

SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

JUNE 10, 2017 - DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Hour Two

Hour Three

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

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

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

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

[The logo and fanfare fade...

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

"WE ARE... FOX SPORTS!"

[The shot fades from the graphic to another black screen with the AWA logo splashed across a starry field. A barrage of lasers flash in from all sides of the screen, etching along the borders of the letters, illuminating the plain white text

into glowing and glittering gold. A deep voiceover begins. The words "American Wrestling Alliance" come up one by one at the bottom of the screen.]

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[The logo fades to 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: DEEEEEETROIT, MICHIGAN! For the first time ever, the AWA has come to town and we are LIVE in the legendary Palace of Auburn Hills with over twenty thousand fans! 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: Hello everybody and welcome to another star-studded edition of Saturday Night Wrestling! I'm Gordon Myers and by my side, as always, is Bucky Wilde.

[Wilde throws a loose salute at the camera in his baby blue suit and sunburst yellow dress shirt.]

GM: Memorial Day Mayhem certainly lived up to its name in Chicago, Bucky, but the Summer Sizzler Tour is in full swing as we get ready for one of the hottest summers in AWA history.

BW: That's right, Gordo. So much going on. Fight Night in MSG. Liberty Or Death in Philly. The Battle of Saskatchewan! The Stampede Cup!

GM: All of that and much more in the weeks and months to come but tonight - in the AWA's very first visit to the Motor City - we're hoping to get some answers. Of course, back in Chicago, we found out that not only was Supernova the man masquerading as the Masked Outlaw for the past several weeks... but we found out the man who we THOUGHT was Supernova was actually James Lynch!

BW: I'm still shocked by that one.

GM: I'm told that both of those men are here tonight and... well, like I said, we're looking for answers as-

[The crowd ROARS suddenly as Gordon is cut off in mid-sentence. Confusion crosses his face for a moment before the camera cuts to the top of the aisle where a figure has emerged from the entranceway. There's no music, no video, nothing to announce the arrival of this individual.]

It's Supernova, but he doesn't look like the Supernova we once knew. He wears shades and has no face paint. His hair, once in a crew cut, has grown longer and is now brown instead of blonde. He wears a black trenchcoat over a pair of blue jeans and a black shirt.]

GM: And here we go, Bucky. Perhaps it's time to get some of those answers as Supernova has arrived here in Detroit - a big reaction from these fans - but Bucky, this is quite a change from the Supernova we are used to seeing.

BW: No music, no face paint, no howling. He's going emo on us!

GM: It's hard to blame him after what's happened the past few months.

BW: Seriously?! What does he have to be upset about?! He won the Rumble... not that he should have been in that match to begin with! From what I understand, he's still suspended, Gordo!

GM: How can he be suspended? Korugun had someone out here for months that they told us was Supernova. That means Supernova was reinstated!

BW: That's not the way I see it.

[Supernova walks down the aisle, paying no mind to the fans who have their hands stretched over the barricade.]

GM: Javier Castillo wanted the Masked Outlaw unmasked and he let him in the Rumble. It backfired on him, even if Supernova unmasked later on.

BW: I'm not even sure why he's out here right now, Gordo. How did he even get in the building?

GM: He won the Rumble! He's been in the AWA longer than most! He's one of the top competitors in this company!

BW: Used to be. Now he's suspended.

GM: I don't think so.

BW: Well, I've got a feeling Javier Castillo's got an opinion on it too and his opinion is a lot more valuable than yours.

GM: There are a lot of questions we don't have the answers to, fans... and as Supernova heads down this aisle, hopefully we're about to get some of them.

[Supernova walks over toward the ringside table and takes the microphone, not acknowledging anyone seated there. He walks to the ring steps, ascends them and ducks between the ropes, then raises the mic.]

S: For the six years I've been with this company, I have done everything asked of me. I have given my blood, I have given my sweat, and I have given my tears! And I called myself the franchise of the AWA, not because I wanted to stroke my ego,

but because this company is my home and I take pride in how I have represented it through the years!

[The crowd cheers this proclamation but Supernova is stoic, unwilling to react to their cries.]

S: And after I got suspended by our esteemed president, he and his band of merry men and women took it upon themselves to send an impostor out -- an impostor that turned out to be, of all people, somebody who represented one of the most respected wrestling families in the world today!

[He paces about the ring and rubs his chin, as if he's thinking about what to say next.]

S: I can't even begin to explain what would compel James Lynch to do what he did. But he made his decision to cast his lot with Korugun's faithful lapdogs, and for that, I look forward to the day that I can get him in this ring and beat the ever loving piss out of him!

[That remark draws some cheers, mixed in with "oohs" and "aahs" from the crowd.]

GM: Some strong words from-

[Supernova interrupts.]

S: But it's not just James Lynch and the Korugun lapdogs I've got issue with.

Because there's a whole lot of people who doubted me... who thought I had sided with those lapdogs, even after I made it clear to Javier Castillo that all I saw him doing was tearing down the legacy the AWA has built, the company I valued, and that I wasn't going to stand by and watch it happen.

Anybody who knows me, knows that, even if they don't like what I say, I mean what I say and I'm gonna tell it you straight!

[He lets loose a deep breath.]

S: So I'm going to be straight with you right now.

There's a reason why I tossed Alphonse Green out of the Rumble after working with him -- and it's not just because it was every man for himself.

There's a reason I stood by and did nothing when Jack Lynch was getting pinned to the canvas -- and it's not just because he would have been disqualified if I had.

There's a reason why I wasn't there, as the Outlaw or otherwise, for Ryan Martinez, Jordan Ohara, Wes Taylor, or everyone else who spent more time questioning me and less time questioning what Castillo and Westerly were really up to.

[He pauses... then slowly raises an accusing finger to point at the crowd.]

S: And there's a reason why I say this to each and every one of you in the crowd: For those of you who didn't doubt me, who realized something wasn't right, and stood by me, I want to thank you right now.

But for those of you who did doubt me... who didn't bother to ask questions other than "why, Supernova, why"...

[Another deep breath.]

S: I don't know how long it will be before I can trust you again.

[A ripple of disappointment washes over the crowd, some jeers shouted out but again Supernova does not respond to those reactions.]

S: As of now, while I remain committed to the AWA, I hold no other allegiance.

For those of you who were quick to toss me aside, the way Castillo and company have tossed aside half the roster since they took over the front office, all I have to say to you is this...

It's up to you now to show that I can trust you again.

[He gestures to the crowd.]

S: But for you who never doubted me, don't worry. I'll be around... you just never know when you might see me.

[He drops the mic on the canvas, then heads towards the ropes when suddenly, the signature snarl of a big jungle cat is heard followed by the sounds of "La Cama de Piedra" by Cuco Sanchez creeping across the PA system. The Detroit crowd starts to boo in anticipation of who is about to walk into view. And the boos get louder as they arrive.]

Javier Castillo, dressed in black from head to toe with a pair of dark black sunglasses on, slides out onto the entrance stage, flanked by the towering form of John Law and the ever-present Suited Savage, MAWAGA. Castillo has a mic of his own that he raises as Supernova stands near the ropes.]

JC: In my time as AWA President, I have spent a lot of money for this company. New rings... new lights... new staging...

[He gestures towards John Law.]

JC: New talent. But when I see a scene like this one...

[He points to Supernova.]

JC: ...I realize one area where we need to spend more.

Security.

[He smirks.]

JC: Because seeing as though you're still suspended, you NEVER should have been allowed in the building tonight.

But seeing as though you're here... and in MY building... and in MY ring... I think I need more than security.

[He pauses, nodding towards John Law.]

JC: I need some of his old friends. So, John... if you would...

[John Law reaches up to an earpiece - Secret Service style - tucked into his ear, whispering something off-mic...]

...and within moments, a handful of Detroit's finest come pouring into view through the curtain to jeers from the AWA faithful.]

JC: You see, Supernova... you wonder why these fans turned on you so easily... it's because you're NOT the man who "tells it straight." In fact, you lied to them already tonight. You said that they "never know when they might see you."

[He clicks his tongue.]

JC: I do. And you do too. Because after these men take you downtown to charge you with CRIMINAL TRESPASSING...

[The police officers reach the ring, quickly encircling Supernova who does not put up a fight.]

JC: ...and ASSAULT for THIS...

[He jerks off the sunglasses, revealing a still purple bruise on his face. The crowd cheers as Castillo's eyes flash with anger.]

JC: ...then I'm going to make that indefinite suspension PERMANENT and they will NEVER see you again!

[The crowd is livid as the handcuffs are put on Supernova, leading him from the ring. The boos pour down as the Detroit police lead Supernova back up the aisle where Castillo, Law, and MAWAGA are standing...]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

BW: I told you, Gordo! I told you he's still suspended!

GM: This is ridiculous! He's being arrested for... for what? Trespassing?!

BW: And assault! Look at El Presidente's face!

[As Supernova gets near the top of the aisle, we can hear him off-mic shouting "I'm coming back for you, Castillo... for you... for Lynch... for Detson... for the World Title!" He suddenly lunges at Castillo as they draw near...]

...and John Law kicks the handcuffed Supernova in the stomach, dropping him to his knees as the jeers get louder!]

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

BW: He tried to commit assault... AGAIN!

[Law sneers at Supernova as the officers drag him back to his feet, pulling him through the entrance as Castillo gloats...]

...and then starts walking towards the ring.]

GM: And apparently, we haven't heard enough from Javier Castillo in his opinion. Fans, he's heading towards the ring and we'll find out what in the world that's all about after this quick break - don't you dare go away.

[Castillo is marching down the ramp towards the ring, flanked by Law and MAWAGA as we fade to black...]

...and then fade up on a rising sun coming up over a crystal blue lake. A voiceover begins.]

"The future."

[The sun continues to climb via time lapse footage.]

"It is said that the future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams."

[The sun reaches its peak, dazzling as it lights up the water below.]

"At the Korugun Corporation, our dreams are the same as yours."

[Cut to a shot of children playing in a very green meadow.]

"To live... to love..."

[To a shot of two elderly people smiling as they hold hands.]

"To make the most out of every moment we are blessed with."

[To the crack of a baseball bat and a cheering crowd.]

"To the joys of community... of family... of kinship..."

[To a young toddler walking out into the surf on a beach only to be scooped up by a nervous father who lifts him high in the air.]

"To all of life's promise... and potential."

[To a spaceship rocketing off its launchpad towards the sky.]

"To pushing the boundaries of what is expected..."

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

[The Korugun Corporation logo slowly crawls over the curvature of the Earth.]

"Korugun. To life and all that it offers."

[And we slowly fade to black...

...and as we fade back up, we are still on the ring with a jeering Detroit crowd letting Javier Castillo have it. Castillo is in the ring, a smirk on his face and a mic in his hand.]

JC: Yes! Yes! Let me hear you! Tell the world how passionate you are for my show!

[The boos get louder as Castillo waves his hands upwards, urging them on.]

JC: Now...

[The jeers pick up again, interrupting Castillo who smirks in response.]

JC: Now that Supernova is out of the way... let's talk about what else happened in Chicago. Let's talk about...

[He gestures grandly, his voice booming out his next words.]

JC: ...THE TOWER OF DOOOOOOM!

[He laughs as the fans jeer again.]

JC: What a match it was, no? My grand creation serving as a battlefield - a bloody battlefield filled with violence. It was a beautiful thing to see... oh... sorry, Supreme. I suppose you won't be seeing much any time soon, eh?

[Another laugh as the fans jeer.]

JC: But I hope those of you in the locker room... and you know who you are... I hope you all learned a very valuable lesson.

No one goes to war with Javier Castillo and comes out in one piece.

[He shrugs.]

JC: Some of you did. Jeff Matthews... a great performance. Hannibal Carver... welcome back, my friend. Let me know if you ever want to see a little something extra in your paycheck for a job I know you'd very much enjoy.

Which brings me to the fabled White Knight.

[Castillo strokes his chin thoughtfully.]

JC: When I took this job, I was given clear instructions. Run the AWA the way I saw fit... and make sure that Ryan Martinez didn't get in my way. But of course, he did... because that's what he does.

You see, I know you, White Knight. I spoke to Waterson. I spoke to Matsui. I spoke to Childes and Hayes and Doyle. I did my homework.

I know the man you are... and the warrior you are.

[He waggles a finger.]

JC: And I knew that you'd be the problem. I knew you'd be the one to give grand speeches and try to rally the troops against an enemy that did not exist.

[He shrugs.]

JC: Am I your enemy?

[He looks to the locker room.]

JC: Am I the enemy of Daniel Harper and Howie Somers who got a fair fight against Williams and Hunter and became the tag champions? Who provided the enforcer who called it down the middle? Hmm? I am your ally, Next Gen. Congratulations.

[John Law softly applauds as the crowd jeers.]

JC: Am I the enemy of Jack Lynch who gave me every reason to put him down? No. I gave him opportunity. A valuable opportunity that he wasted because of... family matters.

[He waves a dismissive hand.]

JC: It is a question that every single person in that locker room needs to ask themselves. Is Javier Castillo your enemy? And if the answer is no, you need to do whatever you can... to keep it that way.

Comprendé?

[He pauses.]

JC: Ryan Martinez is not your friend. If you think he is, ask Supreme Wright what being Ryan Martinez' friend did for him. If you think he is, ask Wes Taylor what fighting next to the White Knight did for him.

Ryan Martinez is selfish. Ryan Martinez is calculating. Ryan Martinez is-

[There is no soft tinkling of synth notes. No pounding drums. No stomping feet. No chorus of voices joined together.

There are only the cheers. Only the voice of the people.

And they are cheering. Clapping. Stomping their feet. And why? Because standing in the entranceway is the man Castillo was just speaking about.

Ryan Martinez.

He's dressed simply. A black t-shirt and white jeans. Martinez' eyes are laser focused on El Presidente as he marches to the ring. When he passed the camera, we see that on the back of his T-shirt are the words "BACKED BY JACK" written in white lettering.

Martinez motions to Rebecca Ortiz for a microphone and then enters the ring, still staring daggers at Castillo as MAWAGA and Law step closer to protect their boss. Martinez eyes them for a moment and then focuses his gaze on Castillo instead.]

RM: I've had a lot of time to think about this, Castillo.

I've had a lot of time to think about what your man did to Supreme Wright.

To think about how you tore a hole in the center of the Lynch family.

To think about how you tarnished Supernova's good name.

To think about how you screwed over Jordan Ohara.

And to think about what you did to Wes Taylor.

[Martinez isn't yelling, but his entire body is trembling. With a rage focused entirely on Castillo.]

RM: Are you my enemy? You seem to think you aren't. But let me make this really clear to you, Castillo – whether you're my enemy or not.

I am your enemy!

And I will be until you're gone from this place.

[Those defiant words elicit an enormous cheer from the crowd. Martinez continues to stare a hole into Castillo.]

RM: You say you spoke to Waterson, Matsui, Childes, Hayes and Doyle. I hope you spoke to Juan Vasquez while you were at it.

And I hope they told you how they stole the Television Title from me. I hope they told you how the Dogs of War powerbombed me on concrete in Japan. And I hope they told you that they arranged for Eric Preston to be put on the shelf, the same way you set up Wes Taylor. And I hope they told you that they damaged my

shoulder so badly that there isn't a surgeon on planet Earth that would be able to give me a full recovery.

And I hope they told you that they broke my neck.

But what I know, Castillo, is that all those conversations you had were on the phone or via e-mail Because Castillo, not a single one of those people I just mentioned is in the AWA anymore.

But here I am.

And here I'll stay...

[Ryan trails off, as if he's anticipating something.

That something comes five seconds later, as the sound of an air raid siren is loudly heard.]

"GONNA BE A BLACKOUT!!"

[The crowd is on their feet, cheering with everything they have as Castillo stares at Ryan... and the space just behind Ryan. Waiting for the appearance of the Boston Brawler. Ryan smirks, shaking his head.]

BW: Well? Where is the maniac?

GM: Time has passed, but that man hasn't gotten any less unpredictable in his time away!

[Castillo slowly turns around, as the section of ringside behind him explodes with cheers. Fans enthusiastically pumping their fists in the air. The ones that have adult beverages are chugging them with reckless abandon. The mob slowly parts, and out walks Hannibal Carver.]

GM: A man of the people--

BW: And all those people should be arrested!

[Carver nods at a now empty seat directly in front of the security railing. A fan enthusiastically nods and another fan hands Carver a drink. He hits plastic cups of beer together with the fan that offered the seat, pouring the entire contents down his throat before taking a seat. He points at Castillo with his left hand as his right raises a microphone to his lips.]

HC: I don't think we've been properly introduced. My name is Hannibal Carver.

[Carver is cut off mid-sentence.]

"CAR-VER!"

"CAR-VER!"

"CAR-VER!"

"CAR-VER!"

[Carver nods at the response from the capacity crowd, and continues.]

HC: And yeh... yeh are a scumbag in a suit.

[The crowd cheers big for that, chants of "SCUM-BAG!" ringing out much to Castillo's dismay.]

HC: So, there's two things. First off, I know yeh were running yer mouth hoping that Ryan would come out here and yeh could call a bunch of yer goons on him and me and whoever else joined him in that ring.

[The crowd boos as Castillo protests loudly.]

HC: Hell, maybe they could get a bonus by throwing us through a windshield. The thing is, this ain't my first dance. I know how scum like yeh operate. Yer used to everyone playing by the rules and meeting yeh head on.

That ain't my style. I ain't no cowboy and I ain't no knight.

I'm a prowler in the backyard... and I just made my way inside yer house.

[Cheers in equal measure for Carver's words and the uneasy look that's now on Castillo's face.]

HC: So this ain't gonna be by the rules. Yeh could've had that, I could've been convinced to do it Ryan and Jack's way... but then yeh had yer goons do what they did to Wes.

[Even louder boos for the attack on Wes Taylor.]

HC: So now, yer never gonna know where and when yeh'll get hit. I'll only give yeh one freebie.

[Carver points his index and middle fingers towards his eyes, and then back at Castillo.]

HC: Yeh took Wes from us. So tonight?

We take one of yer goons from YOU.

[Castillo looks around nervously at MAWAGA and Law, pulling them closer towards him.]

HC: And secondly... relax. Don't worry. I ain't gonna hop this railing and put the boots to yeh. I'm fact, I ain't gonna lay one finger on yeh.

[Carver nods]

HC: I am however making it my number one priority to see yeh brought before Bobby Taylor so the Outlaw can knock yer rotten stinking head clean off!

[Carver tosses the mic aside as the crowd roars. He turns, walking back into the assembled masses as Castillo jerks his head back towards Martinez who has exited the ring and is walking with purpose back up the ramp towards the locker room.]

GM: Wow! Ryan Martinez and Hannibal Carver letting Javier Castillo know - in no uncertain terms - that this fight is not over! This night just got even more interesting... and fans, let's go backstage right now to Mark Stegglet!

[We cut backstage to where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: A tense scene out in the arena between the AWA President, Javier Castillo, and two of the company's top stars in Ryan Martinez and Jack Lynch... but joining me right now is someone else involved in the Korugun High Command - the one who I'm told is in charge of Talent Acquisition for Korugun... Veronica Westerly.

[We pan over to show the shapely Veronica Westerly-Temple standing alongside Stegglet. She's in a hip hugging black dress with a deep crimson jacket over the upper half of her body but with the very-familiar crystal on a brass chain hanging around her neck. She clears her throat loudly, nodding behind her.]

MS: ...and of course, her bodyguard Polemos.

[The massive Polemos tugs a black glove into place as he stares down at Stegglet.]

MS: Mrs. Westerly, you asked to see me here tonight.

[She nods.]

VW: I did, Mark. And do you know why?

[Stegglet shrugs.]

MS: Does it have anything to do with the revelation of James Lynch as the so-called SuperFauxva?

[Westerly smiles.]

VW: That's cute. Another little Internet joke, no doubt. No, I'll be addressing Mr. Lynch's status later tonight. But right now, Mr. Stegglet, I'm here to talk about my role as the head of Talent Acquisition for Korugun. As you know, Korugun and the AWA pride themselves on bringing the greatest wrestlers in the world to the AWA fans. We do not sleep. We do not rest. We watch everything. We know who is available when... and we know what it'll take to land them.

We've had some impressive signings of late, no?

[Stegglet nods.]

VW: And it only gets better. Because, you see, shortly before Memorial Day Mayhem, I was made aware of the biggest free agent on the market today. And you, Mark... my dear boy... are here for that scoop exclusively.

[Stegglet smiles.]

MS: Well... thank you for the opportunity, Mrs. Westerly... but who did you sign?

[She grins.]

VW: I told you, Mark. The BIGGEST free agent on the market - DEREK RAGE!

[Stegglet looks puzzled as the camera pans and tilts way up to capture the towering 7'2 Derek Rage. The giant of a man is dressed in an impossible large designer aqua linen double-breasted blazer with no shirt on underneath and rose golden rope gold chains. His hair is a rounded tuft of messy twisted afro in contrast to his neatly trimmed beard and mustache. He smiles slowly at Mark Stegglet.]

DR: Guess who's back, Stegglet.

MS: Looks like I don't have to guess. Derek Rage, I-

[Rage cuts him off.]

DR: It doesn't matter what you're going to say next. What matters is Mrs. Westerly and Mr. Castillo had the good sense to correct the egregious mistakes of past administrations. What matters is the biggest free agent in the business, Derek

Rage, is back in the biggest wrestling promotion in the world, the American Wrestling Association. What matters is Derek Rage is back for the only reason that matters.

MS: What's that?

[Rage grins.]

DR: (straight-faced) They gave me all the money in the world.

[Westerly smiles and nods in confirmation.]

DR: And now I'm going out there to do the one thing that matters.

MS: What's that?

DR: Make a damn lot more. Korugun is a very good benefactor. And I'm gonna do right by them unlike some of their past hires, if you know what I mean. Dumb thugs just don't get it done. So they hired the Intelligent Thug and I'm going to give them an immediate return on their investment. It doesn't matter who. It doesn't matter where. Anyone who stands against the interests of Korugun stands against me. And it doesn't matter who stands against them because they can't stand against me.

[Stegglet nods, looking up at the giant.]

MS: Well, I assume this means you and your brother Shadoe have made amends.

[Derek Rage's face hardens. The corner of his mouth twists hard and he walks away. Westerly angrily shoves Stegglet up against the wall, shoving a well-manicured finger in his face.]

VW: I don't know who the HELL you think you are, Stegglet... but don't you dare ever ask him about his brother! EVER!

[Westerly storms off after Rage, leaving Polemos to stare down menacingly at a nervous-looking Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Was it something I said? Let's go to the ring.

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

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall in the AWA Women's Division. Introducing first... already in the ring weighing in at 148 pounds... KAREN EVANS!

[Karen Evans arrogantly waves at the crowd. She is a muscular bottle redhead woman around 5 foot in a black and green black body suit with green boots. The crowd instantly dislikes her and she clearly dislikes them.]

RO: Annnnnnd her opponent... from Toronto, Canada by way of Jackson, Tennessee... weighing in at 160 pounds... the Afro-Punk...

VICTORIA JUUUUUUUUNE!

[The crowd cheers as the Ramones' classic "Blitzkrieg Bop" blares over the PA system. Victoria June leaps out onto stage, banging her head and moshing her way down the ramp to the ring.]

GM: And the crowd really getting into the Afro Punk's energy here tonight, Bucky. They love her here in Detroit, Michigan!

BW: Well, there's no accounting for taste. Detroit is a weird place. I mean, why don't they like Karen Evans? What? Just because she's better than them? Sometimes you gotta accept your place in the world.

GM: Will you stop.

[The horsey albino with the frizzy blonde afro leaps into the ring, moshing around and banging her head to her music as the crowds is infected with her energy.]

BW: Okay, Gordo. Since you're so hip... what's an afro punk anyway?

GM: Ummm.

BW: I'd give you a minute to look it up on Wikipedia but I bet you don't even know what that is, do you?

GM: Ummm.

[In the ring, referee Shari Miranda goes over last minute instructions when Evans mocks June's missing patch of Afro. She touches the patch and pulls a face, drawing her hand back in disgust.]

BW: Even I know better than to-

[June immediately responds with a big boot right between the eyes that sends Evans tumbling to the mat.]

GM: OHH! What a kick to the noggin out of June! And she's on her in a flash!

[As the bell sounds, June dives on top of Evans, pounding away with heavy right and left hands that send Evans cringing into a ball. June grabs Evans' forearms and pulls them away, exposing her head and starts ramming her with headbutts as Evans howls in anguish.]

GM: Victoria June is really teeing off on Evans here! And June is going wild.

BW: What are the odds Evans won't remember a minute of this match after it's all over?

GM: And you can see that Cinder and Erica Toughill have flipped a switch in Victoria June.

BW: Southern temper, Gordo. She'll sound sweet as a Baptist sermon one minute the next she's losing her religion.

[June yanks Evans off the mat by her hair and walks her to the nearest turnbuckle. She starts ramming Evans' face into the buckle repeatedly before shouting out at the crowd. "Let's Go!"]

GM: And the crowd shouting "Let's Go!" right back at June as she cups her ear, listening to them. June showed a lot at Memorial Day Mayhem. She and the "Spitfire" Julie Somers with Hollywood star Gal Gadot in their corner emerging victorious over a deadly duo in the Weird Sisters, Cinder and Erica Toughill.

BW: Eh, they got lucky.

[June yanks Evans up for the cross corner whip but Evans reverses and June hits the corner. She comes charging out and leaps up, dropkicking Evans back into the corner with a single-legged dropkick. Evans legs kick up in the air as she drapes

her arms over the ropes to stay upright.]

“HEY! HO! LET’S GO!”

[With that rallying cry, June leaps across the ring to splash Evans in the corner with her Mosh Splash. The combined flying headbutt/avalanche crushes Evans. June yanks her out of the corner, scooping her up in cross body position as she walks to the center of the ring, holding Evans like a sack of cement.]

GM: And June has her in position for that front falling powerslam of hers.

BW: June with that deceptive country strength.

[June falls forward, crushing Evans underneath her. She locks her up in a tight cradle as Miranda slides into position to make the count.]

GM: And this should be it... it is! Victoria June gets the three count here tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Rebecca Ortiz makes it official as June poses in the ring to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: Victoria June, making short work out of Karen Evans in this one... not even allowing her to really get out of the gate. And Sweet Lou Blackwell has made his way down towards ringside where he’ll be speaking with June here in just a moment.

[We cut to Blackwell now standing in the aisleway.]

SLB: Alright, Detroit... lemme hear ya give it up for Victoria June!

[Another big cheer rings out as June exits the ring, moving to join the interviewer.]

SLB: Victoria, come on in here... young lady, you’re hot off the heels of a big victory at Memorial Day Mayhem alongside your partner Julie Somers over Cinder and Erica Toughill... and now tonight with a very definitive win over Karen Evans. What’s next for the Afro-Punk?

[June grins at Blackwell.]

VJ: Sweet Lou, ah look around and ah’m so happy to see what our Women’s Division has become. Ah remember awhile back when there was a lot of resistance to even having women wrestle on the show. And the front office back then wasn’t all that keen on givin’ this crazy ol’ chick a shot, either. But here ah am. And ah’m on top of the world, Sweet Lou, and ah’m only aimin’ higher. Yeah, with the help of the Wonder Women ah pinned Erica Toughill and beat the Weird Sisters, but ah was more proud how we all stood up to Kurayami later on. Ah think ah want to pay her a little visit one-on-one, if you know what ah mean.

SLB: You’re challenging Kurayami for a title shot?

VJ: You’re damn right.

[Blackwell raises an eyebrow.]

SLB: Well, I can’t wait to hear the champion’s reply to that one. Victoria June, thank you for your time and...

[Blackwell's words trail off as suddenly, the ring apron starts to rustle beside June and Blackwell, as a sneaky little kitty emerges from underneath. Molly Bell slowly rises, wearing a tank top colorblocked with magenta on top, followed by yellow in the middle and cyan at the bottom, along with pajama pants featuring cats sleeping on clouds. Her hair is disheveled, sticking up in spots. Her cat face makeup is perfect, though! She holds up a toolbox.]

MB: Can one of y'all open this for me? Is there food inside? Answer the second question first.

[Molly yawns as June and Blackwell exchange disbelieving glances.]

SLB: Molly Bell, that's a toolbox. I highly doubt there's food inside.

[Molly pouts...]

MB: Oh.

[... and drops the toolbox, nearly on June's feet, as June just barely gets out of the way.]

MB: Whoops! Sorry, Victoria. What are y'all doing out here, anyway? Camera tests?

[Molly rubs her eyes as Blackwell gestures to the audience.]

SLB: Molly, we're live. On the air. To millions of viewers. What are you doing out here? Were you... napping under the ring?

[Molly yawns again.]

MB: ... yeah? It's comfy under there. Wait... we're live?

[June and Blackwell both nod.]

MB: Mrowwwwww... this is what happens when I don't get enough food. I oversleep. Sorry y'all.

[Molly pouts again and sadly walks away, rubbing her side on Blackwell's hip as she walks past. Sweet Lou stares after her, confused. June simply smiles her gap-toothed grin and laughs her horsey laugh.]

SLB: I don't what to make of that.

VJ: That chick's weird... ah was always a dog person, mahself.

[Blackwell chuckles.]

SLB: Congratulations on your win tonight, Victoria June... and fans, we'll be right back with more AWA Saturday Night Wrestling so stick around!

[We fade to black...]

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

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

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

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

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

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

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

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

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

[FLASH!

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

"I can be a champion too!"

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

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

[Fade to black...

...and then back up backstage where Riley Hunter and Derrick Williams occupy the interview area, which has been decked out in Mooselip Beer branding again. Hunter paces up and down in a leather jacket zipped up to the neck. Williams is standing, hands on hips, wearing a grey suit with a white shirt, without a tie. Riley is the first of the ex-tag team champs to take the mic, speaking impatiently.]

RH: So, Detroit, eh? Motor City, eh? You know, thirty years ago, this city was profiled in a little cinematic masterwork called...

[Hunter unzips his jacket, revealing the front of his t-shirt, printed with the iconic image of the cybernetic Alex Murphy stepping out of a futuristic police cruiser.]

RH: ...Robo... Cop?

[Big cheers from the Motor City for the classic film.]

RH: Yeah, you like him, don't you? One question, though: I thought Detroit was supposed to be bulldozed and Delta City was supposed to take its place. You do know the second half was, "build Delta City," right?

[That got the fans to turn on System Shock.]

RH: Oh yeah, and I hear that Detroit is building a statue to him.

[Williams smirks.]

DW: This town's been so hard up for heroes that they can't find someone actually alive from this place - they have to go with made up people.

[Hunter snickers.]

DW: I'd buy THAT for a dollar.

[Hunter raises a hand.]

RH: No. Literally. Duke bought one of those Detroit houses for a dollar just this afternoon. It's a bit of a fixer-upper considering arson has replaced hockey as D-Town's main spectator sport.

DW: A little coat of paint, and I'm sure I could double my investment and make it two.

RH: But, back to the topic of fictional law enforcement officers: I think, fans, you find that there is no law enforcement figure more fictional than the one who defrauded his way into our World Tag Team Title defense than that goat-eyed, gape-mouthed pretend cop... JOHN... LAW.

[Williams bristles.]

DW: John Law, John Law. I am not at all thrilled with the job done by Mr. Law. He seemed a good idea, but he directly interfered, and cost US the World Tag Team Titles. Those same World Tag Team Titles that we have exercised our automatic Rematch Clause and will be taking those belts back from Harper and Somers right quick, but until then, we have a bit of spare time and, well, Mister Law might need a check up on the rules, a bit of a refresher.

[Hunter smirks.]

RH: But if he is soooo keen to see System Shock behind bars... Let's give him what he wants, and let's put Howard and Danny behind bars with us! Because this morning, I received an email from Mooselips Beer... delicious Mooselips Beer, golden brown with a texture like sun... that they want to sponsor a third match between Next Gen and your rightful Tag Team Champions in exile... "The Future" Derrick Williams... "The Seven Star Athlete" Riley Hunter.. and they want it settled...

