



SHOWTIME

Saturday, March 24th, 2018 from the Center Stage Studios in Atlanta, Georgia

[We fade up as a very grand and booming instrumental is heard - something that could've been composed by John Williams... and in fact WAS composed by John Williams as the Walt Disney Company spared no expense for its newest content provider. We get a shot of what appears to be a film strip on screen, the AWA World Title the first image... but others quickly flash by - Ryan Martinez and Supreme Wright at SuperClash VI... Julie Somers moonsaulting onto Kurayami from SuperClash IX... Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez squaring off all the way back at SuperClash I... quicker shots of Marcus Broussard, City Jack, Calisto Dufresne giving way to Jack Lynch, Jordan Ohara, and Kerry Kendrick... a glimpse of Melissa Cannon fading to Michelle Bailey fading to Harley Hamilton... Jim Watkins battling Joe Petrow... Ron Houston using a Fade To Black on an opponent... Hannibal Carver diving off the video wall at Eternally Extreme 2... Ayako Fujiwara delivering a German Suplex to Lauryn Rage... Violence Unlimited brawling with the Lynch Brothers... Shadoe Rage jumping off the top of a massive steel cage... Jackson Hunter swinging a shovel... Derrick Williams catching Ohara with a Future Shock as Ohara dives from the top... Next Gen using a Doomsday Device on the Soldiers of Fortune... and on... and on... and on...

...until they all explode into a logo that reads "THE AWA ON ESPN."

A voiceover.]

"ESPN welcomes you to the following presentation of the American Wrestling Alliance."

[The music and imagery fade and are replaced with a 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 a voice is heard. A voice familiar to the newest of fans and the oldest as well. The easily-identifiable voice of a man who was once known as The Voice of the EMWC and now calls "owner of the AWA" his occupation.

Jon Stegglet.]

"In this business, there's nothing quite like a moment."

[We get footage from the EMWC's Showtime V of two Outlaws preparing to go to war as John Wesley Hardin stands on one side of the ring and Bobby Taylor stands on the other. Stegglet's voice is heard - but not the present day Stegglet, the one from that night on commentary.]

"The line in the sand! Taylor's thrown down the gauntlet!"

[The present day Stegglet is heard again as that footage fades...]

"A moment may only last an instant..."

[...into another piece of footage, this time Showtime VI's infamous Killing Box where we see the horrific scene moments after the cage's ceiling came crashing down, the motionless bodies of Simon Ezra, Tiger Claw, and Brian Lau laid out on the canvas.]

"THE BOX!!!! THE CEILING HAS COLLAPSED!!!! HALF THE CEILING FELL FROM IT'S BRACKETING!!!!"

[And as the footage fades, back to 2018 Jon Stegglet's voice.]

"...but the memory can last a lifetime."

[More footage - this time from Showtime IV where we see the man longtime fans might know as the "Latin Ladykiller" Lorenzo Vasquez standing over a laid out foe, steel chair in hand as he stands inside a WarGames structure with Jon Stegglet on the call.]

"WHAT ON EARTH?!?!?!? Vasquez just nailed Vaughn with the chair....and he does it again...and again!!!!!! What is going on here???? Vasquez just turned on his partner!!!!!! They were Tag Team Champions together!!!!!! Why?????"

[The footage fades back to the black screen with present day Stegglet speaking.]

"Moments become memories..."

[SuperClash VII footage comes up of Alex Martinez delivering a Firebomb on Mark Langseth that sends Langseth THROUGH the ring as Steve Spector delivers the three count to make the Last American Badass the EMWC World Champion...]

"...and memories become legend."

[...and then onto quicker shots now - "Superstar" Steve Rogers holding up the title as he celebrates becoming the very first EMWC Universal Champion at Showtime I... Steve Spector delivering the Goddess Cutter on The Gremlin in Texas Stadium at Showtime VIII to win the World Title with Jon Stegglet's voice on the call...]

"HE'S DONE IT!! HE'S DONE IT!! DO YOU BELIEVE IN MIRACLES?!?!!"

[...and then we fade up on the black screen where we can hear footsteps for several moments. As they come to a stop, a spotlight slashes through the dark to illuminate a grinning Jon Stegglet.]

"In this business, the word "Showtime" means moments... it means memories... it means the stuff of legend."

[Stegglet looks up, eyes closed for a moment.]

"And boy, Showtime has brought me a LOT of moments and memories over the years."

[He opens his eyes, smiling with a thoughtful look on his face for a moment...

...and with a sigh, he waves a beckoning hand.]

"Come on. Let's go make some new ones."

[And Stegglet turns from the camera, walking back out of sight. The camera stays on him until he disappears from view, leaving only the spotlight...

With a blackened screen only lit by a white spotlight, a song begins to play.

It is Panic At The Disco's new single "Say Amen (Saturday Night)"

And that black screen changes to show past highlights of AWA superstars in action - starting with a shot of Kimmy Bailey and Ayako Fujiwara delivering a sandwich lariat on a helpless foe...

...and we cut to a studio shot of Bailey, Fujiwara, and Molly Bell posing for the camera, Bell clawing at the air as Bailey strikes a double bicep pose and Fujiwara crosses her arms confidently.]

#And every mornin' when I wake up
I wanna be who I couldn't say I'd ever been#

[Cut to Omega being hurled off the top rope by Polemos in an assisted splash...

...and cut to a studio shot of Omega striking his signature pose as Polemos towers behind him, tugging a glove into place.]

#But it's so much more than I ever was
If every night I go to sleep knowin'#

[Cut to Harley Hamilton and Cinder hoisting the Women's World Tag Team Titles overhead as Kelly Kowalski and Casey Cash celebrate in the background...

...and then to a studio shot of the foursome, smirks all around as Cash gleefully polishes the belts upon Seductive and Destructive's shoulders.]

#That I gave everything that I had to give
Then it's all I could've asked for#

[Shadoe Rage comes soaring off the top rope, dropping a Death From Above double axehandle on a victim...

...and then a studio shot of Rage decked out to the nines, pointing to the camera, nodding his head confidently.]

#I've been standing up beside everything I've ever said, but
Oh, it's Saturday night, yeah#

[Cut to a quick montage of shots of AWA superstars in action: Atlas Armstrong applying the torture rack backbreaker... Odysseus Allah winning the Battle Royal at

SuperClash... Sid Osborne diving off the apron into a cannonball... Trey Carson delivering a big boot to the mouth.]

#I pray for the wicked on the weekend
Mama, can I get another amen?#

[Victoria June lifting an opponent in the Scorpion Crosslock as Kayla Cristol soars off the top rope with a leg drop... Ricki Toughill driving her hind quarters into someone's face with a running hip attack... Laura Davis, Carolina Colton, and Trish Wallace standing over a fallen foe...]

#Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, it's Saturday night, yeah#

[Derrick Williams delivering a Future Shock... Odin Gunn planting a foe with a Death Valley Driver... Jackson Hunter waffling someone with a shovel... Jack Lynch locking the Iron Claw on an opponent.]

#Swear to God, I ain't ever gonna repent
Mama, can I get another amen?#

[The American Idols throwing a double superkick... Masks For Money mauling a victim in the corner... Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan using their assisted CattleBuster DDT... the Soldiers of Fortune cutting a promo as Meekly wildly waves the flag.]

#Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, it's Saturday night, yeah#

[Michelle Bailey flattens someone with a Britney Spear... Hannibal Carver drops someone with the Mind Eraser...]

#If I had one more day to wish
If I had one more day#

[Lauryn Rage unleashes a Perfect Punch... the Peach Pits pose at the top of the aisle... Kerry Kendrick drives home a running kneelift as Miss Sandra Hayes looks on... Raphael Rhodes smashes in a cheekbone with a forearm crossface.]

#To be better than I could have ever been
If I had one more day to wish#

[Jordan Ohara sails off the top with a Phoenix Flame... Next Gen drop someone with the Generation Gap... Julie Somers uncorks a top rope moonsault.]

#If I had one more day
I could be better, but, baby#

[James Lynch smashes someone with a steel chair... Ryan Martinez spikes someone with a Brainbuster...]

#Oh, it's Saturday night, yeah#

[...and as the final lyric echoes out, Supernova holds the World Title over his head...

...and with a flash, we find ourselves inside the (slightly) new look Center Stage Studios in Atlanta, Georgia.

The initial wide shot of the makeshift arena shows the expected ring with black ringside mats all around it. The ringposts and apron are a deep purple color while the ropes and turnbuckles are gold-colored. Just as there was in the past, there are no barricades surrounding the ringside arena, leaving an empty space between

the ring and the front row of fans seated on bleachers stretching up several rows towards the rafters where flags from countries around the world are hanging. In a new addition, we can also see a trio of large TV screens hanging high above the ring - high enough not to be caught in a standard camera shot but low enough for the fans in the arena to be able to see.

The shot pans across the crowd, showing the entrance staircase to land on the stage where we see our familiar announce table set up on one side and an interview podium on the other in front of another TV screen with the Showtime logo pulsating on it. A large black curtain has been set up as a backdrop behind the entire elevated stage area with small white LED lights stitched into it to create a starry effect.

As our shot lands on the interview platform, we catch our first glimpse of one of our hosts for tonight's action - a stunning brunette in the proverbial "little black dress" with a sparkling silver necklace hanging around her neck and a huge smile on her face. This is Mariah Wolfe.]

MW: IT'S... SHOOOOWTIIIIIIIME!

[The crowd in Atlanta's Center Stage Studios ROARS as Wolfe grins.]

MW: The American Wrestling Alliance is ON! THE! AIR! Right here in Atlanta, Georgia at Center Stage Studios for the newest addition to ESPN's stable of shows - Showtime! I'm Mariah Wolfe and I'll be one of your hosts for the next two hours... and I'm not wasting a single second so let's get Host #2 out here on the scene!

[Wolfe lowers the mic with a grin as the lights fade a little...]

"WHO WAN' SIT ON SWEET DADDY'S LAP TANIIIIIIGHT?"

[...and as "I Wanna Be Your Sweet Daddy" belts out over the PA system, Sweet Daddy Williams comes shimmying and shaking his way through the entrance curtain out onto the stage. Arms spread wide, the longtime AWA fan favorite goes into a spin, showing off a pair of black jeans and a bright blue silk Hawaiian shirt with several buttons undone to show his pasty flesh underneath. Williams points to the fans, grinning and shouting "I LOVE YOU, HOTLANTA!" all the while as he makes his way towards a clapping Mariah Wolfe who looks as excited to see SDW as the fans do.]

MW: Sweet Daddy Williams, welcome to Showtime!

[Williams grins as the fans cheer again.]

SDW: Thank ya so much, Mariah! It is my pleasure to be here. When I got the call, asking yours truly if I wanted to co-host the newest show here on ESPN, I couldn't wait to get in my car, drive on down the road, and be here in all my flesh, baby.

MW: I'm right there with you. It's been a wild week for me as I went from being assigned the backstage interview gig to being right out here with you and...

[Mariah shakes her head, still grinning.]

MW: It's the thrill of a lifetime and I'm truly honored to be here with you... and all of you too...

[She gestures to the fans, getting a big cheer.]

MW: Of course, there's someone missing from this little party and we'd be real jerks not to talk about her. I'm talking about my good friend, Theresa Lynch... Theresa Wright? I'm not sure that's exactly clear at this point.

SDW: You know, Mariah... I've never been the biggest fan of Supreme Wright but I really thought he'd changed... I thought the love of a good woman had brought him to the other side and hearing Jack and Ryan speak up for him...

[Williams shakes his head.]

MW: We're going to have more to talk about when it comes to what's now become known as the AWA's own Red Wedding later tonight... but right now, I just want to let everyone know that I'm simply holding this spot... keeping it warm for her. This is Theresa's gig and whenever she wants it back, it's all for her. But right now, she needs time away... understandably... and we wish her the very best in figuring out all that she needs to figure out.

[Williams nods.]

MW: But with that said, Sweet Daddy... we've got a show to do... and it's a show that is completed loaded up! We've got a title match! We've got the Run The Rankings Final Stage! We've got former champions here! We've got... it's wild, Sweet Daddy!

SDW: Showtime ain't just the newest show for the AWA, Big Bad Wolfe - it's a whole new Saturday Night! And that means, we're bringing the thunder in a big, big way... ooooh, I got chills! There ain't no party like a Sweet Daddy party so let's get this party started, Mariah!

MW: You heard the man! But before we hit the ring, let's throw it over to the newest AWA announce team... one of my personal idols Lori Dane and the self-professed "Can't Miss Man," Ben Waterson!

[The crowd cheers as we cut to Dane and Waterson sitting at the announce table up on the entrance stage. Dane's got a big grin on her face, sitting in a deep purple blouse and black slacks. Waterson's got a wicked sneer on his in a white dress shirt, black tie, and black suits.]

LD: Thanks, Mariah... I'm a big fan of yours as well and-

BW: Are we really going to kick off this whole new era of AWA television with a mutual admiration society, Dane?! Do you think the people at home care one bit that Mariah Wolfe loves you and you love her? Do you think the people at home care about the manic ramblings of that tub of goo over there with her? Don't bother answering, Mrs. Michaelson, because I'll do it for you. They don't! They care about what's going to happen in that ring... and they care about what I have to say about it.

[Dane looks annoyed already.]

LD: Are you serious right now? We're less than a minute into our broadcast career together and you're already cutting me off? For the people at home who don't have a clue who this guy is sitting next to me-

[Waterson looks appalled at the idea.]

LD: -this is the so-called "Agent To The Stars" Ben Waterson who will be joining me here at the announce desk for the next two hours of action as we bring you the very first edition of Showtime on ESPN...

BW: I've hung up my talent for getting wrestlers the best deal and put on this headset instead, Dane. I'm not an Agent To The Stars... not anymore. Now I'm the Can't Miss Man! The man that each and every one of the people at home will be tuning in to listen to because they simply can't miss what I'm gonna say.

LD: We'll see about that. This is going to be one heck of a wild ride I've got a feeling. Fans, let's head down to the ring for our opening match and yet another new addition to the AWA family, Megumi Sato!

[We cut down to ringside, where a somewhat familiar woman stands in center ring. She is small and Japanese, dainty with her hair pulled back in a tight bun. She politely nods.]

"I am Megumi Sato, your ring announcer for the evening, and I wish to welcome you to..."

[She takes in a deep breath, then unleashes a roaring greeting to the audience.]

MS: ...SHOWWWWWWWWWWWWTIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIMEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

[The crowd, blown away by the greeting, cheers loudly after a moment to absorb the pure power of this woman's voice.]

MS: Your first contest of Showtime is set for one fall. It is a Women's Division match with a ten minute time limit! First, from Misery Knob, Maine... weighing 139 pounds...

PERSEPHONEEEEEEEEEEE EVERRRRRRRRRRRRHAAAAAAAAAARTTTTTTTTTT!

["Summer Breeze" by Type O Negative plays over the public address to a mild reaction from the fans in attendance. A sickly pale young woman walks from the entrance, rolling her rust red eyeshadow-covered eyes as she strides down to the ring. She has long black hair with blonde bangs, a deep red lipstick on her lips, and is dressed a black zip-up hoodie worn over an all-black ensemble of tank top, miniskirt, fishnets, kneepads, and wrestling boots.]

BW: What cave did we find this creature out of?

LD: Cut it out. We've seen Persephone Everhart on AWA television before, fans, when she went against Amber Gold a few weeks back. She may not have been successful there, but I understand that she was personally requested to be here tonight.

BW: She was?

LD: You'll see.

[The music fades as Everhart steps through the ropes, being checked by Koji Sakai before discarding her hoodie and kneeling in the corner while holding onto the top rope. Megumi Sato looks over at Sakai and nods, then looks back at the hard camera.]

MS: Her opponent... from New Orleans, Louisiana, weighing 172 pounds...

MIIIIIIIIICHELLLLLLLLLLLLLLLE BAAAAAAAAAAAAAILEYYYYYYYYYYY!

[The crowd roars as Megumi Sato departs from the ring, and "Stronger" by Britney Spears starts to play.]

LD: Listen to the ovation for Michelle Bailey, Ben! One of the most popular wrestlers today in the AWA!

BW: These people have soft hearts, Dane! She's got a sob story to sell, and they're buying it, hook, line, and sinker!

LD: What on earth are you talking about?

BW: Come on, that documentary she's peddling? People feel bad for poor Michelle Bailey, but she's got to do more than sell sadness to stay afloat here!

[As Lori Dane sounds exasperated, Michelle Bailey walks from the entrance, wearing an EMWC Showtime shirt. Her long blonde hair is in a loosely tied ponytail for a change. She's also sporting a purple and black miniskirt, along with her usual mismatched kneepads and shinpads, left leg purple, right leg black, with "XOXO" down the shinpads in white. She looks down at her shirt, then over to Lori Dane, shouting...]

"Should I take this old thing off?"

BW: Don't you dare encourage deviant behavior, Dane.

LD: Oh, come on.

[We see Lori meet eyes with her friend, nodding her head, as Michelle removes the EMWC shirt, revealing an AWA Showtime shirt underneath, trimmed into a sleeveless crop top. She tosses the EMWC shirt to Lori, who barely catches it with a giggle in her voice, then walks down to the ring.]

BW: We're not even one match in and you're already showing yourself to be a biased commentator. Shame.

LD: I will ignore that remark, because you're probably going to think I'm biased when I say that there wasn't anyone else on our roster that was a more perfect fit to bridge the gap between the two eras of Showtime, from the EMWC era to our brand new era.

BW: Of course you would. You two are practically best friends.

[Lori ignores that.]

LD: We're talking about someone who held multiple titles in the EMWC, was part of 2001's Match of the Year-

BW [trying to cut her off]: Under controversial circumstances!

LD: -wrestled either with or against practically everyone on the roster, from Temple to Martinez, from Claw to Ezra, from Kinsey... to yes, even Vasquez. And for the last year, she's made a huge impact not just in the ring, but in the lives of our Women's Division, who look up to her as a mentor!

[We see Michelle's cheeks look a little red as the music fades upon her entrance to the ring Sakai checks her over, and she walks to the middle of the ring, offering her hand out to the angsty young Mainer. To the surprise of everyone in attendance, Everhart eagerly accepts the handshake, leading to applause from the crowd as the bell rings.]

BW: And she can reach out to troubled teens, too.

LD: That's why Persephone Everhart is here, Ben. She grew up watching Michelle Bailey, and when we asked Michelle to open up Showtime, she specifically asked if this young kid could be here, to get another chance to show what she can do to AWA management. Naturally, who better to have her wrestle than her hero?

BW: We're talking about the number 4 contender to the World Women's Title, Dane. She's got a lot of people who'd love to wrestle her, and are right on her heels. She should be trying to hold onto that position.

[Bailey and Everhart lock up, with both seeming to have the same idea, trying to duck around each other, resulting in a bit of a do-si-do as they return to their collar-and-elbow tieup.]

LD: We know about the grappling prowess of Michelle, and how she was trained by experts like Raphael Rhodes' uncle Jeremy Rhodes, as well as Billy Classon, but Persephone Everhart is no slouch either. She was trained by Shane Destiny and Misaki Ishikawa, who are developing quite the pedigree of their own as a training team.

BW: I'll thank you not to mention that name around me.

LD: What have you got against Billy Classon?

[As Waterson sighs, Michelle is finally able to find an advantage, using a back heel trip to send Persephone down to the mat. Michelle quickly maintains control of the wrist and tries to apply a wristlock, as Everhart thrashes around the ring, looking for an escape.]

LD: Looking for a hold of some sort there...

BW: A wristlock, maybe an armbar. The Creature from the Black Lagoon's doing the right thing, though. A lot of people think that flopping around just expends energy, but Bailey's not going to be able to cinch anything if she can't get a firm grip.

LD: While I appreciate the analysis, would it kill you to be a little more respectful of the competitors?

BW: It could. Let's not risk it.

[Bailey gets to her knees and then to a standing position, trying to steady herself, before...]

"WHUMP!"

[Driving a kick right into the chest of Everhart!]

LD: And that will settle Persephone Everhart down some! What a kick right into the sternum!

BW: Good thing Albano's on the other show, he'd be singing "Take My Breath Away" right now.

LD: Michelle Bailey is so tricky to wrestle, Ben. She has great technical skill, she hits really hard, and as we saw just last week on the Tenth Anniversary Show, she still has some of her old aerial ability. She's also one of the biggest wrestlers in the Women's Division. What a dynamic skillset!

[Bailey backs away, letting Everhart return to her feet.]

BW: And she butters up to everyone, too.

LD: I think it's refreshing that someone has a heart of gold like she does, and isn't a cynic.

BW: What benefit did what she just did serve? She had prime position on this Everhart kid, and she just gave it up!

LD: I think she didn't just want to kick Persephone Everhart down to the mat! She wants to give Persephone the best chance possible!

[The two lock up once again, as Bailey works back into a wristlock. Everhart struggles for a second, before planting her hand on the mat and cartwheeling to a surprised reaction from the crowd!]

LD: Everhart with a cartwheel to claim control of the wrist! That's a unique counter, isn't it?

BW: I wouldn't have recommended it.

[A slight smile comes across Bailey's face, who plants her hand on the mat and does a cartwheel of her own, but instead of reclaiming control of the wrist, she hops back up, tucking her arm under Everhart's armpit, and using her weight as she falls to the mat to drag Everhart down with her!]

LD: A cartwheel into an armdrag! We saw Michelle use a cartwheel last week against the Menagerie, and it certainly seems like she's feeling spry if she's doing it again this week!

BW: For someone with such grappling skill, she sure is a showoff.

LD: It looks like she's trying to get an armbar applied, but look at this, Ben... Everhart stacking Michelle's weight onto her shoulders! Koji Sakai right down to count, but he only gets one before Michelle abandons the hold to get her shoulders off the mat!

BW: She didn't flatten the Babadook out with her legs to get proper leverage on that one, I think she was just asking to get rolled up.

LD: Are you implying that she's taking it easy on Persephone Everhart?

BW: I think she's slacking, sure.

[Before Bailey can get to her feet, Everhart springs back up, hitting the ropes and trying to drive a knee into her jaw. Michelle's eyes open wide at the incoming knee, and she just barely manages to bat it away. Everhart swings her leg around, catching Bailey on the jaw with a shin kick that staggers her into the ropes!]

BW: See what slacking gets you? A kick right in the face!

LD: She definitely caught all of that one, now is her chance to press the advantage!

[Everhart pulls Bailey up to her feet, grabbing her by the wrist, and goes to whip her into the ropes. Bailey swings her leg around, though, reversing the momentum. As she does so, she drops down to a knee, scissoring Everhart's leg and causing her to faceplant the mat in the middle of the ring!]

LD: Reversal of the whip into a drop toe hold, and now Michelle Bailey off the ropes!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: What a kick! A sliding kick right to the side of Persephone Everhart's face as she was trying to get back to her hands and knees!

BW: I think I've seen that before, Dane, doesn't she call that something?

LD: She calls it the Hysteric Glamour, Ben! And she's not done!

[Michelle hoists the groggy Persephone up to her feet, dipping around behind her into a backdrop suplex position. She grabs hold of Persephone's right leg, clenching her hands to pin the leg against Everhart's side.]

LD: And she's breaking into her bag of tricks from Japan, Ben! She used to use a backdrop suplex with a clutched leg over there rather frequently!

[Bailey lifts, slamming the back of Everhart's shoulders to the mat, then bridges up en pointe while keeping the leg cinched to cradle the dizzied goth.]

LD: And there's the bridge! Koji Sakai is in for the count, that's one! Two! And three! Michelle Bailey bridges the gap between eras with a win!

[The bell sounds as Michelle immediately releases the clinch, rolling Persephone onto her side and keeping her hand on the young wrestler's back. She appears to be saying some reassuring words as Sakai checks on her, then Sakai helps Everhart from the ring.]

LD: And look at that, Ben. There aren't many wrestlers quite like Michelle Bailey, who would tend to their opponent after the match.

BW: That's because many wrestlers care more about cashing their checks and getting onto the next match, Dane. She's an anomaly, and there's a reason why she's a contender, not a champion. She doesn't have the killer instinct anymore.

LD: I think it'd be good if we saw more wrestlers like her, frankly. She was scheduled to go speak with Mariah Wolfe after the match but... she's staying in the ring? We have a microphone down there, right?

[We see Michelle being handed a wireless microphone, as she motions for Mariah Wolfe to remain at the host's stand.]

MB: I'm sorry, Mariah. This is something I needed to talk about by myself. I hope you understand.

[We see Mariah in the distance nod, as Michelle looks around to the fans at Center Stage.]

MB: A couple of weeks ago, Shannon Walsh asked why I didn't help Donna Martinelli. "If you care about her, you would have talked to Todd Michaelson," I think she said. It's not a quote... didn't commit it to memory.

[Michelle shrugs.]

MB: I get a lot of questions like that, both in wrestling and in my practice, helping clients. Why don't you do things this way? Why don't you do things that way?

[Michelle looks at the hard camera.]

MB: Why can't you make it easier?

[And back to the crowd.]

MB: And I feel for them. I really do. But the truth of the matter is... if I did things this way, if I did things that way? If I called Todd Michaelson and said "Donna's my cousin, can you give her a pass"... would she have learned anything? If we do things the easy way, do we learn anything?

[Michelle stops to look back at the hard camera.]

MB: My daughter, when she first told me "I want to wrestle", she said she didn't want anyone to know she was Michelle Bailey's daughter, or Juan Vasquez's daughter. She wanted to do it on her own. She wanted to learn everything she needed, because if she did it the easy way, if we just handed her everything... would she be able to succeed? And I can try to make things easy for her, but would that actually do anything? See, I don't believe that making things better, and making things easier, I don't think they're the same thing. Not all the time. Sometimes to get better, you have to do the hard thing.

[Michelle nods her head.]

MB: When my daughter wrestled Laura Davis with a handful of matches under her belt, she was doing the hard thing, but it made her better. When she went up to Misaki Ishikawa and said "how can I get better", and Misaki sent her to Japan to learn under Miyuki Ozaki, she was doing the hard thing, but it made her better. And if I didn't call Todd Michaelson, if Donna had to learn the hard way instead of the easy way... did that make her better?

[Michelle sighs.]

MB: Last Saturday, I thought it was one of the happiest moments of my life. In my hometown, I got to do incredible things with a man who has stood by me through thick and thin for over fifteen years, alongside our daughter, the girl he took in as his own. And yes... we watched her slam a bear.

[A slight grin comes across Michelle's face for that, but it quickly vanishes.]

MB: But then what I thought would be the crowning moment of it all, when the girl I saw grow from six years of age married the man she loved, turned into... well... turned into what it did?

[The color seems to drain from Michelle's face.]

MB: My heart broke. My heart broke as Juan and I did the thing that parents can only think of doing at that moment. We got our daughters to safety. It wasn't easy. It was hard. I spent the whole night crying, wondering if there was something we could have done for Theresa Lynch and her family. Juan kept trying to assure me that if we had stayed, it would have been worse. The kids could have gotten hurt, and how could we have lived with ourselves?

[Tears roll down Michelle's cheeks, and she wipes them away with her wrist.]

MB: I say all that because I know Theresa has a lot of people leaving her messages, asking her where she is, trying to tell her what she should do. I'll say now what I said when I left her a voicemail a few days ago. Whatever your choice is, Theresa... make the choice that makes you a better person. It's probably going to be hard. No matter what road you go down, people will question you. But deep down, whatever choice you make, as long as you make the right choice for you, it will work out in the end.

[Michelle holds up a pinky to the camera.]

MB: I promise. And you know I don't break these promises.

[She sets the microphone down, leaving the ring as she wipes her eyes again. The crowd is quiet at the words of Bailey, a buzz throughout the building as our announcers too sit in silence...

...and after a few moments, we get a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo as we come up on a locker room in Center Stage Studios where we find former World Tag Team Champions Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor conversing. Donovan is wrapping his wrist in tape as Taylor paces back and forth, in a bit of a huff as he speaks.]

WT: Look, I know that was a big win for you on the Anniversary Show winning that Battle Royal... but what I DON'T know is why you didn't tell me you were entering it!

[Donovan shrugs.]

TD: It was kind of a last minute thing, Wes. I wasn't trying to keep it quiet or anything... it just happened.

[Taylor shakes his head.]

WT: And eliminating my father from it? I guess that just happened too?

[Donovan smirks.]

TD: Oh, come on. When we first linked up, we beat the hell out of MY dad. Did you really think I'd pass on the chance to toss the one and only Outlaw over the top rope if given the chance?

[Taylor sighs.]

WT: Okay, fine. But what about Claw?

[Donovan rips the tape, tossing it aside as he stands up.]

TD: What about him?

[Wes throws up his arms in disbelief.]

WT: I thought we were in agreement on this... that neither of us wanted any part of whatever he's peddling. After all, look at what he did to Brian!

[Donovan sneers.]

TD: Why do you even care what he did to Brian? You didn't seem to give a damn about Brian during this whole Detson thing. Besides, none of that has anything to do with US. What we're looking for is a way back to the World Tag Team Titles... a way back to a match with Harper and Somers, right?

[Taylor nods.]

WT: Right.

[Donovan puts a hand on his partner's shoulder.]

TD: And you don't think someone like Tiger Claw might have an idea or two on how to get us back there?

[Taylor looks down at the floor, shaking his head, obviously conflicted.]

TD: Look, I gotta finish getting ready. I've got this match with Crowley tonight and after what happened two weeks ago, I want to make sure this time I put him down and in our rear view mirror, okay?

[Taylor nods to his partner.]

TD: And after I beat him... I'll come back here... and we'll talk all this out and figure out what's next. Cool?

[Taylor looks up, clapping a hand on his partner's shoulder.]

WT: Cool.

[Donovan turns to exit but Taylor's grip hardens on the shoulder.]

WT: Hang on, I'm coming with you.

[Donovan shakes his head.]

TD: Nah, I gotta do this one alone.

[And with that, Donovan exits, leaving a confused Wes Taylor behind and with a flash of the ACCESS logo, we fade to black...

...and then back up on a shot of Ryan Martinez walking down the aisle. From the scenery around him, we can see this slow motion footage is from right before WarGames at SuperClash IX.]

#When you wish..#

[Dissolve to the White Knight throwing knife edge chops at the towering form of Torin The Titan...]

#...upon a star#

[...to Martinez and Derrick Williams working together to use a double clothesline to take the giant off his feet...]

#Makes no difference who you are...#

[...to a closeup of a bloodied Martinez, looking up in shock as a hobbled Shadoe Rage joins him in the cage...]

#Anything your...#

[...to the White Knight driving Vasquez' skull into the canvas with his signature brainbuster...]

#...heart desires will...#

[...to Martinez hooking John Law in a crossface, wrenching back with all his might as Law struggles to hang on...]

#...come to you.#

[...to a crowd shot of a group of young fans holding up a banner that reads "THE WHITE KNIGHT FOREVER!" as a voiceover begins...]

"Ryan Martinez, you and..."

[Cut to a shot of a bloodied but smiling Ryan Martinez standing triumphant with his teammates...]

"...Team AWA just won the Main Event at SuperClash! Now what are you gonna do?"

[...to a regular speed shot of Martinez still in the double cage, looking into the camera's lens with a grin...]

RM: I'm going to Disneyland!

[...and we fade to a shot of the Disneyland logo before fading to black.

And we open back up to a black banner. Emblazoned across it is the new logo for SHOWTIME. A familiar voice speaks up.]

"Showtime."

[A sigh is heard.]

"Gross."

[In walks Sid Osborne. He's wearing his usual black college letter jacket with X's stitched onto each shoulder. He points at the banner, shaking his head.]

SO: Seriously? This is the best they could come up with? We just had the Sad Dad Nostalgia Jamboree and now we're sucking up to a long dead company again.

[Osborne smirks.]

SO: What's next, Chris Courtade's Diners, Drive-Ins and Dives?

[Osborne waves his hand dismissively.]

SO: Forget I said that. With all the crap they've been throwing at a wall around here, I probably just gave them their next big programming idea. Because if you think they wouldn't do anything to dig up that fossil...

[Osborne scowls.]

SO: ... then you didn't hear about the two sad old retreads they're trotting out here to pick names out of a hat.

[Osborne shakes his head.]

SO: Because sure, of course that's something that should happen. Everyone fighting tooth and nail to make something of themselves... but lets have these two old guys who were wandering around confused in a Wal*Mart decide who gets a spotlight.

And no, I'm not going to even speak their names. Because they've already gotten enough free publicity for the incredible skill of getting hit with furniture decades ago.

[Osborne turns to look at the Showtime banner.]

SO: Showtime. Yeah, right. Maybe if your dad is buddies with someone with a corner office.

[Osborne grabs the banner, gripping it in his fist.]

SO: Maybe if you know all the right asses to kiss.

But for someone like me?

[And finally, Osborne blows his nose using the banner as a handkerchief.]

SO: It all makes me sick.

[Osborne lets the banner fall back against the wall, leaving a wet spot in its center...

...and we cut to the backstage area where we see a grinning Sweet Lou Blackwell.]

SLB: Well, welcome to Showtime where I imagine there will never be a dull moment. Sid Osborne, the Sin City Savior himself, making a surprise appearance here in Atlanta... but what won't be a surprise is who's going to be making their AWA return in Oklahoma City next weekend for Saturday Night Wrestling...

[Blackwell pauses dramatically, a smile on his face...

...until a large graphic fills the screen that reads "SUSPENSION LIFTED! BRIAN JAMES RETURNS!" with a picture of the Engine of Destruction looking on menacingly. We can hear Blackwell's voice under the graphic which gets cheers from the fans in the arena.]

SLB: You heard it here first, fans! For the first time since early this year, Brian James will be back in the building next weekend in Oklahoma City and I can only imagine he'll have PLENTY to say after what happened last weekend in New Orleans!

[The graphic fades to leave Blackwell behind.]

SLB: Brian James has been cleared of all charges and the son of the Blackheart is coming to town in Oklahoma City and who knows what happens next! Lori, Waterson... back to you!

[We fade from the grinning Blackwell back to our announce duo.]

LD: Thanks, Lou... HUGE news right there! The suspension of Brian James has been lifted and he's legally allowed back in the building... and wasting no time, he WILL be in Oklahoma City next weekend for Saturday Night Wrestling, Ben.

BW: For once, we agree, Dane... that IS huge news. Brian James has been a future World Champion since the day he was born. It was just two years ago that he beat the best in the world - including Supreme Wright and the current World Champion Supernova - to win the Battle of Boston tournament. Sometimes a debut or a return is a pebble on the pond, Dane, causing little ripples to the world around it... this is a giant boulder being dropped in and you better believe that Brian James is gonna make a big, big splash in OKC!

LD: And speaking of Brian James, some people closely associated with him are about to come on out here so let's go down to Megumi Sato for our next matchup!

[We fade from our announce team down to the ring where our new ring announcer is standing.]

MS: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first...

[Electronic drums and the industrial bassline of Marilyn Manson's version of "You're So Vain" begins to play as the curtains at the top of the entranceway part. Out lurches Porter Crowley, bent over yet running a hand through his slicked back hair, as if he's walking down a red carpet at a Hollywood movie premiere. At his side is "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett, who smiles darkly and nods approvingly... and close behind are Crowley's partner The Lost Boy and their new ally, Harper Hannigan, who is practically being dragged towards the ring as they grip a large steel chain connected to a leather collar around the feral Lost Boy's neck.]

#You had one eye in the mirror#
#As you watched yourself gavotte#
#And all the girls dreamed that they'd be your partner#

MS: ...being accompanied to the ring by his manager "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett, his tag team partner The Lost Boy, and Harper Hannigan... from Parts Unknown... weighing in at 260 pounds...

"PRETTYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY"
PORRRRRRRRTERRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
CROWLEYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!

[The group pauses halfway down the ramp, as Porter points to a pair of clearly horrified teenage girls. Fawcett shakes his head as he gestures towards the ring.]

#You're so vain#
#You probably think this song is about you#
#You're so vain#

[As the group makes their way to ringside, Fawcett is first to the ropes as he holds the second rope down and waves his arm dramatically for Porter to enter the ring. Crowley does so, looking around in a confused manner as the crowd begins chanting "PRET-TY POR-TER!". Fawcett nods, gesturing to the crowd and telling Porter that even they now see what a "beautiful boy" he has become. The music fades as Sato continues.]

MS: And his opponent...

[The sounds of Marilyn Manson are replaced by "Enemy" by Sevendust.]

BW: Looks like a little flashback here. Someone's gone back to their old music.

[Sato continues.]

MS: From Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania... weighing in at 260 pounds... he is formerly one-half of the AWA World Tag Team Champions...

...TOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY DONNNNOOOOOVAAAAAAAAN!

[The curtain parts as Donovan emerges to a solid reaction of cheers clad in a red satin ring jacket with "DONOVAN" etched across the back in white print. He takes two steps out onto the entrance stage, giving the crowd a surveying look...

...and then a smirk crosses his face as former World Champion Tiger Claw emerges behind him in a stylish black suit. Claw ignores the surprised reaction from the crowd, moving to stand one step behind Donovan on his side. Donovan gives Claw a nod and the duo start down the staircase towards the ring.]

LD: A bit of a surprising development here, Ben. There was no sign of Tiger Claw in that backstage ACCESS clip we saw moments ago... but he's quite obviously here and he's heading down the stairs to... I guess be in the corner of Tony Donovan.

BW: A smart move by Donovan... no matter what his partner thinks about it.

LD: I don't know if that's the best way for a tag team to operate but tonight, this isn't about tag team wrestling. This is a singles match for Donovan as he takes on Porter Crowley after Crowley and the Lost Boy defeated Donovan and Taylor two weeks ago.

BW: Yeah, but we've gotta point out that it was Wes Taylor who dropped the fall in that one to Crowley... not Tony Donovan.

LD: But it was a loss for their team no matter who was pinned.

BW: But tonight's not about tag team wrestling like you said.

[As Megumi Sato finishes her introductions, we can spy Tiger Claw whispering in the ear of Tony Donovan who nods repeatedly, absorbing the advice of the man once known as the most dangerous man in wrestling...]

LD: Tiger Claw with a lot to say to a guy who supposedly doesn't want to hear from him.

BW: What kind of an idiot would NOT want to hear from Tiger Claw? He's a former World Champion! He's a Hall of Famer! He trained one of the most dangerous men in our sport, Brian James. If you want your career to go to the top, you listen to men like Claw. If you want to be an afterthought, ignore him.

LD: Well, considering Claw's recent actions towards his former friends Casey James and Brian Lau... not to mention his former student Brian James... I'm not sure I can blame anyone for not wanting to associate with him.

BW: None of that has anything to do with Tony Donovan, Dane.

LD: No? You expect him to ignore what Claw did to his former manager AND his former friend?

BW: I expect him to want to get back to championship gold and not Internet memes of him whining over Xenia Sonova finding a more worthy suitor.

[The referee signals for the bell...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[...which brings Porter Crowley stampeding across the ring towards Donovan who Claw gives a hard shove, uttering one more command as Donovan steps back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and blindly throws a thrust kick that catches the incoming Crowley under the chin!]

LD: DONOVAN WITH A SUPERKICK AT THE BELL! THIS COULD BE OVER RIGHT NOW! HE'S GOT ONE! HE'S GOT TWO! HE'S GOT THR-

[The crowd groans as Crowley's shoulder slips off the mat, a panicked look on the face of "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett as he looks on in disbelief at the near fall.]

LD: A dangerously close nearfall right there for Porter Crowley! Crowley and the Lost Boy picked up the win over the former tag champs, Taylor and Donovan, two weeks ago on the final Power Hour and Donovan was hoping to get a little bit of payback here tonight.

BW: And he almost got it. You gotta think Claw called that shot, right? He called for that superkick?

LD: That's certainly possible as Donovan now taking an MMA style mount - right out of the arsenal of Tiger Claw for sure...

[Donovan pounds Crowley with closed fists down on the mat, earning the reprimand of referee Shari Miranda as Claw looks on, nodding approvingly.]

LD: ...who certainly seems to like what he's seeing so far in this one, Ben.

BW: It's always good when someone listens to you and succeeds doing it. Ask anyone I've ever managed. Ask that ungrateful fool Stevie Scott! Where would he be if it hadn't been for me? Huh?

LD: I don't have the slightest clue...

[The camera cuts to the floor where we find The Lost Boy sniffing at the ringpost, being held loosely by the leash hanging in Harper Hannigan's hand.]

LD: ...and speaking of not having the slightest clue, the Lost Boy investigating the ringside area.

BW: Some people might say The Lost Boy's not playing with a full deck... but I'd disagree, Dane.

LD: Really?

BW: Absolutely. He's playing with a full deck... it's just the cards that are invisible and only he can see them.

[Back in the ring, Donovan drags Crowley off the mat, whipping him into the corner where he charges in with a clothesline...]

...and then shoots him back the other way, coming in strong with a second clothesline!]

LD: Donovan, the third generation star, battering the unusual Porter Crowley from pillar to post here in Center Stage Studios as the equally unusual Fawcett Family looks on. We saw The Lost Boy moments ago along with the newest addition to the Family - Harper Hannigan - who we practically know nothing about... and of course, "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett who always has a trick up his sleeves it seems.

[The Lost Boy suddenly jerks his head back, letting loose a wild howl that some in the crowd echo as Donovan throws a look in his direction...]

...and then starts walking that way as well.]

LD: It looks like Tony Donovan's got something to say to the Fawcett Family's pet.

[Donovan jabs a finger down towards The Lost Boy, shouting at him from the ring as Porter Crowley starts to stir out of the corner. Fawcett sneers up at Donovan as Hannigan tries to pull The Lost Boy back by the heavy chain hanging around his neck.]

LD: Quite the unique scene here at ringside... and here comes Tiger Claw now, trying to get Donovan's attention...

[Donovan quickly jerks around at the sound of Claw's voice...

...and turns right into a high speed and equally high impact running crossbody by Crowley that wipes him out!]

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: 260 POUNDS OUT OF PARTS UNKNOWN JUST LEVELED TONY DONOVAN!

[Donovan immediately rolls under the ropes to the floor, falling to a knee and clutching his ribs as Crowley kneels on the mat, looking hungrily out after him.]

BW: Smart move by Donovan, bailing from the ring and looking for some much-needed recovery time on the floor... well, it's a smart move as long as Crowley stays in the ring. If he comes out after him, there's no place on Earth I'd rather be less than on the outside with one of Fawcett's Family.

[Crowley slowly climbs to his feet, looking out after Donovan as the referee steps in to block his path...]

LD: Shari Miranda putting herself in harm's way perhaps as she blocks Porter Crowley from going to the outside... trying to avoid the very thing you were talking about right there, Ben... wanting to keep this action inside the ring.

BW: She may be able to keep Crowley in the ring but...

LD: The referee's got his back turned and-

[The crowd groans as The Lost Boy drops to his knees, smashing his skull down into the sternum of Donovan!]

LD: -and The Lost Boy with the attack on the floor behind his back!

[The animalistic urges of The Lost Boy take over as he wraps his hands around Donovan's throat, madly shrieking as he strangles the air from the man who was formerly one-half of the World Tag Team Champions.]

LD: And now he's choking Donovan on the outside! Why isn't Tiger Claw doing anything about this?!

[At a swipe of the hand from Fawcett, Hannigan grabs the chain with both hands, dragging The Lost Boy out of the chokehold... choking him in return as they draw the Lost Boy away from the gasping Donovan. Fawcett nods in approval as he looks down on Donovan.]

LD: Tony Donovan's been laid out on the outside of the ring and if Tiger Claw was trying to prove tonight that he can lead Donovan to victory, he might want to take a more active role in this one as Donovan's in trouble.

[Crowley drops to the mat, rolling under the ropes to the outside as he moves in on the coughing Donovan...]

LD: Crowley now on the outside as well... and this is what we were just talking about, Ben. Donovan is in the wrong part of town as-

"OHHHHHH!"

LD: -face driven down into the apron by Crowley!

[Hanging onto Donovan's hair, Crowley drags his face along the apron, trying to burn the flesh with the canvas...]

BW: Porter Crowley has always had a bit of an obsession with his face... how he looks or how people perceive him to look. And if you pay attention to when he's in control of a match, a lot of his offense is aimed at an opponent's face.

LD: That's pretty good analysis there, partner.

BW: Don't sound so surprised, Dane. It's more surprising that you haven't made a joke about sleeping with one of these guys given your history on the headset.

LD: A history that I'm trying to forget about with this gig, thank you very much.

[Still on the outside, Crowley pulls Donovan away from the ring, stepping closer towards the aisleway and the staircase leading back up to the entrance stage.]

LD: We've got an up close view of the action now... just down here below us at the bottom of the stairs...

[Crowley turns his back on the staircase, dragging Donovan into a front facelock as the crowd begins to buzz...]

LD: ...and I don't like the looks of this.

BW: No? The Queen of Extreme gets cringy at a little hardcore action in 2018? Who would've ever thought?

LD: Crowley looks to be setting up for a suplex and if he delivers that successfully, he's going to drop Donovan's spine right down on that steel and that's not good news for him.

[Tiger Claw looks on with an odd expression on his face... disappointment perhaps? It's definitely not concern as Crowley loops the arm over his neck...]

LD: Tiger Claw just standing there and watching this. I don't get it.

BW: Hey, Donovan's not officially a Tiger Claw guy quite yet, Dane... maybe Claw feels this is a good test for him. Maybe find out just how disposable he is.

LD: Disposable?!

[...and then tries to lift Donovan up into the air...]

LD: He can't get him up! The six foot six, 260 pound Donovan out of Pittsburgh, P-A is fighting it!

[Crowley grunts as he tries the lift a second time, budging Donovan slightly before the former champion settles back down...]

LD: He went for it again but Donovan still hanging on - the son of the legendary Robert Donovan, the grandson of the equally-legendary "Tough" Tony Donovan... his namesake.

BW: And don't forget the black sheep of the Donovan clan - Matt Donovan and that lunatic Adam Donovan. Nobody's heard from him in years.

LD: There's probably a good reason for that. Every family's got someone they like to keep under wraps.

BW: Like your bloodthirsty big brother Morgan?

[With Donovan avoiding the suplex, Crowley abruptly breaks the hold and drives his thumb into the throat of Donovan, sending him falling backwards towards the apron again, coughing and gasping...]

LD: Right back into the throat goes Crowley, regaining the edge for the time being in this one as these two battle it out here on the premiere edition of Showtime right here LIVE on ESPN with the whole world watching. The 23 year old Donovan - one of the young lions here in the AWA in 2018 - is trying to recover as Crowley looks to inflict more punishment and do more damage on the outside. Shari Miranda is being very lenient with her count here.

[Crowley snatches a handful of Donovan's hair as he climbs up on the apron...]

LD: Up on the apron goes Crowley, maybe finally getting back inside the squared circle as-

[A shout of "NOW!" from Claw sees Donovan suddenly reaches up and rake his fingers across Crowley's eyes!]

LD: -OH! Donovan goes to the eyes at the shouted instruction of Tiger Claw, putting Crowley in a very vulnerable position up there on the apron...

[Donovan reaches up, grabbing the blinded Crowley with both hands...]

LD: ...what's he...?

[...and HURLS Crowley off the apron with a slam, throwing him down with a sickening thud on the barely-padded Center Stage Studios floor!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: SPINE MEETS CEMENT HERE IN ATLANTA, GEORGIA! A hard fall on the cold, unforgiving concrete floor... just a little bit of cushion by those ringside mats, protecting the floor more than the body... and Tony Donovan just turned this one around, Ben.

BW: Thanks to Tiger Claw! Claw saw the opening, called for the attack, and if Tony Donovan turns this around and wins this thing... he can thank Tiger Claw for it.

LD: I'm not sure I'd go quite that far. It sure does seem like Claw gave some timely advice there but-

BW: Timely advice?! He told him exactly what to do and when to do it!

LD: A bit presumptuous there... but it was very timely as I said as Tony Donovan puts Crowley down hard on the floor and this might be his opportunity to pick up the win in this one-on-one encounter after losing that tag team match two weeks ago on the final Power Hour.

[Donovan pulls the limp Crowley off the floor, rocketing him back under the ropes before crawling in after him...]

LD: Finally back inside the ring as Donovan goes for the win!

[Miranda's hand slaps the mat once... twice...]

LD: Pop goes the shoulder! The arm lifts just in time and Porter Crowley lives to keep fighting here on Showtime!

[Donovan sits up on the mat, smashing a fist into his open hand...

...and then looks over to Claw who gestures down with both open hands, shaking his head, taking deep breaths.]

LD: Tiger Claw perhaps trying to calm young Tony Donovan down... trying to put him back on track...

[Donovan climbs off the mat, nodding to Claw before turning back to the barely-moving Crowley...]

LD: ...and it seems to have worked as a re-focused Donovan is on his feet and on the attack.

BW: And you're still going to try to claim that Tony Donovan shouldn't be aligned with Tiger Claw? Donovan should be! Taylor should be! Half the locker room should be. If Tiger Claw has decided that his best weapon these days is a manager's license, the line should be around the block to sign on the dotted line because this is the kind of guy - the kind of brilliant mind - that can take you all the way to the top of the mountain, Dane.

LD: A former World Champion. A Hall of Famer.

BW: A guy who sat under the learning tree for years with the likes of people like Brian Lau - the only manager in the Hall of Fame... men like Brody Thunder and John Wesley Hardin...

LD: Casey James?

BW: Casey James was always known for his muscles more than his mind.

LD: Don't let him hear you say that.

BW: Pffft. With the beating Claw laid on the Blackheart at SuperClash, the next time we see Casey James, he'll be shilling "Whitebread" sneakers down at the local baseball card show.

[Donovan pulls Crowley to his feet, a smirk crossing his face as he slips his hands in behind Crowley's neck, locking them together...]

LD: Is that...?

BW: A Muay Thai clinch! One of Tiger Claw's signature moves! And believe me from my years fighting in the Hexagon, when this is locked in, it's VERY hard to find a way out.

[...and swings his long leg up, smashing his knee into Crowley's chest and face repeatedly!]

LD: Kneestrikes by Donovan's got Crowley on the run, falling back into the corner...

[With Crowley reeling, Donovan grabs the arm, whipping him across the ring again...]

LD: Ohh! Donovan sends him flying into the corner and Crowley SLAMS chestfirst into the corner!

[Staggering backwards, Crowley falls into the waiting arms of Donovan who cinches a waistlock...]

LD: With nearly ten minutes gone in this one, Donovan's looking to finish him off, wrapping him up here...

[...but Crowley lunges forward with what's remaining of his self-preservation instincts, hooking his arms around the ropes...]

LD: ...but Crowley gets to the ropes, hanging on for dear life!

[Fawcett urges him to do just that, shouting to Crowley who is struggling to keep Donovan from yanking him clear...

...and then reaches up to make a grab for Crowley's hand to help him.]

LD: Fawcett trying to... uh oh!

[The crowd buzzes as Tiger Claw steps closer, locking eyes with Fawcett who suddenly jerks his hand back like he's been burned by something. Claw's murderous gaze is on him as Fawcett backs up, pleading his case.]

LD: We've got a bit of a problem on the outside now - Tiger Claw and Harrison Fawcett trading words on the floor.

[The referee steps in, shouting at them to back away as Donovan continues to try to wrest Crowley away from the ropes as the man from Parts Unknown continues to hang on...]

LD: We've got the referee in the mix now as well, trying to get the managers backed away... and now The Lost Boy dragging Harper Hannigan into this mess too! Shari Miranda's got her hands full now!

[Claw suddenly looks up in the midst of the chaos, locking eyes with Tony Donovan for an instant...

...which is when Donovan breaks his waistlock attempt, falling to his knees...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and drives his arm up into the groin of Crowley, breaking his grasp on the ropes as Crowley staggers backwards in pain!]

LD: Tony Donovan goes low on Crowley!

[On his feet, Donovan hits the ropes in front of Crowley, going into an immediate spin as he bounces off...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[..and FLATTENS Crowley with a discus lariat!]

LD: DONOVAN KNOCKS HIM RIGHT OFF HIS FEET!

[The third generation Donovan dives on top, hooking a leg as the official suddenly notices the pin attempt in the ring, diving to the mat...]

LD: Shari says it's one... annnnnd two... and... it's all over but the shouting!

BW: Literally in Megumi Sato's case.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Donovan pushes up to his knees, a huge grin on his face as the referee raises his hand and Megumi Sato makes it official...]

MS: HEEEEEEERE IS YOUR WINNNNNAAAAHHHHHH...

....TOOOOOOONNNNNYYYYYYYYYYYYY DOOOONNNNNNNNOOOOOVAAAAAAAANN!

[Donovan boosts himself to his feet, raising his arms over his head as the crowd reacts with a mix of cheers and boos. A clapping Tiger Claw looks on from ringside, a pleased expression on his face as Donovan makes eye contact and gives a thankful nod of respect.]

LD: A win tonight over Porter Crowley... a win in that Battle Royal a week ago... don't look now, AWA fans, but Tony Donovan is on a roll after struggling a bit since his return to the ring late last year after spending much of 2017 on the injured list.

BW: And that winning streak is-

LD: All thanks to Tiger Claw, right?

BW: You're learning, Dane... you're learning.

LD: Donovan picks up the victory and... what's he doing now?

[Donovan suddenly lunges forward, stomping Crowley into the mat once... twice... three times...]

LD: Donovan attacking Crowley - the match is over, kid! Knock that garbage off!

[...and then grabs the leg, yanking Crowley up enough to wrap the leg around his neck, pulling down in a torture rack type hold!]

BW: Stretch muffler applied! Donovan going after the knee of Crowley with a move - this has been in his repertoire since back in his Team Supreme days, Dane, but we haven't seen much of it since then.

LD: Back then, he called it the Gnaw Bone Clutch and often would... there! There it is! The stretch muffler with the arms, the legs hooking in a headscissors... and there's no way out of this for Porter Crowley!

