



# SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

APRIL 15TH, 2017  
PORTLAND OREGON

[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 the screen "bursts" into a flash of strobing light as a raucous electric guitar rips through your eardrums. Ignite's "Nothing Can Stop Me" is the soundtrack for your evening.

As the lyrics kick in, the scene changes as well.]

#Find yourself against the wall  
One more time before the fall#

[Terry Shane uses a sunset flip powerbomb to send Callum Mahoney crashing through a ladder.]

#There's no way to pretend#

[Kurayami drives Lauryn Rage into the canvas.]

#The sun will rise and the sun will set  
Nothing's changed 'til you work for it#

[Michael Aarons cracks his longtime tag team partner in the jaw with a superkick.]

#Can't make it all alone#

[Jeff Matthews dives off the top rope onto a whole pile of Claw Academy students.]

#This is your last chance  
Why don't you take it?#

[Supreme Wright snaps off the match-ending spinning backfist against Casey James.]

#Nothing can stop me#

[Maxim Zharkov beats Travis Lynch in a race to spin first, unleashing his devastating discus lariat known as the Peacemaker.]

#Gonna fight and I won't retreat#

[Jordan Ohara throws chops at Derrick Williams who responds with stiff elbowstrikes.]

#Still awake, don't ever sleep#

[Johnny Detson drives Brian James facefirst into the canvas with the Wilde Driver.]

#Can't stop this tide that's in front of me#

[Jack Lynch wraps the Iron Claw around the skull of Tiger Claw, both men standing on the top rope.]

#Nothing can stop me#

[Julie Somers moonsaults off the stage at SuperClash onto a stunned Erica Toughill.]

#Tonight I face the enemy#

[A wild-eyed Shadoc Rage repeatedly stomps the groin of Blackjack Lynch.]

#Still awake and never sleep#

[A smirking Javier Castillo and Veronica Westerly glare into the camera.]

#Now your time's run out so you best believe#

[Ryan Martinez drops Juan Vasquez straight down with a devastating brainbuster...

...as we cut to black...

A few moments pass before a burst of pyro racing towards the sky as we cut into the arena hosting the night's action. The crowd is roaring for the pyro and for the return of AWA action.]

GM: Portland, Oregon - the AWA has come to town! We are live inside the Moda Center! We are live for the best three hours of professional wrestling action on the planet! We are live for SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING!

[Another storm of pyro-housing rockets blast off towards the arena, filling it once more with a hailstorm of fire, smoke, and concussive noises. The standing crowd stays on their feet, cheering even louder.

The shot pans a little, showing off the now usual setup - a massive steel structure serving as the entrance stage standing almost ten feet off the concrete floor with a video wall hanging above it that is just about as wide as the stage and looks to be about twenty feet tall to boot.

From there, we see a royal blue roped ring with matching ring apron and steel ringposts. Protective blue mats encircle the ring, leading to the barricades beyond which the AWA faithful are seated. A pair of wooden tables are at ringside - one with our timekeeper and ring announcer's seats, the other near where our announcers are standing as we cut to them.]

GM: My name is Gordon Myers and by my side - as always - is Bucky Wilde right here on The X - Fox Sports X - for another edition of the premier wrestling show on the planet. Bucky, I may not make a lot of friends with some of our bosses when I say this but... some of the greatest professional wrestling of all time has taken place right in this very city.

BW: Oh, come on, Gordo! That was decades ago! The AWA has come to town, daddy! Forget all the others that came before!

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: You might get a little something extra in your paycheck this week, Bucky... but I call it like I see it and this is the place where Hall of Famers like Casey James and Tiger Claw... like Dan Kauffman and Chris Quigley... like Steve Kowalski and Brody Thunder... like John Wesley Hardin himself became household names.

BW: Bunch of old fossils. Isn't Casey James dead?!

GM: You know very well that Casey James isn't dead, Bucky... although he may wish he was after what he went through at the hands of Jack Lynch and Supreme Wright at SuperClash.

BW: No, no... Casey James isn't dead... but his son's CAREER is!

GM: Well, that very well may be, Bucky. Fans, if you missed it, two weeks ago in San Francisco, Brian James finally snapped. He delivered the Blackheart Punch on the World Champion, Johnny Detson... told the world that he quit...

BW: And broke his word! And his contract! And the heart of every Johnny Detson fan on the planet!

GM: All two of them.

BW: Hey!

GM: Nevertheless, it was announced by AWA Legal earlier this week that James' contract has been frozen. He cannot wrestle anywhere in the world without AWA approval... and he cannot return to the AWA without meeting unspecified obligations to AWA management AND apologizing - if you can believe it - to Johnny Detson!

BW: I can believe it! He SHOULD apologize to Johnny! He should apologize to every Johnny Detson fan around the globe!

GM: Then what would he do with the other 23 hours, fifty-nine minutes, and thirty-seven seconds in the day?

BW: HEY!

GM: Fans, we've got a fantastic show ahead of us today as we are just over a month away from the big kickoff of the summer in Chicago - Memorial Day Mayhem! It'll be the tenth edition of that annual spectacular and-

[Gordon is cut off by the sounds of the rock and roll classic "Kashmir" by Led Zeppelin ripping through the Moda Center PA system, causing the crowd to ERUPT instantly in deafening jeers.]

BW: THE CHAMP HAS ARRIVED

GM: Well, at least he's given up on that ridiculous Victory Celebration from two weeks ago. We're back to normal here in the ring...

BW: I think we SHOULD have another Victory Celebration - a proper one!

GM: It didn't end too well for him last time, did it?

BW: Watch it, Gordo. Johnny might be too busy to bother with the likes of you for running his mouth... but the guys coming out here with him like nothing better than slapping people around for cash.

[Before we get our first glimpse of the World Champion, we see the Dogs of War come into view first. Isaiah Carpenter, Wade Walker, and Pedro Perez in their typical midnight blue riot squad gear, taking a spread position to keep an eye in all directions. Once the area is secure, Johnny Detson joins the trio on the entrance stage, dressed in a gray suit with a white button down shirt sans tie. The World Heavyweight Title is slung over his shoulder as he smirks at the jeering crowd.]

GM: The Kings of Wrestling may be gone but it's obvious that Johnny Detson believes he can't do anything by himself as he's gone out and secured the quite pricey services of the Dogs of War.

BW: Work smarter not harder, Gordo. Besides, with all these loose cannons running around, how do you not find a way to protect yourself? The Dogs are the best bodyguards money can buy.

[The quartet makes their way down the ramp towards the ring, the Dogs' eyes scanning in every direction to watch for any signs of trouble.]

GM: I suppose after what happened to Detson two weeks ago with both Ryan Martinez and Brian James, you really can't blame him for wanting backup out here... even though both of those men aren't here tonight. We already discussed Brian James but we also know that Ryan Martinez has been banned from appearing here tonight.

BW: I don't think the Portland hipsters would riot, Gordo... but you never can be sure.

[The Dogs take up positions on three sides of the ring as Detson grabs an offered mic, heading into the ring. He steps to the center as the music starts to fade. The World Champion looks lovingly at the title belt before finally speaking.]

JD: Man, is it great to be me!

[Detson continues grinning as the crowd boos madly. He nods, oblivious to their reaction.]

JD: No, no... not even you... this crowd of... degenerates...

[The crowd EXPLODES in boos again!]

JD: Not even you can bring me down. And why? Why would I let you?

[He lifts the title belt over his head, showing it for all to see.]

JD: I am YOUR World Heavyweight Champion!

[Detson allows the crowd to let him have it for a few more moments before lowering the title to rest on his shoulder again.]

JD: But that's not all as they say... I've also got the backing of the network as I've ALWAYS been Fox's favorite son!

I've got the backing of those that carry the power around here... El Presidente, Javier Castillo!

[More boos as Detson smirks, pointing out to the floor.]

JD: And now I've got the protection of the most powerful group in the business with the Dogs of War watching MY back!

[Detson nods, smiling as the crowd continues to boo.]

JD: Nothing! Nothing you people can scream and shout can bother me tonight!

[They test that theory as Detson gets another earful. He cups a hand to his ear, listening for a moment and then waves a dismissive hand.]

JD: Oh, you think I care about what Brian James did two weeks ago? Brian James is done! He's finished! He's more of a flash in the pan than even his old man was!

Brian James will NEVER wrestle again.. NEVER fight again... NEVER even be mentioned again unless he comes crawling back on his hands and knees begging me for forgiveness...

...and even then? I might say no! I have that power!

So, Brian...?

[He tips an invisible cap at the camera.]

JD: Happy trails, kid. You coulda been somebody.

[Detson laughs, thoroughly enjoying himself.]

JD: But I guess He Who Shall No Longer Be Named did what he finally wanted to do... he DESTROYED the Kings of Wrestling... and in the process, he destroyed himself.

Me? I destroyed his precious little James Gang and I barely broke a sweat!

Lau? Discarded!

Tony? Incompetent!

Wes?

[Detson pauses, looking towards the back for a moment. He slowly looks down at the canvas and then back up to the crowd.]

JD: Let's just say that Wes has been a little disappointing as of late. Wes Taylor could be SO much more than Lau and Donovan and... the other guy... were letting him be and hopefully there's still a chance for him to see that.

[Detson shakes his head as if to clear the thought from his head before quickly flashing his used car salesman grin back at the crowd.]

JD: But if you think what happened in San Francisco would slow me down... how wrong you are! I can't be touched and I can't be stopped!

I've upgraded...

[He points to the Dogs again.]

JD: I'm backed personally, professionally, and politically and I am RIGHT where I should be... as your GREATEST! WORLD! CHAMPION! EEEEEEEVER!

[The crowd EXPLODES in jeers again.]

JD: And there's not ANYTHING that you...

[He points to the crowd.]

JD: ...and them...

[He points towards the entrance stage.]

DS: ...can do about it because I am YOUR World Heavyweight Champion and I am going to be YOUR World Heavyweight Champion for a long.. long... LONNNNNNNG... tim-

[And out go the lights.]

GM: What the...?!

BW: I don't like this one bit, Gordo.

[The crowd is buzzing with excitement as we sit in blackness for a few moments.]

GM: The lights are out here in the Moda Center and-

[With a burst of static, the video wall lights up...

...and then cuts to a handheld shot in a nondescript location.]

GM: What is this...?

[The empty shot of a blank wall is suddenly filled with a recognizable face...

...or should I say a recognizable mask that causes the Portland crowd to ERUPT!]

BW: Wait a... is that...?

GM: It is! That mask... there's not a person in the wrestling world that doesn't know that mask! That's the... it's the Masked Outlaw! And in Portland of all places! The Masked Outlaw is here in Portland!

[The lights come on slightly, showing a confused Detson looking wildly around the arena. The Dogs of War are on high alert, up on the apron now, forming a loose circle around the World Champion who is shouting "EYES OPEN! KEEP LOOKING!"

And then the Masked Outlaw speaks.

Not a normal voice. Not the kind of voice where we might be able to instantly identify the person under the mask. It is being run through some type of digital encoder, leaving a deep, heavily distorted voice.]

"Johnny Detson. You have something that does not belong to you."

[Detson pulls the title belt off his shoulder, fearfully clutching it to his chest as he shouts for the Dogs who quickly step inside the ring, moving into a tighter circle around the World Champion.]

"For years, you have manipulated... connived... and schemed your way to the top of the AWA...

That ends now!"

[The crowd ROARS as Detson shakes his head, pointing an accusing finger down the ramp at the video wall, shouting "NO!"]

"The AWA deserves justice for the misdeeds of the corrupt.

Johnny Detson... I AM that justice!"

[Detson's eyes go wide as the crowd cheers even louder.]

"Johnny Detson... justice is coming...

\_I\_... am coming..."

[Dramatic pause.]

"...for YOU!"

[The crowd ROARS once more as the screen cuts back to static. The lights come back to full strength, revealing Detson clutching his title like a newborn, shaking his head wildly. The screen goes black as Detson shoves his way past Pedro Perez, dropping to the mat and rolling out to the floor.]

GM: Johnny Detson looks like he's seen a ghost! He's running for it!

[He's looking wildly around the arena as he walks swiftly - almost running - up the entrance ramp as the Dogs of War trail close behind.]

BW: Can you blame him?! What the hell was that, Gordo?! What was it?!

GM: I don't know and I don't think Johnny Detson does either-

[Detson comes to a sudden halt, stopping as if a thought ran through his head.]

BW: Now what?

[An immediate look of disgust comes over Detson as he screams, "NO! It can't be!" and then immediately storms the rest of the way up the ramp, disappearing through the doorway into the back, the Dogs trailing behind him.]

GM: The Masked Outlaw has returned... right here in Portland of all places... and he's got his sights set on the World Champion!

BW: Forget about that, Gordo - who the heck is under the damn mask?!

GM: Well, considering the history of that mask, there certainly are some suspects and... I think you've got an idea... I've got an idea... and I think Johnny Detson may have just gotten an idea as well.

BW: Are you... are you saying it's Brian James?!

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: I think we'll have to wait and find out, Bucky. Fans, we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling!

[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 fade back up backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing, mic in hand.]

SLB: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling here in Portland where the backstage area is buzzing as much as the crowd is over what we just saw. The legendary Masked Outlaw is in the building and... well, I think everyone's got a guess as to who might be under that mask. Perhaps my guest right now does as well. Ladies and gentlemen... fresh off a victory two weeks ago alongside Jack Lynch... "Flawless" Larry Wallace.

[Wallace steps into the shot, wearing a royal purple polo shirt and a pair of khaki pants. He shakes his head as he enters.]

LW: Formerly Flawless, Lou.

[Blackwell holds up a hand.]

SLB: My apologies. Larry, you had that tag team showdown two weeks ago with the Soldiers of Fortune and... well, you picked up the win.

LW: But not the way we wanted to, Lou. It's okay. You can say it.

SLB: A disqualification couldn't have been what you had in mind.

[Wallace shrugs.]

LW: Would I have liked to pin one of them? Absolutely. Would I have liked to watch my partner's back while he put one of them down with the Iron Claw? Hell yes, I would have. But sometimes, things just don't work out-

[A voice calls out from off-camera.]

"STOP! STOP! STOP!"

[A look of agitation crosses Wallace AND Blackwell's face as someone comes stomping angrily into the show - World Champion Johnny Detson.]

SLB: Johnny Det- HEY!

[Blackwell's shout comes as Detson flings his sunglasses into the wall behind Blackwell, breaking them into pieces. Detson snatches Blackwell by the wrist, pulling the mic towards him as he points an angry finger at Larry Wallace.]

JD: I'm going to let you finish talking in a minute, kid... but the champ has something more important to say.

[Detson throws a dismissive wave in Wallace's direction as he turns towards the camera.]

JD: The games end now! I am the World Champion and I am NOT playing games!

[Detson turns and glares towards Blackwell.]

JD: The "legendary" Masked Outlaw, Blackwell?! Really?! Some decrepit relic from the past is supposed to scare me? When an old guy shows you, you'd think he'd be managing this guy.

[Detson throws a thumb in Wallace's direction, giving a little snort as Wallace seethes.]

JD: But okay, Masked Outlaw. You want to play games? You want me to solve some great mystery?

[Detson shakes his head.]

JD: MYSTERY SOLVED! I think we ALL know who is under that mask. You want to go from town to town and leave me cryptic threatening messages that...

[He clutches his chest mockingly.]

JD: ...strike fear in my heart?! NO! NOT GONNA HAPPEN!

[The World Champion violently shakes his head back and forth.]

JD: That is NOT going to happen! I am the World Champion and I back down to NO ONE!

So this ends now! TONIGHT!

[Blackwell arches an eyebrow.]

JD: You got the guts, masked man? Well, I got the title! And if you have a backbone under that hood too, then I say it's Johnny Detson versus the "legendary" Masked Outlaw... for the AWA World Title...

[Dramatic pause.]

JD: ...TONIGHT!

[We can hear the roar from inside the arena as the crowd buzzes with the title announcement.]

SLB: Are you-

[Detson cuts him off.]

JD: Masked Outlaw? The games end tonight... and I win... as usual!

[The World Champion looks over at Wallace, looking him up and down.]

LW: What? You got a problem with me too?

[Detson gives a dismissive laugh, turning his back and walking away, leaving he and Blackwell behind.]

LW: What the hell is that guy's problem?

[Blackwell chuckles.]

SLB: I don't think we have that kind of time. Fans, you heard it here first! Johnny Detson has issued a challenge to the Masked Outlaw here tonight for the AWA World Title and... well, frankly, I'm stunned! Gordon, Bucky... back to you!

[We cut away from Wallace and Blackwell to Gordon and Bucky seated at ringside.]

GM: Wow! Huge breaking news here in Portland as Detson lays down the challenge to the mysterious Masked Outlaw... and I think I'm as surprised as Sweet Lou is about this development, Bucky.

BW: Hey, I don't question the World Champion, Gordo, but even I'm a little nervous about this. He might have an idea of who is under the mask... but there's no way he knows for sure. And I don't know how wise it is to go into something like blind... and with the title on the line too?!

GM: Johnny Detson must have some kind of a plan, Bucky. He must! Because the Johnny Detson we all know doesn't have that kind of courage.

BW: Slander!

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: You call it slander, I call it the truth... and now, I say let's go to the ring!

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

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring... weighing in at 260 pounds from Portland, Oregon... ANDREW MANNING!

[The young muscular hometown kid raises his hand and waves to the audience. He is a good-looking All-American kid with sandy brown hair, blue trunks, and white boots. He jogs in place for a moment before he turns to face the rampway.]

RO: And his opponent...

[The guitar, drum and clap of Johnny Cash's "God's Gonna Cut You Down" starts as the houselights drop.]

RO: From Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada... weighing in at 240 pounds...

[Beams of light lance through the darkness to frame the entrance way in a long triangle of light. It illuminates a tall, black leather-robed figure in a ragged cloth scarf.]

RO: THE SENNNNNSAAAAATIONALLLLL...

SHAAAAAAAAADOOOOOOOOOE RAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[There is a surprising amount of cheers as Shadoe Rage marches down the aisle. A "DOUBLE EYE" chant breaks out in some area of the building, loud enough to be heard on camera.]

BW: Are some of these people actually cheering for Shadoe Rage?

GM: It sure sounds like it... and when you look back on the career of the mercurial Rage, he had some of his best years here working for the mighty IIWF. And I'd say these fans remember who he was and what he did for them. The legendary clashes with Joe Petrow... damn near killing himself in the first Death In Darkness match against Steve "The Fury" Kowalski. This is one of the few places in the world where Rage might hear the fans cheering for him, Bucky.

[The 6'3 bishounen brawler throws back his hood and shakes his long dreadlocks free. He glares at the crowd from behind his rose-colored sunglasses as he twirls in time with the music. He takes the center of the ring, shrugging out of his scarf and leather robes to display his incredibly shredded pale brown physique, black trunks with dark grey-washed dark pink stars, matching black boots and the signature black arm sleeve and fingerless black leather glove on his right hand. Rage tosses his glasses aside to focus his charcoal stare on Manning.]

GM: Rage staring a hole through his opponent here. My goodness... are those eyes ever wild. He can focus all his attention on Manning as our president, Javier Castillo, has returned the favor from two weeks ago. Shadoe Rage was banned from the building in San Francisco when Jackson Haynes competed and Haynes is banned from the building here tonight in Portland.

BW: Sooner or later, Gordo... these two have to be back in the same building together and when that happens...

GM: When that happens, I'd wouldn't want to be anywhere near them... much like the feeling going through Andrew Manning right now. He'd like rather be anywhere else.

BW: Can you blame him? Rage is staring a hole through him right now and that means he's got two men focused on him in that stare. Shadoe Rage and the ghost of Adrian Rage that's living rent free inside that boy's head, too.

GM: Do you really believe that Rage is being controlled by his father's ghost?

BW: Doesn't matter whether I believe it, Gordo. Rage believes it and it's made him even more dangerous.

[Rage tugs on the ring ropes, fakes rushing at Manning to get him off balance and then charges before dropping to his knees and pushing backwards towards the corner. Now the crowd boos as the hometown boy Manning looks confused as to what to do.]

GM: And Rage toying with his opponent at the start. It's incredible how Rage has maintained his quickness after all these years. He's lightning fast in there.

BW: He's a freak in the gym, Gordo. He's one of the oldest competitors on the roster, but he continually changes his training to maintain his conditioning and speed. He used to be bulkier, but he's leaned down even more, sacrificing size for speed and explosiveness.

[Rage and Manning are about the same height, but Rage is definitely the leaner athlete of the two. He dances around Manning before they lunge into a tie up. The two men lean into each other, locked collar and elbow, trying to force each other into a position of weakness. They spin onto the ropes, twisting round and round until Rage is pushed into the corner. The referee, Davis Warren, orders the break.]

GM: The referee calling for a break... and Andrew Manning obliges. A nice clean break and the crowd appreciates-

[But on the break, Rage explodes out of the corner, dragging Manning down with a left-handed bulldog clothesline, drawing boos from the capacity crowd.]

GM: Ohh! Down goes Manning... and now Rage is all over him!

[Exploding with... well, rage... the former World Television Champion is on Manning quickly, savagely driving elbows down into his face, head, and chest. There's a smattering of cheers from the former IIWF faithful but mostly jeers for the abuse against the local Portland grappler.]

GM: Come on! Get him off the man!

BW: Rage is like a rabid dog in there, Gordo!

[Holding Manning by the hair, Rage rains down a trio of overhead elbowsmashes before backing off, spinning away and recoiling to the corner.]

BW: He's frothing at the mouth!

[The camera focuses on the savage Canadian wildman as he tears at his own hair in the corner, frothing and shrieking as if he were the one taking the beating. And then suddenly he cocks his head as if hearing something.]

BW: And Adrian Rage seems to be talking to his son, calming him, giving him advice.

GM: Bucky, I can't believe-

BW: I'm just telling you what's going on. Watch!

[Rage seems to be calmed a little by whatever he hears. He looks up in the sky and nods before he turns his attention back on the downed Manning who is clutching his skull, trying to shake the cobwebs loose.]

"I know what I must do."

[Rage steps forward towards Manning with purpose.]

GM: He knows what he has to do... what does that mean?

BW: Trouble.

[Rage grabs both of Manning's wrists and drives his foot down into the downed opponent's face. Rage drives stomp after stomp down on Manning's head as he yanks Manning up by the wrists. The crowd goes silent in horror.]

GM: And now referee Davis Warren stepping in there and forcing Shadoo Rage to break as he asks Manning whether he wants to continue.

BW: Is he even conscious to answer that question?

GM: I think the combination of those vicious elbows and devastating stomps might have cut Manning open.

BW: You're right, Gordo. The pretty boy is a bloody mess.

[Manning struggles to find a way to his feet. His face is a bloody mess as he rolls over onto his belly, getting into a position to push himself up. Blood drips onto the canvas. Rage charges, raising his foot and bringing it down on Manning's unprotected raised left elbow.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: HE JUST TRIED TO BREAK HIS ARM!

[The crowd cries out as Manning rolls around on the mat, screaming in pain as he grabs at his elbow. Davis Warren violently shoves Rage away, diving down to the canvas so he can check on the obviously-injured Manning but the Portland native pulls his arm away from Warren, refusing to let the official touch it.]

GM: That's a deliberate attempt to injure an opponent and damn it, Davis Warren needs to stop this match... and someone needs to stop Shadoe Rage! This isn't even a match, Bucky... this guy's not trying to win, he's trying to injure someone!

BW: Hey, we heard he planned on sending a message to Jackson Haynes tonight. Think he's got it yet?

GM: I think we all got it... and like I said before, when Rage and Haynes get near each other - with the level of violence we've seen out of them over the past month or two, I want to be NOWHERE near that. You hear me, Mr. President? I'm sure you're absolutely DROOLING over the idea of these two brutes going at it on our show but I want no part of it! Don't even let them in the damn building!

[Warren again physically shoves Rage back, spinning back to check on Manning again but the young man is rolling around in a ball on the mat, grabbing at his elbow. He's barely coherent, mumbling to the official as Rage leans against the ropes in an animated conversation with the air.]

GM: Davis Warren is asking Andrew Manning if he can continue - why even ask, Davis? Look at the poor kid! Just ring the bell!

BW: An AWA official is always going to give a competitor their shot to go on.

GM: Go on? With a broken arm? I mean, he's gotta have a broken arm at this point! What more can he do?

BW: I think I'm going to agree with you here, Gordo. This one appears to be over. The kid gave it his best shot... but he's obviously outclassed. Rage was just too much for him. Too much, too soon for Andrew Manning.

[The crowd cries out in warning as Rage concludes his conversation with a nod, springing through the ropes to the outside where he starts climbing the ropes.]

GM: No, no, no! Get him down from there! Get him down right now!

[The referee is SCREAMING at Rage now, begging him not to leap but Rage gotta Rage...]

GM: DEATH FROM ABOVE!

[Rage comes soaring off the top rope, smashing a double axehandle down onto the injured elbow of Manning who can't even muster a scream of pain in response. Cradling his useless arm, Manning rolls onto his stomach as the referee waves his arms, shouting at Rage to back off as the crowd starts to chant "JACK-SON! JACK-SON!"

GM: The crowd here in Portland is calling for Jackson Haynes but-

BW: But they can chant all they want, Gordo. He ain't coming! He ain't here!

[Warren reads Rage the riot act, threatening him with a disqualification, but the crazed Rage isn't hearing it. He brushes Warren aside, moving in on the downed Manning again. He snatches him by the left wrist, physically dragging Manning out to the middle of the ring by his likely broken arm as the crowd groans with sympathy.]

GM: So much for these fans cheering this... this...

BW: Careful.

[Rage lets go of the arm, leaving Manning in a heap on the mat as he turns to glare at the nearest camera.]

"Haynes, you think you can handle me? This is going to be you! You're gonna die! You're gonna die in darkness!"

GM: More threats towards Jackson Haynes.

GM: And Rage with the threats towards Jackson Haynes.

BW: Gordo, ever since Rage lost that World Television title he's been on a downward spiral. He hasn't been pursuing titles. He hasn't been trying to work his way up the ladder of title contention. He's just been on this path of hurting any and everybody who he thinks has wronged him. He's his daddy's boy through and through. And that might just be a shame.

[Rage stalks Manning, grabbing a leg.]

GM: What's he doing now?

BW: This looks like the setup for the Constrictor!

[Rage levers Manning onto his belly before he grapevines the leg. Rage drops down on top of Manning, grabbing the injured arm and lacing his free arm underneath it to push against the back of his head and apply the choke to Manning's throat.]

BW: Yup! Constrictor applied!

[The camera zooms in on the bloodied Manning struggles against the pain in his arm, leg and throat. Blood runs down his face and stains the canvas before he gasps one last time and passes out to the pain. Davis Warren quickly calls for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The ring announcer makes it official as Rage's music kicks in again. Warren angrily shouts at Rage again, taking a knee next to Manning and waving towards the locker room area.]

GM: Rage is your winner... but I'm more concerned about-

[Rage stomps across the ring, vaulting over the ropes to the floor where he marches right up to the announce table.]

GM: What the-?!

BW: Easy, man! We've got no problem with you!

[Rage gets right up in Myers' face.]

BW: Watch it! Don't go too far or you'll be out on the street!

[Rage's face twists as he glares at Bucky for a moment before he snatches the headset off Bucky's head, pulling the mic to his mouth... way too close to his mouth so the result is a very loud voice breathing heavily.]

SR: Both of you shut up! I'm sending a message right back to Jackson Haynes! I saw what you did in San Francisco! You think you're the unlimited violence? No, boy, you're nothing compared to me.

[Rage points towards Myers and Wilde.]

SR: Make sure he gets this message.

[A twitch runs through Rage's body and he smiles slowly.]

SR: Don't worry... I'll send it myself.

[Rage tosses the headset aside, snatching up Gordon's chair and flinging it over the ropes recklessly.]

GM: HEY! This is... get some help out here right now! This guy's out of control!

[The former Television Champion slithers under the bottom rope, scooping up the chair in his arms. Warren sees him coming, bravely rising to confront him, waving his arms...]

GM: Warren says he'll reverse the decision but I don't think Rage cares one bit! I don't think he-

[Rage folds up the chair, swinging it over his head...

...which is when a flood of AWA officials and security hits the ring, swallowing Andrew Manning up in a mass of humanity as Rage is forced back, still menacing anyone and everyone with the chair.]

GM: Thankfully... thankfully we got someone out here to stop this... this maniac. Get him out of here! Get him out of here right now!

BW: Gordo... can you hear me?

GM: Yeah, I can hear you. A close call for us both there but-

BW: But at least we're not this kid from Portland.

GM: Amen to that. Fans... I've seen enough of this. Let's get out of here right now.

[Rage is still shouting, threatening to bash the AWA officials with the chair as we fade to black...

To the tune of Black Flag's "TV Party..."]

# DROPKICK PARTY TONIGHT! #  
# DROPKICK PARTY TONIGHT! #  
# DROPKICK PARTY TONIGHT! #  
# DROPKICK PARTY TONIGHT! #

[And owing to changes in "Idol Chatter's" cast, cut straight to an empty locker room as the caption "IDOL CHATTER" briefly flashes on screen in the default white Arial font.



The camera shot shifts a few times...

...and then abruptly changes as a loud clattering noise is heard followed by the words "Aw, man." A hand reaches out towards the camera, lifting it up... at which point we can now safely assume this is a cell phone camera and the man who just knocked it to the floor is Nick Axis. He sheepishly puts the camera in place, backs off and reveals a slightly-stained "AXIS" t-shirt. He grins at the camera.]

NA: Hello, world... I'm Nick Axis. And I just wanted to take this time to send a special message to Omega.

[He pauses, looking confused as he digs into his pocket.]

NA: Uhh, hang on... I had notes here somewhere.

[He digs into his other pocket.]

NA: Where the heck are...?

[His words trail off as a loud bang is heard. He nearly jumps out of his tennis shoes, striking a weird looking martial arts pose...