...in a...

...wait for it...

...wait for it...

...STEEEEEEL CAGE.

[Williams opens his mouth to speak, but is caught off by a voice off-camera.]

"God damn, kid... if I knew yeh had the beer hookup I would've never left!"

[Hunter's eyes go wide as Williams shakes his head. Into the frame walks Hannibal Carver. He has a beer in one hand as the remainder of a six pack dangles from the other. He looks Hunter up and down, tilting his head quizzically to the side.]

HC: Not to be a party crasher, but this is an A-B conversation.

[Carver points to farther down the hallway.]

HC: Maybe see yerself out if it, yeah?

[Williams nods at Hunter in the universal bro-code for "It's cool, see you later."
Hunter walks off as Carver finishes off his can.]

HC: Long time, no see. Figured yeh'd be at the bar after all the mess in Vegas.
When yeh weren't, I thought maybe there was a problem.

[Williams begins to answer, but is cut off again as Carver cracks open a beer in the
space between their two faces.]

HC: I thought maybe it had something to do with yeh bending the knee and kissing
the ass of the dirtbag that dropped me on my damn head?

[Williams grimaces but stays where he is, not backing down.]

DW: Things are what they are. I needed a little extra. Besides, there's the matter
of you taking the first contract out of town rather than get back in, especially since
O'Neill went absentee.

[Carver smirks.]

HC: Heh. That's fair. To tell the truth, I didn't really come looking for yeh to rehash
ancient history. Yeh did what yeh thought yeh had to. I get it. I know how this
business is.

[Carver takes a long pull from his can, never breaking eye contact with Williams.]

HC: What I DID need to talk to yeh about, was Korugun. About that little twerp me
and Martinez had a little chat with out there.

Are yeh putting yer eggs in his basket? Are yeh falling in with them?

[Once again, Carver takes a long pull, this time emptying and tossing the empty
can to the floor.]

HC: Because if yeh are, no matter the amount of beers and miles between us...

[Carver nods sternly.]

HC: Then I've gotta put yeh on the shelf. Right here, right now.

[Williams straightens up, folding his arms.]

DW: You've heard him and you've heard me. He isn't exactly a member of my fan
club, and I liked things better under the previous management. Things I do, are for
either the cash or for him to leave me and my boys alone to do our thing.

[Williams smirks.]

DW: Besides, if I had tossed in with them, I would've already shelved your new
buddy. His ex-step momma REALLY doesn't like him much and I got a standing
offer.

[Williams shrugs, then the two lock eyes, before Williams breaks the silence]

DW: So...

[Williams holds out his hand]

DW: ...we good?

[Carver waits a tick, then pulls a beer off the 5 pack he has left, putting one in Williams outstretched hand]

HC: We good.

[Williams takes the beer and cracks it open, while Carver pulls out his own and does the same. Then clink the cans together and take a long drink.]

DW: Really, this crap? C'mon, I got cases of swag in the truck. If we're lucky, Max hasn't taken all the 10 percent stuff yet. Oh, and Han... You should've called first.

[The duo walk off together as we slowly fade back up on the ring where four competitors are standing, Rebecca Ortiz in the middle of it all.]

RO: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from Chicago, Illinois... at a total combined weight of 454 pounds... RUSS WALKER and LOU STEELE!

[Two generic looking enhancement talents throw 'em up, drawing a mixed reaction from the Motor City crowd.]

RO: Annnnnnd their opponents... in the corner to my left... from Parts Unknown... Weight Unknown... they are...

[Rebecca pauses, confusion on her face. She looks at the index card in her hand, turning it over to check the back. She points at it to the pair of masked men in neon green and pink bodysuits. One of them jogs over, slipping an arm over her shoulders.]

?: What's the problem, honey?

[She points at the card again, annoyance dripping from her voice.]

RO: You don't have a name, sweetie.

[The masked man looks over to his partner who shrugs.]

?: Ah, yeah... that... well... okay. We're the American... uh... Dreamz! Dreamz with a Z! Yeah, that's it!

[He jogs over to his partner, some off-mic words being exchange as Rebecca finishes.]

RO: They are... the AMERRRRRRICAAAAAN DREEEEEAMZZZZ!

[Ortiz lowers the mic, exiting in a huff.]

GM: Tag team action coming up here featuring a new team on the scene - apparently calling themselves the American Dreamz, Bucky.

BW: Sounded kinda familiar though, didn't he?

GM: He sure did.

BW: Can't quite place my finger on it though.

GM: You sure about that?

"DING! DING! DING!"

[As the bell sounds, one of the American Dreamz dances out of the corner, shaking his hips to and fro as Russ Walker and Lou Steele look on.]

GM: Looks like it'll be Lou Steele starting this off with... I guess we'll call him Dream #1.

BW: Pretty sure that's Dream #2, Gordo.

[Gordon sighs as the two competitors lock up in the middle, Steel with an obvious size advantage as he shoves the masked man across the ring into the ropes.]

GM: Steel backs him down... the referee calling for a clean break...

[Steel raises his arms and the masked man stabs an extended finger into the eye!]

GM: Oh! Eyepoke by the Dream...

"Bzzzzzzzzzz."

GM: Uh oh. We saw this in Chicago as well, Bucky.

[The "this" that Gordon is referencing is a blinding burst of red light, almost like a laser, that lances across the Palace of Auburn Hills.

The light flickers, the buzzing continues.]

GM: Bear with us just a moment here, fans. I know that buzzing is maddening but-

[Suddenly, a low, throaty voice projects over the speakers.]

"RISE."

"OF."

"THE."

[The red beam grows. It covers the ringside area. The sound is deafening.]

"MACHINES."

[The buzzing pops! The red light blasts out over the crowd and then suddenly...

...it's gone. Dream #2 looks around wildly under his mask... and then stabs his finger into the eye of his opponent again.]

GM: Another eyegouge... and I don't know when these Machines plan on rising but I hope they do it soon, Bucky. That noise is still ringing in my ears.]

[The Dream quickly swings a knee up into the midsection, sending Steel stumbling backwards. The masked man slingshots over the ropes behind him to the apron... then slingshots back in, snatching two hands full of hair on the way over...

...and SLAMS Steel's face into the canvas!]

GM: Slingshot faceslam! And Dream #1-

BW: 2.

GM: Fine. Dream #2 wasting no time in getting the high impact offense going.

[Back rolling to his feet, Dream #2 reaches out and slaps the hand of his partner who scampers down the apron, grabbing the top rope with both hands. His partner drops to a knee, pointing a hand into the air above him as Dream #1 leaps to the top, springing off over his own partner, and drops down with a flipping senton onto Lou Steele.]

GM: Dream #1 in and in HARD across the chest of Steele!

BW: You know, Gordo... that might actually be Dream #2.

GM: Would you stop?!

[Dream #2 slides out to the floor as #1 comes to his feet, shimmying his hips in the direction of the far corner where Russ Walker shouts something off-mic.]

GM: The Dreamz showing some skilled offensive maneuvers, Bucky... but I suppose that would be expected.

BW: Why is that?

GM: Oh, come on. Knock it off.

BW: What?!

GM: Are you really going to try and pretend like you don't know who these two are?

BW: Gordo, what are you saying?!

GM: American Dreamz?! Give me a break!

[Dream #1 pulls Steel off the mat, whipping him towards his own corner. He backs off, taking aim...

...and dashes in, throwing himself into a spinning leg lariat as Dream #2 leaps up to snap a foot off the back of the head!]

BW: Nice doubleteam maneuver from this new duo on the scene.

GM: "New duo on the scene." You're too much, Bucky.

BW: What is it exactly that you think you know, Gordo?

GM: I think that a certain pair of twin brothers lost a match that they could never get another match with the Shooting Stars... and now they're trying to find a way - by hook or by crook - to circumvent those rules.

BW: Are you saying...?

GM: They're the American Idols, yes.

BW: WHAAAAAAT?!

[Gordon sighs again as the Dreamz make a tag.]

BW: Gordo... that can't be right. The Dre- I mean, the Idols...

GM: No, you said it right the first time. They're the Dreamz. And the Idols. Stop! You're both right!

BW: Gordo, I feel like you own the Wallaces an apology. They'd never stoop-

GM: Hah!

[In the meantime, Dream #1 hits a suplex on Steel before lifting his partner into a back suplex, tossing him into a moonsault.]

GM: Another nice doubleteam... and I believe I've seen the Idols use that before.

BW: Teams borrow from one another. It's not unheard of, Gordo.

GM: Sure, sure. So, when they were showing you the masks, who paid for lunch?

BW: Well, they did of cour- wait, what!? How dare you, sir!

[Dream #2 gets right up, tossing Steel towards his own corner where Walker tags in, running towards Dream #2 who leaps up, drilling him under the chin with a picture perfect dropkick.]

GM: A very familiar dropkick right there.

BW: Now you're just being silly. Lots of guys throw dropkicks.

GM: Oh, yes... very true.

[Dream #2 lifts Walker up, slapping his partner's hand.]

GM: The tag is made again... double whip...

[And the Dreamz leave their feet in tandem, connecting with a double dropkick that wipes out Walker.]

GM: A double dropkick. Seems like they're fans of that move, Bucky.

BW: Well, if you can throw one like that, why wouldn't you be? Hey, Gordo... you know... you may be right.

GM: Oh?

BW: Yeah, I think that IS Dream #1.

[Gordon sighs as the three count falls.]

GM: The American Dreamz... I can't believe I'm actually calling them that... pick up a victory here tonight and... well... yep, that happened.

BW: Gordo, you sound really subdued about all that. This is a new team debuting in impressive fashion and-

GM: You really expect people to buy this?

BW: We're in Detroit, Gordo. I'd buy THAT for a dollar!

[Gordon sighs.]

GM: We'll be right back, fans. Don't you dare go away.

[We fade to black.

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

STUDENT #1: So what's question 10?

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

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

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

"RADIOACTIVE... RADIOACTIVE..."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"AWA: Be Your Entrance."

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

[Click The Link!](#)

[Fade to black...

...and with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we find ourselves backstage in a corridor of the arena. We seem to have stumbled upon a meeting of some members of AWA management including Bobby Taylor, Chris Blue, and Jon Steggle. Kevin Slater and John Shock are nearby as we come live.]

JS: Is he okay?

[Taylor shrugs.]

BT: Define okay, Steggs. Will he walk again? Yeah. Is he talking? Yeah, he's as pissed as you can get. Will he wrestle? Sure. Just no idea when.

[Stegglet places a hand on his friend's shoulder.]

JS: Hey... it could've been worse, you know... a lot worse.

[Taylor nods.]

BT: Trust me, I know. And that's why I-

[Taylor gets interrupted as he spots someone approaching. The others also see the individual coming and some nervousness is evident. Kevin Slater walks towards the intruder, his hands raised.]

KS: Maybe this isn't the best-

[Taylor interrupts.]

BT: No. It's okay. Let him through.

[Slater sighs, shrugging as he turns and allows the AWA's White Knight, Ryan Martinez to pass. Martinez nods to Slater as he walks by him, heading over towards the group.]

CB: Ryan, I'm not sure this-

[Taylor puts a hand on Blue's shoulder.]

BT: It's fine. Just... give us a second, will ya?

[With some nervous muttered agreements, the hallway clears, leaving the Outlaw of Professional Wrestling and Ryan Martinez behind.]

RM: Hey.

BT: Hey, kid. What's on your mind?

[Martinez looks down.]

RM: I just wanted to see how Wes is doing. I mean, I... well, I talked to him and he seemed-

BT: He'll be fine. Eventually.

[Martinez nods.]

RM: And I wanted to apologize... to you.

[Taylor smiles.]

BT: I appreciate it, kid... but it's not necessary.

[Martinez looks up questioningly.]

RM: But in Chicago, you said-

[Taylor waves a hand.]

BT: I know what I said. I was hot. Things get said. Look, I know it's not your fault. After what went down with Tony and Brian, I know I'm lucky Wes didn't go after them weeks ago. Nothing was gonna stop him from getting in that damn cage with them. Not you. Not me. Nothing. So... it's alright. It's not your fault.

[Martinez looks slightly relieved.]

RM: I want you to know, sir... they're going to pay for this.

[Taylor nods.]

BT: That much we agree on, kid.

[The White Knight nods.]

RM: When I get my hands on-

[Taylor shakes his head.]

BT: But see, that's where you're wrong. It's not your fault, Ryan. You weren't brought up for this kind of fight. You're a good kid though. Noble. Honorable. The kind of wrestler everyone hopes to be.

[Martinez stares silently for a moment.]

RM: But?

[Taylor smiles again.]

BT: But that's not what's going to work in this one. I wish it was. But sometimes... when you're dealing with thugs and monsters...

[He sighs.]

BT: Sometimes you need the guys in black hats.

[Martinez pauses, staring at Taylor for a moment, and then slowly nods.]

BT: See ya around, kid.

[Taylor turns to take his exit, leaving the AWA's White Knight standing in the hallway as we fade back out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: This next match is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Already in the ring, weighing in at 238 pounds... "Shifty" Sam McGinn!

[The aforementioned burly man is wearing black long pants and singlet tucked into white boots. Brown chest hair rolls out the top, his head crowned with greasy, slicked back dark hair. Adorning his face is a wonderful, long, curled mustache. Finally, his arms and chest are scattered with pop art tattoos, every one done budget. He carefully puts his tall chimney hat aside as he starts snarling at some crowd members for, frankly, no reason.]

RO: And his opponent...

[The first guitar chords hit. Then that voice leading into "A Country Boy Can Survive" by Hank Williams Jr hits over the PA. Almost immediately, pacing in tune with the music is a tall, strongly structured gentleman. He has simple green trunks

with double yellow vertical stripes on each side. Black knee pads and tall black boots finish off the simple wrestling ensemble.]

RO: Hailing from Portland, Oregon... he is part of the infamous Locke family. Standing 6'5" and weighing in at 258 pounds... this is... SHANE LOCKE!

[Locke wastes little time heading to the ring, not bothering with exchanging high fives, not bothering with jibes, simply keeping an eye on his portly and menacing opponent in the ring. Locke's reddish-brown mullet is capped with a heavily worn John Deere cap and his strong looking but not necessarily "jacked" frame is wrapped with a sleeveless flannel work shirt. He has a thick neck, wide chest and back, body hair evident. He has a frame powered by a lifetime of hard work rather than a gym. His forearms as especially thick, capped with gnarled, thick hands and fingers.]

GM: We've only seen Shane Locke briefly here in AWA and this is a first on Saturday Night Wrestling. With his strong pedigree, I am sure it won't be the last, Bucky. But right now, this Sam McGinn looks to give him a challenge. His lower center of gravity could be a strong aid.

BW: Did you call him fat, Gordo? I should go and tell him right now! Your metabolism slows as you age, thankyouverymuch.

GM: I certainly did not call him fat, Buckthorn, and you know that.

[Locke sheds his shirt and almost reverently takes off his cap, kissing it on the top and laying it onto the top of the ring post, glaring at the attendant who comes to get it...

...and that gives McGinn time to attack!]

GM: And there we go, this bruiser slamming into Locke and pouring on the forearms across the spine!

BW: And he looks like a brawler. I don't expect anything too fancy from this Sam McGinn.

[Keeping up the offense, McGinn runs the taller man's face across the top rope, the ref admonishing him loudly. He doesn't care. He'd rather yell at some kids in the crowd.]

GM: That rope can blind you, burn your eyebrows and potentially cut them open. That could stop the match right now.

[Another loud forearm echoes across the forearm as "Shifty" yells at Locke to fight back with a "Come on, you big bastard, fight!" and then reaches back and lays in a big hook to the gut, bending Locke over, a quick knee planting him. Almost immediately Locke is up and the surprise shows in McGinn who jumps on and pushes his throat into the ropes.]

GM: This isn't pretty, this isn't technical but it's really smart. Locke is taller and heavier. He's a hard, hard hitting guy. But you can't put that size advantage into play if you're being choked against the ring ropes!

BW: And McGinn lets go right before five.

[And heads off, going to his corner and to his hat, which for some reason is still here. He points at Locke, telling the ref to check on him... before reaching in and raising his hand up high.]

GM: Wait a second... WAIT A SECOND! Knucks! He has knucks!

BW: Whoa, whoa, whoa... that's going to get him disqualified instantly if he uses them.

[McGinn sneaking up, pulling his weapon on. He cocks his arm as Locke turns around. They lock eyes... and then Locke's hand shoots out, grabbing McGinn by the throat garnering an instant squeal of pain.]

BW: I've heard stories that Locke can crush an apple with one hand. Can you even imagine, Gordo!

[Myers doesn't get a chance to respond as Locke cracks McGinn with a wild slap across the neck... and another... and another.. and another, hitting him time after time, each shot's sound heard everywhere in the arena!]

GM: OH... MY! Listen to those, Bucky! Those are brutal!

BW: Go down! Give up! Those would knock out a horse!

[As the ref steps in, Locke lets go of his throat hold, the skin going from white to normal color, McGinn's face still purple. But he doesn't step away, grabbing his opponent by his mustache and slams him face first into the mat, hitting the ropes and...]

GM: Running kick right to the gut! Every bit of wind Sam McGinn had him is gone!

BW: Locke is in another place right now. Look at him! He's absolutely fired up beyond any degree I expected. I've heard he has a temper, I've heard he's easy to anger and I've heard he's emotional but wow... Sam McGinn has really got to him.

[Taking a deep breath, Locke looks down at his gasping-for-air opponent as he clutches his diaphragm. Locke steps away, takes another deep breath and reaches down, grabbing McGinn by the arm...]

GM: UP AND....

[...pulls him way up, grabbing McGinn and slamming him backwards with a brutal backdrop driver like move! You can see many in the front row jump to their feet at the outrageous impact.]

GM: BALE TOSS! He can throw a hay bale with one hand and just threw two hundred and forty pounds with ease!

BW: Onto his head!

GM: Sam McGinn is out. This is simply a matter of Locke deciding to win after that absolutely incredible Bale Toss.

[McGinn goes to "shift" away, clutching his neck as he rolls to his belly and tries to crawl away. Locke puts down a size 14 and plants McGinn flat. He is breathing hard, more out of emotion than effort. He wipes a brow checking for blood and, then, with scary speed, drops down and grabs McGinn around his neck!]

BW: LOCKE DOWN! LOCKE DOWN!

[Arm right around the neck, fingers intertwined, Locke pulls back hard.]

GM: And McGinn taps! The Lockedown gets another win for the tough man from Portland... and how tough is he, Bucky!?

[Locke rolls off right after the tap, unceremoniously dumping McGinn down. He, almost reluctantly, lets the referee raise his arm.]

RO: And your winner... SHANE LOCKE!

GM: An impressive win by Shane Locke on his Saturday Night Wrestling debut and this kid has a heck of a future. Let's go to "Sweet" Lou Blackwell who has joined him down at ringside!

[Leaving the ring, Shane Locke grabs McGinn's chimney hat and goes to Blackwell. He is shaking his head as he looks at the hat, putting his own cap on. He is collecting his breathing as he does.... and then suddenly rips the black hat in half! Blackwell looks around in shock, not really sure what to think as he begins the interview.]

SLB: ...uh... and a strong showing here tonight, Shane Locke. What's next for you here in the AWA?

SL: Let me start by apologizing to my kids and wife watching at home. I... I got carried away. You see, Lou, I have this belief, deep down, that you give what you get. What I want is a good, clean fight. That's it. Stretch me, punch me, hit me as hard as you can and that's part of the game. But that squat lil bast... (pause) ...this guy tonight, he decided to go a bit far and when you go far, I go far. He wanted to make sure I didn't get to do this again. HE WANTED TO TAKE MONEY...

[Again, another pause to control the emotion.]

SL: He wanted to take money out of my wallet and with four lil monsters running around, a farm to run, a family to feed, a wife who loves her "love, laugh, life" signs, I can't have that. Lou, I...

[Locke takes a breath, rubbing his face.]

SLB: So.... what's next then?

SL: Next up? Well, with the big check I just got, I got my grand pops a truck. Now, Lou... I have to get myself a bigger mini van. Mama decided to start baking another rug rat and we need more room. And it's expensive, Lou. I need say...

[He pauses, looks at the camera and smiles.]

SL:...ten thousand dollars and I know just the person who has it.

SLB: Jim Colt? You're answering Colt's ten thousand dollar challenge?

SL: Answering? I'm winning it. On Power Hour. Bring your briefcase, Jim. I need something to carry the money home in. See you soon... Slim.

[With a tip of his John Deere hat and a strong handshake to "Sweet" Lou, Locke leaves the ringside, heading up to the back area.]

GM: Wow! What a match that could be on Power Hour! Shane Locke is coming for the \$10,000 Challenge!

BW: And Colt can't take this one lightly, Gordo. If he does, he'll be heading home a whole lot of cash lighter.

GM: Fans, we're going to take another break but when we come back, it'll be the Canadian Dream Girl, Skylar Swift, taking on "T-Bone" Trish Wallace and you do NOT want to miss this one!

[We fade to black...

...and then up as The Tragically Hip's "Blow At High Dough" plays in the background as we fade to a field. A wrestling ring rests in the golden wheat as deep as the apron. The horizon in the distance spans the entire length of the screen in a straight line, and the setting sun paints the sky in a vivid mixture of blues, oranges, and yellows. Fade to a closer shot of the ring where the silver Stampede Cup stands, reflecting the vibrant prairie sunset. The instantly recognizable voice of Gordon Downie keens...]

"They shot a movie once..."

[Fade to System Shock, Derrick Williams and Riley Hunter, at the 55-yard line of the empty Mosaic Stadium, site of the Battle of Saskatchewan. They stand back-to-back, their right arms extended outward, palms open to the vibrant sky.]

"...in my hometown..."

[Fade to Daniel Ross and MISTER, both in "Ringkrieger" apparel. They stand in the middle of a gravel road that stretches in a straight line to infinity, hands clasped behind their back.]

"...Everybody was in it..."

[Fade to the War Pigs in full regalia and face paint on either side of a barbed wire fence; Havoc behind, Ripper in front. Ripper pounds his fist into his palm while Havoc unfurls his tongue.]

"...from miles around..."

[Bret Grayson slowly descends the steps of a small jet; his partner Takeshi Mifune is already on the tarmac, scanning the infinite horizon with his steely gaze.]

"...Out at the speedway..."

[In front of a rusted and ancient tractor, "Cannonball" Lee Connors and Downpour both kneel, eyes closed, deep in meditation.]

"...some kind of Elvis thing..."

[Chet and Chaz Wallace both stand in silhouette, posing against the setting sun.]

"...Well, I ain't no movie star..."

[Charlie Stephens extends his arm to light the cigar clenched in Joe Flint's teeth. As the lighter sparks, nine Snowbirds (Canada's answer to the Blue Angels) roar past in the sky behind him.]

"...But I can get behind anything..."

[Fade to Next Gen, Howie Somers and Daniel Harper, emerging from the hip deep wheat field to enter the ring in which the Stampede Cup rests... along with every other AWA team...]

"...Yeah, I can get behind anything."

[Just as the brawl is about to begin...]

V/O: The Stampede Cup returns this summer! The AWA in association with Mooselips Beer and Tourism Saskatchewan presents the Battle of Saskatchewan, live from Regina, Canada, July 22 and 23rd, only on Pay-Per-View!

[We fade from the promotional material...]

...and back up backstage where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing beside the Dream Girl. Skylar Swift's body language tells the story. She's bopping back and forth in place, her honey-brown hair is pulled up tight into a bun, and her eyes stay locked on the camera even as she bounces side to side. Skylar has on a white crop top with baby blue laces zig zagging up the center and skin tight black pants with a glittered silver seam around the waist.]

SLB: Skylar Swift, we've all waited for a long time to see you back in action and tonight, you will be facing an itchy Trish Wallace who has been dying to get in the ring.

SS: Itchy?

[Skylar ponders this for a moment.]

SS: I can think of another word to describe Trish Wallace that sounds awfully like that but I'm not one to hurl insults and call girls names. I'm happy for her.

SLB: You're – you're happy for Trish Wallace?

SS: I am, Lou. I'm happy Trish finally gets the moment she's been dreaming about since she was a little girl. In fact, I checked out my Dreamers Fan Club and sure enough member number two hundred and sixty five was a girl named Patricia Wallace.

SLB: Did you just make that up?

[Skylar smiles.]

SS: I would never embellish a member of the Dreamers story, Lou. I'm happy anytime one of my platinum members gets a chance to reach for the stars.

I'm happy she gets to follow in the footsteps of her father and her brothers.

Most of all, I'm happy Trish Wallace is done playing dress up and ready to put her big girl pants on and step into the ring.

[Lou can't help but to snicker.]

SS: Trish has been calling me out for months and tonight she gets her chance. She can remind us about her mother's sandbox jumping days and her impressive rock throwing abilities. Did you know Trish Wallace is banned from picking up a javelin, Lou?

I do.

I've heard the story a dozen times.

[Skylar makes a mocking mouth motion with her hand.]

SS: I'm not going to shame her though, Lou. That's not setting a good example for all the girls watching on tonight. There's a lot of big Dreamers looking on tonight hoping they can one day step into the ring just like me tonight and get a chance to confront their school bully. Tonight, it's time for Trish to prove that she is more than a washed up high school track star. It's time to step into the ring and prove she belongs. It's time to understand the same thing all the boys and Charisma Knight learned the first time she stood in the ring with me. I'm good from far, Lou.

[She puts her hand on his shoulder.]

SS: But I'm even better close up.

[Skylar gives Lou a wink and he almost turns red.]

SS: Everyone who steps into the ring with me thinks I'm just a pretty face. Plucked out of a magazine and put in the ring to sell a few shirts and give the boys something to look at between matches. We all know by now I'm more than that.

I'm fierce.

I'm determined.

I'm resilient.

But most of all?

[Skylar holds up both fists.]

SS: I'm a fighter. Tonight, Trish finally gets a chance to back up her words.

As for me?

I get the chance to shut her mouth once and for all.

[And with that, we cut back to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit in the AWA Women's Division! Introducing first...

[The crowd comes alive as M83's "Oblivion" starts up. At the entranceway a thick woman, silhouetted by the lights, slaps her palms together, causing an explosion of chalk-dust to glow in the spotlight. On hearing the mixed response of the fans, she pounds her chest with her fist and intensely makes her way down the aisle.]

RO: From Minneapolis, Minnesota, weighing in at 166 pounds...

Trish... "T-BONE"... WALLACE!

[Trish Wallace, though barely over five feet tall, moves with a predatory power that shows her strength. Her long honey brown hair is braided into two pigtails that hang down behind her head. Thick arms and legs emerge from a halter-neck leotard covered in a dark blue and magenta galaxy print with gold trim. She climbs onto the ring and wipes her short white wrestling boots on the apron, stepping onto the bottom rope to boost herself high enough to step over the middle rope.]

GM: The daughter of the legendary Battlin' Burt Wallace has made her way down the aisle and, Bucky, this is the first time we'll be seeing young Trish in action here in the AWA officially.

BW: Fresh out of the Combat Corner at 25 years old and ready to start making her own name now in the world of professional wrestling, Gordo. You know, I gave Battlin' Burt a call this week to ask him about this and he said that while he loves all his kids, Trish here might be the closest to him in terms of wrestling style. That no-nonsense straight ahead power and brute force.

GM: Maybe no Best Dropkick In The World out of her, huh?

BW: Highly unlikely.

[T-Bone Wallace turns her back to the camera, balls up her fists, and bumps her knuckles together over her head. She pulls her arms down into a double-bicep pose, and looks back over her shoulder. Wallace gives the viewers at home a friendly smile and wink while flexing.]

GM: The fans here in Detroit giving Trish a little bit of a mixed reaction though, Bucky. And that's mostly due to who her opponent is tonight, I'd wager.

[As Wallace takes a deep breath, settling back into the corner, her music fades and is replaced by one of the catchiest songs on your AWA themes playlist.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd her opponent... she hails from Montreal, Canada... weighing in at 125 pounds...

She's the Canadian Dream Girl...

SKYYYYYLAaaaaaar SWIIIIIIIIIFT!

[The crowd erupts as "Dukes" by Canada's own 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 #

[The Dream Girl bursts through the entrance portal, raising both fists into the air which draws a huge cheer from the Detroit rowd. Her honey-brown hair is still tied up into a bun with a few errand strands rolling down her cheeks near her baby blue eyes. Swift is dressed as we saw her moments ago, a big smile on her face as she jogs down the ramp.]

Don't want the pain
But I'll take it in stride
Put your dukes up
'Cause I'm ready to fight
For you
I'll fight for you #

[Swift soaks in the cheers from the crowd as she makes her way to the ring. She does her best to slap every little girl's hand who spills over the railing. She pauses for a moment, taking a snapshot with a young girl wearing a "DREAMER" shirt and then begins to focus as she breaks away from the fans and soars up to the apron, gliding through the ropes and bouncing towards the center of the ring. She points a finger at Wallace who steps from the corner, beckoning her forward as referee Shari Miranda slides between the two, waving them back to their respective corners for now.]

GM: Fans, if you tuned in to Memorial Day Mayhem, you saw that so-called Table of Peace break down into sheer chaos with the shocking actions of Dr. Leah White.

BW: You know, Gordo... I'm tired of all the online bullying Dr. White has been subjected to so if you're thinking of piling on-

GM: Wait, wait... bullying? What kind of bullying?

BW: I'm hearing about threats... about mocking her... people accusing her of not being a real doctor at all!

GM: Well... is she?! She attacked two women... and sprayed blinding MIST into the eyes of Skylar Swift!

BW: That doesn't give you reason to question her skills as a doctor.

GM: No, I think it does! Does the phrase "do no harm" mean anything to you?!

[The referee gets the two competitors back to their respective corners.]

GM: Of course, this one goes all the way back to last November at SuperClash when Charisma Knight hired Trish Wallace to impersonate her... setting a trap for Skylar. Tonight, Skylar Swift is looking to get some payback.

[Miranda looks to both corners and then signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And here we go! One fall with a twenty minute time limit...

[At the sound of the bell, the Dream Girl sprints from her corner, leaping into the air, and connects with a front dropkick, sending both feet smashing into Wallace's chest at high speed, knocking her back into the corner to cheers.]

GM: A hot start out the gate by Swift, knocking her back to the buckles with that running dropkick... and up to her feet now, Swift's going after Wallace in the corner.

[The crowd cheers a flurry of elbowstrikes to the side of the head before Swift grabs the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- no, reversed!

[The reversal sends Swift crashing into the buckles as Wallace clasps her hands together over her head, bullrushing her way in after her for a running sledge strike...

...but Swift front rolls out of the corner alongside the ropes, causing Wallace to crash chestfirst into the corner!]

GM: Swing and a miss by Wallace! Skylar using her speed and quickness to her advantage so far in this one...

[Swift pops to her feet, running alongside the ropes again. She leaps up to the middle rope, springing up to the top, and then leaps backwards, twisting around in a crossbody that takes Wallace down to the canvas!]

GM: CROSSBODY OFF THE TOP! SWIFT GETS ONE! SHE GETS-

[The crowd "ooohs" as Wallace shoves her into the air, flinging her off to break up the pin!]

GM: Wow! What power on display there by Trish Wallace... ol' T-Bone...

BW: And that's her biggest asset, Gordo. She's strong as an ox. She needs to find a way to slow down Swift and bring that power to bear on her if she wants to compete in this one.

GM: Two young ladies doing battle - the future of women's wrestling is stronger than ever, Bucky, when you see competitors like these two... like Harley Hamilton and Kelly Kowalski...

[Swift is quickly to her feet, grabbing a handful of Wallace's hair, peppering her with short forearms to the side of the head as Wallace gets to her feet. But Wallace simply reaches up, shoving Swift backwards to create some space. She lunges at the Canadian, throwing a clothesline that Swift ducks under...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SPINNING BACK ELBOW UNDER THE CHIN!