[As Donovan violently torques Crowley in this submission hold, Fawcett bellows for Hannigan to "drop the leash!" and they quickly oblige, sending a growling Lost Boy through the ropes into the ring!]

LD: The Lost Boy's in... and he dives right on top of Donovan, pounding away on him...

[Breaking Crowley out of the submission hold, The Lost Boy is overwhelming the weary Donovan with clubbing blows as Crowley slowly gets to his feet, a little bit of a hitch in his getalong as he hobbles on one bad wheel, turning to join his partner in the assault...]

LD:...and now we've got a two on one on Donovan!

[The Lost Boy and Crowley are both stomping Donovan repeatedly when the crowd suddenly cheers at the arrival of Wes Taylor up on the entrance stage, hurrying down the steps, and diving into the ring...]

BW: Forget about the numbers game because Taylor just evened the odds!

[...and throws himself into a double leg takedown on The Lost Boy, raining down right hands as the crowd cheers wildly!]

LD: Down goes the Lost Boy, Taylor on top of him!

[Crowley promptly rolls under the ropes to the floor, reaching in and dragging The Lost Boy out from under Taylor to the outside!]

LD: And there goes the Fawcett Family... heading quickly for the exits in this one after Tony Donovan picks up the win and Wes Taylor shows the world he's still got his partner's back.

[Taylor kneels down next to Donovan, trying to help his partner up as Tiger Claw finally joins them in the ring...

...with a mic in hand.]

TC: Fawcett.

[The fleeing "Doctor" pays no attention to the voice behind him... at first.]

TC: FAWCETT!

[That got him. Fawcett whips around so quickly, he nearly trips on the steps, saved by Porter Crowley as the kooky quartet looks on from the staircase.]

TC: You won one. We won one.

[Claw glares out at Fawcett as Taylor looks over at Claw with a look of disbelief on his face.]

TC: In Oklahoma City, you bring your Family...

[Claw smirks slightly, gesturing with his free arm.]

TC: ...and I'll bring mine.

[The crowd "ooooohs" at the implication as Taylor throws a glare up at Claw.]

TC: Let's see how you do in a tag match... when I'm there to guide them.

[Claw tosses the mic aside as Fawcett nods his head from the stairs, shouting "you're on! You're on, Claw!" before leading his Family up the remainder of the steps towards the entrance stage.]

BW: A challenge issued... and apparently accepted for Saturday Night Wrestling as Tiger Claw says he wants to see The Lost Boy and Porter Crowley take on Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan once again... and this time he'll be in the corner!

LD: But what does Wes Taylor think about that?!

[Taylor is angrily shouting at Claw, up on his feet now but Claw isn't listening as he exits the ring and starts striding up the aisle towards the back.]

LD: Claw's just walking away! Wes Taylor was shouting in his direction and Tiger Claw just ignored him! What the heck does that mean?

[Taylor turns to look at Donovan who is struggling back to his feet...

...and we fade away from the ring to Mariah Wolfe and Sweet Daddy Williams standing at the interview podium.]

MW: This just took an interesting turn to be certain, Sweet Daddy Williams... and speaking of interesting turns, we're just about a month away from our Battle of London event which will be taking place at the O2 Arena in London, England on April 28th.

SDW: I just want the office to know that I'm available to make that trip if they want me to! Mmm mmm... a big ol' plate of fish and chips and a pint would hit the spot right about now, Big Bad Wolfe.

[Mariah grins.]

MW: Of course, the centerpiece of that event will be our big Royal Crown tournament which we learned more about last weekend - eight competitors from the men, eight from the women will be chosen throughout tonight by eight legends of the ring who we've invited to assist. Once those sixteen are chosen, at the end of tonight, we'll be announcing the first round matches that will take place over the next few weeks until only four men and four women remain... those eight will head to London to compete in two four corner matches where the winners will win the Royal Crown tournament. Now I'm told we'll have a special announcement about those final matches later tonight as well so stay tuned for that... but right now, we're going to learn the first two participants in this tournament as we kick off Selection Saturday here on Showtime. And to do that, we're going joined live from London via satellite by a former EFW Women's Champion and a former co-holder of the UWF Women's Tag Team championship. She also happens to be one of Great Britain's own... she is "British Bad Girl" Lisa Drake!

[The satellite image cuts to Drake standing in front of the O2 Arena. Drake is a woman with blonde hair that goes just past her ears and wears a red blouse, blue jeans and a white jacket with a British flag on the back. She gives a brief smile and a wave of acknowledgment to the camera.]

MW: Lisa, thank you for joining us here tonight. I know it's very late... or very early there, I suppose... so we'll try to be brief for you. Who is your first choice for the Battle of London's Royal Crown tournament?

[Drake nods.]

LD: Let me start by saying that I watched the AWA's Tenth Anniversary show and was impressed with all the women who wrestled that night. The tag team title match particularly drew my interest, because I saw a woman who showed just how tough she is in that ring. That makes my first choice an easy one... Shannon Walsh!

[A graphic comes up on the screen hyping the Royal Crown tournament as Shannon Walsh's image appears on it.]

MW: One-third of the Peach Pits and someone who really has impressed as of late during the Women's World Tag Team Title tournament, Shannon Walsh. A great choice for our first entry in this Royal Crown. But you've got one more pick to make, Lisa... who will it be?

[Drake pauses a moment.]

LD: Anyone who followed my career knew that, if you got in the ring with me, you were going to be in for a bloody fight. I've taken the time to watch all the women in the AWA and my next choice is somebody else who lets you know you will always be in for a fight. That's why my other selection is none other than Trish Wallace!

[The graphic comes back up with the Slam Sorority member joining Shannon Walsh on the screen.]

MW: A strong pick in more ways than one there, Lisa. We thank you again for your time as we add Shannon Walsh and Trish Wallace to the field of eight heading into the Royal Crown tournament!

[Drake waves again, her shot vanishing to leave our hosting duo behind.]

MW: Sweet Daddy, your thoughts on these initial two choices.

SDW: I think it's a solid pick, Mariah. Walsh is tough, Trish is tough... this whole thing is going to be a hot one in London!

[The shot pulls back a little to reveal two familiar faces walking into frame as the crowd cheers.]

MW: Lisa Drake making the first selections for the Royal Crown tournament as Shannon Walsh and Trish Wallace are IN! We'll find out the rest of the women as well as the men as the night goes on here in Atlanta but joining me right now are two gentlemen who were watching our last match with great interest - David Layton and Billy Givens - the Aces In The Hole.

[Sweet Daddy Williams sidesteps a little to give room to Billy Givens and David Layton aka Aces In The Hole. Givens is dressed in a blue Western style button-up shirt and blue jeans with a very large belt buckle and... a hot pink Stetson. David Layton is wearing a black t-shirt with no print on it and a pair of black athletic pants. Could these two BE any more different in style?]

SDW: Boys, I know seeing Tony Donovan and Porter Crowley out here has your competitive juices pumping.

[The mic is offered up to Layton first who nods as he leans over.]

DL: Yes, I would very much like for us to face either of those teams.

[Mariah continues to hold the mic in place... waiting... waiting... and then finally nods, steering it over to Givens.]

BG: My buddy Dave here ain't much for the talkin', Mariah...

MW: Wait... does he do his talking in the ring?

[Givens grins.]

BG: Well, if by talkin', you mean throw our opponents every which way in and out, up and down, side to side... yes ma'am, he does exactly that.

MW: What about you?

BG: My mama once offered me a dollar if I could stay quiet for sixty seconds.

MW: And?

BG: And I still ain't seen Mr. Washington in my pocket if you catch my meaning, Mariah. But let's forget about the past and focus on the future and right now, me and Dave are focused on the very best the AWA tag team division's got to offer. They say the Women's Division is the hottest division in all of wrestling and that ain't no lie, the ladies are bringin' it week in and week out but me and Dave are fixin' to change all that because we've got what it takes to bring the fight to anyone they stick in front of us - ain't that right, Dave?

[Layton nods again.]

DL: Absolutely.

[Mariah shakes her head as Layton stands silent, moving the mic back.]

BG: It don't matter if it's Taylor and Donovan... Crowley and the Lost Boy... the Shot Callers... or even the champs, Next Gen. We're ready and willin' to take 'em all on!

[Mariah nods.]

MW: I hear you two have a challenge to make.

[Givens nods.]

BG: You hear right, little lady. Because two weeks from tonight, on Showtime, we're goin' to start climbin' that ladder of contention... and we mean to do it in style because we're callin' out the winner of tonight's match between the American Idols and Justin Gaines and Jayden Jericho!

[Mariah smiles.]

MW: That's a challenge!

[Givens holds up a finger.]

BG: And that's not the only one. Tell 'em, Dave.

[Mariah looks surprised as Layton nods, leaning over the mic.]

DL: Mariah, I have made it clear that I have very little professional link to my father and his history. But I would be a liar if I said I didn't feel a little bit of pride seeing him in the ring for that Battle Royal last weekend. And with that pride came a little bit of a sting seeing that moment ruined for him by some people who didn't belong there.

[Wolfe nods.]

MW: You're speaking of the Bishops.

[Layton nods.]

DL: I am. And I'm going to make it very clear to anyone who will listen. We have all heard the rumors that the Bishops are trying to get a new contract based off of what happened last week. I say now - let them in... and bring them to me.

[Layton's very cold and determined voice gives Mariah pause.]

MW: Ooooookay, wow. A very serious challenge there made by David Layton towards a team who - quite frankly - doesn't even work here.

DL: Yet.

BG: Most he's said in a month, Mariah. But you heard the man. He means business. And while I may have a little bit more fun with it, I mean business too. The Aces In The Hole are comin' to take this division by storm and we're startin' it all off two weeks from tonight! YEEEEEEHAW!

MW: A challenge... a pair of challenges in fact... laid down by the Aces In The Hole! We'll have to wait and see if either of those challenges are accepted but right now, it's time for more action here on the premiere edition of Showtime so let's head down to the ring and Megumi Sato!

MS: The next match here on Showtime is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Joining me in the ring at this time... from Lake Como in Italy... weighing in at 255 pounds... he is a former EMWC World Television Champion...

...PIIIIIIETROOOO OOOOOOOOO SANNNNNNNNDIIIIINIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII!

LD: Well, that's a blast from the past.

LD: A little link to the past so to speak to the EMWC's days gone by. Sandini held the EMWC Television Title as Megumi Sato mentioned for an impressive 231 days - the longest TV Title reign in that title's history, Ben.

LD: 1997, thank you very much. It was a reign that ended at the hands of Hall of Famer, "Crimson" Joe Reed, but one for the record books. I was aware that Sandini has been trying to make a comeback in recent years, working the independent scene but this is quite a surprise here for the premiere of Showtime.

...until a large red circle splashes down center ring.]

[A few moments pass before the lights come back on and the sound of "You're The Best" by Bill Conti from the Karate Kid soundtrack begins to play to a HUGE reaction from the Atlanta crowd!]

BW: Oh, this deal is getting worse all the time.

[Sato continues.]

MS: Fighting out of Winnipeg, Canada and weighing in at 177 pounds...

..."CANNONBALLLLLLLLLL" LEEEEEEEEEEEE CONNNNNNNNNNNNORRRRRRRRRRRRRRS!

[The cheers get louder at the introduction of the returning fan favorite as he springs through the curtain with a huge grin on his face. He's dressed in a karate gi with black pants and a deep crimson top that is tied with a belt to reveal his bare torso underneath. Connors' sloppy black hair is held by a headband with a burning red run in the middle of it.]

LD: As I said, a huge surprise here tonight on Showtime as Lee Connors returns to action after suffering a knee injury back in September of last year. Nearly six months of his career taken away by that injury but now he's back!

BW: And you know why six months of his career were taken away? Because he forgot the killer instinct that made him a successful martial artist! He was too busy slapping hands and kissing babies and making googly eyes at Betty Chang to focus on the matters at hand and he nearly got his career ended for it. He's lucky to even be here at all, Dane.

LD: I'm sure he'd agree with that last part... not so much with the rest, I'd imagine.

[Reaching the ring, Connors grabs the top rope with both hands, using a somersault to flip over and land on his feet with a grin, immediately striking a karate pose as he looks across at his eager opponent.]

LD: Now, this is something else, Ben - the type of action you'd only find here in the AWA as the... what? 47 year old perhaps, Pietro Sandini... a man who has wrestled the best in the world and then some-

BW: Twenty years ago.

LD: -is here to take on young Lee Connors who is... I believe 23 years old, looking to recover from injury tonight.

[Connors throws a few punches before snapping off a roundhouse kick at the air, proclaiming himself "good to go" to referee Scott Ezra before settling back into his corner.]

LD: Both competitors set to square off...

[Ezra checks on both before waving a hand...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: ...and there's the bell for this one.

[Connors comes dancing from the corner, moving quickly from foot to foot, snapping off an occasional shadowboxing punch as Sandini eyes him appraisingly...]

LD: Connors comes into this not just with the martial arts experience you mentioned, Ben, but he's also a dazzling high flyer inside that ring.

BW: But I bet you he's got no clue what Sandini brings to the table. His youth, his inexperience... those are all negative factors when you look at what Lee Connors brings to the dance.

[Sandini edges slowly from the corner, watching as Connors bounces forward to meet him...]

LD: Sandini trying to size him up, look for an opening...

[But as he goes for one, Connors throws a front kick that Sandini jumps back from... a quick one-two punch that Sandini scrambles back from... and a leaping back kick that Sandini slips, falling to the mat to avoid. The crowd laughs as Connors stands over Sandini in a fighting pose as Sandini angrily rolls under the ropes to the outside.]

LD: ...and that had to be a little embarrassing for the veteran as Connors sends him down and out to the outside, trying to regroup just moments after the bell in this one.

[Sandini grumbles on the floor as he paces back and forth a little, the fans encouraging him to get back into the ring as Connors waits impatiently for him to return.]

LD: Sandini taking a little walk on the outside... I'm not sure if he knew he was going to be facing the return Connors tonight or not but the explosive offense of Lee Connors is enough to give anyone pause, I believe.

[Sandini climbs up on the apron, gesturing for the referee to back the Canadian away. Connors obliges, hands held up as Sandini comes through the ropes...

...and rushes at him. Connors ducks down, throwing a right hand into the midsection as he does, then spins while straightening to land a spinning back kick to the shoulderblades that sends Sandini spilling headfirst through the ropes to the outside!]

LD: Connors cuts off the attack by Sandini and-

[And this time, Connors isn't about to wait for Sandini to climb back in. He dashes to the far ropes, rebounding back...]

LD: -Connors looking to fly!

[...but Sandini scrambles away, moving to stand behind the ringpost as Connors pulls up glaring at him and the fans jeer.]

BW: Sounds like that flight's been canceled, Dane.

LD: Sandini trying to stay out of the sights of the Cannonball and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ERUPTS as Connors runs diagonally across the ring, diving into a somersault, clearing the ringpost, and wiping out Sandini on the outside!]

LD: SOMEBODY CALL MY MAMA!

BW: ...what?

LD: I don't know. I don't know! I need my own "thing," right? I need my "Oh my stars!" I need my "Sweet San Angelo!" and I don't have it yet so... it's a work in progress, Ben.

BW: Uh huh. Well, keep working, Dane, 'cause that ain't it.

[Dane sighs as Connors pulls Sandini off the ringside mats, tossing him under the ropes into the ring.]

LD: Connors puts him back in... and right away, he's back in after him, looking to take advantage of that big dive over the corner.

[Sandini is crawling towards the corner as Connors gets back to his feet, striding in after him...]

LD: Into the corner they go...

[Connors gives a shout as he squares up, snapping off a roundhouse kick to the ribs...]

"OHH!"

[...and again...]

"OHHHHH!"

[...and again...]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and then rounds off the attack by leaping up, twisting around, and burying his heel into the sternum of Sandini!]

LD: The mighty kicks of Lee Connors finding the mark in the corner, rocking Sandini with a brutal combination...

[Grabbing the wrist, Connors wings Sandini from corner to corner before rushing in after him...]

LD: ...and Connors charging in on-

[...but Connors runs right up the chest, pushing off into a backflip to land several feet out of the corner in another karate pose to a huge cheer!]

LD: -wow! Impressive athleticism on the part of Connors!

[Sandini pushes out of the corner, charging out again...

...and Connors drops to a knee, throwing a backfist into the midsection with a loud "HUAHHHHHHH!"

LD: He calls that the JCVD!

BW: The WHAT?!

LD: Oh, come on, Ben. You know all about the cinematic stylings of Jean Claude Van Damme.

[Connors stays "frozen" in the post, still letting his "HUAHHHHH!" flag fly as Sandini crumbles backwards, doubling over...

...which is when Connors springs up out of the crouch, swinging one leg high into the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and brings said leg down on the back of Sandini's neck with an ax kick!]

LD: Holy...

BW: Alright, THAT was impressive. This kid's got the talent... now he just needs the mindset to go with it. He needs to stop playing to the fans... don't even give a damn about what they think or do. Just focus on getting wins, making money, and winning gold.

[With Sandini down, Connors races to the ropes, leaping to the middle rope and springing back in a moonsault...]

LD: MOONSAULT!

[...and comes right DOWN on the raised knees of Sandini to a disappointed reaction from the Atlanta crowd!]

BW: And that's why they call it high risk offense, Dane! It may not have looked like it compared to all the flipping and flying he's been doing but that one springboard moonsault has totally changed the momentum in this one. It was all Lee Connors but not anymore.

LD: Sandini with a veteran move there to turn this one around and now we'll see what the Precious One has on offense.

[Sandini pulls the hurting Connors off the mat, smashing a knee promptly into his midsection and sending Connors falling back into the ropes.]

BW: Good move there - stay on the body, work the ribs, punish the core. Connors might have the athleticism advantage but he's giving up like seventy pounds on Sandini which is crazy to me.

LD: Right but Lee Connors is no stranger to being outsized. Remember his AWA debut? The drama with big Derek Rage?

[Sandini buries the toe of his boot into the ribs once... twice... three times before grabbing the arm, looking for a whip...]

LD: Italian whips him across... ohhh! Running knee right to the gut! That'll knock the wind right out of you!

BW: They call it the kitchen sink and Connors may feel like he just got hit with a REAL kitchen sink after that!

[Sandini stomps the gut, flattening Connors out on the mat before leaping up with an elbow to the midsection, rolling into a lateral press.]

LD: Sandini with the first cover of the match gets one... gets two... and out at two is Lee Connors. And back in the day, Pietro Sandini had a high flying style similar to that of Lee Connors but time and perhaps wisdom seems to have him working a more grounded attack these days.

[The Italian grappler comes back to his feet, lifting Connors up off the mat into a fireman's carry...]

LD: Uh oh... something a little more impactful on the way?

[...and boosts Connors up over his head, bringing him down onto a bent knee!]

LD: Gutbuster connects! Again onto the ribs of Connors! It's only been a handful of moments since that timely and devastating counter to the moonsault but Sandini's focus has been fully on those injured ribs since then.

[Sandini flips him over onto his back again, diving across for another two count before Connors escapes.]

LD: Out at two again is "Cannonball" Lee Connors, the young man from Winnipeg, Canada... and Ben, the AWA will be up in Canada later this year when we have Saturday Night Wrestling in Calgary in July.

BW: July 14th to be exact, Dane - the second to last night of the old Calgary Stampede. Expect to see a lot of cowboy boots and smell a lot of manure... and that's just from the women.

LD: You're a real class act, Ben. There's been a lot of talk about The Battle of London... about Memorial Day Mayhem... and of course, the recent announcement that SuperClash X will be expanded to a two night event but we're hitting some of my favorite cities this year - Portland in June... Toronto in August... of course, I can't wait for Girls To The Front in August in New York City... and don't forget about our annual stop in North Dakota coming up at the end of July.

BW: All Saturday Night Wrestling events... but I'm looking forward to the two of us - Showtime on tour this summer. It's like the good ol' days when the AWA would go tour every summer from Dallas.

LD: That tour is gonna kick off on May 19th in Reseda, California at the storied American Legion Hall where so many top flight independent promotions have run over the years. In fact, a bunch of those summer dates are going to be cities and venues that have strong wrestling ties... and I expect more than a few unusual locations as well, Ben.

BW: It'll be a wild summer for this show out on tour... just like it's a wild night here in Atlanta with Pietro Sandini, the veteran and former champion, is putting a hurting on the returning Lee Connors right about now.

[With the announcers in hype mode, Sandini is continuing his attack with a series of hooking left hands to the ribcage in the corner...]

LD: Sandini on the attack, shoots him across...

[...and then charges in after him as Connors reels in the corner...]

LD: ...Connors leaps... OHH!

[...and the crowd reacts as Connors leaps into the air, planting his feet in the chest of the advancing Sandini, and rides him down into a makeshift double stomp!]

LD: AN INCREDIBLE COUNTER ON THE PART OF THE CANNONBALL!

[It's Connors' turn to cover, scoring a two count before the veteran kicks out in time.]

LD: Two count off the counter... and Lee Connors is hanging onto those ribs as he gets up, obviously hurting a bit...

[And as he drags Sandini up to his feet, Sandini promptly shoves a stiff-fingered blow into the throat, sending Connors stumbling back, doubling over as he gasps for air...]

LD: ...cheap shot by Sandini! Those EMWC days coming back to him as he bends the rules as far as he can there!

[...and Sandini rushes to the ropes, rebounding back and taking flight himself...]

LD: SUNSET FLIP!

[...but Connors stays on his feet, fighting against the attempt to drag him down...]

LD: Sandini can't get him down yet!

[...and then suddenly leaps into the air, driving his feet down into the chest in a thunderous double stomp!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: DOUBLE STOMPED STRAIGHT TO HELL!

[Connors scrambles into a pin attempt, reaching back for a leg...]

LD: Connors with the cover! That might be it!

[...and the referee slaps the mat three times, waving for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: Indeed it is! Lee Connors picks up the win in his return from injury over what proved to be a very game Pietro Sandini here on the premiere of Showtime!

[Connors climbs to his feet, clutching at his midsection with a grimace. He brings his feet together, putting a fist into an open palm and giving a bow of respect towards Sandini who is still down on the mat.]

LD: A sign of respect from Lee Connors towards his fallen foe... and he's going to make his way up to the stage where Sweet Daddy Williams and Mariah Wolfe will be speaking to him so let's cue up the replay and take a look at how that win came about, Ben.

BW: Alright, Dane...

[We cut to a slow motion shot from earlier in the match where Connors throws himself into an insane dive over the corner post...]

BW: ...first, we had that ridiculous somersault plancha over the buckles, over the post, over the river and through the woods onto Sandini, wiping them both out...

[...and then onto the counter when Connors brought up the feet, riding Sandini down to the mat...]

BW: ...we got one version of a double stomp here, practically caving in the chest and if that one didn't do it...

[...and finally to Connors resisting the sunset flip long enough to deliver one more double stomp...]

BW: ...this one sure did for the one... two... three.

LD: Your winner in his return, "Cannonball" Lee Connors who is standing by with our friends at the interview position!

[The fans cheer as the victorious "Cannonball" Lee Connors moves to join Mariah and Sweet Daddy Williams at the interview podium, sharing a handshake with the latter as he steps into the camera shot.]

SDW: Lee Connors, welcome to Showtime, baby!

[Another cheer as a beaming Connors nods, looking at the crowd.]

LC: It's my honor to be here, Sweet Daddy.

MW: Lee, you're coming back from a pretty bad leg injury. How are you feeling?

[Connors shakes out his leg instinctively.]

LC: I feel tremendous, Mariah. And yeah, my leg got busted up pretty bad and it has taken me several months to get back into things. A lot of hard work, a lot of doctor's appointments, a lot of physical therapy sessions... but I made it all the way back so that I could stand right here tonight with the two of you... and all of you...

[He gestures to the fans who cheer again, bringing another smile to his face.]

LC: ...right here on the premiere episode of Showtime.

[Mariah grins.]

MW: Was that a goal for you? To be here tonight?

[Connors shakes his head.]

LC: I just wanted to get back to that ring as soon as I could. The fact that it's on such a big stage is fortuitous for sure but it wasn't a master plan, Mariah.

MW: Well, the last time we saw you, you were part of a fairly successful tag team.

[Connors nods.]

MW: What are your goals this time around?

LC: It's good to have goals, Mariah. And as much as I loved being in that tag team division taking on the likes of the American Idols, I'm happy to be back out in that ring on my own. And when I look around at this tremendous roster, there's someone who catches my eye. There's someTHING that catches my eye too and that's the World Television Title.

[The crowd reacts as Sweet Daddy Williams grins, interjecting.]

SDW: You comin' for Odin Gunn, baby?

LC: We'll see. There are a lot of tough competitors between me and where Gunn is standing... and who knows, by the time I get to that spot, maybe someone will have beat me to it... someone like Whaitiri... or Omega... or even Odysseus Allah who has been impressive... though I can't say I'm a fan of his tactics. But everyone is walking around here acting like Gunn is this big, bad unstoppable monster. When I look at Odin Gunn, I know a few things about him. Yes, he is big. Yes, he is bad.

[Connors grins.]

LC: But no one is unstoppable. And when I hit him with one of my kicks... or I hit him with something off the top rope, he's going to go down just like everyone else... and when he's in there with me, he's gonna STAY down.

[Connors pumps a fist to a big cheer before departing.]

MW: The returning Lee Connors putting the locker room on notice - he's back and he's looking to pick up where he left off! And what a time of year to make a big return, Sweet Daddy, because Lee Connors now finds himself back in the AWA as we are just 65 days away from Memorial Day Mayhem... and here tonight to give us the rundown on all that's coming to Dodger Stadium in Los Angeles for that big event is our own Sweet Lou Blackwell standing by in the Control Center! Lou?

[We fade to the bank of television monitors that can only mean the return of the Control Center. A voiceover is heard.]

"In the Memorial Day Mayhem Control Center... here's Sweet Lou Blackwell!"

[We fade to what appears to be a control room with AWA action running on the screen and a grinning Blackwell in the midst of it all.]

SLB: We are LIVE in the Memorial Day Mayhem Control Center... put it up on the clock that we are 65 days and counting to the big event that will be going down in Dodger Stadium in Los Angeles on that holiday night... and let's take a look at what we've got planned on that night so far...

[We cut to a graphic that reads "MEMORIAL DAY RUMBLE."]

SLB: The Memorial Day Rumble is back again and in 2018, it belongs to the ladies! The hottest Women's Division on the planet is in the house in LA and on that night, 30 of the toughest women in the world will climb inside that ring with one heck of a grand prize waiting for them. The winner of that one will go on to face the Women's World Champion - whoever it may be - on August 18th in the Mecca of sports and entertainment, Madison Square Garden, at the all-new Women's Division event Girls To The Front. We may not yet know who will be defending the title that night but we do know a handful of the names who will be competing for that spot... let's run 'em down now...

[The graphic adds one picture at a time as Blackwell names names.]

SLB: We've got six names already in and with all the buzz around her as of late, I don't think anyone's surprised to see Michelle Bailey's name on this list. We heard the heartfelt words from Michelle earlier tonight but in Los Angeles, her mind will be focused on winning this Rumble and getting her long-awaited shot at championship gold!

[Bailey's photo is added to the graphic.]

SLB: When you talk about Rumble favorites, you're often looking for size... you're looking for strength... and when you're looking for those two things, you cannot look beyond the tall drink of Texas water herself, Margarita Flores. We're going to see her in action later tonight to get a glimpse of what she'll be bringing to the table in Los Angeles but knowing what we know about her already, getting her over the top rope will NOT be an easy task.

[Flores' photo joins Bailey.]

SLB: It was announced last weekend by yours truly that as a reward for making it to the Semifinals of the Women's World Tag Team Title tournament - all four of those competitors were added to the list. First, you've got the underdog but someone who could surprise some folks in that Rumble - Kayla "The Pistol" Cristol who will need to have all guns cocked and loaded if she wants to outlast twenty-nine other competitors to win this thing...

[Cristol's photo appears.]

SLB: ...and her partner will be there too. The Afro Punk, Victoria June, is never one to back down from a fight and a fight it'll be in Los Angeles with such big stakes on the line...

[June's photo is added.]

SLB: ...and if the Country Punks are in, so is the Slam Sorority... two of them at least for now. Now, nobody's perfect and as the Internet informed me loudly and lustily, I made a mistake one week ago when I declared that Trish Wallace and Carolina Colton were added to the Rumble... because it was actually Carolina Colton and Laura Davis who were added. Trish Wallace has NOT been added at this time since she was NOT one of the legal members of the team that made the Semifinals. My apologies to one and all.

[The graphic adds Colton and Davis.]

SLB: That was six. And tonight, I've been informed that we can officially add two of the four competitors who made the Finals - Donna Martinelli and Shannon Walsh of the Peach Pits are in! Now, Martinelli has been sidelined with an injury that she suffered at the hands of the Slam Sorority and was exacerbated during the Finals by Seductive and Destructive so we're told her spot is pending medical clearance. That makes eight.

[The graphic disappears, leaving us with Lou.]

SLB: Now, you may be asking yourself why we don't see the brand new Women's World Tag Team Champions Harley Hamilton and Cinder in the Rumble... and we've been told that there are ongoing discussions as to who will be the first challengers for Seductive and Destructive and whether they will be defending those titles at Memorial Day Mayhem. More on that as it develops. But we do have two more names to enter into the Rumble event...

[Another picture gets added to the graphic as it reappears on the screen.]

SLB: ...and after the grueling, thrilling World Title match she just competed in last weekend, this can come as no surprise as Ricki Toughill has been added as the ninth competitor in this year's Memorial Day Rumble! And lastly...

[You can almost hear the smirk in his voice as one final photo comes up.]

SLB: ...it's the Rumble equivalent of the Hokey Pokey as we took Trish Wallace out earlier and now we're putting her right back in as all three members of the Slam Sorority are now in the Rumble and that's gotta put a huge advantage in their column, fans. Ten percent of the Rumble entries will now be Slam Sorority.

[The graphic fades to reveal a nodding Lou again.]

SLB: In addition, I'm told the front office is also in talks with several legends and international competitors to fill some of these much-desired spots in the weeks to come. More news on that as it comes to us.

[Another nod and a grin.]

SLB: The Rumble will be a big part of Memorial Day Mayhem and the lineup is sure to grow very soon... but there is one match we've known about for quite some time. One more match. The retirement match of Juan Vasquez is on the bill...

[A graphic of Vasquez comes up with the text "RETIREMENT MATCH" underneath.]

SLB: ...and we've been seeing Vasquez on this retirement tour visiting cities, being honored by local officials, taking on a slew of opponents of his choosing. All leading up to May 28th in his hometown of Los Angeles... in the very stadium where he attended Dodger games while growing up. We can expect a hero's welcome for the former World Champion that night when he steps into the ring for the final time to take on a longtime rival Raphael Rhodes. And while most of us hope for a happy ending to the storied career of Vasquez that night, there's at least one man who hopes to spoil the whole thing in Raphael Rhodes.

[Rhodes' snarling face appears on the graphic across from Vasquez.]

SLB: When they met back in the day inside the first AWA steel cage match, it was billed as No Escape... and in this long-awaited rematch, there will be no escape from the reality of the situation for these two rivals. No rematch. No second chances. One more match. One more time. For all the memories.

[Blackwell grins as the graphic fades back to him.]

SLB: It's going to be one for the ages and I can't wait to be a part of it on May 28th in Dodger Stadium in Los Angeles, fans! The City of Angels better get ready 'cause the AWA is coming to town as only we can!

[We get a MDM logo on the screen with all the appropriate hype and information before we fade to black...]

...and then back up on a shot of two boys sitting in front of a TV playing video games. The shot is over the TV so we can see the living room behind them. The boys are very into the action on the screen which we cannot see but we can hear the explosions and gunfire of the latest hot first person shooter type game. The girls sitting behind them look bored to tears as the boys trade jabs like "GOT YOU!" "YOU'RE TOAST!" and "GRENADES FOR DAYS, FRIENDO!" A voiceover begins.]

"Feeling left out of the action?"

[The girls look up, nodding.]

"Looking for your next video game to trade bullets for bodyslams?"

[The girls nod more emphatically.]

"Tired of just another boring shoot 'em up?"

[The girls get up from their seats on the couch now, looking eagerly at the screen.]

"Wish there was someone who looked like YOU that you could control?!"

[A white light shines down from the living room ceiling on the two girls...]

...and with a burst of shattering glass, the room fills with light.

As the light dies down, we find the grinning form of "Spitfire" Julie Somers in wrestling gear standing in front of the now-smoking television set.]

JS: Step aside, boys... it's Ladies Night.

[And we cut to a series of shots of video game pro wrestling action: Michelle Bailey delivering a Britney Spear to Kelly Kowalski. Charisma Knight and Skylar Swift

trading blows. Harley Hamilton and Cinder making their entrance. The voiceover continues.]

"It's AWA 2K17 coming your way just in time for the holiday season. Play as your favorite wrestlers..."

[Victoria June drops Xenia Sonova with a front powerslam.]

"...create your own shows in our new El Presidente mode..."

[A digital Castillo is on stage making a match.]

"...take your created superstar from rookie to SuperClash Main Event!"

[A face we don't know is trading blows center ring with Trish Wallace before hoisting her into a Jackhammer suplex.]

"All in one tremendous game!"

[Cut scene of the digital Julie Somers standing on the turnbuckles, flipping off onto a prone Kurayami...

...and then to a shot of the real Julie Somers.]

JS: Now that's what I like to see.

[Somers looks over at the boys now huddled in the corner of the room.]

JS: Aww, we didn't forget about you two.

[Somers snaps her fingers as we get a barrage of shots from other characters - Supreme Wright using Fat Tuesday on Jeff Matthews. Jack Lynch applying an Iron Claw on Muteesa. Hannibal Carver using a Blackout on Derrick Williams. And finally, Ryan Martinez causing Johnny Detson to pinwheel through the air with an Excalibur. The voiceover continues.]

"Get AWA 2K17 at game shops, retail stores, and online! Available for your favorite gaming system and on PC!"

[Back to a shot of all four kids playing excitedly now, a tag team match on screen pitting Julie Somers and Victoria June against Ayako Fujiwara and Molly Bell. The on-screen Somers takes a German Suplex from Fujiwara as real life Somers grimaces, grabbing at her neck.]

JS: That had to hurt.

[And with that, we cut to a graphic promoting AWA 2K17 as we fade to black...

...and then back up on a live shot of new AWA backstage interviewer "Superstar" Steve Rogers backstage.]

SR: Welcome back to Showtime. I'm Steve Rogers and...

[Rogers pauses, seemingly unsure of what comes next.]

SR: ...well, I'm here in the back... the backstage of Center Stage... Studios... looking to track down some people we saw out here... out there, I mean. In the ring. They had a match and-

[Rogers looks a little flustered and then points off-camera.]

SR: Okay, it looks like they're coming this way now... Tony? Wes? Tiger Claw? I...

[Wes Taylor walks through the shot without pausing, an angry look on his face. He clearly doesn't want to talk. Tony Donovan and Tiger Claw enter the shot and pause. Tony doesn't seem to be that concerned with the interview he's suddenly found himself in...]

TD: Wes? Wes! Come on, man...

[Donovan throws up his hands with a sigh as Claw puts a hand on his shoulder.]

TC: Tony, go ahead and talk to him. You need to be a united front. I can take care of this here.

[Donovan quickly follows in the direction of Wes, calling after him. Claw turns his attention to Steve Rogers, giving him an appraising look.]

TC: New guy?

[Rogers nods.]

TC: Former wrestler?

[Rogers nods again.]

SR: I held the EMWC Universal Title.

[Claw raises an eyebrow slightly, giving a slightly longer appraising look.]

TC: Impressive. Alright... what can I do for you today?

[Rogers shrugs.]

SR: We just saw you arrange a tag team match for Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan and... are you... well, are you their manager now or...?

[Claw raises a hand.]

TC: No, no. I'm currently advising Tony Donovan, and that's all. As much as I'd like to manage Tony and Wes as a team...

[Rogers interjects.]

SR: You've been told to leave Wes Taylor alone though.

[Claw looks slightly irritated at being cut off but does a good job of keeping his cool.]

TC: Yes, I've been told to stay away from Wes. The unfortunate thing is that he happens to be in a team with Tony, who is currently enjoying the advantages of my experience... So advising Tony means I'm indirectly advising Wes, which...

[Claw is interrupted by an Outlaw shaped blur entering the shot, grabbing Claw by the lapels of his suit jacket, and shoving him up against the wall behind him. Rogers is shocked but manages to keep in position for the interview. Claw looks surprised for a moment, seeing as how Bobby Taylor got the drop on him...]

BT: I WARNED YOU! I WARNED YOU ABOUT THIS!

[Taylor gives another hard shove, causing Claw's eyes to steel up for a moment.]

BT: What did I TELL you, Claw?! Huh?! What did I say?!

[Claw doesn't respond.]

BT: I told you, damn it... I told you that my family is off limits! Didn't I?

[Claw seems more preoccupied with the hands on his jacket than he is with Bobby Taylor as a whole. A mix of a grimace and a smirk crosses his face, as though he sees a fight starting from this and looks forward to it...]

BT: In fact, I told you more than once, Claw.

[Taylor shakes his head.]

BT: So, maybe the time for telling you something is done. Maybe now I need to-

[But before Taylor can finish that thought or go any further down any other pass, someone swoops in from behind him and pulls him back. Taylor whips around, nearly stumbling on his twisted ankle before the hand stabilizes him.]

BT: Wes? I don't-

[Wes Taylor shakes his head.]

WT: Dad... don't do this.

[He glares at Claw.]

WT: You know after all the stuff last year... you know you're not supposed to do something like this...

[The Outlaw grimaces... and then nods, letting go of Claw's jacket. Claw clears his throat, making a point to straighten his jacket while glaring right at his former ally/enemy.]

WT: This guy?

[Wes looks at Claw with disgust...]

WT: This guy ain't worth it.

[Wes puts a hand on his father's shoulder, holding him as the duo back away, never allowing Claw out of their sight. Claw stands there, staring at the Taylors, the mean smirk on his face still there as the shot fades back out to the interview podium.]

MW: Some definite drama backstage between Tiger Claw and the Taylor family here on the premiere episode of Showtime, S-Dubba!

[Williams arches an eyebrow at the unusual nickname before replying.]

SDW: Drama for days, Mariah. But even if you don't like Tiger Claw's attitude, you can't talk down his success. He's got Tony Donovan on the winning track... and after next weekend in Oklahoma City, he might be able to say he's got Donovan AND Taylor on the winning track.

MW: But that's next week's Saturday Night Wrestling... right now I want to take you back to LAST week's Saturday Night Wrestling - the AWA's Tenth Anniversary Show!

SDW: What a night it was too, baby! Big matches, big surprises, we saw people we hadn't seen in years there in N'Awlins.

MW: But when you talk about "big surprises" that night, I don't think there was anything more surprising than the shocking events that closed out the show - the event the people are calling the AWA's own Red Wedding.

SDW: That Red Weddin' made ol' Sweet Daddy blue, I tell ya that.... the Lynches are good people, a good family, and good friends of mine so it hurts me to see them hurt, ya dig?

[Mariah nods.]

SDW: And that's what happened in the Superdome. People got hurt. People got hurt physically like Ryan Martinez... and people got hurt emotionally, baby, like my good friend, Theresa Lynch.

MW: Earlier in the week and in fact, earlier tonight, we promised an update on... well, essentially everything we know about the Red Wedding and...

SDW: It ain't much.

MW: No, it ain't... isn't. In fact, we're told that Supreme Wright - who was barred from appearing here tonight pending an internal investigation into the charges laid at his feet by Brian James-

SDW: An accusation if you will that he didn't deny.

MW: We're told that Supreme Wright has now been invited to appear next weekend in Oklahoma City to explain his controversial and shocking actions. We do not know what that means for the results of the investigation but... we're told an official AWA announcement on that situation is expected in the coming days. Right now, Supreme Wright, Cain Jackson, Paris Crawford... everyone essentially who was involved with that brutal attack... have been barred from appearing here tonight and at any AWA event pending that announcement. Now, let's talk about injuries... physical injuries... you mentioned Ryan Martinez, Sweet Daddy... we're told the White Knight suffered a concussion at the hands... the spinning back fist actually... of Supreme Wright, a man he considered one of his closest friends and allies. Ryan hopefully will be out of action for only a few weeks pending medical clearance from Dr. Ponavitch. We're told that Jack Lynch has suffered a handful of minor injuries from bruised ribs to a wrenched neck.

SDW: And that's just the start of it.

MW: Absolutely. It was a chaotic scene for sure... we saw people like Bobby Taylor with a twisted ankle getting knocked down... young Diego Lynch who fortunately escaped serious physical injury but no doubt is emotionally traumatized from his run-in with Roosevelt Wright... Blackjack and Henrietta Lynch were both shaken up and Blackjack had to spend the night in the hospital for an undisclosed issue but both appear to be okay now... several other members of the extended Lynch family sustained minor injuries as well. We're thankful that Ryan Martinez' concussion seemed to be the most serious of the injuries suffered though.

SDW: The most serious visible injury, Mariah. We still don't know about Theresa. She ain't returning phone calls, she ain't answerin' e-mails or texts... that girl is in a deep, dark hole after what that piece of...

[Williams bites his lip, turning away with a shake of his head.]

MW: I think we all feel the same way, Sweet Daddy. You talk about someone like Theresa Lynch. One of the nicest, sweetest, most caring, most TRUSTING women I've ever met. When I got hired, the natural reaction for her might have been to feel like I was coming for her spot... and she could've been awful to me but that's not who Theresa Lynch is. Theresa Lynch did not deserve what happened to her last weekend in New Orleans... and I don't know what the future holds for her... for her and her... marriage.

[Wolfe spits the word out with disgust.]

MW: But I want her to know that I... we... all of us are here for her in whatever she needs.

[Mariah bows her head slightly at the camera as Sweet Daddy calms down enough to speak again.]

SDW: We love ya and we miss ya, Theresa. Get back soon!

MW: Let's go backstage to Steve Rogers who is standing by with a team who will be in action later tonight! Steve?

[We fade backstage where Steve Rogers is standing in front of the Showtime banner.]

SR: Thanks, Mariah... and as you can see, I have indeed been joined by what many are calling a makeshift second-generation team of Jayden Jericho and Justin Gaines who will be facing off a little later tonight against a much more established team in Chaz and Chet Wallace, the American Idols.

[Camera shows the interviewer standing between Gaines and Jericho. Gaines, on the left, is in ring gear, with black tights and a leather vest but no shirt. His damp blond hair hangs at shoulder length, with his face dusted with about three days of black stubble. Jericho, on the right, is wearing long, black tights with black boots. He has no shirt on but does have a gold chain around his neck.]

JG: If it's all the same, a correction - I'm proud to be fourth generation. My grandfather, Larry, and my great-grandfather, Walter.

[Rogers practically facepalms, shaking his head.]

SR: Of course, of course. Now, this match came out of something of a respect issue, where the Idols were all over you, Jayden, talking about your family connections... and then Justin got involved... and before we knew it, we had ourselves a tag team match! Gentlemen, for an unlikely team like yourselves, what's tonight's objective?

[Jericho shrugs.]

JJ: Objective? To punch Chet and Chaz in the mouth. Those two little runts want to disrespect me? Want to say I rely on my father?

[Jayden looks over both of his shoulders.]

JJ: Well, like I told you two last time, Ronnie D ain't here! It's just me and this man right here. A man I respect a whole heck of a lot more than you two clowns!

[Gaines nods.]

JG: To me, it really is about respect. We're new but it doesn't mean we're stupid. You don't have to tell Jayden Jericho how his father is perceived in this business

and you really don't have to tell me about mine. Gunnar Gaines was never in the business of making friends anyway. He'd be the first to tell you. Thing is, you want to fight Gunnar Gaines, hop in a time machine, go back to 1996 and see how you do. Probably no better than anyone else did, which wasn't well.

The same goes for "Playboy" Ronnie D. My dad and him never crossed paths, but they respected each other because in their own way, they got the job done. As men, they were both double edged swords, but the thing about double edged swords?

[He laughs.]

JG: They draw blood.

[Rogers interjects.]

SR: So, if your father never crossed paths with his father... as someone who crossed paths backstage with BOTH of your fathers from time to time, I've gotta ask - what in the heck are you doing teaming with the son of Ronnie D?

[Gaines shakes his head.]

JR: I object to the question because it's not about Ronnie D. I respect Jayden here and I came to his defense because I experienced what he can do in a fight. That's good enough for me. I know better than anyone the issues he's facing as a young competitor and the need to be your own man. As for the Wallaces, going on about something on the mic, using the same insults hurled at my dad 15 years ago, is different from going in the ring, so let's see if you can go. Seeing is believing, so either nut up or shut up. That to me is what tonight is about.

[Jericho nods.]

JJ: They can talk, Justin, but they sure can't back it up. They'd rather make fun of everyone instead of looking in the mirror. Rather see my shortcomings, or your shortcomings, than their own. They rather make me a joke! Well, I'm not a joke! I'm not going to rest on the accomplishments I had from some other place on some other continent all those years ago. You two peaked at nineteen! That's not going to be me!

[Jayden sticks a thumb in his chest before quickly pointing at Justin.]

JJ: It's not going to be him either! Chaz? Chet? We'll see you two in that ring later!

[The duo departs, leaving Rogers behind.]

SR: That's going to be a wild one to witness here in Atlanta as part of the tag team division. And speaking of the tag team division, let's go back out to Mariah and Ess-Dee-Dub to talk about our next matchup!

[We cut back to the interview position where we can see Sweet Daddy Williams mouthing "Ess-Dee-Dub?" to himself, shaking his head.]

MW: Thanks, Steve! Jayden Jericho and Justin Gaines hoping to make a big splash in the tag team division later tonight but right now, we're about to be joined by two men who have been making their own splash as of late in the tag team division and beyond... gentlemen, if you please...

[The crowd starts jeering loudly at the arrival of the two imposing masked men striding into the camera's view - the Golden Grappler and Ultra Commando 3. The

latter slaps a riding crop repeatedly onto the platform causing Mariah to jump the first couple of times as Sweet Daddy Williams casually slides into a protective posture near her.]

UC3: At ease, old man. Nobody's here to hurt the young lady.

[Williams' eyes flash, stepping closer now.]

SDW: Who you callin' "old man," you masked up coward?!

[The crowd cheers loudly as UC3 squares up on SDW, a fight a brewin'...

...but Mariah jumps in, hands raised.]

MW: Gentlemen! Gentlemen, please! That goes for you too, Sweet Daddy... in fact, why don't you take a breather and let me handle this. Please.

[Sweet Daddy Williams glares at Ultra Commando 3 for a few more moments before he gives a nod, backing out of view through the entrance curtain.]

MW: Now that that's settled. Gentlemen, you're about to head down to the ring where you've got two tough opponents-

[The Golden Grappler scoffs loudly.]

MW: -waiting for you. But it's not this match tonight that has you two the talk of the business lately - it's your repeated attacks on Ryan Martinez and Derrick Williams!

[The Grappler leans in.]

GG: We've said it before, Mariah, and we'll say it again. Business is business and money is money... and kickin' the hell out of those two is good for business and makin' us money so we're not likely to stop until we've finished the job.

MW: The job? So, what's the job then? Beating them? Injuring them?

GG: All of the above... and a nice little bonus if we put them on the shelf for good.

[Wolfe looks alarmed.]

MW: Permanent injury?! And who does that kind of thing for money?!

[UC3 leans in.]

UC3: Mariah, I've seen some of the footage of you as the mouthpiece for that garbage politician.

MW: And?

UC3: And I might ask who does THAT kind of thing for money. Don't judge us and we won't judge you.

[Wolfe sighs.]

MW: Fair enough, I suppose... but-

[Suddenly, a loud, shrill alarm rips through the room. Wolfe immediately cups her hands to her ears as the two masked men look around. The cameraman abruptly swings the shot, losing their subjects who we can still hear.]

MW: What... is that the fire alarm? Do we need to evacuate? We're on the air!
Live! What is-

[The crowd ROARS, still audible despite the near-deafening fire alarm going off. We abruptly switch camera shots. Long time Power Hour viewers will recall the room where the ring is sitting has several exit doors lining one wall - one of which is now wide open. A production assistant rushes forward to secure it as someone comes flying past it.]

MW: Wait a...

[And the "someone" dives headfirst under the bottom rope, coming to their feet to reveal...]

MW: That's Derrick Williams!

[...who promptly leaps into the air, snaring a three-quarter nelson on one of the men waiting to compete...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES their skull into the canvas with a Future Shock! The crowd ERUPTS as Williams comes right back up, throwing right hands at the other man in the ring. The camera shot shifts again to show Ultra Commando 3 and the Golden Grappler departing the stage, moving quickly towards the ring...]

...and with a "CLUNK!" we suddenly hear Lori Dane's voice.]

LD: Fans, I apologize... we were NOT at our station - we sure didn't expect-

BW: Am I on? Can everyone hear me?

LD: We can hear you, Ben! Derrick Williams in the-

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: FUTURE SHOCK DELIVERED! Derrick Williams from out of nowhere and-

BW: He came through the emergency exit! I don't know how since those doors push out but he sure did it! He's in and- those two nine-to-fivers in the ring just got laid out!

LD: But Derrick Williams may be about to get "laid out" because here comes Masks For Money!

[Williams is poised and ready as the two men approach. The smaller Grappler is the first to arrive, pulling himself up on the apron and ducking through the ropes...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...which is when Williams kicks the middle rope up into his groin!]

BW: THE GRAPPLER'S SINGIN' THE HIGH NOTES TONIGHT!

[Williams delivers a kneelift to boot, sending the Grappler falling back through the ropes to the outside...]

...and spins around just in time to get waffled with a running double axehandle across the forehead by Ultra Commando 3!]

LD: Derrick Williams seems to have laid a trap for the two men who've been haunting his days and nights for weeks now... but this whole thing may have just backfired on him!

[The Commando hammers him with fists against the ropes before grabbing him by the arm...]

LD: UC3 whips him in...

[...and swings his own arm out, looking to deliver a heavy clothesline...]

LD: ...Williams off the far side...

[...but as Williams rebounds, he leaps up, hooking the arm, floating over the back and shoulders of UC3 to land on his feet alongside him...]

LD: ...floats over!

[...and promptly hooks another three-quarter nelson, leaping up...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: ANOTHER FUTURE SHOCK CONNECTS!

[The Commando gets planted facefirst on the mat... and as Williams pops up, spotting the Golden Grappler grabbing a steel chair at ringside, he slides from the ring, smirking as the crowd roars and the Grappler angrily gets in, smacking the chair down on the mat!]

LD: Derrick Williams giving these two a taste of their own medicine tonight here on the premiere episode of Showtime in a surprise appearance and these fans are on their feet, Ben!

BW: I was on my feet using the men's room when Williams showed up! I may never forgive him for that! I'm gonna send him my dry cleaning bill!

LD: Are you saying you... oh my, never mind! Fans, we're going to take a quick break... and maybe let Ben change his pants...

BW: Hey!

LD: ...we'll be right back.

[Lori lets loose a giggle as Williams stands in the bleachers, taunting the chair-wielding Grappler from afar as we fade to black...]

Cut to the members of Next Gen. Howie Somers is holding a big box in hand, while Daniel Harper is holding what looks like a small packet.]

HS: You know, Daniel, somebody once said that life is like a box of chocolates. You never know what you're gonna get.

[Yes, that would be a box of chocolates that Somers is holding.]

DH: That's a good observation, Howie. But if you ask me, life is more like a pack of AWA trading cards.

[Sure enough, in Harper's hand, that's a pack of trading cards.]

DH: You never know what you're going to get, but chances are, you're going to get something good.

[Somers glance at Harper for a minute, then nods.

Now in comes a voiceover.]

"It's the premier edition of Topps AWA trading cards. Featuring today's top AWA stars from the men's division."

[Images pop up of cards featuring Ryan Martinez, Supreme Wright and Shadoo Rage.]

"The top AWA stars of the women's division."

[Images pop up of cards featuring Julie Somers, Victoria June and Erica Toughill.]

"The top AWA tag teams."

[Images pop up of cards featuring The Soldiers of Fortune, The Gold Standard and KAMS.]

"The managers and announcers."

[Images pop up of cards featuring Miss Sandra Hayes, Sweet Lou Blackwell and Colt Patterson.]

"The legends of the ring."

[Images pop up of cards featuring Casey James, Marcus Broussard and Shane Destiny.]

"Even the founders of the AWA."

[And, yes, you get images of cards featuring Jon Stegglet, Bobby Taylor and Todd Michaelson.]

"Plus, look for special inserts."

[Images of a "Fantastic Finishers" card features Supernova putting an opponent in the Solar Flare, a "Dynamic Duos" card features Harley Hamilton and Cinder and a "Rising Stars" card features Max Magnum.]

"Along with cards featuring event-used memorabilia."

[Images of such cards, featuring Jack Lynch, Jordan Ohara and Ayako Fujiwara.]

"Autographed cards."

[Images of such cards, featuring Derrick Williams, Gordon Myers and Michelle Bailey.]

"Even dual autographed cards."

[And the image featured, of course, would be Next Gen, with Howie Somers and Daniel Harper's signatures on the same card.

Cut back to Somers.]

HS: Now that one's a keeper.

[We pull back and see Harper going through the cards in his pack.]

DH: Cool... Hannibal Carver autographed card!

HS: [looks at the box of chocolates, then back at Harper] Um, you want to trade?

DH: [stares at his tag team partner] You call that a fair trade, dude?

[We then cut to an opened display box of the Topps AWA trading cards and hear the voiceover again.]

"Look for Topps AWA trading cards wherever trading cards are sold. Or order them at AWAShop.com."

[We fade to black...

...and then back up on our announce team sitting back at their desk. Lori's looking right at Ben.]

LD: All good?

BW: Fine.

LD: Cleaned up?

BW: Stop it.

[Dane chuckles again as she turns to the camera.]

