



SHOWTIME

Saturday, April 7th, 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...

The words "PREVIOUSLY RECORDED AT SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING" flash across the top of the screen as the camera opens to a dressing room, where we see Violence Unlimited - Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes - standing before us, still in their wrestling attire.

Both are still visibly pumped up from their match with Team Supreme, earlier in the night. Haynes sits on a bench with his head wrapped in gauze, while Morton paces back and forth, wide-eyed fury etched on his face and a bundle of pent up energy. The camera zooms in as Haynes begins to address the camera.]

JH: Team Supreme thought they were some kinda' big shots, didn't they? Parading around like they were untouchable! Talkin' themselves up like they were the baddest things running! Well, tonight, me and Danny showed the world that Team Supreme is anything BUT untouchable!

[Morton stops pacing and nods in agreement.]

DM: You got that right, Jack! The "White Knight" came riding in on his high horse, but when he came face to face with Violence Unlimited...

[He chuckles.]

DM: ...well, let's just say the he found two dragons he couldn't slay.

[Morton turns to Haynes.]

DM: But this isn't enough, is it, Jack?

[The Tennessee madman shakes his head grimly.]

JH: I ain't done with Supreme Wright yet... not even close. Not by a longshot! Not 'til I end him or he ends me!

[A fierce determination burns in Haynes' eyes, as he stares into the camera.]

JH: I'm challenging you, Wright! One more time. Kansas City. National Wrestling Night. You and me, one on one!

[His voice grows louder.]

JH: YOU HEAR THAT, MISTER "WHITE KNIGHT"!? You better be ready, because in Kansas City, there'll be nowhere to run and nowhere to hide! I'm gonna finish what we started tonight and I'm gonna make damn sure you regret ever crossing paths with Jackson Haynes!

[The camera focuses on a zoomed in shot of Haynes crazed face, seething with anger as we fade out.

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#

[Shadoc 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 a deep crimson 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 don't forget my co-host!

[Wolfe grins as she gestures widely as the camera pulls back a little to reveal Sweet Daddy Williams standing in an AWA Combat Corner windbreaker (available at AWAShop.com now) over what appears to be a bare torso with some gold chains hanging down into his thicket of chest hair. A pair of blue jeans and a bright red bandana on his skull round out the ensemble as he points to the fans, grinning broadly as he shouts "HOTLANTA, LEMME HEAR YA, BABY!" to a big cheer.]

MW: Sweet Daddy Williams, you heard me say it, it's Showtime once again and I'm happy to be right here with you once again.

SDW: I'm happy you're happy and I'm happy I'm happy and I'm happy we're all happy to be here tonight, baaaaabyyyyyy!

[Williams grins as the fans cheer again.]

SDW: The last time we was here, Sweet Mariah, it was a bit of a downer with all those meat wagons pullin' out of the parking lot so hopefully tonight is a little sweeter, ya know what I'm sayin'?

MW: Oh, I know what you're saying, Ess-Dee-Dub... and I also know that we've got our own special guest tonight - the Interim AWA President Maxim Zharkov is here to try and keep some law and order.

SDW: That's what we like to see! The law has come to town and if you're in the back thinkin' about misbehaaaaavin', ya best think again!

[Mariah grins.]

MW: And President Zharkov is also sitting back there because after the video we just saw with Jackson Haynes challenging Supreme Wright to go one-on-one at National Wrestling Night, we're going to be trying all night long to get in touch with the former World Champion and see if he accepts that challenge!

SDW: Which means we'll get to see if he's still the same Supreme Wright takin' on all challengers or if he's just another yellow-bellied punk who'll be lookin' to run and hide!

[The crowd cheers as Williams nods.]

MW: And it's another loaded lineup for you all here in Atlanta and everyone at home watching around the world. We've got the World TV Title on the line! We've got the Slam Sorority here! We've got the Royal Crown first round matches! We've got Carter and Carson! The Aces and the Idols! And a whole lot more!

SDW: Then let's quit flappin' our gums and let the professionals handle what's next, Mariah!

MW: You got it, Sweet Daddy - in case you two missed it, that's your cue! Take it away, Lori Dane and the so-called "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 royal blue blouse and black slacks. Waterson's got a wicked sneer on his in a white dress shirt, black tie, and black suit.]

LD: Thanks, Mariah... it's a big night here for sure in Atlanta, Ben, and it's a pleasure to be back here with you.

BW: Not too much of a pleasure, I hope... I hear Michaelson's got a jealous streak.

LD: No, not too much at all.

[Lori rolls her eyes.]

LD: Ben, our opening match is just moments away but what are you looking forward to the most here tonight?

BW: See, our little pal, Mariah, likes to talk her smack about my new nickname but I'm gonna show you all right about now exactly why I AM the Can't Miss Man. I was walking around backstage a little earlier and I ran into someone who wasn't scheduled to be here on any format I've seen. And I'm gonna break the news right now.

[Dane looks a little anxious.]

LD: Are you sure you're supposed to do that?

BW: When has that EVER stopped me, Dane? So, listen up, plebians... 'cause I'm breaking news right over your skulls. Later tonight, the AWA National Champion Jordan Ohara will be here for another one of his Phoenix Rises Open Challenges... and he WILL be putting the National Title on the line in this ring tonight. How's that for a scoop, Dane?!

[Lori sighs.]

LD: It's called a surprise, Ben. Thanks for spoiling it. Fans, it's going to be an exciting night here in Hotlanta so let's go to the ring for our opening match featuring one of the stars in the hottest division in professional wrestling!

[We crossfade to the ring where new AWA ring announcer Megumi Sato is standing in a jet black dress with a simple gold necklace.]

MS: AWA fans... it's SHOOOOOOOOOWTIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIME!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the proclamation.]

BW: Hah! Take that, Wolfe.

LD: What in the world do you have against Mariah Wolfe?!

[Ben never gets to answer that as Megumi continues.]

MS: Tonight's opening contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit and is in the AWA Women's Division!

[Cheers go up from the crowd!]

MS: Already in the ring in the corner to my right... from Tampa, Florida... weighing in at 135 pounds... Dawn Minor!

[Minor glares out at the fans.]

MS: Annnnnnnnnnd her opponent...

[Megumi lowers the mic as the studio lights cut out. A few moments pass before we hear a voiceover familiar to Broadway fans.]

"Welcome. Ladies and Gentlemen, you are about to see a story of murder, greed, corruption, violence, exploitation, adultery, and treachery - all those things we all hold near and dear to our hearts. Thank you."

[The singsongy horns that lead to Chicago's "All That Jazz" play over the PA system for a moment before cutting out...

...and a lone spotlight lances through the darkened arena to land on a young lady standing on the entrance stage in a pose. Her arms flung skyward, a long leg extended out to the side in a half crouch as she looks ready to cut quite the rug.]

"OHHHHHHHH YEAAAAAAAH RIGHTEOUS!"

[The frenetic sound of Jerry Lee Lewis' version of "Wild One" kicks in as the lights come on - the normal white lighting interspersed with blue as we get a full look at the competitor now dancing and grinning her way down the staircase, slapping every offered hand she sees.]

MS: From Chicago, Illinois... weighing in at 99 pounds... "FOXY"..
MOXXXXXXXXXXYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY HARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRT!

[Hart pumps a fist in the aisle at the announcement of her name as she clasps a hand to her chest, and shouts "I LOVE YOU ALL!" on her way towards the ring. At 99 pounds and barely five feet tall, Hart is diminutive in stature to be sure. She's wearing a glittering silver sports bra style top with short black trunks...

...and a tremendous mane of bright blue hair hanging down to her rear as she repeatedly waves and smiles at the cheering fans.]

LD: Now THIS is a real treat, Ben!

BW: It is?

LD: Absolutely! This colorful and talented young lady made her AWA debut about a month ago on Saturday Night Wrestling from her hometown of Chicago and has been finishing up some final independent bookings before coming on board full time. But all that changes tonight because she's here and these fans certainly are happy to see her!

BW: At least someone is.

LD: You're sure in a surly mood already tonight - what problem can you possibly have with Moxy Hart?

BW: She's a blue-haired pipsqueak who loves Broadway. What more reason do I need? Did you hear Sato? She's 99 pounds! She's gonna get tossed so hard around that ring, she might land in the Florida Panhandle!

LD: We'll see about that. The 18 year old Moxy Hart on her way down to the ring, freshly graduated from high school last summer - congratulations on that by the way...

BW: Oh yeah, a graduate of the American school system. Big victory there.

[Lori sighs as Moxy reaches ringside with a jubilant look on her face. Hart steps up on the middle rope, saluting the fans before slinging herself over the ropes into the ring, pointing a finger at a sullen Dawn Minor.]

LD: This young lady's energy in and out of the ring is just infectious. She's always got a smile on her face and she's putting smiles on the faces of these fans here in Atlanta tonight as well.

BW: That's all well and good, Dane. There's plenty of room in this business for curtain jerkers who pop the crowd - but what can she do in the ring?

LD: You're about to find out, Mr. Cranky.

[As the crowd settles in and we get ready for action, Moxy Hart flashes a wink up at the announce table...]

LD: Oops... I forget how much sound travels in this studio at times.

[...and at the sound of the bell, Hart rushes forward, dropping into a slide to go between the legs of a punching Minor, popping up to her feet and throwing a dropkick into the chest of the turning Minor!]

LD: A quick start here for "Foxy" Moxy right off the bat, putting Minor on her heels...

[Back on her feet, Hart tosses a pair of overhand chops to the chest before grabbing the wrist, twisting it around in an armwringer, locking her fingers with Minor...]

...and goes running up the ropes, leaping off, and twisting around into an armdrag that flings Minor across the ring!]

LD: ...and a dazzling armdrag takedown by Moxy Hart! Are you impressed yet, Ben?

BW: Not yet but I'm still watching.

[Minor rolls from the ring, shaking out her arm as Hart gets up, walking over towards the ropes where she grabs the top rope with both hands, stepping up on the middle for a little spring, flipping over the top into a somersault headscissors takedown!]

BW: Alright, THAT was impressive. The kid's got some moves, I'll give her that much, Dane.

LD: She's got more than that, Ben. She's got heart! She's got spunk! And she's got the fans solidly behind her here in Atlanta!

[On her feet on the floor, Hart salutes the cheering crowd with a fistpump and a wave before pulling Minor off the mat, shoving her back inside the ring.]

LD: Minor back in, Hart back up and on the apron... and she's going to keep up the high flying - alert air traffic control down here at Hartsfield-Jackson!

[Hart moves quickly up the ropes, scaling to stand up top...]

LD: All the way to the top, looking out on this sold out Showtime crowd!

[...and leaps into the air for a big splash!]

LD: KEEP IT SIMPLE SPLASH!

[But Minor rolls aside, causing Hart to smash down on the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: Minor moved and Hart eats canvas!

BW: Saves me from pointing out why they call it high risk, Dane.

LD: Moxy Hart hit the mat hard and she's in bad shape, hanging onto those ribs down on the mat...

BW: And this opens a window wide for Dawn Minor to walk through it and pick up a win on national television here on ESPN.

[Minor climbs to her feet, arrogantly pointing to her big brain to jeers from the AWA faithful...]

LD: Minor going on the attack now, stomping the stomach, down into the ribs which are certainly hurting after missing that flying splash off the top, Ben.

BW: She painted a bullseye on herself missing that splash and now Minor's gotta take advantage of it.

LD: Dragging her up... ohh... big shot downstairs, knocking Hart back into the corner...

[Doubling over, Minor grabs the middle rope and lays in her shoulder, smashing it into the abdomen over and over as the fans jeer.]

LD: Minor's got her trapped in the corner - referee Scott Ezra calling for a break but Minor's not listening!

[A count starts but Minor lands a few more blows to the gut before backing off, leaving Hart in pain hanging onto the ropes to stay on her feet.]

LD: Minor backing off, perhaps clearing her own path here for more damage...

[Minor goes suddenly rushing back in, swinging a leg up to drive a knee into the ribcage...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and with Hart doubled up, Minor hooks her up, tossing her over with a gutwrench suplex!]

LD: Combination offense from Dawn Minor puts Hart in a bad, bad way here, Ben.

BW: And one of the biggest problems with such a physically small competitor is their ability to absorb punishment. Minor's hit a handful of blows here and Hart looks like she can barely stand already.

[Minor drags Hart out of the corner, lifting her up to hold across her body as she steps to mid-ring...

...and DRIVES her down across a bent knee with a backbreaker!]

LD: Backbreaker! Again right on the ribs... Minor shoves her off the knee and down into a cover!

[A two count follows before Hart slips free to cheers.]

LD: Two count there for Dawn Minor, looking for what I'd consider an upset of sorts in the opening match tonight on Showtime.

[Minor shouts "that's a three, ref! One! Two! Three!" while clapping her hands together aggressively. The official shakes her off, holding up two fingers instead.]

LD: Referee says it's two and two is shall stay as Minor is right back up, slowly making her way around the ring, soaking up the jeers from these Atlanta fans...

[Turning her attention back on a slowly rising Hart, Minor clasps her hands together over her head...]

LD: Big hammer on the way!

[...but Hart pushes into a handstand, peppering Minor with a quick one-two with her feet to the face, knocking Minor backwards as Hart continues to tip over onto her feet!]

LD: Whoa! What was that?!

[With Minor stumbling backwards, Hart dashes past her, leaping to the middle rope, springing back to land a back elbow to the back of the head, sending her staggering forwards now...]

LD: Hit 'em from the front, hit 'em from the back! This youngster is every which way but loose right now!

[..and with Minor staggered and stumbling, Hart dashes to the ropes again, leaping up to the middle, springing backwards blindly...

...and lands seated on the shoulders of Minor, facing the same direction for a moment before...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...she flips backwards, SPIKING Minor's head into the mat to a huge reaction!]

LD: SHE CALLS IT THE RAZZLE DAZZLE AND THAT'S... ALL!

["ONE!"]

LD: SHE!

["TWO!"]

LD: WROTE!

["THREE!"]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Hart pops up off the mat, holding her ribs with one arm and allowing the official to gingerly raise the other arm to cheers from the Atlanta fans.]

LD: Short and sweet - just like Moxy herself...

BW: Oh, I'm gonna be sick.

LD: ...oh, you be quiet! Moxy Hart picks up the win here on Showtime... a fitting show for her with her musical theatre love and background and... hey, it looks like she's on her way back here to talk to Mariah and Sweet Daddy Williams!

BW: If she stands behind Williams, it'll be a total eclipse!

LD: Knock it off! Mariah, take us away from all this!

[Hart makes her way up the stairs as we cut over to our hosts at the interview podium. Mariah chuckles before speaking.]

MW: With pleasure, Lori... and fans, what a way to kick off this week's Showtime as "Foxy" Moxy Hart makes her Showtime debut and picks up the win in dazzling fashion. Moxy, come on in here, girlfriend...

[The grinning Moxy winces as she walks in, patting the podium a few times before shouting "I LOVE YOU!" off-mic to the cheering fans.]

MW: ...these fans here in the A-T-L showin' you the love!

MH: And I love them right back, Mariah. They ARE the reason I put myself through all of this. In case you haven't noticed, friends, I am NOT the biggest girl in the locker room so when I get in there, I do it knowing that I'm gonna come out of there hurting. But when I hear those cheers... when I get those chills...

[She rubs a finger down her forearm.]

MH: ...it's all worth it, Mariah, I promise you that.

[Williams leans in.]

SDW: Moxy, I gotta ask... the last time we saw you in action in Chicago, you mentioned your old pal, Pink Cashmere...

[Hart nods with a grin, rubbing a hand in her blue hair.]

SDW: ...did you see what happened between her and Lauryn Rage and the Slam Sorority last time we were on Showtime?

[Hart nods again.]

MH: I sure did. I might've been out on the indies finishing up some bookings but I was glued in front of my TV two weeks ago to watch my girl go one-on-one with Lauryn Rage. And that's what I wanted to see... one-on-one. It went down that way to Lauryn's credit, right? Sure, my girl Pinky may have dropped the fall but she gave it her all and that's all we can ask for, yeah?

[Williams nods.]

SDW: You got that right.

MH: But what wasn't right, Sweet Daddy, is what happened afterwards. You had my ol' pal Carolina running in there getting involved. You had that big lunk of muscle Trish Wallace getting involved. Taking out Pinky... taking out Lauryn... and none of that sits right with yours truly, friends.

[Hart shakes her head.]

MH: Let's make it as clear as...

[She puts a little sing songy in her voice.]

MH: ...#cellophaaaaane#...

[And back to normal.]

MH: ...if my girl Pinky ever needs me... and for that matter, if that surly piece of work, Da Kid, ever needs me either... I'm there for ya and I got your backs!

[She grins at the cheering crowd...

...who soon start booing loudly at the arrival on the scene of some unexpected guests.]

MW: Whoa, whoa, whoa... hang on now, ladies... this isn't your time... not yet.

[The boos are deafening for Laura Davis, Trish Wallace, and Carolina Colton - collectively known as the Slam Sorority - arriving at the interview area, moving to encircle Hart who tries to keep her eyes on them. Davis snaps her fingers and Carolina Colton grabs Mariah's mic hand, moving the mic towards her Coach. Trish Wallace steps in front of Sweet Daddy to gently elbow him out of the way.]

LD: Hold on just a second... I heard you talking about Da Kid, right? You mean Lauryn Rage? The same Lauryn Rage that dragged Pink Cashmere into the tag team title tournament and, when they lost, she dumped her without a second thought?

Let me give you a word of advice, Moxy, because I'll give you your due. But I'd warn you against joining up with Da Kid, as you say, because the first thing she's gonna do is dump you when you're no longer useful to her!

Besides, I don't think you want to cross our paths, especially given what's gone down as of late? [Gestures to Colton and Wallace.] Isn't that right, team?

CC: Ohyeahnahfersure. Coach has been on my case about the Iron Gauntlet... making rookie mistakes last week on Saturday Night Wrestling...

[Colton draws up her aviator shades coolly, and smirks down at Moxy Hart with her trademark Colton smirk.]

CC: ...and I know one of Coach Davis' favorite pastimes is giving me helpful critiques on my submission wrestling skills. Ohyah, Moxy... no one ever broke out of The Cuffs when The Sheriff latched 'em on yah.

TW: Well, my dad didn't care for ripping people's arms out of their sockets, unless it was to club you over the head with it. And kid...

[Wallace rubs her palms together menacingly.]

TW: ...I've lifted dumbbells that weighed more than you...

[She flexes her bicep.]

TW: ...and my arm is thicker than your neck!

[Davis smirks as Moxy Hart looks alarmed at the implied threats from all around.]

LD: Now, Moxy, none of us have any issues with you, so we're going to do you a favor: We're giving you an invitation.

[The crowd reacts with shock as Moxy Hart angrily shakes her head.]

MH: I don't want anything to do with-

[Davis holds up her hand with a sneer.]

LD: Whoa, we're not inviting you to join up with us.

[Colton snorts loudly.]

CC: In yah dreams!

[Davis nods.]

LD: The invitation is for you to pull up a chair backstage, sit down and watch Carolina and Trish in action tonight as they demonstrate for everyone about what's coming for Lauryn Rage.

[Mariah interjects...]

MW: Hold on, Laura, you had your chance against Lauryn Rage and now-

[...and Davis cuts her off.]

LD: [jerks a finger at Mariah] Wolfe, don't you even start with me! Yeah, you want to say I choked... I'll admit it! But it's all because Da Kid, as they call her, doesn't have a brain cell to know when the match is lost! Well, I'll promise you that on National Wrestling Night, Carolina is going to make sure that Lauryn surrenders, and then, it's only a matter of time before her career is finished!

[She turns back to Hart.]

LD: Now then, Moxy, I do hope you accept that invitation to watch what's going to happen later tonight, all right? Move along now.

[She gestures to Hart, indicating that she better leave. Hart puts her hands on her hips, then throws them up in disgust and shakes her head.]

MH: You're unbelievable, you know that?

[They most assuredly do as Moxy takes the opportunity to get the heck out of town before things turn a different direction.]

MW: I second that emotion. Fans, we've got to take a quick break but when we come back, we'll hear from this trio - the Slam Sorority - and we'll see one of them, Carolina Colton, in action!

[Colton strikes a double bicep pose, sneering and nodding as 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 Shadoo 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 then back up where there is a distinctively "Slam Sorority" feel about Center Stage now. Carolina Colton is in the ring, warming up for her match against an opponent who is only briefly glimpsed. Laura Davis can be seen in the background at the announce position. And fade to Mariah Wolfe and Sweet Daddy Williams, who are standing by to interview Trish Wallace, who seems to get groucherier with each passing week.]

MW: We are back here on Showtime on ESPN and... you can see what's happened during the break now as we've got members of the Slam Sorority all over the place, Ess-Dee-Dub!

SDW: Lemme tell ya somethin', Miss Mariah – these ladies... there's a hunger in their eyes and a swagger in all their steps with the Royal Crown at stake. Lauryn Rage has cashed her check and paid the price and Michelle Bailey's got her passport for Jolly Ol' England. And that brings us to tonight, don't it?

[Mariah nods.]

MW: Lauryn Rage and Michelle Bailey are both connected to tonight's match as well, Sweet Daddy. T-Bone Wallace, last week, Slam Sorority failed to keep Lauryn Rage– even though her injury status is unclear – out of the Royal Crown Finals. Tonight, you face Kimmy Bailey to try to win your berth.

TW: I'm addressing this to you, Kimmy. I don't know if Ayako talks about me as much as she should, or if she's warned you about me.

[Trish Wallace takes off her aviators and scowls at the camera.]

TW: Now, Ayako and I... We've had a bit of an acrimonious rivalry. Nothing major, but it goes without saying... it was her fault! And I was going to leave it at that, and crown myself the best powerhouse in the AWA. But along comes Kimmy. Kimmy...

whose daddy is real keen to get his girl front and center on camera during his big farewell tour. My dad never stuck his neck out for me when I started wrestling.

[She turns to Sweet Daddy.]

TW: Of course, you've been in the ring with my dad. Ol' "Battling Burt"'s head was just stuck on top of his torso – didn't have much of a neck to begin with. And Chet and Chaz, as you can tell, are so wrapped up in their agenda that they didn't have much time for me. I don't know if I want to see Kimmy Bailey continue to get the breaks that I never got.

[Wallace smirks.]

TW: Here's an interesting statistic: if I had a dollar for every tag team partner of Ayako Fujiwara's that I was personally responsible for putting on the DL... I'd have two dollars. Which isn't much, but it's kind of a bad omen that it's happened twice in recent memory, isn't it? Maybe, in addition to Lauryn Rage being left half for dead, I could render Michelle Bailey into a basket case by taking out "little" Kimmy. Then I could reserve the Royal Crown finals for you and me, Ayako–

[The crowd doesn't feel good about Trish Wallace's sadistic threats, and Sweet Daddy Williams steps in to say what everyone is thinking.]

SDW: Lemme tell ya, T-Bone... You look to beat your opponent in the guts or in the mind. You don't try to cripple any man or woman.

[Wallace sneers at the colorful co-host.]

TW: At one time, I would have taken your advice, Sweet Daddy. Now I take Coach Davis'. The Red Wedding changed all the rules around here. Now... I'm done being lectured, so I'm going to get ready for my match. Enjoy watching my partner wrestle while an all-time great sits in on commentary.

[Wallace stalks off, leaving Mariah Wolfe to shake her head.]

MW: That young lady's certainly got a burr under her saddle, my friend.

SDW: If she don't watch herself, Kimmy Bailey's gonna knock the whole dang horse out from under her later tonight.

MW: Can't wait for that one but right now, let's go over to Lori, Ben, and their special guest commentator, Laura Davis, on the call for our next matchup!

[Our shot fades to the ring where "Starkiller" Carolina Colton can't resist teasing her Slam Sorority sister as she exits.]

"Where you goin', T-Bone? You gonna leave Coach out here all alone?"

[Colton snickers before turning her attention back to the ring and her opponent in plain black gear. Tyler Graham has presumably made the match announcements during the break, because the referee calls for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: Thanks, Mariah... and as you can see, it's going to be Carolina Colton of the Slam Sorority taking on Marie Thompson fighting out of Springfield, Missouri... and as you heard, joining myself and the Can't Miss Man on commentary is the "All-Around Athlete" Laura Davis. Welcome to Showtime, Ms. Davis.

[The "All-Around Athlete" Laura Davis (hereby known for this match as "AAALD") speaks up for the first time.]

AAALD: Dane, consider yourself fortunate to have my expertise here as Carolina takes care of business in that ring. I only hope Lauryn Rage is paying attention.

BW: Well, I for one am glad to have the expert commentary of THE - definite article - "All-Around Athlete" and her insights.

LD: Marie Thompson, giving up about 25 pounds and a couple inches of height to Carolina Colton... they lock up...

[Colton easily pushes her opponent to the ropes, forcing the referee to call for a break. Colton obliges, cockily smirking down at Thompson.]

LD: Look at that smirk on the face, Ben. This is a young lady who has plenty of attitude for a relatively short period of time in the AWA.

BW: Something instilled in her by our special guest, I'd imagine.

AAALD: Good analysis, Mr. Waterson. Something tells me we'll get along nicely.

[Thompson is not easily intimidated, shooting for a waistlock, going low, and taking Starkiller down!]

LD: Oho! Well, some of that attitude might've just got tossed right out of Colton thanks to a firewoman's carry takedown by her opponent in this one...

[Colton rolls up to her feet and charges in, planting her boot low into Thompson's pelvis.]

LD: ...but a big running kick to the hip area chops her down down to size.]

AAALD: Now that's the aggressiveness I like to see out of Carolina. She may showboat a bit, but when it comes down to it, she demonstrates exactly how the Slam Sorority dominates our matches.

[Colton snaps off a firewoman's carry of her own to Marie Thompson, and keeps control of the arm, wrenching it back.]

BW: And that's where Carolina Colton is potentially the most dangerous! A lot of ladies go into matches against Colton and Wallace expecting to face two power wrestlers, but forget that Carolina Colton is a third-generation grappler, and her granddad could rip a man's arm out as soon as he got you on the mat!

[Colton wrenches back on the grounded Thompson's arm, driving her knee into her shoulder region.]

LD: Now, Laura Davis, I have to ask: ever since you partnered Trish Wallace and Carolina Colton together, they have been bickering and trying to one-up one another while week after week they've been racking up wins. Are you at all concerned about team chemistry?

AAALD: Dane, I thought you were smarter than that. When it comes to a team, there's always going to be competitiveness among one another. But what matters is, when it comes down to it, they work together to get the job done. And the proof is in their success on Power Hour and, now, on Showtime.

BW: Seriously, Dane. Did anyone care whether Shaq and Kobe got along when they were each collecting a hand full of rings together? Get them to call your name at the end of the match, and that's all that matters.

[Thompson is able to get to her feet, and reverses the arm wringer from Carolina Colton. With a whoop, Colton handsprings forward and sweeps Thompson's leg from underneath her!]

BW: Incredible athleticism! Look at the raw agility!

AAALD: Right there, Ben, is an example of what's going to lead to the Starkiller getting the victory on National Wrestling Night against the woman they call Da Kid. Come on, Carolina, keep showing everyone what you're all about!

[Colton deadlifts her opponent off the ground with ease and struts around the ring with her, before dropping Marie Thompson across her knee with a pendulum backbreaker.]

LD: Nice backbreaker executed right-

BW: Now I have a more pertinent question for the All-Around Athlete, and that is: do you think Trish and Carolina would give up ten percent of their action? Just speculating here-

LD: Oh, please...

BW: -but if you ever felt you've coached them as far as they could go and you think they need an agent of their own...

LD: I thought you weren't the Agent To The Stars anymore.

AAALD: Hey, Ben, I respect you but don't push it. Carolina and Trish are under my tutelage and I don't need to take ten percent -- all I ask is they stay focused on the objective.

[Carolina has Marie Thompson upright again, shooting her to the ropes...

...and leaping into the air with feline agility with a spiking headscissor takedown.]

LD: The Carolina Reaper! I've been in the ring countless times and I don't know if I've seen a female competitor with that combination of power and agility!

BW: The disregard for their opponent's health and safety is probably the number one trait that will take Slam Sorority to the top!

AAALD: You know, Carolina likes to call it "real dead-lay" in that Canadian accent of hers. I just call it impressive.

[Colton drops to a knee, arms spread wide, as if asking the Center Stage fans "how good am I?" rhetorically.]

LD: Slam Sorority not exactly making friends and influencing people in the AWA it seems.

BW: Nobody gets paid by the fan in this business, Dane.

[Colton waves her hands at the booing fans dismissively before turning her attention back to her opponent. She seems to mull over what to do next, before deciding to lock both of Marie Thompson's arms.]

AAALD: I'm sure you know that this is the move she adapted from her father The Sheriff. All she need was a little tutelage from me to apply it to perfection.

LD: That double armbar – The Cuffs – a very painful submission hold! And... yes, it's no wonder she gets the submission victory!

“DING! DING! DING!”

MS: Heeeerrrrre is your winnerrrrr... Starrrrrrrkillerrrrrr... CARRRRRRROLINAAA COLTONNNNNNNNN!

[The referee admonishes Colton for holding The Cuffs on after the bell. Colton shakes her head and mouths, 'sorry, can't hear ya. Sorry.']

LD: C'mon, release the hold!

BW: It's very noisy in here tonight! We have a very rowdy crowd here and I'm not sure she even heard the bell. Sato needs to speak up!

AAALD: Hey, she had a tendency to sink that hold in so tight, it takes a little longer than usual for her to release it!

LD: Oh please.

[Colton finally releases The Cuffs. She points respectfully at the announce position, where Laura Davis nods approvingly. Colton then turns to the camera.]

“Hey Lauryn. I know you like to accessorize...”

[She looks down at the mat, where Marie Thompson is gripping her shoulder in agony.]

“...Next week, I got some silver bracelets I can't wait to see on ya.”

[Colton pops a double bicep pose for the camera as the fans continue to jeer.]

AAALD: That's my Starkiller. Now Dane, Ben, if you'll excuse me. I need to get back to the locker room and make sure Trish Wallace is focused for her match tonight, instead of ripping sinks out of the wall and punching through doors. Now, your time with an all-time great has come to an end!

[Davis removes her headset, gets up and leaves the commentary position.]

LD: There she goes, fans... the All-Around Athlete and leader of the Slam Sorority, Laura Davis.

BW: That's my kind of commentary partner. Can we get her back next time?

LD: I sure hope not. Fans, Carolina Colton with an impressive win tonight here on Showtime but she'll be in for a much stiffer test next weekend in Kansas City for the first-ever National Wrestling Night on ABC when she takes on the former Women's World Champion Lauryn Rage... maybe.

BW: She's still not medically cleared!

LD: She definitely is not... and so it remains to be seen if Colton and Rage will do battle next weekend. But as soon as we know, you'll know... just like if we manage to get in touch with Supreme Wright to discuss the answer to the challenge laid down by Jackson Haynes, Ben.

BW: If I was Wright, I'd pass.

LD: Pass?! Why?!

BW: Supreme Wright is a finely tuned top notch professional wrestler.

LD: And?

BW: And Jackson Haynes is a backstreet brawler who'd rather punch someone in the mouth than apply a hold. He's vicious, he's brutal, and he's a man with nothing to lose against the leader of Team Supreme. All that adds up to a dangerous combination and one that Supreme Wright should avoid.

LD: Well, that may be your advice... but after what happened to Jackson Haynes' wife during the Red Wedding, I think it's unlikely that Haynes is going to let Wright get away that easy. Now, something else that's unlikely to be easy is the matchup later tonight - the first round Royal Crown battle between Trish Wallace and Kimmy Bailey.

BW: HOOOOOSSSSS FIIIIIIIGHT!

LD: You got that right. And we're told that moments ago, Sweet Lou caught up with Kimmy Bailey to discuss this upcoming matchup. Let's go now to that footage.

[We cut to "Sweet" Lou Blackwell, and a notation of "A FEW MOMENTS AGO". Standing beside him is Kimmy Bailey, hands on hips.]

SLB: Folks, I'm standing here with second-generation star Kimmy Bailey, who has made quite the impression on everyone since officially joining the AWA roster just a few months ago. For someone with your experience level, you've got a lot of pressure on those sizable shoulders.

[Kimmy rolls her shoulders and grins.]

KB: Thanks for noticin'.

SLB: I meant more about the pressure than the size.

KB: I'll take the compliments where I can get 'em. There was goin' to be pressure on me the moment people knew who my mama and Daddy were. Seems I can't take a step without someone sayin' my name these days.

SLB: Well, since you bring it up, part of the pressure is knowing that your own mother is waiting for you if you can get past Trish Wallace here tonight. It'd be the first time a mother would face a daughter inside of an AWA ring. How does that make you feel?

[Kimmy slaps Blackwell on the shoulder so hard that he seizes forward a little.]

KB: You kiddin' me? You tell me I get a chance to wrestle my mama, and I tell you I'd be there as long as the creek don't rise. Look, you remember when I first showed up here, right? I was usin' that other name, Maria Spinella. It was because I wanted to earn my own way. I didn't want people thinkin' I was tryin' to do exactly what some folks are sayin' I'm doin' right now, and usin' Mama and Daddy to my advantage. And Mama figured, if I was goin' to be under that name, then that meant someday I was goin' to have to fight her because some promoter goin' to put 2 and 2 together and get 22.

[Kimmy shrugs.]

KB: But I'm the type of gal that learns best when she gets thrown around by the best. That's why I train with Ayako Fujiwara, and why I wanted to go to Japan and learn from Miyuki Ozaki. And you're tellin' me if I get a chance to get in the ring with my mama, one of the best that's ever put boots on, I'm supposed to say no? Heck no! It'd be an honor and a pleasure, and after it's over, I'd get up and give her a big ol' hug no matter the result.

[Blackwell looks a little surprised.]

SLB: Someone as competitive as you are, I suppose I shouldn't be surprised to hear that you're so willing to take the match, but I am surprised you wouldn't be upset about the result.

KB: Yeah, well, Mama's Mama. I ain't goin' to stop lovin' her just because I have to fight her. Thing is, I got to get to her first, her and Lauryn Rage. And to do that, I got to put down ol' cat-beater.

SLB: You mean Trish Wallace.

KB: Yeah, I mean her. Someone who traded in her dime for two nickels and thinks she's rich now, bless her heart. Traded in someone like Skylar Swift, someone who stuck by her through thick and thin, even when she started whompin' up on innocent cats for darin' to be friendly, all for what? To go run off and join up with Laura Davis and Carolina Colton? Boy, that sure was tradin' up, huh. Might've gotten you a leg up on a couple of folks, but that sure didn't last, did it? You can barely get a leg up on Lauryn Rage, who's literally a one-legged woman in a butt-whoopin' contest, so think of what that says for that whole organization. As a collective, they ain't got the brains the good Lord gave a rock.

[Blackwell fumbles his microphone a bit from Kimmy's frankness. Kimmy dismissively waves her hand as Blackwell tries to change the subject.]

SLB: You know, Kimmy, there are people who say that you and Trish Wallace are a lot alike, in terms of strength and wrestling style.

KB: Those people mean well, but really...

[Kimmy flexes in front of Blackwell's face, as Blackwell mouths "wow".]

KB: Take a look at that. You think she can match up to that? The Slam Sorority's down two strikes, and I'm about to send somethin' nasty Trish Wallace's way to put that whole group out. She ain't goin' to see it comin', she's just goin' to hope for the best and go down swingin'. And this ain't just about the Royal Crown, y'know. I ain't the type to hold grudges, but Trishy-poo broke some of Molly Bell's ribs a few months back, and that put somethin' in Ayako that ain't ever got out. And since you ain't got the gumption to put your name on a contract against Ayako, Trish, well...

[Kimmy winks.]

KB: Consider me a collectin' service.

[Kimmy perks up.]

KB: Hey Lou, you know if she's a religious woman?

[Blackwell ponders.]

SLB: I don't know if she is, to tell the truth.

KB: Well, you do me a favor. You tell her she better give her heart to Jesus, because her butt belongs to me.

[Kimmy firmly nods and slaps her bicep, then leaves the scene. Blackwell clears his throat, looking surprised.]

SLB: Well! Kimmy Bailey sure is prepared, to say the least.

[Blackwell lets out a bit of a breath, before doing a double take.]

SLB: Umm...

[We soon see the reason for his apparent confusion, as Harper Hannigan walks into view. They look around, seemingly oblivious of Blackwell's presence as they hold a large dog collar and leash.]

SLB: Harper Hannigan, wha--

[Hannigan quickly but silently turns to Blackwell, an index finger to their lips.]

HH: Quiet, guy.

[Hannigan gestures to Blackwell with the dog collar.]

HH: Dang ol' Boy's gotten off his leash and gone missing.

[Hannigan shakes their head.]

HH: Gonna be hell to pay if he don't get back on the leash.

[Blackwell blinks.]

SLB: What are you going to--

[Hannigan shushes Blackwell again.]

HH: It ain't me that's gonna do a damn thing. Whoever the Boy comes across though...

[Hannigan thinks for a moment, and then chuckles.]

HH: That'll be funny, but I guess I should find that mutt before then anyway.

[Hannigan puts a finger to their lips again, before continuing their search. Blackwell gets closer to the camera, his voice lowered to a hushed tone.]

SLB: I don't know what's going on back here, but I do know I'd rather not find The Lost Boy anytime soon. Fans, we'll be right back with more Showtime on ESPN after this!

[We fade to black...

Cut to ringside at an unknown AWA event. Ricki Toughill is flung over the ropes by an unknown opponent and crashes into the ringside barricade. She stands upright, looking a bit frustrated, and looks at something off-camera.]

RT: Oh hey.

[The something off-camera is a fully stocked Dunkin' shop counter at ringside, complete with a friendly-looking barista.]

B: Looks like a pretty tough opponent tonight. Medium cold brew?

“ONE!”

[Ricki looks up at the ring, which is off-camera, then back at the barista.]

RT: You can make it a large. This ref always counts slow.

[The barista hands Ricki her tall, frosty cold brew. She takes a sip. Another customer seated at a ringside table with a laptop computer in front of him takes notice.]

C: Wow, she knows your order?

RT: Yeah, I spend a lot of time out here.

[Ricki is about to sit down, when she notices the empty chair beside the other customer. She picks up the folding chair and snaps it shut.]

RT: Mind if I take a seat?

[Ricki looks up into the ring with a mischievous, crooked grin – a cold brew in one hand and a steel chair in the other.]

V/O: Where there's wrestling, there's Dunkin'.

[Cut to a close-up shot of a cold brew. Another cold brew rebounds off a set of three ropes and slides into position beside it. The AWA and Dunkin' logo flash on screen.]

V/O: Cold brew for bell time. America runs on Dunkin'!

[And we fade through black...

...and then come back up on footage marked “EARLIER TODAY as Mariah Wolfe stands next to Team Supreme member Paris Crawford. Paris' hair this week is platinum blonde and wavy, tied in a loose over-the-shoulder ponytail, and they wear oversized sunglasses and no makeup. They release a tired sigh as they stand next to Mariah, removing their sunglasses to reveal their green eyes.]

MW: I have been trying to think of how I wanted to start this conversation with you, but I have to admit, I am still not sure.

PC: Oh? Why is that, darling?

[Mariah bites her bottom lip.]

MW: After everything that has been revealed in recent weeks, I still don't know quite what to say to you, or the rest of your Team Supreme comrades.

[Paris tilts their head.]

PC: Is that so? Perhaps I can help, if you will indulge me.

[Paris places a finger to their lips.]

PC: You know, I cannot help but wonder, just last week... Brian James said just awful things about my family. He said that we lied about him, we tried to ruin his career. I thought and I thought, but Mariah, sweetheart, help me remember...

... did we say his name one time?

[Mariah shakes her head.]

PC: Ah ah ah, precious, speak up. Say it so your microphone can hear you.

MW: ... no. You didn't.

PC: You know, that was what I thought as well. He seemed so sure, I thought that maybe I was misremembering. Surely I would have remembered lying to the police officers who were just doing their due diligence, or the hard-working members of the media. And yet, darling, I did no such thing, because I never said a word. And why was that? Why did I never say a word?

[Mariah struggles for a moment, and Paris holds a finger to her lips.]

PC: Because no one ever thought to ask. Not Cain, not AJ, not Mifune-san, not Bret with the broken wing, not Monsieur Wright, and certainly not moi. Oh, Jackson Hunter, he screamed it to anyone who would listen.

But did you listen?

[Paris smiles at Mariah, who is visibly uncomfortable.]

PC: You did not. You wrote him off as nothing more than the ramblings of a pathological liar. Had anyone bothered to ask, we would have said the same things we told the fine officers about what happened to Johnny Detson, because we did nothing wrong, nothing to hide from.

[They shrug, looking at their nails.]

PC: But no one asked. And yet, there is Brian James, saying that we lied, all to get him. How does a mind create such fiction, Mariah? Personally, I never gave him a single thought.

[Paris looks up.]

PC: Until now, of course. And he will regret that.

[Paris gasps, clutching Mariah's wrist.]

PC: A thought has just come to me. This... Tournoi Royal Crown? I was selected because of regret, was I not? Todd Michaelson, he selected me because of his regrets of the past?

[Mariah nods, and Paris slowly lets her wrist slip through their fingers, a little smirk forming on their face as they look towards the camera.]

PC: Monsieur Michaelson, I am not your redemption story. You choose me solely to soothe your regret, and I will give you regret back un millier de fois plus. I have no interest in receiving the reparations for past sins, because I have far better things in mind than being the salve to your conscience.

[Paris' glare remains fixed as Mariah takes a half-step back, hand trembling somewhat.]

PC: I am the weapon of Supreme Wright, aimed squarely for the heart of another man bathed in regret. Raphael Rhodes will step into the ring with me, hoping to return to his home of England a hero after years of setback. Instead, he will return

home a failure, with his head bowed in shame, knowing that he has come up short once more.

L'histoire de sa vie, ni plus ni moins.

[Paris tilts their head, a grin breaking past the smirk.]

PC: No triumph awaits you. Just more regret, as you are accustomed.

[We cut back to the current time, and the hosts area, where Raphael Rhodes can be seen shouting for a microphone as Dana Kaiser tries to calm him down. Mariah Wolfe is just barely visible on the corner of the screen.]

MW: Fans, just a moment ago, Raphael Rhodes walked out here upon hearing what Paris Crawford had to say, and although he's not sch-

"I KNOW I AIN'T SCHEDULED, GIVE ME A BLEEDIN' MICROPHONE!"

MW: He's not scheduled for this moment, he wants to speak now.

[We see Sweet Daddy Williams enter the frame, stepping in between Rhodes and Mariah.]

SDW: Hold on a second now, everyone just take it down a notch.

[He turns to Mariah.]

SDW: Maybe it's best I handle this one, little lady.

[Mariah hands her microphone to Williams.]

SDW: Hold on now, Raph, before I give this to you, you gotta calm down. I'm seein' a lot of you from a decade ago when I look at you now, and that ain't a sight for sore eyes.

[Kaiser steps between Rhodes and Williams, as Rhodes turns away to take a deep breath. Williams hands Kaiser the microphone, and she begins to talk.]

DK: I'm sorry. Something about what Paris said just set him off.

[Rhodes whips around, and is able to be heard in Kaiser's microphone.]

RR: Right, listen, I'm sorry about shoutin', but somethin' about that just don't sit right with me.

[Rhodes points at the monitor on the host's desk as Kaiser holds the microphone for him.]

RR: Did you hear what they said?

SDW: What, about sendin' you to England with regret?

RR: Before all that! About bein' a weapon!

[Williams looks confused, and as he begins to answer, Rhodes holds his hand up.]

RR: Look, Supreme Wright's a bleedin' brilliant wrestler, yeah? Maybe he had this bunch of hooligans with Team Supreme before, but we both know how great he is inside that ring. So what's all this now about him callin' Paris Crawford a weapon? And they're just sittin' there and takin' it?

[Rhodes jabs his finger at the host monitor.]

RR: When I was part of the Southern Syndicate, I'm sure Stevie Scott-

[Rhodes snaps his head over to Ben Waterson at the announcer's desk, who immediately puts his hands up.]

RR: And you, you bleedin' waster! You two had me do awful deeds, and I'm sure you two saw me as your weapon, yeah? But you never outright said it, and I never, and I mean never would've just sat there and gone "yeah, that's great, I'm Stevie Scott's weapon!"

[Rhodes runs his hands through his hair in frustration.]

RR: Look, Paris Crawford was in Mifune-gun, and that's become Team Supreme. I know Takeshi Mifune well enough to know that he don't just open his doors to people on charity, and I know Supreme Wright's the same way. That must mean they're dangerous in that ring, and if I ain't takin' Paris Crawford seriously, then I'm a top class twit. Now they're buyin' into all this bollocks about bein' a weapon?

[Rhodes slams a fist onto the desk, then points at his camera, right into all of our homes.]

RR: Well, I tell you one thing, Paris, and you can share this with your whole bleedin' family, from Supreme to Mifune, from Jackson to Grayson, and throw that Martinez plank in there for good measure. You want to call yourself a weapon? I'm goin' to deactivate you in a short while when you get in the ring with me, and then you'll need to have a serious think about your choices. And if that group of choir boys wants to get involved?

[Rhodes cracks his knuckles.]

RR: That's goin' to be one bloody rotten mistake, lovey.

[Rhodes storms off, leaving Kaiser behind.]

DK: I'm sorry. You know how he gets.

SDW: I sure do, baby. Don't you worry about us.

[Williams points after Rhodes.]

SDW: Worry about him.

[Kaiser nods, putting the microphone down and following after Rhodes.]

SDW: Things are runnin' hot and heavy here on Showtime, baby... and it ain't gonna cool down with our next match...

[SDW cranes his neck, taking a look and grinning...]

SD: ...and on that, it looks like my girl Mariah's got herself some special guests down at ringside. You go, girl!

[We cut down to ringside, where Mariah Wolfe is kneeling down near Juan Vasquez, Michelle Bailey, and Lorena Vasquez. Juan is dressed in a fitted, navy blue long-sleeve shirt with the sleeves rolled up to showoff the Rolex watch around his wrist and off-white trousers. Michelle has on a pair of black-rimmed cat-eye glasses, along with a black and white houndstooth sweater, black knee-length skirt, and

simple black ballet flats. Her long blonde hair hangs loosely down to her shoulders, and she looks quite nervous. Behind them, we see Lorena Vasquez, trying to catch the attention of the cameras. She turns her back to the camera to showoff her denim jacket which has an airbrushed image of her sister, Kimmy Bailey and Ayako Fujiwara, flexing their muscles in vibrant detail.]

MW: That's right, I'm here with Juan Vasquez and Michelle Bailey...

[Lorena pops up between them, looking over their shoulders.]

LV: Don't forget about me!

MW: ... who have brought Lorena Vasquez along with them. Juan, Michelle, in just a few moments, Kimmy Bailey will be competing in her Royal Crown first round contest, looking to stop Trish Wallace from advancing to the final. Of course, Michelle, you're waiting to see who will join both you and Lauryn Rage in London. How does that make you feel?

[Michelle fidgets in her seat for a moment before Juan nudges in.]

JV: Can I take that one? She's been making herself sick all day over it.

LV: She hasn't looked this nauseous since she ate all that shrimp at the Red Wedding!

[Michelle looks at Mariah with a frown.]

MB [mumbling]: It wasn't that much shrimp.

[Both Juan and Michelle give Lorena a look.]

JV: You'd think taking away your megaphone would get you to behave.

LV: Come on, at least give me back my signs.

JV: Absolutely not. I saw what you wrote on them.

LV: Aw... "Trash Wallace" is a perfectly acceptable sign!

[Juan shakes his head as Lorena sits back in her seat, pouting.]

MW: Back to the matter at hand, is it because of the potential of facing Kimmy Bailey that's causing this anxiety?

[Michelle shakes her head.]

JV: Nah, she feels this way before a lot of Bailey's matches.

[Michelle nods.]

MB: No matter how many times we see her out there, it's still hard not to feel anxious in the pit of my stomach for her. I'm so proud of her, and know she can do so many great things, but deep down I just want the best for her.

MW: Even if that means you have to face her?

MB: If that happens, so be it. She knows how I feel about her, and I know she feels the same. That doesn't change if we have to wrestle each other.

MW: And how about you, Juan? Who would you be rooting for if it comes down to those two?

JV: Both of them. I don't have to pick... I'm Juan Vasquez, damnit.

[Juan smiles sheepishly as he nudges Michelle.]

JV: But maybe they'll spare us the familial bloodshed and let you two flip a coin. Or one of you could boop the other on the nose. That's allowed, right?

[Michelle thinks for a moment, then shakes her head.]

MB: No, I don't think they'd be too happy with us if we did that. Everyone was pretty upset the last time that happened.

JV: I got it... a triple cross! Those are always popular!

[Michelle sighs, putting her head in her hand.]

MB: It probably wouldn't be that popular. I mean, it's been done to death.

[Mariah clears her throat.]

MW: There is one other Royal Crown match, and it comes after the Kimmy/Trish match. Paris Crawford will go against Raphael Rhodes. Who do you think will win that one, especially if Team Supreme is lurking?

[Juan's expression changes, becoming more serious.]

JV: Would it be rude of me to say I hope they beat the hell out of each other and Crawford leaves me just enough of Raph's carcass to stomp into the Dodger Stadium dirt, before I put him out of his misery at Memorial Day Mayhem?

MB: I think that might be slightly rude.

JV: Either way, we won't be here to see it.

[Michelle gives Juan a concerned look.]

MB: You seriously don't want to see Raph wrestle?

JV: Well, we have dinner reservations and I think a Wagyu tomahawk steak at a three star Michelin restaurant with my family, ranks slightly ahead of my desire to watch Raphael Rhodes wrestle. Besides, you know me... enough shenanigans go down and suddenly I'll be trying to save the AWA from Team Supreme. Sorry to say, but that sort of thing isn't my responsibility anymore.

[Juan shakes his head.]

JV: Besides, Marisol would kill me.

[Michelle frowns again, when suddenly...]

PSSST "CAROLINA COLTON IS AN INDUSTRY PLANT"

MB: Wait, how did she get-

[Juan gives a glance to Mariah.]

JV: Sorry, but it's time for me to be a dad.

MW: Oh. Of course. Thank you for your time.

[Mariah stands up and the camera follows.]

MW: Well, as you can see, Juan Vasquez and Michelle Bailey are here and very excited to see the match between Kimmy Bailey and Trish Wallace! Stay tuned, that match is coming to you right now - take it away, Megumi!

