the top turnbuckle, sending him flying backwards into the air before crumpling in a heap on the canvas!]

GM: James Lynch has faced some of the toughest men in the history of our sport - names like Robert Donovan, Jackson Haynes, and Danny Morton... and I'm guessing he's regretting accepting this challenge right about now!

[Taylor grabs a rising Lynch by the hair, smashing an elbow down between the eyes in a move that sends James falling back into the Cult of Personality's corner. A quick reach brings Kevin Slater into the match legally for the first time, the crowd cheering the arrival of the former World Champion.]

GM: Doubleteam on the way...

[A double whip shoots Lynch across where he rebounds back, getting tossed high in the sky courtesy of a double backdrop!]

GM: ...and way up high with a backdrop!

CP: James and Jack Lynch are blood brothers... but don't count out Slater and Taylor in the teamwork department. These two have been allies - off and on - for the past twenty years.

[Slater watches as James Lynch struggles to his feet, greeting him with a forearm shank to the kidney area, sending Lynch staggering towards the ropes.]

GM: Staying on the back now... Slater with an elbow down across the spine...

[With Lynch reeling in the ropes, Slater winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and lights up James Lynch with a chop across the chest that sends Lynch spinning down the ropes, ending up in the neutral corner.]

GM: And now Slater's got him in the corner... big right hand... one downstairs... one right back up top...

[Grabbing the arm, Slater whips James Lynch from corner to corner, charging in after him...]

...and Lynch leans back, kicking his legs up to catch Slater in the chest with both feet!]

GM: Ohh! Nice counter by James Lynch!

[Lynch quickly hops up on the midbuckle, setting his feet before leaping off with a dropkick that catches Slater under the chin!]

GM: And down goes the Wild Thing with that flying dropkick!

[James Lynch gets to his knees, crawling towards Slater to lean into a lateral press.]

GM: Two count off the dropkick but Slater's out the back door in a hurry.

[The Korugun Cowboy smashes his fist down between Slater's eyes a few times before getting up, walking to the corner and slapping his brother's hand.]

GM: And there's another tag as Jack and James Lynch continue to show good teamwork in there. Remember, the Lynch brothers were the 2011 Stampede Cup

champions and went on to win the National Tag Team Titles at SuperClash III from Violence Unlimited later that year.

CP: All of which means they're damn good as a tag team, Gordon.

GM: One of the best I've ever seen... until James Lynch's devastating neck injury at the hands of the Beale Street Bullies years ago took him out of action indefinitely.

[Jack steps through the ropes as James lifts Slater off the mat, holding his arms behind up as Jack buries a right hand into the midsection.]

GM: Simple but effective teamwork on the part of the former National Tag Team Champions...

[James departs as Jack follows a staggering Slater out to the middle of the ring, twisting him around into a scoop slam.]

GM: Big slam by Lynch... to the ropes...

[And a leaping kneedrop lands across Slater's sternum, allowing Lynch to easily slide into a lateral press.]

GM: Another cover... and another two count there as Slater escapes the pin attempt.

[Back on his feet, Jack Lynch looks across at an anxious Bobby Taylor, eyeballing the AWA owner as Taylor paces on the apron.]

GM: Bobby Taylor wants to get back in there... get his hands on James Lynch again but right now, it's the Iron Cowboy standing in his way.

[Jack looks almost remorseful towards Taylor as he looks back and forth from the Outlaw to his brother on the apron who sticks out his hand again.]

GM: James offering up another tag here... and Jack obliges...

[James says something to Jack as they pull Slater up, whipping him into the ropes...

...and James grabs his brother's wrist, practically dragging him into a double clothesline that takes Slater off his feet. Taylor angrily slaps the top turnbuckle with a shout of "come on, Kev!" as Jack Lynch departs and James Lynch turns to mock Taylor with a "come on, Kev!" of his own!]

GM: Oh, give me a break! James Lynch out here earlier telling his brother that teaming tonight would make things good between them again... and now he's out here taunting Slater and Taylor?! Does that seem like a changed man to you, Colt?

CP: I'm not sure James Lynch ever said he was a changed man, Gordon... he just said he thought he and Jack could get back on the same page.

[Jack shakes his head as James stomps Slater once... twice... three times... again shouting "come on, Kev!" as Taylor leans in, trying to stretch out towards his partner. The crowd jeers as James circles the downed Slater, a smirk on his face.]

GM: If I know Jack Lynch... and I think I do... this is NOT the kind of team he had in mind here tonight.

[Jack shouts something to his brother about "stick to business, Jimmy!" as James Lynch gives a nod to his brother, pulling Slater off the canvas and shoving him back into the Lynches' corner.]

GM: James Lynch puts Slater in the corner... moving in on him...

[Grabbing the top rope, James Lynch puts the boots to the body of Slater, kicking him in the gut a few times before Slater slumps down to a seated position in the corner..]

...and James plants his boot on the throat of Slater, choking him as he tugs the ropes for leverage!]

GM: James is choking him in the corner! And look at Jack!

[Jack looks at his brother with disappointment, shaking his head... and shouts "get off him!" as the referee does the same. James finally relents, raising his arms as he steps back.]

GM: Jack Lynch has a few words for his brother now. We all know that the gameplan James Lynch is putting in action here is NOT the style that Jack Lynch brings to the dance.

[James listens to his brother, raising his hands and apologizing before offering up another tag.]

GM: The Lynches working well together in there right now...

CP: Just like the old days!

GM: No. Not at all like the old days.

[Jack tags back into the ring as James pulls Slater up by the hair, forcing him out to the middle of the ropes. They each grab an arm, whipping Slater across the ring again...]

GM: Slater off the far side...

[But this time, Slater ducks under the double clothesline attempt, bouncing off the far ropes...

...and takes BOTH men down with a leaping double clothesline of his own!]

GM: SLATER DROPS THE LYNCHES!

[A weary Slater kneels on the canvas, turning his attention towards the corner where his longtime friend waits for a tag...]

GM: Slater's crawling! Slater's on the move!

[On all fours, the Wild Thing approaches the corner, the crowd getting louder as he does.]

GM: Slater's-

[But a diving James Lynch smashes the point of his elbow down into the spine of Kevin Slater, cutting off the tag attempt!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: James Lynch DRIVES the elbow down into the back... and that stops Kevin Slater cold!

[The referee is immediately on the scene, chastising the illegal man, forcing him back across the ring. Jack Lynch regains his feet, rubbing at his collarbone as he watches the official and his brother trade words.]

GM: Jack Lynch pulling Slater up off the mat now...

[Lynch turns Slater around, scooping the Wild Thing up for another slam...

...but Slater slips out at the peak of the lift, dropping back into the ropes as he does...]

GM: Slater's loose... off the ropes and-

[Lynch extends his arm, looking for another clothesline but Slater leaps into the air, floating over the top...

...and SPIKES the Iron Cowboy's skull into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: FLOATING DDT! FLOATING DDT BY SLATER!

[Taylor slaps the top turnbuckle again, this time with enthusiasm as he sees his partner crawling towards the corner once more...]

GM: Slater's got Jack Lynch down - and he's close! So very close to the corner where-

[Slater makes a lunge from his knees!]

GM: TAG!

[And with a big cheer, the Outlaw comes storming into the ring...

...and runs right past Jack Lynch, not even looking at him as Taylor barrels into the corner, throwing a right hand at James Lynch that sends him flying off the apron to the floor to a huge cheer!]

GM: TAYLOR DROPS JAMES LYNCH AGAIN!

[Taylor fires off a few words towards the downed Lynch to the delight of the crowd!]

GM: Bobby Taylor came to get a piece of James Lynch's hide and that's EXACTLY what he's been doing all match long!

[The Outlaw spins around, eyeballing Jack Lynch as he staggers to his feet. Taylor rushes across the ring towards him...

...but the Iron Cowboy sidesteps, shoving Taylor in the back, sending him crashing into the corner and knocking his own partner off the apron in the process!]

GM: OH! Taylor hits the corner and down goes Slater to the outside!

[As Taylor stumbles backwards, Jack Lynch hits the ropes himself, approaching the dazed Taylor as he spins in a circle towards the King of the Cowboys...]

GM: LARIAT! JACK LYNCH LANDS THE LARIAT!

[The Iron Cowboy dives down on top of Taylor, not bothering to hook a leg as the referee dives to the mat to count...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! THR-

[...but just before the three count falls, James Lynch slides back into the ring, yanking his own brother out of the pin!]

GM: What in the...?!

[Jack has a similar reaction, glaring at his brother as James broke up the pin attempt...

...and then dives on top of Taylor, pounding him with fists to the skull!]

GM: Oh, come on! James Lynch broke up the pin for THIS?!

CP: I think the Lynches had the match won right there, Gordon. I don't think Taylor was kicking out of that Lariat... but James Lynch has had enough of Taylor for one night and he wants HIM a piece of Taylor now!

[James Lynch wraps his hands around Taylor's throat, squeezing as the referee shouts at him to get up and get out of the ring.]