...but upon seeing the newest entrants to the room, he calms down. He throws a glance at the camera, starting to grab it...]

"AY!"

[Axis pulls his hands back.]

NA: Chaz! Chet! How did it go out there?

[Chaz and Chet Wallace, dripping with sweat, walk into view.]

Chaz: How the hell do you think it went, Nick?! We lost! Again!

[Nick shrugs.]

NA: Sorry?

[Chet stares at Nick, hands on his hips.]

Chet: You're sorry? YOU'RE SORRY?! What the hell are you even doing back here anyway?!

[Axis shrugs again.]

NA: Riley said you guys wouldn't mind.

[Chet nods.]

Chet: What the hell would he know about it anyways? He won't even return a text message anymore.

Chaz: Thinks he's better than us now that he's got the gold.

Chet: We could have the gold!

Nick: Sure. Some nice rings maybe? A chain?

Chet: The belts, you idiot!

[Nick recoils at being called an idiot.]

Chaz: Yeah, well... we're not going to get anywhere near the belts if we keep losing to goofs like Connors and Downpour.

Chet: That's right... but... we lost... again. So, clearly... right now at least... those two are the better team, right?

[Chaz gulps, grimacing like he just swallowed something bitter.]

Chaz: I... suppose.

Chet: Yeah, me too. And the contract says we can't challenge them again... right?

Chaz: Yeah.

Chet: Yeah. So... I guess we'll just need to find a way to move on. Right?

Chaz: Right.

NA: Right.

[The Wallaces turn in unison, glaring at Axis. They sit down on the wooden bench in the middle of the locker room, staring down at the floor in silence for much longer than we should watch someone sitting quietly on worldwide television.]

NA: Guys? Should we...?

[Nick throws a glance at the camera again.]

Idols: NICK! PLEASE!

[More silence. Nick looks anxious at the camera again. Finally, Chaz sighs, looking up at his brother.]

Chaz: Moved on yet?

Chet: Nope.

[Chaz nods.]

Chaz: Me neither. Let's settle this.

[And the Wallaces get up in tandem as the shot immediately cuts 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 then back up on a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo. As it passes, we find ourselves in El Presidente's lair. Javier Castillo is sitting behind his large polished wooden desk, nervously fingering a black rusted key on the end of a chain. He looks agitated as he taps his other finger on the table. MAWAGA lurks behind him, a black suit and sunglasses making up his typical attire these days.

A knock.]

JC: Enter.

[The door pushes open to first reveal the hulking masked monster known as Polemos, the God of War. He holds the door open as Veronica Westerly slips through the door into view in a black dress with a red sash tied around the waist.]

VW: You wanted to see me.

[It is not a question. Castillo nods.]

JC: Yes, yes. You spoke to security?

[Westerly nods.]

VW: I did. No sign of Martinez or...

[Castillo interrupts.]

JC: Your son?

[Westerly bites her bottom lip, giving a slight nod.]

VW: No. No sign of either of them. As I told you there wouldn't be.

JC: You can't be too careful these days.

[Westerly nods.]

VW: The legal threat is enough. Young Ryan may be bull-headed like his father... but he's not stupid. He's not going to risk suspension to come charging in here and-

JC: And your son? Is he stupid enough to put on a mask and try to get at Johnny that way?

[Westerly lightly runs her manicured fingernail over her cheek, taking too long to answer an impatient Castillo.]

JC: Well?

VW: I don't... think so.

JC: That may not be good enough.

[Westerly sighs.]

VW: Brian's been a stickler for honor since he got mixed up with Claw. I don't think he'd resort to something like that to get at-

[Castillo waves a dismissive hand.]

JC: Fine, fine.

[There's a silence that hangs between them for a moment.]

VW: Is there anything-

[Castillo interrupts again.]

JC: Is HE here?

[Westerly looks at him.]

VW: Who?

[Castillo smashes his fist down on the desk.]

JC: You know who I'm talking about.

[The corner of Westerly's mouth twists up a bit.]

VW: I am told he is.

[Castillo nods... then shakes his head.]

JC: I think it's time we had a chat... don't you?

[Westerly doesn't respond, seemingly waiting for something.]

JC: Take your pet and bring him to me.

[Westerly smirks.]

VW: Unharmmed?

[And Castillo returns the evil smile.]

JC: That's up to him. Now, go. I've been looking over the show format and... well, I've got business to take care of shortly.

[Westerly gives a slight incline of her head, backing through the door and taking Polemos with her as we get another flash of the ACCESS 365 logo before going back to a live shot of the Moda Center crowd...]

...which springs to their feet at the sounds of Nas' "I Can" over the PA system, heralding the arrival of Jordan Ohara. The Phoenix bounces out onto the stage wearing skinny bleached blue jeans, his custom Carolina blue Jordan XIIIs, and a Jordan Ohara Phoenix emblem raglan navy blue and Carolina blue long sleeve shirt.]

GM: Jordan Ohara is in the house and he's heading to the ring, Bucky!

BW: What do you want to be he just cut in front of someone to run out here just now?

[Gordon sighs at the comment as Ohara slaps hands with the fans as he dances down the aisle, playing air piano and bopping with the fans. He rolls into the ring before he leaps onto the top rope, playing for the crowd.]

GM: Listen to this crowd cheering for Jordan Ohara... the young kid from Charlotte, North Carolina certainly is popular with this crowd here in Portland.

BW: This is a weird little town. Hipsters have bizarre tastes, Gordo.

[Ohara interacts with the crowd a little more before he hops down off the top rope, being handed a microphone before he walks out to mid-ring with it.]

JO: Portland, Jordan is in the house! And not the one that hit six threes on you in the 90s!

[The crowd playfully boos Ohara's joke as he looks out over the crowd and gives them a shrug.]

JO: I get it. I love you guys still. Drexler was the man. Dame Lillard is the MAN!

[And just like that he's got the crowd back.]

JO: Speaking of the man... there's an expression that goes something like to be the man, you've got to beat the Russian that stole the National Title!

[The crowd cheers as Jordan gets fired up.]

JO: The AWA been experiencing troubled times for a while now. I have been warning everybody since the Axis formed. And now we have Johnny Detson stealing the World Title from Ryan Martinez. The Axis stealing the World Tag Team Championships from Donovan and Taylor. Mahoney stealing the AWA World Television championship and Maxim Zharkov stealing the National Title and taking it back to Russia.

[A lot of boos from the crowd for that one. Ohara holds up a finger.]

JO: And let's not forget Supernova selling out and what Kurayami did to win the Women's World Championship. Everywhere you look, there is a terrible example of

a champion and all those thieves are being protected by one person... the AWA President, Javier Castillo.

[Ohara stares pointedly towards the back.]

JO: I always respect a man until he gives me a reason not to. And I respected Javier Castillo when he took the office. He is my president. But my president, I fear, is misguided.

It seems that he believes these scoundrels who lick his boots have his best interests at heart or that they will support him. And that's wrong.

[Ohara looks out on the cheering crowd, nodding his head.]

JO: He put me in a match with Jeff Matthews because he wanted me to be a henchmen to take out an enemy. We were having one hell of an athletic contest too before Castillo interfered and set his dogs on me. And I learned a lesson there.

Castillo craves control... no matter if the people under him will secretly stab him in the back.

And while I was taught to respect authority, Sgt. Maxine Ohara didn't raise me to sell out.

[Big cheer for Ohara's reference of his mother!]

JO: She taught me to stand for something or I'd fall for anything. And I stand for what's right.

[Ohara pounds his heart.]

JO: No matter how difficult it may be. And the AWA isn't right! So I've got to do my part to change things.

And I've got to bring down Zharkov.

[A big cheer at the idea of that battle.]

JO: So if Castillo won't let me wrestle him for the National Title, I'm going to do like Supreme said and take the control right out of his hands.

At Memorial Day Mayhem, I'm entering the Rumble!

[HUGE CHEER! Ohara grins at the reaction.]

JO: And when I win... NOTHING... and I mean NOTHING... will stop me from-

[The Phoenix is interrupted by the sound of a snarling big cat... a jaguar if you can tell the difference. Ohara grimaces as "La Cama de Piedra" by Cuco Sanchez starts to play over the arena's PA system and Javier Castillo strides into view. He gives a tug at the lapel of his jet black suit before he raises a mic and speaks.]

JC: Mr. Ohara, you wound me.

[He places a hand over his heart.]

JC: I gave you an opportunity... a unique opportunity... to do the right thing. To prove yourself to Korugun, a move that would make a powerful ally for you. And you chose to turn me down.

[He shrugs.]

JC: As you say... no hard feelings, eh?

[Ohara shakes his head.]

JC: But you continue to be a problem for me... and more importantly, you continue to be a problem for Korugun because every time I turn around, you are sticking your prideful nose into our affairs.

I believe you have seen how we handle our business, yes?

[Ohara nods.]

JC: Then know you are dangerously close to being a problem that will require a more... lasting... solution.

[Ohara raises the mic.]

JO: Is that a threat?

[Castillo grins.]

JC: Threats are big boisterous claims that small men who want to seem big make, Mr. Ohara.

I make promises. And I promise you... you do not want my attention.

[Castillo pauses.]

JC: I think... you might need a lesson... a lesson as to where the power lies in this relationship. I'm looking forward to seeing you compete at Memorial Day Mayhem in the Rumble... yes... assuming that you still have the ability to stand after you go one-on-one later tonight... with... MUTEESA!

[The crowd reacts to the announcement. Ohara grimaces at first and then nods confidently.]

JO: Bring him, El Presidente. Bring them all. Because if I have to go through every single monster on your payroll to get my hands on Zharkov... and then again at the Rumble to get my hands on Detson...

That's exactly what I'm going to do.

[Ohara drops the mic as "I Can" begins to play over the PA system again. Castillo smirks, nodding as he backs through the exit, leaving Ohara to play to the cheering fans.]

GM: Jordan Ohara draws a line in the sand, fans. He's entering the Rumble to get his hands on Maxim Zharkov... and maybe win a shot at the World Title to boot!

BW: Ohara can't earn anything on his own, Gordo! He linejumped to try to get a shot at Zharkov... now he wants to win the Rumble and linejump to get a shot at Johnny Detson?! This is ridiculous!

GM: But now Ohara seems to have found himself on the radar of Javier Castillo and as a result, he's gotta take on Muteesa later tonight! That could be a big problem for the Phoenix!

BW: Ohara won't be jumping ahead of ANY lines with two broken legs! Hah!

GM: Fans, that match is coming up later tonight but right now, let's go back to Sweet Lou who has a major announcement for us. Lou?

[We cut to the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands before an AWA backdrop.]

SLB: Thanks, Gordon. If you follow the Sweet Lou Report on the AWA app, this will come as no news to you but Javier Castillo has made it official! Two weeks from tonight in Seattle, Washington, the World Tag Team Titles will be on the line when System Shock defends the gold against my guests at this time... come on in here, Howie Somers and Daniel Harper - Next Gen!

[That's the cue for Next Gen to walk onto the set. Howie Somers takes a position to Blackwell's left. Somers is dressed in a pair of blue jeans and a white polo shirt. Daniel Harper stands to Blackwell's right. Harper is wearing blue jeans and a San Antonio Spurs T-shirt.]

SLB: Daniel Harper, you had to go one on one against Riley Hunter two weeks ago in San Francisco and there was an interesting turn of events, in which the man calling himself AWA's superhero, Omega, came out to even the odds when Nick Axis got involved. I imagine System Shock is asking themselves what Omega was doing out there on your behalf. I wonder if you care to comment on that situation.

DH: Sweet Lou, I have never even spoken to Omega. To be honest, I'm not exactly sure what to make of that guy. But with that said, all he did was make sure that somebody who had no business getting involved in the match was taken out of the picture.

And I'm sure Riley Hunter and Derrick Williams are going to complain. But let's not forget that Williams took it upon himself to get involved when I had Hunter down for the count. Let's not forget that Nick Axis got involved as well. And let's certainly not forget that my partner, Howie Somers, did what he was told and stayed in the back until the match was over.

[Somers nods, agreeing with his partner.]

DH: In other words, the evidence is right in front of everyone about who really wanted somebody to interfere on their behalf! But the evidence is right in front of everyone, as well, that all of that backfired on System Shock!

And, so, in two weeks' time, my friend and I will finally get our shot at the gold! Williams, Hunter, if all you want to do is complain to Javier Castillo, you better spend less time doing that and more time getting ready for us.

Because all the things we went through, all the adversity we've faced, all the setbacks we've endured, it's only made us that much better, that much stronger as a team! And it's going to pay off when we leave Seattle, Washington, with the World Tag Team Titles in our possession!

SLB: Howie Somers, your partner sounds quite confident.

HS: He's got every right to be, Sweet Lou. In fact, if you want to understand our confidence, let me show you something I have.

[He reaches into his jeans pocket and pulls out a small slip of paper, which he unfolds.]

HS: You recognize this, Sweet Lou?



[He shows it to Blackwell.]

SLB: That looks like the check for \$50,000 you won from that Battle Royal last month.

HS: That's exactly what it is. You see, Sweet Lou, I keep telling everybody that this isn't about the money. I keep telling everybody that I -- and my friend and partner right here -- would happily give this up just to get a shot at the gold.

So I made a vow that I would not be cashing this check until we've settled this, once and for all, with System Shock.

SLB: I take it this an incentive for you to win those tag team titles -- that you'll finally cash the check once the titles are yours?

HS: It's more than that, Sweet Lou. This check serves as a constant reminder that Daniel and I are not to be satisfied with just a big cash payout. We aren't going to be satisfied until, not only do we win the World Tag Team Titles, but we prove to System Shock who is clearly the better team.

Until that moment comes, this check stays in my pocket, uncashed. Only when Daniel and I have convinced everyone who is the best tag team in the AWA today will I even consider cashing the check.

And if our esteemed president decides that he simply isn't going to honor the check, all I'll say is the same thing I said to him before -- this isn't about the money, as much as he may like to think otherwise.

This is about establishing ourselves as the best tag team in the AWA. And the first step toward establishing ourselves as that is to win the World Tag Team Titles in Seattle, Washington. System Shock, you better get focused, because Daniel and I most certainly will be.

[He turns to Harper and the two exchange a quick high five, then walk off the set.]

SLB: Fans, Next Gen appears quite confident, to the point that you might say they believe a tag team title change is something you can take to the bank. Let's go back to ringside for more Saturday Night Wrestling action!

[We fade from backstage to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing with referee Scott Ezra and a masked wrestler, with a toned build and light brown skin. His mask is white and covered with black lines to resemble a maze. The rest of his ring attire consists of white tights, with black lines forming a maze that wraps around his left thigh, and white boots, with black laces and black soles.]

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten-minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner on my left... hailing from El Paso, Texas and weighing in at 210 pounds... he is...

LAAABERRRINTO!

GM: Laberinto might be from El Paso, but he's been competing more regularly south of the border for SouthWest Lucha Libre.

BW: Now, officially, this is not a Guerrero Del Mundo showcase, but I understand Angelica Westerly had some part to play in bringing this competitor up here for this match.

[Ortiz continues.]

RO: And his opponent...

[A modified version of the Japanese Rising Sun flag appears on the video wall, eight of the rays emanating from the sun disc are colored black instead of red, while a black star is superimposed upon the red disc, as La Banda Bastón's "Quiúbole" starts to play. The word "KONOE" appears in a white font across the black star.]

RO: He hails from Tokyo, Japan... weighing in at 225 pounds and being accompanied to the ring by Luciana...

He is the Blackstar...

He is El Renegado de Japón...

He is... KAAAAAAAAAAZ KOOOOONOOOOOOE!

[First to step through the entranceway is the "Chola Japonesa" herself, Luciana, dressed in a white tank top over a black bra and a leopard print miniskirt emerges. Across the front of tank top, a graphic mash-up of the Rising Sun flag and the flag of Mexico is printed: eight of the rays are colored green, instead of red, and the sun disc is missing, the empty field now occupied by the coat of arms of Mexico. She also has a twisted black bandana tied around her head, knotted at her forehead.

Luciana bops along to the beat of the song, gradually dropping to a squat, as Kaz Konoe emerges behind her. Konoe has on a white baseball jersey, with black pinstripes and "Renegado" in a black cursive font across the front, over his ring attire: white boxer-style trunks, black knee pads and white boots, with black piping and laces.]

GM: One of the most intriguing new duos to come across the AWA scene in quite some time, fans. Kaz Konoe with Luciana are looking to build some momentum here tonight as he works his way towards this year's Rumble in Chicago.

[With Konoe behind her, his eyes hidden behind the sunglasses and his expression inscrutable, Luciana rises back to a standing position, never breaking contact with her man. She wraps her arms around his neck, tilts her head back and gives him a kiss on the cheek, before letting go and leading the way to the ring.]

BW: I'm told Konoe has been asking for some stronger competition now that he's officially a part of the AWA roster, leaving his days with Guerreros del Mundo behind.

GM: For which Angelica Westerly picked up a nice chunk of change, I'm sure.

[As they make their way down the aisle, Luciana runs her mouth, taunting and trading insults with the jeering members of the crowd. Konoe ignores them, for the most part, occasionally giving Luciana the briefest of a thumbs up when she looks at him for affirmation.

Reaching the ring, Luciana climbs the ring steps and slowly steps through the ropes, as Konoe watches on, before he rolls in under the bottom rope. Rising to his knees, then to his feet, Konoe heads to his corner, removing the jersey, while Luciana steps through the ropes, but stays on the apron. As the music fades, Luciana leans in to whisper something to Konoe, before climbing down the ring steps to the floor.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And here we go!

[Konoe immediately looks disinterested, leaning back against the buckles at the sound of the bell. He lazily extends an arm, waving Laberino towards him. The luchador turns to the official, questioning Konoe's actions with a gesture.]

BW: Maybe Konoe is less impressed with his opponent tonight than I thought.

GM: Maybe he should take every opponent seriously, Bucky, if he wants to excel at a high level here in the AWA.

[Konoe slowly comes from the corner, feigning a yawn as he walks straight into a lockup with the luchador. The luchador is pushing hard but Konoe slips out, laying in a kick to the back of Laberinto's thigh.]

GM: Konoe lands a kick... quick whip...

[As Laberinto hits the corner, Konoe comes in quickly behind him, leaping up to land a dropkick to the chest.]

GM: Running dropkick to the corner...

[The dropkick lands high enough that Konoe goes over the ropes to the apron where he sweeps out the luchador's leg, dropping him into a seated position in the buckles.]

GM: We've seen this before...

[Konoe grabs the top rope, slingshotting over the ropes, and swinging in to land a second dropkick on the seated Laberinto.]

GM: Ohhh! Nicely done by the Blackstar as Luciana looks on, cheering on her man.

[Instead of staying on his opponent, Konoe drops to his side in the center of the ring. He props up his head with one arm, while raising the other straight up in the air.]

GM: What a show of disrespect on the part of Kaz Konoe, Bucky.

BW: Hey, if the AWA would give him some better opponents, maybe he'd be able to stay focused on the match instead of resting during it.

GM: This is the AWA's fault? I thought you said this is Angelica Westerly's doing.

BW: I'm just told she arranged for Laberinto to be here... he's definitely not one of her clients.

[Konoe waits for Laberinto to climb to his feet before Konoe rolls back onto his shoulders, kipping up to his feet. The masked man makes a charge at Konoe who drops right back down to the mat, Laberinto hurdling over him to hit the far ropes.]

GM: The action picking up a little here...

[Konoe drops down a second time as Laberino leaps over, flipping into a handspring so that his legs hit the ropes, propelling him backwards into an elbow that catches Konoe under the chin, knocking him down to the canvas!]

GM: Nice handspring elbow right there - a little different than the ones we used to see out of Nenshou but the spirit was on target!

[The high flying luchador is the first one up, moving swiftly to the ropes again as Konoe is a step slower to get to his feet. Laberinto leaps up, snaring his head in a headscissors, drifting towards the ropes where he hooks an arm over the top rope, hanging on as he flips Konoe over the ropes and down to the barely-padded floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Laberinto with the headscissors, sending Kaz Konoe out to the floor! And Luciana suddenly showing some concern for this one as Laberinto gets back into the ring... he’s on the move... to the far side...

BW: CLEAR THE DECKS!

[Laberinto takes to the sky, leaping over the ropes with a somersault dive that wipes out the Blackstar!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Laberinto takes flight and Konoe goes down hard on the floor once again! Some fast-paced action going on in this one. We don’t know much about Laberinto, fans, but he seems determined to show off what he can do here in Portland tonight.

[Coming to his feet, Laberinto pulls Konoe off the ringside mats, giving him a shove under the bottom rope. The luchador climbs up on the apron, slapping the top rope as he waits for Konoe to get to his feet.]

GM: And one has to wonder if these two had any interactions when Konoe was working in Mexico.

BW: It certainly wouldn’t surprise me. There’s some familiarity there and

[Laberinto slingshots over the top rope, wrapping his legs around Konoe’s head.]

GM: Flying headsciss- look at this! Round and around he goes!

[The disorienting speed of Laberinto makes the at-home viewer a little dizzy so just imagine what it’s doing to Konoe as he struggles to stay on his feet...

...until Laberinto spins right out of it into a Fujiwara armbar takedown, taking a page out of Cody Mertz’ playbook!]

GM: Oho! The lucha libre version of the Broussard Special!

BW: And Laberinto drags Konoe right down into a version of the wakigatame armbar!

GM: The whacky what now?

[But Konoe had the wherewithal to position himself close to the ropes and, with a twist of his body, manages to put his foot on the bottom rope before Laberinto gets the chance to pull back on the locked arm. He lets go of the arm, as the official points out the foot on the rope.]

GM: Good ring positioning by Konoe, avoiding that submission hold...

[Rolling to his rear, Konoe lifts his arms, begging for mercy.]

GM: And now Konoe might be rethinking how seriously he was taking this showdown with Laberinto, fans. Konoe’s looking for a timeout but we all that there are no timeouts in professional wrestling, pal!

[Reaching down, the luchador grabs Konoe by the wrist, dragging him to his feet...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[...where Konoe opens up with a knife edge chop, knocking Laberinto backwards where he stumbles back into the ropes. Konoe advances on him, teeing off with a second chop.]

GM: But just when you think that Laberinto has this going his way, Konoe manages to get right back into it.

[Konoe grabs the arm himself this time, whipping the luchador across the ring.]

GM: Irish whip shoots him across... clothesli- ducked under by Laberinto. Off the far side...

[Konoe scoops up Laberinto on the rebound, looking for a slam but Laberinto uses his speed to twist into an armdrag, taking Konoe back down to the mat.]

GM: Nice counter by the luchador!

BW: Konoe's right back up though!

[Konoe goes charging in again but Laberinto sidesteps, pushing Konoe past him into the ropes. As the Blackstar rebounds back, Laberinto snaps off a lucha libre style overhead armdrag as Luciana screeches with concern out on the floor!]

GM: Laberinto's putting on quite the show - joining the likes of Milagroso two weeks ago and guys like Arminius who we've seen the past. The world of lucha libre has some dazzling performers who we've had the pleasure of seeing as of late.

[As Konoe stumbles up to his feet, Laberinto charges in, leaping up, and flips Konoe over with a monkey flip!]

GM: Up and over goes Konoe on the monkey flip!

[A dazed Konoe rolls to the corner, using the ropes to pull himself up but soon finds himself on the defensive again as Laberinto flips him over with a second monkey flip to cheers from the crowd.]

GM: Up and over he goes a second time!

[But Konoe rolls quickly to his feet again, dashing at Laberinto who is ready for him, throwing a dropkick aimed at the kneecap which causes Konoe to flip forward high in the air before crashing back down to the mat!]

GM: Goodness! Konoe gets his legs taken right out from under him with that dropkick... and now he's rolling to the floor... no, check that... just out to the apron.

BW: Trying to buy some time. Put the ropes between your opponent and yourself to create some space.

[Konoe waves a hand, trying to convince Laberinto to back off. Instead, the luchador dashes to the ropes, building up speed. He again flips forward in the same type of attack as his handspring elbow... but this time, his legs crack Konoe in the head, sending him off the apron to the floor!]

GM: Innovative offense on the part of Laberinto... and someone radio the tower, this kid is ready for takeoff!

[Laberinto dashes to the far ropes, building up speed as he comes charging back in, lowering his head...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and gets caught in mid-dive with a leaping uppercut to the jaw, sending him falling back inside the ring! Konoe turns to the crowd, arrogantly pointing to his temple before he rolls under the ropes.]

GM: A timely counter by Kaz Konoe. He rolls back in now, pulls the luchador up, and puts him in the buckles.

[A quick whip across the ring sets the stage for the Blackstar to follow him in, leaping into the air to land a flying forearm.]

GM: Leaping forearm connects in the corner - now Konoe running to the opposite corner...

[But this time, Laberinto is charging in closely behind him...

...and as Konoe spins to go on offense, he gets DRILLED with a leaping kneestrike to the jaw, snapping his head back!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Konoe crumples backwards as Laberinto sprints to the far corner, waving an arm to hype the crowd before he charges back in...

...which is when he sees Konoe sprinting out towards him, throwing himself into the air, and connecting with a shotgun dropkick that sends the luchador sailing backwards and crashing down onto the canvas!]

GM: Goodness! What an exchange between these two international superstars and these fans in Portland are getting behind this one!

[There’s applause for both men as Konoe gets back to his feet, looks out at the cheering crowd...

...and gives his signature shrug to even more cheers!]

BW: Portland, am I right?

[Gordon chuckles as Konoe moves in on Laberinto, stomping him viciously which turns those momentary cheers back to jeers.]

GM: Stomps to the head... now to the neck... and finishing up with some stomps to the chest for good measure.

[Luciana pounds her fist gleefully into the mat as Konoe backs off the downed luchador, moving back into the corner where he climbs up on the second rope. Holding his right arm in the air and his left behind his back, Konoe takes a bow, earning even more jeers from the crowd. He shakes his head, shouting something in Japanese...

...and failing to notice Laberinto as he gets off the mat, sprinting to the corner, leaping up to the top rope alongside Konoe, hooking him around the head and neck, and SNAPS him back down to the canvas with a horsecollar tackle!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: WOW!

BW: A lot of impact on that one, daddy! Konoe may be seeing stars after that!

[Laberinto struggles to get to his feet, having taken a lot out of himself with the big top rope move as well. He’s on a knee, looking out on the cheering crowd with a nod.]

GM: Laberinto slow to get up... he’s been through the wringer in this one.

BW: Both guys have, Gordo. Give credit where it’s due. This kid from El Paso has really put the fight to Kaz Konoe tonight.

[Laberinto moves in on Konoe, pulling the Blackstar to his feet...

...where Konoe promptly stabs a finger into the eyesocket of the luchador’s mask, causing the crowd to jeer and Laberinto to recoil in pain, falling back against the ropes where Konoe angrily advances on him, piefacing him backwards as he SLAPS his hand down with a chop across the chest!]

“¡No perteneces aquí!”

[A second overhand chop follows.]

“¡No perteneces aquí!”

BW: Konoe just yelling at the luchador, telling him he does not belong here.

GM: You speak Spanish?

BW: There’s a lot of things you don’t know about me, Gordo.

GM: Name one more.

BW: ...

[As silence reigns, Konoe grabs Laberinto by the arm, whipping him across the ring again...]

GM: Konoe shoots him across...

[The luchador again decides to bust out the handspring elbow, flipping into the ropes, bouncing back towards Konoe...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

GM: OHHH! SUPERKICK TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD! OH MY!

[The thrust kick knocks Laberinto out of the sky. Konoe moves quickly this time, dragging Laberinto to his feet...]

GM: Ohh! He just spit right in his face!

BW: Mask.

GM: Whatever. A blatant shot of disrespect there as-

“¡Terminemos esto!”

BW: "Let's finish this," says Konoe.

GM: Really? You speak Spanish?

[With Laberinto dazed on his feet, Konoe snatches a three-quarter nelson, backflipping over his opponent, and DRIVING the back of their head into the canvas!]

GM: DESAFIO! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!

[He leans forward, snatching both legs, kneeling on the chest as he pulls the legs towards him for the three count.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Rebecca Ortiz makes it official as La Banda Bastön's "Quiúbole" starts to play. Konoe rises to his feet, but before the official can raise his hand in victory, he again spits on Laberinto and lays in a couple of stomps to his defeated opponent. Only then does he allow Scott Ezra to raise his arm.]

GM: More disrespect being shown by Kaz Konoe. Folks, we have to take a short break for some words from our sponsors. When we return, Mark Stegglet will try to get a few words from Konoe or Luciana. Stay tuned to find out!

[Fade to black...

Fade in to a field in the Canadian prairies. The two Schutzmans from Mooselips Beer stand knee-deep in the grass and weeds. The younger close-up, the older one holding a beer bottle in the middle distance. Beside the older man is a 24-foot tall coffee pot.]

SA: Peanut butter and jelly! Grilled cheese and tomato! And here in Saskatchewan...

[Avery Schutzman gestures to the scrubby trees and tall grass.]

SA: ...Cabbage rolls and coffee! I'm "Savoury" Avery Schutzman, coming to you from Davidson, Saskatchewan. Population 1,025 strong. Smack dab between Saskatoon and Regina on Highway 11. Home of the world's largest coffee pot, which our brewmaster Uncle Lorne Schutzman is now standing beside.

[In the middle distance, Lorne Schutzman turns and looks up at the 24-foot tall coffee pot, probably pondering what would possess someone to build a 24-foot tall coffee pot.]

SA: You know, there are a lot of good things that go better together, like the American Wrestling Alliance and Mooselips Beer, brewed right here in Saskatchewan.

[Lorne Schutzman holds up the bottle, not particularly caring that the camera is too far away to properly read it.]

SA: And to celebrate this new tag team, Mooselips Beer is on the hunt to find the best tag team in the world, whether it be System Shock, Next Gen, the War Pigs, the Southern Wrecking Crew... Whomever stands out the most! That team will win cash and a portion of the proceeds earned from Mooselips newest Iced Pale Ale Blend! It's golden brown with a texture like sun! And from all of us at Mooselips Beer, thank you for your support.