[We fade from ringside to the ring where Megumi Sato is standing.]

MS: The following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit and is a FIRST ROUND match in the ROYALLLLL CROOOOOWN TOURNAMENT!

[The crowd cheers!]

MS: Introducing first...

[The lights go out and the arena is bathed in a neon pink and blue glow as a gritty synth plays. Fury Weekend's synthrock interpretation of "Another Brick in the Wall" blasts out over the Center Stage PA system.]

MS: ...weighing in at 166 pounds... fighting out of Minneapolis, Minnesota... representing the SLAAAAAM SORORITYYYYYY...

..."T-BOOOOOOOOOOONE!" TRIIIIIIIIIIIISH WALLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLACCCCCE!

[A woman steps into the stage fog, lasers and strobe lights that decorate the stage, dressed in a cropped leather vest and retro-styled shades. The stocky powerhouse strikes a pose in a classic bicep curl flex before making her way down the aisle to jeers from the AWA faithful!]

LD: "T-Bone" Trish Wallace heading to the ring, looking to do what her partners could not so far and earn a spot for the Slam Sorority in the Royal Crown tournament finals. We know that Michelle Bailey - who as we saw moments ago is in the crowd for this match - is in as is former champion Lauryn Rage... and Trish Wallace would be one heck of an addition to that Final, Ben.

BW: She'd be an outstanding addition 'cause this woman's got it all, Dane - she's got power, she's got attitude, she's got top level training, she's got the guidance of Laura Davis... Trish Wallace is a total package out here tonight and I'm betting she's got what it takes to send lil' Kimmy Bailey back to pre-school.

LD: Oh, I'd love to hear you tell Kimmy that to her face... but you're right about a lot of that, Ben... Trish does have a lot of things on her side that could potentially send her on to London.

[Wallace is THICK: 166 pounds of solid muscle and bad attitude. Her hair is colored a titanium blonde and hangs loose halfway to her waist. She is dressed in a black sleeveless leotard with hot pink and baby blue detailing and pounds her fist aggressively into her palm as she climbs the ringside steps.]

LD: Although I have to say... the Slam Sorority is conspicuous by their absence here for this one. We saw them all together a little earlier... then we saw Davis on commentary - unfortunately - during Colton's match... but with Trish Wallace out here, they're nowhere to be seen.

BW: But I bet they're watching, Dane... and they're ready if needed.

LD: That's what I'm afraid of.

[As Wallace settles into the corner, her music fades and Megumi's voice takes center stage once more...]

MS: Aaaaaaaaaand her opponent! She is from Pinehurst, North Carolina, and she weighs 184 pounds!

KIMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMY
BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAILEYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!

[The crowd lets out a cheer of approval as "Only Shallow" by My Bloody Valentine starts to play, and the powerhouse rookie Kimmy Bailey walks from the entrance. She has her hair in a high ponytail with several rainbow-colored ribbons tied to the ponytailer, and she wears little makeup aside from a simple black liner on her two-toned eyes. She's wearing a Juan Vasquez Retirement Tour shirt that has been trimmed so much that it resembles more of a half-shirt, barely covering her black sports bra. She's also wearing tight shorts with a purple leopard print, black kneepads, and black Adidas wrestling shoes with three white stripes. She marches down to the ring with a bit of a glare in her eye.]

LD: And there she is, someone who could potentially complete a first in the AWA if she wins this match at the Battle of London! If she beats Trish Wallace here tonight, it will be the first time a mother will face her own daughter inside the ring on an AWA event!

BW: Yeah, but you don't seriously think that's going to happen, do you? The Slam Sorority has to have some representation in the Royal Crown final, Laura Davis has trained these women too well not to.

LD: I don't know, Ben, Carolina Colton didn't make it out of the Iron Gauntlet, and Davis got herself disqualified against Lauryn Rage. I'd say if Trish can't pull it off here, she might need to send her class back for remedial lessons.

BW: That's not going to happen, Dane. I get that it's a big story if Kimmy Bailey could face Michelle Bailey, but she's still a rookie. There's too much pressure on her shoulders.

[Kimmy makes it down to ringside, where she sees her mother and father, Michelle Bailey and Juan Vasquez, sitting at ringside with Lorena Vasquez jumping up and down, a stack of signs nearby to support her big sister. Juan gives Kimmy a hug, then slaps her shoulder and tells her to go get a win. Kimmy and Michelle then give each other a look, and the crowd starts to murmur.]

BW: Ha! Look at this, Dane, look at the tension between these two already!

LD: There's no way that's possible, can we get the camera in a bit closer?

[As the camera gets closer, we see Michelle bring Kimmy's head to hers, forehead to forehead, and the microphone picks up what mother says to daughter...]

"If we have to fight, that's what we have to do. I love you just the same. Do your best, baby! I know you can do it!"

[Michelle gives Kimmy a kiss on the forehead, and Kimmy breaks loose with a shout as the crowd roars.]

LD: You were saying?

BW: Notice she didn't say what "you can do it" is, she didn't say her own kid can win! Also, who let Juan Vasquez in this building?! I thought we had a rule that said he couldn't be here!

LD: YOU have that rule. Fortunately, nobody listens to your rules.

[Kimmy climbs up onto the apron, then through the ropes, and as soon as she's through, she breaks into a sprint, hitting the ropes with ferocity. After a couple of trips back and forth, she throws an arm into the air, and is greeted with a shout from the crowd (and a corresponding sign from Lorena Vasquez)...]

"LARIATOOOOOOOOOOOOS!"

[Kimmy firmly nods, mouthing "you're darn right!" as the music fades.]

LD: Alright, fans... two of the strongest, most powerful women in the entire Women's Division are just about set to square off.

BW: Dane, you're such a hypocrite?

LD: Why's that?

BW: You tried to make a big deal about the Slam Sorority not being out here for Trish but what about Fujiwara? She's not out here to support her partner either!

LD: Well... that's a fair point actually, Ben. Her absence is curious as well as these two get ready for the opening bell... and Ben, what do you expect out of this one?

BW: I expect them to strike hard... slam tough... and generally beat the hell out of each other until one of 'em can't stand up anymore.

LD: That's kinda what I expect too. Look at us.

BW: I'd rather not.

[And as Wallace and Bailey stand in opposite corners...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[As the bell sounds, the blows start flying...]

LD: HERE WE GO!

[...the crowd ROARING as Wallace and Bailey rush one another to exchange heavy right hands, battering one another with great ferocity in the opening seconds of the match...]

LD: We've got a Hotlanta Street Fight breaking loose here in Center Stage, Ben!

BW: It looks like the Rusty Spur on Twofer Night!

[...Wallace's fists coming up with anger, Bailey's with intensity...]

LD: Look at Kimmy's parents cheering her on from the stands!

[A grinning Vasquez looks on clapping as Michelle shakes her head in amused disbelief.]

LD: Oh! Wallace rocked her with a headbutt!

[Grabbing a handful of hair, Wallace drives a forearm into the jaw once... twice... three times to stun the red hot rookie!]

LD: Wallace has her seeing Tweety Birds... into the ropes she goes and...

[The crowd reacts as Wallace charge in hard, throwing every bit of her 166 pounds into Bailey's shoulder...]

LD: Big tackle by Wallace... but look at Bailey!

[Bailey shakes her head defiantly, smashing a fired-up fist into her chest several times as a surprised Wallace takes an instinctive step backwards.]

LD: Bailey refusing to go down off the football tackle, absorbing every bit of that 166 pounds out of Minneapolis, Minnesota slamming into her!

[Wallace angrily points to the ropes, slamming her own fist across her chest as the energetic Bailey obliges, dashing to the ropes, rebounding back hard...]

LD: This time, it's Bailey into the ropes annnnnnnnd... BOOM!

[...but Bailey's 180 pounds slamming into Wallace's torso has the same effect as T-Bone Trish holds her ground with a roar!]

BW: No effect! Bailey and Wallace giving it their best shots on those tackles but neither one of them can make a dent in the other!

[The two stand toe to toe again, pressing their foreheads into one another, trying to back the other down that way...]

LD: Like two bulls in there, looking to... wait a second!

[...and they spontaneously break away, each hitting the ropes behind them, each barreling towards the other...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and on a big crowd-pleasing crash, they slam into one another with tackles, both women falling down to the canvas to big cheers!]

LD: THEY TAKE EACH OTHER DOWN! WHOA NELLY!

[With both down and stunned, the crowd takes a moment to salute both competitors for the explosive action early on in this first round Royal Crown battle.]

LD: Two of the best this division has to offer, looking to cash their ticket to London to the Finals of this tournament... and what a show they're putting on in the early moments of this one.

BW: Some would argue that these two are the future of this division, Dane. The 20 year old Kimmy Bailey and the 26 year old Trish Wallace, two powerhouses that are pound-for-pound amongst the strongest in all of the AWA!

LD: Both women back up off the mat now, staring each other down and... HERE WE GO AGAIN!

[The crowd roars as they throw themselves at one another, swinging for the fences once more!]

LD: This is wild! Another slugfest has broken out and-

[Wallace reaches out, grabbing around the head and neck of Bailey, shoving forward as they slam into the turnbuckles...]

LD: OH! INTO THE CORNER!

[...but Bailey bounces right out, shoving Wallace out of the corner, twisting and pushing her back into the ropes...]

LD: And now into the- OH!

[...where both Bailey and Wallace go falling through the ropes, crashing down on the barely-padded floor at ringside!]

LD: They went through the ropes, right out to the outside over in front of Bailey's parents who are looking on with a little more concern than they were moments ago, Ben.

BW: They should be concerned. Kimmy Bailey is a wet-behind-the-ears rookie in there with someone who can clean her clock in the right circumstances... someone who has spent several weeks now under the guidance of perhaps the most dangerous woman in the entire division, Laura Davis. I'd be concerned if that was my kid in there with Trish Wallace that's for sure.

LD: I'd be concerned if you procreated at all personally... but that's besides the point as both women are starting to stir, getting up after that hard fall to the outside...

[With both on their feet, Bailey looks to resume the clubbing but...]

LD: ...and Wallace goes to the eyes! Just reached out and raked her fingers across the eyes in front of Kimmy's own family!

[Wallace looks over at Michelle Bailey, shouting "I'LL SEE YOU IN LONDON, MISSY!" before scooping up Kimmy Bailey in her powerful arms and SLAMMING her down on the thin mats!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: My goodness! Trish Wallace is known for having one of the mightiest body slams in all of the AWA and she just used it ON THE FLOOR against Kimmy Bailey, Ben!

BW: And that's a good way to earn yourself a trip to the chiropractor!

[Wallace turns her attention back to Michelle Bailey again, barking in her direction as Michelle gets up, returning verbal fire...]

LD: Uh oh! We've got ourselves a little problem here!

BW: Wallace trading words with her opponent's mother - that's not something you see every day.

LD: It certainly isn't... and look at Juan Vasquez making sure Michelle doesn't let her emotions get the best of her. It's gotta be hard to sit there and watch your child get slammed on the floor like that.

BW: That how you felt when Smasher got all that tobacco juice on your pride and joy?

LD: No comment.

[Trish smirks at the shouting Bailey, waving her forward...]

LD: Oh, come on, Trish! Leave her alone! Focus on your opponent for crying out loud!

[...and while she's NOT focused on her opponent, her opponent is getting back to her feet behind her...]

LD: Kimmy's up! Kimmy's up!

[...and the roar of the crowd causes Trish to whip around in time to get lifted up in Kimmy Bailey's powerful arms...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: AND BAILEY RETURNS THE FAVOR! BIG SLAM ON THE OUTSIDE!

BW: I think that one shook the entire Center Stage Studios... maybe the entire Peach Tree State!

[Kimmy gives her mother a grin and a thumbs up as Michelle retakes her seat and Kimmy tosses Wallace back under the ropes into the ring. She slides in herself, getting back up...

...and slowly starts swinging her arm around in a circle...]

LD: She's not one half of the Lariatos for nothing, Ben!

BW: And you don't want to get with this if you're Trish Wallace!

[...and as Wallace regains her feet, Kimmy rushes towards her with a shout of "LARIATOOOOOO!" but Wallace ducks, spins, and SMASHES a double axehandle across the back, knocking Kimmy towards the corner!]

LD: Bailey whiffs the lariat, Wallace from behind now...

[Grabbing Bailey by the powerful legs, Wallace jerks them out from under her, putting her facefirst on the mat...

...and with a grunt of exertion, Wallace powers her up, throwing her down to the mat with a wheelbarrow suplex that gets a big reaction from the crowd!]

LD: ...and there's the power! Lifting her bigger opponent up like she's Moxy Hart and tossing her down to the mat!

[Trish gets back to her feet, striking a double bicep pose to jeers from the Atlanta fans...]

LD: Trish showing off that upper body strength - first with the suplex and now with the posing...

BW: The last member of the Slam Sorority left with a chance to advance in this tournament. The pressure is on the daughter of Battlin' Burt here tonight in Atlanta.

[While Wallace is celebrating her big suplex, Kimmy Bailey is slowly getting up off the canvas...]

LD: But Kimmy Bailey is looking to make history as well, Ben, wanting to make that Finals in London to give the AWA fans their first ever mother versus daughter showdown...

BW: I don't know how much she really WANTS that, Dane. She may be willing to do it but she doesn't strike me as the type who really relishes the chance to beat the hell out of her mother. Your kid on the other hand...

LD: Can we forget about my kid for a minute?

BW: Probably... you seem to have lots of practice at it.

[And with a dazed Bailey back on her feet, Wallace lowers her shoulder, charging across to wrap her arms around the body, and DRIVES Bailey back into the corner!]

LD: Back into the corner they go... remember, these first round matches have a twenty minute time limit...

BW: Something that Kimmy's mama pushed to the limit last weekend, knocking off Shannon Walsh in something like... what was it? Eighteen minutes and thirty seconds?

LD: Something like that. You get two top flight competitors in there with high stakes and it's no surprise that they're willing and able to fight to the limit to get the win!

[With Bailey trapped in the corner, Trish Wallace straightens up and begins unloading on her, swinging her arms back and forth, smashing forearms into the head and neck of the second generation powerhouse!]

LD: Wallace is all over her!

[The forearms are clubbing down, swinging across, just battering Bailey who has raised her own arms in an ineffective attempt to defend herself...]

BW: Trish Wallace might be a comic book fangirl, Dane, 'cause it's clobbering time in the A-T-L!

[...and the blows keep on coming, battering Bailey backwards and downwards to a knee as the referee shouts warning to let her out of the corner but Wallace is having none of it...]

LD: She's mauling her in the corner! Incredible!

BW: She better watch herself - you don't want to get yourself disqualified, Dane!

[And finally, Wallace steps back, raising her arms as the referee reprimands her and the crowd jeers angrily...]

LD: Trish Wallace with an absolute barrage of forearms in the corner leaving Bailey in a bad way... picking her right back up, shoving her into the corner...

[With the official still shouting at her, Wallace sets her feet, and UNLOADS with a standing clothesline in the corner!]

BW: LARIATO!

LD: That's not how that works, Ben!

[Wallace sneers at the jeering crowd, winding up again...]

"OHHHH!"

LD: Standing clotheslines in the corner, we've had two and... make it three!

"OHHHH!"

[And with Bailey reeling, Wallace winds up again with a shout...]

"OHHHH!"

"OHHHH!"

"OHHHH!"

[...and then spins away from the buckles, stomping her way out to mid-ring with a roar, throwing her arms back...]

LD: A half dozen clotheslines... and if it wasn't for the ring ropes, Kimmy Bailey would be down on the mat right now...

[...but as Wallace turns around...]

LD: BAILEY!

[...a roaring Kimmy Bailey comes stampeding out of the corner, swinging with wicked intent...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: LAAAAARIAAAAATOOOOO! Now THAT'S how it works, Ben!

[The big swinging clothesline cracks across Wallace's collarbone, knocking her flat on the canvas to the ROAR of the Atlanta crowd!]

LD: Kimmy makes the cover! She's got one! She's got two! She's got- ohhhh, Wallace kicks out at two!

BW: That lariat came out of nowhere, just when you thought Kimmy Bailey might be down for the count...

LD: It just goes to show the tremendous heart, the resiliency, the fighting spirit of young Kimmy Bailey... born with the DNA of Michelle Bailey, raised with the heart of Juan Vasquez, and nurtured - if you want to call it that - in the hellish training dojos of Japan! She was oh-so-close right there to getting the win, booking her travel to London, and knocking the Slam Sorority completely out of the Royal Crown Finals, Ben.

BW: It would've put a Laura Davis boot-sized hole in the wall, I'm sure.

[Climbing off the mat, Kimmy takes a moment to smack herself across the face a couple of times, trying to clear the cobwebs as Wallace attempts to climb off the mat...]

LD: Wallace trying to get up but she's going to find Kimmy Bailey waiting for her when she does...

[On her feet, Wallace is staggered as Bailey slips in from behind annnnnd...]

LD: ...waistlock! Bailey perhaps taking a page out of her partner - Ayako Fujiwara's - playbook!

BW: They don't call Ayako Miss Germany because she enjoys a good Oktoberfest weekend!

LD: As far as you know anyways!

[But as Bailey attempts to lift Wallace up for a German Suplex, Wallace snaps an elbow back, catching Bailey on the temple once... twice... and then executes a near flawless standing switch, ending up with a waistlock on Bailey...]

LD: Oh! And that reversal might've come out of the pages of Laura Davis' playbook! Both of these women showing the influence of their mentors!

[But unlike Bailey, Wallace actually gets the big lift, powering her up and driving her down with a less-than-Ayako-yet-effective German Suplex!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: GERMAN SUPLEX ON TARGET BY TRISH WALLACE!

[The bulldog-like tenacity of Wallace is shown as she hangs onto the hold, rolling Bailey back up to her feet...]

LD: She's looking for another?!

[...but as she lifts, it's Bailey's turn to snap an elbow back as a shout of "REVERSE! REVERSE!" come from the Parents' Section of the crowd, ending up with Bailey holding the waistlock on Wallace...]

LD: Kimmy taking some advice from her parental units in the crowd...

BW: Pretty obvious strategy if you ask me. Maybe they should start shouting "WIN! WIN THE MATCH!" and see if that works.

LD: Still holding a grudge against Vasquez?

BW: We could've made beautiful and violent music together.

[...and lifts a struggling Wallace into the air, throwing her down with a better-but-not-Ayako suplex of her own!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: AND KIMMY RETURNS THE FAVOR WITH A GERMAN OF HER OWN!

[And this time, it's Bailey who rolls back to her feet, still holding the waistlock...]

LD: Kimmy's up! Kimmy's got it locked! Kimmy-

[...and the crowd reacts with surprise as a stunned Wallace executes another reversal, snatching the waistlock before...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

[...bouncing the back of Bailey's head off the mat with another German of her own...]

LD: Wallace scores with another German, rolling right back up...

BW: This is wild, Dane!

LD: This is BONKERS is what this is, Ben!

[...and attempts to lift again, but a weary Bailey snaps an elbow back into the jaw once... twice... three times...]

LD: Bailey breaks free, reversal... LIFTS!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And with the crowd roaring for the exchange of high impact suplexes, Bailey rolls back to her feet, a stunned Wallace in her powerful arms...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and takes her over again, smashing her down hard on the canvas...]

LD: Bailey delivers a second German on this chain, rolling back to her feet one more time...

[She clenches her jaw, steadying herself as she attempts one more lift...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: ...SHE GOT IT! SHE GOT IT! WALLACE IS LAID OUT!

[A weary Bailey rolls to her hands and knees, diving with an outstretched arm across the torso of Wallace as the crowd counts along with the official...]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEEEEEE-"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Bailey comes up short as Wallace's arm pops up off the mat, lifting her shoulder with it!]

LD: Ohhhh, so close right there for Kimmy Bailey!

BW: It's because all she could do was get the arm across, Dane. There wasn't enough weight distributed across the shoulders to get the three count because if there was, I'd say we'd be on the verge of the Baileys going to war at The Battle of London!

[Cut to a crowd shot where Michelle Bailey shakes her head, turning to Vasquez to say something like "so close!" while Juan nods nervously.]

LD: You can see the reaction on the part of Michelle Bailey and Juan Vasquez. They realize how close it came as well... and you can bet that Juan Vasquez will be a part of the Battle of London, continuing his tour of cities all leading up to his retirement match on May 28th at Dodger Stadium in Los Angeles.

"TEN MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

LD: Ten minutes left in the time limit for this one - plenty of time for these two powerhouses to reach the finish line. Right now, both women are down on the mat, trying to recover after that exchange of devastating German Suplexes.

[Cut back to the ring where we see Wallace and Bailey both down on the mat, breathing hard as they try to get back to their feet...]

LD: Both women shaken up after that exchange... and whoever gets up first is going to have a tremendous advantage to finish this one and score the big win to send them on to London.

[Wallace is crawling across the ring as Bailey pushes up to a knee, struggling to get vertical...]

BW: We have just hit the ten minute mark but right now, it's gotta feel like a half hour to these two with the impact and ferocity in which they've been absolutely beating the hell out of each other.

LD: Quite the physical encounter to be sure... Bailey on her feet now, Wallace dragging herself up with the ropes... we've almost got them both up and these fans are eagerly waiting to see what happens next...

[...and as Wallace gets up, she collapses back into the corner as Bailey cocks her arm, giving another big shout...]

LD: BAILEY BARRELING IN!

[...but as she attempts another running lariat, Wallace sidesteps, causing Bailey to drive herself into the turnbuckles...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and as she staggers backwards, Wallace draws and fires and SLAMS a clothesline of her own into the back of Bailey's head, knocking her flat on her face on the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: OHHH WOW! CLOTHESLINE TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD!

[Wallace drops to her knees, rolling Bailey onto her back...]

LD: Wallace gets a cover of her own now... she's got one! She's got two! She's got-noooo... the shoulder's up for Bailey now! She kicks out in time to save her shot at going to the Royal Crown finals!

[...and on the near fall, Wallace pushes up to her knees, glaring at the official with a "let's get a three count there - onetwothree!"]

LD: Wallace giving the referee an earful there, climbing up off the mat...

[Wallace turns her attention to the corner, reaching over to grab the turnbuckle...]

LD: What's this now? What's she doing in that corner?

[...the camera shot cuts to show a different angle where we can clearly see Wallace working to untie the turnbuckle pad.]

LD: She's trying to remove that turnbuckle! Trying to expose that metal fastening and... no! The referee caught her! The referee's ordering her back, threatening to ring the bell and disqualify her!

BW: Looked like that turnbuckle was loose to me. Shoddy workmanship! She was just trying to help!

LD: A likely story... and... OHHHH! LOOK AT THAT!

[The crowd groans as Wallace lifts Bailey off the mat and promptly CHUCKS her over the top rope, throwing her to the outside...

...almost.]

LD: Bailey hangs on! Bailey's still on the apron!

BW: She caught the rope going over and saved herself from a hard and close encounter with the floor here in Center Stage!

[Wallace glares at her, stomping across to the ropes...

...and the crowd starts buzzing as Wallace steps through the ropes, joining Bailey out on the apron...]

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

BW: A dangerous spot for 'em both!

[...and promptly lifts Bailey up over her shoulder into powerslam position...]

LD: Wait, wait, wait! She's got Bailey up for a powerslam... OFF the apron?!

BW: Talk about cementing a win! Right down on the cement will do it!

LD: This is not funny at all, Ben! This is a...

[...but Bailey wriggles free, landing on her feet behind Wallace...]

LD: ...Bailey slips out!

[...and as Wallace whips around to face her, Bailey unloads...]

"OHH!"

LD: FOREARM SHOT!

"OHHHH!"

[The second one sends Wallace staggering back...]

"OHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the third nearly buckles her knees as Wallace instinctively grabs the top rope to prevent a fall!]

LD: Wallace hanging on, Kimmy nearly sent her flying off that apron as well...

[With some distance between them, Kimmy raises her right arm to the cheering crowd...]

BW: Wasting time here. Bailey's gotta stay on her.

[...and as she steps back in, Trish rakes her fingers across the eyes again!]

LD: OH! COME ON, REF!

[The referee warns Trish from inside the ring as the powerful second-generation powerhouse lifts Bailey into the air...]

LD: WAIT! NO!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SLAMS Bailey down on the ring apron, jumping off to the floor for added oomph behind the dangerous move! Bailey cries out in pain, grabbing at her back before also rolling off the apron to the floor!]

LD: A BODYSLAM ON THE EDGE OF THE RING APRON! TRISH WALLACE WITH AN ABSOLUTELY DEVASTATING SLAM THERE!

BW: That might do it right there, Dane. Bailey may not be able to get up from that one.

LD: She's down and she's hurting... a look of concern on her parents' face in the crowd...

[From our camera angle, we catch a glimpse of Michelle Bailey, a hand cupped over her mouth in surprise as Bailey writhes in pain on the floor.]

BW: That's the kind of move that can yield lasting damage too, Dane. Even if Bailey can get up and keep fighting now, there's no telling what kind of long-lasting effect that might have. That was the ferocity and the unmatched killer instinct of the Slam Sorority spotlighted there.

LD: Trish Wallace on a knee, she seems pleased with herself... and you have to imagine that somewhere backstage, Laura Davis is pleased as well. In fact, I'm surprised - thankful but surprised - that the Slam Sorority's not out here for this one after their appearance as a unit earlier tonight.

BW: Maybe Davis wants to see if Wallace can do this on her own. So far, she's living up to the opportunity.

LD: She absolutely is... and as she gets to her feet now, she's gotta find a way to finish off her younger opponent and earn her trip to London for the big Royal Crown tournament finals. Remember, fans... former Women's World Champion Lauryn Rage is in... and that woman right there...

[The camera zooms in on Michelle Bailey, still looking on with concern as Wallace goes to retrieve the pain-wracked Kimmy off the floor...]

LD: ...Michelle Bailey are already in the Finals. In a couple of weeks, we'll see Ayako Fujiwara take on Ricki Toughill for the final spot... but right now, we're waiting to see if it'll be Trish Wallace or if it'll be Kimmy Bailey earning the third spot in that Final match.

[...and she shoves Bailey back inside the ring, Kimmy grabbing her back all the while as Wallace rolls back in as well.]

LD: Both women back inside the ring... and Kimmy Bailey's in a bad way here. But can Trish Wallace find a way to finish her off?

[Wallace pulls Bailey off the mat again, delivering a powerful whip that sends Bailey SMASHING into the turnbuckles where she instantly collapses to all fours, crying out again.]

LD: You can hear the cries of pain escaping Kimmy Bailey... in a lot of trouble at this late stage of the matchup as Trish Wallace continues to dish out punishment to the lower back of Bailey.

[Standing over Bailey, Wallace clasps her hands together, smashing her fists down into the lower back once...]

LD: Ohhh, big double axehandle, hammering it home...

[...twice...]

LD: ...and again now... just laying in those powerful blows...

[...three times...]

LD: ...Wallace puts her down and is looking to keep her down as-

[...and then leaps up, dropping both knees down into the lower back of Bailey, again causing her to cry out!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Wallace slips off, rolling Bailey onto her back before applying a lateral press.]

LD: Could that be enough? ONNNNE! TWOOOOO! THR-

[The crowd ROARS as Bailey powers out, her arm flying into the air to cheers!]

LD: -and Kimmy Bailey continues to hang on, trying to fight through the pain shooting through her body right now.

"FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!"

LD: And now it becomes nervous time for these two competitors - five minutes left in the time limit and the pressure is on!

BW: Win and you head to London for fish and chips, lose and you're home on the couch eating fish sticks and potato chips!

LD: Wallace right back up, kicking her over onto her back... and she's looking for a camel clutch here annnnnnd... yes! She's got it!

BW: Ring the bell, ref! It's over!

LD: Trish Wallace locks it in, cranking back on the chinlock, bending the spine of Kimmy Bailey... and this is a true test of the will to win for the young rookie who is being tested in one-on-one action in a way that she just hasn't been tested before!

BW: Wallace needs to crank the hold on as tight as she can... she needs the submission here otherwise this is valuable time ticking off the clock.

LD: Kimmy's fighting it though, trying to pull the hands off her chin... trying to get up on her knees to reduce the pressure...

[As Bailey struggles against the submission hold, the crowd starts chanting for her...]

"KIM-MY!"

"KIM-MY!"

"KIM-MY!"

[...and Bailey starts pumping a fist down on the mat, causing a look of alarm to cross the face of Wallace!]

LD: The love of the fans is driving Bailey's efforts to escape this hold!

BW: The love of money and winning matches is what SHOULD be driving her efforts. Playing to the peasants is a sucker's game.

LD: These "peasants" help pay your salary, Ben!

BW: As they should. I'm the highlight of their lives and they're welcome for that!

[Lori sighs as Kimmy reaches down, using her powerful arms to push up off the mat to her knees...]

LD: She's halfway out of this! Up on her knees now!

[...and reaches back with those same arms, hooking them around the legs of Wallace...]

LD: LOOK! AT! THIS!

[...and climbs up off the mat, holding Wallace on her back!]

LD: BAILEY IS UP! KIMMY BAILEY IS ON HER FEET AND-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: -AND SHE DRIIIIIIVES WALLACE BACK INTO THE CORNER!

[A weary Bailey turns around, grabbing at her lower back for a few moments before struggling to boost Wallace up to a seated position on the top turnbuckle...]

LD: Kimmy's got her eyes on Victory Lane right here, putting Wallace in a vulnerable position and... wait a second!

[A loud voice is heard from off-mic...

...and we cut to a shot of the entrance stage where we see Laura Davis standing, shouting at the ring...]

LD: Laura Davis is out here and she's absolutely SCREAMING at Kimmy Bailey!
What's this all about?

BW: Boy, you really are thick sometimes. This is textbook managing, Dane! Your client's in trouble and you get the attention of whoever you can to help them. The referee sometimes but right now, it's the opponent because Kimmy Bailey stopped doing whatever she was doing and is now solidly focused on the woman who once dropped her on her damn head!

[Kimmy Bailey is indeed now returning verbal fire on Davis from across the studio...

...when suddenly the crowd ROARS...]

LD: UH OH!

[...at the arrival of Ayako Fujiwara on the stage as well, immediately confronting Davis who suddenly looks quite alarmed!]

LD: Ayako Fujiwara is out here also... and there's no love lost between these two, Ben!

BW: Absolutely not. Fujiwara and Davis had a tremendous rivalry through much of 2017 ending in that Ironwoman match which was one of the best matches of the year in my estimation and mine is the only one that should matter!

[And with a grin at her partner's arrival, Bailey steps up on the middle rope, making a grab for Wallace but the extra recovery time pays dividends as Trish smashes her skull into Bailey's!]

LD: OHH! HEADBUTT! HEADBUTT!

[The blow causes Bailey to slump forward...

...and gives Wallace the opportunity to end the match, leaping forward...]

LD: SUNSET FLIP...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: ...POWERRRRRBOMMMMMMMB!

BW: That's gotta be it!

[The referee dives down to count, the fans counting along once again...]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEEE- OHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: SHE KICKS OUT! KIMMY BAILEY, BY GOD... SHE KICKS OUT AGAIN!

BW: WHAT?!

LD: Kimmy Bailey took the best that Trish Wallace had to offer right there and she STILL kicked out!

BW: And by my watch, we're down under three minutes to go! Another Royal Crown battle going right down to the line, Dane!

LD: And we STILL don't know what happens if both competitors are eliminated in a first round match! There was some chatter about it last Saturday night and throughout the week but to the best of my knowledge, we don't have an answer and we're about three minutes away from needing one!

BW: If the powerbomb didn't do it, I don't know what will!

[An angry Wallace rises to her feet... and spots Davis and Fujiwara trading angry words on the stage. She points a powerful arm up, looking dead at the Olympic gold medalist...]

LD: What's this about now? Wallace pointing at Fujiwara and...

BW: She doesn't have time for this!

[...and then peels a weary and hurting Bailey off the canvas, wrapping her powerful arms around her and hoisting her off the mat!]

LD: BEARHUG! BEARHUG LOCKED IN!

BW: This is how she injured Molly Bell! That's what that point was about, Dane! A message to Fujiwara!

[And an irate Fujiwara turns her back on Davis, quickly walking down the staircase to the ring, now shouting encouragement to her partner who is trapped in a very dangerous hold!]

LD: Wallace using all that power, squeezing the torso of Bailey, punishing the ribcage, tormenting the already-sore back...

BW: And more importantly, Dane, she's cutting off the air of Bailey. Every time Bailey takes a deep breath to get more oxygen into her body, Wallace squeezes a little harder... locking the hold in a little tighter... if she can make it hard for Bailey to breathe, she makes it hard for Bailey to fight...

LD: Time is not on the side of Kimmy Bailey here. Not only is the time limit for this match continuing to tick down but we're also looking at a situation where the longer Bailey stays in this hold, the less likely she is to be able to survive it!

[Bailey senses the same, raising her arms and smashing a fist into the side of Wallace's head who shakes it off, keeping the hold applied...]

LD: Bailey trying to fight her way out of it! But does she have enough left to do so?

BW: Davis making her way down to ringside now too to get a closer look...

LD: Or interfere.

BW: ...or to make sure Fujiwara keeps her nose out of it.

LD: Or to interfere.

BW: Davis hasn't done a single thing to warrant such slander, Dane!

LD: Until she interferes!

[Bailey again smashes a fist to the jaw... and another as Fujiwara takes up a spot at ringside, smashing her hands down into the apron as the crowd chants along...]

"KIM-MY!"

"KIM-MY!"

"KIM-MY!"

[Bailey raises her arms again, pumping her fists, trying to draw strength from the Atlanta faithful...]

LD: And we're being told we're under two minutes now! Less than two minutes remaining in this first round Royal Crown matchup!

"SMAAAAAAACK!"

[...and Bailey cracks her arms together on the ears of Wallace, a staggering blow that causes Wallace to set Bailey's feet back down on the mat while still maintaining the hold...]

LD: She's still got it on but with Bailey's feet on the mat, it takes away a little of the pressure...

BW: And gives her more potential ways out of the hold!

[...and Bailey uses the chink in the armor, rapidly throwing right hands to the head as the crowd continues to chant her name...]

"KIM-MY!"

"KIM-MY!"

"KIM-MY!"

[...and with Wallace dazed enough, the grip loosened slightly, Bailey plants her feet and pushes forward, driving Wallace across the ring, pushing right up against the ropes...]

LD: Ohhh! Into the ropes! She made it, Ben! She found a way-

[...but before the referee can order the hold broken, Laura Davis uses the momentary confusion of the crash into the ropes to snake an arm in, yanking Bailey's leg out from under her which puts Bailey down on her back with Wallace on top of her...]

...and with Davis holding down the ankle, pulling down hard so that she's out of the official's view...]

LD: WAIT! WAIT!

[...as they dive to the mat to count once...]

LD: AYAKO COMING QUICK!

[...twice...]

LD: NOT LIKE THIS!

[...and Fujiwara BARRELS into Davis, knocking her down to the floor, letting go of Bailey's ankle...

...right after the referee slaps the mat a third time, Bailey's shoulder popping up a split second after the three count!]

LD: OH, COME ON!

BW: SHE GOT HER! WALLACE WINS!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Fujiwara looks crestfallen as she looks back towards the ring where Bailey is on her hip, looking up in disbelief as the official raises the hand of Trish Wallace who is kneeling on the mat, a giant smirk on her face!]

LD: The Slam Sorority STOLE this, Ben! They literally STOLE it!

BW: That's not what the record book says, Dane! It says that on the 28th of April in the year 2018, Trish Wallace is headed to London to battle for the Royal Crown!

LD: I can't believe this! Ayako's in shock, Bailey's obviously disappointed as well... and Davis and Wallace are getting the heck of Dodge before the Lariatos come gunning for them! Incredible!

[The camera shot shows Kimmy Bailey sitting on the mat, head down as Fujiwara kneels beside her, glaring up the aisle at the fleeing Davis and Wallace.]

LD: It was a heck of an effort by Kimmy Bailey... like we said, Ben, they both gave it all they had and...

BW: And Trish Wallace just wanted it more.

LD: I don't think that's true at all. I think Trish Wallace was just willing to do whatever it took to win.

BW: That's exactly what I said.

LD: It's... no, it's not. Not at all. The fans here in Atlanta are letting the Slam Sorority have it... and letting Kimmy know they still love her and... well, Mariah... we've got ourselves three-quarters of our Women's Royal Crown Final!

[We cut from the ring to Mariah and Sweet Daddy Williams at the interview podium, the latter of which is shaking his head with disgust.]

MW: That's right, Lori... and just like that... although you may not like how it happened and these fans in Atlanta certainly don't... Trish Wallace scores a tainted victory and books her travel to The Battle of London, Ess-Dee!

SDW: That right there was dirty, Miss Mariah! It was dirty and it sure ain't right... but that was Laura Davis makin' sure her girls were represented in that Final in jolly ol' London. It was Davis makin' sure that she got at least one of that group in there.

MW: Well, she's in there... and we now know three of the four competitors who will make up the Women's Royal Crown Finals - Michelle Bailey, Lauryn Rage, and now Trish Wallace. That's quite the trio.

SDW: It is, it definitely is... and you can see Michelle in there with her daughter right now... and you just know she's gonna have her sights set on Trish Wallace after what just went down.

MW: Lauryn Rage has her own history with the Slam Sorority of course as well... and if she's medically cleared to compete, she's going to be looking for payback on T-Bone Trish. The Battle of London is shaping up to be quite the night of conflict in the O2 Arena on April 28th and I'm looking forward to it... but now, we've gotta talk about the men's side of the tournament. We've got three women in the Finals but not a single man yet... and that changes tonight.

SDW: Later tonight, we gonna see Tony Donovan... "Tough" Tony's grandson, big Rob's baby boy... going one on one with England's own Rory Smythe in what should be a good one. Of course, Tiger Claw gonna be in his corner and so far, when that happens, Donovan's putting together some big wins.

MW: We're also going to see Paris Crawford taking on Rapahel Rhodes tonight as well... so by the time this night is over, we'll know half of the competitors on the men's side of the Royal Crown Finals as well. The other first round matches will all take place right here in two weeks - on April 21st, just seven days before the Battle of London when we'll see Ayako Fujiwara take on Ricki Toughill, Sid Osborne take on Shadoe Rage, and Joe Flint meet the man we're about to see in action, the hired gun himself Smasher Salazar! Let's go to the ring!

[We cut to the ring, where Megumi Sato awaits, and an antsy-looking opponent stands beside Andy Dawson.]

MS: Our next match is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit! Introducing first, already in the ring... he is from Albany, Georgia, and weighs 223 pounds...

...CHASE CHAMBERS!

[Chambers, a Caucasian man with a solid build, raises his hand to respectful applause from the crowd. He looks young, fresh out of wrestling camp, and wears a black and grey striped singlet, along with black kneepads and boots.]

BW: This kid looks a little intimidated.

LD: I'll say. He saw who was slotted against him after what this man was a part of a couple of weeks ago, and to his credit, he's here to give it his best effort. Megumi, back up to you.

[The ring announcer continues.]

MS: Annnnnnnnd his opponent... he is from Cut and Shoot, Texas, weighing 279 pounds...

SMAAAAAAAAAASHERRRRRRRRRRRR
SAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAALAAAAAAAAZARRRRRRRRRRRR!

["What a Beautiful Day" by dead horse plays over the sound system, as the crowd gives a reaction of mostly boos to the bounty hunter, although a few cheers seem to be sneaking in.]

LD: And you can hear from the audience, there are a few people who might feel bad for this man after what happened to him just last week on Saturday Night Wrestling thanks to Kerry Kendrick, but at the same time, they remember what happened when Smasher Salazar helped Curly Bill Webb and the Desperados put Isaiah Carpenter on the shelf for good!

BW: I don't see why they'd be upset. This is a free market society, Dane, and the man's trying to earn a living.

LD: He got picked for the Royal Crown, Ben! He doesn't need to be participating in these kinds of antics!

BW: In a game of mercenaries, you either get the job done or you're the next target. That's exactly what happened to Isaiah Carpenter.

[As the commentators discuss Isaiah Carpenter's fate, Smasher Salazar has walked from the entrance, beady eyes darting around the arena. He has his head bandaged thanks to being hit with his own Dr Pepper bottle by Kerry Kendrick, and he wears a pair of filthy jeans and a sleeveless T-shirt bearing the logo of "The New 93Q", a country music radio station from Houston, Texas. Around his neck is a noose, and around his shoulder is a coiled bullwhip. In his left hand is a new Dr Pepper bottle, taped up just like the last one.

As he climbs up the steps, he removes the noose from his neck, dropping it onto the apron along with his bullwhip, and he spits into his Dr Pepper bottle before leaving it on the top of the ringpost. As he steps through the ropes, he waves his hand at Andy Dawson...]

LD: Watch out Andy! Here he comes!

[...and immediately drives a knee right into Chase Chambers' kidneys!]

LD: Andy Dawson calling for the bell to start this match, and just like usual, Smasher Salazar going right after his opponent!

BW: The last time we saw him in action, he was a bit more jovial than this. I like Kerry Kendrick a lot, but I think he may have woken up a monster by hitting him with that bottle, Dane.

LD: Salazar with a fistful of this kid's hair... come on, get in there, ref! Salazar throwing three punches, now four, right in Chambers' face!

BW: And every time Chambers tries to get a hand up, Smasher yanks the kid around to open things up or just punches right through the hands.

LD: Referee Andy Dawson is warning Smasher Salazar about those closed fist punches...

[Salazar glares at Dawson, shouting "FINE ME THEN, LAWMAN!" and kicks Chambers right between the eyes with his cowboy boot.]

LD: Ben, I think you may be right. We saw him compete a month ago, and he was nowhere near like this.

[Salazar kneels near Chambers' head, then with a piston-like motion, throws more punches at Chambers' head.]

LD: Not much finesse, but a very straightforward approach by Smasher Salazar.

BW: And one that's doing a whole lot of damage, Dane.

[Andy Dawson grabs Salazar by the arm and pulls him back a bit, as Chambers woozily tries to use the ropes to get back to his feet. As he pulls himself to a seated position, he gets another boot to the face, with Salazar smashing his heel right onto Chambers' temple.]

LD: Goodness gracious! Ben, the referee's got to think about stopping this one, doesn't he?

BW: I mean, yeah, but think about what's running through Joe Flint's mind. You may think it's easy to prepare for a straightforward assault like this, but Flint's got to make sure he doesn't get caught with anything Smasher Salazar can throw. He's going to have to keep Salazar on the move in two weeks' time. Then, if you're Joe Flint, you've got to be cursing Kerry Kendrick for ticking this guy off.

LD: Salazar has got another handful of Chambers' hair, dragging him back out to the center of the ring... and there's a bodyslam! Imagine, a wrestling move out of this guy!

BW: If the punches and the kicks work, who needs the rest?

[Salazar sits Chambers up, then kicks him across the head with the toe of his boot. As Chambers falls back to the mat, Salazar storms over to the turnbuckles, hoisting himself up to the middle rope.]

LD: Oh jeez. Ben, we saw him do this a month ago! He comes off the middle rope with this senton, and if he hits this, it's sure to be over!

BW: He also flattened Isaiah Carpenter with a regular one two weeks ago, so imagine what will happen to this kid if he hits this?

[Salazar glares down at the unmoving Chambers, then makes a deliberate slashing motion across his throat with his thumb. He leaps...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[... and crushes Chambers under almost 280 pounds of weight! The momentum carries him to a seated position next to Chambers, and Salazar puts his hand on Chambers' face, as Dawson drops down to count.]

BW: I know you're going to call that a lackadaisical cover, Dane, but does he need any more?

LD: He sure doesn't. Andy Dawson counts one, two, and three. What a dominant win for Smasher Salazar on the road to the Royal Crown, Ben.

BW: And you know Joe Flint's taking notes on all of it.

LD: He sure is. You've got to wonder what Kerry Kendrick and Miss Sandra Hayes think of it all, though, and if Kerry Kendrick is regretting what he did last week.

BW: I bet Kerry Kendrick doesn't regret a single day in his life, aside from the ones he didn't spend with your daughter, Dane.

[We hear Lori sigh.]

LD: Standing by is Mariah Wolfe, who will try to get a word with this madman Smasher Salazar. Mariah?

[We cut over to Mariah Wolfe, who shakes her head.]

MW: Out of line there, Ben. Smasher Salazar with a crushing win over Chase Chambers as he makes his way over to come see me.

[As Salazar enters the frame, we see him putting the noose back around his neck. He tosses the bullwhip out of frame, and spits into his Dr Pepper bottle.]

MW: Mr. Salazar, congratulations on your win.

[Salazar's eyes narrow as he glares at Mariah.]

SS: Lil' Reeseey ain't back from her honeymoon yet?

[The crowd roars with boos as Mariah's jaw drops. Salazar remains unfazed, spitting into the bottle again.]

MW: I can't believe you'd ask such a question.

[Salazar glares.]

SS: Pardon me, miss.

[Salazar jabs a finger at the back of his head, to the bandage covering up the wound from Kerry Kendrick's attack.]

SS: Been a tryin' type of week for me. Things keep slippin' in and out of my mind.

MW: I understa-

[Salazar cuts her off.]

SS: Eight dadgum stitches to close up my scalp, darlin'. That boy gave me eight stitches.

MW: That sounds like a lot.

[Salazar smiles with his tobacco-stained teeth.]

SS: That ain't nothin. Not nearly as much as I'd put in his scalp if it was me swingin' this.

[Salazar holds up the bottle, sloshing the spit inside.]

SS: Lucky for ol' Kerry Kendrick, though, he had a guardian angel from up on high call down and save him from the worst butt whoopin' he'll ever experience in his dadblasted life. Guardian angel named Karl O'Connor sang down from rasslin' heaven and said "put that boy Smasher Salazar in this here Royal Crown and let him make some money".

[Salazar leans in a bit closer to Mariah Wolfe.]

SS: You know I'm all about makin' money, don't ya, sugar?

[Mariah nods.]

SS: See it's about priorities with me, and in two weeks' time, I got to take down a military man named Joe Flint. If I do that, then in three weeks' time, I get to make more money than I got time to count. All I got to do is do what I do best. Now what do you think that is?

[Salazar goes to spit in the bottle, as Mariah stammers for a second before landing on the answer.]

MW: Beat people up?

[Salazar nods his head, then winks.]

SS: You ain't Lil' Reese, but you ain't half bad. Now... you listen to me, Joe Flint, and you listen good. I ain't here to dress up and play a war game with you. I didn't help Curly Bill Webb and the Desperadoes bust up that Dog of War for pocket change because I don't know how much I'm worth. It's real simple, boy...

... I did it so the world knows just how broken that toy soldier's about to be if he don't get back in his box where he belongs.

[And with a spit into his bottle, Salazar walks out of frame.]

MW: That's going to be quite the encounter in two weeks, fans. The Royal Crown continues to roll on... and so do we. We'll be right back after this break with a much-anticipated showdown between "Golden" Grant Carter and the "Big Man On Campus" Trey Carson so stick around!

[We fade from the grinning Mariah 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...

We fade up on a dark but starlit Los Angeles sky, our focus on the stars themselves before slowly panning down to reveal we're in the middle of a completely empty Dodger Stadium... almost. The camera shot shows row upon row of empty seats with the stadium lights glowing down on them...

...and then slowly zooms in on the top deck, the cheapest seats in the ballpark to where someone is seated.

We cut to that "someone" to reveal the man once known as El Cholo... Los Angeles' native son, Juan Vasquez, sitting in a seat with a wistful smile on his face.]

"This... this is where it all began."

[Vasquez looks out on the field as the camera follows his gaze.]

"Right here. So many nights as a kid. Watching Gods walk among men."

[We can hear an echo of the immortal voice of Vin Scully on the call - "High fly ball into right field... sheeeee isssss GONE!" Vasquez smiles, nodding his head.]

"This is where it started for me. The rush. The roar of the crowd."

[He points down towards the field.]

"I knew I would never be like them. I wouldn't be Hersher or Fernando..."

[The voice again - "if you have a sombrero, throw it to the sky!"]

"...Gibson or Guerrero... that wasn't my destiny. But this is where I heard the cheers of the fans for those men and knew my destiny was to one day hear them for me."

[Vasquez nods, closing his eyes, leaning back in his seat...]

"Can't think of any place I'd rather be when it ends."

[...and as we hold on Vasquez' face, serene... at peace... happy...

...the shot fades back up to the night sky where the Memorial Day Mayhem graphic appears with all the show info and the words "51 DAYS REMAIN."

And then we fade up backstage where we find "The Big Man on Campus" Trey Carson standing next to his manager "The Professional" Dave Cooper. Carson is dressed in his wrestling attire, consisting of a black singlet with the words "BIG MAN ON CAMPUS" in white lettering, black tights and wrestling boots. He also wears shades and has black, fingerless gloves on both hands. Cooper is dressed in a white button-down shirt and a pair of brown slacks.]

DC: Right beside me is the Big Man on Campus. And those of you who have been paying attention know just how dominant the Big Man is. Unfortunately, it seems a few people haven't been paying attention.

Or, at the very least, they haven't been paying close enough attention.

Every man that has dared to step up to face the Big Man, found out the hard way what happens when you do that. And it seems that one "Golden" Grant Carter has a problem with that. Well, Carter, it's time for you to find out what happens when you dare to step up to face the Big Man.

[Carson curls his left hand into a fist, then slaps it against his right palm. He doesn't say a word, but you can see a hint of a grin forming on his lips.]

DC: I want you to look at this man, Grant Carter. Have you ever seen a more impressive physical specimen in your time? Have you ever seen a man who is so focused on the matter at hand? Have you ever seen a man who has simply dominated every time he has stepped into the ring?

And ask yourself this, most of all: Have you ever wondered what it was like to get on the bad side of a dominant physical specimen like the Big Man on Campus?

Tonight, Carter, you are going to be just the latest statistic in the Big Man's tear through the AWA. Maybe when this match is done, you can find something useful to do with your time, like begging Kelly Kowalski to let you babysit her some more... not that I believe she needs one.

But at least it would be something you're better suited to do than going face to face with the man standing by my side.

[He turns to Carson.]

DC: You have anything to add, Big Man?

[Carson scoffs... and then he speaks.]

TC: "Golden" Grant Carter, huh? More like "Broken" Grant Carter when I put you down for the count!

[He slaps his fist into his palm again.]

DC: [chuckling] I believe that is the end of the discussion! Let's go, Big Man!

[He and Carson then walk off the set...

