

A SPECIAL PRESENTATION OF  
THE AMERICAN WRESTLING ALLIANCE  
ON



# THE IRON GAUNTLET

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28TH, 2018 - CROCKETT COLISEUM - DALLAS, TEXAS

<JUST PUSH PLAY!>

[We fade in on 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."

[Back to black for a moment...

...and then up on footage from last weekend's premiere of Showtime on ESPN. We can see a familiar scene from that night - Medusa Rage making her selections from the upcoming Royal Crown tournament.]

MR: So my first selection ... this one is close to home. She's been an Age of Rage champion. She's been through Hell and back these days. She is the Afro Punk... Victoria June!

[Cut ahead to further in the Showtime premiere when Victoria June is competing in the Team Slater vs Team Rogers mixed tag challenge...

...when disaster strikes.]

LD: What the...?!

[The crowd ROARS as someone comes sprinting through the curtain, running right down the entrance staircase...]

LD: It's Harley Hamilton!

BW: And Cinder! The champs are here!

LD: The champs are here and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Hamilton CRACKS June upside the skull with the Women's World Tag Team Title belt, knocking her flat on the barely-padded floor!]

LD: HARLEY HAMILTON HIT HER WITH THE BELT!

[Williams drops down off the ropes, throwing an interested look in the direction of Hamilton and Cinder as they grab a now-bleeding June by the afro, tugging her to her feet...

...and each lift June by a leg...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and throw her VIOLENTLY down on the uneven metal staircase with a double standing spinebuster!]

LD: IN THE WORDS OF GORDON MYERS, GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

[Hamilton jerks back, angrily pointing down at June and then down at the floor...]

LD: What the hell IS all this, Ben?! Why are they doing this?!

BW: The only thing I can think of... and it seems absolutely crazy to say it is... Casey Cash?

LD: They're... Ben, you might be right! This is payback for what June did to Casey Cash last weekend! That's exactly what this is!

BW: If it is, talk about the epitome of an UNproportional response!

[Cinder wildly shrieks as she rips up the protective mats on the floor, exposing the Center Stage Studios concrete floor!]

LD: Are you... are you kidding me right now?! This is ridiculous! Cinder and Hamilton have exposed the concrete floor! They've exposed the concrete here in Atlanta!

[A double front facelock follows, the crowd buzzing with concern...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and the Women’s World Tag Team Champions DRIVE June’s already-bloody skull into the exposed concrete with a double DDT!]

LD: I can’t believe what I just saw! I just can’t believe it! They’ve assaulted Victoria June in the most violent way imaginable... and they’ve left her laying bloodied and broken on the premiere of Showtime!

[Cinder is laughing madly as she pulls the bloodied and limp June up by the afro, tossing her back inside the ring...]

LD: And she puts her back in because busting her open... because assaulting her on the floor wasn’t enough! Now they want to embarrass her as well and-

[Hamilton and Cinder rush their way back up the steps, fleeing the scene of the crime...]

...and we zoom in on June’s head, a heavy stream of blood coming out of her skull as it drips onto the canvas!]

LD: June’s bloody and broken and...

[We cut a short while ahead as Robert Donovan lifts the bloodied and broken June in his arms, carrying her from the ring towards the locker room...]

...and then to the backstage area where June has been loaded onto a stretcher, a tearful Kayla Cristol watching as they cart her friend and partner off to a nearby hospital...

...and then to a shot of Sweet Lou Blackwell from just a couple of days ago.]

SLB: I’m here because Interim President Zharkov has MADE his decision regarding Victoria June’s spot in the Royal Crown tournament and the spot will be filled in a brand new concept here to the AWA - the Iron Gauntlet match.

The rules of this match are as follows...

[A graphic comes up on the screen to show what Lou is saying in written form.]

SLB: The match has a 25 minute time limit with five competitors battling it out for that final spot in the tournament.

The five competitors will draw numbers at random... and the women who draw numbers One and Two will start the match. Every five minutes after that, a new competitor will enter the match until all five are in the ring.

[Blackwell pauses.]

SLB: Now, a fall can be won at any time by either pinfall, submission, or disqualification. When you win a fall, you win a point as well. However, if you LOSE a fall, you will be placed inside a Penalty Box at ringside for 90 seconds until you are allowed to re-enter the match.

At the end of 25 minutes, whichever competitor has scored the most falls will be named the winner of the inaugural Iron Gauntlet and the final participant in the Royal Crown tournament!

[The graphic disappears as is replaced with a new one as we hear Blackwell call out the names of the participants...]

SLB: KAYLA CRISTOL! LAURYN RAGE! MARGARITA FLORES! CAROLINA COLTON! BETTY CHANG!

[The graphic is complete, showing the five competitors in this new and innovative matchup...]

...and with that, we fade through black to the freshly-painted exterior of the Crockett Coliseum as we hear the soundtrack for this evening's battle - "Iron" by Within Temptation." We hold on the shot outside for a few moments, the marquee reading "AWA WRESTLING" for the first time in over two years.

We slowly fade to the interior of the building, showing fans filing past as we catch a glimpse of the old Wall of Fame area. A wall mural depicting Blackjack Lynch and Hamilton Graham in the midst of their legendary Texas Death Match is easily spotted.

We cut again, this time into the arena bowl which has changed very little since the last time the AWA broadcast from it. The seats are still sporting the Combat Corner Wrestling color scheme of green and white from ringside all the way up into the cheap seats - all of which are packed to their fullest for this special night.

We appear to be using the CCW ring, green-white-green ropes and turnbuckles. The ring apron is digitized, flashing and spinning the AWA logo around. Just beyond the ring are the black mats covering the ringside floors - a steel barricade just past that to keep the fans back.

The camera pans through the fans, showing the rabid AWA faithful supporting their favorites. AWA t-shirts - the kind you'd buy at AWAShop.com are littered throughout the crowd.

The entrance stage is greatly reduced in size from what we're used to on Saturday Night Wrestling, at a bit of an incline heading towards the ring. A pyramid made up of rectangular video and lighting screens sits at the back of the ramp, creating a unique look for entrances and providing the needed "video wall" for events.

Another cut gets us down to ringside where we find two familiar faces... but not whom we might expect to be given the job of calling AWA action - the CCW announce team of Harvey Sutton and Marcus Broussard who appear to be all ready to go.]

HS: Hello, AWA fans, and welcome home! The Crockett Coliseum has not seen AWA action within its' friendly confines since September 5th, 2015 at that year's Homecoming event but here on short notice, ol' Faithful has been pressed into duty like it was that night. I am Harvey Sutton, the voice of Combat Corner Wrestling... and by my side as always is a man who may need no introduction to AWA fans but he's gonna get one anyways - a former AWA National Champion, one of the trainers of the Combat Corner, and my good friend... The Shark... Marcus Broussard!

[Broussard does a tip of his non-existent cap at the camera.]

HS: And Shark, it's exciting to be calling AWA action once more!

[Broussard nods.]

MB: It IS exciting, Harv... and it's something that a whole lot of people on the Internet thought we might get the call to do... until recently... but I digress! Let's talk about why we're here tonight - the only reason we're here tonight and that's



the Iron Gauntlet. Five women will be coming to this ring over the next half hour or so with one goal and that's to get in to this Royal Crown tournament that starts on Saturday night in Oklahoma City.

HS: Kayla Cristol, Lauryn Rage, Margarita Flores, Betty Chang, and Carolina Colton are the women with that big victory all in their sights and we'll be hearing from all of them before we hit the ring. These fans here tonight, Shark, they've been here for hours now watching the stars of CCW do what they do best... but now they get a bonus treat. The cherry on top so to speak in this Iron Gauntlet match.

MB: A lot of great competitors with one very big goal between them. Who's gonna make it to the tournament and a date with Laura Davis? We'll know soon enough.

HS: Well, Marcus... there was one AWA competitor who we know will NOT make it to the tournament after Interim President Zharkov put the kibosh on any hopes she had of filling this empty spot by declaring that because the vacancy in the tournament was CREATED by E-Girl MAX, the vacancy could not be FILLED by E-Girl MAX.

MB: It's a logical decision, Harvey... but I get why it ruffled some feathers.

HS: The feathers belonging to Miss Baltimore Crabs herself, Casey Cash... take a look...

[Sutton grins as we fade to a young woman wearing a fedora, marked with a badge labeled "PRESS", along with a purple and black Under Armour tracksuit and matching sneakers. She appears to be dragging her camera operator along with her.]

"Breaking news! Riley Campbell here on the scene, looking to get word from E-Girl MAX after the latest announcement by AWA Interim President Maxim Zharkov!"

[Riley pulls the camera operator towards the building she's approaching - an Under Armour Performance Center - where a familiar woman is walking up, along with a pair of identical twin colleagues.]

RC: Casey! Casey Cash! Oh my gosh, am I glad I could catch you!

[The colleagues try to stop Riley, but Casey calls them off.]

CC: Melody! Harmony! Don't worry about her! That's up and coming reporter Riley Campbell! She just wants to get the truth!

RC: You bet I do!

[The Thompson Sisters, Melody and Harmony Thompson, both nod, drifting into the background behind Casey.]

RC: The announcement for Victoria June's replacement in the Royal Crown was made about an hour ago, and in a travesty of justice, you are prohibited from competing! What are your brilliant thoughts about this utter miscarriage of justice?!

[Riley holds her microphone out to Casey, who lets out quite a guttural sigh.]

CC: It's awful, Riley, just awful!

MT: Yeah!

HT: The worst!

CC: You tell me if this makes sense. Victoria June tries to stab me.

[Casey looks directly at the camera.]

CC: Get that? STAB me.

[Then back to Riley.]

CC: And when my good friends, Harley Hamilton and Cinder, do what any good friends SHOULD do, what does the AWA do? They go "oh, Victoria June, we're so sorry you got a boo-boo on your brain! We'll ban the true victim in all of this!"

HT: They're so biased!

MT: Rotten to the core!

[Riley nods affirmatively.]

RC: I, personally, was shocked AND appalled that you, who were an innocent bystander in all of this, have been prohibited from the glory of competition.

CC: Thank you, Riley. You're very kind.

MT: The media's not all bad!

HT: I'd subscribe to her Patreon!

MT: Supporting independent journalism is important!

HT: The bedrock of modern society!

[Riley fans her face as Casey pulls out her phone.]

CC: You know who wasn't happy about this either? My Godfather, Cal Ripken Jr., that's who. Just listen!

[Casey pulls up a video on her phone, and sure enough, there's a video from Cal Ripken Jr.! She presses play as Riley moves the microphone closer to capture the audio.]

CRJ: Hey Casey. I know you're disappointed about wrestling, but don't let 'em get you down. Just because you're down two strikes doesn't mean to stop swinging, even if you're against the Yankees.

[There appears to be more to the video, but Casey stops it.]

RC: Wow. That was so inspirational. As expected from someone who played in 2,632 consecutive games...

[Riley turns back to the camera.]

RC: But with the power of Under Armour backing him, I bet it would've been over 3,000 consecutive!

[Riley turns back to Casey.]

RC: It's easy to see why you're such an unstoppable force, with a Godfather like that!

CC [blushing]: Oh you flatterer. I had to stop the rest because he was going to talk about Easter Sunday plans, and I don't need a million people trying to participate in the egg hunt.

HT: It ruins the spirit of the chase!

MT: Imagine how many eggs you'd have to buy!

CC: I know, right?

RC: Those poor chickens!

[Everyone stops for a moment to think about the plight of the American hen, before Riley returns to trying to get her scoop.]