[The surprise blow snaps Wallace's head back, her eyelids fluttering but she manages to stay on her feet as Swift turns towards the ropes...]

GM: She caught her good there! Wallace is on Dream Street!

[Swift dashes to the ropes, throwing herself into a handspring, her legs hitting the ropes, causing her to bounce back...]

GM: HANDSPRING ELBOW ANNNNNNNN-

[...but she ends up snatched around the waist by Wallace!]

GM: CAUGHT!

[Wallace shows off that power, carrying a struggling Swift around the ring for all to see...

...and then lets her grip slip, hooking her around the thighs before DRIVING her down to the canvas with a wheelbarrow suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOODNESS! POWER AND THEN IMPACT ON THE PART OF T-BONE!

BW: That's her game, Gordo! I talked to Todd Michaelson, one of her coaches at the Combat Corner, and he said that's what Trish Wallace brings to the table in the ring. She's got the power and she knows how to use it to drive someone into the canvas with great impact!

[With Swift sprawled out on the canvas, Wallace crawls towards her, stacking her up in a jackknife cradle...]

GM: Cradles her up for one! She gets two and-

[Swift kicks out before three but with nowhere near the authority that Wallace had on her kickout earlier.]

GM: Swift kicks out at two... still in this one after that devastating suplex...

BW: Yeah, but maybe not for long if she lets Wallace get going in the power game.

[Wallace gets to her feet, reaching down and pulling Swift up by the hair. The referee warns her against the hairpull and Wallace obliges, dipping low to lift the Canadian up into her powerful arms...]

GM: She scoops her up... turning around for all of Detroit to see her...

[..and HURLS her violently down to the canvas with a ring-shaking bodyslam!]

GM: Good grief! All that power funneled into one tremendous slam... and if you want to talk about someone taking the most basic of moves and turning it into a ferocious offensive weapon, that's what that bodyslam is right there out of Trish Wallace.

[Wallace strikes a double bicep pose, planting a boot on the chest of Swift for another two count as there are a sprinkling of boos for the Minnesota native once more.]

GM: Arrogant cover gets two for Wallace... and she's going to need more than a bodyslam if she wants to put the ever-spunky Dream Girl down for a three count.

BW: Gordo, you follow Skylar on Instagram, don't you?

GM: I... well...

BW: You downloaded the app JUST so you could follow her, right?

GM: I don't think it's appropriate to- back to business here, we've got Trish Wallace... to the ropes!

[The abrupt movement of the 166 pound Wallace catches the crowd off-guard as she hits the ropes, bouncing back, leaping into the air, and dropping her weight down on Swift's chest!]

GM: Ohhh! Nice senton out of Wallace... and another cover!

[Another two count follows as Swift escapes.]

GM: And you've gotta be impressed with the killer instinct of Trish Wallace as she's tried multiple times to get the win in this - her debut match here in the AWA. She's not messing around, Bucky. She wants the victory.

BW: Of course she does. Both of these women were out there in that horrible mob assault on the Women's World Champion, Kurayami, in Chicago... so you can bet that both of them are looking at a future shot at that title. Wallace might be a way's off from making that happen but a win here tonight over Swift who is currently the Number Nine contender to that title.

GM: And of course, a win here tonight might bump Swift up a couple of notches in that ranking as well. All eyes on Kurayami who - by all reports - is absolutely fuming despite beating Medusa Rage in their title match at Memorial Day Mayhem.

[Wallace climbs to her feet again, pulling Swift up with her. She grabs Swift by the arm, whipping her towards the ropes...]

GM: Clothesline... ducked by Swift!

[Swift hits the far ropes, rebounding back where she leaps into the air, wrapping her legs around Wallace's head...]

GM: Headscissors... and around and around she goes!

[The crowd cheers for the whirlybird headscissors as she wraps around and around, ending up flinging Wallace down to the canvas!]

GM: She takes Wallace off her feet with that... and Swift's right back up, fans. A bundle of energy as she hits the ropes, charging back hard towards Wallace who-

[But as Wallace gets to her feet, she steps forward, throwing herself into a hard shouldertackle that knocks Swift right off her feet to the canvas!]

GM: Ohhh! And I bet every single member of the Dreamers Fan Club felt that one!

[With Swift down on the mat, Wallace leans over, grabbing her by the legs...]

GM: What's this now? A Boston Crab perhaps?

[...and then straightens up, lifting Swift off the canvas as she starts to spin!]

GM: Oh my! A giant swing by T-Bone Wallace!

[Swift reaches up, her arms cradled around her head as Wallace spins her around and around, the crowd growing more impressed by each revolution which are quickly starting to add up...]

GM: THE SPIN IS IN FULL EFFECT!

BW: Do you know how dizzy you get after this, Gordo?! It's like you spent an entire night at the Rusty Spur with someone else buying!

GM: A sensation that you are all too familiar with, my friend.

[A section of the crowd is counting loudly along with the spins, now up to ten and change as Wallace keeps going... and going...]

GM: We're up to fifteen! Incredible strength by Wallace!

[And finally, as she hits twenty, Wallace lets go and drops Swift to an abrupt halt. The move also seems to stagger Wallace who falls back against the ropes, sinking to a knee as the crowd cheers the show of strength.]

GM: And don't look now, AWA fans, but it sounds like Trish Wallace is gaining some fans of her own here in Detroit tonight!

[Wallace pushes up off the mat, obviously still dizzy as she stumbles off-kilter towards Swift. She leans down, pulling her to her feet...

...and wraps her arms around Swift's neck and leg respectively, lifting the leg off the canvas...]

GM: Wallace setting her up here... UP AND OVER WITH A SUPLEX!

BW: Not just any suplex, Gordo! That's a T-Bone - her namesake! I'm told she throws it better than just about anyone that the Combat Corner Head Trainer - Marcus Broussard - has ever seen.

GM: A bold statement... and Wallace trying to make an equally bold statement here as she crawls for another cover. She gets one! She gets two! She gets- no! Swift slips the shoulder again!

BW: She survives for now, Gordo... but your Dream Girl there needs to figure out a way to get out from under Wallace's power or we're headed for one heck of an upset in Trish's AWA debut.

[Wallace angrily claps her hands together as she pushes up to her knees.]

GM: A little frustration on the part of Trish Wallace. She might have thought she had this one won after that T-Bone Suplex... but no dice.

[Wallace gets to her feet, stalking towards Swift who is crawling across the ring, trying to give herself some time and space to recover. But Wallace is thinking otherwise, muscling Swift up to her feet, shoving her back into the corner.]

GM: Into the corner now... not where you want to be with someone with Wallace's power...

[A pair of clubbing forearms across the chest send a chill down to your toes before she snatches Swift by the arm again...]

GM: Another whip coming up here, shoots her across...

[Lowering her head, Trish charges in after Swift who is in the opposite corner...]

...and then leans back, raising both feet as Wallace SLAMS facefirst into the boots to a big cheer!]

GM: Oho! And Swift gets the legs up! That'll rock T-Bone Trish from head to toe!

[Wallace stumbles backwards, trying to shake the cobwebs...]

...and then charges in a second time...]

GM: Wallace in again and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Swift shifts her footing, sidestepping as Wallace runs headlong into the buckles this time!]

GM: Wallace hits the corner... she's dazed!

[Swift pushes past her, hopping up on the midbuckle. She flashes a smile, pointing to the cheering crowd...]

...and leaps off, snatching a front facelock, twisting all the way around, and DRIVING Wallace's head into the canvas with a tornado DDT!]

GM: BROKEN DREAMS DDT... AND THAT MIGHT BE ENOUGH!

[But as they hit the canvas, both women are laid out on the mat.]

GM: Skylar Swift may have taken too much punishment to take advantage of this moment though, Bucky! She needs to make a cover but she doesn't look to be-

[Gordon is interrupted as the lights in the arena dim and "Sick Like Me" by In This Moment begins to play over the PA system.]

GM: What's this now?

[Suddenly, Charisma Knight appears at the top of the aisle, a sick smile on her face as she looks down the entrance ramp towards the ring.]

GM: Her?! Again?! Hasn't she done enough to haunt the life of Skylar Swift?!

[Knight slides down the ramp towards the ring, almost slithering in her steps as she keeps her eyes on the ring where Skylar Swift has sat up on the mat, looking around in confusion. The Dream Girl gets to her feet, alerting the referee to Knight's presence.]

GM: What in the world is this about?! Get her out of here, ref!

[Shari Miranda turns her back to the ring, shouting at Knight before she even reaches the squared circle. Skylar Swift seems to have a similar opinion, screaming at her rival...

...and failing to notice the creepy form sliding out from under the ring apron, pulling herself under the bottom rope.]

GM: THATS DR. WHITE! THAT'S DR. WHITE!

BW: Are you sure?! Look at her!

[Her hair is shoulder-length and appears to have been recently colored - a deep jet black, streaming into a dark green about halfway down. Her face has been painted a bright white with her lips, mouth, and eyes surrounded by black paint. A white doctor's coat hangs from her torso, opened up to reveal a black halter tank top and black loose pants.]

GM: Dr. White's in the ring and-

[The noise from the crowd alerts Swift to a problem but as she turns around, Dr. White comes barreling towards her, leaping into the air, catching her under the chin with a fierce flying kneestrike that flips Swift inside out, dumping her motionless to the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT KIND OF MED SCHOOL DID THIS WOMAN GO TO?!

[White rolls over to a knee, grabbing Swift by the hair, looking down on her as the referee shouts at her...

...but when White looks up at the official, the crowd reacts as they catch a glimpse of her on the big screen, eyes with no irises... just jet black like her hair.]

BW: Look at that!

GM: An absolutely horrific... disturbing... look for Dr. White who... my god, what has Charisma Knight done to this young lady?!

[Knight seems to be enjoying herself outside the ring, looking on gleefully...]

GM: Trish Wallace starting to get up... she's starting to stir! Get her, Trish!

[The Minnesota powerhouse climbs off the canvas, spotting the intruder in the ring. She walks towards her, snatching her by the hair from behind, yanking her up to her feet...

...which is when Dr. White slaps her hands away, grabbing at her own throat for a moment and...]

GM: MIST!

[...a spew of green liquid erupts from Dr. White's lips, a shower of blinding spray heading towards Trish Wallace...

...who quickly and wisely raises her arms, shielding her own eyes from the blinding green toxin!]

GM: OH! BLOCKED!

[Green trickling from her lips, Dr. White drops back a step as Wallace pulls her now-green arm down, a smirk on her face...

...and then reaches out, hoisting White into the air!]

GM: WAIT A SECOND!

[The crowd ROARS as Wallace presses White overhead, a sudden look of concern on the face of Charisma Knight who rushes towards the ring...

...as Wallace rushes towards the ropes and...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The Detroit fans EXPLODE at the sight of Wallace HURLING Dr. White over the top rope, sending her crashing down on top of Charisma Knight in the aisle of the Palace of Auburn Hills!]

GM: WALLACE TAKES 'EM BOTH OUT! OH MY!

[The crowd is rocking as a fired-up Wallace slams her arms down on the top rope, shouting down at Knight and White in the aisle...]

GM: Trish Wallace just tossed Dr. White out onto Charisma Knight and she wipes them both out with one shot, Bucky!

BW: Does that mean she DID throw away her shot?

[Gordon chuckles as the Detroit fans continue to roar for the impressive show of power by Trish Wallace who strikes a double bicep pose, grinning at their reaction...

...which is when a dazed Skylar Swift shoves Wallace aside, stepping up to the middle rope... then to the top...]

GM: Wait a second! SKYLAR SWIFT IS UP TOP! THE DREAM GIRL IS UP TOP AND-

[Knight has just barely managed to get back to her feet again, stumbling as she looks up...

...and Swift HURLS herself off the top rope, taking down Knight a second time!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND DOWN GOES CHARISMA KNIGHT AAAAAAGAAAAAAAIN!

[The crowd is absolutely on their feet screaming their heads off now as Swift drags herself off of Knight, rolling back under the ropes where the referee is waving her arms, shaking her head...]

GM: What's this about now?

[Shari Miranda walks over to the ropes, leaning through to speak to the ring announcer who nods and makes it official.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... due to outside interference... the referee has THROWN OUT this match and declared it a NO CONTEST!

[The crowd jeers loudly for that proclamation. Swift stares up in disbelief from her knees as Wallace angrily kicks the bottom rope, stomping around the ring with her balled-up fists on her hips.]

GM: A no contest... certainly not the way either of these young women wanted this one to turn out and...

[Wallace circles around towards Swift, letting loose a sigh as she looks down on her..

...and then extends a hand down to her.]

GM: What's this now?

[Swift looks up at Wallace for a moment, unsure of whether she can trust her..

...and then accepts the offered hand. Wallace pulls her to to her feet, pumping the hand a few times with a grin on her face.]

GM: And it looks like we've got-

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers again... but this time, it's for the sight of a hulking form stomping down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: What in the...?!

BW: KURAYAMI! KURAYAMI!

[The massive Women's World Champion moves down the ramp far quicker than one might expect, making a beeline towards the ring with fury in her eyes!]

GM: The Women's World Champion is out here... but why?!

BW: She said she's turned herself into the Hunter, Gordo! She told the world!

[Kurayami rolls under the bottom rope, getting to her feet where she snatches Skylar Swift by the hair..

...and HURLS her over the top rope. Swift crashes down hard on the ring apron before sliding off to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And when Kurayami whips back around to face Wallace, Trish wastes no time in slamming home a trio of right hands. Wallace nods her head as the crowd roars enthusiastically...]

GM: Wallace is feeling it! She's trying to fight off the World Champion and-

[Wallace ducks low, looking for the scoop...]

GM: She's not... she's gonna try!

[The crowd ROARS for the attempted scoop slam... getting even louder as she actually gets one of Kurayami's feet up into the air for a moment...]

...but a powerful overhead elbowsmash to the ear causes her to put her back down. A second one lands as well, causing Wallace to slump to a knee...]

GM: Wallace gets pounded down by Kurayami who... wait a second!

[The Women's World Champion yanks Wallace into a standing headscissors, powering her up effortlessly into the air..]

...and DRIVES her down with a ring-shaking powerbomb!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HINOTAMA!

[The devastating powerbomb leaves Wallace down on the mat in a pile and as Kurayami stands over her, staring down angrily...]

...she fails to notice Skylar Swift, hurting and dazed, climbing the ropes from the outside. The crowd does not miss it though, screaming and shouting as Swift climbs to the top, poised and ready...]

GM: SWIFT'S UP TOP! KURAYAMI DOESN'T SEE HER AND-

[Swift leaps from her perch as Kurayami turns towards her, extending her arms and legs for a crossbody...]

...and gets CAUGHT!]

GM: NO! CAUGHT!

[Kurayami walks out to mid-ring, staring out at the crowd...]

"SHIIIIIII-NE!"

[...and then pivots on her foot, leaping up and DRIVING Swift into the canvas with a crushing powerslam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD!

BW: Kurayami is out to deliver a message tonight to the AWA Women's Division, Gordo... and I'm betting it's been received loud and clear!

[Kurayami gets to her feet, standing over the motionless Swift and Wallace. She raises her arms over her head, looking out on the crowd as she delivers a horrific bellow...]

...and we fade to black...

HOUR TWO

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 we come back to our program as the "Access 365" logo flashes across the screen. Outside the office of El Presidente, Erica Toughill takes a deep breath. Is it full of...]

ET: Just ask him, Ricki. You've been in this business long enough that you ask for what you want. You want a shot at Kurayami, don't you?

[...anxiety? She checks the timepiece on her wrist.]

ET: No putting it off. Buy the ticket, take the ride.

[She steels herself and knocks on the door. A voice tersely calls from within.]

"Enter."

[Cut to the office interior, Castillo is seated in his antique chair, leaning back casually.]

JC: Miss... Toughill... I believe? You caused quite a fuss entering the Rumble a couple weeks ago. That was... quite the surprising outcome.

ET: Yes, President Castillo. I wanted to ask you-

JC: No no, my dear. I know what you're about to ask me. Your friend has already told me.

ET: She has?

JC: She? No... no. Your friend HERE.

[Castillo points to the chair on the opposite side of his desk. Toughill peeks over and sees that someone has already taken her appointment time.]

ET: Kerry?!

KK: Don't worry, Rick. I already told him why you wanted to talk.

ET: Kerry... I don't know what to say.

KK: We are friends, aren't we? Let's not make a big deal of this and you can get me back later.

[Kendrick turns back to Castillo, his fingers steepled as he speaks.]

JC: It's an intriguing proposal, Mr. Kendrick. And an ambitious one. Let it be said that I do admire ambition in all of the AWA's talent.

ET & KK: Thank you.

[Kendrick shoots Toughill a look.]

JC: And I admire your female companion's initiative in seeking me out.

[Toughill blushes like she's been singled out as a top student in class.]

KK: She is something, isn't she?

JC: I've been watching her work for a long time and I think she's a valuable asset not only to you, but the AWA in general.

KK: Mister Castillo, you should tell her yourself...

ET: Kerry, I'm... It's no big...

KK: ...Because she'll be at "Fight Night on FOX" in two weeks.

JC: Excellent!

[Toughill's smile fades as she realizes she's walked into a different conversation than the one she was thought she was part of.]

JC: And as to her proposal: She is absolutely correct, Supernova was under no contract of any sort with the AWA. There is a compelling case to be made that you

are the rightful winner of the 2017 Rumble, and are owed the title shot otherwise granted to Supernova. And although you did not bring me his mask, your performance in the Rumble itself was that of a winner, as your lovely companion in the office has pointed out.

[Kendrick beams.]

JC: While I cannot give you an answer right away according to AWA Legal, you have given me something to mull over. I'll make a bargain with you, my Self Made friend: if your darling lover can make her case to me directly when she joins us at the production meeting before "Fight Night" goes on the air, I will give you a definite decision then. Her work with our partners at Fox is...

...Most appreciated.

KK: You'll see her then, President Castillo.

[They stand and shake hands.]

KK: You might even call it... a Foundation shift. Until Fight Night, Mr. Castillo?

JC: Of course. And if you prefer... you can call me Javier. It is so good to deal with a blue-eyed, black-hearted, blond boy who is NOT a temperamental diva.

KK: Maybe Fox has a new favorite son... Javier.

[Castillo smirks.]

JC: Perhaps.

[Kendrick smiles as he goes to leave. As he passes, he pats Ricki entirely too hard on the shoulder.]

KK: Thanks for setting this up, Rick.

[She scowls at the Self Made Man behind his back as she watches him go. Castillo seats himself behind his desk.]

JC: Miss Toughill, I believe we are done here. If you wouldn't mind showing yourself out.

[Ricki seems to consider exactly that for a moment before she steels her nerve and boldly speaks up.]

ET: That wasn't what I made this meeting for, President Castillo.

[Castillo seems to not have heard her... or he's ignoring her. You make the call.]

JC: MAWAGA, if you would show this woman out...

[Nevertheless, she persisted.]

ET: I wanted to ask about a match for me, Mr. Castillo.

[Castillo again tries to dismiss her.]

JC: MAWAGA, I believe I said...

[Castillo looks up and sees that MAWAGA is nowhere in sight.]

JC: MAWAGA, where have you gone to?

ET: He snuck out as soon as he saw me.

[Castillo arches an eyebrow curiously.]

JC: ...Did he?

ET: You've never had an ex you wanted to avoid?

[Castillo's usually razor-sharp intellect seems to momentarily stall on this tidbit.]

JC: You... and he...

ET: Yeah, we were a thing for a couple months last fall.

JC: MAWAGA... and...

ET: Yeah, and he knows that if you sic him on me, his Tongan Death Grip will be no match for my Rochester Jockstrap.

JC: [covering his face with his palms] Thank you! Thank you for that image! Perhaps we can change the subject to what it is you want.

[Toughill nods.]

ET: You saw me at Memorial Day Mayhem. You saw what I'm capable of. What I want you to do is to leave the Women's Division ranking aside. What I want is a match between-

"MUMMMEEEEEE!"

[Cinder bursts into the scene, interjecting herself between Castillo and Toughill.]

ET: [through grit teeth] Not... now... Cinder...

C: I know what mummy wants, Mister Costello! Ye saw wot Vekki June an' Julie Somers and that REPROBATE Gal Gad-Dot did to mae fairy godmum! She needs tae get revenge Mister Costello!

[Castillo looks like he'd rather be anywhere else on the planet at this moment as he tiredly exclaims...]

JC: ...Castillo.

C: Aye that's what I said, innit?! Mister Costello, if ya can please fin' it in yer heart to give my mommy what she wants at Fight Night: me in the ring with Victoria June. I seen them matches in Mexico where ye have tae shave yer head when ye lose.

I want every last shred of that beautiful golden fleece on top of that Vekki June's skelp! I want her tae walk aroun' the AWA with everyone looking at her and sayin', "that's what happens to little girls who cross Cinder and her mummy."

[Castillo actually smiles at this idea.]

JC: Ah, you of course mean the great "luchas de apuestas" of old. Favorites of mine. I always find the competition is heightened when the stakes are raised. Now that is a match worthy of Fight Night. You have my interest, my little banshee.

Of course, the question is: What are you willing to wager?

C: Ah. Er...

JC: Otherwise, no bargain.

C: I-I-I, er... hadn't thought that far ahead, tae be truthful...

[Toughill allows herself a smirk, putting her arm over Cinder's shoulder in a mocking, motherly fashion.]

ET: Now, Cinder... if you want Victoria June to wager losing her hair to you, it's only fair that you wager something equally valuable to you.

C: Well, um...

[Cinder nervously grasps a handful of her flame-colored hair between her delicate, pale fingers.]

C: I, er, suppose... that it's only fair... tae... tae... that I'll wager Victoria June's hair against...

[She suddenly grins broadly.]

C: ...Mummy's hair.

[Toughill's jaw drops.]

ET: What.

[Castillo claps his hands together.]

JC: A fair wager.

ET: What!?

C: Vekki June's golden, rich hair against Mummy's raven wing hair.

[Castillo nods enthusiastically as Toughill shakes her head pleadingly.]

JC: Then I will make the preparations for the match two weeks from tonight. That will be all. Thank you.

ET: WHAT?!

[Cinder grabs a handful of Toughill's inky black sidecut and pulls her close.]

C: Do ya not think I can do it, Mummy? Do ya not support me? Are ya just gonna abandon me? Mummy, I can prove tae ya that you trained me right! Is that not what you want?

[Toughill, shocked by her deceitful protege's mood swings, pulls away. Cinder turns on her heels and skips out of the President's office.]

C: Thanks a million, President Costello!

JC: CASTILLO!

[He stands and snarls at the one person left in his office.]

JC: Will there be... ANYTHING... ELSE...?!

[Toughill reads the room. She takes a deep breath... steadies her nerves... and says...]

ET: ...No. Sir.

JC: Then leave!

[Ricki Toughill is already halfway out the door as Castillo can be heard muttering "Rochester Jockstrap... dios mio..." and with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we are back out to the interior of the Palace of Auburn Hills where we get a panning shot of the crowd, hooting and hollering at being on camera.

We pan past a pair of young girls with their dad by their side, all three sporting t-shirts from their favorite Women's Division superstars - Skylar Swift and Julie Somers for the two girls and Dad rocking an Ayako Fujiwara t-shirt, holding it out by the neck so the camera can see it.

Then to a pair of teenage boys, each holding up a white sign with black bold print. One reads "LET'S GO RYAN!" and the other's reads "HANNIBAL!"

On to a senior citizen, smiling brightly at the camera as she weakly waves a Next Gen bandana back and forth, holding up one finger as the fans around her strain to get on camera.]

GM: The fans here in Detroit are getting their first glimpse of live AWA action. They couldn't be happier to be here, Bucky, and we couldn't be happier to finally be able to bring it to them.

BW: It's been a long road, Gordo, for the AWA to get to the point where we're hitting all the cities that we've been trying to get to for all these years but Chicago... Detroit... these were kind of the last holdouts here in the States and... man, it's hard to believe it's been almost nine years sometimes.

GM: It certainly is, old friend... and hey... check that out! The champ is here!

[Our shots of fans has come to a halt on a shot of the reigning GFC Heavyweight Champion, Rufus Harris, who is seated at ringside with a handful of his entourage all around him. Harris nods confidently as the fans roar at the sight of him on the big screen. He holds up a clenched fist, pointing to the camera as we cut back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: The GFC Heavyweight Champion, Rufus Harris - a longtime supporter of the AWA and occasional competitor at that - is here in Detroit catching the action - and who can blame him, Bucky, cause coming up next... the iron man of our Rumble, and competing as a substitute at that! Now let's see what Raphael Rhodes has in regularly scheduled action as he makes his long-awaited return to Saturday Night Wrestling. Rebecca, it's all yours!

[We cut to the ring where the lovely Miss Ortiz is standing.]

RO: Our next match here on Saturday Night Wrestling is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring, weighing in at 231 pounds... from Plymouth Township, Michigan... this is Matt Branson!

[A nice cheer for the local, who raises his hand to the crowd. He's dressed in a plain black singlet and black boots, and appears to have missed a spot in his armpit with his spray tan.]

BW: Not exactly the most impressive physical specimen in the world.

GM: Bucky, we haven't even seen him wrestle yet.

BW: Gordo, if your attention to detail is so poor that you can't get even coverage with your spray tan, what hope do you have against Raphael Rhodes?

[Ortiz continues.]

RO: And his opponent... he is accompanied to the ring by his trainer and advisor, Dana Kaiser... weighing 217 pounds, and currently residing in Minneapolis, Minnesota... RAPHAEL RHOOOOOOOOOOODES!

["Pedestrian At Best" by Courtney Barnett starts to play as Raphael Rhodes quickly walks from the entrance, eyes fixed on the ring, followed closely behind by Dana Kaiser. Rhodes is dressed in simple red leg-length tights with a white stripe down each side, along with white kneepads and boots, and his hands and wrists are taped up. He is also wearing a blue sleeveless zip-up hoodie zipped all the way up, with the hood worn up. Kaiser is also wearing a blue sleeveless zip-up hoodie, though it is halfway unzipped revealing a white tank top, and her hood is down. She's wearing red leggings and blue sneakers, and carrying with her a bottle of water.]

BW: See, look at the focus Raph has. Eyes haven't looked away from the ring once.

GM: So you're saying his attention to spray tanning detail is probably better.

BW: Gordo, have you not been paying attention to Dana Kaiser's fitness training Instagram? The gyms they're used to have fleets of tanning beds. Who needs spray tanning when you have access to that?

[Rhodes stops at the ring steps to take a mouthguard case out of his hoodie pocket, opening the case up to take out a red mouthguard. He pops the mouthguard into his mouth, unzips the hoodie, and takes it off to hand to Kaiser. The camera microphone picks up a comment from Rhodes to Kaiser...]

"This won't take long."

[Rhodes swiftly climbs up the steps and jumps over the top rope, awaiting an inspection from referee Andy Dawson as the music fades.]

GM: Rhodes sounding pretty confident here.

BW: I can't say I blame him, Gordo. Raph lasted over an hour in the Rumble, and was a substitute. Can you imagine the level of training Raph must have to be able to go over an hour without knowing he was going to be in the match?

GM: I don't know, Bucky. I don't mean to take away from the feat he pulled off, it was indeed impressive. It strikes me as a bit suspicious that he was in the building without having signed a contract, then he signs the thing and within an hour he's in the Rumble.

BW: Are you declaring shenanigans? Raph might take some physical umbrage to that.

GM: I'm not accusing him of any such thing, Bucky. Just calling it as I see it.

[Rhodes rolls his shoulders and gives a smile to Branson across the ring as Andy Dawson calls for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The bell sounds, and this one's underway, Raphael Rhodes' return to AWA singles action!

BW: I'm thinking five minutes if he feels like toying with him.

[Rhodes walks to center ring, encouraging Branson to lock up.]

BW: Yup, he's feeling like having fun tonight.

GM: Raphael Rhodes trying to intimidate this youngster from just up the road here.

BW: And Rhodes is the smaller guy too! How many times in wrestling is the smaller guy the more intimidating one?

GM: For those of you not with the AWA during the earlier years, or may have missed Memorial Day Mayhem, and are taking Raphael Rhodes lightly by his size alone, don't be fooled. He's 5'9" and just under 220 pounds, but there's a lot of dynamite in that package.

[Branson remains frozen in place, and Rhodes, clearly annoyed...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[... slaps the ever-loving daylights out of Branson's ear.]

GM: Open-handed slap right to the ear of Matt Branson!

BW: Raph's got two lethal strikes, the slap and the headbutt, and I bet Branson's gonna be asking for people to answer that phone for a week or two.

[Branson is spun around by the impact of the slap, and Rhodes grabs Branson by the hair, pulling back, and driving the point of his elbow directly into Branson's sternum!]

GM: Elbow smash right into the chest! Oh my!

BW: You think this kid's reconsidering taking this match, Gordo?

GM: I'd imagine so. Rhodes now pulling Branson up to his feet, Branson's gasping for breath...

BW: Rhodes is taking him over to the ropes, what's he going to do to him?

[Rhodes threads Branson through the middle and top rope facing the hard camera, pulling Branson back against the top rope by his hair, then shouts...]

"SAY HI TO YOUR MUM, LAD!"

GM: Goodness, you can hear Branson screaming from here!

BW: Yeah, and none of it is saying hi to his mother! What a jerk this kid is.

GM: Bucky, knock it off! Rhodes reaching back and... oh no!

BW: Oh yeah! Driving right in with the crossface shot!

GM: Referee Andy Dawson's really gotta back Rhodes off here, Bucky. Rhodes has tangled Dawson up in the ropes and is clearly taking advantage.

BW: Here's another thought, if Branson can't keep up, maybe he should quit? He's been outmatched since the bell rang, Gordo.

[Dawson pushes Rhodes back so Branson can get to his feet. Rhodes raises his hands with a smile on his face.]

GM: I can see not much has changed about Rhodes' in-ring style against overmatched opponents, I remember him doing this to quite a few youngsters.

BW: Gordo, it's only been a couple of minutes, it's not like he's fishhooked him... yet.

[The British grappler turns, throwing a glance at Rufus Harris sitting in the crowd.]

"See anything you like, eh?"

[Harris waves a dismissive hand at Rhodes as a few members of the GFC Champion's entourage egg him on. Turning away, Rhodes waits for Branson to stand and meet him in center ring, then dives at one of Branson's legs.]

GM: Rhodes going for a takedown... no, wait, he's not!

BW: Ohhh, Gordo, Raph told me about some things he's been working on. This might get ugly quick.

GM: Rhodes has wrapped his legs around Branson's right leg... what on earth...

BW: Take notes, Gordo.

[Rhodes applies a calf slicer to Branson's right leg, then pulls Branson down to the mat on his back. With his free arms, he grabs Branson's left leg and reaches to put the leg behind his head.]

GM: Oh my stars, what has Rhodes put on here?!

"I QUIT! I QUIT!"

GM: And Branson's given it up!

BW: Ha! Funny thing is, Rhodes didn't even have that thing fully applied!

[The bell sounds, as Rhodes looks up at Dawson, mouthing "is that all?" He releases Branson and gets up, dusting his hands, mouthing "sorry" to the audience.]

GM: Bucky, you've obviously talked to him, what on earth was that?

BW: Something Raph's been working on in training, Dana tells me it's called the Butterfly Effect. Three moves in one, a calf slicer, a stretch muffler on the ground, and a banana split.

GM: I can't believe that. And you're saying he didn't even have it fully applied before Matt Branson gave up?!

BW: I'd say Rhodes really only had the calf slicer locked in when the kid quit on him. You can't say it's not effective!

GM: You sure can't. Raphael Rhodes gets the win in his singles return here on Saturday Night Wrestling, and both he and Dana Kaiser are standing by with Mark Steglet.