GM: Now he's choking Taylor and-

[The crowd buzzes as an agitated Jack Lynch grabs James, yanking him off the downed Outlaw, shoving an accusing finger in his face...]

GM: ...and now it's Jack having to read his own brother the riot act!

[The crowd reaction is split as the two longtime Texas heroes exchange words while Bobby Taylor tries to recover from the lariat down on the mat.]

GM: Jack and James are really letting one another have it and...

[Gordon trails off as James abruptly backs off, raising his hands, taking several deep breaths.]

GM: Is he... did he just apologize to his brother?

CP: He did! James just told Jack he was right! He told him he's sorry and that Jack is right!

[James backs off, leaving Taylor to Jack who looks puzzled at his retreating brother...

...and doesn't notice a recovering Taylor coming up off the mat behind him.]

GM: Taylor's on his feet!

[Taylor grabs Jack by the shoulder, swinging the unsuspecting Iron Cowboy around into a boot to the gut. The Outlaw steps forward, securing a front facelock...]

GM: Taylor hooks him! Taylor's going to-

[...but Lynch spins out of the CattleBuster setup, straightening back up...]

GM: CLAW! LYNCH HOOKS THE CLAW!

[The Iron Cowboy wraps his gloved hand around the face of Taylor, digging his fingers into the temples as the crowd goes NUTS for the Lynch family legacy being put on display!]

GM: Deep in the heart of Texas, Jack Lynch is giving these people what they want to see... and Bobby Taylor's in trouble! The Outlaw's in serious trouble here... and it won't be long before he's starting to fade...

[Taylor's arms start to droop as Lynch digs in with the fingers, using his other hand to brace the wrist and increase the force behind the hold...]

GM: Bobby Taylor is fading fast, Colt!

CP: He sure is! Not many people can survive the Iron Claw and the Outlaw may be about to add his name to that long and illustrious list, Gordon!

GM: Taylor's arms are slowly starting to...

[Gordon trails off as the crowd starts to buzz at the sight of James Lynch coming back inside the ring, shoving past the official...]

GM: James Lynch is back in and-

[...dropping to his knees and swinging his arm UP into the groin of his brother!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LOW BLOW! LOW BLOW ON HIS OWN DAMN PARTNER... ON HIS OWN DAMN BROTHER!

[James drops to the mat, rolling from the ring as Jack slumps forward towards Taylor who - unaware of what just happened - secures the front facelock, grabbing a handful of trunks as he lifts Lynch up into the air...

...and SPIKES him skullfirst into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CATTLE BUSTER! CATTLE BUSTER!

[Taylor flips Jack onto his back, diving across him and hooking a leg. James Lynch looks on from the outside, a huge smirk on his face as the referee counts one... two... three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Wow! Bobby Taylor picks up the win on Jack Lynch... but none of that happens... I promise you, Colt... NONE of that happens if not for James Lynch! James Lynch's cowardly... dastardly... disgusting actions towards his own damn brother!

[James Lynch mockingly applauds as Taylor slowly gets up, pointing a threatening finger towards the Korugun Cowboy who wisely starts to back away, heading up the ramp as the fans let him have it for his actions.]

GM: James Lynch is so proud... just so very proud of himself.

CP: Look, I know the Lynches have their share of trouble lately, Gordon... but I'm pretty sure the Lynches had that match won until James delivered that low blow. I

just can't understand that. I'd never pass up the winner's share of the purse for... well, anything.

GM: James Lynch is a man with a dark side... we know that now... and if Jack Lynch didn't realize it before, he may be realizing it right now... his brother may be lost to him, Colt.

[Reaching the top of the ramp, James is joined by a grinning and clapping Veronica Westerly who nods with approval at what she saw.]

GM: And that Westerly is out there now as well. She's... this is exactly what she's been wanting out of James Lynch for months now. She's wanted him to declare open war against his own brother and I think James Lynch just did exactly that, Colt.

CP: Dallas, Texas may have just had their collective heart broken here tonight.

GM: And now we'll... oh jeez... okay. Well, after what we just saw, I'm not sure about this but Thereea Lynch is standing by.

[We fade to the backstage area where we find Theresa Lynch standing, an anxious expression on her face after what she just saw happen in the ring.]

TL: I'm backstage, fans, for a special interview and... uhh... well, this night certainly has been unpredictable in every way imaginable... including what we just saw go down between my brothers.

[She nervously bites at her bottom lip... when someone clears their throat from off-camera. The shot pans to reveal Jon Stegglet standing nearby, a huge smile on his face.]

JS: Theresa, if you need to go to Jack, I totally under-

[Theresa shakes her head.]

TL: No. No, I'm... I'm a professional, sir. This is where I belong.

[Stegglet gives an assessing glance before nodding.]

JS: Then take it, kid.

[Theresa clears her throat.]

TL: I'm standing here with one of the owners of this company - Jon Stegglet - who dropped a bombshell on the wrestling world here at Homecoming when he not only announced that next year's SuperClash - the historic SuperClash X - will be coming to AT&T Stadium right here in Dallas, Texas... but that at SuperClash IX in just a couple of months, we will see a WarGames match with the future of the AWA at stake. Mr. Stegglet, can you give us some more details on what you meant by that?

[Stegglet nods.]

JS: Theresa, I said that the AWA isn't big enough for me and Javier Castillo... and that's not quite right. What I should have said is that the AWA isn't big enough for those of us who've been members of ownership from Day One... and the Korugun Corporation.

[Theresa flinches.]

TL: Mr. Stegglet, the Korugun Corporation came through with a substantial cash infusion last year after the settlement of the Juan Vasquez lawsuit had left the company on shaky financial ground.

[Stegglet nods.]

JS: And while we appreciate that, we've also come to realize that their blood money is no good with us... not anymore.

TL: Does FOX feel the same way?

[Stegglet grins.]

JS: Not exactly. After nearly a year of conflict, FOX wants one ownership partner again... and they're not picky as to who it turns out to be. So, they told me to schedule the match. WarGames - Team AWA vs Team Korugun. And the stakes are as high as they get, Theresa.

[Lynch nods, waiting to hear more.]

JS: If the AWA wins, Korugun will sell their share of the company... and they will walk away from it. No more Castillo. No more Hardin. No more... none of them. They'll be gone just like...

[He snaps his fingers with a smirk.]

JS: ...that.

[Lynch shakes her head.]

TL: But what happens if Team AWA loses?

[Stegglet sighs.]

JS: Then it's all over... for me, for Todd, for Bobby, for Blue... we'll be the ones selling our share of the company... and Korugun will be the controlling shareholder and... well, it's anyone's guess what happens after that, isn't it?

[Theresa shakes her head.]

TL: To go into a war with that much on the line... you're going to need the best team you can get.

[Stegglet nods.]

JS: The best team money can buy... a team the likes of which has never been put together before... the AWA's version of the Avengers... the Justice League... whatever hyperbole floats your boat works here, Theresa.

I'm putting together a team. And everyone is an option.

[Theresa raises an eyebrow.]

TL: Everyone?

[Stegglet nods again.]

JS: Everyone. Good guys, bad guys, guys so terrible I wouldn't turn my back on them. I need a team that's ready to go to war.. and ready to come out the other side as the winners.

[Theresa takes a deep breath.]

TL: Who do you have in mind?

[Stegglet chuckles.]

JS: I haven't got a clue, Theresa.

[He raises a finger.]

JS: But I'm gonna figure it out... fast.

[The shot holds on a determined Stegglet for a few moments before 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

75 DAYS AND COUNTING

And then cut back to black.

We cut to the parking garage, with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo. Casey Cash, hair still in the tight bun from her match, is standing with the remnants of her black and white checkered jacket folded over her arms. She's wearing an oversized peach colored T-shirt with a distressed and faded logo for the Baltimore Orioles on it, along with denim cutoffs just barely visible under the hemline of the shirt. Next to her feet, clad in orange and white checkered slip-on Vans, is an Under Armour duffle bag. She sighs, staring off into the distance, as a familiar male voice calls out to her.]

"Hey! Casey! I've been looking for you!"

[She simply lifts her hand up, as Shane Destiny walks into the frame. He looks concerned, stressed, and tired.]

SD: Hey kiddo.

[Destiny looks at the jacket in Casey's arms, and takes a second to collect his thoughts.]

SD: Upset about your jacket?

[Casey slowly turns her head to Destiny, looking at him doe-eyed, and nods.]

CC: ... it was really cute.

[Destiny frowns, nodding his head.]

SD: I'm sorry, Casey. I know it meant a lot to you.

[Destiny rubs the back of his head.]

SD: You haven't been out here since your match, have you?

[Casey simply nods.]

SD: Oh. So you don't...

[Destiny rubs his chin.]

SD: Casey... Maria wrestled Laura Davis, and she got hurt. The medical staff here think she's going to be okay, she's up and walking around, but Misaki and Honey are taking her to the hospital right now for some x-rays and testing. In... y'know... the rental car we came in.

[Casey takes a moment to think about what she just heard, then sadly nods her head.]