RC: The list of competitors in the Iron Gauntlet definitely don't stack up to y-

CC: BETTY CHANG?! HOW DID SHE EVEN QUALIFY?!

MT: She's a cheater!

HT: Her and her clone friends!

CC: See Riley, what you need to do? You need to do an in-depth investigation about the structural and systemic bias in play here! Because Betty Chang, she was disqualified against me twice! Sure, it doesn't say that on the record books yet, but once my protest is officially finished, the results will be reversed and I'll be the winner in those matches, not her!

HT: It really doesn't make sense!

MT: Either on paper or in reality!

RC: What a scandal! I'll get right to work on exposing how the AWA has been trying to suppress the truth about this whole rotten ordeal!

CC: Thank goodness there's some honesty left in the media these days.

RC: Oh, by the way, this will be a print article too! Can I get some quick snaps?

CC: Of course!

[The camera operator hands Riley a SLR camera, which Riley uses to take pictures of a posing Casey along with the Thompsons, whose grace-facing and kissing poses seem to indicate a little more cheeriness than their disposition.]

RC: Well, thank you, Casey. It really takes a woman of high moral character to be so affable with the media after such a tragedy.

CC: What can I say, we at E-Girl MAX... we're professionals.

[Casey shrugs.]

MT: Yeah! They're really good!

HT: And they're humble too!

CC: Now if you'll pardon us, Harley will want to make sure we get our workouts in.

RC: Of course! Athletes must do as they must!

[Casey and the Thompsons go into the Under Armour Performance Center, as Riley turns back to face the camera.]

RC: Courage in the face of such structural chaos.

[Riley looks back towards the Performance Center with a sigh, then back to her camera.]

RC: You really do have to admire the strength in the "Charm City Cutie", Casey Cash. Riley Campbell, signing off.

[And with that, we cut back to Harvey and Marcus, the former of which is shaking his head.]

HS: As you can see, Casey Cash is most displeased with this development...

MB: I'm more concerned about the tag champs, Harvey, because we all saw and Victoria June FELT firsthand what happens when THEY are displeased with a development.

HS: A vile, vicious, and brutal attack by Harley Hamilton and Cinder left June on the shelf and out of this tournament. I'm sure there will be repercussions for that... but right now, let's see if we can get an update on the Afro Punk's condition when we talk to her hand-picked choice for this match... her partner, Kayla Cristol!

[We fade from ringside as the shot opens up in the Combat Corner's interview area. Kayla Cristol stands before the CCW logo. She is dressed in a tight jean skirt and a Country Punks T-shirt. She has a cowboy hat perched on the back of her head so her hair flows down freely. She seems sad but determined. And when she speaks it's with some steel in her voice.]

KC: This was supposed to be Victoria June's match. She's the one that is supposed to be going to London, not me! She was chosen by a Hall of Fame legend. She earned the right to be in the Royal Crown tournament. And just like that, you E-Girl Max jackals took it away from her!

Well, Vicki will be back and the Country Punks will be stronger than ever! You think you can run and hide to keep those tag team titles? No way. You yellow-bellied cowards are on borrowed time and all your shenanigans are going to come home to roost. You ain't nothing but a disgrace to the tag team division and you ain't nothing but a disgrace to the AWA.

[Cristol snorts.]

KC: You got the name right. Your egos are to the max, girls. And yet you ain't nuthin' but some cosplaying bullies, pretending to be important and big shots around here.

[She sneers, mumbling "Like Under Armour really cares about you." She shakes her head, refocusing.]

KC: But enough about E-Girl Max. This is about the Iron Gauntlet. I'm not supposed to be here. I know that, but I have to be here because this is Victoria June's spot and this is Victoria June's match and I'm going to win this match for Victoria June. I'm going to hold the line for my tag team partner until she can get up out of her bed and get back into the ring and win her own Royal Crown. So, the rest of you, y'all all fighting for yourselves. Me? I got a bigger purpose. So it's gonna be impossible to put me down.



[Her brown eyes are hard.]

KC: Maybe now more than ever I feel focused and driven and I have a sense of purpose like never before. Victoria June is my best friend. I've told you all the story before when I first signed with the AWA and I was here with no friends, no idea what I was doing up here in the big leagues and I see this crazy-looking girl in catering and she offers me a muffin. And she says: 'Ah love yer accent. Here, have a bite.' And I took a bite of the muffin and she said: "Let me show you around round here." And she showed me the ropes and she helped me through everything.

And when things got bad for me ... Charisma ... Harley ... all the villains around here... were hurting me, were putting me down... Victoria June stood up for me. She fought for me. And I'm going to return the favor. So God help all of y'all because I am the Iron Gauntlet winner. The rest of y'all are playing for second place!

[Slowly, deliberately... she raises one of her gun fingers and points directly at the camera. Without a trace of remorse, she mimes pulling the trigger four times, shooting four different targets...

...and we fade back to Harvey and the Shark.]

HS: A very focused and determined Kayla Cristol who is hoping to make her friend proud here tonight and walk out the winner of the Iron Gauntlet. If she does that, Shark, she'll move on to Friday night in OKC to face the #1 Athlete, Laura Davis, in the first round of the Royal Crown... which is a tall order itself.

MB: It is but you can't be focused on that. You can't start thinking about facing the leader of the Slam Sorority or you'll find yourself out of this Iron Gauntlet in a hurry.

HS: And as the ringside workers continue setting up for tonight's featured attraction, let's hear from a member of the Slam Sorority... in fact, she's currently the ONLY member of the Slam Sorority who isn't in the Royal Crown tournament but all that could change tonight if Carolina Colton gets her way!

[We fade.

Caption: "EARLIER TODAY." Carolina Colton struts through the backstage area of Combat Corner Wrestling in her workout leggings and red bomber letterman jacket emblazoned with the word, "CALGARY." She seems to be monologuing as the camera tracks her.]

CC: Ah, the Crockett is just like I remember it from when I wrestled my last match here a couple of months ago. Compact... charming... and a distinct wrestling lineage with a state-of-the-art twist...

[She pushes her aviator sunglasses onto her forehead and eyeballs the camera in her laid-back style.]

CC: ...Not unlike yours truly. So, Todd... I hear poor Saffron Star is still on the shelf. I was hoping to thank her for helping me earn the nickname, "Starkiller," when I ripped her arm out of her socket. She didn't take my strategic advice to heart: let the rookie win.

[Carolina snickers, a smug, slightly sinister laugh.]

CC: Of course, I don't mind given'er earning a few more nicknames in a CCW ring. Ohyeahnwafersure, I'd love to spar a bit with Coach Davis in OKC, maybe watch the

steam shoot out of ol' T-Bone Wallace's ears when she sees me in the Royal Crown way ahead on style points.

Margarita Flores or Betty Chang... you can talk about being a tall glass of water, but they're all the same size when I scoop 'em off the canvas, and they make the same noise when I put 'em down - sssssSPLAT!

[Carolina snickers her oddly cadenced snicker again.]

CC: Oh yeah naw, it's you that I'm looking for, "Little Miss Keener" Lauryn Rage, still trying to get to London – and the only London she's going to be visiting is on Highway 401. Ain't that right, Lauryn? Coach Davis set up a little date between you and I for National Wrestling Night, and– in good conscience – I don't want to face the first AWA Women's Champion while she's distracted with the Royal Crown tournament. I wouldn't be proud of myself for beating you with your mind elsewhere, so I'll be looking to make sure you don't have anything to worry about.

Of course, I don't have a problem being in the Royal Crown tournament. If, by some chance, the pressure gets to be too much for me... I'll just hafta share the burden with my GOOD FRIENDS in the Slam Sorority.

[Carolina drops her mirrored sunglasses back onto her nose and struts off into the Crockett...

...and we fade back to ringside.]

HS: Carolina Colton certainly not lacking in confidence headed into this big showdown, Shark... and she brings up an interesting point. We all know the problems that Lauryn Rage has had with the Slam Sorority as of late... and we also already discussed that the winner of this match will move on to face Laura Davis in the first round. Do you think Carolina Colton walks into this match trying to win... or trying to keep Lauryn Rage from winning?

MB: Why not do both? Best way to keep someone else from winning is to win yourself... plus Colton and Rage have a date set for National Wrestling Night in a few weeks too so Colton may have plenty of agenda here tonight when it comes to the woman who was the first to wear the AWA Women's World Title.

HS: Speaking of which, let's listen in to Da Kid's thoughts on this high stakes matchup here tonight!

[We fade to pre-recorded footage - a night time scene that is Atlanta's Centennial Olympic park after dark. The streets are nearly empty except for the unhoused who shuffle around Atlanta's downtown when the working citizens go home.

Through the grime and the darkness, Lauryn Rage stalks down Centennial Olympic Park Drive. She is dressed in tattered jeans and unlaced black workboots. She's got a hoodie pulled up over her head and a heavy leather vest over the zip up hoody. She comes to a stop by some overflowing trash cans at the corner. The park is in her background. Rage pulls back her hoodie to reveal her new look, a freshly-shaven head. The look highlights her intense hazel eyes. Lauryn folds her powerful biceps over her chest. She chews her lips while glaring menacingly into the camera. Finally, she snorts derisively.]

LR: I love my sister, I really do, but Medusa is stuck in the past. She said people were going to pick me based on my talent. Ha! She doesn't understand that competition isn't a thing any more. She doesn't understand that nobody wants to see Lauryn Rage in the ring against them. They're all scared cowards now. And they should be. Because Lauryn Rage is no joke. And Lauryn Rage wants her pound of flesh. Laura Davis is trying to go to London, so I am, too. This thing

between us is on sight beef. Whenever I see you, Laura Davis, it's smoke. I want it. I want all of it. Laura Davis, you're looking at the winner of the Iron Gauntlet match and then I'm heading to Oklahoma City to knock you out of the first round. And everybody that so carefully picked around me?

[Lauryn uncrosses her arms and takes a menacing step towards the camera.]

LR: Well, I'm winning the whole Royal Crown just because I want to remind you why you were afraid to pick me.

[Her eyes narrow.]

LR: You think I don't hear the sniggers. You think I don't watch commentary after the show? You all think I lost my way because I didn't take out Kurayami as soon as I got back? Oh Hell no.

[Lauryn calms herself for a moment. She loses the steely look in her eye.]

LR: I wasn't ready then. I wasn't whole yet. My damn knee wasn't strong enough. And I had doubt in my mind that I was ready. But this ain't that Lauryn. This ain't the kid with one wheel. Da Kid is back. And no one is stopping me.

[And just like the vulnerable peak into the first AWA Women's World Champion is gone and that angry stare is back.]

LR: You saw what I did to Pink Cashmere. I hit her with the Perfect Punch and the Snakebite. And she ain't ever done a thing to me but be my partner. That's a little message to everybody out there. I'm a winner. I'm a trailblazer. I'm the wrong bitch to mess with.

You all forget that Da Kid does a lot of firsts around here. First AWA Women's World Xhampion. First big AWA signing to debut on Power Hour. First AWA women's wrestler to defend her title at SuperClash. First woman in the AWA to return from an ACL injury and not miss a beat. And I will be the first woman to win the Iron Gauntlet match. And I will be the first woman to win the Royal Crown by hook or by crook.

[Lauryn points to the camera.]

LR: And Carolina Colton, I'm especially looking for you, chick, because you're Laura's minion. I'm damn sure gonna kick your ass. I know you're going to try to take me out. I know that Davis put the hit out on me. But you tell her something for me: London's calling and Lauryn listening.