[Lorne mutters something unintelligible.]



SA: I know, Uncle Lorne. We've got so many of these goshdarn giant things, the world's biggest cabbage roll has got to be around here somewhere.

[Fade to black...

...and then back up on the entrance stage where Mark Stegglet is standing by with Luciana and Kaz Konoe.]

MS: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans. And Luciana, after yet another impressive victory, I've gotta wonder what you have planned nex-

[Before Stegglet can finish his question, Konoe reaches out for the microphone and snatches it out of the broadcaster's hand. He walks to the edge of the stage, to address the AWA Galaxy.]

KK: ¿No estáis entretenido?

[Konoe is met with boos.]

KK: ¿No estáis entretenido? ¡Reconoceme!

Reconócame como el principal representante de la AWA en television. Give me my shot to become el campeón del tele. Y después, después de mi victoria en Memorial Day Mayhem, I will have my shot at becoming el campeón del mundo también. Porque yo soy la Estrella Negra y yo soy el Renegado de Japón y nadie me dice que no.

[Konoe tosses the microphone back to Stegglet, who nearly drops it, and heads to the back. Luciana shrugs, before turning and following Konoe.]

MS: I... well,, I guess it's back to you, Gordon and Bucky.

[We cut back to ringside where Gordon is looking expectantly at Bucky.]

GM: Well?

BW: Well what?

GM: Aren't you going to translate?

BW: Oh... well... nah.

GM: What?!

[Bucky holds up his phone.]

BW: My Google Translate app crashed.

[Gordon shakes his head.]

GM: Oh, brother. Fans, coming up next, we've got-

[The crowd roars as "Dukes" by the synth-pop band Repartee kicks in mid-song with the belting voice of Meg Warren ripping across the airwaves.]

# 'CAUSE YOU'RE WORTH FIGHTING FOR! #

# C'mon over and we'll settle it right  
Put your dukes up

'Cause I'm ready to fight  
For you  
I'll fight for you #

[Skylar Swift bursts through the entrance portal, raising both fists into the air which draws a pop from the Portland crowd. Her honey-brown hair is still tied up into a bun with a few errant strands rolling down her cheeks near her baby blue eyes.]

GM: Skylar Swift joining us tonight, and look who's with her!

[Marching to the ring behind her in a warm-up tracksuit, Trish "T-Bone" Wallace shadows her. While Swift is all smiles, saluting the fans on either side of the aisle and along the guard rail, Wallace is intensely focused.]

BW: Oh, she's going to double cross Swift again.

GM: Bucky, she said two weeks ago that this was an apology.

[Wallace and Swift are now both in the ring, Wallace with the microphone.]

TW: Well... Skylar, I promised you that I would apologize in public...

So...

[Trish Wallace is suddenly realizing that the whole "public apology" thing was easier on paper than in practice.]

TW: Here goes...

When Charisma Knight made her AWA return a couple months ago to make amends to you, I stuck my nose into your business when I should have waited my turn.

[Wallace momentarily breaks eye contact for an aside.]

TW: Even though that's not the way I was raised and not how I was taught to handle things in the business of pro wrestling, but whatever.

[Anyway...]

TW: And, when you jumped off the top rope onto me and Charisma, I'm going to assume you had positive intentions and you didn't mean to lay me out too. I escalated the situation, when I should have tried to defuse it.

[Once again she mutters her self-defense.]

TW: Although I'm really sick of always being the one who always has to take the high road, but okay.

[Anyway...]

TW: And so, Skylar, I'm of the opinion that as two people who have been manipulated and abused by Charisma Knight, you and I should be pooling our resources. We should be on the same side, Dream Girl. And we should be building bridges, rather than burning them. So Skylar, for that to happen, I just have to say that I...

I am...

I am sor-

[New Year's Day's "I'm About to Break You" starts up interrupting Wallace, and skipping through the entrance way, solo, is Charisma Knight. She gives an eerie smile as she stops on the stage as the music fades...]

Before Charisma speaks, Trish Wallace puts her arm in front of Skylar Swift.]

TW: Don't rise to her, Skylar. Don't rise to her.

[Knight produces a microphone, giggling to herself as she does.]

CK: Oh, how it warms my heart, seeing the two of you becoming bosom buddies there. Uniting against a common foe like all good women should do.

It's so inspiring to see you two burying the hatchet.

[Knight mockingly applauds as Swift and Wallace look on.]

CK: And Trish, Trish, Trish... it's even better seeing you make nice to Skylar there...

[She puts a hand up to shield her mouth and then loudly stage whispers.]

CK: ...even though you could tear through her like a bear through a bunny.

[Swift looks shocked, throwing a glare at Wallace who shrugs.]

SS: I'm sorry, what? Are you saying that if she and I were in this ring together tha-

CK: That she'd rip your lungs out and use them to make balloon animals, yes.

[Swift gets fired up now.]

SS: Look, Charisma... you don't know a DAMN thing about me! And if you think that this-

[Wallace shakes her head protesting.]

TW: Skylar, don't rise to her!

[Knight smirks, interrupting.]

CK: EXACTLY! Don't rise to me! Skylar, keep listening to Trish there. She's right.

[Swift eyeballs Wallace who is within arm's reach now, holding out her arms to try and calm the Canadian Dream Girl down.]

CK: Because while Trish could eat Skylar for lunch in a fight... in a "fair" wrestling match with all those pesky rules and such... well, all those muscles would be useless when my favorite Swiftie there wrestles circles around a lunkhead like you, Trish.

[The crowd "oooooooohs" at the verbal harpoon as Wallace fumes... and fumes... and fumes... until...]

TW: THAT'S IT! TIME TO RISE TO HER!

[Wallace tries to go through the ropes as Knight steps back, ready to defend herself. This time though, it's Swift who tries to calm down the rampaging T-Bone, grabbing her by the arm...]

GM: Skylar Swift trying to keep Trish Wallace from falling into Charisma Knight's trap!

BW: Good luck to her. Trying to restrain Wallace is like trying to lasso an elephant!

[Swift grimaces, shouting at Wallace to "keep cool!" which seems like great advice until the struggling Wallace blindly swings her arm backwards, flinging Swift down to the ground as the crowd groans!]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: We're gonna have a problem here.

[Swift angrily gets to her feet now as Wallace attempts to apologize again...

...and gets POPPED in the mouth with a forearm shot!]

GM: OHH!

[Wallace stumbles backwards... and then rushes forward, taking Swift down with a big double leg tackle! The crowd roars for the brawl in the ring as Swift and Wallace roll around on the mat, taking potshots at one another as a cackling Knight backpedals up the ramp.]

CK: Such maturity! Have fun, girls!

[And a trio of AWA officials come charging into the ring, looking to break up the brawl as we fade to black.

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

[Fade to black...

...and when we fade back up, we get a live shot of the ring where a fresh-faced young pup stands near one corner. The blond-haired, well-tanned man has a decent physique highlighted mostly by a perfect set of abs. He wears green tights with "TF" stitched in a cursive font along with green kneepads and green boots.]

RO: Introducing first, already in the ring, from Union City, Tennessee and weighing in at 242 pounds..."TERRIFIC" TERRY FULTON!

[The heavy opening guitar and drumbeat of KISS's "God of Thunder" reverberates off the walls of the Moda Center. Any fan who was not presently on his or her feet remedy that immediately as all rise to see the first official entrance of the heavily-hyped superstar.

First, it's the manager, the AWA legend, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott. Eschewing his former casual attire, Scott is much more business-like now with a perfectly-ironed pair of deep blue pants to match a khaki jacket over a light gray button-down. But what isn't gone is the good old STEVIEGRIN~! And why not, because he represents the man coming out just behind him.]

RO: And his opponent...accompanied to the ring by his advisor, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott...

...hailing from the city of Mountain Iron, Minnesota...weighing in at 295 pounds...and making his AWA debut...he is...

MAAAAAAAX! MAGNUUUUUUUMMMMMMMMMMM!

[And there's the beast himself a few steps behind Stevie clad simply in black trunks, black knee and elbow pads, and black boots that reach halfway up his calves. The massive physical specimen is intense but emotionless as he takes his place beside his manager and pauses at the top of the ramp, Magnum hopping side-to-side. The edited song skips the first few lines and cuts directly into Gene Simmons' strikingly accurate description of Magnum 40 years prior.]

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

[Stevie points toward the ring and leads the way with Magnum trailing a step behind.]

GM: Here he is, Bucky! We have long awaited the in-ring debut of Max Magnum, and we finally get it tonight in Portland! Portland's long been known as the home of legends, daddy! The JW Hardins, the Brody Thunders, the Tiger Claws...

BW: But the question is, Gordo, are we seeing the emergence of a brand new legend here tonight? My money's on a resounding "yes!"

[While Stevie takes the conventional route of climbing the steps into the ring, Magnum chooses to display his freakish athleticism by simply jumping to the apron from a standing position.]

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

[Magnum glares a hole through Fulton, who has retreated to his corner and by the looks of things, might be trying to decide if he should just go ahead and leave now. But instead of attacking, Magnum takes his place in the middle of the ring as the music fades...

...and of course, Stevie produces a microphone.]

HSS: Portland, Oregon.

[That's us cheer!]

HSS: One of the most famous, the most well-known cities, in the history of professional wrestling. The city that once gave birth to some of the hottest talents in the business.

John Wesley Hardin.

[Cheer!]

Steve Kowalski.

[More cheers!]

Brody Thunder.

[A little bit bigger cheer!]

Tiger Claw.

[HUUUGE CHEER!]

Casey James.

[Another HUUUUGE CHEERre! Stevie pauses his rundown of the names and scowls.]

HSS: Now, I want you to take all those names, think as hard as you want about their greatest moments...

...and then wipe them from your memory.

[That changes the tone of the crowd on a dime.]

HSS: Forget them ALL. Because each and every one of those names... those legends, as you like to call them... are nothing but overly-inflated heroes of an overly-romanticized era. You people love to continue to dwell in the past...

[Stevie stops pacing and moves to stand to the left of Magnum, extending his non-microphone arm to point at the beast.]

HSS: ...when you have the PRESENT and the FUTURE standing before you tonight.

Portland, Oregon, and all the people watching tonight on Fox Sports X... what you are so very fortunate to witness tonight is the birth of a NEW legend, a NEW standard by which all competitors in the world of professional wrestling will be judged.

[Stevie nods as Magnum smirks, again hopping side-to-side.]

HSS: Tonight, the true avenue of annihilation begins. Tonight, you will experience in the flesh the one man who will transcend the sport and who will soon be known as the most dominant competitor to ever step into a wrestling ring. Feast your eyes, ladies and gentlemen, on the ONE... the ONLY... the TRUE future of the industry...

MAAAAAX! MAAAAAAGNUUUUUUUUM!

[Magnum steps forward and raises both massive arms in the air, showing off his well-defined lats in the process, to a rather mixed reaction from the Portland crowd. Stevie grins an enormous crap-eating grin and slaps Magnum on his shoulder.]

HSS: Max, let's show 'em what you can do.

[And with that, Stevie climbs through the ropes to the floor as referee Scott Ezra signals for the bell.]

GM: Big words there from Stevie Scott to say the least, Bucky. Could he be setting Magnum up for expectations he can't reach?

BW: You blind or something, Gordo? Just LOOK at that guy!

GM: A tall task ahead for another upstart tonight out of Combat Corner in young "Terrific" Terry Fulton, who is no slouch in his own right, Bucky.

[A clearly-nervous Fulton takes a deep breath and charges at Magnum, peppering him with rights and lefts to the delight of the crowd. Magnum backpedals into the corner, but the assault also seems to show no effect.]

GM: Fulton's driven Magnum back into the corner, but the punches don't appear to be doing much damage.

BW: Magnum's laughing, Gordo! He's laughing at the punches Fulton's throwing at him!

[Finally having enough, Magnum grabs Fulton by the head and whips him violently in a 180-degree motion to put Fulton in the corner... and stuns him with a STIFF forearm shot to the side of the head!]

GM: OH MY STARS! Magnum just knocked Terry Fulton silly with one shot!

[With Fulton dazed, Magnum grabs the middle ropes on each side of his opponent... and viciously drives his shoulder into the torso of Fulton, not once, not twice, but three times, leaving the poor CCW rookie gasping for air.]

BW: Did you see the impact of those shots, Gordo? Fulton's gotta have some broken ribs after that!

[Magnum relents only for a moment, long enough to apply a front waistlock and throw Fulton clear across the ring with an overhead belly-to-belly suplex!]

GM: Look out! Oh my stars! Magnum just tossed Terry Fulton from one corner to the other like it was nothing! Bucky, have you ever seen power like this before in the AWA?

BW: We've got some big, strong dudes here... Maxim Zharkov, Blaster Masterson, Polemos just to name a few... but at worst, Magnum would give every one of them a run for their money.

GM: I'm not sure that Fulton even knows what zip code he's in right now. And Magnum has no intention of letting up!

[Indeed he does not. Magnum moves so quickly that it seems he's already over to Fulton before the Terrific One bounces off the mat. Magnum grabs him by the head and yanks him back to his feet, where Fulton can barely stay upright on his own.]

GM: Max Magnum sends Fulton for the ride...

"OHH!"

BW: ...AND DAMN NEAR DECAPITATES HIM! What a brutal clothesline!

[Fulton flips ass over tin cup, as the old saying goes, and lands more or less folded up. Stevie points to the fallen foe, indicating that Magnum go for the cover.]

GM: And thankfully, Magnum's going to go ahead and end this massacre. Scott Ezra makes the count of one, two, and-

[From the outside, Stevie Scott yells "NOW!" and Magnum instantly jerks Fulton's shoulders off the mat. The crowd jeers the arrogant move as Magnum shakes his head dismissively!]

BW: Magnum breaks the count! Stevie Scott says we haven't seen enough yet!

GM: That was simply unnecessary, Bucky! Fulton would've been down for a five count, maybe a ten count. This match should be over.

BW: It ain't over until Stevie Scott says it's over, apparently.

[Stevie shouts "SHOW 'EM SOME MORE!" at Magnum, who grins and nods, clearly happy for the chance to inflict more punishment. He hoists Fulton up over his shoulder and marches in a circle around the ring.]

GM: Magnum just toying with Terry Fulton now, parading him around like some sort of animal showcasing his kill.

[Stevie gives the "thumbs down" to Magnum, who responds by violently driving Fulton across his knee in a backbreaker, but holding onto him afterward and lifting him back up across his shoulder.]

GM: Backbreaker by Magnum, but he's not done yet. Magnum moves back into the far corner, now running out...and a big powerslam drives Fulton through the mat!

BW: He ought to call that the gravedigger, Gordon, because he could've easily put Fulton six feet under the ground with that thing, daddy!

[Magnum pops back up to his feet facing the hard camera and gives the universal "it's finished" gesture. He yanks Fulton off the mat and lifts him into a fireman's



carry, then starts spinning in a circle... faster... and faster... and faster than a man his size should be able to move.]

GM: Airplane spin by Magnum! Bucky, he's setting up for the same move that left Calisto Dufresne laying back at the Anniversary Show!

[Finally, Magnum shoves Fulton off his shoulders and into the air, Fulton still spinning like a helicopter blade as he crashes face-first into the mat.]

GM: I don't know what he calls it, but that is one devastating move.

BW: Stevie told me earlier today that they call it the Bombshell, daddy!

GM: Whatever it's called, that spells the end of Terry Fulton as there's the one, the two, and the three count. Max Magnum easily wins his first match in the AWA.

[A grinning Stevie Scott climbs up and into the ring, pushing Ezra aside as he attempts to raise Magnum's hand. Stevie does the honors instead.]

RO: The winner of the match...MAX MAGNUUUUUM!

GM: An impressive in-ring debut to say the least from Max Magnum, Bucky.

BW: This day has been a long time coming, Gordo. We heard the hype for years and what little we got to see of Max Magnum tonight? That hype may not have even done this man justice.

GM: Fans, it's been an exciting night of AWA action so far here on the first hour of Saturday Night Wrestling and... hold on... I'm getting word that we're going backstage for something. Lou? Whatcha got?

[We cut backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing in front of a door marked "EL PRESIDENTE."]

SLB: Gordon, we've got breaking news and then some back here. I've just been informed that after the challenge issued earlier - it is official! The Masked Outlaw has accepted the challenge and will face Johnny Detson for the World Heavyweight Title inside that ring tonight! Can you believe it?

In addition, I've also been told that Hall of Famer Medusa Rage was once again invited by AWA management to appear here in Portland and we're told she JUST arrived! More on that a little later.

And finally, we're told that...

[Blackwell's words trail off as he spots someone incoming.]

SLB: I'm sorry. Terry Shane?

[The former World Television Champion IS the person incoming, walking right up to Blackwell. He throws a look at Blackwell... then at the cameraman...

...and ignoring both, he knocks on the door. A voice calls from inside and Shane pushes his way through to a shocked reaction from the crowd.]

SLB: Terry Shane is going to see Javier Castillo?! What's that all about?! Fans, I'm going to stay right here until Shane comes out and we get an answer to that very question! Let's go back to the ring!

[We fade from backstage back to the ring where...

# HOUR TWO

[...we find Rebecca Ortiz is standing, getting ready to announce the competitors for the upcoming match. Pacing behind her is one of the competitors for the evening, getting himself psyched up. The bell sounds, and on cue Ortiz begins her introductions.]

RO: This next contest here on AWA Saturday Night is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, already in the ring and hailing from Snohomish, Washington, weighing 246 pounds, PAUL GEISENBERGER!

[Geisenberger sneers, raising his arms to the crowd to a round of boos. Geisenberger is a stocky man, with a brown mullet and a decent amount of chest hair. He wears a pair of white trunks with green trim, white kneepads, and green boots. The boos are mainly for his t-shirt, which is a green Seattle Supersonics T-shirt. He yells out to the crowd that the Blazers suck and they should bring back the Supersonics, and they respond with even more boos.]

RO: And his opponent....

[The lights dim, changing over to a darker green color as the crowd stops booing Geisenberger. These aren't the colors of the Seattle Supersonics, instead, they are the color of one man. A man, who is out to find himself.

Hit it, Freddie!]

# Tonight... I'm gonna have myself a real good time.  
# I feel Alllllllll---lllllll---lllllll-vvvveee  
# And the world, turning inside out.... yeaahh.  
# I'm floating around... in ecstasy.. so don't. Stop. Me. Now.  
# Don't. Stop. Me..

[And bursting out onto the aisleway on cue is Alphonse Green to a chorus of cheers as Queen's "Don't Stop Me Now" kicks in.]

RO: ... from Peducah, Kentucky, weighing 194 pounds... ALPHONSE... GREEN!!!

GM: Here comes the King of the Battle Royals...

BW: Former, Gordo. He even referred to himself as a court jester on Power Hour, but nothing's been funny about that slump he's been in. He might not even be one of the thirty participants in the Rumble this year.

[After a couple of moments, Green steps onto the aisleway. The crowd cheers him on, but instead of soaking in the cheers from the Gang Green representatives in Portland, he simply walks down towards the ring. His dark blonde hair is stringy and curly, extending down towards his shoulders. Green's wearing a black leather jacket with the letters A.G. ripped into the back, and his wrestling gear consists of an odd combination of colors: Kentucky Wildcat blue, and dark green stripes representing

Gang Green running across seemingly random portions of his tights. He has a pair of white boots on as well.]

GM: Green's walking with a purpose here tonight. Normally, he basks in all the attention he wants in his entrance, but he's all business tonight.

BW: Of course. He understands that if he loses to... Paul Geisenberger? Yeah, he's probably never coming back from that.

[As Green approaches ringside and climbs the stairs to the apron, Geisenberger's having the time of his life jawing with the Portland faithful.]

BW: The Sonics haven't been a team for almost a decade now, buddy. Let it go!

[Green grabs the top rope and slingshots himself over the top rope and into the ring, at the opposite corner to Geisenberger but with his back turned. He leans forward, resting his head against the top turnbuckle, seemingly muttering to himself. Meanwhile, Geisenberger takes off his shirt and tosses it into the crowd with a smirk on his face.]

GM: This is Geisenberger's first appearance on AWA TV, and he doesn't seem to be taking Green very seriously at the moment.

[The crowd cheers, as someone in the crowd tosses the t-shirt back. Green spins around, taking off his jacket and passing it over the top rope to one of the ringside assistants. Both men make their way to the middle of the ring, Geisenberger yakking it up the entire time.]

GM: In fact, Geisenberger kinda reminds me of Green when Green first started out here in the AWA.

BW: Except fifty pounds heavier with a dad bod. He can talk a good game, but can he back it up?

[The bell rings to start the match. Green and Geisenberger are face to face, and it seems like Geisenberger's continuing to talk up a storm. Geisenberger starts jabbing a thick finger into Green's chest, and we can pick up what he's saying.]

"YER NOTHIN', PAL! Just like Portland, who never gave us any sports teams worth a damn..."

[Geisenberger backs off, turning to the crowd with an evil grin.]

"...and they never gave us any wrestlin' worth a damn!"

[Green's eyes narrow, taking that statement as not just a knock at all the greats that have made their way in and out of Portland, but to his father. Geisenberger then steps forward, and slaps Green across the face.]

GM: Ohh my! Geisenberg goes upside the head of Green with that slap!

[Green turns away, holding the side of his face. After a moment, he spins around and glares a hole through Geisenberger. Suddenly, the look on his face changes. He tilts his head slightly to the right and smiles an Alphonse Green smile. The camera picks up Green saying "slap me again."]

BW: Green ought to be tearing Geisenberger limb from limb here, c'mon kid. If he ain't gonna do it, there's gotta be someone in this crowd that'll do it for him.

[Geisenberger raises an eyebrow, and obliges...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A second slap across the face of Alphonse Green, and Geisenberger's strutting around like he's "Dreamlover" Trey Porter!

[Geisenberger turns towards the crowd, spreading his arms and shouting "SEE! HE'S NOTHING!" Unfortunately for Geisenberger, Green slowly turns his head back towards him, waiting for him to turn around. The moment he does, Geisenberger is greeted with a shot that echos throughout the Moda Center!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! Green's not known for those kinds of strikes, but that overhand chop right across the chest could have woken up the dead!

[Geisenberger gasps, trying to catch his breath. Green, realizing this is his chance to strike, bounces off the ropes. He leaps in the air, twisting around to catch Geisenberger across the chin with the back of his right leg.]

GM: Spinning heel kick finds it's mark, and Green's rolling!

BW: A good slap to the face's always better than the best cup of coffee.

GM: Geisenberger's regretting waking the former AWA Television Champion up, that's for sure. Green's still down on the canvas after catching Geisenberger full flush across the face.

BW: He's milking it, Gordo.

[Sure enough, Green rolls back, then jumps back up to his feet in a kip up to the continuing cheers from the crowd.]

BW: See?

GM: This extra showmanship might be a sign that Green's got a pulse again.

[Geisenberger rolls to the corner, using the top rope to pull himself up. However, Green charges in as soon as his unlucky opponent turns around.]

GM: Leaping knee strike to Geisenberger!

[Green rests his knee underneath the chin of his challenger. He looks out over the cheering crowd, and thrusts his left arm high in the air as his right arm is draped around Geisenberger. Green lets out a loud "OOOOOOOOOOOHHHH!!!!" to the crowd as they chant along. Green drops down, keeping Geisenberger gripped. He clinches in in a side headlock, nodding his head. The crowd roars as Green then raises a finger in the air, lowering it and pointing towards the center of the ring.]

GM: Long time fans of the Portland territories know what's coming!

[Green charges forwards, leaping in the air and driving Geisenberger face first into the mat!]

GM: Bulldog headlock! A shoutout to Tony "Dead Lift" Green, who used that to rack up a ton of victories in the Pacific Northwest in the mid 80s-early 90s! Only two men have done it better.

[Bucky simply snorts, knowing who Gordo's talking about. Green, looking to put this match away as soon as he can, struts towards the ropes and slingshots over them, landing on the apron. He looks out towards the crowd and yells 'HE WANTS

TO RIDE.. WITH ALPHONSE GREEN.' with the crowd repeating the last part. Green then pivots, facing back in the ring. He's stomping in place, with his tongue sticking out as Geisenberger climbs to his feet.]

GM: Green's served Geisenberger the appetizer...

[Green slingshots himself to the top rope as Geisenberger staggers to the center of the ring.]

GM: ...and he's about to serve him the Main Course!

[Sure enough, Green flies through the air, cocking back his right arm. Green then thrusts his right arm at Geisenberger, smashing him across the face with a flying forearm smash!]

BW: Gordo, we don't need another Sal Albano.

[Myers chuckles in response. Green grins, slapping his hands across the chest of Geisenberger. The referee drops down to make the three count, and the bell sounds to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: Green picks up the win here on AWA Saturday Night Wrestling, and unlike the last time he wrestled on this show, he picked it up on a relatively decisive fashion!

BW: Everyone deserves a little slump buster, but can he keep this up?

GM: He's going to need to if he wants to get back in consideration for the Rumble, but he also mentioned that he's felt naked since his return. "Sweet" Lou's making his way towards ringside. He spoke to him on Power Hour and hopefully we can get a little more out of him tonight, take it away!

[Green rolls to the outside, where "Sweet" Lou is waiting for him. Green struts over, and puts his right arm around Blackwell, a huge smile across his face.]

SLB: Well, a huge win on AWA Saturday Night here for Alphonse Green and he's looking to be in a fantastic mood...

AG: Ya got that right, I missed givin' Gang Green a good show, and I kinda feel like I finally am makin' my way up that ladder back to respectability. I kinda think the guy in charge, that Rico Suave guy with a nice haircut and a nice suit, he's takin' a look at my recent record an' thinkin' I ain't good enough for this year's Rumble.

SLB: I don't think Rico Suave's actually a person. You mean Javier Castillo, right?

AG: Yeah, that guy. Well, I don't blame him. It took me some time for me to get my head out of my butt and go beat someone silly for three minutes, but beatin' some loser might not be enough to get his attention. Sometimes, it's out of yer hands, but that's okay.

SLB: That's okay? Are you really thinking that you're out of consideration for the Rumble?

AG: If I'm in, yay. If not, well, that's his choice and his loss. It's not long I ain't got a goal now. Ya see, I had a bit of a vision on my way out of the ring. A vision of me climbin' the ladder, an' what was at the top was somethin' that I was missin' all along.

I saw some face painted traitor, ya all know who I'm talkin' about.

[The crowd boos, knowing Green's talking about Supernova.]

AG: He fell off the ladder all the way down the abyss. I saw a man fallin' down the ladder. A man too violent for television, doin' stuff that was never necessary, he never seemed to have a grip on reality anyway, let alone the ladder.

[The crowd boos the implied reference to Shadoe Rage.]

AG: But I couldn't stay lookin' down. I looked up and I saw a man sittin' at the very top, holdin' somethin' I hold near and dear to me. Holdin' the reason why I feel uncomfortable an' naked right now. He's good, really good, even if he's got the luck of the Irish keepin' him goin'.

Well, I'm comin' back for it. It might take me a few weeks, a few months, heck maybe even a few years, but I'm comin' for it an I'm gonna take it. If, well, you know who I'm talkin' about doesn't like it he can go kiss my Blarney Stone.

SLB: I think I finally get what you're getting at. You're a former AWA Television champion, and you want your title back.

[Green nods his head.]

AG: It's what I shoulda been doin' all along.

SLB: Well, you're gonna have to get in line. The competition for the Television championship's been hot and heavy lately, and you're going to have to need to prove yourself to get at the head of the line for Callum Mahoney's title.

AG: Yeah, yeah, yeah... I know all about Terry Shane, Cody Mertz, and Michael Aarons, and there's a few other guys makin' some noise. Ya know what, Sweet Lou? That's a lot of potential people that wanna take a ride. Well, they can go hop in my Chrysler, it's as big as a whale, and it's about to set sail. Ya know how it goes? It seats about twenty, and that seems to be how many people are goin' for that title right now.

[Green snaps his head off to the side, grinning at "Sweet" Lou, before turning his head back towards the camera.]

AG: They ain't touchin' my jukebox.

[Green smiles, claps his hands and slides off camera as the camera pans back towards "Sweet" Lou.]

SLB: Well, guys, it looks like the manic Alphonse Green's back and wanting to get his shot at the AWA Television title. He's got a lot of work to do, and I'm sure we're all looking forward to seeing how he gets there. But he mentioned Terry Shane right there... and I'm told we got an exclusive Access 365 look at just what happened in that office when the third generation grappler met El Presidente! Take a look!

[A flash of the ACCESS 365 logo fills the screen. And then, we're inside the office itself - presumably recorded several minutes ago. Much like earlier in the evening Javier Castillo sits with his hands neatly folded on top of his wooden desk with MAWAGA shadowing him over the right shoulder, arms crossed over one another against his chest. Earlier he was nervous, now, he is rather calm as he stares across the room at the man across from him.]

JC: So, Mr. Shane. Please, sit.

[Terry Shane remains standing across from Castillo. Both arms hang at his side, one loose and relaxed, the other slightly crooked with the thumb holding it up as it sinks into his pocket.]

TS: This won't take much of your time.

[Castillo gestures for him to continue.]

TS: My contract states...

[Castillo cuts him off.]

JC: Mr. Shane...I'm going to save you some time. I know what your contract states. I know what EVERYONE'S contract states. That's my job. And I also know that your contract you signed for your Television Title defense against Callum Mahoney said that if you lost, you get a rematch, yes?

[Shane nods.]

JC: Mmhmm. But your arm... it's no good. I've seen Ponavitch's reports. He says he won't clear you.

[Shane nods again.]

TS: You're right.

[Castillo looks up at Shane expectantly with a shrug.]

JC: So, why are you here?