CC: So are we going to the hospital? We'll be there all night, won't we?

SD: Looks like it'll be a long night for us, kiddo. But look... I know you're upset. If you just want to go back to the hotel, I'll find a way to get you back there, then I'll get to the hospital. Wouldn't be the strangest night I've ever had in wrestling.

[Destiny thinks for a moment.]

SD: What were you doing out here, anyway?

CC: ... you know that girl I was telling you about? The one who said my jacket was cute?

SD: Yeah.

CC: I was worried about what she'd say to me if she saw it got ruined by that sketchy piece of trash Donna Martinelli.

SD: Casey...

[Destiny puts his hands on his hips with a smile on his face.]

SD: Look. My idea of high fashion is wearing T-shirts without any extra holes in them, so take my opinion here with a grain of salt, but if she liked what you wore once, I bet she'll like other things you wear. Besides, if it's that specific jacket

you're worried about, just tell her the truth. That some sketchy piece of trash got jealous and ruined it.

[Casey looks at Destiny, a hopeful look on her face.]

CC: Yeah?

[Destiny shrugs.]

SD: I mean, that's what I assume was her motivation.

[Casey gets a determined look on her face.]

CC: Yeah! Donna Martinelli was just jealous!

[Suddenly, bright lights shine into the frame, causing Destiny and Casey to shield their eyes. A black 2017 Alfa Romeo 4C Spider pulls up in front of them and as the driver's side window lowers, we see it is driven by Harley Hamilton, with Cinder seated on the passenger side. We hear Billie Eilish's "Ocean Eyes" playing from within the car, providing us with a little background music as Harley looks out the driver's side window at Casey with a smile.]

HH: Hey, Cash Money... Why aren't you wearing your jacket?

[Casey holds up the ripped off sleeve.]

HH: Oh my gosh, what happened?

CC: Some jealous trash ripped the sleeve off!

[Casey pouts.]

CC: Donna Martinelli, or something!

[Harley makes a sour face.]

HH: Ew. Ugh. Of course she would do something lame like that. That's so like her.

[Harley looks to Cinder for a moment, then back to Casey.]

HH: Well, we can't let you be without a cute jacket, can we?

[She grins.]

HH: Get in, loser. We're going shopping!

[Casey's face lights up with glee, as Destiny raises a finger in question.]

SD: Isn't it almost 10 o'clock? What's even open?

[Harley rolls her eyes.]

HH: Come on, grandpa, it's Saturday.

[We hear Cinder shout out "Yeah! Git with it, yah pensioner!" from the passenger seat. Destiny smirks.]

SD: Okay, wow. That one's on me.

[Destiny looks into the car.]

SD: Oh. Wait a second. Harley Hamilton. You're the one who's always calling my best friend a cougar, huh?

HH: Yeah. And what if I do?

[Casey's face becomes crestfallen as she starts pawing at Destiny's arm, muttering that she wants to go with Harley, when Destiny chuckles.]

SD: Love your stuff. Keep it up.

[Destiny takes a key card out of his wallet and hands it to Casey.]

SD: There you go, kiddo. I imagine we're going to be at the hospital pretty late, so if your new friends don't mind taking you back to the hotel after shopping...

[Destiny casts a glance at Harley and Cinder, who grin at him.]

SD: ... I suppose I'll see you once Maria gets checked out.

[Casey resists the urge to excitedly shriek, playing it cool. Destiny walks back into the building, as Casey looks at Harley's car.]

CC: This is awesome!

[Casey puts her bag in the trunk.]

CC: Hey, um... there's two seats in the car.

HH: Yeah, you're gonna have to sit on Cindy's lap.

[Cinder looks at Casey and motions to her, patting her own leg. Casey blinks for a moment, then shrugs.]

CC: Okay!

[As Casey climbs into the car, wrapping her arms around Cinder's shoulders, we hear Harley ask...]

HH: So was that old guy your father?

CC: Him? Oh, heck no. That's just one of my trainers. My daddy is a very important investor in Under Armour.

[And with that, the newfound trio speeds off into the night. And with another flash of the ACCESS logo, we go back out to ringside.]

GM: Welcome back to Homecoming, fans... and what a night it's been. We're approaching the finish line for this show and it has the potential to go on record as one of the most unpredictable... most memorable nights in AWA history. Just moments ago, we saw James Lynch betray his own flesh and blood and cost he and his brother a tag team match... and now we're told that Jack has left the building. He walked right out of this ring, right up that ramp, and right out the door once again. He wanted no part of the rest of this show... and well, who could blame him, right?

CP: I can't blame him one bit, Gordon. Not at all.

GM: As we said, it's been a wild night here in Dallas, Texas and-

GM: Well, we still don't know why the Champ is here and though I'm not much of a gambling man...

CP: Anymore.

GM: ...I'd bet my house we are about to find out.

[Harris makes his way up the ring steps and pushes the top rope up as he shoves his thick frame inside.]

GM: He may fight at 245, 250... but I'd guess he's tipping the scales at closer to 280 right now, Colt. Harris looks bigger than we've ever seen him before!

[Harris, mic in hand, looks around as the music fades and we are left with the fans chanting his name. His grins ear to ear again and signals for them to calm down as he lifts the mic up.]

RH: YOooooooooooooo DALLAS!!!

["RAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"]

RH: YO, I SAID YOooooooooooooooooooooo DALLAS CAN YA HEEEEEEAR ME?!?!

["RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!!!!"]

RH: First thing first... it's feels DAMN good to be standin' in this ring...

....ya dig?!

[The crowd is loving it.]

RH: Chew on that, Queen of Rage. Second thing... ain't I who ya been waitin' ALL NIGHT for?!

[A HUGE ROAR.]

RH: And third thing... I ain't make ya'll wait this long to see me in this ring just to lie to your faces, get it? Ya'll been panderin' online, sliding DMs to the Champ who quite frankly doesn't like getting' DM's from grown ass men while I've got this make believe truth cap on... beggin' to see me posture up inside this ring across some of your best. Dream matches with a who's who list of A+ playas but facts are facts and the Champ almost didn't make it all the way out here.

See... it took everything in my power... and I mean EVERYTHING... not to show my face earlier and cash a debt long past due and punch that slob Kraken's teeth down his throat and outta his-

["RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!!!!"]

RH:know what I mean? That sucker has been runnin' his mouth for three years, four, five... hell, we both know he's gonna run his mouth till the day he dies and if he crosses my path that day is gonna come much, much quicker, feel me?

But tonight ain't about him. That ship is sunk and I've chewed up fighter after fighter and been printin' money in the GFC since that day while he's been collectin' unemployment checks in line next to Dez Bryant. See, I was sittin' peacefully slushin' down rum runners poolside in Vegas when I got the call. I may have had a slight buzz going coming off yet another highlight reel knockout but the words rang true and I heard them loud and clear.

"We..." Now I'm talkin' bout the AWA, homies..."We need you, Rufus! We need the champ!" Now I had heard some shenanigans had went down south of the border and while I love knockin' fools out with the only real black beauties in the fight game...

[He kisses his left fist and then his right.]

RH: ...a big piece of my heart belongs in this ring here with you all, ya dig? Now, now... I ain't gettin' soft on ya I just want you all to know that I grew up sittin' in front of a salt and pepper screen with my grandma slappin' the back of the TV hopin' to catch five minutes of pro-wrestling late at night because it was my first true love. So when the call came in, I knew what I had to do.

I had my man down there.... Big Yukon... go on, wave homie, yer old lady and young Yukon might see ya!

[One of the largest of the body guards steps forward, easily 6'9, 350+, and waves once.]

RH: He's shy... but he's one helluva wheel man and he got us down to our VIP airport hanger, we got in my private jet, and with only the gold chains around my neck and a days worth of clothes we flew on down here to Texas to see how we could help because every man on this planet knows the Rottweiler is ALWAYS ready to fight!

[The crowd really begins to stir.]

RH This here...

[He slaps the GFC Heavyweight title on his shoulder.]

RH: This baby is a symbol of my dedication to my craft. Ain't no man on this planet able to take it from me. When I step into a cage... into a ring... any gym in the galaxy... I'm the baddest man there is. So I walked into the office where some riff raff was bubble gummed in place to run things tonight and I looked em' in the eye and said...

ANYONE.

I'll fight ANYONE.

You want me to take that title off of that scrap metal Michael Aarons?

You want me to shut up Johnny-

[The crowd really unravels. Harris smirks before continuing.]

RH: -Johnny Detson for good?

Who?

And...

When?!

[You can literally see fans starting to shove one another out of excitement.]

RH: The answer?

[Harris huffs.]

RH: "No Rufus, you're the GFC Champ. We can't have you anywhere near one of our titles."

[And now there's a collective huff and deflation in the crowd.]

RH: "Fox says we can't have you wrestle – it's a risk!"

A risk...huh.

"You're on PPV in less than two months! It's a liability."

A liability. Hmm.

"You're –"

[Harris shakes his head, spitting onto the mat.]

RH: You're kiddin' me, ya fool.