[Smiles are supposed to be warm, but there is anything but warmth in Lauryn's smile. It is cold. Merciless. Lethal.]

LR: So what I suggest to all of you in this match is go run and hide in the penalty box immediately and stay there for 25 minutes because Lauryn's coming and Hell's coming with her.

[The shot zooms in on Lauryn's hardened expression. It holds for a beat before the shot fades out back to our announcers at ringside in Dallas.]

HS: Lauryn Rage mincing no words in addressing her doubters... her haters, if you will.

MB: And she's right about a lot of what she said, Harvey - if I'm anyone else in this match, she's the one I'm most worried about. The former World Champion. The one with the knockout power in her fists. The one determined to get back to the

top. We just saw Julie Somers defend her title against Ricki Toughill a week and a half ago in New Orleans, Harvey... I was there, it was a hell of a match... but that win by Somers means that Ricki goes down the list and it's time for someone else to step up and challenge the Spitfire for the gold. Why not the woman who held the title first? No one asked me to pick people for this tournament... but if they had, Lauryn Rage would've been on my list.

HS: A dangerous competitor to be in there with for sure... and the other four women will need to keep one eye open and on her at all times in this one. But if you're going to keep one eye on Lauryn Rage... you also need to keep one eye on the biggest woman in this match by far. A woman who has seemed to have a bit of a chip on her shoulder in recent weeks... that tall drink of Texas water, Margarita Flores!

[Cut to Margarita Flores, pacing one of the locker rooms of the Crockett. She is dressed in her latest T-shirt (available at AWAShop.com), with the photo inspired by LL Cool J's "Mama Said Knock You Out" album cover, with the sleeves cut off, over a black bustier top, and matching shorts. Flores also has on her signature beige cowboy hat. She stops pacing to address the camera, a quick glance in its direction the only indication that she is aware of it and, presumably, its operator.]

MF: The irony... Of being back here... The place that's already kicked me out once... Because of my tendency to have one too many, apparently... Well, I've already proven myself once!

Proven that I did not need the Combat Corner, or Combat Corner Wrestling to get to the AWA... To get on its main shows, Saturday Night Wrestling and Showtime... Proof that I have got what it takes to hang with ANY of the top ranked competitors of the AWA Women's Division!

And, yet, tonight I get the chance to prove myself once again... Prove myself for what? For the chance to jump through another hoop and qualify for the Royal Crown tournament? And, then, what? Yet another hoop in the form of the Royal Crown!

My whole career's been about running the gauntlet! And what happens when Margarita Flores gets put through a gauntlet? She knocks down what's put in her way...

[Smacking her right forearm with her left hand at every word.]

MF: EVERY...

"SMACK!"

MF: DAMN...

"SMACK!"

MF: TIME!

"SMACK!"

MF: So, whether it's Kayla Cristol; former AWA Women's World Champion, Lauryn Rage; Carolina Colton, or my one-time tag partner, my one-time pal, Betty Chang? Well... Wall plaster can't fight back, but Big Mami? Mami's gonna knock you out!

"SMACK!"

[And we cut back to Harvey and Marcus at the table.]

HS: Margarita Flores with a little bit of a history lesson there for us. For those who may not be aware, Margarita Flores was once a student here at the Combat Corner who was shown the door for... what's the polite way to put this...

MB: Her love of adult beverages?

[Sutton chuckles.]

HS: Sure. Exactly. She did compete in CCW for a time before that happened... and ultimately, when she got re-hired by the AWA, she went straight to the main roster so she's right, Shark. She didn't need the Combat Corner and CCW to get to the big dance.

MB: Hey, not everyone does. Even as a trainer here, I'll acknowledge that... but six foot one and 176 pounds, she's the biggest woman in the division and she's still knocking on the door having to win this match to get into the tournament. She says she's jumping through hoops, I say she's trying to pay her dues... which might've come easier if she'd stuck around and learned something.

HS: Touchy, touchy, Mr. Shark.

MB: I call 'em like I see 'em, Harv.

HS: Well, from the largest woman in the match, we now go to the smallest woman in the match... perhaps the dark horse in this one. I'm not sure many people are giving her a chance to win this thing but... you and I know better, Marcus.

MB: Betty Chang has worked harder than anyone else in this match to be in this spot. She's not the biggest woman in the match, the stronger, the most durable... but she's got a heart bigger than maybe all of them put together. She's trained here in the Corner with us, she's trained in Canada with the Coltons, she's even trained down in Mexico. She may not win it... but it won't be for a lack of effort.

HS: Betty Chang has loads of that intangible they call "fighting spirit" - let's hear what's on her mind as we're now just moments away from the Iron Gauntlet match to begin!

[We fade from ringside to pre-recorded footage of a well-lived in loft. There, we see Betty Chang seated on a loveseat sofa, furiously button-mashing on a video game controller. She's not dressed for any sort of physical activity, wrestling or otherwise, wearing her pink Disney princesses jammies with Jasmine, Tiana, Rapunzel, Mulan and Ariel on the front. Her hair is tied in double braids and beside her, is a family-sized bag of Flaming Hot Cheetos along with a half-empty 2-liter bottle of Mountain Dew Baja Blast. As the camera zooms in, we see that she is singing happily to herself.]

BC: #My day off song, my day off song  
#Eating junk and playing God of War as I sing my day off song  
#My day off song, my day song  
#No stupid Casey Cash or dumb boys to worry about as I sing my day off so-

"BETTY, STOP YOUR LOLLYGAGGING!"

[Suddenly, we see Charity Rockwell bursting into the loft like a bat out of hell. A startled Betty screams, before covering her chest.]

CR: Sorry to interrupt you while you're indecent, doll, but you have a match!

BC: W-w-what!?!]

[Rockwell is the aesthetic opposite of Betty, dressed in a white blouse with a navy blue blouse, a navy blue pleated skirt, Oxford shoes, and a white straw hat over her finger wave blonde curls.]

BC: Are you serious? I thought I had the entire week off!

CR: Hot off the presses, hon, it's gonna' be you versus Kayla Cristol, Lauryn Rage, Margarita Flores, and Carolina Colton in an Iron Gauntlet Match!

[As Charity lists the names, the look of horror on Betty's face grows until it the mention of the "Iron Gauntlet", at which point, she simply looks confused.]

BC: An iron what?

CR: "Iron Gauntlet", sweetheart. I texted you the rules.

[Betty quickly reaches for her phone and her eyes open wide as she reads.]

BC: These are the rules!? A PENALTY BOX??? Who came up with this match? I thought we defeated Korugun to prevent things like this from happening again!

CR: Never mind that, you've got four days to prepare!

BC: Well, it's already three thirty... I don't think we're going to get much done today.

CR: You've got three days to prepare!

BC: What do I even do? I have four opponents and I don't just have to beat them, I have to beat them multiple times!

[Charity rubs her chin in thought.]

CR: I think I know just the right person.

[The scene fades out, before we fade back into a shot of Betty, now dressed in a black t-shirt that reads "EAT, SLEEP, ANIME, REPEAT" underneath an orange tiger-striped Tigger hoodie and a pair of cutoff denim shorts, walking up to a door. She hesitantly knocks, before the door swings open and she's greeted by Molly Bell, who eyes her suspiciously.]

MB: Who are you?

BC: Uh... you know who I am. I'm Betty.

MB: Mmmhmm. And do you have any snacks... "Betty"?

[Betty unslings her backpack and zips it open, producing a rotisserie chicken. Molly greedily takes it from Betty's hands before turning around and shouting into the abyss.]

MB: MOMMMMMMMMMMM, YOU TOLD SOMEONE THE PASSWORRRRRRDDD!

BC: I guess that means I can go in...

[The scene fades out once again and when we return, we now see Betty, squeezed in tightly on one end of a couch with Kimmy Bailey in the middle and Yoshi Fujiwara on the other end. Kimmy is wearing a sleeveless UCLA T-shirt that's been cropped so significantly that it barely covers her sports bra, along with a black Adidas gym



leggings with three stripes down the legs. She's barefoot, and her toenails have been painted black with a holographic rainbow of glitter top coat. She is happily munching away at a bowl of popcorn. Yoshi is wearing a vintage neon green button down shirt with floral print, Levi's ripped jeans, and black Kenzo x H&M rubber boots with green soles. Every so often, he and Betty try to sneak looks at each other, but quickly look away if they meet eyes.]

"Are you paying attention?"

[The camera cuts to a shot of Ayako Fujiwara, standing in front of a dry erase board. On it, we see the names of all of Betty's opponents in the Iron Gauntlet Match on it written in marker. Of note, are crossed out bits in completely different handwriting that read "She ain't that strong" with an arrow pointing at Carolina Colton and "Angry for no reason" pointing at Margarita Flores.]

\*PSSST\* "WE SURE ARE, AYAKO."

[We see Lorena Vasquez peeking her head over from behind the couch, megaphone in hand.]

KB: Honestly, I'm just here to learn about who I might fight in the finals. I'm already in. I mean, I gotta beat Trish well-she-sucks. Thing is, if she ever had an idea, it'd die of loneliness, so I figure that's in the bag.

[Everyone glares at Kimmy, who continues to munch away.]

KB: But I'm still rootin' for ya, Bets. Popcorn?

YF: Why are there four kinds in this bowl?

KB: Brown Eyes, what are you complainin' about? You got cheese popcorn, caramel popcorn, buttered popcorn, and sour cream and onion popcorn. It's a whole dang unlimited amount of options to choose from!

[Kimmy elbows Betty, whose whole body recoils.]

KB: Look at this guy, Bets, thinkin' I'm a one popcorn kinda gal.

YF: You're mixing salt and sweet... I guess I'm just a one popcorn type of guy.

[Suddenly, Betty snaps.]

BC: BUT I BET THAT DOESN'T STOP YOU FROM EXPERIMENTING WITH DIFFERENT FLAVORS DOES IT!?

[Stunned silence.]

\*PSSST\* "WELL THIS JUST GOT AWKWARD"

[Ayako clears her throat.]

Ayako: Moving on... I think we've covered just about everything we could about your opponents, Betty. Do you have any questions?

BC: Actually, I do. When you say Lauryn Rage is an "irredeemable, no good, untrustworthy, hypocritical scum of the Earth", do I-

[Betty reaches for the popcorn as she's asking her question, just as Yoshi reaches for the popcorn as well. Their fingers touch and suddenly it's as if the world has

gone in slow motion as they turn to each other, staring longingly into each other's eyes.]

\*PSSST\* "NO HANKY PANKY WHILE AYAKO IS DROPPING KNOWLEDGE, YO"

[For all of half a second. Kimmy looks behind her.]

KB: Hey puriteen, you simmer down.

\*PSSST\* "GOTTA BE MORE RESPONSIBLE. IMPRESSIONABLE CHILDREN ARE ALWAYS WATCHING"

[Lorena menacingly points two fingers to her eyes and then points them at Betty and Yoshi.]

Ayako: Please do not engage in lewd actions in my presence.

KB: Yeah, Ayako's gonna make you take a lap if you keep carryin' on.

[Betty and Yoshi disengage and look away, red in the face. Ayako shakes her head.]

Ayako: Honestly Betty, with a match as chaotic as this, I don't think anyone can properly plan for it. I can tell you about your opponents all you want, but what you really need to do, is just try your best and believe in yourself.

BC: I know, Ayako... it's just, it's all so overwhelming.

Ayako: Come on, don't start doubting yourself now, Betty. You've come so far in such a short time. I mean, you've practically demolished Casey Cash twice.