[We cut to ringside, where Kaiser and Rhodes are standing beside Stegglet. Kaiser hands Rhodes the bottle of water and his hoodie, and Rhodes quickly puts the hoodie on, popping the hood back on over his head.]

MS: Raphael Rhodes, Dana Kaiser, you're here in the AWA after a long absence for Raphael, and now Raphael's first singles match back is complete. How does it feel for him to be back?

[Rhodes immediately points to Kaiser, and Stegglet positions the microphone in front of her.]

DK: The important thing is to have goals. Maybe the Rumble didn't go exactly as planned for Raph. He held himself to high standards and he didn't quite meet them. He got close, and I'm proud of him all the same, but he wasn't thrilled with himself. Just a few moments ago, you can clearly see the difference between an athlete with the exacting standards of a Raphael Rhodes and the standards of... average competition, shall we say? So it feels good for him to be back in the AWA, but we're looking forward to seeing how he fares against wrestlers who can provide a little more of a challenge.

MS: Can I ask why he doesn't want to speak with people like "Sweet" Lou, or myself?

DK: Raph has been through a lot these last few years, Mr. Stegglet. For now, he would prefer if things were left in the hands of someone with his best interests at heart.

[Stegglet obviously isn't thrilled with the answer but proceeds anyways.]

MS: Well, that ties into my next question. One thing that's been on the minds of a lot of AWA fans has been wondering where he's been for the last few years. He popped up briefly a couple of years ago, but I think a lot of people have been wanting to see him here full-time. Why has he been absent for so long, and where will he be going from here?

[Rhodes whispers something into Kaiser's ear, then Kaiser looks back at Stegglet to answer.]

DK: When Raph was here before, he made... a lot of mistakes, shall we say. He put his trust in a lot of people that wanted to take advantage of him.

[Kaiser looks back at Rhodes, mouthing "are you sure you want me to say this?", and Rhodes nods. The camera's microphone can barely pick up him saying "it needs to be said."]

DK: And... it wasn't just the Southern Syndicate that took advantage of him. It was his own family too. Just when Raph was on the verge of becoming a top guy, one of these "pillars" of the company that everyone has talked about here in the AWA for years, he listened to a manager that wanted to take advantage of him, a wrestler that wanted to take him out of competition for a title...

[Kaiser takes a deep breath before what she's about to say next.]

DK: ...and an older brother that got put upon him because his family couldn't bear to stand his problems anymore. So Raph bore the weight of those mistakes, and he finally buckled. And for years, he has tried to overcome the burden of those poor choices. When Raph won the Rumble back in 2010, he was a 26 year old kid with the world in front of him, and men like Ben Waterson, Stevie Scott... and Simon

Rhodes stole his future from him. All for their selfish desires. Whether it was money, championships, or because they just couldn't stay clean.

[Kaiser reaches back and holds Rhodes' hand.]

DK: So when you ask where he's been for the last few years? He's been coping with the fact that when his family saw him on the verge of breaking out in this country, just like his uncle Jeremy did, they decided to make him a babysitter to his older brother and his substance abuse. He's been coping with the fact that he threw away his chance to be a top star in this company months before it became an international powerhouse. And he's been understanding that eventually... someone has to care about him for who he is, and not about what he can do for them.

[Rhodes puts his free hand on Kaiser's shoulder, mouthing "that's her".]

DK: That's where I come into the picture, Mr. Stegglet. I'm Raph's missing piece. Now... you asked where he's going from here. Well... before there was the World Title, there was the National Title. And there's still the National Title to this day.

[Rhodes leans into the microphone.]

RR: Good place to start, innit?

[Rhodes stands back up.]

DK: And if that's what he wants? Then I'm going to help train him to get it. Do you have any other questions?

MS: No, that's all. Thank you for joining me!

DK: Thank you for having us.

[As Rhodes and Kaiser turn to exit, Mark Stegglet stays behind.]

MS: Raphael Rhodes making his intentions crystal clear, folks - he wants the National Title! Now how will Maxim Zharkov feel about that news?

[Stegglet holds as we get a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo and end up back in a locker room somewhere in the Palace of Auburn Hills. The AWA's White Knight, Ryan Martinez, sits on a wooden bench, staring at the concrete floor of the abandoned room when a door creaks open. Footsteps follow as Martinez slowly lifts his head, a slight smile crossing his face.]

RM: I figured I'd see you sooner or later.

[The camera cuts to a different angle to reveal AWA owner Chris Blue standing in front of him.]

CB: You're a... wise man.

[Martinez cringes as Blue chuckles softly.]

RM: So... here to cheer me up?

[Blue shakes his head.]

CB: No. Wouldn't work if I tried. Did you call your Dad?

[Martinez nods.]

CB: What did he say?

[The White Knight locks his eyes on Blue.]

RM: What do you think?

[The corner of Blue's mouth twitches up in a smile.]

CB: "Kid, you did what you had to do. You HAD to fight. And those men wanted to fight with you. What happened to them isn't your fault... but you should take what happened to them with you into the next fight... and use it to make sure nothing like that ever happens again."

[Blue waves a hand.]

CB: And then something about "BURNED!"... sound right?

[Ryan smiles weakly.]

RM: Something like that.

[Blue nods.]

CB: He's right, you know.

RM: So you DID come to cheer me up.

CB: Look... Bobby told me what he said to you.

[Ryan nods.]

RM: Do you think he's right?

CB: No.

[Ryan stares at the former EMWC owner.]

RM: No?

CB: No. I wouldn't be here if I thought he was right. I wouldn't have come to you in the beginning. Bobby knows a lot about this business... that ring... but he's wrong in this. If I had my choice of everyone I've ever worked with over all my years to stand beside in this war.

[Blue stabs a finger into Martinez' chest.]

CB: I'd pick you every time, kid.

[Blue stands back up, a smile on his face.]

CB: Now... if you'll excuse me... I have someone else I need to pay a visit.

[Martinez nods as Blue turns to exit. The AWA owner is almost to the door when Ryan calls out.]

RM: Hey! Did you know?

[Blue pauses, looking over his shoulder.]

RM: About Carver. Did you know?

[Blue chuckles.]

CB: What do you think? Someone had to process the paperwork under Castillo's nose.

[Ryan sighs.]

RM: You guys could've told me.

CB: What would you have done?

[Ryan shakes his head, shrugging.]

RM: Stopped it.

[Blue smiles.]

CB: That's why we didn't tell you. See you around, kid.

[Blue shoves the door open, walking out and leaving the White Knight alone with his thoughts as we fade to black.]

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Fox Sports X. Come get some.”

[We fade to black...

...and then fade back up backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing with Jack Lynch. Dressed in white, the former AWA World Heavyweight Champion looks worn and haggard. His face is covered in several days' worth of stubble, his shoulders are slumped, and the usual light isn't in the Iron Cowboy's eyes.]

MS: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans... and after Memorial Day Mayhem, everyone has been wondering just what's on your mind, Mr. Lynch.

[Lynch draws in a deep breath, exhaling slowly.]

JL: I think ya know damn well what's on my mind, Mark.

And I know that y'all are used to me comin' out here and talkin' about everything that's goin' on in the AWA.

But tonight... tonight I just ain't got it in me, Mark. I hope you and everyone else understands.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: I think there is only one thing, and one person that we want to hear you talk about. Your brother, James.

[The camera zooms in, right under the brim of Lynch's white cowboy hat, focusing on the haunted look in Lynch's eyes.]

JL: It don't happen often to me, Mark. But sometimes...

There just ain't no words.

What do ya say when you've had your heart torn outta your body? Jimmy is my brother. He's my blood. He's the man I took with me to San Francisco to take out the Samoans years ago. He's the man who won the Stampede Cup and the National Tag Team Titles with me.

He's the man...

[Lynch swallows hard and then looks down.]

JL: He's the man I named my little girl after.

[As he thinks about Jamie Christina, Lynch's hands clench and unclench several times.]

MS: Have you heard from him?

[Lynch shakes his head.]

JL: No, Mark. I ain't heard from him. No one has. He ain't returnin' Blackjack's calls. And Sunday mornin' when it came time to take mama to church, somethin' that my brother has never failed to do in all the years since he could reach the gas and the brake...

Jimmy wasn't there.

It's like there's a big Jimmy sized hole in the Lynch family, Mark. He's just... gone.

And it makes me just sick. I get so angry... so...

[Another shake of Lynch's head.]

JL: Like I said. There ain't no words, Mark. It's like a death in the family, except I know that Jimmy is out there somewhere, doin' God knows what.

And that makes it worse.

[Stegglet pauses... almost as if he's speechless too... and finally gets some words out.]

MS: Words are failing me too. I wish I knew what to say. But I don't. But I will ask you what many people in the AWA are wondering – what's next?

JL: Where Jimmy is concerned... I guess the ball's in his court, Mark. He ain't returnin' my calls, but he's got my number, and he knows that any time he wants to talk, I'll be ready to hear him out.

But until then...

[Lynch draws in a breath and exhales. The fire in his eyes isn't the usual fire we see from the King of Cowboys. This is different.]

JL: Well, I didn't come all the way out to Detroit not to do nothin'. So before tonight's over... well, I'm gonna do somethin'.

MS: What do you mean?

JL: Well Mark, did ya hear what Carver said earlier?

[Stegglet nods.]

JL: I always thought Carver had a head full of good ideas.

[With a grim and determined look on his face, Lynch steps away as we fade back out to the ring to Rebecca Ortiz.]

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit in the AWA Women's Division. Introducing first... from Rochester, New York... weighing 125 pounds.... DEBBIE STEWART!

[A woman with a lean build and brown hair, coming just to her shoulders and with white streaks, raises her arms to the crowd, a smirk on her face.

The guitar riffs that kick off "Is She With You," the Wonder Woman theme from the DC Cinematic Universe, kick in over the PA system, drawing loud cheers from the crowd.]

RO: And her opponent... from Boston, Massachusetts... weighing 135 pounds... this is "THE SPITFIRE" JUUUUUUULIE SOMERRRRRS!

GM: We saw Victoria June earlier tonight, now the woman she teamed with in a victory at Memorial Day Mayhem is on her way to the ring! Listen to this ovation!

[Julie Somers emerges from the entranceway. She wears a red jacket over her red halter top with matching Spandex shorts that come just above her knees, red kneepads and white wrestling boots. She stands at the top of the ramp, motioning with her hands to encourage the fans to cheer.]

BW: Did I hear that announcement right, Gordo? She's 135 pounds now?

GM: You did hear it right. I understand Julie Somers had slimmed down a bit in the weeks leading up to Memorial Day Mayhem.

BW: Losing weight when you're challenging Kurayami, the largest woman not only in the AWA, but possibly all of professional wrestling. That's not what I call a smart strategy, Gordo!

[After a moment, she jogs down the ramp and aisle, reaching out to slap hands with fans. Upon reaching the ring, she slides underneath the ropes, rolling to her feet and heading right to the corner. She climbs onto the second turnbuckle and raises her arms, motioning with her hands to encourage the fans' cheers again.]

GM: Be that as it may, I understand Julie has been adding some new moves to her repertoire -- again, not unveiling them at Memorial Day Mayhem, but perhaps we'll see that tonight.

BW: Well, if she's going to add anything to her repertoire, she better make sure it's effective against the likes of Kurayami. And believe me, Gordo, there may be only one move that's clearly effective.

GM: What would that be?

BW: Run away!

[Somers climbs down from the turnbuckles, removes her jacket and hands it to a ringside attendant.]

GM: I seriously doubt Julie plans on doing that, Bucky. Like a lot of women, she has her sights set on the Women's World Champion.

BW: Well, it's easy to stand up to her when you have nearly the whole locker room out there.

GM: Perhaps, but I suspect Julie is one of those who will stand on her own when the time comes to face Kurayami -- and given that she's the Number One Contender, it won't surprise me if that day comes sooner rather than later.

[The bell rings and Somers turns to face Stewart who gets a jump on her.]

GM: And Debbie Stewart wasting no time!

BW: Why not, Gordo? If you have the chance to get an advantage over a top contender, you don't waste it!

[Stewart hammers Somers with several forearm smashes.]

GM: Stewart with the assault -- now she's got Somers by the arm! Whips her to the other side! Clothesline by Stewart misses! Somers on the rebound!

[Somers then leaps toward Stewart and extends her arm, catching her opponent.]

GM: But Somers' clothesline doesn't miss!

[Stewart rolls to her feet, but Somers is up as well and leaps into the air.]

GM: Standing dropkick by Somers! And she's not done -- another one follows!

BW: And a third! And there goes Stewart!

[Stewart falls through the ropes and to the floor, as Somers pumps her fist at the cheering crowd.]

GM: Stewart's advantage didn't last long and... wait, what's this?

[Stewart pulls herself to her feet outside the ring, but Somers runs to the opposite side, bounces off the ropes...

...and then flies between the ropes, crashing into Stewart outside the ring.]

GM: OH MY STARS! Suicide dive by Julie Somers takes Stewart down!

[Somers pulls herself to her feet, fans cheering her on. She turns and notices the camera, then speaks.]

"The hunted is now the hunter? Then come out and hunt me, Kurayami!"

GM: The Number One Contender daring the champion to come face her!

BW: Did the Spitfire see what happened to Skylar Swift and Trish Wallace? She better be careful for what she wishes for!

[Somers turns back to Stewart, pulling her off the floor and shoving her underneath the ropes into the ring.]

GM: I'm sure she saw what happened, and if her words are any indication, she's not happy about it. Somers back in now... Stewart swings a right hand -- misses. Somers with a kick to the midsection!

[Another one follows, forcing Stewart back to the corner. Somers rears back her hand.]

BW: That's not where Stewart wants to be, Gordo!

[Somers then unleashes a series of chops.]

"WHAAAP!"

"WHAAAP!"

"WHAAAP!"

"WHAAAP!"

GM: You got that right, Bucky! Somers may have slimmed down, but those trademark chops of hers still make an impact!

[Somers grabs Stewart by the arm, looking for a whip that is reversed, sending Somers crashing chestfirst into the corner!]

GM: Ohh! And Somers hits the buckles hard and-

BW: Stewart looking to turn the tide...

[But a backdrop suplex ends with Somers flipping over the top, landing on her feet as Stewart turns around...]

GM: And Stewart taken down with a hurracanrana!

[Somers rolls to her feet, grabbing Stewart and pulling her up, but she first points to the camera.]

"Hunt this, Kurayami!"

BW: What is she talking about, Gordo?

GM: Whatever it is, we - and Debbie Stewart - might be about to find out!

[Somers snares Stewart in a front facelock, then looks to the corner of the ring. She runs forward, keeping the facelock applied...

...leaps up to the second rope...

...then flies off, keeping her grip on Stewart and driving her head-first into the canvas.]

GM: OH MY STARS! A Tornado DDT by the Spitfire!

BW: That must be one of the moves she was working on, Gordo!

GM: And Stewart is out of it! But Somers may not be done, anyway!

[Somers rises to her feet, then points to another corner to the cheers of the crowd, while Stewart lies motionless on the canvas.]

BW: You aren't kidding, Gordo! We know how the Spitfire wants to finish things off!

[Somers, with her back turned to Stewart, climbs to the top turnbuckles, extends her arms and leaps.]

GM: And the moonsault connects! The leg is hooked!

[The referee delivers the three count, the bell rings and Somers rises to her feet.]

RO: The winner of the match... "THE SPITFIRE" JULIE SOMERS!

[Somers allows the referee to raise her arm in victory, then pumps her fist and ducks between the ropes.]

GM: Julie Somers victorious here in Detroit! Let's check the replay!

[The camera switches to Somers applying the front facelock to Stewart.]

BW: Take a look at this, Gordo... a DDT is devastating enough, but Somers runs over to the second rope and spins for added effect. Stewart is out of it at this point.

[The shot then switches to Somers on the top rope and leaping off.]

BW: But Somers isn't done... she hits the moonsault and nobody does it better in the Women's Division, I'll grant that. But will that be enough to stop Kurayami?

GM: I imagine the Spitfire will get her shot at some point... and now I believe we're going to hear from her and...

[The camera cuts back to Somers, who is heading up the aisle, but isn't going to where Mark Stegget is standing. Instead, she motions to the camera.]

"Come on. I have an appointment with the boss."

GM: Wait a minute... what did she just say?

BW: Something about an appointment with the boss? Javier Castillo's a busy man, you know!

GM: And she wants the cameraman to follow her!

BW: Oh, she's really pushing her luck with the boss! Hey, where's human resources when you really need it?

[The camera follows Somers through the entranceway, past the Chimpanzee position and down a hallway, going right past a few of the wrestlers and crew members.]

GM: I do believe Somers was scheduled for an interview, fans, so this is a surprise.

BW: Does she think she's gonna do that interview in Castillo's office?

[That's when Somers approaches that office - and John Law is standing by it.]

BW: And does she think John Law is just gonna let her go in?

GM: I don't know what to make of any of this!

[Somers approaches the door, but Law puts his hands up, and Somers speaks.]

JS: All I want to do is talk to the boss... all you need to do is be a gentleman.

[Law lowers his hand, like he's surprised at the remark, but makes no other move. The two stare at each other for a moment.]

JS: Again, all I want to do is talk to the boss.

[Law pauses, but then raise his hand again -- only to grab the door and shove it open to a quick nod from Somers.]

JS: Thank you for being a gentleman.

[Law doesn't respond as Somers walks through the door, the cameraman following. Javier Castillo is seated behind his desk and MAWAGA stands behind him. The Tongan takes a step forward, but Castillo looks up and motions to MAWAGA.]

JC: No need to make a scene.

[He gestures to Somers.]

JC: Let the lady talk.

JS: You'll let me talk... well, I'm gonna talk, all right.

[Somers takes a deep breath.]

JS: It was nearly a year ago that I was in the first ever women's Rumble match for a chance to become the first-ever AWA Women's World champion. The only reason I

didn't walk out with that title is because I was eliminated by somebody who I had taken out of the match, and she got so upset, she denied a chance at my dream.

[Castillo nods silently as Julie continues.]

JS: I've spent the past year taking everything that same person could dish out. But each time she thought she had me down, I came right back at her. Whether it was my terms or her terms, I came out with the win, every single time.

I've proven my point more than enough against that woman, and now, it's time for me to make my stand - to focus on that dream I still have - to become the AWA Women's World Champion.

[Castillo looks like he's about to respond but Julie keeps going.]

JS: In Chicago, I was out there to face Kurayami along with a bunch of others. She said the whole locker room was afraid to face her... but she found out the hard way what happens when she calls everyone out because we answered that call.

And now? Now she's going to find out I don't need to have the entire locker room around me to answer that call...

[Somers raises her hand, holding up a finger.]

JS: Every time they've counted me out, I've proved them wrong. They said after I lost to Charisma Knight, it would be the same result the second time -- and it wasn't. They said I couldn't do it again in my first-ever SuperClash match - and I still stood tall.

They said the Serpentes were too big and I proved otherwise. They said Erica Toughill was too strong, too experienced, and I was entering her element - I'm still standing.

[Somers lowers her hand.]

JS: And I'm sure there will be plenty - perhaps even you, boss - that think I can't possibly overcome the likes of Kurayami... but I can guarantee you - just like I overcame all the others... I can do it again.

All I need is one shot to prove it... and I'm here to ask for that shot, right now!

If you think I can't get it done, I'm more than happy to prove you wrong too!

[Castillo sits silent for a moment, looking up at Somers.]

JC: All done there?

[Somers nods.]

JC: Good. I don't think we've had the pleasure.

[Castillo rises from his seat.]

JC: I'm Javier Castillo. El Presidente. You work... for me.

[Somers grimaces.]

JC: I've been watching you though. Impressive. Very impressive. And then you come in here, throwing down challenges... telling me how great you are...

[Castillo strokes his chin thoughtfully.]

JC: So brave to challenge Kurayami like this. Surely you've seen what she does to people.

[Somers nods.]

JC: And yet you're here anyways. Very brave indeed... such a...

[He smirks.]

JC: ...Spitfire. Well, Ms. Somers... as I look at the recent rankings, you ARE the Number One Contender to the Women's World Title... so with that in mind...

[Castillo reaches down, tapping his finger on the desk.]

JC: ...I'll take it under consideration.

[Somers glares at Castillo who gestures towards MAWAGA who steps towards Somers, ushering her towards the door.]

JS: This isn't over.

[Castillo smirks.]

JC: I'm sure it's not. But for now... thank you, MAWAGA.

[The Suited Savage nudges Somers to and through the door as Castillo sighs, sitting back down as we fade back out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Flint, Michigan... weighing in at 211 pounds... JASON JOHNSON!

[The young slender African American hops up on the middle rope, throwing his arms in the air. A large "JJ" in white print is written on a double-strapped royal blue singlet..

...and he snaps off a backflip to "ooooooooohs" from the AWA faithful as Ortiz continues.]

RO: Annnnnnnd his opponent...

[The arena lights turn purple and the arena fills with smoke. A kissing sound smacks over the PA system before the guitar riff rings out before the signature grunt and drum track as Prince's "Kiss" plays over the PA system.]

RO: From your Most Vivid Dreams... weighing in at 222 pounds...

He is... the VIOOOOOLEEEEEET REVVVVVVOOOOOLUUUUUUUUTIONNNNNN!

[There's a bit of a mixed reaction from the AWA faithful as the purple lights give way to a bright white light coming from inside the entrance tunnel, illuminating the arrival of the Violet Revolution.]

GM: The Violet Revolution here in Detroit tonight... fresh off a pretty impressive showing in the Rumble in Chicago, Bucky.

BW: That's right. He had a brief period there where he went toe to toe with Supreme Wright and lived to tell about it so you gotta chalk that up as a success... even if his night did end at the hands of Erica Toughill.

[The Revolution sashays out onto the entrance stage, arms outstretched as he goes into a twirl...

...and suddenly, a shadow comes charging out of the tunnel, bowling him over and knocking him down onto the steel ramp!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What in the...?! That's Hogan! That's King Kong Hogan!

[Hogan nods madly at the now-jeering crowd as he drags the Revolution off the steel ramp, slowly turning him around...

...and ROCKETS him headfirst into the steel supports holding up one of the massive video screens!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Hogan stands over the Revolution who is clutching his skull, absentmindedly singing to himself as he viciously stomps the Revolution with some heavy-soled boots.]

#Oh where... oh where... has my little dog gone#

[Two more stomps to the back of the head land.]

#Oh where... oh where... can he be?#

[Hogan hauls the Revolution off the metal stage, dragging him by the hair over towards one of the cameramen. Hogan growls at the camera.]

"Get a close look at this one, son."

[He tosses the Revolution down onto his knees in front of him...

...and dips into the side of one of his boots, revealing a nasty looking iron railroad type spike with the point sharpened.]

GM: Oh no... oh dear no! Somebody's gotta stop this!

"SUPREME! I HOPE YOU'RE WATCHING, LITTLE PUPPY!"

[He covers an eye, a twisted smile on his face...]

"Or maybe Dear Theresa can at least describe to you what's happening..."

[...and with a hand wrapped around the Revolution's hair, Hogan violently swings the spike down into the eye area!]

GM: AHHH!

[The spike lands again... and again... the camera quickly cutting away from the scene as the crowd groans repeatedly.]

GM: My god! He's trying to take out the eye of the Violent Revolution as well!

BW: Why?! What did this kid do to him, Gordo?!

GM: I have no idea but... oh my god, he's been badly lacerated, fans.

[We cut back to the top of the ramp, just getting a glimpse of the bloodied forehead of the Revolution before Hogan lets go, letting him limply fall onto the stage. Hogan grins, looking at his blood-covered fingers before he reaches out, running them over the camera lens.]

"Little puppy, they tell me you're too proud to stay down. Hehehe... good. I want ya to come back, Supreme. I want ya back in that ring...

...SO I CAN TAKE THE OTHER EYE TOO!"

[The camera shot cuts away from the crimson-streaked lens, showing the spike-wielding Hogan standing at the top of the ramp, looking towards the ring...

...where he raises a hand, pointing at young Jason Johnson up inside the squared circle.]

GM: Oh, come on now! You've done enough damage! You've done-

[Johnson looks around nervously as Hogan starts to stomp down the ramp towards the ring, blood dripping off the spike clutched in his hand.]

GM: Get out of there, young man! Get out of there right now!

[But before Hogan can reach the ring, the crowd ERUPTS at the sight of someone blindly charging into view, swinging him around into a right hand!]

GM: JEFF MATTHEWS! THE MADFOX IS HERE! THE MADFOX IS HERE!

[A series of haymakers has a surprised Hogan on his heels as Matthews takes the fight to him...]

GM: He's got Hogan rocked! He caught him offguard and-

[Hogan wildly takes a backhanded swing with the spike, Matthews just narrowly avoiding being skewered by it...

...and the Madfox uncoils, wrapping up Hogan in a three-quarter nelson!]

GM: FOXDE-

[But Hogan lifts Matthews into the air, flinging him off...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MATTHEWS GOES DOWN HARD ON THE STEEL!

[The Hall of Famer grimaces, grabbing at his lower back as Hogan holds up the spike for all to see, walking slowly towards the Madfox.]

GM: And now, Hogan's going to use that spike on Matthews! Just like he did to Supreme Wright in Chicago!

[Hogan grabs Matthews by the hair, pulling him to a seated position on the ramp, reaching out with his arm to tug him into place...

...which is when Matthews grabs the spike-wielding arm, using it to drag Hogan down to the ramp now trapped inside one of the most dangerous submission holds in wrestling history!]

GM: FUJIWARA! FUJIWARA!

BW: You know how many arms Matthews has broken with this over the years?!

GM: He's trying to break another one right now!

[Hogan is howling in pain as Matthews wrenches back on the arm, trying to snap it right in half..]

...which is when AWA security comes jogging down the ramp, racing to try to intervene to jeers from the AWA crowd!]

GM: Matthews is trying to break that arm but security and some officials are out here trying to restore order! They're trying to make sure no one suffers any permanent injuries here tonight.

BW: Tell that to Violet Revolution.

[After a few way-too-long moments for King Kong Hogan, the mass of humanity now on the ramp manages to drag the Madfox off of him, leaving Hogan down on the steel clutching his elbow.]

GM: Jeff Matthews coming to the aid of Jason Johnson...

BW: Oh, let's not make this out to be some kind of altruistic gesture, Gordo. This was payback for Wright! Pure and simple! This is Jeff Matthews trying to get a dollop of revenge for his Tower of Doom teammate!

[Matthews has Kevin Slater and John Shock pushing him back up the ramp as Matthews shouts off-mic at Hogan who is sitting on the rap, cradling his arm in his hands as the crowd continues to cheer..]

...and we fade backstage where we see Mark Stegglet and his camera crew in pursuit of Shadoe Rage outside the locker room area. Rage is turning in circles outside his dressing room. He has his gear bag slung over his shoulder and is dressed in destroyed jeans, gladiator sandals and an UNLIMITED RAGE hot pink T-shirt with his silhouette emblazoned on the front. He clenches and unclenches his fists, muttering to himself.]

MS: As the mayhem from Chicago continues to spill over here in Detroit... Shadoe, may I have a word with you?

[Rage snaps out of the argument he is having with himself and turns on the intrepid interviewer.]

SR: What do you want, Stegglet?

MS: I'm sure you saw my interview earlier with Veronica Westerly and she announced the acquisition of the so-called biggest free agent in wrestling, Derek Rage.

[Rage glowers at Stegglet. His breathing is ragged. He encroaches on Stegglet's space.]

SR: I saw it.

[Stegglet takes a step back.]

MS: Well, the people want to know... what was your involvement in your brother's re-signing with the AWA? We saw him play a decisive role in the conclusion of your match when he slammed Jackson Haynes with that devastating claw hold slam of his on the hood of a car at Memorial Day Mayhem-

[Rage cuts him off with a hand to the face. His fingers curl into a partial fist, leaving only his index finger stabbing forward towards Stegglet's face.]

SR: Wait a minute, wait a minute, wait a minute, Stegglet. Hold on right there. Are you trying to tell me that you think his involvement in my match influenced the outcome? Is that what you're telling me?

MS: Well, yes. If you watch the match it's clear-

SR: It's clear that I had everything in control! Jackson Haynes was beaten! Jackson Haynes was on his last legs! Jackson Haynes was going down in defeat to me in moments. Victory was assured, Mark Stegglet. Victory was assured. And it didn't matter who else got involved.

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: But it wasn't just anybody who got involved. It was your brother, Derek Rage, who got involved. It was Derek Rage who re-signed here after he was fired last October... and rumors out of the front office suggest that you were directly involved in that firing,

[The hand in the face is now fully a clenched fist.]

SR: Mark Stegglet, be very careful of the next words out of your mouth! I don't want to be fired and you don't want a broken jaw. Don't think I don't know how you've behaved with my sister. Don't think I don't see you. Don't think I'm making idle threats. Watch what you say, man.

[Stegglet raises his hands, begging off.]

MS: I just wanted to know if Derek Rage's return to the AWA means that everything is all right between the two of you. Are you back together? Have the Prophets of Rage reunited?

SR: ...To Hell with this! To Hell with you!

[Rage storms off, pointing and shouting at Stegglet.]

MS: Hm, I guess I'm two for two tonight. Fans, we'll be right back after this quick break.

[Fade 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 up on live action backstage where we find Colt Patterson hanging out backstage, mic in hand. Patterson is in a skin-tight violet spandex top, the sleeves cut away to show off his still massive arms. A pair of silver glittering pants cover his muscular legs - no skipping Leg Day for the former three-time World Champion. His silver-tinted sunglasses are present as is a weird leopard print beret on his head.]

CP: DETROIT, LEMME HEAR YA!

[There are some cheers from inside the building as Patterson grins.]

CP: The people were calling for it... “we want more Colt!” And frankly, if the office don’t wanna put me on TV willingly, then I’m gonna make my own segment. Lesees here...

[He pauses, looking someone up and down off-camera.]

CP: “Golden” Grant Carter..

[GGC’s ever-present smile fades a little upon seeing Colt Patterson.]

CP: Carter, what the heck are you even doing here tonight? You’re not even booked and the Senior Special down at Jimmy’s Diner ends in a half hour. Hit the road, Jack!

[Carter shakes his head, ignoring Patterson's jabs as he walks by.]

CP: Who else we got around here? Oh... here we go... here we go...

[Patterson walks up on Curtis Kestrel and Blake Colton who appear to be discussing strategy as he approaches.]

CP: You two are still here? I guess it's fitting you're here in Detroit. The Pistons have won just about as many games as you have matches and they're still in the league too! Hah!

[Colton starts to make a move towards Patterson when Kestrel sticks out an arm to stop his partner.]

CP: Hey, you keep a collar on your boy there, Kestrel! Save that energy for the ring, kid... you're gonna need it.

[A smirking Patterson keeps on walking as Colton rubs his hands together menacingly in the background.]

CP: No doubt I'll get my own regular segment every week after this one. Who else is in this joint that needs a reality check like only Colt Patterson can give 'em? Who else is...

[Colt's voice trails off as he comes up the AWA World Television Champion, Terry Shane, whose head is down as he looks down at his cell phone and obviously is texting away and oblivious to Colt standing a few feet away from him.]

CP: Well, well, well. Terry Shane, World Television Champion... who would have thought you'd be able to crawl out of the gutter and make something of yourself, eh kid?

[Shane looks up at Colt who has an ear to ear grin. He gives him a bit of a nod and before he can speak Colt begins to yap away some more.]

CP: The last time anyone gave a-

[Shane interrupts.]

TS: Do you actually have something important to say or are you just spouting off because you know I won't strike the elderly?

[Patterson gets heated at that.]

CP: The elderly?! Listen here, you little punk! I'm twice the man you'll ever be on your best day and you ain't got that many best days!

[Shane shakes his head.]

TS: I think we're done here.

[Shane turns to walk away but Patterson interjects.]

CP: I'm assuming you were watching El Presidente out there earlier.

[Shane comes to a halt, throwing a look over his shoulder.]

CP: Have you figured it out yet?