A risk. A liability. A sham if you ask me.

Remember a few moments ago when I said I wasn't gonna lie to ya'll?

[Rufus nods.]

RH: Ain't no risk for me getting' in this ring with nobody in that locker room. Ain't a damn fool gonna willingly step into the ring with me unless he's got a wish to die in this here ring.

[There's a murmur beginning to brew in the crowd.]

RH: I don't care if you list a name of someone stuck in Mexico, some show pony you're groomin' down in Atlanta, or someone standin' back there now. I'm the baddest man alive. I'm the reaper between the ropes. I don't get paid to show up....

...I get paid to put fools to sleep, ya dig?!

I tag em'.

You bag em'.

That's just how it is.

And I sure as hell ain't fly out here on my own dime at the drop of the hat and pull myself away from my spa day and fresh made meals by my private chef to sit here on the sidelines and watch some of these second rate make-a-wish monkeys claw each other and throw turds at one another.

I throw bombs.

I move the needle.

The only risk here tonight is seein' one of your poster boys lyin' in a pool of blood, sweat, and piss after I knock their ass out.

GM: Oh my.

[The fans shift completely, booing heavily.]

CP: Well, this just got interesting.

GM: Rufus Harris had these people eating out of the palm of his hand... until he just called out the entire locker room and told these loyal - perhaps the most loyal of AWA fans - that he could take out anyone the AWA puts forth.

CP: It's a bold statement... but I'm not sure anyone can prove him wrong either.

[Harris continues, pointing into the jeering crowd.]

RH: What? Don't like it, homies? Is it getting a little too real for ya?! Well I'm gonna drop some more facts on ya because the only real combat sport athlete in this arena is standin' in this ring right now, ya dig?

[Now, it's getting borderline frantic as you start to see some items flung towards the ringside area.]

RH: They say the baddest tough guys in your world are called... what's the word?

[He snaps his fingers.]

RH: Shooters.

[There's a little bit of a buzz coming from part of the crowd now as Harris continues.]

RH: Ain't that cute. Well, I'm out here now... guns out... manning up like Peyton callin' out you fat pieces of meat... tellin' you that there ain't no word for tough guys in my world because in my world they're ALL tough guys and I'm the one standin' at the top of the Eiffel Tower beatin' my chest the loudest.

[Rufus does exactly that... sluggin' his chest repeatedly with his free hand and that pointing to the massive gold plate with the GFC logo over his shoulder.]

RH: I know...

[A big smirk.]

RH: There's a lot of boys in the back cussin' and spittin' and talkin' about me runnin' my mouth right now but the truth hurts fellas.... Ain't a single one of you tough guys got the sack to march down to this ring and take a swing at me. Not your golden boy, Martinez. Not your... Most dangerous man alive.... Wright. He took the easy way out last time. Not even Texas' favorite redneck sons, the Lynches. None of 'em want a piece of this. NONE OF EM' WANT --

[Throughout the American Airlines Center, a very familiar opening riff begins to play over the sound system, and as it does the mixture of shocked and thrilled screams begin to fill the arena.]

CP: Wait a minute. Are you hearing what I'm hearing?!

GM: Could it be?!?!

[Suddenly, the voice of Rush's Geddy Lee fills the arena and the Dallas fans go absolute wild! The fans have leapt to their feet, their screams echoing throughout the building.]

#A modern-day warrior

#Mean, mean stride
#Today's Tom Sawyer
#Mean, mean pride

GM: This can only be one individual!

[As "Tom Sawyer" by Rush continues to blast over the arena's sound system, the six foot three inch tall Texas Heartthrob - Dallas' own Travis Lynch emerges from the entrance way as the ovation from the fans nears the top of the decibel chart.]

GM: IT IS! TRAVIS LYNCH IS HERE! TRAVIS LYNCH HAS ARRIVED AT HOMECOMING!

[Travis pauses at the top of the entrance ramp and smiles broadly as the fans continue to scream their approval. As he nods in acknowledgement of the fans' appreciation, he runs his hands through his shoulder length, wavy, dirty blond hair before tapping his chest with his right hand.]

GM: We haven't seen Travis Lynch since he lost the AWA National Championship back at SuperClash in shocking... and disappointing... fashion.

[The camera pans to Rufus Harris, who is just staring at the longest-reigning AWA National Champion.]

CP: If looks could kill, this would be the shortest comeback of all time, Gordon!

GM: Rufus Harris is not pleased at this interruption from Travis at all.

[The camera quickly cuts back to Travis who has begun to walk down the aisle way. The former champion is attired in his trademark super smedium T-shirt, which has the image of Texas, colored like the Texas state flag, upon it and the word HEARTTHROB written diagonally over the image of Texas in black lettering. A silver crucifix rests on top of the T-shirt. He is also wearing black chaps, with silver studding forming the belt and along the edging. He begins to slap the extended hands of the fans, mouthing "thank you" and "I love you" to each one.]

CP: These fans sure seem quick to forgive and forget everything Travis Lynch did last year, Myers.

GM: It's Texas, Colt! Texas will ALWAYS be willing to forgive one of their favorite sons!

[Travis has reached the ring steps and slowly ascends them, the fans still cheering wildly with each step Travis takes. As he reaches the top step, he steps through the ropes to an even bigger reaction, flashbulbs firing off as Lynch and Harris stare one another down from across the ring.]

GM: What a moment here in Dallas, fans! On a night of unpredictable moments, I don't think ANYONE saw this one coming!

[As Lynch edges closer to him, we see a handful of AWA security team members slide into the ring, forming a wall between the two men as the crowd jeers wildly.]

GM: Well, the fans might want to see it... but I don't think AWA management - or perhaps our network friends at FOX - have any desire to see Rufus Harris and Travis Lynch square off here tonight or on any night for that matter.

[Harris eyeballs the security guards in disgust as he raises the microphone and begins to speak again.]

RH: Just walked back in the door and Daddy's already pullin' the strings to protect your soft ass!

[The crowd jeers as Travis shouts something off-mic over the guards' heads. Harris continues.]

RH: Ain't it about damn right though that the only guy in that locker room tough enough to get in the champ's face...

[Harris smirks, gesturing to Travis.]

RH: ...is the guy too drunk to know any better!

[The crowd boos loudly at the verbal harpoon sticking out of Lynch's side as the smile fades from Travis' face. He steps up against the wall of security guards, trying to shove his way through as Harris beckons him forward.]

RH: Come on, little man! Ain't nothin' standin' between us but a pile of rent-a-cops who ain't taking a right hand from EITHER of us for a night's pay!

[Lynch again tries to shove through but is held back as another handful of guards enter the ring.]

GM: It's getting pretty crowded in there, Colt.

CP: And that's just with Harris' ego.

[Gordon chuckles as Lynch again shouts at Harris off-mic. The GFC Heavyweight Champion raises the mic to respond.]

RH: The whole world is watchin' us right now, lil' homie. I promise ya that. TV, Twitter, YouTube... everyone is watchin' this ring... right now... just like they always do when the Champ comes to town...

And with the whole world watchin', I'm gonna give you the chance of a lifetime.

[Harris nods.]

RH: You get one chance, golden boy. One chance to turn your Charmin ass around and walk right back up that aisle.

[The crowd boos loudly as Lynch seems highly unlikely to take that chance.]

RH: One chance to walk out of here! One chance to go home to Daddy, curl up in his lap, and let him tell you a bed time story about a far away kingdom where the Lynches were the kings instead of the peasants in the Rottweiler's kingdom, ya dig?

[Lynch shakes his head, again struggling with security.]

RH: And if you're even thinkin' of not taking that chance, I'd call up that sponsor of yours...

[Harris' smirk twists his face.]

RH: ...'cause this is one step you do NOT want to take, little man.

[And with that, Lynch surges forward, shoving his way through the security guards to a HUGE ROAR from the Dallas crowd. He promptly makes a dive at a surprised Harris, hooking both legs and taking him down as the crowd goes nuts!]

GM: TRAVIS TAKES HIM DOWN! TRAVIS TAKES HIM DOWN!

CP: HERE WE GO!

[Harris is immediately on the defense, quickly scrambling into a defensive posture, trying to shove Lynch off him. The former National Champion throws a pair of quick rights that appear to not land or at least not do any major damage...

...when security swarms the pile, quickly tying up Travis' arms, dragging him off of Harris, holding his arms to restrain him as the crowd jeers and breaks into a chant.]

"LET THEM FIGHT!"

"LET THEM FIGHT!"

"LET THEM FIGHT!"

[With the chant still echoing throughout the arena, Harris gets to his feet, shouting "YOU'RE DEAD, HOMIE! YOU'RE A DEAD MAN!" as the guards keep him from attacking Lynch. It's a chaotic scene in the ring as Travis and Harris are shouting off-mic at one another and the guards are trying to restore order...]

"LET THEM FIGHT!"

"LET THEM FIGHT!"

"LET THEM FIGHT!"

[...and we fade to black

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Fox Sports X. Come get some.”

[We fade to black...