...and we cut to another part of the backstage area where we find former EMWC Universal Champion Steve Rogers standing.]

SR: "Superstar" Steve Rogers coming to you live and direct from the backstage... place... here in Center Stage Studios...

[He gestures around him.]

SR: ...and joining me right now is a man about to head to the ring in... well, a few seconds now actually... a man who likely has a lot on his mind as he gets set to tangle with a man bigger than him, stronger than him, and with an undefeated streak longer than my... my... well, it's long, okay?

[Rogers stumbles over himself as he looks to his side.]

SR: "Golden" Grant, come on in here please...

[Grant Carter gives Rogers an amused look as he steps into frame, ready for battle in his golden full-length tights with "GGC" written on the rump and a sparkling black and gold vest.]

SR: ...you got something to say?

[Carter chuckles.]

GGC: Yeah, I guess I do. You know, Superstar... it's hard to imagine sometimes that I really haven't been around the ring for that long. I feel like I seen it all, ya know? Especially after all that stuff that went down last year with Castillo and the Eye and...

[He shakes his head.]

GGC: ...but just when you start thinking you seen everything, a wedding with the nicest girl anyone's ever met gets busted up because the groom and his buddies tried to end the career of the guy who everyone hated to begin with. Now if that don't beat it all, Superstar, I don't know what does.

[Carter sighs.]

GGC: But the hard part about it is that in the old days, somebody woulda formed a posse and they woulda chased the bad guys out of town as quick as they could. But these days... ain't nobody got time for that. Because if I look over there at what Supreme Wright and his pals did to Theresa and even start thinkin' about lending a hand, some seven foot undefeated bully is gonna kick my head right off my shoulders and put me down.

[Carter clenches a fist, smashing it into his hand.]

GGC: Which means I can't think about Theresa and the Red Wedding. I can't think about my pal Ricki and what she's up to. I can't even think about my girl Kelly and the mess she's in with those buzzing little gnats holding her back.

All I can think about is that I gotta get in that ring tonight... and I gotta fight. I gotta fight for me first of all because... well, I don't want my head kicked off! But I also gotta fight for a bunch of other people.

I gotta fight for the kid who's just trying to grow up the right way and have friends and play sports and have fun... and who can't do any of that 'cause he's got a bully at school. Some kid who's bigger than him and meaner than him that wants to pick on him 'cause he's got something different about him that he don't like. I fight for him... and every other kid like him who just needs someone... anyone... to show you can stand up to a bully and it'll be okay.

You know who else I'm fightin' for, Superstar?

[Rogers shrugs.]

GGC: I'm fightin' for all the kids in this locker room lookin' to make it to the next level - guys like Omega who stood up to the biggest bully of 'em all two weeks ago... guys like Yoshi who was scared to death to be in there with a living legend - a damn Hall of Famer - last weekend but he did it anyways. Anyone in this locker room who needs a little help - just a little help - believin' in themselves that they can do whatever they dream of doin'.

I fight for them too.

[Carter shrugs.]

GGC: And yeah, at the end of the day... I just might get my head kicked off. 'Cause like you said, Superstar... Trey Carson's bigger than me... he's stronger than me... and ain't no one beat him yet.

[Carter grins.]

GGC: Yet.

But even if that happens, the one thing you can't say about "Golden" Grant Carter... the one thing you can't ever say... is that I didn't stand up and fight. Just like Yoshi. Just like Omega. And just like that kid on the playground.

[Carter plants his fist into an open hand, holding his arms out in front of him in that signature GGC pose before he strides out of view with a clap on the shoulder of Steve Rogers.]

SR: A man with a plan tonight in that ring... let's see if he can stick to it. Let's go back down to the ring to Rebecca!

[He grins... and then frowns.]

SR: Wait, no! Megu-

[And we cut from backstage down to the ring where Megumi Sato is shaking her head with a smirk...]

MS: The next matchup is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit.

["The Man" by The Killers starts up over the PA system and, on the video wall, we see a red Ford Mustang convertible driving down a street. As it comes closer, we see the driver's face, it freezes, the song kicks in full and the shot is replaced with these words in white lettering:

"BIG MAN ON CAMPUS"]

MS: First... coming down the aisle accompanied by his manager, "The Professional" Dave Cooper... hailing from Ann Arbor, Michigan, and weighing 325 pounds...

THE BIIIIIIIIIIIG MAN ON CAMPUSSSSSSSS...

...TREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEY CARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRSONNNNNNNNNNN!

[Dave Cooper is first to come out, dressed in a white button-down shirt and a pair of brown slacks. Right behind him comes Trey Carson, the same man you saw driving the Mustang. Carson has dark brown hair cut into a flat top and a goatee. He wears a black singlet with the words "BIG MAN ON CAMPUS" in white lettering, black tights and wrestling boots. He also wears black, fingerless gloves on both hands. Carson also wears sunglasses.]

LD: 325 pounds of undefeated monster heading down that aisle, Ben.

BW: You see it as he is... I see it as he could be, Dane. I see untapped potential. I see unlimited athletic gifts still to be discovered and honed. I see a guy who looks big and bad now... but will only look better in the future.

[Cooper leads Carson down the aisle, the two taking a methodical pace. When the duo reaches the ring, Cooper ascends the ring steps and ducks between the ropes, while Carson grabs the top rope and uses it to pull himself up to the apron. He keeps his grasp on the top rope and steps over it.]

LD: Well, speaking of untapped potential and honing raw skills... what do you think of Dave Cooper as the man to lead this giant into the future?

BW: I've got all the respect in the world for Dave Cooper - both as a competitor and now as a manager. In fact, with me out of the game, Dave Cooper may be THE best strategic manager on the market. Trey Carson wanted the best? He got the best. The Professional can take him all the way to the top.

[Carson walks to the center of the ring and raises his right hand, curls into a fist, and extends his pointer, letting the crowd know who is number one. Cooper applauds Carson, who lowers his arm and turns to face his manager, then the two men bump fists. Carson then removes his sunglasses as Megumi continues.]

MS: Annnnnnnnnnnnnnd 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: ..."GOLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLDENNNNNNNNNNN!"
GRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNT
CARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRTERRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!

[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 entrance steps, quickly making his way down towards the ring.]

LD: "Golden" Grant Carter looking to climb a mountain that has yet to be climbed here in the AWA so far, hoping to topple the Big Man on Campus and shatter that undefeated streak right here in the A-T-L!

BW: Hah! Good luck with that. From where I'm sitting, Trey Carson's gonna put him down and do it with ease.

[Carter pulls himself up on the apron, turning to the crowd as he cups his hand to his ear, "listening" 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.]

LD: Carter hits the ring and his energy and enthusiasm is contagious as you could hear the fans at ringside singing along with his Bon Jovi entrance song.

BW: All that energy is going to go flying right out the window when he eats a big boot from the big man...

LD: ...on campus?

BW: Huh?

LD: Never mind.

[The music fades as Carter gives a few tugs on the corner ropes, stretching out as Carson glares across at him. The official checks on both men and once satisfied...]

“DING! DING! DING!”

LD: The bell sounds and we’re off and running... Carson coming right out of the corner, looking to lockup...

[The big man approaches swiftly, reaching out to wrap up Carter in his long and powerful grasp but the Golden One ducks under, swinging around to connect with a big looping right hand!]

LD: ...but Carter wants no part of it, ducking and dodging and scoring with a big right... and another... and another!

[The Atlanta fans are already solidly behind “Golden” Grant as he tries to stun the big man who reaches out, swinging a wild hooking right hand of his own that Carter ducks and dances away from, spinning around again...]

LD: Carter ducks the haymaker and here he comes again! Rocking and firing with big right hands!

BW: Illegal right hands too, I might add.

LD: The referee’s warning him for them... but he’s letting it go for now...

[Three more big looping rights find the mark before Carter makes a grip for Carson’s wrist...]

LD: ...Irish whip coming up...

[...but Carson won’t budge.]

BW: Or not! The Big Man On Campus has got too much weight... too much power to allow that this early in the contest.

LD: Six foot ten, 325 pounds, 25 years old out of Ann Arbor, Michigan... and not moving an inch on that whip attempt by Carter...

[Carter tries again but again Carson goes nowhere, shaking his head with a smirk as Dave Cooper looks on proudly from the outside.]

LD: The Professional certainly likes what he sees.

BW: As he should. Trey Carson is a blue chip prospect and the future is bright for Cooper with this guy under his guidance.

[Carter looks stunned at Carson’s power as the big man lifts his arms in a double bicep pose...

...and Carter buries a boot in the gut in response!]

LD: Ohh! Carter with a shot to the boilermaker... and there’s the whip!

[The whip sends Carson crashing into the corner, Carter rushing in after him...]

LD: CLOTHESLINE IN THE CORNER!

[Carson staggers out to mid-ring as Carter watches, a little surprised he's still standing...]

BW: You can see it in his eyes, Dane! Carter can't believe the Big Man On Campus didn't go down from that clothesline!

LD: Carter's gonna try it again, I think... to the ropes!

[Bouncing off, Carter lays in another big clothesline...]

BW: He got all of it but Carson is still standing!

LD: Very impressive!

BW: Carter's no cruiserweight in there either. We're talking about a guy who is six foot five and 262 pounds and his clotheslines are having no effect!

LD: They're having an effect, Ben! Carson's obviously stunned but-

BW: But he's on his feet!

[The Asbury Park native hits the ropes again, bouncing back out...]

LD: Another one!

[...but Carson absorbs the blow, stumbling back a pair of steps but still refusing to go down!]

LD: GGC is shocked, the fans are shocked, and we're shocked as well! Trey Carson is taking heavy shot after heavy shot from the Golden One but he refuses to go down!

[Shaking his head in disbelief, the 37 year old Carter hits the ropes once again, coming off at full steam. This time though, he runs past Carson to hit the ropes a second time...]

LD: Carter building up tons of momentum here, on the move back!

[But as he rebounds into range, Carson swings a leg up...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and CONNECTS with a big boot to the jaw, flipping Carter backwards and dropping him flat on the canvas!]

LD: CHECK YOUR MOLARS! WHAT A KICK TO THE MOUTH BY CARSON!

BW: You talk about changing the momentum of a match in a heartbeat, Dane - that's it right there! Carter seemed like he had everything going his way but with one shot, Trey Carson turned this match - and good ol' GGC - on his noggin!

LD: He certainly did that. Grant Carter goes down and goes down hard off that big boot and that certainly turns things in the direction of Trey Carson, fans.

[Carson stands over Carter, shaking his head to clear the effects of the clotheslines as Cooper shouts "stay on him!" Carson gives a nod, leaning waaaaay down to pull Carter back to his feet, whipping him into the nearest corner..]

...and lumbers in after him with a clothesline of his own!]

LD: Ohhh - big impact in the corner with all that weight crushing Grant Carter into the turnbuckles!

BW: Now THAT'S a clothesline.

[Carson steps out, smirking as Carter staggers out of the corner against the ropes...

...and Carson pivots, hammering home a second clothesline, this one from a standstill yet still with enough force and impact to send Carter flipping over the ropes to the outside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: NOW _THAT'S_ A CLOTHESLINE!

LD: All the way down to the outside! Grant Carter got absolutely leveled right there, Ben.

BW: And after all that touching talk about standing up to bullies.

LD: Hey, he's still standing up to bullies.

BW: Not right now. Right now, he's laid out on the floor after the Big Man on Campus nearly turned his lights out!

[Carson looks out at the jeering crowd, gesturing down at Carter as Cooper cheers him on with a "that's the way to do it! Now put it on him out here, big man!"]

LD: Trey Carson's undefeated streak since arriving in the AWA is a source of personal pride for both he and the Professional...

BW: And right about now it doesn't look like it's going anywhere, Dane.

LD: We'll see about that. Grant Carter may be down but we all know GGC can take a lickin' and keep coming back for more.

BW: You ever drop a line like that and think about what would've happened next if you'd said it in your E glory days?

[Dane sighs as Carson swings a long leg over the top rope, stepping out to the apron before dropping down to the outside where Cooper is standing nearby, gesturing to the still-downed Carter.]

LD: Dave Cooper directing traffic on the floor, telling Carson to pick GGC up and lay on some more punishment...

[The Big Man on Campus leans down to drag Carter off the mat, quickly lifting and pressing up before letting go, dropping Carter facefirst on the apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: A faceful of ring apron for GGC right there!

[Leaving Carter to writhe in pain on the floor, Carson turns towards the fans, spreading his arms wide as they jeer him angrily.]

LD: The fans here in Atlanta are no fans of Trey Carson OR Dave Cooper, Ben.

BW: I'm sure he'll weep heavy tears about that when he cashes in his winner's share at the pay window.

LD: Carson perhaps looking to work his way into contention for an AWA championship in the near future, Ben.

BW: You know what I'd pay to see him smash that pretty boy punk Ohara?

LD: Or what about a showdown between Carson and Odin Gunn?

BW: That would put some butts in the seats for sure.

[Carson again pulls Carter off the floor, rolling him back inside the ring. He turns to give his manager a fist bump before he too rolls under the ropes.]

LD: Both men on their way back in now, much to the relief of referee Koji Sakai...

[Sakai waves for the action to continue as Carson takes his time getting back to his feet, moving slowly towards Carter who is trying to crawl across the ring to create some space...]

LD: Carter's on the move but Carson's right on him, pulling him up to his-

[The crowd reacts as Carter unloads with a right hand to the jaw!]

LD: -now Carter fighting back! Another right hand!

[Carter lands a second and third haymaker before Carson swings a mighty knee up into the midsection, cutting him off...]

BW: So much for that comeback.

[...and promptly lifts Carter up, throwing him down in a bodyslam.]

LD: Scoops him up and slams him down!

BW: The whole ring shook on that one!

[With Carter down on the mat, Carson backs into the ropes, rebounding back with a slow-walking legdrop!]

LD: The legdrop comes crashing down on Carter... and we get our first cover of the match!

[Carson positions his large frame in a lateral press, ignoring Carter's legs as the referee slaps the mat once... twice...]

LD: And a two count there as Carter slips free.

[The referee suddenly gets an earful from Dave Cooper on the outside, berating the official for not delivering a three count.]

LD: Cooper not pleased with the count there but Dave Cooper's also been surly since the 80s.

BW: Not bad, not bad. Stick with me, kid, and I'll make you a star.

[Showing a little fire, Carson angrily drags Carter off the mat, shoving the fan favorite back into the corner and piefaces his face back, getting in his face for a second...]

"You wanna mess with the Big Man on Campus?! Huh?!"

[...and then steps back, rearing his arm back...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: You talk about bullying! That's nothing but Carson being a disrespectful bully right there!

BW: But a guy his size can get away with it 'cause he can back it up in there...

LD: OR CAN HE?!

[The crowd ROARS as a fired-up Carter responds to the slap with a right hand to the jaw... and another... and another...]

LD: CARTER'S GOT THE FIRE IN HIS BELLY! HAMMERING AWAY! CARSON BACKING DOWN! SHOW HIM WHAT YOU GOT, GGC!

[Carson is backed to the middle of the ring under the barrage of blows from GGC who pumps his arms once with a loud "LET'S GOOOOO!" before ducking down, looking to lift the big man up!]

LD: HE'S GOING FOR A SLAM!

[But despite the fan support and great effort, Carter can't budge the near seven footer off the mat, allowing Carson to give a smirk before HAMMERING down a double axehandle that breaks up the lift attempt!]

BW: No chance of that. Carson busts it up with that hammer sledge and he's loose...

[As Carter staggers backwards, Carson scoops him up again, this time going into a full military press to wow the crowd...]

BW: ...and look at that, Dane! That's pure power!

[...before DROPPING Carter throatfirst down on the top rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: The throat goes snapping down on the ropes... a dangerous fall for "Golden" Grant Carter who tried to rally back there but Carson was having none of it.

[Down on the mat, Carter flails about, clutching at his throat as Carson stands over him, slowly raising his right arm with his index finger extended, Dave Cooper mirroring the gesture on the outside...]

BW: Trey Carson says he's number one, Dane, and who the hell is gonna argue with him after this dominant performance - this absolutely beating - he's laying on Grant Carter?! Huh?!

LD: That's the great thing about the AWA, Ben - there's always someone else ready to step up.

[The fans jeer the smirking Carson who is pleased with his performance as Carter tries to drag himself away from the Big Man on Campus.]

LD: GGC trying to get away from him, trying to buy himself some time to get back into this... but Trey Carson's coming after him.

BW: Moving in for the kill - showing off that killer instinct that's so important to succeed in the world of pro wrestling. He's got Carter where he wants him and now he needs to finish him off.

[Near the corner, Carter grabs the ropes, dragging himself off the mat, still coughing violently as Carson moves to grab him...]

LD: Two handed choke! We know what comes next!

BW: It's time for the Bottom Line!

[...but as he tries to lift Carter off the mat, Carter responds with a hard right hand between the eyes!]

LD: Carson's looking to end it but Carter's fighting for his life! Another right hand! Make it three!

[Carter manages to break free of Carson's grip, reaching out to grab Carson in response...

...and SMASHES his head into the top turnbuckle to cheers!]

LD: Carson's head hits the buckles!

[Carson slowly stumbles away, moving along the ropes as Carter pursues after him, grabbing the back of the head again...]

LD: Ohhh! Into another corner! It may be time for Carson to get a trip around the world!

[...and Carter pulls Carson to the third corner, driving his head in again to big cheers from the Atlanta fans!]

LD: Grant Carter got loose from the Bottom Line and he's not wasting this moment... one more corner to goooooo annnnnnnnd... WHAM! Facefirst into the final turnbuckle!

[Carson slumps back into the corner as a concerned Dave Cooper looks on, watching as Carter holds up a clenched fist to the roaring crowd, mounting the second rope...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[...and Carter hops down after the final blow, taking a verbal pounding from Koji Sakai as he grabs the dazed Carson by the arm, whipping him across the ring...]

LD: Carson crashes into the corner.. GGC on the run!

[...and Carter follows him in with another running clothesline, snapping Carson's head back for a moment before Carter grabs him by the hair, running out of the corner, leaping into the air...]

"THUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: HE SLAMS HIS FACE DOWN! CARTER FLIPPING HIM OVER! CARTER LOOKING FOR THE WIN!

[He dives across, hooking a mighty leg!]

LD: CARTER GETS ONE! CARTER GETS TWO!

[But before the three count can come even close to dropping, Carson shoves Carter into the air, tossing him out of the pin attempt with impressive strength as the crowd "oooooooohs."]

LD: Wow! A mighty kickout by the Big Man on Campus!

BW: And like I said earlier, Carter's no cruiserweight, Dane! That's a big show of strength from the Big Man on Campus!

LD: But Grant Carter's right back into it... off the ropes annnnnnd...

[The crowd cheers as Carter leaps high into the air, bringing his elbow down into the sternum of the still-downed Carson!]

LD: ...ELBOWDROP ON THE MONEY! He covers again!

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

LD: And out at two again! Carson kicks out again and Grant Carter's going to need more than that to put him down for three...

[Coming off the mat, Carter looks out at the cheering crowd, swinging his arms up with that fist pushed into his open hand...]

LD: ...and lucky for him, he's GOT more than that! That's the sign for the Gold Strike... pulling Carson off the mat...

[...and with both men on their feet, Carter turns his back, his arms stretched up around the head and neck of Carson into a snapmare position...]

LD: ...so long undefeated streak! Carter's got him hooked annnnnnnnd....

[...but before he can DRIVE Carson's skull into the mat, the near-seven footer wraps his arms around the torso, lifting Carter into the air, dropping him down on the back of his head with a back suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: ...and this time, it's Carson with the timely counter to save himself! Carter had him hooked, Carter was looking for the Gold Strike and we know if he hits that, it's all over but the...

[Back on his feet, Carson reaches out his arms as Carter struggles to a knee, hooking the double choke...]

LD: ...SHOUTING!

[...and lifts Carter into the air, catching him in bearhug position before both men go CRASHING down into the canvas!]

BW: THAT'S THE BOTTOM LINE!

[Carson plants a mighty paw in the chest of Carter, using the other arm to fold up a leg onto his shoulder for a modified jackknife cover...]

LD: And unfortunately for "Golden" Grant and these fans in Atlanta...

[...and gets the three count.]

LD: ...it's all over.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[With a dismissive sneer, Carson pushes himself up to his feet, looking down on the beaten Carter as the fans jeer some more. Dave Cooper rolls in to join his charge, coming to his feet with an excited "YEAH! WE GOT HIM! ONE MORE IN THE BOOKS, BIG MAN!" and steps close to lift Carson's hand in the air, pointing at him.]

LD: Another victory for Trey Carson... and this is a big one as Carter's been a thorn in his side for a few weeks now.

BW: A clear and dominant win too.

LD: Clear, yes... dominant is a point of contention for sure, Ben... but he won and in the end, that's what matters I suppose.

BW: Starting to come around, kid.

LD: Dave Cooper's happy at the result for sure as Trey Carson keeps his winning ways AND his undefeated streak intact here tonight on Showtime and-

[Lori is cut off by Cooper shouting "WHO'S NEXT?! WHO'S NEXT?!" into the nearest camera lens.]

LD: And that's a fine question, Ben. Who is next to step to the plate against the Big Man On Campus?

BW: After this win, they may be hard to find!

LD: Let's go backstage to Sweet Lou who has a special guest! Lou?

[We fade up in the backstage area where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell standing between Tony Donovan who is already dressed for battle and Tiger Claw who appears to be dressed for a business meeting.]

SLB: Thanks, guys... and as you can see, I've been joined backstage by yet another competitor who will be taking part in the Royal Crown tournament later tonight, looking for his chance to book his travel to London, England for the tournament finals - Tony Donovan...

[Blackwell gives Claw a once over.]

SLB: ...who is joined by Tiger Claw.

[And then looks around a bit.]

SLB: But I don't see your partner Wes Taylor around anywhere, Tony.

[Donovan bristles at the observation, sneering at Blackwell.]

TD: And why would you, Lou? I'm in a singles match tonight... maybe the biggest singles match of my life... and Wes has no part in that. Why would he be here?

[Blackwell shrugs, seemingly surprised at Donovan's reaction.]

SLB: He's your partner! Your friend! I just assumed he'd be here for the so-called biggest singles match of your life.

[Donovan shakes his head.]

TD: Well, he's not... and I didn't want him here for it because this is something that I need to do on my own. Next question!

[Blackwell nods cautiously.]

SLB: Well... speaking of doing it on your own...

[He looks at Claw again who returns the look with a hard stare this time.]

SLB: ...I notice you're here with Tiger Claw again. What's going on there? Is he your manager? An adviser? What's the deal?

[Claw answers this time, a hint of warning in his voice.]

TC: The deal, Blackwell, is none of your concern. There is no professional relationship between myself and Mr. Donovan... yet.

[He smirks.]

TC: I'm merely offering my interest as a friend.

[Blackwell scoffs.]

SLB: A friend, huh? I think we can ask Casey James and Brian Lau about how being your friend goes!

[Claw surges forward, hooking his hands around the lapels of Blackwell's coat, shoving him back against the wall.]

TC: It'll be hard listening at closed doors for the next big scoop when I tear off your ear, Blackwell.

[Blackwell looks panicked, trying to beg off.]

TD: It's okay, Mr. Claw. Let him go.

[Claw throws a look at Donovan as well, not used to anyone giving him orders...

...and then lets go, not even looking back at Blackwell as he steps back, allowing Lou to compose himself.]

SLB: This job keeps getting more dangerous all the time.

[Donovan smirks.]

TD: Maybe next time, you'll keep your commentary to yourself and focus on asking questions. But Mr. Claw is right. He's not my manager. He's not my advisor. He's just a friend making some suggestions at the moment.

SLB: "At the moment?"

[Claw nods, straightening his tie.]

TC: I've made it no secret to Tony that I'd love to help guide him in a professional capacity to the next level... but he's got loyalty to his partner and as long as Wes doesn't trust me, this is as far as it goes... for now.

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: I can't help but notice there are a lot of "yets" and "at the moments" and "for nows..."

[Claw throws another look at Blackwell who quickly raises his hands.]

SLB: ...but I'll let that one go... for now.

[He smirks at Claw who does not look amused.]

SLB: Tony, let's talk about tonight. You called it the biggest singles match of your career as you go one on one with Rory Smythe with a spot in the Royal Crown finals to be held at The Battle of London on the line.

[Donovan nods, rubbing a taped fist.]

TD: It IS the biggest singles match of my career. For years now, I've focused on my tag team with Wes and the greater good for us... for our friends and allies in the James Gang and the Kings of Wrestling... but tonight, it's all about me. Two wins away, Blackwell... I am two wins away from making history and becoming the first Royal Crown winner and once that happens, anything is possible.

SLB: Does that mean you're no longer a tag team wrestler?

TD: Of course not. Becoming the first three-time World Tag Team Champions with Wes will always be on my mind... but I'm not gonna lie, Blackwell... I am looking forward to showing the world what I can do on my own as well.

SLB: You've got tough competition tonight in Rory Smythe.

TD: That's right, I do. Smythe is young... powerful... arrogant. He thinks it's his destiny to end up fighting in the Royal Crown finals in London but I'm afraid I'm going to have to disappoint him. Destiny alone won't get you to the finish line, Smythe... you gotta go through me and judging by what I've seen - and what Mr. Claw has seen - you don't have what it takes.

[Claw nods in agreement.]

SLB: Tony, you know that Smythe isn't coming alone, right? You know he's going to have Xenia Sonova in his corner and...

[Donovan interrupts with an annoyed tone in his voice.]

TD: And what, Blackwell? You going to be like those saps on the Internet who think I can't be one hundred percent focused tonight because of my history with her? Well, you're wrong! And if Smythe thinks having her out there will make things any

easier on her, he's wrong too. In fact, if he trots her out there on his arm, it's only going to make things worse for him!

[Blackwell's jaw drops.]

SLB: Are you JEALOUS of the relationship between Rory Smythe and Xenia Sonova?!

[Donovan snorts.]

TD: Not a chance. When I see her, Blackwell, I don't see some lost love... some missed opportunity for romance... what I see is the reason I spent most of 2017 on the injured list. The reason that Wes and I lost our tag team titles. So, I don't feel jealousy... I feel anger. I feel resentment that I let some little... crush... go to my head and get in my way of what I need to accomplish inside that ring.

But hey, she's a good looking woman and Rory Smythe is lucky to have her...

[Claw nudges Donovan.]

TC: A nice consolation prize for him for when you beat him and crush his dreams of wrestling in front of his hometown fans.

[Donovan chuckles.]

TD: Exactly. It's a new era of AWA wrestling, Blackwell... everyone sees that... and tonight is about making my mark on that era and showing the world that the wrong Donovan is fighting for the National Title next weekend.

[Blackwell's jaw drops again.]

SLB: Are you saying-

[Donovan interrupts again coldly.]

TD: You know what I'm saying. And I'm tired of this. You have anything else?

[Blackwell tries to shake it off.]

SLB: Do you have any comment on the reunion of your former faction, Team Supreme?

[Donovan looks hard at Blackwell.]

TD: No.

[And makes his exit, a smirking Tiger Claw in tow as we 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 Shadoe 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...

We fade from black up on a footage marked "EARLIER TODAY" where we see Mariah Wolfe sitting in an abandoned Center Stage Studios. The ring has already been constructed - splashed with overhead spotlights while the rest of the studio remains dark - and that's where she is, sitting in a comfortable looking chair with a coffee table nearby. On the opposite end of the coffee table in a matching chair is Kayla "The Pistol" Cristol, fidgeting a bit as the camera lands on her.]

MW: Hello, AWA fans... Showtime is upon us once more but right now, it's early Saturday morning here in Atlanta and as you can see, the crowd has yet to arrive but the spotlight is on us... and Kayla...

[The camera cuts over to a solo shot of Kayla.]

MW: ...that's a little unusual for you, right? The spotlight being on you?

KC: (laughing) Well, I've spent a lot of time in the AWA looking up at the lights, unfortunately. But yeah, doing a sit down interview? That's kinda new for me indeed.

[She looks around, rubbing her hands.]

KC: I can get used to this, though. Every wrestler wants as much TV time as they can get. But usually everybody's gravitating towards Vicky. I get it. She's amazing and is such a presence and-

[Mariah raises a hand.]

MW: You know, that's one of the reasons that I requested this time with you. We hear so much of you with your friend Victoria June as part of the Country Punks - and don't worry all you Afro Punkers out there, we'll get an update on her before we're done today - but Kayla, I think our fans want to know more about YOU... about your background... your hopes and dreams.

[Cristol smiles, touching her chest modestly.]

KC: Me? I mean, I mean that's a lot for one question, Mariah. I don't even know where to start. Could you break it down for me in pieces, please? You gotta lead me through this or I'll just be a babbling mess.

[Kayla and Mariah both laugh as Mariah nods.]

MW: Sure, of course. Let's make it easy. Let's start with your background.

[Kayla pauses, looking thoughtful... and Mariah gives her a little verbal nudge.]

MW: By now, everyone knows that you were trained by the Lynches... and I want to get some thoughts on them as well... but first, tell me what your childhood was like.

[Kayla nods, shrugging.]

KC: You got it. My childhood was pretty different, I guess. I mean it was normal for me, but not what every other kid went through.

[Kayla leans forward in her seat, spreading her hands out.]

KC: See, my dad was in the Army. Guess that's where I got the love of pistols from. You know what life is like for a military wife and a military brat. Pretty much town to town, up and down the dial every few years. I been all over the South... Atlanta, Texas, but then my dad got out and we settled in Fouke, Arkansas. And that's where little miss Cristol came of age as they say.

[Mariah grins.]

MW: A military brat, eh? Well, be sure to thank your father for his service... but that had to be hard on you. People that I know who've grown up in that lifestyle often say how hard it was to make friends... to keep friends knowing that another move might be a day away.

[Cristol leans back in her seat... her eyes drifting up to the ceiling before focusing on Mariah again.]

KC: Oh, absolutely. But you know, BRAT stands for: bravery, resilience, adaptability and toughness. When your dad is a soldier, it's all about sacrificing for the country. So yeah, I had to pack up and move every few years... and see, you'd make friends with the other army brats but they could be deployed anywhere at any time too. But we all understood it and were kinda over it. We had our own language when we were moving post to post.

[Cristol bites her bottom lip for a second, more of a grimace on her face.]

KC: It was harder for me when I got to Fouke because now we were civilians and life amongst the civilians wasn't like what life was at the post. You know... small things kept coming up like...

[She furrows her brow thoughtfully.]

KC: ...like time!

[It's Mariah's turn to furrow her brow.]

MW: Time?

KC: Yeah! Kids said stuff like noon and 1 pm and there I was talking about twelve hundred hours!

[Mariah and Kayla laugh again, Kayla shaking her head.]

KC: It's funny now but back then? The kids looked at me like I was a real weirdo, Mariah... and I was actually kinda small for my age too. That didn't help. It took me forever to hit my first growth spurt so between my size and just being... different...

[Kayla trails off.]

MW: You had a hard time making friends?

[Kayla snorts.]

KC: You could say that. I was trying hard... maybe too hard.

[Kayla sighs, smiling but without any happiness.]

KC: There was this one girl, Sally Hemmings. She just didn't like me, Mariah.

[She leans in, hands on her hips, laughing.]

KC: Can you imagine that?

[Mariah grins.]

KC: Now Sally had to be about 5'5 or so in the fifth grade and she developed way before any of us...

[She pauses, raising an eyebrow.]

KC: ...if you know what I mean.

[Mariah chuckles.]

MW: Yeah, I think we do.

[Kayla smiles with real charm this time.]

KC: Good! Well, Sally was like... I guess you'd say she was the alpha girl in our grade... her and her little pals that just worshipped the ground she walked on. They wore what she wore... talked like she talked... and picked on who she picked on. And I may have been small, Mariah... but I was scrappy too.

[Mariah nods.]

MW: You got in fights?

[Kayla snorts again.]

KC: You could say that too. We were running in gym class one day and I was leading the pack - I was always quick - and as I'm rounding the corner, she stuck out a leg and I went down like a sack of rocks. Right on my face.

[Mariah cringes.]

KC: I was so mad, Mariah... and when I got up, all scraped up and bleeding, she was right there saying "What are you gonna do about it, freak?"

Now... I was taught to stand up for myself, Mariah. So I did!

[Mariah smiles.]

MW: Good for you!

[Kayla nods.]

KC: Yeah... it would've been. If Sally hadn't whooped my butt.

[Mariah's jaw drops.]

KC: Oh yeah. We were outside but she left me lookin' at the lights that day too. And look, Mariah... I can accept a fair fight and gettin' my butt whooped... but Sally didn't fight fair. 'Cause she had her pack... and they joined in... day... after day... after day...

[Mariah shakes her head.]

MW: And no one helped you?

[Kayla shrugs.]

KC: I was the new kid. So no one stepped in... and I took my beatings and came home almost every day with new bruises and cuts and...

[Kayla pauses, looking a bit emotional at the memory.]

KC: ...I didn't want to tell my parents 'cause I thought we'd just move again. So I took my lumps until one day, a teacher saw it... and told my parents...

[Mariah cringes.]

MW: Did you move?

KC: Just as bad. They made me switch schools... and so I had to start all over again.

[Kayla grows quiet, looking down at the floor.]

MW: I... well, I'm sorry that happened to you, Kayla.

[Cristol nods but doesn't respond.]

MW: All this stuff with E-Girl MAX then...? It's gotta bring up some bad memories.

[Cristol slowly raises her head, a very serious look on her face as she nods.]

KC: Real bad. Because ever since that went down with Sally, me and bullies... that ain't gonna fly, ya hear? And ever since I laid eyes on Harley Hamilton, that's all she's been... a bully. And then there's Cinder? And that little weasel Casey? And Kowalski? All of 'em... bullies.

[Mariah nods.]

KC: I'm not standing for that, Mariah. Whether it's Vicky... or Betty... or me... or whoever else, I'm not standing for it at all. So, I'm gonna stand up for them... and I'm gonna stand up TO EGM and have their backs.

[The room is silent for a moment, Kayla literally shaking with intensity.]

MW: You're angry.

[Kayla nods again.]

KC: I can't help it, Mariah. Every time I see the footage of them attacking Vicky... or trying to push around Betty... or even when I got in that argument backstage with Harley... it just takes me back to being a kid and Sally and her... idiot friends kicking me when I'm down. I know that feeling that you had to take it and you were helpless because you were afraid that not taking it would make things so much worse.

But I'm NOT helpless anymore, Mariah. And I CAN do something about it.

[Mariah pauses.]

MW: Kayla, if we can shift topics a bit... maybe something a little lighter for you...

[Kayla gives a stiff nod.]

KC: Yeah... sorry.

[Mariah waves it off.]

MW: No apologies needed. This is what our fans want to see... you... every bit of you as honest as you can be. And right now, I think they'd like to know that as you grew up... what in the world got you into the crazy world of professional wrestling?

[A warm smile returns.]

KC: Wrestling ... oh, professional wrestling ... where do I begin? I always had a soft spot for wrestling as a kid because I could imagine myself as them and feel bigger than life and way more powerful than I ever was as a scrawny little kid.

It was the one thing I looked forward to every week because no matter where we moved there was always wrestling on. And that became my thing.

[Mariah grins.]

MW: Have any favorites as a kid?

[Kayla nods, clapping her hands together excitedly.]

KC: Did you ever watch Grand Dragon Wrestling out of LA? No? Well, that's where Medusa Rage got famous. I used to be so scared of her with her snakelike hair and she was so big and tough. There was also a wrestler, Sierra Browne. Oh my God, she made you believe a woman could fly.

[Cristol speaks quickly, barely able to contain her enthusiasm.]

KC: And there was Officer Order and Daisy Butterfly. They were so good. To a five year old, they were Goddesses. As I kept watching, I started to fall in love with talents like Holly Hotbody and I really got into places like the UWF and MBC as crazy as they were. I watched Michelle Bailey on her journey. It's so amazing to

see where she ended up. I really loved a lot of different wrestlers... I couldn't not name someone cool.

[Mariah smiles, nodding at the response.]

MW: And that fandom is what led you to the Lynches?

KC: Yup. I know a lot of people get on ol' Blackjack about his being cheap and all ... and he is. I think he still owes me a buck and a quarter when I had to buy him a Coke at the vending machine but he conveniently left his wallet in the car.

[They laugh together.]

KC: But Blackjack was a man who would give you an opportunity and let you run with it. I was about seventeen or eighteen, I guess, and I sent a tape in to Blackjack. He called me and said "Kid, you're not ready." I said there was only one way I could ever be ready. He laughed and said "Maybe you're stubborn enough." And there I was moving to Texas again and training with the Lynches. L'il ol Kayla Cristol from Fouke, Arkansas.

[Kayla shakes her head with a grin.]

KC: Oh man, did they ever put me through the wringer. So many push ups, so many sit ups, so much running. I was dying. And everyday Blackjack would look at me and ask if I quit. No way would I quit, Mariah. No way.

[Mariah smiles.]

MW: Same as today.

[Kayla nods with a grin.]

KC: Absolutely... and I worked against all of those Lynch boys. And they to the man were impressed with how I could take a licking and bounce back for more. I told them they weren't no Sally Hemmings, I'll you what. They didn't get it. But I kept on going... and they were as nice as could be outside the ring too, you know?

I would go hunting with Jack sometimes and he was impressed with the way I could handle guns. And he was the one who called me the Pistol first. And I been Kayla the Pistol ever since.

[Kayla shrugs.]

KC: Eventually, someone called up Mr. Michaelson and said we got a kid for ya which got me through the door into the Combat Corner.. and I guess, the rest, as they say is history, Mariah.

[We fade to a graphic reading "PART TWO - COMING UP IN HOUR TWO!"

And then fade back to live action to Mariah and Sweet Daddy.]

SDW: Now THAT'S an interview, baby!

[The crowd cheers in agreement as Mariah waves a dismissive hand.]

MW: It was my pleasure to sit down with Kayla and I can't wait for y'all to hear what she's got to say in the second part of that interview later tonight but we're about to shift gears here as we head down to the ring for one-on-one action!

[We fade to the ring where Megumi Sato is standing.]

MS: Our next match is set for one fall, with a ten minute time limit! Introducing first, from Savannah, Georgia, weighing in at 194 pounds...

TTTTTTTTTTTTIIIZOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!!!!

["Shaping the Southern Sky" by Kylesa picks up, we see the American-born luchador emerge from the entrance way. He's wearing a black mask with white framing around the eyeholes, a small cutout underneath his nose, and an open mouth and chin. He's also wearing a sleeveless black bodysuit with a silver sword printed over his heart, and a red cloth belt. He has on red wrestling shoes worn under black leather shinguards.]

MS: And his opponent... from Fujinomiya, Japan... he weighs in at 186 pounds...

YOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHIIIIIIIIII!!!!!!
FUUUUUUJJJJIIIIIIWWWWWWAAAAAARRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

[A metal cover of "Bloody Tears" from the Castlevania video game series begins to play, drawing cheers from the crowd as Yoshi Fujiwara steps out from behind the curtains. He pumps his fists in the air as the crowd's cheers grow louder. Fujiwara is dressed in a sukajan bomber jacket embroidered with golden dragons over his wrestling gear. He wears a pair of wrestling tights with one red leg and one white leg, with matching boots. He has a chiseled physique with well-defined muscles. Despite his impressive physique, Yoshi is still growing into his body, giving him a thin, almost lanky look.]

LD: What a match we have tonight! The spectacular luchador, Tizona, takes on a man who has been catching the eye of some of the sport's greatest recently, Yoshi Fujiwara!

BW: Sure, Yoshi put up more of a fight against Juan Vasquez than expected, but know that's hardly a cause for celebr-

[Suddenly, the crowd erupts with boos as Cain Jackson and AJ Martinez storm the ring!]

LD: Cain Jackson and AJ Martinez!? What are they doing here?

[Jackson and Martinez immediately attack Tizona and Fujiwara, overpowering them with brutal efficiency. Tizona tries to fight back, but Martinez hits him with a devastating clothesline, turning him inside-out.]

LD: OHHHHHHH!

BW: Tizona got LIT UP like some pyro and ballyhoo on the 4th of July!

[Fujiwara attempts to mount some offense, but Jackson muscles him up into the air and suddenly explodes forward, driving him into the canvas with a monstrous spinebuster, leaving him writhing in pain!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUDDDD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: This is an outrage! They have no business being here!

BW: You gonna tell them that?!

LD: Well, somebody oughta! These Team Supreme thugs are out of control!

[AJ Martinez drags Tizona up to his feet and whips him hard into the corner, following close behind and crushing the American-born luchador with an avalanche. He reaches around the back of Tizona's neck and spins around, shoving him out of the corner...]

"SMMMMAAAAAACCCCKKKK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and right into a devastating big boot from Cain Jackson that darn near takes his head off!]

LD: My god! Tizona just nearly got decapitated by Cain Jackson!

BW: Maybe it wasn't the best idea for Brian James and Jackson Hunter to put these guys in a mood last weekend. I'm thinkin' Tizona and Fujiwara have them to thank for this!

LD: Because Jackson and Wright lost to VU?! That's no excuse!

[Martinez yanks Tizona to his feet and scoops him up into his arms. He parades around the ring with the luchador in his arms, before he just casually tosses the masked man over his head and over the top rope, dumping him hard onto the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: MY... HE COULD'VE BROKEN THE MAN'S BACK, BEN!

BW: No argument from me, Dane! These two mean business!

[As Martinez struts around the ring celebrating, Yoshi Fujiwara, has pulled himself up by the ropes and back to unsteady feet. Cain Jackson rolls his eyes and shakes his head at the young Japanese wrestler, who motions for Jackson to fight him.]

LD: Can you believe this!? Yoshi Fujiwara refuses to stay down!

BW: You see what I see, right? He can barely stand. If anything, the smart thing to do would've been to stay down!

LD: Someone has to stand up to Team Supreme.

BW: Well, it shouldn't be the guy that's the size of AJ Martinez's left leg.

[As Jackson approaches Fujiwara with a sigh, the Japanese grappler charges in and hits him with a dropkick, that is easily absorbed.]

LD: Come on, Yoshi!

[A second attempt at a dropkick is easily swatted away.]

BW: You were saying?

[Fujiwara gets up, but he doesn't get a third bite at the apple, as Jackson grabs him around the throat. AJ Martinez walks over and also applies a goozle.]

LD: Oh no.

[The Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad lifts Fujiwara high up into the air...

...and slam him spine-first across their bent knees!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: WELCOME TO THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE!

[Cain Jackson then picks up Yoshi Fujiwara, hoisting him above his head with a military press. With a show of brute strength, Jackson walks to the edge of the ring and tosses Fujiwara over the top rope, sending him crashing down to the floor outside!]

LD: This is absolutely disgusting! Yoshi Fujiwara was thrown out of the ring like a ragdoll!

[Jackson and Martinez stand tall in the ring, soaking up the jeers of the AWA faithful...

...and then point to the stage as a deafening chorus of boos can suddenly be heard with Supreme Wright emerging on the entrance stage. The leader of Team Supreme exudes confidence in a three-piece lavender tweed suit with green and gold plaid. Walking alongside him is Bret Grayson, looking sharp in a blue suit with an American flag pin on his lapel and his injured arm in a sling.]

LD: What on earth? Now it's Supreme Wright and Bret Grayson!? What are they doing here? They've already sent Jackson and Martinez out here to decimate Tizona and Fujiwara. You have to wonder what more do they want?

BW: Looks like Team Supreme is clearing the ring to prepare for Paris Crawford's match with Raphael Rhodes.

LD: Whatever it is, it can't be good.

[Wright joins Lori Dane and Ben Waterson at the announcer's table.]

BW: Welcome, Supreme! It's an honor to have you here!

LD: You're shameless.

[Lori Dane looks visibly uncomfortable, while Ben Waterson continues to suck up to Wright.]

LD: Supreme Wright... nice of you to join us. What brings you here?

SW: Always a pleasure, Ms. Dane... I got your call.

LD: My...? Oh, yes... of course. We've been trying to get your answer to Jackson Haynes' challenge.

[In the meanwhile, medics rush out to tend to Tizona and Fujiwara, who are lying on the outside of the ring. Bret Grayson, with a sadistic grin, walks down the entrance stairs over to Fujiwara, who is refusing to be checked on by medics, and attempting to walk off on his own power. Grayson rips off his arm brace...]

LD: Wait, I thought Bret Grayson was injured!

BW: If you ask me, he looks like he's ready to be medically cleared any day now!

[...before brushing past the medics and then grabbing Fujiwara's leg, locking him into his vicious ankle lock, the Liberty Lock! Fujiwara cries out in pain as Grayson begins wrenching the young wrestler's ankle.]

LD: Oh, come on! This is unnecessary! Someone needs to stop this!

SW: We're just making sure everything is set for Mx. Crawford's match. Some undesirable elements needed to be removed from MY ring.

LD: "Undesirable elements"? Give me a break!

[The crowd's boos are deafening as Fujiwara screams in pain. Suddenly, Ayako Fujiwara emerges from behind the curtains as the crowd's boos turn to a mix of shock and elation.]

LD: Wait a minute! That's Ayako Fujiwara!

[Ayako storms down to the ring and goes face to face with Grayson, who releases the ankle lock and locks eyes with her. The crowd erupts with cheers, the atmosphere suddenly electric.]

LD: This is incredible! Ayako Fujiwara is here to save her brother, and she's not backing down from Bret Grayson!

BW: We've got two Olympic gold medalists staring each other down! This is historic!

SW: I hold Ayako Fujiwara in the highest esteem. She would be a tough opponent for anyone, man or woman.

BW: And she played the piano beautifully at your wedding.

SW: That she did.

LD: Can we not talk about that right now... Supreme, are you going to do anything about this!?

[The shot cuts to Supreme Wright rising from his chair, signaling to Cain Jackson. Jackson quickly pulls Grayson away from Ayako, who waits a moment and then collects Yoshi, helping him to the back without incident. The tension begins to ease, though the crowd continues to direct boos and jeers at Team Supreme.]

LD: Finally, some sense! Thank goodness Ayako and Yoshi are getting out of here safely. It looks like Supreme Wright does have a shred of decency after all.

SW: I'm not a savage, Ms. Dane, I'm a professional wrestler.

LD: All too often, they're one and the same.

[In the aftermath of the attack, the crowd is still buzzing. Supreme Wright stands near the announcer's table, with Bret Grayson, Cain Jackson, and AJ Martinez flanking him. Suddenly, the interim president of AWA, Maxim Zharkov, makes his way out with Tommy Fierro and Kevin Slater in tow. He speaks into the microphone in his hand, trying to restore order.]

MZ: Supreme Wright!

[Wright turns to confront the arriving Zharkov.]

MZ: You are not welcome here!

[The crowd CHEERS loudly at that proclamation.]

MZ: You must leave right now! No more of this!

[Zharkov grimaces as the Fujiwara walk past, Fierro peeling off to check on young Yoshi.]

MZ: You and Team Supreme leave...

[Zharkov glares hard at the former World Champion.]

MZ: ...or I make you leave.

[The crowd ROARS at the implied that but Wright is unfazed by Zharkov's words, facing the interim president with a cold and calculating look on his face.]

SW: Interim "President" Zharkov, I have no intention of leaving until my business here is finished.

[The crowd boos loudly, but Supreme ignores them, his focus solely on Zharkov.]

SW: It seems you intend to remove Team Supreme by force if necessary.

[Supreme takes a step closer, his voice lowering to a more menacing tone.]

SW: But considering the fragile state of your neck, I really do not wish to put you in harm's way.

[Zharkov's eyes widen slightly at the thinly veiled threat as the crowd reacts with a mixture of gasps and boos. Zharkov clenches his jaw, clearly understanding the implication as he slowly reaches up, grabbing at the back of his neck. We can see Sweet Daddy Williams step into frame, putting a hand on Zharkov's shoulder as Kevin Slater attempts to get between the Tsar and Wright.]

LD: Somebody oughta get him out of here, Ben.

BW: Seems like Supreme Wright's gonna take care of that for us.

[Zharkov continues to glare at Wright, perhaps considering his options as Wright stands unmoving without a word, waiting for the Tsar to act...]

LD: A tense scene here in Atlanta... we're going to need-

[After a moment of intense silence, Zharkov turns on his heel and leaves in a huff, the crowd expressing their disappointment with loud jeers.]

LD: Can you believe this?! Supreme Wright just threatened our interim president!

BW: Zharkov knows better than to poke the bear, Lori. Team Supreme means business, and tonight, they're making it clear!

[Supreme Wright smirks as he watches Zharkov leave, before turning his attention back to the ring, his authority now firmly established, as we cut to commercial...

...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 as we return from commercial, Center Stage is still buzzing with excitement. The camera focuses on the Team Supreme members at ringside - Cain Jackson, AJ Martinez, Bret Grayson... and Supreme Wright seated at the commentary table with Lori Dane and Ben Waterson.]

LD: This has already been an explosive night, Ben. Team Supreme has made their presence felt, and now we're set for a match between Paris Crawford and Raphael Rhodes. But I have to ask, Supreme, why the need for that attack on Tizona and Yoshi Fujiwara, earlier?

SW: Miss Dane, every action has a purpose. Paris Crawford is my prized weapon, and we needed to ensure they have the stage they deserve. The previous competitors were simply in the way.

LD: Unbelievable.

[As we cut to the ring, we now see Bret Grayson, arm back in a sling, standing where Megumi Sato is supposed to be.]

LD: And what does Bret Grayson think he's doing?

SW: We need someone suitable to introduce my weapon. While highly capable at her job, Megumi Sato does not have the proper qualifications to do so.

BW: I can see that.

[Grayson taps the bulb of the microphone.]

BG: Is this thing on? Okay! Now, I don't think it's right that I just stand out here and introduce the competitors as they walk in. I think, with a match as important as this, we need them both out here! That way I can give them a proper introduction! Even if one of them doesn't really have the qualifications to be in the match, but we won't hold that against Mr. Rhodes.

[The crowd boos at Grayson's arrogance. He holds the microphone down, though, and there is a brief silence.]

LD: It seems as though Bret Grayson has decided to make an executive decision and wait for both competitors to be in the ring before making the introductions, fans.

BW: Personally, I think that's just great. This match-up deserves to have the proper big match spectacle and celebration surrounding it. Especially when honored guests like Supreme Wright are involved!