LD: It's been an exciting night of action here on the premiere edition of Showtime... and with a namesake like that, I would expect nothing less. And really, we're just getting started. We've still got the World Television Title on the line tonight... we've got Omega and Whitiri in the Run The Rankings Final Stage... and a whole lot more. Ben, while we give everyone a moment to catch their breath after the wild scene just before the break, let's talk about your impressions of what went down last weekend in New Orleans and specifically what went down at the wedding.

[Waterson smirks.]

BW: Is this the part where it's my turn to weep crocodile tears for Theresa Lynch? 'Cause it ain't gonna happen. Look, I may not have the fire in my belly for the complete extinction of the Lynch clan that some former color commentators do but it doesn't mean I've sat on the sidelines and watched them rise to the top of this industry without noticing a few things.

LD: Such as?

BW: Such as the number of opportunities that particular family has had all over this industry. Everyone talks about Theresa getting the hosting gig on Power Hour with practically zero experience but let's talk about the black sheep, Travis... Travis Lynch who was carrying the oldest and - in some opinions - the grandest prize in our company and literally lost it all. Lost the title in some bar in Europe when he was three sheets to the wind... and don't give me any garbage about Jackson Hunter and Zharkov. We know that's a story for the rubes.

LD: Travis Lynch has made no secret out of his battles with his demons.

BW: That's right, he hasn't... he admitted to his problems and God love him for it. But that doesn't take away from the fact that he embarrassed this company... that title... his fans... his family... you name it, he did it... and yet the AWA still gave him another chance. And continues to give him another chance. Chance after chance... and then there's the other black sheep Matt who got run out of here on a rail, made a hint of name for himself in Mexico, and then got stuck under-

LD: That's quite enough of that. You obviously are no fans of the Lynches... so I'm assuming you think they had it coming - what happened at the wedding?

[Waterson shakes his head.]

BW: Dane, I may not be a whiny emo kid about the Lynches but I'm not sure anyone deserves to have the happiest day of their lives burned to ashes in front of their friends and family... well, Stevie Scott does... and maybe Juan Vasquez... but that's about it. But I do believe that Theresa - and all the Lynches - deserve a little bit of the blame.

LD: How in the world...?

BW: It's simple. They let a snake into their living room. Supreme Wright is... was... always has been... always will be a damn snake. From the day he stepped into this business, everything was about him. He is the most self-centered man you will ever encounter in this sport. Ask your husband. Your husband taught Supreme Wright everything he knows about pro wrestling... and when Wright didn't get his way, he walked away from the Combat Corner... he walked away from Todd Michaelson... he walked away from the AWA and jumped ship to the closest competitor that would take him. He aligned himself with the Wise Men... hell, for all we know, he aligned himself with Korugun! Where was he during WarGames? Fighting Jeff Matthews who isn't even around anymore! But the Lynches thought he was a changed man. He was their friend... their brother... their lover! And in the end, he was about the same thing he's always been about... himself.

LD: I never knew you disliked Supreme Wright so much.

BW: Disliked him?! He's my hero, Dane!

LD: What?!

BW: He's the perfect professional wrestler! He has the attitude that you HAVE to have to get somewhere in this business. Stevie Scott - love him or hate him and I think he's walking human garbage - got to the top of this sport after YEARS of being a comedy act by not giving a DAMN about anyone around him... including me. You think Max Magnum gives a damn about anyone but himself? Tiger Claw's shown he doesn't too! The people who succeed in this sport... truly succeed to legendary status have one thing in common. They do what it takes to get to the top and be DAMNED what happens - or what they have to do - to anyone else. Supreme Wright burned House Lynch to the damn ground... and God bless him for it.

LD: You're... I don't even know what to say to that.

BW: I'm sure the Internet will have a few ideas. Come for me, boys. But don't forget to shut the basement door.

[Dane sighs, shaking her head.]

LD: Shifting gears... dramatically... later on tonight, we'll see a rematch between Betty Chang and E-Girl MAX's Casey Cash. Mariah Wolfe sat down with one of the competitors earlier today, in this segment...

[Lori lets out a smaller sigh.]

LD: ...brought to you by Under Armour.

[Waterson puts on an Under Armour cap.]

BW: Protect this house, Lori.

[Lori rolls her eyes while taking a sip from an Under Armour water bottle as we cut to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY". Mariah Wolfe looks at her watch, then at an empty chair across from her. She looks off-screen.]

MW: I told her two o'clock. I'm sorry.

[We hear a door open off-screen and two large, muscular men wearing all black uniforms with the word "SECURITY" in large text across the chest, along with prominent Under Armour logos, guide "Charm City Cutie" Casey Cash onto the set. They look off-screen and nod, then motion that it's safe for Casey to take her seat. Casey is wearing a pastel orange hoodie with a large black Under Armour logo, along with Maryland flag print leggings and black Under Armour sneakers. She also has white-framed heart-shaped sunglasses on the crown of her head, and her long brown hair rests in loose waves on her shoulders.]

MW: Nice of you to join us, Casey.

[Casey looks over her shoulder at the security guards. One mouths "AWA security said she's clean", then Casey looks back at Mariah with a nod.]

MW: "Clean"?

CC: It's been a very trying week.

[Casey looks around.]

CC: How come you're here instead of Theresa?

MW: Seriously? Do you want to compare weeks with Theresa? After all she's been through?

[Casey groans.]

CC: Oh come on. Big deal. What's she been through? A little...

[Casey makes air quotes with her fingers.]

CC: "Riot at her wedding"? Pssh.

[More air quotes.]

CC: "A significant portion of her family was hospitalized during said riot"? "Her new husband was accused of witnessing the attempted manslaughter of Johnny Detson"? Big deal. We call that a normal weekend in Baltimore, and we still show up for work.

[Casey looks at her fingernails.]

CC: If you ask me, I think she's being a little melodramatic.

MW: And what do you call this?

[Mariah motions to security.]

CC: Oh! Well, you know, when my Daddy saw how horribly I was treated by Zharkov and that awful Victoria June, he insisted that I have some additional accompaniment. That reminds me!

[Casey looks back at one of the security guards, who walks over to Mariah and places a black Under Armour hat on her head. It is too large for her head, and droops down into her eyes.]

CC: This is sponsored content, because I'm an Under Armour athlete. Unlike Victoria June! After that little stunt she tried to pull, she's prohibited from ever being sponsored by Under Armour EVER!

MW: What a punishment.

CC [firmly nodding]: It's the second-worst thing that'll ever happen to her.

MW: Dare I ask what the first would be?

[Casey smirks.]

CC: The entire rest of her career, however long THAT'S gonna last.

[Mariah slides the hat up over her eyes so she can look at Casey.]

MW: And your father doesn't trust that Harley Hamilton, Kelly Kowalski, and Cinder can keep you safe?

CC: Oh my GOSH. They can't be everywhere at all times! They have their own business to attend to. Besides, they aren't even here today.

MW: That's definitely not true. I saw all three of them not even a half-hour ago.

[Casey looks over to the security detail, saying "see why nobody likes her? She's always making stuff up." Both security guards nod.]

MW: Fine. You're...

[Even more air quotes, this time from Mariah.]

MW: ... "by yourself" against Betty Chang tonight, in a match where you attempted to get karate attacks banned. That was unsuccessful, which means you couldn't take away her primary weapon. How do you plan to deal with her incredible striking skill?

CC: Unsuccessful SO FAR. Under Armour legal has been in overdrive trying to correct this horrible wrong, and we're confident that AWA management will make the right decision and outlaw this most illegal of all martial arts. It's the least they could do after their rogue Interim President set me up the way he did, or after Betty Chang recruited Charity Rockwell of all people to be her friend! Ugh! Imagine if some weirdo that followed you around all through high school showed up at your job and tried to spill all your gross memories? Or rumors? Or insulted people's cute cars?!

[Mariah looks totally confused.]

MW: I have no idea what you're talking about.

[Casey bolts up to her feet, pointing an accusatory finger at Mariah and screaming.]

CC: YOU NEVER DO! THAT'S WHY YOU SUCK AT YOUR JOB!

[Casey breathes rapidly, slumping back down in her chair, as one of the security guards starts to fan her. Mariah, eyes wide, mouths "okay..." before carrying on.]

MW: Well, first of all, that was rude. But second, I don't think Charity Rockwell was recruited to spill all your secrets, as you claim. I think you picked fights with several people, Charity Rockwell and Betty Chang among them, and it's starting to catch up with you.

[Casey puts her hand to her head.]

CC: I think I have a headache.

MW: That's a shame.

[Casey glares at Mariah.]

CC: I've also got a thorn in my side. I'm going to pluck that thorn out, and I'm going to send Charity back to the worst place ever.

[Her eyes narrow.]

CC: Delaware.

[The security guards gasp, as Casey gets up and walks out of the room. The security guards follow as Mariah looks even more confused than ever, the hat sinking back down over her eyes.]

MW: Wait! What's wrong with Delaware?!

[We cut back to Lori Dane and Ben Waterson, where Lori's face looks grim.]

LD: We would like to profusely apologize to our fans in the great state of Delaware, as Casey Cash's comments do not represent the opinions of the AWA, ESPN, or its affiliates.

BW: I mean... she's not wrong.

LD: Ben!

[Lori cocks her hand back and then freezes.]

LD: Sorry. Muscle memory.

[She slowly lowers her hand, looking back at the camera as a plainly-alarmed Ben Waterson continues to stare at her in a half-kringe/dodge position.]

LD: So... ummm... Casey Cash getting set for her rematch later tonight with Betty Chang. I'm looking forward to that one for sure... but I'm also looking forward to the upcoming Royal Crown tournament which will be a part of the big Battle of London event coming up on April 28th in the O2 Arena... a tournament, Ben, that we were both honored to be invited to pick participants for.

[Waterson snaps out of his kringe/dodge and smirks.]

BW: You were honored. I was expecting it.

LD: Is that right?

BW: Of course! Why wouldn't they pick someone with an eye for talent like me? There's more than one reason I'm the Can't Miss Man, Dane. Look at my history - I brought former AWA National Champion Kolya Sudakov to prominence in the US, I led the greatest AWA faction of all time - the Southern Syndicate - to the top of the mountain, AND I groomed the Alpha Beast himself, Max Magnum, for prime time. Anyone I pick is a guaranteed superstar!

LD: Well, that remains to be seen. Do you have your picks ready?

BW: I sure do... but ladies first.

[Dane grins.]

LD: Fair enough. For my picks, I was asked to take a hard look at the Women's Division and add two more names to the women's side of the Royal Crown bracket. Of course, earlier tonight, Lisa Drake picked Shannon Walsh from the Peach Pits and Trish Wallace from the Slam Sorority... two excellent picks... but I think the two I've picked have the potential to knock those two out of the game. For my picks, I'm going with the Olympic gold medalist, Ayako Fujiwara...

[The crowd cheers this announcement as a graphic comes up showing Fujiwara alongside Trish Wallace and Shannon Walsh.]

LD: ...and the woman everyone's been talking about lately, Miss ESPN herself - Michelle Bailey!

[Another big cheer goes up as Bailey's photo is added to the graphic.]

LD: That means the women's side of the Royal Crown tournament is halfway home with just four spots remaining... and Ben, you get the privilege of adding the first two names on the men's side.

[Waterson nods with a grin.]

BW: The privilege will be all theirs, Dane, because I'm about to kick in the door of opportunity for two superstars who will suddenly have the chance to show the entire world what they're capable of. No politics. No hype. No Internet buzz. Just them and their talent showcased for the world. My first pick is someone that I JUST picked, Dane, based off what I've seen from the last two weeks. This person was struggling, trying to find their way to the top... and with the new man in his corner, I think he can get there. I'm picking Tony Donovan!

LD: Wow! A sleeper pick for sure. Tony Donovan has spent the last few years of his career mostly in tag team action but you're picking him to compete in a highly competitive singles environment - this oughta be interesting, Ben.

BW: Donovan's got all the skills to make it work... plus think about his history. He's been in Team Supreme. He's a third generation star. He was a part of the Kings of Wrestling. This guy's been under the learning tree of some of the best in our sport and now it's time to show the world exactly what he's learned.

[A graphic comes up for the men's side of the Royal Crown bracket with Tony Donovan's photo filling one of the eight slots.]

BW: And my other choice may come as a surprise to some people but it shouldn't because there may be no one else in this company better equipped to know what this man is capable of. I was in the corner when I heard this man break Max Magnum's leg. I've sat in the crowd and watched him light up a mic like no one's business. Maybe the only man in the AWA who speaks the truth as much as me. Of course, I'm talking about the Sin City Savior, Sid Osborne!

LD: Wow! I would've thought there would be some bad feelings about your history there that would've made him a no go for you but that's a huge pick, Ben... and now we can take a look at where we're at. On the women's side, we've got Ayako Fujiwara, Michelle Bailey, Trish Wallace, and Shannon Walsh. On the men's, two big starting picks with Tony Donovan and Sid Osborne. We're going to have more later tonight and I can't wait to hear who else gets added to this exciting new tournament coming our way.

[We cut to a wide shot of the ring where we see that some ring entrances have occurred off-camera with Shadoe Rage in one corner and Curt Sawyer in the other. A graphic comes up on the screen promoting the same people in a singles match.]

LD: But we're just about ready for more action here on Showtime... but before we do that, let's hear some pre-recorded words that our own Sweet Lou got with the former TV Champion!

[Lori grins as we fade to footage marked "Moments Ago..." where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, what a show so far! It's Showtime! And what a show we've had. The AWA action has been tremendous and non-stop. But we're not done yet. And speaking of tremendous and non-stop action, those words describe my next guest. The man some affectionately refer to as the 'Human Tornado', please welcome the Sensational Shadoe Rage.

[Shadoe Rage enters the frame stage left, muscular arms outstretched as he displays his black monkscloth shawl. Rage hits a double biceps pose from behind before he turns, flickering his tongue at the camera in a lascivious move. Even though he is wearing fuchsia tortoise shell sunglasses, the intensity of his eyes is visible through the tinted lenses.]

SLB: What was that?!?

SR: What was what? It happened so fast you couldn't record it. You couldn't comprehend what you saw until it was too late. That's what it's like being in the ring with me. Curt Sawyer, you're not going to comprehend what it's like being in the ring with me until it's too late. I'm going to come at you from the left.

[Rage points right.]

SR: The right.

[Rage points left.]

SR: UP.

[He points down.]

SR: ...

[Rage pauses as Sweet Lou Blackwell looks on expectantly.]

SLB: And down?

[Blackwell points up. Rage shakes his head, turning the veteran announcer's hands to point in the proper direction.]

SR: See, you're already confused, Sweet Lou Blackwell, and I'm just standing here. In that ring, I'm going to be in motion. You think Curt Sawyer can keep track of me?

SLB: I heard you were measured coming off the ropes at an incredible 26 miles an hour. That's like getting into a car crash if you collide with somebody!

SR: Yeah, fastest off the ropes. That's me. Curt Sawyer, keep your head on a swivel because I'm just a blur in that ring until you feel me. Then you feel just how hard I hit. You feel just how much impact I generate. Getting hit by a car again and again until I decide to finish you off. Then you're hit by a bus.

[Blackwell chuckles, shaking his head.]

SLB: I wouldn't want to be in Curt Sawyer's shoes. I'll tell you that. But Shadoe Rage, while I have you here, you promised after SuperClash to wear gold in 2018. Is that still your promise to the AWA Universe?

[Rage chews his lip and lifts his sunglasses so that Blackwell can see just how intense and serious his mad hazel eyes are.]

SR: Oh no, Sweet Lou, that was not a promise... it was a declaration. It's going to happen. It's absolutely going to happen. It's been too long since I last wore gold. So I'm going to do it again in 2018! I want it. I deserve it. I've earned it. So I'm going to take it!

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: Are you taking aim at the World Tag Team Championships? The AWA World Television Championship? The National Championship held by Jordan Ohara? Or the World Championship held by Supernova?

SR: There's no 'or' Sweet Lou Blackwell. I'm going for it all! 2018, Shadoe Rage wears gold! This I vow!

[Rage turns to point directly at the camera.]

SR: Curt Sawyer ... beware ... there's a Human Tornado warning! And it's coming straight for you! For I was born in the storm and a calm does not suit me!

[With a snap of his fingers, Rage is gone.]

SLB: (staring after Rage with wide eyes) What did I tell you. What tremendous and non-stop action. Hold onto your hats, ladies and gentlemen. There's a storm a brewing.

[And we fade from the pre-recorded footage out to the ring where the match is set to begin.]

LD: We are set to see the former World Television Champion Shadoe Rage take on one-half of the Shot Callers in Curt Sawyer... who, of course, has Alexander Kingsley III out here in his corner.

BW: But no sign of their mysterious advisor that we've heard about in the past. I wonder who it could be.

LD: Is it you?

BW: Would I tell you if it was?

LD: Probably not but it couldn't hurt to-

[The crowd jeers as Curt Sawyer charges across the ring, driving a forearm into the back of Rage's head as Rage slips out of his jacket. The referee reprimands Sawyer who pounds Rage into the corner right before the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: Speaking of hurting, Dane... Shadoe Rage has gotta be hurting after that attack right there.

LD: A total unprovoked and unwarranted sneak attack!

BW: It may not have been provoked but I'd argue taking any advantage that gets you closer to a win than your opponent is ALWAYS warranted.

LD: Referee Koji Sakai trying to get Sawyer to let Rage out of the corner but Sawyer continues to pound away, driving those boots into the body now on the man many consider the savior of the AWA after his shocking performance at WarGames last fall.

BW: Hey, I was no fan of Korugun but can we stop pouring the love on Shadoe Rage after all those years of despising the ground he walked on? I wonder how our World Champion feels about all this love for Shadoe Rage, huh?

[Grabbing Rage by the wrist, Sawyer whips him across the ring, charging in after him with a back elbow up under the chin.]

LD: Elbow finds the target. And Curt Sawyer really seems to have settled in to this alliance with Alexander Kingsley after Sawyer struggled his first few times trying to break into the AWA.

BW: For a long time, it looked like Sawyer's only quality connection to pro wrestling would be covering people's tabs at the Rusty Spur but you're right, Dane, he's really shined under the guidance of Kingsley to become one of the AWA's top tag teams.

LD: The current Number Two contenders to Next Gen's World Tag Team Titles... and if they can pick up a few more wins, they may actually leapfrog the Soldiers of Fortune after Flint and Stephens' loss last weekend.

[Sawyer looks out on the jeering crowd with disdain, shouting "You wanna boo me?! I'll give you somethin' to boo!" and promptly wraps his hands around the throat of Rage, choking the fan favorite against the turnbuckles.]

LD: No hiding that one - a chokehold that everyone everywhere in Center Stage Studios can see clear as day... and that'll earn him a five count from Koji Sakai...

[Sawyer lets go at four, smirking as Rage staggers along the ropes, coughing violently.]

LD: Sawyer lets him go, not risking the disqualification quite yet...

[Sawyer pursues after Rage, smashing a double axehandle down between the shoulderblades, sending Rage stumbling into the corner again.]

BW: Sawyer taking a page out of Rage's playbook with that double axehandle - Rage can hit that move from anywhere but Sawyer went with the ground version and put a little extra mustard on that Canadian hot dog.

[The former barkeep nods to his partner who is imploring him to "pour it on" as Sawyer turns Rage into a series of right hands between the eyes, the referee delivering another warning...

...and then switches to roundhouse blows to the ribcage instead, doubling over Rage as the referee warns him again.]

LD: Warning for the closed fists... for keeping Rage in the corner... Sakai's letting him have it and Curt Sawyer continues to push the rulebook about as far as he can manage.

[Grabbing Rage by the hair, Sawyer drags him from the corner, pulling him to mid-ring where he easily scoops him up, slamming him down on the mat.]

LD: The power of Curt Sawyer on display with that bodyslam...

BW: Keeping it simple but effective.

LD: And these fans in Atlanta are stunned silent at the moment. You know they went into this one expecting another showcase of the talents of Shadoe Rage but right now, this one has been all Curt Sawyer since his sneak attack before the bell.

[With Rage down on the mat, Sawyer backs into the ropes, rebounding back...]

LD: 260 pounds of former bartender dropping all that weight down in an elbow to the sternum... and Sawyer rolls into a lateral press.

[Sakai drops to the mat to deliver the count.]

LD: Rage kicks out at two!

BW: It's gonna take more than an elbowdrop to keep Shadoe Rage down, Dane. We've seen the guy in matches where the ring actually blows up at the end of it. We've seen him jump off the craziest tallest steel cage. We've seen him fighting on a scaffold if you can believe that! An elbowdrop is NOT gonna get it done against someone like Rage.

LD: The son of the legendary madman, Adrian Rage, continues to fight on here as Sawyer pulls him back up...

[A whip sends Rage into the ropes as Sawyer hits the opposite ropes, rebounding back, and thumping the Canadian across the sternum!]

LD: ...and one heck of a clothesline finds the mark!

BW: He's a Texan so isn't it a lariat?

LD: Maybe it is but whatever you want to call it, it was effective as Sawyer puts Rage down again... and covers again!

[Another two count follows before Rage kicks out to cheers from the Atlanta crowd.]

LD: Rage slips out again... and these fans are very clearly behind him here in Hotlanta. Listen to them, Ben!

[A brief but solid "SHA-DOE!" chant breaks out in Center Stage Studios, drawing an agitated look from Sawyer as he regains his feet. Kingsley stomps around ringside, shaking his head, shouting "SHUT UP!" to anyone who will listen.]

LD: Kingsley's trying to get the crowd to quiet down but somehow that's only making them louder!

[Sawyer drags Rage up by the hair, pulling him snugly into a front facelock. He looks out on the crowd with a sneer, giving his own mocking "SHA-DOE!" chant to jeers.]

LD: The fans here in Atlanta have gotten under the skin of Curt Sawyer...

BW: I don't know if that's a good idea or not. Sawyer's got a hot temper but-

LD: ...going for the vertical suplex here!

[Sawyer uses his power to hoist Rage up into the air...

...but only for a moment as a wriggling Rage forces Sawyer to put him right back down on the mat...]

LD: Countered...

[...and Rage lifts Sawyer up instead, taking him down with a spine-shaking suplex!]

LD: ...and reversed! A reversal of the suplex into one of his own and could that be the moment that turns this whole match around for the savior of the AWA?

BW: It was well-executed and Alexander Kingsley is beside himself on the outside of the ring. He can't believe Sawyer got taken over with that... he looks like he's gonna get in there himself, Dane!

LD: He'd better not! Koji Sakai, the official in this one, is right there to warn him off... if he gets in there, that's an instant disqualification in the eyes of the AWA rulebook!

[Rage is slow to get off the mat, giving Sawyer a chance to get there first.]

LD: Curt Sawyer wins the race to his feet, looking to get right back on track after that reversal...

[Rage does manage to get up before Sawyer strikes though, falling into the corner for support.]

LD: ...and Curt Sawyer charging on in!

[Sawyer comes barreling towards the corner, arms locked over his head for a double axehandle...

...and runs right into a back elbow up under the chin by Rage!]

"OHHHHHHH!"

LD: But Shadoe Rage catches him coming in, right on the button!

[Sawyer staggers back, his legs turned to jelly by the sudden strike. Rage leans back against the corner, trying to regroup...]

LD: Rage has created an opening but can he walk through it to Victory Lane?

[...and Sawyer comes charging back in with a mighty bellow this time...]

LD: HE MOVES!

[...and Rage sidesteps, spinning clear as Sawyer smashes chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

LD: Shadoe Rage spins clear and Sawyer hits the corner hard!

[As Sawyer staggers backwards towards him, Rage lifts the former barkeep into the air, turning slightly before bringing him down on a bent knee!]

LD: AAAATOMIC DROP BY RAGE!

[The bounce off the knee sends Sawyer flopping forwards, falling into the ropes.]

BW: Kingsley's right there, shouting up at Sawyer, trying to get him back on track...

[Rage reaches out, snatching a handful of Sawyer's hair...

...and then rushes across the ring, leaping over the top rope, snapping Sawyer's throat down on the ropes before Rage falls to the floor, landing deftly on his feet!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: And just like that, Shadoe Rage may have completely turned this thing around! He's got the momentum suddenly on his side as-

[With Rage on the outside, Kingsley comes racing around the ring towards him, drawing back a right hand...]

LD: -Kingsley!

[...but Rage blocks it and smashes home a haymaker of his own, sending Kingsley spiraling away and down to the floor to cheers!]

LD: But Shadoe Rage saw him coming and made him pay!

[Grabbing the ropes, Rage quickly climbs up on the apron, points to the corner, and starts climbing the turnbuckles from the outside, the fans coming to their feet as he does...]

LD: Center Stage Studios rising as one for the savior of the AWA as he gets to the top rope, hands high over his head...

[...and as Sawyer staggers into range, Rage leaps into the air, clasping his hands together...]

LD: ...DEATH FROM ABOVE!

[The double axehandle connects, smashing down between the eyes of Sawyer, putting him down on the mat as Rage dives across his torso, waving an arm at the official...]

LD: RAGE HAS HIM DOWN FOR ONNNNNNNE! FOR TWOOOOOO! HE'S GOT- NO! NO! NO HE DOESN'T!

[Rage rolls off of Sawyer, a surprised look on his face as the referee holds up two fingers and the Atlanta crowd buzzes with disappointment.]

LD: I thought he had him there but Curt Sawyer was able to kick out in time.

BW: Yeah, but the whole world knows what's coming next. First the axehandle and then...

LD: Rage back up, pulling Sawyer up with him...

[The Canadian muscles the Texan up, slamming him down in the middle of the ring...

...and the crowd ROARS, surging to their feet once more as Rage points to the corner again...]

LD: ...he slams him down and now he's looking to end this!

[Rage approaches the ropes, grabbing the top to slingshot his way out onto the apron in an impressive show of athleticism...]

LD: Out on the apron he goes... and here comes the climb, step by step up the turnbuckles towards the highest perch of them all, looking to drop that big elbow and pick up the win here on the premiere edition of Showtime!

[Rage steps up to the top rope, poised and ready to strike...

...which is when he suddenly goes sailing unceremoniously off the top rope, flipping forward to land on his upper back as he hits the mat with violent impact!]

LD: Oh! Did you see that?!

BW: Of course I saw it! Alexander Kingsley looking for some payback after Rage dropped him with that right hand on the outside... and he got it! He shoved Rage right off the top rope and down onto the mat and-

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: The bell has sounded and as Alexander Kingsley climbs into the ring, I've gotta imagine he just got his teammate disqualified, Ben!

BW: That's gotta be what it was... but obviously he didn't care!

[Kingsley comes through the ropes, immediately launching into a stomping assault on the downed Rage as the fans jeer loudly.]

LD: A disqualification win for Shadoe Rage puts the winner's purse in his pocket and maybe sends him up the rankings a bit more... but right now, that's not his concern.

BW: His concern is that he's getting the hell kicked out of him down on the mat!

[Kingsley pulls Rage up off the mat, holding him by the hair as he slams home a trio of European uppercuts, snapping Rage's head back repeatedly.]

LD: Kingsley's working over Rage... Sawyer getting up as well now and this is about to become a VERY bad situation for Shadoe Rage, Ben.

BW: That's right... because while guys like Martinez may be loving Shadoe Rage these days, there's a whole lot of people in that locker room who remember the old Shadoe Rage who couldn't give a plug nickel whether or not he gets stomped into an ER here tonight.

[Kingsley whips Rage into the ropes, catching the rebounding Canadian around the torso as he lifts him up and DROPS him throatfirst across the top rope!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

LD: RIGHT DOWN ON THE THROAT!

[Rage lies on the canvas, coughing and grabbing his neck as he rolls back and forth in pain. Sawyer is up now, looking on with an approving nod as Kingsley points at Rage, dragging a thumb across his throat...]

LD: And it looks like the Shot Callers may be looking to finish off Shadoe Rage... Kingsley directing traffic in there...

[Sawyer retrieves the downed and gasping Rage, pulling him off the mat by the wrist...

...and suddenly, the crowd ROARS in surprise!]

LD: Is that...? IT ISI!

[The surprise turns into a loud cheer as the individual comes racing down the steps, diving under the ropes. He turns towards the incoming Alexander Kingsley, leaping into the air and swinging his knee out in a bicycle knee strike...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

LD: INSTANT KARMA FROM JACKSON HUNTER!

[Kingsley takes a big fall through the ropes to the outside as Hunter wheels around to face Curt Sawyer who looks stunned at Hunter’s arrival...

...but before he can make a move towards Hunter, Sawyer has the point of Rage’s elbow bouncing off the crown of his skull to even more cheers!]

LD: ELBOW CONNECTS!

[Rage grabs Sawyer by the hair and promptly HURLS him over the ropes to the outside to HUGE CHEERS! The former TV Champion sinks to a knee, wincing as he grabs at his throat.]

LD: And with the help - the unexpected help I might add - of Jackson Hunter, Shadoe Rage is able to fight off the Shot Callers here tonight in Atlanta!

[In the background, we can hear the announcement of Rage’s victory by DQ being made as Hunter edges over towards Rage, extending a hand towards him.]

LD: And look at this, Ben - Jackson Hunter trying to help Shadoe Rage back to his feet. These two have had several run-ins backstage ever since the end of last year and... Hunter extending his hand...

[But Rage slaps the hand away, climbing to his feet himself, glaring at Hunter who looks surprised at the reaction. The fans also respond with surprise as Rage stares at the man who saved his skin on this night. Hunter shakes his head, leaning in...]

“Do you trust me now?”

[...to which Rage simply shakes his head, turning to exit the ring to a decent amount of jeers.]

LD: Did you hear that, Ben? Hunter asked Rage if he trusts him now and-

BW: And the answer is obviously no as Shadoe Rage just walked right out of here and left Jackson Hunter standing there all alone inside this ring in Atlanta.

LD: It's hard to blame Shadoe Rage in a way, Ben. Jackson Hunter - in his time here in the AWA and even before it - hardly held himself up as a trustworthy individual. You can relate to that.

BW: Very funny, Dane. But you're right - Shadoe Rage really has no reason to trust Jackson Hunter and it may take more than helping him out from under a two on one to get to that level.

LD: You're absolutely right on that one... and as Shadoe Rage departs, it looks like Mariah and Sweet Daddy Williams are trying to hijack him for a quick word about what just went down.

[We cut over to the interview area where Mariah Wolfe is doing exactly that, waving a hand at Rage as he climbs the ringsteps.]

MW: Shadoe Rage! Shadoe Rage!

[Rage is ignoring him, stomping towards the entrance curtain.]

SDW: C'mon, stop walking fast and talk to us a minute. I know yer get gotta be spinnin', daddy, after what just happened out there!

[Rage comes to a stop, whirling on the duo. He is breathing heavily and his eyes are wild.]

SR: I don't like games, man. Don't anybody ever play games with me! Sweet Daddy, you know what it's like in that ring with me!

SDW: I might still have some lumps from it, Jack.

[Rage nods.]

SR: So when all three of those jackals come back through the curtains you tell them don't play with me. Don't play with me!

MW: It seemed like Jackson Hunter was sincere out there.

[Rage's eyes flare. He chews his lip as his hands grip the waistband of his tights. He turns in circles, trying to figure something out.]

SR: I don't know. I just don't know.

[Suddenly, he stabs a finger at Mariah.]

MW: Just don't play with me! Dig it?

SDW: Oh, it's dug!

[Rage holds up a finger that stabs aimlessly in the air as he tries to formulate a thought...

...and then clearly nothing comes as he spins on his heel and simply walks away, leaving Sweet Daddy Williams and Mariah Wolfe to look at each other in a mix of confusion and relief.]

SDW: Even I don't know what to make out of that one, Mariah.

MW: That makes two of us. But Shadoe Rage picks up the win by disqualification as he continues to try to find a way to capture championship gold in 2018 and fulfill his promise... his declaration to the AWA fans. Sweet Daddy, Showtime is... in my eyes... already a big hit but when we talk about Showtime as Jon Stegglet helped us do at the beginning of the night, a lot of wrestling fans think about the EMWC.

SDW: Martinez and Langseth. Hansen and Slater. Ezra and Claw. Even up to Showtime IX and that four way with Temple and Rogers and Case and Courtade... there was never a dull moment at the E's biggest show of the year, baby.

MW: And you mentioned two names right there that have AWA ties as well as EMWC ties. Both men competed here... and there. And both men now work here behind the scenes as well. But when you think of Showtime, it's hard to imagine not thinking of Kevin Slater and Adam Rogers. Right, Lou?

[We fade from the podium to the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing between two legends of the ring and two former EMWC World Champions in Kevin Slater and Adam Rogers.]

SLB: That is one hundred percent correct, Mariah... and gentlemen, earlier tonight, we learned what Showtime means to the boss - Jon Stegglet... but what about you two? It's gotta have special meaning to you both!

[Rogers grins, nodding as Slater claps his hands together.]

KS: You got that right, Lou! At one point, it meant it was the biggest night of the year in wrestling... now it means it's the biggest night of the week. And I'm thrilled that Adam and I get to play in a role in it.

AR: That's right, Kev. You know, I wasn't quite sure about this tag match when you proposed it last weekend but I've been studying tape all week long - just like the old days - to figure out who I wanted on my team and I'm here to tell you, Wild Thing... no matter who you pick, your squad is going down!

[Slater smirks, shaking his head.]

KS: I don't think so... not with me winning the first pick with that coin toss earlier. I'm picking first and I'm putting together a team that'll put whoever you've come up with down for the count.

[Blackwell interjects.]

SLB: Well, let's not waste any time, boys... let's do this!

[Rogers raises a hand.]

AR: Before you make that first pick, Kev... I've got a proposal for you.

[Slater arches an eyebrow.]

AR: You got the first pick with that coin toss... so I say we make this a snake draft. You pick first, I pick second and third, you pick fourth, etc.

[Slater shakes his head.]

KS: There's only two of us, Adam. I mean... sure, whatever but...

[Rogers grins, clapping his hands.]

AR: Great! Let's do this!

[Blackwell turns towards Slater.]

SLB: Alright, Wild Thing... you're on the clock for the first pick... who ya got?

[Slater grins sheepishly.]

KS: Lou, the rules said we could pick anyone who was in the building tonight who's not already booked, right?

[Blackwell nods.]

KS: Well, some people online think this is just for giggles but I'm taking this serious - I want to win. So, I brought in a ringer.

[Blackwell looks shocked.]

SLB: A ringer, you say?! You brought in a ringer?

KS: That's right, Lou. I made a phone call to someone who wouldn't always be in Atlanta on Saturday night and made sure he was here for the premiere of this new Showtime show... hell, you already saw him make a little surprise appearance earlier. My first pick, Lou... is the Future... Derrick Williams!

[Blackwell's jaw drops.]

SLB: Your former student? "The Future" Derrick Williams is the first pick! Wow! Adam Rogers, you could NOT have seen this coming.

[Rogers shakes his head.]

AR: Not really, no... but I figured Kev had something up his sleeve so I put a little something up my sleeve too. My turn. The first pick for Team Rogers? The Olympic gold medalist, Ayako Fujiwara!

[Now it's Slater's turn to look surprised.]

KS: Fujiwara? But... wait a second, Lou...

[Blackwell holds up a hand.]

SLB: I know... but Adam tipped me off to this and I checked... there was absolutely no discussion of this match being men vs men or women vs women... so the way I read into this, this pick is totally legal. Now, that said, I made a phone call to Interim President Zharkov who said that if one of you picked a mixed team, the only rule was that the teams have to be even. An equal number of men and women on each team. Understood?

[Slater pauses, shaking his head for a moment... and then nods.]

KS: Alright, fine. That throws me off my plan a little but...

[He shrugs.]

KS: With my next-

[Rogers holds up a hand.]

AR: Tsk, tsk, Kev... not so far. Snake draft, remember? With MY next pick, I'm going with the second generation powerhouse and red hot rookie... KIMMY BAILEY!

[Blackwell's eyebrows jump up.]

SLB: LARIATOS!

[Slater and Rogers throw a look at Blackwell.]

SLB: Sorry. Got a little excited there. NOW it's your pick, Kevin.

[Slater nods.]

KS: Alright, fine... the Lariatos on his side... Derrick Williams on mine...

[Slater pauses, looking around thoughtfully... and then snaps his fingers.]

KS: Got it! Kayla Cristol is wrestling later tonight, right? But not the Afro Punk! Put it on the board, I'm taking Veronica June!

[Rogers grins, nodding as Blackwell recaps.]

SLB: Okay... Williams and June on Team Slater, the Lariatos on Team Rogers... and with the snake draft rules, Kevin Slater, the next pick belongs to you...

[Slater nods.]

KS: This one was a lock the moment I saw him show up earlier tonight... I'm taking the Sin City Savior himself, Sid Osborne!

[Rogers winces.]

AR: Good pick. He was on my list too.

SLB: Osborne, Williams, and June... the Lariatos... who you got, Natural?

[Rogers pauses, tapping his temple...]

AR: Kev called in an old friend for him... I called in one for me. Former champ, former Bully, and someone with a bone to pick with Sid Osborne... Robert Donovan is my third pick!

[Slater shakes his head.]

SLB: Wow! Some all-star teams in place already... and Adam Rogers, you've got one more pick to make.

AR: That's right... and this is the tough one. A lot of great talent left but... you know, sometimes in this business, you can only count on your own experience... your own gut... and in my experience, whenever there's a Donovan involved, they always seem to do just a little better when there's also a Taylor involved.

[Slater arches an eyebrow.]

AR: No, not THAT Taylor. Wes Taylor is my final pick!

[Slater nods, rubbing his hands together.]

SLB: Alright, Kevin... you've got one pick left and with two women on Team Rogers, you need one more member of the Women's Division here to even the team.

KS: I do... yeah.

[Slater pauses.]

KS: Hey Lou... what if it's someone who has signed a Women's Division contract but hasn't stepped in the ring yet?

[Lou looks confused.]

SLB: As long as they're in the building, I guess?

[Slater nods with a grin.]

KS: Then the final member of my team...

...is Harper Hannigan!

[Blackwell's eyes go wide.]

SLB: That massive monster in the corner of Crowley and the Lost Boy?! Fawcett's secret savage?!

[Slater nods.]

KS: The one and only. Now, Adam...

[Slater extends his hand.]

KS: ...we get out of the way and see what our teams can do.

[Rogers grins, accepting the handshake.]

AR: May the best team win.

[We hold on the handshake for a moment before we fade to some footage marked "Earlier today..."

The shot opens on a greyscale photo printed on some fabric. Depicted in the photo is a muscular, but feminine, chest, clad in a dark bustier. The woman in the photograph has long, wavy dark hair. Draped across the back of her neck and hanging down the front of her chest is Margarita's familiar bullrope.

Printed in bold square letters above the photograph, black on a white rectangle, are the words "MAMI'S GONNA," while below the photograph are printed, in the same font and colors, the words, "KNOCK YOU OUT."

The camera pulls back to reveal the rest of the individual depicted in the photo. The image is, of course, printed on a white T-shirt, the sleeves, and then some, cut off, to reveal a pair of muscular arms. Some wavy, black locks fall across the front of the shoulders. Atop the person's head is a beige cowboy hat, and her eyes are hidden by a pair of Aviators. Jaws set, the individual betrays very little emotion. Conspicuous by its absence is the bullrope that is usually draped across the back of this person's neck.]

MF: The first night of Showtime. Did you really think I was gonna miss this? Hell no. And yeah, almost every thought of every day right now is about the Rumble... but I wanted to be here for this.

[Flores nods.]

MF: You see... the Rumble's every woman for herself, and that suits me just fine. You see, the days of Margarita Flores being the back-up, the one who's there for her buddies when they've got the odds stacked against them against the likes of Kurayami and Korugun...

Well, those days, much like that organization, they're in my rear view mirror.

[Flores gestures towards the camera.]

MF: And much like how I'm over what's past, when I head into Memorial Day Mayhem, I plan to throw out all those other women, because Margarita Flores doesn't need any of them.

[A slightly disgruntled look crosses her face.]

MF: Just like I don't need any of these fans who'll only cheer for the likes of Ayako or Kimmy. You want Lariatos?

"SMACK!"

[Flores uses her left hand to smack her right forearm, the lariat arm.]

MF: I've got lariats to dish out aplenty! Because Margarita Flores' has faith in herself, and if you've got faith in Margarita Flores, you know you don't need to be cheering for the Baileys, or Fujiwara...

You don't need that Lariatos merch. You get yourselves one of these Margarita Flores shirts from AWAShop.com, because we may have veterans like Laura Davis in this company, and Michelle Bailey's a bit of a Mama Bear herself, but when you stand across the ring from Big Mami?

Well ... Mami's gonna knock you out!

[Flores' face is one of determination.]

MF: And I'm about to show you just that right now.

[We fade away from the pre-recorded footage back to live action...

...where we find Margarita Flores already standing in the ring, tugging at the ropes as she prepares for her matchup with the opponent across the ring from her.]

LD: Margarita Flores with some... I'd say surprising words there, Ben.

BW: Why's that?

LD: I was a bit caught off guard to hear her mention the fans who cheer for the Lariatos. Margarita Flores has been one of the most popular stars of the Women's Division since her arrival here on the scene and...

BW: And maybe she's getting a little sick of being passed over for the flavor of the week.

LD: The flavor of the week? That hardly describes Ayako Fujiwara who has been here for-

BW: But it DOES describe her little running buddy... who suddenly has the whole world talking about her after we found out she's Michelle Bailey's daughter... oh, and she trained under one of the best in the world coincidentally... and in another coincidence, she's Juan friggin' Vasquez' daughter... and I'd say that's enough to get a big honkin' spotlight dropped right on her. I think Flores is right, Dane. She's got enough lariats for anyone to handle so Bailey and Fujiwara are encroaching on her territory. She's got every right to be steamed off.

LD: Flores had that big win late last year at Fright Night against Harley Hamilton... but has seemed to have sort of stalled out since then while Hamilton went on to become half of the Women's World Tag Team Champions. Perhaps tonight will be a chance for her to get back on track.

[And as referee Andy Dawson signals for the bell...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[...the six foot one inch Flores goes barnstorming across the ring towards her surprised opponent...]

LD: OHHH! BIG AVALANCHE IN THE CORNER AT THE OPENING BELL!

BW: So much for... who the heck is this again?

LD: This is Brenda Porter - a local talent who has really shined in some of our pre-show matches as of late.

BW: Were those pre-show matches against Margarita Flores?

LD: Not... quite.

[Flores grabs Porter by the hair, using it to toss her from the corner out towards the middle of the ring and down to the mat.]

LD: That was 176 pounds of La Feria, Texas brutality running down Brenda Porter at the start of this one... and as Flores gets set for the Rumble in a couple of months' time, I suppose it might be the right time to take on that "every woman for herself" mindset - shutting out some of her friends... or perhaps former friends.

[Stepping out to the middle of the ring, Flores watches as Porter struggles back to her feet, smashing a forearm into her chest that sends Porter flying backwards a few steps before flopping down on her back.]

LD: A whole lot of ticked off Texan behind that forearm blow... Flores has had a rough go of things as of late as her friendship with Xenia Sonova seemingly has fallen apart as Sonova aligned herself with Rory Smythe. Flores' efforts to win the tag titles came up snake eyes as well.

BW: So you're saying she's got a good reason to think about a change in approach?

LD: It'd be hard to argue that... ohh, a big clubbing forearm down across the back as Porter tries to get to her feet...

[Flores helps her to her feet by yanking the back of the tights, lifting her into her powerful arms...]

LD: ...and Flores has her up now, way up in atomic drop position...

[...and she LAUNCHES her through the air, tossing her halfway across the ring before Porter SLAMS violently down on the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: Wow! I don't know what you call that but it was impressive for sure!

BW: Now imagine that move... but tossing them over the top! That's one way to send twenty-nine others to the outside and walk out of Los Angeles as the winner of the Memorial Day Rumble.

[With Porter down, Flores walks slowly around her for a full circle, absorbing the reaction of the buzzing crowd before she hits the ropes, bouncing back off...]

LD: OHHH! 176 POUNDS OF FLORES DOWN WITH THE ELBOWDROP!

[...and then rolls over on top of Porter, nodding along with the count.]

LD: She's got one! She's got two! She's got...

[Porter weakly lifts her shoulder to break the count as Flores looks surprised... and then glares down at her.]

LD: Porter slipped out... and I'm not sure that was a good decision on her part.

BW: I know it wasn't! She was about to escape from this mauling with a little bit of dignity - and maybe health - remaining but then she had to kick out and now Flores is looking to end more than just her night, Dane!

[Flores climbs off the mat, looking out on the crowd...

...and then gives her arm a big looping swing which gets a pretty positive response from the fans...

...even from a pair of fans waving a "LARIATOS!" sign with glitter enhanced photos of Ayako Fujiwara and Kimmy Bailey pasted on it. Flores pauses, glaring out at her.]

LD: Looks like a ringside fan may have caught Margarita Flores' attention.

[She raises a long and powerful arm, pointing out at the Lariatos fans.]

"I don't NEED you!"

[One of the fans looks surprised... almost crestfallen as Flores turns back to the ring, watching as Brenda Porter weakly pushes up off the mat...]

LD: Flores is-

[...and Flores charges towards her, swinging her arm...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and connects with a massive lariat that sends Porter flying backwards, folding up onto herself on her back!]

LD: -and that's one heck of a Texas-sized lariat delivered by Flores!

BW: What? No "LARIATO!" cry? Is that saved for special people?

LD: What are you implying?!

BW: That just maybe Margarita Flores is right!

[Flores drops to her knees, pushing down on the legs, adding 176 pound onto the jackknife cradle...]

LD: This one is academic for here... and there's the three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Flores aggressively shoves the legs aside, pushing to her feet as the referee raises her hand to... mostly... the same reaction she got early.]

LD: Margarita Flores picks up the win tonight on Showtime... and as she continues to look ahead towards the Rumble and Memorial Day Mayhem, you have to wonder where this shift in attitude will end... and just what will Ayako Fujiwara and Kimmy Bailey think about Flores having their names in her mouth?

BW: I'm honestly not sure she'll care, Dane.

LD: Flores with the win! Now, let's go backstage to Steve Rogers who is standing by with someone else who we'll be seeing in action soon enough!

[We cut to backstage where Steve Rogers stands next to "The All-Around Athlete" Laura Davis. She is dressed in her red, white and blue track suit.]

SR: AWA fans, in just a few minutes, we're going to see this woman, Laura Davis, in action. Now, Laura, I have to ask you about the Slam Sorority... usually, you would have Trish Wallace and Carolina Colton here with you. Where are they now?

[Davis throws a hard look in Rogers' direction.]

LD: Rogers, not that it's any of your concern, but if you must know, Trish and Carolina had a flight delay. Don't you worry about that, though, because they'll be here soon enough. Besides, while they are two women I am proud to have by my side, I am more than capable of handling things myself.

[Rogers raises a hand defensively.]

SR: Look, Laura, I was simply curious about the whereabouts of your partners. That's particularly true when you have Lauryn Rage is in the building as well. I just thought you might want to have some backup.

[Davis glares at Rogers.]

LD: Rogers, have you been watching me closely? Have you not seen that I've been more than capable of handling matters by myself? If I can take Ayako Fujiwara to the limit and take the best that Michelle Bailey can throw at me and come right back, I can handle whatever it is that Lauryn Rage thinks she can do to me.

Besides, if anybody should be watching her back, it's Lauryn Rage. Do you think for one minute there's a single person on the AWA roster who can trust her right now? Do you think there's a single person who is willing to have her back?

The fact is that Carolina and Trish have my back and I have theirs, even as we understand that each of us has the talent to handle a situation by ourselves if necessary. Lauryn, meanwhile, finds a way to shatter any partnership she makes, to the point she can't even get one of her countless sisters to come out of retirement to watch her back.

[Davis thrusts a finger toward the camera.]

LD: Lauryn, I warned you on the final Power Hour that I'm coming. You just don't know where or when I'll be coming, but I'll promise you this... when I do come for you, you're going to regret ever crossing paths with me, the greatest women's athlete in the world today!

[She then turns to Rogers.]

LD: Now, in a just few minutes, Rogers, you will bear witness to the prime example of what a real women's wrestler is all about. With that, your time with an all-time great has come to an end!

[She waves a dismissive hand at Rogers as she departs.]

SR: Now that was quite unnecessary, when I'm merely tasked with doing my job. [Shakes head.] Fans, when we come back, it's time for our Hour One Main Event and you do NOT want to miss that!

[We fade away from a smiling Rogers...

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

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

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

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

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

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

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

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

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

[FLASH!

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

"I can be a champion too!"

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

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

[Fade to black...

...and then back up on our announce team up on the stage.]

LD: We are back live here on ESPN for the premiere edition of Showtime... and as our first hour tonight approaches the end, we've got one match left and that's Odin Gunn once again defending his World Television Title as he looks to continue his streak of dominance.

BW: When we talk about undefeated competitors, there are a few on the board these days - you talk about my old client Max Magnum... you talk about the Almighty Atlas Armstrong... you talk about the Big Man On Campus... and you talk about Odin Gunn. But there's one thing about Odin Gunn that's different than all the others... and that's gold. Because while Trey Carson is just getting started and while Magnum and Armstrong have their share of big wins, none of the others have locked championship gold around their waist and then laid waste to every single high level competitor who has gotten in their way. Later tonight, Whaitiri and Omega are going to fight it out to see who gets a future shot at the gold... but if I've got my Magic 8 Ball, I'm saying "signs point to no chance in hell either of those guys beat Odin Gunn." Odysseus Allah won a TV Title shot at SuperClash and he's at least smart enough to not even mention Odin Gunn.

LD: We do not know who will be challenging him for the title tonight but whoever it is, they've got their work cut out for them. And seeing as though this is a new show with some new viewers who may not be familiar with AWA action, we thought it would be worth taking a look back at the history of the World Television Title. Where it's been, where it is, and where it's going. Let's take a look!

[We fade to a black screen with the World Television Title sitting on a marble pedestal, well-lit so that all that glitters is gold... well, and silver. A voiceover is heard - belonging to former AWA competitor Sweet Daddy Williams.]

"When you talk 'bout the World TV Title, baby, you gotta go back... and you gotta start with something else altogether - the Longhorn Heritage Title."

[Cut to a shot of the Longhorn Heritage Title belt being unveiled for the first time.]

"The AWA has always been proud of the history of this business... and when it first came time to add a second singles title, the AWA looked at that history and decided to honor one of the best territories there ever was - the Longhorn Wrestling Council, the LWC."

[Cue some still photos of a bloodied Bishop, Tex Violence, Robert Donovan, and Casey James.]

"So, they threw together a tournament with some of the best around... and one man came out on top and took that title."

[Cut to a shot of Nenshou holding the title fresh off his Tournament Final victory over Brent Maverick at SuperClash II.]

"That was November of 2010... and for two years to come, that belt saw some of the best there ever was put their hands on it..."

[A quick barrage of shots shows all the former Longhorn Heritage Champions - Robert Donovan, Rex Summers, Glenn Hudson, and finally Dave Bryant.]

"Hold it... stop it right there."

[The shot of Bryant stays on the screen.]

"Him. That polecat right there. He was the one, you know... the one who changed it all."

[We cut to footage from the February 9th, 2013 edition of Saturday Night Wrestling with Bryant in the ring with Bucky Wilde.]

DB: The Longhorn Heritage Title no longer exists, Bucky.

[The crowd buzzes in confusion as Bryant holds up one hand, then reaches into the bag, producing an envelope.]

DB: This letter here is from our new President, Karl O'Connor. It's pretty simple, really, but it confirms that I'm not just up here blowing smoke...and more importantly, it confirms that the belt in this bag is the replacement for the Longhorn Heritage championship, and it confirms the most important fact at all, that Dave Bryant is the first holder of this new championship!

[Bryant hands the letter over to Bucky, who unfolds and quickly scans it.]

BW: Ladies and gentlemen, I have the privilege -- no, I have the PLEASURE of announcing, here and now, on The Call Of The Wilde, that "The Doctor of Love" Dave Bryant, is officially recognized as the NEW...

[Bucky pauses for drama.]

BW: ...AMERICAN WRESTLING ALLIANCE WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPION!

[With that, Bryant pulls the new title belt out of the bag with a flourish, hoisting it high overhead...

...and then we cut to later in the same show where Sweet Daddy Williams rushes across the ring, leaping into the air to smash his hindquarters into the new champion, sending him flying through the ropes to the outside.]

"Heheh... that's enough of that. So, we had a new champion... for now."

[And back to a montage of shots, showing Glenn Hudson with the new title belt... then Alphonse Green... then Ryan Martinez...]

"And with that title came a whole new era of excitement... title defenses left and right, great challengers, and yeah... great champions too. In fact, four guys who've held the TV Title have gone on to be World Champion too."

[...Johnny Detson... Tony Sunn... Shadoc Rage... Supernova... Kerry Kendrick... Callum Mahoney... Terry Shane... Michael Aarons...]

"And we had our share of no good stinkers too."

[...Whaitiri... and finally Odin Gunn.]

"Which brings us all the way down to this guy. The Samoan Cowboy. The man who has held that piece of glittery silver and gold for 175 days and counting which means he's passed everyone on this list except for..."

[Supernova appears on the screen, clutching the title belt to his chest as "248 days" appears on the graphic below him.]

"...this guy you may know..."

[Dave Bryant appears on the screen next, holding the title belt overhead with "295 days" under his picture.]

"...this guy..."

[And then Shadoc Rage with "365 days" under his photo as he looks longingly at the title belt.]

"...and this guy."

[A new graphic comes up with the three former champions all positioned underneath the menacing Gunn.]

"And with every day he holds the title, the questions become louder. Who can beat this guy? Can ANYONE beat this guy? And can he go the distance and shatter the record of the longest World Television Title reign of all time?"

[The three former champions' photos disappear, leaving the dominant Gunn, title belt in hand as the sole person left on screen.]