...and then fade back up on the American Airlines Center crowd, a buzz still in the air over the chaos they witnessed moments ago...]

GM: Welcome back to Homecoming, fans... and Colt, I’m absolutely exhausted. What a night this has been and-

[...and suddenly, the lights go completely dark.]

CP: What now?!

["Black Skinhead" by Kanye West begins to play, bringing the crowd to their feet as they fill the American Airlines Center with a deafening roar!]

GM: On a night when anything can happen, the former World Champion has decided it’s time for his Open Challenge! And listen to these fans here in Dallas!

CP: It’s crazy, Gordon. There’s been a lot of chatter about the reaction of the fans in recent weeks to guys like Derrick Williams and Johnny Detson and Shadoc Rage... but what about this? Supreme Wright tormented the Lynches for months!

GM: That was a long time ago, Colt... and it’s obvious to all who’ve been watching that Wright is a changed man. At this point, he’s practically an honorary member of the Lynch family!

CP: Don’t tell Blackjack that or his booking fee is going to skyrocket.

[The cheers only grow louder, as we see Supreme Wright emerging from the entrance way. The two-time AWA World Heavyweight champion is dressed ready for a fight, wearing white wrestling trunks with three red stars on the front and he holds a microphone in his hand. Wright steps through the ropes and into the ring, waiting for the cheers to die down before he begins to speak.]

SW: There’s a terrible irony in naming a show “Homecoming”, when you have a majority of the roster stuck in another country, far from home. And while there’s a lot I can say about the “leadership” of this company, let me just say this much:

At least The Wise Men never left any of us in Mexico.

[The crowd roars at that one - a mix of shock, surprise and astonishment that Supreme actually said that.]

SW: And if any of the current people in charge have a problem with what I just said, let me just say I don’t care, because to paraphrase someone else I probably shouldn’t be mentioning:

I’M SUPREME WRIGHT, DAMNIT!

[A huge cheer. For Supreme and the crowd's now persona non grata "amigo".
Wright smirks.]

SW: But I'm not here to take cheapshots. While others do their best to tarnish the good name of the AWA and of professional wrestling, I'm here to honor it. To celebrate it. To remind every single one of you why we're all here in the first place. Because the AWA is the pinnacle of professional wrestling and I am its best WRESTLER. And if you think I'm going to allow myself to be here tonight without wrestling a single damn minute inside MY ring... you're wrong!

[Another cheer from the crowd.]

SW: Tonight, I was supposed to wrestle Jeff Matthews...

[The crowd boos at the mention of the hall of famer.]

SW: ...but Mr. Matthews had an unfortunate accident with the bottom of my shoe. And now? He's out with a broken hand.

[Those boos quickly turn to cheers as the sadistic crowd revels at Matthews' misery.]

SW[Shaking his head]: I told him he should have taken me a lot more seriously... and well, I'm sure he does now.

But the fact is, I'm missing one opponent for tonight. So earlier today, I issued an Open Challenge. I called out every single able bodied wrestler that wasn't stuck south of the border to step up and take on the best in the world!

[The crowd roars.]

SW: And just so Rufus Harris is aware, any time you want to step back in here with a real tough guy... a shooter as you said... you let me know... and I'll be more than happy to tap you out... or knock you out... one... more... time.

[Another big cheer!]

SW: So, if anybody in that locker room...

[Supreme points to the back.]

SW: ...is brave enough to step into MY ring and take on the greatest wrestler walking on the planet today, all I have to say is if you want some...

[Amazingly, the crowd instinctively knows to chant along with this one.]

"COME GET SOME!"

[The audience settles down, buzzing with anticipation to see who will accept the challenge.]

GM: The Open Challenge has been issued... now the question remains - who will accept it?

CP: After everyone we've seen out here tonight, who's left?!

[As the audience quiets, there comes over the loudspeakers the light tinkling of synth music...]

...and the ensuing EXPLOSION of cheers from the crowd!]

GM: Oh my stars! Could it be?!

CP: You've gotta be kidding me!

[The synth music gives way to the pounding of drums, and after the first drumbeat, fans begin stomping their feet in time to the music.]

#This is a call to arms, gather soldiers
Time to go to war#

#This is a battle song, brothers and sisters
Time to go to war#

[The curtain is pulled aside, and there he stands. Like Supreme Wright, a two time former World Champion.]

GM: It wouldn't be Homecoming without him. And here he is!

[The AWA's White Knight lifts his head, looking out over the arena before looking at the man standing in the ring. With a nod of his head, he begins to walk to the ring.]

GM: RYAN MARTINEZ IS HERE, LIVE AND IN LIVING COLOR!

CP: This is unbelievable!

[Martinez makes his way down the ramp, slapping the occasional offered hand as he looks up at Wright with a grin.]

GM: It is NO surprise that Ryan Martinez is here tonight! It is NO surprise that Ryan Martinez would want to compete tonight! However, it is a HUGE surprise that on a night like this, we just might be about to see a rematch of one of the biggest Main Events in AWA history!

[Reaching the ring, Martinez climbs up on the apron, ducking through the ropes. The two former World Champions exchange glances as the crowd begins to buzz in anticipation and Martinez retrieves a microphone of his own.]

RM: I'm not the sort of person to brag. But...

A few years ago, you and I walked into Madison Square Garden and we had one of the greatest matches in the history of the AWA!

[The roar from the crowd is deafening..]

RM: And I think that, after everything that's happened, the people of Dallas, Texas, the HOME of the AWA...

They deserve to see the rematch the world has waited years for!

[Another ear splitting cheer from the crowd.]

RM: Now, I want everyone, including you...

[Martinez cracks the slightest of grins.]

RM: ...Mr. Wright, to understand why I'm out here. We're not enemies. I don't hate you. This isn't about us.

This is about the AWA.

[The crowd cheers as Martinez looks around with a nod.]

RM: For too long, people haven't seen what the AWA is really about. It isn't about the ego of small men like Javier Castillo. It isn't about the bitter vendettas of people like Veronica Westerly. And it isn't about the bean counters at the network deciding who is and who isn't worthy of being on television.

It is about the very best wrestlers in the world stepping into this squared circle and doing battle until someone comes out on top. It's about men and women who've spent years training just so they have a chance to be where you and I are standing. It's about the blood, sweat and tears of all who have come before us, and all of those yet to come.

[Martinez pauses, letting the cheers die down as he taps his fist on his chest.]

RM: Once, a few years ago, I said you didn't have a heart. And I was wrong.

You are the beating heart of competition.

You are exactly what you said, the best wrestler in the world in the best wrestling promotion in the world.

[Martinez points to Wright who gives a slight nod of appreciation as the crowd cheers.]

RM: And you and I? We're the heart and soul of this place.

So what do you say? You up for it?

[All eyes turn to Supreme Wright, who simply nods his head in approval.]

RM: Then tonight, these fans will be reminded why they're here, and why the AWA will always provide them with the very best in combat sports..

Count on it!

[The crowd echoes Ryan's signature line as he turns, dropping the mic out to a ringside attendant as the two competitors stand in opposite corners, the crowd buzzing over this impromptu rematch.]

GM: It was Thanksgiving Night of 2014 - New York City...

CP: Center of the universe.

GM: ...Madison Square Garden, the Mecca of Sports... when these two met in one of the biggest matches in AWA history... in what turned out to be one of the greatest matches in AWA history. On that night, Ryan Martinez prevailed, winning his first World Title in the process. Tonight, there is no title on the line... no championship glory... no blood feud as there was that night. Tonight... is for the fans. And these two men are coming together to give these fans EXACTLY what they want.

[With the crowd buzzing and the two combatants staring across the ring at one another, the referee pauses... and then signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ROARS with elation at the start of the match as Martinez breaks into a wild sprint across the ring, leaping into the air, extending a leg...]

GM: EXCALIBUR AT THE BELL!

[...but Wright slickly sidesteps, causing Martinez to crash and burn as he collides with the corner, crashing down on the back of his head. Wright lunges forward, stacking the legs, pressing Martinez' shoulders to the mat!]

GM: Quick cover! Wright trying to steal it!

[A two count follows before Martinez escapes, kicking out of the press. Wright is quickly on the move though, swinging around to secure a front facelock on the White Knight.]

CP: Look at this! Wright looking for a guillotine!

[Wright sits out on the mat, trying to crank the neck of Martinez who is struggling to avoid the chokehold...]

GM: Martinez trying to fight it - he got stunned by his early big miss and now he's fighting from behind early...

[Getting his feet under him, Martinez pushes off into a front roll, rolling Wright's shoulders down onto the canvas...]

GM: And now it's Wright who is down for one! For two!

[Wright lifts the shoulder off the mat, causing Martinez to fall out of the bridging pin attempt...]

...and from his back, Wright reaches up, trying to snake the arm around the throat again. Martinez brings his own arms up, grabbing the wrists of Wright, trying to prevent the hold from being reapplied!]

GM: Martinez is fighting it...

[The scene is awkward, Wright on his back reaching up to try and secure a hold while Martinez fights it, his back to Wright's grasping arms...]