TS: You're right... I'm not cleared to compete tonight...but I WILL be by next weekend in Atlanta for Power Hour. I want to evoke my rematch clause and I want Mahoney and the World Television Title on the line. I worked too hard to get to where I am to be forgotten, Mr. Castillo. I'm not going to let the Cody Mertzses, the Grant Carters, and the Michael Aaronsons of the world take my spot.

I earned that title.

I DESERVE that title.

And all I need from you is the green light and I am going to bring it back home around my waist where it belongs. I told you I was going to be a fighting champion and I was. I didn't wrestle chumps. I didn't waste time just to get by from one week to the next. I went in there each week and faced the best possible person you were willing to put in front of me. Give me my shot and I'll take care of the rest.

[A moment passes. Shane stares forward. Castillo leans back, his folded hands lifting up from his desk and repositioning themselves behind his head.]

JC: You know something, Terry Shane.

[He waves a finger at him.]

JC: You got some fire in you and I like that. I may have been wrong about you. In fact, I think a lot of people are. I came in here and saw your name on the roster and my gut instinct...

[He snaps a finger.]

JC: ...was that we already saw the best you had to give. But you've impressed me. I didn't think you could wash yourself of your past... let's just call them

shenanigans... but you've shown me you've got something inside you that doesn't know when to quit. It might make you a champion again.

[Shane nods.]

JC: ...or it might kill you.

[Another Castillo shrug with a grin.]

JC: I just know, I'd like to find out.

You'll get yourself a rematch when I feel like you're ready.

[Shane gets up from his seat.]

TS: With all due respect, Mr. Castillo. I was ready the second they took that title away from me. I'd go back out there tonight and wrestle him if you'd let me.

JC: I don't doubt it.

TS: Heck, I'd wrestle him a dozen times or anyone else for that matter.

JC: That's not necessary but it does bring up an interesting idea.

TS: Anything.

[Castillo smiles. His favorite promise has been issued.]

JC: Next week in Atlanta... if you accept what I'm going to propose... and if you're right and you're medically cleared...

[Shane's good hand is already halfway towards Castillo.]

JC: ...it will be Callum Mahoney and yourself in a two out of three falls contest for the World Television Title...

[Shane does not hesitate.]

TS: I ACCEPT.

[Shane reaches out, shaking Castillo's hand. Castillo hangs on though, pointing at Shane.]

JC: ...and you, my friend, are going to owe Javier Castillo something for this.

[And now Shane hesitates, realizing what he may have just done. With a nod, he withdraws from the handshake, giving a fistpump into the air as he exits the office, leaving a grinning Castillo behind.

And with another flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, 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?

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[We fade from the commercial to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet stands with two gentlemen; "Cannonball" Lee Connors and Downpour. Connors is dressed in a pair of black track pants with a red stripe wearing a red Ivan Petrov t-shirt, a printed outline of the GFC champ holding another outline in a dastardly choke hold. Downpour stands behind him in an SWLL hoodie, his full faced mask covering any give away.]

MS: We are back here live in the Moda Center in Portland, Oregon, fans... and my guests at this time, please welcome the team of "Cannonball" Lee Connors and Downpour!

[He lets the two nod in appreciation and affectation before continuing.]

MS: The pair of you had a strong victory in an absolute barnburner of a match on Power Hour that people will be talking about for some time. So, what's next?

[Stegglet leans the microphone to the Cannonball's mouth.]

LC: First of all, sir, it's an absolute honor to be here with you interviewing us and to be here on Saturday Night Wrestling. Both of us are humbled by all this. Secondly, Mr. Stegglet... what's next for us?

[Connors looks to his masked partner, shrugging. Downpour does a knowing tilted nod, motioning for the young man to continue.]

LC: Well, frankly, we are looking at the rest of the tag team division and seeing what's going on. We want to go against the very best and if we can be so humble, we are definitely watching what happens between Next Gen and System Shock in two weeks, sir. We are really, REALLY interested to see who comes out with the gold in that match. Who knows? Maybe the two of us will earn a chance and get a shot at the AWA Tag Team Championships if they'll let us.

MS: Wait. Are you saying yourself and Downpour want a tag title match?

[Downpour pats Connors on the shoulders, nodding along with the side kickin' youngster.]

LC: Sir. If I may be so bold. You betcha! If the folks in the AWA offices decide we deserve it then know this. Next Gen. System Shock. The entire tag team division. This man Downpour, one of the single most athletically gifted and exciting wrestlers I've ever been in the ring with whether you know him or not and I, Lee Connors...

[Dramatic pause.]

LC:...we'd be honored to get a chance at gold and show the world just how good we truly can be and are!

MS: You heard it here first, folks. Downpour and Lee Connors are coming for Championship gold! Now, let's go back down to the ring and Rebecca Ortiz!

[We fade from backstage to the aforementioned ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing with referee Davis Warren and an athletically-slim dark-haired woman, who is dressed in a black-and-gold sports bra, black shorts with gold swirls along the waistband and down the sides, gold knee pads, and black boots.]

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall, with a ten-minute time limit. Introducing first, from Happy Valley, and weighing in at 95 pounds...

JANA REYNOLDS!

[Leaning against the top two ropes, while bouncing on the bottom rope, Reynolds raises her right fist in the air.]

RO: And her opponent...

[Santana's "Warrior" starts to play to some cheers from the Portland crowd. About fifteen seconds in, Margarita Flores walks out through the entranceway, a folded over length of bullrope draped across the back of her neck. She is also dressed in a beige cowboy hat, a black bustier top, matching shorts under a pair of blue denim chaps and black boots. With the cowbell in her right hand, Flores winds her arm up and raises it in the air, yelling "YEEEEAAH!!!" as she does.]

RO: Hailing from La Feria, Texas and weighing in at 176 pounds...

MARGARRRITAAA FLORES!

[Reaching the ring, Flores removes her hat, placing it on the apron near one of the ring posts. She rolls under the ropes and quickly pops up to her feet, once more throwing up her right arm, cowbell in hand. As the music fades, Flores goes to her corner, lifts the bullrope up from her shoulders and drapes it over the top ring post hook, before turning around and waiting for the official to start the match.]

BW: Whoa! Look at the size differential here. Flores has, what, a foot and eighty pounds over her opponent. This might be a fast one.

GM: There's only one way to find out.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And here we go... And it's Reynolds who has taken to circling the larger competitor.

BW: Yeah, but Flores is just staring at her and she looks almost amused.

[Reynolds rushes in, looking to strike first but Flores catches her with a knee to the gut on the way in.]

GM: That one didn't look particularly amusing... waistlock applied by the lady from La Feria, Texas... big lift- no, Reynolds slips out, on the mat...

[She crawls backwards through the legs of her larger opponent, popping up to drill her in the thigh with a kick. Two more quick kicks follow and when Flores whips around, she makes a lunge of her own at the smaller Reynolds.]

GM: Swing and miss by Flores, failing to catch her speedy opponent.

[Two more kicks to the thigh land before Flores wheels around again, lowering her shoulder and driving Reynolds back into the ropes.]

GM: This is not where Jana Reynolds wants to be, fans.

[The referee calls for a break and Flores obliges, rearing back a big right hand...

...that whiffs completely as Reynolds ducks down, front rolls under the haymaker, pops up to her feet and throws two more kicks to the back of the thigh.]

GM: Reynolds looking to take those massive legs out from under her opponent.

BW: Which is a smart move because if you get a bigger opponent down, you completely negate her size advantage.

[Reynolds gets her body in motion, dashing to the far ropes, rebounding back towards a waiting Flores. Flores' attempt at a back elbow goes nowhere as Reynolds ducks it again, coming off quickly...

...but Flores sidesteps, snatching her by the upper body, and HURLS her back down to the mat, the back of Reynolds' head bouncing off the canvas!]

GM: Ohhh! And just like that, big Margarita Flores completely changed the complexion of this one... and earlier tonight, we caught up with her to get some comments on her experience here in the AWA so far. Let's hear what she had to say!

[We go to picture-in-picture, where Flores is dressed as she came out for her match: beige cowboy hat, black bustier top, matching shorts under a pair of blue

denim chaps and the bullrope draped across the back of her neck and down her shoulders.]

MF: It's a darned pity there's no place for a competitor like me in the Rumble. Too bad. I'll just have to find my own way to get a shot at the Women's Championship. Am I afraid of big, bad Kurayami? Well, take an ax to a giant redwood often enough and you'll chop it down. Kurayami ain't nowhere that big and...

[Holds up her right forearm, her lariat arm, in front of her.]

MF: ...I've got quite the swing, so eventually, Kurayami's going down.

[Back to the action, where, in the meantime, Reynolds has rolled to the corner. Flores urges her to get up, which she does with the aid of the ropes. Flores moves towards the corner, attempting to grab her, but Reynolds, with her back to the corner, kicks with both legs, trying to maintain the separation. Instead, Flores grabs the legs and pulls Reynolds towards her, catching her across the chest.]

GM: Incredible strength on the part of Flores, snatching her up like a small child and...

BW: Hopefully she doesn't treat any small children like this!

[Flores drops back, hurling Reynolds across the ring with a fallaway slam, bouncing her off the canvas!]

GM: Ohhh! Wow! Reynolds nearly flew right out of the ring on that...

[Still on the mat, Flores shows off her agility that goes with her incredible power by kipping up off the mat.]

GM: So athletic to boot. Margarita Flores in complete control of this one as Reynolds shows tremendous heart here, Bucky, pulling herself up off the mat.

[A frown crosses Flores' face as she marches across the ring, raining down a clubbing forearm across the chest, knocking Reynolds back down into a seated position in the corner.]

GM: Flores stomping away on Reynolds in the buckles! She's trying to keep her much-smaller opponent down but Jana Reynolds has got some fight in her apparently, Bucky.

BW: She can fight all she wants, Gordo, but I've always believed that a good big wrestler will beat a good small one every time. I think this one is just a matter of time for Flores.

GM: You talk about a good big wrestler though... what about Flores having words for Kurayami moments ago?

BW: That's a whole other Great White Shark to fry, Gordo.

[Davis Warren implores Flores to back away from the corner which she does. She walks around the ring, the crowd cheering her on as she throws a glance back to the corner, spotting Reynolds trying to get up off the mat again.]

GM: And Jana Reynolds just will not stay down. Bucky, you've gotta be impressed.

BW: Flores has hit her with some heavy shots and she keeps coming. It's definitely impressive.

[Using the ropes to get to her feet, Reynolds steadies herself and then charges out, trying to catch Flores by surprise. She leaps into the air as she approaches...

...and ends up trapped in the massive arms of the Texan!]

GM: Bearhug! Bearhug locked in by Margarita Flores! Jana Reynolds tried to catch her off-guard but instead she may have just cost herself this match, Bucky.

BW: Reynolds is trying to hang on though... wiggling around, trying to loosen that grip.

[That's exactly right, Buckthorn, as the smaller competitor appears to have some wiggle room, which she utilizes, not allowing Flores to put in the full squeeze.]

GM: Trying to work her way free now before Flores can really put a hurting on her... look at this!

[Reynolds manages to get her knees against Flores' torso and she uses her legs to shimmy herself upwards and finds herself over Flores' shoulder, with Flores' arms around her legs. With a bit of leverage, Reynolds manages to slide herself free down Flores' back.]

GM: She gets loose... and a sunset flip, trying to bring the big Texas oak tree down! Can she do it?

[No, she cannot. After teetering for a moment, Flores regains her balance, bends down and, with her hands on either side of Reynolds' head, picks her up and pulls her into another bear hug.]

GM: Oh! Right back into the bearhug!

BW: Squuuueeezzze! Flores is putting the squuuueeezzze on Reynolds.

GM: Reynolds slipped out once before. Let's see if she can do it again.

[Flores can be heard shouting at her smaller opponent.]

"Give up, Jana! Give up and fight another day!"

[Reynolds shakes her head, shouting no as Flores continues to wear her down.]

GM: Flores imploring Reynolds to give up. She doesn't want to hurt her any more than she needs to.

BW: If she wants to step up to the Women's World Champion one day, she's going to need to be as merciless as Kurayami. Flores needs to break Reynolds. Both her body and her spirit.

GM: Jana Reynolds showing that spirit once more as she tries to elbow herself free. Big elbow to the side of the head... and now one up top.

[Reynolds throws a quick flurry of elbows to the crown of the skull.]

GM: And it looks like it's working, Bucky! She's fighting her way out of this!

BW: That's because Flores didn't finish her off when she had the chance.

[Flores gives a lift, trying to get Reynolds across her chest again but Reynolds uses the power of the lift to float over, slipping out behind Flores who she shoves in the back, sending her facefirst into the corner!]

GM: Oh! Another nice counter out of Reynolds... and this might be her chance, Bucky, if she's ever going to have one!

[Reynolds backs off, clearing a little space before charging in and catching the turning Flores up under the chin with a back elbow!]

GM: Ohh! Right on target and Flores may be seeing stars after that one.

[With Flores leaning against the buckles, Reynolds creates a little distance before charging back in, stepping up on the leg of Flores to snap a foot off the back of her head!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Kick to the skull finds the mark! That enzuigiri has Flores in a daze and this is Reynolds' opportunity to finish her off, I think! We could be on the verge of seeing a queen-sized upset here in Portland!

[Reynolds dashes across the ring to the far corner. She leans against the buckles, taking a few deep breaths before charging out...]

...and Flores does the same, racing out to meet Reynolds...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ROARS as Flores uncorks a massive lariat, flipping Reynolds inside out, upside down, and every which way but loose before she slumps down to the mat in a heap. Flores drops down, flipping her over, planting her palms on the chest as she extends her arms.]

GM: One. Two... and there's three!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Whew. What a lariat out of Flores to pick up the win in this one, fans.

BW: Reynolds gave her a fight but in the end, Flores had that lariat cocked and ready and claimed another victim.

GM: Big win for Flores as she continues to work her way up the ladder that she hopes someday ends with Kurayami and the Women's World Title. Speaking of the Women's Division, we've got Mark Stegklet standing by with Julie Somers and Victoria June... or is he?

[We cut to the aisle where we find Mark Stegklet walking toward the ring, a mic in hand.]

MS: No, not quite yet, Gordo. I was told to meet Julie Somers and Victoria June down at ringside. I'm not sure what they have in mind, but I imagine we'll find out once we...

[As he rounds the corner, he stops in mid-sentence and notices that Julie Somers and Victoria June are already there. Both of them are talking to somebody seated at ringside. Somers, who is dressed in a red Wonder Woman T-shirt and white pants, turns and notices Stegklet. She motions for him to approach.]

MS: Julie Somers, can you tell me what you and Victoria June are doing out here?

JS: Hi, Mark. Well, for one thing, we wanted to show our support for Margarita who just one heck of a match in there and picked up another win.

[Somers flashes a smile, giving a thumbs up in the direction of the ring where presumably Flores is still standing.]

JS: And for another, I already introduced Victoria to my guest tonight and I wanted to introduce you as well. Please say hello to Gal Gadot.

[The camera pans over to Victoria, dressed in a top that consists of a printed cotton scarf crossed tied into a halter top and a cherry red leather kilt over torn up fishnet stockings and her black Doc Marten boots, leaning against the rail, and sure enough, there's the Israeli actress, who is dressed in a black, sleeveless top and red pants. She laughs at something Victoria says to her, then the two notice Stegglet, who approaches them.]

MS: I don't believe it... Gal Gadot, who has the lead role in the upcoming Wonder Woman film, is here tonight in Portland, Oregon!

[He extends his hand to Gadot, who takes it and smiles.]

MS: Gal, I'm Mark Stegglet. What brought you here to Saturday Night Wrestling?

GG: I visited with Julie for the first time on Facebook, because I saw her match at your SuperClash show and told her how much I admired what she was doing. We exchanged a few messages, I arranged to meet her in person and, after we got to know each other more, she offered to bring me to a show.

MS: Have you watched a lot of AWA, Ms. Gadot?

GG: I've tried to keep up with what Julie is doing, but I've watched some of the other women, too, and they're all impressive. I was just telling Victoria here how much I loved watching her and Julie in their tag team match a couple weeks ago and that I look forward to seeing more of the show tonight.

MS: Well, tonight, your friend Julie is going to be in action against Erica Toughill... and Julie, I have to ask, how much motivation is there for you now that you have a friend of yours in the audience tonight?

JS: Mark, I don't need much motivation when it comes to Erica Toughill. I've said it before, I'll say it again, but I want to get things settled once and for all with her and make her realize that, as good as she is, the only reason why she hasn't been able to beat me is because she simply can't keep me down, no matter how hard she tries! And I can tell you that the same thing is going to be true for Cinder, the next time Victoria gets her hands on her.

MS: Victoria, that brings me to you. We shouldn't forget that Cinder looks to Erica as her "mummy," as it were. Do you believe Cinder might try to get involved in tonight's match?

VJ: Do ah think Cindy will get involved?

[She laughs horseishly, showing off her gapped teeth. She runs a hand through her strawberry blonde afro. The patch where her hair was cut is starting to get a little longer, but it is still evidently different than the rest of her coiffure.]

VJ: Would ya bet yer house she won't, Stegglet?

MS: I rent, but no I wouldn't take that risk.

VJ: Yeah, neither would ah. That's why ah'm gonna be in my girl, Jamie Somers, corner tonight. And ah'm honored to be here with mah girl and the star of the movie version of Wonder Woman, Gal Gadot. Ah mean, ah was a Storm girl growin' up, but ah reckon Wonder Woman's gonna be a mighty impressive movie. And ah reckon the Wonder Woman of the AWA, Jamie Somers, is gonna be mighty impressive in that ring against Erica Toughill, too. Gonna be a wonderful night!

[Again the freckled albino lets out her horsey laugh. There is some commotion behind Gadot, though.]

MS: Alright, quite a night already here in Portland--

[One of the fans right behind Gal Gadot pulls back her hood and reveals flaming red and orange hair and a twisted grin. She mimes a pair of scissors with her index and middle fingers wickedly.]

MS: Oh my gosh, it's Cinder!

JS: GET OUT OF THERE!

[The alert Gadot quickly gets out of Cinder's grasp. Somers quickly leaps the barricade into a sea of event security.]

MS: Cinder appearing out of nowhere-- can we confirm Gal Gadot is alright?

[The camera shakily catches Gal Gadot off to one side of the melee, not quite comprehending what happened. Erica Toughill rushes on scene to try to separate Cinder from Somers and June.]

MS: Gordon, Bucky... It looks like Cinder was about to ambush Gal Gadot when Julie Somers leapt the barricade to protect her friend, and now--

[Just as the situation has calmed, cut to Cinder and Victoria June at ringside throwing haymakers intensely.]

MS: We have got to get some order out here!

[Cinder and June wildly throw punches at one another, as Toughill and Somers try to intervene. Somers, who has climbed back over the barricade, manages to get in between the two women, when Toughill reaches in to try to separate everyone, and Somers reflexively pulls back. She and Toughill stare at one another for a moment, but that's when Cinder and June tussle and stumble into them, knocking both Toughill and Somers backwards.]

MS: Are we going to get some help?

[As if on cue, several backstage officials and referees hustle down the aisle. Cinder and June both slam up against the apron, Somers again reaching in and Toughill following suit, which catches Somers' attention once more.]

GM: This is crazy! Cinder tried to ambush Gal Gadot and, now, it's broken down out here!

BW: And Somers doesn't want Toughill getting involved when she's just trying to help!

GM: I acknowledge that Toughill is trying to separate Cinder and June, but after what's gone down between her and Somers, I can't blame Somers for not trusting her.



BW: Oh, sure, take Julie's side!

[The agents and referees have now joined Toughill and Somers in trying to separate Cinder and June. They manage to get the two women apart, but in the sea of people at ringside, Somers pulls away from the crowd and goes over to check on Gadot, who is standing by her seat and, while shaken, appears to be all right.]

GM: Gadot appears to be all right -- hey, look out!

[That's when June pulls away and Cinder charges, sending her into Somers. The three fall to the floor, and now Toughill, the referees and agents and even Stegglet are all trying to break them up.]

GM: My goodness, neither Cinder nor June are willing to stop!

[Eventually, Toughill manages to pull Cinder up and away from the pile. As they get separated, agents and referees have June and Somers, it's now Somers who rushes forward to grab at Cinder.]

GM: Now the Spitfire wants at Cinder!

BW: So we get Cinder and June separated, and now Somers wants to fight! Nothing but a troublemaker, I see!

GM: Bucky, that's enough!

[Referee Shari Miranda manages to grab Somers from behind, but in doing so, Somers rears back an elbow...

...and she catches the referee in the jaw, knocking her down.]

BW: See! What did I tell you, Gordo!

GM: Bucky, that was an accident! I don't think Somers even knew the referee was there!

BW: Who would she think it would be? Toughill? She's right there in front of her!

[Cinder continues to struggle, but Toughill pulls her away, now aided by a couple of agents. Meanwhile, Somers has turned around and, realizing what happened, drops down to check on the downed referee, June now doing the same.]

GM: Obvious concern for Shari Miranda's welfare on the part of both Somers and June but...

BW: But nothing! Somers coldcocked a referee! She should be fined... she should be suspended!

GM: Suspended?! When Kurayami did it recently, she got a slap on the wrist! Fans, we need to get some more help out here... we... yes, we'll be right back so don't go away.

[Fade to black.

Fade to a shot of a hallway, a Ryan Martinez poster on the wall. A young boy and his father turn the corner, now in the hall.

Cut to a closeup of the boy who points excitedly down the hall.]

"DAD, LOOK! IT'S RYAN MARTINEZ!"

[Cut to Ryan Martinez' back as he walks down the hallway, presumably heading for the ring... and then back to a two shot of the boy and his father who speaks for the first time.]

"You have to be quiet, son. He's getting ready for the big match."

[Cut back to Martinez' back, almost gone from sight now.]

Cut back to the young boy who shouts.]

"RYYYYYAAAAAN!"

[Cut to Martinez who slowly turns, a determined expression on his face.]

Cut to his boots, turning and walking towards the young man's voice. Step... step... step...

Cut back to the young boy, a nervous expression on his face now. Did he upset his hero?

Martinez' footsteps echo in the hallway as we cut to the young boy's father, looking down at his son and then down the hall at an approaching Ryan Martinez.

Cut to Martinez, still focused as he looks down unsmiling at the young boy.

Cut to the boy who has hero worship in his eyes as he looks up at Martinez and boldly speaks.]

"Go get him, White Knight."

[Martinez cracks a slight smile, reaching up to grab a Ryan Martinez White Knight t-shirt draped over his shoulder. He holds it up for a moment, setting it down on the young boy's shoulder as a proud father looks on. The boy breaks out into a huge grin as Martinez pats him on the other arm, turning to walk away as the opening notes to his music are heard.]

We cut to a closeup of the young boy once last time.]

"Wow."

[Then to Martinez, walking through the curtain into a blaze of bright white light. And then cut to a graphic that reads "The AWA: Who's Your Hero?"

As we fade back up from the commercial, we find Sweet Lou Blackwell standing just beyond the entrance backstage. There is still shouting voices and officials stirring as Blackwell looks around nervously.]

SLB: Fans, uh... we're back... we're back here backstage after-

[A loud voice calls out, interrupting Blackwell.]

"OUT! I WANT HER OUT!"

[A higher pitched voice responds.]

"FOR WHAT?!"

[Our camera pans over to show Javier Castillo flanked by security and MAWAGA standing several feet away from a fuming mad Julie Somers who has Victoria June with her.]

JS: You're kicking me out of the building?!

[Castillo points again.]

JC: OUT! You hit a referee!

JS: Not intentionally!

JC: I don't care! We have a global Hollywood star here and this is how you behave?!

JS: She's here to see me!

[Castillo shakes his head.]

JC: Not anymore. You're out of the match... and you're out of the building!

[Somers runs a hand through her hair, glaring at him.]

JS: Then who is facing Toughill tonight?

[Castillo shrugs then jerks a thumb.]

JC: Let her do it.

[The "her" in question is Victoria June whose jaw drops... and then she quickly nods.]

VJ: Yeah. Yeah! I got her for ya, Wonder Woman. I'll get her good!

[Julie shakes her head one more time, accepting a high five from her friend before turning to be escorted from the building by security. Castillo gestures for MAWAGA to follow him as they walk the other direction and we fade back out to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Wow! Quite the turn of events here in Portland as we finally get some order restored out here. Somers is out, June is in! It'll be Victoria June taking on Erica Toughill later tonight and... well, I can't wait to see it.

BW: Did Gal Gadot leave? 'Cause I'd like to see some more of her.

GM: Give me a break. Fans, earlier tonight, Javier Castillo set up our next match - a battle between Jordan Ohara and the mighty Muteesa. Ohara entered the Rumble earlier tonight as well... but Muteesa may change all those plans in a very violent fashion. Let's go the ring.

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

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

[An inhuman, primal howl fills the arena, followed by the sound of drums being pounded on.]

RO: From the Republic of the Congo. He stands at six feet, six inches, and weighs in tonight at 380 pounds. Here is...

MUUUUUUUTEEEEEEEESAAAAA!!

[The drums get louder as Muteesa bursts through the entrance onto the stage. The massive beast has arrived and the Portland fans are craning their necks to get a look at him.]

GM: We've seen this entrance before, Bucky, and I'm STILL not used to it.

BW: It's like a bad dream... one that's about become reality for that young punk Ohara.

[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. He frequently stops in the aisle, slapping his belly and howling at the ringside fans. One small girl leaps into her father's protective embrace as Muteesa gets a little too close.]

BW: Watch out there. He may not have had dinner yet.

[Muteesa wanders down to the ring, lurching around the ringpost, still continuing his little shuffle and howl routine as the fans jeer the Korugun monster. Finally, the behemoth enters the ring, loping around an uneasy Rebecca Ortiz, occasionally howling again as his music starts to fade.]

GM: I'm not a big fan of Muteesa being out here on his own, Bucky. In the past, I know he's had managers... he's had handlers... he's even had a valet or two. You telling me that Castillo or Westerly couldn't come out here to try and control this guy?

BW: They could... but they want Ohara in little bloody chunks so might as well turn the big man loose, right?

GM: Absolutely ridiculous.

[Ortiz finally musters up the courage to continue.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The hip hop beat of Nas' "I Can" rings out through the Moda Center to a big cheer from the AWA faithful.]

RO: From Charlotte, North Carolina... weighing in at 225 pounds...

The Phoenix...

JORRRRRRRDAAAAAAAAAN OOOOOOOOOHAAAAAARAAAAAAA!

[The cheers get louder as the young man comes jogging out onto the entrance stage, pointing to the fans. He's switched from his street clothes to his ring gear now, consisting of Carolina blue tights and white boots with black heels. There's a little more focus in Ohara tonight, foregoing his efforts to play air piano with the crowd as he heads down the aisle towards the ring, reaching out to slap the occasional offered hand but primarily keeping his focus on the ring where the mighty Muteesa awaits.]

GM: Jordan Ohara, one of the hot young superstars here in the AWA, is heading into what one can only describe as a nightmare scenario.

BW: He's taller than Ohara, he's heavier than Ohara, he's more vicious than Ohara, and he's more motivated than Ohara.

GM: More motivated? How do you figure?

BW: Korugun pays the big bucks, Gordo, and cash rules everything around me.

GM: Certainly a cold look at the world but nevertheless, as Ohara climbs up on the apron, I am concerned for this young man's physical wellbeing and-

[Ohara turns his back on the ring, turning to salute the cheering fans...

...which is when Muteesa decides to strike, lumbering across the ring, still wearing his wooden mask as he throws himself into a wild flying hip attack, catching Ohara across the shoulderblades, sending him sailing off the apron, clearing the ringside area, and SMASHING into the steel barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL GOES OHARA!

[The crowd groans for their hero and then pick up the boos on Muteesa as he lumbers around the ring, tossing his mask aside and gleefully slapping his ample belly as the referee reprimands him for the attack before the bell.]

GM: The damn bell hadn't even rang yet!

BW: Well, the church bells may be ringing for Ohara here soon calling everyone in town for his wake!

GM: Referee Andy Dawson is letting Muteesa have it but I don't know if he understands or if he even hears him, Bucky!

[Cut to the floor where Ohara is laid out in a pile, grimacing in pain as we see Muteesa wobble over to the ropes, shouting some kind of manic incomprehensible yelps in the direction of the downed Ohara.]

GM: What in the world...? Get him back, ref!

[But Muteesa has other plans, dropping to his back, rolling under the ropes to the outside despite the referee's shouts to do otherwise. The lumbering savage works his way towards Ohara, pulling him off the floor by his hair, and tossing him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Muteesa putting Ohara back into the ring now... and look at this, Bucky. Look who has come to watch!

[We cut to the entrance ramp where Javier Castillo, flanked by the Suited Savage himself MAWAGA, is now standing, looking on appraisingly.]

BW: Hey! The boss is here. I'll be right back, Gordo. I want to discuss some financial business with him.

GM: You stay right there. We've got a match to call.

[Muteesa rolls himself back inside the ring, climbing to his feet as the referee warns him for ignoring his instructions. Muteesa nods... sort of... his head bobbing about

wildly as Dawson leans over to check on Ohara. Ohara has crawled across the ring and is in the process of using the turnbuckles to pull himself to his feet.]

GM: And look at Jordan Ohara, trying with all his considerable heart to get to his feet so this match can officially begin.

[The referee is right there, asking Ohara if he wants to start the match. The Phoenix rises, collapsing against the buckles. He breathes heavily, giving a nod to the official who confirms his decision...

...and signals for the bell!]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: Here we go!

[Muteesa, hearing the bell, surges forward, lumbering across the ring with the intent of crushing Ohara in the corner with a running splash...

...but Ohara **THROWS** himself from the buckles at the last moment, falling to his knees as Muteesa slams hard into the corner!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[We cut back to Castillo who grimaces, turning to say something to MAWAGA who does not respond.]

GM: And El Presidente doesn't look too happy about that one, Bucky!

BW: I'd say Muteesa needs to stay focused but I don't think you could keep him on task with a straitjacket and a helmet!