[Shane stands silent, glaring at Patterson.]

CP: Is Javier Castillo your friend?

[Colt pauses.]

CP: Or your enemy?

[Shane stays still for a moment. He stares directly at Colt whose grin slowly begins to fade as he feels the glare from Shane begin to harden before the champion stomps away, leaving Patterson behind.]

CP: I'll take that as a "no comment."

[And we fade from Patterson to a panning shot of the Palace of Auburn Hills crowd. The crowd is cheering, waving at the cameras, trying to get on television...

...and they leap up, screaming and shouting as the opening notes of "I Can" hit!]

GM: A whole lot of talk here tonight about who are Javier Castillo's friends and who are his enemies... and after Memorial Day Mayhem, I'd imagine you'd have to put this man on the latter list! Jordan Ohara is here for an unscheduled visit and I can't wait to hear what he has to say!

BW: I thought he was still kicked out of the building!

GM: Will you stop?!

[The crowd cheers get even louder as Jordan Ohara steps through the curtains. The Palace of Auburn Hills screams in support for him as he bounces towards the ring, interacting with the fans along the aisle and playing air piano. He certainly seems a lot happier than the viewer last saw him. His hair is pinned up in a topknot and he has trimmed his facial hair into an anchor-style beard and mustache. The Blasian wrestler is shirtless and only in Carolina blue sweatpants and his favored Jordan 11s. He takes to the ring, microphone in hand, a grin on his hand as the music fades and he looks out on the cheering crowd.]

JO: Damn, it feels good to be here at the Palace of Auburn Hills.

[He looks up at the rafters and the three championship banners hanging.]

JO: But I'll be damned if I chant "DE-TROIT BASKET-BALL!"

[His playful smile eliminates the possibility of the crowd booing him.]

JO: Detroit, there's no better place for me to say what I came here to say. The Motor City is a place where tough guys were made. This arena was the place where the most underrated teams won championships, knocking off bigger, more popular opponents. This is the stage where the best little man in the history of basketball won a title...

[He pauses.]

JO: Sorry, Michael, but right now I gotta channel my inner Isiah... because this is also gonna be the place where the best little man in wrestling challenges the big nasty Russian for the National Title.

[The Detroit fans cheer loudly!]

JO: Zharkov, I want you! I want to finish this once and for all! For months you've been disgracing the National Championship! For months, you've been ducking me. For months, you've been part of the Axis and an embarrassment to the AWA. And then at Memorial Day Mayhem, you caused me to hurt my mother. You think you won't pay for that? Detroit, he's going to pay!

[The fired-up crowd chants for the fired-up Phoenix.]

"JOR-DAN!"

"JOR-DAN!"

"JOR-DAN!"

BW: Might be the first time these Detroit fans ever cheered for a Jordan, Gordo.

GM: Ohara calling out Maxim Zharkov, the AWA National Champion. I like where this is going.

[Ohara continues as the chants die down.]

JO: Good thing my mother is tougher than Hell. She's alright. And now I have to get back on track. I have to get focused. See, I allowed you to get in my head when my mother got hurt. I allowed you to get me kicked out of the building. I gave you an opening for Castillo to use against me and good men got hurt.

[Ohara pauses, looking down at the mat.]

JO: I let my team down. And I'm sorry for that. I want all you people to know that.

[He raises his head, fire in his eyes.]

JO: But I'm refocused. Because sitting there with my mother we got to talking strategy. And she reminded me that wars are lost when you fight on too many fronts and I was fighting on too many fronts. You, Castillo, and my own ambition.

So I have to accomplish one thing at a time.

And the first goal is finishing my fight against the Axis. I started it. I called you guys out a long time ago. And that National Title is all you have left. So I'm going to take it from you. So Zharkov, how about we do it right here? Right now?

[The crowd goes crazy at the idea of an impromptu National Title match.]

GM: Is Zharkov going to accept the challenge?

BW: Gordo, Zharkov isn't paying attention to this pandering punk. Ohara knows this isn't happening. He knows Zharkov isn't coming out.

[Ohara continues waiting... the crowd starting to jeer as it becomes obvious that Zharkov isn't going to respond.]

JO: All right. Apparently your Korugun masters won't let you come out to face me. So, if you won't face me tonight... how about this?

How about we settle this all once and for all on July 4th in Philadelphia?!

[The Detroit crowd erupts!]

JO: Oh yeah, Zharkov, let's get all Rocky IV up in that piece! I'm focused, Zharkov. I want you in that ring. The people want you in that ring. And you know you want to be in that ring.

And that will be the end of the Axis!

And the end of Maxim Zharkov's theft of the National Title!

[Ohara SPIKES the mic into the canvas, mounting the middle rope and pounding his own chest a few times as he shouts into the crowd who are roaring at the idea of the challenge laid down!]

GM: Now that's a challenge, fans! Jordan Ohara wants his shot at the AWA National Title on July 4th in Philadelphia at Liberty Or Death! Will Maxim Zharkov accept?

BW: Are you kidding me? Jordan Ohara ran his mouth for the last time and now he's got himself into a real mess. He just started something that he can't finish, Gordo... but the Tsar can finish him for him. Believe that.

[Ohara hops down off the ropes, ducking to the floor and heading back up the ramp as we abruptly get a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo with a caption reading "SECONDS AGO..." as AWA President Javier Castillo is walking through the backstage area, MAWAGA trailing close behind. Colt Patterson sees him walking and calls out to him.]

CP: Javier? You got a second?

[Castillo waves a hand.]

JC: No, no. Not now, Colt. Important business to-

[Castillo gets cut off in mid-sentence as a voice calls out.]

"Castillo."

[No booming voice. No boisterous announcement of his presence. No "comrade."]

JC: Ah... Mister Zharkov.

[Castillo tries to put on his winning charm, smiling broadly, as though he is glad to see the AWA National Champion. Behind his grin, he gulps hard.]

JC: Well, tovarisch... I take it... you would speak with me?

[The National Champion answers with silence, inching uncomfortable close to Castillo. As MAWAGA stands at the ready, even the Suited Savage looks somewhat apprehensive about what Maxim Zharkov is capable of.]

JC: I see. What... what can I help you with?

MZ: I would speak with you. Alone.

JC: Of course. MAWAGA, you are dismissed—

MZ: MAWAGA should stay here. You... you will come with me.

[Castillo's formidable mind seems paralyzed in terror as Zharkov bundles El Presidente away and off-camera as we fade 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...

The "Access 365" logo flashes across the screen as we find ourselves in the office of President Castillo. MAWAGA paces slowly, but impatiently. Javier Castillo stumbles in and heads straight for the decanter of potent-looking amber liquid on a side table on the far wall. MAWAGA is about to leap into action, but Castillo puts his hand up to ward him off.]

JC: He... Zharkov... He never raised his voice. He never raised a hand against me

[Castillo, hand shaking, pours a measure of the amber liquid into a small glass.]

JC: You warned me... once... about your time in the Axis together... the real fury of Zharkov... when he was TRULY angry... was terrifying.

[He downs the entire glass in one rushed gulp.]

JC: He told me that the word... 'f-'

[Castillo realizes he needs another drink. He begins pouring another one.]

JC: Where he is from, the word 'f-failure...' was profane to him. You were right, MAWAGA. You always are. I shouldn't have... been so rash as to berate Zharkov... because now...

[Castillo takes a deep sip of liquor.]

JC: ...Now he needs to restore his honor! He's mad, MAWAGA! He's truly a mad Russian! He wants to... face Ohara... alone... Without my help! Without the backing of his Korugun family! Even without his Axis friends!

[Castillo shakes his head nervously.]

JC: He wanted to go out there. We were... the monitor showed Ohara and he wanted to go right then and defend the title! I don't know how but I talked him out of it... but...

[Another long pull from the glass.]

JC: Dios mio, he... he wants to face Ohara at Liberty or Death! He wants to defend the National Title when his opponent will be the most inspired to fight! I can't talk him out of it MAWAGA; he will not listen to reason.

Something... must be done about Zharkov. But what?

[Castillo's eyes dart around as a female figure lightly steps from the shadows behind him. She puts a hand on his shoulder.]

VW: Javier... I have an idea. Let me handle this one.

[Castillo eyes the well-manicured fingers on his shoulder... and slowly nods his head.]

JC: Yes... yes, perhaps.

[Westerly nods, her fingers trailing down Castillo's arm as she slithers out the door into the hallway...

...and Castillo's eyes lock on his desk, going wide.]

JC: You.

[Someone suddenly steps out of the shadows, smirking at Castillo. It is one of the owners of the company that Castillo is running - Chris Blue. Castillo throws a look at MAWAGA.]

JC: Couldn't have warned me he was here?

[Blue speaks up.]

CB: Don't blame him. I promised I wouldn't rifle through your desk if he didn't throw me through the door by my intestines.

[Castillo sighs, walking towards his desk.]

JC: It's been a long night already and there's still a lot more to do. Speak your peace and then get out.

[Blue flops down behind Castillo's desk, reaching out to run a finger over the big metal key hanging on a chain. Castillo freezes, glaring at the former EMWC owner.]

JC: You're sitting in my chair.

[Blue looks up with a smile.]

CB: I thought you wouldn't mind.

[Castillo sneers.]

JC: You were wrong. Now, if you'll get up and get out of-

[Blue raises a hand.]

CB: I'm not here to provoke you, Javier. In fact, I came to thank you.

[Castillo arches an eyebrow warily.]

JC: Thank me... for what?

[Blue smiles.]

CB: Well... for the mood you put Ryan in. Yeah, he's down right now... thanks to you. But I can see the other side of this rainbow and... well, this mood he's in right now is going to put us on a path that...

[He grins, waving a hand.]

CB: Enough about the future. You never did like talking about that, did you?

[Blue pauses.]

CB: From what people tell me, you've always been a bit of a... short-sighted guy. You want results... you want them right away... and you don't tend to think more than a few weeks down the road.

[Castillo doesn't respond.]

CB: Don't bother denying it, Javier. I know it's true. And I know it's why you're going to lose this war. Because while I'm over here playing the long game... you're only thinking about how you can ruin someone's life over the next couple of weeks.

Because if you were thinking about the future... you would've made better decisions in Chicago.

[Castillo glares at Blue.]

JC: We won the Tower of Doom. We left with the World Title... with the Women's World Title... with-

CB: I'm not talking wins and losses.

JC: We put Wes Taylor in the hospital.

[Blue smiles.]

CB: You did. And you're so proud of that, you haven't bothered to realize what a mistake it was.

[Castillo sneers.]

JC: You think your precious White Knight will be so fired up by Wes Taylor going down, he'll-

[Blue shakes his head.]

CB: Not Ryan... although it'll certainly help. But you can't even begin to understand the dominoes you started knocking over with that move. Wes Taylor's just a kid, Javier. But he's a kid with powerful friends. And he comes from a powerful family. And... well...

[Blue shrugs as he rises from his seat.]

CB: The die is cast, El Presidente. Now all we can do is sit back and watch to see how it lands.

[Blue throws a glance at his watch.]

CB: And I've got a feeling that die will be hitting the table real soon.

[Blue walks past Castillo, slapping him on the back.]

CB: But... I'm sure a powerful guy like you is ready for it... right?

[Blue steps towards the door and shoves it open.]

CB: Oh, and a free word of advice... don't even think you can control Zharkov. Not for a second.

[And just like that, the former AWA owner ducks through the doorway, leaving Castillo to angrily stand near his desk, obvious tension on his face as he leans forward, hands on the desk as we get another flash of the ACCESS 365 logo and go back out into the arena.]

GM: It's been quite a busy night for Javier Castillo back there, Bucky.

BW: What the heck is going on tonight?! Do you people not understand what a busy man El Presidente is?!

GM: Oh, I think we all know what sort of business he's doing back there.

BW: What the heck is that supposed to mean?

GM: What I think is-

[Static. The crowd cheers as "Dance Of The Knights" by Sergei Prokofiev begins to play over the loudspeakers in the Palace of Auburn Hills. The World Television Champion, Terry Shane, steps through the curtain to a large reaction. He smiles at the cheers, raising the title belt to earn a few more. He's dressed in a fitted olive dress shirt and gray jeans and some casual shoes and he's making his way down to the ring.]

GM: This is unexpected, Bucky. We weren't prepared to see Shane in the ring until next week on the all-new Power Hour.

BW: I don't think Shane was expecting himself to be out here either as he's dressed in street clothes. A bit casual at that for a champion if you ask me.

[Shane climbs the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes. He grabs a mic from one of the ringside workers and calls for them to cut the music off.]

TS: Detroit.

[The crowd cheers.]

TS: Sitting in the back tonight watching how everything has gone down has given me a little extra time to self reflect. Frankly, I've had a lot of time to self reflect on Saturday nights lately and it made me realize something.

Since I've come back to the AWA over the past year, I've had a chance to do something a bit different. Change something about myself I was pretty terrible at my first go around.

[He pauses, more than a normal pause and the crowd begins to stir a bit.]

TS: I've had time to listen.

To listen to you all... the fans.

[A nice little cheer.]

TS: Listen to my family.

Listen to myself.

In fact, since I returned to this ring over a year ago, I really tried to focus less on talking all together and more on actions. I tried to come out here every night and be the person everyone else has wanted me to be. Be a man that my father and mother and even Jimmy Jack could be proud to call their family. I made a lot of mistakes the first go around, burned a lot of bridges, ruffled... alright, I pissed a lot of people off.

It was in my best interest this go around to show people that I am capable of putting my head down, shutting up for a change, and proving myself between these ropes with my actions and behavior instead of my personal intentions and beliefs.

I tried to walk a fine line.

Be seen.

Not heard.

[Shane begins to pace.]

TS: Its worked, right?

I've got this.

[He holds up the World Television title, the crowd cheers.]

TS: Hell... I've done well enough to win this title twice and with what seems like an army chasing me, I've still got it. Nobody has been able to take it away from me.

Not Mahoney.

Kendrick.

Kestrel.

TORA. Aarons. Konoe.

Not even...

[Another pause. He catches himself, takes a few steps towards the ropes closest to the entrance aisle, and leans over the ropes.

TS: Javier Castillo.

[There's some murmurs in the crowd at the mentioning of Castillo.]

TS: It seems El Presidente has gotten his hands dirty everywhere else. The World Title. The tag titles. The Rumble. He unleashed an animal on the Women's Wivision. Everywhere...

[He looks down at his title.]

TS: ...but here.

Tonight though... tonight something changed. Tonight, Javier Castillo put his foot down and carved out a thick line in the sand.

Either you are his friend... or his enemy.

[Shane ponders this for a moment.]

TS: Those words resonated with me. I've heard this battle cry before. I've danced this dance. The Wise Men made a similar threat and in case you don't remember, let me remind you who I sided with. I stood shoulder to shoulder with my brothers Jack Lynch and Bobby O'Connor.

I stood shoulder to shoulder with my sworn enemy Hannibal Carver.

I stood shoulder to shoulder with men like Stevie Scott and Johnny Detson not because they were my friends but because the cause was greater than any goal each of us had as individuals.

I stood shoulder to shoulder with the White Knight because even with everything I did wrong, he still believed in me and the greatness inside of me.

[This sits with him for a moment.]

TS: I did this and people still doubt me. People still question which side of the table I sit.

And you know what?

[Shane's head lowers.]

TS: They are right to because the last time I failed to do my part. I fought beside them at the Battle of Los Angeles but I wasn't really there. Demetrius Lake may have sent me home physically that night but mentally I was already gone. I had one foot in the battle... but the other was already a casualty of the war.

So when people ask me if it bothers me that I am still fighting to prove my worth? That I belong? That I deserve a second chance?

The answer is no.

[The crowd buzzes.]

TS: I deserve nothing.

They are right to ask these questions because all I've DONE... is listen.

[Shane begins to straighten up.]

TS: Tonight that changes. Tonight, I make a stand.

Tonight, I want the world and men like Ryan Martinez to know.

When you need me. When you'll have me. When you...t rust me.

I will be there.

[Shane nods as the crowd cheers.]

TS: I will stand beside you. I will fight with you. I am done listening.

[He lifts up his title.]

TS: If it costs me this? Then that's a price that I'm willing to pay because this time around I am-

[The crowd buzzes. Eyes dart towards the entrance portal...

...where Ebola Zaire has wobbled through the curtain into view, standing in bright white loose-fitting pants and deep crimson hooked boots. His morbidly obese frame is exposed, a little of scar tissue and a roadmap of old wounds. A Singapore is gripped tightly in taped fingers as he walks down the ramp towards the ring, whapping the cane against the metal occasionally.]

GM: What the heck is HE doing here?!

BW: Terry Shane's out here running his mouth in Javier Castillo's direction and you wonder why Ebola Zaire is out here? I think it's pretty clear - this monster is on a mission given to him by El Presidente.

GM: Why isn't Castillo out here himself?!

BW: Maybe Terry Shane thinks higher of himself than Castillo does. You heard Castillo earlier. It's a busy night for him and Shane coming out here to run his mouth might be nothing more than an annoyance for the boss.

[The sight of the African Nightmare coming down the aisle sets Terry Shane to unease, quickly unbuttoning the dress shirt as he prepares for battle.

GM: And it's not just Zaire coming out here, Bucky. It looks like we've got Scott Ezra coming out here too. This is gonna be a match apparently!

BW: Is it for the TV Title?!

GM: I have no idea. Rebecca Ortiz is over here talking to our timekeeper... she's trying to get some information too but...

[Ezra passes Zaire on the ramp, diving headfirst under the bottom rope as Shane removes his watch, setting it on the mat as Zaire comes up on the apron...

...and Shane rushes him, blasting him in the ear with a forearm shot as the crowd cheers and the referee signals for the bell!]

GM: Oh! What a shot! And the bell sounds as well so this is official!

[Shane grabs Zaire by the back of the head, marching him down the length of the apron to SLAM his head into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Shane trying to get off to a quick start, trying to keep the Bad Man from the Sudan off balance...

[Zaire stumbles back down the apron, hanging onto the top rope as he drops his Singapore cane down onto the floor. Shane grabs him by the head, twisting away from the ropes, and dropping down onto his butt, snapping Zaire's throat down on the top rope!]

GM: OHHH!

[Zaire flops backwards, falling off the apron to the floor where he manages to land on his feet, wobbling away from the ring as Shane rolls under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Terry Shane's going out after Ebola Zaire, fans! And I can't say this is a good idea at all!

BW: Definitely not. I mean, Terry Shane has held his own in battles with guys like Steve Spector and Hannibal Carver... so he knows how to fight... but this is Ebola Zaire for crying out loud! This is another level of craziness outside the ring!

[Shane grabs Zaire by the back of the head, dragging him along the ringside area...]

GM: LOOK OUT!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

[The crowd "ohhhhs!" as Shane bounces Zaire's head off the ringside commentary table!]

BW: Hey! Keep us out of this!

[Shane winds Zaire up as they get a few more feet away...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

GM: Facefirst down on the apron this time! Terry Shane, the World Television Champion, is standing out here in his street clothes in a fight with Ebola Zaire... and we STILL don't know if the title is on the line, fans!

BW: Shane didn't give Rebecca time to make any sort of announcement... maybe she can come let us know at least.

GM: Shane's got Zaire again... oh no!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ROARS as the third generation grappler bounces Zaire's head off the steel ringpost, causing Zaire to wobble in a daze alongside the apron, hanging onto it as Shane gives a shout to the cheering Detroit crowd!]

GM: Terry Shane is showing the AWA faithful here in Detroit that he's come to fight and if that's what Ebola Zaire wants, he's ready to give it to him!

[Shane catches up to Zaire who is leaning against the ring apron, a trickle of blood coming from his forehead.]

GM: And that mass of scar tissue that Ebola Zaire calls a forehead just split open like a Memorial Day watermelon!

[Shane loops his left arm around Zaire's neck, pulling him into a loose side headlock...

...and knocks his knuckles repeatedly into the big man's forehead, worsening the flow of blood escaping his badly-scarred face!]

GM: Shane's trying to split him open a little more... and this is a side we haven't seen out of Terry Shane in quite some time, Bucky.

BW: That's right. Since he came back to the AWA, he's been on the straight and narrow pretty much and this kind of this hasn't really been up his alley.

[Shane lets go of Zaire who again stumbles away as Shane rolls under the bottom rope, breaking the referee's count before rolling back out.]

GM: A smart move there by the World Television Champion, breaking the official's count before it gets to ten.

BW: But that means he wants more of Zaire on the floor and again, I can't think that's a good idea, Gordo.

GM: He's handling himself pretty well out there so far...

[Shane grabs Zaire by the arm, throwing a glance towards the crowd who get the hint, quickly bailing out of the way...]

GM: IRISH WHI-

[But the shoulder throw is reversed by the much-larger Zaire, sending Shane rocketing towards the steel railing where he lifts off his feet, flying sideways bodily into the railing, causing it to shift back several inches on impact!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Shane hits the floor hard, writhing in pain as the bloody Ebola Zaire leans against the ring apron, ignoring the referee's shouts to get the action inside the ring.]

GM: And all that brawling on the floor just drastically turned in Ebola Zaire's favor, Bucky.

BW: I knew Shane was pushing his luck out there, Gordo. It was only a matter of time.

[Zaire pushes off the apron, lumbering over towards the downed Shane who he drags up to a knee...

...and SMASHES an overhead elbow down between the eyes... once... twice... three times!]

GM: Zaire going to work with some heavy blows... over four hundred pounds of mass in there with the World Television Champion.

[Zaire hauls Shane to his feet, pulling him away from the railing back towards the ring. He tosses Shane under the bottom rope, keeping a grip on the hair to hang Shane's head off the apron...]

GM: What is he...? OHHH!

[The crowd groans as Zaire throws a massive overhead chop, the "blade" of his hand slamming down on the throat of Shane!]

GM: Good grief!

[Shane starts flailing about on the canvas, coughing violently as Zaire sits nearby, his tongue lolling out as crimson trickles down his face.]

GM: An absolutely brutal attack by Ebola Zaire leaves Terry Shane gasping for air down on the canvas...

BW: And right about now, I've gotta think Shane might be regretting running his mouth in Javier Castillo's direction, Gordo.

GM: You could be right about that. Terry Shane, obviously taking offense to the words of El Presidente earlier tonight... or perhaps goaded by Colt Patterson a little earlier as well. Whoever got under his skin, Shane came out here to tell Castillo that he is NOT going to simply bow down to the power of Castillo and Korugun.

BW: You know, Gordo... there's a lot of bravery running around these parts tonight. Martinez, Carver, Ohara, Shane, Somers... I wonder how much of that bravery will be left when Javier Castillo gets done with those people. Ask Wes Taylor how that bravery worked out for him.

[As Shane rolls back inside the ring, Zaire circles around the ringpost, leaning down...]

GM: Where's Zaire going now?

BW: I'm not sure but... oh jeez.

[The crowd groans as Zaire stands tall, gripping his Singapore cane in hand.]

GM: And now he's got the cane! He'll be disqualified if he uses it but-

BW: But you think he gives a damn about that?

[Zaire tosses the cane into the ring, somehow getting his large frame back up on the apron and through the ropes. The referee moves to grab the cane but Zaire responds with a hard shove, knocking Scott Ezra down to the canvas!]

GM: OH, COME ON!

[The referee sits up, angrily swinging his arm towards the timekeeper.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: That's the bell! We've got a disqualification but-

BW: But again, you think he gives a damn?!

[Zaire, still holding his cane, moves towards a rising Terry Shane...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and DRILLS the World Television Champion between the eyes with it, sending Shane down in a heap on the canvas!]

GM: What a shot! Right across the skull!

BW: And now Terry Shane doesn't have to worry about losing the title, Gordo... he's gotta worry about surviving the wrath of Ebola Zaire, Javier Castillo, and the Korugun Corporation so that he can even come to work tomorrow!

[Zaire tosses the cane aside, leaning down to drag Shane to his knees...

...and dips a hand into the pocket on his loose-fitting pants, tugging a shiny metal object into view.]

GM: Oh my god, he's got that damned fork!

BW: It's time to do a little carving on the World Television Champion, daddy!

GM: Zaire's got the fork! He's got Shane right where he wants him! Shane's at his mercy and-

[Suddenly, the crowd begins to buzz at the sight of someone on the entrance ramp.]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: What the hell?!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of someone tearing down the aisle towards the ring...]

GM: JACK LYNCH! THE IRON COWBOY IS COMING!

BW: What?! Why?!

[The fans get louder as Lynch draws closer... revealing that he's only wearing one boot because the other one is dangling from his gloved right hand.]

GM: Jack Lynch is coming to the ring and-

[The lanky Texan dives under the bottom rope, coming to his feet as Zaire shoves Shane away, turning to face his new attacker...

...who DRILLS Zaire between the eyes with a swinging cowboy boot!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: WHAT A SHOT!

[Zaire wobbles under the blow but keeps his feet as Lynch rears back again...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES AGAIN!

[Zaire's arms start pinwheeling as Lynch tosses the boot aside angrily.]

GM: Zaire's trying to stay up and... Lynch to the ropes!

[Bouncing back, the big Texan leaves his feet, extending his body, and CRACKS Zaire across the collarbone with his arm, putting the African Nightmare down on his back to a HUGE ROAR!]

GM: AND DOWN GOES ZAIRE! LYNCH HAS DROPPED THE BIG MAN!

BW: I still don't know what he's doing out here, Gordo! Is he trying to save Terry Shane?! Is he trying to-

[Lynch looks down at Zaire who is flat on his back on the canvas...

...and then lifts his gloved right hand to the sky to a HUGE ROAR!]

GM: Lynch is calling for the Claw! Jack Lynch calling for the Iron Claw and-

[But instead of reaching down and locking that iron grip around the bloody skull of Zaire, Lynch grabs the ankle, lifting Zaire's leg up as the crowd noise audibly changes...]

BW: Wait a second now...

GM: We've seen this before, Bucky!

BW: You're damn right we've seen it before, Gordo! And when we've seen it, Jack Lynch has done SERIOUS damage!

[The eyes of Lynch - so typically full of life and energy - are cold and determined... icy as he looks down at the helpless Zaire...

...and locks his fingers around Zaire's kneecap!]

GM: AHHHHHHH!

[The Detroit crowd ERUPTS in a shocked reaction as a burning mad Lynch digs his fingers into the ligaments and tendons around Zaire's leg. And what comes next is a sound that few have ever heard:

Ebola Zaire SCREAMING in agony as his knee is ripped apart by the Iron Cowboy.]

GM: LYNCH IS RIPPING AND TEARING AT THE KNEE OF EBOLA ZAIRE! THE KNEE CLAW IS LOCKED IN AND ZAIRE IS SCREAMING! HE'S SCREAMING, BUCKY!

BW: I've never heard that! I've been around Zaire for YEARS and I've NEVER heard this coming from him before! Jack Lynch is a... he's a damn MONSTER, Gordo!

GM: Jack Lynch has been pushed too far! Jack Lynch has had his family attacked by Korugun and... well, Jack Lynch has decided to attack back! Remember earlier tonight, Bucky... Hannibal Carver told Javier Castillo that they were coming for one of his to get payback for what happened to Wes Taylor at Memorial Day Mayhem - this has gotta be it!

BW: Oh, great... so now Lynch is taking orders from a drunken lunatic that ISN'T his father?!

GM: Zaire continues to scream - the referee's calling for help! He's waving for help out here! The match is over - Terry Shane's going to win this one by disqualification but right now, I'm wondering about Ebola Zaire's kneecap!

[Lynch continues to dig his gloved hand into the knee, ignoring the referee's cries as the ring starts to fill with AWA officials.]

GM: We've got officials out here! Slater's out here! Rogers is out here! Look, even Jon Stegglet's out here! One of the owners of the company and- fans, this is a chaotic scene here in Detroit!

BW: Hey, at least no one's fighting in the crowd - that's how it usually gets NUTS here in Detroit!

GM: Fans, we're being told to go to commercial! We're going to take a break! We're... hang on... here comes more officials!

[The scene is wild as Lynch digs his fingers into the kneecap, defiantly screaming at any of the officials who draws near him as we abruptly cut to black.]

Fade in to the Schutzmans. In the background, Mooselips' elderly brewmaster Lorne Schutzman stands beside a 15-foot-long red paperclip. "Savory" Avery Schutzman, president and CEO of Mooselips Brewery is in the foreground. Beside him is a whiteboard on an easel. Obviously Mooselips has its own criteria for tag teams, as the whiteboard is covered with team names: 'NEXT GEN,' 'SHOOTING STARS,' 'SYSTEM SHOCK,' 'SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE,' 'GOLD STANDARD,' and, perhaps most troublingly, variations of the letters, 'POE,' 'OPE,' and 'OEP.']

AS: Greetings from Mooselips Brewing, coming to you from Kipling, Saskatchewan; population 1,140! And home of the World's Largest Red Paperclip. Everyone knows the story of how a young man from Montreal was able to barter a single red paperclip to a house right here in Kipling. And soon everyone will know the story of how the AWA, in nine short years, was able to grow from a little studio in Texas into a worldwide promotion that will sell out Mosaic Stadium in Regina in only a few short weeks!

[Avery Schutzman points his marker at the whiteboard.]

AS: And with Howie Somers and Daniel Harper capturing the AWA World Tag Team Championship, that puts them in the lead over System Shock for Mooselips' top team! Myself and my uncle Lorne will be attending the AWA's pay-per-view extravaganza on July the 4th called...

[He checks his notes.]

AS: ..."Liberty or Death"...

[He folds the note up and puts it back in his jeans pocket.]

AS: I'll take the "Liberty," thanks. Uncle Lorne and I will be present to give our official Mooselips sponsored team a special prize. And thank you for your support.

[Lorne Schutzman begins muttering something in the background.]

AS: What? No Uncle Lorne, we can't give them two red paperclips.

[Fade to black...]

HOUR THREE

...and as we fade up to a chaotic shot in the backstage area where we can hear screams. Pain. Anger. Frustration. Fear.

And in the middle of it all, we see Ebola Zaire being pushed through the Chimpanzee Position on a stretcher. Javier Castillo stands nearby, flanked by MAWAGA and John Law, a grimace on his face as he watches one of his monsters be wheeled from the ring. A wide-eyed Dr. Ponavitch is speaking to Castillo who doesn't seem to be responding at all. Mark Stegglet rushes forward, mic in hand.]

MS: Mr. Castillo, after the actions of-

[Castillo turns away abruptly, leaving MAWAGA to shove Stegglet aside as the trio makes their way out of view, the wails from Ebola Zaire the soundtrack for us as we crossfade to...

...Sweet Lou Blackwell standing in another part of the backstage area alongside Veronica Westerly.]

SLB: Korugun takes a huge blow there with Ebola Zaire going down hard at the hands of Jack Lynch... and speaking of the Lynch family...

[Blackwell looks back and forth.]

SLB: Veronica Westerly, my dear... I was told this was going to be an interview with James Lynch! What gives?

[Westerly raises an eyebrow.]

VW: No, you were told that you would hear about the James Lynch situation, Blackwell... and that's why I'm here.

SLB: The situation - as you put it - is that a man who we thought might not ever wrestle in the AWA again just shockingly betrayed his friends and his family to link up with the likes of you and Castillo... that's the situation.

[Westerly glares at Blackwell.]

VW: Watch your tongue, Lou... or I'll have someone remove it so I can watch it for you.

[Polemos steps into frame, tugging his glove into place as he looks down on Blackwell.]

SLB: Easy now. I hate the sight of blood... especially my own. But Veronica Westerly, if James Lynch isn't here tonight, what do you have to say?

[Westerly smirks.]

VW: Let's be clear, Lou. James Lynch would've been here tonight... he wanted to be here tonight... but as one of Korugun's most valuable assets, we asked him to stay home.

SLB: Why is that?

[Westerly gestures off-camera.]

VW: Isn't that obvious? You just saw what Jack Lynch did! Who knows what he would've done if he could've gotten his hands on his more-talented brother!