...and while still holding the wrists, Martinez does a spin which crosses Wright's arms as Martinez gets to his feet, pulling Wright up with him...]

GM: Ohh! Short but hard knee to the midsection of Wright!

[With Wright doubled up, Martinez pulls him into a front facelock as the crowd buzzes with delight!]

GM: Martinez looking for the Brainbuster!

[But it's Wright's turn to spin out, grabbing the arm as he does, twisting the limb and forcing Martinez to double over..]

...which is where Wright releases the arm, throwing a knee of his own that snaps Martinez' head back, sending him staggering back into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Move and counter move - these two know one another so well at this stage of their careers!

[Wright grabs Martinez by the hair, holding tightly as he swings his right elbow up into the ear of the White Knight once... twice... three times.]

GM: Devastating elbow strikes by the former two-time World Champion...

CP: They're BOTH two-time World Champions, Gordo.

GM: A fair point as Wright tries to stay on the attack here - Irish whip shoots Martinez across...

[Martinez reverses the whip though, sending Wright towards the corner. He charges in after his former enemy who runs right up the turnbuckles, backflipping out and over Martinez who slams chestfirst into the corner, stumbling back towards Wright...]

GM: Waistlock!

[Wright lifts Martinez off his feet, tossing him up and over onto the back of his head and neck!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And a big German release suplex by Wright turns this one on its head in an instant!

[Wright sits up on the canvas, nodding his head... and even raising his eyebrows slightly as he looks back at his opponent.]

GM: Supreme Wright looks a little surprised at Martinez' ability to stay with him in the early moments of this one.

CP: A lot of counter-wrestling early on... which is usually Wright's advantage. But Martinez is showing he's more than just the proverbial damage sponge who takes twenty minute of punishment before throwing his heavy shots.

[Wright climbs to his feet, approaching Martinez who has rolled to a hip as is struggling to get up off the mat.]

GM: Wright trying to stay on the attack once again...

[As Martinez gets up, barely able to keep his balance, Wright snatches another waistlock from behind...]

CP: Here we go again!

GM: But perhaps not!

[...but Martinez makes a lunge forward, wrapping his arms around the ropes, blocking Wright's efforts to toss him through the sky a second time!]

GM: Martinez hanging onto the ropes - he looks a little dazed, perhaps taking the blunt of that suplex on the back of his head has rattled him early on in this very special impromptu SuperClash VI Main Event rematch!

[With Martinez clinging to the ropes, Wright changes elevation, going down to grab both legs from behind, yanking them out from under the White Knight...]

GM: Wright's got the legs... pulling him into a wheelbarrow...

[But the White Knight is still hanging onto the ropes as Wright tries to yank him free...]

...and as Wright does get him loose, Martinez tucks his head, rolling Wright forward!]

GM: Cradle! What a rollup! He gets one! He gets two! He gets-

[The crowd reacts as Wright just BARELY kicks out!]

GM: Another effective counter by Martinez, nearly winning the match right there in surprising fashion...

[Both Martinez and Wright scramble up off the mat, ready to continue their battle...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and Martinez catches the rising Wright with a chop across the chest, sending him stumbling back a few steps across the ring!]

GM: One of the signature moves from Ryan Martinez - that knife edge chop - and that one puts Wright back on his heels...

[Martinez steps forward, winding up again...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and lands a second blow, sending Wright falling backwards into the ropes, his arms draped over the top rope to stay vertical.]

GM: That second one really did a number on him as well.

[Martinez steps in again, giving a shout to the crowd as he winds up once again...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and this one lands with enough impact to cause Wright to do a full backflip over the top rope, his sternum smashing into the ring apron before he sprawls out on the floor!]

GM: OHHH! AND ALL THE WAY TO THE FLOOR GOES SUPREME WRIGHT!

[Martinez leans on the ropes, looking down to the floor where his prone ally is laid out after that hard fall.]

GM: Martinez getting a chance to recover a bit here... almost five minutes into this one...

CP: Remember, they went an hour in NYC... they might just be getting started here tonight.

GM: Well, as generous as our network partners at The X are, I don't think these two have an hour at their disposal here tonight... which does, I'll admit, change the tone of a match like this when both men know they need to go for a quicker victory.

[Leaning through the ropes, Martinez grabs a rising Wright by the wrist, pulling him up onto the apron...]

GM: Martinez bringing Wright up on the apron and now looks to bring Wright back into the ring in a very hard fashion...

[Slinging Wright's arm over his neck, Martinez attempts to elevate his former enemy into the air..

...but a kicking and struggling Wright forces the White Knight to set him back down on the apron...]

GM: Wright blocks the suplex... hard forearm shot there by Wright!

[The blow stuns Martinez who stumbles back...

...and then surges forward!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Another Martinez knife edge chop lands, this one lifting Wright off his feet and dumping him down on his back on the apron!]

GM: Ohhh! Another brutal chop by the White Knight! And Supreme Wright is absolutely reeling after that one, fans!

[Martinez looks out on the cheering crowd with a nod, starting to duck through the ropes as Wright pushes up to a knee on the apron...

...and then grabs Martinez by the leg, violently twisting it as he drops off the apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DRAGON SCREW! DRAGON SCREW!

[Martinez rolls off the apron to the floor, crying out in pain as he grabs at the twisted knee. Wright sits up on the apron, leaning against the ropes for a few moments as the crowd reacts to the shocking attack.]

GM: A very dangerous move there by Wright, going viciously after the knee of Ryan Martinez, Colt.

CP: He could've ripped every ligament in Martinez' knee, Gordon. And I gotta say, with friends like Supreme Wright, who needs enemies?

GM: At his very core, nothing means more to Supreme Wright than competition... and he will do whatever it takes to win, no matter his relationship to the person he's facing.

[With Wright sitting on the apron, the crowd begins to jeer loudly...]

GM: What's this about now?

[...and the camera cuts to the top of the ramp where we see Jeff "Madfox" Matthews emerging from the backstage area, dressed in street clothes of a pair of black pants, a Korugun polo, and a very easily noticed white cast on his hand.]

GM: Jeff Matthews, the former World Champion, the Hall of Famer, is out here on the ramp...

CP: And it looks like he's coming down the aisle, Gordon.

GM: It sure does. That cast on his hand is a remnant of when he and Wright had an encounter on the Power Hour recently... but he's got no business being out here.

CP: One of these guys broke his hand and the other's father made his life hell for years. I'd say Jeff Matthews has a LOT of business out here.

[Matthews has a cold sneer on his face, ignoring the jeering crowd as he makes his way down the aisle very slowly. The boos have tipped off Supreme Wright though who has the referee keeping an eye on Matthews as Wright drops to the floor, pulling his opponent up and tossing him back inside the ring.]

GM: Wright putting Martinez back in... not wanting to take any chances on the outside with the Madfox - the man once known as the Career Killer - making his way out here as well.

[Wright rolls under the ropes, getting up as he too takes a look to see where Matthews is and what the Madfox is doing. This pause delays Wright long enough for Martinez to reach a knee as Wright approaches...

...and buries a right hand into Wright's midsection!]

GM: Martinez goes downstairs, trying to fight back before Wright can do any further damage to the knee...

[Martinez lands a second blow to the gut, doubling up Wright as Martinez continues to kneel on the canvas...]

GM: The White Knight trying to fight back!

[From his knees, Martinez winds up and DRILLS Wright with a haymaker that lands on the ear, sending Wright spinning away from him, staggering towards the ropes...]

GM: Martinez back to his feet now...

CP: You can see him shaking out that leg though, rubbing some blood into the knee... trying to get himself moving without pain again...

[Martinez hobbles towards Wright's exposed back, reaching out to wrap his arms around the waist...]

GM: And now it's Martinez with the waistlock, perhaps looking to return the favor!

[The White Knight's efforts to get the German Suplex are blocked by Wright grabbing the ropes, hanging on...]

GM: Wright taking a page out of Martinez' playbook to counter the suplex and-

[Wright snaps his left elbow back, smashing it into the jaw of a surprised Martinez who stumbles back...]

...and as Wright swings around, he snaps out his left leg, kicking the back of Martinez' injured knee, sweeping the leg out from under him as Martinez loses his balance, and a hard kick from the right leg to the chest immediately after puts him back down on the mat!]

GM: Good grief! The ever-dangerous feet of Supreme Wright being put to good use there... and down goes Ryan Martinez once more.

CP: And I'm impressed by Supreme Wright right now, Gordon. We're just about five or six weeks removed from that total war with King Kong Hogan back at the Battle of Saskatchewan in that No Man's Land match... and Wright's showing no ill effects.

GM: He's certainly looking like himself out there - calculating, brutal, and dangerously efficient.

[With Martinez down on the mat, Wright steps closer, leaning down to grab at the White Knight's injured leg...

...and turns him, making sure he's positioned so he can keep his eyes on Jeff Matthews who is nearly down to ringside finally. Wright gives a nod in Matthews' direction as he twists the leg around into a spinning toehold, grabbing the off-leg before sitting back into a figure four leglock!]