\*PSSST\* "AND SHE HAS THE POWER OF E-GIRL MAX AND UNDER ARMOUR ON HER SIDE"

BC: That's true. I was able to overcome her and Under Armour's superior athletics wear.

[Lorena, in her ultra rare EMWC Luke Kinsey "MR MOJO RISING" tshirt, pops up from behind the couch and gives Betty a shove in the shoulder.]

\*PSSST\* "SO ARE YOU READY TO WIN THIS MATCH OR NOT"

[Betty rises out of the couch with a determined look on her face.]

BC: I am!

\*PSSST\* "WHO'S GONNA KICK EVERYONE'S FREAKIN HEAD IN"

BC: I am!

\*PSSST\* "WHO'S GONNA PAY ME THIRTY PERCENT WHEN I LEAD HER TO VICTORY"

BC: I AM- wait what?

[Kimmy comes up from behind and puts her arm around Betty's shoulder.]

KB: YOU ARE!

BC: Wait, no...

KB: Alright, everyone gather around and put'em in!

[Kimmy puts her hand in the middle as Lorena quickly puts her hand in too. Seeing everyone else just standing there, Kimmy then forces Betty, Yoshi, and Ayako's hands in too.]

KB: Goooooooooooo... TEAM!

[Only Kimmy and Lorena toss their hands into the air. Kimmy looks around confused.]

KB: Well that ain't the reaction I was hopin' for. Ayako?

Ayako: I have no actual emotional investment in Betty's failure or success.

[We cut to Betty and Yoshi who we see are touching hands again and are staring in awe at each other.]

\*PSSST\* "NO MEN BEFORE THE MATCH IT WEAKENS THE LEGS"

KB: You heard your manager, Bets! No men!

BC: Sigh.

[Fade to black...

...and then back to our announce team.

HS: Ummm... hmmm... well... Shark?

MB: I took absolutely nothing away from those two minutes other than an overwhelming desire to binge-watch every Terry Shane Sr. match in the AWA archives. Those were the days.

HS: Uh huh. Betty Chang bringing us a... different... perspective as we head into this showdown. And... well... Shark, I think we've made our viewers wait long enough for this one. It's time! And to get this party started, let's head up to the ring to CCW ring announcer "Dynamite" Danny Draper!

[We cut to the ring where DDD himself is standing, mic in hand and a grin on his face.]

DDD: CCC FANS!

[Cheer!]

DDD: AWA FANS!

[BIGGER CHEER!]

DDD: IT'S... TIIIIIIIIIME!

[BIGGEST CHEER!]

DDD: The following contest is your MAIN EVENT for the evening and it is the first ever... I-YURRRRRRRRRRRRN GAUNNNNNNTLET MATCH!

The rules for this match are as follows... this match has a 25 minute time limit. In mere moments, the first two participants will hit the ring as chosen by a blind draw. Those two will battle it out for five minutes before the next participant comes down

the aisle to join them. And so it will continue every five minutes until all five participants have entered the ring.

At any point after the opening bell, a decision can be scored by pinfall, submission, or disqualification awarding a point to the winner. The loser of that fall will be put into...

[He gestures towards ringside to a large metal cage - sharp-eyed viewers would recognize it as The Brig from last year's Boot Camp Match at SuperClash.]

DDD: ...this Penalty Box for 90 seconds!

At the twenty-five minute mark, whichever competitor has scored the most falls will be named the winner of the inaugural Iron Gauntlet and the final participant in the Royal Crown tournament!

[The crowd cheers the unusual match setup as Draper grins.]

DDD: And now... the woman who drew #1!

["Blue Water Blue Sky" by Daisuke Ishiwatari, from the Guilty Gear X2 soundtrack, begins to play over as Betty Chang makes her way to the ring. The young martial artist is dressed in a bright pink transparent shirt with multi-colored neon triangle designs, a black sport bra underneath, a black mini skirt with pink trim, black shorts underneath and black and pink wrestling sneakers with matching laces.]

DDD: From Seattle, Washington... weighing in at 110 pounds...

...BETTY! CHAAAAAAAAAANG!

[Chang reaches ringside, smiling and waving at the cheering fans as she jogs up the ringsteps to the apron, grabbing the top rope and slingshotting over in a somersault, landing on her feet with a loud "YAAAAAA!" as she strikes a martial arts pose!]

HS: Well, if Betty Chang was concerned about this match before... you gotta think she's VERY concerned now as she's the first one in which means to win it, she's gotta go the distance.

MB: What's unusual about this match is how the luck of the draw comes into play. In something like the Rumble which we'll be seeing on Memorial Day in Los Angeles, you want the later number... you want everyone worn out by the time you get there. But here, if you come in last, you'll find yourself with ten minutes left on the clock and who knows - maybe someone's already picked up three... four... five points! You almost want a middle draw here... or if you're a competitor with great conditioning, maybe you DO want that first or second spot. It's going to be fascinating to see it unfold.

HS: Now, let's see who she'll be starting off again...

[Draper continues as Chang looks anxiously around at the large crowd.]

DDD: And now... the woman who drew #2...

[A loud sound of a pistol firing and hitting a metal target rings out before "Gettin' Down on the Mountain" by Corb Lund plays over the sound system to loud cheers from the CCW/AWA faithful! Through the entrance steps a bronze-skinned woman with unruly dark brown hair. She extends both hands in front of her, pointing her index fingers forward. She "fires" them in quick succession, and mimes holstering them in her rhinestone and sequin-covered gun belt.]

DDD: ...from Fouke, Arkansas... weighing in at 138 pounds...

...Kayla... "THE PISTOL" ... CRIIIISTOLLL!

[Kayla Cristol jogs down the aisle, slapping palms along the way. Cristol is dressed in pink leather chaps with many tassels, turquoise cowboy boots, and pink studded crop top that cuts off at the base of her ribcage, a pair of crossed pistols silkscreened on the front. She hops on the ring apron, climbs to the second ropes, and crosses her forearms in front of her, pointing her index fingers outward.]

HS: And Shark, Kayla Cristol may be the crowd favorite here tonight...

MB: Southern born and Southern bred, The Pistol trained for the world of wrestling with the hometown boys, the Lynch family, and did her time here in CCW! She worked her way through the Texarkana indy scene and I'm sure many of the fans here tonight saw Kayla Cristol compete in this ring or another small venue earlier in her career... and they'd love to see her hit it big tonight.

[Cristol grins at Chang as she comes through the ropes.]

HS: And these two are no strangers to one another. We've heard Cristol tell the story of her friendship with Victoria June but she's also struck up a bond with Betty Chang over the past several months as they battled together to break into the next level of the Women's Division. They were often booked as tag team partners on the AWA live events, sometimes teaming against the likes of the Serpentes in the opening match and... well, you can see a warmth in the eyes of Cristol and Chang as they see one another.

MB: Gotta toss all that out the window though, Harvey. Look, I've got no problem with making friends in this business... I got a few myself... but at the end of the day, this business is about making money... not friends... and these two are in the pressure slot of this match. They've gotta go out there, go strong, work quick but not too quick... you want to get on the board before that third competitor hits the ring but you gotta keep enough in reserve to not burn yourself out.

HS: It's a balance.

MB: Absolutely.

[Referee Amy Moyle steps into the middle of the ring, speaking to both competitors.]

HS: And how about that, Shark? A CCW referee gets the call for this one. A big moment for her as well.

[Moyle can't help but keep the smile off her face as she looks at the hard camera with a very slight wave and "Hi Mom!"...

...and then is all serious as she waves for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

HS: The bell sounds and put 25 big ones on the clock!

[The graphic showing 25:00 and counting down is on the screen as we also get a "scoreboard" graphic at the bottom of the screen showing zeroes across the board for all five competitors. Cristol claps her hands together and starts circling Betty Chang who does the same, nodding at her friend as the crowd cheers!]

HS: The two smaller competitors circling at the start of this one - Chang at 110 pounds, Cristol at 138...

[Cristol lunges at Chang for a tieup but the smaller and faster Chang ducks under the tieup, swinging around and connecting with a leg kick to the calf, causing Cristol to yelp.]

HS: ...and Chang strikes first with the kick to the calf, using both her speed and that devastating martial arts skill that has given Casey Cash fits recently.

[Cristol grimaces, shaking her leg as Chang strikes that martial arts pose, ready for more.]

MB: Come on, Kayla - time is ticking...

[Cristol lunges again as Chang ducks under, this time grabbing the arm, twisting it around into a hammerlock...

...and then kicks Cristol's leg out from under her, causing her to fall back on her own arm!]

HS: Oh! Nice combination by Betty Chang and-

[Chang dives onto Cristol, looking for a quick pin.]

HS: Chang covers- Cristol is out before a one count even comes down.

[Cristol comes up, a little red in the cheeks this time, swinging her arm this time in pain...

...and Chang charges her, leaping up to hook a headscissors, flipping Cristol over to the mat to cheers!]

HS: What has gotten into Betty Chang?! Off to a crazy quick start and-

[Chang rushes to the ropes, bouncing off as Cristol looks to get back to her feet...]

"LARIATOS!"

[...and Chang swings for the fences, catching Cristol across the chest with a clothesline...]

HS: Well... not exactly what she was hoping for there.

[Cristol frowns at the clothesline attempt, shaking her head as Chang backs off to the ropes again...]

HS: Chang trying to learn from Kimmy Bailey and Ayako Fujiwara with that lariat although it didn't quite have the same oomph behind it! She's gonna try it again though!

[...but this time, Chang is met by Cristol's own attempt at a clothesline that Chang leaps up, hooking the arm...]

HS: CRUCIFIX!

[...and pulls Cristol down to the mat, pinning her shoulders down!]

HS: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEE!



MB: WHAT?! WHAT?!

[Chang rolls out of the pin, grasping her own face in disbelief as the fans cheer!]

DDD: BETTY CHANG SCORES THE FIRST FALL!

[The scoreboard graphic changes to show "CHANG - 1" as the time ticks down to "23:19"]

HS: Wow! I think even Betty Chang is in shock over that one! Just about a minute thirty into this one, Betty Chang scores a surprising pinfall with that crucifix rollup and that puts her ahead 1-0 in the first ever Iron Gauntlet matchup!

[Cristol gets up on her feet, a surprised expression on her face...

...but it only lasts a moment before a running dropkick by Chang sends Cristol falling through the ropes out onto the apron!]

HS: Cristol to the outside... hangs onto the ropes though for the moment... the referee is consulting here with a ringside official... not sure what's going on there.

MB: I am! Cristol just got pinned - the rules say she has to go into the Penalty Box but right now, that's more of a penalty for Chang than it is for Cristol! Chang's got her on the run and she might even pick off another fall if they let this keep going.

[Chang backs off, giving her friend time to get back to her feet as a practically giddy Chang looks around at the cheering crowd with a fistpump as the referee finishes the discussion...]

HS: Cristol trying to get back to her feet... she's gotta be a little off her game at this point, Shark.

MB: Taking a pin that quick throws off your whole gameplan for something like this. Imagine a two out of three falls match or an Iron Man match where you expect to be in it for a long time and you've geared yourself up both physically and mentally for that... and then throw everything for a loop by taking a quick L. That's what this feels like. Cristol's head is probably swimming right now but she's gotta get her head back into this in a hurry or she'll be down 2-0 before she knows it.

[Cristol climbs to her feet, looking in at Chang with her own flavor of disbelief, shaking her head as Chang comes towards the ropes excitedly with a "COME ON!" to her friend, waving her back into the ring...