[As we hear Waterson fawn over Supreme Wright and Team Supreme, "Elegia" by New Order can be heard, with Takeshi Mifune walking out first to a chorus of boos, wearing a deep crimson bowling shirt with black piping along the edges, black trousers, and a Panama hat atop his head. The boos only get louder when Paris Crawford follows behind Mifune, wearing a flowing black robe with blooming

carnations patterned throughout the fabric. Their head is bowed, their face obscured by a veil.

Theresa Lynch's bridal veil.]

LD: You have got to be kidding me.

BW: What, Dane? What's your problem now?

LD: Supreme Wright, you can't tell me that you condone this behavior!

SW: What is there to be upset about?

LD: Paris Crawford is out here wearing a bridal veil, Theresa Lynch's bridal veil. Your wife's bridal veil! How could you possibly think that this is okay?!

SW: That veil is a symbol of perfection, a symbol of love. When Theresa wore it on that day, she wore it to show her love for me. It is only fitting, then, that my weapon does the same.

LD: But why?

SW: Because, Lori Dane... my weapon is perfect.

BW: That makes all the sense in the world to me!

[As we hear Dane stammer, trying to find a reaction, we see Crawford stop at ringside and gently remove the veil. Cain Jackson holds open a box, and Crawford delicately places the veil inside, then nods at Jackson as he closes it. They hop up onto the apron, where they sit on the ropes to hold them open for Mifune. As Mifune ducks through the ropes, Crawford playfully swipes at his head, taking his Panama hat and placing it onto their own head as they enter the ring themselves. Mifune mutters as Crawford walks over to Grayson as the music fades, swishing the hem of their robe around his leg and tousling his hair, only for Grayson to slap away Crawford's arm with his free hand. Crawford practically glides over to Mifune, who immediately reclaims his hat.]

LD: Paris Crawford seems to not be in a very serious mood.

BW: Kind of like a playful lion cub learning from the rest of the pride before it goes on the hunt to maul a gazelle.

SW: I think you will find that is an apt analogy. I do not need my weapon to be constantly serious. I need my weapon to get the job done.

[As Crawford listens to Mifune's advice, we hear the voice of Ronnie James Dio through Center Stage.]

OHHHHHHHHHHHHH COME ON!

[And "The Mob Rules" by Black Sabbath plays as Raphael Rhodes walks through the entrance, Dana Kaiser right beside him, although he stops immediately as he sees the scene around ringside. He also looks over to the announcer area, seeing Supreme Wright, and gives a quick shake of his head. He places his hand on Kaiser's shoulder, having a quick conversation, then Kaiser returns to the backstage area.]

SW: Interesting.

BW: Whatever he sent Kaiser to the back for, I doubt it's going to help.

LD: Maybe it was for her own safety. Considering how things seem to go whenever your "family", so to speak, is out here, I don't blame Raphael Rhodes for having Dana Kaiser's best interests in mind.

SW: I have no intention of starting anything with Mr. Rhodes tonight. Not unless he decides to start trouble, anyway.

LD: Then why are all of you out here? Team Supreme has no business out here!

BW: Of course they do, Dane! Paris Crawford is about to fight in a huge match! Team Supreme is here for moral support!

LD: Moral support doesn't look like it could break down into a five on one assault at any moment.

BW: Maybe you don't know what moral support looks like because your husband insulted you for a decade on national television.

[Rhodes, dressed in throwback attire of red leg-length tights with the Union Jack on the back, along with powder blue kneepads and shinpads over powder blue wrestling boots, walks down to the ring with his long brown hair tied back in a ponytail. He eyes members of Team Supreme carefully, making sure none are within striking distance, as he climbs onto the apron and steps through the ropes. He glares at Bret Grayson as his music fades, and Grayson holds his microphone up to his lips.]

BG: Alright, so this match is to determine who is going to London for the Royal Crown finals, and I think this is going to be one heck of a matchup.

[Grayson looks over at Crawford.]

BG: Even if someone's dressed like they escaped from a bath house.

[Crawford places their hands on their hips with a pout.]

BG: Now look, the Royal Crown is serious business. I know you keep saying your Instant Gram is serious, but they got the freakin' Queen to announce this, and quite frankly, that deserves a little bit of respect!

[Crawford turns up their nose, with a bit of a "hmpf!" Jackson can be heard from ringside saying that it was an actress, not Queen Elizabeth. AJ Martinez looks just as surprised by this news.]

BG: I'm with AJ, there's no way the Queen didn't make that announcement. She's a big fan of mine, you know. When I won my Olympic gold medal, she sent me a personal letter of congratulations, so I think I'd know if it was a fake. Anyway, onto the matter at hand.

[Rhodes can be seen rolling his eyes in the background, leaning against the ropes. Grayson turns towards Crawford.]

BG: So over here, this guy says he's from "the Hysterical Realm", and he weighs... hey, how much do you weigh?

[Crawford sighs and walks over to Grayson, whispering in his ear.]

BG: Is that the metric system? Why can't you weigh in with actual American weight?

[Crawford glares, tapping their foot.]

BG: Anyway, he says he weighs "the approximate weight of the top zero point one percent on..."

[Grayson pauses, realizing what Crawford told him to say, and makes a face.]

BG: Yeah, I'm not going to finish that. Anyway... he's Team Supreme's exquisite and precious weapon...

PARIS CRAWFORD!

[The crowd boos loudly as Crawford removes their robe, revealing a piece of modified attire out of English, Scottish, and Welsh flags, cut and sewn into a two-piece outfit along with black kneepads and wrestling boots. Rhodes sees the attire and shakes his head, as Crawford turns up their nose and marches back to the corner to again confer with Mifune. Grayson sighs.]

BG: Really? You're wearing that? Anyway...

[Grayson jerks his head over to Rhodes.]

BG: Over in this corner, this guy's shorter than I expected, seeing him up close. Standing at five foot nothing...

[Rhodes perks up, looking amused by Grayson's insult. He walks over to Grayson, and we can hear him say "Got more to say, funny boy?" over Grayson's microphone.]

BG: You bet I do, tiny. And weighing in at a weight that I could easily suplex him all over the ring at, even with one good arm...

[Rhodes gets up in Grayson's face.]

"Oh, you could, yeah? Up for givin' it a go?"

[Rhodes smirks as he grabs Grayson by the sling.]

"Show me what you can do then!"

BG: You bet, munchkin, there's just something I need to do first.

"Yeah? What's that?"

[As Rhodes argues with Grayson, Crawford seizes the moment. They sprint across the ring and blindside Rhodes with a flying knee!]

LD: Oh, come on! That was a cheap shot!

BW: Rhodes should have kept his focus on his opponent, Lori.

SW: Precision timing. That's what makes Mx. Crawford such a valued asset.

"DING DING DING!"

[As the referee calls for the bell to signal the start of the match, Crawford capitalizes on the blindside attack, delivering a series of quick stomps to Rhodes' midsection. Rhodes tries to cover up, but Crawford's speed is relentless as they continue to deliver strikes through Rhodes' guard.]

LD: Crawford's all over Rhodes in this first round Royal Crown battle - the winner goes to London, the loser stays home...

[Crawford then whips Rhodes into the ropes and catches him with a spinning heel kick on the rebound.]

LD: Paris Crawford's not giving Rhodes a moment to breathe here. The pace is completely in Crawford's favor.

BW: That's why they're the prized weapon, Lori. Supreme, what's the strategy for Crawford tonight?

SW: Paris excels in high-speed combat. In controlled chaos. Their objective should be to keep Rhodes off balance, never allowing him to ground the match and utilize his superiority in grappling.

[Crawford quickly follows up with a pin, but Rhodes is out just as the hand slaps down on the canvas a second time.]

LD: Crawford with a pin, but Rhodes kicks out with time to spare.

BW: Well, one thing's for sure, Rhodes is in for a long night if he can't adapt.

LD: It's hard to believe Mifune-gun's flagbearer was always this dangerous.

SW: Only to the uninitiated. Mifune-san knew exactly what they were capable of.

LD: Then why not allow them to wrestle?

SW: Secret weapons are supposed to remain a secret, Miss Dane.

[Crawford presses their advantage, pulling Rhodes up to his feet by the hair and holding his head down, before hitting him with several quick short kicks to the head and then yanking him by the hair, throwing him down to the canvas as the crowd boos loudly!]

LD: Paris Crawford just threw Raphael Rhodes hard onto the back of his head and the referee is reading them the riot act!

BW: What for?

LD: "What for"! They had two fistfuls of hair! What do you mean, "what for"?

[Crawford waves off the referee, unconcerned by the threats to disqualify them. On the outside of the ring, Takeshi Mifune barks orders at Crawford, who goes back on the attack. However, as they go to pull Rhodes to his feet, he suddenly spins behind Crawford and catches them in a waistlock.]

LD: Rhodes with the go-behind!

[He lifts Crawford for a German suplex, but Crawford flips out of it, landing on their feet.]

LD: But the German suplex fails!

[Crawford charges at Rhodes, but the English native catches him with a snap powerslam!]

LD: What a counter by Rhodes!

BW: But look, he's slow to capitalize. He's still shaking out the cobwebs.

[Rhodes, shaking his head to clear the daze, walks over and begins to target Crawford's knee, stomping down on it.]

LD: And it looks like Rhodes is going to try to keep Paris Crawford grounded, going after their right knee.

BW: He doesn't really have any other choice. Crawford has been blitzing him all over the ring.

LD: You're awfully silent over there, Supreme.

SW: Rhodes is performing the same strategy I would. But my weapon is perfect. They will not fail.

[Rhodes continues the assault with a knee drop to the crook of the knee, causing Crawford to hold their knee in pain.]

LD: Raphael Rhodes is going to work on Paris Crawford's knee.

[Rhodes tries to run the ropes to hit another move, but Takeshi Mifune trips him up from the outside! The referee runs over to warn Mifune, as the crowd boos loudly.]

LD: Did you see that? Takeshi Mifune just tripped Rhodes!

BW: Why are you surprised? Mifune has always played fast and loose with the rules.

LD: Supreme, do you condone this kind of behavior?

SW: Mifune-san is unpredictable, Ms. Dane. He'll do whatever he wants, whenever he wants. It's one of the reasons he's so dangerous.

LD: This is outrageous! How can you just sit there and be okay with this?

SW: Objectively speaking, Rhodes should be aware of his surroundings at all times. Mifune-san simply took advantage of his lack of awareness.

[In the ring, Rhodes, on his knees, now visibly frustrated, attempts to shake off the interference, but Crawford is already back on the attack, knocking him over with a running kneelift to a chorus of boos.]

LD: And Paris Crawford regains control of the match off that interference by Takeshi Mifune. Tsk.

BW: Why do you sound so annoyed? It would be stupid if they didn't take advantage of it! This is the same Paris Crawford that allegedly put a two-time AWA World Champion out of commission, possibly forever. If they see an opening, you better believe they'll take it!

SW: I couldn't have said it better myself, Mr. Waterson.

[Paris stops to shake out their leg, trying to get some feeling back into it. They then whip Rhodes into the ropes. However, they make the mistake of ducking their head too soon. Rhodes hooks Crawford's head and brings them over with a vertical suplex, as the crowd erupts in unison.]

"NOTHING FANCY!"

[Rhodes looks visibly annoyed as he glares at the crowd and says "Are you kidding me?" to himself. He angrily drags Crawford back to their feet, setting up for a second vertical suplex.]

LD: Raphael Rhodes doesn't look too happy with the crowd here.

BW: And there's a good reason for it, Lori. Juan Vasquez, has been mocking Rhodes by using a normal vertical suplex and shouting "Nothing Fancy," the name of Rhodes' signature superplex!

SW: It's really nothing to get worked up over.

[Rhodes angrily lifts Crawford and hits a second vertical suplex. The crowd shouts "Nothing Fancy!" again, though not as loudly and with far fewer voices.]

LD: A second vertical suplex from Rhodes!

BW: Looks like Rhodes is letting Juan Vasquez's mind games get to him.

SW: How disappointing.

[Rhodes, fuming, sets Crawford up for a third suplex. He pauses to point angrily at one fan in the crowd.]

"You think this is funny!?"

[With Rhodes distracted, Crawford seizes the moment, throwing their leg overhead and striking Rhodes with a sharp Scorpion kick, dropping him to the mat!]

SW: Sloppy work from Rhodes. You can never give someone as dangerous as Mx. Crawford an opening.

LD: You're right. Raphael Rhodes should've kept his focus on the match!

[Crawford capitalizes on the opportunity, dragging Rhodes up for their next move.]

BW: This right here illustrates why the presence of Dana Kaiser at ringside is so crucial. As a wrestling manager myself, I know the importance of keeping your client focused. Dana would have kept Rhodes from losing his cool at the crowd and from being distracted.

SW: Absolutely. A good manager is the guiding hand, the voice of reason in the heat of battle. A wrestler of Raphael Rhodes' caliber should know better than to telegraph his moves like that. A momentary lapse in concentration can turn the tide of any match, especially against someone as skilled as Mx. Crawford.

LD: So true. Dana Kaiser would have been right there, keeping Rhodes on track and preventing this kind of mistake.

[Crawford whips Rhodes to the far corner, but it's reversed. Crawford leaps up onto the second turnbuckle as Rhodes rushes forward and catches him with a back kick that staggers him. Crawford then leaps into the air and snaps off a hurricanrana, sending Rhodes flying!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: And there's Crawford's speed coming into play once again!

[Crawford then quickly climbs to the top rope, looking to finish things off.]

LD: Crawford's going for it all here!

BW: High risk, high reward!

SW: This is where Mx. Crawford thrives.

[Crawford leaps off the top rope for a double stomp, but Rhodes moves out of the way at the last second!]

LD: Rhodes moves out of the way from certain doom!

["The Queen of Kabukicho" lands on their feet and rolls through, getting back to their feet quickly, but they come up hobbling.]

LD: Oh! Paris Crawford comes up gimpy! Raphael Rhodes' earlier attack on the knee is paying off!

[They spin around to charge back at Rhodes, who sidesteps out of the way of a raised boot and quickly takes advantage, grabbing Crawford around the waist...]

"THHHUUUUUUDDDD!!!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[... and driving them into the canvas with a backdrop suplex!]

LD: HUGE SUPLEX FROM RAPHAEL RHODES!

BW: He almost drove Crawford's head through the ring with that one!

LD: Here's the pin! One! Two!

[Just before the three count, Takeshi Mifune points out Crawford's foot on the ropes, breaking the pin. The referee notices and stops the count.]

LD: No! Crawford gets their foot on the ropes!

[However, the referee doesn't just stop the count, they begin to point at Mifune, who stares at the ring official with disbelief.]

LD: Wait a minute! I think the referee is accusing Mifune of putting Crawford's foot on the ropes!

BW: Are you kidding me!? He didn't do anything!

SW: This is disappointing. The referee should focus on the match, not on imagined infractions. It's an amateur mistake.

LD: Oh, come on, Supreme... Mifune interfered earlier in the match! Of course the referee would suspect he may have done it again!

SW: If the referee had done their job correctly, there wouldn't be any room for these baseless accusations. It's clear they blew the call, and now it's affecting the flow of the match.

BW: Exactly, Supreme. This kind of officiating is unacceptable at this level.

LD: Unbelievable.

[The referee argues with Mifune, accusing him of interference. Mifune climbs up onto the ring apron, the argument with the referee getting more heated by the second.]

LD: Mifune's on the apron now, and the referee's getting right in his face!

BW: Does this guy have a death wish or something? Why would you want to get on Takeshi Mifune's bad side!?

[The referee pokes Mifune in the chest, raising the tension further. Meanwhile, as Rhodes watches on, Paris Crawford gets to their feet.]

LD: Rhodes better keep his focus on his opponent, Crawford's back on their feet!

[Crawford takes advantage of the distraction and dropkicks Rhodes from behind, knocking him into the referee. The official is knocked right into Mifune, who takes the opportunity to lock him into the Japanese Stranglehold to the shock of all!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

LD: Oh, come on! The referee's getting choked out in the Japanese Stranglehold by this madman!

BW: Well, he did put his hands on Mifune first.

LD: Don't give me that. That's the same garbage they used to justify putting Johnny Detson into a coma!

SW: Must I remind you that the police investigation cleared us of any wrong doing?

[With the referee incapacitated, Bret Grayson slides a chair into the ring.]

LD: Bret Grayson just slid a chair into the ring! This is blatant cheating! Do you condone this, Supreme?

SW: Miss Dane, it does not matter if I condone this. It's about understanding the lengths to which true warriors will go to secure victory in battle. Mifune-san and Grayson understand this perfectly.

[Paris Crawford picks it up, but Rhodes ducks the chair swing and knocks Crawford down with a powerful headbutt!]

LD: Rhodes with the headbutt! Crawford's down!

[Rhodes then turns his attention to Mifune, grabbing him and yanking him off the referee. However, Mifune quickly reverses and Rhodes suddenly finds himself locked into the Japanese Stranglehold!]

LD: No! Rhodes is now in the Japanese Stranglehold! Mifune is out of control! Supreme, can't you do anything about this?

SW: Do you think Mifune-san would actually listen to me? I'm not his boss. No one is. He may have gifted Mifune-gun to me, but Mifune-san will still do whatever he wants, whenever he wants.

[Amidst the chaos in the ring, AJ Martinez grabs the hammer from the timekeeper and starts ringing the bell repeatedly.]

"DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING!"

LD: Now Martinez is ringing the bell! This is absolute pandemonium!

BW: What is happening here? The referee is out cold, and Martinez is just adding to the confusion!

[Martinez continues to ring the bell frantically as the crowd's boos grow louder. Security rushes to the ring, but Team Supreme quickly dispatches them, sending bodies flying in all directions!]

LD: This is madness! Security can't even get control of the situation!

BW: Team Supreme is running wild! There's no order, no sense in this chaos!

LD: The referee is down, the match is in complete disarray, and now security is being taken out one by one! How can this be allowed to continue?

SW: This is the nature of war, Lori. Only the strongest will stand tall amidst the anarchy.

LD: "The strongest"? This isn't about strength; it's a complete disregard for the rules and order! And why are you just sitting there, Supreme? Why aren't you doing anything to stop this?

SW: My intervention is not needed, Miss Dane. I only move to action if it serves a purpose. This is a situation where Team Supreme has everything well in hand. Unlike Jackson Haynes, who is a problem that requires my attention.

LD: What are you saying? Are you accepting Jackson Haynes' challenge?

SW: Of course I accept his challenge. Haynes has said that he will not stop until I end him or he ends me. His terms are acceptable and I am more than willing to oblige.

LD: Oh my gosh... you can't be serious!

BW: This is going to be huge! Supreme Wright is ready to take on Jackson Haynes!

[The scene in the ring remains chaotic, with Paris Crawford still holding the chair, Rhodes out cold from the Japanese Stranglehold, and security lying scattered around the ring and ringside area.]

LD: But enough about that... Where is President Zharkov? Someone has to restore order!

[Just then, a huge roar can be heard at the reappearance of Maxim Zharkov, now flanked by a squad of Atlanta police officers. The crowd erupts in anticipation as Zharkov and the officers make their way down to the ring. a stern expression on his face.]

LD: Here comes Zharkov with the police! Finally, some order!

BW: Will Team Supreme actually back down? This is about to get even more interesting!

LD: I can't believe I'm saying this, but we desperately need to take a commercial break!

BW: Right now!?

LD: But stay with us, folks! If anything happens while we're gone, we'll have footage of it! The tape machines are rolling!

[The camera focuses on the standoff between Team Supreme and the Atlanta police, with Zharkov standing resolute at the forefront. The tension is palpable as the screen fades to commercial.

We fade up from black onto black and white footage of an empty arena - likely the Crockett Coliseum from the looks of things - with deserted chairs and a wrestling ring with no one in it.

We see Karl O'Connor walking up a set of steps with the aid of a cane, moving slowly and deliberately, putting much of his weight on the cane. He slowly takes a seat, looking down onto the ring as the camera cuts to a closeup of him and we hear his voice.]

"I can still hear the echoes chanting my name."

[A closeup on his eyes, wrinkles showing the years and the mileage on his body.

Cut to a shot of "Big" Jim Watkins standing in a locker room dressed in an old brown ring jacket, running his finger down the trim as we hear his recognizable voice.]

"Time has not silenced the crowd."

[We get a trio of old pieces of footage - Brett Bryant in his younger days with his arms raised over his head, Cameron O'Connor applying a spinning toehold on an unknown foe, and Blackjack Lynch raising his black glove-covered hand into the air as his gravelly voice is heard.]

"I never did a moonsault..."

[Cut to a modern day closeup shot of Blackjack Lynch's eyes, a notable scar over one of them...

...and then a shot of Terry Shane Jr. in a suit looking out over the empty arena with his voiceover.]

"...or walked the top rope."

[Oliver Strickland sits on a locker room bench, his eyes drifting across the vacant room as he speaks.]

"There were no pyrotechnics..."

[And onto Ivan Kostovich who runs a hand over the links of his old Russian chain now hanging from a hook on a door as we hear his heavy accented words.]

"...no fancy, flashing lights."

[Cut to a series of modern shots of current day AWA superstars in action - Jordan Ohara diving off the top rope with a crossbody to the floor... Julie Somers using a moonsault from the top onto a standing opponent on the outside... and we hear Karl O'Connor's voice again.]

"We never flew through the air."

[Cut to O'Connor sitting in the Crockett, cane in hand as he looks at the empty ring...

...and then old footage of a defiant Blackjack Patterson shaking his head, refusing to submit to a painful hold as we hear Jim Watkins.]

"We were men of courage.."

[Closeup on Watkins' eyes in present day before cutting to Blackjack Lynch wrapping his hand around a foe's head as his voice is heard.]

"...men of steel."

[And then back to modern day shots of Juan Vasquez leaping off the top of the Woodshed, plummeting down... to Shadoe Rage hurling himself off the top of a super-sized steel cage... to a blood-covered Hannibal Carver wielding a steel chair as we hear Terry Shane Jr's voice.]

"They were men without fear."

[Cut to a shot of Blackjack Lynch standing in the ring, raising a hand in the air as if saluting the crowd as we hear his voice. We can actually see a ghost-like vision of cheering fans around him...]

"I can still hear the echoes cheering my name."

[...but when we cut to the opposite angle, we can see he's all alone in the ring.

And we cut again, this time showing the legendary Hamilton Graham standing outside the ring, a hand draped over the rope, a hungry look upon his face, wishing for one more moment of glory as we hear his familiar voice.]

"Today... I cheer for them."

[And as we fade to black, a graphic comes up promoting "AWA LEGACY" before we fade all the way out...

...and we fade back up with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo to reveal the backstage area where we see Raphael Rhodes throwing a coffee urn across the hall as Dana Kaiser, hands on hips and a frustrated look on her face, makes no effort to stop him. Judging by the turned over table and scattered chairs, it is not the only thing he had thrown. There are several AWA staffers in the distance with worried looks in their eyes, as Kevin Slater can be seen pointing in Rhodes' direction. From there, we hear a voice bellow out.]

"COMRADE. ENOUGH."

[Rhodes kicks a folding chair so hard that it plants the edge of the chair into the ceiling, then rolls his eyes as Interim President Maxim Zharkov enters the frame. He looks at the chair planted into the wall and nods his head.]

MZ: Good strength.

[Zharkov reaches up and pulls the chair out of the ceiling tiles, throwing it down the hallway.]

MZ: You will pay for damages, yes?

RR: Ain't that how it always works? Someone comes along, causes me problems, I got to pay for it.

[Rhodes points a finger at Zharkov, who remains stonefaced.]

RR: When are you ever goin' to pay for it, huh? I just walked into a nest of vipers out there because you can't bleedin' control your show, and now I ain't gettin' to wrestle in London. You told all of us in that email, ref's decisions were final, yeah?

[Zharkov solemnly nods.]

RR: So great, yeah? Go out and wrestle Paris Crawford, who Takeshi Mifune and Supreme Wright turned into a ruddy monster, with the entire bleedin' Team Supreme out there by their side, the match gets thrown out because I got jumped. There's goin' to be what, 20,000 people at the O2. I ain't even wrestled in England in front of a quarter of that. What just happened out there, it gets hung on me as well, leaves me out in the cold...

[Rhodes points a finger at Zharkov, a fury in his eyes.]

RR: And you're comin' here to give me a pep talk?

[Rhodes grabs another chair and throws it down the hallway, skidding to a stop at the feet of the staffers who are eavesdropping.]

RR: That's what I think of your bleedin' pep talk, mate.

MZ: Good. I am not here to give pep talk. I am here to discuss options.

[Kaiser puts her hand on Rhodes' shoulder, who finally stands stationary, hands on hips. Almost as if her touch calms him some, Rhodes starts to calm, though his eyes glare at the Interim President.]

MZ: I cannot fix what happened. It is in past. I cannot put you back in Royal Crown. I told competitors that referee's decision was final. I must keep my word. Instead, I bring you in from cold.

[Rhodes' glare softens, as his head tilts a little.]

MZ: Pick any member of Team Supreme. You will fight them in London.

[Rhodes gets a grin on his face, and without hesitation, gives his answer.]

RR: You give me Mifune then.

MZ: Mifune? Not Supreme Wright? Are you sure, comrade?

[Rhodes nods.]

RR: Been around him long enough in Japan to know a Mifune plot when it happens. You think it was just coincidence that he gave up Mifune-gun? That he was softenin' and becomin' subservient?

[Rhodes points off-screen.]

RR: People are too quick to give Supreme Wright credit for all of this. Takeshi Mifune has been pullin' stunts like this for years. Decades, maybe. This has got his fingerprints all over it, mate. What's the old cliché about killin' a snake?

[Zharkov gives the slightest grin.]

MZ: You cut off head.

[Rhodes' eyes go cold, and he gives a firm nod.]

RR: I'll build a guillotine in London for Takeshi Mifune, then.

[Rhodes and Kaiser walk off, as Zharkov takes the pencil from behind his ear and begins to write on his clipboard. We cut back to Lori Dane and Ben Waterson, with Waterson looking a little slack-jawed.]

LD: How about that? It's confirmed for London, Takeshi Mifune will step into the ring against Raphael Rhodes!

BW: Is Rhodes crazy? Takeshi Mifune is a madman, and ever since giving Mifune-gun to Supreme Wright, ever since turning them into Team Supreme, he's been the worst version of himself!

LD: You sound concerned for him.

BW: Because I am! Takeshi Mifune can break bones with a flick of the wrist, Dane. Raphael Rhodes is weeks away from the biggest match of his career, going up against Juan Vasquez in Vasquez's retirement match, and he's going to put that in jeopardy by going against a man like Mifune!

LD: We'll see about that when we get to London... and speaking of people putting their physical wellbeing in jeopardy through their words and actions, let's talk about Damian DeVille, Ben.

BW: The kid's got guts, I'll give him that much... and if you don't believe that, we're likely to see them spilled all over the mat if Max Magnum gets his hands on him again.

LD: You know Max Magnum perhaps better than anyone else outside of maybe Stevie Scott...

[Waterson grimaces, nodding.]

LD: ...and if the fans at home aren't sure what we're talking about, let's give a quick refresher.

BW: It was last weekend on Saturday Night Wrestling when Damian DeVille - the young rookie - stormed Maxim Zharkov and demanded the toughest opponent he could get that night. And boy, did the Tsar deliver!

LD: Max Magnum was sent to the ring for that... after some kind of deal was made between Zharkov and Stevie Scott... and Magnum defeated a game DeVille as you might expect. But it's what happened AFTER the match that was truly shocking. Let's take a look before we head down to the ring and see the rookie in action.

[We fade to footage marked "ONE WEEK AGO" where we see Magnum hauling a limp DeVille off the mat as the voices of Big Sal and Colt Patterson are heard...]

SA: Magnum dragging this kid to his feet... DeVille can't even stand... can't even defend himself at all...

[And once back on his feet, Magnum muscles the limp from of DeVille onto his shoulders a second time...]

SA: He's got him up again... don't do it, Magnum! Don't-

[...and sends him helicoptering off again, crashing violently down on the mat.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BACK TO BACK BOMBSHELLS!

CP: You can count to a hundred now, Albano!

[Magnum looks down on DeVille, using his boot to flip him onto his back...

...and then arrogantly plants a foot in the chest, lifting his arms over his head as the crowd jeers louder and the official goes down to count.]

SA: One. Two. That's it.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Magnum throws one more look down at DeVille as he takes his foot off the chest... disdain? Respect? Surprise? The Alpha Beast steps away, arms raised over his head as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Your winner of the match...

[Stevie Scott steps in, berating Ortiz as he does. She sighs, giving a nod...]

RO: ...and STILL undefeated...

[The crowd jeers as the Hotshot nods proudly.]

RO: ...MAAAAAAAAAAX MAAAAAAAAAAGNUM!

[Stevie Scott steps closer to his charge, holding his arms up as well shouting "THAT'S RIGHT! STILL UNDEFEATED! STILL THE BEST! STILL THE BADDEST MAN WALKING GOD'S GREEN!"]

SA: Stevie Scott letting the world know that his man, Max Magnum, is still undefeated... and Colt, as each victory gets notched in his win column...

[Magnum looks out on the jeering crowd as Stevie Scott continues to hype him up off-mic. The referee kneels down next to the laid out DeVille, checking the physical condition of the rookie...]

SA: Damian DeVille put up a heck of a fight... lasting a little over ten minutes in there with the Alpha Beast which is more than I think any of us expected... even Max Magnum...

CP: Give him his participation trophy and send him on his way, Albano. Yeah, he fought hard... yeah, he did better than we thought... but he still lost. He still lost.

[Magnum walks towards the ropes, stepping through to the apron as Stevie Scott points to him, clapping proudly as he shouts into the camera...]

"WE'RE COMING TO LA! WE'RE COMING TO MEMORIAL DAY MAYHEM!"

SA: Well, whatever Interim President Zharkov promised Stevie Scott and Max Magnum for taking this match seems to have the Hotshot pretty pleased.

CP: What could it be, Sal?

SA: I have no idea but I'm sure we'll find out soon enough as-

[A strained voice cuts off Albano mid-sentence.]

"HEY!"

SA: -we get closer to May 28th in Los Angeles, California where-

"HEY!"

[Sal goes silent this time as we see that Damian DeVille has dragged himself across the mat towards the timekeeper's table where he's asked for and received a house microphone.]

DD: Max... Magnum...

[We cut to the aisle where Magnum has come to a halt at the sound of his name, turning to look back with a puzzled expression.]

DD: ...I... came... close.

[DeVile exhales hard, breathing heavily as the crowd cheers and Magnum shakes his head. Stevie Scott is visibly laughing, throwing a look at his Alpha Beast and shouting off-mic "YOU BEAT HIM SO BAD, HE'S DELUSIONAL, MAX!"]

DD: Real... close.

[The crowd cheers again as DeVile struggles to get the words out. Stevie Scott laughs again, shaking his head and gesturing for Magnum to leave with him but Magnum holds up a hand, watching as DeVile raises the mic again.]

DD: I... want...

[There's a pregnant pause as Magnum waits for DeVile to gather himself enough to speak.]

DD: ...a rematch!

[The crowd ROARS as Magnum's jaw drops.]

SA: Did... did I just hear that right?! Did Damian DeVile just ask for a rematch against the Modern Day Man of Steel?!

CP: You heard it right... and Sal, I gotta say... the kid may be crazier than Norman Bates but I kinda like it!

SA: What courage on the part of DeVile to take a beating at the hands of Max Magnum and say "thank you, sir... may I have another!" Damian DeVile wants a rematch... and I think I want to see it too! Fans, we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling action!

[The crowd is cheering loudly as Magnum throws a dismissive wave at the ring, stomping angrily back up the ramp as we fade to black...

...and then fade from the pre-recorded footage to live action where Megumi Sato has taken center ring.]

MS: The following contest here on Showtime 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 SEEEEEEEEEEEEEED"...

DAAAAAAAAAMIAAAAAAAAAAAAAAN...

...DEVILLE!

DEUS

[DeVille steps out from behind the curtain and onto the entrance stage, 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.]

BW: Here comes the King of the Curtain Jerkers.

LD: What is your problem with this kid, Ben?

BW: Just telling it like it is, Lori. DeVille is great when it comes to taking out meatballs like Slovenly McGraw here, but he's repeatedly been found wanting when he has any level of real competition.

LD: I disagree! He's put up very good showings for himself against the likes of Jordan Ohara and even against Magnum before the dominant finish that we just saw.

BW: But who cashed the winner's check those nights? Good efforts are all well and good when you're looking at mediocrity but if you want to be the baddest thang runnin', you're going to need more than a good try and an "attaboy."

[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 Louisville, Kentucky, and weighing in at 224 pounds... Johnny Rassler!

[Despite his name, Rassler doesn't even vaguely resemble one. Scrawny and meek, his ill-fitting gear hangs loosely on his unimpressive frame. Sweat is already beading on his brow, and dread is etched across his face as he realizes his imminent fate.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[DeVille comes out aggressive, backing Rassler into the corner with a furious barrage of kicks and knees to the midsection.]

LD: DeVille wasting no time tonight. Rassler is trying to cover up but the kid is relentless!

[Another stiff kick rocks Rassler and DeVille follows up with more brutal knees as the referee shouts for DeVille to let his overmatched opponent out of the corner to no avail.]

BW: Rassler is trapped, eating shoe leather like there's no tomorrow!

[The onslaught from DeVille continues as the crowd starts to get behind the former black metal star and kickboxing phenom.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

BW: DeVille's laying in those kicks in with sickening impact!

LD: Left kick after right knee, just battering poor Johnny Rassler into the corner. He's got nowhere to go and nowhere to hide from this onslaught!

BW: I wish I could hide so I wouldn't have to witness this exhibition.

LD: I don't get it, Ben. You seem enthralled with this young man but yet...

BW: But yet, I recognize it's one thing to do this with a guy who has gotta get out of here because he's working the gun counter late shift at Wal-Mart tonight and quite another to do it against Max friggin' Magnum, Dane.

[DeVille whips his opponent across the ring... who bounces off the ropes... AND GETS LEVELED BY A MASSIVE RUNNING KNEE STRIKE!!!]

LD: OHHHHHHHH! HIS FACE JUST EXPLODED ON IMPACT!

BW: And it wasn't a great face to begin with!

[DeVille sneers at the downed Rassler, taking a knee center ring as the fans buzz over the ferocity of the blow. He slowly rises to his feet, giving the crowd a surveying glance before turning back to his barely-moving opponent.]

LD: Damian DeVille may have not won his match against the Alpha Beast last weekend but he's certainly starting to win over the AWA fans with his gritty performances as of late. This kid's got potential and the AWA Galaxy recognizes it.

BW: Look at this, Dane... Rassler's barely conscious as DeVille pulls him up again...

[The crowd groans as DeVille lands another brutal kneestrike to the head.]

BW: ...this is just a vulgar display of power at this point.

LD: Nice. And I'm thinking referee Koji Sakai needs to give this a look. He may need to put an end to this because Rassler looks like he can't even defend himself as DeVille...

[The martial artist steadies the most-definitely-unsteady Rassler before fashing to the ropes, launching himself into the air as Rassler sinks to a knee...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: THE OMEN ON TARGET!

[...and DeVille's knee connects flush with Rassler's jaw! The impact is sickening, and Rassler crumples to the canvas, unconscious.]

BW: Now THAT will win you some matches no matter who your opponent is, Dane.

LD: Lackadaisical cover by the Bad Seed but that's all he needs at this point...

[DeVille simply kneels, placing a palm on Rassler's chest.]

LD: ...for the one... two... three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[DeVille doesn't even celebrate, he just drops to his back, rolling from the ring stoically after having made short work of his outmatched opponent.]

BW: DeVille picking up an easy W tonight, but having seen how he's fared against more experienced competitors, it could just be that the kid has found his level here in AWA.

LD: I don't know about that. We can still count Damian DeVille's career matches on one hand, and even in defeat he's displayed extraordinary guts and limitless potential.

BW: Levels, Lori. Levels. He's just beaten a guy who could be sued for misrepresentation unless he changes his name!

LD: Enough! Let's hear from the kid now, as he joins our ol' pal, Sweet Daddy Williams!

BW: He's no pal of mine!

[We cut to the interview podium, where "The Bad Seed" is standing with Sweet Daddy.]

SDW: You got it, Miss Dane if you're nasty... and Waterson, you're just lucky I let you sit over there without comin' 'round and slappin' the flappin' lips off your face...

[The crowd cheers the threat as Williams grins, waving an arm.]

SDW: ...and kid, come on in here...

[DeVille arches an eyebrow at being called "kid" as he edges further into frame next to the rotund Showtime co-host.]

SDW: Welcome back to Showtime, baby... and it's good to see you pickin' up the win there... and now showin' any problems after the beatdown you got yourself last weekend at the hands of-

[DeVille holds up a single finger to his lips.]

DD: Hush. Just... hush.

[Sweet Daddy smirks at the kid's boldness, raising an eyebrow.]

DD: Max.

[He smirks.]

DD: Max, Max, Max. I know you're out there listening, basking in your so-called "glory" after our last match.

You may have gotten the win. Congratulations. But we're not done, my friend.

I'M... not done.

[The crowd cheers the bold DeVille.]

DD: You're a big dude. No denying. But you're slow.

[Williams interjects.]

SDW: Magnum may be a lotta things, kid, but slow he ain't! He's-

[DeVile interrupts again.]

DD: I'm younger than Max Magnum. I'm faster than Max Magnum. And I have more raw talent in my pinky...

[Williams' jaw drops, shaking his head.]

SDW: I like the confidence, kid, but do you know what you're saying?! It's MAX MAGNUM! He's undefeated! He's a former collegiate star! Some might say he's the best to ever come out of the Corner! This guy's got future World Champion written all over him and-

[DeVile interrupts once more.]

SDW: And he's a coward.

[The crowd "oooohs" as Williams' eyes go wide.]

DD: I told him... I told the WORLD I wanted a rematch... and Zharkov back there says we've got no answer.

[DeVile glares into the camera, pointing a finger.]

DD: A coward.

I'm going to give you one last chance to answer me, so I can prove once and for all that I belong here. And then when I'm done with you, you can crawl back to wherever you come from and lick your wounds. Because after I chop you down, there won't be any more doubts about... levels.

[DeVile turns an eye towards the announce desk before walking out of sight, leaving Sweet Daddy Williams to shake his head.]

SDW: The kid's got some brass ones, baby... but I gotta think he's bitin' off more than ANYONE can chew. Let's go backstage where the Superstar's got himself some people to talk to!

[We fade to the backstage area where we find "Superstar" Steve Rogers standing between the two members of the team known as Aces In The Hole - David Layton on Rogers' right and Billy Givens on his left. Both are dressed for ring action.]

SSR: A bold statement made by Damian DeVile there... and gentlemen, you're ready to make a bold statement of your own here tonight when you get in the ring and... when you compete against Generation Lost.

[Givens nods.]

BG: You got it right, Superstar! It's a big night for the Aces In The Hole right here in Hotlanta and we can't wait to get out there and get it going.

SSR: The American Idols are no pushovers though.

BG: That's true. And we wouldn't have it any other way, Superstar. They say that iron sharpens iron and the only way that me and Davey Boy are gettin' up that ladder of contention to the point where we can get in there and scrap with teams like Next Gen is to face the best. And tonight, that's the Idols.

[Rogers looks over towards Layton who stares straight ahead. A few moments pass before Rogers turns back to a shrugging Givens.]

BG: He may not say much but he's got it where it counts, Superstar... and believe me, when he gets in that ring, that's all anyone will need to hear from him when he's tossing Wallace boys one way and then the other.

[Rogers raises a finger.]

SSR: That might be true, Mr. Cowboy Casanova... but there has to be some concern about the Idols' new allies. It was just two weeks ago that we saw them join forces with Justin Gaines and Jayden Jericho as Generation Lost... and just a week ago now that we saw them brutally beat down former National Champion Hannibal Carver. Are you worried about Gaines and Jericho?

[Gives shakes his head.]

BG: We're lookin' for a straight up tag team match, no doubt... but if Gaines and Jericho decide to get involved, just know we're gonna be ready for them too, Superstar.

[Rogers turns to look at Layton again.]

SSR: Is he going to say ANYTHING?

BG: Hey, big man... tell 'em what's on your mind.

[Layton nods, leaning over the mic awkwardly.]

DL: Victory.

[And with that, he strides away out of sight as a chuckling Givens steers the mic back towards him.]

BG: Couldn't have said it any better myself, partner.

[The Aces In The Hole exit as Steve Rogers remains.]

SSR: "Victory" indeed... but it remains to be seen if those two young men will be holding a Royal Flush when they meet the American Idols later tonight or if Generation Lost will expose them as a lowly pair.

[Rogers looks quite pleased with this play on words...]

SSR: When we return to Showtime, it will be time for more action in the Royal Crown tournament so stick around and... stay with us.

[...and then less so as we fade to black.]

We fade in to a snowy mountain, as we see a woman skiing down the slopes. As she does so, we hear the voice of AWA wrestler - and E-Girl MAX member - "Charm City Cutie" Casey Cash.]

CC: Whether it's conquering the most dangerous of terrains...

[The woman comes to a stop in front of the camera, removing her protective helmet. A name graphic identifies her... 2010 Olympic Gold Medalist, and Under Armour Athlete Lindsay Vonn.]

LV: I will.

[We cut to a man dodging through much larger competitors on the basketball court, before pulling up behind the three-point line.]

CC: Going up against the fiercest rivals on the hardwood...

[The man first off a shot, which swishes through the net. He turns around, and his name graphic identifies him... it's 2015 and 2017 NBA Champion, and Under Armour Athlete Stephen Curry!]

SC: I will.

[Now we cut to a football field as a man avoids a tackle, scrambling out of the pocket.]

CC: When the game is on the line, and the pressure is on?

[He throws a pass, hitting his teammate in the end zone. In celebration, he takes off his helmet, looking at the camera. His name graphic shows that it's multi-time Super Bowl Champion, and of course, Under Armour Athlete Tom Brady.]

TB: I will.

[We now cut to a wrestling ring, where two women can be seen dominating their opponents.]

CC: When you need to prove that you are a champion?

[We see the women holding up their glittering gold belts, showing them off to the camera, and their name graphic identifies them... AWA Women's World Tag Team Champions and Under Armour Athletes Harley Hamilton and Cinder!]

HH/C [together]: I will!

[We cut to all five performing incredible feats of athleticism in rapid succession.]

CC: There's only one brand you can trust to have your back.

[And now, all five are facing the camera at their location, with their voices in sync.]

"Under Armour - I Will."

[The screen displays an Under Armour logo, then fades...

...and we return backstage at Center Stage Studios, where "Superstar" Steve Rogers is standing by with "Her Majesty's Might" Rory Smythe, who is dressed in a sleeveless black ring robe with silver trim. Smythe's demeanor is calm, but the set, tense jaw, and the shifting from one foot to the other, belies his restlessness.]

SSR: And return to Atlanta we have here on Showtime where I am joined by a man who - as promised - is moments away from competing for the right to be a part of the Royal Crown Finals in his hometown of London, England in just about a month's time. Rory Smythe, we've heard your reasons for why you should be a part of this tournament and we know you're determined and hungry to make your mark - not just at The Battle of London and as part of this tournament - but in the AWA at

whole... but how do you prepare for a match against an opponent who has truly been on a roll as of late in Tony Donovan?

[Smythe smirks.]

RS: On a roll? You're right, Steve. Good ol' Tony's been on a roll recently here in the AWA. Whether it's as a team with Wes Taylor or winning the Alphonse Green Invitational Battle Royal at the Tenth Anniversary Show...

[Smythe raises a hand, stage whispering.]

RS: ...and I hear he's even got a legend like Tiger Claw in his ear and on his side...

[Smythe lowers the hand, shaking his head.]

RS: Well, you might not have been here when it was a thing, but you remember Sonovan, don't you, Steve?

SSR: Well, I-

RS: [Interrupting.] Of course you don't! Nobody does, because it was never a thing beyond the youthful fancy of ol' Tony!

The truth is I've already won!

I have the girl, Tony, proving I am, by all means and purposes, THE. BETTER. MAN. You get the hard lessons from your master... I get to go home to the sweet, loving arms of one of the most beautiful women in all of wrestling!

[Smythe nods his head confidently.]

RS: Tonight, Tony, it's not personal. It's not spiritual, nor is it emotional. Tonight, it's purely physical, and by that measure, there won't be any two ways about it... There won't be any overcoming of "Her Majesty's Might."

Tonight, I put down the son of Robert for the three count and punch my ticket to the Finals of the Royal Crown tournament.

London's a-calling, Steve, and who am I to resist that call?

[With a confident shrug, and a smug hint of a smile, Rory Smythe steps out of shot.]

SR: Rory Smythe there, as confident as ever, but he'll have to prove in the ring - in mere moments - whether or not he has what it takes to slow down the momentum of one Tony Donovan.

[We cut back to the ring at Center Stage where ring announcer Megumi Sato is standing by.]

MS: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit, and it is a first round match for the Royal Crown Tournament!

Introducing first...

[The arena is plunged in darkness. A single spotlight shines down upon the stage, casting a sharp circle of light on the backdrop, as the horns introducing Garbage's "The World is Not Enough" starts to play. Rory Smythe, comes striding through the entranceway. He has golden tanned skin, hazel eyes and wavy, dark brown hair,

closely-cropped around the sides and back. His muscular physique fills his sleeveless black, with silver trim, ring robe.]

MS: ...he hails from Chelsea, London, England... and weighs in at 265 pounds...

HER MAJESTY'S MIIIIIIIIIGHT!

RORRRRRRRRRYYYYYYYYY SMYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYTHE!

I KNOW HOW TO HURT

I KNOW HOW TO HEAL

I KNOW WHAT TO SHOW AND WHAT TO CONCEAL

[As he makes his way down the aisle, Smythe appears to ignore the crowd, focused instead on the ring and the task ahead.]

LD: Rory Smythe heading down the aisle... but conspicuous by her absence, Ben, is one Xenia Sonova.

BW: Rory doesn't want her anywhere near Tony Donovan. He knows their history and how Donovan can't keep his hands to himself around her. Better for her to stay in the back, if she's even here tonight, and await his triumphant return.

LD: One would think, Ben, given the likelihood of Donovan having Tiger Claw in his corner here tonight, Smythe would want someone to neutralize that advantage.

BW: And how exactly do you think Xenia Sonova is going to neutralize Tiger Claw, Lori?

LD: Sonova's a skilled competitor in her own right, Ben. I'm sure she's got plenty of weapons to keep Claw guessing.

[Reaching the ring, Smythe climbs the steps, onto the ring apron, wiping the soles of his boots on the canvas before stepping into the ring. He undoes the belt of his robe and shrugs it off, to reveal his bare torso and his ring attire of a plain pair of black trunks and matching knee pads and boots. As the music fades, Smythe grabs hold of the top rope and does some final stretches, as he awaits the arrival of his opponent.]

MS: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The crowd buzzes in confusion at the sound of "Enemy" by Sevendust playing over the PA system.]

LD: Huh.

BW: What's this now?

LD: This is Tony Donovan's old entrance music... the music he used before his team with Wes Taylor took off. An interesting decision there and perhaps some insight to the recent rocky relationship between the former tag team champions.

BW: Quit trying to cause drama where there isn't any, Dane. Taylor and Donovan are fine.

LD: I feel like we've heard that before.

BW: As soon as Taylor gets on the right page and takes on Tiger Claw as his manager, they'll be a whole lot better but they're fine.

[Sato's voice continues.]

MS: Fighting out of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania... weighing in at 260 pounds... being accompanied down the aisle by Tiger Claw...

[The boos pick up a bit at Claw's name, briefly drowning out any cheers for the former tag team champion.]

MS: ...TOOOOOOOOONYYYYYYYYYYY DONNNNNNNNNNOOOOOVAAAAAN!

[Donovan comes jogging out the entranceway, pausing at the top of the staircase with both arms in the air. Tiger Claw strikes a pose behind him, his arms crossed across his chest as he looks out over the Center Stage crowd. Donovan is dressed as we saw him earlier, a blue and white track jacket hiding the double-strapped single underneath. Black boots and red kneepads round out the attire as Donovan pumps his fists and stars down the stairs towards the ring.]

LD: Tony Donovan heading down to the ring, Tiger Claw right behind him as promised... and as also promised, no Wes Taylor who - from what I understand - isn't even in the building tonight.

BW: And you heard why too. Tony Donovan asked him not to come. He wants to do this on his own.

LD: With Tiger Claw.

BW: Why... stop it! Stop trying to sow discord!

[Reaching ringside, Donovan runs up the ringsteps, turning to face the crowd that is solidly mixed on their reaction. He tugs off his track jacket, tossing it to a ringside attendant before stepping through the ropes.]

LD: Tony Donovan called this the biggest singles match of his young career and it would be hard to deny that, Ben.

BW: The 24 year old third generation star is looking to be the breakout star of this tournament, Dane... and a win tonight makes him the first one into the men's Royal Crown final... thanks to that chaotic scene with Paris Crawford and Raphael Rhodes earlier.

LD: We still don't know what's going to happen there. All we know is that Crawford and Rhodes are out of the tournament... and Tony Donovan's got a chance to make a big splash by being the first one into the Finals right about now.

BW: It's a big night for Rory Smythe too, Dane. You know he's been dreaming of winning that Royal Crown in his home country... right there in the O2 Arena at the Battle of London. But he's gotta get through Tony Donovan first.

[Donovan adjusts the straps on his singles, listening intently as Tiger Claw gives him advice from the corner. He nods as the music fades, waiting for the official to...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: The bell sounds and this first round Royal Crown battle is underway - and just like the rest, it's got a twenty minute time limit which - at times - has seemed barely enough to contain this tournament. Let's see if these two are any different.

BW: The first thing that strikes me, Dane, is how similar they are in size... Smythe giving up about an inch of height and maybe five pounds of weight...

LD: Similar in size but not shape as Smythe is ripped to the gills.

BW: You a body gal, Dane? Paging through Muscle and Fitness?

LD: I can appreciate a nice physique... on both the men and the women of the AWA.

BW: The Internet just exploded.

[The similar size is further spotlighted when Smythe and Donovan come together in a mid-ring collar and elbow.]

LD: They lock up and we're off and running here on Showtime for this first round matchup... both men trying to get an early edge... and like you said, they're very similar in size...

[The crowd "ooooohs" as Smythe lets loose a shout and shoves Donovan down to the mat...]

BW: But like you said, Donovan's in good shape but he ain't ripped like Smythe is. Smythe just tossed him down with ease and it's easy to see why they call him Her Majesty's Might.