[Muteesa staggers backwards on the impact, moaning wildly as Ohara crawls across the ring, ending up in the adjacent corner where he pulls himself to his feet again.]

GM: Ohara back up... here comes Muteesa again!

[The charging Muteesa comes in hard...

...and runs **RIGHT** into a raised boot from Ohara, drawing big cheers from the Portland crowd as he catches Muteesa under the chin!]

GM: And this is the Jordan Ohara we wanted to see, Bucky. This is the Jordan Ohara we **NEEDED** to see if he thinks he's going to be able to defeat Maxim Zharkov to win the National Title at some point in the future.

BW: Forget about Zharkov... he's got a Rumble to worry about now!

GM: Also true. Jordan Ohara, earlier tonight, announced his intent to enter the 2017 Rumble coming up in just over a month in Chicago at Memorial Day Mayhem X! And when you think of potential challengers for our new World Champion, Johnny Detson, there may not be one that excites me more than the idea of the Phoenix going for the gold.

BW: I can think of... oh... twenty or so.

[With Muteesa stumbling back, Ohara pops up, standing on the middle rope, beckoning the Congolese Savage forward. Muteesa obliges, wobbling in on Ohara who takes flight, dropping a big overhead chop down between the eyes!]

GM: Flying Tomahawk chop on the part of Ohara - and Muteesa is dazed but not down!

BW: It might take a wrecking ball to drop the mighty Muteesa!

[Ohara looks surprised to see Muteesa still on his feet but the Phoenix keeps going, winding up...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Knife edge chop by Ohara!

BW: Martinez may be the hardest chopper in the AWA but Ohara’s not too far off the pace, daddy!

GM: Which really says something about Muteesa still standing!

[Ohara shakes his head in disbelief, winding up again...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Another big chop!

BW: He STILL can’t get him down! Incredible!

[Ohara winds up once more...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Third time’s a charm perhaps?

[Muteesa stumbles backwards, his arms pinwheeling around as Ohara leans, trying to use some body English to topple the near four hundred pounder.]

GM: Jordan Ohara, trying to will Muteesa to fall...

[But the Congolese Savage straightens up, squealing as he slaps his massive belly a few times, causing Ohara to look around in confusion...]

...and then Muteesa throws a chop of his own, aimed for the throat of Ohara who ducks under it, spinning around behind the off-balance big man!]

GM: DROPKICK!

[Again, Muteesa goes teetering backwards, his arms swinging wildly. We cut to Javier Castillo who arches an eyebrow, leaning over himself as he watches his monster try to stay standing. Ohara shakes his head as the big man steadies himself again...]

...and breaks into a dash to the ropes.]

GM: Ohara to the ropes, looking for a little added oomph perhaps!

[The Phoenix rebounds off, sprinting towards the wobbly Muteesa, leaping into the air...]

GM: CROSS BODY!

[...but the mighty Muteesa snatches Ohara out of the sky, much to the dismay of the fans and an enthusiastic nod and smile from Javier Castillo who still stands at the top of the ramp alongside MAWAGA.]

GM: Muteesa caught him! He caught him mid-leap and...

[Muteesa gives a mighty bellow as he lifts Ohara slightly higher and then DRIVES him down to the canvas with an impactful front powerslam!]

GM: OHH!

BW: That might be it right now, Gordo!

GM: Ohara trapped underneath almost four hundred pounds! Muteesa gets one! He gets two! He gets th- no!

[The crowd cheers as Ohara barely snakes a shoulder up off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt. A confused Muteesa raises his arms in victory but the referee steps in, shaking his head, and swings Muteesa's arm down, shouting "TWO!" ]

GM: Muteesa thinks he's won it, Bucky!

BW: Well, good help can be hard to find sometimes.

[The Congolese Savage gets to his feet, raising his arms again, and again Dawson shouts "TWO!" and holds up two fingers to Muteesa who tilts his head like a Cocker Spaniel might.]

GM: I'm not sure he even understands.

[A cut to Castillo at the top of the aisle gets a loud "IT'S TWO, YOU IDIOT! FINISH HIM!" that Muteesa is unlikely to hear. El Presidente is absolutely fuming mad at this point as he shakes his head in annoyance.]

GM: Castillo showing some signs of frustration with one of his monsters.

BW: Can you blame him? He sent Muteesa out there with a task and Muteesa can't even count to three!

[Muteesa finally seems to understand that the match is still going on as he turns his focus back towards Ohara who is struggling to get up off the mat. He snatches a handful of hair, smashing his own skull into the back of the North Carolinian's.]

GM: Headbutt by Muteesa!

[He uses the grip on the hair to fling Ohara into the corner where he plants a bare foot on the throat, showing off some flexibility.]

GM: That's a choke, ref!

[Ohara coughs and gasps, trying to push the leg away as Muteesa gets a count laid on him by the referee. At four and change, he lets go, leaving Ohara clinging to the ropes in an attempt to stay on his feet.]

GM: Muteesa leaves Ohara in a bad way... and if you're a fan of the Phoenix, you've gotta be rooting for Ohara to find a way back into this one in a hurry. Every little blow from Muteesa leaves Ohara in a much worse state than he was moments before.



[Grabbing Ohara by the hair, Muteesa flips him over in a makeshift snapmare, putting him down on his butt where the native of the Congo promptly decides to dig his fingers into the eyes.]

GM: Oh, come on! He's gouging the eyes now!

[Ohara flails about, kicking his heels into the canvas as he cries out in pain. Again, Muteesa breaks the rules until about a four count and then wanders away, tilting his head at the jeering crowd.]

GM: This guy's out of control, Bucky.

BW: I'm guessing that's part of why he gets paid so well.

[A gasping and blinded Ohara works his way back to his feet, rubbing at his eyes vigorously as Muteesa circles back towards him...

...and promptly wraps two hands around the throat, pushing Ohara's head and torso back over the top rope!]

GM: Another choke... digging those fingers into the windpipe of the Phoenix!

[Yet another count starts up as Muteesa stares out glassy-eyed at the Portland crowd. A quick cut to Javier Castillo sees him looking on thoughtfully.]

GM: Castillo seems to be liking what he's seeing now at least.

BW: The man has high standards, Gordo. Do what he wants and you'll be well-rewarded. Fail him and... well, there's a lot of people who've never been heard from again after that.

[Breaking at four, Muteesa grabs the gasping Ohara by the arm, winging him across the ring...

...and throws a nasty knife edge chop, catching Ohara across the throat and putting him down on the mat!]

GM: Goodness! Right to the windpipe!

[Ohara again rolls around on the mat coughing and gasping for air as the referee kneels next to him to check his condition.]

GM: Muteesa repeatedly breaking the rules and it would be completely within the referee's discretion to disqualify him for it, Bucky.

BW: He could... but then he has to deal with Muteesa... and Javier Castillo.

GM: Probably not something he'd be looking forward to.

[Muteesa again circles back to the gasping Ohara, dragging him up off the mat.]

GM: Ohara back on his feet now... big overhead chop out of Muteesa!

[The blow causes Ohara to stumble backwards, falling into the corner. The Congolese Savage approaches, grabbing an arm.]

GM: Muteesa sends him across the ring...

[The big man falls back in the corner, slapping his massive belly again...]

GM: That big avalanche may be coming again! The first time, Ohara got out of the way but this time...

[Muteesa charges across the ring, letting loose a bellow as he looks to smash Ohara against the turnbuckles...]

GM: ...BIIIIIIIG SPLASH CONNECTS!

[The crowd groans as Ohara gets smashed under nearly four hundred pounds!]

GM: The avalanche connects... Ohara collapses out of the corner onto the canvas!

[The buzz of concern from the crowd is evident as a gleeful Castillo claps his hands over his head, nodding confidently. Muteesa scampers, almost skipping around the ring, slapping at his belly...]

GM: Why doesn't he cover him?

BW: I'm not about to try and dissect the intellect of Muteesa, Gordo.

GM: I suppose I can't blame you for that and- oh no... to the ropes goes Muteesa! He's gonna drop it all! BIIIIIIIG SPLAAAAAAAASH!

[Muteesa comes bouncing off the ropes, leaping into the air, nearly four hundred pounds aimed at the torso of Ohara...]

...who rolls out of the way at the last moment!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED! MUTEESA MISSES THE SPLASH!

[Muteesa wails as he rolls onto his back, clutching his abdomen as Ohara - who rolled out to the ring apron - grabs the ropes, trying to pull himself to his feet.]

GM: The Phoenix is rising once more! Climbing to his feet... Muteesa is down... Ohara down the apron... and he's going up top!

[Ohara is grabbing his ribcage with every movement, climbing the ropes from outside the ring...]

GM: This crowd in Portland has been lit up! They know what Ohara's got in mind here and-

[A shot of Javier Castillo bellowing at the ring from a distance.]

GM: -and so does Javier Castillo! Ohara to the second rope... now to the top!

[The Phoenix stands up top, clutching his ribs as he steadies himself...]

...and then leaps into the air, pumping his arms and legs before he CRASHES down on the torso of Muteesa!]

GM: PHOENIX FLAME! HE GOT IT ALL!

[Ohara stays on Muteesa, wincing in pain as he grabs a leg, hooking it as the referee drops down to count.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEE!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers as the weary Ohara pushes up to his knees, a big smile on his face as he gingerly raises an arm in victory.]

GM: Big win for Jordan Ohara here tonight in Portland on Saturday Night Wrestling, fans! Ohara's letting the entire world know that he's ready to get himself a shot at Maxim Zharkov! He's ready for that Rumble!

[Ohara climbs to his feet, raising an arm in triumph again. He turns, walking over towards the ropes facing the entrance stage, looking down the ramp at Javier Castillo who applauds.]

BW: What a magnanimous gesture, Gordo! Castillo and Ohara had words earlier but now he's showing his respect for Ohara being able to pull it out against Muteesa!

GM: Oh, I'm sure this is completely sincere on Castillo's part.

[Ohara points down the ramp at Castillo and MAWAGA, lowering his arms to make the belt gesture as the crowd volume increases.]

GM: Ohara's letting him know he's looking for the title! He's- wait a second!

[The crowd groans as Ohara suddenly finds himself clubbed in the back of the head by a running hammer blow to the back of the skull!]

GM: OHH! ZHARKOV STRIKES!

[The National Champion yanks Ohara to his feet, throwing him across the ring, going into a spin...

...and OBLITERATES him with the Peacemaker discus lariat!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: This is uncalled for, fans! Totally uncalled for!

BW: Are you kidding me right now, Gordo? This linejumper Ohara has been calling out Zharkov since right after SuperClash! He says he wants Zharkov? Well, he's got him! He's got him good!

[With Ohara laid out on the canvas, Zharkov does a quick walk around the downed Phoenix before pulling him up to his feet, yanking him right into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Enough is enough! There's no need for-

[...and gets promptly lifted up into the air, pressed high into a crucifix position...]

BW: Zharkov's got him up! All the way up and...

[Zharkov leaves forward, DRIVING Ohara down on the back of his head and neck!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

BW: ...and all the way down! TSAR BOMBA, DADDY!

[Zharkov stands over Ohara, soaking up the jeers of the crowd as he dusts his hands off, picking up his National Title belt. He stands over Ohara, a foot either side of his motionless torso...

...and then thrusts the title belt over his head as the jeers get louder!]

GM: Well, I hope he's proud of himself, Bucky.

BW: He sure looks like he is. Why wouldn't he be?!

GM: He attacked the man from behind! He attacked Ohara from behind after Ohara just got through barely surviving a brutal match with the mighty Muteesa and... what's this all about now?

[Exiting the ring, the title belt over his shoulder, Zharkov walks up the ramp towards Javier Castillo who is applauding heartily.]

GM: Zharkov walking up there... Castillo and MAWAGA still waiting and...

[There's a brief moment with Castillo and Zharkov staring each other down at the top of the ramp...

...and then Castillo extends his hand!]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

[Zharkov eyes Castillo for a moment...

...and then accepts the handshake, nodding his head as the crowd jeers!]

GM: I don't believe it!

BW: I do! Hah! The whole world thought it was something special when the US and the Soviet Union came together as the Superpowers... this is BIGGER than the Superpowers, daddy! Zharkov and Castillo together? They'd be unstoppable!

GM: This is... this is certainly bad news for the rest of the AWA if these two are coming together. Fans, let's go back to Colt Patterson!

[We cut backstage where Colt Patterson stands in front of the AWA backdrop flanked by the AWA World Tag Team Champions, "The Future" Derrick Williams and "The American Ninja" Riley Hunter, collectively known as System Shock.]

CP: The pleasure is all yours, Myers! And the wrestling world is quakin' and shakin' after seeing Maxim Zharkov shake the hand of El Presidente... whaddya say about that, boys?

[Hunter shrugs as Williams stumbles over his words.]

DW: It's... uhh... a development, for sure.

CP: One you weren't expecting?

[Williams throws a dismissive gesture.]

DW: Colt, we're here to talk about the World Tag Team Titles - the business at hand.

CP: Alright, let's talk about it then. You heard the news earlier tonight. In two weeks in Seattle, you two will be putting those titles on the line for the first time on Saturday Night Wrestling when you defend against Next Gen.

[Williams nods.]

DW: Colt, it's simple really. It's all part of the plan. Yes, Somers went and caught Ri and that happens. No one - except maybe Maxim - is unbeatable. So Next Gen got a little streak going - that's fine. In two weeks, they get that shot they've always wanted. Good. You see, when it comes to Championships, what matters is can you convert with the gold on the line. We have before and we will again in two weeks in Seattle.

[Hunter leans in.]

RH: You know, when the Axis really got going, we made our bones calling out the lazy and the entitled. We said, "your last name is not your resume." Down with legacies. Down with dynasties.

[Williams nods.]

DW: And you go and look at how we won the Titles. At who we took the titles from. Taylor and Donovan, two guys that pretty much got their jobs because of their last names. And look at how they turned out - ungrateful, spiteful. If Donovan and his girl didn't go against El Presidente... well, they might've stood a chance. But they didn't and now we're the Champs.

[Hunter speaks up again.]

RH: I mean, look at the AWA title landscape now? Max, Derrick and myself? None of us were born with silver spoons in our mouths. Mahoney and Kurayami? Both of them went out and made their reputations the honest way, not on the shoulders of mommy or daddy.

[Hunter pauses.]

CP: I notice one name left off your Roll Call of Champions there, boys.

[Williams shrugs, adjusting the title belt on his shoulder]

DW: Johnny Detson - however you feel about him - has done it without trading on his Dad's name.

RH: I mean, look at Johnny Detson when he was champ in 2016 and look at him now: he's pretty trim now that he's shed about 1,000 pounds of unsightly fat--most of which was Brian James.

And on the topic of the Engine of Distraction... now that his career is spiraling the drain, circling in the water much like his old man trying to swim laps, I think we can call that another victory in our crusade against trust fund wrestlers.

[Williams chuckles, putting a hand on Patterson's broad shoulder.]

DW: Colt, it's like this. We're just getting started. We've won the Tag Titles and in the process destroyed the "Team of the Year for 2016". The team no one wanted to step to, we took them out. And the Division is heating up now that everyone wants to be the team to take down the only team to get the job done.

First up here is Next Gen. They'll be weighed, they'll be measured, and they'll be found wanting. It's as simple as that.

[Williams pats Patterson on the back before he and Hunter take their leave.]

CP: System Shock has confidence aplenty - and why shouldn't they? Somers and Harper better bring their best in Seattle because I put the odds at them winning the tag titles at slim and none, jack!

[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 with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we find ourselves in the office of Javier Castillo once more. El Presidente is hot under the collar, apparently coming in right after the Ohara match. He knocks a stack of papers off his desk angrily, kicking his own chair over as MAWAGA trails him in.]

JC: Absolutely ridiculous. If it wasn't for Zharkov, the whole thing would've been a total wash. What's wrong with these people? They were... trained... for this exact moment. They were prepared for war! Right?

[MAWAGA stays silent.]

JC: And then Muteesa drops the ball... I.... this things is escalating quickly... progress being made... but I feel like...

[Castillo drums his fingers thoughtfully on the desk just before a knock on the door is heard. El Presidente sighs.]

JC: Now what? ENTER!

[The door swings open. Veronica Westerly walks through first, smirking at Castillo.]

VW: Found him.

JC: Took you long enough.

[A moment later, we see Chris Blue being marched into the office with Polemos' mighty hand on his shoulder. Blue grimaces as he's shoved across the ring, forced into a seat. Castillo takes the long way around, circling Blue before taking his own seat that MAWAGA has set back up.]

JC: Well... here we are.

[Blue nods.]

CB: It would appear that way.

[Castillo takes him in, tilting his head a couple of times. He turns to Westerly.]

JC: He looks... unharmed.

VW: He came willingly.

[Castillo looks over at Blue, his eyebrows arched in surprised.]

CB: What? You thought I had some heroic vision of going down fighting?

[Blue chuckles.]

CB: Nah. Not with him at least.

[He nods towards Polemos.]

CB: I know all too well what he can do.

[Castillo's gaze narrows as he looks at Blue.]

JC: You know why I wanted to talk to you.

CB: I've got a hunch.

JC: I saw what you and Martinez discussed in San Francisco.

CB: I knew you would.

JC: And that doesn't frighten you?

[Blue smirks.]

CB: You'll find I'm not easily frightened.

[Castillo pauses, staring at Blue for a moment.]

JC: And why is that? Why aren't you sitting across from me wondering if you're about two minutes away from Polemos snapping your neck? From the Dogs of War putting you through a windshield? From being fed to Muteesa or Zaire or simply being tossed in some hole somewhere where you'll never be found. You know who I am. You're not stupid. You know what I'm capable of.

[Blue shrugs.]

CB: Because I don't think that's why you're here.

[Castillo raises an eyebrow.]

CB: If you wanted to, you could make all your enemies here disappear. I DO know who you are.

[Blue pauses.]

CB: Let's put our cards on the table, okay? Korugun wants control... they want power... they want to run this company without interference from anyone else.

[Castillo doesn't respond.]

CB: And they think the way to do that is to get rid of anyone who might stand up to them. Stegglet... Taylor... Michaelson in the office. Martinez... Wright... the Lynches... Ohara... am I getting warm?

[Castillo again doesn't respond.]

CB: So, they gave you marching orders. Break the other side... but do it all on the level so that FOX can't complain.

That means you have to strike a balance. Stack the deck in your favor but still leave enough cards in the deck that the other side can play the game.

[Castillo finally speaks.]

JC: And why do you care? You, who Stegglet, Taylor, and Michaelson hid in a back office for years because they didn't want your name associated with the company. You, who they only tolerate because the network respects you.

[Blue grimaces.]

JC: Sorry. The truth hurts sometimes, I know. But that's what I don't understand. Why fight their battles?

[Blue smiles.]

CB: Because it's my battle too.

[Castillo shakes his head.]

CB: I know, it's a hard one to explain. Javier... I can call you Javier?... Javier, I've been in this pro wrestling business for over 20 years. And when I took the EMWC



to the top... passing up the place right here in Portland to do it... I thought that I'd never accomplish anything greater. I thought I was living the first line in my obituary.

EMWC Owner, Chris Blue. I figured that would be me forever.

[Blue shrugs.]

CB: And I was okay with that for a long time... I really was. But as time went by and I could see past the money and the fame, I saw the people. I saw kids like Simon Ezra who broke his body and spirit for me... and ended up on the street with a needle in his arm. I saw families ripped apart like hers...

[He nods towards Veronica Westerly whose jaw drops slightly.]

CB: I saw bodies broken. I saw families shattered. I saw careers shortened or ended completely.

And the money kept rolling in to cover it all up.

[Blue shakes his head.]

CB: Don't get me wrong, Javier. I'm proud of what the E did... but at the same time...

I felt a little like I was doing your old job.

[There's an audible "ohhhhhhhh!" from inside the arena as Castillo's cheeks flush.]

CB: I was a pusher. I was getting the boys hooked on the rush... the adrenaline... the money... the women.. the fame... and then no matter how much it was killing them, they kept coming back for more.

And the fans too. The fans kept coming back. Soon, one table wasn't enough... it needed to have thumbtacks on it... then it needed a second table on top of it... then the whole damn thing had to be on fire.

It was a vicious cycle. The fans wanted more and paid more for it... and the wrestlers did more to make more money but broke themselves apart even more in the process.

[Blue pauses.]

CB: When I left the business, I was in a bad place. Physically. Financially. Mentally.

And then one day, I got a call.

"Hey, we want to start something new. Something... pure."

[Blue smiles.]

CB: The AWA was born, Javier. And yeah, I had to sit in a back office with my mouth shut and not tell a soul how proud I was of what we were doing because my very presence would taint the whole damn thing.

But I was still proud.

Proud to be able to entertain the fans without breaking every body in my locker room. Proud to give the kids something to look forward to and even better - guys that they could look up to.

I was proud.

[He chuckles.]

CB: I AM proud... and you want to take it from me.

[Blue glares at Castillo.]

CB: So, yeah... I went to Martinez... and I told him what we needed to do. He already knew. He just needed a nudge in the right direction. And I knew you'd see it and I didn't give a damn.

Because when you're starting a war, the right thing to do is to tell the other side that you're coming.

[Blue stands up, leaning across the desk.]

CB: Javier... I'm coming...

[He smiles.]

CB: They're all coming. And they're not gonna stop until you're gone... and this place can still be the place we all love.

[Blue raps his knuckles on the desk, turning away from the seated Castillo. He gets a few feet away before turning back...]

CB: Oh, and in case you think I've gone soft in my old age... I want you to remember that I'm still... that I'm eternally extreme.

And that there are bodies in holes all over this country of promotions and promoters that I ran out of business to keep MY spot.

[Blue stares at Castillo who rises from his seat.]

CB: You?

[He laughs.]

CB: I already dug the hole.

[He turns back away from Castillo, walking to the door and right out of it. Castillo pauses for a moment, standing in silence amongst Westerly, Polemos, and MAWAGA...]

...and then suddenly lifts a large glass paperweight off his desk.]

JC: GRAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

[He pivots and HURLS the glass orb into the wall, shattering it on impact as Westerly cringes and we 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 fade back up to the ring where we see Rebecca Ortiz standing between two female competitors.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit and is in the AWA Women's Division! Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from Seattle, Washington... weighing in at 112 pounds... BETTY CHANG!

[A young Asian woman in a tight-fitting red and black singlet and high black boots and kickpads throws a trio of roundhouses ending with a "HAAAAAAAA!" towards the camera.]

RO: Annnnnnd her opponent... from Tijuana, Mexico... weighing in at 107 pounds... LADY PANNNTERRRRRAAA!

[The lanky luchadora runs up the ropes, springing off with a moonsault, landing on her feet to cheers.]

GM: Alright, fans... we're back here on Saturday Night Wrestling with some Women's Division action set to take-

[Uh oh.]

GM: Oh no.

[The sounds of Judas Priest's "Demonizer" just started ripping over the PA system.]

BW: Here comes trouble, Gordo!

GM: You can say that again.

[All eyes turn towards the entrance as the hulking behemoth that is the AWA Women's World Champion, Kurayami, strides out on the stage wearing a ripped and shredded t-shirt with the word "ALTERBEAST" across the top over a black singlet. Back jeans and heavy black leather steel-toed boots round out the ensemble. A white "slash" of facepaint is across both eyes running from temple to temple.]

BW: The Women's World Champion is here!

GM: But why? This match doesn't have a thing to do with her!

BW: The Women's Division is her kingdom, Gordo! Everything that happens in it concerns her!

GM: Her kingdom?! Give me a break!

[Kurayami storms down the ramp, not breaking stride as she reaches the ring, sliding under the bottom rope where Rebecca Ortiz gets the hell out of town as Kurayami gets to her feet...

...and RAMPAGES over a shocked Betty Chang with a running clothesline!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Seeing danger, Lady Pantera attempts to strike, rushing across the ring and jumping up, wrapping her arms around Kurayami's massive neck!]

GM: Lady Pantera trying to bring her down and-

[Kurayami stands still as the luchadora flails about, trying to pull her off her feet...

...and the Women's World Champion suddenly charges backwards, SMASHING the luchadora into the corner!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[She twists around angrily, shoving a hand up under the chin of the luchadora, pushing her masked head back while shouting into her face.]

"OMAE NANISAMA?!"

[She SLAMS home a forearm across the chest before whipping her from corner to corner, charging in after her...]

GM: BIG AVALANCHE IN THE CORNER BY THE WOMEN'S WORLD CHAMPION!

BW: What the heck's gotten into Kurayami?!

GM: She's out of control! She's obviously mad about something and-

[Scooping the smaller luchador up onto her shoulders, Kurayami strides out into the center of the ring with Lady Pantera trapped in a fireman's carry...]

"KUDAKERO!"

[...and with a pivot, she turns it into a ring-shaking powerslam, crushing the luchadora underneath her!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Kurayami gets to her feet, dragging the masked woman up by the eyeholes of her mask...

....and recklessly FLINGS her over the ropes where she bounces hard off the apron before falling to the floor. The crowd is buzzing as Kurayami stomps around the ring, a burning anger evident on her face as she spies Betty Chang trying to get up...]

BW: Just... stay down. Don't even-

[Kurayami sprints across the ring, swinging her steel-toed boot up violently into the temple of Change, knocking her through the ropes and out to the floor as well! The boos intensify as Kurayami stalks around the ring, angrily shouting in Japanese at the jeering fans.]

“MOU II KAGEN NI YO?!”

[She continues pacing, finally pausing to stick a hand through the ropes where a trembling Rebecca Ortiz hands over the house mic. Kurayami walks to center ring with it, staring out on the booing Portland crowd as she angrily shouts into it.]

K: Maji ka yo! Are you kidding me?!

[The boos get louder.]

K: Medusa Rage...

[The boos instantly turn to cheers for the Hall of Famer.]

K: I show respect... no match. I insult you... no match. I attack your family... no match.

What will it take?!

[She stomps around the ring.]

K: HOW MANY?! HOW MANY OF THEM DO I END BEFORE YOU FIGHT?!

[Kurayami smashes her own head into the top turnbuckle for some reason, snapping her head back with her eyes wide and a maniacal look on her face.]

K: You go on the Internet and talk your talk. Kurayami is...

[She looks around, muttering something under her breath.]

K: ...sassy?!

[The crowd laughs as Kurayami fumes. She stares out at them.]

K: Oh?

[And then throws down the mic, stepping through the ropes.]

GM: Oh, come on! You can't take out what someone else says on these two!

BW: You wanna bet?!

[Kurayami pulls Lady Pantera off the floor by the mask, pushing her back towards the ringpost. She turns to the crowd.]

"OH?!"

[There's a bit of pleading from some front row fans before...]

"CLAAAAAAAAANK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SKULLFIRST TO THE POST! KURAYAMI PUTS THE LUCHADOR INTO THE POST!

[With Lady Pantera motionless on the canvas, Kurayami rolls back in, taking a knee as she retrieves the mic.]

K: "Oh, Kurayami learns English from Medusa Rage videos."

[Kurayami snorts angrily.]

K: Kurayami learned NOTHING from Medusa Rage except how to be... A... COWARRRRRD!

Like the rest of her family... like her students...

I showed you respect, Queen. You showed me...

[She sneers, twisting her face into a terrifying glare.]

K: NOTHING!

[She gets to her feet again, still fuming mad. She holds up a lone finger.]

K: One match. One shot. That's all I want... and I will break EVERYONE until I get it!

[She tosses the mic aside angrily, stomping around the ring again.]

GM: Well, on a night where people are trying to send messages, I'm guessing Medusa Rage has received that one loud and clear, Bucky.

[Kurayami walks over towards the ropes near the ramp, waving a hand towards the back...]

...and that's when the music hits.]

GM: Uh oh!

[The Portland crowd loses it as the cellos make their ominous pass and Dvorak's 4th movement of "New World" summons the Hall of Famer. Medusa Rage strides out onto stage and the crowd stands up and cheers.]

"QUEEN!" "QUEEN!" "QUEEN!"

[The six foot two dreadlocked Hall of Famer strides to ringside, wearing unzipped black combat boots, skintight ripped black jeans, a faded grey T-shirt and a black Perpetto leather jacket. Her thick dreadlocks curl around her head. She saunters to the ring, a cold expression on her face.]

GM: And listen to this ovation... on this night at least, Portland, Oregon is Rage Country!

BW: They respect the Queen out here, Gordo.

[Her hazel eyes bore through Kurayami as she steps over the top rope and leans against the ropes. She stretches her hand back for a microphone that is passed to her immediately.]

MR: Whew... that's some temper on you.

[Rage smirks at Kurayami glaring humorlessly at her.]

MR: And I can only assume it's because I put you on your face with the Snakebite twice?

[The Portland crowd cheers.]

GM: The Snakebite has proven to be an effective weapon against Kurayami.

[Rage shrugs, continuing.]

MR: Look, Kurayami... you insult my family, you injure my sister and you try to hurt my students. Why? You want me in one last match? You want to see if you're the biggest, the baddest, the toughest around?

[Medusa shakes her head.]

MR: You better be careful what you wish for, Kurayami.

Because you got it.

[The crowd ROARS for the announcement. Kurayami finally cracks a smile, nodding in satisfaction as she steps closer to Rage who points a threatening finger at her.]

MR: At Memorial Day Mayhem, I'm going to put you in your place...

Medusa Rage... Kurayami...

...and I'm going to whip your ass.

[The crowd ROARS again as Rage steps closer, the two now staring each other down from within a few inches. The decibel level is climbing to insane rates the likes of which the city of Portland hasn't seen in quite some time as the two silently trashtalk one another in center ring...]

GM: Oh yeah! The match is made! Rage! Kurayami! One match, one shot! At Memorial Day May-

[Suddenly, the lights fade as two spotlights begin to swirl around the entranceway. The screen is filled with the visual and faint sound fire crackling before a single clap of thunder strikes.]

GM: What is this all about?