GM: Figure four locked in by Wright - perhaps sending a message to Matthews with Matthews' own Foxtrap maneuver being applied.

[Wright rocks back and forth, applying pressure to the hold as Martinez cries out in pain, grabbing at his trapped leg!]

GM: Wright's got that hold sunk in deep and if you know anything about Supreme Wright, you know that every submission hold he applies is expertly executed!

CP: With perfection of precision, Gordon!

GM: You might have a future in coming up with t-shirts for merchandising, Colt. I can practically hear the cash registers already.

[Martinez leans back on the mat, stretching out his arms, trying to reach the ropes as the referee drops down to count...]

GM: Martinez puts his own shoulders down - one! Two!

[...but the White Knight sits back up, crying out again as he does, grabbing at his leg as Wright rolls a bit from side to side, grinding at the trapped limb.]

GM: Matthews is down here at ringside now, slowly pacing around the ring, almost like he's stalking Supreme Wright... like a big game hunter..

[Wright loses Matthews out of his sightline and quickly breaks the submission hold, spinning up to his feet, arm cocked and ready as he finds a smirking Matthews looking on.]

CP: And don't look now, fans, but I think Jeff Matthews has gotten into the head of Supreme Wright.

GM: Wright's just trying to keep an eye on him and you can hardly blame him for that.

[Wright points a threatening finger at Matthews who begs off when the referee comes to ask him why he's out there.]

GM: Wright showing some caution... he knows how dangerous Jeff Matthews can be.

CP: There are a whole lot of people with broken arms over the years that can testify to that.

[Turning away from Matthews, Wright moves back in on Martinez who is struggling to push up to all fours...]

...and then wraps him up, rolling over into an Oklahoma Roll!]

GM: Wright gets one! He gets two! Martinez slips out!

[Getting right up, Wright grabs the arm, twisting it around...]

GM: Another cradle - La Majistral!

[...and another two count follows before Martinez kicks out!]

CP: Looks like Wright may be looking to wrap this up quickly... not wanting to wrestle a lengthy match out here with Matthews watching and waiting for... something.

GM: The referee could do us all a favor and give Matthews the boot right about now. He's got no business out here!

[As Martinez rises again, Wright spins around, burying a boot into the midsection with a rolling sole butt...]

...and then drags the White Knight down into an inside cradle!]

GM: Cradle gets one! Gets two! Gets- no! Martinez out at two again! Oh my!

[Wright flashes three fingers at the official who holds up two... and then twists around to make sure he knows where Jeff Matthews is lurking.]

GM: And this a shame, fans. A damn shame. We've been waiting so long for this rematch. So long to see these two collide again... and it's being spoiled by Jeff Matthews who is obviously distracting Supreme Wright and interrupting what was another great clash between these two men until he showed up.

[Wright turns back towards the rising Martinez who is coming to his feet as Wright approaches...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and lands another big chop across the chest!]

GM: Martinez caught him coming in!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A second blow sends Wright staggering back a few steps as Martinez reaches out, claspings his wrist...]

GM: Martinez shoots him to the corner, Wright hits the buckles hard!

[The White Knight shakes his knee out a few times before lumbering in after Wright, connecting with a solid clothesline!]

GM: Clothesline in the corner!

CP: Not as much impact on that as he'd like due to the banged-up knee but it did enough!

[With Wright's arms draped over the top rope in the corner, Martinez looks out on the cheering crowd... and with a nod, he steps in...]

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

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

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] - "

[But before another chop can land, Wright grabs his friend by the head, spinning him around into the corner...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS him with an open-handed blow to the ear!]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The slaps drive Martinez down to a knee as Wright is forced to step back out of the corner by the official. Wright takes the opportunity to spot Matthews, making sure he's still out of the picture...]

...and then steps back in, winding up again...]

GM: Wright moving in and-

[...but Martinez surges to his feet, grabbing Wright and swinging him back into the corner...]

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

GM: MACHINE GUN CHOPS!

[Martinez pauses, taking a breath as the crowd chants for more. The White Knight gives a nod, stepping back in...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Two lightning quick slaps spin Martinez away...]

...and allow Wright to lift him up onto his shoulders in a torture rack!]

GM: WRIGHT'S GOT HIM UP!

[He steps out to mid-ring, shoving Martinez over his head as he leaps up, raising his knees in the process...

...and brings the White Knight CRASHING down across the bent knees!]

GM: REIGN! SUPREEEEEEEEEEME!

[Wright scrambles into a cover, grabbing the injured leg and tugging it into a tight hook...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Wright spins out of the pinning predicament, burying his face in his hands for a moment...

...and then gets right back into it, diving into a full mount on top of Martinez, posturing up and raining down an elbowstrike on a prone White Knight!]

GM: ELBOW FROM THE MOUNT!

[Wright postures up again, dropping the boom a second time!]

GM: Make it two!

CP: Get your hands up, Martinez!

[The former leader of Team Supreme straightens up a third time, takes aim...

...and flattens himself out as he drives home a third devastating elbow, spinning back out into another lateral press!]

GM: ANOTHER COVER!

[The referee dives to the mat to count!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And again, he kicks out! Again, he avoids the three count!

[Wright pushes to his knees, glaring down at Martinez as Wright retakes his feet, circling the prone Martinez a couple of times, watching him as the White Knight struggles to get up off the mat...]

GM: Supreme Wright's sensing blood in the water and like a shark, he's looking to strike!

[Martinez takes a knee as Wright steps in, dragging him up to his feet with both hands...

...which is when Martinez slaps both hands away, locking his own around the throat of Wright!]

GM: DOUBLE CHOKE!

[But Wright likewise swings his arms up, slapping the hands away. He buries a short knee into the midsection, doubling up his rival before grabbing a wrist and shooting him towards the turnbuckles...]

GM: Martinez hits the corner...

[But as he does, the White Knight bounces off, charging back out, leaping into the air...]

GM: EXCALIBUR! EXCALIBUR!

[The one-legged flying Yakuza finds the mark, knocking Wright halfway across the ring...

...where he rolls under the ropes to the outside as Martinez tries to crawl for a cover!]

CP: And Wright wisely escapes to the outside!

GM: Wright rolls out to the floor, avoiding Martinez' pin attempt!

[The crowd groans as Martinez hammers a fist down into the canvas in frustration, watching his opportunity to pick up the win slip between his fingers as Wright falls to the outside...

...right at the feet of Jeff Matthews.]

GM: Uh oh.

[The smirking Madfox looks down at Wright, nodding frantically as he spins away from his downed rival, stomping over towards the ringside timekeeper's table.]

GM: Matthews is coming over here by us now... look out, Colt!

CP: Bring it on, Madfox - I'm always armed for battle!

[Matthews shouts at the timekeeper, shoving him aside as he snatches up the ring bell.]

GM: Wait a second! Jeff Matthews has got the ring bell! The Madfox has got the ring bell, wielding it with one hand now!

[He holds the bell aloft for all to see as he slowly turns back towards Wright who is still prone on the floor.]

GM: Don't let him do it, ref! Don't let him ruin this match here tonight!

[The official, seeing what Matthews has planned, slides out to the floor, getting up into Matthews' face...

...which is when the Madfox shoves him down to the floor with the cast-covered hand!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Matthews just knocked down the official! Come on!

[The crowd is all over Jeff Matthews as he stomps towards Supreme Wright who has managed to get to his knees, looking up as Matthews comes towards him...

...and then raises the metal ring bell over his head!]

GM: No, no! Don't do it! Don't do it, Matthews!

[Wright grimaces, bracing himself for what's coming...]

CP: MARTINEZ!

[...but the blow never lands as Ryan Martinez gets a short running start, throwing himself into a baseball slide that connects with the side of Matthews' head, sending the Madfox sprawling on the floor!]

GM: OH! OH YEAH! MARTINEZ SAVES WRIGHT! MARTINEZ SAVES WRIGHT!

[Wright slumps back down onto the floor, clutching his jaw as he looks up at Martinez who is standing over him...]

"You alright?"

[Wright gives his friend a nod. Martinez returns it, reaching down to help him back to his feet.]

"Feel like finishing this?"

[He gestures to the ring... and Wright nods again, actually showing a slight smile.]

GM: Oh yeah! The match is still on! Matthews tries to stop it but this dream rematch is still going! The fans here in Dallas will NOT be denied as Wright rolls back in and-

[But as Martinez attempts to climb back up on the apron, Jeff Matthews charges him from the blind side...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and BASHES him over the back of the head with the metal ring bell, causing Martinez to slump forward through the ropes!]

GM: OH, COME ON! MATTHEWS HIT MARTINEZ WITH THE BELL!

CP: Whoa. I just had one wicked deja vu, Gordon.

[Matthews clutches the bell to his chest, rolling under the ropes into the ring, getting up past a laid out Martinez...]

...and walks right into a huge double leg takedown by Wright who takes the mount, throwing open-handed slaps at Matthews who is desperately trying to cover up with one good hand and one cast-covered one!]