LD: The 27 year old Smythe has been looking to make an impact here in the AWA for quite some time - falling a bit short in a couple of tag teams and factions but this is a big opportunity for him... showing off the guns now.

BW: Pardon you, Dane... those "guns" are Her Majesty's arsenal! This is a two gun salute!

[Smythe smirks as Donovan gets up off the mat, Claw nearby to talk to him the whole time he's on the rise. Donovan gives another nod as Smythe approaches, lunging into a second tieup...]

...but Donovan swiftly and smoothly exits the lockup, twisting around to snare a waistlock on Smythe...]

LD: Donovan slips out, into the grapple...

[...and with a mighty lift, Donovan twists Smythe around, throwing him down onto all fours to a big cheer from the crowd!]

LD: ...and what a takedown by Donovan!

BW: You know, we've gotten so used to seeing the brawling side of Tony Donovan the last couple of years, you kinda forget how accomplished he is on the mat as well. Team Supreme didn't just let in a bunch of nine to fivers, Dane. This guy trained at the foot of Supreme Wright... and now he's right there with Tiger Claw?! You can't ask for a better pedigree than that!

LD: He's also the son of Robert Donovan.

BW: Everyone's got their flaws.

LD: Robert Donovan, of course, is just one week away from challenging the National Champion Jordan Ohara for that National Title in a three way match including Sid Osborne. I'm sure Tony will be watching his father go for the gold with pride next weekend in Kansas City.

[As Smythe gets up off the mat, Donovan flashes a less impressive double bicep pose at him... and then adds a middle finger to the mix.]

LD: Aha... well, I suppose that's a one gun salute.

[The crowd cheers the gesture as Claw smirks, nodding approvingly on the outside.]

LD: Tiger Claw looking on... and he says he's not the manager of Tony Donovan... yet. An ominous description of their relationship.

BW: Hey, Claw's made no secret of the fact that he wants to be the manager... advisor... whatever gimmick you wanna put on it...

LD: Agent To The Stars perhaps?

BW: There's only one Agent To The Stars, sister, and not even Tiger Claw's got that business card.

[With both men back on their feet, a third tieup is immediately engaged, Donovan slipping out into the waistlock again... but this time, Smythe is ready for it, swinging an elbow back on the jaw!]

LD: Smythe elbows out... you talk about the training background of Tony Donovan... Smythe to the ropes now...

[But Donovan chases in after him, connecting with a clothesline that flips Her Majesty's Might over the top rope, dumping him out on the floor to more cheers from the crowd!]

LD: ...ohhh, and Smythe takes a fall to the outside! I was just about to mention the training background of Rory Smythe, being trained for the ring by "Prince" Colin Hayden - another British wrestling legend. Smythe actually debuted in United Kingdom Grappling in December of 2010 after he began his ring training at the age of 20.

[Donovan drops to the mat, rolling out after Smythe who is trying to get up on his feet on the outside...]

LD: Donovan pulling him up... now picking him up as well!

[...where Donovan presses him slightly up into the air, dropping him facefirst across the ring apron to "oooooohs" from the crowd!]

LD: Another hard landing there by Smythe, his face smashing into the apron...

BW: Gee, I hope Xenia's not watching. She might've fainted at the sight of his face getting abused like that.

LD: Oh, I'm sure she's watching. She's taken a vested interest in Smythe's future success after stepping away from her own in-ring career for the moment.

[Smythe grabs at his face, wailing in agony... potentially overly so as Donovan shoves him back into the ring. Smythe is flailing about on the mat, clutching at his face...]

LD: What is he doing?

BW: He might be hurt badly! And even if he isn't, you can hear a nation full of British women weeping right now!

LD: I don't-

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd jeers as Donovan is stepping through the ropes when Smythe swings a foot up, catching the bottom of the middle rope, kicking it into the groin of Donovan!]

LD: OH! LOW BLOW BY SMYTHE!

BW: Totally accidental! Completely inadvertent!

LD: You've gotta be kidding me, Ben! He kicked the rope right into his-

BW: I saw! But I also saw that he was flailing about in so much pain, he couldn't POSSIBLY have known what he'd done!

[The referee is shouting at Smythe for the potentially illegal blow as Smythe pleads innocence. Claw glares up at Smythe, shouting at the official for the illegal actions.]

LD: Tiger Claw giving referee Scott Ezra an earful as well... Claw telling him it was a low blow.

[Back on his feet miraculously cured, Smythe vicious stomps down on the sternum of Donovan once... twice... three times...]

LD: Right over by the ropes, working him over... look at this now...

[...and then steps up on the middle rope, springing up to drop a knee down into the chest of Donovan to groans from the AWA faithful!]

LD: Smythe laying in some hard blows there and Donovan's in trouble a few minutes into this one... one fall, winner moving on to the Royal Crown finals at The Battle of London...

[Smythe grabs a handful of singlet, dragging Donovan to his feet where he pastes him with a wicked forearm shot to the jaw, sending Donovan falling back into the corner where Claw quickly positions himself, muttering quietly to his associate.]

LD: ...and Smythe puts him back in the corner... another forearm rings the bell of Donovan...

[Grabbing the back of the head, Smythe tees off with a pair of European uppercuts, snapping Donovan's head back...]

LD: ...Donovan's in trouble, the referee calling for a break!

[...and Smythe abides by the referee's orders, backing off with his arms raised, moving all the way back across the opposite corner...]

LD: Smythe with a break there... a little surprising but-

BW: Not for long!

[...and then barrels back across to land a running European uppercut, snapping the head back and causing Donovan to lose his footing, collapsing down into a seated position in the corner.]

LD: Smythe lowers the boom on Donovan and... choking him now! The boot right across the throat, hanging onto the ropes for leverage!

[A four count lands before Smythe backs off again, leaving Donovan down and coughing on the canvas.]

LD: Smythe showing a bit more of a killer instinct than we've seen of him during his time in the British Bashers... or even at the side of Callum Mahoney. I wonder how much of that is the influence of Xenia Sonova.

[Grabbing the arm, Smythe hauls Donovan to his feet with ease, tossing him across the ring with a mighty whip...]

LD: Donovan hits HARD in the corner, hanging onto the ropes though...

[...and then charges in after him, extending his arm...]

LD: Clothesli- BOOT UP!

[...but even as Donovan raises his boot, Smythe pulls up short, catching the foot. He holds it for a moment, a grin on his face as the crowd watches to see Donovan's fate...]

LD: Smythe caught it! He countered the counter and-

[...and then swings the leg down, throwing Donovan off-balance as Smythe surges forward, connecting with a clothesline in the corner!]

LD: -OOOOH! SMYTHE GOT ALL OF THAT! DONOVAN IS STUNNED!

[Dragging Donovan out of the corner, Smythe pulls him into a front facelock, slinging Donovan's arm over his neck...]

BW: And we're about to see Her Majesty's Might on display!

[...and lifts Donovan into the air, holding him straight up and down with almost zero motion from neither him nor Donovan!]

BW: Look at the power, Dane! Soak it all in!

LD: Holding him up in that suplex, making him think about it...

BW: Get out your cameras, people. Take your time though. He'll wait!

[You can hear a smattering of fans counting as Smythe continues to hold... and hold... and hold...]

LD: This is truly impressive, Ben.

BW: When you're the Queen's secret weapon, there's no room to be anything less than that!

[...and finally drops back, rattling the spine of Donovan as it smashes down on the canvas!]

LD: What a suplex! And Smythe rolls right into a cover!

[Ezra slaps the mat once... and twice...]

LD: Donovan gets the shoulder up at two after one heck of an impressive display of strength on the part of Rory Smythe.

[Smythe pushes up to a knee, flexing one arm for the crowd for a few moments before climbing the rest of the way to his feet.]

LD: Smythe may not be done showing off that power, Ben... pulling Donovan back up... you can see concern on the face of Tiger Claw here.

BW: It's rare to see concern on the face of the guy who people once called the most dangerous man in professional wrestling.

LD: Hey, I was in Los Angeles seeing him earn that nickname week after week...

BW: Oh, I'd never say it wasn't earned. I value my health too much for that and I think even retired... semi-retired... whatever he is these days, Tiger Claw would still whoop my ass, Dane.

LD: There's one thing we agree on.

[Back on his feet, Donovan quickly finds himself lifted off the mat again...

...and then pressed overhead by the powerful Smythe!]

LD: Military press! Sending Donovan towards the rafters here in Center Stage!

[Claw shouts "NOW! NOW!" into the ring, sending Donovan into a fit of wiggling and wriggling, managing to escape the grip of Smythe, landing on his feet behind him!]

LD: Donovan gets loose! To the ropes now and-

[But as Donovan rebounds, Smythe lifts him into the air, pivoting with him...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: SPINE MEETS THE PINE! THE SPINEBUSTER TAKES 'IM DOWN!

[Smythe swings his arms across his torso!]

LD: Smythe says it's over! Makes the cover, hooks the leg! ONNNNNNE!
TWOOOOO! HE'S GOT- NO! NO! Donovan slips out at two again!

[The crowd cheers Donovan's survival to keep on fighting as Smythe angrily slams a hand down into the mat, quickly getting to his feet...

...and gets right up into the official's face, forcing him back across the ring to jeers from the crowd!]

LD: Smythe better be careful, Ben. A DQ sends you packing from this tournament as well as a pinfall or submission does.

BW: Absolutely. You can't put your hands on an AWA official and get away with it so Smythe needs to ignore the close call and focus on how he's gonna turn that two count into a three.

[With Ezra cornered and Smythe shouting, Donovan grabs hold of the ropes, trying to regain his footing as Tiger Claw is again right there talking to him the whole time.]

BW: You gotta be impressed by Claw as a cornerman too. He's constantly on the move, getting into the right place to tell his charge what to do next... what to look for... did you hear him call out "NOW" on that press slam attempt? If Taylor and Donovan don't sign on the dotted line with Tiger Claw, they're bigger fools than that Max Magnum jerk who left me stranded in Texas!

LD: He seems to be doing pretty well for himself.

BW: For now, Dane. For now.

[Smythe angrily turns away from the official, stomping across the ring towards the rising Donovan...

...and then KICKS the bottom rope near Tiger Claw with a sneer!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: That might not be the best idea, Rory.

[Claw glares up at Smythe.]

LD: What about Smythe? You think Claw could still whoop him?

BW: Until proven otherwise, I'm not sure there's ANYONE that Tiger Claw couldn't still whoop.

[Smythe shouts down at Claw who glares silently at him as some members of the crowd erupt in a sing-songy "CLAAAAAAW'S GONNA KILLLLLL YOU!" chant. Claw's eyes twinkle at the chant as Smythe backs away, pulling Donovan with him...]

LD: Yeah, I'd get away from Claw in a hurry too, Smythe.

BW: Stay on your opponent.

LD: Smythe looking for a suplex...

[But as he attempts a back suplex, Donovan flips out over the top, landing on his feet behind him and throwing himself forward, jamming his shoulder into the back of Smythe's knee!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: ...HE CLIPPED THE KNEE! DONOVAN ESCAPED THE SUPLEX AND CLIPPED THE KNEE!

[Smythe hits the mat, shouting out in pain as he grabs at his leg...

...which Donovan snatches away from him, dropping an elbow down into the knee joint once... twice... and three times!]

LD: Donovan gunning for the knee now, going right after it!

BW: We saw Donovan use his old finish - the Gnaw Bone Clutch - recently... could that be what he has in mind here tonight?

[On his feet, Donovan pins the ankle to the mat before STOMPING the knee once... twice... three times...]

LD: Donovan going right after the leg, wasting no time in doing a number on it... and now it's Smythe crawling for the ropes, trying to create some space between he and Donovan who suddenly has a fresh opportunity to make his own way to London and the Royal Crown finals! One of these two men will be the first to make the Finals and we may be moments away from finding out whom!

[Claw slaps the mat, getting Donovan's attention as he shouts "STAY ON HIM!" Donovan gives a nod, turning towards the fleeing Smythe who is drawing near the ropes.]

LD: Claw giving more instructions, telling Donovan to stay on his opponent...

BW: Which may seem like simple advice but in the heat of battle when you're tired and hurting and adrenaline is rushing through your body, sometimes your brain gets a little mushy and you need that assist for the obvious things.

[Donovan approaches Smythe from the blind side as Her Majesty's Might uses the ropes to get to his feet...]

LD: From behind!

[...and grabs him by the leg, folding it up before lifting Smythe into the air, bringing his leg down across a bent knee!]

LD: SHINBREAKER...

[The bounce off the shinbreaker sends Smythe back up, Donovan dropping him with a suplex...]

LD: ...and a BACK SUPLEX ROUNDS OUT THE COMBO!

[Donovan floats over, slapping down into a lateral press on Smythe!]

LD: He's got one! He's got two! He's got- nooooo! Smythe kicks out at two!

[Donovan rolls into a seated position, burying his head in his hands on the two count, shaking his head a few times as the crowd buzzes over the near fall.]

LD: Donovan thought he had-

"TEN MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

LD: We're halfway through the twenty minute time limit... and that call of the time remaining gets Donovan back up on his feet, looking to finish him off...

[Donovan backs away, waving an arm to call Smythe back to his feet...]

LD: Donovan with some distance between he and Smythe now, he wants him back up but for what? What's next in the gameplan of the former tag team champion looking to make a big impression in what he calls the biggest singles match of his career right now?

BW: Smythe's struggling to get up and that might be a good thing, Dane. Based on where he's standing and the position he's in, I think Donovan's looking for that leaping superkick...

LD: The Team Supreme Special?!

BW: He's bringing out the classics tonight!

[Donovan slaps his leg, leaning over a bit as Smythe starts to stir..

...which is when the crowd starts booing loudly!]

BW: Hey Dane, hang a left - check it out!

LD: Oh, you just knew she'd be here at some point!

[The boos are loud and proud as Xenia Sonova saunters out onto the entrance stage, looking up at the ring where Tony Donovan has abandoned whatever attack he was preparing for, glaring up at Sonova...]

BW: Ain't no love lost here, Dane!

LD: What appeared to be a promising relationship a little over a year ago has soured and-

BW: Sonova's got a man. Dane!

LD: What's her man got to do with me?!

BW: Albano just popped in his living room... but right now, the only thing that's gonna pop in Atlanta is Tony Donovan's head as he sees his former crush up on the stage!

[Claw is bellowing angrily at Donovan now, trying to get his focus back on the match...

...and on the rising Rory Smythe.]

LD: Donovan's got his eyes on Sonova, not on Her Majesty's Might who is on his feet and... he's coming from behind!

[Smythe rushes Donovan from the blind side, hooking a waistlock as he shoves Donovan's chest into the ropes, both men bouncing back in a rolling reverse cradle!]

LD: ROLLUP! ROLLUP!

[The referee dives to the mat to count...]

LD: ONNNNNE! TWOOOOO!

[...but Claw is shouting at Donovan again, trying to get him to...]

BW: REVERSED! DONOVAN PULLS HIM OVER!

[...reverse the pinning situation, putting Smythe on his shoulders as the referee counts anew...]

LD: ONNNNNNE!

[...and Donovan snatches two hands full of tights, pulling hard for added leverage!]

LD: HE'S GOT THE TIGHTS! DONOVAN'S GOT THE TIGHTS AND-

BW: HE GOT HIM!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The fans - many of whom are unaware of the pull of the tights - cheer the win for Donovan as he lets go and Smythe kicks him off to the mat.]

LD: Tony Donovan with a well-timed counter...

BW: And an even BETTER timed pull of the tights for leverage!

LD: ...scores the victory, shattering Rory Smythe's London dream. It'll be Tony Donovan heading to The Battle of London as the first man in the Royal Crown finals! And I may not like how he did it, Ben, but it's a big win for Donovan as he looks to make an impact on the singles scene after two reigns as a tag team champion.

[Donovan rolls to the outside, joining Tiger Claw who proudly lifts Donovan's arm, pointing to him...

...and we cut to a dejected-looking Xenia Sonova up on the stage.]

LD: You see Xenia Sonova... that was obviously a plan, Ben.

BW: A plan from the start, I'm sure... and it was a good one. It worked... but Tiger Claw's managerial skills are just a little better and that was the difference maker in this one, Dane.

LD: Sonova's disappointed to be sure... Smythe as well... and if Rory Smythe wants to compete in front of his hometown fans in London, he gonna have to find another way to get on The Battle of London lineup.

[Claw and Donovan make their way up the stairs, Donovan pausing to glare at Sonova who refuses to make eye contact with him as the fans continue to cheer the victory.]

LD: Fans, Tony Donovan is headed to London and we're headed to our next commercial break but when we come back, it'll be another man hoping to head across the pond in a few weeks' time, Joe Flint, in action!

[We fade to black as Smythe gets up off the mat, kicking the ropes in frustration...

...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.

We fade back up to the backstage area, where we see the back of a man wearing a black tailored suit. He appears to be placing a large piece of paper to the wall with adhesive tape. He's approached by Sweet Lou Blackwell, who has a mixture of confusion and concern on his face.]

SLB: We're back here live on Showtime and... Porter Crowley--

[Just then the man turns to face Blackwell, revealing, indeed, the scarred face of Porter Crowley. As has become customary as of late, he begins singing.]

PC: Where oh where has my little dog gone...

[Crowley steps back, revealing what he's taped to the wall. On a large white poster board, is a picture of The Lost Boy. Above the photo is "LOST DOG" in large letters. Beneath it in slightly smaller letters reads:

"Last seen somewhere around here. Sometimes you take some time to admire yourself in a mirror and suddenly everyone leaves. Answers to "Boy", "Hey" and "Oh God please no". Please contact the Fawcett Family if found."]

SLB: I'd run into Harper earlier... he's lost?

[Crowley blinks.]

PC: Yes.

[Crowley points at the picture.]

PC: This is The Lost Boy.

SLB: Yes, I know that--

PC: You've met before, Lou.

SLB: Right, it's just--

[Crowley shakes his head.]

PC: That isn't important right now. What's important is that he's missing and--

[Crowley's attention is taken by a passing AWA crew member.]

PC: Hey! Have you seen my dog?!

[The crew member's eyes go wide and immediately takes off running.]

PC: I just want to talk to you about dogs!

[Crowley takes off after the escaping crew member, leaving Blackwell as confused as ever.]

SLB: This night us becoming the strangest-- AH!

[The camera pans slightly to the left and to the source of Blackwell's shock.]

"D"HF: Oh, indeed?

[Blackwell lets out a breath and shakes his head, as the sudden appearance of "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett has him reeling. He composes himself, and turns to Fawcett.]

SLB: Fawcett, maybe you can make any of this make sense.

[Fawcett nods, smiling.]

"D"HF: I make it my business to not only know the answers to the questions of the universe...

[Fawcett reaches into his pocket, fishing out a small figurine in the shape of some sort of winged and tentacled creature.]

"D"HF: ... but to have an accompanying trinket. It's no secret that my manor has been passed down through the generations. Big game hunters, all. You have been allowed entry to my home more than anyone...

[Fawcett smirks.]

"D"HF: ... well, anyone that made their way out at the end of their visit.

[Blackwell tugs at his tie, a little uncomfortable with the path this is taking.]

"D"HF: You know very well the sheer amount of trophies, both living and otherwise, that I have collected within those walls. The knowledge I've gleaned from a lifetime of hunts and safaris. So anything you need to know, by all means just ask.

[Fawcett turns to the poster.]

"D"HF: Unless you mean this poster and not why the residents of a small New England town have recently gone missing?

[Blackwell nods his head in exasperation.]

SLB: Yes! Where is The Lost Boy and why has it sent your Family into such a tailspin?

[Fawcett tucks the figuring back into his pocket before nodding sadly.]

"D"HF: Ah, of course. Yes, a very tragic bit of business. We always do our best to keep the Boy entertained and under our watch...

[Fawcett shrugs.]

"D"HF: ...but boys will be boys.

[Blackwell groans.]

"D"HF: As far as my Family... well, it's always upsetting when man's best friend goes missing. In our case, that colloquialism is one hundred percent accurate. In years past, some might remember that a black cloth was placed over half of Porter's face to keep him at ease about his appearance. Nowadays, we've weaned him off the need for such shame at looking different from others. A large part of that...

[Fawcett nods.]

"D"HF" ...is The Lost Boy. Call the Boy a security blanket, call him an emotional support animal, but in the end he's vital to Crowley's mental state.

SLB: Well, certainly nobody wants-- wait. Did you say a small New England town--

"D"HF: There's no time for that! The hunt is afoot!

[Fawcett walks away, leaving a completely befuddled Sweet Lou Blackwell...

...and we fade back to our interview platform where we see one of the LOST DOG posters hanging.]

MW: The hunt is on backstage... and...

[She gestures to the poster.]

MW: ...everywhere actually for the Lost Boy. I sure hope they find him alright, Sweet Daddy.

[Sweet Daddy Williams shakes his head.]

SDW: As someone who's tussled a time or two with that rabid dog, I just hope someone keeps him away from the paying public, ya hear?

[Mariah grins.]

MW: Yes, I do... fans, before we went to break, we saw Tony Donovan score the first spot in the men's Royal Crown finals... joining Lauryn Rage, Michelle Bailey, and Trish Wallace as competitors who've scored their ticket to The Battle of London on April 28th, right here on ESPN. Now, we've got one spot left on the women's side which goes to the winner of Ricki Toughill and Ayako Fujiwara which takes place two weeks from tonight right back here on Showtime.

SDW: Can't wait for that one.

MW: You're not alone in that for sure...

[The crowd cheers to agree.]

MW: ...but the men's side has become a lot more complicated. We know Tony Donovan's in. We know that we'll fill two more spots in the final in two weeks as well when we see Shadoc Rage take on Sid Osborne and Joe Flint take on Smasher Salazar. But earlier tonight, the chaos surrounding the match between Raphael Rhodes and Paris Crawford caused BOTH to be eliminated from the tournament. So, we invited Interim President Zharkov to join us out here right now to talk about what happened and what's next. Mr. Zharkov, welcome to Showtime!

[The crowd cheers as the former National Champion turned interim executive steps into frame with a nod, holding his signature clipboard in hand.]

MZ: It is great pleasure to be here...

[Wolfe grins.]

MW: I'm guessing it wasn't a great pleasure earlier when all that mess with Team Supreme went down with Raphael Rhodes and the Royal Crown and...

[Zharkov raises a hand with a smirk.]

MZ: I was there, Miss Wolfe.

MW: Of course, of course. I guess the question is simple then - what are you going to do about it?

[Zharkov shrugs.]

MZ: It is difficult decision, yes. Referee decision is final as I told Raphael Rhodes and all competitors. I am determined to have four competitors in Finals... no byes.

[Williams interjects.]

SDW: Maybe another match?

[Zharkov nods thoughtfully.]

MZ: On that we agree, Mr. Williams... I am thinking...

[He holds up his hands in a "words on the marquee" gesture.]

MZ: ...Last Chance Battle Royal!

[The crowd cheers that announcement!]

SDW: Sounds good to me, partner!

[Zharkov nods at Williams.]

MZ: And to me. It is done.

[Wolfe grins.]

MW: Alright! A Last Chance Battle Royal it is and we'll have more news to come on that as it develops but right now, let's head up to the ring to see yet another Royal Crown tournament participant in action!

[We fade back to the ring where Mrgumi Sato is getting ready to introduce the competitors for the next match. In the ring already is a tanned man with stringy blonde hair and a shark tooth necklace around his neck. The powder blue towel

slung over his right shoulder matches his powder blue trunks, kneepads, and boots.]

MS: This contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit.

Already in the ring, from Wynnehaven Beach, Florida... weighing 240 pounds...
PARRRRKERRRRR NEWWWWWWWCOMBE!

[Newcombe throws up his left hand with the shaka sign as the crowd politely cheers him on. Suddenly, a loud crackling noise echoes throughout the building.]

MS: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent..

[Newcombe throws his towel towards the crowd, but it's not known if the towel makes it into the fans as the crackling noise slowly fades into a piercing buzz, and a distorted voice starts 'singing'.]

Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrim's pride!
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring!

[The "ring" starts echoing, and it starts resembling an actual ringing sound. Suddenly, the ringing sound fades perfectly into the opening guitar riff by Ted Nugent of the Damn Yankees, as "Don't Tread on Me" by the early 90s super group Nugent played guitar for starts playing over the PA to a loud chorus of boos. The Soldiers of Fortune appear through the curtain, looking miserable as always.]

MS: Accompanied to the ring by his flagbearer Marty Meekly and "Corporal Punishment" Charlie Stephens... from Parris Island, South Carolina.. and weighing in at 281 pounds..

He is a member of the Soldiers of Fortune, and a former AWA World Tag Team Champion...

"CCAAAAPPPPTTTAAAAAIIINNNNN"...

JJJJOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOEEEE...

FFFFLLLLIIIIINNNNNNTTTTTTTTT!

[The boos continue as "Captain" Joe Flint flinches at being reminded that he is a former AWA World Tag Team Champion, but he shakes some sense into himself.]

LD: The veteran, Joe Flint, staring daggers towards the ring as he's thinking about his first round match with Smasher Salazar in the Royal Crown Tournament. The match may be a couple of weeks away, Ben, but The Duke looks ready for a fight right now.

BW: And standing right next to him is Charlie Stephens, his tag team partner... and while I'm sure some part of Corporal Punishment is proud that Flint's in this tournament, we also know that Stephens wants to get right back in the thick of things as far as the AWA World Tag Team Titles go... and I can't blame him for that, Dane. The Soldiers were the hottest team of 2017... they won the gold, they won the Stampede Cup and the money that goes with it... and now Flint's focused on a singles achievement? It's a tough sell if you're a Soldiers' fan.

LD: But look, Ben... nobody - especially Joe Flint - is saying that the Soldiers are done. He wants those tag titles back as well... but this is a tremendous opportunity that he really can't pass up. So, if you ask me, Charlie Stephens needs to put his

selfish pride aside for a few weeks and let his partner get this shot at singles success.

[Flint is a big, burly fellow. His barrel-chested physique isn't a picture of rock-solid conditioning, but it is a battle-scarred picture of toughness and raw power. The Captain keeps his hair in a military high-and-tight, and his prominent jaw and nose are the primary features of a face that strongly resembles a famous American actor of long ago... which is the reason many call him "The Duke". He wears camo fatigue pants and black combat boots, his hands are taped up, and he sports a single elbow pad on his left arm. The elbow pad is black, with a golden shield that is the logo for the Soldiers of Fortune.]

BW: Selfish pride?! Wanting to get back to the top with your partner by your side is selfish pride?! I'm just saying, Dane... last summer when the whole world was talking about Charlie Stephens' performance at the Stampede Cup, he didn't run off and try to become a singles star. He stuck it out with Flint and they won the tag titles! Maybe Flint should try to remember that.

[As the boos continue, Flint barks out "Forrrrwaaarrrrrd MARCH!", and the Soldiers of Fortune start to quickly head towards the ring. Both men disregard the negative reaction from the crowd. There doesn't seem to be any immediate sign of dissension coming from Stephens as the Soldiers arrive at ringside. After a brief pause at ringside to talk strategy over, Flint climbs onto the apron, then steps through the ropes into the ring. Flint stares across the ring at Newcombe, and Newcombe returns the glare as the bell rings.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: Well, no matter the current status of the Soldiers... Joe Flint has been in tag team competition for the better part of the last couple of years, he wants to know if he's still got it in singles competition, and what better way to try to prove it is to win the Royal Crown tournament.

[Both men circle each other, hoping to get a feel for each other before locking up.]

LD: Tying up at the bell here and... HEY!

[The crowd jeers as Charlie Stephens snakes an arm under the ropes, taking a swipe at Newcombe's ankle as he got near the ropes by Stephens and Meekly. The move draws the ire of both the official and Newcombe who turns to glare at Stephens...

...which opens him up to a clobbering forearm across the shoulderblades by Joe Flint, knocking Newcombe forward into the ropes.]

LD: Flint blindsides him... and maybe all is well with the Soldiers after all, Ben, because that was a blatant distraction by Stephens at the bell that gives Flint the early edge.

BW: I know Meekly and Stephens being at ringside might be a bit of a distraction but Newcombe didn't need to kick them.

LD: I don't know what you were looking at but Newcombe definitely did not do anything to Stephens... and even Flint agrees!

[With Newcombe up against the ropes, Flint glares at his partner who raises his hands and explains that Newcombe tried to kick him. Flint shakes his head as he buries a fist deep into Newcombe's breadbasket.]

BW: See, Stephens said he kicked him, and who am I to doubt him? He's a very honorable man, he served our country after all.

LD: That was quite some time ago, and any sort of honor and credibility Stephens may have had is long gone.

[Smirking as he walks the ringside area, Stephens scoops up the towel that Newcombe tried to toss into the crowd earlier, snapping it over his shoulder as Flint continues to hammer away at his opponent against the ropes, the referee trying to get him to back off...]

LD: Thanks to that early assist, whether Flint cared for it or not, Newcombe's yet to get out of the starting blocks in this one...

[The official forces Flint back, leaving Newcombe to try and shake the cobwebs when suddenly Stephens loops the towel around his ankles, giving a pull to yank his legs out from under him and put Newcombe facefirst down on the mat!]

LD: And again Stephens getting involved from the outside!

BW: This rookie's got two left feet!

LD: Two left feet? You've gotta be kidding me! Stephens tripped him with Newcombe's own towel! You had to have seen that, Ben!

BW: Not the way I saw it. Charlie tried to give him the towel back and the kid tripped over it. Very clumsy.

[Flint once again shoots a glare at Stephens, who says that he doesn't know what Newcombe's problem is. Flint lets out a sigh and tells Stephens to back off.]

LD: Newcombe's probably overmatched at this stage of his young career against a cunning veteran like Joe Flint anyways... but thanks to Charlie Stephens... look, Ben... it's not like Flint needs any sort of help in there and he's trying to let Stephens know he's got this in hand.

BW: Stephens is the type to not let anything go. Newcombe probably wronged him in some fashion.

LD: ..how?

BW: Maybe he insulted his mother... his COUNTRY even!

LD: I don't think so... and Flint gets right back on him, backing him into the corner... big haymakers to the skull...

[Newcombe raises his arms, trying to shield himself but a well-placed blow causes his knees to buckle, slumping down underneath the force of Flint's blows.]

LD: ...Flint pulls him back up though and sends him across...

[Newcombe goes across towards the far corner, leaping to the middle rope as he does...]

LD: ...Newcombe looking for his own offense finally...

[Flint seems a little surprised that Newcombe had the presence of mind to jump to the second turnbuckle. Newcombe, perhaps due to a lack of experience, hesitates, then leaps off.. twisting in midair...]

BW: ...and the offense of Newcombe is foiled by the defense of Joe Flint who just steps aside, causing Newcombe to eat canvas! He took too long, Dane.

LD: He who hesitates eat canvas in the words of Ben Waterson, fans, and that one simple move cuts off the comeback effort of the rookie.

BW: And I just love the disdain from Joe Flint there, Dane. He didn't duck. He didn't do some quick jump to the side. He just walked away from it like Newcombe wasn't the slightest concern at all to him.

LD: Flint wastes no time going back on the attack though... pulls him up and...

[The crowd groans as Flint muscles his young opponent up, dropping him down across a bent knee...]

LD:ohhhh! The gutbuster - one of the most dangerous moves in Flint's arsenal - connects and Newcombe's in a bad way right now, Ben.

BW: He is... but you gotta give him a little credit. He immediately rolled to the ropes off the gutbuster so that Flint couldn't follow it up with something potentially even more devastating.

[Unfortunately for Newcombe, he doesn't realize that he's rolled over by where Charlie Stephens is.]

LD: Uh oh. Newcombe may be in the wrong part of town, Ben.

[Newcombe grabs the ropes, trying to pull himself up as suddenly Marty Meekly gets involved, barking at the official while blowing his whistle obnoxiously.]

LD: What in the...?

[Flint looks puzzled at Meekly, shaking his head as Newcombe gets to his knees, hanging over the middle rope as Stephens takes the kid's towel, rubbing it against his rear end...]

LD: Oh jeez... don't-

[...and then SHOVES the towel in the face of Newcombe, rubbing it vigorously into his face before Newcombe falls away from the ropes, flopping down facefirst on the mat!]

LD: AHH! That's disgusting! That's absolutely disgusting!

[For good measure, Stephens wheels around and HURLS the soiled towel into the jeering crowd!]

BW: I don't think anyone's going to be saving that towel as a souvenir.

[Stephens quickly turns around as Flint, Meekly, and the referee disengage from each other.]

LD: Doesn't seem like the referee or Flint saw Stephens throw that towel into Newcombe's face... but I have to assume Marty Meekly knew exactly what was going on.

[Flint doesn't seem to acknowledge Stephens as he rushes over to Newcombe, jumping high in the air, twisting in midair and crashing down across the back of his neck with an elbow drop. He drags Newcombe away from the ropes, and turns him over for a cover.]

LD: First cover of the match gets one... two... and Newcombe barely gets out of there before three.

BW: Flint's got a lot of different ways to polish off his opponent. He doesn't do anything fancy. He doesn't need to. That elbow drop? He was looking to end it really quickly, he was hoping that with the position of that elbow, he could have stunned his opponent long enough to get the three.

[Pulling Newcombe off the mat, Flint lifts him high...]

BW: The veteran gets Newcombe up high in the air... he could suplex him... but instead he drives him down across his knee with an atomic drop. In the right hands that move ended matches way back in the day. It really does a number on the spine.

LD: Newcombe on some really wobbly legs right now, Flint looking to go in for the kill...

[Standing behind the staggered Newcombe, Flint hooks an arm, reaching through...]

LD: ...and here comes the Cobra Clutch!

[Flint seems to be trying to lock in the Cobra Clutch, but Newcombe seems to be trying to fight it.]

LD: Flint seems to be having trouble getting that Cobra Clutch in on Newcombe, he's trying to resist as hard as he can because if Flint locks it in, I believe this one's all over!

BW: Newcombe's keeping his arms and hands low so Flint can't lock in the Clutch. Nice counter by the kid and-

[Switching strategies, Flint uses the grip on the arm to whip Newcombe away from himself, pulling him back in from arm's length...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: RIPCORDER! HOWITZER!

BW: He nearly took his head off with that one, Dane!

LD: That's gotten him a few victories in recent memory, and it appears to be the case tonight. Flint hooks the leg... one... two... and three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Flint aggressively shoves a hand down into the face of Newcombe before making his way to his feet, allowing the official to raise his arm in victory...]

...however, Charlie Stephens believes Newcombe's night is just getting started!]

LD: Flint with the win and... oh, come on!

[The crowd erupts in jeers as Stephens has rolled in and starts raining down fists on Newcombe's head!]

LD: The match is over but Charlie Stephens isn't done!

BW: They call him Corporal Punishment for a reason and it's not just a clever play on words!

LD: This is totally uncalled for, Ben!

BW: That's debatable but it looks to me like the Soldiers are gonna take this kid to boot camp right about now!

LD: Is it the Soldiers or just Charlie Stephens who seems absolutely UNHINGED at times?!

[Lori's question is quickly answered when Flint - who appears on the verge of joining the attack - physically pulls the raging Stephens off Newcombe, shoving him back to some cheers!]

LD: Joe Flint's got other ideas, Ben!

BW: What's all this? Send the kid to the brig!

LD: Flint reading Stephens the riot act instead of helping Stephens beat down Newcombe, and Stephens is beside himself!

[Flint and Stephens are trading angry words in the ring as Marty Meekly tries to wedge himself between and play peacemaker!]

LD: Meekly trying to settle things down... and there's been tension between these two since the Royal Crown announcement... and Ben, you can play it up all you want as Stephens wanting to stay focused on the tag titles but if you ask me, he's just jealous! He's jealous of Joe Flint getting this chance!

[The referee manages to get Newcombe out of the ring as Stephens angrily throws his hands up in frustration at his partner. Flint shakes his head, hands on his hips as Stephens drops to the mat, rolling to the floor...]

LD: Well, I guess that's the end of this discussion for now but-

[...and then storms past the referee and Newcombe, spinning to DRILL Newcombe with a right hand, knocking him down on the floor to even more jeers!]

LD: -what a piece of work this guy is, Ben!

BW: Stephens came to win... not be a bleeding heart softie!

[The referee steps in front of Stephens, preventing any further attack as Flint glares down at his partner from inside the ring. Stephens turns and storms off, leaving Flint and Meekly conversing inside the ring as the fans jeer Stephens' actions.]

LD: Stephens is out of- No! No, I don't!

[We cut to the stage where Stephens is shouting at Dane.]

LD: No, I don't want to hear your side of the story! Get out of here!

[Stephens stomps through the curtain.]

LD: Sheesh. That guy is too much... and yeah, I don't care to hear his side of the story right now but I'd like to know what Joe Flint is thinking. Mariah, can you get a word?

[Flint and Meekly are walking up the stairs as we cut to Mariah and Sweet Daddy at the interview podium.]

MW: I'll sure try, Lori. Gentlemen... gentlemen, a moment if you can...

[We see them start to walk past the podium when Meekly stops Flint, conversing again for a moment before Meekly approaches the co-hosts with Flint slowly walking behind him.]

MW: Gentlemen, I'd like to-

[Meekly wildly interrupts, his voice stressed as he speaks quickly.]

MM: Stop thinkin' what you're thinking, Mariah! What happened in the ring... It's nothin'! It's nothin' to gossip about, I bet all these little worms in the audience think that the Soldiers are gonna blow up, but that just ain't the case!

[The crowd jeers Meekly who waves his arms back and forth.]

MM: Listen to me! It's just two hot headed men just havin' a spirited discussion 'bout everything that's been goin' on since we lost the tag team titles! We'll work it out! We'll get on the same page again!

[Flint gives a solemn nod.]

JF: Just gotta give Charlie more time to clear his head. That's all.

[Williams interjects.]

SDW: Considerin' Stephens' attitude these last few months... is that even possible, baby?

[Flint shoots Sweet Daddy a glare.]

JF: Ya doubtin' me, soldier? Charlie'll cool down soon enough. I thought he did anyway...

[Flint sighs.]

JF: He's gotta, right?

[Meekly and Flint glance at each other, wondering if what Sweet Daddy said is correct.]

JF: Look, I thought we were square, but Charlie got his hands in my business in that match! It wasn't necessary. I had things under control, I wasn't gonna let some surf and turf punk who never gets his hands dirty get the better of me.

Ya know, maybe Charlie's still not completely sold on the idea of me bein' in and winnin' the Royal Crown tournament. Maybe he has his own agenda, but he's gonna get on the same page as me and Marty. He's gonna have to put regainin' the tag team championship on the backburner.

[Flint's voice takes on an almost pleading tone.]

JF: This ain't even gonna be for very long! I've already told him this. He's gonna have to realize eventually that this can only be good for the both of us.

[Williams interjects again.]

SDW: How's that, Duke?

[Flint pauses, seemingly caught off guard by the question.]

JF: I.. I dunno.

I know Charlie tried to get a open challenge set up for National Wrestlin' Night.. without runnin' it past me. But that's okay, if we got the match, we'll do what we always do, and that's win. But.. yer gonna hear from me on National Wrestlin' Night about the Royal Crown Tournament one way or another... an' that's an order.

C'mon Marty, let's go settle Charlie down.

[Without saying his 'At ease' to close the interview. Flint and Meekly exit the way they came to try to follow Stephens.]

MW: Things are a bit tense in the Soldiers' camp right now.

SDW: I've known Joe Flint a long, long time, baby girl... and I'm tellin' ya that he's gotta get his head in the game and he's gotta do it quick. 'Cause this Joe Flint? He ain't got a shot against Smasher Salazar in two weeks... and then all of this will have been for nothin'.

MW: A very tense situation with the Soldiers of Fortune, one of the top tag teams here in the AWA. And speaking of top tag teams, fans, it's time for Part 2 of my special sit-down interview with one-half of another of the AWA's top tag teams... and I'm speaking, of course, of Kayla Cristol. In Part 1, we learned a lot of her history - her childhood, the difficulties she's faced with bullying and how that has affected her outlook in today's AWA, her road to becoming a pro wrestler... and now in Part 2, we're going to take a look at her early days in the AWA all the way up to her thoughts on the recent events surrounding her and her tag team partner. Take a look...

[And from Mariah's smiling face, we fade to...

...Mariah's smiling face.

But this time, it's that pre-taped footage of the lovely Miss Wolfe sitting across from one-half of the Country Punks, Kayla "The Pistol" Cristol, as they continue their in-depth conversation.]

MW: Kayla, when you first started out here in the AWA, you had what I think many would call a bumpy start... as a lot of rookies do. You won some but lost more and... there were many who were willing to write you off as someone who would never be more than that. How did that feel?

[Cristol pauses as if searching for an answer for a long moment before finally shrugging, tossing up her hands.]

KC: It felt pretty bad, Mariah.

[She chuckles, shaking her head.]

KC: How else do you feel when you're looking up at the lights more than you're looking down at the canvas? Only losers look at the lights, right? That's what they say on the Internet at least.

So yeah, when people were ready to write me off, it hurt me a lot, but hey, I don't quit. You can write me off, but I'm the author of my story so I'll just pick up the pen again and start scribbling.

[Mariah smiles.]

MW: A loser, huh? Well, all of that changed earlier this year when you made history as part of the tournament to crown the very first Women's World Tag Team Champions. You didn't win... but what did that opportunity mean to you?

[Kayla shakes her head, wagging a finger at Mariah.]

KC: Didn't win? We got all the way to the Semifinals... I call that a win. And when we got in there with Hamilton and Cinder, I think we would've won that match too, Mariah, if it had been on the up and up... but of course, those E-Girl MAX girls had to lie and cheat their way to get what they wanted.

[Cristol sighs.]

KC: So, I don't want to hear you say we didn't win, Mariah... I don't want to hear that from anyone. We were robbed... plain and simple. But we'll get the chance again, I'm tellin' ya.... and things will be different this time... bank on that, girly.

[Mariah smiles with a nod.]

MW: I'm sure it will be... and I apologize for short-changing your accomplishments in that tournament.

KC: Nah... you called it like you saw it and so did I. It was a heckuva experience, Mariah. The lights were on real bright and we shined. It was wild to even think about but there was just such a positive energy about the whole thing.

MW: And of course, you weren't in that tournament alone... which brings us... at last... to your best friend and tag team partner, Victoria June. We've all heard the... origin story so to speak. The cornbread. The backstage bond. The stuff that Harley Hamilton LOVES to make fun of.

[Cristol snorts, nodding.]

MW: But tell me more, Kayla. Tell me more about your friendship with Victoria. What's it all about?

[Kayla smiles warmly.]

KC: I don't even know where to start. What our friendship is about? It isn't about anything, Mariah. We just click. We vibe together. Despite what our outsides might look like, we're sisters on the inside. I couldn't ask for a better friend than Vicky.

[Mariah nods.]

MW: All of our fans know Victoria June from what they've seen on TV... but give me something they haven't. How about a favorite story?

[Kayla scratches her temple for a couple of moments.]

KC: My favorite story... hmmm... yeah, probably can't say that on TV, Mariah.

[Both women laugh at that as Kayla snaps her fingers.]

KC: Oh, I got one for ya. Vicky got that big head of hair and all those freckles and she owns her style so you know... her fans can get pretty interesting. So this one

day we're at a country bar in Austin and these fellas are looking Vicky up and down.

Now, I don't know what they've got in mind because you know, in a country bar in Austin, Vicky stands out. So we're drinkin' and these two dudes are starin' and we're drinkin' and these two dudes keep staring. Finally Vicki waves them over and kicks out some chairs for 'em. She asks them why they're staring. One guy says "Because you're Victoria June." And she says: "That ain't a reason to stare when you could be drinkin'." And then she buys a round for the bar. That's Vicky in a nutshell. She never takes herself too seriously and she has fun everywhere she goes.

[Wolfe chuckles at the story, nodding.]

MW: It's easy to see just what kind of bond you two have... and so that made it even harder two weeks ago when your good friend was viciously attacked by Harley Hamilton and Cinder.

[Cristol grimaces.]

KC: Just like Sally Hemmings! They are! A couple of bullies! And then you toss in Casey Cash and Kowalski and...

[Cristol shakes her head.]

KC: Vicky's always been stupid tough and crazy brave, Mariah... and she needed someone to have her back when that happened. I wasn't there when I needed to be... just like no one was there for me with Sally Hemmings and her pals.

[She sighs, head bowed slightly for a moment.]

KC: I watched it happen afterwards and it was right back to the bus stop for me. Made me so mad... it... it hurt me, Mariah. Not like it hurt Vicky but...

[Kayla trails off, shaking her head again.]

MW: Your partner may be injured, Kayla, but you two are right there... right there within reach of those titles and that's gotta be a special feeling considering how hard you've fought to get here.

[Kayla tries to shake off the bad vibes from a moment before, nodding with a smile.]

KC: It is... but it ain't enough. I don't just want to be within reach of the titles... I want 'em! I want those belts right here in my hands and in Vicky's hands... and it's gonna be a REAL special feeling to take 'em off those two bullies, ya know?

Mariah, we just need one chance.

[Cristol's voice takes on a pleading tone.]

KC: One fair chance and that's a wrap. Harley and Cinder? Don't get me wrong, Mariah, they're good. They wouldn't be the champs if they weren't good. But I think we're better. I ain't the son of a legend or some wild eyed Scot who grew up wrestling from birth... and neither is Vicky. But what we are that they're not? We're bonded. We've been through it all to get here... together and apart... and those two have had it all handed to them every step of the way. Every chance. Every opportunity we've fought for and watched them unwrap in a box with pretty paper and a bow.

You know why else we're better? Respect.

[Mariah looks puzzled.]

KC: See, despite everything they've said to us... everything they've DONE to us... Vicky and I respect what they're capable of in that ring. And they just like to make mock of everything we say and do, ya hear me?

[Mariah nods.]

MW: Oh, I think we all hear you, Kayla... and it's clear that getting your hands on those two for both personal and professional reasons is your top priority. And as we start to wrap this up, earlier tonight we promised an update on Victoria June - perhaps a sneak peek at when we might expect you two to get in there with the champions again. So, let's hear it, Pistol... how's she doing and when can we expect to see her?

[Cristol cringes with a giggle.]

KC: Vicky would get SO mad if I spoke for her. All I can tell you, Mariah, is that the docs say she's healing up nicely and... she ain't there yet though. She ain't ready to get back in the ring yet... but you just might see her sooner than anyone thinks.

So all you Junebugs out there... thanks for all the social media messages and those of you who sent cards and letters to the AWA we really appreciate it. It means a lot to both of us.

[Mariah nods.]

MW: Kayla, I want to thank you for taking the time to sit down with me and shed some light on just who Kayla Cristol is. I hope you know how much the fans and so many of us are rooting for you in all that you do here in the AWA.

[Kayla smiles with a laugh again.]

KC: My gosh, Mariah... you're going to make me cry.

[Cristol fans her eyes.]

KC: Blackjack always said there's no crying in wrestling, right? So...

[She takes a deep breath, exhaling slowly and steadying herself.]

KC: Thank you all for rooting for me and thank you for rooting for Vicky. We love you.

[Kayla makes finger guns and fires them at the camera.]

KC: See you all in the ring!

[And with that, we fade from the pre-taped footage to Lori and Ben sitting at the announce desk. Lori's got a big smile on her face while Waterson looks sullen.]

LD: And so ends our in-depth look at Kayla Cristol... the woman and the wrestler... and Ben, I know all of our fans can't wait to see the Country Punks back in action in the hopefully near future.

BW: That's the most Kayla Cristol has ever said.

LD: It sure is.

BW: Now I know why.

LD: Would you- I can't believe you! Well, fans... after hearing from the Pistol, I think it's only fitting that right now the hottest division in wrestling is up next! Let's take it down to Megumi Sato.

[We cut down to the ring, where we see Megumi Sato standing in the center, along with a young woman energetically hopping foot to foot in the corner. Down at ringside is someone looking suspiciously familiar, holding a digital SLR camera.]

MS: Our next match on Showtime is a Women's Division contest, set for one fall with a ten minute time limit!

[Sato goes to introduce the first participant, when the woman with the camera shouts and points to a logo on her pullover hoodie. Sato rolls her eyes.]

MS: And it is brought to you by Under Armour!

[Some members of the audience let out a high-pitched cheer, but there are quite a few groans. Sato nods her head as an Under Armour logo appears in the corner of the screen, and she resumes her introductions.]

MS: Introducing first, coming to us from Crystal River, Florida, and weighing 138 pounds...

KATRINA COLEMAN!

[Coleman bounces up and down, waving her arms to the crowd who cheer at her enthusiasm. She is a Caucasian woman with a deep tan, sun-bleached hair, and a singlet sporting a manatee jumping out of the water to go along with her white boots.]

LD: Someone seems very excited to make her AWA debut, look at her waving to the crowd.

BW: Good thing Albano's on the other show now, because with her name and how she's acting, he'd make some comment about walking on sunshine by now.

LD: But wouldn't it feel good?

[As we hear Waterson sigh, Coleman gets back into her corner as Sato listens to the woman with the camera yelling at her again.]

LD: Who is that photographer, anyway?

BW: You don't recognize Riley Campbell? She was recently appointed as Under Armour's head of pro wrestling social media.

LD: You've got to be kidding me.

BW: She's got a lanyard with a press badge and everything.

[Now we hear Lori sigh as Sato is back in the middle of the ring.]

MS: Her opponent states that she is from "the greatest city in the world", Baltimore, Maryland... weighing 141 pounds, she is a member of E-Girl MAX and the "Charm City Cutie"...

CAAAAAAAAAAAAAASEYYYYYYYYYYYYYY
CAAAAAAAAAAAAAASHHHHHHHHHHHH!

WOOOOOOOOOOO!

[As "1 of 1" by SHINee begins to play, we again hear the high-pitched scream, followed by the lower-pitched chorus of boos, as Casey Cash walks from the entrance, Riley Campbell rushing up the aisle to snap pictures of the "Charm City Cutie".

Except Casey doesn't walk alone. Standing beside her are the AWA Women's World Tag Team Champions, Seductive & Destructive. Harley Hamilton and Cinder are dressed in matching plastic transparent jackets with a blue and pink floral pattern and butterflies on the sleeves. Both of them have their hair done up in side ponytails, done on opposite sides from each other. Around their waists are the tag team belts, along with their faux title belts, the World Tag Team Champions of the Universe titles.]

LD: Oh this can't be good for young Katrina Coleman, what are these two doing here?

BW: They're the Tag Team Champs, Dane, they can go where they want!