"Only one way to find out. See you next week... and every week... right here on Showtime!"

[And we fade to black...

...and as we fade back up...

...the studio lights drop as swirling midnight blue spotlights flash around the building to a surprised reaction!

The sounds of a large pack of hunting dogs barking, snarling, and growling is heard over the PA briefly, segueing into "War Machine" by KISS as we see Isaiah Carpenter making his way down to ringside to a mixed reaction. He is wearing midnight blue pants, boots, and a flak jacket style top.]

LD: The Red Wedding wasn't the only shocking betrayal we witnessed at the AWA's Tenth Anniversary Show... The Dogs of War, once celebrated as the most dominant three-man team in professional wrestling, came to an abrupt end at the hands of The Desperados and their newest member, former Dog of War, Pedro Perez. And moments ago, we learned that Isaiah Carpenter will be looking to get some payback on The Desperados as he takes on the AWA World Television Champion, Odin Gunn.

BW: When those three were at their peak, there wasn't anyone in the world that could touch them, but that time has passed and Perez found himself a better opportunity with Curly Bill and The Desperados. If Isaiah Carpenter thinks he's going to get some revenge against The Desperados tonight, he's got another thing coming to him.

LD: So you don't like his chances against Odin Gunn?

BW: He should consider himself warned.

[Carpenter slides into the ring and his music fades out, before the haunting opening to "Man with a Harmonica" by Ennio Morricone begins to play over the PA system, as the mustachioed Curly Bill appears, causing the audience to serenade him with boos. However, the hulking mass of humanity known as Odin Gunn, quickly makes its way through the curtains behind Bill, drawing an audible gasp from the crowd that quickly becomes silent awe. The boos then quickly return as we see they are accompanied by the rest of The Desperados' motley crew of mercenaries and

MS: AND! HIS! OPPOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNEEEENNNNNNT! FROM PARADISE,
MONTANA... REPRESENTING THE DESPERADOES AND WEIGHING IN AT 335
POUNDS...

HE IS THE AWA WORRRRRRRRRRLD TELEVISION CHAMPION...

...ODIIIIIIIIIIIIINNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN
GUUUUUUUUUUUUUUNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN-AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[Gunn is dressed in a brown pancho with a Southwestern design, a beige cowboy hat, and a black bandana that covers the lower part of his face, giving him the appearance of an Old West bank robber. He holds the AWA Television Title by the end of one of its straps, with the rest of the title belt dragging on the canvas. Gunn tosses the title belt over the ropes, where it lands in the hands of Curly Bill, before he begins to remove his personal effects. He rips off the bandana, revealing a stoic, weather-beaten, sun dried face completely devoid of any emotion.]

LD: Wow. That's certainly a face only a mother could love.

BW: I'm not sure that's a man that knows what love or compassion is. All we've ever seen out of him is annihilation and destruction.

LD: And he's never spoken a single word. Don't you find that kind of odd?

BW: I've spoken to Bill about it. He says Gunn will speak when there's something worth talking about. Until then, he prefers to do all his talking in the ring. And I think we hear him loud and clear in there, don't we?

LD: Crystal.

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: And in the words of our old friend Gordon Myers... HERE! WE! GO!

[Carpenter comes tearing out of his corner, rushing towards Odin Gunn, who swats at him with a looping lariat. However, the quicker and more agile Carpenter, rolls under Gunn's massive arm and pops to his feet just as Gunn spins around, catching him right behind the ear with an enzuigiri that draws a big cheer!]

LD: Carpenter strikes first! And the fans of Atlanta are obviously behind him!

[However, Gunn remains on his feet. Carpenter presses his advantage, striking Gunn with a superkick...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...that staggers Gunn, but doesn't fell him. He aims once more...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and Gunn drops to a knee as the fans ROAR for the early offense!]

LD: Isaiah Carpenter is unloading on Odin Gunn!

[Seeing Gunn vulnerable, Carpenter pumps a fist, before running into the ropes. He rebounds off...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and collides right into the chest of the Samoan cowboy, who leaps into the air and smashes into him with a full body block!]

LD: CARPENTER RUNS RIGHT INTO A BRICK WALL! That was unbelievable impact!

BW: That's three hundred and thirty pounds of pure raw power that just ran through Isaiah Carpenter. He might've been a Dog of War, but Odin Gunn is living, breathing, walking armageddon!

[Gunn pulls Carpenter to his feet and shoves him into a corner, where Pedro Perez gives him a shout of "Show him how it's done, champ!" before he begins to maul Carpenter with clubbing forearms to the face and chest!]

LD: What kind of sick person is Pedro Perez? Isaiah Carpenter is a man that Perez called his "brother" and look at him cheering Odin Gunn on as he's mauling him!

BW: It's like we said about Supreme Wright. Self-interest is the key to success... and Pedro Perez went from playing third fiddle in "the most dominant trio in wrestling" to being-

LD: A cheerleader and... well, he may have moved up one fiddle to sit behind Gunn.

BW: One step closer to the top, Dane.

[As referee Andy Dawson admonishes Gunn for ignoring his orders to back away from the corner, Perez takes the opportunity to wrap his hand around Carpenter's throat and choke him from the outside of the ring!]

LD: Oh come on! Gunn doesn't even need his help!

BW: He doesn't need his help, but I'm sure it's appreciated!

LD: Unbelievable.

[Perez is quick to move away as the referee turns his attention back to Carpenter, walking away with a sick grin on his face. Gunn pulls Carpenter to his feet and shoots him off to the far corner. He then follows in with a head of steam...]

LD: OH! CARPENTER DUCKS OUT OF THE WAY!

[...and smashes hard chest-first into the turnbuckles! As he staggers back, Carpenter rolls out to the ring apron and gets back to his feet, before he springboards back into the ring, catching Gunn in the side of the head with a knee strike!]

LD: Carpenter catches Gunn with a big knee!

BW: But Gunn's still standing! It's going to take a lot more than that!

LD: How is that even possible?! How many people have we seen put down with that flying knee?!

BW: Odin Gunn is no mere mortal!

[Carpenter goes out onto the ring apron once again and springboards off the top rope once more, catching Gunn with yet another knee strike!]

LD: Carpenter got him again! Gunn is stumbling all over the ring!

BW: But he can't put him down!

LD: Incredible!

[Carpenter scrambles up, going into a spin and snapping off a kick into the midsection that doubles over Gunn, causing Carpenter to immediately leap into the air, snatching a front facelock...]

"THHHHHHHHHUUUUUUDDDD!!!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

LD: BUT THAT DDT WILL! Carpenter's going for the pin! ONE! TW-OH!!!

[The loud cheers inside Center Stage are quickly hushed as Odin Gunn not only kicks out, but kicks out with AUTHORITY, as he throws Carpenter off him and sends him out of the ring through the bottom rope!]

LD: My gosh, what power! That kickout sent Isaiah Carpenter all the way to the floor!

BW: No, no, no... we're not letting it go with that, Dane. Think about what we just saw. One flying knee that's dropped the biggest stars in this business... a second flying knee that staggers but does not stall the mighty Odin... and then a DDT?! A DDT SPIKES his skull into the mat. He gets one! AND! THAT'S! ALL! That's headline news on its own but he didn't just kick out... he kicked out with enough power to HURL a 253 pound man into the air, through the ropes, and out to the damn floor!

LD: What's your point?

BW: This isn't a professional wrestler we're watching... it's a Demon among men! I'd say he's a God among men but no almighty force of good would create an entity like this... this one is sent by Satan with a soul scorched by the fires of Hell!

[As Odin Gunn tries to regain his bearings inside the ring, The Texas Ranger leaps up to the ring apron shouting all sorts of nonsense.]

LD: Someone get that idiot down from there!

[As Andy Dawson goes to tell him to get back back down, we see Curly Bill say "Now!" as Smasher Salazar sneaks up behind Isaiah Carpenter...]

"CLOOOOONNK!"

[...and smashes his taped up glass bottle in the back of Carpenter's head!]

LD: That good-for-nothing snake! Smasher Salazar just cracked Isaiah Carpenter with that damn Coke bottle!

BW: I believe it's a Dr. Pepper bottle.

LD: It doesn't matter! Curly Bill brought that mercenary out here to cheap shot Isaiah Carpenter!

[We see a cackling Curly Bill turning to Lori and shouting, "BEST FIFTY BUCKS I EVER SPENT!"]

LD: Why you no good, rotten...

BW: Watch yourself, Dane!

LD: Are you kidding me? Isaiah Carpenter was fighting his heart out here and these Desperados just ruined this match!

BW: Technically, Smasher Salazar is just a contractor! And Carpenter oughta consider himself lucky that the bottle didn't break!

[The Texas Ranger drops from the apron, as Pedro Perez gleefully throws a barely moving Isaiah Carpenter back into the ring and the crowd boos loudly. A sadistic smile forms on Odin Gunn's face, as he pulls a limp Carpenter to his feet and places him into a standing headscissors. He powers Carpenter up into the air...]

"THHHHHHHHHUUUUUUUDDDD!!!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

LD: POWERBOMB! WHAT A POWERBOMB!

[Carpenter arches his back in pain, as Pedro Perez yells, "Give him one for me!" on the outside.]

LD: Did you hear... what kind of a human being!

BW: Hell hath no fury like a rabid Dog!

LD: Perez brutally betraying his friends - his brothers - last weekend and now he's encouraging this monster of a man... the Demon walking among us as you say... to finish the job he started in New Orleans!

[Gunn pulls Carpenter up to his feet and places him in a standing headscissors yet again.]

LD: Just pin him! You've already got him beat!

BW: I don't think this about winning, Lori. This is about sending a message.

LD: To who!? Isaiah Carpenter can't defend himself!

BW: There's one more Dog of War out there, Lori. And if Wade Walker has any brains in his head, he won't be coming back for revenge either.

LD: He's not even here tonight!

BW: He's got a TV!

[Gunn lifts Carpenter into the air once more...]

"THHHHHHHHHUUUUUUUDDDD!!!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

LD: A second powerbomb! Why isn't the referee stopping this?

[Gunn goes to pin Carpenter, when Pedro Perez yells to him, "He hasn't had enough yet!"]

LD: This is disgusting.

[Curly Bill nods in agreement, making a throat cutting gesture.]

LD: Why isn't stopping this?! The referee... the people in the back... someone!

BW: Who do you think is gonna stop it?! For years, Isaiah Carpenter had TWO allies... and now one of them is the guy in the corner demanding that his new friends finish him off! Carpenter's got no friends in the back! No one to help him! He's a man on an island and Hurricane Desperadoes is comin' for him!

[Grimly, Gunn yanks Isaiah Carpenter up to his feet yet again. This time, he lifts him up onto his shoulders...]

LD: Across his shoulders in a fireman's carry... damn it, we know what comes next! We know what comes-

"THHHHHHHUUUUUUUDDDD!!!"

[...and drives Carpenter into the canvas with a devastating Death Valley Driver. The crowd has grown silent at the destruction, as Gunn places both hands on Carpenter's chest and Andy Dawson counts to three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: Pure domination. Odin Gunn won that one walking away.

LD: He won that with the help of every single one of these ruthless barbarians standing here at ringside with him! Isaiah Carpenter was giving Gunn one of his toughest tests as Television Champion and they just ruined the whole thing!

BW: One of his toughest tests? That's not how I saw it.

LD: Of course it wasn't.

[The crowd roars with boos, as we see Curly Bill raising Odin Gunn's hand in victory. However, before Megumi Sato can announce the win, we see him snatching the microphone away from her.]

CBW: My apologies, ma'am, but we don't need all the pomp n' circumstance right now. We have some business to attend to.

[Curly Bill reaches into his shirt pocket and produces a folded up fifty dollar bill. He hands it over Smasher Salazar, who pockets it and nods...]

LD: Fifty dollars?

BW: For a job well done, yeah?

LD: Seems like a-

[...before running at Carpenter and crushing him underneath him with a senton backplash.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: -damn him too! Damn all of them!

[The crowd is all over this group as a handful of AWA officials start to come out from the back, trying to put an end to this as Curly Bill looks down at a groaning Isaiah Carpenter.]

CBW: Didn't I tell ya', boy? You're no killer.

[Carpenter weakly raises an arm, swatting at the air in front of him as he tries to get at Webb.]

CBW: Hm. Got a little more fight in ya than I thought though. Ranger?

[Bill motions for The Texas Ranger to pick Isaiah Carpenter up to his feet and the masked man obliges, dragging a limp Carpenter up by the hair and an arm. Carpenter stretches out the free arm, again pointing at Webb who sneers.]

CBW: Now, The Desperados? We're ALL killers.

[He points across the ring.]

CBW: Smasher Salazar? He's a killer too.

[Salazar nods approvingly, patting the fifty dollar bill in his pocket.]

CBW: And what you are...

[The Texas Ranger holds Carpenter in position...

....as Pedro Perez suddenly rushes in and SMASHES the Television title into Carpenter's face, sending him spiraling away from everyone and flopping facefirst down on the mat as the fans jeer loudly and lustily!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

CBW: ...is what we call a victim.

[Webb looks out on the jeering crowd, shaking his head.]

CBW: For far too long, too many of ya out there thought that this here association was an afterthought. Somethin' down the food chain from the likes of the rest.

[Webb sneers.]

CBW: Think again. Boys?

[Smasher Salazar and The Texas Ranger drag Carpenter's body to a corner, where we see Pedro Perez has ascended to the top rope.]

LD: No, no... we've seen this before!

BW: We sure have!

LD: Enough is enough! Carpenter's been through enough! You proved your point, Webb! All of you have!

BW: I think they disagree with that assessment, Dane. It seems to me that to prove a point... this group thinks they need a body count.

[Perez directs traffic, telling them to flip Carpenter onto his stomach, as Gunn slides the Television title under his face. The fans in the Studios are buzzing with concern for what comes next, on their feet staring at the entrance stage as if willing someone to come to the aid of Isaiah Carpenter...]

LD: Where is-?

[Perez turns his fingers into pistols as he points them at the prone Carpenter...]

"TIME TO DIE!"

[...and LEAPS off, tucking his legs...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd gasps in shock as Pedro Perez drives his feet down into the back of Isaiah Carpenter's head with a double stomp, smashing his face into the AWA World Television Title.

Carpenter is rendered motionless as Perez kneels beside him, a sadistic smile on his face as he places his hand on the back of Carpenter's head, giving it a pat.]

"It didn't have to be this way... but somehow we both always knew it would."

[He pats the head one more time... and then rises to his feet, raising his arms over his head in triumph.]

LD: Can we get security or at least medics out here!? Isaiah Carpenter may be seriously injured!

BW: "May be?" Oh, you sweet summer child. Isaiah Carpenter's going to be extremely lucky if he doesn't spend the next few months re-learning how to walk!

LD: And you almost sound... happy... about that!

BW: I shed no tears for the weak. If Carpenter couldn't stand up to the Desperados, he got exactly what he had coming to him.

LD: He WAS standing up to them! But no one could survive a... what? Five on one?! This is...

[There is a loud roar of boos as The Desperados and Smasher Salazar pose over the prone and unmoving body of Isaiah Carpenter.

Fade to black...

...and fade back up as the quintessential American family of four walks up and down the snack aisle of Anyplace grocery store in Anytown USA. The father wears khaki dockers and a golf shirt that would make him look like a State Farm agent if it weren't navy. The wife is in jeans and a quilted jacket. Her curly hair drops a little bit. The kids, a daughter and a son, trudge along behind them, seemingly on the verge of a meltdown tantrum. The mother searches the snack aisles, picking up chips, candies, candy bars. She sighs in exasperation.]

M: Kids, I know you're hungry. But none of this stuff is right. It so bland. It isn-

[Suddenly, the racks of candies fly apart and Shadoc Rage bursts onto the scene dressed in fuchsia and gold. He holds up two handful of jerky sticks.]

SR: Wanna feel Sensational? Tired of bland cured meats? Tear into Mr. Berkeley's Turkey Jerky!

[Rage tears a chunk of jerky from the pack in his hand. The sound reverberates through the screen. The family is suddenly transformed and energized into hip looking versions of themselves.]

SR: The signature herbs and spices! The smoky flavor! The lean turkey jerky! It's the perfect snack!

[Rage hands out the packs of jerky.]

SR: Ohhhh man, that's good. When I get my hands on Mr. Berkeley's Turkey Jerky, I feel SENSATIONAL!

[Rage tears into another bite along with the family. Everybody seems even more amped as Rage turns towards the camera.]

SR: And so will you.

So will you!

SO WILL YOU!

TEAR INTO IT!

MR. BERKELEY'S TURKEY JERKY... IT'S SENSATIONAL!

[Rage savages the remaining piece of jerky before he stares straight into the camera, smiling as we fade to black...

...and with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we find ourselves in a locker room backstage where we see Betty Chang standing in front of a mirror performing a slow kata as Charity Rockwell sits on a bench watching on. Betty is wearing her wrestling attire, a short red vest embroidered with gold dragons on the front and a black unitard underneath. Charity is in her usual vintage fashion, wearing a black and white houndstooth dress with black stockings and a pillbox hat with a birdcage veil.]

CR: Hon, you beat the brakes off that dizzy dame, Casey Cash, the last time you two fought. She can try to scam her way out of a fair fight all she wants by banning karate or tryin' to get her daddy to throw his weight around with the AWA suits, but you're just gonna' bust her slats again!

[Betty stays focused, staring in the mirror as she makes an intricate movement with her arms.]

BC: That's the plan, Charity. I just have to stay focused.

[Just then, the door to the dressing room is kicked in, as we see Kimmy Bailey stepping through, carrying a befuddled Yoshi Fujiwara in her arms, bridal style. They are followed closely behind by Ayako Fujiwara, a bouncing Molly Bell... and a megaphone-wielding Lorena Vasquez who immediately puts that megaphone to use.]

PSSST "WATCH THE DOOR FRAME, BAILEY"

YF: The wedding's been over for a week... I don't need you to carry me to safety anymore!

[Yoshi sighs as we can see Betty's eye twitch ever so slightly at the sight of Yoshi in Kimmy's arms.]

Ayako: You can put him down, Kimmy. We have a match tonight.

KB: Alright, I guess.

[Kimmy sets Yoshi down next to Betty, who he tries to wave "Hello" to, but is rebuffed as Betty looks away from him, slightly miffed.]

KB: Now you look here, Brown Eyes, I got a match tonight, so you gotta walk on your own.

YF: I've been saying that since last Saturday!

KB: Hey, a frail boy like you needs all the protection he can get. You know what I mean, right, Bets?

[Betty glares at Yoshi, slightly annoyed.]

BC: I suppose. He probably has to beat all sorts of girls off with a stick.

YF: No I don't!

PSSST "LOOKS LIKE THERE'S TROUBLE IN PARADISE"

Ayako: Can you tone it down a little with the megaphone, Lorena? We're all standing right next to each other.

PSSST "I'LL TRY TO USE MY INSIDE VOICE, AYAKO"

CR: Now look here... you all came in here making more noise than a Baltimore clambake and Betty's trying to focus on her match.

[Kimmy waves her hand dismissively.]

KB: Aw, come on, we didn't mean anything by it. We just wanted to wish her good luck. The Lariatos...

PSSST "LARIATOS!"

Ayako and Molly: LARIATOS!

[Ayako elbows Yoshi in the ribs.]

YF: *Sigh* ...Lariatos.

[She is not impressed by Yoshi's unenthusiastic effort.]

Ayako: Disgraceful.

PSSST "NEEDS WORK, YOSHI"

KB: ... got a match too. We don't need distractions either. Like that one gal that was getting her dander up about us earlier. What the heck was her problem?

BC: Oh yeah, I saw that! You two really cheesed off Margie.

[Kimmy looks at Betty with confusion.]

KB: Who?

Ayako: Margarita Flores. She might still be holding a grudge because I injured her at SuperClash.

KB: Then what the heck's she mad at me for? I was off in Japan durin' that! I swear, this whole place has got a buncha folks hotter than a bottle rocket in July and can't let nothin' go.

[Kimmy reaches back and gives Molly an ear scratch.]

KB: I mean, you think Victoria June's still gonna try to whack me with some kinda object like she did Casey because she's still got a grudge against the kitty cat here? Sheesh! Now I got someone who is sayin' to buy her merch instead of ours because you busted her up real good?

[Kimmy looks over at Lorena.]

KB: You think we can get a cut of her merch check since she's using our name to try and sell her goods?

[Lorena gives a thumbs up as Charity throws her hands up in exasperation.]

CR: Look here, sister, I'm just gonna' say it one more time... can you take the static to another hen coop?

[Kimmy, not really understanding what Charity just said, turns to Betty.]

KB: Hey Bets, who's the skirt with the screen door on her face?

BC: Oh, I guess you two haven't really met yet. This is Charity. Charity Rockwell.

[Kimmy chuckles.]

KB: There's no way that's your real name.

PSSST "SOUNDS MADE UP TO ME, SIS"

KB: Right? I don't think you should trust her, Bets... she's got a fake name.

CR: Excuse me?

BC: But don't you have a fake name?

KB: That's completely different! For one thing, I'll tell ya my name's fake. For another, if I go around bein' called Bailey Martinelli...

PSSST "MARTINELLI-VASQUEZ."

KB: ... y'all might compare me to some unsavory elements.

[Everyone involuntarily shudders.]

BC: But I don't think having a fake name means anything bad. I mean, my name isn't really Betty.

Everyone: WHAT!?

KB: Then what the heck is your name!?

BC: Xiulin.

KB: How the heck did you get "Betty" from that!?"

YF: I... think it's a beautiful name.

[Betty blushes.]

BC: Really!? I mean... really.

[Remembering she's supposed to be mad at Yoshi, she fights the urge to swoon and turns away from Yoshi and his high cheekbones and his unruly long locks of hair.]

CR: ENOUGH! Betty needs to concentrate on her match, folks. I think it's time for all of us to twenty-three skidoo. Especially you, loverboy.

[Charity shoves Yoshi right out the door.]

KB: Hey, don't be so rough on him. He's delicate.

CR: You gotta' go too, lovergirl.

[Charity tries to shove Kimmy, but finds the solid tree trunk of muscle that is Kimmy Bailey, to be completely unmovable.]

KB: I ain't against this or nothin', it kinda tickles.

[Charity is pushing with all her might.]

KB: Fine, we'll go. Come on, Ayako, we got a match to prepare for.

[The Lariatos and Molly Bell make their exit, as Lorena Vasquez stops at the doorway, turns around and speaks into her megaphone one last time.]

PSSST "IF YOU TWO EVER NEED A MANAGER, LOOK ME UP!"

[Charity Rockwell shakes her head as the 14 year old Vasquez spawn scampers away. She then takes out a Japanese paper fan and snaps it open, fanning herself.]

BC: Are you going to be alright?

CR: It's hotter than h-e-double hockey sticks in here. My goodness... I believe I will take my leave and let you concentrate on your match.

BC: Are you sure?

CR: Don't worry about me, Betty. Just keep your mind focused on your match.

[Charity exits, finally leaving Betty Chang completely alone and in peace... so, of course, she's interrupted almost immediately.]

"Knock knock!"

[It's a male voice, that much we can tell. Whoever this is doesn't wait for permission before he opens the door. The door opens and into frame pops the face of someone Betty wasn't at all expecting. It's not one of her friends, nor one of her antagonists connected to E-Girl MAX. Instead, it's a relatively new member of the AWA roster, formerly the Bachelor on ABC and now an unexpected presence here in...

Ricky Heartbreaker.

Not at all expecting him to show up and clearly confused as to why he's there, Chang gives Ricky a puzzled look.]

RH: Really sorry, I won't take much of your time. It's Betty, right?

BC(still confused): Um, yes?

RH: I know you've got that big match with Casey Cash, and I know she's trying to get under your skin. I've been watching some of your stuff, you know, just trying to get the lay of the land in a new company.

[There's still confusion in her expression, but it's now joined with something else. Curiosity, perhaps?]

BC: You've been watching me?

[Ricky smiles broadly, a smile that doesn't exactly convey sincerity but, one must admit, is quite disarming and not unpleasant to look at.]

RH: I've got a good eye, and I know talent when I see it. And with you? I like what I see.

[It's hard to read how much a double meaning is meant there, but probably at least a little. Betty reacts involuntarily, blushing just a little bit as she tries to figure out how to react to... all of whatever this is.]

RH: So I just wanted to tell you, you've got this! I've seen you wrestle, I know what you can do - and I just want you to be in the right headspace for Casey. Because if you are?

I'd bet on you to take that winner's purse tonight. Ten times out of ten. You got this.

[The smile gets a bit wider and a bit warmer. Still caught off guard, Betty tries to stammer out an appropriate response.]

BC: I'm... I mean... Thank you. Really, thank you. Maybe I needed to hear that.

RH: Anytime! And I was just thinking, after you take care of business tonight, I'd love to pick your brain about some in ring strategy. You know, just really get into the weeds. Hit me up and maybe we could chat down at catering sometime.

[You miss one hundred percent of the shots you don't take, they say, and Heartbreaker is definitely taking a shot here. Is this one going to miss? Well, not immediately, it would seem, as Betty's definitely less frustrated in her body language than when Ricky first knocked. She looks pensive, uncertain, and pauses a moment before answering.]

BC: I... might do that sometime. I'll let you know.

[If not getting a clear "Yes" bothers Ricky, he doesn't let it show. He starts to walk back out the door, waving goodbye and leaving a parting comment.]

RH: I'll look forward to it! See you around!

[He's out of the room entirely now, having left the door open just a crack, when Chang blurts out at a slightly louder than normal voice...]

BC: Thanks for the nice words, Ricky!

[We cut away from a final shot of Betty Chang, plopping down on the bench, covering both cheeks with her hands, with a look of mild disbelief on her face...

...and with one more flash of the ACCESS logo, we end up back to live action at the interview podium where Mariah Wolfe and Sweet Daddy Williams are standing, both with a grin on their faces.]

MW: Well, the unwelcome appearance of Ricky Heartbreaker aside, Sweet Daddy, Betty Chang certainly seems ready for what's to come later tonight when she has that much-anticipated rematch with Casey Cash.

SDW: And where Casey Cash goes, you know E-Girl MAX isn't far behind.

MW: Absolutely not... but someone who WILL be far behind is Masks For Money because after the events of earlier tonight, both of those masked men have been shown the door by AWA security by order of Interim President Zharkov who is watching tonight's show from his home.

BW: With Derrick Williams in that 8 person mixed tag later tonight, that seems like a good idea to keep that match from blowing up.

MW: A very good idea, Ess-Dee-Dub. But that's later tonight so right now, let's go back down to the ring for more action!

[We fade to the ring to Megumi Sato.]

MS: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first...

[The lights go down, and the piercing two-note guitar intro to Horrified's "Deus Diabolus Inversus" rings out. The words "BAD SEED" flash on the screen.]

MS: From Black River Falls, Wisconsin.... weighing in at 213 pounds...

He is "THE BAAAAAAD SEEEEEEEEEEEEED"...

DAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAMIAAAAAAAAAAAAAAN....

DEVILLE!

DEUS

[DeVille steps out from behind the curtain and into the aisle, his face utterly devoid of emotion. His long black hair, shaved at both sides, is pulled and tied back. His lean, muscular upper body is a portfolio of dark tattoo work, befitting of a young man who once fronted a black metal band. He wears plain black fight shorts, knee pads and boots, and a sleeveless black leather jacket.]

DEUS DIABOLUS INVERSUS

[He stalks slowly down the aisle as the growled, repetitive mantra of the song continues.]

LD: Ben, thoughts on what little we've seen of this young man thus far?

BW: He's a strange one. He's shown flashes of potential when dominating undermatched opponents, but looked out of his depth when he faced Jordan Ohara.

[Reaching the ring, DeVille slips off the jacket, lays it on the ring steps and slides into the ring on his belly, springing to his feet.]

MS: And his opponent, already in the ring... hailing from Dongan Hills, Staten Island, New York... weighing in at 215 pounds... Jimmy Conti!

[Conti is an unremarkable physical specimen, neither skinny nor doughy, not particularly muscular and has the charisma of a cold cut sandwich from his family's deli. He has a greasy combover and a wispy pornstache, and patches of body hair. He gets a somewhat sarcastic cheer as he salutes the fans, which he responds to with a Italian-American hand gesture.]

BW: Charming!

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: And we're off.

[DeVille bursts from his corner, unleashing a blistering combination of punches and kicks that catch the hapless Conti off guard.]

LD: Damien DeVille wastes no time in showcasing his lethal striking skills, Ben. It's important to remember that this guy competed at the very highest level as a kickboxer after his music career... faltered.

BW: "Faltered". That's a very interesting and tactful way of describing how he went completely off the rails.

LD: He doesn't deny that he made some mistakes. But he is still a young guy.

BW: He's a cocky little punk for someone who hasn't achieved the sum total of jack yet.

[Conti tries to close the distance and tie up DeVille, but The Bad Seed's superior footwork and agility keeps him at bay.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[He lands a stinging front kick to Conti's midsection, doubling him over in pain.]

LD: Conti's gonna feel that in the morning!

[Sensing his opponent's vulnerability, DeVille unleashes a barrage of punishing kicks, targeting Conti's thighs and ribs with pinpoint accuracy.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[DeVille backs off and turns to showboat to the fans, allowing his opponent a moment to recuperate.]

BW: A little bit of a sadistic streak on display. He's just toying with this guy. This match could have been over at any point in the last two minutes.

[Conti desperately tries to mount an offense, charging desperately at DeVille, but the younger man's speed and precision are simply too much to handle and he steps aside and chops Conti down with a vicious spinning kick to the back of the leg.]

LD: I'd be surprised if Conti lasts another two minutes, Ben.

[DeVille lands a devastating roundhouse kick flush to Conti's jaw, sending him crashing to the mat in a dazed heap.]

LD: In any other form of combat, the referee would have stepped in and stopped this already. Conti is completely outmatched against this dangerous individual.

[The crowd erupts in cheers as DeVille methodically stalks his prey]

BW: Conti struggles to his feet once again.

LD: And DeVille unleashes another flurry of strikes!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Conti drops to his knees, barely conscious.]

LD: DeVille looks like he's setting up to end this punishment.

[DeVille races into the ropes and launches himself at Conti, nailing The Omen, his knee connecting squarely with Conti's jaw. The impact is sickening, and Conti crumples to the canvas, out cold.]

LD: And DeVille covers with his knee on Conti's chest and I'm afraid this one is academic, Ben.

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: DeVille gets the three count, but if we're being honest, the referee could count to fifty and Johnny Meatballs here would still be sawing logs in la-la land.

LD: DeVille picking up another victory tonight without breaking a sweat, and he's standing by with Mariah and Sweet Daddy to give us his thoughts.

BW: That might be a short conversation...

[We cut to the interview podium where "The Bad Seed" is standing with Mariah and Sweet Daddy.]

SDW: Damian DeVille, welcome to Showtime!

[DeVille simply nods.]

MW: Congratulations on another quick win tonight, Damian. Obviously, we're aware of your considerable experience in the kickboxing world, but how are you finding the transition to professional wrestling at the highest level?

[DeVille points back to the ring.]

DD: Let's just get something straight. That schlub they're carrying out of here isn't "the highest level" of anything except maybe poor personal hygiene.

But I didn't come here to knock out bums off the street. I'm here to fight the best of the best.

SDW: Some people might just suggest that you've tried that already, and it didn't work out too good for ya, baby.

[DeVille glares at him.]

DD: I've had one fight against an established star here - in my pro wrestling debut, I hasten to add - and I held my own. I'm above fighting bums like that guy you just saw me demolish. I'm ready to take on whoever you guys line up for me.

[Sweet Daddy looks him up and down and smirks.]

SDW:Hm. Alright, we'll see.

[DeVille glares at the veteran.]

DD: I've had enough of this crap!

[He turns, pointing to the camera.]

DD: Give me some damn competition and put some respect on my name.

[He storms past Mariah and Sweet Daddy, still muttering.]

MW: Damian DeVille certainly with a chip on his shoulder here tonight, searching for his next opponent... and begging the office to make it someone he feels is worth fighting.

SDW: Rookies don't get to pick their opponents, baby... the kid should be grateful he's booked on the show at all. Pay your dues, DeVille... pay your damn dues.

[Williams looks irritated as he turns away.]

MW: Well, speaking of paying your dues, our next two legends participating in Selection Saturday have paid a lifetime of dues and were both so honored and thrilled to help us out with this... let's take a look at their selection videos now..

[We fade from the live shot to a pre-recorded piece of footage that shows the legendary Karl O'Connor standing in front of an empty ring in what appears to be a training gym somewhere. He grins at the camera.]

KOC: Hello, AWA fans! It's been a while since I've had the chance to talk to you all like this and... well, I'm here to say... I'm back! I'm retaking the job running the place and...

[He trails off with a chuckle and a wave of his hand.]

KOC: Just kidding. This oldtimer has had his day in the sun and loved every minute of it... but that's not the job for me anymore. These days, I'm happy to sit here in my gym and help train the superstars of tomorrow.

[O'Connor nods.]

KOC: But when the AWA asked me to take part in this Selection Saturday gimmick, I couldn't turn that down. This Royal Crown tournament... the way it's been explained to me... is about opportunity. It's about taking guys who might not always get the big chance to succeed and opening that door for them. So, while as a trainer, you might be expecting me to pick some hot new rookies like Odysseus Allah or Damian DeVille, I went the other way with it. I went out and looked for some overlooked veterans who the world might not consider for something like this.

[He pauses.]

KOC: My first pick for this has certainly enjoyed his share of success over the years... but for the past couple of years, he's been almost exclusively a tag team wrestler. But I know what he can do in there as a singles competitor and now I want AWA fans all over the world to know too. My first selection is Joe Flint!

[A graphic comes up showing Joe Flint's image being added to Tony Donovan and Sid Osborne in the Royal Crown field.]

KOC: And my second...

[O'Connor chuckles.]

KOC: My second pick is... well, probably a little unusual because if I know this guy - and believe me, I do - he's more interested in money than any kind of title or honor... but show him the paycheck he gets if he wins this thing, and he'll get interested right quick. He's a mean and nasty grizzled old vet... just the way I like 'em. Smasher Salazar is my second pick for the tournament!

[And now Salazar's picture is added to Flint, Donovan, and Osborne.]

KOC: That's what I've got. I can't wait to see this tournament go down and I hope my choices do me proud.

[With a smile and a wave, O'Connor's image disappears...

...and is replaced by the big bear-like form of "Big" Jim Watkins who has a huge smile on his own face. The footage looks like it was captured last weekend at the Tenth Anniversary Show backstage.]

JW: It's been a wild night here in New Orleans and now y'all want me to pick two people to jump into this Royal Crown tournament you're puttin' together. I like it! I do! Two guys who are gettin' a big, big chance at fortune and glory... hmmm.

[Watkins taps his chin a few times... and then snaps his fingers.]

JW: Well, look... I heard a guy lately sayin' how he's dedicating 2018 to winning AWA championship gold... and while this Royal Crown may not be an official title, it might go a long way to helpin' him get to that goal... and gold too! Shadoe Rage... the Savior of the AWA... he gets my first pick.

[The graphic comes up with Rage being added to Salazar, Flint, Donovan, and Osborne.]

JW: And for my second pick... let's go with a guy who is on his way to a big featured match at Memorial Day Mayhem... but deserves the chance to fight in front of his home country representing the company who helped make him famous. Raphael Rhodes, show me what you can do!

[And one more graphic comes up adding Rhodes... as we fade back out to the announce desk where Lori and Ben are seated.]

LD: Wow! What a quartet added to the mix by Karl O'Connor and "Big" Jim Watkins, Ben!

BW: It's not often that you see senile old fossils make a valuable contribution but these aren't half bad. Four very tough competitors... all hungry for a big chance to shine... and I think they'll bring something to the table that this tournament needs.

LD: So, we're going to hear more selections for the women a little later but right now, we've got six of our eight selections on the men's side... Raphael Rhodes, Shadoe Rage, Joe Flint, Smasher Salazar, Tony Donovan, and Sid Osborne. That's quite the group, Ben.

BW: It is... and I can't wait to see who Zharkov decides to put together in these first round matches.

LD: There are some potential classics in there for sure. Now, coming up in our next match, we've got a rematch from a few weeks ago with Betty Chang set to take on Casey Cash in one on one action and even though Cash was unable to get karate

banned from this match, you'd have to imagine that she's better prepared for her feisty young opponent tonight.

BW: She could be... or she could be nursing a week-long hangover from the EGM party celebrating their tag titles.

LD: Only one way to find out, I suppose. Megumi Sato, the floor is yours!

[We fade from the announce table to the ring where Sato is standing.]

MS: Our next match is in the Women's Division, set for one fall with a 20 minute time limit! Introducing first...

[Sato shakes her head, but continues on.]

MS: Hailing from "the greatest city in the world", Baltimore, Maryland, she weighs 141 pounds... she is a member of E-Girl MAX, and she is the "Charm City Cutie"...

CAAAAAAAAAAAAAASEYYYYYYYYYYYYYY
CAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASHHHHHHHHHHH!

WOOOOOOOOOOO!

["1 of 1" by SHINee plays over the sound system as "Charm City Cutie" Casey Cash gleefully strides from the entrance to a loud set of shrieks and cheers from the teen girls in the audience, though they are quickly drowned out by louder boos. Her heart-shaped glasses over her eyes for a change, she is wearing an orange Under Armour sweatshirt, along with leg-length tights in the design of the Maryland state flag, only in orange, black, and white instead of red, yellow, and black. She is also wearing black boots with orange laces.]

LD: I expected Casey Cash to look a little more dour with the way she's been pouting about this match, Ben. She's been calling the AWA offices all week, trying to get Interim President Zharkov to reconsider his decision to allow karate in this contest.

BW: She's got a point, though! She brought forth a rulebook saying it was illegal, she proved that the karate rule wasn't repealed, and Zharkov just dismissed her very valid concerns!

LD: Since when do you care about the rules?

BW: Since I got some free gear from Under Armour.

LD: I didn't know you could be bought off so easily.

BW: You didn't see the dollar figure on the check in the sweatshirt's pocket.

[As Casey climbs into the ring, she removes her sunglasses, then her sweatshirt, revealing a sports bra top that matches her tights, as well as several black and orange Under Armour sweatbands on her wrists, and black Under Armour elbowpads. She fishes around in the kangaroo pocket of the sweatshirt, producing a piece of paper, and carries it over to Shari Miranda, frantically pointing at it.]

LD: Oh lordy, what now.

BW: Hey, she told Mariah that the legal team was working on something all the way up to bell time. Maybe they cracked the case.

LD: Well, as she debates with the arbiter, let's go back up to Megumi for the introduction of her opponent.

[Sato continues.]

MS: And her opponent... hailing from Seattle, Washington... she weighs 112 pounds...

BETTTTTTTTTYYYYY CHAAAAAAAAAANNNNNNNG!

["Blue Water Blue Sky" by Daisuke Ishiwatari, from the Guilty Gear X2 soundtrack, begins to play over as the crowd cheers at the appearance of Betty Chang. The young martial artist is dressed in the same attire we saw her in earlier: A white martial arts gi worn over her wrestling gear which consists of a short red vest that comes down to her ribcage with embroidered dragons on the front and a black unitard underneath. Her hair is styled in Chinese "ox horn" buns and tied in red ribbons. As she walks past the camera, we see the back of her gi, which reads "CHANG ACADEMY" over a logo of a phoenix and dragon depicted as yin and yang. Betty slaps the hands of the fans as she makes her way down to the ring.]

LD: Betty Chang has always been popular with our younger fans, Ben, but ever since joining up with Charity Rockwell as the Flapper Doodles, the fans have really latched onto that pairing! They've been quite the exciting duo on our live events lately.

BW: There's something about Charity Rockwell that just creeps me out. Aside from that there's four of her running around.

LD: Charity may be eccentric, but she's a welcome addition to the AWA roster - although she's not out here for this encounter, choosing to let her partner fight her own battles against Casey Cash.

BW: And that's a little foolish. Never let your ally leave their back uncovered. You think the rest of E-Girl MAX doesn't have Casey's best interest in mind?

LD: Oh no... who let her have a microphone?

[As Betty climbs into the ring, we see the source of Lori's aggravation - Casey Cash has commandeered the microphone from Megumi Sato, and is trying to get Shari Miranda to read the paper she brought into the ring.]

CC: Look! It says it plain as day - "no karate"!

[Miranda shrugs, and her response is picked up by the microphone.]

SM: Looks like "he kapate" to me.

CC: Oh my gosh, that's because it's in Russian! Because Zharkov speaks Russian! Of course the note's in Russian!

[Miranda shakes her head.]

SM: Zharkov's gotta be the one to tell me.

CC: This is as good as... oh, why am I bothering with you!

[Casey puts the microphone down, then holds up the note to an unimpressed Betty, who has her arms folded. Casey shouts "READ IT! READ THIS! NO KARATE!"]

LD: I can't believe she's still trying to get this scheme across! Who wrote that note for her, anyway?

BW: Hey, never give up on trying to take away your opponent's biggest weapon, Dane!

LD: The last time we saw these two match up, Casey Cash nearly had a panic attack and shoved Shari Miranda - who was randomly assigned this match, much to Casey's protest - to get herself disqualified, so needless to say, she wants no part of Betty Chang's karate.

[Cash continues to hold up the note, demanding that Chang cease with all karate activity, when Betty suddenly raises her knee and snaps out a kick at Cash, before slowly lowering her leg. Cash starts to cackle.]

"HA! WAS THAT SUPPOSED TO SCARE ME?! YOU DIDN'T EVEN TOUCH-"

[The shrieking stops when suddenly the note splits in half to a huge roar from the crowd, as Cash's jaw drops. Chang performs a quick kata, as Cash stumbles backwards, then rushes over to Shari Miranda, shouting once again.]

"YOU NEED TO CHECK HER! SHE SMUGGLED IN A KNIFE IN HER BOOT!"

LD: Oh come on! A knife?!

BW: I wouldn't put it past her! After some of the encounters she's had here in the AWA, she might need all the help she can get!

LD: Betty Chang is one of the smaller competitors in the AWA Women's Division, but she absolutely has the one of the biggest hearts, and she's not afraid to stand up to a bully like Casey Cash.

[Shari Miranda ignores Cash's protests, signaling for the bell as Casey loudly says this is like the most unfair thing ever.]

BW: Forgetting something, Dane?

LD: I was getting to it. Folks, this match is brought to you by our friends at Under Armour, proud supporters of women's athletics and E-Girl MAX. Under Armour - I Will.

[An Under Armour logo appears on the lower right side of the screen, as fans start to chant for Betty Chang. Casey Cash rolls her eyes and puts her hand up, shouting "Let's see how strong you are!"]

LD: Looks like Casey Cash wants to start this one with a test of strength.

BW: That might be the right choice. She's several inches taller and almost thirty pounds heavier than Chang is, so maybe she shows she's the stronger of the two and that can give her a psychological edge.

LD: For those wondering about why Casey's attire is black and orange instead of the usual Maryland flag colors, she is very excited about the upcoming baseball season and supporting her beloved Baltimore Orioles. She told me that last year's season was a fluke and they'll be back to their winning ways in 2018.

BW: They have had a pretty good spring training so far, Dane. Maybe she's got a point.

[Chang slowly laces her fingers with Cash's, and surprisingly, there is no sneaky trick involved as the two try to match power with each other via a test of strength. It is a test that Cash seems to win at first...]

"HA! YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE!"

[... until Betty Chang uses momentum to dip her head underneath Cash's arm, taking her over with a double-wrist armsault!]

LD: Look at that, Ben! That leverage-based maneuver by the black belt takes down Casey Cash!

BW: Don't give her that much credit, Dane, her belt in judo is only a brown belt!

LD: I meant more along the lines of other disciplines of martial arts, but still, she has quite a lot of skill at using her opponent's momentum against her!

[Cash finds that out first hand as she gets up, right into another hip throw by Chang. She quickly gets to her feet, but seeing Chang's raised leg sends the Baltimore native scrambling to the outside.]

LD: And Casey Cash is calling for a timeout here!

BW: And she should get one! This can't be going to plan!

LD: Well, her father may have gotten Under Armour to spend some of their advertising dollars on the show, but that doesn't mean she can just stop the action whenever she wants!

BW: Doesn't look like Chang's giving chase though.

[Chang stands in the middle of the ring, staring at the flustered Cash with mild annoyance, as Casey does a few toe touches to limber up, taking as much of Shari Miranda's count as possible.]

LD: Come on, this is a wrestling match. All of these stretches should have been done in the comfort of your locker room, Casey.

BW: It's well within her rights to take the count on the floor if she wants. As long as she's back in by the count of ten, that's perfectly her choice.

[Miranda's count reaches seven, and Cash climbs up onto the apron, dismissively flicking her wrist and demanding that Chang be kept away. Chang, however, has not moved from her spot in the middle of the ring, almost in a meditative state.]

LD: Betty Chang trying to keep her cool here, as Casey Cash may be seeing things that don't exist. I don't know who she's telling Shari Miranda to back off, but it can't be Betty.

BW: Hey, you never know when your opponent might try to run at you while you're climbing in. She's just asking for a fair chance to get back in.

LD: It's highly unlikely that someone of Betty Chang's high moral fiber would do such a thing.

[Miranda shakes her head, performatively holding out her hand to an unmoving Chang and waving Cash back in. Cash, delighted with finally getting the slightest show of preferential treatment, joyfully climbs back in, shouting "That was a warmup! Now I'm really ready! You're in for it!"]

LD: If she's been warming up all this time, and after what happened to her four weeks ago, she's got a heck of a way to warm up.

BW: Who are you to question how someone warms up?

LD: I co-own the company.

BW: Explains how you got this gig.

[Lori can't help but chuckle as Casey shouts "How about we try a lockup?", and Chang sighs, before nodding her head. The two get into a collar-and-elbow grip, when Cash slams her elbow into Chang's stomach, causing her to double over and gasp for breath. Cash quickly uses a snapmare to take Chang down to a seated position, and then, with a shout of "I've got her now, baby!", applies a chinlock.]

LD: A little early for this sort of hold, don't you think?

BW: I don't. Cash is going to make her carry 141 pounds of weight by leaning against her back on this hold, and considering Betty Chang is 112 pounds - which includes the bricks in her pockets when she got on the scale - that's a lot of weight for her to carry. Chang's going to wear out quickly under this kind of pressure.

LD: The chinlock is a weardown hold, true, but I don't know.

[Cash looks around, sniffing the air, then looks down at Chang. She loudly asks "Is that scent Jessica Simpson's 'Fancy'!?" Shari Miranda can be seen rolling her eyes, and Betty Chang lets out a growl as she reaches up to try and pry away Cash's arm. Cash cackles, shouting "Britney Spears' 'Fantasy' is much better!", then cranks the chinlock, causing Chang to shriek.]

LD: I was not expecting a perfume analysis during this contest.

BW: You never know what you're going to get during a match with one of these E-Girl MAX women. I guess that's why you don't understand them!

LD: I understand them just fine, Ben. I understand that they are arrogant jerks!

[Cash slams another elbow onto the top of Chang's head, causing the teen girl fans to cheer with delight, then immediately get drowned out by boos.]

LD: Casey Cash trying to take it to Betty Chang's head here.

BW: And she's not going to get the credit for that strategy, either, but that's really smart. One of the things that helps with leverage like Betty Chang uses is having your equilibrium, and Casey Cash is trying to rattle her. If she manages to dizzy Chang, then Chang's not going to have that strong base to take Cash off her feet.

LD: I hope for Betty Chang's case that she's prepared for that.

[Cash goes to drive another elbow in, but just as she loosens her grip, Chang thrusts her hips up, pulling herself to a standing position, then twists Cash's wrist around, sending Cash spiraling through the air with a wrist throw and crashing to the mat with a resounding thud! The crowd roars, cheering for Betty, as she shakes out the cobwebs while Casey holds her lower back in shock!]

LD: Betty Chang escapes from the hold!

BW: Using more of that illegal karate, I see! I hope Casey Cash gets her daddy's lawyers on this case if she loses and gets the match thrown out!

LD: You can't seriously tell me you believed that note.

BW: It was in Russian. Zharkov's Russian. The facts don't lie, Dane, and that spells disaster for AWA legal.

[Chang goes to grab Cash by the wrist again for another throw, but Cash swats Chang's hands away. Cash tries to drive a boot into Chang's gut, but...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Chang uses her foot to block, tethering Cash's ankle! Cash shrieks, as the two stand there with their legs intertwined. Betty grins, yelling "I got you now!" At a stunned Casey Cash, who hops around on one foot.]

LD: What a unique counter by Betty Chang!

[Casey screams "Oh my gosh, what's happening!?" as Betty uses her own leg to twist Cash's leg around, causing the "Charm City Cutie" to drop to the mat face-first!]

BW: You've got me, Dane, I've never seen anything like that one before!

LD: And it looks like she's going for a STF as well!

[Chang looks to apply the facelock, but Cash quickly scurries to the edge of the ring, hugging the bottom rope and shouting "Get her away from me!"]

LD: Betty didn't even get the STF fully applied, but Casey Cash scrambled to the ropes as quick as she could.

BW: Can you blame her? Would you just lay there and let someone apply a STF to you?

LD: No, I-

BW: So why should Casey Cash?

LD: I was going to say that was a good point, but Casey Cash hasn't exactly shown the most willingness to fight in this match. From her antics beforehand to now, it's all highly questionable.

[Miranda backs Chang away once again, and motions for Cash to get to her feet. Cash shouts "TELL HER TO KNOCK IT OFF WITH THE KARATE!", and Miranda shakes her head. Cash's face transforms into a scowl, and...]

LD: Wait! No! What is she doing?!

[... she slides to the floor, walking up the aisle!]

BW: She's walking out, Dane!

LD [yelling at Cash]: Get back in there, you coward!

[Cash keeps walking, shaking her head, shouting "I TOLD THEM, NO KARATE!" at the camera trailing her. Within seconds, she walks through the entrance, leaving the arena. Back in the ring, Betty Chang looks dismayed, shouting "Are you kidding me!?" at Cash as she watches her exit.]

LD: I can't believe this!

BW: I don't even know if what Chang did was karate, to be honest.

LD: Casey Cash got overwhelmed by Betty Chang yet again, and looked for an excuse to get out of this match! And by golly, she found one!

BW: I don't think she's coming back.

[Miranda's count is at seven, as Betty Chang pleads with Miranda to stop the count.]

LD: And look at this, Ben. Betty doesn't want to win this way!

BW: Yeah, but if she gives chase to Casey Cash, she's going to get counted out too!

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: And that does it, Shari Miranda's count has hit ten. Unbelievable.

MS: Your winner of the match, as the result of a countout... BETTTTTTTTTYYYYY
CHAAAAAAAAANNNNNNNG!

[Miranda goes to raise Betty Chang's hand, but Chang shakes her head, saying she doesn't deserve the win. Miranda nods, leaving the ring, and Chang bows to the fans on each side of the ring, almost in apology.]

LD: Betty Chang is absolutely upset about the way this turned out. First an intentional disqualification last month, now an intentional countout.

BW: Casey Cash said she wanted karate banned, and she meant it, Dane. I guess we'll see just how legitimate that note from Zharkov was.

LD: My guess is "not legitimate at all". Poor Betty, though. She wanted to win this one and finally put Casey past her, and this can't have settled anything for her.

BW: Well, she'll have to get used to disappointment. Either she plays by Casey Cash's rules, or I guess she doesn't play at all.

LD: Fans, we're going to take a quick break and when we come back, it'll be more Women's Division action with the leader of the Slam Sorority, Laura Davis, in action!

[Chang waves to the fans again as we fade to black.

After a moment, the ESPN 30 For 30 logo comes up on the screen with the words "COMING IN EARLY 2018."

We come up on a shot of Lori Dane - a talking head shot.]

LD: They told me repeatedly - "there's no room for women's wrestling in the AWA." It wasn't even up for debate really. I mean... I wasn't surprised. Look at what happened in the E.

[We get a brief still photo publicity photo shot of "Luscious" Lori Dane holding the EMWC Women's Title.]

LD: Yeah, I held the title but for the life of you, could anyone remember who I beat for it? Or if I even defended it on TV? I was a house show gimmick. Someone they could trot out there to get whistled at and make the guys drop money for bikini 8X10s at intermission.

[Cut to a talking head of former AWA competitor Melissa Cannon.]

MC: Most of the talented women's wrestlers in the 80s and 90s were in Japan. There were a handful here but for every Jessica Starbird, you had an "Erotic" Erin. For every Lori Dane, a Satin Sheets. The women in the States were being treated as a sideshow and everyone knew it. The Throbbing Mattress Kittens? Give me a [BLEEPING] break!

[Cut to Laura Davis with a smirk on her face.]

LD: The UWF took it pretty seriously but very few other places did. Even the so-called biggest promotions on the planet didn't give us the time of day. Hell, some of the best women were better in the ring than the top men at times... but you'd never know it by the way they promoted us.

[Back to Dane.]

LD: I was a friggin' co-owner of the company and I still couldn't get it done for a long damn time. But when it changed...

[Dane raises her eyebrows as we fade to a graphic that says "THE BIRTH OF THE AWA WOMEN'S DIVISION."

The "Coming Soon" graphic returns for a moment before we go back to black...

...and then fade back up on the ring where we see a young woman with short brown hair, dressed in a black top, tights and wrestling boots, raising her arms to the crowd.]

LD: Welcome back to Showtime, fans... and already in the ring, we have Janice Ryder, who is getting a tryout tonight against the woman we saw earlier.

BW: Can you imagine what must be going through this woman's head, knowing she is about to face one of the greatest women in professional wrestling?

LD: There is no denying Laura Davis' talent, but there's also no denying her ego, an ego that is quite comparable to yours, Ben.

BW: And is that supposed to be a bad thing, Lori? If anything, Laura has earned that ego, much as I have in my time as a manager and will earn the same as a commentator!