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: I hardly think Jack Lynch would've put his hands on his own flesh and blood.

VW: But you don't know, Blackwell... and neither do we. So, until we could make the proper arrangements, we wanted to make sure James was out of harm's way.

SLB: Proper arrangements?

[Westerly looks up at Polemos.]

VW: You now have two jobs - protect me... and protect James Lynch. Understood?

[The big man nods his masked head slowly.]

VW: Good. Then I'm perfectly confident in telling the world that the time has come for James Lynch to speak for himself... finally. And he'll do with with brightest lights in the world on him, Lou... at Madison Square Garden in New York City on The Call Of The Wilde with the entire world watching!

SLB: The Call Of... Bucky Wilde is going to interview James Lynch?!

VW: Indeed he is. We think it's time Mr. Wilde becomes acquainted with an honorable member of the Lynch family. See you in the Big Apple.

[Westerly and Polemos turn to exit as we fade back out to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: I... did I just hear that correctly, Bucky?

BW: The Call Of The Wilde! It's back, daddy! By demand of the network! FOX wants what brings in big ratings and big money and nothing brings in either one of those more than good ol' Big Bucks himself!

GM: You're going to interview James Lynch?!

BW: Hey, if he stabbed all those stinkin' Stenches in the back and broke the old lady's heart, he can't be all bad, can he? Well, we're going to find out in New York City!

GM: I can't believe after all the horrible things you've said about the Lynch family over the years that...

[Gordon trails off as the traditional military march "The British Grenadiers" starts to play.]

BW: What the--? These guys don't even go here anymore!

GM: This song used to herald the arrival of the British Bashers, Bucky, and you are right, the Bashers are no longer a part of the AWA. But we learned last month that one of them, Rory Smythe, has been competing in Combat Corner Wrestling. He's had some issues with Callum Mahoney and Mahoney's cousin, Malcolm Sweeney, so I'm guessing it's Smythe who's heading out here to set those issues straight!

[Instead of Smythe, however, first to emerge from the entranceway is Combat Corner trainee Lenny Abraham. He has blond hair that he wears in an undercut and slicked back. Abraham is dressed in white trunks, with a red band running down each side, black knee pads and white boots.]

GM: Lenny Abraham, whom we saw coming to the aid of Smythe and Rocco Rolla last Saturday Night Wrestling when the two were attacked by Mahoney and Sweeney. And here comes Rolla...

[Rolla is a mustachioed, olive-skinned, burly man, with short, wavy, and more than a little greasy, dark brown hair. His white singlet features the image of a gambling chip, with \$100,000 on it, across the front, with the words "HOLLA HOLLA" printed above the chip, and the words "ROCCO ROLLA" below the gambling chip. He follows Abraham down the aisle.]

BW: You say attacked, but all I saw was Rolla and Smythe try to step up to the Irishmen and getting their rear ends handed back to them.

[Finally, Rory Smythe strides through the entranceway, dressed in tights that are white for the most part, with the Union Jack covering most of the left thigh. While normally he would zigzag down the aisle, trying to reach out and touch as many outstretched hands as possible, tonight Smythe is stoic, as he follows his compatriots straight to the ring.]

GM: It was Mahoney who challenged these men to a match at some point after Memorial Day Mayhem for the fate of Rory Smythe, but it looks like Smythe, Abraham, and Rolla aren't waiting for the Armbar Assassin to say when.

[All three men climb into the ring as Rolla asks Rebecca Ortiz for the microphone.]

RR: Holla holla! It's me! Rocco Rolla! Last month, a couple of Irishmen tried to get the jump on Rory and I, but they couldn't have backed off quicker when Lenny here showed up to get a little payback of his own. And then Mahoney says they want a match against any two of the three of us?

[Rolla gestures to his comrades and himself.]

RR: Well, Callum, here we are, and I don't know what sort of hold you have on Rory but why don't you get your butts out here so we can, how do I put this? Square things up?

[Rolla hands the mic back to Rebecca Ortiz, as The Chieftains' "Brian Boru's March" starts to play, to jeers from the crowd packed into The Palace. All three men in the ring turn to face the entranceway, where Callum Mahoney emerges, dressed to compete 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. He also has a microphone in his hand.

Mahoney is followed by the strapping redhead that is his cousin Malcolm Sweeney. Sweeney has on a pair of black trunks, black knee pads, with the image of two crossed spears, or pikes, in silver on the front of each, and black boots, and he looks ready to charge to the ring were it not for Mahoney holding a hand out in front of his wide-eyed cousin. Instead, Mahoney brings the mic up to his lips, and begins to walk slowly to the ring, as the music fades.]

CM: Rocco, what business I have with Rory is none of YOUR business. You should not have stuck your big, ugly nose in it. And you, Lenny, you should have stuck to training at the Combat Corner and not have gotten involved. And, yet, there you two stand, ready to... What? Aid Rory in renegeing on his end of the deal we made?

[As Mahoney and Sweeney reach the ringside area, Rolla and Abraham approach the side of the ring closest to the aisle, yelling for the Irishmen to get in. Abraham even makes a show of holding the ropes open.]

CM: Yeah, yeah, we'll get to that soon enough. I'm just surprised, you know? That amidst all this bluster, with the two of you stepping up like this, with Rocco speaking up for him, Rory there has not found it in him to say one word. Not one word.

[Mahoney steps up on the ring stairs, looking into the ring at Smythe.]

CM: And I think I know why. I think it's because he knows exactly how this ends. I think it's because he knows there's just no... backing out... NOW!

[Rory Smythe suddenly charges across the ring and lands a clubbing forearm across the back of Abraham's neck and shoulders.]

GM: What the-?!

[Taken by surprise, Rolla does not notice Sweeney slide into the ring behind him, whipping him around into a European uppercut that takes him off his feet!]

GM: What is going on here?!

[A big slam from Smythe plants Abraham on the canvas.]

GM: Rory Smythe attacked his, what, friend? Fellow Combat Corner trainee? And Sweeney and Smythe continue the beatdown on Rolla and Abraham. Why, Rory, why?

BW: You heard what Mahoney said, Gordo, there's no backing out from a good deal! The Armbar Assassin always has a plan and now he is calling the shots from outside the ring.

[We see and hear Mahoney yelling, "Suplex the idiot!" Smythe does just that, pulling Abraham to his feet, wrapping his arms around him and laying Abraham out with a belly-to-belly suplex.]

GM: Smythe puts him down hard... and look at this! Sweeney waves him over and it looks like Rory Smythe and Malcolm Sweeney are working together!

[Lifting Rolla into the air, the two men drop down to a knee, dropping Rolla across the bent knees!]

GM: OHHH!

[A grinning Mahoney nods happily.]

GM: Look at the grin on Mahoney's face. He's loving this.

BW: Yeah, but I don't think he's satisfied yet, Gordo... I don't think they're done.

[With a nod to Smythe, Sweeney walks over to Abraham, who is just pushing himself onto his hands and knees. Sweeney pulls him up into a standing head scissors, before picking Abraham up and over onto his back, holding Abraham under his arms. Sweeney turns around to face the center of the ring, watching as Smythe lifts Rolla up into a fireman's carry...]

GM: Both men have their victims up and...

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd groans as Smythe drops Rolla with a gutbuster while Sweeney lays out Abraham with a crucifix powerbomb.]

GM: Good grief!

BW: Now they are done.

[Smythe and Sweeney exchange a handshake over the motionless bodies of their foes as Mahoney looks on from the floor, applauding as the crowd jeers.]

GM: The boos pouring down here in Detroit for this international trio and... well, Bucky, I can't say that I blame them. Rory Smythe certainly seemed to be a young man on the straight and narrow path but... well, Mahoney corrupts all, I suppose. I don't understand why Rory Smythe has done this at all... but it sounds like Mark Stegklet has set himself up to try and get some answers.

[Mahoney waves Sweeney and Smythe to exit the ring, following him up the ramp as Stegklet emerges from the curtain, camping himself on stage and waiting for their arrival.]

MS: A shocking turn of events here in Detroit, fans... and Rory Smythe, come on in here please.

[Smythe moves to stand alongside Stegklet as Mahoney and Sweeney take up spots behind him.]

MS: You just attacked two men who stood up for you - who were prepared to stand alongside you and fight tonight and... you gotta explain this to me? Why, Rory?

[Smythe sneers at the question.]

RS: Why, Rory... Why? I have to admit it, when Callum first came to me with the deal... When Callum said he'd worked out something for me to stay here in the United States, train in the Combat Corner, and maybe someday come back to the AWA with him guiding me? Initially, I was resistant to it.

[Mahoney claps Smythe on his powerful shoulder.]

RS: I'd done the team player thing with the Bashers, and "Prince" Colin Hayden was all the guidance I needed. With Mahoney's reputation and his past actions, I thought I would have been better off heading back to Britain with them. I would have even been happier just wrestling for CCW, and I am thankful for the training I've been fortunate to have had with the San Jose Shark and the rest of the trainers at the Combat Corner.

So, no, I did not want to cast my lot with Callum Mahoney at first. I didn't feel like I owed him anything and I did not think that I needed his guidance. Until...

MS: Until?

RS: Until he came to me with an offer for the one thing I'd need a partner, or two, to have a shot at.

MS: And what would that be?

RS: Six words, Mark. Battle of Saskatchewan. The Stampede Cup.

MS: What? Are you saying that you want in the Stampede Cup? But with who?

RS: Got to go, Mark. Thanks for this time, but I've got a team meeting to get to. We've got strategy to discuss, you know?

[Smythe walks off, leaving Stegglet with clearly more questions as we fade to backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing in front of an AWA backdrop. With him are the new AWA World Tag Team Champions, Next Gen. Howie Somers is to Blackwell's left and is dressed in a navy blue button down shirt and black slacks. Daniel Harper is to Blackwell's right and is dressed in a white polo shirt and blue jeans. Each wrestler has a tag team belt slung over his shoulder.]

SLB: With me at this time, wrestling fans, are the new AWA World Tag Team Champions, Next Gen! Gentlemen, this time around you not only walked out with the titles, but the ruling hasn't been overturned. And more importantly, Daniel Harper, you have won the first championship of your wrestling career at 21 years of age! You might be the youngest person to win a title here in the AWA, in fact!

[Harper takes the belt over his shoulder, pulls it down and stares at it. His voice is a bit subdued, not the usual tone we've come to expect from him.]

DH: Sweet Lou, I wasn't even born when my mother won her first title back in the NWC. I was still a toddler when she won her first title in the IWWA. But I remember watching her win the UWF Women's Title for the first time and being so proud of her, hoping I could live up to the family name some day.

And then, to get that text message from her after the match at Memorial Day Mayhem, knowing it was now official, that my friend here and I were the tag team champions -- reading that text message, learning how thrilled she was, how she had tears in her eyes, I knew I had done our family proud.

[He takes a deep breath and looks up at the camera.]

DH: Unfortunately, what was a great night turned pretty sour after that.

First, I watched the Tower of Doom. Make no mistake, I am not a friend of Wes Taylor. His attitude rubbed me the wrong way and Howie and I made it no secret we didn't like that.

But I never would wish what happened to Wes upon him. He didn't deserve anything like that.

[He takes another deep breath.]

DH: To make matters worse, I watch the Main Event and find out that James Lynch had turned his back on his family, turned his back on his legacy. Find out that he had dragged Supernova's name through the mud -- he fooled me, my friend here, just about everyone in the AWA. And all I could think about was how in the world could somebody turn his back on family, when family is the most important thing you have, Sweet Lou. I could never imagine me or Howie doing something like that to our families. My heart is breaking for Jack, Theresa, all of the Lynches.

And then I hear from our president that Howie and I should be thankful for having an impartial enforcer for the tag team title match, that we should show our allegiance to him. Well, if the president thinks that Howie and I should show our loyalties to him because we walked out with the gold...

[His eyes are now more intense and he raises his voice in the loud tones we're used to by now.]

DH: I DON'T THINK SO!

John Law called it down the middle, I'll give him that, but that doesn't make up for what you did to Wes Taylor! For what you did to the Lynch family! For what you did to Supernova! For what you've been doing the past few months, demanding everyone not dare question your brilliant ideas, then abusing your power to tarnish everything good about the AWA and hurt everyone who has given everything they have to this company!

You make me sick, Castillo! And you aren't going to get any oath of loyalty from Howie and I! No! Instead, Howie and I want to say Jack Lynch, Ryan Martinez, Hannibal Carver, Jordan Ohara, Supreme Wright, and everyone else who's standing against the tyranny of Korugun that, whenever you need Howie and I, we will be there for you, and we will fight for everything that's good about the AWA and its legacy!

We will never side with Korugun! Not tonight! Not ever!

[He shakes his head and turns away for a moment, letting loose a breath, disgust on his face.]

SLB: Some strong words from Daniel Harper, fans. Howie, I take it you feel the same way about what went down at Memorial Day Mayhem -- I should note that, in your case, this is not the first time you've worn tag team gold in your wrestling career. But there's other AWA business at hand, and that brings me to this: System Shock has already exercised their rematch clause and wants you in a steel cage. And it's interesting that your partner brought up Hannibal Carver, because it appears he and Derrick Williams still respect one another and may not be severing their ties like some might have believed.

HS: Sweet Lou, I don't know Hannibal Carver that well, I've never talked to the man personally, but I've seen enough of him to know that he's a man of his word. People may not always like what he has to say or what he chooses to do, but he's a straight shooter and I can respect that. So if he still has respect for Williams, that's his right and I'm sure he'll let us and System Shock take care of whatever business we have left.

[He turns to the camera.]

HS: But we all know that Carver isn't going to stand with Javier Castillo, so that's all I need to hear to know that, yes, if Carver wants us to answer the call, we'll be there. The same goes for Jack Lynch, Ryan Martinez or anybody else.

But let's get back to System Shock. They wanted to exercise their rematch clause, then so be it. They want it to be in a steel cage, then so be it. They want to drown their sorrows in Mooselips, then so be it.

Let's just mark our calendars for a date, then. Rumor has it that there's going to be some special shows going down in July, so let's mark it down for then. Gives Derrick Williams and Riley Hunter all the time they need to prepare, to figure out what keeps going wrong for them, to see if this time around, they can get the job done against Daniel and I.

[He slaps the belt on his shoulder.]

HS: But if the two of them want to keep putting asterisks beside our names each time we walk out with the World Tag Team Titles, then they better get ready to put something else beside our names once the steel cage match goes down -- and that's an exclamation point because Daniel and I are gonna make it three and oh against System Shock.

And as far as Javier Castillo is concerned, if you think we're going to bow down before you because of John Law... well, John Law did his job and we thank him, but any request to bow down before you gets only this response.

Like hell -- and you can put a lot of exclamation points beside that!

[Harper nods toward his partner and tosses his belt back over his shoulder.]

SLB: Fans, Next Gen made a statement and Memorial Day Mayhem, but they are clearly not done making statements! Let's go back to ringside!

[And with that, we fade back to the arena as "Don't Tread on Me" plays over the speakers. The Soldiers of Fortune march down to the ring, ready for their match.]

RO: This contest is an USA vs. the World challenge scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit! Coming down the aisle... at a total combined weight of 523 pounds.. JOE FLINT.. CHARLIE STEPHENS... THE SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE!

[The crowd boos the so-called American heroes, but the duo pay the crowd no mind as they wave their flags proudly.]

GM: As the Soldiers of Fortune make their way to the ring, let's show you an interview that "Sweet" Lou Blackwell had earlier tonight with the Soldiers.

[Fade to outside the Palace of Auburn Hills, where an "Earlier Tonight" blurb appears at the bottom of the screen. Blackwell is standing next to the Soldiers, who are dressed in their ring gear. Charlie Stephens is wearing a pair of torn white-washed blue jeans and a t-shirt with the Soldiers of Fortune logo splashed across the front. He carries an American flag. Joe Flint is wearing camo pants over a black singlet. Dangling from Flint's mouth is a large cigar. The cigar is lit, and smoke can be seen coming from Flint's mouth.]

SLB: Joe, if I can be frank, I gotta say that I'm not comfortable standing next to you two with that big cigar hanging from your mouth. I thought you kicked that habit years ago.

JF: Where's yer source on that one, "Sweet" Lou? Some nerd on Twitter? C'mon, ya gotta have a pre-match smoke somewhere, Lou. Can't be smokin' in the arena. A little somethin' called regulations and fire safety. Heh. What a country.

SLB: First off, you two were absent during the Memorial Day Mayhem show, and..

[Flint turns towards Sweet Lou, and takes the cigar out of his mouth. He blows a little smoke in Blackwell's face, who jumps back and coughs.]

SLB: GOODNESS!

JF: What would you expect us to be doin'? Honorin' the fallen, that's what. That's what Memorial Day's all about. A lot of good men, all throughout American history, and even men from my own unit fell in order for a bunch of fat and lazy ingrates to feel safe grillin' burnt hamburgers and buyin' cheap foreign cars for 10% off and no money down.

[Flint shakes his head.]

JF: Look at where we are, Sweet Lou. Detroit was the car capital of the world! We had some real solid, American Made cars goin' off the nearby assembly lines, thousands every day! Ya can drive 'em for twenty to thirty years without a single problem. Now, everyone wants to go cheap and ya know what happens? They fall

apart before the lease is even up. Makes me sad to see what was once a symbol of American power fall apart like this.

[Flint sighs, then puts the cigar back up to his lips. He takes a few short puffs before removing the cigar, tossing it to the ground.]

JF: Detroit hasn't seen true American power in a long time, but for one more night, they're gonna be reminded of what it's all about.

At ease.

[Flint stomps the ground where he threw the cigar, then turns and opens the door back into the arena. However, Charlie Stephens hasn't followed him in yet. Sweet Lou turns towards him quizzically.]

SLB: Can I help you?

CS: Yes. You can tell Next Gen and System Shock that after the Stampede Cup, they're gonna be put on notice.

[Stephens glares at Sweet Lou before entering the arena. Once Stephens gets back inside, we fade to the ring, where the Soldiers of Fortune await their opponents.]

RO: ...and their opponents, at a total combined weight of 483 pounds, first from Vancouver, British Columbia... Rory McAllister! His partner, from Montreal, Quebec, Canada.. Franky Brisbois!

[No music plays as the two Canadians jog down to the ring, trying to get the crowd hyped up and behind them for the USA vs. the World challenge. McAllister's wearing a pair of white trunks, white kneepads, and orange boots. He has a brown shoulder length mullet and a chiseled face. Brisbois has a mop of black curly hair, looking like a Canadian version of John Oates. Brisbois wears red trunks, white kneepads, and red boots.]

GM: These two young men, probably not what the Soldiers had in mind when they wanted to face off against some of the finest tag teams from around the world, but you never know.

[The two young men roll into the ring, only to find themselves on the receiving end of stomps from the Soldiers of Fortune.]

BW: I don't think the Soldiers want to take that chance that these two are more than they bargained for, Gordo.

[Pulling McAllister to his feet, Flint uncorks a devastating standing version of his Howitzer lariat, sending his victim up and over the ropes where he lands HARD on the outside!]

GM: Big clothesline there by Flint may have turned that young man's lights out already... look at this!

[Stephens stands over Brisbois who is face down on the mat. He leans over, grabbing Brisbois around the waist and dead lifts him up and over with a German Suplex!]

GM: MY STARS! Stephens nearly drops Brisbois right on the top of his head with a devastating release German...

BW: American Suplex! Get it right, or else Flint's gonna puff a lot of cigar smoke in your face.

[Stephens rolls to the apron as Flint barks at the ref to ring the bell.]

GM: What? NOW they want to start the match? That hardly seems sporting. This match may as well be over after that... American suplex. Flint dragging Brisbois to his feet... I guess these are the legal men...

[Flint snags a front facelock, lifting his opponent up, and drops him facefirst to the canvas!]

GM: Ohhh! Bunker Buster by Flint! And if that suplex earlier wasn't enough, they're looking to make short work out of their opponents tonight.

[Flint, on his knees, looks over to Stephens, raising his arm in a salute.]

GM: Flint on his feet, there's the tag to Charlie Stephens...

[Flint lifts Brisbois up in a bear hug.]

BW: When Flint said that Detroit hasn't seen true American power in a long time..

[Stephens bounces off the ropes as Flint lowers Brisbois, just in time for Stephens to catch Brisbois across the throat with a necktie clothesline.]

BW: He wasn't kidding!

GM: That's going to get the Soldiers a three count! The Soldiers definitely didn't want to play around tonight.

[Stephens rolls off of Brisbois, and clambers to his feet. He looks down at Brisbois in disgust, as Flint enters the ring, walking over to Stephens and whispering in his ear.]

RO: The winners of the match.. THE SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE!

[Stephens grins and motions for Rebecca Ortiz to hand him the microphone. Ortiz reluctantly obliges as Flint drops to his knees, looming over Brisbois.]

CS: You know something that we've been hearing lately that's been disturbing? No one says the Pledge of Allegiance anymore!

GM: Come on! That's not true!

CS: We need to start showing a lot more American pride around here, and it starts tonight with this worm.

[Flint pulls Brisbois to a seated position, and it looks like he's beginning to lock in his Cobra Clutch.]

CS: So.. we're going to say the Pledge of Allegiance right here and right now. I'm pretty sure that in Canada, their version of the pledge is something from a stupid Bryan Adams ballad, so I'm going to help him out. Now, repeat after me or else Joe here is gonna snap your neck with the Cobra Clutch.

[Stephens kneels down next to Flint and Brisbois.]

JF: You puked in the arena and at home better be standin' and pledgin' along. Let's get the show on the road.

CS: Okay. I pledge allegiance to the flag... c'mon.

[Stephens shoves the mic in Brisbois' face.]

FB: Aaah.. I.. pledge allegiance to the flag..

[The crowd boos, instead of following along to the pledge. Flint cinches in the clutch a little more, not fully hooking it.]

GM: For goodness sakes, this is disgusting, and will you sit down, Bucky?

CS: ..of the United States of America, and to the republic for which it stands.

FB: ..of the United States of... aaaa... America, and... and.. to the repub...

[The crowd continues to boo, and Flint cinches in a bit tighter in response.]

CS: Put a little feeling into it! Make us proud!

CS: One nation under God..

[Stephens leans forward, but it looks like Brisbois' no longer responding. Stephens taps him with the microphone.]

CS: Hello? Anyone in there?

[Stephens glances over to Flint, and shrugs.]

CS: Alright, let's finish this without our friend here.

[Flint grins and nods his head, fully locking in the Cobra Clutch at this point.]

CS/JF: One nation, under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all!

[As soon as the Pledge ends, Flint lets Brisbois go. Brisbois slumps to the mat unconscious as the Soldiers kneel over him.]

GM: This is disgusting, we apologize for what just happened. The Soldiers took a beautiful daily ritual and turn it into this.. garbage. Let's go to commercial.

[Fade to black...

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

“Wow! I wish I could be the champion!”

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

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

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

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

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

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

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

[FLASH!

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

"I can be a champion too!"

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

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

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to live action, a panning shot of the capacity crowd in the Palace of Auburn Hills. The fans are cheering, waving at the camera as it washes over them... but soon erupt in boos as "My Type" by Saint Motel starts to play over the PA system.]

GM: We are back here on Saturday Night Wrestling, fans, and it appears the newest group on the scene is about to join us here in Detroit right now... a group that must be EXTREMELY proud of themselves for what they did at Memorial Day Mayhem.

BW: I don't think confidence will be a thing this group ever lacks.

GM: I think you're confusing confidence with arrogance.

[Casually strutting out from the back comes Michael Aarons. He has on a pair of blue jeans with cowboy boots and his black, sleeveless, leather vest. His long brown hair is French braided down to the top of his shoulder blades. On his left and his right are Chet Wallace and Chaz Wallace, the American Idols. Aarons does a little gyrating on the ramp while the Idols make a few gestures to the crowd before heading down to the ring.]

GM: I see the Idols made a costume change since we last saw them.

BW: What are you talking about? This is the first time we've seen the Idols here tonight.

GM: Nobody's buying it, Bucky. Nobody.

[As this young trio makes their way down the aisle, Aarons stops at Rebecca Ortiz and slowly removes the microphone from her hand before winking and rolling into the ring. Up on the apron, the Idols slingshot over the top rope and pose as Aarons goes towards the center of the ring.]

MA: Hey, hey, hey... what do we have here?

[Aarons smirks as he looks to his left and his right at the Wallace twins.]

MA: Certainly not Cee Dee that's for sure! Sent him packing on a thirty day vacay! And yes, you're welcome!

[Aarons takes a bow as Chet and Chaz clap.]

MA: But this is more than just taking poor little Cee Dee down a peg. This is an assortment, a gathering of talent. Talent that's been held down and snuffed out for too long!

[Chet gives a "That's right!" and Chaz gives a "Yeah!" as Aarons goes on.]

MA: A collection of talent. "A" plus talent. Talent that's been underused and overlooked for far too long. Talent that's not going to take it any longer.

[All three nod in unison as Aarons hands the mic off to Chaz Wallace.]

Chaz: That's right. You know... Chet and I aren't strangers to being involved with elite groups.

[Chet makes a hand gesture towards the camera that we've come to associate with the Dead Man's Party.]

Chaz: We know what it's like to be on top of the business and to have everyone gunning for ya.

[He shrugs.]

Chaz: Unfortunately, since we got here, the biggest impact we've made is on the AWA's social media numbers as Idol Chatter blows it up each and every week.

[Chet leans over the mic.]

Chet: Don't forget to subscribe, rate, and review.

[Chaz nods.]

Chaz: So, when Michael Aarons... THE Michael Aarons... came to talk to us about our futures here in the AWA... we didn't hesitate to jump on board. Because when you take THE hottest rising star in all of wrestling...

[Chet leans in, pointing over his shoulder at Aarons.]

Chet: That's him.

[Chaz nods.]

Chaz: ...and you pair him up with THE hottest tag team on the planet...

[Chet leans in again.]

Chet: That's us.

Chaz: Indeed, my brotha from the same motha. When you make a combination like that... well, it's magic, baby. So, alakazam and WHAM! Here we are and the AWA ain't never gonna be the same!

[Chaz hands the mic back to Aarons.]

MA: That's right, guys. And these guys are experts, they were the cream of the crop in Japan. They knew all the right people and got in all the right parties. But people here are holding them down... why?

[Aarons gives a cocky shrug.]

MA: Maybe cause The Future has been suckling on the teat of the Past all this time to get all eighteen of those title shots. Maybe Daddy made sure the Kings kept their crowns. Maybe Somers whines to the right people to get the constant shots. No connections in that lot, huh?

[Another cocky shrug.]

MA: But what do I know? Oh, that's right... everything! Having singlehandedly carried slobs to tag team greatness, I'm pretty sure I know tag teams.

[Aarons points at Chet and Chaz.]

MA: And these two are a great tag team! But because their daddy doesn't shill himself on TV every week they're not worth the time of the powers that be? Or maybe because their best friend works for another promotion?

[With that, all three turn to the camera on their opposite side up on the apron and stare directly into it, waving.]

MA: Hey Jay, how's it going, man? Don't worry your spot's right here once you get freed!

[Aarons flashes the same hand sign Wallace used earlier at the camera before turning back to face the crowd.]

MA: Whatever reason... whatever excuse you want to give? It doesn't matter any more.

Because we're not waiting... we're taking. We're not asking... we're doing.

[The Wallaces nod their approval.]

MA: This ain't an opinion piece, this is a statement of fact. And each and every one of you people out there... know what you've been feeling and I feel your pain too! Bored with the same old same old constantly running out here, going through the motions.

You crave excitement! You crave entertainment! You want an experience!

[Aarons smirks as he hooks his thumbs at the Wallace twins.]

MA: Well, for all of you that want an experience... get ready for THE EXPERIENCE!!

And people, The Experience?

[Aarons arrogantly drapes over the top rope as he looks into the crowd and raises the microphone.]

MA: We're just getting started.

[Aarons drops the mic so it falls all the way outside of the ring and with a thud. The trio begins posing in the ring as the crowd jeers.]

GM: Like we said, no lack of arrogance in this trio who are apparently calling themselves The Experience now.

BW: It's got a nice ring to it, Gordo.

GM: Maybe it does... and there's no doubt these are three very talented - and controversial by some of the words out of their mouths tonight - individuals. But can they get to the top of this company? That remains to be seen. And speaking of something we're waiting to see, what about the much-anticipated debut in the AWA Women's Division of Michelle Bailey? Theresa Lynch sat down with Michelle Bailey in the days leading up to Memorial Day Mayhem to discuss her past, her present, and her future. As we get ready for Part 2 of that up close interview, Theresa Lynch is set to get some details on Bailey's very successful time in the EMWC plus her plans for the months ahead. Let's take a look...

[We fade back into the same setup we saw at Memorial Day Mayhem with Bailey and Lynch sitting in Bailey's home.]

TL: I had a chance to talk with Jon Stegglet-...

MB: Steggy!

[Theresa tries not to laugh, while Bailey covers her mouth, giggling.]

TL: He's going to hate that you said that!

MB [still giggling]: I'm allowed one! Just one!

TL: Okay, okay. So I talked with Mr. Stegglet, along with Lori Dane and Todd Michaelson beforehand, and they told me that one of the things they remembered about you from your EMWC days is that your gender was considered in question. It's not so much in question now, obviously, but did it hurt to see it in question then?

[Bailey takes a deep breath.]

MB: Yeah. Yeah. But you know... a lot of that was on me? And when I did Shane's podcast, I talked about this, but for those who didn't hear it, that's part of why I came back. Because here I was wrestling men, kind of being androgynous and ambiguous even though I was definitely presenting femme. If you looked at me, I COULD have been seen as a woman, but I had to sort of tread that line because I wasn't secure in myself at the time. I didn't fully know who I was. I just thought I could walk away from my femininity once I boosted my bank accounts. Like... let me get five or six really good high earning years under my belt, and maybe I can walk away from these mind games now that I have this high level experience. But the deeper I got presenting feminine, the deeper I realized that this was just who I was, and I couldn't walk away from it.

[Bailey sighs.]

MB: I wanted to come back to wrestling because I'm ashamed of how I acted back then. I look at my old footage and I see all these things I used to do, and it's like... this is every single trans stereotype rolled into one. How much damage did I cause for trans people in wrestling just by my own selfish actions? How far back did I set things for LGBTQ people in general, just with how I felt about Jua-...

[Bailey pauses.]

MB: Am I allowed to say his name?

[Theresa shrugs.]

MB: Well, you know who it was. But how I felt about him, and how everyone looked at us? I think about all those things, and I just... feel sick. And I realize now, after everything I've gone through since I retired in 2011, becoming a social worker,

medically transitioning, going through divorce, and all the societal change we've had... we're in 2017. It's not 2003 anymore. Maybe I can get a second chance. Maybe Michelle Bailey... the REAL Michelle Bailey, can get a chance to finally shine.

[Bailey sniffles a bit.]

MB: And that's something else that haunts me, Theresa. The Women's Division, the one that folks like Melis-

[Bailey pauses again.]

MB: I KNOW I can't say her name.

[Theresa shakes her head.]

MB: ... anyway, the Women's Division that everyone's been trying to build since last year? I can't help but watch all the footage that has been sent to me since I signed my contract and wonder... what if I went to the powers that be in EMWC in 2002 and said "hey, I'm actually a woman"? Not what everyone thinks of me, but truly a woman? While I was the Television Champion? Would they have tried to build a Women's Division then, knowing that someone like me would have been able to be a star in it? Because back then, when women's wrestling was quarantined off to Toronto and Japan, maybe someone like me could have helped us break out. I don't know. But I was too scared, or too afraid to just say those words to find out. And I don't know if I deserve a chance to prove myself against the women who have been building this division for the past year or so, but I'd love for everyone to get to know who Michelle Bailey is, wrestling against the talent she should be facing.

[Lynch nods, tilting her head slightly.]