LD: Harley Hamilton and Cinder are joining Casey Cash for what is supposed to be a singles match! Just having one of them out here is bad enough, but three?

BW: Could be worse for this Coleman kid. Could be four.

LD: That's right. Kelly Kowalski could be out here too. I understand she's training for next week's matchup against Julie Somers and her two partners.

BW: Maybe even six, if they get the Thompson sisters.

LD: I didn't think about them.

BW: Could even be eight, if Suga'n'Spice are in the hooooooooouse.

LD: Oh jeez.

BW: Hey, maybe it's nine if Campbell drops her camera. She's pretty tall. Think she's an athlete?

LD: I don't even want to think about that.

[Dressed in a Baltimore Orioles varsity jacket over her Maryland flag-themed ring gear, and a pair of orange heart-shaped sunglasses on the crown of her head, Casey Cash stops at a young woman who can't be any more than 17. The fan is holding up a sign that reads "CA\$H MONEY", jumping up and down as she stands mere feet from the three members of E-Girl MAX. Casey motions to the fan with her head, and Harley Hamilton nods. Casey whips the sunglasses from her head, placing them over the eyes of the fan and saying "Now you look even cuter!" as Riley Campbell snaps pics for the Under Armour social media accounts. As Cash turns around, Cinder snatches the sign and tears it in half, cackling with glee, but the fan somehow seems delighted by this development.]

LD: These three are some sick people, and I hate to denigrate our fans, Ben. They pay their money, they can do what they want, but the people who cheer for E-Girl MAX are just as sick.

BW: It's not many of them, Dane. If you took a survey of the audience, it's pretty much teen girls.

LD: That fits, because they're just a bunch of high school bullies. Why can't Casey Cash come out here and wrestle by herself, anyway? And why on earth does Under Armour sponsor all of this?

BW: Money talks, Dane. Casey Cash's father is some kind of corporate bigwig with Under Armour. Those sponsorship checks being cut to the AWA are conditional, aren't they? You've got to keep some petty Cash around.

[Cash removes her jacket, revealing the E-Girl MAX x Under Armour collaboration T-shirt, which she also removes and throws out to the audience. As she pulls up her Under Armour kneepads, the T-shirt gets thrown back to the ring, causing Cash to roll her eyes, and Harley Hamilton yells "UNGRATEFUL!" at the audience. Harley collects the shirt and takes it over to the fan wearing Casey's heart-shaped sunglasses, giving the shirt to her, as Cinder glares at the fan who threw the shirt back.]

LD: We need to get security here before we have an incident, we already know Cinder is unstable as it is.

BW: Please, Dane. I think Cinder is just fine. The problem is that people aren't used to someone acting the way she does. She's a little wild, but if you kick a hornet's nest and get stung, you only have yourself to blame.

[As Harley leads Cinder over to Casey's corner, referee Andy Dawson can be heard saying that he's only going to warn Cash once; any E-Girl MAX involvement and he'll disqualify her on the spot. Cash rolls her eyes and says "They're here for moral support, jeez!" before Dawson walks away and calls for the bell.]

LD: I'm not buying that for a second. "Moral support".

BW: I've never seen a referee be so strict about someone having seconds.

LD: They shouldn't even be out here, Ben. They aren't licensed managers.

BW: Since when is it against the rules to have friends?

[The bell rings as Cash and Coleman meet in the center of the ring. Coleman keeps bouncing foot to foot as Cash smirks at her.]

BW: Has anyone told Katrina Coleman that she's wasting an awful lot of energy like this?

LD: I understand she's only been wrestling for a year or so. Not too different from Casey Cash.

BW: Yeah, but does she have Casey Cash's pedigree?

LD: I can't say she does, and that actually takes me back to what I was mentioning earlier, asking why Cash needs Hamilton or Cinder out here. We don't talk about it much, but Casey Cash was trained by Misaki Ishikawa and Shane Destiny. She actually has a great foundation of skills, and I don't think there's anyone who doubts she would have been here eventually, but she's been the beneficiary of an awful lot of shortcuts.

BW: Let's be real, Dane. So what if she got here because of her daddy's company's money, or because she's friends with Harley Hamilton and Cinder. This business is

loaded with people who have the talent to be in the AWA, but let's face it, they're not. If the door's open because of a shortcut, you take it!

LD: Great message to send to the kids at home.

BW: Get ahead by any means necessary? That's how you get to retire in luxury by the time you're 40, just like your hero Juan Vasquez.

[Another sigh from Lori.]

LD: No bitterness from my broadcast colleague there at all, as these two young women have been in a bit of a feeling out process since the opening bell. Casey Cash is just 22 years of age, and I understand Katrina Coleman is 21.

BW: You see a lot of younger athletes in the Women's Division, don't you? We saw Kimmy Bailey earlier, and she's only 20.

LD: Maybe it says a lot about how they're hitting their stride faster and can compete at such a high level sooner.

[As Coleman tries to grasp at Cash's wrist, Cash ducks around and trips Coleman to the mat, then slaps the back of Coleman's head, cackling as she does so.]

LD: A blatant show of disrespect by Casey Cash against this young wrestler.

BW: She's had a rough go of things recently, Dane. Two matches with blatantly illegal tactics used by Betty Chang that should have been thrown out. Now she's catching heat from the Champ, Julie Somers, for it.

LD: I don't know how many times we have to go into it, karate is perfectly legal.

BW: Not when Under Armour's lawyers get done with our ramshackle legal department.

[As Coleman tries to get to her feet, she's met with a boot to the side of the head by Cash, which sends the Floridian into the ropes, where Cinder stands by to mock her. As Cinder taunts, Cash goes to get advice from Hamilton nearby, keeping an eye on Coleman in the process.]

LD: I don't know how Katrina Coleman is supposed to keep her mind on the match when she's got Cinder out here screaming at her, and Harley Hamilton on the other side ready to do the same. Andy Dawson should throw both of them out.

BW: Why? What for? Cinder and Hamilton haven't touched a hair on Coleman's head yet. Dawson said if they get involved, he'll toss 'em, but he didn't say a thing about shouting.

LD: But how is she supposed to concentrate with this kind of threat present?

BW: If she can't concentrate because two high-class athletes are at ringside, then she's not cut out for this sport.

[Cash nods her head, then returns to grab two fistfuls of Coleman's hair, pulling her to her feet and immediately taking her over with a snap suplex that causes Harley Hamilton, Cinder, and approximately 20 teenage girls to cheer with delight, but the rest of the audience to boo. Cash floats over, covering for a pin.]

LD: Casey Cash with a quick cover there, getting one, two... but Katrina Coleman able to kick out.

BW: See how quickly she made that cover too? She's soaking up all this knowledge from Harley Hamilton like a sponge. Casey Cash is a good kid, but left to her own devices, she'd be back in P*WIN still, losing matches to her fellow rookies.

LD: We don't know that, and thanks to her actions we'll never know that. She's staying right on Katrina Coleman, though, propping her up into the corner. What does she have planned?

[Cash drives a forearm right into the jaw of Coleman, then presses her palm into Coleman's chest and shouts "THIS IS FOR YOU, RYAN!"]

LD: "This is for you, Ryan?" What could that mean?

BW: No idea.

[Cash drills Coleman with a chop, then proceeds to start firing multiple chops in rapid succession. The crowd groans once more.]

LD: You've got to be kidding me. "Ryan"?

BW: Oh, I got it. Didn't you read her biography, Dane? Her favorite wrestler growing up was Ryan Martinez!

LD: There's no way that's possible! How could someone have loved Ryan Martinez growing up and turn into someone like Casey Cash?!

[As Casey continues to chop away with the machine gun chops, Harley Hamilton and Cinder start to shout from ringside...]

"CA - SEY - CASH!"

"CA - SEY - CASH!"

"CA - SEY - CASH!"

"CA - SEY - CASH!"

"CA - SEY - CASH!"

[The crowd boos loudly, drowning out Seductive & Destructive, as Cash's chops slow down and a sad look forms on her face.]

LD: She can't think people were seriously going to buy that mockery, did she?

BW: I think she was serious, Dane.

LD: There's no way this crowd would buy that bunch of junk.

[Cash mopes as Hamilton shouts to stay on Coleman, who is gasping for breath into the corner. Cash looks over at Coleman, and her mope changes into a scowl. She then charges...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

[... connecting with a flying clothesline into the corner, jumping between the top and middle ropes to go out to the apron!]

LD: Whoa! Where did that come from?

BW: I told you, Dane, that tribute was serious, and I think she's a bit upset that the fans didn't believe her.

[As Coleman falls to the mat, rolling onto her back, Cash immediately leaps up to the top rope, jumping off and somersaulting into the ring, landing back-first with a senton backsplash onto Coleman!]

LD: A somersault senton? From Casey Cash?!

BW: Hey, you yourself said she was trained by Misaki Ishikawa and Shane Destiny. Maybe she didn't learn that somersault part off of Destiny, but those two train some skilled wrestlers.

LD: I can't believe my eyes, Ben!

[Cash grabs Coleman by the ankles, dragging her into the middle of the ring as Seductive & Destructive cheer her on. With a glare in her eyes, Cash hoists Coleman up, turning her over into what appears to be a Boston crab, only pulling back further so that Coleman's body is almost invertedly stacked onto her sternum. Cash presses her knee onto Coleman's shoulders and neck, and Coleman shrieks in pain.]

LD: Listen to Katrina Coleman screaming out in pain! Casey Cash with this variant on the Boston crab!

BW: Hey, and in her biography, she lists a "Baltimore Crab", this has got to be it, Dane!

LD: How can this move be legal?! She's got her knee right in Coleman's spine!

[Coleman frantically taps the mat, signaling a submission, as Andy Dawson demands that Cash let go. Cash throws Coleman's legs to the mat as Harley Hamilton and Cinder joyously enter the ring, with Cinder kneeling down next to Coleman.]

LD: Oh come on. Now this group of vultures have come to pick the bones!

[As Hamilton smooths away Coleman's hair, Cinder reaches into her book of stickers, picking out a special one - the vomiting emoji - placing it directly on Coleman's forehead. Hamilton and Cinder let Coleman's head drop to the mat as Andy Dawson raises Casey Cash's hand, Hamilton rushing over to raise Cash's other arm.]

BW: Let's get another look at the replay of this, Dane.

LD: Yeah, I really want to know if Cash's knee was on the spine. If it was, then she should be disqualified. You're not supposed to drive a knee into the base of an opponent's spine like that.

[From the replay, we see that Cash's knee is right against the edge of Coleman's shoulder, where it could be close to the spine, but suddenly the Under Armour logo flashes onto the screen and we see another angle of Cash with her hand raised.]

BW: Looks inconclusive to me.

LD: Do we have Under Armour controlling the replay of her matches now, too? What's going on here?

BW: It's just the sponsor logo, calm down. Besides, Andy Dawson was right there, if it was illegal, he would have called it.

LD: Just like how Shari Miranda would have called it illegal for karate, huh?

BW: That's a legal gray area, Dane, and you know it.

LD: Well, unfortunately, what's not a gray area is that Mariah Wolfe has three members of E-Girl MAX over at her area. Mariah, I'm sorry. Good luck.

[We cut over to Mariah Wolfe, who is practically surrounded by E-Girl MAX, with Casey Cash to her left, Harley Hamilton and Cinder to her right.]

MW: Do I even want to know what happened out there?

[Casey looks confused.]

CC: About what? You know, I figured everyone read my details, they knew what my finisher was before I even did it. Why else would they call me Miss Baltimore Crab unless they knew I was the master of the Baltimore Crab?

[Harley speaks up.]

HH: Unfortunately, they kept saying it wrong!

CC: Oh yeah! They kept pluralizing it for some reason.

[Casey shrugs.]

HH: Can't trust commentators to get anything right. They said Casey was in the trios match next week too, when it's Kelly.

C: They're nothin' but fountains of misinformation!

CC: I know, right? That's why Under Armour needed to hire Riley, to get them on the right track!

[Casey waves someone in, as Riley Campbell sheepishly walks on screen.]

CC: This is Riley Campbell. She's the head of Under Armour's Pro Wrestling marketing division.

[Mariah holds up a hand in protest.]

MW: Lori and Ben said she was head of the social media department.

[Casey puts her hands on her hips and looks at Mariah like she is the dumbest person on the planet.]

CC: What do you think social media falls under? Sheesh. See what you have to work with here, Riley?

[Riley nods and walks back behind the camera, where we hear a shutter click from Riley's camera. Casey beams.]

CC: She's such a pro, always on the job.

[Mariah closes her eyes for a moment, almost as if she's trying to maintain her professionalism.]

MW: No, I mean with the chops. We all saw you mocking Ryan Martinez out there, and you got upset that the crowd booed you for it.

[Casey looks offended.]

CC: I wasn't mocking anyone!

[Casey looks at Harley with a pleading look. Harley shakes her head, frowning.]

HH: While I might wonder why Casey would ever idolize a questionable character like Ryan Martinez, she was being completely sincere.

CC: That was a loving tribute to one of my favorite wrestlers!

[Casey points to Harley and Cinder.]

CC: Until Seductive & Destructive came along, but who could possibly top them?

C: Aww, flattery will git ya' everywhere, Miss Casey!

[Cinder playfully blows into Casey's ear as she laughs "Stooooop!" at Cinder, who skips over to Harley and bats at her side ponytail.]

CC: You know, Mariah, I'm actually glad you brought this up.

MW: You are?

CC: I am. I brought some footage from Easter that I wanted to show.

MW: Did you actually clear it with the production team this time?

[Casey again glares at Mariah, then looks at Harley, jutting a thumb at Mariah.]

CC: Faux-resa over here thinks I'd make the same mistake twice.

[Harley shakes her head as Casey makes a swiping with her hand, and we cut to an Easter egg hunt in Baltimore. A group of children are running and laughing as they try to collect eggs from hiding places. Meanwhile, as we pan over, we see Casey Cash standing next to - oh my gosh! - Cal Ripken Jr.! The Orioles great is holding a letter in his hand as Casey has a gleeful smile on her face.]

CC: So we don't want to take too much time away from Easter for this, of course.

CRJ: Of course.

CC: I was just so inspired by your words the other day that I hopped on a flight to Dallas and I got involved in the Iron Gauntlet. That rotten Betty Chang didn't see it coming!

CRJ: You did?

CC: I did.

[Ripken frowns.]

CRJ: Oh Casey, I wish you hadn't.

CC: You... you do?

CRJ: Definitely. I know you're too young for this, but your dad told you about the 1996 ALCS, right?

[Casey nods.]

CRJ: We might have lost, but if I had clobbered Derek Jeter with a bat right before Game 1, how would everyone have thought of me?

[Casey thinks.]

CC: ... that you're more awesome than you already are?

[Cal can't help but hide a smile.]

CRJ: No, but that's nice of you. They'd think I'm a cheater, Casey. Now you say that Betty Chang's a cheater, and that means you shouldn't stoop to her level. That's why I wanted to give you this.

[Ripken hands Casey the letter.]

CC: Oh wow, you kept this, after all these years?

CRJ: I sure did. You go out there next time and be the kind of wrestler that'd make 14 year old Casey want to root for you. Now, enough wrestling talk. Let's get some deviled eggs.

[The footage cuts and we're back to Atlanta, where Casey is holding the letter given to her by Cal Ripken Jr. in her hand. Mariah Wolfe's jaw is slightly dropped.]

CC: You can't beat the deviled eggs at the Ripken family get togethers.

MW: How on earth did you make that happen?

[Casey stares at Mariah blankly.]

CC: He's my Godfather. Didn't you know that? I'm pretty sure I said that already.

[Casey unfurls the letter.]

CC: Feel free to read along, Mariah. This was a letter I sent to my Godfather when I was 14, after watching my first AWA show when my dad and I went to Dallas while he was on business. It says that some day, I was going to grow up to be just like all the top stars, and beat up all those evil cheaters.

[Mariah reads quickly.]

MW: Wow. It really does say that.

[Casey seethes, the pace of her speech picking up.]

CC: I grew up cheering for Juan Vasquez and Ryan Martinez, and booing cheaters like Stevie Scott and Johnny Detson, which is why it's really upsetting to see the fans booing a tribute to Ryan Martinez! But that's okay, because they cheer for cheaters like Betty Chang and her illegal karate! They cheer for enablers like Julie Somers, who see no problem with breaking the rules as long as they get their titles! So you know what? I don't need their cheers! See that girl in the front row, wearing my sunglasses? I'm doing it for her! Harley taught me that, and my Godfather reminded me! We're not going to stoop to Betty Chang's dastardly level! You saw how quickly she cheated to beat Kayla Cristol! She used illegal karate to beat her in like... 15 seconds! You know what she is?

[Casey's eyes narrow as she grasps Harley by the shoulder.]

CC: She's worse than Johnny Detson!

"THAT'S ENOUGH!"

[A big cheer can be heard from the Center Stage audience as Betty Chang and Charity Rockwell enter the scene. Betty is dressed in an oversized Pikachu hoodie and a cute, plush Squirtle backpack. Her hair is styled in twin tails that cascade down to her shoulders. Charity wears a vintage ensemble consisting of high-waisted trousers paired with a silky blouse tucked in neatly. Over this, she has a cropped cardigan with intricate embroidery. A cloche hat sits atop her head and she saunters in with a confident smirk, twirling a strand of pearls around her finger.]

BC: I'm sick and tired of you calling me a cheater! Illegal karate? Are you serious, Casey?

CR: Oh, honey, these scandal mongers are just flapping their gums in the breeze!

[Casey looks stunned for a moment.]

CC: What are you two doing here? This is my time to speak!

[Rockwell snorts with amusement.]

CR: Darling, that's rich coming from you! How many times have you interrupted me? We're just here to set the record straight.

BC: I heard my name and thought I'd come see what the fuss was all about. It seems like you're spreading lies about me again! My martial art techniques are legitimate!

[Casey sneers.]

CC: Oh please. Everyone knows what you're doing inside the ring. There's no way what you're doing is legitimate!

BC: Maybe if you spent less time whining and more time training, you'd understand the difference between skill and cheating!

CR: That's right, sweetheart. Betty here works harder than a bee in a flower shop. What's your excuse?

[Casey clutches the letter from Cal Ripken Jr. tighter.]

CC: I don't need excuses. We play by the rules! Unlike you two, who seem to think anything goes in the ring.

CR: Rules? Listen, doll, the only rule that matters in that ring is who comes out on top. And it looks like it hasn't been you lately, has it?

[Casey gasps and shoots a worried glance over to Harley, who shrugs Cinder's hands off her and steps forward.]

HH: I've heard just about enough out of the two of you! It seems to me, that kung fu hussy's gotten a big head from scoring a couple of fluke wins over Casey. And now Miss Prohibition's out here pouring out her old fashioned nonsense too? Now normally, I'd say Cindy and I should teach you two a lesson, but quite frankly, you two don't deserve to step into the ring with the champions. Honestly, just one of us should be more than enough to take on the likes of you.

[Casey looks at Harley, her eyes growing big as saucers.]

HH: If you think your karate is so great, why don't we see how it holds up against the very best? On the next edition of Showtime, it's you two versus me and Casey!

[Casey can hardly contain her excitement. Betty and Charity turn and give each other a smirk, before answering Harley's challenge.]

BC: You're on, Harley! We'll show everyone that it's skill, not whining, that wins matches!

[Betty and Charity walk off, leaving E-Girl MAX to stew. As they watch them walk away, Cinder barks at them angrily, while Harley tries to hold her back.]

CC: Oh yeah?! Well... we're going to kick your butts!

[Casey looks anxious for a moment, as Harley shouts "don't you dare", but Casey can't help herself.]

CC: Count on it!

[Mariah gets a look of disgust on her face as Casey pumps her fist. Harley sighs in the background, then tells Casey to help her get Cinder under control.]

MW: Will you three get out of here?!

[Harley and Casey convince a still-agitated Cinder to leave as Mariah shakes her head.]

MW: I don't buy that for a second, fans. Jeez. We'll be right back.

[We fade from Center Stage to...

...some random guy sitting in a recliner. He's got the remote in one hand, a burger in the other. You know the type of man we're talking about.]

RG: Nothing like sitting back to watch Saturday Night Wrestling.

[As he is about to take a bite out of the burger, that's when "The All-Around Athlete" Laura Davis enters the picture. She is dressed in her red and blue track suit and points to the random guy.]

LD: Excuse me?

RG: [looks confused] Uh, Laura Davis... what are you doing in my living room?

LD: Better question... what are you doing eating another burger?

RG: How did you even get in here?

LD: How did you even decide to eat the same old burger every night? Aren't you tired of that?

[Random guy stares at the burger, then back at Davis, who shakes her head.]

LD: Do we women have to teach you everything?

[We then cut to footage of delicious sandwiches being prepared, like the roasted chicken breast, the meatball marinara and the steak and cheese. Rock music plays and words flash on the screen.]

"Skip the same old burger. Get a sandwich that's different."

[More footage of sandwiches, then these words:]

"MAKE IT WHAT YOU WANT."

[The Subway logo then appears, along with the reminder that they now deliver.

And we fade from commercial to footage of a scene marked "EARLIER TONIGHT" where we see Sweet Lou Blackwell standing in between Kelly Taylor and Shannon Walsh - two of the three Peach Pits - dressed in street clothes. Walsh is in charcoal grey athletic pants with a black hoodie zipped up that reads "SUDAKOV FIGHTING ARTS" down the middle vertically while Kelly's opted for a pair of peach tinted jeans and a peach tank top with a black sports bra visible underneath.]

SLB: Ladies, welcome to Center Stage where I'm told you're not scheduled to be in action but you've got something to say nonetheless.

[Walsh nods.]

SW: That's right, Blackwell. While the office says the Peach Pits are at the top of the list for rematch for those tag titles, they also say we can't get the shot until Donna's back in action.

KT: We miss you, girrrrrrrrrl!

[Taylor makes a heart out of her hands as Walsh looks annoyed in her direction.]

SW: And since no one can tell us when Donna's arm is going to be healed up enough to get cleared, I'm not willing to wait. I may not be going to the Royal Crown finals but I'm also not gonna sit on the sidelines when there are plenty of fights to be had.

And we're looking for one.

[Taylor nods enthusiastically.]

KT: That means we're coming to Showtime in two weeks' time and we're making it clear that we're looking for a match.

[Blackwell nods excitedly.]

SLB: Well, THAT'S a scoop! Who are we looking to face, ladies?

[Walsh shakes her head.]

SW: It doesn't matter if it's the champions... if it's the Lariatos... the Serpentine... Suga N' Spice... Slam Sorority... whoever in the world wants a piece of us, Blackwell, we're ready for it.

SLB: An open challenge?

SW: You got it. Anyone who wants to face us, just put your names on the contract that President Zharkov is holding. We hear the Tsar ain't hard to find.

[And with that, the Peach Pits walk out of view - Kelly pausing to grin and wave with a "bye, Lou!" before she exits... and we fade back to live action where Lori and Ben are seated... Lori with an amused expression on her face.]

LD: The Peach Pits looking for a match two weeks from tonight, Ben...

BW: What's so funny?

LD: Hm?

BW: Why are you smiling?

LD: I'm not.

BW: You are! What's so funny about the Peach Pits?

LD: Not a single thing... it's just...

[Lori looks towards the ring, trying to hide her smile.]

LD: Hey Ben, I've been meaning to ask you something for a while. Are you allergic to cats?

BW: No, why?

[The realization hits him immediately.]

BW: Oh no. She's here, isn't she?

LD: She is! Megumi Sato, take it away!

[We cut down to the ring, where Megumi Sato stands, holding a microphone.]

MS: Our next match is in the Women's Division, set for one fall with a ten minute time limit! Introducing first, already in the ring, she is stored in Fort Knox, Kentucky, weighing in at a value of \$2,629,990...

THE GOLDEN SPARK!

[A woman dressed in an all-gold outfit - bodysuit, mask, gloves, and mask - stands stoically behind Megumi Sato, hands on hips. She gets a mild set of boos from the audience.]

BW: What's the deal with that weight, Dane?

LD: The market closed last night at \$1,325 per ounce on gold. It means she's around 124 pounds.

BW: Note to newcomers - stop trying to confuse the commentators with the weights.

[As Golden Spark remains stoic in the corner, Sato moves to introduce her opponent.]

MS: And her opponent, from Richmond, Virginia, weighing 129 pounds...

MOLLLLLLLLLLLLLY BELLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL!

[There is a cheer from the kids in the audience as "Meow" by Anamanaguchi starts to play, and an energetic kitty bursts from the entrance! Molly Bell looks especially enthused this week, dressed in a matching royal blue two-piece sports bra and shorts outfit with the word "MEOW" printed in white across the seat of her shorts, along with blue kneepads and boots. Her catface makeup is applied, and she stops at the commentary station, an anticipatory look on her face.]

LD: I'm sure I'm going to get called biased for this, but what the heck.

[Lori gives Molly a vigorous scratch behind the ear, sending Molly into a world of bliss as Waterson looks at the two with disgust. Molly darts away from the booth, running around the ring and slapping paws with kids at ringside.]

BW: You're right, that was extremely biased of you!

LD: What can I say, I have a soft spot for cats. It's been almost a year since she showed up in the AWA, and I've always thought Molly brings a unique spirit to the company.

BW: Yeah, a spirit of being consistently injured, not to mention subservient to one of our roster members.

LD: She's been on the shelf a lot, sure, and maybe her relationship with Ayako Fujiwara is a little unique...

[We cut to ringside, where two excited little girls with cat ear headbands and similar facepaint are patting Molly as an older woman, presumed to be the girls' mother, takes a picture of a cat and her fans.]

LD: Moments like that really warm the heart. There's nobody on the roster that connects with the kids out there quite like Molly Bell does.

BW: Probably because they're on the same intellectual level.

LD: It's like I'm commentating with a Twitter troll. "Wahhhh, it's not for me, so I don't like it."

[Waterson seems shocked into silence by Dane's mockery as Molly rolls into the ring...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[... and gets blindsided by the Golden Spark! Referee Scott Ezra calls for the bell as the Spark stomps away at Molly!]

LD: And Golden Spark getting the jump on Molly Bell! If you remember a few weeks ago, these two met in trios competition, with Golden Spark teaming with her fellow Precious Metals, and Molly teaming with the Lariatos. Golden Spark was pinned by all three of her opponents, and felt humiliated, so she asked for this singles encounter!

BW: She might have a point, Dane. Andy Dawson counted her down while the cat and the Lariatos were covering her. That was a clearly illegal count and shouldn't have been allowed to stand.

LD: She got Pounced by Molly and sandwich lariated by the Lariatos, I think she would have been pinned by an ant.

BW: Illegal is illegal! Let's see what the cat can do by herself! Spoiler alert, it doesn't seem like much!

[Kids around the arena are screaming for Molly as she tries to get back up, but keeps catching boots from Golden Spark as she rises. Scott Ezra keeps a close eye on the action, watching Molly's positioning as well as where Golden Spark's boots land.]

LD: Scott Ezra taking a look at things, because if Molly breaks the plane of the ropes, she'll be considered out of bounds and a break will need to be called for.

BW: And if that dumb cat had an ounce of brains, she'd do exactly that. Most smart wrestlers would just put a foot under the rope or roll out. Instead, Molly's being booted over and over by Golden Spark!

LD: She might have gotten, pun not intended, her bell rung by that first boot to the head as well. Don't forget, she was concussed earlier in the year by La Lutra Nippon when she got hit over the head with a 15 pound rock. It caused her to miss the Tag Team Title tournament, and inadvertently created the Lariatos.

BW: And once you get one concussion, it's easier to get another, and another. Not like she needed anything to damage her little walnut brain anyway.

LD: I really wish you'd be nicer to her.

BW: She hissed at me once, plus she holds a distant association to Juan Vasquez.

LD: Your grudges sure do run deep.

BW: Never forget an enemy.

[Golden Spark finally stops the boot barrage, kneeling by Molly's head and throwing punches at the knocked down kitty cat.]

LD: Now punches, and that's going to draw a warning from Scott Ezra. You can't throw closed fists like that.

BW: Hey, you brought 'em up, whatever happened to La Lutra Nippon or that goofy squirrel character anyway?

LD: La Ardilla? The Menagerie have sworn that they will eventually catch Molly Bell and take her out. We've asked when that might be, and the only word we got back was "when least expected".

BW: Sounds like that cat better keep her head on a swivel. As opposed to right now, where it's being bounced on a spring.

[Golden Spark keeps throttling Molly, but her punches have less and less effect. Eventually, the punches slow to nothing, and Molly shoves Golden Spark off, then boots her in the sternum.]

LD: Just like a spark there, a quick flash but not much to that flurry of offense by Golden Spark!

BW: Has she tired herself out already?

LD: I think she may have. You're the strategy expert, what do you think the odds are that she already knew the level of Golden Spark's strikes and stamina and decided to let her basically punch herself out?

BW: Slim to none.

LD: Okay... how about if Ayako told her to do it?

BW: Significantly higher.

[Molly grins a toothy grin as Golden Spark gasps, trying to regain her breath from the bombardment she dished out and the kick she absorbed. Molly grabs Golden Spark by the mask, pulling her up to her feet, and hoists her into the air, sending her down with a bodyslam!]

LD: We don't get to see Molly go against wrestlers she's bigger than, as one of the smaller wrestlers in the AWA Women's Division! That's a big bodyslam by Molly Bell!

[Molly runs off the ropes, as the crowd roars at her speed. Molly quickly rebounds off the far side, rushing back and driving a leg right into the face of Golden Spark, immediately grabbing a leg and covering!]

LD: How about the speed on that legdrop? She's got one, two... kickout by the Golden Spark! That is one fast cat!

BW: Okay okay, you want me to be nice, I will. She dropped, what, 25 pounds since last year? Ever since she did that, she's gotten really fast, and that's worked out quite a bit better for her.

LD: There, was that so hard?

BW: It hurt me to say it.

[Molly wiggles her hips a bit as she waits for Golden Spark to get to a standing position.]

LD: Molly waiting in anticipation here... what could she be setting up?

BW: Whatever it is, she's wasting time.

[Molly sees Golden Spark get to a hunched over position, and then darts over to the turnbuckles! She runs up the middle, then the top, pushing off as soon as her paws touch the buckle...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[... jumping back off and throwing herself at Golden Spark with a flying cross body! Molly uses the momentum to roll to a standing position, grabbing Golden Spark's leg in the process and pulling her to a kneeling position with her.]

LD: Wow! What a cross body block by Molly, and now she's back up on her paws once again!

BW: I'm surprised she didn't cover, and that she even pulled Golden Spark up a bit as well. Either she's very sure of what she's doing, or she's very dumb.

[Molly wiggles her hips again, raising an arm up to the crowd and chanting "MEOW!", encouraging the crowd to chant along.]

"MEOW!"

"MEOW!"

"MEOW!"

"MEOW!"

"MEOW!"

[And as the Golden Spark turns around in confusion, she sees nothing but a cat-shaped blur charging at her...]

LD: POOOOOOOOOOOONCCCCCCCCCE!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[... DRIVING a shoulder into her sternum at full speed! Golden Spark flies backwards several feet, hitting the mat with a thud, as Molly immediately skitters over and covers Golden Spark!]

LD: Molly Bell just Pounced the karats out of Golden Spark! That's one, two, and three! Molly Bell is back on the winning track!

[The bell sounds as Molly giddily stands back up, bouncing up and down with glee.]

BW: I guess I'll give credit where it was due, that was good agility by the cat to leap off the ropes, then to pull Golden Spark back up and be ready for the Pounce. Problem is, if she had missed either of those, she would have been in big trouble.

LD: That's why it's called high risk offense, and Molly Bell is becoming one of the best in the Women's Division at it!

[Molly leaves the ring, wandering into the crowd where she is mobbed by screaming kids, all of whom want pictures and to pet their favorite cat.]

LD: And look at this scene! How adorable!

BW: How sickening. Can I ask for children to be banned from AWA shows until they've reached adulthood?

LD: You're heartless, Ben. I think it's great that these kids have embraced Molly like they have. Well, I don't think Molly will be able to go see Mariah Wolfe, she has too many kids to talk to! Let's take it over to...

[Lori takes a glance at her format.]

LD: Good lord, I thought we'd avoided this.

[Waterson smirks, shaking his head.]

BW: Not on your life... and if you don't want to do your job, Dane, I will! Megumi, tell these people what's next!

[The camera cuts to Megumi Sato in the ring, holding up her mic.]

MS: AWA fans... it is noooooow time for... THE FRONNNNNNT PAAAAAAAAGE!

[The AWA fans in attendance jeer lustily for that proclamation.]

MS: And here is your host...

...BRYYYYSONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN PAAAAAAAAGEEEEEEEEEE!

[And the crowd boos as Prince's "Controversy" starts playing throughout Center Stage. The curtain opens to the now-getting-familiar "set" of The Front Page, which of course is a folding table with a cardboard "Front Page" sign, and a chair behind it and to the side.

After a few moments, Bryson Page enters through the curtain, dressed in his usual jeans, black t-shirt and blazer over it. He takes a moment to soak in the boos as the music fades.]

LD: This guy is a real piece of work, Ben. Just listen to these fans booing him.

BW: The truth hurts and Bryson Page has got all the truth you can handle and then some.

LD: Truth isn't a word I'd associate with-

[Page's voice rings out to cut Lori off.]

BP: PEOPLE OF ATLANTA!

[Page sneers, waving at the camera.]

BP: And all you loyal lovelies out there in TV Land... I am the AWA's Top Online Engagement machine, the top trender, the most watched, the provocateur, the trendsetter, the cream in the coffee, the spoon that stirs the pot...

[The words are coming fast and frantic from the Scot as Page smirks, taking a deep breath...]

BP: ...I am BRYSON PAGE...

[The crowd jeers loudly again.]

BP: ...and you are most assuredly not!

[And even louder to a broad grin from the so-called Trendsetter.]

BP: And welcome to the highest rated quarter hour of the night... THE FRONT PAGE!

[The wild Scot paces around the stage, not even bothering with his seat as he looks out on the jeering crowd.]

BP: Now people, I'm a strong believer in second chances. They so rarely come in this business. I'm the beneficiary of a second chance myself. And probably my guest tonight, who by rights should've been out from his injury for months to come.... but like a bad case of herpes, he came back.

[Page looks over to the commentary section.]

BP: Am I right, Lori?

LD: You little-

[Page cuts her off again.]

BP: Please welcome my guest tonight... "CANNONBALL" LEE CONNORS!

[The Georgia crowd cheers as "You're The Best" by Joe "Bean" Esposito rings out over the PA system. A few moments pass before Lee Connors steps through the curtain in a crimson red karate gi. He claps his arms together at his side, bowing to the crowd before stepping towards the waiting Page. Connors steps closer, extending his hand...

...and a smirking Page flops down in his chair, waving for Connors to sit down to join him.]

LD: Disrespect immediately by Page. Boy, I wish he'd get medically cleared so he had to answer for this kind of stuff.

BW: And for what he said to you?

LD: I mean, is anyone surprised that Bryson Page went for a joke that was popular in the late 90s?

[Connors glares at Page, shaking his head before lowering his hand and reluctantly taking a seat.]

BP: Now, Lee... can I call you Lee?

[He doesn't wait for a response and just verbally bullrushes over Connors' attempt to respond.]

BP: Lee, not that long ago now, we saw your leg get bent back the totally wrong way and everyone - me included - thought that was the end of that and you'd be back in Canada teaching kids how to do the Crane Kick by now... but here you are...

[Page makes a broad gesture as the fans cheer Connors' return. Connors grins, nodding to the crowd.]

BP: ...just here... doing whatever it is you do.

[Connors sighs.]

LC: Whatever it is I do... yeah, I'm not surprised you don't recognize it, Page. Because what I do is compete with honor... with dignity... with respect for the fans AND for my opponent...

[Page stifles a fake yawn.]

BP: Right, right...

LC: ...and... we're no strangers to each other, Page. We both did our time working in Canadian indies... making those winter trips across frozen lakes and fighting for every chance we could get. It should've made you better than you are, Bryson... it should make you appreciate everything you've got... but what it did is make you bitter.

[Page rolls his eyes.]

BP: This isn't about me, Connors. This is about you. It's about you and your big comeback which was so grand... you didn't even get booked tonight. Yet you're out here in your little costume like you're gonna fight someone. Who ya gonna fight, Lee? Me?

[Connors smirks.]

LC: If wishing made it so.

[The crowd cheers as Page shakes his head.]

BP: Nah, nah... I'm still not cleared and you know that so you get that out of your head. I invited you out here to talk about your comeback... because I know these fans were impressed by it... I wasn't but they were... and I'm sure someone else was, right? Like your old girlfriend Betty Chang. She was so glad to see you back that she...

[Page smirks.]

BP: ...dumped you like yesterday's garbage. Sorry.

[Connors shakes his head.]

LC: We're not getting into that. Betty and I are friends and we're both happy with that. And if you want to go down that road, Page... then I feel like you only invited me out here to provoke me. And if you want to provoke me, we can settle this right now inside the ring OR outside of it!

[Connors gets to his feet, his temper flaring as he squares up on Page who leans back in his chair, hands raised.]

BP: Whoa, whoa... whoa there, Lee... settle down, settle down.

[Connors slowly sits back down, keeping his eyes on Page.]

BP: Much as I'd love to take you up on that...

[He grimaces.]

BP: ...Sports Hernia, you know.

[The crowd jeers loudly as Page glares at them.]

BP: But look, I'm sure I can make a few calls and get your old friend Downpour back here to take you up on it.

[Connors grimaces again, grabbing at his knee as he remembers the betrayal.]

BP: But hey, hey, hey... all ribbing aside, Lee... I DO have a reason for having you on the hottest quarter hour in wrestling. See, Lee... this is your chance. Your chance to get yourself back on track... prove you're not some Daniel LaRusso punchline... show that your knee is one hundred percent... and reintroduce yourself to the world proper.

You know the world is watching you right now, Lee... you're trending... the engagement is up... the views are through the roof...

What's Lee Connors about in 2018?

[Connors' glare softens a little as he raises the mic.]

LC: Lee Connors is about taking care of business. You're right about one thing, Page... I let my focus slip last year. With Downpour. And yeah, with Betty. But all that's out of the way and I'm fully focused on that ring and what I can do in it. And yeah, I know I need to get some wins under my belt before I start really gunning for it... but there's a whole lot of people talking about winning championship gold in 2018 and you can add MY name on that list.

[Page smirks.]

BP: Oh yeah, huh? The people talking about winning championships are guys like Hannibal Carver... like Shadoc Rage... you puttin' yourself on their level, huh?

[Connors waves a hand.]

LC: Not at all. But I know what I'm capable of... and these fans know what I'm capable of... and I'm just saying that if I get my chance in there... against someone like Jordan Ohara... or maybe even Odin Gunn...

[Page scoffs loudly, cutting Connors off.]

BP: ODIN GUNN?! You think you're gonna get in there with ODIN GUNN?! What? Did you sign up for some kind of Rewards Program at the hospital 'cause that's a quick way to end up right back there. Besides...

[Page pulls out his phone and starts scrolling.]

BP: Let's see, ah, World Television Championship... Odin Gunn... Omega, good lord the bar is low there... Odysseus Allah... preach. Grant Carter? Sheesh. Trey Carson. Tony Donovan.

Yeah, looks like your name isn't on that contenders list, Lee.

[Connors nods.]

LC: I know that but-

[Page interrupts.]

BP: What makes you so up there to get a shot before the likes of a Claw student, a near seven footer, or my good friend Odysseus Allah?

[Connors smirks.]

LC: Your good friend, huh? Page, I got a feeling that if your good friend legitimately wanted to face Odin Gunn, he'd have cashed in that guaranteed shot he won at SuperClash by now.

BP: He's got a strategy.

LC: You can call it a strategy... I call it being a coward.

[The crowd "ooooohs" as Page gets out of his seat, pointing a finger at Connors who also gets up...]

BP: Hey, you listen here! I know Odysseus... and I know he's just biding his time, looking for the perfect chance to cash that shot in. We got a lot of big shows coming up! Maybe he just wants the most eyeballs possible on him when he goes for the gold or maybe...

[He trails off as the crowd starts to jeer loudly at the arrival of someone else on the entrance stage.]

BP: ...or MAYBE we could let the man himself answer you! Folks, you never know what's gonna happen on The Front Page...

[Page gestures with a grin.]

BP: ...my good friend, Odysseus Allah!

[Odysseus Allah steps closer to The Front Page "set", glaring a hole through Connors who is returning the stare. Allah barks "you got something to say to me, karate kid?!" as his father, Dirt Dog Unique Allah strikes a mocking karate pose behind him with a loud "hiiiiiyaaaaaaa!"]

LD: We've got a confrontation up here on the stage...

[Connors puts the mic down, firing off a few words to the Allahs as Page smirks at the chaos he's created...]

LD: ...Lee Connors not backing down from the Allahs. We've got a match set in just a few moments here...

[Before things can get physical, we can see John Shock and Adam Rogers make their way out onto the stage with a few other officials, getting between Connors and the Allahs as Megumi Sato's voice rings out.]

MS: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... from Jacksonville, Florida... already in the ring at this time... weighing in at 198 pounds... GILBERT JENNINGS!

[Jennings dances around the ring. He is a lean African-American man with colorful orange and white-dyed cornrows and orange trunks with green boots covered in white and orange tassels. He has white and orange tassels around his biceps too...

...and we cut back up to the stage where the Allahs are still trading words with Lee Connors, Bryson Page continuing to instigate all the while as the AWA officials try to get the Allahs down the stairs towards the ring.]

MS: Annnnnnd his opponent... from Brooklyn, New York... weighing in at 224 pounds... accompanied to the ring by his father, Dirt Dog Unique Allah...

...ODYSSEUS AAAAAAAAAAALLAH!

[Still shouting at Connors, Allah moves towards the steps garbed in a shearling-lined denim trucker, camouflage combat pants and combat boots. He stares at the crowd, chewing his lip in disgust as the officials get Connors back towards the entrance curtain.]

LD: It looks like they're finally getting things settled up there with Odysseus Allah headed towards the ring, his father in tow behind him...

[DDUA is jumping around manically in his jeans, wifebeater and unlaced Timberland boots as Odysseus flashes a manic smile, rubbing his hands together gleefully before slashing his finger against his throat and then stalking towards the ring. Odysseus Allah sprints up the three steps before slipping through the ropes. He shrugs off his trucker jacket and then sits on the top turnbuckle, watching everything carefully.]

LD: ...and we're just about set for action.

BW: Odysseus Allah accompanied to the ring by his father. Unique Allah looks a little happy, doesn't he, Lori?

LD: I'm sure he's happy to be out here with his son.

BW: Sure, sure... but I mean happy like he has a fifth of gin because he drank the other four.

LD: Ugh. Ben... must we?

BW: Oh, come on, Dane... let's keep with the truth-telling theme from The Front Page. When you think of Dirt Dog Unique Allah, you think of three things - Seven Tables of Fear, the time he was brainwashed into joining a cult, and that on any given day, he's got more alcohol in his bloodstream than blood cells.

LD: The veteran's certainly had his demons over the years which has had an impact on his career... no doubt about that but he's here in his son's corner and I think that's the reason for the excitement.

[Odysseus smirks and nods his head towards his father, subtly telling him to exit the ring. Unique grabs the top rope, swaying unsteadily on his feet before he falls flat on his back and then rolls out to the floor. Once Odysseus is satisfied that Unique is out, he slips down from his perch. He bounces from foot to foot in his corner, stretching his neck and rolling his shoulders.]

“THAT’S MY BOY, Y’ALL! GIVE IT UP FOR THE L’IL DIRTY DOGGY!”

[Unique starts clapping wildly with some ringside fans as they laugh with/at him.]

LD: The crowd having a good time here in Atlanta with the usual outlandish antics of Dirt Dog Unique Allah, having fun with the ringside fans...

BW: Can we concentrate on Odysseus in the ring? He’s the important one.

LD: You’re the one who wanted to talk about Unique Allah!

[The bell sounds as Odysseus inches forward, hands up as he stalks Jennings... but Jennings isn’t one to wait, rushing forward and lunging into a tieup.]

LD: Jennings off to the quick start, tying up... and nope, Odysseus Allah grabs the arm, twisting it around...

[Jennings grunts and struggles in the armwringer for a bit before reversing it, getting his own submission hold applied...]

LD: ...no, reversed by Jennings and... reversed right back by Allah, tugging Jennings into a side headlock...

BW: Odysseus’ mat skills are on an elite level, Dane... a much different type of competitor than his father who was known for risk taking and... how did you put it? “Outlandish antics.”

[On cue, Unique Allah leaps up, smashing his hands down on the apron with a loud “THAT’S MAH BOY!” as Jennings reverses the headlock into a top wristlock, trying to force Odysseus down to the mat...]

LD: ...and another counter, this one by Jennings... and these two are trading holds early on in this one. Look at Jennings forcing him down... forcing him down into that bridge...

BW: That bridge is as solid as the Golden Gate!

LD: The AWA will be in the Bay Area in early June speaking of the Golden Gate Bridge... tickets on sale now, fans.

[Allah’s bridge is truly top notch, his head touching the mat, but he keeps his shoulders off the mat...

...and then he spins out of the bridge, coming to his feet, re-applying the armwringer and forcing Jennings down to a knee.]

“I GOT HIM! HE AIN’T GOING NOWHERE!

[The crowd was cheering the display of technical skill but they immediately start booing Allah’s trash talk.]

LD: What a flurry of holds and counterholds by these two! I can hardly keep up!

BW: These two seem physically matched well. And the crowd here is showing that they don't like Odysseus Allah. I don't know why. I guess these people don't appreciate greatness.

LD: Perhaps it's the attitude. The brashness. Or maybe - as Lee Connors said - they've identified him as a coward who refuses to take on Odin Gunn for the World Television Title.

[Struggling to his feet, Jennings backs Allah into the ropes, shoving Allah off to the far side...]

LD: Off the ropes, Allah leaps over the drop down tackle attempt by a game Gil Jennings...

[...but as Allah lands on the mat, he slams on the brakes, his back to Jennings as he regains his feet...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the crowd reacts with a sympathetic grown as Allah drops back in a Pele kick, pole axing Jennings right between the eyes.]

BW: That'll leave a mark, Dane!

LD: Nice execution on that kick... going right from the mat wrestling to the high impact athletic striking... and you have to watch Odysseus Allah and be impressed at what he's capable of in there.

[Rolling to his feet with a smirk on his face, Allah closes the distance on the stunned but standing Jennings who throws a pair of weak and wild haymakers, trying to keep Allah at bay...]

...but Allah clasps his hands together behind his back, ducking and dodging the blows with ease...]

BW: You gotta love the showmanship too. He can really move.

[...and then swings a no-handed kneelift up into the midsection of Jennings, doubling him up before Allah grabs the arm, twisting it around once... twice...]

LD: And right back to the submission skills, really working over that arm as he pulls him into a hammerlock...

[Jennings struggles to escape, snapping an elbow back but Allah tucks his head to avoid it, leaping up and planting his feet into the back of Jennings, shoving him off to smash facefirst into the corner...]

LD: ...and what in the world do you even CALL that?! It was kind of a dropkick... but also more of a leverage move...

"Y'ALL SEE WHAT HE DID? THAT BOY GOOD... MUHFUHS!"

[The outburst from Unique Allah elicits laughs from the crowd as Odysseus Allah moves in on Jennings. He kicks him viciously in the back before he grabs Jennings by the back of the head...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and delivers a brutal slap across the back of the head!]

LD: There was no call for that!

BW: Odysseus Allah has a mean streak in him that his father never really...

[Waterson trails off as the Dirt Dog wanders towards him.]

"Y'all muhfuchs better not say nuthin' bad about my boy, dagnabit! Y'all let 'em know in TV Land that he goin' to the top!"

LD: A recommendation there from a proud father. Got that, Ben?

BW: Oh, I got it. Someone tell Mr. Twelve Steps that I'm puttin' his kid over up here and stay out of my face!

LD: You're welcome to tell him yourself.

BW: If I go face-to-face with him, I'll need a Designated Driver to get back to the hotel.

[Inside the ring, Odysseus is toying with Jennings, dancing around him and peppering him with open-handed slaps after ducking Jennings' wild haymakers.]

LD: Odysseus Allah adding insult to injury with every blow in there... pure disrespect from this arrogant young man.

BW: It may be disrespectful but there's nothing illegal about what he's doing... in fact, with the open hands, it's COMPLETELY by the rulebook. Supreme Wright would be proud.

LD: Please don't say that name. He may come back out here again and I don't think ANYONE wants that.

[Jennings is starting to get fired up from the slaps, lashing out with a flurry of kicks and fists all landing on a surprised Allah who tries to cover up as the fans cheer the offense!]

BW: And now we're fighting!

LD: Those kicks are fast as lightning!

[But they are not as fast as Allah who slips, dips, ducks and dives under every blow. The young Allah puts his hands firmly behind his back as he dodges every blow, letting Jennings tire himself out from the offensive flurry...]

BW: Allah's floating like a butterfly in there...

[...and when Jennings throws a weary, sloppy head kick that's too far off the mark, Allah goes low and sweeps out the other leg, putting Jennings down!]

BW: ...and there's the stinging like a bee!

LD: Devastating leg sweep there by Odysseus Allah, Ben! That young man might have a dislocated knee cap!

[Jennings writhes on the mat, clutching his knee and grimacing in pain.]

BW: And just like that the mood has changed here in the Center Stage Studios as the crowd looks on with concern for the health of this young man, Gil Jennings.

LD: Referee checking on the kid and look at Allah, Ben! He's celebrating with his father.

[Allah shouts down to his father, clutching himself and does the 'shiver' move.]

BW: He's so cold, Lori, he makes himself sick!

LD: It isn't funny.

BW: It's a little bit funny.

[Koji Sakai demands Allah go back to his corner while he checks on the downed Jennings.]

"Do you want to continue?"

LD: Koji Sakai asking if Jennings wants to continue. That knee must be bad.

BW: You saw that leg sweep. That could have torn an MCL or something. And now there is a big bull's eye on this kid if he decides to continue.

"Do you want to continue?"

[Jennings nods his head yes as he claws his way to the ropes. Sakai has to restrain Allah and push him back to the corner.]

BW: Allah's got that look in his eye. He's hot. He thinks the kid should have quit when he had the chance.

LD: I've noticed this before. Odysseus will play around with you for a while but then there's something in him that just snaps. He can explode at any time.

BW: And it looks like the timer has been lit on that fuse.