[Slowly, a beat begins to unfold and as it rolls forward like a slow drum beat the two spiraling spotlights begin to move slower, and slower, and slower... before coming to a complete stop on the entrance portal as "Run This Town" rips over the PA system.]

GM: Are you kidding me?

BW: Oh yeah!

GM: How is this any of her business?

BW: It's Her Freshness! The world is her business!

[Rihanna's voice is heard first followed by Jay-Z throwing in some hype over it. The beat escalates, the fire burns brighter, bigger, and faster. Then, finally, Sasha Ocean steps forward and looks like she's straight out of a Cleopatra bio-pic. A golden tiara with a large jewel is pinned into her immaculate black afro. Her mocha skin is squeezed into a gold jumpsuit with her perfect musculature blistering out. What can best be described as a golden runner from a wedding gown flows from her shoulders to the fingertips of two women who walk several feet behind her.]

SO: Kill it. Kill the music, DJ.

GM: We've got DJ's?

BW: I'm more shocked that you even know what a DJ is.

[Ocean looks up at the ring, shaking her head.]

SO: What in the world is going on out here, ladies?

[Medusa stares hard at Kurayami for a moment and then breaks it long enough to glance at Sasha Ocean standing in the aisle.]

SO: Oh. I KNOW you see me. EVERYONE sees me when I walk into a room, Queenie. I've gotta ask though... why all the anger? The puffed up chest? You look bloated, girl.

The camera already adds fifteen pounds... you aren't doing yourself any favors.

[Ocean is walking down the ramp as she talks, her "handmaidens" struggling to keep up.]

SO: What I can't figure out though is whether we're watching an episode of Keeping Up with the Kardashians or the Golden Girls. I've got news for you, Queenie...the Age of Rage is about as current as that black leather get-up you've got on. Didn't you hear? Gold is the new black and by the looks of it only two of us out here can pull that color off.

[Kurayami nods, patting the title belt while Sasha flares the golden train of her ensemble out and shows off her incredible physique, ripping it away from her followers who backpedal towards the entrance. She makes her way closer to the ring. Medusa Rage rolls her eyes as Sasha moves in closer.]

SO: And please...for the sake of women everywhere...do something with that make up... we don't need you settin' us back another twenty years.

[Medusa feints towards Sasha who flicks her 'fro as she whips around the ringpost.]

SO: I know a lot has changed and by the looks of it...Tik Tok, Queenie...and no that isn't implying that time has gotten the best of you because I don't think that needs any implying.

It means your fifteen seconds of relevancy is over, Girl.



[Rage's gaze is burning a hole through Sasha now as she climbs up the ringsteps, standing on the apron, waving a dismissive hand at the Hall of Famer.]

SO: Why don't you step aside and let the Flava of Forever do her thing. This ring isn't big enough for all the hatred and ego you've got festering in that...

[Sasha waves her hand around.]

S O:...whatever you got goin' on there. Memorial Day ain't for a couple weeks, why don't ya catch up on Murder She Wrote re-runs and let these good people of Portland get a taste of...

[Sasha lowers herself through the ropes and into the ring.]

S: ...Her Freshness.

[She raises her hands up and just as she does so Medusa Rage lunges for her!]

GM: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO!

[Rage is battering a shocked Ocean against the ropes, pushing her back into the nearest set of buckles. The fists are flying as Ocean desperately tries to cover up and the crowd roars at the chance to see Medusa Rage in action.]

GM: Rage grabs the arm... whips her acro- no, reversed!

[The reversal sends Rage crashing into the far buckles where she stumbles back out towards Ocean who goes to lift her up for a slam...

...but Rage slips out over the top, landing behind her. Ocean turns around, ready to fight some more...]

GM: BOOT DOWNSTAIRS!

[The boot to the gut doubles up Ocean as Rage snatches the three-quarter nelson, leaping into the air with Ocean's jaw jammed against her shoulder...]

GM: SNAKEBITE! SNAKEBITE!

[...and drops down on her tailbone, smashing Ocean's jaw, and sending her flipping backwards onto the mat where she rolls right over onto her chest. Rage pops up, talking trash on the downed Ocean as the crowd roars. She is still trashtalking as she turns around and...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LARIAT! LARIAT BY THE CHAMPION! OH MY!

[The devastating running lariat drops Rage like she's going out of style, leaving her laid out on the canvas. Kurayami stands over her, anger still burning in her eyes as she stares down at her. She holds the title belt up over her head...]

"I'M THE CHAMPION! I'M THE QUEEN! THIS IS \_MY\_ KINGDOM NOW! MINE!"

[The fans are all over Kurayami for her assault on the Hall of Famer. The champion's eyes sweep the crowd, shaking her head...

...and then leaning down to snatch Rage by the hair.]

GM: No, no! Stop this! Somebody stop this!

[Kurayami yanks Rage into a standing headscissors, turning to look at the crowd again before wrapping her massive arms around her torso, lifting her into the air...]

GM: NO!

[...and THROWS her down with a massive powerbomb!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HINOTAMA! GOOD GRIEF!

[With Rage down motionless on the mat and the crowd jeering madly, Kurayami reclaims her title belt off the mat, walking over to the Hall of Famer.]

GM: Enough's enough, damn it!

[She plants her foot on Rage's heaving chest, lifting the title belt over her head, absorbing the disdain of the Portland crowd...]

...and we fade to...

## hour three

...Mark Stegglet who is standing by backstage with the Soldiers of Fortune. The Soldiers are not in action tonight, so they are just wearing their camouflage outfits. Charlie Stephens is carrying a flagpole, again, with the Gadsden "Don't Tread on Me" snake logo on the flag attached to the pole.]

MS: A brutal scene unfolding in the ring just moments ago... much like we saw two weeks ago when my guests at this time - the Soldiers of Fortune - went to war with Jack Lynch and Larry Wallace and came up short, resorting to using your flagpole to try to cheat your way to victory!

CS: Who says we were cheating?

Maybe some people like to hear the sound of metal across the skulls of a Lynch or a Wallace. I know I do, I can get used to it!

JF: Heh, Lord knows I missed those sounds. That satisfying "BONNNG!"... ya know, I actually never knew how pleasant of a sound that was until we were actually on the givin' end.

[Flint laughs.]

MS: I'd imagine you wouldn't be laughing if Jack Lynch or Larry Wallace decide they want to step in the ring with you two again. Maybe you'll meet them again, either as a team or in separate matches. You heard earlier tonight that Mooselips Beer is putting up a sizable sum of money to find the best tag team in the world and

there's a chance that they might have a presence in the Stampede Cup tournament that we know is slated to go down later this summer in Canada.

[Flint nods his head.]

JF: I hope they sign up, I can sure go for having their faces meet my fists again! But, lemme be honest with ya, Mark. I can't say that I'm a fan of that swill they drink up north. Nothin' compares to beer brewed with pure Rocky Mountain Spring Water, and Coors Light ain't even the best beer we've got here.

Hey, with all these Americans that moved up to Canada in the last few months, ya figure at least someone would teach 'em how to make some good booze. Oh wait, they all stayed home instead. We saw this eight years ago too, happens like clockwork. We elect some empty suit that makes empty promises an' half the country says they're goin' to Canada. Most of 'em don't even know why they don't like 'em in the first place.

[Flint shakes his head.]

JF: But they stay here instead. Buncha pukers can't put their money where their mouth is! I think they hit the road, and get a nice big whiff downstream from the so-called Great White North. Or, I think they just can't get enough of good ol' fashioned U-S-A brand capitalism. This is where the money's made, boys and girls.

Money talks, and that's the Soldiers of Fortune are enterin' the tournament. Even a Canadian Beer company's money is good here.

CS: Hey, I kinda liked that stuff back in the day.

MS: That's, uh, something I didn't expect to hear.

[Stephens nods his head.]

CS: I might be from the better part of the border, but that stuff's alright. At least, when I was still drinkin' beer. That stuff's just not good for you...

[Flint scoffs a little, realizing that this was something he didn't know about Stephens. Stegglet raises an eyebrow.]

MS: But an energy drink a day is?

CS: Oh shut up, Mark.

[Stephens turns his head and mutters.]

MS: Well, It was anticipated that you'd be one of the first to claim a spot in the Stampede Cup tournament, and I was told before I interviewed you that a spot in the tournament is yours..

...if Charlie Stephens stays on his best behavior.

[Stephens turns his head towards Stegglet, confused.]

CS: Why me? What did I do this time?

MS: It was decided that your issue with former AWA talent must cease, and going forward, any mention of such talent will result in the Soldiers of Fortune losing any opportunity the AWA puts in front of them. No tournament, and no chances at the tag team championship. What do you think about that?

[Stephens drops the flagpole and looks like he's about to explode, but fortunately Flint steps in to calm him down. He grabs Stephens by the shoulders and shakes some sense into him.]

JF: Easy there, Charlie. That's a simple request. Out of sight, out of mind. We're true Americans, remember that. We got the whole world ahead of us, so let it go. Win that tournament, make lots of money, then go and get the tag team gold. The true American Dream, don't let anything get in the way.

[Flint's words seem to resonate with Stephens. Stephens lets out a big sigh, and picks up the flagpole.]

CS: Fine. I lost my cool for a second.

I'll sign on for it. They got themselves a deal, Mark.

[Stephens turns and walks off screen.]

JF: This is gonna be hilariously ironic. Two real American as the face of Canadian beer. The way it oughta be.

At ease.

[With dollar signs in his eyes, Flint walks off after Stephens.]

MS: It looks like the Soldiers of Fortune are going to heed the words of the front office. We have a team that's entered themselves in the Stampede Cup tournament sponsored by Mooselips later this summer. Can they prove to be the best tag team in the world? Back to you, Gordon and Bucky!

[And we do indeed fade back out to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Thanks, Mark. The Soldiers of Fortune looking ahead to the month of July when the AWA will be back up in Canada for that big Battle of Saskatchewan event but right now, we want to focus on the here and now... or more accurately, earlier this week when Ayako Fujiwara - desperate to unravel this mystery behind Madame X - made a trip down to Dallas, Texas... to the Combat Corner... attempting to follow Madame X's clues and get a hint about her identity.

[Gordon points towards the camera.]

GM: Let's take a look.

[We fade into pre-taped footage, where we see the interior of the AWA's training facility for the future stars of professional wrestling...The Combat Corner. In the center of the room, is a wrestling ring. Standing in middle of the ring, is one of the trainers, former AWA competitor Clayton Shaw. He is barking instructions to a group of students standing inside the ring. In another part of the facility, we see the Combat Corner's head trainer, former AWA National Champion Marcus Broussard, standing by a wall, speaking with Ayako Fujiwara.]

MB: Sorry Ayako, but I have no idea what you'd even be looking for here. If there was ever a strange masked woman here, believe me we'd know about it. I think this Madame X is just leading you on a wild goose chase.

Ayako: \*sigh\* I should've known Madame X was just playing more mind games with me. This is so frustrating!

[A dejected-looking Ayako is dressed in a leather bomber jacket, a checkered smock dress, black tights and ankle boots. Her multi-colored hair is tied up in a high ponytail.]

MB: Hey, just speaking as someone who has played a mindgame or two in his life, you can't let her get in your head like that. Someone with your skills should just focus on taking care of business in the ring.

Ayako: Hai, Broussard-san. It's just...knowing that she could be anybody disturbs me.

[And with that, Ayako turns to leave. However, just as she walks a few feet away from Broussard...]

MB: AYAKO, WATCH OUT!

[...a masked woman dressed all in black runs up from behind with a baton in hand, taking aim at Ayako's knee! However, Ayako hears Broussard's warning and she leaps out of the way!]

Ayako: Nani!?

[The masked assailant spins around, but not quickly enough as she suddenly finds herself lifted high into the air...]

Ayako: Mada mada...

[...and slammed ruthlessly into the floor by a vicious double-leg takedown from Ayako!]

Ayako: i:...DA-NEEEEE!!!

"THUUUUUUUDDDDDD!!!"

[The force sends the weapon flying and the masked woman's body goes limp. Ayako presses her forearm against her attacker's throat and holds her down as a large crowd has gathered to see what the heck is going on. Clayton Shaw runs right up to the front.]

CS: Holy crap, what the hell is this all about!?

MB: Looks like we're going to have to tighten up security, Clay.

Ayako: I...think I've found what I've been looking for, Broussard-san!

[Ayako grabs her attacker's mask and rips it off, revealing a very pretty young blonde.]

Ayako: You! Who are you!?

[However, Marcus Broussard already knows the answer.]

MB: Donna!?!

[Ayako does a double take. The momentary lapse in concentration gives "Donna" an opportunity to lunge at Ayako, but Ayako swiftly counters, rolling through and tying "Donna" up into a painful-looking leg ride guillotine lock ...otherwise known as a Twister. As "Donna" cries out in pain, Ayako calmly asks...]

Ayako: You know this girl, Broussard-san?

"Donna": OHMYGOD!

MB: Yes! It's one of our students! Donna Martinelli! Let her go! You're going to break her neck!

[Reluctantly, Ayako releases the hold. However, as Donna rolls onto her stomach, Ayako quickly grabs her in a hammerlock and shoves her head down into the floor.]

Ayako: I may not break your neck but I have some questions that need to be answered.

MB: Ayako!

Ayako: Your student tried to attack me, Broussard-san. She owes me an explanation.

[She turns her attention back to Donna.]

Ayako: You! Who are!? I know you are not the true Madame X. Your movements gave you away. Did she send you!?

DM: Go to hell!

[Ayako applies just a little more pressure on that hammerlock.]

DM: Ah! Damnit! Yes! She sent me!

Ayako: Who is she!?

DM: I...ah! I...I'll never tell!

Ayako: Tell me. Now.

DM: She...Ow! She's my teacher! My mentor! And...by the time you figure out her identity... AH! It'll be too late!

Ayako: TELL ME WHO SHE IS DAMNIT!

[An enraged Ayako REALLY begins to torque the arm.]

DM: AHHH!!

MB: Ayako! That's enough!

[Marcus Broussard and Clayton Shaw both attempt to pull Ayako off Donna Martinelli, as the video cuts out 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 up backstage where Theresa Lynch is standing amidst a graphic with a swirl of logos including Twitter, Facebook, YouTube, etc.]

TL: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling and welcome to this week's edition of This Week In Social Media! This week, we focused on the topic that was trending worldwide - going viral as they say - throughout the wrestling world. It started when a young fan in South Carolina asked the following question...

"Everyone always talks about their Mount Rushmore of wrestling. I want to know who the Pillars are. Who are the Pillars that held up your favorite promotion all time and who are the Pillars who hold up your favorite promotion today?"

[Theresa grins.]

TL: First up, one of our fans up in Canada had a response that is sure to bring smiles to our locker room.

[The Tweet appears on the screen in the form of a graphic.]



**Degrassi Junior Kai**

@jerkathan

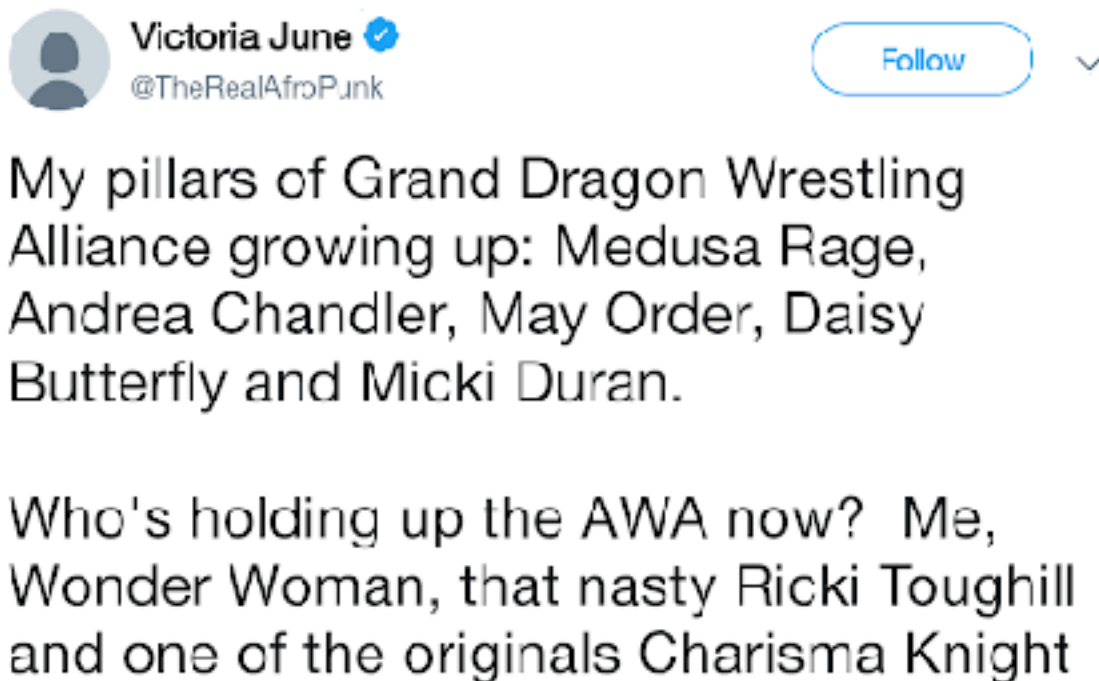
Follow



...But if we're only talking CURRENT AWA roster members, it's got to be Jack Lynch, Supreme Wright, Johnny Detson, and Shadoe Rage.

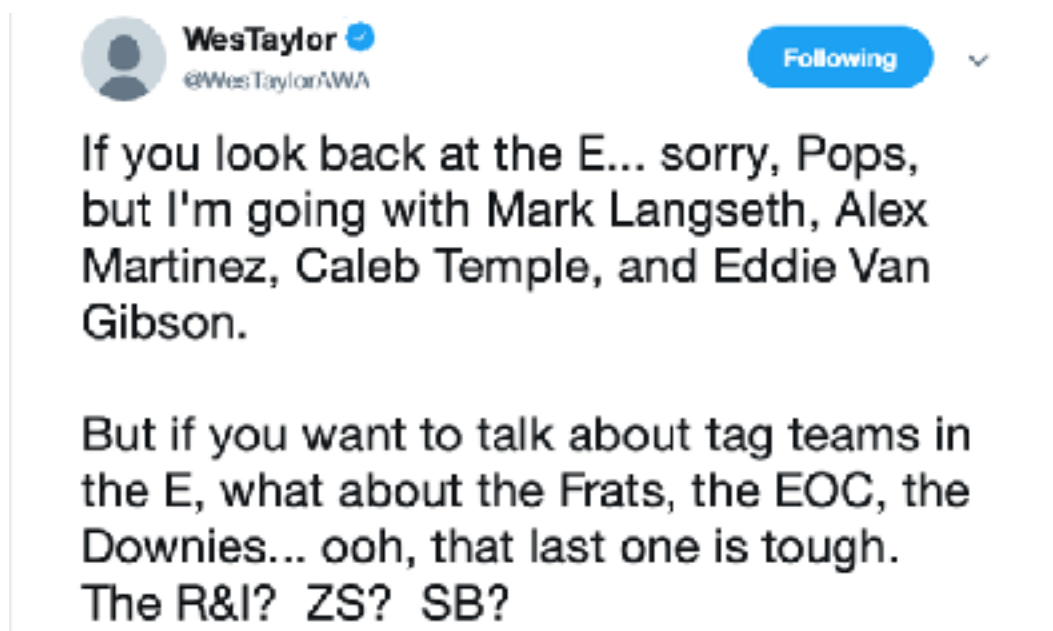
TL: Supreme Wright, Johnny Detson, Shadoo Rage, and Jack Lynch... quite the foursome there. I'm sure I can speak for a couple of those guys when I say thanks on their behalf. But this topic didn't just stick with the fans around the world. Guys and gals currently in the business got involved as well. Take a look at this response from our own Victoria June!

[The graphic changes.]



TL: Victoria showing a little love to the ladies of the Grand Dragon Wrestling Alliance back in the day... and showing HERSELF a little love when talking about the modern AWA Women's Division. There may be a fist or two with a little extra oomph headed her way in the future from some of her opponents. How about this response from former AWA World Tag Team Champion Wes Taylor?

[The graphic changes again.]





TL: Gotta show the tag teams some love, no doubt. But it wasn't even just current wrestlers who got in this debate! How about some chatter from the veterans of our sport... and since we're in Portland, let's let Dirt Dog Unique Allah kick us off!

[The graphic changes again.]



TL: We even heard from... and don't tell anyone we put this one the air but...

[She stage whispers.]

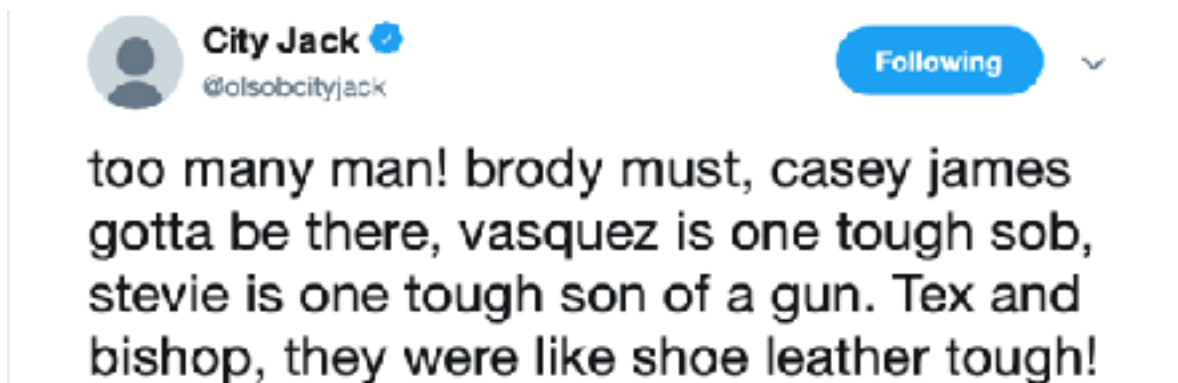
TL: ...former AWA National Champion, Mark Langseth!

[Cue the graphic change.]



TL: Ahh, never one to disappoint, that guy. And lastly, let's hear from an AWA Original and one of the greatest to ever lace 'em up for this company - City Jack!

[The graphic changes one more time.]



TL: Lots of interesting opinions there... and it's great to hear some of the veterans of the sport. A little bit of the old, a little bit of the modern day. This business rolls on and so will this discussion. Who are your Pillars that hold up the AWA today? I'm sure there are plenty of opinions out there we've yet to hear.

[She grins into the camera.]

TL: And now, let's go over to Sweet Lou!

[We cut to another part of the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing alongside the face-painted turncoat himself, Supernova, who stands in a long black leather trenchcoat, a black baseball bat resting on his shoulder.]

SLB: Thanks, Theresa... we are back here LIVE on Saturday Night Wrestling... and look who I tracked down! Supernova, I am here to ask you some questions and the people - these fans here and at home and around the globe who've supported you for so many years - they deserve answers! So, I want to know - in your own words... why in the world did you assault Ryan Martinez and-

[A clearing of the throat from off-camera freezes Blackwell in mid-sentence, He groans softly, rolling his eyes as he turns.]

SLB: Mrs. Westerly.

[The camera pulls back to reveal Veronica Westerly with Polemos standing on the other side of the screen from the silent Supernova. Westerly "tsk tsks" Blackwell.]

VW: I thought I had made it clear to you and your little band of roving reporters that all questions for Supernova were to go through me.

SLB: Man can't speak for himself anymore?

[Westerly smirks.]

VW: He can, Blackwell. And he will.

[She holds up a perfectly-manicured finger.]

VW: All in good time. But right now, he chooses to do his talking two ways.

Through me...

[She smiles.]

VW: ...and in the ring.

[Blackwell's jaw drops slightly.]

SLB: In the ring? You mean, Supernova is gonna wrestle for the first time since betraying every fan of this company?!

[Westerly rolls her eyes.]

VW: Someone's got a flair for the dramatic. But yes, Blackwell... Supernova was watching the show earlier and he heard something that displeased him... and he told me that he wants to shut that person's mouth personally.

SLB: Oh? Who is it?

[Westerly chuckles.]

VW: Let's just say that Supernova has decided that he'd like to ride... with Alphonse Green.

[Blackwell's eyebrows raise.]

SLB: Alphonse Green? Is that a challenge?

VW: Better. It's a done deal. Javier signed it moments ago so in two weeks in Seattle, Supernova will do all the talking you want, Blackwell... when he puts Alphonse Green back in a hospital personally.

[With a grin, Westerly exits, followed by Polemos. Supernova stays behind, staring down at Blackwell who tugs at his collar.]

SLB: Easy, fella. We had some times over the years, right? Right?

[Blackwell is fidgeting nervous as we fade back to the ring where we find Rebecca Ortiz is standing by with official Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller and a competitor with lightly-tanned skin and curly, shoulder-length, light chestnut brown hair, who is dressed in navy blue trunks, with a golden yellow waistband, navy blue knee pads and golden yellow boots with white laces and trim.]

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, to the corner on my left, hailing from Portland, Oregon...

[She pauses for the cheers from the hometown crowd.]

RO: Weighing in at 255 pounds... MARTY HOLT!

[Holt holds his left hand in the air, to some approval from the fans.]

RO: And his opponent...

[The Chieftain's "Brian Boru's March" is met with boos, as Callum Mahoney, sandy-haired with lightly-tanned skin, strides through the entranceway, dressed in a black singlet, with the image of a brown bear standing on its hind legs across the front, black knee pads and black boots. The AWA World Television Title is draped over his left shoulder. He stands with one hand on the title and the other on his hip, a sneer on his lips, soaking in the reaction from the crowd.]

RO: Hailing from County Cork, Ireland and weighing in at 240 pounds, he is the reigning AWA World Television Champion...

CALLUM MAAAHONEEEY!!!

[As he makes his way down the aisle, Mahoney largely ignores the jeers and taunts, although he does have to stare down a particularly vociferous youth at ringside. He then climbs the ring steps, wiping the soles of his boots on the canvas before stepping through the ropes. Without as much as a flourish, Mahoney heads straight to the corner, as the music fades.]

GM: Fans, as Mahoney hands the title over to one of the crew members at ringside, we can confirm that the AWA World Television Championship is not on the line in this match. It's the Armbar Assassin taking on Pacific Northwest veteran journeyman Mar-

[Gordon is interrupted by La Banda Bastön's "Quiúbole" playing. All three men in the ring look to the entranceway, where the "Chola Japonesa" herself, Luciana,

appears along with Kaz Konoe, who has on a white baseball jersey, with black pinstripes and "Renegado" in a black cursive font across the front, over his ring attire.]

GM: A surprise appearance here by Kaz Konoe and Luciana, fans... Bucky, do you know anything about this?

BW: Not at all but I'm always happy to see Luciana.

[The duo quickly makes their way down the aisle, earning a few nasty looks from Mahoney who points them out to the official. Ol' Blue Shoes takes a moment to ask them what their business is as well as the twosome heads towards the announce table.]

GM: Well, don't look now, but it looks like she's coming pay you a visit.

[Bucky gets up and extends a hand to the two unexpected guests.]

BW: Encantado, Luciana. Welcome, Kaz. To what do we owe your presence out here?

GM: Yeah, this is certainly unexpected. I don't think we even have enough headsets for all four of us, or even enough space at the table.

L: It's alright, Gordon, Kaz is fine with me doing the talking, for now.

[We see that Konoe has procured an office chair, like the ones Gordon and Bucky are sitting on, for Luciana. Konoe himself grabs a folding chair, opens it next to Luciana's, and sits back, propping his legs up on the announcer's table.]

GM: Anything we can do to make you more comfortable, Mr. Konoe?

[The disdain in Gordon's voice is easily heard as is the sound of the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Anyway, the match is underway. As I was saying, it's Callum Mahoney taking on veteran local competitor Marty Holt and the World TV title is not on the line in this one.

[Turning away from Konoe and Luciana, Mahoney faces his opponent who quickly slips into a collar and elbow tieup, jockeying for position. It doesn't take long though for Mahoney to force Holt into the corner.]

GM: Referee calling for a clean break here.

BW: I'll buy dinner tonight if he gets one.

[Mahoney backs off... and then lets loose with a forearm to the jaw of Holt.]

BW: Aw, no dice, Gordo. Looks like you're buying.

GM: What else is new? The cheap shot by Mahoney gives an edge off the blocks here in Portland... and I have to know... are either of these men the reason you two are out here, Luciana?

L: Well, we are certainly not out here for Marty Holt. What has he ever done to deserve our attention?

GM: Right now, he's not doing very much, as Mahoney has him trapped in a side headlock... and into the armwringer... then the hammerlock... Mahoney's moving fast and effective so far.

[Mahoney scoops Holt up, slamming him down on his own arm as the veteran cries out in pain.]

BW: So it's the Irishman you're out here to scope out?

L: Not quite, Bucky. He just happens to be the man holding something that Konoe's got his eyes on.

[Throwing a glance out at the relaxing Konoe, Mahoney grabs the back of Holt's head, pulling him to his feet before he snaps his head back with a European uppercut!]

GM: Ohh! Hard shot there by Mahoney... and you're telling me that Kaz Konoe is looking at the World Television Title in addition to being a part of that Rumble at Memorial Day Mayhem to get a shot at the World Title?

L: Why is that a surprise? Isn't your precious little Ohara doing something similar?

BW: She's got you there, Gordo.

GM: A fair point for sure but the Phoenix has over a year of AWA experience under his belt. Perhaps he may be able to split his focus a little better than someone just getting their feet wet.

L: Gordon Myers, just because Kaz Konoe is new to the AWA... it does not make him inexperienced in the world of pro wrestling. Have no doubt, Kaz is preparing for the Rumble. But why should that stop him from checking out the other opportunities available to him here in the AWA?

BW: Why not indeed.

[Back in the ring, we see that Mahoney who has spent the last few moments battering Holt into the mat with stomps and clubbing forearms has pulled Holt up, whipping him across the ring...]

GM: Mahoney shoots him across to the corner, hard into the buckles.