...and referee Amy Moyle steps in to approve, giving a thumbs up and waving her arms together.]

HS: It looks like the referee agrees with you, Marcus. The match WILL go on!

MB: Good call, referee!

[...but Cristol ducks low, using the ropes to propel herself forward into a tackle to the midsection!]

MB: There you go, Pistol... cut her off and get on top...

[Grabbing the top rope, Cristol catapults herself over the top, dragging the doubled-over Chang into a sunset flip...]

HS: Cristol with a pin of her own for one! For two! For thr-

[...but Chang cracks her heels together on Cristol's ears to escape the hold to cheers from the crowd!]

HS: Chang slips out at two and change... and you can hear some momentum starting to build for her amongst the AWA faithful here in Dallas, Texas - the home of SuperClash X later this year, an event you know both of these women would love to be a part of.

[Chang is up on her feet first, striking a martial arts stance as Cristol wobbles up off the mat, her equilibrium shaken by Chang's heel strikes to the ears.]

HS: Cristol fighting her way to her feet... ohh! Thrusting side kick to the midsection by Chang!

[Grabbing the arm, Chang whips Cristol across the ring but the Pistol reverses, sending Chang across instead as the clock reads "21:47"...]

HS: Reversal on the whip, Chang off the far side...

[...and with a loud "KIIIIYAAAAA!" Chang leaps into the air, throwing a leg outwards and catching Cristol on the chin with a kick to the chest!]

HS: ...WOW! Another kick connects! Chang with the cover! Gets one! Gets two! Gets-

[The crowd grumbles as Cristol escapes the near fall off the kick. The ever-energetic Betty Chang climbs off the mat, looking around a bit wildly...]

HS: Chang's full of fire in this one and off to a hot start... to the ropes again...

[And as Cristol climbs to her feet, Chang leaps into the air a second time, tucking her legs...]

HS: ...shotgun dropkick! Right to the chest sends Cristol across the ring!

[Cristol falls up against the ropes as Chang kips up off the mat, giving a shout to the cheering fans as she looks to strike again. The Pistol uses the ropes, dragging herself alongside them to the corner...]

HS: We've got Cristol in the corner, looking to recover as Chang sizes her up, looking to strike again...

[...and as Cristol drags herself to her feet, Chang comes running in hard, leaping up a third time...]

HS: DROPKICK!

[...but Cristol pulls herself clear, causing Chang to shotgun dropkick the empty corner, her legs getting tangled in the ropes as she falls back hard on the mat!]

HS: She missed the dropkick... and look out for the knee, ref! The leg is caught in the ropes...

[The official immediately steps in, trying to get the leg freed up as Chang grimaces, trying to wriggle her own way free.]

HS: Cristol backing off, letting the official get Chang out of the ropes...

[The clock reads "20:41" as Chang slips out of the ropes, immediately grabbing her knee to assess any damage while the scoreboard still reads "CHANG - 1, CRISTOL - 0."]

HS: We're close to thirty seconds away from getting our next entry in this match, fans, and who's it gonna be?

[Working her way off the mat, Chang gives a grimace as she pushes to her feet, reaching out to accept a fistbump from Cristol to cheers.]

HS: And another nice display of sportsmanship between Betty Chang and Kayla Cristol gets a nice round of cheers from these fans.

[The brave Chang lunges forward again, ending up tied up with Cristol who pushes her right back to the corner...]

HS: Referee calling for a break... twenty seconds remaining in this first period...

[Cristol grabs the wrist, whipping Betty across the ring where she crashes into the far corner...]

HS: Chang hits the corner... the Pistol on the move!

[...and Cristol leaps into the air with a flying clothesline, crashing into Chang and smashes her into the buckles!]

HS: Ten seconds on the clock! The crowd counting down!

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

[Cristol quickly steps to the outside, climbing up the turnbuckles...]

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

[...planing her knee and shin into the back of Chang's head...]

"THREE!"

[...leaping off, riding Chang down to the mat...]

"TWO!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES Chang's face into the canvas with the Boggy Creek Buster, Cristol scrambling into a cover as time expires!]

HS: THAT'S A COVER! CRISTOL GETS ONE! TWO!

MB: HERE COMES BIG MARGARITA!

HS: THREEEEEEEEEEEE!

[The ring announcer's voice calls out over the sounds of Santana's "Warrior" playing over the PA system.]

DDD: KAYLA CRISTOL GETS THE PIN! THE SCORE IS NOW TIED!

[As "19:58" appears on the clock, the scoreboard changes to "CHANG -1, CRISTOL - 1, FLORES - 0"]

HS: A pinfall for Kayla Cristol to even the score right as time was expiring... and now Betty Chang will be sent to the Penalty Box!

[As a pair of ringside officials help a dazed Chang out of the ring and into the unfriendly confines of the Penalty Box, the tall drink of Texas water slides into the ring...

...and charges right at Kayla Cristol who was waiting to acknowledge her presence with a handshake!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

HS: BIG TACKLE!

[The running shoulder tackle sends Cristol flying through the air, crashing down in a heap on the canvas courtesy of the six foot one inch, 176 pound Margarita Flores who whips around, glaring out at the Penalty Box where Chang has been locked inside as ":90" appears on the scoreboard next to her name.]

HS: And now Betty Chang will spend the next ninety seconds inside the Penalty Box unable to score another decision and retake the lead in this one.

MB: But this is exactly what I was talking about, Harvey. Chang's got a fall, Cristol's got a fall... both in the first five minutes. If you're Lauryn Rage or Carolina Colton sitting in the back right now, you've gotta be a little bit concerned that a lead is being built up that you'll have no ability to challenge for the next five to ten minutes!

[Flores pulls Cristol off the mat, whipping her by the arm into the corner. With a bellow, the La Feria, Texas native chases her down, driving a big double axehandle into the chest!]

HS: Like we said earlier, Flores has had a bit of a chip on her shoulder for the last couple of weeks and Kayla Cristol is feeling the aggression behind her blows right about now...

[With Cristol pinned in the corner, Flores unleashes a serious barrage of forearm shots, first jabbing out into the cheekbones of the Pistol, forcing her to dip her head...]

"WHAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAACK!"

[...and then a trading of clubbing blows from both arms, left then right, puts Cristol down on all fours on the canvas as Flores earns a few jeers from the AWA faithful.]

HS: The fans getting on the case of Margarita Flores a little bit... and I'm sure some of her words about making it to the big time without CCW and the Combat Corner has done her no favors with this sold out crowd in the Crockett here tonight.

[Flores reaches down, securing a gutwrench on Cristol...]

HS: Uh oh... look at the...

[...and lifts her off the mat in a deadlift, HURLING her halfway across the ring with a throw!]

HS: ...POWERRRRR ON FLORES!

MB: About fifteen seconds left on the clock for Chang inside the Penalty Box!

[Flores confidently strides out to the middle of the ring, looking down on Cristol who has rolled onto her stomach, trying to crawl across the ring for a breather...

...which is when Flores leaps HIGH... and lands HARD with an elbowdrop to the kidneys!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

HS: Margarita Flores absolutely dominating Kayla Cristol for the last couple of minutes... just about two minutes now off the clock.

[As "18:13" comes up on the clock, the crowd starts counting down...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

[Flores turns her attention towards the Penalty Box, letting Cristol crawl alone across the ring towards the ropes.]

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

[The tall drink of Texas water smirks out at her former tag team partner as Chang grabs at the side of her head, still shaking the cobwebs clear...]

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

[And the crowd cheers at "18:03" as the outside official opens the Penalty Box door, releasing Betty Chang back out into the wild. Chang looks a little wobbly as she rolls back into the ring, coming up to her feet...

...and finds Margarita Flores waiting for her.]

HS: Uh oh.

[Chang looks up at her friend with a questioning expression, reaching out her hand to her.]

HS: Chang offering a handshake to her friend... maybe former friend? I just don't know with Flores' attitude recently.

[Flores looks down at the hand, her own fists balled up on her hips...]

HS: Betty better run.

MB: No! She should kick Flores in the mouth before Flores does the same thing to her!

[Chang looks puzzled at Flores, throwing up her hands...]

"What are you going to do?!"

[Flores has no response to her small friend.]

"Hit me?!"

[The crowd is buzzing as the fiery Chang shouts at the much-larger woman.]

"THEN HIT ME!"

[Chang drops back into a martial arts stance, ready to take anything head-on...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...until Flores throws a big boot to the jaw that flips Chang inside out, dumping her down on the canvas!]

HS: As our old pal Gordon would say, "good grief!" Margarita Flores just turned Betty Chang - her former tag partner - inside out and left her in a pile of her own pain on the mat.

[Flores looks out on the jeering crowd with disdain in her eyes.]

HS: It looks like Margarita Flores has developed a strong dislike for ANYONE in her way these days... including these fans.

[Flores reaches down, grabbing the motionless Chang off the mat...]

HS: Chang was already banged up from the Boggy Creek Buster she took earlier and now she's REALLY been thrown for a loop as... oh boy...

MB: Speaking of getting thrown for a loop.

[...and tosses her into a standing headscissors as the crowd buzzes with concern for Chang as the clock hits "17:08."]

HS: A couple more minutes until either Carolina Colton or Lauryn Rage joins this match and... what's going to be left of Betty Chang when they arrive is the question, Marcus.

MB: Maybe that's the question but for all the damage she's done, Flores hasn't scored a decision yet... which means that Betty Chang and Kayla Cristol are still winning this match.

HS: Perhaps not for long though as Flores LIFTS...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

HS: ...and DRIVES CHANG DOWN WITH A POWERBOMB!

[Flores throws her arms apart, dropping to the mat where she plants a heavy hand in the chest of Chang, looking out with disdain at the fans.]

HS: Lazy cover but it should be enough for one! For two! For thr-



[The crowd ROARS as Kayla Cristol throws herself at Flores from behind, breaking up the pin attempt JUST in time!]

HS: CRISTOL MAKES THE SAVE! And I'm not sure I understand why, Shark!

MB: It's pretty brilliant actually. Cristol gets very little out of a Flores pin of Chang. It doesn't make Chang any more likely to lose other than the time she spends in the Penalty Box... which actually may be a disadvantage for Cristol who then has to take on Flores one on one. And it makes it MORE likely that Flores wins so it's a very smart strategy for the Pistol!

[Cristol rains down blows on the kneeling and fuming Flores who was just robbed of a match-tying pinfall by the fiesty young Texarkanan.]

HS: Take a look inside that ring, Shark, and see the future of our Women's Division shining bright with the 23 year old Flores, 26 year old Cristol, and the 20 year old Chang!

MB: And when you look at the ladies we've got down here in CCW knocking on the door, that future is so bright...

[We cut to ringside where we see a crop of CCW competitors sitting, watching the action...]

MB: ...you gotta wear shades as dark as those that Armani Avery has on right there.

HS: Armani Avery, one of the hot new prospects here in CCW. If you haven't been tuning into CCW lately, you better change that in a hurry. It's appointment television to check out stars like Armani Avery who is a very special talent, Shark.

MB: No doubt about that.

[...and then we cut back to the action where Cristol is pounding forearms into the jaw of the still-kneeling and still-angry Flores, trying to pound her down into the mat while Chang rolls to the outside, barely moving on the floor.]

HS: Cristol's putting every ounce of Arkansas strength she can behind those blows, hammering away at Flores, trying to keep her down to neutralize that size and power of the largest woman in the AWA Women's Division...