[Sakai warns Allah to stay in his corner as he walks back across the ring to talk to Jennings.]

"Can you go?"

"Yes."

"Can you go?"

"YES!"

"LET'S GO!"

[The crowd cheers as Sakai signals for the match to continue.]

BW: Gil Jennings is gonna fight!

[Jennings stumbles out of his corner as Allah rushes from his, slamming into him bodily and shoving him straight back to the corner...]

LD: Ohhh! Big crash and into the corner they go!

[...and Allah starts firing off rapid palm strikes, slamming the heel of his hand into Jennings' head, chest and midsection. Eyes flashing wildly, Allah continues the punishment with a series of elbows and knees as well.]

LD: Get him off the man! Come on, ref! Get in there! Do your job!

BW: Nobody wants to get in the way of the rage of Allah! He's snapped!

LD: Rage of Allah? He's a raving lunatic!

[Sakai comes flying in and snags Allah, pulling him off the helpless Jennings!]

LD: Can we stop this thing now for crying out loud?!

[But Allah shrugs him off, shouting at the official as he moves back in on Jennings who is leaning in the corner recovering...

...and Jennings leaps up, throwing a dropkick that snaps Allah's head back, crumpling him down on the canvas to cheers!]

LD: What a dropkick!

BW: How the heck did he even do that on the banged up knee?!

LD: It was a beautiful move from the kid from Jacksonville... and this could be his chance... this could be his moment! Get him! Get some payback for what he did to you!

BW: Feeling a little bloodthirsty, are we? You're supposed to be impartial, you know.

[Allah covers up on the mat as Jennings rushes him with a series of kicks and stomps to the body to big cheers!]

LD: Jennings taking the opportunity to try and-

[But as Jennings raises his foot to stomp Allah's chest, Allah lashes out with his foot, kicking the wounded knee, causing Jennings to cry out before collapsing to the mat, clutching his knee in pain...]

LD: -OH! Right to the knee! A kick right the injured knee ends that flurry in a hurry! And what in the world is going on over here on the outside?

[As Odysseus climbs off the mat, we see Dirt Dog leaning into the front row of the bleachers, taking selfies with the fans...]

BW: Looks like Unique's having a little Meet and Greet session...

[...and a grinning Unique plants a kiss on the cheek of a grinning young lady who stuck out her face for the "honor," earning a reproving glance from Odysseus.]

"THE ALLAH BOYS IN THE HOUSE!"

BW: The man is having a lot of fun, it appears. And the fans are enjoying it... and don't you say that's what matters? You were fine with that damn cat hanging out with the fans. You got a problem with dogs?

[Odysseus throws another look at his father before grabbing Jennings by the tweaked leg, yanking the leg up. He crosses the other leg over it...]

LD: And it looks like Odysseus is going for a figure four...

[...but while still standing, he tucks one of Jennings' arms between the bent legs, trapping it with a grip on the other side...]

LD: ...what in the...

[...and then reaches across with his left arm to hook the other hand...]

BW: In the world of Lucha Libre...

[...and with some effort, Allah lifts the struggling Jennings off the mat while maintaining the submission hold...]

BW: ...this is called El Nudo Lagunero! And it's just a matter of time before-

[...and Jennings nearly instantly submits, nodding his head and shouting "I QUIT! I QUIT!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: Wow! To the best of my recall, we've NEVER seen that hold out of Odysseus Allah before... and Ben, I just have to wonder what else this young man is holding in reserve for when it's needed.

BW: That's a painful hold, a devastating hold... and like I said, you rarely see it outside of Mexico. This is a kid who is well-trained, well-learned, and dangerous in so many different ways.

[Allah holds on for a few more seconds before letting go, allowing Jennings to slump to the mat, clutching his knee in obvious pain as a smirking Allah looks out on the jeering crowd.]

LD: Odysseus Allah takes the win by submission... and-

[Looking out on the floor, Odysseus spots his father celebrating with the fans, his back turned to the ring. With a glare, Odysseus exits to the outside, snatching his father by the shirt and dragging him away from the scene.]

LD: -well, at least one of the Allahs seem happy about the win. Odysseus though looks like it barely registered to him. This kid's got a serious chip on his shoulder, Ben.

BW: And I think he wouldn't have it any other way.

LD: Mariah, Sweet Daddy... back to you!

[We fade back to the stage where we see Odysseus practically dragging his father out of sight as Mariah shakes her head.]

MW: Odysseus Allah with another win, continuing his winning ways... and you have to wonder when he'll decide to issue that challenge for the World Television Title that he won back at SuperClash. Perhaps it'll be one week from tonight at National Wrestling Night on ABC! That's gonna be a big one, Ess-Dee-Dub.

SDW: It is, it is... network TV, the bright lights, the big city, Kansas City will be rockin' and I can't wait to see it all go down!

MW: Earlier tonight, we heard the challenge issued by Jackson Haynes to go one-on-one with the former two-time World Champion Supreme Wright. Wright has accepted the challenge and now it's official!

[A graphic comes up on screen to promote the big singles match.]

SDW: They may never let us on ABC again after that one. It's gonna be rough, tough, and oh-so-physical when those two go at it.

MW: We're going to run down the rest of the lineup a little later but we've got a couple of pieces of breaking news to address about the big show a week from tonight. First, we all saw the brutal attack on Hannibal Carver last weekend on Saturday Night Wrestling by Generation Lost... and now we can confirm that Carver is currently not medically cleared for action and will NOT be in Kansas City next weekend.

[The crowd jeers that piece of news.]

MW: Of course, we'll be speaking with Generation Lost out here a little later and I'm sure they'll have plenty to say about putting Carver on the shelf for a couple of weeks. Lastly, we also all saw Damian DeVile take on Max Magnum last weekend in Magnum's latest victory... and we saw DeVile ask for a rematch last Saturday AND right here tonight after HIS latest win. Well, it's official now! Max Magnum vs Damian DeVile II will go down on National Wrestling Night in Kansas City and...

[Mariah pauses.]

MW: Usually we say "I can't wait to see it!" or something like that but frankly, Sweet Daddy, I don't know if I want to see what Magnum does to someone who openly called him a coward tonight.

SDW: It ain't gonna be pretty, Miss Mariah... but DeVile called down the thunder so now he's gotta dance with the lightning!

MW: Poetic as always, my friend. But that's all action a week from tonight but we're not done here yet tonight - not by a long shot. We've had plenty of great action so far and we've still got more to come. But before we bring out a special surprise for all of you... well, those of you who can't hear Ben Waterson anyways... let's take a special look at a new promotional campaign starting up here in the AWA. The AWA has partnered with the Boys And Girls Clubs Of America to reach out to young people around the world and let them know that it's not cool to be a bully... instead... they should Be A Hero. Take a look...

[We fade from a grinning Mariah Wolfe...

...and open on Jordan Ohara standing to the left of the screen. He wears a white ringer T-shirt with the words "BE A HERO" printed on it in orange lettering. On his right is a graphic of the same orange words: "BE A HERO!" In the background, Ohara's theme song plays: Nas' "Hero."]

JO: To all my fans, don't be a bully. Be a hero.

[The shot cuts to show a closeup of Ohara.]

JO: Stand up for everyone and be respectful of everyone's feelings. You don't have to like everyone you meet, but you should always try to be kind and think about where they are coming from.

We all want to laugh and joke. We all like to point out each other's differences. But sometimes words hurt as much as being hit. Sometimes they make someone feel like an "other." And that isn't fair. You wouldn't like to feel left out. So why would anyone else?

[Cut to an alternate angle of Ohara's closeup.]

JO: Bullying can feel overwhelming, relentless and make people go to desperate lengths for it to stop. You don't want to hurt somebody for the sake of a joke, do you? I didn't think so.

[And back to the original shot.]

JO: So don't be a bully. Be a hero. Please. Only together can we stop bullying in all its forms.

Join me and the AWA in the 2018 Be a Hero campaign because we need heroes.

Like you.

[The camera fades out on Ohara giving the viewers and encouraging nod and little clasped hand bow before he fades from view as "Hero" fades out, leaving only the orange words:

BE

A

HERO.

And we fade back into Center Stage to a panning shot of the cheering crowd...

...which suddenly get a whole lot louder as Nas' "Hero" rings out live in Atlanta!

We cut from the wild reaction to the entrance stage where the curtain parts to reveal the AWA National Champion, the "Phoenix" Jordan Ohara. The "Phoenix" is dressed for the ring in shiny white tights and his custom Carolina blue Jordan 11 sneakers with the black heels. He wears a sleeveless Carolina blue ring jacket that is cut out at the midriff to show off the AWA National championship. The gold shines brightly around his waist. He strides over to join Mariah and Sweet Daddy at the interview podium, giving a grin and a fistbump to Williams before the music fades.]

MW: Be a hero indeed... Jordan, I know you're so proud to be a part of that promotional campaign...

[The Phoenix nods.]

MW: ...and we're so happy to have you here... unexpectedly, I might add... on Showtime here tonight.

[Ohara leans over the mic.]

JO: Only if you weren't watching at home or on social media. Thanks a lot, Waterson.

[Cut to a smirking Waterson who mockingly salutes... and then back to Ohara who sighs, shaking his head.]

MW: But Jordan, you're not just here tonight to celebrate the kickoff of the Be A Hero campaign... you're here just moments away from another Phoenix Rises Challenge!

[The crowd ROARS as Ohara grins, nodding.]

JO: That's right, Mariah.

[Wolfe smiles.]

MW: Well, we're glad to have you here... but I do have to ask: how in the world can you keep up this slate of title defenses not knowing who your challenger is?

[Ohara shrugs.]

JO: Simple. I prepare for everybody all the time. I watch wrestling all the time. I study all my opponents and possible opponents every time they go the ring. I stay ready. I don't have to get ready.

[The crowd cheers as Ohara winks at the crowd.]

MW: So, you don't think you can be surprised by whoever answers the challenge?

JO: I don't think so, Mariah. We've already seen the shenanigans that have taken place since the beginning of my open challenges. But that's okay because iron sharpens iron. And they make me better. I have to stay one step ahead of the game to keep this championship and I will do that.

MW: So you really don't know who to expect tonight?

JO: No, but I can tell you who I wish would answer my challenge.

MW: Who?

JO: Team Supreme. Any one of them.

[The crowd ROARS at the idea of that as Ohara nods.]

JO: Crawford, Martinez, Jackson... Supreme. I would love for any one of them to answer my challenge. And I just wish I was here earlier tonight when they showed up. I was across town doing a quick radio interview but...

[Ohara shakes his head, rubbing his hands together.]

JO: I watched the Red Wedding just like everybody else did and I was disgusted.

Supreme Wright...

[The crowd JEERS the former World Champion's name.]

JO: Theresa Lynch is a human being. She is a good person with real feelings. Why would you play her like that? Why would you use her and humiliate her all so you could just call yourself the "White Knight?"

[Ohara shakes his head.]

JO: You've lost it. You've forgotten what a real champion looks like. So, let me remind you.

A real champion looks like me.

[A big cheer goes up!]

JO: A real champion looks like Supernova. A real champion looks like Julie Somers. A real champion looks like Next Gen.

A real champion looks like Ryan Martinez.

[Ohara smirks, knowing that'll get under the skin of Wright.]

JO: All of us earned our titles with our work in the ring and none of us took shortcuts. None of us gave in to the demons of narcissism and foolish pride.

Supreme, the planet's most technically skilled wrestler must still be in there. It isn't too late to turn back and disband Team Supreme and win back the fans trust, win back your honor.

It is never too late to become a true champion again.

[Ohara returns his attention to Mariah Wolfe.]

JO: Sorry, I just had to get that off my chest.

[Mariah shrugs, nodding.]

MW: I think what you're saying is what most of us are thinking. Thanks for speaking up on behalf of Theresa. She's been devastated by all of this.

JO: I can only imagine.

[Wolfe reaches out, patting Ohara on the arm.]

MW: Thanks for always being one of the good guys.

[Ohara smiles at Wolfe...]

JO: Don't thank me. It's people like you, Theresa...

[...and then points to the crowd.]

JO: ...and all the AWA fans that make me want to be one of the good guys.

[The crowd cheers.]

MW: I've got one more question before you go down to the ring though, Jordan. With such a big match a week from tonight, is this the best time to be defending the title?

[Ohara grins.]

JO: It absolutely is, Mariah. Am I putting the chance to defend my title on worldwide television at stake? Yes, I am. But this title reign of mine is about opportunity... and this is the opportunity for someone to not only beat me... not only take my title and make Showtime must-see TV... but to completely turn National Wrestling Night on its head!

And believe me... you don't want to miss that!

[Ohara gives Wolfe a little bow and nod of appreciation before his music starts back up and the Phoenix starts walking down the staircase towards the ring to the cheers of the fans...]

MW: Jordan Ohara looking to give someone a big opportunity here tonight on Showtime! Lori, Ben... over to you!

[We fade to a shot of the aisle where Ohara is heading towards the ring, reaching out to slap the hands of the fans lining the entranceway.]

LD: Thanks for that, Mariah... and a special surprise treat here tonight for AWA fans as Jordan Ohara, the Phoenix himself, is here in Atlanta for... what are you laughing at?!

BW: I'm laughing at you and Wolfe trying to sell this as some big surprise. I told the whole world it was coming earlier tonight!

LD: And you're just so proud of that, aren't you? Spoiling a fun surprise for our fans?

BW: When Blackwell does it, you call it a scoop! At least I'm not shilling some app to put extra coin in my pocket. You want a scoop from me? Tune in each and every Showtime when I give you all a reality check!

LD: You're too much.

[Ohara climbs the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes where he immediately thrusts the National Title belt into the air to cheers.]

LD: Well, surprise or not, fans... Jordan Ohara is stepping in for yet another Phoenix Rises Challenge where he'll put the National Title on the line... and Mariah raised a great point. If whoever is coming through that curtain happens to beat the Phoenix tonight, it'll completely upend National Wrestling Night one week from today in Kansas City where Ohara is supposed to defend the title against Robert Donovan and Sid Osborne in a three way match.

BW: It's a bigger than normal shot for someone to take this challenge and make the kind of headlines that makes you an instant star in this business. And it's another example of Ohara being just another dumb kid in that locker room.

LD: You don't respect the guts it takes to do this one week before National Wrestling Night?

BW: There's guts and then there's just blind stupidity. The number one goal in this business is to make money and you make money by winning big matches when the most eyeballs are on ya. And believe me, Ohara would make more money defending the title on National Wrestling Night on ABC than he will beating whoever's coming through that curtain tonight.

LD: He's obviously got the confidence he can do both, Ben.

BW: Sure he does. Now, let's find out if he's right.

[Ohara has removed the ring jacket, handing the title belt over to the referee as he waits to see who is coming through the curtain...]

LD: Who's it gonna be?

[...and the crowd ERUPTS at the sound of "You're The Best" for the second time tonight!]

LD: Oho! How about that, Ben?! "Cannonball" Lee Connors has accepted the challenge!

[A grinning Connors walks through the curtain onto the stage, looking down at Ohara who is also smiling, nodding his head...]

LD: Wow! Just two weeks after making his return from injury, Lee Connors is accepting the Phoenix Rises Challenge and is looking to shock the world here tonight!

BW: And as much as I loved every single second of what Bryson Page said about Connors earlier, I also think Connors is gonna be a tough test for Ohara and if you're looking for someone to turn National Wrestling Night upside down, it could be this guy for sure!

LD: Connors with a very similar wrestling style to Ohara... the quickness, the agility, the high risk, the striking... and the support of the fans as you can hear!

[Connors bows to Ohara from the entrance stage then points to the ring, making a quick "belt gesture" before starting towards the stairs...

...which is when someone comes charging out of the curtain with a steel chair in hand!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: OHHH! HANG ON! THAT'S-

[The crowd gasps upon the realization that Connors' attacker is the man they saw moments ago...]

LD: -DIRT DOG UNIQUE ALLAH?!

[Allah noticeably staggers away from Connors, putting the chair down hard on the edge to catch his balance. The boos pick up as Allah stumbles back towards Connors again, swinging the chair back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: AHHH! AGAIN WITH THE CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK!

[Allah rears back a third time...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and smashes the steel down across the small of the back, causing Connors to cry out for a moment before coming to rest motionless on the steel stage...

...which is when AWA officials come pouring from the backstage area into view, rushing towards Allah who threatens them with the chair too as he steps away from the downed Connors!]

LD: I don't know what's going on here at all, Ben! Lee Connors was coming out here with the intent to take the Open Challenge and... Dirt Dog Unique Allah, obviously upset over the exchange between his son and Connors earlier, coming out here with that chair and...

[Allah pushes an official back, threatening him with the chair as Kevin Slater stands guard over the downed Connors, shouting for Allah to "get the hell out of here!"]

LD: ...a wild scene up here on the stage near us...

BW: Keep it away from me. Allah's still got that chair and who knows what the hell he might do with it!

LD: ...we've got Kevin Slater out here, trying to get some control and...

[An irate Interim President Zharkov comes stomping into view from the back as well, planting himself between Allah and Connors.]

LD: ...President Zharkov out here as well. He's telling Allah to back off...

[Upon seeing the Tsar, Allah drops the chair, raising his hands towards the officials ordering him to the back...

...which is when a smirking Allah turns and points at the ring.]

LD: WHAT?!

[The crowd reacts as Allah nearly tips over, pointing at Ohara again...]

BW: You've gotta be kidding me!

[...and with a shove to an unknown official, Dirt Dog Unique Allah stumbles towards the entrance stairs, making his way down them cautiously towards the ring.]

LD: I think Dirt Dog Unique Allah is taking the challenge, Ben!

BW: I think you're right... but where's Odysseus in all of this?!

LD: No clue... but Allah's definitely heading to the ring now and Jordan Ohara is in shock!

BW: You talk about a wild shift in opponents. A dangerous shift too! Allah may be on the back side of his career but he's also as unpredictable as they come. No one knows what he might do inside that ring - even him!

LD: Well... there's certainly some controversy over how he came to get it but it looks as though Dirt Dog Unique Allah is going to take the Phoenix Rises Open Challenge here tonight, Ben, and attempt to spoil the National Title match at National Wrestling Night pitting Ohara against Rob Donovan and Sid Osborne.

BW: What a world, what a world.

LD: What's that mean?

BW: It means that Dirt Dog Unique Allah has been tip toeing the line of relevancy since 1997, Dane. Just like you. And while I'm not the biggest Jordan Ohara fan, I feel like Allah's got the same odds to win the title here tonight that you do.

[Allah nearly tumbles to the floor coming down the steps, just barely catching himself. Ohara looks startled, pointing it out to referee Koji Sakai who looks alarmed himself. Sakai steps closer to the ropes, watching Allah as he waves a hand away, using the ropes to drag himself into the ring under the bottom rope.]

LD: Uhhhh... I'm not quite sure what to say about that, Ben.

BW: I am because I don't pull my punches. This guy is a fall down, stinking drunk and has been for YEARS! He's lost every job in every major promotion he's ever had because of his tender elbow...

LD: Tender elbow?

BW: Comes from years of bending it in every town he wrestled in. And... look at him, Dane - he's in no shape to work this match!

[Allah pulls himself to his feet, almost falling again as he leans hard against the ropes. Ohara shakes his head in disgust, gesturing at him again to the official who leans in to look closer.]

LD: Koji Sakai taking a long look here... checking to see if Allah is indeed in any condition to compete here tonight.

BW: Jordan Ohara sure doesn't think so.

[Ohara steps closer as well, gesturing to Allah again as Sakai shakes Allah by the shoulders...]

LD: This is an awkward scene for sure... maybe we should... do we have a commercial cued up? Can we take a-

[Ohara steps in again, looking at Sakai - "he can't go, Koji! Look at him - he can't even stand up!"

Which is when Allah pops him with a very stiff and sober looking right hand to the jaw!]

LD: OH!

[Ohara staggers back as Allah rushes him, flailing down with rights and lefts, battering the National Champion back across the ring as the referee quickly signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: There's the bell! I guess... was Allah FAKING being under the influence there?!

BW: Maybe there's some life in the ol' Dirt Dog yet, Dane.

[The barrage of blows sends Ohara back into the ropes where Allah grabs the wrist, working quickly...]

LD: Irish whi- reversed by the Phoenix...

[...and the reversal sends Allah bouncing off the ropes, rebounding back on the National Champion who sets his feet...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and lashes out with a heavy chop across the chest, knocking the veteran down to the canvas!]

LD: What a chop by the champion!

[Allah scrambles up off the mat, looking to get back into it but finds Ohara waiting for him again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: Ohara swinging for the fences again, taking Allah down a second time!

[Allah comes up again, a little slower this time as he charges Ohara who shifts his feet, catching the incoming arm...]

LD: DEEEEEEP ARMDRAG BY OHARA!

[...and with Allah down on the mat, Ohara pulls the arm into an armbar, cranking on the limb as Allah shouts "ahhhh, no, no, nooooo!" at the official who checks for an early submission.]

LD: Dirt Dog Unique Allah has competed in a lot of top promotions during his lengthy career... working against some of the best in the world. No one is likely to ever forget his legendary Seven Tables of Fear match with Joe Petrow at Ring Wars 3 back in the day...

BW: But that was twenty years ago, Dane... now he's facing the future of the business and Allah is DEFINITELY the past.

LD: Allah's son, Odysseus, however could be considered the future of the AWA, having made a big and successful debut back at SuperClash as part of the Battle Royal that he came away with the win in.

BW: I've got no problem with Odysseus and I think he's got all the potential in the world... and if it was HIM in this Open Challenge, I'd think the title might be in trouble but his old man? No chance.

[Allah stretches out the full length of his body on the mat, resting his heel on the bottom rope so that the official calls for a break.]

LD: Allah gets to the ropes, forcing his way out of the armbar from the National Champion. Ohara, of course, won the title back at SuperClash from Jackson Hunter and has been on a roll since then, taking on and beating all comers.

BW: But he's got his work cut out for him in Kansas City. Donovan may be an oldtimer like Allah but his size and strength will ALWAYS make him a threat. But the real danger to Ohara's title reign - if you ask me - is Sid Osborne. Sid's been one of the hottest rising stars in the AWA since his debut and this shot at the AWA's original championship could be all he needs to strike gold on National Wrestling Night.

[With the arm free, Allah gets up off the mat, shaking out his arm as he staggers around the ring...

...but Ohara shakes his head, keeping his hands up in a defensive stance.]

BW: Allah looked like he was trying to sucker him in again but Ohara's having none of it this time.

[Allah shrugs, grinning at the National Champion before Ohara lunges in, tying the former high flyer into a collar and elbow... but Allah uses Ohara's own momentum against him, dragging him backwards into the corner...]

LD: Allah pulls him back, hanging on...

[The referee calls for a break but Allah strategically hangs onto Ohara, refusing to let him back out despite his best efforts...]

LD: ...and Ohara's trying to get free but Allah's holding him in the corner! Come on, referee! Do something about this guy!

[...and as Ohara gives a hard pull back, Allah lets go, causing Ohara's own momentum to send him falling backwards where Allah lunges in to rake his fingers across the eyes!]

LD: Ohhh! Allah goes to the eyes, blinding Ohara for the moment...

[Backing to the corner, Allah hops up to the middle rope, lifting his arms over his head before leaping off...]

LD: ...AXEHANDLE!

[...but Ohara blindly lashes out with a right hook to the exposed abdomen of Allah, causing him to do a somersault before flopping over on the mat!]

LD: OHARA TAKES HIM DOWN!

BW: And that might've been all instinct, Dane. He's still having trouble seeing.

LD: Ohara wiping at his eyes, trying to clear his vision... oh jeez...

[Allah crawls towards the ropes, flinging himself over the middle rope and retching in a dry heave...]

LD: Cut away... ugggh... I'm gonna be sick.

BW: Allah might not be drunk but from the looks of that-

[...but Ohara snatches him by the hair, throwing him aggressively back down on the mat and covering!]

LD: Ohara with a cover - gets one, gets two... that's all for now.

[Ohara climbs off the mat, staying on his wily opponent as he drags him up by the arm, whipping him to the corner where Allah slams into the buckles, staggering back out...]

LD: UP... ANNNNNND... DOWWWWWN WITH A BACK DROP!

[Ohara pumps a fist at the cheering Atlanta crowd before moving in on the downed Allah, grabbing his wrist to extend the arm...]

LD: Ohara drops a leg down across the arm, going after it... and right back to the armbar again!

[The National Champion cranks the arm, grinning at the Atlanta crowd as DDUA again lets loose a "no, no, no, noooooo! I ain't quttin'!"]

LD: Allah refusing to give in, Ohara stretching out that hooked arm...

[Allah rolls to a knee, trying to get his feet under him as Ohara torques the trapped limb.]

LD: Jordan Ohara has held that title for 136 days on this second National Title reign of his... creeping up on the 148 days of "Diamond" Rob Driscoll - the first man to hold the title after it was relaunched in March of 2015.

BW: I got a feeling that he's going to fall short of "Diamond" Rob, Dane, when the Sin City Savior takes the gold next weekend.

LD: That's assuming Dirt Dog Unique Allah doesn't take the gold tonight, Ben.

BW: Yes. Yes it is.

[Back on his feet, Allah grabs a handful of hair, pulling back to drive Ohara right back into the corner...]

LD: Koji Sakai in the corner, calling for a break again...

[Allah lets go of the hair, rearing back the right hand...]

LD: ...Ohara blocks the right hand... and DROPS Allah with one of his own!

[The crowd cheers as the veteran goes down, crawling swiftly across the ring as fired-up Ohara clenches his fists, calling Allah back to his feet as the veteran scoots backwards, clutching his jaw in pain.]

LD: Ohara put him down with that big right hand... and the Phoenix is looking to lock down this title defense and put all his focus on Donovan and Osborne.

BW: That's a good point, Dane. What's he even doing here in this tonight? He should be focusing on his opponents next weekend!

LD: Jordan Ohara believes the constant defenses only makes him a better champion, Ben.

BW: All he needs to do is turn an ankle... sprain a knee... crack a rib in this match with Allah and he'll learn in a hurry that running yourself ragged is the quickest way for a champion to cough up their gold.

[Ohara crosses the ring, moving past the protesting referee, leaning down to pull Allah off the mat...]

...and Allah lashes backwards, catching Ohara with a solid elbow to the gut!]

LD: Allah catches him downstairs, the challenger still fighting...

[Ducking low, Allah upends Ohara, trying to backdrop him over the ropes but Ohara hangs on, landing on his feet on the apron...]

LD: ...Allah tried to send Ohara out but the champ hangs on!

[...and as Allah turns around, Ohara brains him with an overhead chop to the skull!]

LD: Ohhh! Big Tomahawk chop by the Phoenix!

[Grabbing the hair, Ohara runs Allah down the length of the apron, smashing his face into the top turnbuckle, sending him staggering and stumbling away...]

...and as Ohara is about to climb the ropes, Allah drops down to the mat, rolling under the ropes to the outside to jeers!]

LD: Ohara was heading up top but Allah goes to the outside instead!

[A disappointed Ohara looks down at Allah with a shake of his head before hopping down off the apron.]

LD: And now the action spills to the outside, Ohara coming up on Allah to get him back to-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Allah pivots, flinging a drink in the face of Ohara!]

LD: He threw a soda in the champ's face!

[Ohara staggers backwards in surprise, rubbing at his stinging eyes again...]

LD: Ohara blinded again by the challenger!

[...and Allah grabs Ohara by the hair, trying to smash his face into the ring apron. He draws Ohara's head back, swinging it down...]

LD: BLOCKED!

BW: That's the upper body strength of Ohara, arms at full extension, refusing to have his face smashed into the apron!

[...and then swings an elbow back into Allah's midsection!]

LD: Ohara goes downstairs on Allah, shoves him back in...

[And with Allah down on the mat clutching his stomach again, Ohara pulls himself up on the apron and starts climbing...]

LD: ...Ohara on the move, climbing those turnbuckles as fast as he can!

[...and steps to the top, looking down at the rising Allah!]

LD: OHARA SOARS!

[The National Champion makes some ringside fans' Instagrams with a flying Tomahawk chop on the veteran, putting him down once again!]

LD: The chop connects! The champ covers! ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO! HE GOT- nooooooooo! Allah slips the shoulder up in time! The veteran's still alive, still hanging on to his chance to strike surprising gold here on Showtime!

[Ohara climbs off the mat, clapping his hands together once in annoyance... and then points to the corner again...]

LD: And I think that means we're about to see the Phoenix Flame!

[The champion ducks through the ropes to the apron, climbing the turnbuckles quickly again...

...while a dazed Allah pushes to his knees, lunging forward to wrap his arms around Koji Sakai's legs!]

LD: What's... what in the world is Allah doing!?

BW: Who knows? The guy's not playing with a full deck - nothing but jokers if you ask me.

LD: Koji Sakai trying to get loose! Allah's hanging onto his legs like he's... this is crazy!

[Ohara continues to climb, stepping to the top rope, looking down with confusion at Allah...]

BW: Ohara's up top but his challenger is hugging the ref!

LD: He's hanging on to-

[...and suddenly, Allah lets go of the legs, giving a shove as well that sends Sakai flying backwards into the ropes, knocking Ohara off balance...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!”

LD: OHHH! DID YOU SEE THAT?!

BW: I did! And now I’m starting to wonder if I’ve been wrong about Allah this whole match, Dane! That was pretty brilliant!

LD: Brilliant?! Jordan Ohara just took a hard fall down onto his groin on the top rope, Ben!

BW: I know! Brilliant, right?!

[A smirking Allah pushes to his feet, tapping his temple as the fans jeer.]

LD: Dirt Dog Unique Allah just upended Ohara on the top ro- whoooo! Koji Sakai all up in his face! He’s threatening to disqualify him!

BW: For what?!

LD: Putting his hands on the ref! Causing Ohara to suffer a low blow! Take your pick, Ben!

BW: My pick right now is that Allah just shoved past the ref and-

LD: He put his hands on him again! This guy should be disqualified right NOW!

BW: -he’s climbing the ropes himself - what if I’m wrong, Dane? What if I was wrong and Dirt Dog Unique Allah is about to score the upset of the year? Joe Petrow was once a featured player here in the AWA - maybe his Seven Tables rival is about to set HIS table for a championship celebration!

[Allah steps up to the middle rope, pulling Ohara into a steady seated position...

...and then leaps up, snaring the Phoenix’s head between his legs, flipping him over in a top rope rana!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH”

BW: OFF THE TOP! THE TITLE IS HIS, DANE! THE TITLE IS HIS!

[Allah scrambles, diving across Ohara’s chest, the referee counting once...]

LD: NOT LIKE THIS! NOT LIKE THIS!

[...twice...]

LD: AND OHARA KICKS OUT AT TWOOOOOOOO!

[The crowd is ROARING for the near fall escape by the National Champion as Allah pushes off, burying his face in his hands...]

LD: Allah almost had him! He almost won the title in shocking fashion here on Showtime just seven days before National Wrestling Night and Jordan Ohara putting the gold on the line against Robert Donovan and Sid Osborne!

[Allah climbs to his feet, angrily shouting at the official.]

LD: Uh oh. Koji Sakai on his heels, Allah up in his face again...

[The hot-tempered Allah lashes out, shoving the official backwards towards the ropes...]

LD: OH!

[...and the referee bounces back, shoving Allah in the chest in reply!]

LD: OHHH!

[Allah goes down from the shove, dragged down in a schoolboy...]

LD: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! THREEE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

LD: HE ALMOST HAD HIM! HE ALMOST-

[And with both men back on their feet quickly, Ohara goes into a spin...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and DRILLS the incoming Allah with a spinning back roundhouse kick to the cheekbone, sending him spinning and crashing down motionless on the mat!]

LD: PHOENIX KICK CONNECTS!

[Ohara dives on top, hooking a leg...]

LD: That’s all she wrote, fans! And there’s the three!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Ohara climbs off the mat, looking down at Allah with a short nod as he allows the official to raise his hand.]

LD: Jordan Ohara keeps that title around his waist, still the National Champion as he heads into National Wrestling Night with a date with Sid Osborne and Robert Donovan!

[Ohara retrieves the title belt, holding it over his head and then steps up on the middle rope, saluting the cheering Atlanta fans.]

LD: The fans in Atlanta letting them hear it, showing their love for the Phoenix as he celebrates another big win... and fans, when we come back, it’ll be tag team action that you do NOT want to miss so don’t go away!

[Ohara grins, pointing to the fans, shouting “I LOVE YOU!” as his music plays and he holds the title in the air while we 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."

[Shadoc 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 flash of the ACCESS 365 logo before cutting to a locker room shot where we can hear a shower running, steam exiting from the area. We see two suitcases, half-packed on the bench by the lockers. Finally, we hear the voice of Odysseus Allah emanating from the showers.]

OA: Yo Pops, toss me the lotion.

[Allah gets no response from the apparently empty room.]

OA: Yo Pops!

[Still nothing as we see the door swing open, Bryson Page walking into view.]

OA: Pops?

[Odysseus Allah steps out from the showers wrapped in a white towel and a navy Terry cloth bathrobe. His skin is still damp from the shower. He searches the locker room for Unique Allah. But the only body he can find is Bryson Page.]

OA: Whaddup, you seen my Pops?

[Page smirks.]

BP: So, ya know about Ohara and his open challenges?

[Allah nods.]

BP: Ol' Dirt Dog saw fit to go answer one.

[Allah's eyes go wide and wild.]

OA: Yo, what? Naw, you can't be serious.

BP: Would I make that up?

[Allah plants his hands on his hips, shaking his head for a moment before looking back at Page.]

OA: He win?

[It's Page's turn for the eyes to go wide and wild.]

BP: Against OHARA?!

[Allah shrugs.]

OA: He look good at least?

[Page chuckles.]

BP: Hasn't had a legit match in years... how do you think he looked?

[Allah sighs, shaking his head.]

OA: Damn, aight. Thanks for the heads up.

BP: No worries, got you.

[Page reaches down to grab a bottle off the bench.]

BP: Here's the lotion.

[Odysseus takes the preferred bottle of lotion. He seems annoyed.]

OA: Yo, thanks, man.

[The two men slap hands before Page departs, chuckling to himself. Odysseus watches him leave before he smacks his hands together in frustration...

...and we cut from the pre-taped footage back to a live shot inside Center Stage where we find Mariah Wolfe standing at the interview podium.]

MW: Welcome back to Showtime, fans, where we're just about set for tag team action. Two weeks ago, the Aces In The Hole made it clear that they intend to climb the ladder here in the AWA and their first rung was going to be the winner of the match between the American Idols and the team of Jayden Jericho and Justin Gaines. Of course, that match did NOT have a winner after those two teams had a... coming together, I suppose... where they decided they were better as allies than enemies and Generation Lost was born. The Idols decided to take the match and that's what we're about to see... but before we do, I want a chance to talk to Generation Lost to see if I can-

[Mariah abruptly cuts off, holding her earpiece.]

MW: Oh, you've gotta be... okay, cut it... go there now.

[And we cut camera shots, immediately going to a small desk in the production area just behind the entrance known as the Chimpanzee Position. There's a lot of shouting going on as the cameraman approaching, showing all four members of Generation Lost huddled around a member of the AWA production staff.]

CHAZ: -think that if you're going to be responsible for playing the music, it would be required that you not be DEAF!

[Chaz snickers as Chet leans in.]

CHET: Yeah! Deaf and DUMB too!

[More snickering as Jayden Jericho shakes his head.]

JJ: Cuz the last time I looked that ain't Gunner, so you must be BLIND too! You're just lucky that the three of us are so forgiving! But him?

[Justin Gaines towers over the production guy, surveying him coolly as he does.]

JG: I dare you to play "Bad to the Bone" again.

[Chaz gives the sound guy a cuff on the back of the head... lightly to avoid a potential fine or suspension... and gives his teammates a wave.]

CHAZ: Come on, guys. Let's do this thing. Hit OUR music, punk.

[The sound guy looks puzzled.]

SG: You haven't picked music yet!

[Chaz looks alarmed. Chet puts a reassuring hand on his shoulder.]

CHET: It's fine, it's fine. Just... make us look cool... or else.

[Gaines throws one more threatening look as the quartet starts towards the entrance and the sound guy frantically scans his computer screen for something... anything...

...and we cut to interview podium again where Mariah is shaking her head with disgust at what we just saw when suddenly "Wins & Losses" by Meek Mill starts playing over the PA system.]

#You have to eat the dream
You have to sleep the dream
You have to dream the dream
You gotta touch
You have to see it when nobody else sees it
You have to feel it when it's not tangible
You have to believe it when you cannot see it
You gotta be possessed with the dream#

[The heavily censored hip hop song blares out as Generation Lost comes through the curtain to a huge explosion of jeers from the Atlanta crowd. The Wallaces seem quite pleased with the choice of music, rapping along with the track as Jayden Jericho smirks at the jeering crowd and Justin Gaines looks ready to whoop somebody that steps out of line.]

LD: This isn't a group I expected to see together before that match two weeks ago, Ben... but now that I see them together, they do appear to be quite an intimidating unit.

BW: Just ask Hannibal Carver.

[The quartet makes their way over towards Mariah, the music coming to a halt as they get there. The fans are still jeering as Mariah surveys the scene, looking around at all four men.]

MW: Well, I suppose you're proud of yourselves.

[Chaz bursts out laughing.]

CHAZ: Oh, Mariah... you sweet thing you. Generation Lost can be nothing BUT proud of ourselves after the last two weeks we've had. This group... right here... this is the future of this industry! You can talk about your Team Supreme...

CHET: Already over it!

CHAZ: ...your Desperadoes...

CHET: SO over it!

CHAZ: ...your Westerly Dynasty...

CHET: ATLAS SMASH!

[Chet smashes his fists down on the podium, causing Mariah to jump.]

CHAZ: ...and you can forget about all of them because this... this right here... this is what historians talk about as an inflection point, Mariah. This is a moment where EVERYTHING changes! Because for far too long, the four of us have been held down, pushed back, and set aside... and if two weeks ago in this dusty old studio didn't convince you, how about last weekend when we took out the man that no one can take out?

[Mariah sighs.]

MW: When I asked if you were proud of yourself, I was talking about bullying Devon backstage... the music guy?

[Chaz smirks.]

CHAZ: Oh. That. Well, that kid had it comin' too... tell 'em, big man!

[Justin Gaines steps to the plate, leaning over the mic.]

JG: You need ears to be a sound man, so one would think — and the sense to know I'm not my dad. What kind of jackass plays my dad's music when I'm coming out? "Bad to the Bone?" What is this, 1982? It's OK, I'll overcome the ignorance and the insult.

[Gaines sneers.]

JG: But you know who ain't gonna overcome too much? Hannibal Carver! Last time I saw him, I singlehandedly kept his chiropractor in business for life with my Denali Death Drop, and if we ever go face to face in the future ... I'm gonna hit it again. Then it's his surgeon gonna be making bank. That's if these other boys don't get a hold of him first! This is my gang, these are my boys, we are Generation Lost, and when you face us ... you lose!

[A giggling Chet leans in.]

CHET: That's right, that's right! Hannibal Carver didn't stand a chance against the four of us... but Hannibal Carver doesn't stand a chance against any ONE of us either!

[Mariah interrupts.]

MW: Hang on - are you challenging Hannibal Carver to a one-on-one match?

[The crowd cheers that idea as Chet looks around anxiously.]

CHET: Did I say that? Don't be putting words in my mouth, Wolfe! What I said is that Carver doesn't stand a chance against Generation Lost and while he's sitting in his living room licking his wounds, he oughta realize that what's best for his future ability to chew his dinner is to stay out of our way!

CHAZ: It's like the song just said, Mariah - we're bulletproof everything... just let me know if it's beef, Hannibal, 'cause Gen Lost bring the war!

[Mariah turns away from the Idols, pleading with someone else to speak.]

MW: And you, Jayden Jericho... for a young man with such great athletic potential, to find yourself involved with the likes of these two.

[She gestures messily at the Idols who put on looks of faux outrage.]

JJ: First, don't disrespect my brothers like that just because you don't like the truth or the way they tell it!

[Chet pops up with a "YEAH!" over Jayden's shoulder.]

JJ: So sorry to dispute all of your delicate sensibilities! And speaking of delicate, let's talk about Hannibal Carver.

[Jayden gives a deliberate pause as he smirks.]

JJ: Out there looking for opportunity, when opportunity is all he's ever known! He's abused this system more than he's abused alcohol and that's saying something! But he has a problem with us trying to finally get what's ours? You're a joke! You're crumpled up in some motel bed clutching your percs and booze, you're there and we're here! So look around old-timer, I'd say we're pretty relevant now!

[Wolfe sighs, turning away from Jericho.]

MW: And you two... you're out here talking about Hannibal Carver... about how you've been held down and pushed back or whatever... you've got a match tonight! Are you completely looking past the Aces In The Hole?

[Chet snickers.]

CHET: Mariah, have you forgotten that the American Idols were once Japan's greatest tag team?

MW: Well, I don't know if-

CHET: You DON'T know... but we do. And when we were in Japan, Mariah, the word "ace" means something to wrestling fans. It means you're number one... it means you're the man... the guy... the woman... the team... the franchise... the standard bearer... the top dog.

What it doesn't mean is that you're a Calvin Klein model wannabe and the Son of Sam trying to make yourself relevant by challenging anyone who will even look twice at you.

[Chaz looks puzzled.]

CHAZ: Did we look twice at them?

CHET: I did. Had to figure out if they were talent or the guys to take our lunch order.

[Chet cackles madly as Chaz doubles over. Mariah shakes her head again.]

MW: Well, they may not be there to take your lunch order... but if you take them as lightly as you sound like you are, they may eat your lunch.

[Chaz snaps up, eyes hard.]

CHAZ: Nobody eats my lunch, Mariah... except... me.

[He jerks a thumb at himself, still staring at her. Chet throws a look... then another... then another, waving a hand in front of his brother's face.]

CHET: Dude, is that your new catchphrase?

[Chaz gives a thumbs up, grinning. Chet looks at Jericho who shakes his head... then at Gaines who shrugs.]

JG: Needs work.

[Chaz throws up his hands in frustration, pointing to the ring.]

CHAZ: Let's burn this place to the ground and let the Atlanta Fire Department sort out the ashes!

[Chaz stomps out of view as Chet watches thoughtfully... then grins.]

CHET: Better!

[Chet twists around to give Gaines and Jericho a double fist bump each, the latter duo heading to the back as the Idols head towards the ring.]

MW: For the love of... Megumi, get me out of this.

[We cut to the ring where a smirking Megumi Sato is standing.]

MS: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first... heading down the aisle... from the Shibuya area of Tokyo, Japan... at a total combined weight of 342 pounds... representing Generation Lost... Chaz and Chet Wallace...

...THE AMERRRRRRRICAN IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIDOLLLLLLS!

[Chaz and Chet are making their way down the ramp, pausing to look at a few ringside fans who are dressed as some of their AWA favorites. Chaz and Chet look thoughtfully at a young lady in a full cat costume... and Chaz gives a thumbs up while Chet gives a thumbs down...]

LD: The Wallaces taking some time to interact with our ringside fans...

[...and then move on to a teenager sporting a pretty decent Supernova facepaint job with a leather trenchcoat. Chaz shrugs and goes with the thumbs up again as Chet nods, flashing one of his own...]

BW: Hey, they liked that one! That kid's got something to brag about on the Internet tonight!

LD: You're just as bad as they are.

[...and then reach the final cosplayer in a James Monosso style mental hospital uniform with wild, tangled brown hair holding up a placard that reads "CARVER'S GONNA GUT YOU!" in the direction of the Idols who look horrified, each flashing a double thumbs down before grabbing their noses and shouting "TAKE A SHOWER, STINKY!"]

LD: Oh, come on... just berating these ringside fans now. There's no call for that!

[Finishing with their harassment of the paying customers, Chaz and Chet scale the ringsteps, slingshotting into somersaults over the top rope in tandem, landing on their feet and striking an immediate pose for the jeering fans!]

LD: The Wallaces apparently have finished being utter pains in the-

BW: Hey, you're not in Los Angeles anymore!

LD: ...necks... for now.

[Megumi continues.]

MS: Annnnnnnnd their opponents...

[The Atlanta crowd cheers at the sound of "This Is How We Roll" by Florida Georgia Line ringing out over the PA system.]

MS: ...from the great state of Texas... weighing in at 522 pounds... David Layton... the "Cowboy Casanova" Billy Givens...

...THE AAAAAAACES IN THE HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOLE!

[The cheers pick up as the new tag team comes through the curtain. Givens is the first one through, giving a loud whoop as he throws the "hook 'em horns" up into the air, a huge smile on his face as he stands in violet trunks with gold trim and a matching cowboy hat. A golden glittering vest is over his well-tanned and oiled torso. He turns to show the rump of his trunks with a pair of lips stitched on one cheek... and then shifts his cargo from side to side to a high-pitched pop from some appreciative fans.

David Layton follows his partner into view in simple black trunks and short boots. He puts his hands on his hips, giving an appreciative nod to the cheering crowd before his partner shouts "LET'S DO THIS THANG, DAVEY BOY!" and the duo starts making their way down the staircase towards the ring.]

LD: The Aces In The Hole returning to action here on Showtime since their debut on the final Power Hour a few weeks ago... and they've got their work cut out for them tonight.

BW: Their debut was impressive - showing a blend of Givens' crazy athleticism and Layton's stunning suplexes... but tonight, they've gotta prove themselves against one of the best teams in all of wrestling.

LD: Layton - as focused as usual - keeping his eyes on the ring as Givens has himself a good ol' time heading down the aisle.

[Givens is swinging his cowboy hat around, leaning out to slap all the hands as Layton glares up at the ring. His partner encourages him to greet some of the fans as well and Layton reluctantly does so, slapping one hand.]

LD: Even David Layton's having himself a good time here in Atlanta!

BW: Is he though?

[Givens rolls his eyes at his partner, shouting "get on up in there!" as he turns back to grin at the cheering fans...]

LD: Layton climbing on up... of course, as we've mentioned before, he IS the son of former AWA competitor, Anton Layton.

BW: The Devil himself.

LD: Of course, David is NOT his father... and we'd do well to remember that as he gets ready for action, coming through the-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: DOUBLE SUPERKICK BY THE IDOLS! LAYTON WAS BARELY IN THE RING!

[Chaz frantically waves at the official to ring the bell but Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller goes to check on Layton instead. Chaz buries his head in his hands shouting "NO! NO! RING THE BELL, YOU IDIOT!"]

LD: A sneak attack before the bell by the Idols and-

[The crowd reacts as Chet slingshots over the top rope into a crossbody, wiping out Billy Givens before he can get to the ring to help his partner!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: -GIVENS GETS TAKEN OUT AS WELL!

[Chaz grabs Miller off the mat by the arm, pulling him to his feet and tries to use Miller's own arm to signal for the bell.]

LD: What is he...?

BW: Look! He's calling for the bell! Ring it!

LD: He is NOT! That's Chaz Wallace trying to get him... ohh! Miller didn't like that!

[The official jerks his arm away, shouting angrily at Chaz to "keep your damn hands off me!" to cheers from the crowd.]

LD: Pete Miller threatening to disqualify the Wallaces before the bell has even rung here in this one...

[Chaz shakes his head in annoyance as he spies David Layton pushing up to all fours and lunges at him, smashing a double axehandle down across the back!]

LD: ...and now Chaz Wallace is back to work on Layton, stomping and kicking him down on the mat!

[Chaz glares at the official who still hasn't rang the bell, ordering Wallace to back off and let Layton get up before he'll start the match.]

BW: And what right does the referee have to do this right now, Dane?!

LD: He's got EVERY right to do this! He wants the match to start on even footing and the Wallaces tried to prevent that! I applaud what Pete Miller is doing right now!

BW: You would.

[Chaz drags Layton off the mat, shoving him back into a neutral corner...]

LD: Backed in the corner now, Chaz goes downstairs with rights and lefts... still ignoring the official... now upstairs with some big shots as well, rocking the West Texas State All-American!

[...until an angry Layton reaches out, grabbing a handful of face, and SHOVES Wallace backwards, sending Chaz rolling tail over teakettle to cheers!]

LD: Wow! Layton just shoved him off!

[But the athletic Chaz rolls right back to his feet, charging back in on the cornered Layton, leaping into the air..

...and gets caught!]

LD: Oh! Look at the power! Look at the power of David Layton as he catches the flying Chaz in mid-air annnnnnd...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD:SLAAAAAAMS HIM DOWN HARD!

[A thunderous standing uranage in the corner drives Chaz Wallace down into the canvas as Layton steps up, fire in his eyes as he throws his arms back with a roar...]

LD: Big slam by Layton and-

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: What?! NOW the match is started?! This Blue Shoes has a lot to answer for if you ask me. He waited until Chaz Wallace was down and THEN he started the match, Dane!

LD: That's absolutely right... and Chaz has been begging to ring the bell for a couple of minutes now so I don't know what you're so hot about.

[Layton staggers the rest of the way to his corner, slapping the hand of Billy Givens who has gotten back to the apron...]

LD: And there's our first tag of the match, Givens in over the top...

[The "Cowboy Casanova" immediately sprints across, leaping high and hard into the air to drive the back of his leg into Chet Wallace's face, sending Chet flying off the apron and back to the floor!]

LD: Hah! A little payback there for the pre-match attack on the outside!

[Climbing back to his feet, Givens eyeballs the rising Chaz Wallace, rushing past him to the ropes, leaping to the second, springing and twisting back...]

LD: OHHH! BACKSPRING DROPKICK AND A BEAUTY BY THE COWBOY CASANOVA!

[Givens scrambles over, diving across Chaz Wallace...]

LD: Our first cover of the match gets one... gets two... but that's all!

[Givens claps his hands together as he gets to his feet, whirling his arm around over his head to a big cheer...]

LD: The Cowboy Casanova getting ready to do some damage here on the Wallaces, and remember, Ben, it was Givens who made his debut before his partner in that surprise challenge to TV Champion Odin Gunn.

BW: Yeah, and how did that go for the rodeo clown? He got squashed like a bug!

LD: He may have lost but his performance in that match is the reason we've got the Aces In The Hole here with us now.

[...and grabs the rising Chaz, whipping him across the ring. As Chaz bounces back, Givens lifts him, twists and twirls him around, and drives him down with a thunderous slam!]

LD: Ohhhhhh my ohhhh my! A tilt-a-whirl slam smashes him home to the mat and Billy Givens is putting on a show right now for the folks here in Atlanta!

[Givens is back up, quickly moving to the ropes, leaping to the second again, springing back in a moonsault!]