TL: Do you think you're being hard on yourself, though? Society is very different now compared to 15 years ago. I mean, for all you know, you easily could have ended your career by coming out back then. I'm not saying you would have, but I don't think it's fair of you to say that women's wrestling would be in a better spot now if you had come out while you were EMWC Television Champion.

MB: Maybe. Maybe you're right, Theresa. I just always have that regret that I never did it. When you're trans, you live with these regrets that you don't come out sooner, and I didn't fully come out until I was 34, so I look at all these points in my life where I have these huge regrets because I could see... like "oh dang, it's so obvious at this point in my life that I was clearly a girl". Like when I was traveling with Dave Bryant in 2001 and I was always dressed as feminine as possible. How hard would it have been to just go "yeah, you know what, I'm a girl"? But for some reason, I just couldn't do it. It was even worse in 2003, when I was unhappy at home all the time.

TL: But you're happy now, right?

MB: Oh, totally. This was the best, healthiest thing for me. After I came out, I moved here to Northampton, and it really helped me feel comfortable being who I am at all times, not just being that on the road. It cost me my marriage, sure, but I don't blame her for that. I blame myself for not being able to be honest with her sooner. And even though there was some short-term sadness as the last form of stability I had left in my life at the time left, fortunately things have been very good since then. My daughter and I have a great relationship, I have this great day job where I can help people like me not make the mistakes I made, and now, thanks to the AWA, I have a second chance to make a first impression.

[Theresa smiles broadly.]

TL: So I think I should ask, now that you're signed to the Women's Division, and you've been watching footage on the talent, who would you like to see across the ring from you in your first match?

MB: Oh wow. You know, there's a lot of great choices. Julie Somers, she's a great wrestler. Erica Toughill is one of the toughest people I've ever seen. Victoria June is a solid up and comer, and I really like what I've seen out of this Margarita Flores. I think the eventual goal should be to want to wrestle the champ. But you're asking me for anyone?

TL: Anyone you'd like.

[Bailey taps her chin in thought.]

MB: I really think it'd have to be Ayako Fujiwara. I mean... when have I ever had a chance to wrestle an Olympian, first of all. But also, she's really been going through it with this Madame X character. I think she should get a match without any mind games, just a straight up wrestling match, against someone who wants to prove herself against a world class grappler. I think the fans might want to see it, too. So if Ayako's up for it, and the matchmakers want to sanction it, I'd love for that to be my first match. I mean, what a temperature check for me to see where my skills are.

TL: I think I'd like to see that match too, Michelle!

MB: Well then let's sign it!

[Bailey laughs.]

MB: I know she's a top contender, and it's a big ask for my first match, but I'd love to test my mettle against her. And I think the people that remember the old Michelle Bailey who are thinking I'm full of it will be really surprised at what the REAL Michelle Bailey has to show the world.

TL: Michelle, I want to thank you for being so open with me today, I know that some of these things you discussed must have been hard.

MB: If it helps someone out, then it's worth it. Thanks for being willing to listen.

TL: I'm glad to see you back, and looking forward to seeing you in the ring! Best of luck.

MB: Thank you! Good to be back. Glad to show the actual me.

[Bailey smiles at the camera and waves, as we fade back to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: Again, a very emotional interview with Michelle Bailey as she examines her past and... well, takes aim at a brighter future... and Bucky, we've got a big announcement to make.

BW: That's right, Gordo.

GM: After the comments made by Michelle Bailey in this interview, we have learned that AWA management has granted her wish... and in two weeks on AWA Fight Night On FOX, Michelle Bailey WILL take on Ayako Fujiwara in her AWA Women's Division debut!

[The graphic advertising said match comes up on the screen to a big cheer from the AWA faithful.]

GM: And from the sound of it, these fans are happy to hear that as well. Michelle Bailey, coming to the AWA Women's Division in just two weeks time in Madison Square Garden. What a moment that'll be... and speaking of the Women's Division, let's go down to the ring for more action in the hottest division in all of wrestling!

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

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall in the AWA Women's Division! Introducing first, from Duluth, Minnesota, and weighing 122 pounds... this is TARA THOMPSON!

[A short woman with blonde hair pulled back into a ponytail smiles and waves to the crowd. The lights dim and the opening chords of Jorge Quintero's "300 Violin Orchestra" play over the PA system.]

GM: Looks like someone wants to make an entrance.

BW: And that someone represents greatness, Gordo!

[Up on the giant videoscreen, a scrambled image comes up and, as the violins reach the crescendo, the image forms words that simply read:

"DAVIS #1"

Then, as the orchestral music starts up again, two spotlights hit the entranceway and, standing there, is none other than the person about to be introduced.]

RO: And her opponent... from Indianapolis, Indiana and weighing 150 pounds... ladies and gentlemen... this is "THE ALL AROUND ATHLETE"...

LAURAAAAAAA DAAAAAAVISSSSS!

[Laura Davis has her back toward the crowd, her arms spread to the sides. She is wearing a red, white and blue track suit, and on the back on her jacket in blue lettering are the same letters on the videoscreen..

"DAVIS #1"

Davis then turns around, a serious look etched on her face. The woman with brown, shoulder-length hair pulled behind her head and with brown eyes, lowers her arms, and walks down the aisle, her gaze fixed on the ring ahead, the spotlights following her.]

GM: Laura Davis making what I guess would be her official debut, even though she's been in the AWA the past few months, under the guise of Madame X.

BW: Like I said, Gordo, she represents greatness, and this is an entrance only fitting for someone like that!

[When she reaches ringside, she stops, raises her arms again, curls her hands into fists, then extends her thumbs so they point toward the lettering on the back of her jacket. The arena lights come back up and the spotlights fade.]

GM: I won't deny Laura's talents, but some might call this arrogance, Bucky.

BW: The greatest in the world have a right to be arrogant, Gordo!

[Davis lowers her arms, ascends the ring steps, ducks between the ropes and spreads her arms once more. She unzips her jacket and removes her pants,

revealing her wrestling attire, which consists of a dark blue leotard with matching elbow pads and wrestling boots.]

GM: For several months, this woman has been playing mind games with Ayako Fujiwara, and we still don't truly know why.

BW: You heard what she saying as Madame X... it was about getting her focused.

GM: If you mean getting Fujiwara's attention, I'm sure Davis has that, full and undivided.

BW: You sure about that? Pretty sure I saw Fujiwara limping out to the ring in Chicago to try and pick a fight with Kurayami!

[The bell rings as Davis and Thompson approach each other and lock up.]

GM: This one is underway and Davis has a size advantage over Thompson.

BW: Plus experience, plus talent, plus knowledge... let's be honest, Gordo, she has every advantage here!

[Davis backs Thompson up into the corner, but as the referee calls for a break, Davis raises her knee several times.]

"SMACK!"

"SMACK!"

"SMACK!"

"SMACK!"

GM: No clean break from Davis and a series of kneelifts has Thompson reeling!

[Davis then turns, grabs Thompson by the neck and pulls her up and over.]

GM: A snapmare by the self-proclaimed All-Around Athlete and... what's this?

[Thompson sits up just as Davis runs forward, flipping forward and grabbing Thompson by the neck.]

GM: OH MY! Jumping neck snap by Davis!

BW: You says she's a self-proclaimed All-Around Athlete, Gordo? I'd say that move proves she is what she says!

[Davis is right back on the attack, pulling Thompson up to her feet.]

GM: Davis has Thompson -- snap suplex and look at how quickly she takes her over!

BW: No hesitation, Gordo! That's what makes Davis one of the greats!

[Davis rises to her feet, then spread her arms to the side and hooks her thumbs to herself, drawing boos.]

GM: You can tell Davis likes to boast.

BW: Why wouldn't one of the greats wants to boast, Gordo?

GM: Because someone like Ayako Fujiwara might answer her.

BW: Yeah, and what happened the last time? Davis took her knee out!

[Thompson lies backfirst on the mat and Davis grabs Thompson's right leg.]

GM: And now a series of kicks to the right knee! Davis is relentless here!

[Davis then clamps her legs around Thompson's right knee, then falls backward.]

GM: And now she's applied a kneebar! Thompson in a world of hurt!

BW: Davis has about 20 different ways she can make you submit, Gordo! I heard she trained with mixed martial artists in her time touring the world.

GM: We certainly saw how well versed Davis is in the art of submission... but Thompson is fighting it off!

[Thompson is close enough to the ropes that she's able to get her fingers around the bottom rope, forcing a break.]

GM: And Thompson got to the ropes! What heart shown by this young lady!

BW: But Davis isn't letting go!

[Davis keeps the kneebar applied, the referee warning her, then counting to four, when Davis finally relents. She gets to her knees and gestures at Thompson.]

"Just ring the bell, she can't take any more."

GM: More of that arrogance on display.

BW: You call it arrogance, I call it honesty.

[Davis then grabs Thompson by the right leg and drags her to the center of the ring.]

GM: My goodness... vicious kicks to the knee! And look at this...

[Davis grasps Thompson's right leg by the foot, then quickly falls to the side.]

GM: OH MY! Davis snapping Thompson's leg! She's screaming in pain!

BW: She should have given up when she had the chance!

[Davis gets to her feet and stares down at Thompson, then drags her up to her feet.]

GM: Oh, come on... why would you want to do this?

BW: It's called teaching a lesson, Gordo! Davis is gonna make sure Thompson doesn't get points for showing heart again!

[Davis then grabs Thompson by the right leg and whips her back to the canvas.]

GM: Dragon screw legwhip! How much more damage does she need to do?

BW: Just enough for what's to come next.

[Davis then wraps her legs around Thompson's right leg, keeping hold of her foot, and falls back, torquing on the heel.]

GM: There's the heel hook! And Thompson has nowhere to go!

[Thompson flails her arms and then taps the canvas, prompting the referee to call for the bell.]

GM: Mercifully, this one is over. Let's get the official word.

[Davis release the hold a couple of seconds after the bell rings and rolls to her feet, spreading her arms to the sides.]

RO: The winner of the match, "THE ALL-AROUND ATHLETE" LAURA DAVIS!

[She hooks her thumbs to herself, drawing boos, then lowers her arm and waves at the referee, directing her to get Thompson out of the ring.]

GM: Tara Thompson is going to need some help... and Davis not leaving the ring.

BW: I think she wants to have her interview right there, Gordo.

[The referee exits the ring and pulls Thompson out, helping her up the aisle, while Davis stands in the ring, hands on her hips.

And down the aisle comes Sweet Lou Blackwell, mic in hand. He ascends the steps, ducks through the ropes and approaches the woman standing there.]

SLB: Laura Davis, I'd welcome you to the AWA, but we all know you've been here for months, pulling off what one might call a masquerade. And I want to know why you would do something like that against Ayako Fujiwara.

[Davis stares at Blackwell, as if she thinks he has some kind of nerve.]

LD: Blackwell, you are standing beside the greatest women's athlete in the world today. Everywhere I go, I set the standard and I raise the bar for what women's wrestling is all about. I raised that bar in NEO-Pro, I raised that bar in UWF, I raised that bar everywhere I went in Japan, and I'm going to raise it here in the AWA.

[She pauses, noticing the jeers of the crowd, and simply shakes her head.]

LD: When the AWA approached me about becoming part of their new Women's Division, I sat down and watched SuperClash. I watched Miyuki Ozaki's prized student Ayako Fujiwara have the chance to win a championship, and she couldn't keep her focus for a few seconds to finish the job. She allowed Kurayami to get inside her head, and if she was going to prove Miyuki that she was worthy of her praise, she needed to get focus back. And that is why I came here as Madame X and got her to keep her focus on an objective at all times.

SLB: You talk about Kurayami getting inside Ayako's head, but it seems your idea of getting her to focus is to get inside Ayako's head yourself!

LD: And didn't she beat me at Memorial Day Mayhem, Blackwell?

[That draws a few cheers, causing Davis to stop. She shakes her head again.]

LD: See, unlike some people around here, I will acknowledge my defeats. But that's because the greatest learn from the defeats and come back stronger than ever. And that's exactly what I'm going to prove, every single time I step into the ring, that I

am what I say I am -- the one woman who represents what professional wrestling is all about, the one woman who represents what an all-around athlete is all about.

And anyone who wants to step forward and face greatness, all they have to-

[Just then, "The Cyborg Fights" by Makoto Miyazaki begins to play, drawing a big roar from the crowd as they see Ayako Fujiwara, appearing from behind the curtains. The Olympic gold medalist is dressed in a white floral, short-sleeved Bohemian sundress with a plunging v-neck. Still walking with a slight limp, she makes her way into the ring, where she finally stares face-to-face with Laura Davis, sans mask.]

Ayako: Hello Laura-san, I don't believe we've had the pleasure of officially meeting yet.

[Ayako mockingly holds out her hand for a handshake, as Davis simply glares.]

Ayako: No? Why so shy? I guess without a mask to hide behind, The All-Around Athlete becomes more of an All-Around...

...coward.

[The crowd roars. Davis looks offended.]

LD: Now look here...

[Ayako angrily interjects.]

Ayako: No! You've talked enough these past few months! This is your turn to listen!

[Ayako's uncharacteristic show of anger causes Davis to approach this with caution. She keeps silent.]

Ayako: You say I was unfocused? You say that you did this to teach me a lesson?

[Ayako giggles and shakes her head.]

Ayako: Liar! No, I am as focused as I ever was. My goals are the same as they ever were. To defeat Kurayami. To win the AWA Women's World Title. And to prove that I am the greatest women's wrestler in the world!

[She points an accusing finger at Davis.]

Ayako: But you wanted to make your reputation in the AWA at my expense! You did not need a mask, Davis-san. I would have jumped at the opportunity to face a wrestler of your caliber. You may call yourself great, but the truth is that you did not have the confidence to face me on an even battlefield.

For months, you have tormented me. You have injured me. And I may have pinned you at Memorial Day Mayhem, but you still got the last laugh.

I'll tell you right now, we are far from finished!

[And with that, the crowd cheers as Ayako drops the microphone to the canvas and holds out her arms, inviting Davis to bring it on. However, The All-Around Athlete smirks and shakes her head, slowly backing away and drops down, rolling out of the ring and walking to the back to a chorus of boos as Ayako screams after her.]

GM: It looks like Ayako Fujiwara and Laura Davis' story still has some pages before the conclusion and I can't wait to see it. Fans, we're going to take a quick break

and when we come back, it'll be time for our Stampede Cup Qualifying Match so don't you dare go away!

[We fade through black as a familiar tune begins to play. One with an ear for music might recognize it as "One More Saturday Night" by the Grateful Dead playing very softly.

An equally-familiar voice is heard booming over it.]

"And for the first time in well over a decade, professional wrestling... real professional wrestling has made its' home in the Lone Star State here in Texas. We are live in Dallas, Texas at the WKIK Studios for what promises to be..."

[The words trail off as the music takes over and we catch a glimpse of the aforementioned WKIK Studios. It's a bluish gray standard television studio set where you can see the AWA logo splashed across the wall above a small television monitor.

That shot dissolves to a panning shot of the WKIK Studios. Smackdab in the center of the studio is your standard wrestling ring... red, white, and blue ropes from top to bottom with the matching turnbuckles in the corner. The hard camera also shows a parade of flags on the back wall... everything from the USA to Canada to Mexico to Japan to the UK to Italy and some points in-between.

There are sets of bleachers set up on three sides of the ring, raising up about six rows. Not very high but enough to see over the people in front of you. The fourth side of the ring is clear, leaving a direct view for the announcers standing behind the announce desk we saw earlier.

A voiceover is heard.]

"The AWA began in a studio...

...and now each and every Saturday, it returns to a studio."

[Cut to the Power Hour logo splashed across the screen.]

"New format. New home. The same great AWA action.

The all-new Power Hour - don't you dare miss it."

[Fade to black...

...and as we come back up, the distinctive guitar riff of "Little Bones" by The Tragically Hip makes the atmosphere of the arena a lot more Canadian. Through the curtain steps two men in well-worn blue denim making their way purposefully to the ring.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen, this tag team match is scheduled for one fall with a 20 minute time limit and is a qualifying match for the STAMPEDE CUP! Introducing first... At a combined weight of 528 pounds... First from The Battlefords... CURTIS KESTREL!

[Kestrel, behind his mirrored aviator glasses, is crew-cut, stern-looking and square-jawed, looking very business-like. Underneath his jean jacket are shiny indigo full-length tights with three gold slash marks up one leg and red detailing up the other. Both of his red boots are shinguarded, with knee pads to match.]

RO: ...And his partner, from Calgary, Alberta... BLAKE... COLLLLLLTON! Together they are... the COLTON CREEEEEEEW!

[Blake Colton's demeanor is a stark contrast. He grins with the energy of the crowd. Underneath his denim vest is a barrel-chest of muscle mass, and a shiny indigo singlet with the Colton logo (a stylized 'C' with a cowboy hat within a gold star) on one hip, red stripes running up the other, and short white wrestling boots.]

GM: I've been really looking forward to this match. Two teams on the rise with big stakes in this contest.

BW: The biggest, Gordo! The Stampede Cup is one of the highest honors a tag team can earn in this business. Plus, a million dollars hanging in the balance for the winner? That's a whole lot of trips to Tim Horton's.

[At ringside, Kestrel and Colton exchange a quick fist-bump, then both slide into the ring. With feline agility, Kestrel dashes to the nearest corner, standing on the second buckle facing the crowd. Colton sprints to the opposite corner and raises both arms in the air, and brings them down into a classic flex.]

RO: And their opponents...

[And with that, the lights go down in the studio and cutting blue lasers "drip" from above with a rain like effect as a smoke machine starts jettisoning a white cloud. A crash of thunder and then an electronic-synth beat hits, rising in crescendo and drops...

...into "You're The Best" to a loud cheer from the gathered crowd. Running around comes a barefoot "Cannonball" Lee Connors in his familiar white gi. He snaps out a sidekick and falls into a horse stance. Rising from the gathering fog, right behind him, is Downpour. His masked head is bowed as his upwards motion tops, he snaps up an arm to the sky, Connors with a "KEEE AIIII!" punch accompanying another crash of thunder.

Downpour is dressed in a full shimmery dark blue body suit, cut through with silver jags. His mask is full face, silver eyes and a full "hair" of silver and black tassels coming from the back and down onto his shoulders. He has similar tassels hanging from his boot tops and wears a paneled "skirt" that looks like water drops of varying sizes. The two pause and then make their way down to the ring, reaching out to exchange claps with fans of all ages.]

RO: And their opponents... at a combined weight of 383 pounds... the team of "Cannonball" Lee Connors and Downpour... THE SHOOTING STARS!

[The pair slide into the ring and right away are reaching friendly hands out to the Coltons. Kestrel immediately returns them, a friendly wink and pat on the elbow to Connors. The bigger Colton doesn't seem so eager, his partner urging him to and he does... much more reluctantly.]

GM: Curtis Kestrel and Lee Connors are old friends and training partners up in Calgary but Blake Colton doesn't seem to care about any friendships.

BW: He's a sasquatch and sasquatches have no feelings!

GM: I am not exactly sure how to respond to that but here's the bell and the referee asking for just two people in the ring. It looks like we'll have Blake Colton and Downpour starting here. Colton definitely is the biggest and strongest man in this match... and some might argue he's one of the strongest in the entire company, Bucky. He's going to provide a contrast for the two high fliers and, if you ask me, makes the Coltons a more well-rounded team despite the results of their last match when the Shooting Stars got the victory.

[The lock up goes right to Colton who buries a knee into Downpour's gut. Grabbing a wrist, he whips him at the ropes...

...and shocks the crowd by getting his powerful frame up for a leapfrog, jumping right over Downpour who bounces back and gets lifted to the stratosphere...]

GM: FLAPJACK! GOODNESS! A show of athleticism by Blake Colton and then showing off his incredible power to boot! Downpour down on the mat, clutching his masked face, trying to get up...

[But Colton is showing early aggression, grabbing him on the rise...]

GM: OHHH! He threw him halfway across the ring with that biel!

BW: Downpour FLEW across the ring... kinda like a shooting star actually. Colton is obviously ashamed he cost his team the win the last time these teams met back in Chicago and he's taking it out on Downpour.

[Pulling Downpour up and pushing back to the corner, Colton goes for another whip... but Downpour doesn't hit, leaping to the second rope before he back flips over the charging big man, landing and rolling to his corner, tagging in The Cannonball to cheers from the Detroit crowd!]

GM: There's the tag and in comes Lee Connors!

[Colton turns to square off, rolling his powerful neck... but his partner reaches out, requesting a tag.]

GM: Oho! And it looks like Curtis Kestrel wants to get in there with one of his former students, Bucky.

BW: I was fine with Colton. It's fun to watch people get tossed around.

[Kestrel and Connors exchange a friendly smile and fistbump, starting to circle one another... and then Kestrel lights him up suddenly with a knife edge chop!]

GM: Ohh! Hard chop by Kestrel!

[Connors backs off, clutching his chest with a grimace... and then fires back with a roundhouse kick to the chest!]

GM: Ohh! And Connors returns the favor with a solid kick to the sternum!

[This time, it's Kestrel who backs off with a grimace... and then steps back in with another chop! Connors absorbs it this time, responding with a kick!]

GM: HERE WE GO!

[And with the crowd roaring, Connors and Kestrel alternate back and forth, throwing brutal kicks to the chest and skin-blistering knife edge chops respectively!]

GM: The Detroit fans are on their feet and-

[As Connors pauses to catch his breath, Kestrel leaps up with a dropkick, knocking him flat.]

GM: Even a Wallace would love that dropkick, right on target... and a cover! ONE! TWO... Not enough but notice, Bucky, he hooked a leg, forearm across the face. Classic Calgary trained technical perfection.

BW: I've been told those are the second hardest chops in Alberta. Poor kid's gonna be sore tomorrow.

[Kestrel pulls his former student up, whipping him across the ring and into the corner where he hits hard and spine first.]

GM: Connors to the corner... Kestrel on the move... monkey flip!

[Instead Connors flips right out and lands on his feet, bringing the crowd to theirs. He stands looking straight ahead, fixing his gi. Kestrel kips up, simultaneously turning as Connors looks over his shoulder with a smirk.]

GM: Now THAT'S a counter!

[But they aren't done as Kestrel charges Connors, stopped in his tracks as Lee rushes forward, hitting a series of rising kicks up Kestrel, the last sending him flipping backwards and to his feet. He immediately drops down and swings his leg around...]

GM: Foot sweep... STANDING SHOOTING STAR! ONE! TWO! NO!

[Kestrel rolls Connors off him, both men scrambling back to their feet... and exchanging a brief staredown before Kestrel walks back to his corner, slapping the big man's hand.]

GM: Curtis Kestrel with a fine showing in there... really showing that the Coltons put their faith in the right man to help train the next generation of superstars in that legendary family in Blake Col-

[But as the big man comes in, he barrels across the ring past Connors, smashing Downpour off the apron with a forearm!]

GM: OHH! There is definitely some animosity brewing here. I am not sure why, but Colton does not seem to like Lee Connors' Shooting Star partner.

[Shocked at the attack, Connors spins the big man around and shoves him, shouting at him off-mic... but Colton grabs Connors by the head, throwing him into the ropes with ease.]

BW: No debate there for Colton...

[As Connors rebounds, Colton goes for the leapfrog again but Connors slides to a halt. When Colton lands, Connors yanks his legs out from under him, leaping up..]

BW: STOMP!

GM: Double stomp to the gut! That'll make you regret your pre-match meal!

[Connors dashes to the ropes as Colton tries to recover.]

GM: Ohhh! Basement dropkick downstairs!

[Hitting it quick, Connors comes off the ropes again and pumps down with a big axe kick as Colton tries to recover.]

GM: Ohh! Another hard-hitting kick... and a cover!

[A two count comes before Colton powers out, shoving Connors into the air off him.]

GM: Wow! What a kickout by Colton!

[Downpour insistently sticks out his hand towards his partner. Connors nods, looking to oblige...

...but again Colton goes steamrolling past, throwing a shouldertackle into the masked man, sending him off the apron again to some jeers from the Detroit crowd!]

GM: Colton takes Downpour down AGAIN!

BW: And I think tempers are starting to boil over here, Gordo. If Downpour gets in there with Colton, we may REALLY see some sparks fly!

[An angry Connors comes hard at Colton...

...and gets FLIPPED INSIDE OUT with a devastating clothesline!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

BW: Colton drops the Cannonball like a sack of Saskatchewan potatoes!

[Colton aggressively slaps the hand of his partner.]

GM: Kestrel in on the tag... Connors is all alone and in some trouble here...

[Colton drags Connors to his feet as Kestrel charges in, throwing a running big boot that sends Connors flying backwards, crashing down on the back of his head. Kestrel dives down, stacking up Connors.]

GM: He's got one! He's got two!

[A weak kickout follows, Connors barely slipping free.]

BW: There wasn't much in that kickout. Connors is seeing stars right now... shooting ones maybe.

GM: Very funny... Kestrel pulling Connors off the mat...

[A desperation forearm from Connors breaks Kestrel's grip.]

GM: Connors trying to fight his way free...

[With Kestrel slightly stunned, Connors goes into a spin...]

GM: SPINNING BACKFIST!

[...but Kestrel ducks the thrown blow, catching his off-balance protege as he whips back around, tucking his head under the chin...]

GM: JAWBREAKER!

[Connors stumbles back, still on his feet as Kestrel dives to the ropes, rebounding back with a spinning leg lariat that flips Connors inside out again as he hits the canvas hard!]

GM: Goodness! Absolutely devastating move there from- Kestrel covers, deep leg hook! He gets one! He gets two! He gets- ohh! Connors gets the shoulder up!

[The Detroit fans cheer the kickout as Kestrel throws a glance at the referee who holds up two fingers.]

GM: Just a two count but the Colton Crew was a half count or less right there from clinching their spot in the Stampede Cup tournament!

[Kestrel looks to his corner where Colton is angrily berating the official before he turns back to Connors, pulling him off the mat.]

GM: Kestrel gets him back up... big chop!

[The blow sends Connors staggering in a circle, facing his corner where he stretches out his arms as the crowd roars in anticipation of a tag...

...but Kestrel hooks the back of the tights, blocking that attempt!]

GM: Oh! So close to a tag there... Kestrel pulls him in...

[Kestrel goes for a back suplex...

...but Connors flips over the top, landing on his feet, leaping up, and snaps a kick off the side of Kestrel's head as he turns!]

GM: OHHH! ENZUIGIRI BY CONNORS!

[Kestrel staggers, stumbles, and falls to his knees as Connors crawls on all fours across the ring, the crowd cheering him on...]

GM: Here he goes, trying to get over... Colton! Colton is in!

[Seeing the big man charging to knock off Downpour again, Connors dives in front, taking his legs right out from under him!]

GM: There's the tag!

[Not hesitating, Downpour leaps over the ropes but lands inside, on the second rope and leaps up, tucking his arms at his sides as he comes down with a splash on Colton's back!]

BW: Look Ma, no hands!

GM: Downpour wanted this for a while now, Bucky. All match really!

[The masked man is right back up, rushing the ropes past a rising Kestrel, leaping to the middle rope, and springing back with an impactful elbow!]

GM: Springboard back elbow on Kestrel! Downpour's all over both members of the Colton Crew!

[With Colton rising to a knee near the ropes, Downpour charges him...

...and the powerful Canadian still manages to backdrop the masked man over the top rope from his knee, Downpour landing on his feet outside the ring.]

GM: Colton tries to clear him out but...

[The big Canadian turns into a shoulder between the ropes to the gut, doubling him up. He pulls Colton's head back between the ropes, snapping off a front kick to the mush that you could hear three blocks away!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What a kick!

[Colton falls back through the ropes, landing on his rear on the canvas as Kestrel approaches Downpour...]

...who slingshots himself through the ropes...]

GM: SPEAR! SPEAR!

BW: Kestrel's still legal!

GM: ONNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO!

[The crowd groans as Kestrel lifts the shoulder off the canvas!]

GM: A near fall for the Shooting Stars, looking to cash their ticket and make it to the Stampede Cup tournament in Connors' home country of Canada! Downpour's putting on a show... but it looks like he smells blood in the water... quick tag to Connors...

[Connors steps in, quickly moving to the ropes as Downpour gets into position...]

GM: We've seen this before, fans! The assisted Meteora... a Meteora Shower perhaps...

[But as Connors bounces off towards his partner, Blake Colton hooks a handful of hair and YANKS Connors off his feet and down to the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! Come on!

[Downpour charges towards Colton who is near the ropes... but Colton has other plans and instead just reaches down and lifts Downpour above his head...]

BW: SASQUATCH STRENGTH!

[And simply tosses the masked man to the floor!]

GM: OH MY STARS! DOWNPOUR IS DONE!

[The referee is right there, admonishing Colton back to his corner.]

GM: Blake Colton with an absolutely devastating blow to the chances of the Shooting Stars right there... Kestrel and Connors are the legal men though...

[Connors slowly gets to his feet, grabbing at the back of his head as he looks around for his partner...]

GM: Connors just realizing now what happened and-

[As Connors turns back towards Kestrel, his former trainer is already in action, sliding by him and snatching an ankle, dragging him to the mat and twisting Connors' foot!]

GM: WILD ROSE... wait, wait, wait...

[Colton hops off the apron as Kestrel attempts his submission finish, looming to keep Downpour at bay...]

..and totally missing Connors dragging Kestrel down into a small package!]

GM: CONNORS HOOKS HIM! ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO!

[Colton makes a dive towards the ring, finally seeing his partner in jeopardy...

...but Downpour hooks his ankle to prevent it!]

GM: THREEEEEEEEEEE!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Connors springs to his knees, throwing his arms up at the sound of the bell. Kestrel rolls away to a knee of his own, shaking his head in disbelief.]

GM: Lee Connors just picked up the win for the Shooting Stars... and they're heading to the Stampede Cup! Connors rolling out now to check on his partner...

BW: Kestrel's rolling out too... but this is a less friendly conversation.

[Kestrel and Colton immediately start arguing over the closing moments of the match as the Shooting Stars ignore the pair, Connors tending to his partner's possible injuries. The masked man is clutching his ribs as Connors slips Downpour's arm across his shoulders, helping him stand up.]

RO: And your winners, moving onto the Stampede Cup... THE SHOOTING STAAAARRRS!

[The crowd cheers loud for the pair as they start moving up the aisle.]

GM: A strong, strong win by the Shooting Stars and this young team, already ranked number three in the tag team rankings, are moving onto the Stampede Cup coming up July 22nd and 23rd at Mosaic Stadium where they'll-

BW: Wait, Gordo... look who's here.

[Sneaking down... poorly, come two masked men, familiar for sure.]

GM: What are they doing down here?

[The American Dreamz come slinking down the aisle as Connors and Downpour reach the foot of the ramp, their backs to the two masked men...]

BW: Hey! It's the American Dreamz again, looking to make an even bigger first impression no doubt!

[The two masked man bowl over Connors and Downpour with clubbing blows to the back of the head from behind, knocking them down on the floor. The Detroit fans jeer as the Dreamz start putting the boots to the downed Shooting Stars.]

GM: These guys just had a match!

BW: The Dreamz? I know! Look at their recovery power!

GM: That's not- ohhh! Double faceslam into the ring apron!

[The Dreamz pause to bask in the boos from the crowds, especially vociferous ones from a trio of young boys in the front row.]

GM: We know exactly who these two are. Everyone here knows. This is ridiculous and we know exactly why they are assaulting the Shooting Stars!

[The Dreamz fire the Shooting Stars under the ropes, looking to continue their beatdown inside the ring for one and all to see...]

GM: Connors and Downpour fired back in...

[With all four in the ring now, the Dreamz each grab an arm on their foes, looking to whip them across...]

GM: Double whip... DOUBLE DROPKICK!

[But Connors and Downpour grab the ropes and the Dreamz hit the mat hard!]

GM: Crash and burn!

[Both coming up clutching at their chests from the impact. They turn...

...and have their masks ripped from their heads to reveal a shocked... shocked, I say... Chet and Chaz Wallace!]