[The lights dim and the opening chords of Jorge Quintero's "300 Violin Orchestra" play over the PA system. Up on the video screens, a scrambled image comes up and, as the violins reach the crescendo, the image forms words that simply read:

"DAVIS #1"

Then, as the orchestral music starts up again, two spotlights hit the entranceway and, standing there is Laura Davis. She has her back toward the crowd, her arms spread to the sides. She is wearing a red, white and blue track suit, and on the back on her jacket in blue lettering are the same letters on the video screens.

"DAVIS #1"]

LD: As I said before, a talented woman with an ego to match. But as Steve Rogers mentioned earlier, Carolina Colton and Trish Wallace have yet to arrive in the building due to travel issues.

BW: You heard what Laura said too... she trusts them but she doesn't absolutely need them to get the job done in the ring. What makes you think that the Slam Sorority's absence is going to have any effect in this match?

LD: Well, I don't know that it will at all. Laura Davis is certainly more than capable of competing in a one-on-one match...

[Davis then turns around, a serious look etched on her face. The woman with brown, shoulder-length hair pulled behind her head and with brown eyes, lowers her arms, and walks down the aisle, her gaze fixed on the ring ahead, the spotlights following her.

But then, another individual suddenly enters the spotlights to a ROAR from the crowd!]

LD: WAIT A MINUTE!

[And that individual comes rushing forward, smashing Davis in the back of the neck with a clothesline, a blow that sends her tumbling facefirst down the staircase leading from the stage to the ring!]

LD: THAT'S LAURYN RAGE!

BW: LAURYN'S COMING!

[Davis is sprawled out on the floor, the crowd roaring as the former World Champion stands atop the stage, looking down at her. She starts shouting at her downed foe...]

LR: Okay, Laura, you're doin' all that talkin'! Lauryn's here! Lauryn's listenin'!

[Rage stomps angrily down the steps.]

BW: We've been hearing for weeks that Lauryn's coming... and now she's here in Atlanta and we're gonna need security out here, Dane!

LD: We sure are! Lauryn Rage has been unleashed and I'm not sure anyone can stop her now!

[Dragging Davis to her feet on the floor, Rage shakes her head as the lights come back up and the music stops...]

LR: What you got t'say, Davis? What you got to say?

[...and Davis responds with a stiff forearm to the jaw of Rage, knocking her back a few steps to sit down on the staircase!]

LD: OHH! Davis returns the favor! It looks like Rage decided not to wait for Davis to make a move against her here tonight and is taking the fight to her now! But Laura Davis is showing us that she's game for a fight if that's what Rage wants!

BW: And she's doing it without Colton and Wallace here!

LD: I thought you said Laura Davis could handle things herself... in fact, Davis said so as well!

[Davis lunges at Rage, tackling her back into the stairs where they tangle up as the Atlanta crowd ROARS louder for the fight!]

BW: Don't you get smart with me, Dane! Lauryn Rage has no business being out here, and if she's not careful, she may find out how well Davis can handle herself!

[Davis grabs Rage by the hair, trying to smash her head down onto the steel staircase but Rage grabs two hands full of Davis' hair, using it to roll her over onto her back!]

LD: Well, I'd say this match is over before it even starts... but the fight's just begun!

[Rage smashes her fist down between the eyes of Davis once... twice... three times as the fans ROAR!]

LD: RAGE IS ALL OVER HER!

[Rage drags Davis off the stairs by the hair, sweeping an arm to clear people out of her way...]

LD: Look out, Megumi!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[...and SMASHES Davis' face down into the wooden timekeeper's table at ringside as our new ring announcer scampers out of the way to safety!]

LD: Welcome to the AWA, Megumi Sato!

[Rage grabs the hair, looking to do it again...

...but this time, Davis extends her arms, planting her palms on the table to block the faceslam!]

LD: Davis blocks and- ohh! Boot to the gut by Davis!

[Davis delivers a hard two-handed shove, smashing the small of Rage's back into the edge of the ring apron!]

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

LD: RAGE'S BACK MEETS APRON!

[Pushing Rage against the apron, Davis drives her knee up into the midsection once... twice... three times...]

LD: Davis turning the tide and showing her vicious side!

BW: What else would you expect, Dane, after getting ambushed like that! Now, Lauryn keeps saying she's coming, but now, we're finding out what happens when Davis answers that!

[Davis grabs Rage by the hair, dragging her away from the ring back towards the staircase...]

LD: Where she's going now?

[...and keeps on walking up the steps, heading up to the top of the elevated entrance stage...]

BW: She's coming up here by us!

LD: I sure hope not!

[Davis suddenly pitches forward, SMASHING Rage's face down into the steps!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: FACEFIRST INTO THE STEEL STEPS!

[Grabbing the wrist of the former World Champion, Davis drags her the rest of the way up the stairs, making sure she bumps her face on every stair leading to the platform.]

LD: Up on the stage... dangerously close to us...

[Davis grabs two hands full of hair, hauling Rage back to her feet up on the stage...]

BW: Lauryn Rage started this tonight but Laura Davis might be about to FINISH it!

[...and slips her arm up under Rage's...]

LD: WAIT A SECOND! DON'T DO THAT, LAURA! DON'T DO-

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and hiptosses Rage through the air, sending her CRASHING down onto the elevated metal stage!]

LD: THE SPINE OF LAURYN RAGE GETS SMASHED INTO SOLID STEEL!

[The crowd is ROARING for the chaotic brawl as Rage writhes in pain on the steel, wincing with every movement...]

LD: Rage hiptossed hard on the stage! Davis is relentless!

BW: You expected anything less from her?

[Davis stands above Rage and points a finger at her and you can hear her speak.

"YOU BROUGHT THIS ON YOURSELF, RAGE!"]

LD: Rage is laid out!

BW: And she's still got a match later tonight! She's still gotta face Pink Cashmere later tonight!

LD: She may not make it after this!

[Davis leans down, grabbing Rage by the hair, hauling her up to her knees on the stage...

...which is where Rage BURIES a right hand into the midsection!]

LD: Are you kidding me?! Lauryn Rage is still fighting back! Lauryn Rage is still fighting after being tossed onto this metal stage we're standing on, Ben!

[Davis staggers backwards as Rage climbs off her knees, pointing a hand at the #1 Athlete...]

LD: Both women are up... somehow!

[...and as Rage rushes forward, she lowers her shoulder and tackles Davis right through the entrance curtain, disappearing into the darkness of the backstage area!]

LD: OHH!! RAGE DRIVES HER THROUGH THE CURTAIN!!

BW: Do we have a camera back there?! You just KNOW these two aren't done fighting yet!

[The crowd is buzzing, eagerly waiting to see what's happening...

...and after a few lengthy moments, the video screens kick in and our shot changes to show Davis and Rage down on the ground of the Chimpanzee Position, trading haymakers down on the floor as we can hear AWA officials shouting for this fight to come to an end!]

LD: We're backstage in Center Stage Studios, fans, and this fight continues here in the A-T-L!

[Rage is on top of Davis, pounding away as we can hear someone saying "BACK IT UP, RAGE! GET OFF HER!"]

LD: Rage is out of control here tonight! We knew this was coming... we knew SHE was coming at some point but this may be going too far!

[Rage stands up, pointing a threatening finger at an official who backs off, hands raised...]

BW: Now she's threatening backstage workers! She HAS gone too far! She's gonna get fined! She may even get suspended for-

[...which allows Davis to reach up off the floor, snatching a handful of the front of Rage's pants, giving a yank...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and sends Rage sprawling facefirst over a production case, knocking over a nearby table!]

LD: The fight is on! The fight is raging... pun perfectly intended!

BW: Enough is enough! Where the hell is security?!

LD: Oh, who has a weak stomach for fighting now?!

[Davis climbs up off the floor, shoving a nearby official who tells her to back down.]

LD: And now Davis is pushing backstage workers too! She may face a fine or suspension too!

[Davis goes to turn...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and a flying metal trash can bounces off her head, spilling garbage all over the backstage floor!]

LD: FLYING TRASH CAN TO THE SKULL!

[Davis collapses back down on the floor as Rage staggers towards her...

...and picks up a nearby steel chair, folding it up...]

LD: Rage has got a chair! She's got-

[...and lifts it over her head when suddenly Adam Rogers, Tommy Fierro, Kevin Slater and John Shock come onto the scene. They step in front of Rage and warn her to put the chair down. Rage shouts at them.]

"Get off me! Get off me now! This ain't your business! This is between me and her!"

[But that's when Davis is back on her feet and she is quick to charge Rage, tackling her around the waist and shoving her back into the wall.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Rage is forced to drop the chair and hammers Davis' back, while Davis slams her forearms into Rage's ribs.]

LD: I don't know if anyone can put an end to this! This is out of control!

[Slater and Shock manage to grab Davis and pull her back, while Rogers and Fierro then grab Rage and drag her away, along with other backstage officials.]

LD: Finally... FINALLY... we've got AWA officials getti-

[Rage shouts at Davis as she is pulled away.]

"You missed, Davis! You missed your shot! Oh, Lauryn's coming for you, now! Oh, I'm coming for you now!"

[Rage and the agents with her disappear around a corner as Davis pulls away from Slater and Shock, then points a finger of her own in Rage's direction.]

"THIS IS ON YOU, RAGE, AND SO IS ANYTHING ELSE THAT HAPPENS LATER!"

[She then lets loose a heavy breath, then brushes off her track suit before striding angrily out of view, brushing hard against John Shock who grimaces, grabbing his shoulder.]

LD: I'm guessing we're not going to have our tryout match for Janice Ryder.

BW: How dare Lauryn Rage deny a woman an opportunity to wrestle!

LD: I didn't know you cared about that, Ben.

BW: I was talking about Laura Davis!

LD: [sighs] Should have guessed... let's go to Steve with a special guest.

[We fade from the chaotic scene backstage...

...to another part of the backstage area where "Golden" Grant Carter is standing alongside "Superstar" Steve Rogers.]

SR: Thanks, Lori... and as you can see, I've been joined by the man who will be competing in just a... well, right now soon actually. "Golden" Grant Carter, welcome to Showtime!

[Carter grins that magnetic smile, leaning his head back and singing a tune.]

GGC: #They say the neon lights are bright... at Shooooowtime.#

[He looks expectantly at Rogers who awkwardly leans over his own mic.]

SR: #At Showtime.#

[GGC lets loose a loud laugh, clapping Rogers on the back.]

GGC: Superstar, you and I go back a way... and I know how much this must mean to you. December 28th, 1994... the night the E was born... you won that Universal Title at the very first Showtime.

[Rogers nods with a bow.]

GGC: So I know it means a lot to you to be here tonight... and it means a lot to a whole lot of us to have you here so thanks to you, Superstar... and thanks to the AWA for putting ol' GGC right here on the very first Showtime on ESPN... good god, what a feeling!

SR: Grant, you're here tonight facing competition... but perhaps not the competition you were looking for as you've made it clear to everyone lately that you're looking to face one man in that ring.

[Carter nods.]

GGC: The Big Man On Campus. You know, Steve-o... did you go to college?

[Rogers smirks.]

SR: Briefly.

[Carter chuckles, nodding.]

GGC: That makes two of us. But during the time I was there, I saw a lot of guys just like Trey Carson... picking on anyone smaller than him... anyone he thought was weaker than him... just knowing no one was gonna stand up to him.

Well, I'm gonna stand up to him, Steve-o.

[Carter nods.]

GGC: I don't care that he's bigger than me. I don't care that he's stronger than me. I'm gonna stand up to him and if he knocks me down, I'm gonna get right back up and stand up to him again. I know he's in the building tonight, Steve-o... and I know that little rat of his, Dave Cooper, is watching. So, consider this is a personal invitation to you both. Come. Get. Me.

[We fade from the determined "Golden" Grant Carter backstage to the ring where we can see someone already standing.]

MS: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. First, in the corner to my right... from Racine, Wisconsin... weighing in at 243 pounds... GEORGE GATLING!

[Gatling stands in his solid green trunks, flashing a pair of double finger pistols into the air with a smirk.]

MS: And his opponent...

[The opening notes to Bon Jovi's "It's My Life" starts up to a cheer from the crowd.]

MS: From Asbury Park, New Jersey... weighing in at 262 pounds...

[Sato pauses just as the lyrics begin and "Golden" Grant Carter bursts through the curtain into view to a bigger cheer, throwing his arms up in a "V" with his left fist clenched and pressed into his fully-extended right palm.]

MS: ..."GOOOOOOOLLLLLLLLLDENNNNNNNNNN"
GRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANT
CARRRRRRRRRRRTERRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!

[Carter throws his arms apart, a big grin on his face at the crowd's reaction. He hops a couple of times, pointing out at the cheering fans before he starts striding down the aisle, quickly making his way down towards the ring.]

LD: "Golden" Grant Carter, a regular fixture here in Center Stage Studios... and one of the biggest favorites of the fans as well - listen to these fans singing along with his Jersey jam!

BW: These fans love themselves some Grant Carter alright... it helps that they're as big of bums as he is.

[About thirty seconds into the song, he pulls himself up on the apron, turning towards the crowd, cupping his hand to his ear as he "listens" to the lyrics.]

#I ain't gonna be just a face in the crowd
You're gonna hear my voice
When I shout it out loud#

[The music pauses for a second as Carter reaches over his head, clapping his hands together twice in rhythm with the beat and then points out to the crowd, encouraging them to sing along with the chorus.]

#It's my life
It's now or never
I ain't gonna live forever
I just want to live while I'm alive

It's... my... life#

[A grinning Carter ducks through the ropes, throwing his arms up into the same gesture we saw earlier as he faces his opponent and the music continues to play, ending with the very symbolic lyric.]

#It's... my... life#

[Carter nods his head as he turns to face his opponent as referee Ricky Longfellow addresses both men.]

LD: Well, we heard from Grant Carter moments ago, Ben, and it was clear that the opponent he's facing tonight - George Gatling - is NOT the opponent he was hoping to face tonight.

BW: Maybe not but he should get down on his hands and knees and thank whatever entity he prays to that he didn't get his wishes.

LD: You don't like GGC's odds against Trey Carson?

BW: I don't like ANYONE'S odds against the Big Man On Campus. He's big, he's powerful, he's tougher than an Atlanta strip club prime rib... and he's got Dave Cooper, the Professional, in his corner who just might be the smartest manager in wrestling now that I'm gracing you with my presence.

LD: Carter had a little bit of a run-in with Cooper as well in-

[The bell sounds as Gatling charges across the ring, trying to get the jump on Carter who is putting his gold-tinted sunglasses on the outside...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: -and so much for a clean start in this one. The man from Wisconsin jumps Carter before the bell... big shots to the midsection now in the corner...

[Grabbing Carter by the arm, Gatling whips him across the ring to the opposite set of turnbuckles...]

LD: ...big whip to the corner, Carter bounces out...

[...and as Gatling sets for a backdrop, the 38 year old Carter deftly leapfrogs over him...]

LD: ...nice leapfrog by Carter...

[...and holds his ground, reaching back to snatch Gatling as he turns around...]

LD: ...HOOKED... ANNNNNND...

[...and DRIVES his forehead into the canvas with a snapmare driver!]

LD: ...DOWWWWWN! GOLD STRIKE CONNECTS!

[Carter flips Gatling over, pressing over him in a cover.]

LD: You can forget about this one, fans. One... two... and there's the three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: "Golden" Grant Carter making short work of his opponent here tonight...

BW: But it may be the other way around when he comes face to face with the Big Man On Campus, Dane!

LD: That remains to be-

[Lori is cut off by the sounds of "The Man" by The Killers which heralds the arrival of "The Professional" Dave Cooper leading Trey Carson through the curtain.]

LD: Speak of the Devil and he shall appear! Two of them actually!

BW: Look at the size of that man! Six foot ten, 325 pounds of mean-spirited monster... and he's got his eyes on Grant Carter!

[Carter shakes his head at the interruption, waving the duo towards the ring.]

LD: Carter's calling them out! He wants a piece of these two right now! Two weeks ago, these two got into it when Carson was trying to lay a post-match beating on his opponent and Carter came to the rescue...

BW: And now it's Carter who is about to get a post-match beating! Isn't it ironic? Don't ya think!

[Carson looks steaming mad as he nudges past his manager, stomping down the staircase towards the ring as Cooper shouts "NO! NO! NOT NOW! NOT YET!" but Carson seems oblivious to the cries of his manager.]

LD: It sounds like Dave Cooper wants no part of this for his guy!

BW: Well, that's because Carson's not about to get paid for this extracurricular activity!

[Carson reaches the ringside area where Carter waves him in again...

...and Carson obliges, grabbing the ropes and pulling himself up on the apron to cheers from the crowd for the fight to come!]

LD: The fans in Atlanta are on their feet and-

[Carter rushes towards Carson who is on the apron, pasting him with a right hand on the jaw!]

LD: Big right hand!

BW: Some might call that a cheap shot! Let him in the ring, you coward!

LD: Another! And another!

[The haymakers from the Jersey native have Carson reeling, hanging onto the top rope for support...]

LD: Carson's trying to hang on!

[Carter winds up again, throwing a big bomb that Carson blocks with his own arm before throwing a stiff shot to the jaw that sends Carter crumbling backwards.]

LD: And now it's Carson with a right, sending Carter reeling back in...

[Carson swings a leg over the top rope, clearing them with ease as he climbs into the ring...]

LD: The Big Man On Campus from Ann Arbor, Michigan looking to get a little payback from two weeks ago!

[...and grabs the rocked Carter by the hair, flinging him towards the ropes.]

LD: Shoots him in... but Carter hangs on!

[Carson suddenly lumbers towards Carter, looking to do damage...

...but Carter ducks down, dragging the ropes down with him, a move that sends the six foot ten Carson tumbling over the ropes and down to the floor below to a huge cheer from the Atlanta crowd!]

LD: OHH! CARSON GOES DOWN!

BW: Oh, he's going to be in a REAL bad mood after that!

[Carson looks up, glaring at Carter who is celebrating inside the ring. Cooper rushes to Carson's side, desperate to prevent him from going back in after the Golden One.]

LD: Cooper holding Carson back... and it looks like we've got ourselves a standoff!

[Cooper can be heard telling Carson "there's no money in beating him up tonight."]

BW: What we have, Dane, is a ticked off near seven foot monster who is going to put Grant Carter through the damn ring the neck time they encounter each other. That's what we have!

LD: From the looks on the faces of BOTH of these men, I'd say we'll find soon enough, Ben.

[The shot holds on Carson glaring up at Carter who continues to invite him back into the ring...

...and with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we end up with hallway footage. From the timecode on the video, we can see that it was shot last weekend in New Orleans. As the audio comes up, we can hear a loud ruckus of shouting voices.]

"We need triage! Figure out who needs what!"

"Blackjack's down in the ring! We got EMTs on the way!"

"We got Lynches down all over the place! We've got-"

[And one voice cuts through them all.]

"IF SOMEONE DOESN'T TAKE CARE OF MY BROTHER RIGHT NOW, I WILL CUT YOUR [BLEEP] DAMNED THROATS!"

[Sudden silence...

...and then a few AWA officials and medics go rushing the other way, running down the hallway. A few moments pass before someone walks into view - the slim and slight, pale and pretty form of Truth Marie Temple. As her face comes into view, we can see tears running down her face, destroying any semblance of the makeup she wore earlier in the night. She collapses backwards against the wall with a pained sob, sliding down to sit on the floor.

This usually strong woman is weeping, her body heaving with wails of sorrow.

We sit for several awkward moments, intruding on this young girl's emotional collapse...

...and then someone in a hooded sleeveless sweatshirt walks into view, sliding to a seat on the floor against the wall alongside her. She leans closer, allowing him to slip his heavily tattooed arm over her shoulders.

Truth Marie Temple cries one more time in the protective embrace of her loving father and then speaks in a pained whisper, barely heard by the microphones.]

TMT: There will be blood.

[Cut to black...

...and then back up on a shot of Ryan Martinez walking down the aisle. From the scenery around him, we can see this slow motion footage is from right before WarGames at SuperClash IX.]

#When you wish..#

[Dissolve to the White Knight throwing knife edge chops at the towering form of Torin The Titan...]

#...upon a star#

[...to Martinez and Derrick Williams working together to use a double clothesline to take the giant off his feet...]

#Makes no difference who you are...#

[...to a closeup of a bloodied Martinez, looking up in shock as a hobbled Shadoe Rage joins him in the cage...]

#Anything your...#

[...to the White Knight driving Vasquez' skull into the canvas with his signature brainbuster...]

#...heart desires will...#

[...to Martinez hooking John Law in a crossface, wrenching back with all his might as Law struggles to hang on...]

#...come to you.#

[...to a crowd shot of a group of young fans holding up a banner that reads "THE WHITE KNIGHT FOREVER!" as a voiceover begins...]

"Ryan Martinez, you and..."

[Cut to a shot of a bloodied but smiling Ryan Martinez standing triumphant with his teammates...]

"...Team AWA just won the Main Event at SuperClash! Now what are you gonna do?"

[...to a regular speed shot of Martinez still in the double cage, looking into the camera's lens with a grin...]

RM: I'm going to Disneyland!

[...and we fade to a shot of the Disneyland logo before fading to black.

And we fade back up on the Royal Crown tournament graphic, showing the ten competitors already announced so far: Trish Wallace, Shannon Walsh, Ayako Fujiwara, Michelle Bailey, Tony Donovan, Sid Osborne, Smasher Salazar, Joe Flint, Shadoe Rage, and Raphael Rhodes.

And as the graphic disappears, it is replaced by the Hall of Famer, Medusa Rage. The legend still looks sharp and in shape, though not as defined as when she last appeared in the AWA. Her wild serpentine locs are covered by a rolled up, tan ragged wool cap. She is dressed in a dark smocked tank top and black wide-legged

pants under a leopard print jacket. The 6'2 muscular Hall of Famer raises her fist to the camera before speaking.

MR: AWA Universe, Medusa Rage in the house! It is my honor to be here to be a part of Selection Saturday! They know I still watch the Women's Division, the greatest women's wrestling division in the business, and they wanted to know who I thought should be in the Royal Crown tournament. So when they asked me to give my picks on who should be in, I jumped at the chance.

[Rage nods, rubbing her hands together.]

MR: Now, for me it's all about family... but it isn't about nepotism. So Lauryn, I love you, sis, but I'm damn sure not gonna pick you. Your talent should let somebody else select you.

I'm looking a different direction. I'm looking at the wrestlers bubbling who just need a chance.

[She pauses with a confident smile.]

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!

[The graphic comes up again, adding Victoria June to the women's side of the bracket.]

MR: That leaves me with one more... and it was a tough call. There was one... she showed a helluva lot to me in the Finals of the Women's Tag Team tournament. She came up short but I believe she can be something for real in the future. But they tell me Donna Martinelli is hurt and on the shelf... so she was out.

And some may think that's a strange pick but this isn't about popularity with me. This is about who can make a difference.

[She nods.]

MR: And so for my final pick, I went with a REAL difference maker - Ricki Toughill, I choose you!

[Rage smiles again, then shrugs her powerful shoulders.]

MR: Those are my selections. Don't prove me wrong!

[Medusa Rage throws her fist up again as the shot fades back to a live shot of the backstage interview area where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell standing.]

SLB: Victoria June and Ricki Toughill, two rough and tumble fighters added to the mix by the one and only Medusa Rage... and what a six pack of greatness we've got in that tournament right now. You take those two and mix in Trish Wallace, Shannon Walsh, Ayako Fujiwara, and Michelle Bailey... and there's STILL two more to go?! It's no wonder this Women's Division is the hottest division in all of wrestling, fans! I can't wait to hear who the final two are in just a little while but-

[A voice calls out from off-camera.]

"BUT YOU GOTTA HEAR FROM US FIRST!"

[Blackwell rolls his eyes as Chaz and Chet Wallace slink into view. Both are dressed for action in sparkling neon glitter green jackets and matching headbands. They're

wearing black long tights with "HE'S CHAZ!" and "HE'S CHET!" going down the legs towards a pair of white boots with green tassels hanging off them.]

SLB: I suppose I do. As you can see-

CHAZ: They can see!

SLB: You don't want the introduction?

CHET: We're a team who needs no introduction, Lou.

SLB: Fine with me if you don't-

CHAZ: Because we're the team with more speed than NASCAR...

SLB: Okay, but-

CHET: More power than Chernobyl...

SLB: That's strange, I-

CHAZ: Better looking than Tom Cruise...

SLB: An interesting choi-

CHET: ...and no creepy cult either! Our apologies to our corporate overlords. All hail Xenu.

SLB: Zeewho?

CHAZ: We've got the moves like Jagger... we've got the need for speed...

[A casual high five over Lou's head causes him to look around puzzled.]

CHET: ...we've got more skills than a Simone Biles routine...

CHAZ: ...and we too can stick the landing.

SLB: Are we done yet?

CHAZ: We've seen a million places and we've rocked 'em all...

CHET: From Tokyo to Tijuana...

CHAZ: From Boston to Bora Bora...

CHET: From Sydney to Saudi Arabia...

CHAZ: From Los Angeles to Las Vegas...

CHET: From Anaheim to...

[Chet abruptly stops.]

CHAZ: Come on.

CHET: I can't... what's another A city?

CHAZ: I... hrm.

[Blackwell looks annoyed.]

SLB: Atlanta, you idiots!

[Chaz and Chet look shocked.]

CHET: Atlanta... sounds like you made that up. We're talking real cities, Lou. But enough of all the pomp and circumstance because as you said, we need no introduction but...

[Chet clears his throat.]

CHET: ...THE AMERICAN IDOLS ARE IN... YOUR... FACE!

CHAZ: Indeed.

CHET: And when they said that there was gonna be a new show, we said "thank god... that place they make us go every couple of weeks and tape TV in that smelly little studio... that city is a trash heap." What was that city called again, Lou?

[Blackwell sighs.]

SLB: Atlanta.

[Chet snaps his fingers.]

CHET: Exactly! We were so relieved to not have to push open the hidden panel in the back of the sorcerer's tower to go through the wormhole to end up in the fabled kingdom of Atlanta.

SLB: It's real.

CHET: Shut yo mouth.

CHAZ: Hey... uhh... I think he's right.

CHET: Huh.

[Chet and Chaz shrug.]

CHET: Only to find out, Dear Lou, that we were right back in the same stinky studio... and this time, it's even worse, because instead of putting us in the ring with the World Tag Team Champions... or even those two toy soldiers... they stuck us in there tonight with the rotting corpses of Gunnar Gaines and Ronnie D.

[Lou sighs again.]

SLB: You know very well you're facing their kids tonight... and you know very well that neither of those men are dead!

[Chaz looks stunned by this revelation.]

CHAZ: Their kids... really?

[Blackwell nods.]

CHAZ: I'm really surprised to hear that, Lou, because when I saw those two talk... even earlier tonight... these two mention Gunnar Gaines and Ronnie D SO... MANY... TIMES... I just assumed it had to be Little Grizzly and Johnny Casanova.

CHET: Wrong Playboy.

CHAZ: No kidding? Learn something new every-

SLB: Will you two be serious for a moment? Just for one single moment?

[Chaz narrows his eyes, looking at Lou.]

CHAZ: What's wrong, Lou? Funny don't equal money on ESPN? Well, that's fine... we'll play it your way and tell you that yes, we know we're facing Jayden Jericho and Justin Gaines. And we know that their fathers are not dead.

CHET: They just wish they were.... or maybe that's everyone else wishes they were.

SLB: Now, listen-

[Chaz shoves a finger in Lou's face.]

CHAZ: No, you listen! You wanted the serious Idols? Well, here we are, Blackwell... and we're here to tell you that since the Stampede Cup last year, my brother and I have been SCREWED OVER by this company at every damn opportunity. We get left off the big shows... we get shoved to the back of the line to face every drop of new blood who shows up in the place. Tonight, we get Jericho and Gaines... in two weeks, we get the son of Layton... pretty soon, we're going to take on Allen Allen's nephew. But none of that matters... because greatness can NOT be denied, Lou... and the more you ignore us, the closer we get to the top.

CHET: You and your buddies in the office can shove whichever teams you want at us, Blackwell... we'll face 'em all... and by the time, we're through with them, we'll be standing on top... with the shape... of an "L"...

[They hold up their hands with said shape of an "L"]

CHET: ...on our foreheads. Understood?

[Blackwell seems a little caught off guard by the sudden intensity.]

SLB: Yes... uhh... understood.

CHET: Good.

[And with a nod, he lowers his hand... and then nudges his brother with a smirk as he looks off-camera.]

CHET: And speaking of losers...

[With a chuckle, the duo starts to walk away. Blackwell follows their gaze and with a sigh, he waves for the cameraman to pursue...]

...and we see Chaz and Chet Wallace approaching Betty Chang, who is sitting on a production case - arms crossed and eyes closed - seemingly in a state of meditation, with two ice packs wrapped around her knees after her match earlier.]

CHET: Hey loser!

[No reaction.]

CHET: I said... HEY LOSER!

[Chang takes the AirPods out of her ears and opens one eye to see who it is, immediately frowning upon seeing Chaz and Chet standing in front of her and sighing. She looks to her left and then to her right, before pointing to herself.]

BC: You're talking to me?

[Chaz and Chet draw closer, each on a different side of her so they can ping pong her verbally.]

CHAZ: You know we're talking to you, Changski.

CHET: And you know why I'm calling you that!

[Betty stares at Chet blankly.]

BC: I really don't. You know I won tonight, right? If anything, I'm a winner.

[Chet sneers.]

CHET: Yet you somehow still have the stank of loser on you.

BC: It's Jessica Simpson's "Fancy" and it smells great.

[The two brothers give each other a stare, somewhat caught off-guard by Betty's obliviousness.]

CHAZ: You know what it is, Chet?

CHET: No, what's that, Chaz?

CHAZ: It's the losers she hangs out with. That little freak Rockwell. Ayako's little brother. The reality show reject.

BC[Under her breath]: Are you seriously trying to bully me?

CHET: That weirdo Bailey kid. Ayako's mangy cat.

BC[Under her breath]: Their Adam's apples are fully exposed...

[As The Idols continue to blabber on, Betty covertly juts out her fingertips and bends her wrists into what some may recognize as the deadly Spear Hand of Snake Kung Fu.]

CHET: And then I saw that everyone's old pal... the Karate Kid is back too!

[The mention of Lee Connors causes Betty to pause and lose her train of thought.]

BC: He's back???

CHET: See, look how happy she is to be surrounded by her little loser buddies!

CHAZ: It's a real shame though, Veronica.

[Betty turns to Chaz and frowns.]

BC: Who? Are you okay? My name's Betty.

CHAZ: No! I'm calling you Veronica... like Betty and Veronica!

[None of this is ringing a bell for Betty.]

BC: I have no idea what you're talking about. Is this a meme or something?

CHAZ: From Archie Comics!

[Nope. Betty just stares at Chaz like he's speaking inter-dimensional space English.]

BC: Sorry, I only read manga and young adult novels.

CHET: How can you be named Betty and never heard of this?

BC: Well, you see, Betty isn't my REAL name. It's short for Elizabeth. But that's not my real name either. It's actually...

CHAZ: Forget it! You already made me explain the joke. You ruined the whole bit.

[Chaz shakes his head.]

CHAZ: Whatever, weeb. The point is, Chet and I think you've got talent.

BC: Okay...and?

CHET: Real talent.

CHET: But what we think you don't have is taste.

[Betty looks down at her attire.]

BC: What's wrong with my outfit!?

CHAZ: Not your clothes, you ninny.

[Betty looks stricken at the verbal jab.]

CHET: Your taste in friends. So, if you ever feel like an upgrade...

[He winks grossly.]

CHET: ...you know where to find us.

CHAZ: Both of us.

[Betty recoils.]

BC: Gross!

[Another voice calls out.]

"I think that's a no, boys."

[The Idols turn to the side... and find "Cannonball" Lee Connors staring at them. The fans inside the building cheer.]

CHAZ: Well, look at who we have here... how's the knee, Karate Kid?

[Connors smiles.]

LC: Better than ever. Care to test it out?

[Chaz looks to step closer but Chet puts a hand on his brother's shoulder with a little shake of the head.]

CHAZ: We have better things to do than waste anymore time on you two LOSERS.

[The Idols turn to exit...

...and just as they're out of sight, Betty jumps up to shout after them.]

BC: FOR THE RECORD, WE BOTH WON TONIGHT, YOU... YOU...

[She tries to find the perfect insult.]

BC: ...LOSERS!

[Connors grins, nodding.]

LC: You really told them.

[Betty grins back at Connors.]

BC: I've been working really hard on my trash talk. But forget that, I'm so happy you're back!

LC: Me too.

[Betty gestures.]

BC: And your knee? It's really okay?

[Connors nods.]

LC: It really is.

[Betty nods with a smile.]

BC: So... I... uhh...

[Connors raises a hand.]

LC: I just want to say how proud I am of everything you've done since I've been on the shelf.

[Betty looks down with a bit of a blush.]

BC: Thanks. I kinda' had to find my own way of doing things.

[Connors nods.]

LC: And I... well, I wanted to make sure there wasn't any confusion of... things... between us.

[Betty nods.]

BC: I saw your Instagram post. She's cute.

[It's Lee's turn to blush a little.]

LC: Thanks. And I hear things are...

[Betty shrugs.]

BC: We'll see. I'm pretty busy with this mess with Casey Cash to think about anything else right now.

LC: Cool.

BC: Cool.

[Awkward silence between the two awkward martial artists.]

LC: Well, if you ever need anything, I'll be there.

BC: Likewise.

[There's a lot of nodding until Connors extends an arm, fist clenched at the end of it.]

LC: You remember this, right?

[Betty grins, extending her own arm for a fist bump.]

BC: How could I forget?

[Connors smiles as he and Betty proceed to do an elaborate secret handshake with multiple fist pounds, that ends with both hitting a dab and high-fiving. Laughing, Betty grabs his wrist and pulls Connors in for a quick embrace...

...and then turns and runs off with her arms stretched out behind her like a ninja, leaving Connors behind as we fade to out to the ring where Megumi Sato is standing.]

MS: The following contest is a tag team match set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit!

[The crowd cheers!]

MS: Introducing first...

[The sounds of Calvin Harris' "This Is What You Came For" rings out over the PA system as the house lights start to flash in rhythm to the music creating a dance party atmosphere.]

MS: From the Shibuya area of Tokyo, Japan... at a total combined weight of 342 pounds... Chaz and Chet Wallace...

THE AMERRRRRRRICAN IIIIIIDOLLLLLLS!

[The Wallaces spring through the curtain in the same gear we saw them in moments ago, trading a leaping high five before heading down the aisle towards the ring. They taunt the occasional fan with a crotch chop or insulting comment as they head to the ring.]

LD: The American Idols sure had a lot to say backstage tonight, taking offense apparently at being put in this match tonight with Justin Gaines and Jayden Jericho... perhaps believing they should be facing... I don't know, more established tag team competition? But they're not even in the top contenders ranking right now!

BW: And I'm not sure they get there beating the likes of Gaines and Jericho either. Maybe that's the problem, Dane... maybe that's their issue. They want to face Next Gen for the tag titles and I don't know if you get that shot beating a new team made up of two singles competitors.

LD: Well, they definitely won't get there if they lose so they'd better be on their A game tonight and not overlook this unexpected tag team.

[Reaching the ring, the Wallaces slingshot over the top rope, trading another high five as they get ready for action...

...and their music fades.]

MS: Annnnnnnnd their opponents...

["Bad to the Bone" by George Thorogood and the Destroyers plays over the PA system as Chaz Wallace bellows "HE EVEN USES HIS DAD'S ENTRANCE MUSIC! GIMME A BREAK!"]

MS: ...they are the team of JUSTIN GAINES AND JAYYYYDENNN JERICHOOOOO!

[The makeshift duo comes through the curtain, ready to go to battle. Jericho nudges his larger partner, getting a high five from him as Gaines points a threatening fingers towards the ring.]

LD: Justin Gaines and Jayden Jericho heading down the steps towards the ring to a decent reaction from these fans... who might not quite know what to make of this generational tag team - the fourth generation Justin Gaines and the second generation Jayden Jericho - because of the legacy of their controversial fathers.

BW: "Controversial" is a nice way to put it, Dane. Ronnie D never met a back he wouldn't stab to get one over nor a person he wouldn't schmooze if they stroked his ego and could do something for him.

LD: I'll stop you when you start lying.

BW: And then there's Gunnar Gaines, who... yes, he's a Hall of Famer... yes, he's a former World Champion... but he's also played more politics than the Clintons in rings from Los Angeles to Portland and every stop in between.

LD: But again, as Justin and Jayden have pointed out, they are NOT their fathers and should be judged on their own merits, Ben.

BW: Oh, I'll judge them alright... and as far as not being their fathers, we'll see about that...

[Jericho and Gaines throw a look at each other, giving a nod, and then rush the ring, diving headfirst under the bottom rope into the ring, coming quickly to their feet as the surprised Wallaces rush towards them...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: An urgent call for the bell by referee Scott Ezra and we're underway in this one, a brawl breaking out before the bell!

[With Justin Gaines trading blows with Chaz Wallace and Jayden Jericho doing the same to Chet, the crowd is on their feet at the bell for the chaotic fight in the ring...]

LD: Gaines working over Chaz... Chaz doesn't have the size to trade blows with Justin Gaines, Ben.

BW: Both Idols are little on the undersized side... which is surprising when you've seen their sister AND their father.

LD: Nobody's ever called either of them undersized... that's for sure.

[Gaines' size and strength quickly backs Chaz Wallace across the ring towards the ropes as the referee implores both teams to get one man in and one man out...

...and when the youthful Gaines turns to address the referee, that's when Chaz Wallace seizes the moment to slip a knee up into the midsection, promptly grabbing a handful of hair and tossing Gaines through the ropes to the floor!]

LD: And to the outside goes Justin Gaines!

[Wasting no time, Chaz grabs the top rope, giving a whoop as he slingshots over the top rope, crashing down onto the fourth generation star, wiping him out at ringside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: CHAZ WALLACE TAKES TO THE SKY AND DOWN GOES JUSTIN GAINES!

[On the other side of the ring, Chet is trading right hands with Jericho which turns into an exchange of chops...]

"WHAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Reeling backwards from the latest knife edge blow, Chet stabs a finger out and jabs Jericho in the eye!]

LD: Oh! Cheapshot by Chet Wallace!

[Grabbing the arm, Chet goes to whip Jericho across the ring...]

LD: Irish whip reversed by Jericho!

[...but the reversal sends Chet into the ropes, rebounding back...]

LD: Off the far side, ducks the clothesline by Jericho...

[...and rebounds the other direction, ducking a backhand chop from Jericho...]

LD: ...and underneath again to...

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd reacts as Chet Wallace dives between the ropes, wiping out a rising Justin Gaines with a tope dive through the ropes, shoving Gaines back towards the few rows of steel chairs in front of the emergency doors!]

LD: The Idols are flying all over the place here in Atlanta and Justin Gaines has taken the brunt of the blow twice now!

[Chaz helps Chet to his feet, the duo celebrating their early match dominance with their arms raised, the crowd jeering loudly...

...but as the Idols turn back towards the ring...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and the crowd ROARS as Jericho slingshots over the top rope, wiping out both American Idols with a crossbody!]

LD: DOWN GOES THE IDOLS!

[A fired up Jayden Jericho gets back to his feet, pumping his fists excitedly as he drags Chet Wallace off the mat, tossing him under the ropes back inside the squared circle...]

LD: Jericho up on the apron, grabbing hold of that rope... he slingshot over the ropes to leave the ring and he may be looking to slingshot over them to get back in as well...

[...but before he can leap, he finds his ankle hooked on the outside by Chaz Wallace!]

LD: ...and Chaz grabs the ankle! Chaz hanging on and-

[Jericho tries to kick Chaz off as Chet regains his feet, throwing himself forward...]

LD: Ohh! The dropkick connects - the signature move of the American Idols, Ben.

BW: They love to throw those dropkicks and they do it in combo... in bushels... en masse, take your pick. And they do it well too, Dane. These two may have the best dropkicks in the business.

LD: I think “Flawless” Larry Wallace might take issue with that proclamation.

[With Jericho reeling on the apron, Chet scrambles back up, snatching the top rope with both hands and giving it a yank, causing Jericho to somersault over the ropes, flopping down on the canvas as Chaz delivers a few more stomps to Justin Gaines before moving to his own corner.]

LD: After a wild start to this one, it looks like we’re finally settling down to an actual tag team matchup as we’ve one on one in the ring and a Wallace in their corner.

BW: Justin Gaines will be in his corner too whenever they drag him to his feet off the floor.

[Chet drags Jericho off the mat, tossing him back into the corner where Chaz is now standing...

...and then blitzes in after him, leaping up to land a dropkick to the sternum!]

LD: And there's another dropkick, Ben... just like you said.

BW: Don't sound so surprised, Dane. I've forgotten more about this business than anyone you've ever done commentary with as ever known.

[Dane snorts.]

LD: I sincerely doubt that but I'll let Jon and Todd... and Brian Lau know.

BW: Let 'em know... call 'em up, write a note, take a picture, I don't give a damn!

[Chet backs off as Jericho staggers out towards him, catching him around the torso...]

LD: Chet hooks him up... and takes him over! What a suplex!

BW: Northern Lights suplex! Perfectly executed!

[...and as Chet holds the bridge, he earns a two count before Jericho kicks out.]

LD: Only two there for the Idols... and what's going to be key for Jericho and Gaines in this match is figuring out to overcome the teamwork advantage that the Wallace twins will have.

BW: The Idols came out of the womb as tag team partners and that's a tough one to overcome, Dane. Gaines and Jericho were fighting each other a couple of weeks ago... now they're teaming up against a team that went all the way to the Semifinals of the 2017 Stampede Cup at the Battle of Saskatchewan. In a tag team match, that makes it abundantly clear when you say - ADVANTAGE... IDOLS!

[Chet pulls Jericho up again, tossing him into the corner and slapping his partner's hand...]

LD: Chet tags Chaz, making the exchange...

[The Idols come in together, each hooking Jericho under the arm, and toss him halfway across the ring...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: ...and a double hiptoss by the Idols sends Jericho flying high and crashing hard down on the mat!

[Back in the other corner, Justin Gaines grimaces as he shouts to his partner, begging for a tag...]

LD: And there you say Justin Gaines back on the other side after those early match attacks on the part of the team formerly known as Youth In Asia.

BW: The Wallace twins said it themselves before the match - they've been to every corner of the globe and they've had success everywhere they've gone. That's more than I can say for Son of D and Fartstains Jr.

[With Jericho down on the mat, Chaz grabs his brother around the waist, lifting him up in an atomic drop...

...and then drops him down in a flying legdrop on the prone Jericho!]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: Another impressive piece of teamwork by the Idols... Chet's out, Chaz is in and we've got another cover!

[Another two count follows before Jericho kicks out again to cheers.]

LD: Jayden Jericho not going down without a fight though as he kicks out again.

[Chaz gets to his feet, burying a trio of stomps down into the sternum as he gestures to the corner where Chet slips his legs between the ropes, holding the top as he leans back...]

LD: Chaz pulling Jericho... ohh! Facefirst into his brother's raised feet!

[Chaz slaps the hand as Chet slides back to his feet on the apron, stepping up on the middle rope as Chaz grabs Jericho, preventing him from escaping...

...but Jericho smashes an elbow back into the mouth of Chaz!]

LD: Jericho trying to get loose!

[And then pivots around to bury a right hand into the midsection of Chet who is standing on the second rope...

...and then suddenly Jericho leaps up, bouncing off the middle rope to snare Chet in a headscissors...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: JERICO BREAKS UP THE DOUBLE TEAM AND SENDS CHET FLYING THROUGH THE SKY!

[A surprised Chaz moves to his brother's side, trying to help him off the mat as Jericho struggles to get back to his feet...]

LD: Jericho's trying to get up, trying to get to the corner...

[But Chaz rushes to cut him off, winding up...]

LD: ...Chaz comes up empty on the right hand!

[...and Jericho snaps off a series of three quick jabs to the jaw, leaving Chaz stunned...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...which allows Jericho to leap up, snapping his foot off the back of Chaz' head, sending him front flipping through the air!]

BW: ENZUGIRI CONNECTS! JERICO'S GOT A CHANCE TO TAG!

[But as Jericho gets back off the mat, he finds Chet waiting for him...]

LD: Chet cuts him off! Which of these two are legal now?!

BW: I'm still not sure I can tell them apart!

[...but Jericho front rolls under a wildly-swung haymaker from Chet...]

LD: Jericho showing off that athleticism... can he get to the corner?!

[...and Jericho pops him on the chin with a very short shuffling superkick!]

“OHH!”

[And another...]

“OHH!”

[...and another that sends Chet staggering a few steps back...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and one last superkick that sends Chet sailing over the top rope, crashing down on the outside!]

LD: OVER THE TOP TO THE OUTSIDE!

[And as Jericho spins around, he makes a dive...]

LD: AND THERE’S THE TAG!

[...which brings the biggest man in the match to come through the ropes, fists balled up and at the ready...]

LD: The six foot seven Justin Gaines comes in!

[Gaines comes storming into the ring, charging at the rising Chaz...]

LD: BIG CLOTHESLINE CONNECTS!

[Gaines throws back his arms with a roar as he sees Chet up on the apron, rushing in towards him...]

...and hooks him under the arm, using a mighty biel throw to toss him over the ropes into the ring as well!]

LD: GAINES BRINGS IN CHET THE HARD WAY!

BW: Both Idols are in there with big Justin Gaines! I still don’t know which one is legal!

[Gaines is all sorts of fired up as he looks around at the cheering Atlanta crowd, pulling Chet off the mat, whipping him into the ropes...]

LD: Gaines shoots him in...

[...and as Chet rebounds, Gaines CHOPS him across the throat!]

LD: ...OHH! RIGHT IN THE THROAT!

BW: That’s illegal, Dane! The ref should do something about it!

[The official gives him a few words but an incoming Chaz interrupts it, going for a right hand that Gaines easily blocks before burying a knee into the midsection, grabbing a handful of hair...]

LD: Wait, wait, WAAAAAAIT!

[...and runs towards the ropes, HURLING Chaz Wallace over the top rope, sending him sailing through the air and landing HARD down on the floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Gaines pumps his arms triumphantly again, turning back towards a rising Chet Wallace who is grabbing at his throat and gasping for air...

...which is when Gaines buries a boot into the gut!]

LD: Wait a second!

[Gaines steps forward, hooking a standing headscissors as the Center Stage Studios crowd cheers in anticipation of what comes next...]

LD: We’ve seen this before! We saw it when Justin Gaines first made his wrestling debut way back when and we’ve seen it since his return as well! Gaines has got him hooked...

[...and Gaines muscles Chet up into the air, lifting him over his head into a crucifix position...]

LD: ...HE’S GOT HIM UP! HE’S GOT HIM UP!

[...but a wiggling and wriggling Chet Wallace slips out and promptly dives from the ring through the ropes to the outside to boos from the crowd!]

LD: Ohhhh! Chet Wallace escapes by the skin of his teeth...

BW: But not for long! Gaines is going after him!

[Gaines takes a couple of steps towards the ropes when Chet Wallace lifts his hands, shouting “WAIT! HANG ON!”]

LD: Chet Wallace looks like he’s trying to call a timeout but as we all know-

BW: If you say there’s no timeout in the world of professional wrestling, I’m going to lose my mind.

LD: ...well, there’s NOT!

[On the outside of the ring, Chet Wallace has made his way around the ring towards the timekeeper’s table, snatching up the house mic.]

CHET: Wait one damn second, okay?

[Gaines looks confused inside the ring, throwing up his arms and striking a fighting stance, fists at the ready...]

CHET: That’s what I’m talking about! Right there! Right in those fists there!

[Gaines looks even more puzzled as he looks at his own fists, shrugging.]

CHET: What...?

[Wallace looks around, watching as his also-confused brother comes up to him.]

CHET: Chaz, look... what...?

[He shakes his head.]

CHET: What are we even doing?!

[The crowd jeers Chet Wallace as he leans towards his brother, whispering to him off-mic. Chaz looks surprised but shrugs as well.]

CHET: Look at us... hey... Jericho, Gaines, listen to me... look at us!

[By now, Jayden Jericho has joined his partner in the ring, both men looking ready to pick up the fight again.]

CHET: Look around here at the four of us right now... none of this... NONE of this makes any sense at all!

[Chet sighs, lowering the mic a moment as Gaines shouts "WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?"]

CHET: I'm talking about us! Our families! Our fathers! All of us have gone to great lengths in the past and even here tonight to talk about how we love our fathers... but we're also trying to make our own names separate from those who gave us life, right?

[Chet shakes his head.]

CHET: But is that even true?

[Chet gestures to Chaz.]

CHET: Our father has treated us like TRASH from the moment he realized we were nothing like him.

[The crowd buzzes at the bold accusation as Chaz nods his head.]

CHET: Our siblings, sure. He loves Larry because damn it, Larry IS flawless. He's got the looks... he's got the body... he even trained with Team Supreme which is as close to training with the old man as you can get anymore. And our sister? He LOVES Trish because she's just like him. She's got the power. She's got the toughness.

But us?

[Chet looks disgusted at the crowd.]

CHET: We're just the...

[Finger quotes are coming.]

CHET: ..."backyard wrestlers" who like to run and jump and fly inside this ring... who like to have a good time and aren't ashamed to admit it.

The fact is... the only good thing that ol' "Battlin'" Burt Wallace ever gave the two of us...

...is his last name!

[The crowd boos loudly at that statement as Chaz reaches out to fistbump his brother. Chet hands over the mic to Chaz who picks up where his brother left off as he looks up, pointing at Jayden Jericho.]

CHAZ: And you? Your dad didn't even give you THAT! He convinced you to go by Jayden Jericho... and yeah, you thought it was your idea because you didn't want people to think you were cashing in on his name... but really, it was his idea, wasn't it? It was his idea to protect HIM in case you ended up being an embarrassment.

[Jericho looks down at the mat, the words perhaps hitting too close to home.]

CHAZ: Because God forbid someone sully the good name of "Playboy" Ronnie D like he hasn't spent the last twenty years doing that every damn day of his life.

Let's face it, Jayden. When he found out about you, he USED you.

[Jericho looks up, eyes burning into Chaz Wallace as the crowd buzzes.]

CHAZ: He used you to get his foot in the door here after years of trying... and to get one more big payday in South Philly. And where were you that night in that bingo hall, huh? Trying to save his overrated ass from getting kicked by an out-of-shape egomaniac!

And where was HE when you were in front of 70,000 fans in Toronto putting him over on the mic? He was hiding... hiding in the back while you got slapped around by a legend TEN times bigger than your father ever was!

[The crowd "oooooooohs" as Jericho fumes inside the ring. Chaz hands the mic back to Chet who locks eyes with Justin Gaines.]

CHET: And that brings us to you, Justin. You were in the big time before you even realized it. You had your first match HERE in the AWA. You were cutting your teeth in this business on national TV... on Pay Per View... in huge matches with a Hall of Famer and his punk kid, House Martinez. You were a future superstar the moment you showed up...

...and then the moment you failed your father, he walked away from it all. From this company... from this business...

...and most of all, from YOU!

[Gaines glares hard at Chet Wallace.]

CHET: And he could've gotten you a new contract here at any time. You know that as well as I do. He could've gotten you on TV... or even in the Combat Corner to learn the business you were born into... but he walked away and let you fend for yourself in every hole in the wall promotion in Europe... in Mexico... and yeah, we even shared a few locker rooms in Japan together, didn't we?

[Gaines slowly nods.]

CHET: Let's face it, gentlemen.

Our fathers have all only given a DAMN about THEMSELVES all along...

[Chet nods as Chaz shouts "that's right!" to Gaines and Jericho who are looking down at them from inside the ring.]

CHET: ...and that makes us a generation lost.

[Chet lifts a finger.]

CHET: But it doesn't have to be that way. Not at all.

Because right here... right now... with the entire world watching the premiere of this new show, we can come together...

[He gestures to all of them.]

CHET: WE can be the family we're lacking... and WE can make each other better.

WE can bring each other up... and WE can take over this business...

[He pauses.]

CHET: Together. As a unit. The way it should be.

[Chet finally stops speaking, dropping the mic... and then gesturing for his brother to join him in the ring.]

LD: This is... very unorthodox, Ben.

BW: A match stopping for a speech? Yeah, I'd say it's unusual, Dane... but it may have worked. The Wallaces spoke a lot of truth right there. Justin Gaines HAS spent years in the dregs of this business trying to get right back to where he started - here in the American Wrestling Alliance. How long has Jayden Jericho been under contract here only to be shelved and sidelined time and time again because "Playboy" Ronnie D burned some bridge or pissed off the wrong suit backstage? Their fathers have done nothing for them but maybe... just maybe...

[Ben Waterson trails off as the Idols come into the ring, staring at Jericho and Gaines from a few feet away. Chaz opens his arms with a "are we doing this?" Jericho throws a look at Gaines...

...and then steps forward to shake Chaz' hand to a surprised reaction from the Atlanta crowd!]

LD: Jayden Jericho appears to have just aligned himself with the American Idols and...

[There's a moment's pause as Justin Gaines eyeballs the new unit...

...and offers his own hand as Chaz shouts "YEAH!" and rushes to accept it!]

LD: Wow!

[The crowd jeers as Chaz and Chet trade handshakes all around with Jayden Jericho and Justin Gaines.]

LD: Jericho's in and so is Gaines! Can you believe this, Ben?

BW: A generation lost indeed. These four men who have been failed by their family ties have just formed their own family... and together, they're looking to change EVERYTHING about their present in this business... and their future!

LD: I don't know what to make of this, fans. We're going to take a moment to regroup... and we'll be right back after these messages.

[The quartet is in the ring, hands all raised as the fans are unsure of what to make of this group as well and we fade to black...