[The clock reads "15:45" as Cristol continues to rain down blows.]

HS: We're under a minute until our fourth competitor arrives in the form of either Carolina Colton or former World Champion Lauryn Rage and the heat is on in Dallas, Texas as five of the best in the world battle it out for the final spot in the Royal Crown tournament!

[With the clock still ticking, Cristol guides Flores off the mat, pushing all her weight to drive Flores back into the buckles where Cristol rocks and fires with a pair of big right hands...]

HS: The heavy hands of Cristol keeping Flores in place... and she's headed out, Shark!

MB: Could be looking for another Boggy Creek Buster!

[...and the crowd is buzzing as Cristol steps one foot on the bottom rope, swinging her arm around as she climbs...]

HS: I think that's exactly what she has in mind! She landed the first one on Betty Chang to tie the match as time was expiring in the first period... and she may be looking to do the same as the second period comes to an end right now. Cristol on the second rope...

[...and with one foot on the top rope, Cristol hammers her fist down on top of Flores' head a few more times before stepping up, the crowd cheering as she wedges her shin against the back of Flores' head and neck...]

HS: Time counting down but she's going for it! She's going for it, fans! Fifteen seconds left before the-

[...but Flores suddenly swings around, smashing her elbow back into the mouth of Cristol, nearly knocking her backwards from her perch!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

HS: FLORES CAUGHT HER GOOD!

[Stepping up on the middle rope, Flores snatches a front facelock, swinging the limp arm over her neck...]

HS: And now it's Flores who is looking to turn this around! Flores on the second rope, Flores... LIFTS!

[...and hoists Cristol's form into the air, promptly dropping backwards...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SLAMS her down in a spine-rattling superplex!]

HS: SUPERPLEX! SUPERPLEX!

[Flores rolls into a pin attempt as the crowd again counts down...]

HS: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEE!

[Flores pushes up to her knees as half the crowd jeers the pin and the other half keeps counting...]

DDD: MARGARITA FLORES PICKS UP A PIN! THE MATCH IS ALLLLLLL TIIIIIED UP!

[...and as the scoreboard changes to "CHANG - 1, CRISTOL - 1, FLORES - 1" and the clock changes to "14:59," we hear the telltale signs of Kendrick Lamar's "DNA" and the crowd ERUPTS in cheers! In the background, we can see Kayla Cristol being moved towards the Penalty Box]

HS: LAURYN RAGE IS THE NEXT ONE IN! ALRIGHT!

MB: Here comes trouble for the rest of the field!

[As Cristol gets secured in the Box and the 90 second timer appears by her name, the former champion comes stomping through the curtain, pointing down the ramp at the ring where Margarita Flores has regained her feet and is welcoming Rage down the aisle with open arms, waving her forward...]

HS: Flores isn't backing down, Shark!

MB: These are two alpha females waiting to throw down with the highest stakes they got right now!

[Rage takes two steps down the ramp when...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

HS: WHAT THE HELL, SHARK?!

MB: THAT’S CAROLINA COLTON!

[The fifth and final member of the match gets herself involved early by charging out from behind the curtain and SMASHING a forearm into the back of Rage’s head, sending her pitching forwards and flopping down facefirst on the ramp!]

HS: Lauryn Rage’s time to enter the ring was right now and Carolina Colton just lowers the boom on her before she can even get there!

MB: And if you’re Laura Davis sitting somewhere, you’re smiling from ear to ear right now because Colton just delivered a MAJOR blow in preventing Rage from getting to the Royal Crown tournament! The longer that Colton keeps her out of the ring, the less chance that Rage has to get on the board... and of course, the more damage Colton inflicts out there on the ramp, that won’t hurt either!

HS: It’ll hurt Lauryn Rage though as Colton is viciously stomping her up there... we’ve got AWA officials coming from the back... John Shock’s up there... Tommy Fierro as well, both trying to get Colton to back off and get back behind the curtain until it’s her turn to come to the ring!

[Inside the ring, Flores smirks at the action at the top of the ramp, extending her arms and gloating over the lack of opposition in the ring with her..

...which is when a weary Betty Chang rolls into the ring behind her.]

HS: Betty Chang trying to get back in, trying to get back to her feet after that devastating powerbomb did a big time number on her!

[Climbing off the mat with Flores still unaware that she’s there, Chang strikes a martial arts pose, breathing deeply as she channels her pain into her focus, the fans getting louder all the while...

...and we cut to the top of the ramp where Carolina Colton has Rage hooked, snapping her over with a suplex on the metal ramp to the disdain of the crowd!]

HS: Colton SNAPS her over onto her back on that metal grating! That’s gotta hurt!

[And then back to Chang still in her pose, ready to strike now...

...when suddenly there is very loud booing coming from ringside!]

HS: Hey! We need security out here - a fan just came over the railing and is shouting at Betty Chang!

[The fan dressed in black workout pants and a hoodie made by UnderArmour...

...oh God.]

MB: That’s no fan, Harv! That’s Casey Cash!

[Cash yanks back the hood to reveal her identity with a smirk as the fans let her have it... and she resumes her loud jeering and booing in Chang's direction, slapping the mat and stomping her feet as the outside official tries to get her to clear out...]

HS: You're right! Casey Cash out here and-

[Chang suddenly snaps out of her fighting trance and stance, swinging around in annoyance...]

"BOO YOURSELF!"

MB: Well, she told her.

HS: She sure-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Betty's outburst alerts Margarita Flores to her presence and results in Chang catching a DEVASTATING lariat to the back of the head as Cash cheers, jumping up and down clapping!]

HS: FLORES DROPS THE HAMMER ON CHANG! COVER!

[The referee counts...]

HS: One... two... and three. No doubt about that one.

[The ring announcer's voice calls out.]

DDD: MARGARITA FLORES TAKES THE FALL!

[The scoreboard adjusts to "FLORES - 2, CHANG - 1, CRISTOL - 1, RAGE - 0" as the time ticks down to "13:30" as the fans in the Crockett start counting down again...]

HS: Kayla Cristol's about to come out of the Penalty Box as Betty Chang is being put back in... and as time ticks down...

[...as time runs out, the door swings open...

...and Kayla Cristol makes a beeline for Casey Cash, leaping into the air!]

HS: FIERRO PRESS! FIERRO PRESS ON CASEY CASH!

[Cash lets loose a surprised yelp as Cristol starts raining down right hands on her!]

HS: IT WAS CASH'S RUNNING BUDDIES WHO TOOK OUT VICTORIA JUNE LAST WEEKEND AND IT'S CASH GETTING A LITTLE TAKEN OUT OF HERSELF BECAUSE OF IT!

[Cristol's hammering away on Cash on the floor as Margarita Flores looks on from the ring, shaking her head...]

MB: Flores is wisely just staying out of this, letting Kayla Cristol waste as much time as she wants with Casey Cash because that tall drink of Texas water now has a two to one lead on both Chang and Cristol. It's a little too early to start playing defense but it's never too early to play SMART offense. Chang's in the Penalty Box, Colton's still working over Rage on the ramp, and now Cristol's wasting valuable seconds beating up someone not even in the match. This is EXACTLY what Margarita Flores should be doing.

[We cut to the top of the ramp where Colton has pulled the former World Champion to her feet by the afropuff...]

...and shows off her strength by pressing her straight up overhead!]

HS: Look at the power of Colton! Pressing Rage waaaay up high!

[And then drops her down, Rage BOUNCING facefirst off the steel ramp!]

HS: Almost half the time until Carolina Colton enters has run out and Lauryn Rage STILL hasn't gotten to the ring! We've got officials up there desperately trying to get Colton back to the locker room... to allow Rage to get down here and fight in this Iron Gauntlet match but the former World Champion continues to take a beating at the hands of the Canadian powerhouse!

[Back down at ringside, Cristol is up and she's dragging a screaming Casey Cash up with her by the hair. The ringside fans are ROARING at the idea of more pummeling for Miss Baltimore Crabs...]

HS: Cristol dragging Casey Cash over towards the Penalty Box!

[But before Cristol can DRIVE Cash's face into the steel mesh, Cash rakes the eyes of the Pistol...]

...and with a desperate shriek, she makes a run for it, hopping over the barricade and running for her life before Cristol can grab her again.]

HS: Casey Cash is headed for high ground...

[Cristol rubs at her eyes, standing near the apron...]

...which is when Margarita Flores comes stomping over towards the ropes, reaching over to grab her by the hair!]

HS: Uh oh! Flores has got Cristol, pulling her up onto the ring apron!

[The clock shows "12:19" as Flores lifts Cristol up with ease, turning to throw her down in a ring-shaking slam!]

HS: Scoop slam brings Cristol in with an uncomfortable landing... and it looks like the big Texan is looking to get an even bigger lead!

[With Cristol down on the mat, Flores backs off, giving her mighty arm a big swing...]

MB: Bailey and Fujiwara may have made it a hashtag, Harvey, but in my eyes, this one is the Queen of the Lariat in the AWA Women's Division!

[...and stands crouched, waiting for Cristol to regain her feet as the time continues to tick down, the crowd counting along with it...]

...as a certain timer hits zero, the Penalty Box pops open and a battered Betty Chang staggers out, grabbing at the back of her head.]

HS: Betty Chang's out of the Penalty Box but she looks like she can barely stand and walk right now! She's taken a tremendous amount of punishment in this match and remember, she's been in there since the beginning!

[As Cristol comes up off the mat, Flores rushes towards her, swinging her massive arm at her...]

HS: LARIATO!

[...but Cristol ducks down, causing Flores to whiff on the big lariat, falling into the ropes from the exertion!]

HS: Flores comes up empty and-

[The fired up Cristol races towards her, throwing herself into a high impact clothesline...

...that sends Flores flipping over the ropes, falling to the outside!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

HS: WOW! KAYLA CRISTOL, ALL PISTOLS FIRING WITH THAT ONE!

[Out on the floor, a dazed Betty Chang wobbles over to her former partner on the outside, helping pull her off the floor by the arm...]

HS: Chang and Flores going at it again!

[A weak right hand from Flores is swatted away by Chang who squares up with a loud “AAAAHHHYAAAA!” and snaps off a kick to the side of each leg, followed by a palm strike to the chin that snaps Flores’ head back!]

HS: OHH, WHAT A SHOTAY BY CHANG!

[Chang suddenly dives clear as a big whoop is heard and Kayla Cristol comes charging down the apron, leaping off with a flying knee that catches Flores in the chin, knocking her down onto all fours to big cheers from the Dallas fans!]

HS: CRISTOL WITH A FLYING KNEE AS WELL! FLORES IS DOWN!

[And with Flores kneeling between them, Cristol and Chang trade a double high five before letting loose a big whoop and they both start clubbing down with forearms onto the massive back of the La Feria native, hammering her into the floor to the boisterous cheers of the AWA faithful!]

HS: CHANG AND CRISTOL LAYING A BEATDOWN ON MARGARITA FLORES AND YOU LOVE TO SEE IT!

[The clock reads “10:36” as Chang and Cristol back off, breathing heavily...]

HS: We’ve got Chang with one fall, Cristol with one fall, and Flores with two falls... and now’s the time for these two to get back into it!

MB: Absolutely. Get Flores back in the ring and one of ‘em needs to get a pin on her, Harvey.

[Chang and Cristol nod to one another, seemingly coming to the same conclusion as they go to drag Flores to her feet, shoving her under the ropes...]