[The champion stalks him across the ring, grabbing the arm again...]

GM: Another whip coming up...

[But as Holt goes across this time, he leaps to the second rope, twisting off with a crossbody as Mahoney approaches...

...and dives to the mat, causing Holt to crash and burn into the canvas!]

BW: Holt comes up empty! He took a chance to try and turn this thing around and paid the price for it!

[And as Holt tries to push himself off the mat onto all fours, Mahoney rushes him off the ropes...]

GM: Ohhh! Diving knee to the skull of Holt!

[Staying on his victim, Mahoney scissors one arm with his legs, hooking the other with his arm and pulling back...]

GM: Oh! Look at this one! Holt's trapped in that and-

BW: I think he calls that the Celtic Cross, Gordo.

GM: Whatever you want to call it, you can forget about because Holt just gave up!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Mahoney releases the hold and rolls out of the ring.]

RO: Here is your winner, by submission...

CALLUM MAAAHONEEEY!!!

[Mahoney goes to the timekeeper's table and grabs the TV title.]

GM: The Armbar Assassin isn't even going to let the official raise his hand.

BW: Er, I think he's coming this way, Gordo.

[At Mahoney's approach, Gordon gets up, holding his arm out, imploring the Irishman to slow down. Konoe and Luciana stand up as well, with Luciana holding her arm out in front of Konoe.]

GM: Easy now. You've won your match. We don't need a fight breaking out right now.

[Mahoney speaks loud enough that a headset picks him up.]

"I'm not here to fight. Just give me a mic, let me have my say, and I'll be out of here."

[Bucky hands Mahoney a microphone who addresses Konoe and Luciana.]

CM: Now, I don't know what the two of you think you are doing, but you have my attention.

Konoe, you look like a smart man, so I assume you know exactly what you are doing. I have no problem getting into the ring with you, but if you think it's going to be for this...

[He holds the TV tile up in front of Konoe's face.]

CM: ...then it's not just me that you need to be impressing. I am a fighting champion and I will defend this title against anyone, but I'm not the one who makes the matches. You impress the powers that be, Konoe, and I will gladly put this title on the line.

[Konoe steps out from behind the table and stands face-to-face with Mahoney.]

"I'll do that. Watch me."

[Without breaking eye contact, Konoe steps around the TV champ and heads to the back with Luciana following. Mahoney watches them go, then turns back to Gordon and Bucky.]

CM: Charming fella. Reminds me of me. Now, the other thing I've got to get off my chest... Everyone knows I'm a busy man, Gordon. Defending the TV title on every

episode of the Power Hour. Making appearances on Saturday Night Wrestling. A lesser competitor wouldn't be looking to add anything more to his plate...

But not the Armbar Assassin. Which is why, in addition to my responsibilities as the greatest, fighting-est, most defending, two-time World Television Champion ever...

...something that WON'T change after I meet Terry Shane... AGAIN... on the Power Hour for this...

[He holds up the title.]

CM: Still, I've got other prizes on my mind... And that is why at Memorial Day Mayhem, I will be in the Rumble.

[Mahoney places the microphone on the announcers' table. He holds the TV title up, to jeers from the crowd.]

GM: Wow! Big news there from the World Television Champion, Bucky. He's joining the Rumble!

BW: That's huge news. We're supposed to find out more names for the Rumble here tonight but look at the scoop I just got! The Fighting Irishman's in the Rumble!

GM: The scoop you just... give me a break!

[We hold on Mahoney posed with the title in front of the crowd for a moment... and then with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we find ourselves back in the office of Javier Castillo.]

El Presidente sits at his desk going over paperwork when the office door swings open without warning. MAWAGA moves an instinctive step forward as in saunters Michael Aarons. Aarons has his long brown hair in a french braid and is dressed in long purple wrestling tights scattered with different pink geometric shapes throughout. He is wearing a sleeveless black leather vest without a shirt and a pair of mirrored lens wraparound Oakleys. Chomping on his gum, he throws some finger guns in the direction of Castillo.]

MA: There he is! The main man, the big cheese, el Jefe, the holy guacamole himself!

[Castillo arches an eyebrow.]

JC: Mr. Aarons, how unexpected...

[He glares at the doorway.]

JC: ...and unannounced. How can I help you?

[Aarons wags a finger back and forth.]

MA: No, no, no, chief... how can we help each other! You see. I have this problem-no, correction... WE have a problem because when the talent's not happy, how can you really be happy?

[Aarons absentmindedly looks around the room before locking eyes with MAWAGA.]

MA: This guy knows what I'm talking about, am I right?

[No response, Aarons doesn't care.]

MA: You see, Javy... I have an insect problem. This annoying little gnat keeps following me wherever I go! I keep swatting it away and swatting it away but it's a persistent little bugger... you catch my drift?

[Castillo keeps looking at Aarons without response.]

MA: Of course, I'm talking about my EX partner. I'm sure the Boss Man saw what Cee Dee did to me on the last Power Hour? I'm sure you feel it's as big a travesty as we all know that it is. I mean, ten pounds of shiny reflective silver should be right here...

[Takes both hands and points them down around his waist.]

MA: ...and it's not and that breaks the world's heart. Think about the children, Jay Cee, and the heartache they feel, and their very attractive and single mothers, what about them? I've tried to be nice to Cee Dee, I've tried to explain things to him, but he won't listen. I carried him in Air Strike for all those years and now he wants me to carry him right up to the Main Event, but what he did last Power Hour was the last straw! So check this out, I have a way to solve this problem once and for all!

[Aarons goes over to the chair in front of Castillo's desk and plops down in it, kicking his feet up and resting them on Castillo's desk. MAWAGA takes another step but Castillo holds up a hand to head him off.]

MA: Now, obviously you had great interest in that Battle Royal where you saw me chucking fools left and right out of the ring. So, it's only natural that Michael Aarons, the eliminating machine, would enter this year's Rumble...

[Aarons stops for a second before winking and throwing another finger gun in the direction of Castillo.]

MA: ...in the great city of Chicago!

[Having sucked up enough, Aarons continues.]

MA: But naturally since I've announced for the Rumble, little Cee Dee is sure to follow. So I say this, little Cee Dee wants a match... then at Memorial Day Mayhem, he's got his match.

Before the Rumble takes place, Michael Aarons, the main attraction, versus Cody Mertz, the hanger on.

And to make it interesting, let's just say the winner of the match is the good ol' number thirty in the Rumble later that night...

[A thinking Castillo tilts his head... and then shrugs with a "eh." Aarons jumps in though.]

MA: ...but that's not all!

[Aarons shakes his finger again.]

MA: Oh no... like I said, Cee Dee is an annoying little gnat and he's going to keep buzzing around me even after I humiliate him in that ring. So I want him gone so Michael Aarons can do Michael Aarons type things - great things!

So the winner gets number 30...



The loser? Well, he's on a permanent 30 day vacation!

[Aarons snaps his fingers.]

MA: Just like that! So what do you think?

[Castillo steeples his hands together, looking thoughtfully at Aarons for a moment before speaking.]

JC: What do I think? I think, Mr. Aarons, that you should knock when entering my office.

I think you should remove your feet from my very expensive desk.

[Aarons quickly takes his feet down and sits up straight.]

JC: As far as your proposal goes...

[Castillo pauses, making Aarons wait nervously.]

JC: ...I don't like it.

[Aarons is about to protest when Castillo's face changes to a big grin.]

JC: I LOVE IT! It shows promise, ingenuity, and the creative thinking that I have been seeking for this place.

So, you will fight Mr. Mertz at Memorial Day Mayhem in Chicago! The winner is the last entrant in the Rumble that night... the loser...

[Castillo chuckles.]

JC: ...gets to go on a thirty day time out!

[Aarons smiles and jumps out of his seat.]

MA: Thank you, amigo... that's why you are the man in charge! Now if you'll excuse me, I have a match to prepare for in Chicago; an opponent to carry and a Rumble to win!

[Aarons heads towards the door as Castillo looks off into the non-existent distance.]

JC: A 30 for 30 challenge? Yes. I like it a lot.

[He smiles as we get another flash of the ACCESS 365 logo and end up back on live action in the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit in the AWA Women's Division! Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from San Francisco, California... weighing in at 117 pounds... SHANNON WALSH!

[A minor reaction from the crowd for the unknown competitor.]

RO: And in the corner to my left... from Fouke, Arkansas... weighing in at 138 pounds...

She is the PISTOL... KAYLA CRIIIIIISTOLLLLL!

[Cristol grins as she hops up on the midbuckle, dressed in pink leather chaps with many tassels, turquoise cowboy boots, and pink studded crop top that cuts off at the base of her ribcage, a pair of crossed pistols silkscreened on the front.]

GM: Kayla "The Pistol" Cristol always a favorite amongst the AWA faithful, Bucky.

BW: Yeah, because she was trained by those stinkin' Stenches.

GM: Well, I think her popularity has to do with more than that but it certainly doesn't help. It's been quite some time since we've seen the Pistol in action here, Bucky.

BW: I hear she's been off in Mexico, working some tours down there for SouthWest Lucha Libre.

GM: Let's see if she picked up any of that lucha libre style while she was there.

[As the bell sounds, the likable Cristol makes her way out to the middle of the ring, offering up a handshake to her opponent who surprisingly accepts to cheers from the crowd.]

GM: How about that, Bucky? A handshake to get us started.

BW: Apparently she didn't learn my favorite lucha libre maneuver.

GM: What's that?

BW: El Poke In The Eye.

GM: Would you stop?

[Cristol swings her arms across her torso, loosening up as she circles around the ring, the crowd clapping for action as Cristol and Walsh come together in the center.]

GM: Tieup in the middle... Cristol's got about twenty pounds on her opponent, backing her up into the ropes. All of twenty-five years old and...

[Cristol breaks on the three count, backing off with a grin as Walsh nods approvingly.]

GM: Nice clean break there as well... and here we go again, back to the middle...

[Walsh quickly spins out of the lockup into an armtwist, moving swiftly to a rear hammerlock. Cristol grimaces as she reaches back, looking for an exit...

...and opts instead to paste Walsh with a back elbow to the ear, finding her way out of the hold.]

GM: Cristol gets right out... and a big forearm to the side of the head has Walsh reeling.

[Cristol grabs her by the arm, whipping her across. As Walsh rebounds towards a doubled-up Cristol though, she slams on the brakes, grabs Cristol by her black hair...

...and throws her backwards to the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Right down on the back of the head goes the young lady from Arkansas... quick cover by Shannon Walsh gets a two before the shoulder comes up.

[Getting to her feet, Walsh stomps Cristol once... twice... and then leaps up, dropping a leg across the torso. She leans forward in a sitting position, loosely hooking a leg for another two count before Cristol kicks out.]

GM: Another two count.

BW: Walsh is starting to build up some momentum though, Gordo.

[Pulling Cristol up by the hair, Walsh throws her back into the buckles before laying in a trio of kicks to the midsection, leaving her gasping for air.]

GM: Another whip on the way... Cristol bounces out of the corner...

[But she drops into a baseball slide as she does, avoiding a clothesline attempt from Walsh. Cristol spins around, grabbing Walsh's feet, and yanking her legs out from under her so Walsh gets a faceful of mat!]

GM: Ohh! Nice counter by Cristol!

[Cristol scampers forward to grab two hands full of hair, pulling Walsh's torso off the canvas and SLAMMING her facefirst into the mat once... twice... three times.]

GM: Cristol doing some damage down on the canvas...

[With Walsh down, Cristol grabs the arm, twisting it around, rolling Walsh into a pinning predicament.]

GM: La Majistral cradle! There's some of that lucha libre rearing its head!

[A two count and change follow before Walsh escapes. Cristol claps her hands together as she gets to her feet, leaning down to pull Walsh up with her. Walsh promptly throws a forearm to the jaw...

...and Cristol fires back with one... two... three of her own before whipping Walsh into the corner, charging in after her...]

GM: Ohh! Running back elbow in the corner...

[Grabbing the arm, she whips Walsh across a second time, charging in behind her...]

GM: Another elbow! Right on the chin!

[A third whip follows along with a third charge from the Pistol...]

GM: Wham! Three in a row... and Walsh is on Dream Street!

[Twisting her fingers into pistols, Cristol takes a shot at the air before sliding out to the apron, climbing up the ropes behind Walsh. She plants her knee on the back of Walsh's head, hanging on as she gives a whoop, leaping from the top...]

GM: BOGGY CREEK BUSTER!

[...and rides Walsh all the way down, smashing her face into the canvas with the aid of her knee on the back of her head!]

GM: That'll do it! We've got one! We've got two! We've got three!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: A nice win for Kayla Cristol here in her return to Saturday Night Wrestling, Bucky.

BW: The Pistol was firing on all chambers tonight, that's for sure. That Boggy Creek Buster might've put Walsh's lights out. She's still down on the mat.

GM: It's quite an effective finishing maneuver... and right now, Sweet Lou has made his way down the ramp to talk to Kayla. Lou?

[We cut to Sweet Lou down at the bottom of the ramp, a grinning Kayla Cristol standing by his side.]

SLB: Thanks, Gordo... and congrats on an impressive victory, Kayla.

KC: Thank ya' Lou. But I gotta' get something off my chest 'cause it's been burnin' me up inside ever since I saw it. And it's what that snotty brat Harley Hamilton had to say!

SLB: Harley Hamilton?

KC: Yeah! I don't know where that little princess gets off badmouthin' all the great families and legacies of this sport. People that've been building up wrasslin' for decades. She had the nerve to put'em down. Especially fine folks like The Lynches!

[Kayla shakes her head and looks into the camera.]

KC: You think you're hot stuff, Harley? You ain't even spent a single dang second inna' AWA ring and you're already callin' yourself a legend! Are ya' kidding me!? I don't care who your daddy was! I think you need a reality check...

...and I think I'm the one to provide it!

[And with that, The Pistol walks off.]

SLB: Well, you heard it! Kayla Cristol with some strong words for Harley Hamilton who hasn't even had her first AWA match yet and she's making enemies! Fans, we're going to take a quick break and we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling action so stick around!

[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 backstage where the esteemed Mark Stegglet stands with one of the most decorated men in AWA history, the Iron Cowboy himself, Jack Lynch. The tall, lanky Lynch is dressed in his usual attire, a clean and pressed white button-down shirt, blue jeans and his white cowboy hat. There's a rather mischievous grin on the face of the King of Cowboys.]

MS: Mr. Lynch, you certainly seem to be in a good mood at the moment.

JL: Well, Mark... it ain't that hard to be all smiles when ya watch what's been happenin' to poor old Johnny Detson tonight. And let's face it, when was the last time ya saw Castillo trashin' his office and ya didn't find yourself enjoyin' it?

[Stegglet nods his head.]

MS: Both men certainly seem to have their hands full tonight. Especially Detson with the sudden appearance of the Masked Outlaw.

JL: Lemme ask ya a question, Mark. When ya think about masks, and ya think about outlaws, what type of person do ya thin of?

[Stegglet pauses a moment, thinking, but finally shakes his head.]

MS: I'm not following.

JL: Well, Mark... me? When I think about masks and outlaws...

I'm thinkin' cowboys.

MS: Wait a minute, are you saying?

[Lynch shakes his head and chuckles.]

JL: I ain't sayin' nothin', Mark. I'm just askin' a question. But ya know, we are in Portland. Where wrestlin' history was made damn near every week.

And I sure do like makin' history.

MS: Well, if you're saying what I think you're saying, then it would be the perfect ending to the wild night we've already had.

[Lynch offers a noncommittal nod.]

JL: You're right about one thing, it had been a wild night here in Portland. And let's talk about some of it.

First off, let's talk about the Hotshot.

Now Stevie, ya got yourself a big man in Max Magnum. Rough and tough, with a whole lotta accolades attached to his name.

But I've been here in the AWA a fair number of years. And I've seen big, tough guys come, and I've watch 'em go just as fast. Men with all the hype that Magnum has got and more. But ya go and look for 'em now and they ain't nowhere to be found.

So Stevie, and especially you, big boy, I want ya to hear these words. Ya ain't no one in the AWA until you've done somethin'. And I ain't talkin' about tossin' around a couple of tomato cans.

I'm talkin' about fightin' in a Texas Death Match. I'm talkin' about winnin' a towel match, and I'm talkin' about defendin' your family's honor against two men that Portland know well, Tiger Claw and Casey James. So Hotshot, Magnum...when you're ready to do somethin' here in the AWA?

Come find me.

MS: I've got to say... that's a match I'd love to see.

JL: I'm sure ya ain't the only one, Mark.

Now, what else we got goin' on?

Well, for starters, ya got Shadoo Rage runnin' around like a wild man, hurtin' people, foamatin' at the mouth and generally makin' a case for involuntary commitment.

Now Rage, I hope ya got enough sense to hear what I say.

I ain't forgotten about what happened at SuperClash. I ain't forgotten what ya did to my daddy. And Rage?

Only blood pays for blood.

The only thing between me and you right now is Jackson Haynes. I've known Haynes a long time, and I ain't dumb enough to get between a bear and the steak he's got his eyes on.

MS: But of course, Jackson Haynes is just one of the men who has been banned from being here tonight.

[Lynch's expression turns serious, his smile vanishing almost immediately.]

JL: Ya know somethin' Mark, it's a cryin' shame when lawyers get in the way of givin' the people what they paid their hard earned money to see.

The good people of Portland, and the good people all around the world, they're sittin' down and tunin' in to see the best athletes in the world, men and women alike, step into that squared circle and lay it all down and fight their hearts out.

And it's a cryin' shame that people like Westerly and Castillo are usin' lawyers to stop that from happenin'.

Now, I ain't no friend of Brian James. But I was a fan of what he did to Johnny Detson two weeks ago.

And I've been in the ring with James. I know that he's one of the toughest, meanest sons of bitches that God ever put on this earth.

And you're gonna tell me that a man like that is gonna be forced outta this sport because he won't kowtow to Johnny Detson?

Well, that ain't right, Mark.

MS: And of course, there's one of your very best friends, Ryan Martinez.

[Lynch nods.]

JL: I've spoken with Ryan, and I know he's chompin' at the bit to come back. And I know he will be back.

Hell, Castillo basically said as much to Blue, didn't he?

So, Castillo, Westerly... everyone else, lemme ask ya a question –

What do ya think is gonna happen when Ryan gets back? What do ya think a Ryan Martinez who has had a couple of weeks to do nothin' but train and think about all that you've taken from him is gonna do when he finally gets back?

Personally, I'm glad I ain't on the wrong side of that Ryan Martinez.

[Stegglet nods his agreement.]

JL: And Mark? I'm still here.

And I look out, and I'm reminded of somethin' that the Man in Black said.

Ya go tell the ramblers, the gamblers, and the back biters that they can run on for a long time.

But sooner or later... you're gonna get cut down.

And for some of you...

[Lynch tilts back his cowboy hat and the camera gets a clear shot of the intense look in his eyes.]

JL: Portland may very well be the place that happens.

[We fade from the shot of a determined Lynch...

...and back out on the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest has a ten minute time limit and is set for one fall!  
Introducing first ...from Cancun, Mexico ...he weighs in at 189 pounds...

EL HALCON ROJOOOOOOOO!!!

["Spirit of the Hawk" by Rednex plays as a masked luchador dressed in red and gold tights with a red mask covering his entire face with a design resembling a bird of prey comes down the aisle, slapping the hands of fans who recognize him.]

GM: And here comes El Halcon Rojo, a popular wrestler from south of the border in SouthWest Lucha Libre!

BW: I dunno who this Rojo guy ticked off in the front office, 'cause this is one heck of a tall order they have for him tonight!

RO: And his opponent...

[The light go completely dark as "Black Skinhead" by Kanye West begins to play, bringing the crowd to their feet as they fill the arena with massive cheers!]

RO: ...hailing from Baton Rouge, Louisiana... he weighs in tonight at 228 pounds... he is a former two-time AWA World Heavyweight champion...

SUPREME WRIIIIIIIGHTTTTT!!!!

[A lone spotlight hits the top of the aisle, where we see Wright standing, dressed in a hooded black fighter's robe. As always, his eyes are focused solely on HIS ring, his face devoid of any and all expression or emotion.]

GM: Here comes Supreme Wright, who has certainly seen his fair share of trouble from Javier Castillo and his army of monsters. Most prominently in the form of King Kong Hogan, who has set his sights on Wright in recent weeks.

BW: Wright may be the best technical wrestler in the world, but Hogan's about as mean and nasty as they come! I ain't got a clue what'll happen once they meet in the ring!

[Wright steps through the ropes and into the ring, lowering the hood to reveal his face. His eyes remain focused on El Halcon Rojo as he removes his robe to reveal his wrestling attire underneath: crimson wrestling trunks with three white stars on the front.]

GM: We're just about ready for this match to get under way...

"DING DING DING!"

GM: ...and here we go!

[Wright and the masked luchador meet in the center of the ring, where the two circle around each other. Wright quickly shoots in and procures a wristlock. However, Halcon Rojo rolls through and quickly reverses it into a wristlock of his own.]

GM: El Halcon Rojo..."The Red Hawk" showing off some quickness here...reversing the wristlock on Supreme Wright.

[However, Wright does some fancy footwork, twisting around and under Halcon Rojo's arm to break the wristlock, quickly capturing him in a side headlock, spinning behind him and transitioning into a hammerlock, before dropping down and taking El Halcon Rojo's legs out from under him with a legsweep!]



GM: OH! A quick series of moves and Wright takes Rojo right off his feet!

BW: You wanna talk about quickness, Gordo...Wright did about five moves right there in a blink of an eye!

GM: They don't call him the "Man of Ten Thousand Holds" for nothing. Supreme Wright's one of the very best we've ever seen step into a ring!

[Wright motions for the luchador to get back to his feet. El Halcon Rojo obliges and stands. Wright moves in for another grapple, but the masked man drops down and throws an overhead kick, catching Wright off-guard!]

GM: OH! A big soccer-style bicycle kick catches Supreme Wright in the head!

[Rojo is quick to capitalize, dropkicking Wright in the ankle, knocking him down facedown into the canvas. He then runs into the ropes and charges in, catching Wright with another dropkick, this time to the side of the head!]

GM: And a basement dropkick sends Supreme Wright to the outside!

BW: I don't think that's where Wright wants to be! Rojo is ready for takeoff!

[Indeed, El Halcon Rojo runs into the far ropes and comes flying like a speeding bullet, nailing Wright with a tope that drives him into the guardrail!]

"OHHHHH!!!"

GM: OH MY! El Halcon Rojo has Supreme Wright reeling!

[Rojo pumps his fists, as the crowd cheers him. He grabs Wright by the head and tries to throw him back into the ring. However, Wright stops himself from rolling back in by hooking his leg on the bottom rope to stop himself and then reversing his momentum, rolling off the apron and spinning into an European uppercut that nearly takes El Halcon Rojo's head off!]

"SMAAACCKKK!"

"OHHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: WHAT AN UPPERCUT FROM SUPREME WRIGHT!

[Wright is then quick to throw El Halcon Rojo back into the ring. He follows in and drops down for a cover.]

GM: One, two...no! Rojo slips a shoulder!

BW: I know he's got a mask on, but I bet he's got a couple of teeth rattling around under the hood after that shot, Gordo!

[Wright pulls the luchador to his feet and backs him up into the corner with another European uppercut followed by a forearm shot and yet another European uppercut.]

GM: Supreme Wright working Halcon Rojo over with these strikes...

"SMACK!"

"SMACK!"

GM: ...OH! And two brutal slaps to the ears!

"SMACK!"

GM: And a spinning back elbow rocks Rojo!

BW: He ain't done yet!

[Facing away from Halcon Rojo as soon as he lands the spinning back elbow, Wright sprints out of the corner and runs to the opposite side, kicking off second turnbuckle and running back towards the masked luchador at full speed...]

"SMAAACCKKK!!!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: A RUNNING EUROPEAN UPPERCUT IN THE CORNER!

BW: That might've knocked him out, Gordo!

[Dragging the SWLL competitor out of the corner, Wright then lifts and pivots, DRIVING him into the canvas with a Uranage suplex!]

GM: Beautiful suplex by Wright and that might be it! ...no! It only gets two!

BW: This Red Hawk guy has some guts! I thought it was all over after that!

[Suddenly, the crowd roars!]

GM: Well, if that suplex didn't do it, this might! Wright has him up for Fat Tuesday!

[However, as Wright lifts Rojo up into the fireman's carry, the masked man from Cancun fights back, driving several elbows to Wright's head, causing him to release him]

GM: No! Rojo escapes!

[As Wright stumbles away, Rojo runs into the ropes, leaping onto the second rope and springboarding off, catching the former AWA World Heavyweight champion with a twisting crossbody block!]

GM: OH MY! Crossbody and the pin! TWO! Only two!

[Not wanting to let up his momentum, Rojo runs into the ropes once more, this time catching Wright in a reverse bodyscissors. He attempts to see-saw his way up for a bulldog, but Wright stops his momentum, holding him up in mid-air with a waistlock...]

"THHHUUUDDDD!!!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[...and PLANTING him with a German suplex with a bridge!]

GM: OH MY STARS! SUPLEX AND THE BRIDGE!

[Rojo manages to kickout right before the three, but Wright doesn't release his grip, instead rolling over and trapping Rojo's arms in a double chickenwing, before flipping over into...]

BW: CATTLE MUTILATION!

[But Rojo fights it, rolling through the submission attempt. However, with his arms still trapped in a double chickenwing, Wright simply stands him up...]

"THHHUUUDDDD!!!"

GM: A TIGER SUPLEX! One! Two! T-no! Rojo gets the shoulder up!

BW: But look Gordo! Wright's still got his arms trapped!

GM: Supreme Wright simply won't let go of El Halcon Rojo! He's like an octopus!

[Wright sits Rojo down on the mat and traps one of the luchador's arms behind his leg in a modified crucifix hold, as he lifts his free arm high into the air and brings it down with a brutal 12-to-6 elbow to the head!]

GM: OHHHH! He brings the point of the elbow right down on Rojo's skull!

[With the luchador stunned, the former champion stands up El Halcon Rojo once more...]

"THHHUUUDDDD!!!"

[...and plants him with yet another Tiger suplex!]

GM: A SECOND TIGER SUPLEX!

[But Wright doesn't bridge this time, rolling to the side instead and then finally completing the bridge to lock in Cattle Mutilation!]

GM: OH! And El Halcon Rojo is trapped in the middle of the ring in this devastating hold!

BW: Wright knocked the fight right outta him with those suplexes, Gordo! He just wouldn't let go! Rojo ain't gonna make it to the ropes!

[Rojo holds on for a few seconds, but the result is inevitable as he verbally submits!]

GM: And there's the submission! Rojo's giving up!

"DING DING DING!"

[Take it away, Rebecca.]

RO: YOUR WINNER OF THE MATCH...

SUPREEEEEEEMMMMMEEEEEE WRRRRRRRIIIIIIGGGGHHTTT!!!

[Huge cheers!]

GM: A very game performance by El Halcon Rojo, but Supreme Wright ends this one in dominant fashion.

BW: Rojo's fast, but as soon as Wright got him grounded, he just kept going after him and it was all over.

GM: Wait...Supreme Wright has a microphone!

[We cut back to inside the ring, where we see Supreme Wright patting El Halcon Rojo on the back as the referee helps him exit the ring. Wright then turns to the crowd.]

SW: Two weeks ago, I stood right here in the middle of MY ring and announced my intention to enter the Rumble, win it and take the AWA World Heavyweight Title from Johnny Detson.

[A big cheer! Wright doesn't so much as blink at it.]

SW: Two weeks ago, King Kong Hogan came out here and called me a lil puppy. I suppose, that makes him...

...a mangy old dog.

And that mangy old dog attacked me. But that's nothing new. He's been gunning for me ever since he's stepped foot in the AWA.

[Wright gives the slightest look of annoyance.]

SW: That's fine. 'Cause ever since I've actually been a young pup, I've always had mangy old dogs barking at me. And there's nothing this young pup knows better...

...than how to put an old dog out of its misery.

[A roar from the crowd!]

SW: I fear you?

[Supreme shakes his head.]

SW: That ain't fear, old dog. That's anxiousness. That's pure unadulterated bliss. That's my body trembling with excitement at the thought of fighting and defeating you.

[A big pop!]

SW: If I have to put you down in order to win the Rumble, then so be it, Hogan. There's not a damn thing in this world that's gonna' keep me from becoming the AWA World Heavyweight Champion for a third time.

Not you. Not Javier Castillo. Not Johnny Detson.

Stand in my way old dog and I promise you, you'll be doing my favorite trick.

[A beat.]

SW: Playing dead.

[And with that, Supreme Wright drops the microphone and exits the ring.]

GM: Wow.

BW: He's saying all the right things, Gordo... and I believe him when he says them... but talk is talk and action is action and when King Kong Hogan headbutts him in the mouth, he ain't gonna be talkin' no more.

GM: That's a battle that I can't wait to see - one on one or as part of the Rumble! Fans, we're going to take another quick break but when we come back, it's the Think Tank with Kerry Kendrick so don't you dare go away!

[We abruptly cut to black and fade up on a rising sun coming up over a crystal blue lake. A voiceover begins.]

"The future."

[The sun continues to climb via time lapse footage.]

"It is said that the future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams."

[The sun reaches its peak, dazzling as it lights up the water below.]

"At the Korugun Corporation, our dreams are the same as yours."

[Cut to a shot of children playing in a very green meadow.]

"To live... to love..."

[To a shot of two elderly people smiling as they hold hands.]

"To make the most out of every moment we are blessed with."

[To the crack of a baseball bat and a cheering crowd.]

"To the joys of community... of family... of kinship..."

[To a young toddler walking out into the surf on a beach only to be scooped up by a nervous father who lifts him high in the air.]

"To all of life's promise... and potential."

[To a spaceship rocketing off its launchpad towards the sky.]

"To pushing the boundaries of what is expected..."

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

[The Korugun Corporation logo slowly crawls over the curvature of the Earth.]