...and then back up. We see two young kids - a boy and a girl - standing at the barricade at an AWA live event. They are on their feet, screaming and shouting for

the action in the ring. We can hear a bell and soon, Travis Lynch is standing in front of them, giving them both a high five with the AWA National Title belt hanging over his shoulder. The young man turns towards the camera.]

“Wow! I wish I could be the champion!”

[There’s a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

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

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

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

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

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

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

[FLASH!

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

“I can be a champion too!”

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

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

[Fade to black...

...and we end up in a backstage corridor in the aftermath of the Davis/Rage confrontation. Security has shoved Lauryn Rage backstage near the monitors and are lined up to keep her in place until Laura Davis can safely exit the building. Da Kid eyes them sideways. She’s still hot.]

LR: Whatch’all gonna do if I decide to run through you, huh?

[She smiles. Security doesn’t answer, but to a man the guards’ faces say that the option would be unpleasant.]

LR: Yeah, that’s what I thought. You lucky that we don’t have no business between us. Otherwise I might put the idea to the test, you feel me?

[Lauryn eyes each man closely. Her right eye narrows speculatively.]

LR: Yeah, I see you do.

[A production assistant steps into view, holding an iPad in hand.]

“Miss Rage?”

[Rage glares at him.]

LR: The hell you want?

[The production assistant visibly winces.]

PA: It's not what I want. It's... him.

[He turns the iPad around to reveal the face of Interim President Zharkov glaring harshly at Rage.]

MZ: Ms. Rage.

[Lauryn glares at the face on the iPad in response.]

MZ: I see you have been doing many things in my absence, yes?

[Rage shrugs.]

LR: I like to keep busy.

[Zharkov shakes his head.]

MZ: I could not be in Atlanta tonight. Is unfortunate, yes, but not avoidable. But I am watching... and I will not allow you to ruin matches that I have made. Understand?

[Rage bristles, jabbing a finger towards the face on the iPad.]

LR: You better understand this, Zharkov. Davis started this mess and you best believe I'm a finish it. She's on the list and I'm gonna cross her off.

[Zharkov grimaces.]

MZ: If you speak of lists, Ms. Rage... you will be on mine. A suspension list.

[Rage shakes her head.]

MZ: No money! No ring time! No Lauryn Rage at all!

[Rage angrily interjects.]

LR: Lissen here, you...

[Zharkov raises his own warning finger.]

MZ: No, you listen. You will listen and follow rules, yes? Or there will be consequences, hm? You have been warned.

[Rage snorts.]

LR: Warn Laura Davis because this thing between us is deep, Zharkov. And it won't end pretty. She came at Da Kid and when you come at Da Kid, you best not miss.

[Zharkov nods.]

MZ: I will... how you say... pass on the message. But now, you have match to get ready for.

[Rage grimaces, grabbing at her lower back.]

MZ: If you can wrestle your ally-

[Rage interrupts.]

LR: My ally? Nah, Pink Cashmere was a tool of necessity and now she thinks she's bigger than she is. She has no place in this story. She has no business in this war between Davis and I and I mean to show her the door tonight. If Laura Davis thinks she can get to me through Cashmere she's wrong. And I'll show everybody that tonight. I'm going to mop that kid up.

[Zharkov shrugs.]

MZ: I think she is tougher than you plan on.

[Rage shakes her head.]

LR: Make sure you got stuff lined up because this one will be over in three seconds. Nobody rides on my coattails to the top.

[Zharkov tilts his head slightly.]

MZ: Ms. Rage, I understand your wish to fight alone.

[Rage nods.]

MZ: But even the strongest fighter needs allies. I would think with as much family as you have, you would understand that.

[Rage glares at the face on the screen.]

LR: I understand that a chain is only as strong as its weakest link. So I don't believe in chains. I believe in solid pieces of metal. That's what I am. You can't break through me. You can't get around me.

[Zharkov pauses, considering Rage's words and demeanor.]

MZ: You have good fire, Devushka. I like it. I respect it.

[He raises the warning finger again.]

MZ: But I will put it out if I have to.

[With that, Zharkov blinks out and the screen goes black. Lauryn mutters at the screen.]

LR: We'll see, Zharkov.

[And with that, the production assistant speaks up.]

PA: Ms. Rage? It's match time.

[Rage nods, swinging her arms across her torso, rolling her neck...]

LR: Let's fight.

[...and with that, we fade out to the ring where Megumi Sato is standing.]

MS: The following contest set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit is in the AWA WOMEN'S DIVISION!

[Big cheer!]

MS: Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Minneapolis, Minnesota... weighing in at 132 pounds...

...PIIIIIIIIIINNNNNNNNK CASSSSHHHHHMEEEEEEERE!

[A grinning Cashmere hops up on the middle rope, puffing up her purple afro as she points to the cheering fans with a nod and a "I LOVE YOU!" before snapping off a backflip, landing on her feet in the ring to even more cheers.]

MS: And her opponent...

["DNA" by Kendrick Lamar kicks in to a big-time ATL cheer!]

MS: From Halifax, Nova Scotia... weighing in at 160 pounds... she was the first AWA WOMEN'S WORRRRRRLLLLLLD CHAMMMMPIONNNNN...

...LAURRRRRRRRRRYNNNNNNNNNN RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[The spotlight hits the entranceway as Lauryn Rage steps out on the stage dressed in what we saw her in moments ago. She throws back her arms in a pose to the crowd... and then comes to an abrupt halt, wincing as she grabs at her lower back with a muttered "damn her!" before she angrily marches down the staircase towards the ring.]

LD: And right away, you see the possible injury suffered in that brawl with Laura Davis earlier. Rage grabbing at the lower back in obvious pain.

BW: How ironic it would be, Dane, if Rage's... rage... ended up costing her this match tonight. Pink Cashmere may be looking the opportunity of a lifetime square in the eyes right now if she can take advantage of it.

[Rage wastes no time in reaching ringside, rolling under the ropes into the ring. She comes to her feet, stomping across the ring towards Cashmere but the referee throws themselves in her path, shaking her off.]

LD: Lauryn Rage wants a piece of Pink Cashmere right now - she doesn't want to wait any longer!

[The referee forces a reluctant Rage to back to the corner, her eyes burning a hole through Cashmere as the rookie waits in her corner...]

LD: We're just about set to get underway in this one.

[The bell sounds as the two former partners square off from across the ring.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: I'm very curious to see how this goes, Ben.

BW: It's the first woman to wear championship gold in this company's history... against some indy punk who got her first shot at wrestling on TV because she was backstage when we needed someone in the ring. How do you THINK it's going to go?

LD: I THINK you're not giving Pink Cashmere anywhere near enough credit, Bucky. She may not be the household name that Lauryn Rage, the former Women's World Champion, is... but she's a very talented competitor! She wouldn't have been

backstage that night if she wasn't... and I THINK that if Rage has the same attitude about her that you do, Lauryn Rage is in for a surprising night.

BW: She may be in for a surprising night anyways because somewhere backstage, Laura Davis is still standing after that wild brawl earlier tonight between the two of them.

LD: Davis is back there... but we're told that there's been extra security assigned to her locker room to make sure she doesn't come out here again for this one. We also saw moments ago that Rage has been warned by the Interim President, Maxim Zharkov, to stay away from Davis for the rest of the night as well.

BW: Easier said than done with the bad blood between those two.

[As the announcers discuss the match to come, the rookie and the former World Champion circle one another a bit...

...and then come together in a collar and elbow tieup, jockeying for position as Rage muscles the rookie around the ring...]

LD: No doubt that Lauryn Rage has the size and strength advantage in this...

[Lori trails off as Cashmere takes Rage down in an armdrag to a mixed reaction.]

LD: ...but that advantage may not be enough when you add in the speed, the quickness, the agility of Pink Cashmere... who we're told, in preparation for this match, actually visited the training school of one her wrestling idols, former Junior Heavyweight Champion November - the Reign Dance Studio. Lauryn Rage may be taking this match lightly but it means the world to Pink Cashmere, Ben.

BW: It's the biggest singles match of her career - no doubt about it... and for the former champ, it's just another night at the office.

LD: Again, Rage grabbing at her lower back as she gets to her feet... showing some signs of physical trauma from that brawl with Laura Davis.

BW: That she instigated.

LD: There's no denying that.

[With both women back on their feet, Cashmere edges towards Rage who closes the distance quickly...

...and gets flipped up and over to the mat with a hiptoss!]

LD: First the armdrag, then the hiptoss... Cashmere keeping it simple early on in this one...

[Rage comes up quickly this time, bulldozing her way into a tieup, shoving Cashmere right back against the ropes as referee Koji Sakai slides in to start a count...]

LD: ...Sakai trying to get them off the ropes...

BW: Rage has never been one with a lot of respect for the rules.

[...and Rage abruptly steps back, hooking an arm under Cashmere's...]

LD: A hiptoss of her own!

[...but as she flips Cashmere over, the rookie lands on her feet to a big cheer before using her own hiptoss to flip Rage onto the mat a second time!]

LD: Cashmere puts her down... to the ropes...

[Rage comes quickly up off the mat, diving at the feet of Cashmere as she rebounds, forcing her to hurdle the former champion's body...]

LD: ...off the far side...

[...and then leaps into the air, forcing Cashmere to duck under the leapfrog...]

LD: ...and off the ropes yet again...

[...and this time, when Rage leaps, she does not miss, driving her ample hindquarters into the upper chest and face of Cashmere, wiping the rookie out with an "ohhhh!" from the collected crowd!]

LD: ...FLYING HIP ATTACK ON THE MONEY!

[Rage immediately drops down, covering the laid out Cashmere!]

LD: Rage gets one! She gets two! But that's all as Cashmere slips out in time!

[Cashmere continues her escape, rolling to the outside for a breather after the high impact blow to the upper body. Rage kneels on the mat a moment, grabbing her back and nodding her head at the fleeing Cashmere with "where you think you're going, partner?" before rolling under the ropes after her.]

BW: And this could be a problem for Cashmere. These fans may be cheering Lauryn Rage these days but let's not forget exactly who Da Kid is and exactly what she's capable of. She's a Rage... like her lunatic brothers and her even loonier father before her. She may not talk to her father's disembodied spirit like Shadoo did for a while but that doesn't mean she's a Girl Scout in there. She likes to fight, she likes to hurt people, she likes to win, and then she likes to gloat about it. She's got no allies and no partners and if Pink Cashmere thinks she's going to go easy on her because of their past partnership, she's dead wrong.

[Proving the "Can't Miss Man" correct, Rage pulls her former partner off the floor, smashing a right hand between the eyes that sends her falling back against the ring apron.]

LD: Putting the boxing skills to work - we know that during her time last year recovering from injury, she trained extensively with both her older sister, Dalbello Rage as well as the WBC boxing Super Middleweight Champion, Augustine St. Noel to sharpen her striking skills... and boy, did it ever pay off, Ben.

BW: She's got incredible skills on her feet with those fists. Knockout punch power to be sure. Being the former MMA fighter that I am, I know good striking when I see it and this lady's got it, Dane!

[Squaring up and changing levels, Rage hammers the body of Cashmere with rights and lefts, peppering the ribcage as Cashmere tries to protect herself.]

LD: Pink Cashmere getting pummeled by the apron...

[The former champion backs off, raising a hand to the cheering fans in the bleachers as she takes aim on her former partner...]

LD: ...and Rage charging in!

[...but as Rage storms in, Cashmere hops up, raising both legs...]

“OHHHHHHH!”

[...and catches Rage under the chin with both feet, sending her staggering backwards!]

LD: CAUGHT BY CASHMERE! The young rookie fighting to stay in this... up on the apron she goes and-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd ROARS as Cashmere flips backwards off the apron, wiping out Rage on the floor with a moonsault!]

LD: -MOONSAULT OFF THE APRON! STANDING MOONSAULT BY PINK CASHMERE!

BW: Looks just like some of her heroes in this business as a kid - men like November, like Juvenil Infierno, like Youth Gone Wild. This girl can fly and Rage needs to keep an eye out for that because while it's high risk offense... it's also high reward offense when it hits!

[Down on the floor on the outside, Cashmere takes a knee alongside her former partner, pounding her fist down into the skull of Lauryn Rage!]

LD: And now we've got Cashmere using her own fists on the floor, Ben!

BW: They may not be as skilled but they're damn sure effective right now!

[Dragging Rage off the mat, Cashmere fires her back under the ropes inside the ring. She grins at the cheering fans, puffing up her pink afro a few times before climbing up on the apron...]

LD: Rage is back in the ring but Cashmere is NOT! In fact, she may be looking to fly!

[Approaching the corner, Cashmere starts to climb as we can spy Lauryn Rage regaining her feet inside the ring...]

LD: Rage is up but Cashmere's climbing! Who can get the advantage first?

[...and with Cashmere standing with one foot up top, Rage rushes the corner, hopping up on the middle rope...]

LD: Uh oh! Both women on the ropes now in the corner! A bad spot for either one to be in as- ohh! Rage pops her with a right hand! Now a left as well, trying to batter her way into an advantage!

[...but Cashmere isn't giving up that easy, throwing two heavy shots of her own...]

LD: This is a fight! This is a battle between - and in this case ON - the buckles!

[...and the crowd starts to rally behind Cashmere as she rains down blow after blow after blow, delivering a two-handed shove that sends Rage flopping backwards off the buckles, crashing down on the mat on her sore back!]

LD: CASHMERE SHOVES HER DOWN! SHE CREATES AN OPENING!

[With Rage down, Cashmere steadies herself, stepping to the top rope with both feet, poised perfectly as the crowd cheers in anticipation...]

LD: CASHMERE UP TOP! SHE'S GONNA FLY!

[...but as she leaps, Rage starts to regain her feet!]

LD: CROSSBODY CONNECTS! DOWN TO COUNT!

[But Rage uses the momentum of the crossbody to roll right through it...

...and lifts the smaller woman up off the mat in her arms, standing tall...]

LD: BACKBREAKER BY RAGE!

[...and then lifts her again...]

LD: A SECOND ONE!

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

LD: OHHH! A THIRD BACKBREAKER DRIVES CASHMERE DOWN ACROSS THE KNEE!

[Rage arrogantly shoves Cashmere off the knee, diving across her chest, hooking a leg...]

LD: Rage with a cover for one! She's got two!

[...but again, Cashmere kicks out of the pin attempt to cheers!]

LD: She's out again... and Ben, you've gotta be at least a little impressed with Pink Cashmere.

BW: I was impressed with her in her debut when she came out of nowhere to get a pinfall over Jazmyn Spice with that Springboard Shooting Star Press that she calls the Purple Reign Dance. And yeah, I AM impressed with the fight she's giving the first woman to wear the AWA Women's World Title right now tonight on Showtime. But being impressed doesn't make me stupid, Dane... and I'd have to be stupid or delusional to say that Pink Cashmere is gonna beat Lauryn Rage here tonight no matter how good she's looking right... well, a few moments ago anyways. Right now, she's down and Lauryn Rage is looking to finish her off.

LD: Three backbreakers will do a number on any competitors... and as Lauryn Rage gets to her feet, you have to wonder if she'll continue to target the back of Cashmere.

[Back on her feet, the former World Champion puts her focus back on Cashmere, dragging her off the mat by the arm...]

LD: Ben, I've gotta wonder if Lauryn Rage is a little bit more fired up than usual tonight because of the lack of her inclusion - so far at least - in the Royal Crown tournament.

[Waterson chuckles.]

BW: Her own sister refused to put her in! She said she'd leave that to someone else and we're down to two spots left and no one's done it yet! Dane, you had two picks and didn't select her - want to share why?

[As the announcers discuss it, Cashmere gets whipped into the corner by Rage, crashing into the buckles...]

LD: Honestly, Lauryn Rage has been a little bit... unpredictable since her return from injury. When she came back, I think we all assumed she would have two immediate goals - go after Kurayami and go after her title. When she lost the Number One Contender's match to Julie Somers inside that cage and lost her chance to achieve both of those goals at SuperClash, it seemed like she lost her way a bit. And then to lose by betrayal in Steal The Spotlight...

[...and Rage storms in after her, connecting with a big clothesline!]

LD: ...and this obsession with Laura Davis and the Slam Sorority...

[Rage backs off, catching the stunned Cashmere, lifting her up over her shoulder...]

LD: ...I'm just not sure she's in the proper mindset to compete in something like the Royal Crown tournament, Ben.

[...and comes charging out of the corner, leaping into the air...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: SITOUT SPINEBUSTER!

[...and stays down in a seated position, holding the legs of the rookie as the referee dives down to count!]

LD: Rage has got one! She's got two! She's got th-

[But Cashmere's shoulder goes flying up off the mat, breaking the pin just before the three count comes down!]

LD: -ohhh! Close call there for Pink Cashmere! She just BARELY got the shoulder up to stay alive in this very tough battle for her here on the premiere of Showtime!

[Rage slaps a hand down on the mat, shouting "that was three!" at the official who denies the charge, holding up two fingers.]

LD: Lauryn Rage with some words for the official - fighting a very emotionally-charged style as of late. Moreso than we've ever seen from her before, I believe, Ben.

BW: I don't think there's any doubt about that. Lauryn's Coming... and that means trouble for everyone in her way... except the Slam Sorority because there's strength in numbers and Davis/Wallace/Colton are waaaay more than Rage can handle on her own.

[Rage climbs to her feet, stalking after Cashmere who is crawling towards the corner, trying to get away...]

BW: Cashmere's running for her life here... and I can't blame her for that because the former World Champion's hot on her trail.

LD: What a brave challenge it was for Cashmere to ask for this match... knowing she'd be a rookie taking on a former World Champion.

[...and as Cashmere uses the ropes to pull herself up in the corner, Rage arrives ready to continue the attack.]

LD: Both women in the corner now...

[Squared up, Rage starts hammering away with rights and lefts to the body again, battering the ribcage of Cashmere...]

LD: ...the referee telling Rage to back off...

[...but as Cashmere lowers her arms to defend herself, Rage POPS her with a stiff uppercut, snapping her head back and leaving Cashmere leaning against the buckles, her arms hooked over the top rope to keep from falling to the canvas!]

LD: ...and Cashmere's in trouble. Rage has got her where she wants her and there may not be much time left for Pink Cashmere in this one.

BW: Speaking of time, they say we're about eight minutes and change into this one with a fifteen minute time limit... halfway there...

[Rage backs off, getting a verbal lashing from the official for the closed fists. She raises her hands, shaking her head as she backs towards the middle of the ring...]

LD: The referee telling Rage to open up those hands... here she comes!

[Rage brushes past the official, charging across the ring...]

LD: TO THE CORNER!

[...but as Rage leaps, twisting in the air...]

LD: FLYING HIP ATT-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...the crowd reacts as Cashmere raises her legs, tucking them so that Rage's injured back smashes into the raised knees!]

LD: CASHMERE COUNTERS! SHE GETS THE KNEES UP!

[Rage staggers out, grabbing at her lower back as Cashmere spins around, grabbing the top rope with both hands. She leaps up, landing on the second rope and springing up to the top...]

LD: THE ROOKIE FLIES!

[...and backflips off the top, soaring high to catch the turning Rage with a moonsault that topples her, ending with Cashmere in a North-South position and hooking both legs!]

LD: CASHMERE FOR THE UPSET! ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO!
THREEEEEEEEEEEE! SHE GOT HER! SHE GOT HER!

[But the crowd ROARS in shock as the official leaps up, holding up two fingers, waving her arms...]

LD: NO! NO! THE REF SAYS IT WAS TWO! THE REF SAYS IT WAS ONLY TWO!

[The crowd jeers the official as he still holds up two fingers as Cashmere looks on in horrified shock...]

LD: Pink Cashmere had the best chance of this match to get the win... she got- let's take a look at this replay, Ben...

[A quick split screen comes up showing Rage charging in for the flying hip attack that Cashmere blocks with raised knees...]

BW: It's the counter that got things going her way - good defense leads to great offense and Pink Cashmere had both right there. The knees up and then the moonsault off the top for the near fall... the ref says two...

[...and then shows Cashmere springing off the second rope to the top, snapping off a picture perfect moonsault that topples the standing Rage to the mat. The replay shows all the way to the VERY close near fall before going back to live action in full!]

BW: ...and from that replay, I'd say the referee is right, Dane.

LD: I'd have to agree much to the disappointment of Pink Cashmere as she tries to find a way to finish this off!

[Still on the mat looking up in disbelief, Cashmere slowly starts to roll away from her former partner...]

LD: The rookie rolling out on the apron... we've heard Kimmy Bailey called a "red hot rookie" as of late but Pink Cashmere is staking her claim to that nickname tonight too!

[Rolling under the ropes onto the apron, Cashmere wearily sits up, hanging onto the ropes for support...]

LD: Cashmere on the outside... getting to her feet...

[...and leans against the ropes as she gets there.]

LD: ...grabbing the ropes...

BW: But Rage is trying to get up! Lauryn Rage is on a knee and I think Cashmere was looking for the Purple Reign Dance! No dice here and-

LD: ...what's she gonna do now?

[Grabbing the top rope with both hands, taking a deep breath as Rage gets the rest of the way to her feet, Cashmere leaps to the second rope...

...which is when Rage rushes forward, cocking back her right hand...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: PERFECT PUNCH! PERFECT PUNCH!

[...and BLASTS Cashmere across the jaw, cutting off her leap so that she's hanging over the top rope...]

LD: Rage caught her and... oh no!

[...where Rage twists around, grabbing Cashmere around the head and neck, dragging her forward so that her feet are resting on the top rope and her chin is resting on Rage's shoulder, the crowd ROARING as they realize what's coming their way...]

LD: SHE'S GOT HER HOOKED! SHE'S GOT HER HOOKED FOR-

[...and Rage DROPS to her tailbone, jacking the jaw of the elevated Cashmere before leaving her in a motionless heap on the mat!]

LD: -SNAAAAAAKEBIIIIITE!

[Rage flips Cashmere over, diving across and not bothering to hook a leg as the referee dives to the mat...]

LD: ONNNNNE! TWOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[...and a weary and sore Rage pushes up to her knees, raising her arm over her head in triumph.]

LD: A hard-fought win for Lauryn Rage over her former partner, Pink Cashmere... and as advertised, Rage gave her former ally no quarter tonight in Atlanta, Ben.

BW: Absolutely not. Rage said it herself earlier - she doesn't believe in allies or partners and it shows. She walks alone no matter how lonely a path it is.

[Rage pushes up off the mat to her feet, raising her arms over her head again...]

LD: There's your winner - the first woman to wear championship gold here in the AW- AAAAY!

[...and the crowd JEERS loudly as someone SMASHES a double axehandle into the back of Lauryn Rage, knocking her down to her knees!]

LD: That's Trish Wallace!

BW: So much for travel trouble!

LD: Carolina Colton's in there now as well and-

[Colton smashes an axehandle of her own down across the back, knocking Rage down onto her stomach as Wallace grabs the downed Pink Cashmere off the mat and HURLS her over the ropes to the outside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: Trish Wallace disposes of Pink Cashmere and Lauryn Rage finds herself all alone in there with the Slam Sorority!

[Colton stomps the lower back a few more times before dragging Rage off the canvas, yanking her into a standing headscissors...]

LD: Lauryn Rage is in trouble, fans - she's in big, big trouble!

[...and powers Rage up into the air, holding her high above the mat...]

LD: Colton's got her up annnnnnd...

[...and swings her down, Wallace grabbing the hair for a little extra "oomph" on the spike powerbomb!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD ...POWERRRRRBOMMMMMMB!

BW: Get the meat wagon! Lauryn Rage is going for a ride!

[Colton stands over the downed Rage, taunting her as Trish Wallace waves for her to pick her up...]

LD: Oh, come on! She's been through enough! She's been through enough, Wallace!

[...and Colton obliges, dragging Rage's limp form off the mat and shoving her towards Wallace who lifts her up in a mighty bearhug!]

LD: BEARHUG! WALLACE HOOKS HER IN A BEARHUG!

[And the powerful Wallace ragdolls Rage back and forth, swinging her wildly as Colton nods approvingly, looking on as the fans jeer madly!]

LD: The back of Lauryn Rage has been through HELL tonight and Trish Wallace and Carolina Colton - who aren't even supposed to be here for the record - are going to send the rest of Rage there too if they have their druthers!

BW: They may not have been supposed to be here because of travel issues but I assure you, the Slam Sorority IS open for business and Lauryn Rage is their most important customer!

LD: Wallace continuing to put the big squeeze on her, going after the ribs... the back... the-

[Suddenly, the crowd ROARS again!]

LD: CASHMERE'S BACK IN!

[And she's carrying a steel chair from ringside. Colton spots her first, bailing out of the ring as Cashmere winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES the chair across the back of Wallace, forcing her to release the hold, sending Rage collapsing limply to the mat as Wallace staggers towards the ropes, falling through them to the outside!]

LD: AND CASHMERE CLEANS HOUSE! SHE SENDS THE SORORITY PACKING!

[Colton grabs Wallace off the floor, pointing out Cashmere who is still holding the chair, ready to swing again as needed...]

LD: It's a standoff in Hotlanta, fans! Wow, what a night this has been already! And we've still got more to come! Don't go away, fans, we'll be right back!

[...and as Cashmere slams the chair against the mat, shouting "COME ON!" at the Slam Sorority, we fade to black.

We cut to a gym, where we see Harley Hamilton, Cinder, Kelly Kowalski, and Casey Cash walking side by side through the premises. Their names are displayed underneath their persons, and the term "professional wrestlers" briefly takes over the whole screen. All four are dressed in Under Armour workout attire. We hear

Casey on the voiceover as the scene transitions to Cinder scrambling up a rock wall.]

CC: People say Cinder is crazy.

[Cinder makes it up the wall, sitting on top with a big grin on her face, shouting down to a smiling Harley below, as Casey gives a double thumbs up and Kelly stretches out.]

CC: But those who know Cinder know she thrives on not having to live up to the expectations of society.

[Cut to Kelly Kowalski, working over a heavy bag held by Harley and Casey with hard punches.]

CC: They say all Kelly Kowalski can do is brawl.

[Kelly suddenly grabs the bag, throwing knees into the side as Harley and Casey give each other a look, impressed with their friend's power.]

CC: Those who know Kelly Kowalski know that she has plenty of cards left in the deck, waiting for the right moment to play them.

[Cut to Harley Hamilton, giving Casey advice before a sparring session.]

CC: They say Harley Hamilton is selfish, spoiled, arrogant...

[Transition to archive footage of Harley from her time on St. Bonaventure's women's basketball team, with a new voiceover... "fifteen assists for Harley! A new single game record for the Bonnies!"... then back to Harley guiding Casey and Casey's voiceover.]

CC: But anyone who knows Harley knows the real truth about her loyalty.

[Cut to Casey just before her sparring session, taking a deep breath.]

CC: They say I'm just an airheaded rookie, a ditz, a hanger-on...

[And now to Casey taking down her sparring partners with quick armdrags and hip tosses.]

CC: I'll show you what's to come, with some help from my friends.

[We see the four assembling after their workout, drinking from steel Under Armour water bottles.]

CC: They say we're a disgrace to professional wrestling.

[Harley looks up at the camera, ending Casey's voiceover by speaking aloud.]

HH: We say we're changing the sport for the better.

[And with a grin from Kelly and a shouted "YEAHHHH!" from Cinder, we cut to the Under Armour logo, with the words "we will" underneath. Fade to black...

...and back up to our hosts standing at the interview podium.]

MW: Welcome back to the premiere episode of Showtime right here LIVE on ESPN. The entire world's been watching this one and Sweet Daddy, you gotta think they like what they're seeing!

SDW: It's been a tremendous night, baby, and we ain't done yet.

MW: Still to come, that big eight person mixed tag between Team Rogers and Team Slater... the Run The Rankings Final Stage... and so much more including the Battle of London Control Center where we'll learn the brackets for this innovative new tournament concept - the Royal Crown. Speaking of which, S-Dee... I think it's time to find out our final participants in the tournament.

SDW: Sounds like a plan to me, M-Wolfe.

MW: Nope. Doesn't work. Don't even try it.

[And we fade to pre-recorded footage as we get the Royal Crown graphic, showing the already-announced participants: Trish Wallace, Shannon Walsh, Ayako Fujiwara, Michelle Bailey, Ricki Toughill, and Victoria June on the women's side and Tony Donovan, Sid Osborne, Smasher Salazar, Joe Flint, Shadoo Rage, and Raphael Rhodes on the other...]

...and then we fade in on what appears to be cell phone captured footage in a familiar venue - the Combat Corner. There is action all throughout the background, people lifting weights, hammering heavy bags, and even running the ropes inside the ring as Marcus Broussard barks instructions. After a moment, someone takes a seat in front of the camera - former World Champion and current AWA owner and Combat Corner Head Trainer, Todd Michaelson.]

TM: Hey all... welcome to the Combat Corner where we train the stars of tomorrow... TODAY!

[Michaelson stage whispers.]

TM: Coming to a commercial near you soon.

[He clears his throat, straightening up.]

TM: So, the powers that be... which is kinda me actually... wanted me to help out on Selection Saturday by picking two more names for the Royal Crown tournament. And when I agreed, I decided that I wanted my picks to truly be about opportunity... by picking people that maybe the general public wouldn't expect to get the nod. Now, at first I thought about picking two people from here...

[He gestures to the action behind him.]

TM: ...but I reached a separate little deal on that front that'll be coming your way this summer. Stay tuned for that.

[Michaelson grins.]

TM: So, instead, I scoured the roster looking for the right picks... the two people I thought could really take this opportunity and run with it. And... here's who I came up with. First, opportunity can mean more than a chance at fame or fortune or championships... it can mean a rare opportunity to compete in a time or place with special meaning to someone.

And that's why I'm giving my first spot in this tournament to a man who hails FROM London, England... and I know it would mean the world to him to be able to compete in front of his hometown fans as part of this tournament. Rory Smythe, you're up!

[The Majesty's Might appears in the graphic, flexing as he joins the other six competitors in the fray.]

TM: And lastly...

[Michaelson pauses, grimacing.]

TM: I have to admit that I had second thoughts on this one after what went down last weekend in New Orleans. I don't know this person's part in what happened... I don't know what they're thinking exactly. But I know that this is exactly the type of opportunity I'm talking about. In other places at other times in the history of this sport, this individual would be overlooked... pushed aside... cast in a certain role not fitting them... believe me, I speak from experience. But not in this place at this time. Paris Crawford is the final entry in the Royal Crown tournament.

[Crawford's added to the graphic.]

TM: And that's that. Eight competitors... among the finest in the world... all looking to get to London and make history by winning the inaugural Royal Crown. Good luck to you all.

[Michaelson bows his head at the camera before the image cuts out...

...and is replaced by similar cell phone style video, this one from what appears to be a locker room somewhere in the world. And that "somewhere in the world," we can deduce is likely to be Japan as someone steps in front of the camera - former AWA competitor Melissa Cannon.]

MC: Hey, AWA fans! It's fallen upon me to pick the final two competitors in the Royal Crown tournament. I've seen the list picked so far and it's truly some of the best in the world... so it's my responsibility to live up to that and round this out in style. I've picked two very different competitors... but two competitors who I've admired for a while now.

[Cannon smirks.]

MC: My first pick is the leader of the Slam Sorority and one of the greatest professional wrestlers on the planet, Laura Davis... and while I eagerly await the day when I go one-on-one with Ms. Davis myself, I look forward to seeing what she can do in this tournament.

[She nods with a grin.]

MC: And my final pick is someone who I got to know a little better - both in and out of the ring - last winter here in Japan when we both competed in the Empress Cup... and actually, she's the one who eliminated me from THAT tournament. The red hot rookie herself, Kimmy Bailey! Kimmy, I've got my eye on you, girl... don't let me down.

[She shrugs.]

MC: And that's that. Eight of the best in the world going at it... I wish all my fans back in the States the best and I really hope we can see each other in person very... VERY... soon.

[Cannon blows a kiss at the camera, waving with a smile as the shot goes back to the Royal Crown graphic - now complete...

...and we fade back to Mariah and SDW at the interview podium.]

MW: Eight women and eight men selected and now we head into the Royal Crown tournament with one heck of a lineup, Sweet Daddy!

SDW: You got that right, Miss Mariah! What a lineup on both sides of the crown and... wow! I can't wait to hear the matches announced... we could see Kimmy Bailey vs her own partner, Ayako Fujiwara! We could see Sid Osborne versus TONY Donovan! We could-

MW: The possibilities are endless! And...

[Wolfe grabs at her earpiece.]

MW: Okay, change of plans... we're going to go backstage where Steve Rogers is trying to catch up with the Slam Sorority after what we just saw and... okay, Steve... are you there?

[We cut to backstage where Steve Rogers is walking toward the go position, where we see Trish Wallace and Carolina Colton emerge. The two women appear to be quite animated with their conversation.]

SR: I hear you, Mariah... the Slam Sorority just attacked Lauryn Rage and I'm going to try to get a word with them... I really want to find out about what happened, especially after what we saw go down between Lauryn Rage and Laura Davis.

[He comes up to Wallace and Colton, who continue to argue with one another]

CC: -Maybe mention that you qualified for Royal Crown tournament forty or fifty more times, T-Bone. I dunno if I got it through my "rookie" skull.

TW: So I mention it one last time: Rookies don't qualify for Royal Crown. Which means, since I'm in the tournament, I have seniority over you, Starkiller. So if I want to drive the rental car, I'll drive the rental car.

CC: Well, you're definitely a senior when you're driving.

TW: I was observing the speed limit, Carolina.

CC: Lauryn Rage nearly got away again, Trish. Next time, let me drive and we can be here early and get the jump on her first.

[Rogers then holds his hand up.]

SH: Whoa, hold on there, ladies... I want to know what just happened. Were the two of you trying to make up for not being here earlier when Laura Davis got attacked by-

TW: -Because the last time I let you drive you went 40! Through a playground zone!

CC: But we would have made it here on time, if you let me give'r behind the wheel, like Coach Davis wanted us to. Besides, it's a rental car. The speeding ticket goes to the AWA.

TW: So?

CC: So if I get a ticket, we can pin it on Chet and Chaz like we did a couple weeks ago with the-

"Hey, that's enough of that!"

[It's another person's voice... and into the camera shot comes the person in question: "The All-Around Athlete" Laura Davis. She's still dressed in her track suit. She motions to Wallace and Colton.]

LD: Both of you, settle down! I'll talk to you two in a minute.

[She then turns to Rogers and looks quite peeved.]

LD: Your first week on the job and you're already trying to instigate something?

SR: Wait a minute, I'm just trying to do my job here and find out what's really going on.

LD: What, you think because the AWA put you in this position that you can just start trouble with the Slam Sorority to draw attention to yourself? If you want attention, why don't you start up a hotline like Blackwell used to have... at least then you can pretend to be useful!

[She turns back to Wallace and Colton.]

LD: Now, look, I appreciate the initiative you both showed tonight in making sure Lauryn Rage knows to keep her nose out of our business, but I need you both to focus. Remember, the one thing we need is to work as a team, something that Lauryn wouldn't learn if it came up and kicked her in the rear!

So let's hear it... what is it that you want?

[Colton throws up her hands.]

CC: Well, Coach, y'know that the Rages and the Coltons have a longstanding... let's call it a rivalry. Now I'm not big into standing on family laurels...

[Trish Wallace snorts derisively beside Carolina Colton, who ignores her and continues.]

CC: ...And I was even willing to overlook her brother maiming my brother a couple of years ago. But... when she laid me out last month... just over there... [she points over her shoulder] Well... let's just say, being the one to end a cycle of violence is a skill that a rookie like me hasn't developed yet. Sooo, I know you've got a couple of open contracts that Lauryn Rage has sent to you. Why not give me one? To show off all I learned from you, eh?

TW: "Eh?" Could you be even more cliched?

CC: Depends. You got a bag of ketchup chips?

TW: Gross. Coach, if you send Carolina out there with the cocky mindset, that's just begging for Lauryn Rage to reach into her bag of tricks and embarrass her again. Carolina's good. I hate saying it, but she and I together – we're undefeated. Instead of giving her an open contract, give it to someone who's already got one-on-one experience. I'm a pretty impressive singles wrestler, Coach, and Starkiller's used to tag teams. I can take a Women's World Champion, Coach, because I've stood my ground against one before. I've been here before. Give me Lauryn Rage, and I'll make her go splat on the canvas louder than Carolina can.

[Carolina snickers at her own private joke.]

CC: "Louder?" Better set up a sound meter at ringside.

LD: You both say you want Lauryn Rage? Let's review a few things.

[She gestures to Wallace.]

LD: It looks like you and I both have a date in London for the Royal Crown tournament and I want to ensure we are both at 100 percent. So while I appreciate your willingness to step forward, what's best for the team is that you and I ensure the Royal Crown is an all-Slam Sorority finals.

[She gestures to Colton.]

LD: And because you were jumped from behind by a certain Rage family member a few weeks back, you're getting the first shot... and I've already made arrangements for that at National Wrestling Night in Kansas City. This is your opportunity, Carolina, and I expect that you will come through for the Slam Sorority!

[Colton excitedly claps her hands together.]

CC: Oh yah naw, fer sure, Coach! I'll hand out some earplugs for the front row. For the sonic boom of my powerslam, or the screams of Lauryn Rage when I put the Cuffs on her.

LD: [glancing at Wallace] You and I, we'll be preparing for the Royal Crown. Are we clear?

TW: [she grits her teeth, seething at Colton] I'll see you in the dojo, Coach.

LD: Good. [Glance at Rogers] Once again, your time with all-time greats has come to an end!

[She motions for Colton and Wallace to follow her...

...and we cut to another area backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing between the Country Punks. On his right is an excited Kayla "the Pistol" Cristol. She is dressed in her ring gear. She is hopping foot to foot, firing her finger pistols at the camera. Sweet Lou seems amused by her energy.

In contrast, the Afro Punk, Victoria June is a more hulking, brooding presence to his left. June stares down at the ground, clenching and unclenching her black-gloved fists. She is dressed in street gear, a studded denim vest over a sleeveless Afro Punk T-shirt, studded belts and bracelets and necklaces and June's afro is standing taller than ever. The usually affable freckled wrestler seems oblivious to everything going on around her.]

SLB: Carolina Colton versus Lauryn Rage just announced for National Wrestling Night as the Women's Division continue to be the hottest division in all of wrestling... and speaking of which...

[He gestures to his guests.]

SLB: ...I'm here with the team that many people believe should have been in the Finals against the Peach Pits and a great deal also believe are the rightful AWA Women's World Tag Team Champions - the Country Punks!

[Cristol smiles brightly. June barely seems to respond to the introduction. Blackwell seems concerned by the lack of reaction but he soldiers on.]

SLB: Kayla, I can see you're ready for singles action tonight where I understand that you're taking on one of your long time adversaries, Copperhead of the Serpentes!

[Kayla's smile is a thousand watts as she faces the camera, pointing directly at the viewers and the likely viewing Copperhead.]

KC: Copperhead, I hope yer ready tonight for me because I am feelin' good and energetic and I've got a point to prove.

SLB: A point to prove? What point is that?

KC: We got taken out of the AWA Women's World Tag Team Championships when E-Girl Max Pearl Harbored Victoria June for the tainted win! Everybody knows that that should have been us in the Finals against the Peach Pits, but no, Seductive and Destructive had to STEAL a win from us!

[Cristol angrily claps her hands together.]

KC: But that's okay. Because we aren't going to just be standing at the back of the line. No, we're going to fight our way back to the front.

So starting tonight, the Country Punks get back on track.

[Cristol nods confidently.]

SLB: But the Serpentine can make the same claim. I can tell you that Copperhead has been telling everybody who will listen that she and the Mamba will wear those tag team championships sooner than later. What do you have to say to that?

[Cristol grins.]

VC: Don't you worry, Sweet Lou, I'll tell you what I think!

[Cristol points her gun fingers towards the camera.]

VC: Copperhead, I know you been running your mouth behind the scenes that you're gonna wear those AWA Women's World Tag Team titles and you just want another shot at Harley Hamilton and Cinder.

Well, you're just going to have to get in line because we're going to be the first past the post. The Country Punks are coming!

[Blackwell grins.]

SLB: Kayla Cristol, you sure are fired up!

[Cristol nods with a grin of her own.]

KC: I sure am, Sweet Lou. I sure am! One thing's for sure... two things for certain... Copperhead, I'm one half of the Country Punks, the next AWA Women's World Tag Team Champions...

...and tonight, I'm gonna whup your butt!

[Blackwell looks genuinely surprised.]

SLB: Whoa! Language! And Victoria June, what about you? You've got a big match of your own coming up against Team Rogers as Kevin Slater picked you for his team. That's gotta be a big honor.

[The "Afro Punk" seems unusually brooding and pensive. She doesn't seem to pay attention to Blackwell's question.]

SLB: Victoria?

[Wherever the Afro Punk is, she isn't with the Showtime interviewer. She breathes heavily, studying the ground. A concerned Kayla Cristol reaches out slowly...]

KC: Vicky?

[Cristol gingerly touches her partner, Victoria June, on the shoulder. The Afro Punk suddenly jerks out of her trance.. .and then snaps her eyes towards Blackwell.]

VJ: (chewing her lip) Ah don't wanna talk about mah match tonight, Sweet Lou. Ah wanna talk about E-Girl Max and Casey Cash.

[Blackwell cringes anxiously.]

SLB: Casey Cash?

[June nods.]

VJ: As much as ah can't stand E-Girl Max, ah can't stand Cash the most. She's running around here pretending like Under Armour gives a damn about her. Like anybody gives a damn about her.

Ah can't stand her. Ah can't stand anything about her.

[June shakes her head.]

SLB: But Victoria, Casey Cash already wrestled toni-

[The Afro Punk doesn't even seem to hear Blackwell, interrupting.]

VJ: So Casey Cash... like mah partner said... one thing's for sure and two things for certain.... Y'all gon see me soon.

And when it happens, Cash, ah want you to think about those cherry blossoms.

[June stares into the camera with shockingly cold and intense green eyes. She licks her bright red lips and kisses her teeth before walking off. Sweet Lou stares after her in confusion.]

SLB: Is she okay?

KC: I hope so.

[Cristol mutters under her breath.]

KC: For everybody's sake.

[And with that, we fade back out to the ring where we find Megumi Sato standing.]

MS: The following contest is an EIGHT PERSON MIXED TAG TEAM MATCH set for one fall with a one hour time limit!

[Sato pauses.]

MS: Introducing first...

[The sound of Deep Purple's "Smoke On The Water" starts up to cheers from the AWA faithful. After a few moments, former EMWC World Champion Adam Rogers walks out on the stage, grinning and waving to the fans.]

MS: ...they make up TEAM ROGERS...

[As the music plays, the members of the team walk out to stand alongside the Natural...]

MS: ...WES TAYLOR...

[The former Tag Team Champion is the first one out, a determined look on his face as he trades a fist bump with Rogers.]

MS: ...ROBERT DONOVAN...

[The towering seven footer emerges, trading a big smile with Rogers who leans in to give his old friend a quick embrace.]

MS: ...and the team of Kimmy Bailey and Ayako Fujiwara... THE LAAAAAARIAAAAATOOOOOOOOS!

[Bailey and Fujiwara come out together, saluting the cheering fans as they take a spot alongside the other three, trading a forearm clash each with Rogers who gives them all a few words before pointing down the aisle.]

LD: Adam Rogers heading back to the backstage area while his team heads down the stairs to the ring... and that's quite the team he put together under some unusual circumstances, Ben.

BW: It's a solid team... but he doesn't have Derrick Williams and he doesn't have Sid Osborne... and that could be the difference in my book.

LD: We'll see about that.

[As Team Rogers enters the ring, Sato lifts the mic as Motley Crue's "Wild Side" begins playing.]

MS: And their opponents... representing TEAM SLATER...

[Another former EMWC World Champion comes out on the stage, looking out on the cheering fans with a grin.]

MS: ...they are... VICTORIA JUNE...

[The Afro Punk angrily stomps out on the elevated stage...

...and pays absolutely no attention to Kevin Slater who offers a fist bump... and then shakes his head as he puts his hand down.]

MS: ...SID OSBORNE...

[The Sin City Savior saunters out onto the stage, absorbing the boos of the Center Stage crowd.]

MS: ...HARPER HANNIGAN...

[Hannigan comes striding into view, partially crouched over as they eyeball the assembled people in the ring.]

MS: ...and "THE FUTURE"... DERRRRRRRRRRICK WILLLLLLLLLLLLIAMMMMMMS!

[Williams is the final man on the stage, leaning over to shake hands with the Wild Thing as he looks down the aisle at the ring.]

LD: And while Team Slater may not be as friendly towards their captain as Team Rogers was... they're no less dangerous... and may in fact be actually MORE dangerous, Ben.

[Slater exits with another wave as the quartet makes their way down the staircase towards the ring to a mixed reaction from the Atlanta crowd.]

LD: Team Slater heading to the ring... and while I know the fans are excited to see Derrick Williams in action in this one, I for one am excited to see the in-ring debut of the monstrous Harper Hannigan.

BW: I gotta know about them, Dane.

LD: Hold your horses, Ben... and as Team Slater reaches the ring, getting up on the apron... it appears for Team Rogers, it looks like it'll be the big seven foot veteran, Robert Donovan starting things off... and that's an extra special choice for the Natural for a few reasons, Ben.

BW: Because Donovan and Rogers worked together to rid the wrestling world of James Lynch for a few years?

LD: Well, they definitely were allies in the Beale Street Bullies here in the AWA... but I was referring more to Big Rob's time in the EMWC. So, it's nice to have him here tonight on this premiere of Showtime as someone who competed back in the glory days of Los Angeles.

[Donovan steps to the middle of the ring, looking out on the cheering crowd and points at the word written on his singlet for this night - "EXTREME."]

LD: Donovan wearing the EMWC's "team colors" so to speak with that word written across his torso. While the EMWC wasn't all about Extreme, it is certainly the thing it is perhaps best known for, Ben.

BW: That may be but he's not in Los Angeles anymore and he's definitely not in the EMWC. Right now, he's standing in Atlanta in Center Stage Studios as part of the AWA... and while he's got a history here too - former Longhorn Heritage Champion - he's looking across the ring at two guys desperately looking to take his spot.

LD: Derrick Williams and Sid Osborne would be who you're referring to there no doubt... and Donovan is pointing right at Osborne. He wants the Sin City Savior in there with him.

BW: No love lost between these two over the past couple of months... and with that date ahead on April 14th in Kansas City - National Wrestling Night being broadcast LIVE nationwide on ABC - where it'll be Donovan and Osborne challenging Jordan Ohara in a three way match for the National Title, there won't be any love lost between them for a good long while.

[Osborne glares at Donovan... then out at the crowd who are starting to jeer his refusal to get inside the ring...]

LD: Sid Osborne doesn't look too eager to take on Donovan in there, Ben.

BW: The Sin City Savior does things on his schedule, Dane, no one else's.

[...and finally Osborne climbs through the ropes to cheers as the referee signals for the bell.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

LD: The bell sounds and this Team Slater versus Team Rogers special attraction is underway here on Showtime!

[Osborne feints a charge towards Donovan who raises his clenched fists, ready to throw down at a moment's notice... but as Osborne pulls up, he points out the clenched fists, causing referee Ricky Longfellow to give a few words towards the big man.]

LD: Ricky Longfellow will be responsible for trying to keep this one under control... much like his father, Dick Longfellow, did in the E for so many years.

[Osborne circles Donovan who stays in the middle of the ring, pivoting to keep the controversial young man in his sights.]

LD: After winning the 2017 Golden Grappler for Best Newcomer, Sid Osborne is off to a good start here in the 2018 as well... and a win in Kansas City for the National Title would be a huge boost to his promising young career.

BW: Or it could be the last gasp of glory for a guy like Robert Donovan whose best days are behind him but he's hanging on with everything he's got to the rung of the ladder that keeps him employed.

LD: Donovan may be the aging veteran in this scenario, Ben, but he's been very impressive as of late... in fact, many are saying Donovan hasn't looked this good in the ring since those Beale Street Bully days.

[Osborne feints towards Donovan again who again raises the fists...

...and Osborne backs off, shaking his head.]

“You want extreme, big man?”

[Osborne gestures at Donovan's singlet...]

“You got it!”

[...and then rolls from the ring, marching over towards the timekeeper's table where he waves it clear.]

LD: What's this about now? Osborne on the outside and... hey! He's got a chair!

BW: I said it a little while ago - we're not in Los Angeles, Sid! That's not legal here!

[But Osborne doesn't seem to care as he slides the chair under the bottom rope with some pep, sending it sliding across the canvas. Donovan reaches down for it...

...which is when Osborne slides in, throwing himself into a chop block on the back of Donovan's knee, knocking him down to his other knee!]

LD: Oh! And I hate to say it but that was a brilliant move by Osborne to get Donovan looking the other way and then tackle that knee!

[With Donovan down on a knee, Osborne winds up...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and delivers a knife edge chop on the big man!]

LD: A hard chop out of the Sin City Savior... no doubt he picked up a few things in that area in his time teaming and feuding with Raphael Rhodes last year.

BW: Speaking of the surly Brit, I have it on good authority, Dane, that Osborne is absolutely LIVID that Rhodes is looking a high profile match at Memorial Day Mayhem square in the mouth while Osborne's not even on the card yet.

LD: There's a lot of time between now and May 28th in Los Angeles, Ben... all the time in the world for Sid to find his way to Dodger Stadium. Especially if he knocks off Jordan Ohara and becomes the National Champion.

[Osborne winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and this time, a seething Donovan reaches up, grabbing Osborne by the face and SHOVES him backwards, sending him down to the mat!]

LD: Tremendous power on the part of the seven footer!

[A fired up Osborne regains his feet, snatching up the chair he slid into the ring earlier...]

LD: Sid's got the chair again annnnnnnd...

[...and rears back with it, the referee shouting at him to stop!]

LD: ...huh?

[Osborne unfolds the chair, setting it down on the mat and plants himself in the seat, smirking at the jeering crowd.]

BW: Hah! I love it, Dane! These bloodthirsty idiots wanted to see a true talent like Sid Osborne swing that chair and in return, they got exactly what they deserve.

[Sitting down, Osborne lashes out with a straight right hand to the jaw... and another... and another...

...and suddenly, with a roar, Robert Donovan surges to his feet, reaching out towards Osborne who scrambles out of the chair, wheeling around as Donovan angrily kicks the chair aside, stomping towards the Sin City Savior who dances away...

...and slaps the hand of Victoria June!]

LD: Our first tag of this eight person mixed tag... and remember, when a woman tags in, the man must tag out. No intergender matchups allowed in this one.

[The crowd jeers the cowardly escape... but quickly cheers as the Afro Punk comes through the ropes, racing right past a surprised Donovan...

...and throws herself into a leaping forearm smash on an unsuspecting Ayako Fujiwara!]

LD: Oh! And the Afro Punk wasting no time here as she nails Ayako and...

"THUUUUUUUUUD!"

LD: ...and slingshots her up, over, and down into the ring!

[A fired-up Kimmy Bailey takes a swipe at June from the apron that the Afro Punk narrowly avoids before diving down into a mount on Fujiwara, smashing her fist repeatedly into the skull of the Olympic gold medalist!]

BW: June's been on a bit of a hot temper tantrum since... well, since she showed up in the AWA... but even moreso as of late since she and Kayla Cristol were eliminated from the Women's World Tag Team Title tournament.

LD: Through controversial tactics. She's been trying to get her hands on... we saw her in hot pursuit of Casey Cash on the Tenth Anniversary Show and I'm told the only reason we haven't seen more of that tonight is because June was warned by Interim President Zharkov against getting involved in anything involving E-Girl MAX tonight in Atlanta.

BW: Give him credit for that because if not, she would've been all over that match between Cash and Betty Chang earlier.

LD: Absolutely... just like she's all over Ayako Fujiwara down on the mat right now, feeding those fists into the face of Fujiwara!

[Climbing off the mat, June brings Fujiwara up alongside her, grabbing the hair and smashing her head into the neutral corner!]

LD: June's so fired up as of late, I'm not sure she's seeing straight. Everyone might look like E-Girl MAX to her.

BW: Imagine how much of a rage she went into last weekend seeing Hamilton and Cinder win the titles. Just imagine!

LD: I don't think I have to imagine because we're seeing her take out that rage on Ayako Fujiwara right now, just overwhelming her at the moment.

[Grabbing an arm, June whips Fujiwara out of the corner... but the Olympian reverses it, powering her into the far buckles where June hits hard, staggering back out towards a waiting Fujiwara who wraps her powerful arms around the body...]

LD: She's got her hooked up annnnnd...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: ...AN OVERHEAD BELLY TO BELLY BY AYAKO! SHEER POWER AND TECHNIQUE ON DISPLAY!

BW: One of your picks for the Royal Crown tournament, Dane. Try to stay impartial.

LD: Ayako Fujiwara headed into that Royal Crown tournament thanks to my pick, that's right... in fact, this could be a Royal Crown tournament preview as three of the four women in this match are competing in that tournament.

BW: The one NOT in the tournament is the mysterious Harper Hannigan who we don't know a lot about... other than they're a member of the Fawcett Family and that means trouble for anyone who crosses their path.

LD: I know a few more things about Hannigan and I'll be sure to educate you, Ben, when they tag in for the first time.

[As June struggles up to her feet, Fujiwara swoops in behind, snatching a rear waistlock...]

LD: Fujiwara's got her hooked again and there's a reason they call her Miss Germany!

[...but June is ready for her, swinging her arm back once... twice... and a third time breaks the grip, sending Fujiwara staggering away as June lowers her head and dashes into the ropes.]

LD: The Afro Punk escapes and is on the move, coming back strong...

[June leaps into the air with a roar, taking Fujiwara off her feet again with a Fierro Press, pinning her down... but before Longfellow can start a count, she grabs Fujiwara by the head and neck, smashing the back of her head down into the canvas...]

"OHHHHH!"