HS: We’re just over the ten minute mark. We’re just about to get our final entry... who continues to just pummel Lauryn Rage with everything she’s got up on the ramp, Marcus... and you were right. Apparently her goal was to reduce the amount of time that Lauryn Rage was able to be inside that ring trying to score falls and she’s done exactly that.



MB: Now it's going to be Colton AND Rage who have roughly the same amount of time left - somewhere around ten minutes... and luckily for both of them, they come in only two falls down.

HS: For now.

MB: For now, absolutely.

[And as the fans finish the... final countdown... all eyes turn towards a gloating Carolina Colton who leaves Rage laid out on the top of the ramp, heading down the aisle towards the ring to big jeers!]

HS: Well, here comes our final entry as Cristol and Chang get Flores into the ring, Cristol rolling in after her and-

[But before Chang can roll in, she throws a look up the ramp...

...and gets FLATTENED by a running Carolina Colton who takes her down with a big shoulder tackle before shouting "OHHHH YEAAAAAH!" to the jeering fans!]

HS: -SHE TAKES DOWN BETTY CHANG LIKE A SPARE BOWLING PIN!

[Colton swings her powerful arms in front of her torso a few times, eyeballing the ring where Kayla Cristol is on her feet pursuing Margarita Flores who is also on her feet...

...and Colton suddenly dives under the ropes into the ring.]

HS: Colton's in! Under ten minutes go in the Iron Gauntlet with a spot in the Royal Crown tournament on the line!

[Colton comes up and comes up strong, charging towards Kayla Cristol who turns to face her...]

HS: CLOTHESLINE TAKES DOWN CRISTOL!

[...and the Canadian wheels around, letting loose a whoop as she barrels across the ring...]

HS: OHHH - AND THAT ONE DROPS FLORES AS WELL!

[With both Cristol and Flores down, Colton strikes a double bicep pose to jeers before turning back towards a rising Cristol...]

HS: Kayla Cristol's been inside that ring for fifteen minutes plus now and... Colton scoops her up and SLAMS her down!

"YOU LIKE THAT ONE, TRISH?!"

HS: Colton sending a little verbal jab in the direction of her Slam Sorority partner, Trish Wallace, who is already in the Royal Crown tournament and will be taking on Kimmy Bailey on April 7th in Atlanta on Showtime on ESPN.

[Colton turns, her eyes getting big as she watches Flores stagger back to her feet...]

HS: Oh, she's not!

MB: Oh, I do believe she is, Harv!

[...and surges towards Flores, slipping her powerful arms into position...]

HS: YOU GOTTA BE-

[...lifting her up into the air with tremendous effort, scooping her up...]

HS: HOLY...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

HS: SHE DID IT! SHE DID IT! CAROLINA COLTON HAS SLAMMED THE 176 POUND MARGARITA FLORES!

[Colton strikes a BIG double bicep pose this time shouting "OR WHAT ABOUT THAT, T-BONE?! HUH?!"]

HS: CAROLINA COLTON SLAMS FLORES AND SHE IS JACKED, SHARK!

MB: She's gotta stay on task though and cover one of 'em!

[And with Colton celebrating her big slam, she fails to notice Betty Chang come sliding under the bottom rope, coming up to her feet behind her...]

HS: Too late!

[...and as Colton turns, Chang goes into a spin, popping her on the jaw with a spinning hook kick that sends Colton staggering sideways, falling to her knees on the mat!]

HS: WHAT A KICK OUT OF CHANG!

[Chang pivots, spinning right away...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

HS: AND ONE FOR CRISTOL TOO!

[Cristol collapses to the mat in a heap as Chang nods her head to the cheering crowd, turning to face Margarita Flores as the six foot one La Feria native climbs back to her feet...]

...and with a shout, Chang goes into one more spin...]

HS: HOOK KICK...

[...and Flores brings up her mighty arms, catching the foot in her hands as the clock reads "8:17."]

HS: CAUGHT! A little over eight minutes left in the time limit and...

[A trapped Chang looks anxiously at her former partner as Flores plots some malicious intent...]

...and suddenly Chang leaps, snapping her foot into the back of the head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

HS: ENZUIGIRI ON THE MARK!

[Flores' eyelids flutter but the tall drink of Texas water does not fall, staggering in position as Chang scrambles up off the mat, her back to her former partner who tiredly reaches out a hand...]

HS: Flores doesn't go down! She's still standing and-

[...which is when Chang snaps off a backflip, her foot catching the slightly-slouched Flores on the head!]

HS: OHHHHHH! PELE KICK CONNECTS! RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES!

[Flores flops down, landing on a knee as the crowd gets even louder. Chang scrambles back up, leaning in to grab a front facelock on her former partner...]

HS: Got her hooked...

[...and DRIVES her down with a DDT!]

HS: ...AND SPIKES HER SOLID!

[Flipping Flores onto her back, Chang dives across her chest, pumping a fist...]

HS: CHANG FOR THE TIE! ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THR-

[...but Flores kicks out with power, firing Chang up into the air and off of her powerful frame just before three!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

HS: Betty Chang was SO close! SO close right there to tying up this match and-

[The crowd ROARS as suddenly we find the former World Champion, Lauryn Rage, in the ring for the first time with an expression that can best be described as... really, really pissed. Yup, she's pissed and looking to take it out on... well, anyone.]

HS: RAGE IS IN!

[Rage is a little slow in her movement, having taking a beating from Carolina Colton already as the clock hits "7:25" and Rage draws back her clenched fist, looking to quickly get on the scoreboard!]

HS: PERFECT PUNCH!

[But Chang's weary martial arts skills are a match for Rage's weary boxing skills as she swings her arm up, connecting with Rage's wrist enough to knock the punch off target, sending it into the space above her shoulder...]

HS: WAX OFF?!?

[...and with a ear-splitting "KI-YAAAAAAAH!" Chang lashes out with a punch to the solar plexus that is known to shatter drywall!]

HS: DRYWALL DEMO!

[Rage staggers back, sucking air into her lungs as Chang keeps going, ducking low and swinging her leg through!]

HS: SWEEP THE LEG...

[And back up, Chang spins, leaping into the air...]

HS: ...AND STANDING MOONSAULT CONNECTS! HOOKS THE LEG!

[The referee dives down!]

HS: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! THREEE-

[But before the third slap of the mat can happen, Margarita Flores YANKS Chang off the downed former World Champion by the hair...]

HS: OH!! FLORES PULLS HER OFF RAGE! COME ON!

[...and HURLS her over the top rope by the same grip of the hair, sending her crashing hard down on the outside!]

MB: And you - and these fans - may not like it, Harvey, but that's a brilliant move by Flores again! A pinfall by Chang ties it and now... NOW... Margarita Flores should play some defense!

[The clock reads "6:49" as Flores looks out at the jeering crowd, pointing angrily down at Chang who is sprawled across the barely-padded Crockett Coliseum floor...]

HS: Cristol's back up - from behind!

[...and the Pistol rushes in, leaping up as Flores turns, catching her with a calf up under the chin, sending Flores falling backwards into the ropes but she grabs hold of them, staying on her feet much to Cristol's dismay!]

HS: LEG LARIAT SENDS FLORES TO THE ROPES! CRISTOL CAUGHT HER GOOD!

MB: Chang's on the outside! Flores is stunned And with about six and a half minutes left, Kayla Cristol's gotta find a way to tie this match... and if Rage and Colton want to stand a chance of winning this, they gotta get on the board and they gotta do it fast!

[The momentum of the leaping calf kick has sent Cristol spilling over the ropes to the outside though, landing on her feet where she grabs Flores by the leg...]

HS: Cristol's on the floor, she's got Flores by the leg!

[Flores angrily tries to shake her off, trying to kick at the ropes...]

HS: Flores is trapped! Cristol's got her by the leg and she can't-

[...which is when Carolina Colton comes steaming across the ring, connecting with a big clothesline!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Colton rips Flores out of Cristol's grip, shoving her out towards the middle of the ring where Flores stumbles towards the former World Champion who is on her feet, fist drawn back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and CRACKS the big Texan upside the jaw!]

HS: PERFECT PUNCH!

[But Flores STILL doesn't go down, barely standing but still vertical!]

HS: WHAT THE...?! FLORES IS STILL STANDING!

[Rage looks as shocked as Harvey but it doesn't last long as a pissed-off Rage buries a boot into the midsection on the big Texan...]

HS: KICK...

[...and with Flores' jaw tucked against her shoulder, Rage drops down to the mat!]

HS: ...WHAAAAAM! SNAKEBITE CONNECTS!

[With Flores' jaw jacked and neck snapped down, she goes flying backwards off the impact, falling through the ropes to the floor as Rage scrambles around, looking for a pin attempt!]

HS: NO! NO! FLORES ESCAPES AND RAGE MISSES HER CHANCE TO GET ON THE BOARD!

[The clock reads "5:24" as Rage anxiously gets up, looking around for another victim...

...and finds Kayla Cristol up top, leaping off her perch!]

HS: DOUBLE AXEHANDLE!

[But Rage catches Cristol around the torso, rushing forward to DRIVE her back into the turnbuckles before turning around, charging out of the corner, leaping into the air...]

HS: SITOUT SPINEBUSTER! THIS MIGHT DO IT!

[...and the referee dives down to count!]

HS: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THRE-

[The crowd loudly groans as Carolina Colton swoops in, grabbing Rage by the hair, yanking her up off of Cristol...]

HS: COLTON BREAKS UP THE PIN AND-

[...and pivots, HURLING Rage through the ropes and out to the floor!]

HS: -OHH! TO THE OUTSIDE GOES DA KID!

MB: AND TO THE COVER GOES COLTON!

[Colton grabs the leg, flipping through into a double leg cradle as the referee counts again... and this time, gets to three!]

DDD: CAROLINA COLTON SCORES A FALL!

[A graphic comes up showing the scoreboard - "FLORES - 2, CHANG - 1, CRISTOL -1, COLTON - 1, RAGE - 0" and the time remaining of "4:53."]

HS: Under five minutes remaining... and that means Kayla Cristol is heading to the Penalty Box at a very bad time, Shark.

MB: You do the math. About four and a half minutes left and she's gotta spend a minute and a half in the Box. She'll come out with three minutes go knowing she needs at LEAST one fall to tie... and that's assuming no one goes big while she's in there!

[But as Colton gets up off the mat...]

HS: RAGE!

[...she gets swung around into a boot to the gut!]

HS: SNAKEBITE!

[Colton bounces back, hitting the mat hard as Rage scrambles to all fours, looking to cover...

...just as Colton rolls under the ropes to the outside!]

HS: COLTON GOT OUT! COLTON GOT OUT BEFORE THE COVER!

[Rage grabs her head in disbelief, looking around frantically!]

HS: The clock is running down and Lauryn Rage is looking at an empty ring!

[Rage lets loose some words that gets her muted by a quick-fingered censor.]

HS: Whoops. We apologize for that, fans.

MB: Emotions are running high right now in there.

HS: They certainly are - the frustration is apparent on the face of the former World Champion who DESPERATELY needs to find a way to tie this up in the next... four minutes and a handful of seconds.

[The clock shows "4:08" to be precise as Rage frantically dives out of the ring, rushing over towards Colton.]

HS: She's going out after Colton! Four minutes left! Four minutes left to score at least one!

[She grabs Colton off the floor, tossing her back under the ropes into the ring. She slides in after her..

...until Margarita Flores hooks her ankle from the outside!]

MB: There it is! Flores playing defense! Rage has momentum on her side right now and Flores is trying to cut it short!

[With Rage tangled up, the former World Champion rolls to her back, driving a stiff kick into the mouth of Flores, knocking her backwards!]