GM: The Idols! See! We knew it!

BW: WHAT?! THE IDOLS?!

GM: Oh, would you stop?!

[Shocked and embarrassed, the two cover their faces and go into retreat, bailing out of the ring and making their way quickly up the aisle. The Stars stand in the ring, yelling down at the pair as they mockingly brandish their masks to cheers and laughter from the Detroit crowd.]

“No more! No more matches! We won, you lost, get over it!”

[The Stars hold up the masks again before exiting the ring, walking up the ramp, celebrating their win.

BW: Who know, Gordo. Who knew.

GM: Everyone did! Except you apparently. Fans, the Shooting Stars are moving on the Stampede Cup - congratulations are in order for them... but you've gotta feel for the Colton Crew who just lost their shot to compete for one of the biggest prizes in tag team wrestling in their own backyard. Sweet Lou's climbing in there now to talk with them... go ahead, Lou.

[Transition to the ring, where the Colton Crew are still ruminating over their loss. Kestrel's hands are on his hips, still almost comically stoic, but the cracks are showing. Blake Colton seems to be taking it harder, slamming his fist down onto the nearest turnbuckle pad; he tears the straps of his singlet down angrily.]

SLB: Alright, thank you, Gordon and Bucky. Blake Colton, Curtis Kestrel... with only weeks to go until the Stampede Cup is awarded on your home turf of Mosaic Stadium in the Battle of Saskatchewan, you have got to be frustrated by another loss-

[Colton, to the shock of Kestrel and pretty much everyone else in the Palace of Auburn Hills, grabs the microphone from Blackwell and shoves him backward hard enough that Blackwell actually slips and falls on his rear end to a shocked reaction from the crowd!]

BC: FRUSTRATED ISN'T THE DAMN WORD FOR IT! THIS IS ABSOLUTE GARBAGE!

[Sweet Lou does the only thing that comes to mind when confronted by an angry sasquatch, and quickly escapes from the ring, grabbing at his tailbone as Kestrel follows after to check on the announcer.]

BC: I shouldn't have to fight to be in this damn tournament! The Colton family built pro wrestling in Canada! Lee... I love you as much as anyone, you were tough enough to brave the Colton Cave... but there ain't no way you and that stupid flippy ninja Downpour should be in the Stampede Cup, bahd!

[Kestrel profusely apologizes to Blackwell, who is shaken, but composed enough to dust himself off, wincing as he snakes a hand around to his rear end again.]

BC: I did everything my old man asked me to! I listened to every piece of advice you gave me, Curtis. I stayed in my lane! I didn't make the same stupid mistakes that Kansys did that got him kicked out of every locker room he ever went into! Where did I get me? It got me put on the shelf by Shadoe Rage for six months, that's what, bahd! When you had that TV title shot, Curtis, I gift wrapped it for you, bahd!

[Kestrel sternly glares back at his rookie tag partner.]

BC: One year I've been with the AWA, and all I've done is spin my wheels in the mud. I'm six-foot-four and three hundred fifty pounds, bahd! My ceiling should be infinite!

I got an offer from an old friend who used to be in Chinook, Curt. He says he can get me into the Stampede Cup without having to worry about being on the bubble. He says me and him, we can get in...

[Colton snaps his fingers.]

BC: ...like THAT, bahd. Like that.

[Kestrel says something back. The way he admonishes him indicates he knows exactly who Colton is talking about.]

BC: Yeah, I thought he was full of it too, but right now, I don't want to worry about a Wild Card spot in the tournament. I'm sick of doing things the hard way, and I don't care what you or my old man think; he's too busy obsessing over little Betty Chang and not his own flesh and blood!

[Colton hears the crowd turning on him and shouts over the top rope to them.]

BC: And if you don't like that, go pound sand!

As of tonight, the Colton Crew is a one-man crew, cause you can go to hell too, Bird-of-Prey. Find your own way to Saskatchewan, bahd.

[Colton drops the microphone and stands with his long arms arrogantly spread wide. Kestrel utters a, "come on, Lou," turning his back on what is now seemingly his former partner.]

GM: A shocking turn of events here in Detroit. Blake Colton has apparently abandoned his partner, Curtis Kestrel. The Colton Crew is no more!

BW: And it's about time if you ask me.

GM: What?!

BW: You heard him, Gordo. He's six foot four... 350 pounds... and he's stuck teaming with some second rate has-been out of the redneck side of Canada?! Blake Colton's big, he's strong, he's got the family experience. This kid should be a rising star in this business... not the muscle in a tag team struggling to break past the middle of the pack.

GM: I can't believe you. How can you say such a thing? The Colton Crew were one of the most popular tag teams-

BW: Yeah? And where did that get 'em? On the outside looking in of a tag tournament in their own home area. Good riddance to Kestrel... this is Blake Colton's time to shine.

GM: Fans, let's go backstage to Mark Stegglet.

[We cut backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing by with the newly formed Experience. Michael Aarons is standing there as well as Chet and Chaz still in their Dreamz gear, ranting and raving as Stegglet struggles to be heard over them.]

MS: We are here with Mich-

MA: You know what, Stegin O'graphy, now is not the time!

[Aarons turns towards the camera glaring.]

MA: Connors, Downpour... you don't get it, do you? You pick on the Idols, you're picking on the whole Experience!

[Aarons wraps his arm around Chet's shoulder.]

MA: And I said "pick on" because the two of you are nothing but bullies. Punks, really. Afraid of some honest competition because you... what? Because you got lucky a couple of times against this great team?

[Aarons scoffs.]

MA: Well, the Shooting Stars might be scared of facing the Idols, but how about one of you Shooting Stars face off against the hottest rising star in this industry, ME!

[Aarons points a thumb in his direction.]

MA: So draw straws, break some bricks, or do some knuckle push-ups. I don't care how you guys decide, but next Power Hour, one of you two is going to be facing the Admiral of Awesome, the Pontiff of Perfection, the Lord of the Ladies.

Next Power Hour, one star gets shot down!

[Aarons looks over at Stegglet.]

MA: You're welcome!

[And with that, the trio walks off.]

MS: There you have it, Michael Aarons challenging one member of the Shooting Stars to a match on the next Power Hour. Will the Stars accept, and if they do, which one accepts the challenge? We'll find out next weekend in Atlanta but right now, let's go down to the ring for more Saturday Night Wrestling action!

[We fade to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz stands in the middle - a rather frightened-looking competitor in the corner to her right.]

RO: The following match is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first, in the corner to my right, from Florence, Alabama, weighing in at 227 pounds... BARRY JACOBS!

[The thin-bearded, dark-haired Jacobs timidly raises his hand in the air to no reaction.]

RO: And his opponent...

[The heavy opening guitar and drumbeat of KISS's "God of Thunder" reverberates off the walls of the Palace.]

RO: Hailing from Mountain Iron, Minnesota, and weighing in at 295 pounds... accompanied by his advisor, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott... he is...

MAAAAAAAX MAAAAAAGNUUUUUUUUM!

[Coming out first, it's the manager, the AWA legend, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott. Eschewing his former casual attire, Scott continues his new theme of business-like appearance with a deep blue suit over a white shirt and charcoal gray tie along with a rather smug look on his face. His long dirty blond hair is pulled neatly back into a ponytail.]

As usual, Max Magnum emerges a few steps behind Stevie clad simply in black trunks and a black t-shirt with "SPLX BCHS" in a white block font on the front. 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

GM: Unsurprisingly, Stevie Scott looks quite pleased with himself and his client. Memorial Day Mayhem was a very good night for the tandem with Magnum's convincing win over Calisto Dufresne and impressive, if brief, performance in the Rumble.

BW: And what about the beatdown he put on Dave Bryant, Gordo? Now that's what I like to call a "welcome back" gift!

[The duo wastes little time in striding toward the ring side-by-side. Stevie takes the conventional route of climbing the steps into the ring while Magnum displays his athleticism with an effortless plyometric leap from the floor to the ring apron before stepping through the ropes.]

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

[Stevie, instead of climbing into the ring, stays on the apron as Magnum moves toward the hard camera and flexes showing off his Viking Space Lord physique. As the music fades, Magnum turns toward Stevie who nods and points toward Jacobs. Jacobs, seeing what's about to happen, gets wide-eyed but can't react in time to

avoid it. Moving with uncanny quickness, Magnum turns Jacobs inside-out with a brutal clothesline before the bell has rung.]

GM: Oh my! Max Magnum is wasting no time tonight! Poor Barry Jacobs just about got his head taken clean off his shoulders!

BW: Hey, Magnum ain't getting paid by the hour in there.

[The force of the blow flipped Jacobs over in a 180, causing him to land on his stomach instead of his back. Magnum shoots a glance to Stevie who responds with "HOWEVER YOU WANT TO DO IT, BIG MAN!" to his charge. Magnum nods and grins as he yanks his groggy opponent to his feet.]

GM: Barry Jacobs is already on jelly legs and if Magnum wasn't propping him up, I doubt he could stay vertical.

[Magnum pulls Jacobs into a Muay Thai clinch and starts unloading with knees and uppercuts on his helpless opponent.]

GM: And now Magnum with strike after strike on a defenseless Barry Jacobs.

BW: I don't know what that kid's getting paid tonight, but it ain't gonna be enough to cover his hospital bills.

GM: Finally, Magnum relents and a battered Jacobs slumps to the mat.

[Magnum stands over his victim, glaring down as though he's calculating how to inflict pain next. Another look over to Stevie sees his adviser simply nod his head; Magnum then reaches down and violently jerks Jacobs to his feet and then into a fireman's carry.]

GM: Magnum setting up for the Bombshell!

BW: Max Magnum is nothing if not merciful, Gordo.

GM: I'm not sure I'd classify what he's done to young Barry Jacobs as merciful.

[Magnum launches into his airplane spin, moving at a speed that seems entirely too fast for a man his size with another man on his shoulders. Finally, he launches Jacobs into the air who continues rotating until he crashes to the mat.]

GM: AND THERE'S THE BOMBHELL! Magnum with the lateral press, and this one's academic.

[Magnum places his hand on Jacobs's face as he stands back up following the pinfall while Rebecca Ortiz's voice makes it official.]

RO: Here is your winner...MAX MAAAAGNUUUUUM!

GM: Max Magnum stays undefeated in the AWA after an easy night of work against young Barry Jacobs, who may now be rethinking a career in professional wrestling.

[Referee Scott Ezra starts to raise Magnum's hand, but Stevie Scott has climbed into the ring behind him and pushes Ezra's arm down. Scott then nudges Ezra out of the way and raises Magnum's arm himself to a chorus of boos.]

GM: The fans here in Detroit are none too happy with the new attitude of their one-time hero, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott, and I have to agree with them, Bucky.

BW: Well, I happen to love it, daddy! This is the OLD Stevie Scott, the one who ran roughshod across the AWA as the leader of the Southern Syndicate. That version of Stevie Scott is trouble for the rest of the locker room, I can tell you that much, and with a beast like Max Magnum at his side? I predict that the sky's the limit.

[Stevie, meanwhile, has taken a microphone from a ringside attendant and strides back into the middle of the ring beside a stoic Magnum.]

HSS: What you witnessed at Memorial Day Mayhem is only a mere TASTE of what is to come from THIS man, the Modern Day Man of Steel himself...

MAX! MAGNUUUUUM!

[Stevie grins and points to Magnum, who hops from side to side while staring into the crowd at nothing in particular. Probably imagining injuring someone real soon.]

HSS: Calisto Dufresne, my old friend...I tried to tell you. I tried to warn you. I gave you chance after chance to get away from this man while you still could.

[He shrugs.]

HSS: But you didn't want to listen. And so, instead, you served as an example.

An example to every competitor in the AWA locker room of just what happens when you find yourself standing in the middle of the avenue of annihilation that is paved by Max Magnum.

You saw what happened to the Ladykiller. And you saw what happened to the Mighty Tumaffi in the Rumble. Max...

[Stevie looks at Magnum and laughs.]

HSS: Max dumped him over the top rope like he was a damned cruiserweight. Our goal for the Rumble was to demonstrate the sheer destructive power of Max Magnum, and we did just that.

So now we get to you, Dave Bryant.

[A cheer from the crowd at the mention of the Doctor of Love.]

HSS: You have indeed been singled out by myself and Max Magnum. And just like Calisto Dufrense, you have a choice to make.

[He holds up a finger.]

HSS: Option one: walk right back out the same door you came in and pretend this little return to the AWA didn't happen.

[Two fingers.]

HSS: Or option two: try to be a hero and step up to this behemoth.

It's not a tough decision, as you should be able to see. But let me help you out. Maybe you'll be smarter than Dufresne and heed my advice.

WALK. AWAY.

[The camera briefly cuts to a closeup of Magnum, his jaw clenched as he continues to stare out into space.]

HSS: But, if you want to be the hero? Well, it seems that Max Magnum's presence has been requested by the executives at FOX to be part of Fight Night...because it only makes sense to have the biggest presence in the Big Apple.

And if you, Dave Bryant, or anyone else wants to come get a taste?

We'll be there waiting.

[A smirk slowly takes form on Stevie's face.]

HSS: And that's not a threat. That...

...is a GUARANTEE.

[Scott dramatically drops the mic, laughing as he slaps his charge on the back. Magnum stares into the camera...]

GM: Fans, we're closing in on the end of our night here in Detroit but I've just been told that we're not done yet. That's right! Our friends at FOX have made the call and they're sending us to OVERTIME! We'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling action so don't you dare go away!

[With the camera still focused on Max Magnum, we fade to black...]

...and then fade up on a rising sun coming up over a crystal blue lake. A voiceover begins.]

"The future."

[The sun continues to climb via time lapse footage.]

"It is said that the future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams."

[The sun reaches its peak, dazzling as it lights up the water below.]

"At the Korugun Corporation, our dreams are the same as yours."

[Cut to a shot of children playing in a very green meadow.]

"To live... to love..."

[To a shot of two elderly people smiling as they hold hands.]

"To make the most out of every moment we are blessed with."

[To the crack of a baseball bat and a cheering crowd.]

"To the joys of community... of family... of kinship..."

[To a young toddler walking out into the surf on a beach only to be scooped up by a nervous father who lifts him high in the air.]

"To all of life's promise... and potential."

[To a spaceship rocketing off its launchpad towards the sky.]

"To pushing the boundaries of what is expected..."

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

[The Korugun Corporation logo slowly crawls over the curvature of the Earth.]

"Korugun. To life and all that it offers."

[And we slowly fade to black...

...and then up to a panning shot of the Detroit crowd. After a few moments, we cut to a ringside shot of a man we saw earlier in the night. His entourage is split upon coming on camera - some cool as a cucumber and staring straight ahead, some clowning around and throwing exaggerated punches and elbows at one another. But as we get a handful of fans jumping in front of the camera, shouting and frantically waving their arms around, Mark Stegglet leans forward with the mic in one hand and the other shielding the top of his head. Next to him, well none other than the now two time GFC World Heavyweight Champion, some know him as the Rottweiler, its "Rough" Rufus Harris.]

MS: Guys, I'm...

[Stegglet again tries to shield some of the fans away, to the side we see a few security guards trying to make their way down as Rufus Harris does a bit of a belly laugh in his seat.]

MS: Alright, I'm here with the GFC World Heavyweight Champion, Rufus Harris...its great to have you here...

[Rufus jumps up out of his seat.]

RH: OW-OW-OWWWWWWWWWW!!! DETROIT! YA FEEL ME!!!

[The crowd goes nuts. If Stegglet thought he had a hard time fighting back fans before it's starting to get even a little crazier.]

RH: Ya strugglin' Mark? Next time they should send the girl, she'd fair a little better out here with my people!

[Finally, a couple security guards push their way through, Rufus grabs one of them around the neck into a playful headlock and mockingly jabs him in the jaw a few times which draws a nice pop from the fans around them.]

RH: Give these people a break, homeboy. You're a big boy, aint'cha Mark?

MS: Yeah, this is-

RH: This is what it's like when you're on top of the world, playa. To them? Rufus Harris can walk on water and who am I to tell them different, ya feel me? It's great to be back here in Detroit. I got some homies from the streets I ain't seen in a long time... I gotta get my hands on a crybaby down at Rose's...a nd most of all. MOST OF ALL, Mark.

I gotta show off this bad boy!

[Harris stands up, pressing the GFC Heavyweight strap into the air. Fans start jumping up again around him to try and touch the title as the crowd goes nuts.]

RH: That's right, homeboy. Your boy Rufus Harris is now the TWO TIME, TWO TIME Heavyweight Champion of the World.

MS: I'd ask you how you're doing but it seems pretty obvious...

RH: Yeah homie, I'm the damn King of the World. Unstoppable. Untouchable. There ain't a man on this planet bad enough to try to take this from me again. The last man that tried is still eatin' through a straw, ya feel me?

MS: So what's next for you, Rufus? You know, any time you walk into an AWA arena... people, well, they start to talk.

[Rufus grins.]

RH: Why wouldn't they? I'm the hottest attraction runnin', year round, twenty-four seven, ain't nobody draw a dime or put butts in seats like the Rottweiler. I'm always lookin' for the next challenge, Mark. I've got this strap of gold and ain't no man alive off the table. I'll fight anyone, anytime, anywhere. Don't matter who they are, where they from, how many kids they got, how many teeth they have left, or who their daddy is, ya dig? Im'a wreckin' machine and like I told you a long, long time ago.

You bring the bodies.

I bring the pain.

MS: Well, it's great to have you here, Champ. I'm sure some of the boys in the back would love to have you back there to say hello.

RH: Always happen to sign some autographs for my fans.

MS: Gordon, Bucky, back to you.

[Harris puts up his fists, styled out in gold bracelets and rings, as the camera cuts away back to Gordon and Bucky...]

GM: It's been a wild and exciting night of action here in Detroit, fans - an incredible first of what I hope will be many visits to the Motor City and-

[The signature sounds of Led Zeppelin's "Kashmir" kicks in over the PA system to enormous boos from the crowd. A moment later, Johnny Detson emerges from the entrance tunnel onto the stage. Detson's in street clothes of a stylish black suit with a white dress shirt unbuttoned a few notches. Dark black sunglasses are over his eyes and the World Title belt is slung over his shoulder as he stares out on the jeering crowd.]

GM: Well, this is a surprise.

BW: The champion goes where he wants when he wants, Gordo.

GM: Apparently so. We had no idea that Johnny Detson was even in the building tonight, fans. We haven't seen him at all.

[Detson nods at the crowd, making his way down the aisle towards the ring, ignoring the jeering fans on either side of the aisle.]

GM: Detson, of course, retained his title at Memorial Day Mayhem over Jack Lynch when Supernova made his return to the AWA, exposing James Lynch's identity in the process. And don't forget that Detson ended up trapped in the Solar Flare, screaming like a banshee as-

BW: Hey, that's enough of that. The champ's got something to say.

[Mic in hand, the World Champion strides to center ring as his music fades and the boos get louder. He pulls his sunglasses off, folding them up and tucking them into his shirt pocket as he looks out on the booing crowd. He nods again.]

JD: I get it... I do.

[He nods again as the booing crowd quiets a little.]

JD: No. Don't stop now. Let me have it. Come on!

[He waves a hand for more boos, getting a few that quickly die down as curious fans look on.]

JD: Look, I can't blame you guys for booing me right now. I mean...

[He pauses, shaking his head.]

JD: I've been in this business for a long damn time now. I've lost some matches, I've won a lot more. I've worn more chunks of leather and gold than I can even count sometimes. And I thought I'd seen it all.

But this year..

[Detson bites his lip.]

JD: It all sounded right, you know? Lose Lau. Win the Kings. Boss Tony and James and... Wes...

[He pauses, looking down.]

JD: None of it was supposed to turn out like this. And I'm not saying that to make you feel sorry for me. I'm really not. I made my bed and I gotta lay in it. But it really wasn't supposed to be this way.

[Detson pauses, staring at the title belt on his shoulder.]

JD: It's all for you, sweetheart. Everything I do is for you.

[He slaps the face of the belt.]

JD: They say that Johnny Detson would betray everyone he knows and loves to keep this title over his shoulder.

[He shrugs.]

JD: Maybe they're right. I don't know. I like to think there's a line somewhere but... well, we haven't seen it yet, have we?

[Detson pauses.]

JD: And I'd love to be able to stand out here and talk about Wes and about...

[He trails off, shaking his head almost as if he's trying to clear his thoughts.]

JD: But I can't. Because there's business to take care of. There's... Supernova...

[The crowd ROARS in response. Detson just smirks.]

JD: So, it's been you this whole time, huh? Well, congrats Nova... I didn't think you were the mind game type. I tip my cap to you.

[Detson mocks a tip of the cap and a bow.]

JD: Look, you can choose to believe this or not, fact is... I don't care... but I don't know what the hell Javier Castillo was trying to pull with James Lynch. I had no part of it. But what I know is that whatever you want to call yourself... YOU won that Rumble no matter what we tried to do to stop you.

[Detson smirks.]

JD: And that means he's gunning for me. That means he's gunning for this...

[He holds up the belt.]

JD: But you see, Nova... you're suspended, aren't you?

And if you crafted all that before just think of what you'll do now just to get that suspension lifted and face me in the ring. A true competitor is going to do ANYTHING it takes to get that suspension lifted so that he can someday get me in the ring with this title on the line...

But I think we also know by now that Johnny Detson is also going to do ANYTHING it takes to keep it.

[Detson shrugs.]

JD: So, what happens when two guys willing to do anything meet for the biggest prize in the sport? The hell if I know but I'd imagine it'll be one hell of a fight!

[The crowd actually cheers this assessment...]

JD: Now... I've avoided it long enough. There's someone else I need to address.

Javier Castillo.

[The crowd buzzes with anticipation.]

JD: I sat back there tonight and I heard you out here earlier and I've only got one thing to say-

[The roar of a jungle cat followed by "La Cama de Piedra" by Cuco Sanchez creeping across the PA system heralds the arrival of El Presidente to even more jeers from the crowd. Castillo, flanked by MAWAGA and John Law, makes his way down the ramp towards the ring, eyeing Johnny Detson who turns to face him.]

GM: Javier Castillo interrupting the World Champion... and Detson does not look pleased with this development, Bucky.

BW: What the heck was Johnny about to say, Gordo?

GM: A very emotional Johnny Detson here tonight... he obviously has a lot on his mind here in Detroit.

[Castillo quickly reaches the ring, climbing the steps and ducking through the ropes. MAWAGA follows him in, taking up a protective stance behind him as John Law stays out on the floor, facing the ramp, ready to defend against anyone who might take their shot.]

JC: Johnny, Johnny, Johnny...

[Castillo suddenly breaks into a huge smile, his arm extended to the side.]

JC: Congratulations, my friend! You kept the title in Chicago just like I knew you would!

[Detson doesn't respond, the crowd jeering.]

JC: And I know you have a lot on your mind right now... so I want to make this easier for you... I've come to talk about your next challenger.

[Detson looks a little puzzled, shaking his head.]

JC: Oh, not tonight... no, no... that wouldn't be fair. You're not even dressed to wrestle...

[Castillo pauses.]

JC: But Johnny, tell me... you once were a Hollywood star... do you still watch the movies?

[Detson looks confused, shrugging.]

JC: Of course you do. The American people love their big movies and Johnny Detson is a man of the people. Recently, Johnny, I saw a movie that made me think of you and your role as champion.

Tell me, Johnny... have you ever seen the film known as Rocky?

[The crowd laughs at the question as Detson smirks.]

JD: Jeez, no, Javier... I've never seen it. What's it about?

[Castillo looks shocked, obviously not detecting his champion's sarcasm.]

JC: No? Oh, Johnny... you should really see it. It's a brilliant story of a polished and dominant champion giving an underdog something that I personally believe in greatly... OPPORTUNITY!

And that's where you come in, Johnny.

[Detson raises an eyebrow questioningly.]

JC: You see... we have a show coming up on your nation's birthday... this 4th of July. And your country... well, it is known for its great opportunities, yes?

Yes. So, I think in honor of Rocky... and America... we should give someone an OPPORTUNITY!

[The champion looks on, waiting for Castillo to get to the point.]

JC: So, I have created another brilliant concept!

In two weeks at Fight Night on FOX, we will have a match... a special match...

Have you ever gone to Spain and done the running of the Bulls, Johnny?

[Detson looks shocked, shaking his head.]

JC: Oh, you should! You really should! It is exhilarating! But to my point... we shall have our own Running of the Bulls in New York City! A running for Opportunity!

[Detson has heard enough and interjects, annoyance dripping from his words.]

JD: I have no idea what you're talking about. Can you get to the point?

[MAWAGA steps forward at Detson's tone but a raised hand from Castillo cuts him off.]

JC: But of course... champ. You see, after the AWA Championship Committee creates its next rankings list, I will take every name on that list...

...and THROW IT OUT THE WINDOW! HAH!

[The crowd buzzes with confusion that Detson is obviously feeling too.]

JC: And whoever in the locker room is left... I will pick the finest from that crop... and I will stage a gauntlet! One man after another doing battle until only one remains. And whoever remains in your Mecca of Sports...

...they will get the OPPORTUNITY to face Johnny Detson for the World Title at Liberty Or Death!

[There's a pretty decent cheer that goes up for this announcement. Castillo looks quite pleased with himself while Detson seems to be unimpressed. Castillo turns to face him.]

JC: Do you like my idea, Johnny?

[Detson doesn't immediately respond, prompting Castillo to continue.]

JC: You seem distracted, Johnny. Of course, we all are.

[He bows his head, closing his eyes.]

JC: Poor Ebola Zaire, savagely attacked and potentially crippled by the likes of Jack Lynch. I guess we know who the black sheep is in that family.

[Castillo looks back up quickly.]

JC: But I have a message for Lynch... for Carver... for Martinez and whoever else was behind that. If you think Ebola Zaire ending up in the hospital is anything more than a simple INCONVENIENCE for me... and for Korugun... then you are sadly mistaken, gentlemen.

I have an entire LEGION - an endless supply of people willing to fight...

[He turns towards Detson again, arching an eyebrow.]

JC: ...and die, if necessary, for the Korugun cause. When one falls as Zaire did here tonight... another will rise up to take his place.

[He turns towards MAWAGA, planting a hand on his soldier.]

JC: The world is crawling with Korugun soldiers... just waiting to be put into action... and when they are, you will never-

[A voice rings out from the PA system.]

“Ya know somethin’ kid...? Ya talk too damn much.”

[And from the entrance tunnel steps Bobby Taylor. But he’s not in the suit we’re used to seeing the AWA owner in. He’s switched to a pair of blue jeans... a pair of cowboy boots... and a black t-shirt with “STILL THE OUTLAW” across the front in white print. He’s got a mic in his hand.]

BT: It’s been nearly twenty years since the toughest son of a bitch I’ve ever met walked through a curtain and said that to me, Castillo. And I never forgot it. He was right, you know.

[Taylor smirks as he starts walking down the ramp.]

BT: I do talk too much at times... and it gets me in trouble a lot too. Sound familiar? Because when I listen to you out here runnin’ your mouth, Castillo... it reminds me a little bit of... well, me.

More guts than brains sometimes. The willingness to say anything to get a rise out of people. Just... pure ego dripping from how hard ya think ya are.

[Taylor shrugs as he draws about halfway down the ramp.]

BT: Hell, Javier... in a different time and place... we might actually get along. I’ve been telling Jon and Todd and Blue and the rest for weeks now that maybe we’re wrong about you. Maybe if we got your head just... just a bit out of your ass...

[The crowd ROARS as Castillo fumes.]

BT: Just a tiny little bit... maybe you’d be alright and we could all get along.

They wanted you gone. I hadn’t really formed an opinion myself.

[Taylor shakes his head.]

BT: But then... in Chicago... you made a decision you can’t take back, Castillo. Up until that moment, this was all business... and hell, that’s important... but it ain’t everything.

Family, Javier... family is everything.

[The Outlaw of Professional Wrestling nods.]

BT: And you crossed a line in the Tower. You went after my son... and I can’t imagine it was because of anything he’d done to you...

[Taylor climbs the ringsteps, walking down the apron, and ducking through the ropes as the crowd buzzes with excitement. With Johnny Detson leaning on the far ropes, Taylor keeps his eyes on MAWAGA who looms dangerously nearby as Javier Castillo looks on.]

BT: That... that was directed at me, wasn’t it?

[Castillo simply smirks, not making an effort to deny it.]

BT: I just don’t... you know, I heard Blue call you short-sighted earlier and... hell, I hate to admit it but maybe he’s right. Maybe that’s all it is. Maybe you decided you had a chance to take a cheap shot at a member of AWA ownership. Maybe you decided that by putting my son in a hospital bed, not even able to turn his damn head... you’d send me a message.

Was that it, Javier? Was that what you wanted?

[Castillo smirks, raising the mic to his mouth.]

JC: I'd say the message was received... wouldn't you?

[Taylor looks down at the mat, shaking his head.]

BT: I was hoping you'd deny it, Castillo. I really was.

All night long, I walked around the back trying to talk myself out of coming out here. Lots of people did. Jon, Kevin, Adam... even got a few phone calls. Every single one of 'em knew what was coming next...

[He looks up, his eyes burning into Castillo.]

BT: ...except you.

[And the Outlaw of Professional Wrestling suddenly LUNGES forward, rushing between Castillo and MAWAGA...

...and CONNECTS with a running clothesline that takes the World Champion over the ropes, depositing him out on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: WHAT THE HELL?! WHAT THE HELL?!

GM: THE OUTLAW HAS COME FOR PAYBACK! AND PAYBACK IS A-

BW: MAWAGA!

[As Taylor wheels around, MAWAGA is there to greet him, lighting him up with a stiff-fingered blow to the throat followed by a hooking kick to the side of the face, knocking Taylor down to his knees.]

GM: OHHH!

[Castillo looks eagerly, gesturing for MAWAGA to keep on the attack. The Suited Savage steps in, leaning down to grab Taylor by the hair..]

"WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: FIREBALL! FIREBALL IN THE EYES OF MAWAGA!

[The Suited Savage drops to the mat, screaming in pain as Taylor stands tall, glaring at a suddenly terrified Castillo...

...who gets a big cowboy boot laced into his midsection!]

GM: TAYLOR GOES DOWNSTAIRS!

[He snatches a front facelock on Castillo, holding him all for see!]

GM: YES! YES! GET HIM!

[But as Taylor does a full turn with Castillo...

...he turns right into John Law wrapping a king-sized paw around his throat!]

GM: LAW HOOKS HIM! JOHN LAW HOOKS HIM BY THE THROAT!

[Law YANKS Taylor out of the front facelock on Castillo, lifting him sky high...

...and DRIVES him down to the canvas with a thunderous chokeslam!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: LAWMAKER CHOKESLAM ON TAYLOR!! OHHH MY!

[A panicked Javier Castillo has fallen back against the ropes, frantically grabbing at his own head and neck as Law stands over the downed Taylor.]

BW: Bobby Taylor just fought the Law and the Law won, daddy!

GM: Taylor’s laid out...

[Castillo snatches up the dropped mic.]

JC: You’re right, Outlaw! This IS personal now! And you can consider this a warning shot! If you come back from this...

[He leans over Taylor, getting way too close.]

JC: ...you’ll end up in a hospital bed next to your broken son!

[Castillo angrily throws the mic down on Taylor’s form, turning to John Law who has already taken a knee to tend to the burned MAWAGA as AWA officials and medical personnel come charging into view.]

GM: Fans, Bobby Taylor came to avenge his son and...

BW: And he broke the law! He attacked three men outside of a wrestling match - that’s assault in the eyes of John Law!

GM: John Law with that devastating chokeslam just... Taylor’s still down. But MAWAGA is down as well! This war of attrition continues to claim victims and... my stars, what on Earth is next?! Fans, we’re out of time! We’ve gotta go! We’ll see you on the Power Hour - so long everybody!

[Castillo looks down coldly on Taylor’s prone form as we fade to black.]