"OHHHHH!"

"OHHHHH!"

"OHHHHH!"

"OHHHHH!"

"OHHHHH!"

LD: A HALF DOZEN TIMES, FUJIWARA'S HEAD MEETS MAT AND THAT'S GONNA SEND HER INTO A DAZE, BEN!

[June pops back to her feet, giving a whoop as she dashes to the ropes, looking to dish out more offense...

...and gets her shoulder slapped by one of her partners, drawing a shocked reaction from the Atlanta fans.]

LD: ...and Derrick Williams tags into this match for the first time. The Future making a surprise appearance here tonight, apparently at the request of his former trainer Kevin Slater, so he could participate in this match...

BW: And deliver an unprovoked sneak attack on Masks For Money.

LD: I'm not sure we can call that "unprovoked" after the actions of the Golden Grappler and Ultra Commando 3 in recent weeks assaulting both Williams and Ryan Martinez repeatedly from behind.

[June delivers an angry earful to a shrugging Derrick Williams as he enters the ring. The referee forces the Afro Punk to exit as Fujiwara rolls under the ropes across the ring as Wes Taylor comes in.]

LD: And after seeing the intensity of Victoria June both backstage and in the ring tonight, I'm a little concerned about the rage running through her. But we'll discuss that more I'm sure as the match goes on... as right now, former World Tag Team Champion, Wes Taylor, tags in to face off with Derrick Williams.

BW: Taylor's got a few words for Williams, Dane... I don't expect he's forgotten that it was Williams and his then-partner, Riley Hunter - the duo known as System Shock - that defeated Taylor and Tony Donovan to become the World Tag Team Champions a little over a year ago.

[Taylor shouts a few more words at the smirking Williams who invites him to bring it...

...and Taylor obliges, rushing at Williams, throwing a pair of right hands to the jaw to a mixed reaction from the fans!]

LD: A whole lot has changed in a year though, Ben. When that match went down, Taylor and Donovan were still members of the Kings of Wrestling with Johnny Detson and Brian James... sort of. And Williams and Hunter were still with the Axis with Maxim Zharkov. Neither side were getting many cheers from the fans... and lately, the fans have been on the sides of BOTH of these guys as they are here tonight in Atlanta!

[Taylor's got Williams reeling when the Future slips a knee up into the midsection to cut him off before throwing a haymaker of his own, sending Taylor falling back into the ropes.]

LD: Williams lands the big right... and when you talk about Derrick Williams, Ben, you have to talk about the learning tree this man has sat under in his career.

BW: You go back to the man who brought him here tonight - his original trainer and former two-time World Champion Kevin Slater. Then you look at his old drinking buddy, Hannibal Carver. His old tag partner turned rival, Jordan Ohara. His time in the Axis with Zharkov, the Hunters, and Juan Vasquez! This guy has learned from some of the best in our business and it's no wonder that as 2018 gets into full steam that he looks on the verge of major success.

LD: He can also add SuperClash Main Eventer to his resume as he competed as part of Team AWA in WarGames last fall...

[As the announcers sing his praise, Williams whips Taylor across the ring, rearing back a big haymaker...

...but Taylor slides between the legs, popping up behind Williams who urgently swings around...]

LD: Boot downstairs doubles him up...

[The crowd cheers!]

LD: ...and Taylor hooks him... could be a Cattle Buster on the way!

BW: Well, that seems fitting for Showtime.

[But Williams wriggles loose enough to spin out of the front facelock, snatching a three-quarter nelson to a big anticipatory cheer...

...which is cut off when Taylor shoves him off!]

LD: Ohhhh... and a trade of near misses there by Taylor and Williams as Taylor went for some sort of DDT but Williams countered into Future Shock position. But neither man lands the big blow and we've got ourselves a stalemate...

[Taylor looks ready to get back into the mix when he hears a firm shout from behind of "TAG ME!"]

BW: What the...?

[Taylor looks puzzled as he turns around and finds the red hot rookie, Kimmy Bailey, insisting "TAG ME!" again as she sticks out her hand.]

LD: It looks like the final member of Team Rogers wants into this thing. She hasn't been in yet but...

[Taylor looks slightly amused by the rookie's youthful enthusiasm and with a shrug, he slaps the offered hand.]

LD: ...and Kimmy Bailey takes the tag to cheers from the fans here in Atlanta. The Lariatos, Ben, have become quite the viral sensation in recent weeks with some of the more impactful lariats becoming some of the most rewatched clips on the Internet.

[On cue, we cut to a young fan in the crowd with a "LARIATOS!" sign.]

LD: Kimmy Bailey stepping in there now... so Derrick Williams will need to tag out...

[But as Bailey climbs in, stepping to mid-ring...

...she finds Derrick Williams unmoving, staring down at her.]

LD: ...right?

BW: I'm not sure Bailey thinks so - look at her!

[The crowd is buzzing as Bailey mimes rolling up her sleeves and shouts "YOU WANT SOME, FUTURE MAN?!"]

LD: Well, hang on now... the rules on this one are pretty clear, Ben.

BW: Hey, if Bailey wants a piece of the Future, I'm sure he'll oblige!

[Williams smirks at the fired-up Bailey, shaking his head as she raises her arms, shouting "COME ON!" at him. He slowly turns, throwing his arms in a dismissive gesture as he turns his back on her to jeers...]

LD: So much for tha-

[...but Williams suddenly reaches back, snatching a three-quarter nelson, leaping into the air...

...but Bailey frantically SHOVES him off, sending him flying a few feet away where he lands on a knee, twisting around to look at a shocked Bailey as the crowd buzzes at the near miss!]

LD: Whoa, whoa, whoa! Get this under control FAST, Ricky Longfellow!

[Longfellow angrily intervenes, waving his arms and ordering Williams out of the ring. Williams slowly rises to his feet, not taking his eyes off Bailey as he holds his fingers an inch apart with a "that close, little girl... that close."]

LD: Williams letting Bailey know how close he was to... to...

BW: Turning her lights out?

LD: I hate to even think of something like that but... yeah, I suppose so.

[Bailey steps towards the ropes to where Williams is standing on the floor, looking to say something in response...

...when she suddenly gets bowled over with a leaping flailing forearm to the back of the head!]

LD: Ohhh! And Harper Hannigan uses the distraction to their advantage, knocking Kimmy Bailey right off her feet!

[Down on their knees, the wild-eyed Hannigan swats and swarms the body of Bailey, hammering away with clubbing forearms and fists to the shoulders and the back of the head, driving Bailey flat out on the mat...]

LD: Hannigan all over Bailey down on the mat... and this is the kind of monster we should all learn to expect from Harper Hannigan!

BW: You said you knew something about Hannigan, Dane - so spill!

[...and as Dane prepares to "spill," Hannigan flips Bailey onto her back, wrapping their paws around her throat and bellowing loudly in the face of the red hot rookie!]

LD: Let's start with the basics - five foot nine, 177 pounds out of Rochester, New York.

[At the count of four and change, Hannigan abandons the choke to get up, stomping madly around the ring with their dirty, mud-covered bare feet.]

LD: Look at those feet. Obviously, Hannigan wrestles with no boots on which you would think would be a disadvantage but those feet seem to be as hard as stone when they kick you with them... which is something Hannigan does an awful lot.

[On cue, Hannigan launches into a series of stomps to the torso, causing Bailey to cry out as she's kicked in the ribs.]

LD: There are a lot of paths someone can take to the AWA, Ben, and we know them well. Success in another promotion makes you a valuable free agent like someone like Jay Alana. Some go the route of joining the Combat Corner, working their way through CCW to graduate to the big time. Some come from Japan or Mexico. Harper Hannigan is... different.

BW: You don't say.

[Bailey battles up to her feet, leaning against the ropes and looking at her corner towards a concerned-looking Ayako Fujiwara...

...which is when Hannigan steamrolls her with a running clothesline that sends both Hannigan and Bailey tumbling over the top rope, crashing down on the padded mats at ringside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: Right there, Hannigan shows their vicious, brutal, barbaric style that places absolutely no concern... no value on their own wellbeing as long as they hurt someone else in the process... and hurt Kimmy Bailey is what Harper Hannigan just did.

BW: From what I've been told, this is NOT where Bailey wants to be with Hannigan either.

LD: Let's just say Hannigan would've fit right in in the old EMWC days. They go by the nickname "the Homicidal Hillbilly" in their independent wrestling days... and Hannigan really became noticed by the wrestling world when they had a barbed wire match in New Jersey where they nearly lost an ear when they got caught in

the ropes. And a star on the indy scene was born with Hannigan working all over the States in various "hardcore" promotions in the most violent, savage matches you can imagine... including a no rope exploding ring barbed wire match with another person who has spent some time in the AWA, Violence Jacobs. It was that match in fact that got Hannigan on the AWA's radar when Jacobs was being scouted for Eternally Extreme 2.

[Hannigan pushes their body up off the floor, again wrapping their hands around Bailey's throat, choking her on the barely-padded Center Stage Studios floor.]

BW: They've got no love for the rulebook - that's for sure. Someone after my own heart.

LD: This vicious streak of Hannigan in the hands of "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett has gotta raise more than a few concerns in both the AWA front office and in the women's locker room. Can you imagine this monster taking on someone like Lauryn Rage? Like Michelle Bailey? Like Julie Somers?

[The referee starts a ten count on the duo on the outside as Hannigan breaks off the choke to pummel with hammerfists, battering Bailey with both hands as Bailey tries to defend herself by raising her own arms.]

LD: And if you want a sign of how dangerous Harper Hannigan is... look at what she's doing to Kimmy Bailey right now. This isn't some scrub off the street she's dominating - it's someone we've called a Red Hot Rookie... someone that my own protege, Melissa Cannon, picked to compete in the Royal Crown tournament. Kimmy Bailey is a rising star in the world of professional wrestling and right now, Harper Hannigan is making her look like yesterday's news.

[Coming to her feet, Hannigan hauls Bailey up with them as the referee's count reaches three...

...and with a scoop, Hannigan throws Bailey up into slam position!]

LD: Hannigan's got Bailey up on her shoulder, looking to slam her on the floor...

[Lori miscalculated slightly though as Hannigan rushes forward with Bailey on the shoulder...]

LD: ...MOVE! MOVE! MOOOOOOVE!

[...and with fans in the bleachers scattering, Hannigan tosses Bailey through the air, slamming her down onto the wooden bleachers!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The small of Bailey's back violently slams into an edge of the bleacher benches, causing the second generation powerhouse to cry out in pain as Hannigan leans over, palms on the bleacher seats, panting madly...]

BW: Hannigan's like a rabid animal in there, Dane!

LD: This arrival is nothing but trouble if you compete in the hottest division on the planet. Ever since that first video where we saw them with the Fawcett Family in Fawcett Manor, there have been people terrified of this moment.

BW: And rightfully so. They're absolutely destroying Kimmy Bailey out on the floor...

[And again, our cameras catch a glimpse of a concerned Ayako Fujiwara dropping off the apron, looking to intervene but the official slides out to confront the Olympian, pointing her back to the apron...]

BW: ...Fujiwara trying to get involved but the official stops her. Good cal, ref.

LD: And I can't blame Ayako for wanting to get in there. That's her partner out there on the outside that Hannigan is absolutely mauling and Fujiwara wants to protect her at all costs. We've got fans all over the ringside area, trying to find somewhere to stand or sit after being displaced by the Homicidal Hillbilly...

[With the count up to eight, Hannigan wobbles towards the ring, rolling under the ropes with a muttered "yeahyeahyeah" as the referee shouts at them.]

LD: Hannigan breaking the count... the referee should do all he can to keep them from going back out- no, see! Hannigan is uncontrollable as well!

[Hannigan rolls back to the outside, a fresh count on their side as they wander the ringside area. The New Yorker angrily swats at a cameraman in their way, causing an abrupt change in camera shot.]

LD: Careful there. Can't lay your hands on the production staff.

BW: Does Hannigan strike you as the type that's afraid of the office fining them? Suspending them?

LD: Not one bit. The only reason Harper Hannigan might want to avoid being suspended is that then they wouldn't have an outlet to beat people up... legally.

[Hannigan finds themselves face-to-face with the fan holding the "LARIATOS!" banner and RIPS it out of their hands to jeers from the crowd!]

LD: Oh, come on! That's a kid, Hannigan! She's just a kid!

[Hannigan snarls at the jeering crowd before ripping the sign in half, flinging it down on the floor where they leap up, dropping an ugly fistdrop on the torn sign!]

BW: And now they're... attacking paper.

LD: Hannigan's not all there, Ben... and the sooner you realize that, the sooner you'll get a grasp on what all they're capable of.

[A second fistdrop lands, Hannigan howling at the blow as they climb to their feet, the crowd noise getting louder...]

LD: Hannigan had Kimmy Bailey in serious trouble but lost track of... reality, I guess.

BW: DANE! IN THE STANDS!

[...and as Hannigan wheels around towards the bleachers, they find Kimmy Bailey perches on top of a wooden bench several rows up...

...where she hurls herself forward, connecting with a flying shouldertackle that sends Hannigan sailing backwards...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: THE SMALL OF THEIR BACK HITS THE RING APRON!

[Hannigan groans in pain, slumping forward as Bailey pulls herself up off the floor...]

LD: And Bailey.... BOUNCES Hannigan's head off the apron! The red hot rookie is rallying here in the A-T-L tonight!

[The powerful Bailey shoves Hannigan under the ropes into the ring, rolling in after her...]

LD: And now Kimmy Bailey's got Harper Hannigan in some trouble for the very first time and-

"TAG!"

[Bailey suddenly turns to her corner, pausing her advance on the downed Hannigan. She looks at her partner who sternly stares at Bailey, her arm outstretched.]

LD: And this time, it's Ayako Fujiwara who is asking... well, more like demanding...

"TAG!"

[This time seems more aggressive as Fujiwara shoves her hand out again.]

LD: Fujiwara is ordering her partner to tag her into this match, Ben.

BW: Well, after the abuse on the outside that Fujiwara watched Bailey take, that may not be a bad idea...

[Bailey points to Hannigan, miming throwing a punch but Fujiwara shakes her head, shoving her hand out one more time...]

...and a disgruntled-looking Bailey slaps her partner's hand with some force.]

LD: There's the tag to bring in the Olympian...

[Fujiwara ignores the sulking Bailey, marching in to grab Hannigan by the hair, hauling them up off the mat...]

...which gives an opening for Hannigan to chop the Olympic gold medalist across the throat!]

LD: ...and- OH! Hannigan caught her on the way up!

[Hannigan snags Fujiwara around the torso, lifting up, twisting and dropping her throatfirst across the top rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Fujiwara collapses to the mat, flailing and kicking her legs as Hannigan gets to their feet by the ropes...]

...which is when Victoria June slaps the shoulder of Hannigan, tagging herself back into the ring...]

LD: The Afro Punk tags back in! Hannigan doesn't look thrilled about it but Victoria June is back in, dragging Fujiwara off the mat...

[The Afro Punk swings and fires, throwing heavy bombs to Fujiwara's head, driving her back into the corner...]

LD: June backs her down, whips her across...

[...and June rushes across the ring, leaping up...]

LD: ...MOSH SPLASH! THAT FLYING HEADBUTT IN THE CORNER!

[June backs off, pumping an arm as Fujiwara staggers out into a leaping, lunging clothesline that wipes out the Olympian!]

LD: JUNE TAKES HER DOWN! AND COVERS HER UP!

[The Afro Punk doesn't hook a leg as the official drops down.]

LD: June gets one! She gets two! She gets- no! Fujiwara's out at two!

[An agitated June gets to her feet, glaring at the official, pointing to the still-downed Fujiwara.]

BW: June's backtalking Ricky Longfellow now...

LD: Definitely not the Victoria June we're used to seeing. More hostile, more violent, more-

[The crowd reacts with jeers as Sid Osborne slaps the shoulder of the Afro Punk, tagging himself in. June turns her ire on the Sin City Savior, shouting angrily at him as he comes in...

...and then storms across, smashing a forearm into the side of Donovan's head, knocking the seven footer off the apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[An angry Wes Taylor comes through the ropes, rocking and firing and soon begins trading heavy blows with Osborne with the crowd going wild!]

LD: It's starting to break down in-

[Still in the ring, June gets jerked around by the arm into Fujiwara who BLASTS her with a forearm shot to the jaw, knocking the Afro Punk back into the corner.]

LD: -okay, now it's REALLY starting to break down! We've got fights going on all over the...

[The crowd ROARS as Harper Hannigan comes around the ring, pulling Kimmy Bailey off the apron, and tossing her backwards towards the bleachers again!]

LD: ...all over the place! In the ring! On the floor!

[Hannigan and Bailey are trading heavy shots on the outside as Derrick Williams steps through the ropes, looking around at the chaos...

...and with a smirk on his face, he backs to the corner, kicking up to rest across the top rope as the fans cheer!]

LD: The only one NOT fighting is Derrick Williams who has decided to take a break in the corner...

BW: Give it time, Dane!

[In another part of the ring, an attempted Irish whip by June is countered, Fujiwara sending the Afro Punk across the ring where she grabs the top rope to prevent a bounce back...

...which brings the Olympic gold medalist storming in, connecting with a huge clothesline that flips June over the ropes, dumping her out on the floor!]

LD: A hard fall to the outside for Victoria June thanks to Ayako Fujiwara... and I'm not one hundred percent sure, Ben, but I believe the legal competitors are Sid Osborne and... Ayako Fujiwara?

BW: Fujiwara never exited the ring so... it would be whoever took her place in there but no one ever did!

LD: And if Fujiwara wanted to finish off June and win this thing, I think the referee would count it! And that's exactly what she's-

[But Fujiwara comes to a halt as she's about to pursue June to the outside, throwing a look to the other side of the ring where Harper Hannigan and Kimmy Bailey are tumbling their way through the bleachers, still trading blows as the crowd goes wild all around them...]

LD: Where's she going now?!

[Fujiwara shakes her head, looking on with concern as she heads to the other side of the ring, climbing out on the apron...]

LD: Ayako's going to the outside but it's not to go after June, she's trying to help her partner instead!

[As Fujiwara gets into the mix in the bleachers, Sid Osborne gets an edge on his brawl with Wes Taylor, tossing him through the ropes to the outside...

...and then steps out on the apron as well, running down it...]

LD: CANNONBALL!

[...and HURLS himself into a cannonball dive off the apron, wiping out both Taylor and Donovan on the floor!]

LD: OSBORNE TO THE FLOOR!

BW: We've got bodies everywhere!

[And with everyone but Derrick Williams on the outside of the ring, the referee slides out to the floor to try and get involved with breaking it up...

...which is when all hell REALLY breaks loose!]

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...]

LD: Derrick Williams - do something! Help your partner!

[One of the people surrounding the ring tries to do something about the action on the outside but it's not Derrick Williams, it's the seven footer Robert Donovan who is stomping towards the wild scene...]

LD: Donovan's on his way over... ohh!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but before Donovan can intervene, Sid Osborne SMASHES him with a steel chair across the back, knocking him down to his hands and knees!]

LD: DONOVAN IS DOWN!

[And with their path to violence clear, Cinder and Hamilton 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!

BW: The referee hasn't seen one single bit of this thanks to the brawling in the stands over there with Hannigan and the Lariatos!

LD: 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...

[Out on the floor, we see the brawl between Hannigan and the Lariatos continuing as Ayako Fujiwara takes a headbutt that spins her away from the fight...]

...where she spots June laid out in the ring. Fujiwara looks around, a puzzled expression on her face...

...and then grabs the official, pointing at the ring.]

LD: Fujiwara just saw June on the mat! She grabbed the ref!

[Fujiwara dives under the ropes, throwing herself on top of the Afro Punk as the referee drops down to count...]

LD: We’ve got one! We’ve got two! It’s over!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Fujiwara rolls off, rolling right back out to the outside where she marches up into the bleachers, joining Kimmy Bailey in knocking Hannigan for a loop with a barrage of forearms...]

...and then Fujiwara physically drags Bailey away from Hannigan, pointing to the ring where the referee is kneeling next to the bloodied and beaten Victoria June.]

LD: So... uhh... Team Rogers gets the win in this one but... I’m not sure that’s the real story at all, Ben.

BW: The story is that Victoria June had her melon cracked by the Women’s World Tag Team Champions Seductive and Destructive and... they just took her out! She might have a concussion! Hell, she could have a fractured skull after that DDT on the floor! Who knows how long she’s going to be out of action? This might be about more than Casey Cash, Dane.

LD: What do you mean?

BW: Well, we heard from the Country Punks earlier - we know they were targeting the tag titles... and if we knew about it, so did Seductive and Destructive.

LD: I wouldn't put it past them, Ben. A vile, violent sneak attack to take the Country Punks out of title contention. That sounds right up their alley to me.

[As the combatants start to filter back up the aisle, Bailey and Fujiwara look on from the floor as Robert Donovan and Wes Taylor enter the ring, checking on Victoria June.]

LD: Team Rogers looks more concerned about Victoria June than Team Slater does! Osborne's out of here! Williams too! Hannigan is still laid out in the bleachers for now but...

[Taylor looks over at Donovan, gesturing to him. The big man gives a nod, stepping over the ropes to the outside, dropping down to the floor.]

LD: Wes Taylor and Ricky Longfellow are trying to help Victoria June out of the ring...

[Taylor nudges June out onto the apron where Robert Donovan lifts the Afro Punk into his arms.]

BW: Hah! A human stretcher!

[The seven footer walks back up the aisle towards the locker room as Wes Taylor, Kimmy Bailey, and Ayako Fujiwara follow, all with looks of concern on their faces as the bloodied and unconscious June is carried up the entrance stairs.]

LD: It's very tough to get the stretcher in here with these stairs and... maybe Robert Donovan thought this was a more efficient way to get her back there to receive medical attention and... fans, we're going to take a quick break. We'll... uhh... yes, we'll be right back.

[As Donovan disappears through the curtain, carrying the bloodied Afro Punk in his arms, we fade to black...]

Cut to the members of Next Gen. Howie Somers is holding a big box in hand, while Daniel Harper is holding what looks like a small packet.]

HS: You know, Daniel, somebody once said that life is like a box of chocolates. You never know what you're gonna get.

[Yes, that would be a box of chocolates that Somers is holding.]

DH: That's a good observation, Howie. But if you ask me, life is more like a pack of AWA trading cards.

[Sure enough, in Harper's hand, that's a pack of trading cards.]

DH: You never know what you're going to get, but chances are, you're going to get something good.

[Somers glance at Harper for a minute, then nods.]

Now in comes a voiceover.]

"It's the premier edition of Topps AWA trading cards. Featuring today's top AWA stars from the men's division."

[Images pop up of cards featuring Ryan Martinez, Supreme Wright and Shadoo Rage.]

"The top AWA stars of the women's division."

[Images pop up of cards featuring Julie Somers, Victoria June and Erica Toughill.]

"The top AWA tag teams."

[Images pop up of cards featuring The Soldiers of Fortune, The Gold Standard and KAMS.]

"The managers and announcers."

[Images pop up of cards featuring Miss Sandra Hayes, Sweet Lou Blackwell and Colt Patterson.]

"The legends of the ring."

[Images pop up of cards featuring Casey James, Marcus Broussard and Shane Destiny.]

"Even the founders of the AWA."

[And, yes, you get images of cards featuring Jon Stegglet, Bobby Taylor and Todd Michaelson.]

"Plus, look for special inserts."

[Images of a "Fantastic Finishers" card features Supernova putting an opponent in the Solar Flare, a "Dynamic Duos" card features Harley Hamilton and Cinder and a "Rising Stars" card features Max Magnum.]

"Along with cards featuring event-used memorabilia."

[Images of such cards, featuring Jack Lynch, Jordan Ohara and Ayako Fujiwara.]

"Autographed cards."

[Images of such cards, featuring Derrick Williams, Gordon Myers and Michelle Bailey.]

"Even dual autographed cards."

[And the image featured, of course, would be Next Gen, with Howie Somers and Daniel Harper's signatures on the same card.]

Cut back to Somers.]

HS: Now that one's a keeper.

[We pull back and see Harper going through the cards in his pack.]

DH: Cool... Hannibal Carver autographed card!

HS: [looks at the box of chocolates, then back at Harper] Um, you want to trade?

DH: [stares at his tag team partner] You call that a fair trade, dude?

[We then cut to an opened display box of the Topps AWA trading cards and hear the voiceover again.]

"Look for Topps AWA trading cards wherever trading cards are sold. Or order them at AWAShop.com."

[We fade to black...

...and as we come back, we see Robert Donovan standing next to a stretcher where Victoria June is being secured by AWA medical personnel...

...and a loud voice shouts out.]

"VICKI!"

[A moment passes before Kayla Cristol rushes into view, dressed for her match... almost. One boot is still in her hands as she throws herself towards the stretcher, only to be stopped by Kimmy Bailey who puts an arm in front of her. Wes Taylor puts a hand on Cristol's shoulder.]

WT: They've got to get her to the hospital.

[Cristol has tears in her eyes as she looks at her friend.]

KC: The... the hospital? What happened? They told me she was hurt but I-

[Fujiwara barks something angrily in Japanese.]

KC: I don't...?

[Donovan responds, stepping into view with June's blood on his chest.]

RD: Hamilton. Cinder. They did it.

[Cristol finally looks away from her friend towards Donovan.]

KC: Them?

[The seven footer nods. A medic leans in.]

M: We gotta move her.

[Kayla nods, stepping back as Donovan puts a comforting hand on her other shoulder.]

RD: She'll be okay.

[Cristol nods again.]

KC: Yeah. She will.

[Her eyes go cold.]

KC: But they won't.

[And as Victoria June is wheeled out of sight, Cristol stomps after the stretcher, fire in her every movement.

We fade out to Lori Dane and Ben Waterson sitting at the announce table, a solemn expression on the former's face.]

LD: I... on a night that was supposed to be joyous... a night that was supposed to be a celebration of the past and the present and the future coming together, this is NOT what we expected to happen, Ben.

BW: Speak for yourself... what else is the perfect way to pay tribute to the past... to the EMWC... then for someone to get carried out of her with a busted skull? That was an every night occurrence there, wasn't it?

LD: Not... not like this, Ben. This is...

[Dane grabs at her earpiece.]

LD: Right. Well... Victoria June has been... or is about to be transported to a local medical facility. We will give whatever update available... whatever we get, you'll get as soon as we get it. But in the meantime, we've got a show to do and...

[Dane throws a glance at a piece of paper on her desk... and does a double take.]

LD: ...wait, he's on the actual format now? Who approved that?

[Waterson smirks.]

BW: What, we're not allowed a little truth in the middle of our show?

[Dane sighs.]

LD: Really? Him?

[The camera cuts over to the interview podium area where the curtains are drawn as we hear Megumi Sato's voice]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen...

He is the host of the Front Page...

...BRYYYYYYYYYYYYYSSSSSSSSONNNNNN PAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[And the crowd boos as "Controversy" by Prince starts playing and the curtains part, revealing the set of The Front Page... and by "set," we mean a table serving as a desk with a chair behind it and a wooden stool in front of it off to the side.

Standing in front of the desk is the man himself, the self-proclaimed "King of Controversy" Bryson Page.]

BP: Coulda held it for a few more seconds there, Megumi.

[Cut to Sato glaring at Page.]

BP: Boys and girls, ladies and gentlemen, Mister and Missus American Wrestling Alliance and all her ships at sea... welcome to...

[He points to Sato who glares again before sighing.]

MS: THE FRONNNNNNNNT PAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[Page grins.]

BP: Ahhh, music to my ears. Once again, I am here... bringing the ratings to AWA programming and doing it... right... here...

[He points to the stage.]

BP: ...on the VERY... FIRST... EDITION... OF SHOOOOWTIME!

[The crowd... well, they would cheer except it's for Bryson Page so we BOOOOOO!
Page looks at the crowd with a smirk.]

BP: Be jealous. See, I'm keeping this show on the air here on Showtime because I AM the Mouse House's new Golden Boy for quarter hour ratings and social media engagement! It's a proven formula that Bryson Page equals ratings... and I... am... THE MASTER!

And speaking of engagement...

[Page gives an evil smirk, embellishing looking around the host podium.]

BP: Looks like we're short one host.

Gee, I wonder what happened to "The Centerpiece" and host of the former "All New Power Hour" and alleged host of Showtime.

[Page looks over towards the current hosts huddled near the wall of the entrance stage.]

BP: Hell, it took two people to "substitute" for her. Williams, how the hell did you get a job behind a mic? We haven't been able to understand you since 1994 and even then that was questionable!

[The camera cuts to Sweet Daddy looking a little incredulous as the crowd boos Page's insults while Mariah pats his arm to calm him down.]

BP: Oh right, we all hate the truth here... which is why you all probably love the Mouthpiece there. She's used to lying for a living... of course you all like her!

[More boos as now Wolfe looks offended and yells something inaudible and probably very unflattering in Page's direction.]

BP: But I'm getting off topic here, talking to people that'll be working elsewhere once Lynch... Wright... Lynch-Wright.. Lyght.. Wrinch???? That wedding even official?

[Page waves a dismissive hand.]

BP: Well, once whatever her name will be has finished her sabbatical and sorted her marital status! I'm here to talk about, yes... the lack of elephant in the room, the so-called Red Wedding.

[Page moves around to sit at the desk, kicking back with his feet on the table.]

BP: Now I know... I know... you're all expecting me to heap praise on Wright and Mifune-gun for their assault on the Lynches, and normally, I'd be all for unspeakable violence perpetuated on the Lynch clan but I... am a good man.

[Still on commentary, Dane mutters quietly.]

LD: That's questionable

[Page points in her direction.]

BP: STUFF IT, DANECHAEALSON!

[Dane mutters "how did he hear that?" as Page continues.]

BP: I would never... NEVER... condone ruining such a sacred thing as a wedding! No matter how much Blackjack and his demon spawn deserve it!

[You can just hear over the boos Sweet Daddy yelling something at Page]

BP: Oh yeah, Sweet Daddy? I ain't gonna come sit on your lap, but if it weren't for my very serious Sports Hernia, which I'm not cleared from yet, I'd come slap your unintelligible MOUTH!

[Cut back to Williams who takes a step towards Page but Wolfe puts a hand on him, giving him pause.]

BP: But let's not forget the biggest story. JACKSON HUNTER WAS RIGHT! He knew... AND HE BROKE IT HERE ON THE FRONT PAGE FIRST!

[Huge boos for the revisionist history!]

BP: AND I CONTINUE THIS GROUNDBREAKING STORYTELLING!

[He smirks at his choice of words.]

BP: Because tonight - while no one else really wants to talk about it - I have an eyewitness to the whole ordeal. A first hand official account of the so-called Red Wedding that will ROCK THIS PLACE TO THE CORE!

Ladies and gentlemen... my guest tonight... one...

[It's Page's turn to mutter under his breath.]

BP: ...of the least...

[And back to full volume.]

BP: ...respected voices of the AWA backstage area himself... "SWEET"... LOU... BLACKWELL!

LD: WHAT?

[We can see a shocked Sweet Daddy Williams in the background throw up his hands as the crowd cheers and everyone's favorite scoopster makes his way through the curtain. He gives a smile and a wave to the crowd as he makes his way over to the Front Page "set." He gives a grimace as he spots the wooden stool for him.]

SLB: Gonna be murder on my back.

[Blackwell eyeballs the seat as Dane and Waterson speak.]

LD: Why would Lou agree to this?

BW: Because Page is a paragon of truth and will be fair with this story.

LD: Oh, give me a break.

BW: The Internet may love you for ripping off Gordon Myers but I won't. Maybe you should go back to your good ol' days and see if you can find some Tim Dross lines to rip off.

LD: Shoot, Ben, shoot?

BW: Not that one.

[Page slips his feet off the table, slapping a hand down on it as Blackwell sits.]

BP: Well now Lou, I invited you on for a reason...

[Blackwell interjects.]

SLB: That's right... and I have to set the record straight. The only reason I agreed to appear on this... show... of yours is that I heard you intended to talk about last week and... well, I wasn't about to let you twist the facts all around!

[The crowd cheers Lou's stern words as Page feigns horror.]

BP: Lou! I'm hurt and shocked that you would think so little of me!

[Blackwell snorts.]

SLB: Considering your history and your reputation, Mr. Page... "little" is ALL I think of you.

[The crowd cheers again as Page looks irritated, narrowing his eyes in the interviewer's direction.]

BP: Watch it, Longpour. Just because I have this debilitating sports Hernia, it doesn't mean you can get lippy... I can still throw a heck of backhand, just ask Serena Williams.

[Blackwell shakes his head, keeping quiet at the implied threat.]

BP: So, Lou, pleasantries aside... please, you were right there, tenth row for the wedding, first row for the brawl...

[Lou nods.]

BP: ...at least until you buggered off when the fists, and Paris, started flying. Tell us, what was going on?

[Blackwell sighs.]

SLB: I'm not one to get emotional at a wedding but... considering who was involved and how special Theresa is to so many of us... it really was such a beautiful wedding up until...

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: ...until we found out that Supreme Wright had apparently fooled us all. That he knew about everything.... that he set it all up... just so his friends... I guess they're his friends... that part still eludes me... but set it up so they can assault-

[Page interrupts.]

BP: Tut tut, Lou. How can you possibly call yourself a journalist with bias like this?

[Blackwell furrows his brow.]

SLB: Bias like... that's what happened, Page! You could see it yourself! Everyone could see-

[Page cuts him off.]

BP: What? You're blaming Wright for this, but isn't it true that - much as always - Wright didn't throw a punch?

[Blackwell throws up his hands.]

SLB: He gave Ryan Martinez a concussion!

[Page waves a dismissive hand.]

BP: That was a backfist, not a punch... and that was ONLY in defense after that Riot starting punk Martinez accosted him! Who knows what he was going to do next, Lou? Isn't it a known fact that the AWA pays a damn fortune - bigger than your bar tab - in insurance costs because of how many times the so-called White Knight has instigated the crowd into-

[Blackwell interrupts.]

SLB: That's no-

[As does Page.]

BP: And did you see our hero, Supreme Wright, put himself directly between the brawl and his lovely bride, hmm? There was no chance he was going to let those hooligans hurt her! Tell me, Blackwell... Brian James got WEEKS of investigations and interviews and heart-wrenching promos to tell us how innocent he is... and everyone wanted so badly to believe him. But that same Son of a Blackheart makes one... ONE... accusation and now we're all falling all over ourselves to believe him? Supreme Wright is innocent until proven guilty! He didn't start any of this, Lou.

SLB: He started ALL of it! He admitted to attacking Johnny Detson in Toronto!

[Page holds up a hand.]

BP: I won't have slander on my airwaves, Blackwell... this isn't FOX News. What it IS is the Front Page and here we speak the truth and you cannot deny that Supreme Wright said he did not lay a finger on Johnny Detson...

[Page smirks.]

BP: ...he just didn't stop who did. Personally, I think he deserves an award! Aren't we all better off without Old Man Detson here polluting the airwaves, hmm?

[Blackwell starts to respond...]

SLB: Now that-

[...and Page interrupts again.]

BP: And Mifune-gun didn't start that fight! Isn't the real villain in this someone who's been the real villain all along? Isn't the real villain Brian James?

SLB: You're twi-

BP: Brian James, who took it on himself to interrupt a blessed sacrament to confront the groom about something that had no bearing!

SLB: That's not tru-

BP: And we should all thank Cain Jackson, for defending the Bride and Groom from Brian James' vicious assault! And that the brawl wouldn't have happened if Brian James didn't get involved!

[Blackwell finally gets sick of being interrupted.][

SLB: THIS IS PREPOSTEROUS!

[Page grins madly, leaping from his seat quite well for someone nursing a sports hernia.]

BP: THIS IS THE TRUTH, BABY!

Mifune-gun acted in self-defense to save Supreme Wright from the unwarranted assault Brian James was about to unleash, and that the Lynch clan would've joined in on, because no one is more important to the Lynches than the Lynches! They've been looking for an excuse to get rid of their "problem" Supreme Wright and Brian James gave them one!

[Page stands up and looks in the camera.]

BP: DON'T YOU "WRAP IT UP!" ON ME!! I'M GETTING TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS AND YOU'RE CUTTING ME OFF!! I WON'T STAND FOR IT!

["Controversy" starts back up as Page loses it.]

BP: DON'T PLAY ME OFF! I'M BREAKING THE STORY OF THE CENTURY HERE, I WILL NOT GO QUIE-

[Page's mic is cut off as the screen fades...

...and then fades up on pre-recorded footage with the caption "EARLIER TODAY."

The blue, black, and gold flash of Omega jumps in from off screen, the taciturn, towering Polemos behind him, grinding his gloved hand into his palm.]

O: The rankings have been run, the Dogs of War have imploded under friendly fire, and now...

[Omega makes a way-too-serious face under his mask.]

O: ..The penultimate step toward challenging to be the AWA Champion of Television. I must face one of our greatest allies. I must stand and face the oncoming storm of Whitiri-ally of the High Council of Justice and member of Team POW! Polemos...

[Omega reaches back and taps the God of War on the shoulder.]

O: ...I can't have you picking sides on this.

[Polemos' lack of reaction indicates he didn't plan on doing so in the first place.]

O: I must stand and fight Whitiri... honorably. Omega... OUT!

[Omega jumps off screen again, leaving Polemos to stand alone in the locker room, as if to say, "whatever."

...and we fade through black back to our announce table where Lori Dane is smiling.]

LD: There's nothing quite like cleansing your palate from Bryson Page with the Neptunian warrior Omega, fans. But changing gears, it's been a bit of a mystery for a couple of weeks now but now we know it'll be Kayla Cristol, the Pistol herself, taking on Copperhead of the Serpentes in a bit of a continuation from last week where we saw the Serpentes defeat the Country Punks by disqualification when a very upset Victoria June hit Copperhead with a piece of the Empress Cup.

[We cut to the ring where we see both competitors are already in the ring... with The Mamba lurking in Copperhead's corner, standing on the apron advising her.]

LD: Kayla Cristol made this challenge backstage after the match, feeling that she needed to show her partner that she can take care of herself in there too.

BW: And what's great about this now, Dane, is that Cristol is TRULY on her own after what happened to June a little earlier.

LD: "What happened to June" like she took a slip and fall... she was brutally and heinously assaulted by Hamilton and Cinder! That's what happened!

BW: Don't get hot about it.

[Cristol has a long chat with the referee as Copperhead shouts "LOOK AT HER, I THINK SHE'S GONNA CRY!"]

LD: Cristol obviously in a heightened emotional state in this one - she's had a rough couple of weeks. The loss to the Serpentes... her partner getting attacked tonight... and don't forget, Kayla is VERY close to the Lynch family having been trained by them for the ring... so the Red Wedding hit her very hard as well.

BW: Not as hard as it hit ol' Blackjack!

LD: Very funny.

[Cristol gives Shari Miranda a nod before the official calls for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: The bell sounds and we're off and running in this one...

BW: Literally!

[Wasting no time, Cristol charges across the ring, leaping up to land a dropkick to the chest of the six foot Copperhead, knocking her back into the turnbuckles!]

LD: Ohh! The Pistol comes out firin' in this one... and look at her go!

[The fans are roaring for Kayla as she gets to her feet, throwing rights and lefts at the ribs of Copperhead in the corner...]

LD: The 26 year old Kayla Cristol is going to town on her opponent... and Mamba does NOT look happy on the outside.

BW: And this is where Cristol has a serious problem if you ask me - she wanted a one on one match but is it ever truly one on one when the Serpentine are involved.

LD: They do have a reputation for getting into one another's business, that's for sure. Cristol giving up a lot of size in this one as well... five foot eight and 138 pounds compared to the staggering six foot frame of Copperhead.

BW: 180 pounds too! Cristol's giving up almost forty pounds on her!

[Grabbing the wrist, Cristol goes to whip Copperhead across but the powerful snake reverses it, shooting her towards the corner...]

LD: Reversal sends Cristol in...

[...but Cristol leaps to the middle rope before springing off, twisting around into a crossbody that topples Copperhead to cheers!]

LD: ...and a nice flying crossbody off the second rope takes Copperhead down!

[Cristol comes up "firing" her finger pistols into the air to louder cheers as Copperhead rolls from the ring to the outside, Mamba moving quickly to check on her...]

LD: A little mid-match conference on the outside... but look at Cristol!

[...and Cristol slides into a dropkick, driving her feet into Mamba's back, knocking her on top of Copperhead and sending them both down in a pile to even bigger cheers!]

LD: We're just a couple of minutes into this but Kayla Cristol is showing the world that she can handle herself in there...

[Cristol climbs up on the middle rope, giving a sweeping wave and shouting "GET YOUR TAILFEATHERS BACK IN HERE, GIRL!" She hops down... throwing a look towards the entrance stage...]

LD: Cristol's trying to keep her focus on the match and her opponent... but she saw her partner carried from the ring earlier. You know that's gotta be on her mind.

BW: It better not be because if she loses focus on Copperhead for a single second, the Serpentine are gonna turn her lights out.

LD: In a way, this is a clash between the Number Five and Number Two contenders to the Women's World Tag Team Titles... in a way.

BW: And with the rumors that Donna Martinelli's arm injury has put her on the shelf indefinitely, the Country Punks may actually be the de factor Number One Contenders for the titles... of course, after what we just saw with Victoria June, the Punks may be out of action for a long time to come too.

[Copperhead slowly gets back up on the apron, arguing loudly with the official...]

"YOU KEEP HER BACK, GIRLIE! YOU HEAR ME?!"

[Shari Miranda acknowledges she most definitely hears her, turning to warn Kayla Cristol...

...who goes barnstorming past a complaining Miranda, reaching out to grab Copperhead...]

BW: So much for following the rules there. Miranda specifically told her to-

[...who reaches out and rakes her fingers across Cristol's eyes, sending her staggering away...]

LD: Oh! Right into the eyes!

BW: And Kayla Cristol had that coming, Dane. She ignored the referee's orders, she tried to attack Copperhead on the outside for a second time... in my book, she deserves anything she gets right there.

LD: I can't say I agree with that but it definitely turns the match around as Copperhead is back in...

[Grabbing a handful of the blinded Cristol's hair, Copperhead spins her around towards her...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: ...and goes RIGHT upside the Pistol's face with a slap to the side of the head!

[Cristol goes staggering away again, turning to lean chestfirst against the ropes...]

LD: Cristol got rocked with that one, trying to find the ropes for support to stay on her feet...

[...but isn't there long as Copperhead grabs the hair again, yanking her off her feet and throwing her down on the back of her head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: ...come on, ref! She's used the hair twice now!

BW: And the referee's letting her hear about it... which is exactly what she's supposed to do, Dane.

[As Miranda warns against the hair pulls, Copperhead gives a nod before leaping up to drop a heavy boot into the sternum.]

LD: A Brooklyn boot, right down into the chest of the Pistol... and Cristol went from being solidly in control of this one to down on the mat and at her opponent's non-existent mercy.

BW: That's the way the wrestling game works sometimes, Dane. Just when you think you're on top of the world, someone comes along and rips it all out from under you.

LD: You would know, right?

BW: Yes, I would.

[Holding the ropes, Copperhead lays in a few more stomps to the chest before the official backs her up...

...which gives Mamba the chance to viciously choke Cristol down on the mat, the crowd jeering loudly.]

LD: And there's the numbers game we talked about earlier. With no Victoria June in her corner, Cristol finds herself taking on BOTH Serpentine in this one.

BW: And that's a recipe for a bad night at the office for her.

[Mamba lets go, walking away as the referee turns to find Cristol gasping for air down on the mat.]

LD: Cristol trying desperately to pull air into her lungs to give her a chance to get back into this... but Copperhead's not going to give her that breather, pulling her right up off the mat...

[Cristol slips in a stiff forearm to the jaw, getting a big cheer...]

LD: ...or maybe not! The Pistol comes up firing and lands that forearm!

[...and then rushes to the ropes, rebounding back towards a dazed Copperhead...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...who scoops her up, flips her over, and slams her down hard on the canvas to disappointed jeers!]

LD: Biiiiig bodyslam by Copperhead... and now it's that Brooklyn reptile to the ropes, bouncing back...

[Copperhead gets big air, jumping high to drop 180 pounds down on the chest of Cristol with a splash!]

LD: ...AND A BIG SPLASH CONNECTS! That could do it, Ben!

[Copperhead stays on Cristol, not bothering to hook a leg as she shouts "YEAAHH! COUNT IT, REF!"]

LD: Copperhead gets one! She gets two! She gets- nooooo! Cristol slips the shoulder out at two!

BW: Just barely! Cristol almost got put down and that would've ended her proving she can handle herself in there in a hurry, right?

[Copperhead glares at Shari Miranda for a moment before she slips around on the mat off her knees, wrapping her long legs around the head and neck of the Pistol...]

LD: Copperhead applying a submission hold here, moving into a figure four headscissors...

BW: With them both down on the mat on their backs... this is a good hold for Copperhead to catch a breather of her own while forcing Cristol to try and battle out and stay off her shoulders...

[Leaning back on her elbows, Copperhead keeps her own shoulders off the mat while applying pressure to the trapped Cristol...]

LD: Cristol rolling to a hip, trying to keep her shoulders up like you said, Ben... this is a tough hold to escape with the leg strength of Copperhead keeping her down on the mat, trying to constrict the flow of blood to the brain...

BW: That's right. Copperhead's trying to send Cristol straight into La La Land with this one, really cranking on the pressure...

"CHECK HER, REF!"

LD: Copperhead ordering the official to check Cristol... and Miranda says Cristol says no, she won't quit.

BW: She may not have a choice soon.

[The crowd is cheering Cristol on soon enough, a chant of "KAY-LA!" echoing throughout Center Stage Studios...]

LD: And the crowd rallying behind the Pistol, trying to get her off the mat and back into this fight...

[Cristol stomps one of her cowboy boots down on the mat in rhythm with the chant, getting it louder... and louder...]

LD: ...Cristol using the support of these fans to drive her to-

[...and planting both feet on the mat, Cristol lets loose a grunt of exertion, and flips Copperhead over onto her stomach, immediately slipping out of the hold and diving into a side headlock to cheers!]

LD: -and she escapes! She escapes and goes right into a hold of her own!

[But Copperhead powers right up off the mat to a standing position, still trapped in the hold as Cristol looks to find her footing.]

LD: Right back up though and...

[Copperhead lifts Cristol off the mat with ease, dropping her down on the upper back with a suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: ...big back suplex puts the Pistol back down!

BW: She's just too much for Cristol to handle. I know she wanted to prove something tonight, Dane, and that's commendable to a degree... but she's not there. Not yet at least.

LD: Don't let the Pistol hear you say that.

[Copperhead plants her back on the midsection, reaching back for a leg...]

LD: Back press by Copperhead gets one! Gets two!

[...and Cristol fires the shoulder off the mat again to cheers.]

BW: A mistake there by Copperhead for sure, Dane. The back press does not put enough weight on the torso - not enough body-to-body contact to hold the shoulders down for a three count.

[As Copperhead sits up on the mat, glaring at the official, Cristol uses the moment of respite to drag herself across the canvas the few feet towards the ropes, tugging herself up to her knees...

...which is where she is when Copperhead boots her between the shoulderblades, sending her pitching forward to land with her upper body over the middle rope!]

LD: Brooklyn boot to the back - right in the shoulders... and Cristol's laid out over the ropes...

[Approaching the ropes, Copperhead plants her shin on the back of Cristol's neck, pushing her throat down into the second rope...]

LD: That's a choke, ref! That's a choke!

BW: I'm not sure Miranda can see it though - Copperhead's big body may be shielding her from it.

[But the official does spot the choke, laying down her count before Copperhead breaks at four, backing away slowly as Shari Miranda reprimands her...]

...which allows Mamba to choke a little as well, pulling Cristol's throat down on the second rope!]

LD: Oh, come on!

[The young lady from Fouke, Arkansas flails and kicks to try to escape but Mamba hangs on for a few more seconds before walking away and leaving Cristol to collapse on the mat, coughing violently.]

LD: Cristol again left gasping for air thanks to the illegal assist from the outside by Mamba... and you've gotta wonder just how much longer the Pistol will be able to withstand this numbers game, Ben.

BW: She's made it longer than I thought she would. I definitely took the under on this one.

LD: In my opinion, you can never count out a fighter like Kayla Cristol but the odds are definitely not on her side right now... Copperhead approaching and... no, she's headed to the corner...

[The crowd buzzes as Copperhead turns her back to the buckles before boosting herself up to stand on the middle rope...]

LD: ...and she's up on the second rope now... not what we usually expect to see out of EITHER of the Serpentes but she's there, waiting for Cristol to get up...

BW: Ordering her to her feet.

[..and as Cristol starts to stir to her feet, Copperhead nods urgently...]

LD: SHE LEAPS!

[...and as Copperhead flips into a somersault, looking to grab Cristol for a neckbreaker...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: CRISTOL FLATTENS OUT! CRISTOL AVOIDS THE NECKBREAKER!

[The crowd is roaring for the miss as Copperhead writhes in pain on the mat, grabbing at her lower back as Cristol pushes up to all fours, breathing heavily.]

LD: And that's a big opening created by Kayla Cristol right there... now the question becomes - can she get up and take advantage of it?

[Cristol wearily pushes up to her knees, nodding to the cheering crowd, slowly pumping her arms as Copperhead struggles to a seated position, both women looking to get up before the other can...]

LD: Cristol's on her feet...

BW: But so is Copperhead!

[Copperhead raises her arms over her head, looking for a hammer blow but Cristol slips a boot into the gut to cut her off...]

LD: Downstairs...

[...and then grabs Copperhead by the hair, smashing her forearm into the face once... twice... three... four...]

LD: ...AND UPSTAIRS IN A BIG WAY!

[A half dozen forearm blows land before Copperhead stumbles backwards into the corner, Cristol letting loose a big roar that gets the crowd going again!]

LD: Cristol grabs the wrist, shoots her across!

[As Copperhead hits the corner, Cristol goes tearing across the ring, twisting around to land a back elbow up under the chin...]

LD: ELBOW CONNECTS!

[...and then runs across to the corner, hitting the buckles and bouncing back to charge in again...]

LD: THAT'S TWO!

[...and runs across a third time, leaping up to push off the middle rope for a little something extra as she sprints across the ring one more time!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: LEAPING BACK ELBOW CONNECTS!

[Copperhead staggers out of the corner as Cristol regains her feet, hopping up to the middle rope. She fires off those finger pistols again before leaping into the air, snatching two hands full of hair...

...and SLAMS Copperhead's face down into the mat!]

LD: FACEFIRST TO THE CANVAS!!

[Cristol flips her over onto her back, diving across with a leg hooked!]

LD: SHE MIGHT HAVE HER HERE! ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: NOOOO! COPPERHEAD KICKS OUT IN TIME!

[Cristol smashes a hand down into the mat in frustration as the crowd buzzes over the near fall. The referee holds up two fingers to a nodding Cristol as she struggles back to her feet.]

LD: Cristol showing signs of frustration here... she's gotta stay cool...

BW: Like you said, it's been an emotional couple of weeks for her... "cool" might not be an option for her right now, Dane.

[Pulling Copperhead off the mat, Cristol looks around, planning her next move...

...which is just enough time for Copperhead to strike with a cross-armed thrust to the throat, sending Cristol falling back into the corner, gasping for air again!]

LD: Another cheapshot by Copperhead! Cristol got hit right in the throat... and Shari Miranda is letting her have it again. She may have to disqualify Copperhead to get this under control!

BW: Oh, you'd love that, wouldn't you, Dane? One of your favorites on the verge of getting beaten and getting bailed out by a referee's judgment call!

LD: One of my... what are you even talking about?!

[Copperhead lowers her shoulder, charging in on the dazed Cristol...

...who front rolls out of the corner, avoiding the charge as Copperhead puts herself into the ringpost!]

LD: OHH! HER OWN SHOULDER DRIVEN INTO THE POST!

[And with Copperhead reeling in the corner, Cristol ducks out to the apron, quickly scaling the turnbuckles from the outside as the crowd surges to their feet, knowing what's coming next...]

LD: Copperhead's dazed... Cristol's climbing!

[...as Cristol grabs the hair, pulling Copperhead into position so that Cristol's shin is pressed against the back of her head...]

LD: Taught to her by the Iron Cowboy himself, Jack Lynch!

[...and leaps off the buckles, riding Copperhead down to the mat where she DRIVES her facefirst into the canvas!]

LD: BOGGY CREEK BUSTER!

[Cristol flips Copperhead over, diving across, hooking a leg...]

LD: ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEE!

[...and Cristol rolls off, sitting on the mat as the crowd cheers the win.]

LD: Kayla Cristol takes this one in singles action... all on her own like she wanted to prove she could... and sadly, more on her own than she expected.

[Cristol slowly gets off the mat, giving a tired and sad wave to the fans before exiting the ring.]

LD: No time for celebration tonight as Kayla makes her way quickly up the ramp... I'd imagine she's headed back to get an update on her friend and partner, Victoria June... maybe even take a trip to the hospital to check on her personally. We've been told that E-Girl MAX has left the building so hopefully that'll keep us from having another wild brawl break out here tonight. Mariah, it was a big win for the Pistol but maybe not the most important thing on her mind tonight.

[We cut over to Mariah and Sweet Daddy Williams where Mariah is nodding.]

MW: Thanks, Lori... and yes, abig win in singles action there for Kayla Cristol and as the Country Punks look ahead to potentially another opportunity to take on Seductive and Destructive, this time with the Women's World Tag Team Titles on the line... our guests at this time might be blocking their path to that goal... and that gold! Ladies, come on in here...

[And surprise surprise, there's a decent reaction from the AWA faithful for the arrival of the Peach Pits. Kelly Taylor waves her arms up with a "yeaaaaah, alright!" to those who are cheering while Shannon Walsh... wait... what's that? A little bit of a smile on the usually stoic face of the former MMA fighter.]