HS: Oh! Rage kicks off Flores! Back on her feet... grabbi- ohh! Colton rakes the eyes!

[Rage staggers back, temporarily blinded as Colton gets back to her feet, quickly burying a boot into the midsection!]

HS: Kick downstairs, pulls her in!

[The crowd is buzzing as Colton reaches down to hook her hands, setting up for a powerbomb...]

HS: Colton looking for her second fall to tie it up! SHE LIFTS!

[...but at the peak of the lift, Rage flips out, landing on her feet in front of Colton...]

HS: RAGE IS LOOSE!

[...buries a boot into the gut, twisting to hook her...]

HS: SNAKEBIIIIITE!

[...and JAMS Colton's jaw into her shoulder, promptly diving into a cover, hooking a leg deep!]

HS: ONNNNNE! TWOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEE!

[Rage gets up, pumping a fist as she turns to check the video wall with the scoreboard and the clock.]

DDD: LAURYN RAGE IS ON THE BOARD!

[Rage watches her fall added to the scoreboard showing - "FLORES - 2, CHANG - 1, CRISTOL -1, COLTON - 1, RAGE - 0" as the time ticks down to "3:15"]

HS: We've got a four way tie for second but Margarita Flores is still standing on top of the scoreboard all alone!

MB: But now ONE fall will tie it by ANY of them! This is huge as the time continues to run down on that clock!

HS: Carolina Colton being taken to the outside, heading into that Penalty Box as Kayla Cristol is coming out... and those two have some words for one another in there as well.

MB: Let's hope that's all they have. They can't afford to be fighting in the Box when they need to focus on evening the score with just about three minutes left!

[But the hot-tempered Cristol makes a lunge at Colton, smashing a fist into her jaw as the referee rushes to try to get control and the fans ROAR!][

HS: WE'VE GOT A FIGHT ON THE OUTSIDE!

[Big Margarita Flores comes loping around the corner, joining the mix with a big haymaker of her own...

...and with now under three minutes to go, Lauryn Rage heads out to join the fight!]

HS: Colton's still outside the box which means we've got four of the competitors in this match fighting on the floor as... oh no... oh no, no, no!

[The fans start buzzing as they are seeing what Sutton is seeing.]

HS: Marcus, don't look now but that's Betty Chang... and SHE IS CLIMBING THE PENALTY BOX!

[The crowd is ROARING as the wild brawl continues on the floor, all completely oblivious to Chang climbing up the oversized steel structure as quickly as her weary body will allow...]

HS: We're running out of time as Chang is... Chang is almost to the top of this thing!

[The clock reads "2:46" as Chang steps atop the structure, looking down nervously on the pile of brawling bodies beneath her...]

HS: Don't do it, kid! Don't do it!

[...and with a shake of her head and a shrug, Chang HURLS herself into the air, twisting around in a corkscrew...]

HS: OH... MY...

[...and CRASHES down into the pile, wiping out everyone in sight, including the referee on the floor!]

HS: ...GOOOOOOOOOOOOOD!

[The crowd is ROARING for the corkscrew plancha off the top of the Penalty Box as there are bodies sprawled out all over the ringside area!]

HS: WE'VE GOT BODIES ALL OVER RINGSIDE HERE IN THE CROCKETT! BETTY CHANG ROLLS THE DICE WITH TWO AND A HALF MINUTES LEFT AND SHE RISKED IT ALL!

MB: It may have paid off though, Harvey! Everyone's down!

HS: Including the outside-the-ring official responsible for getting people in and out of that Penalty Box! And that means that Carolina Colton is STILL outside the box! She hasn't been put in!

MB: If she gets put in now, this match is over for her, Harvey!

["2:18" says the clock as Chang drags herself out of the pile, nodding to the roaring fans...]

HS: Chang's on her feet! She needs one fall to tie - can she get it here?!

MB: Choose wisely, kid! You'll only get one shot at this!

[Chang reaches down, grabbing the hair of her intended victim, pulling her off the floor and rocketing her under the ropes into the ring!]

MB: Chang tosses in the former World Champion! She's gonna try to finish off Lauryn Rage and tie this match!

[With Rage down on the mat, Chang pulls herself up on the apron, wobbling over towards the ropes where she starts to climb...]

MB: Chang's climbing! If the corkscrew plancha off the Penalty Box wasn't enough, Betty Chang is going to put it ALL on the line one more time!

[...and as the clock drops under two minutes, reading "1:59," Chang steps a foot on the top rope, looking down as Rage starts to climb to her feet off the canvas...]

MB: Do it, kid!

[...and Chang leaps high into the air, soaring towards the rising Rage...]



"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...who twists, grabs, and DRIVES Chang down onto her shoulder!]

HS: HOLY... SNAKEBITE! SNAKEBITE! SNAAAAAAKEBITE!

[Rage dives across Chang's prone form, hooking the leg tightly!]

HS: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEE!

[The crowd ROARS as the scoreboard changes to "FLORES - 2, RAGE - 2, CHANG - 1, CRISTOL - 1, COLTON - 1" as time ticks down to "1:47"]

HS: A minute and forty-seven seconds left! Flores and Rage are tied with everyone else just a fall behind!

[Chang rolls from the ring, flopping down on the floor.]

MB: Chang's supposed to go into the Penalty Box after losing the fall but that outside-the-ring official is down and the inside-the-ring ref Amy Moyle isn't about to risk going out there to do that!

HS: Colton's still outside the cage too! We've got two people who should be in the Box who haven't gotten there!

MB: Well, Colton would probably be out by now soooo...

HS: That's not how this works!

[Climbing off the mat, Rage looks around tiredly, staring up at the clock that says "1:35"]

HS: Just over ninety seconds left! Just over ninety-

[And suddenly, Rage pitches forward, falling facefirst on the canvas...]

HS: THAT'S COLTON! COLTON'S SUPPOSED TO BE IN THE DAMN BOX!

[...and the Canadian powerhouse is struggling to pull Rage out of the ring to the outside!]

MB: She's trying to make sure Rage can't get another fall, Harvey! This is Colton acting for Laura Davis now - not for herself! She's trying to keep Rage out of the tournament and out of that match with the #1 Athlete Saturday Night in Oklahoma City!

[Coming up off the floor, Margarita Flores leans heavily on the apron, breathing deeply as she looks around...

...and snatches a rising Kayla Cristol off the floor, chucking her under the ropes into the ring before rolling in after her.]

HS: And Flores trying to seize the moment! She needs one fall to win this thing, fans!

MB: With just over a minute to do it!

[The clock reads "1:21" as Flores starts to climb to her feet, looking down at the rising Cristol...]

HS: Flores looking to end this!

[...and the tall drink of Texas water grabs Cristol, pulling her up by the hair...]

HS: She's looking for a standing version of that lariat of hers!

[Wobbling backwards, Flores drifts close to the ropes as she winds up with her right arm...]

HS: LARI-

[...but as she tries to swing it, she finds it being dragged down!]

HS: BETTY! BETTY CHANG GRABS THE ARM!

MB: And... well, I guess she'd ALSO be out of the Box right now, right? So who cares! CHAOS!

[Flores angrily turns, trying to rip her arm free out of Chang's grasp...

...and does so, swinging back with it the other direction to strike her former partner...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...who steps up on the second rope, springing up to drive a kick into Flores' ear, sending her staggering towards the corner!]

HS: CHANG CAUGHT HER GOOD!

[Chang slumps down on the apron, the exhaustion getting to her as Cristol tries to take advantage of her friend's actions as the clock ticks down under a minute...]

DDD: ONE MINUTE REMAINS! ONE MINUTE!

[The crowd CHEERS loudly as Cristol steps out to the apron, quickly trying to climb the ropes...]

HS: One more time! Kayla Cristol looking for the Boggy Creek Buster one more time, trying to even the score with time running out! We're under a minute and counting!

[...but as Cristol steps up on the middle rope, Flores lets loose a deafening bellow, swinging her arm wildly as she does, striking Cristol flush across the throat, sending her flying backwards off the ropes and down to the floor with a sickening thud!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The clock reads ":46" as Flores slams an arm angrily down on the top turnbuckle, turning back towards the downed Chang, reaching through the ropes to drag her back into the ring...]

HS: We're at forty seconds and counting as Margarita Flores looks for one more pinfall to put her into the Royal Crown tournament!

[...and drags the limp Chang into a standing headscissors as the clock ticks down to ":37."]

HS: Just over a half minute remaining and Flores is REALLY going to try to put an exclamation point on this one!

[A weary Flores reaches down, wrapping her powerful arms around the torso of her former partner...]

HS: Thirty seconds left!

[...and as the clock continues ticking down, Flores nods at the jeering crowd...]

"I ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE LONDON!"

[...earning some boos from the CCW and AWA faithful as she clenches her jaw as the clock reads ":25," digging down deep to lift Chang up into the air, holding her aloft in powerbomb position...]

...when suddenly, Lauryn Rage rolls onto her back, lashing out to boot Carolina Colton in the jaw!]

HS: RAGE KICKS FREE!

MB: TWENTY SECONDS!

[Flores staggers away from the ropes, making sure she can drive Chang down in the middle of the ring as the clock reads ":17"...

...and Rage pushes up to her feet, rushing forward, slithering an arm in between Chang's torso and Flores' face...]

HS: WHAT IS SHE...?!

[...and as Flores goes to SPIKE Chang down with a powerbomb, Rage manages to somehow hook enough of Flores to JAM her jaw into the shoulder once more!]

HS: SNAKEBITE! SNAKEBITE!

[The impact of the Snakebite sends Flores flying backwards, slumping back against the ropes, falling through them so that her torso is dangling out of the ring...]

HS: FLORES GOES ONE WAY...

[...and a desperate Rage dives onto Chang, wrapping up BOTH legs!]

HS: ...RAGE GOES THE OTHER!

[The referee dives down as the clock reads ":07"]

HS: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

[Rage rolls off, an exhausted grin on her face as the ring announcer's voice calls out...]

DDD: LAURRRRRRYN RAGE TAKES THE FALL!

[...and the scoreboard is adjusted to read "RAGE - 3, FLORES - 2, CHANG - 1, CRISTOL - 1, COLTON - 1" as the time ticks... ticks... ticks...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Kendrick Lamar's "DNA" starts playing again as Draper makes it official, shouting over the boisterous crowd!]

DDD: HEEEEERE IS YOUR WINNNERRRRRRR... HEADING INTO THE ROYAL CROWN TOURNAMENNNNNNT...

...LAURRRRRRRRRRYNNNNNNNNNNN RAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[The crowd ROARS anew as a weary Rage raises a clenched fist, nodding her head along with the music as the referee grabs her wrist and holds up her arm.]

HS: An incredible match! An incredible win!

MB: And now we've got an incredible match to look forward to, Harvey, because look out OKC... you've got Laura Davis versus Lauryn Rage in the first round of the Royal Crown tournament heading your way this weekend and you do NOT want to miss that!

HS: For myself and Marcus, we thank you - and we thank the AWA - for allowing us into your homes tonight to call this very first Iron Gauntlet matchup! It's been a heck of a night of CCW and now AWA action and we can't wait to do it all again! See you next time!

[The camera zooms in on Rage, battered but not broken as she continues to nod her head, barely able to stay vertical as she mutters softly... almost to herself... but not quite with the camera this close...]

"Lauryn's coming... that's right... Lauryn's coming.."

[...and the slightest of smiles creeps across Da Kid's face as we fade to black.]