GM: WRIGHT'S GOT MATTHEWS DOWN! GET HIM! GET HIM!

CP: Jeez, Myers... you keep this up and they'll just give your job to Westerly.

GM: These Korugun clowns are making me sick, Colt! I can't help it! I'm sick of them! I'm sick of all of them! Of all of this!

[Wright lands a few hard shots, leaving Matthews reeling as Wright gets up, moving to kneel alongside Martinez...]

GM: Wright's checking on Martinez now... making sure his friend isn't too badly hurt...

[And with the snarling roar of a jungle cat, business just picks up to another level.]

GM: Oh no.

[Wright gets quickly to his feet, eyes searching down the aisle as he spots Javier Castillo and Veronica Westerly striding out onto the stage. Westerly is smirking at the scene in the ring while Castillo just looks flat out pissed off. With a sweep of his arm, Castillo summons forth trouble with a capital T.]

GM: No, no, no!

CP: Here comes the troops!

GM: It's the whole damn Army! Whoever's in the building anyways!

[The ramp is quickly filled with the sight of James Lynch, Muteesa, Ebola Zaire, Polemos, Morgan Dane, Derek Rage, John Law, and MAWAGA jogging into view...]

GM: This is like a bad dream, Colt. That's... that's eight men coming down the aisle towards the ring!

[Castillo is pointing madly at the ring, shouting "GO! NOW!" as his soldiers jog down the aisle.

Back in the ring, Supreme Wright looks around a little frantically as his only ally in the building is laid out on the canvas.]

GM: Martinez is down! Wright's all alone in-

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MATTHEWS HITS HIM WITH THE DAMN BELL!

[The blow to the back of the head sends Wright sailing through the ropes, falling in a heap on the floor!]

GM: Matthews sends Wright to the floor!

[Approaching the ring following his soldiers, Castillo smirks at the scene, nodding his head towards Matthews..

...and then points at the prone Martinez!]

GM: Are you kidding me?! He's sending them ALL after Martinez?!

CP: This is a bad scene, Gordon! Martinez is all alone out here - and think about his usual allies! None of them are here! Jack Lynch went home! Jordan Ohara's not here! Carver's not here!

GM: Next Gen's at the hospital after the injury suffered by Daniel Harper! You're right, Gordon! Ryan Martinez may be all alone against the might of the Korugun Army!

[Castillo stands at ringside, watching as James Lynch drags a dazed Martinez away from the ropes to the middle of the ring...

...and then steps back as the Korugun Army encircles the AWA's White Knight.]

GM: My god. My god in heaven... look at this...

[A voice cuts over the scene.]

"MARTINEZ! MARRRRRTIIINEEEZ!"

[Castillo climbs up on the apron, mic in hand.]

JC: You are living your worst nightmare, hombre. All the nights you woke up soaked in sweat with this very moment dancing in your head.

[The crowd is jeering.]

JC: These people... these people they hate it. They hate me.

[Castillo snarls, looking out at them,]

JC: TO HELL WITH THEM!

[The boos get louder!]

JC: ALL YEAR, I'VE DONE EVERYTHING FOR THEM! AND THIS IS HOW THEY TREAT ME!

WARGAMES?! THEY WANT TO FORCE ME OUT IN WARGAMES?!

TO HELL WITH THEM!

TO HELL WITH FOX!

TO HELL WITH STEGGLET!

AND IF THEY WON'T HELP ME, TO HELL WITH KORUGUN TOO!

[Castillo spits on the canvas.]

JC: THIS IS MYYYYYYYY ARMY NOW!

SOLDIERS!

[Castillo is breathing heavy into the mic...]

JC: Unleash... hell.

[And hell is unleashed in the form of Morgan Dane and Ebola Zaire surging forward, stomping and kicking the prone Martinez as the crowd jeers even louder.]

JC: Yes... yesssssss... give him more! GIVE! ME! MORE!

[Dane drags Martinez off the mat by the hair, slapping him across the face a few times before shoving him towards a waiting John Law who wraps his hand around the White Knight's throat as Polemos steps up to do the same...]

GM: No, no... NOOOOOOOOOO!

GM: You son of a bitch.

[Castillo sneers down at Myers as he waves a hand at James Lynch who pulls Martinez up, shoving him over in a stumble towards a waiting Derek Rage who locks his own clawhold on Martinez before lifting him over eight feet in the air...

...and DRIVES him down with the Hammer of God clawslam!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

JC: OH MY STARS! OH MY STARS!

GM: Would you shut the hell up?!

CP: Gordon, take it-

GM: I won't take it easy, Colt. I won't. I'm sick of this son of a bitch. And I'm sick of being put into situations like this where I have to watch good people suffer and sell it to the people as entertainment! SuperClash can't come soon enough so I can see someone kick this guy's ass and send him packing, damn it!

[With Martinez prone on his back, Castillo steps through the ropes, practically gushing with excitement...]

JC: You've had nightmares about this moment, Martinez... I've dreamed of it. I've dreamed of it. This is... you see the goosebumps?! DO YOU?! This is everything I've wanted for months! And your friends... your beloved friends... none of them can help you! LOOK!

[Castillo gestures towards the video wall where we see what we can only assume is the locker room from many of the AWA's more popular superstars...

...with the door chained shut. Various AWA officials are working to try to cut the chain off as we hear loud voices shouting from inside as the fans jeer loudly at what they're witnessing.]

JC: You're all alone, Martinez. Friends out of the building. Friends in another country! Wright out cold on the floor!

[We cut to the outside where we see Jeff Matthews is STILL putting the boots to Supreme Wright on the floor.]

JC: That chain is not coming off! Your friends can not help you, Martinez! Only you can help you... get up, White Knight! Get up and fight like you know you want to! Get up and shut me up like you know you want to!

[Slipping his arms underneath his torso, Martinez tries to shove himself into a pushup. The crowd cheers as Castillo looks on gleefully, nodding his head.]

JC: Yes! YES! GET UP, WHITE KNIGHT! GET UP! STOP ME! STOP US!

[Martinez pushes to his knees, looking up at Castillo with rage-filled eyes...]

JC: So close! So close! MAR-TI-NEZ! MAR-TI-N- ACK!

[The crowd ROARS as Martinez lunges forward, wrapping his hands around the throat of Javier Castillo!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM! HE'S GOT HIM! GET HIM, RYAN! GET HIM!

[But before Martinez can do any damage, a leg comes flying into view, a foot catching Martinez under the chin, snapping him backwards, stumbling to the mat and falling flat on his back again. Castillo falls back to the ropes, coughing and hacking violently...]

JC: Finish...

[He breaks into a coughing fit.]

JC: FINISH IT!

[MAWAGA steps back, having put Martinez down and points to Muteesa who starts climbing the ropes from the outside...]

GM: Oh no... this is how they sidelined Johnny Detson! This is how they put him on the shelf for...

[Muteesa steps to the top rope, giving his ample belly a few slaps...]

JC: LOOK AT HIM, MARTINEZ! LOOK AT YOUR DESTINY!

[...and the near 400 pounder leaps from his perch, plummeting down towards the prone Martinez...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and CRUSHES him underneath his massive frame!]

GM: Gaaaaaaah. Good god almighty.

CP: He crushed him, Gordon! There ain't no gettin' up from that!

GM: He tried, Colt. Ryan Martinez got up... time and time again... to fight this... this army. He tried with every bit of himself... every bit of that tremendous fighting spirit... that undeniable heart... he tried.

CP: And he failed.

GM: He did not! I won't accept that! On this night, with unbelievable odds against him, Ryan Martinez could not keep fighting... on this night-

[Castillo's voice calls out to interrupt.]

JC: TELL THEM, MYERS! PUT HIM OVER SOME MORE! TELL THEM HOW GREAT HE IS! TELL THEM-

GM: FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, SOMEONE TURN OFF HIS DAMN MIC!

[Castillo sneers.]

JC: STEGGLET! ARE YOU WATCHING?!

[He points to the prone Martinez.]

JC: If you want to get rid of me... you're going to need to bring more than him.

[He nods at Martinez again.]

JC: Because YOU have declared war... and I just struck the first blow.

I'm coming to SuperClash. I'm coming to WarGames, Stegglet.

And when I'm done...

[He pauses, a smile actually coming to his face again.]

JC: ...the AWA will NEVER be the same.

[Castillo angrily throws the mic, spiking it down on Martinez' prone form as the crowd erupts into louder jeers, garbage being hurled towards the ring where the bulk of the Korugun Army is standing. A fairly full drink soaks Castillo but he doesn't register it at all, taunting the Texas crowd who've just had this unpredictable night end in a most disappointing fashion.]

GM: A long time ago, fans... not far away from this building in a dusty old studio, an old friend of ours said something that seems far too appropriate for this night...

[The camera closes on the power-mad Castillo, continuing to celebrate the broken form of Ryan Martinez at his feet...]

GM: The war... has just... begun.

[A water bottle bounces off Castillo's chest, the contents splattering him as we fade to black.]