MW: Shannon, Kelly... those cheers are new... and that's gotta be kinda cool to hear, right?

[Walsh shrugs as Taylor takes the mic.]

KT: As our good friend Donna might sing, "people who need people are the luckiest people in the world." And if these people want to cheer us for what we did in that tournament... then we'll be happy to hear it, Mariah.

[Walsh takes over.]

SW: But don't think for a second that we're going to change a single thing about the way we operate in - and out - of that ring.

[Mariah nods.]

MW: Understood! But Kelly, you mentioned your tag team partner, Donna Martinelli, who many are calling the biggest surprise coming out of that tournament... and who is conspicuous by her absence here tonight.

[Taylor gets a sad smile.]

KT: Yeah, as much as I know Donna would love to be here to soak up all this love... by the time that match was over, all three of us were pretty banged up at the hands of the new champions... but no one more than Donna. Laura Davis and the Slam Sorority hurt her arm a few weeks back but Harley and Cinder finished the job in New Orleans.

MW: "Finished the job" sounds pretty serious. Any idea when she'll be back in action?

[Taylor shakes her head.]

KT: No idea at all actually... we know she'll be out long enough that she missed her chance to compete in the Royal Crown tournament... and a tiara would accent her beautiful cheekbones just perfectly! We know that her Rumble spot is also considered to be tentative pending clearance.

[Walsh interjects.]

SW: And we know that any rematch the Peach Pits are gonna get for those tag titles is on hold until she's back in action.

[The crowd boos that as Walsh nods.]

SW: I hear ya. Because as much as it pains me to say it, Donna really stepped up in that tournament. We wouldn't have been in the Finals without her... and we wouldn't have been so close to being the first Women's World Tag Team Champions without her either.

[Mariah looks surprised.]

MW: Considering your... mmm... tense relationship, that's really saying something.

[Walsh shrugs.]

SW: Gotta give credit where it's due, Wolfe.

[Sweet Daddy Williams raises his own mic.]

SDW: So, no shot at the tag titles... but y'all mentioned the Royal Crown and...

[Williams grins, gesturing to Walsh who nods her head.]

SW: That was a hell of a surprise earlier tonight when Lisa Drake picked me for that tournament... and hey, I don't know who I'm facing yet for the chance to get to go to London to the Finals but I know I'm ready for whoever it is.

MW: We're going to find out the answer to that question in just a few minutes... but Kelly, what about you? What are your plans while Donna's on the injured list?

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

KT: President Zharkov said we couldn't get an immediate rematch because it was Shannon and Donna who got to the Finals... but he didn't say Shannon and I couldn't win our OWN shot at the titles!

[A cheer goes up from the crowd!]

KT: My goals, Mariah? To stand in my sister's corner and cheer her on to victory all the way to London... and to get her and I some tag team matches together right away to start working our way towards a shot at Harley and Cinder!

SDW: Kelly, one more thing... you're a Taylor... your uncle is the Outlaw... what does this Showtime name mean to you?

[Taylor giggles.]

KT: Sweet Daddy, I was practically a baby when Uncle Bobby wrestled his first Showtime match in 1998... but yeah, I grew up watching the tapes and I know how important the legacy of this name is. And believe me, Sweet Daddy... me and the girls are gonna do our best to live up to it.

[Walsh nods, reaching out for a fistbump with Taylor... that turns into a squeal and a hug from the highflyer, dragging Walsh back towards the curtain to a smattering of cheers.]

MW: The Peach Pits may be a woman down for now... but they just stood out here and made it clear what they're looking to do over the weeks ahead. Fans, we're going to take our final break and when we come back, it'll be time to learn the full brackets for the Royal Crown tournament here on Selection Saturday!

[Fade to black...]

And then back up to a shot of a darkened room, a filtered spotlight shining down in the middle of it. We can hear footsteps in the background.

Thump.

Thump.

Thump.

The steps are drawing closer it seems.

Thump.

Thump.

Thump.

And they come to a stop revealing the face of Ryan Martinez, still battle-weathered from his bloody war at SuperClash IX.]

“They call me the White Knight.”

[A quick shot of Martinez delivering brutal chops to the chest of the King of the Death Match, Caleb Temple.]

“The son of a Hall of Famer.”

[A shot of House Martinez - father and son - standing in the ring with Gunnar Gaines.]

“The former two-time World Champion.”

[A shot of Martinez standing over Juan Vasquez with the World Title in his grasp.]

“And I am AWA.”

[We get an almost identical shot in the darkened room but this time with Supreme Wright standing center stage.]

“The greatest professional wrestler on the planet.”

[Cut to footage of Wright cranking on the arm of Casey James.]

“A two-time World Champion”

[Wright holds the title overhead with a defeated Dave Bryant in the background.]

“I am AWA.”

[Wright is replaced by Julie Somers.]

“The Spitfire.”

[A shot of Somers flipping off the top rope, crashing down on top of Kurayami with the moonsault.]

“The Women’s World Champion.”

[To SuperClash IX and Somers holding the title over her head.]

"The heart and soul of the Women's Division."

[Somers trading blows with Lauryn Rage inside a steel cage.]

"And I am AWA."

[Somers is replaced by Jordan Ohara, the National Title slung over his shoulder.]

"The Phoenix."

[Ohara dives off the top rope, smashing down with a Phoenix Flame splash.]

"The National Champion."

[Ohara stands on the midbuckle, holding the title up over his head.]

"A once in a millennium talent."

[A series of quick chops lighting up Juan Vasquez.]

"I am AWA."

[The champion is replaced by a grinning Michelle Bailey.]

"The Platinum Princess."

[Bailey tears across the ring, smashing home a Britney Spear on Laura Davis.]

"Former EMWC champion."

[A quick still photo comes up of Bailey holding a championship title aloft.]

"The heart and soul of the- Julie said that?! Grr!"

[A playful Bailey plants her fists on her hips, striking a pose.]

"And I am AWA."

[Bailey is replaced by the face-painted Supernova, the World Title secured around his waist.]

"The icon."

[We get footage of Supernova way back in the day, trading blows with Mark Langseth.]

"The franchise player."

[Supernova using the Heat Wave splash on Shadoc Rage.]

"The World. Heavyweight. Champion."

"And I... AM... AWA."

[We get quick shots now, individual shots...

Jack Lynch.]

"I am AWA."

[Shadoo Rage.]

"I am AWA."

[Hannibal Carver.]

"I am AWA."

[Howie Somers.]

"I am AWA."

[Daniel Harper.]

"I am AWA."

[Harley Hamilton.]

"I am AWA."

[They come quicker and quicker, all repeating the tagline - James Lynch, Victoria June, Cinder, Kerry Kendrick, Ayako Fujiwara...

...and this time, each time they say it, they stay on screen, the framed shot getting smaller as more people are added to it...

Laura Davis. Jackson Hunter. Bret Grayson. Ricki Toughill. And on. And on. And on.

And the photos all disappear, leaving just the tagline behind...]

"I am AWA."

[The graphic fades and is replaced with more text - "The American Wrestling Alliance. Every Saturday Night. ESPN."

Fade to black.

And we fade back up to a sea of television monitors that can only mean the return of the Control Center... only this time, we can see a Union Jack flapping in the breeze on one of the monitors as "Rule Britannia" plays in the background. A voiceover begins... complete with a very British accent.]

"Joining us with the Battle of London Control Center... "Sir" Louis Blackwell!"

[And we fade to another shot with television monitors in the background as Blackwell grins.]

SLB: Jolly good, you know... and all that sort of... thing.

[Blackwell's accent is as bad as his tendency to speak very slowly in his phone scoops days.]

SLB: We are just over a month away - the American Wrestling Alliance heading back across the pond on April 28th. We'll be steaming into the O2 Arena in jolly ol' London, England to showcase the best professional wrestling in the world.

[With the faux accent now gone and the Battle of London info graphic on the screen, Blackwell switches to hypeman mode.]

SLB: We'll be presenting the very best from the AWA as well as some special guests from the UK, throughout Europe, and maybe even beyond on that night... and of course, the centerpiece attraction that night will be the Royal Crown Tournament. Here on the premiere of Showtime, it's been Selection Saturday if you will as stars from wrestling past and present have been on hand to select the sixteen men and women who will compete in this tournament... eight of whom will make their way to London on April 28th to battle it out in the Royal Crown Finals.

[The Royal Crown graphics will all the competitors come up.]

SLB: And while we'll be bringing you updates on all the other action set to go down that night in the UK in the weeks ahead, tonight is all about the Royal Crown as we run down the matches we'll be seeing leading up to the big night... as well as a little bit of breaking news on the rules for the final matches themselves.

Alright, let's get to it!

[A graphic that reads "ROYAL CROWN - NIGHT ONE - 3/31 - Oklahoma City" appears.]

SLB: Next weekend on Saturday Night Wrestling right back here on ESPN, we'll see the first matches of the opening round when Michelle Bailey takes on Shannon Walsh...

[A graphic promoting said match appears.]

SLB: ...and the leader of the Slam Sorority, Laura Davis, takes on Victoria June.

[Blackwell has a concerned look on his face after we see that graphic.]

SLB: Now, after the brutal attack on the Afro Punk earlier tonight by Harley Hamilton and Cinder, you have to wonder if she'll be able to fulfill that obligation. If not, I'm told Interim President Zharkov will be on hand next weekend to inform Laura Davis who her new first round opponent will be.

[A graphic that reads "ROYAL CROWN - NIGHT TWO - 4/7 - Atlanta" appears.]

SLB: Then, we'll be right back here two weeks from tonight for three more first round matches as Tony Donovan takes on Rory Smythe...

[The graphic switches to promote that match.]

SLB: ...Trish Wallace takes on Kimmy Bailey...

[And that one.]

SLB: ...and Raphael Rhodes tangles with Paris Crawford.

[And finally that one before switching to show all three matches.]

SLB: It's gonna be a heck of a night of action two weeks from tonight as Showtime Week Two looks to be can't miss material. Now, on April 14th, we'll be LIVE on network television - LIVE on ABC for the very first time for National Wrestling Night in what I'm told is already a loaded lineup... so there will be no Royal Crown action that night. Instead, when we come back to Atlanta on the 21st... just seven days before The Battle Of London... we'll wrap up the first round and lock down who is headed to the O2 Arena on the 28th. And the final three matches of the first round will be...

[Blackwell grins.]

SLB: ...Smasher Salazar versus Joe Flint...

[The graphic comes back up.]

SLB: ...Sid Osborne against the Sensational Shadoo Rage...

[The graphic promotes that match.]

SLB: ...and are you ready for this one? Ayako Fujiwara goes one-on-one with Ricki Toughill in a match that epitomizes the phrase - "a Main Event anywhere in the country."

[A new graphic comes up showing all eight matches.]

SLB: Now, those eight matches will go down on Saturday Night Wrestling and right here on Showtime as we said... with all roads leading to April 28th in London at the O2 Arena for The Battle of London and the two Royal Crown Final matches... and as promised, earlier today, we got a little more information on those Finals. Take a look...

[We cut to what is obviously cell phone footage of Interim President Zharkov standing in what appears to be his backyard. A lush forest is behind him - perfect for wrestling bears perhaps - as he speaks.]

MZ: Hello, Showtime fans!

[Zharkov gives an awkward wave.]

MZ: I have been asked to appear here... and there... to give rules for final Royal Crown matches.

[Zharkov nods.]

MZ: It's four way matches... no countout... no disqualification... no time limit. And will be fought under elimination rules. Only ways to eliminate are pinfall... submit... and throw over top rope to floor.

May the best man.... and woman... win.

[Zharkov nods again before the video cuts back to Sweet Lou.]

SLB: Big news there from the Interim President... pinfall, submission, over the top rope elimination... and these eight finalists will battle in their respective matches until one person is left standing - the 2018 Men's Royal Crown winner and the 2018 Women's Royal Crown winner! It's going to be a night that you will not want to miss, fans - and it's going to be a tournament you will not want to miss as well! And it's all coming your way in the weeks ahead!

From the Control Center, I'm Sweet Lou Blackwell saying "tally ho, gov'nah!" and so long everybody!

[We fade from the Control Center to the interview podium where Mariah and Sweet Daddy Williams are standing.]

MW: The Royal Crown tournament begins next weekend in Oklahoma City on Saturday Night Wrestling, Sweet Daddy, and I could NOT be more excited!

SDW: The lineup is jammed with awesome one week from now... two weeks from now... you name it, baby!

MW: Speaking of the lineup, let's look- hold on... hang on just one second... I'm told that Sweet Lou is on his way out here to join us.

[The crowd cheers as the original scoopster comes jogging through the curtain, a little out of breath as he approaches the interview podium.]

MW: Lou, what's going on?

[Blackwell wheezes a bit, waving for them to give him some time as the crowd laughs.]

SDW: See, this is exactly why I retired.

[Blackwell nods, his cheeks red from exertion.]

SLB: I... breaking news!

MW: You say you've got some breaking news for us?

[Lou nods repeatedly, trying to catch his breath.]

SLB: I... just took... a call... from President... Zharkov.

SDW: Interim President Zharkov?

[Blackwell gives Williams a dirty look before nodding.]

SLB: And he says... the investigation into... Supreme Wright is...

[Dramatic wheezing.]

SLB: ...over.

[The crowd reacts as you might expect with a negative burst of jeers.]

MW: Over?! How could it be over already?!

[Blackwell shrugs.]

SLB: I don't know. I just... lack of evidence, I guess. Jackson Hunter's word...

[Blackwell cringes.]

MW: You're saying Jackson Hunter's word isn't worth the air he used to say it?

[Blackwell shrugs again.]

SLB: Not me. Them.

MW: Alright, fair enough... but if the investigation is over then-

[Blackwell does a little wave of his fingers...

...and a graphic comes up promoting the next Saturday Night Wrestling that reads "SUPREME WRIGHT SPEAKS!" as the fans jeer loudly.]

MW: Two weeks after stunning the crowd in New Orleans and rocking the wrestling world, Supreme Wright will apparently appear on Saturday Night Wrestling and hopefully will have something to say about what happened and more importantly,

why it happened. And I'd imagine if Wright is clear to appear in OKC so is Cain Jackson, AJ Martinez, Paris Crawford... do I have to keep going on?

SLB: All clear. They're all allowed in OKC if they want to be.

[The crowd jeers loudly again.]

MW: Unbelievable. Can you believe this, Sweet Daddy?

SDW: Not only can I believe it, I welcome it, Mariah.

MW: Welcome it?! Why?!

SDW: Because for the kind of sins Supreme Wright and his crew pulled off... they need street justice not office justice.

[Mariah lets that set in for a moment as Blackwell surprisingly nods in agreement.]

MW: Street justice, huh? Well, street justice may be coming for those involved with the Red Wedding... but let's see what else is going down in Oklahoma City one week from tonight.

[The graphic changes to show Supernova spilled out on the asphalt in the Superdome parking lot as a limo speeds away.]

MW: The World Champion, Supernova, had his prize possession - the AWA World Title - literally **STOLEN** from him by James Lynch, Atlas Armstrong, and Veronica Westerly last weekend... and you better believe he'll be looking to get it back in OKC!

SDW: I wouldn't want to be any of those polecats with the champ gunnin' for 'em.

[Another graphic comes up that reads "E-GIRL MAX CELEBRATES!"]

MW: The new Women's World Tag Team Champions, Harley Hamilton and Cinder, alongside their comrades in crime, Kelly Kowalski and Casey Cash will be in the house and they'll have their party hats on after becoming the new champions... **AND** after what they did to Victoria June earlier tonight. I'm also told we'll have an update on June's condition next weekend as well.

[The graphic switches to promote Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan taking on Porter Crowley and The Lost Boy.]

MW: Tag team action comes to OKC as Taylor and Donovan meet the Fawcett Family... and Taylor and Donovan will **NOT** be coming alone as Tiger Claw has pledged to be in their corner for this big showdown!

[The Royal Crown graphic comes up.]

MW: We heard the news just a few moments ago but the first two Royal Crown Tournament matches will go down in Oklahoma City with Michelle Bailey taking on the Peach Pits' Shannon Walsh... and Slam Sorority's Laura Davis meeting Victoria June... however after the assault on June here tonight, I have to wonder if the Afro Punk will be cleared to compete in just seven days' time.

[The graphic changes to show Shadoe Rage on one side and Alexander Kingsley on the other.]

MW: We saw Shadoe Rage defeat Curt Sawyer tonight by disqualification when Alexander Kingsley got involved... and next weekend, it'll be Kingsley in the ring with the Savior of the AWA!

[The graphic disappears, leaving Mariah's smiling face.]

MW: We're going to have all of that plus Derrick Williams in action... Hannibal Carver in action... and a whole lot more... but Sweet Daddy, run down what's coming our way TWO weeks from tonight when we're right back here in Atlanta!

[A Showtime graphic comes up to cheers from the Atlanta crowd.]

SDW: Alrighty, Miss Mariah... how 'bout this one? It's gonna be a big one!

[The graphic shows "Golden" Grant Carter and Trey Carson.]

SDW: The undefeated streak of that big bully Carson is on the line when he meets the Golden One, good ol' GGC... and you better believe that gutter snake Dave Cooper will be patrolling ringside.

[The graphic changes to show the Royal Crown tournament logo.]

SDW: And we've got three... count 'em up and count 'em down... one-two-three Royal Crown tournament matches in the house. In the first one, we'll see Trish Wallace of the Slam Sorority taking on the red hot rookie, lil' Kimmy Bailey! The next one's got Tony Donovan against Rory Smythe! And the last one's definitely not the least one - Raphael Rhodes looks to cash his ticket to London when he meets the newly-cleared Paris Crawford!

[The graphic comes back to a grinning Williams, Wolfe, and Blackwell.]

SDW: And there's more where that comes from - Carolina Colton in action! Damian DeVille in action! And you never know what else ya gonna get when it's SHOOOOWTIME, BABY!

[The crowd cheers again as Williams claps his hands together.]

MW: The future of the AWA has never been brighter, fans, and coming up right now will be two members of that future going one-on-one with very high stakes. Lori, Ben... back to you for tonight's Main Event!

[We cut across the stage to a grinning Lori Dane and a smirking Ben Waterson.]

LD: Thanks, Mariah! It's the Final Stage of the Run The Rankings gauntlet just about set to get underway here in Atlanta on the premiere edition of Showtime on ESPN and what a night it's been, Ben.

BW: Just like me, it's been "can't miss," Dane.

LD: Walked right into that one, didn't I? Megumi Sato, you've had a heck of a first night here in the AWA as well but you've got one more job to do so take it away, girlfriend!

[We fade from the announce desk to the ring where Megumi Sato is standing.]

MS: The following match is your MAIN EVENT of SHOOOOWTIIIIIME!

[Huge cheer!]

MS: It is the RUN THE RANKINGS FINAL STAGE - set for one fall with NO TIME LIMIT!

[Another cheer goes up!]

MS: Introducing first...

[Sato lowers the mic...

...and when the opening notes to AC/DC's "Thunderstruck" starts up, the crowd ROARS in response!]

MS: ...from Tauranga, New Zealand... weighing in at 255 pounds... he is a former AWA WORRRRRRLD TELEVISION CHAMPION...

...WHAAAAAAIIIIIIIIITIIIIIIIRIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII!

[The crowd ROARS once more as the good-looking Maori warrior bursts through the curtain. He points to the fans, all grins as he stands on the entrance stage with his muscled, oiled-up physique on display. He nods, making the belt gesture a few times before heading down the stairs towards the ring.]

LD: Whitiri heading for the ring, ready for another chance to win an opportunity to win back the World Television Title he lost to Odin Gunn last year... but to do it, he's gotta get through Omega.

[Ben snorts.]

LD: Something funny?

BW: Isn't that a little like saying to win a title match, you gotta get through Bugs Bunny? Mickey Mouse? Stitch?

LD: Are you saying Omega's a cartoon character?

BW: Isn't he? We all run around here parroting his schtick that he's from Neptune. He wears a mask and a cape. He pretends he's not-

LD: Easy there. Let's not let the genie out of the lamp.

[Whitiri reaches the ring, giving the ropes a tug and bouncing off them a few times as Sato continues...]

MS: And his opponent...

"NO EVIL CAN ESCAPE..."

"...OMEGA!"

[With a flash of light, accompanied by John Barry's majestic "Overture" from "The Black Hole," a caped figure in black, royal blue, and gold emerges from the entrance. He crooks his elbows, places his wrists just above his hips, and turns his palms upward.]

MS: ...from Neptune... at weight unknown...

THIS.

IS.

LD: On that, we agree... and right away, the Run The Rankings finalists lock it up in the middle of the ring, fighting for position. Whitiri's got a bit of a size advantage on Omega, checking in at six foot three, 255 pounds while Omega is around six feet and about 200 pounds.

BW: "Around?" "About?" Don't they weigh this goofball in?

LD: I hear it's not polite to ask a Neptunian their weight.

BW: Don't you start that garbage too, Dane. I won't have it on MY show!

LD: YOUR show?!

[And as the announcers bicker, Whitiri spins out of the lockup in an armwringer, cranking the limb of Omega who slaps his arm a couple of times before he somersaults forward out of the pressure... flips backwards to his feet, and then uses the grip on his arm to flip Whitiri down to the mat with an armdrag that earns cheers from the Atlanta crowd!]

LD: And what Omega is lacking in size, he will more than make up for in speed, quickness...

BW: Goofy costumes?

LD: ...and the love and support of these fans in Atlanta. Both of these men are very popular with the fans though and have formed a very popular - and successful - trio alongside Omega's tag team partner, Polemos, as of late.

BW: Polemos, yeah... there's something about that guy. Ever see him in a Hawaiian shirt?

LD: I have no idea what you're talking about... and Whitiri gives a little nod of respect to his opponent here tonight. Whitiri, of course, is a former World Television Champion himself - having held the title for a very short 21 days before being knocked off by Odin Gunn. He's been scheduled for a rematch in the past but was "mysteriously attacked" and if you can't hear the airquotes in my voice, fans, I apologize for not laying on my sarcasm thick enough.

BW: Are you implying something, Dane?

LD: I think I'm flat out accusing the Desperadoes of trying to knock Whitiri out of a title match with Odin Gunn because so far, he seems to be the only one they're afraid of.

[As the two combatants come together again, we get another lockup for a few moments before Whitiri backs himself to the ropes, grabbing the top with his free hand...]

LD: Referee calling for a break here...

[...and then snaps off a backflip with the aid of the rope, landing on his feet, and using an armdrag of his own to send Omega sprawling across the mat to cheers!]

LD: ...and Whitiri returns the favor with the armdrag, putting Omega down.

[Omega grins, giving a nod to Whitiri who smiles back.]

BW: A whole of smiling going on in there for guys fighting for such a big prize. Maybe they should get serious and stop telling knock knock jokes.

LD: They ARE serious, Ben... but they also respect one another and I see no problem with appreciating one another's efforts inside the squared circle.

BW: Are you SURE you worked in Los Angeles?

[Lori chuckles.]

LD: That was another time and DEFINITELY another place. I'm quite happy to be right here in Atlanta...

BW: With me?

LD: ...right here in Atlanta.

[A third tieup ensues with Whitiri immediately powering Omega into a side headlock, cranking on the head and neck as Omega goes up on tip toes before a hard crank puts him down on a knee.]

BW: And this is the power edge of Whitiri... a simple hold but when muscles are behind it, even a simple hold can be dangerous. Think back to former AWA competitor Flex Ferrigno who would use this side headlock as an actual submission hold at times because of the guns hanging off his shoulders.

LD: Whitiri's not quite that strong though and we can see Omega forcing his way back to his feet, pushing him back into the ropes...

[Omega tries to put on a power display of his own, looking to shove Whitiri out of the hold but the former TV Champion hangs on, shaking his head as they come to a halt in the middle of the ring with the hold still applied.]

LD: ...and Omega couldn't get out of it... not that way at least... and a headlock takeover by Whitiri puts Omega down... on the shoulders!

[A quick two count follows before Omega pops a shoulder up.]

BW: Close call there. Omega got sloppy and almost lost this whole thing. What an embarrassing way that would've been to go out.

[Whitiri hangs onto the headlock as Omega again struggles underneath him, the crowd cheering him on to his feet...]

LD: And while Omega may not have his usual tag team partner here with him tonight, he's got a special partner in these fans urging him on, cheering him back up off the mat...

BW: Oh, I think I'm gonna be sick.

[But the cheers of the fans do seem to inspire Omega back to his feet, again backing to the ropes...]

LD: If at first you don't succeed...

[...and goes for the shove off to the ropes but Whitiri hangs on again, still refusing to let go of the headlock as they screech to a mid-ring halt a second time.]

LD: ...you apparently fail the second time as well. Whitiri hanging on tight to that hold and Omega goes back down to a knee.

[Whitiri cranks on the hold again, the referee checking to make sure Omega doesn't want to submit...]

...and slowly, an "O-MEG-A!" chant starts up from the Atlanta fans!]

LD: And the fans are REALLY getting behind Omega now, cheering him on to slip out of this hold and get going in the early moments of this one.

BW: He's gotta find a different way out. The first two tries bombed so what's the next move, you goof?

LD: Omega... hang on now! Grabbing the wrist! Trying to power out himself!

[With the crowd roaring and chanting, Omega pushes and pushes and pushes... and eventually breaks free, turning the headlock into an overhand wristlock on Whitiri who shockingly goes down to a knee, a surprised expression on his face...]

LD: Fueled by the fans' support, Omega breaks free and-

[...and then Whitiri reaches out with the free hand, snatching the leg of Omega and pulling it out from under him!]

BW: Nice single leg by Whitiri, showing some of that Combat Corner training no doubt...

[Coming back up, Whitiri cocks the arm, looking for an elbowdrop...

...but Omega rolls clear!]

LD: Omega avoids the elbow... up to his own feet now...

[And the Neptunian cocks his arm, winding up...]

LD: ...and Whitiri avoids the elbow in kind!

[Whitiri rolls to his feet as Omega does the same, standing several feet away ready to press the attack...

...and pauses for a moment as the crowd cheers again.]

LD: And we've got ourselves a stalemate in the early minutes of this one, Ben!

BW: That's because no one's got any killer instinct. They're two besties afraid to hurt each other so they're going for cute little counters and wear-down holds instead of waffling one another in the mouth.

[Reaching out a hand, Whitiri offers it up to Omega who nods, shaking it again...]

BW: Thanks for proving my point, losers.

LD: That hardly seems appropriate. They're friends, Ben! Or at least allies on good terms - would you have them gouging eyes and kicking each other in the groin?

BW: If they want to win, yes. Dane, I managed the most successful faction this company has ever seen and you know why they were the most successful? Because they didn't give a damn about anything but winning. Their only allies were each other. Their only priority was winning... and then winning again. If you want to make it to the top of this business, you can't care about kissing babies and making the people jump for joy. You gotta do whatever it takes to win. Period.

[As Waterson diatribes, the two competitors lock up again but this time, Whitiri immediately breaks out, scooping Omega up and slamming him down...]

LD: Whitiri shakes the ring and the spine of Omega with a powerful slam, showing off that tremendous strength of his... we're about five minutes into this one, Ben... any thoughts at this point?

BW: I think this match is Whitiri's match to win... or lose. Omega's a goof who the fans love, I despise, and someone who'll rarely know what the fruits of victory taste like in my oh-so-humble opinion.

LD: I'm not sure there's anything about you that's oh-so-humble and... ohh! 255 pounds dropped down into the chest with that elbow - that time he got all of it - and a quick cover... two count there off the elbow.

BW: He's a goof but it's gonna take more than a slam and an elbow to pin Omega, Dane.

LD: I concur.

[Whitiri comes up off the mat, getting to his feet a couple moments before Omega, and the Maori warrior is swinging immediately...]

"WHAAAAAAACK!"

LD: Whitiri bringing the thunder like his entrance music, striking hard across the chest of Omega with that knife edge chop!

"WHAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAACK!"

[A few more follow in kind, sending Omega spiraling back to grab the ropes for support.]

LD: And that's gotta be more to your speed, Ben Waterson.

BW: Absolutely. Now keep it up and we're talking about a guy who stands a snowball's chance in Tucson with the World Television Champion, Odin Gunn.

[Grabbing the wrist, Whitiri wings Omega across the ring, sending him into the ropes...]

LD: Omega hits the ropes, on the rebound... ducks the clothesline...

[...and as he approaches the next set of ropes, Omega leaps into the air, landing on the middle rope where he springs back, twisting around...]

LD: ...CROSSBODY CONNECTS! ONNNNNNE! TWOOOOO!

[...but Whitiri powers out of the pin attempt, kicking out with ease as both men immediately break into a scramble, each trying to get to their feet first...]

LD: It's a race to get up... Omega up first...

[...and as Whitiri gets to a vertical base, Omega catches him on the chest with a dropkick.]

LD: ...and Omega lands a dropkick!

[Both men scramble up a second time, Omega leaping and lashing out again...]

LD: Right on the chin that time!

[Whaitiri falls back into the ropes from the impact of the second dropkick, reeling as Omega regains his feet, rushing forward...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and HAMMERS Whaitiri with a clothesline that sends the former TV Champion tumbling over the ropes to the outside!]

LD: OMEGA SENDS HIM TO THE FLOOR!

BW: Alright! Now go out after them and smash his face into something! The mat, the bleachers, the floor - I don't care! Show me something!

LD: And surprisingly perhaps, Omega seems to be taking that advice, climbing out on the apron - what's he got in mind here?

[Omega strikes his signature pose to big cheers from the Atlanta crowd before crouching down. Measuring the rising Whaitiri, Omega takes aim...

...and then runs down the apron, leaping off...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

LD: CROSSBODY OFF THE APRON CONNECTS AS WELL!

[The crowd is ROARING as Omega regains his feet, giving a shout as he salutes the cheering crowd, going right back into his signature pose!]

LD: Whaitiri is down and Omega may be closing in on victory here in the Run The Rankings Final Stage with a dangerous date with World Television Champion Odin Gunn hanging in the balance.

BW: It'd be like finding out your blind date is taking you skydiving... with no parachute!

[Lori chuckles as Omega pulls Whaitiri off the floor, tossing him under the ropes into the ring...]

BW: And I like this out of the little freak, Dane. He's staying on the attack - showing the slightest bit of killer instinct!

LD: Whaitiri back in... and Omega's heading back in as well... no, check that - he's on the apron and he's heading up top!

[Omega quickly scales the turnbuckles as Whaitiri fights his way to his feet...]

LD: Whaitiri up... but Omega's WAY up!

[...but as Omega stands up top, Whaitiri goes charging towards the corner, leaping up...]

LD: OHH! Whaitiri catches him with a right hand!

[A stunned Omega looks down at Whaitiri who grabs him...

...and HURLS him from the top rope!]

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: A LONNNNNG WAAAAAY DOWN FOR OMEGA! He goes crashing down, smashing down on the back on the ring!

[Omega rolls onto his hip, grimacing as he grabs at his lower back in pain as Whitiri leans against the turnbuckles, taking a breather...]

LD: Whitiri trying to catch a second wind here after those couple of hard falls on the outside...

[...and then pushes off the buckles, moving in on Omega who has been unable to get up off the mat yet. Whitiri grabs him by the back of the tights, dragging Omega up to his feet...

...and BURIES a forearm shank into the small of the back!]

LD: Ohhh! Whitiri putting a bullseye on the back of Omega...

[And with Omega reeling, Whitiri muscles him up, dropping Omega down with a back suplex!]

LD: ...and a suplex to boot! Whitiri drops him down... and now with a cover!

[A two count follows before Omega slips the shoulder free.]

LD: Two count on the suplex for Whitiri, working his way towards perhaps a long-awaited rematch with Odin Gunn. Who will walk out of Atlanta as the new Number One Contender to the World Television Title? We're on our way to finding out right here on ESPN on the premiere of Showtime.

[Whitiri shoves Omega over onto his stomach before planting his hands on the mat, kicking his legs up into the air, and bringing his knee down into the small of Omega's back!]

LD: 255 pounds down into the back!

[With his knee pressed into the back, Whitiri rolls backwards, bending Omega's spine across his raised knees...]

BW: Oh, and I like this, Dane. The bow and arrow submission hold - this is old school but Whitiri's got it locked on, bending the back, stretching the spine... working over the injured body part.

LD: Omega shouting no, saying he's not about to give up his shot at Odin Gunn and the World Television Title.

[A few more moments pass before Whitiri lets go of the hold, allowing Omega to slip out of it...]

BW: And I don't get that at all. He had the hold locked in... he was doing damage... Omega had no way out and Whitiri just gives it up?

LD: Perhaps looking for some more of his dynamic offense.

[Whitiri pulls Omega up by the wrist, pushing him back against the turnbuckles...

...and then goes for a big whip, falling off his feet from the effort put behind it...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Omega SLAMS violently into the corner, his entire body bouncing into the air before he flops facefirst down on the canvas while crying out in pain. The crowd groans at the hard crash into the corner as Whitiri pushes up to a knee, looking on with approval.]

LD: That'll do serious damage - a crash into the corner like that.

BW: He whipped him so hard, he lost his footing. He whipped him so hard, Omega came flying out of the corner and crashed down on the mat. That was a man's man's Irish whip for sure.

[Omega slides his arms under him, pushing up to all fours...

...and Whitiri surges across, leaping up to drive a double axehandle down into the small of the back!]

LD: Just when Omega thought he had a chance to recover, Whitiri is right there to hammer down that blow across the back, doing even more damage!

[Whitiri climbs to his feet, reaching down to grab the back of the tights, hauling Omega up to his feet again...]

LD: Whitiri hooks him up, looking for another back suplex!

[...and as Whitiri lifts him up with a grunt of effort, Omega uses the momentum to flip out of the lift, landing on his feet behind the former champion!]

LD: OMEGA ESCAPES!

[Whitiri quickly whips around...

...and gets greeted with an uppercut thrust to the throat!]

LD: OH! Omega giving us a glimpse of offense that we usually see out of his partner Polemos and it ROCKED Whitiri!

[Whitiri staggers backwards, clutching his throat as Omega steadies himself, dashing to the ropes, bouncing back towards the stunned Whitiri...

...who reaches out his powerful arms, twisting and turning Omega around in the air...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: TILT-A-WHIRL SUUUUPLEX! DRIVES OMEGA INTO THE MAT!

[Whitiri dives across Omega, hooking a leg...]

LD: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! TH-

[But Omega's shoulder pops up off the mat, breaking up the pin!]

LD: Two and change off the tilt-a-whirl... slam... I think I called it a suplex there. Close enough, I suppose.

BW: Beginner's botch.

LD: Thanks, Ben.

[Whaitiri drags Omega off the mat, shoving him back into the corner before stepping in after him...]

LD: Omega's trapped in the corner and-

[...and the Maori warrior starts hammering Omega in the corner, throwing hooking blows to both sides of the head while shouting with exertion on each blow!]

LD: -Whaitiri working him over!

[With Omega clinging to the ropes to stay on his feet, Whaitiri backs off and takes aim from across the ring...]

BW: Should've stayed on him! Keep throwing those shots to the head!

[...and then charges back in, leaping into the air...]

LD: WRATH OF WHAITIRI!

[...but the former champion's effort at a Supernova-esque Heat Wave ends with Whaitiri CRASHING into the corner!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: OMEGA MOVES! OMEGA OUT OF THE WAY AND... ROLLUP! SCHOOLBOY OUT OF THE CORNER!

[The referee dives to the mat, the crowd counting along with him!]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THR-"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: OUT JUST IN TIME! OMEGA WAS A HEARTBEAT AWAY FROM BEATING WHAITIRI RIGHT THERE, FANS!

[Both men scramble up off the mat, Omega getting up a split second quicker, reaching out to grab Whaitiri and yank him back into an inverted facelock...]

LD: EVENT HORIZ-

[...but before Omega can execute one of his signature moves, Whaitiri spins out of his grip, wrapping his arms around the torso, lifting Omega into the air...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and sit out, DRIVING Omega's back into the mat with a sitout spinebuster!]

LD: SPINEBUSTER! SPINEBUSTER!

[Staying down on the sitout, Whaitiri waves for the referee to count...]

LD: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: OMEGA KICKS OUT! OMEGA ESCAPES IN TIME!

[Whaitiri SLAMS his fist down into the mat, shaking his head in frustration as he shoves Omega's legs away, climbing to his feet...]

LD: We're over ten minutes into this hard-fought battle - the final stage in the Run The Rankings challenge! And Whaitiri was a half second or less away from winning this match right there. Victory is within his grasp, Ben!

BW: They've both gotten close within the last minute or so, Dane. It's back and forth... and yeah, Whaitiri's got the edge right now. He just needs to stay focused and put an end to this.

[Whaitiri climbs to his feet, smashing a fist into his chest as he stomps towards the corner, slapping a hand down on the top turnbuckle...]

LD: Whaitiri's on his feet! Whaitiri's in the corner, looking for victory!

[He spins around, crouching low as he waves a hand, shouting "GET UP!"]

LD: Whaitiri shouting at Omega! Begging him to get up!

BW: Nah, nah... that's an ORDER! He's ORDERING him to get up!

[Omega struggles up off the mat, grabbing at his lower back as Whaitiri lets loose another shout, rushing across the ring...]

LD: THE CHARGE OF TŪMATAUENGA!

[...but as Whaitiri closes in with his signature spear tackle, Omega desperately leaps high into the air...]

LD: OHHH! HE MISSED! HE MISSED THE SPEAR!

BW: He hit his head on the corner buckle!

[...and as he hits the corner, Whaitiri staggers out as Omega leaps into the air, snatching the head at the top of his jump...]

LD: NECKBREAKER! HE DRIVES HIM DOWN!

[...and Omega dives across Whaitiri, reaching back to snatch a leg...]

LD: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: KICKOUT AGAIN! WHAITIRI KICKS OUT IN TIME!

BW: Alright, Dane... now I gotta admit I'm impressed by these two! This is a hell of a match! Omega and Whaitiri are both giving it all they've got and this is something to see! Showtime, baby... you can't miss it!

[Omega struggles up off the mat, climbing to his feet, looking down at Whaitiri...

...and then lifts his hand into the air to a HUGE CHEER!]

BW: Never mind. This guy's an idiot.

[Omega drags Whitiri off the mat, slapping his hand around the throat in a one-handed choke!]

LD: Omega's got him hooked! Calling for the chokeslam like his much-larger tag partner!

BW: MUCH larger! This fool can't do this!

[Omega gives it a grunt of effort but fails to even budge Whitiri who easily slaps the hand away, charging back into the ropes...]

LD: Whitiri to the ropes and-

[...and runs right into a spinning leg lariat that Omega uses to wipe out the former champion!]

LD: -HE NEARLY TOOK HIS HEAD OFF!

[Omega crawls on his hands and knees, diving into a cover, reaching for a leg...]

LD: ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO! THREEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: KICKOUT! KICKOUT IN TIME FOR WHAITIRI!

[Omega climbs off the mat, breathing heavily as he looks around at the roaring Atlanta crowd...]

...and then points to the corner!]

LD: Omega's going up top!

BW: Well, it's not my favorite idea but it's better than a chokeslam!

LD: Omega heading to the corner, stepping out on the apron...

[The Neptunian stops on the apron, reaching out to snatch his cape off the ringpost, quickly lifting it to secure it around his neck...]

BW: You've gotta be... what is WRONG with this guy?! He's got a World Television Title shot within his reach and he's stopping on the outside to play dress-up! This is ridiculous!

LD: Omega's got his cape on, heading to the Danger Zone!

[Omega puts one foot on the top rope, his cape hanging from his shoulders as he points out to the cheering crowd, watching as Whitiri fights to get back to his feet...]

LD: Omega waiting on Whitiri!

[...and as the former champion rises, Omega leaps high into the air, soaring over the staggered Whitiri, hooking him on the way over...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: FLIPPING NECKBREAKER CONNECTS!

[Omega sweeps his cape aside, diving across Whaitiri, not having enough left in the tank to hook the leg as well!]

LD: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

LD: NO, NO, NOOOO! SHOULDER UP IN TIME!

BW: I thought he had him there, Dane!

LD: It sure looked like it from where we're sitting but AGAIN Whaitiri kicks out... AGAIN Whaitiri lives to fight!

[A weary Omega rolls off to his knees, burying his masked face in his hands as the crowd buzzes for the ultra-near fall!]

LD: Omega obviously thought he had him too! Fifteen minutes into this thrilling battle - our very first Main Event here on Showtime on ESPN - and these two are tearing the house down!

[Omega looks around at the cheering fans, imploring him to keep going. He slowly rises up off the mat, pointing out at the fans again...]

LD: Omega's hearing these fans! Hearing the fans of Atlanta cheering him on and it's giving him strength! It's giving him the proverbial fighting spirit, the will to win - the undeniable desire to keep fighting!

[Omega stumbles towards the corner, grabbing the top rope...]

LD: And now it's Omega climbing again, climbing from the inside this time!

[Omega steps up on the middle rope, nodding his masked head to the cheering fans...]

LD: Omega perhaps looking for a moonsault? Maybe looking for-

[...but as Omega slowly climbs, Whaitiri rolls over onto all fours, trying to regain his feet as well...]

LD: Omega's gotta hurry, Ben!

BW: Whaitiri's getting up behind him and he's got no idea!

[...and as the former champion regains his feet, he staggers towards the corner where Omega has one foot up on the top turnbuckle...]

“WHAAAAAAAACK!”

LD: FOREARM TO THE BACK!

[Whaitiri winds up again...]

“WHAAAAAAAACK!”

“WHAAAAAAAACK!”

“WHAAAAAAAACK!”

“WHAAAAAAAACK!”

“WHAAAAAAAACK!”

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Omega leans over, grabbing the top rope in an attempt to stay on his precarious perch...

...which is when Whitiri grabs the cape with both hands, YANKING Omega backwards and down to the mat!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And for the first time in his AWA career, Whitiri hears a little booing from the AWA faithful for the opportunistic move on Omega!]

LD: OH! Omega get YANKED from the top rope by the cape!

BW: It's his own fault for having the damn cape still on! Whitiri took advantage of the situation and who could possibly blame him for that, Dane?! Whitiri's gotta get the job done and if it means tugging on Omega's cape or spitting in the damn wind, he's gotta do it!

[The referee gets immediately up in Whitiri's face, reprimanding him loudly for pulling the cape as Whitiri leans in the corner, trying to regroup and catch his wind...

...and suddenly, the crowd ROARS to life!]

LD: POLEMOS! THE GOD OF WAR IS HERE!

[The massive masked man stands on the entrance stage, pointing a menacing finger towards the ring...]

LD: And he's obviously not happy with what Whitiri just did to get the edge in this one! Polemos threatening him from over here by us and... uh oh!

[The crowd gets louder as Polemos stalks down the entrance steps, heading towards the ring where Whitiri looks on with concern. The referee peels away from Whitiri, pointing and shouting at Polemos, ordering him back up the aisle...]

LD: The referee's trying to get him out of here! The referee wants no part of ANYONE interfering in this tremendous matchup we've been watching here tonight in Center Stage Studios and-

[...and suddenly, Whitiri charges across the ring...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and HURLS himself over the top rope, wiping out the seven footer with a plancha!]

LD: AND WHAITIRI WANTED NO PART OF POLEMOS GETTING INVOLVED EITHER! HE DECIDED TO TAKE THE BIG MAN OUT!

[Whaitiri climbs up to his feet on the floor, throwing a look down at Polemos to make sure he's out of the picture before climbing back up on the apron. He turns to check on Polemos again...]

LD: Whitiri takes out Polemos but-

BW: But he's not wrestling Polemos!

LD: He's certainly not and... Omega's up! Omega's on his feet!

[Staggering over towards the ropes, Omega grabs hold and leaps up, swinging a foot into the back of Whitiri's head!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: ENZUIGIRI CONNECTS!

[Whitiri crumples down, clutching the back of his head as he sinks down to a knee on the apron...]

...and Omega staggers down the ropes to the corner, promptly climbing them again...]

LD: Whitiri's dazed on the apron and-

BW: Where the hell is Omega going?!

LD: He's going up top, Ben! He's scaling to the top turnbuckle again!

BW: He's still wearing that damn cape! What an idiot!

[Omega slowly reaches the top rope, looking down as Whitiri struggles back up to his feet...]

...and Omega LEAPS from his perch, snaring Whitiri's head between his legs, swinging down into a hurricanrana!]

LD: OHHHHHHH!

[The flying attack swings Whitiri off the apron to the floor as Omega somehow manages to hang on, landing on the apron safely!]

LD: WHAITIRI TO THE OUTSIDE! OMEGA ON THE APRON!

[Omega raises a weary arm, saluting the cheering fans from his spot standing on the apron...]

...and with a three-step run, he leaps off the apron, pumping his arms and legs...]

LD: OHHHHH!! FROG SPLASH ON THE FLOOOOOR!

[Omega rolls off, grabbing his ribs in pain as Whitiri does the same from his prone position...]

LD: We've got both men down on the outside as these two battle it out in the Run The Rankings Final Stage!

[The weary Neptunian pushes up to a knee, grabbing the apron to drag himself off the floor as Whitiri continues holding onto his ribs on the floor.]

LD: Omega fighting his way up, turning back to grab his opponent...

[Dragging Whitiri off the floor, Omega tosses him under the ropes back into the ring. He reaches up, grabbing the ropes to pull himself up on the apron...]

LD: Whatiri's back in... and Omega's back up on the apron, perhaps again looking to finish this!

[Omega drags himself along the ropes, using them for leverage as he pulls himself to his feet...]

LD: He's trying to go up top! He IS looking to finish this, Ben!

BW: They've both been through a lot in the... what? Close to twenty minute that this one's been going on. It may only take one big move... one big slam... one tight cradle... one-

LD: Omega climbing the ropes!

BW: Thanks for stepping on my drama, Dane.

[Omega drags himself up onto the middle rope, breathing heavily...]

LD: Omega's on the second rope, trying to get up there!

[...and with a nod of his masked head, Omega hauls himself onto the top...]

LD: He's there! He made it to the top! He made it to the Danger Zone!

[...and raises his arms over his head, taking a couple of deep breaths...]

LD: OMEGA LEAPS!

[...and HURLS himself into the air, extending his arms and legs in full...]

LD: SPLAAAAAASH OFF THE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: WHATIRI MOVES! WHATIRI MOVES!

[...and an exhausted Whatiri flips over, throwing a muscular arm across the heaving chest of Omega!]

LD: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: OHHHH, HE GOT THE SHOULDER UP! OMEGA GETS THE SHOULDER UP IN TIME!

[Whatiri pushes up to his knees, a shocked expression on his face...]

...and he angrily slaps his hands down on the mat, shaking his head in disbelief.]

LD: Whatiri thought he had him after he moved out from under the splash... but Omega lives!

BW: But not for long! Whatiri's up and now HE'S looking to end this!

[Dragging Omega's limp form off the mat, the powerful Whatiri lifts him up, and slams him down on the canvas...]

...and then points to the corner with both hands!]

LD: Whaitiri's calling for it! Whaitiri's looking to end finish it!

[Whaitiri staggers across the ring to the corner, ducking through the ropes to the outside. He slaps the top turnbuckle three times, giving a shout as he steps up on the middle rope...]

LD: We've seen Whaitiri take flight before! We've seen the Ranginui's Prayer finish countless opponents in Whaitiri's time here in the AWA!

[...and then one foot on the top, looking out on the roaring fans...]

LD: WHAITIRI IS GONNA FLY, FANS!

[...but the moment's pause to salute the fans gives Omega time to stir off the mat...]

BW: Omega on his feet! Omega on the move!

[...and rushes the corner, leaping up on the middle rope...]

LD: Omega with a big right hand!

[The blow rocks Whaitiri, snapping his head back...]

LD: What a shot by the Neptunian warrior!

[...and throws a second, the Maori warrior trying to keep his balance...]

LD: Omega firing away, trying to-

[...but Whaitiri fires back, throwing down a right... and another... and another...]

LD: Whaitiri's hammering him back!

[...and the crowd ROARS as Omega reaches out, wrapping his hand around the throat of Whaitiri!]

LD: HE'S GOT HIM HOOKED! HE'S GOT HIM HOOKED!

BW: A CHOKESLAM!? FROM UP THERE?!

LD: That's what he's looking for! That's what he wants to-

[But Whaitiri slaps the hand off his throat, swinging his head down...]

LD: OHHH! HEADBUTT! HEADBUTT FINDS THE MARK!

[...and then delivers a big shove to the face, sending Omega flying backwards off the top rope rope, crashing down on the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: HE SHOVED HIM OFF! HE SHOVED HIM DOWN!

[And with Omega laid out on the mat, Whaitiri steps to the top rope, looking down on him...]

LD: RANGINUI'S PRAAAAYERRRRR!

[...and leaps high into the air, soaring through the sky...

...and lands HARD on the raised knees of Omega!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And with Whitiri laid out across his knees, Omega cradles the head and neck and a leg as well, rolling the former champion to the side!]

LD: CRADLE! CRADLE!

[The crowd counts along with the referee!]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: OMEGA WINS! OMEGA WINS! OMEGA WINS!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the shocking conclusion as Omega breaks out of the pin, throwing his arms in the air in triumph!]

BW: And I think that masked goof is more surprised than anyone in the building! He can't believe he won... or is that a look of dread knowing who he has to face now?

[Omega slowly gets to his feet, falling forward into the ropes as Megumi Sato makes it official...]

MS: Your winner of the RUN THE RANKINGS....

...OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMEEEEEEEGAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

[...and Omega nods his head excitedly, throwing his arms in the air!]

LD: The fans here in Atlanta can't believe it! The fans here in Atlanta are overjoyed! The fans here in Atl-

[And suddenly, the joy in the hearts of the fans of Atlanta...

...turns to ash in their mouths.]

LD: WHAT?! WHAT?!

[Omega goes flying through the ropes to the outside thanks to a well-placed running knee to the back from the also-masked Texas Ranger!]

BW: DESPERADOES!

[Pedro Perez throws himself onto the prone Whitiri, hammering his fists down between the eyes of the former TV Champion as "Curly" Bill Webb shouts orders from the outside...]

LD: We saw them like a pack of jackals take out Isaiah Carpenter earlier tonight and now they're back and going for Whitiri and Omega!

BW: Oh, I think it's just Whitiri they want, Dane!

[The masked Texas Ranger turns his attention back to the ring, catching a flung bullrope from "Curly" Bill...

...and he immediately whips the rope down on the prone Whitiri once... twice... three times...]

LD: We've got a two on one!

BW: The Desperadoes are kicking his ass and taking names... and Odin Gunn hasn't even gotten involved yet!

[The Ranger drops to his knees, pressing the bullrope down on Whitiri's throat as Perez keeps on stomping and kicking him...]

LD: They're choking him on the mat! This is out of control! Whitiri lost the match and...

[Perez pulls Whitiri off the mat by the arm, whipping him across the ring as the Ranger tosses the other end of the rope to Perez...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and they use the bullrope to clothesline Whitiri right off his feet! He falls hard to the mat, grabbing his throat as he kicks and flails on the canvas, coughing violently!]

LD: And this isn't just an attack! This is the Desperadoes trying to take him out for GOOD!

[The Ranger loops the bullrope around the throat of the Maori warrior as Perez grabs the end of it...]

LD: What the hell is he...?

[...and Perez starts dragging Whitiri around the ring with the bullrope, causing Whitiri to start coughing and gasping anew!]

LD: Perez is trying to strangle the life out of Whitiri! This is- where the hell is security?! Where the hell is SOMEONE to help Whitiri?! Where is-

[And suddenly, the crowd ROARS to life at the sight of the God of War, Polemos, climbing up on the apron. He steps over the top rope, looking for blood...

...and gets it when he delivers a big boot to the face of the charging Texas Ranger!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: POLEMOS DROPS THE MASKED MAN!

[The near seven footer throws his gloved hand up in the air, swinging around as Pedro Perez makes a move towards him...

...and wraps the same gloved hand around the Puerto Rican's throat!]

LD: HE HOOKS HIM! HE HOOKS HIM!

[Perez' eyes go wide as he slaps repeatedly at the grasping hand, trying to break loose...]

LD: POLEMOS HAS HIM BY THE THROAT AND-

[...but before the God of War can send Perez straight to hell, a third man... or monster... enters the fray...]

LD: OHHH! ODIN GUNN FROM BEHIND!

[The big clubbing blow breaks up the goozle, sending Perez staggering backwards, coughing as Odin Gunn swings Polemos around to face him...]

...and SMASHES his skull into Polemos' masked face!]

LD: THE SAMOAN COWBOY WITH THE HEADBUTT!

[Grabbing the masked man by the wrist, Gunn yanks him back towards him...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and OBLITERATES him with a short-armed clothesline!]

BW: HOLY...

[With Polemos laid out on the mat and Omega still down on the outside, "Curly" Bill Webb strides over towards the section by the emergency exit, screaming "MOVE!! MOOOOOOVE!" at the fans in the area...]

LD: What the hell is Webb doing?!

BW: He's telling those fans to get out of there!

LD: But why?!

[Sliding to the outside, the Texas Ranger and Pedro Perez joins Webb on the outside, grabbing chairs...]

LD: What are they doing out there? They're grabbing all these metal folding chairs that make up that section and... they're setting them up by the ring!

BW: Now I gotta ask - but why?!

LD: The hell if I know, Ben! They're... they're stacking these chairs up...

[Webb and the Ranger quickly assemble six chairs, putting them face to face to form a base...]

...and then Perez swoops in to add a second level!]

LD: They're building a... a damn pyramid! A pyramid of steel chairs!

[Perez adds four more chairs on a second level, again all facing one another...]

...and then Webb piles more on top, open and just kinda laying there with seatbacks and legs jutting skyward haphazardly...]

LD: But we still don't know... oh god... oh my god, no.

[Gunn grabs Whitiri off the mat, the Maori warrior still gasping for air as he throws weak right hands at the body of the Samoan Cowboy who ignores the blows, stepping out to the apron...]