"Korugun. To life and all that it offers."

[And we slowly fade to black...

...and then back to the arena, where "I Want It All" by Queen is midway through playing. The interview area has been covered in midnight green carpet. In the foreground is Kerry Kendrick in a black t-shirt; his slicked back hair reaches past his shoulders. Behind him is Erica Toughill, looking more distant and morose than usual.]

KK: This... is the Think Tank.

I am Kerry Kendrick. I am a Self Made Man. I am the longest tenured member of the AWA roster...

...And the sad fact of life is I always will be.

[He paces back and forth in the ring slightly, hand scratching his thin, trimmed whisker beard.]

KK: And GGC, I was hoping to hear back from you. Desperate to prove you're not a fluke, are you? Desperate to prove that you're more than a one trick pony?

And I imagine you're more than a little shocked that you can't charm Ricki away from me with a winning smile and a couple of compliments. If you want someone watching your back next time you step into the ring with me, you'll have to look somewhere else, because Ricki is with me.

[Toughill nods in a businesslike manner.]

KK: And we will be seeing each other in the ring again, "Golden" Grant Carter, because I need the reps for the Rumble. And onto the Rumble...

[Kendrick glances behind him at two empty stools.]

KK: You know, my girl in the front office has been saying that the "Think Tank" has been getting some notice from her friends at Fox. And while I'm flattered, it also means more people telling me who I should and shouldn't have as a guest.

Like take this week for example... they were saying to me, "hey, you know who would be good to have on? Jack Lynch, the former World Champion. You could have him on to promote Memorial Day Mayhem." That is assuming we can pry him out of one of Portland's many strip joints.

"Or maybe we could get you Supreme Wright." Yeah, of course. Because if there's one guy who doesn't get enough hype and shilling on AWA programming, it's "Eldrick" Supreme Wright.

[He mockingly adopts a robotic tone.]

KK: "The - Hu-Mans - say - this - thing - is - true. I - res-pect-ful-ly - dis-a-gree."

Or else they're always trying to get Jordan Ohara on. Do you know how I know? Because Jordan Ohara wants to be on everything. If there's one person who can be depended upon to get Jordan Ohara camera time, it's Jordan Ohara. I have to ask, did The Phoenix ever try out for the Tar Heels football team? 'Cause he sure seems to know his way around astroturf.

[Kendrick flips one of the stools upright, knocking it to the ropes.]

KK: These are the people that dare call themselves the PILLARS of the AWA! As though they were some kind of wrestling illuminati! All they talk about is Their Title. Their agenda that trumps all others!

On the subject of grudges, Supreme Wright, do you remember two years ago when I first came back to the AWA? Do you remember the first thing you said to me?

Of course you don't, "Eldrick," because it was just another Saturday night for you, and because it was the only thing you've ever said to me. But for me, when you and Cain Jackson and Matt Lance and all your boys in their precious little matching tracksuits came storming in that fateful Saturday night to introduce yourselves, I'll never forget what you said.

"This is a Team Supreme locker room."

And you and your crew made me dress out in the hall!

[There's some laughter from the crowd at that... but not from Kerry Kendrick who looks just about as mad as we've ever seen him.]

KK: So you know what, "Eldrick?" You can take your entitled notion of being a "Pillar" and any thoughts about the World Championship belonging exclusively to

you... and you and your future brother-in-law, and Ohara, and Ryan Martinez and anyone else who has delusions about being "Pillars" can SHOVE IT!

[The crowd jeers Kendrick who is burning mad as he glares into the camera.]

KK: For nine years, no one has proven that they eat and breathe wrestling like the Self Made Man! No one shows up to Saturday Night Wrestling earlier, no one puts more effort in than me, and no one has the tenure with this promotion than I do?

Pillars?! The Self Made Man is the FOUNDATION of the AWA!

[He pauses, letting that sink in as the crowd reacts.]

KK: And at Memorial Day Mayhem in 44 days, I make my statement, and I claim what's mine in the Rumble.

And if any of the "Pillars" have a problem with that...

[He gestures to the "set" that is the ring.]

KK: ...I'll be hosting two more "Think Tanks" between now and the Rumble.

[Kendrick angrily throws the mic aside.]

BW: I got two words for ya, Gordo.

GM: Oh?

BW: Shots. Fired.

GM: Fans, we'll be right back.

[As Kendrick angrily walks up the aisle, leaving Toughill behind as his music plays once more, we fade to black...

Fade in to a field in the Canadian prairies. The two Schutzmans from Mooselips Beer stand knee-deep in the grass and weeds. The younger close-up, the older one holding a beer bottle in the middle distance. Beside the older man is a 24-foot tall coffee pot.]

SA: Peanut butter and jelly! Grilled cheese and tomato! And here in Saskatchewan...

[Avery Schutzman gestures to the scrubby trees and tall grass.]

SA: ...Cabbage rolls and coffee! I'm "Savoury" Avery Schutzman, coming to you from Davidson, Saskatchewan. Population 1,025 strong. Smack dab between Saskatoon and Regina on Highway 11. Home of the world's largest coffee pot, which our brewmaster Uncle Lorne Schutzman is now standing beside.

[In the middle distance, Lorne Schutzman turns and looks up at the 24-foot tall coffee pot, probably pondering what would possess someone to build a 24-foot tall coffee pot.]

SA: You know, there are a lot of good things that go better together, like the American Wrestling Alliance and Mooselips Beer, brewed right here in Saskatchewan.

[Lorne Schutzman holds up the bottle, not particularly caring that the camera is too far away to properly read it.]

SA: And to celebrate this new tag team, Mooselips Beer is on the hunt to find the best tag team in the world, whether it be System Shock, Next Gen, the War Pigs, the Southern Wrecking Crew... Whomever stands out the most! That team will win cash and a portion of the proceeds earned from Mooselips newest Iced Pale Ale Blend! It's golden brown with a texture like sun! And from all of us at Mooselips Beer, thank you for your support.

[Lorne mutters something unintelligible.]

SA: I know, Uncle Lorne. We've got so many of these goshdarn giant things, the world's biggest cabbage roll has got to be around here somewhere.

[Fade to black...

...and when we fade back up, we see that Erica Toughill is still standing in the ring, fresh out of the Think Tank...

...and she's not alone.]

GM: Welcome back, fans... and we're just about to see the arrival of Victoria June for this matchup between her and Erica Toughill when Cinder just came skipping out here.

BW: Like a child sent to the principal's office for stabbing her teacher with a pencil.

GM: BUCKY!

[Cinder is pawing at Toughill who keeps trying to brush her off, staring down the aisle. Rebecca Ortiz steps to center ring, raising the mic to complete the introductions...]

RO: Annnnnnnnd her opponent...

[The Ramones' punk classic "Blitzkrieg Bop" rips across the PA system as Victoria June comes bouncing out on the stage, throwing up her arms to a cheering Portland crowd.]

RO: From Toronto, Ontario Canada... weighing in at 158 pounds...

VICTORRRRRRRRIIIIAAAA JUUUUUUUUUUUNE!

[June points down the aisle where Cinder and Toughill are standing...

...and abandons all attempts to bond with the crowd, sprinting down the aisle at top speed.]

BW: She looks like the Gladiator in there!

GM: Buckle up, fans... this one could get bumpy!

[Toughill shoves Cinder aside, pointing her out to the floor where she reluctantly goes as June dives headfirst under the bottom rope, coming up quickly to her feet as Toughill rushes to engage with her. The referee quickly signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HERE WE GO!

[The crowd ROARS as the two women come together in a slugfest, trading haymakers as quickly as they can throw them!]



GM: Victoria June has come to get her some of Erica Toughill after what went down with Julie Somers earlier tonight, fans!

BW: You mean when Somers slugged a ref between the eyes and got herself kicked out of the building?!

GM: That's not exactly how that went but-

[June blocks a Toughill right hand, throwing one of her own... and another sends Toughill backpedaling towards the ropes. With some space between them, Toughill throws herself at June with a clothesline...

...but June ducks it, spinning to throw herself at Toughill instead!]

GM: FIERRO PRESS! FIERRO PRESS!

[Grabbing Toughill by the head, June SLAMS the back of her skull into the mat once... twice... three times. Cinder is absolutely wailing like a banshee outside the ring, causing some ringside fans to hold their ears in pain.]

GM: Goodness! Can someone get a muzzle on her?!

BW: She's in pain, Gordo! Her Mummy is gettin' her tail kicked right now!

[June pulls up to her feet, throwing a glare and a point towards Cinder who changes gears in an instant, switching to taunting June by holding up the lock of her hair. June absentmindedly grabs the spot of her afro that was cut by Cinder...

...which allows her to get clubbed in the back of the head by the rising Toughill!]

GM: Ohh! Ricki jumps her from the blind side! And the distraction by Cinder pays dividends right there!

[Toughill delivers a pair of stomps to the downed June plus a big soccer kick to the ribs that flops her over onto her back.]

GM: Hard kick to the ribs there by Toughill, looking to do some damage now that she's got the advantage!

[Toughill pulls June off the mat by the afro, lighting her up with a pair of haymakers to the skull before shoving her back into the ropes where June bounces off into a boot to the gut.]

GM: Toughill goes downstairs on June...

[With a loud grunt, Toughill swings a knee up into June's face, knocking her back down to the canvas.]

GM: Biiiig kneelift!

[Backing to the corner, Toughill hops up to the midbuckle, measuring the downed June...

...and leaps off, looking to drive her elbow into the throat!]

GM: JUNE ROLLS CLEAR! SWING AND A MISS!

[The crowd cheers as Toughill kneels on the mat, clutching her arm in pain as June climbs to her feet, pumping her arms to the cheering crowd...

...and runs down the rising Toughill with a clothesline!]

GM: Clothesline by June!

[Toughill climbs to her feet as June rushes back in...]

GM: Another big clothesline takes her down a second time! Victoria June is firing up and...

[The New York native climbs to her feet, stumbling in a circle away from the fiery June...

...who rampages forward, throwing another clothesline, this one taking Toughill over the top rope, crashing down hard on the barely-padded floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: OVER THE TOP AND DOWN TO THE FLOOR GOES TOUGHILL!

[June bounces away, hopping up and down out to mid-ring as she shouts to the cheering Portland crowd.]

GM: June’s fired up! These fans are fired up!

[Cinder rushes to the side of her “Mummy”, kneeling down next to her as June throws a glance out at them...

...and then sprints to the ropes, bouncing off them...]

GM: HERE COMES JUUUUUUUUNNNNNNE!

[...and the wild-eyed fan favorite throws herself between the ropes, diving onto both June and Toughill with a tope that sends Cinder crashing back into the steel ringside barricade as Toughill falls to the floor once again!]

“CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: SHE WIPES ‘EM BOTH OUT! VICTORIA JUNE TURNS HERSELF INTO A HUMAN MISSILE AND WIPES OUT BOTH TOUGHILL AND CINDER!

[A fired-up June pulls Toughill off the mat, tossing her back under the ropes into the ring. She gives a fistpump before rolling back in herself.]

GM: Toughill’s back in... June’s back in...

BW: She’s going for it, Gordo!

GM: June wrapping up the legs... trying to get Toughill up off the mat and-

[The crowd groans as Cinder comes rushing into the ring, diving onto June’s back, knocking her down to the canvas as the referee spins around, pointing to the timekeeper.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: Ahhhh! There’s the bell! We’ve got a disqualification on our hands!

[Cinder starts putting the boots to the downed June as the crowd jeers loudly and Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Your winner of the match as a result of a disqualification... VICTORIA JUNE!

[Cinder ignores Ortiz' pronouncement as she falls to her knees, pummeling June relentlessly with clubbing blows to the back of the head and neck. Slowly, Erica Toughill climbs off the mat, looking at Cinder with disbelief.]

GM: Toughill doesn't look too happy about this but...

[Cinder springs to her feet, gleefully inviting Toughill to join her in her assault on Victoria June...

...and after a moment's pause, Toughill does exactly that, adding her boots to Cinder's in a two-on-one attack!]

GM: This is a mugging now! We've got Toughill and Cinder BOTH attacking Victoria June!

BW: And with Julie Somers thrown out of the building, who is gonna help June? Who is gonna help Victoria June?!

[The beating continues for several more moments as Toughill and Cinder take turns stomping June. Cinder leans down, pulling June's arms back, holding her open as Toughill kicks her in the abdomen.]

GM: This is ridiculous! We need to get some...

[Gordon suddenly goes quiet as a buzz breaks out from the crowd.]

BW: Hang on... there's a fan or something...

[The buzz grows stronger as someone comes over the railing with something in arms...]

GM: IS THAT-?!

[The crowd ROARS as it becomes clear exactly WHO has come over the railing...

...and exactly WHAT they're holding in their hands!]

GM: GAL GADOT'S GOT A CHAIR! SHE'S GOT-

[With a big swing of the chair, Gadot catches Cinder across the back. It definitely doesn't have the usual pop of an AWA superstar swinging a steel chair but it's enough to break Cinder's grip on June, falling forward into Toughill's arms. Toughill looks at Gadot - who looks more than a bit worried about her sudden move - as she holds up Cinder.]

GM: Are you kidding me?! Gal Gadot just hopped the railing with that chair and-

[Before Toughill and Cinder can strike back, an enormous flood of AWA officials and security and even Gadot's private security hit the ring, filling the space (and then some) between the rulebreakers and the Hollywood star who stands over June protectively.]

GM: We've got chaos on our hands! Chaos in the ring here in Portland!

[The chaotic scene continues, Toughill shouting at Gadot who has the chair pulled away from her by her own security team...

...as we fade through black and back up on the bank of television monitors showing various AWA matches from over the years that can only mean one thing - the return of the Control Center!

After a few moments of this plus the appropriate synth music, we fade to a Memorial Day Mayhem logo with the accompanying voiceover.]

"And your host of this week's Memorial Day Mayhem Control Center - Mark Stegglet!"

[Cut to Mark Stegglet standing in front of more of the television monitors.]

MS: Good evening, wrestling fans... I'm Mark Stegglet and this is your Memorial Day Mayhem Control Center! I stand before you right now just over a month away from the big event which will be going down on Memorial Day in Chicago, Illinois - the first time the AWA will be coming to you from the Windy City! And if you haven't already bought your tickets to the big event, don't bother trying because we are SOLD OUT for Memorial Day Mayhem X!

[Cut to a different shot of Stegglet with a smaller version of the MDM X logo superimposed over his right shoulder.]

MS: As the days creep by towards the annual AWA kickoff of summer, the action in the AWA gets hotter and hotter... and the lineup for this big event is starting to come together in a most impressive fashion.

[The graphic changes to ready "One Match, One Shot" with Medusa Rage and Kurayami standing facing off.]

MS: You saw this one come together earlier tonight and now it's official. The AWA Women's World Title will be on the line when Hall of Famer Medusa Rage challenges Kurayami for the gold! We've seen that devastating Snakebite maneuver put down Kurayami on two occasions now... but we've also seen Kurayami lay Rage to waste herself earlier tonight. Who will come out on top of this epic struggle? We'll find out in Chicago!

[The graphic changes to one word - "RUMBLE."]

MS: And of course, we've got the Rumble. An annual spectacular here in the AWA as thirty of the AWA's finest do battle to see who will earn themselves a future shot at the AWA World Title currently held by Johnny Detson.

Let's run down the participants so far...

[A snazzy new piece of music comes up as the pictures of the participants cover the whole screen with Stegglet providing commentary on each by voiceover. The first image on the screen is Maxim Zharkov.]

MS: The big Russian himself... the AWA National Champion... and one of the guys that Vegas oddsmakers already have down as an odds-on favorite to take home the win in this year's Rumble - Maxim Zharkov!

[The graphic changes to a grinning fan favorite pointing at the camera.]

MS: A new entry into the Rumble - "Golden" Grant Carter - has put himself into the mix hoping to get his hands on both Kerry Kendrick AND a future shot at the biggest gold of them all!

[Another graphic change.]

MS: One of the all-time greats in our sport and no stranger to Rumbles in his own right, Hall of Famer and former World Champion, Jeff "Madfox" Matthews is in this Rumble in the Windy City!

[The graphic changes again, showing two competitors this time.]

MS: This one came about just moments ago. We went into this night believing that both Cody Mertz AND Michael Aarons would be in the Rumble but now we know that because of this special "30 For 30 " challenge... one of them will walk into the Rumble at #30, the most prized spot of all, and one of them will be gone from the AWA for 30 days and won't be in the Rumble at all!

[This time, we get a masked man staring into the camera with a raised fist.]

MS: Earlier tonight, I learned that we'd be seeing an international flair to this year's Rumble with Mexico's own, Guerrero Azteca, added to the big match! With the AWA headed to Mexico later this year, I'm sure visions of Azteca challenging for the gold in his home country has gotta be big motivation for this top notch luchador!

[Another graphic change shows Kaz Konoe in mid-shrug.]

MS: Former SWLL competitor... former Tiger Paw Pro competitor... now a part of the AWA and heading for the Rumble - Kaz Konoe!

[We get another shot, this time of someone else holding championship gold across their chest.]

MS: The Fighting Irishman, Callum Mahoney, will look to add another piece of championship hardware to his collection starting with a Rumble win in Chi-Town!

[Again, the graphic changes, this time showing a smug looking visage.]

MS: The AWA Original himself... Kerry Kendrick is in the Rumble and looking to toss out some of the AWA's finest on his way to victory.

[Another change switches to a grizzled, sneering beast of a man.]

MS: You talk about a man made for this type of match... King Kong Hogan's been beating people up and tossing them aside for years in this business. If he does it better than anyone else in Chicago, he'll be on his way to a title match none of us thought we'd ever see.

[The graphic switches to show a former World Champion, arms crossed, staring into the camera.]

MS: But if Hogan thinks he's going to win it all, he's gonna have to go through this man who sees the Rumble as the first step to him making AWA history by becoming the first man to hold the AWA World Title three times! Supreme Wright is in it to win it!

[And one more change...]

MS: Earlier tonight, this was made official and the Phoenix is heading to Chicago, looking to rise up above twenty-nine others to win a shot at the World Heavyweight Title!

[We cut to a different shot, the graphic now gone.]

MS: Twelve men entered in the match... another eighteen to go...

[He snaps his fingers.]

MS: Make that seventeen. Look who else is heading to the Windy City!

[Open to a desert scene. "Kiwi" Luke Boyd is standing in front of a cactus wearing a dirty, white wife beater and some cargo pants.]

LB: Been a few weeks since ya heard from ol' "Kiwi" Luke Boyd, mates. Don't think my debut was gonna turn into rubbish. I've just been sittin' back and taking in the AWA landscape.

[Boyd nods.]

LB: How big of a landscape the AWA makes up. One thing I kept hearing about was this ol' Rumble that's coming up in a few weeks. People talking about entering the Rumble and winning the Rumble. Ya know what, mates?

[Boyd smiles and nods his head.]

LB: I found a perfect way to debut here in the States and the AWA. Consider this me tossing in my name to the Rumble. Come out of the gate and win this baby. That's how I want to debut. What better way to debut than in the closest thing to a bar fight in professional wrestling?

[Boyd holds his arms out from him.]

LB: I mean, ya can't ask for much more than to get your hands on twenty other people at the same time. Most folks have to settle for a one-on-one match or maybe a tag team match. Me, mates? I get to punch every single one of ya multiple times. That's just the way I like it.

[Boyd grins.]

LB: See ya in a few weeks, mates.

[Boyd continues to grin as we fade back to Mark Stegglet.]

MS: "Kiwi" Luke Boyd is in the Rumble as well! Fans, it's going to be a historic night that none of are likely to forget. For the tenth time, Memorial Day Mayhem will go down on Memorial Day. Chicago, you better get ready 'cause the AWA is coming to town!

[We get another of the television monitors with the synth music...

...and then fade back out to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: Memorial Day Mayhem is just over a month away... but the question is, Bucky... will Johnny Detson still be the World Champion after he battles the Masked Outlaw here in just a few moments?

BW: He has to be, Gordo. He HAS to be. I haven't waited this long to see Johnny back on top to have it all ripped away by some punk in a mask!

GM: Will Johnny Detson walk out with the title or without it will greatly depend on who is under that mask, Bucky. There's been speculation all night long. Between us... between the wrestlers... between the fans online and here in the arena and now...

[The Portland crowd ERUPTS into jeers as "Kashmir" begins to play once more.]

GM: ...and now it's showtime!

BW: I still don't know if this is a good idea, Gordo. If Johnny doesn't know who is under the hood, he's taking an awfully big risk. I mean... I'm sure he has a plan still but.. but... I don't like this... not one bit.

GM: I believe Johnny Detson's ego has finally bitten off more than he can chew... and I personally can't wait to see what happens!

[Out from the back storms Johnny Detson. He's dressed in long gold tights with black boots with a white Korugun sweat jacket. The AWA World Heavyweight Title is being carried on his shoulder.]

GM: Johnny Detson, the World Champion, on his way to the ring... and I can't help but notice, Bucky, that he's coming out here all alone.

BW: And why shouldn't he? He's the World Champion! The top of the company! The pinnacle of the sport! He won the title fair and square!

GM: The fact that you can say all of that with a straight face makes me really wonder about you.

[Detson wastes no time getting to the ring and climbing inside. He makes his way over to Rebecca Ortiz who is standing in the ring waiting to make her announcements. He takes the microphone from her hands and demands she leaves the ring.]

GM: Oh, come on! Rebecca did NOTHING to deserve this kind of treatment.

BW: I don't know if I've ever seen the champ so determined.

[With a sigh, Ortiz hands over the mic, stepping out of the ring as Detson raises the mic.]

JD: I don't have all day! I'm not here to play games! Outlaw?! Let's go! Get out here right now!

[Detson lowers the mic, pacing back and forth angrily as the crowd buzzes with anticipation for the arrival of the Masked Outlaw and the World Title match to follow. The champion approaches the ropes, shouting off-mic down the aisle, waving an arm to call him to the ring.]

GM: Detson's calling out the Masked Outlaw... trying to get him down to the ring for this title match. I can't believe Detson's so eager to have this match, Bucky.

BW: He's been having a hard time since he won the title... just let him get this monkey off his back!

[With no sign of the masked man, Detson angrily shouts into the mic again.]

JD: OUTLAW, I AM CALLING OUT YOU!

[Detson points down the aisle again.]

JD: You think you scare me?! You think you intimidate me?! You get out here RIGHT NOW... or EVERYONE will know you're nothing but a coward! That's right,,, you heard me... I CALLED YOU A COWAR-

[Suddenly, the lights go out, cutting Detson off cold with a burst of static.]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: He's just proving Detson right! He IS a coward! What kind of a man attacks someone with the lights off?! What kind of-?!

[The lights cut back on...

...and the Masked Outlaw is standing in the ring behind Johnny Detson. A ROAR goes through the crowd immediately!]

GM: The Masked Outlaw is here! The Outlaw is here for Johnny Detson!

[Detson whips around to confront the Masked Outlaw, nodding his head confidently, thrusting the title belt into the air...]

GM: Wow! Detson's ready, fans! He's ready for a fight and I don't know if I've ever seen Detson like this!

[Detson thrusts the title belt into the hands of referee Davis Warren, backing into his corner. He shrugs out of his jacket, tossing it aside, hopping back and forth to get ready as Warren holds up the title belt for all to see...]

GM: Here we go, fans! World Title showdown! And I've just been told that Fox Sports X has cleared us to go into OVERTIME here tonight! We'll be staying with this World Title match for as long as it takes!

BW: Thanks, El Presidente!

[Warren hands the belt out to a ringside attendant and then signals to the referee.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HERE WE GO!

[The Masked Outlaw slowly walks out to center ring, still standing in his black trenchcoat. The mask covering his face mixed with the trenchcoat pretty much kills any hope of anyone guessing his identity. Detson eyes the Outlaw for a moment...

...and then boldly walks out to center ring, confronting his challenger.]

BW: Ohhh yeah! Get him, champ! Get him!

[Detson gets to center ring and starts dressing down the masked man, letting him have it verbally to the roar of the crowd.]

GM: The electricity that's in the air, you can cut it with a knife!

[Detson inches closer so that he is nose to nose with the masked man. He's still running his mouth as the crowd is on their feet, waiting to see what happens next...

...when Detson suddenly steps back, delivering a boot to the midsection!]

GM: What the-?!

[He quickly pulls him into a standing headscissors, hooking one arm... then the other...]



GM: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

BW: WILDE DRIVER!

[Detson leaps into the air...]

GM: OHHHHH!

[The Masked Outlaw's face crashes into the canvas. Detson quickly flips him over and grabs the Outlaw's leg and head in a cradle as a stunned Davis Warren drops for the count.]

GM: What the...?

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

BW: HE GOT HIM! HE GOT HIM! GLORIOUS DAY!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: What the heck was this all about, Bucky?

BW: It's called a successful title defense from your World Champion, daddy!

GM: I don't think so. It's called a setup... that's what it's called I'm pretty sure!

[Detson springs to his feet, raising his arms up in triumph with a huge grin on his face.]

GM: And you need only take one look at the face of Johnny Detson to know that's EXACTLY what it was - a setup!

[Detson marches over to Davis Warren, ordering the referee to raise his hand. Warren reluctantly agrees, raising Detson's arm into the air. Detson can be heard cackling madly off-mic now.]

GM: I don't understand this though. Was this... was it all a ruse?! This whole thing?

BW: I think we're about to find out.

[A smirking Detson gestures for the house mic again, laughing loudly into it as he walks out to center ring.]

JD: Man... it really is true what they say...

[He points to the fans.]

JD: There are NO dumber people than from the city of Portland!

[The crowd lets him have it again as Detson shakes his head in disbelief. He points to the downed masked man.]

JD: Oh no! Look, everyone! The Masked Outlaw is coming! I'm so scared!

[He laughs again.]

JD: Like some decrepit thing from the past could EVER stand a chance against me. Me! The greatest AWA World Champion in the HISTORY of this company?!

[Detson strides over to the still-downed masked man, grunting a bit as he pulls him up to his knees...]

JD: You want your legendary Masked Outlaw, Portland? You want to see who is under the mask?

[The champion grabs the mask, ripping it off the downed individual, revealing his face... to almost no reaction at all.]

GM: That's... I honestly have no idea who that is.

BW: Not a clue, Gordo.

[Detson holds up the mask for all to see.]

JD: The man under this mask is just like every single person in this city... A NOBODY!

[The champion bursts into laughter again as the crowd jeers.]

GM: Such disrespect. Can someone cut that mic off?

BW: No way, Gordo! The champ is speaking so why don't you listen up and shut your mouth?!

[Detson shoves the unmasked man back down to the mat, still holding the legendary mask up for the camera to zoom in on.]

JD: Oh... what? You thought it was Brian James?

[He chuckles.]

JD: Please. He's not SMART enough to fool me! He's like a less intelligent version of those animals you see at the zoo. He could NEVER outsmart me!

[Detson points to his head.]

JD: But of course... of course, the idiots of Portland would think that Brian James would come here! I mean... the James family runs this hellhole, right? That just proves how PATHETIC this city truly is!

I mean... how stupid can one place be to put their faith in one of the most unreliable names in all of sports?

[He smirks, soaking up the jeers of the crowd.]

JD: I knew... I knew you people would think Brian James was going to be here... that he was going to have some master plan. So, I baited the hook...

[He holds up the mask.]

JD: ...and I reeled all of you idiots in! I reeled you all in and-

[Suddenly, the lights cut out again.]

GM: What is this? More of Detson's little joke? His little trick?

BW: I don't know...

[The crowd sits in the darkness for a few moments as the sound of some synth that is very familiar to pro wrestling fans kicks in.]

GM: Is that...?

BW: Oh god. Oh god, no.

[The voice of Pat Benatar lets us know that we were better than the best as the lights flicker and kick back in...

...and reveal another Masked Outlaw standing in the ring behind Johnny Detson who looks puzzled. The crowd isn't sure how to respond, having been fooled once already.]

GM: I don't know if this is...

[The masked man reaches out, grasping Detson by the shoulder, swinging him around...

...and buries a boot in the gut of the World Champion to a HUUUUUUGE REACTION from the Portland crowd!]

BW: WHAT?! WHAT?!

GM: THE OUTLAW KICKS HIM IN THE GUT!

[The masked man quickly snatches him, pulling him into a front facelock.]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM HOOKED! DETSON'S IN TROUBLE!

[With a handful of tights, the masked man lifts Detson up horizontal to the canvas...

...and SPIKES him skullfirst into the mat!]

GM: CATTLEBUSTER! CATTLEBUSTER! CATTLEBUSTER!

[The Portland crowd EXPLODES in cheers for one of the maneuvers most associated with their fair city as the Masked Outlaw springs to his feet, his trenchcoat billowing out from him as he spins away from the motionless World Champion.]

BW: THIS ISN'T RIGHT! WHAT THE HELL JUST HAPPENED, GORDO?!

[The Masked Outlaw is standing over a laid out Detson...

...when suddenly the crowd ERUPTS in a warning!]

GM: THE DOGS! HERE COME THE DOGS OF WAR!

[Wade Walker, Pedro Perez, and Isaiah Carpenter are TEARING down the ramp towards the ring, out for blood as the Outlaw turns to confront them...

...and the lights cut out again!]

BW: CAN SOMEONE KEEP THE DAMN LIGHTS ON, FOR CRYING OUT LOUD?!

[The lights are off for just a few moments before they come back on.

The Dogs of War are in the ring, frantically searching for the masked man who assaulted the man they are currently employed to protect...

...the man who is still unmoving in the ring, a black mask laying on his chest.

But the Masked Outlaw?

Gone. Vanished. Missing.]

BW: WHERE IS HE?! WHERE THE HELL IS HE?!

GM: The Masked Outlaw has vanished as quickly as he came, Bucky... but in the process... look at what he did to the World Champion! Detson's not moving! Detson is out! And we're out of time! So long, fans! We gotta go!

[The camera zooms in on the empty mask laying on Detson's chest...

...and we fade to black.]