LD: DOOOOOWWWWWN ACROSS THE CHEST! HOOKS THE LEG! ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO! TH-

[The crowd groans as Chaz Wallace snakes a shoulder up in time!]

LD: And a close call there for the American Idols... and after all the talk they've been talking as of late after forming Generation Lost, a quick and stunning loss right here would've been a major blow to their reputation.

[Givens claps his hands together again, climbing up to his feet with a grin on his face...]

LD: This guy is always having such a good time, Ben.

BW: Oh yeah, he's a real life of the party... but he needs to take on a little more focus like his silent partner over there.

LD: Maybe that's why they're such a good team, balancing one another out and-

[Up on the apron again, Chet Wallace shouts at Givens, taking a swing at him from several feet away. Givens shakes his head, moving to attack once again...]

...but as he throws a haymaker, Chet avoids it, grabbing the arm, and drops down off the apron to snap the limb down over the top rope!]

LD: Ohhh! And Chet Wallace using the ropes to their advantage from the outside!

[Falling backwards in a staggering circle, Givens grabs the arm as Chaz Wallace hooks him, leaping up...]

LD: SINGLE ARM DDT! JAMMING THE SHOULDER DOWN INTO THE MAT!

BW: And that move has caused more separations than a mid-life crisis!

LD: Nice. Ben Waterson, folks. Classy til the end.

[Popping up off the mat, Chaz slaps the outstretched hand of his brother.]

LD: There's the tag for the Idols, bringing Chet in...

[Chaz pins the wrist down to the mat as Chet comes slingshotting over the top...]

LD: ...ohhhh! Right down across the arm with a double legdrop!

BW: He's not a big guy, Dane, so in a move like that, it's important to put as much of the body down on the arm as possible. Really do some damage with your smaller frame.

[Chet grabs the attacked arm, slamming it back down on the mat as he attempts a lateral press, earning a two count in the process.]

LD: Another two count in this one as these two teams battle it out here on Showtime, hoping to impress the office as teams line up for the next shot at the World Tag Team Champions, Next Gen.

BW: Harper and Somers better be watching this wherever they are because of these two teams - and probably the Idols - may be their next opponents.

LD: I'm sure they're watching very closely... although they've got their targets set on the Gold Standard after what went down at the Red Wedding, Ben.

BW: After what we saw earlier, I'm not sure ANYONE with a lick of sense in their hollow heads would want to tangle with Takeshi Mifune.

LD: Raphael Rhodes sure does... and we'll see that go down at The Battle of London in what promises to be an absolutely brutal physical battle... but back to the matter at hand as Chet Wallace hooks in a straddling armbar, something you're likely to see out of Rhodes and Mifune...

[Givens grabs at his shoulder, wincing in pain as Chet stretches the arm back.]

LD: ...and it's a little unusual to see the Idols wrestling this style of match with a submission hold. They like the flash, they like the high flying moves, the quick pace.

BW: Yeah, but they're still the sons of Battlin' Burt who could put a hold on you and make you wish you were dead. We were working a live event back in the day back in the Midwest somewhere and the old Battle Ax himself was backstage... waved me over... said "I heard you used to be a fighter" and before I knew it, I was down on the ground stuck in some kind of a neck crank that made me wish I'd gone into a different line of work.

LD: But did you tap?

BW: I'm a former MMA fighter! What do you think?

LD: I think you tapped... but let's move on here as Billy Givens is refusing to tap, in fact, he's working his way out of this... trying to get to the corner now...

[But Chet whips him back into the Idols' corner instead, charging in behind to land a running dropkick to the sternum!]

LD: ...and THAT'S more like the Idols we know!

BW: They love that dropkick - probably their signature move.

LD: The whole Wallace family... except Trish.

[Chet looks ready to do more damage in the corner but the referee cuts him off, forcing him to back off. As they engage angrily with words, Chaz slips the tag rope around Givens' throat behind the referee's back...]

LD: Chaz choking him with that rope! The referee doesn't see a bit of it!

BW: Still want to tell me what a great job Miller is doing?

[Chaz lets go just before the official turns around, looking suspicious at the coughing Givens but not able to investigate further before another tag is made.]

LD: Another tag, bringing Chaz right... or is it Chet?

BW: No, it's Chaz.

LD: It's difficult to keep them straight sometimes, fans. The referees of the AWA have a real challenge with these identical twins.

[The Idols shoot Givens across the ring, burying boots into the midsection to double Givens over. Chaz rushes to the ropes, rebounding back as Chet doubles over...]

LD: What in the...?

[...and backdrops his own brother into the air, giving enough of a boost for Chet to fully rotate around...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...grabbing the hair of Givens and sitting out in a split-legged faceslam!]

LD: WOW! WHAT A DOUBLETEAM BY THE IDOLS! That might do it, Ben!

[The referee drops down as Chaz covers.]

LD: We've got one! We've got two! We've got-

[The crowd cheers as Givens' arm pop up off the mat in time!]

LD: -a near fall there, a close call for the Aces In The Hole as they look to impress the fans, the locker room, AND the powers that be here tonight in their first dose of stiff competition here on AWA television.

[An agitated Chaz Wallace pummels Givens with a few right hands down on the mat before climbing up and bringing Givens up with him. He grabs a handful of tights, wheeling him around...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: SHOULDERFIRST INTO THE STEEL RINGPOST! MY GOODNESS!

[Givens stumbles backwards, grabbing his shoulder in pain as Chaz grabs the arm, giving it a crank into a hammerlock before lifting him up into the air, dropping him down on top of his own arm!]

LD: Hammerlock back suplex as well! The arm of Billy Givens is taking a pounding from the Idols right now!

BW: Dane, I think a lot of people take the Idols for granted because of their attitude... they're-

LD: Annoying? Irritating? Infuriating?

BW: Maybe... but they're also one of the top teams in wrestling. They were one of the top teams in Japan for years... they got DEEP in last year's Stampede Cup... and on any given night, the Idols can beat any tag team you put in front of them. Including the Aces In The Hole.

[Chaz' attempt to get the pin fails again, a two count landing before Givens weakly lifts his arm...]

LD: Chaz showing some frustration in the form of a temper tantrum, stomping and pounding the mat, shouting at the official... it might be time for someone to put the big baby down for a nap.

BW: A baby could've counted better than that! Come on, Miller, do your job in there!

LD: He IS doing his job in there and he's doing it well despite near constant verbal harassment from the Idols... Chaz pulls him up, twists the arm... there's another tag...

BW: Keeping the fresh man in - one of the hallmarks of good tag team wrestling...

[Chet scales the ropes on the outside, standing tall as Givens struggles to get loose from Chaz' armwringer grip...

...and then suddenly drops down, yanking hard on his own injured limb...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...which propels Chaz into the corner, knocking Chet off-balance, and causing him to slam down crotchfirst on the top!]

LD: GIVENS PULLS CHAZ INTO CHET!

BW: Right down in a delicate spot!

LD: If your dog suddenly just looked up, it's because Chet Wallace is making sounds only they can hear right now!

[And with Chaz and Chet both dazed, Givens is on all fours, crawling across the ring towards his waiting partner as the crowd cheers him on...]

LD: Givens created an opening for himself, on his hands and knees trying to get to his partner... alllllmoooooost therrrrre...

[...and with a dive...]

LD: TAG!

[The crowd ROARS as David Layton comes through the ropes, barreling across the ring, leaping to the middle rope where he wraps his arms around the torso of the hurting Chet Wallace...]

LD: Layton's got him hooked annnnnnnnd...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: ...TOP ROPE BELLY TO BELLY! TOSSED HIM OVERHEAD LIKE HE'S MAKING A PIZZA!

[Layton comes quickly up off the mat, spotting Chaz hanging onto the ropes to stay on his feet...

...and rockets across, connecting with a clothesline that sends Chaz tumbling over the ropes to the outside!]

LD: LAYTON CLEANING HOUSE IN THERE! THE FANS IN ATLANTA ARE GOING WILD FOR THE ACES IN THE HOLE!

[The stocky Floridian turns his attention back to Chet Wallace, grabbing him from a knee and snatching him up into a hook...]

LD: Layton breaking out all the greatest hits - an Exploder Suplex throws Chet halfway across the ring again... and now it's Layton making a cover!

[The referee drops down to count, the fans counting along with him...]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

[...and as Chaz Wallace spots trouble from the floor, he makes a move to intervene...]

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the crowd ROARS as Billy Givens tears across the ring, throwing himself over the ropes in a somersault dive onto Chaz, wiping them both out at ringside...

...just before Chet Wallace's shoulder pops off the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: A chaotic scene here in Atlanta! We've got bodies flying everywhere and this match has got Center Stage rocking right now!

[Layton climbs up off the mat, surveying the scene at ringside as he moves back in on a rising Chet Wallace, looking to do more damage...]

LD: Back suplex on the way...

[...and lifts Chet into the air for a back suplex...

...before shoving him into the air in a spin, sending him CRASHING down to the mat with a release version of a Blue Thunder Bomb!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: THAT MIGHT DO IT! LAYTON DIVES ACROSS, STACKS UP THE LEGS!

[The jackknife cover holds Chet down for one... two...]

LD: HE'S GOT-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD -NOOOOO! CHET GETS THE SHOULDER UP IN TIME! GOODNESS!

[A surly Layton pushes up to his knees, pounding a fist down into the mat in frustration...

...and then takes the mount on the smaller Wallace, hammering his fists down into the skull as the referee shouts for him to break it up!]

LD: Layton hammering away, showing some signs of frustration here...

BW: Just like his old man.

LD: Oh, come on now... there's not a single thing to suggest that and-

[Suddenly, the crowd starts jeering loudly...]

LD: -uh oh... here comes trouble...

[...and the sight of Jayden Jericho and Justin Gaines standing on the entrance stage has the Atlanta crowd inflamed.]

LD: We've got Gaines and Jericho, Generation Lost out here...

BW: Observing peacefully.

LD: It always starts that way, right? But this can't be good news for the Aces In The Hole looking to pull off what many would consider an upset of sorts against the American Idols.

BW: Two punks off the indies taking out one of the best teams in the world? Yeah, I'd call it an upset, Dane.

[Layton withdraws from the mount, pointing to Gaines and Jericho with a threatening glare...]

BW: And they accomplished exactly what they were hoping to do. They took Layton out of the game, he's off looking at them now... and Generation Lost is quickly showing us their skills as a unit only a few weeks in.

LD: Hannibal Carver can testify to that... he'll be on the shelf for a couple of weeks as we heard earlier tonight. But right now, I'm concerned about this match with these two out- yes! Yeah, I'm talking about you two!

[Having heard Dane's commentary, Jayden Jericho is giving her an earful on the stage.]

LD: Look, I'm trying to do my job here... I'm trying to call the match and-

[Jericho can still be heard jabbering away off-mic.]

LD: He really is just like his dad.

[Jericho gets hot at that, shouting louder now as Justin Gaines puts a restraining hand on his shoulder...]

LD: Let's get back to the ring where-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts to a charging Chet getting backdropped over the ropes to the outside by Layton who gives another threatening glare at the stage as he tries to exit the ring only for the official to block his path.]

LD: Layton sends Chet to the floor... and he wanted to go after him, Ben, but the referee's having none of that...

BW: Good call by Miller, holding Layton back and...

LD: What's this about?!

[Dane's anger comes as we see Chaz Wallace rolling over alongside his brother, helping to nudge Chet to a new spot on the floor...]

LD: Both Wallaces on the outside and... Ben, I think they're trying to pull a fast one!

[...and as Layton approaches the ropes, having brushed past the official, he finds who he assumes is Chet Wallace but is actually Chaz trying to pull himself up on the apron...]

LD: That's the wrong Wallace! Chet was the legal man and that's Chaz getting back in the ring!

BW: Are you sure?

LD: About which part?

BW: All of it! You said it yourself that they're nearly impossible to tell apart!

LD: I saw it with my own eyes, Ben! Didn't you see it?

BW: No, I was distracted by... do you hear barking? Is there a dog in here?

LD: Ben, if you want to favor the Idols in this, at least don't try to... come to think of it, I DO hear barking... what in the world is...?

[Inside the ring, Layton picks up the wrong Wallace, looking for a bodyslam...]

LD: SMALL PACKAGE! SMALL PACKAGE! ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! THEY'RE GONNA STEAL IT!

[...but Layton kicks hard, breaking free of the surprise cradle in time!]

LD: Chaz Wallace - that's CHAZ in there, fans... not Chet who is the legal man - he nearly steals this one with a small package. Layton getting back to-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A surprise superkick catches the rising Layton off-guard, knocking him back down to the mat...]

LD: A superkick connects, putting Layton down and... seriously, where is the dog?! That barking is getting louder now and-

[Suddenly, the crowd reacts as well, all eyes turning off-camera...]

LD: Hey!

[...and as our camera cuts from the ring, we find The Lost Boy wandering aimlessly near the doors on the far side of the studio. Every once in a while, he throws his head back in a howl, whining and barking as he looks around confused.]

LD: The Lost Boy! We've seen a couple of clips backstage of the Fawcett Family looking for The Lost Boy and... well, here he is!

BW: Great, can we get back to our match?

LD: Chaz Wallace is looking over here as well... all eyes are now on The Lost Boy and-

[The Lost Boy tries to pull open one of the push-only doors that lead to the street to a collective gasp from the studio audience...]

LD: -NO! No! Bad dog! Don't go out there!

BW: Dane, you've gotta be kidding me right now!

LD: Ben, that's a busy street outside those doors! That can be very dangerous for-

BW: For a human being that thinks he's a damn dog?!

LD: Well... YES!

[The crowd is also trying to convince The Lost Boy that exiting the building is a poor idea as he promptly sits down on the floor, a sad expression on his face as he lets loose a pitiful howl...]

LD: Awww, poor guy.

BW: Poor guy?! This guy is an unhinged SAVAGE who has mauled opponents in the past and you're acting like it's one of those Humane Society commercials looking for someone to adopt a new pet!

LD: Maybe you could-

BW: No! I'm not adopting a dog... or a manbeast!

[Suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS in hopeful cheers as Porter Crowley and Harper Hannigan come running into sight, the latter carrying the empty leash in hand. Crowley points across the studio and shouts "STAY! STAAAAAY!" as Justin Gaines and Jayden Jericho glare at them...]

BW: What in the hell is this?! What did I sign on for?! First, I had to deal with the damn cat and now...

[Hannigan and Crowley approach slowly once they get ringside, The Lost Boy eyeballing them both warily. Crowley whistles, calling for him but The Lost Boy digs in his heels, shaking his head back and forth...]

BW: Dane, there's a damn match happening still!

LD: Well, not right now there isn't! Chaz Wallace is watching too! He's just as curious what's going on as the rest of us and...

[Inside the ring, Chet Wallace has joined his brother, pointing out at The Lost Boy...]

LD: ...both Idols in the ring now and this scene has brought this tag team match to a sudden halt...

[Chet smirks, pointing out to Crowley...]

"HEY FREAK SHOW!"

[...and the crowd jeers the insult. Chet seems oblivious to that.]

"PRET-TY POR-TER!"

[Chet and Chaz clap, starting their own chant as Crowley arches an eyebrow in their direction...]

LD: This may be ill-advised for the Idols!

[Chet steps closer to the ropes, putting a foot up on the middle...]

"Can you hear me, Crowley? Does that scar go all the way through to your ear?"

[...and Chaz and Chet burst into laughter at their own weak insult...

...never noticing one suddenly angry, growling, protective hound of hell glaring in their direction...]

LD: The Idols giving Crowley a hard time and-

[...and suddenly, The Lost Boy leaps up, charging the ring...]

LD: THE LOST BOY! THE LOST BOY!

[...and SINKS his teeth into Chet Wallace's leg!]

LD: AHHHHHHHHH!

[The crowd EXPLODES for the canine chomping as Chet Wallace howls in pain. Chaz grabs his brother by the arm, trying to wrest him away as the referee looks on in puzzled confusion...]

LD: The Lost Boy is trying to take a chunk out of Chet Wallace after that-

BW: This is... shouldn't they disqualify someone?!

LD: You would think so but... the referee seems kinda confused at what to do.

[Chaz Wallace is shouting over his shoulder at the official who throws up his arms...

...which is when Justin Gaines and Jayden Jericho come charging down the stairs towards the ring...

...which is also when Porter Crowley decides to climb up on the apron...]

LD: Uh oh! We've got a problem here!

[...which is also when the studio doors come flying open and two angry rednecks come tearing into view...]

LD: WHAT THE-?!

BW: THE BISHOPS! THE BISHOPS ARE IN THE BUILDING!

[...and the former National Tag Team Champions make a beeline towards David Layton, pulling him from the ring where they go to work on him just as Crowley and Chaz Wallace start trading haymakers...]

...and now the referee REALLY gives up!]

“DING! DING! DING!”

LD: The bell rings! I think the referee just threw this one out!

[On the floor, we see Duane Henry and Cletus Lee Bishop hammering fists into the head and body of David Layton who tries to cover up as they assault him!]

LD: The former National Tag Team Champions!

BW: We saw 'em at the Tenth Anniversary Show and now they're here in Atlanta!

[The beating continues for several moments before suddenly, we see Givens rush into the frame, leaping into the air to land a looping blow on the back of Duane Henry's head!]

LD: Ohhh! Givens back in the mix as well! We've got a brawl on the outside and-

[In the ring, the Idols are stomping The Lost Boy repeatedly while Porter Crowley tries to fight off Jayden Jericho and Justin Gaines on the floor to little success!]

LD: -they're fighting all over the place, Ben!

[Back on the other side, we see Duane Henry grab Layton by the head...]

“CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!”

[...and DRIVE his skull into the steel ringpost, putting him down on the floor as Cletus Lee pummels Givens with heavy hands, putting him back against the rapidly-dispersing crowd!]

LD: We're going to need some help out here, I think!

[Cletus Lee backs off, creating some space before charging in on Givens, delivering a big boot that sends him flying through the air, crashing down HARD backfirst on the wooden bleachers...]

...right as the first flood of security and officials comes through the entryway being led by Interim President Zharkov who looks absolutely livid!]

LD: Here they come! Here comes the cavalry as our ol' friend Gordon would say!

BW: Zharkov came to Showtime to try to keep things under control - what a great job he's done! He had to call the cops once and he might need 'em again to get this under control!

[We cut to the other side of the ring where Justin Gaines is holding the arms of Crowley as Jayden Jericho drives some stiff-fingered blows into the throat!]

LD: Generation Lost is putting one on the Fawcett Family... and who would've thought we'd be saying that tonight!

[Gaines pulls Crowley by the hair, swinging him around and tossing him inside the ring as Jericho climbs up on the apron...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and Chet Wallace catches a rising Crowley under the chin, knocking him flat as Jericho quickly goes to climb the turnbuckles!]

LD: The match may be thrown out but the fight is still on! We've got security out here! We've got officials out here! We've even got the AWA President out here! But this fight is out of control and-

[Cut to the outside where Kevin Slater and Adam Rogers are shouting at Duane Henry and Cletus Lee who back away, the former with his hands raised shouting "THEY CALLED US OUT, SLATER! THEY WANTED THIS!" as Cletus Lee looks on menacingly...]

...and then back to the ring where Jericho has the downed Crowley in his sights, ready to fly...]

LD: Crowley's in trouble! Jericho won't listen to John Shock and-

[Suddenly, a steel chair goes helicoptering over the ropes, bouncing off the canvas...]

LD: What in the...?

[...and a second one comes right after, nearly catching Chaz Wallace in the head!]

BW: That lunatic Hannigan is throwing chairs! They're throwing chairs at Gen Lost!

[Hannigan suddenly dives under the ropes, swinging the heavy metal chain leash around their head...]

LD: WHOA! WHOA!

[...and Jericho wisely jumps off the buckles to the apron, dropping to the floor as the Wallace twins go ducking under the chain, throwing themselves to the outside as well!]

LD: HARPER HANNIGAN HAS COME FOR BLOOD AND THEY'RE NOT GONNA REST UNTIL THEY GET SOME!

[Justin Gaines grimaces, shaking his head as he glares across the ring at the wild-eyed Hannigan...]

...and then at the encouragement of his allies, he too ducks from the ring, dropping to the floor as Hannigan starts whipping the steel chain down on the apron, on the ropes, on the turnbuckles to the roar of the AWA faithful!]

LD: Hannigan came to the aid of their allies and by throwing those chairs and swinging that chain, they cleared the ring of Generation Lost...

BW: For now.

LD: For now. Without a doubt.

[A snarling and fuming Hannigan yanks the chain taut, shoving it into their mouth and biting down on the steel as they hang over the ropes menacingly glaring at the retreating Generation Lost...]

LD: It's chaos here in Atlanta, fans! We've got...

[...and Zharkov starts bellowing at Gen Lost as they get near, angrily pointing at them and shouting in a mix of Russian and angry broken English!]

LD: ...wow! Fans, we've gotta get this under control! We've gotta take a-

[And we abrupt cut 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 Shadoc 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...

Before the screen fades up from black, all we hear is thunderous sounds of horses and the crack of wood against an object. The image fades up into a polo match. White-panted riders jockey for position as they chase the ball, swinging their mallets in pursuit of the goal. A cool, proper British male voice begins to narrate the scene.]

"Polo... the sport of kings. Developed in Persia as a training game for royal guard and elite cavalry units, the sport requires a cool head, strong physique and a competitive nature. Aside from these physical characteristics, the world's best polo players must know how to control a horse."

[The camera focuses on one lady rider using her horse to nudge aside the others as she strikes the ball with self-assured strokes and spurs her pony forward to pursue the pass.]

"Lady Rebecca Falkingham is one such woman. Long, lean and flexible, she controls a horse as easily as she controls her opponent on the wrestling mat.

She is the epitome of class, breeding and athleticism.

Watch as she scores on the field."

[Lady Falkingham uses her mallet to hook another rider out of the saddle. She chases ahead and strikes the ball, scoring between the goals.]

"Incredible. And soon she will be gracing a wrestling ring near you."

[Lady Rebecca Falkingham pulls up before the camera. She removes her helmet and shakes out a head of beautiful ginger hair. She regards the camera with a coquettish grin. The British beauty glances down at the audience superciliously and speaks with a cool, superior voice.]

LRF: Just you wait.

[We fade to a graphic with very ornate looking script promising the arrival of Lady Rebecca Falkingham at The Battle of London before we fade to black...

...and then come back up to live action on Mariah Wolfe and Sweet Daddy Williams standing at the interview podium. Williams is grinning and Wolfe looks a little flush over the chaos before the break.]

MW: My mama have mercy, that was something else here, Sweet Daddy.

SDW: I love a good ol' donnybrook out on Pier Six, Miss Mariah! Katie, bar the door and all that jazz and...

[Williams smacks his hands together.]

SDW: Makes me want to get right back in there and knuckle up and deal!

[Mariah grins.]

MW: So glad we could get your competitive juices flowing, big guy. And speaking of competitive juices, we are just moments away from our Main Event - the big World Television Title showdown pitting the champion Odin Gunn against his very dangerous challenger, Wade Walker... and we'll be hearing both Walker and Curly Bill in a few moments but before we do, Sweet Daddy, let's take a look at a special preview of all the matches coming our way in the next couple of weeks.

SDW: Let's do it!

MW: One week from tonight, the AWA rolls into the Sprint Center in Kansas City for National Wrestling Night on ABC - that's right, fans... ABC! The big time! Network television! And what a lineup we've got in store for you in seven days.

[A graphic comes up to promote the first match.]

MW: It's going to be trios action celebrating the best that the Women's Division has to offer when the team of Kelly Kowalski and the Women's World Tag Team Champions, Harley Hamilton and Cinder, take on the Women's World Champion Julie Somers and two partners of her choice. Lots of speculation as to who the Spitfire will be bringing along with her to KC but whoever it is, I'm betting on a wild one in Harley Hamilton's hometown!

[A new graphic comes up, getting a big cheer!]

SDW: You hear the fans in Atlanta gettin' wild for this one - just added to the lineup... it'll be tag team action with Cain Jackson and AJ Martinez teaming up to take on the new team of Brian James and Jackson Hunter! You talk about a fight, it's comin' to KC!

[Another graphic comes up.]

MW: This one is still pending medical clearance but if they're ready to go, it'll happen when Royal Crown finalist Lauryn Rage takes on Slam Sorority member Carolina Colton!

[And another.]

MW: More tag teams goin' to war! The men with the fat wallets, Masks For Money, are gonna face down two guys they been hauntin' for months now - Ryan Martinez and Derrick Williams! Now if only those two can get along long enough to put the masked men down!

[And more!]

MW: Another match added right here tonight - a rematch from last weekend's Saturday Night Wrestling - as the talented rookie Damian DeVille takes on the Modern Day Man of Steel, Max Magnum, in one-on-one action!

SDW: It might be a burial, baby!

MW: It might be... but we'll find out in KC.

[Another graphic change.]

SDW: We'll also find out who's walkin' out of the Paris of the Plains with the National Title when Jordan Ohara, that fightin' Phoenix, takes on both big bad Robert Donovan AND the "Sin City Savior" Sid Osborne with the gold on the line!

[And again.]

SDW: And one more tag match - this one with the World Champion in there when Supernova and a partner of his choice takes on the Westerly Dynasty squad of James Lynch and the Almighty Atlas Armstrong! Who's the partner gonna be, Miss Mariah?

MW: I've got no idea, pal o' mine. But what I do know is KC will be rocking for that one... as well as for this one.

[One more graphic change.]

MW: We heard this one made official earlier tonight - Supreme Wright has answered the challenge and accepted and that means it'll be the leader of Team Supreme taking on former tag team champion Jackson Haynes in what promises to be one heck of a fight! Eight big matches! All hype, no filler! The AWA is comin' to broadcast television and we're bringing all the heat as we creep one step closer to Memorial Day Mayhem in Dodger Stadium!

[The graphic fades away... and is replaced by the Showtime logo.]

MW: And then two weeks from tonight, it'll be the next episode of Showtime - right back here in Atlanta at Center Stage Studios! Big Sweet Daddy, what's on the marquee for that one?

[SDW nods as a graphic comes up.]

SDW: Yeah, yeah, yeah... let's take a look... the Royal Crown tournament will pick up again. We've got the rest of the first round goin' down - Joe Flint against Smasher Salazar... Sid Osborne against Shadoe Rage... and man-oh-man, this is gonna be a hot one - Ayako Fujiwara clashes with Ricki Toughill!

MW: That's gonna be a fight for the final spot in the Royal Crown finals!

[The graphic changes.]

MW: E-Girl MAX will be in the house when Harley Hamilton and Casey Cash take on Betty Chang and Charity Rockwell as well... and plus a whole lot more! It's gonna be a hot one in Hotlanta in a couple of weeks... just like it's gonna be a hot one up in that ring with the World Television title on the line in just a little while but before we get to that, we've got one more match to go. The recently-debuted Ricky Heartbreaker is going to be in action and... well, when you talk about that debut, I think you have to admit, Sweet Daddy, it was more than a little controversial. Let's take a look...

[We fade to footage marked "Power Hour. March 10th" where we see the former reality TV megastar Ricky Heartbreaker standing in the ring for his AWA debut as the voices of Salvatore Albano and Dylan Westerly are heard.]

SA: We've been eagerly anticipating this debut for several weeks now. Anyone who watches The Bachelor on ABC knows this man, the contestant who made himself a viral sensation by claiming none of the women on the show were up to his standards.

[We cut a little ahead to when Heartbreaker took out his phone and recorded a brief message streaming out to his fans.]

"Hey, Heartbreak Kids! It's a historic day, as I'm about to debut in the AWA. In about..."

[Heartbreaker looks over dismissively at his opponent, then back to his own phone.]

"...two minutes, I'm going to beat this scrub and then be back on here to celebrate. Don't forget to hit that like button, subscribe, and leave your comments. I always love your live feedback!"

[Ricky's pointing up and down as he says like, subscribe, and comment, presumably showing those at home where to do each of these things on their own screens. At the same time, both Parker and the referee glower at him impatiently...

...and we cut again, this time to show a little of the action from the match.

Heartbreaker being shoved off into the ropes by his opponent, Jamie Parker, but the former Bachelor ducks a clothesline and hits a shoulder tackle before applying a side headlock to take advantage...

...and then onto a nicely-executed dropkick out of Heartbreaker...

...but when Heartbreaker storms the corner, looking to inflict big damage, Parker swings a leg up and catches the incoming wrestler in the face with a boot!]

SA: I hope Heartbreaker's not a picky eater, because he just took boot leather straight in the mush!

DW: There's not enough A1 in the world to make that taste good!

[And after a running European uppercut puts him down, Heartbreaker rolls under the ropes to the floor, grabbing at his jaw in pain as he complains to the official.]

SA: What exactly is his complaint here? The referee is just as confused as I am.

DW: Some men just don't like being hit, Sal... looking at that uppercut, I don't blame him either.

[Ricky's reaction gets even more extreme here, as he waves his hands dismissively on the universal wrestling gesture for "screw this". Then, to the crowd's shock, he just starts walking off.]

DW: Is he really taking a walk here?

[It certainly seems so. Parker looks on in bemused bewilderment, and the referee is forced to start a ten count, but Heartbreaker shows no signs of turning back to the ring... and as we cut again, we hear the announcement from Tyler Graham that Parker is the winner by countout...]

...yet later in the show, we would learn differently as we came back from a break to find Heartbreaker and tryout referee Travon Jackson in the ring with a statuesque blonde woman in her mid to late twenties dressed in a cobalt blue power suit. She's holding a clipboard with a few sheets of paper attached in one hand and a microphone in the other. She raises the mic to her lips while also waving whatever paperwork she's carrying in Jackson's face.]

VV: My name is Victoria Valentine, with the firm of Valentine and Leslie. I am the personal attorney of Ricky Heartbreaker. Earlier today, you refereed a match where you counted my client out, did you not?

[Jackson nods yes.]

VV: Then we have a big problem.

[Jackson puts his hands up, demonstrating there's no problem as far as he's concerned. Heartbreaker, for his part, is just smirking at the ref and allowing his lawyer to handle this interaction for now... Whatever this interaction is.]

VV: Oh, we do have a problem. Your decision was flawed, was prejudicial against my client, and it opens this company, this television network, and most importantly you up to huge legal liability.

I have here a copy of Ricky Heartbreaker's contract with the AWA. It is, in most respects, a standard contract for a wrestler. But given Mr. Heartbreaker's background in television and his value to the company's media partners, we had one special clause added.

[At this, Ricky grins widely and points to himself. Apparently he's the type of man who enjoys people being reminded of how important he is.]

VV: I have highlighted the pertinent section, and I'll read it to you now.

[Spinning the clipboard around and flipping to a second page so she can reference it, Valentine begins.]

VV: "Whereas Mister Heartbreaker's facial symmetry and empirically tested sex appeal are a key element in his value to any current and future media partnerships or endorsement deals, the AWA hereby undertakes to ensure all reasonable

measures to protect the said facial features. No wrestler may, during the course of a sanctioned match, strike Mister Heartbreaker in the face with any part of their hand, arm, foot, leg, or their own head. The punishment for so doing shall be an immediate disqualification of the offending wrestler."

[As she goes on, the Atlanta crowd starts to boo. Whether that's for the implications of the contract clause or the legalese is unclear.]

RH: That English goof stuck his foot right here!

[Heartbreaker points to his chin.]

RH: Then he uppercut me right in the jaw! He can't do that, bro! He can't do that, and you have to disqualify him!

SA: Am I hearing this right? Does Ricky Heartbreaker have a contract that says no one can hit him in the face?

[We see the referee speak to Tyler Graham a little later and then...]

TG: Ladies and gentlemen, the referee has reversed his decision from an earlier match. Your winner, as a result of a disqualification... Ricky Heartbreaker!

SA: Are you kidding me?! You have to be kidding me!

[The fans take a short moment to process this, then begin to boo loudly at this utterly cheap way of getting a debut win. Heartbreaker couldn't care less, though. He vigorously shakes his lawyer's hand, then has her raise his hand as the victor, at least technically.]

SA: I'm not sure I've ever seen a win quite like this!

DW: I'll go one further - it's a disgrace! How can anyone be proud of starting a wrestling career like this?

[And on Westerly's comment, we fade back to live action in Center Stage.]

SDW: Ol' Dee Dub said it real there, Miss Mariah. How could anyone be proud of startin' a career like that?

MW: Last weekend on Saturday Night Wrestling, Ricky Heartbreaker made an appearance and promised to get his career off to a better start here this week... in a Handicap Match! Lori, Ben... it's all yours.

[Two wrestlers are standing - well, milling about really - in the ring, waiting as we get back to the action. One looks to be about 40 and just starting to suffer the indignities of male pattern baldness. He's a fit and muscular white man in black trunks and an open red vest, and he has a confident smirk on his face as he looks into the crowd.

The second is younger, but somehow looks more old-fashioned - he's broad shouldered and sporting an obvious beer gut, and looks like either the toughest guy at the factory your dad worked at or about seven different people in a standard wrestling territory circa 1982. He's glaring into the middle distance and pacing.]

LD: Thanks, Mariah... and yes, we're about to see a relative rarity in this day and age - a two-on-one Handicap Match, where the rookie Ricky Heartbreaker has promised to leave a better impression than he did in his AWA debut!

BW: I don't understand this at all, Dane. Who voluntarily stacks the odds against themselves? This Heartbreaker guy might have a face for television, but if he keeps making decisions like this, he's got a brain for the unemployment line.

LD: Wrestling is all about challenging yourself and putting on a show for the fans!

BW: It's about wins and paychecks. Anyone who says otherwise is a fool.

[Megumi Sato is certainly no fool, and we focus in on her as she stands from her seat to resume her ring announcing duties.]

MS: This next contest features TWO wrestlers against ONE, and it is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, from Ocean City, Maryland, weighing 245 pounds...

DEL MARVA!!!

[The man in the red vest points with two fingers on his right hand, stabbing three times in front of himself from left to right. Apparently, at least a few fans in the crowd recognize him, as each point is punctuated with a faint but noticeable chanting of one of the syllables in his name, followed by an exhortation.]

"DEL-MAR-VA!"

"YEAH!"

BW: Is that... is that supposed to be something?

[Before we can get any answer, entrance music kicks in to interrupt. G-Eazy's "Me, Myself & I", specifically, at which Ricky Heartbreaker steps out into the aisle. He's wearing a black robe, still tied with a gold tie to match the other gold trim. Heartbreaker is all smiles, nodding to the fans on either side of the entrance aisle as he moves fairly quickly towards the ring.]

MS: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponents...

[Megumi does a double take at her index card... and then rolls her eyes.]

LD: Hold on, did she say...?

[Lori might have picked up on something, but the crowd hasn't yet - they're giving Heartbreaker a sort of middling reaction as he excitedly slaps the middle ring step to amp himself up, then quickly hops up to one corner of the ring to grab a tag rope.]

MS: ...at a combined weight of 476 pounds, from Decatur, Georgia, and Hollywood, Florida respectively....

"BIG" BOBBY HENSHAW... AND...

....RIIIICCKKKKKKYYYYY HEARRRRRRRTBREAKERRRRR!

[The announcement making it official suddenly turns the crowd's reaction. We can see a few people start to scowl, recognition flash over them, and then a low rumbling of boos start to grow and expand. Del Marva himself seems surprised, frowning noticeably, which the other guy - Henshaw - just ignores the obvious implications of how Sato just teed up this match.]

LD: We heard in the lead up tonight that Ricky Heartbreaker's management team specifically set up this handicap match... but we had no idea he was, apparently,

planning to put himself on the two side of two-on-one! What kind of a bad joke is this?

BW: Were you not listening to me literally one minute ago? Wrestling's about wins and checks. You get a bigger check when you win, and Heartbreaker just put himself in a prime position to win and get more money. I take back what I said earlier about him. This guy might just understand this business after all.

[As more and more fans realize which side has the two and which the one, the boos get louder and louder, but Heartbreaker doesn't care a bit. He hasn't even taken his robe off yet, just smirking when Bobby Henshaw walks over to their corner offering a tag. His voice can be picked up on one of the ring mics.]

RH: You've got this, big fella!

[The bell rings, and the referee points to both Marva and Henshaw, and then to the center of the ring. Henshaw shrugs, and decides he might as well be the legal man to start on his team. Del Marva stretches his neck to either side, taking in the tough ask ahead of him, and then also comes forward to engage with... well, at least one of his opponents. Ricky continues to ostentatiously hold the tag rope up high and pounds the top rope with his other hand in what's at least an imitation of encouragement as the two legal men lock up in a collar-and-elbow tie up.]

LD: This is ludicrous! Ricky Heartbreaker said he wanted to make a better impression, but now he's deliberately tilting the odds in his favor, and not only that, he won't even get in the ring for a match he asked for?

BW: Aren't you supposed to love stuff like this? He's creating opportunities for two journeyman wrestlers to be seen on national television. Plus, we have a clean start to the match! This is all above board stuff, Dane!

LD: Was there a two for one sale on sarcasm this weekend? You're overstocked at the moment.

[Henshaw is both taller and heavier, though Marva has better muscle definition. Still, it's mass that wins out and after a short stalemate Henshaw's able to back his opponent from the Old Line State towards a neutral corner. Worried as he's giving up ground, Marva deliberately backs into that corner, getting to the ropes so he can force referee Shari Miranda to give a clean break. Slightly annoyed, Henshaw does indeed back off at a count of three, and the two begin circling each other warily.]

LD: Not a lot either way in the early going of this encounter. If Del Marva can manage to get an advantage, he'll have to try and capitalize quickly and get the win before he ever has to face a second man.

BW: If this guy had what it took to put away an opponent that quickly, even an entry-level one like this pot-bellied pig, I'd have heard of him before.

[The crowd continues to jeer, but focused at Heartbreaker for his cowardice rather than anything the two men in the ring have done. Marva comes forward as if to lock up again, but at the last second he shoots to the side and grabs a wrist, wringing out Henshaw's beefy arm to gain control. He starts cranking back on the wrist as well, trying to pour on the pressure, but "Big" Bobby powers through the pain, spinning his body to throw his other arm out and catch Del flush with an elbow.]

LD: Well-placed elbow by Henshaw escapes the armwringer..

[Marva drops the arm and staggers back, giving Henshaw a brief moment to shake his wrist to try and work it out, then stride forward to throw a couple of quick jabs

with his uninjured right hand. Marva staggers back, and Henshaw takes the opportunity to grab his arm instead and shoot him off in an Irish whip.]

LD: ...and now trying to take advantage, shoots him across...

[Marva hits the ropes at speed and comes running back, only to be bowled over by a huge clothesline!]

LD: ...straight up power wrestling from this big man, and it's working so far.

BW: The classics are the classics for a reason.

LD: Henshaw picks up Marva, and he's dragging him to his corner, looking for a tag... but Heartbreaker's not even there!

[It's true. Bobby's looking for a tag and a few seconds of legal double teaming, but in the short time this match has been going on Ricky's apparently lost interest in it. He has at least opened up his robe, although he hasn't taken it off - and he's nowhere near the corner, instead having wandered back down to ringside at some point when he was off camera. He has his phone out, and he's taking a selfie with a section of the Center Stage crowd as a backdrop. Perturbed at not having an available partner to tag, Henshaw's attention drops for a second.]

LD: Heartbreaker's down at ringside now... this is ridiculous and...

[The crowd reacts as Marva grabs the distracted Henshaw around the waist, dropping him with a back suplex!]

LD: ...and Marva gets the drop on him! Heartbreaker abandoning his partner caused the distraction, Marva got his opening, and he's feeling it now!

[There's another series of three points, another anemic round of chanting his name followed by "YEAH!", and then Del runs to the ropes to get momentum behind an elbow drop. As soon as it hits, he scrambles immediately into a cover.]

BW: There's an easy kickout at one, but this guy's got the right idea. He wins quickly, or he doesn't win at all.

LD: But if Heartbreaker never bothers to get involved, he might be able to take his time!

BW: You don't take that chance. I can sense this Heartbreaker is a winner, and that means he has a winner's instincts. He knows when he'll be needed.

[Marva knows he needs to stay on offense and get a lot of punishment in fast, so he quickly scoops the bigger man up and dumps him right back down with a slam. This time there's no immediate cover - it's just setup, as Del moves quickly to a neutral corner and starts climbing, looking for something high impact.]

BW: Again, I have to agree with the strategy here.

LD: Marva on top, measuring... he takes to the air, looking for an even more impactful elbow drop and- ohhhh!

BW: They call it high risk for a reason, Dane... and Marva got nothing but the empty part of the pool!

[It's not clear if Henshaw was playing possum or just got his wits back at the exact right moment, but he rolled clean out of the way and allowed Del Marva to crash

right into the canvas! Climbing off the mat, Henshaw looks to inflict more damage on his downed opponent...

...when suddenly he feels a hard slap on his back, right between the shoulder blades.]

BW: I told you Ricky would pick his moment!

LD: At least he finally took his robe off.

[It takes a tick for Henshaw to register that he's just been tagged out, unawares. He continues to stand in the corner, only turning his head in time to see a returned Heartbreaker rapidly climbing to the top rope. Slightly stunned, he just sort of stands there until his "partner" yells at him.]

"Out of the way, fatso!"

[At that, Henshaw reluctantly moves to the side, especially since the referee is also asking him to. Heartbreaker takes to the air as well, mimicking what his downed opponent just tried. Except it's less a mimic and more an improvement, as Ricky gets decent air and impressive aim, bringing the point of his outstretched elbow straight down into the gut of Del Marva!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Popping up quickly to a seated position after impact, Ricky takes just a moment to gloat, directing some kind of comment to the man he just pasted from the top rope.]

LD: Ricky calls that, appropriately enough, the Heartbreaker, and in his career he's often finished matches with it.

BW: After telling this goof to stop biting his signature move, I think it's going to be the first, last, and only move he needs tonight!

[That is indeed the plan, as Heartbreaker immediately goes into a lateral press. He lazily hooks the outside leg, while being sure to get decent pressure over Marva's chest, and Shari Miranda goes down to count.]

LD: This could be it... and it is, there's three! Ricky Heartbreaker picks up another cheap, tainted win!

MS: Your winners by pinfall... "BIG" BOBBY HENSHAW and RICKY HEARTBREAKER!

LD: Even the normally irrepressible Megumi Sato took a little bit of oomph off that announcement, because that was hardly a win worth celebrating!

BW: Oh, get over yourself. Every time you get the winner's purse, that calls for a celebration.

[Heartbreaker certainly feels that way, leaping back to his feet to track down the referee and insisting she raise his hand, which she does with only minimal reluctance. He is, after all, one of the legal winners.

The other one, Bobby Henshaw, is standing on the apron just outside the ring with a sour look on his face. Heartbreaker notices this and, now that he's got his win, is all smiles again, waving with his free arm to his partner that he should come in the ring and partake in the spoils of victory. Henshaw looks conflicted - actually, closer to pissed off than conflicted.]

BW: Come on, big man. How many times are you going to get your hand raised in an AWA ring? This might be your career highlight, the first time you leave a show with more than a hotdog and a handshake. Get in there and get what's yours!

LD: I wouldn't quite put it that way, but I suppose this is a first for him. It's not Henshaw's fault the match went down this way, and he did technically get a win.

[That thought process or similar plays out on his face, and eventually Henshaw does decide to step back into the ring, with Heartbreaker urging him all the way. The referee stays in place as this goes on, until Ricky directs traffic enough to get each of them on one side of Shari Miranda so she can raise each's arm at the same time.]

BW: Give those men their flowers!

LD: If you meant that even a little bit seriously, I'm going to be sick.

[Henshaw doesn't leave his arm up for long, though, just wanting to get back to the locker room and cash his larger than normal check. He's clearly looking to walk off and leave this whole sordid scene behind him, but Heartbreaker holds a hand out instead, ostentatiously offering a handshake. Henshaw looks down on him - quite literally, as he has a few inches and almost a hundred pounds on the former Bachelor - and dismissively waves off the offer of a victory shake.]

LD: Why on Earth would Bobby Henshaw accept this offer - he heard how insulting his so-called partner was!

BW: It's called being a good sport. You may want to look it up.

[The only thing Henshaw wants to look up is the possibility of a cold post-match beer, so he spurns the handshake and walks towards the far ropes to leave the ring. Of course, in order to do so he has to walk away from Heartbreaker with his back to him... and Ricky uses this moment to strike, diving down with his arm held out straight to deliver a vicious chop block to the back of Henshaw's knee! He's caught completely unaware and crumples to the mat, while the boos that had been coming down for Ricky Heartbreaker's shenanigans to this point only multiply at an absolutely unnecessary act of betrayal.]

LD: Now what's the point of that?! After the match, after another cheap win, this egotist just has to do that to his partner?

[If there is a point at all, other than ego, it's not clear. Ricky makes sure the man he just knocked down stays down first and foremost, getting back to his feet and then aiming a couple more kicks at the knee he just damaged before a surprised referee springs to action and moves in to try and push him away from this post-match activity. His point apparently made, Heartbreaker relents, putting his hands up in a mocking show of submission and allowing the official to push him to the side, agreeing to head out of the ring after a short moment glorifying in being the last of three men standing, while the majority of everyone outside the ring lets him know they think very little of the way he arranged for that to happen.

"Me, Myself, and I" begins to play again, Heartbreaker ducks out of the ring to catch up with an attendant and retrieve his robe and cellphone, and Shari Miranda shifts over to the downed Henshaw to check on his leg.]

LD: We thought his debut match, where Heartbreaker won on a technicality and revealed he has a contract clause that forbids anyone from punching him in the face, was about as low as this man could get. But now, he's specifically arranged for a two on one match where he was on the favored side, and then did none of the

work, and then turned on his partner to boot after winning! Talk about making a poor impression!

BW: The only thing to talk about here is a promising newcomer who's started his AWA career with two wins and zero losses. That's all the record books will show.

LD: I'm being told that... (sigh) Ricky Heartbreaker's "team" has not made him available for media at this time, so we won't even get to hear his thoughts after his second straight cheap win. Maybe it's best if we just completely switch gears here and talk about something, or someone, else. Mariah?

[We cut over the interview podium where a fuming Sweet Daddy Williams and a disappointed Mariah Wolfe are standing.]

MW: Thanks, Lori... and Sweet Daddy, our fans need only take one look at your face to know just how hot you are at what we just saw.

SDW: Absolutely a joke. I knew he was up to somethin', kid, but I didn't see that one comin'. Waterson says it true - he's two and oh... but I already can't wait to see someone put a fist through his face.

MW: Well... I guess they'll get disqualified if they do!

SDW: It'll be worth it.

MW: Speaking of people getting fists through their face, it's just about time for our Main Event and...

[In the background, we hear the crowd roaring with boos, no doubt spurned on by her guests.]

MW: Ladies and gentlemen, my guests at this time, your AWA World Television champion, Odin Gunn and "Curly" Bill Webb!

[The camera zooms out to reveal Curly Bill, in a wide-brimmed cowboy hat, twirling his mustache, and wearing a fringed leather suede jacket. Beside him stands the monstrous Odin Gunn, silent and intimidating with a cold, stoic expression on his face. He is dressed in his usual entrance attire, a pancho with southwestern designs on it, a black bandana around his neck and a weather-beaten cowboy hat. Bill tips his hat to Mariah, a confident smirk on his face.]

CBW: Well now, Miss Wolfe, always a pleasure to be standin' here with a lovely lady like you. Ain't nothin' like the sweet scent of competition in the air and that sense of inevitable doom whenever my man Odin Gunn is ready to step into a ring.

MW: Curly Bill, tonight Odin Gunn has been forced into a match against Wade Walker by orders from interim President Zharkov. But for Wade Walker, his return to the ring is personal. It was you, the Desperadoes, and his former brother-in-arms, Pedro Perez, who attacked him and Isaiah Carpenter and brought an end to The Dogs of War. How do you respond to that?

[Curly Bill's smirk turns into a sneer, his eyes narrowing and his voice dripping with disdain.]

CBW: "Forced", you say? Oh, Miss Wolfe, that's puttin' it lightly. Zharkov, that pencil-pushin' has-been, thinks he can just throw his weight around and put Odin Gunn into Television Title defenses against unworthy contenders, without repercussions! And Wade Walker, the man who once was a Dog of War, is nothing more a little yappin' puppy that got thrown a bone by that dang Red Army reject!

[Curly Bill takes a moment to calm himself, adjusting his hat and casting a glance at Odin Gunn, who remains stoic and unmoving.]

CBW: We gave Walker a proper Desperado send-off, but now he's back, sniffin' around like a stray dog that's lost its way. And why? 'Cause he thinks he can get a bite out of us? Well, Miss Wolfe, that's just the kinda' foolishness I expect from a man too stupid to take the opportunity of a lifetime, when I offered him a place in The Desperadoes. But Pedro Perez saw the light, joined the winning side, and left those two anchors holding him back, behind. Wade Walker? He's just a relic of long gone, faded glory. And we'll leave him in the past just like we did with Isaiah Carpenter.

[The jeers grow ever louder, but Bill and Odin Gunn are unfazed by the fans' vitriol.]

MW: Curly Bill, despite what you say, Wade Walker has a reputation for being relentless and fearless, especially now with revenge on his mind. Are you truly confident that Odin Gunn can handle this challenge?

[Curly Bill's eyes gleam with a mixture of amusement and dangerous intentions as he steps closer to Mariah.]

CBW: "Confident"? Oh, Miss Wolfe, confident don't even begin to cover it! Wade Walker can come at us with all the fire and fury he can muster. He can bark and he can bite, but in the end, he's still just barkin' up the wrong tree! Odin Gunn ain't afraid of no dog, no matter how war-torn he claims to be! Tonight, we're gonna show Zharkov, Wade Walker, and the entire world exactly why you don't mess with the biggest, baddest son of a gun in the business!

[Curly Bill turns to Odin Gunn, who remains silent. He places a hand on Gunn's massive shoulder, beaming with pride.]

CBW: Ain't that right, Odin?

[Odin Gunn remains silent, his eyes fixed on the camera with an icy stare. The intense glare he gives from behind his hat and mask says more than any words ever could. Curly Bill chuckles, patting Gunn's shoulder.]

CBW: This here is the calm before the storm. Odin Gunn ain't gotta say a word, 'cause his actions in that ring are louder than any bark Walker is capable of! When that bell rings, Wade Walker's gonna find out what it means to face a true force of nature. He's gonna be flattened, steamrolled, and left wonderin' why he ever thought he stood a chance against Odin Gunn!

MW: Strong words, Curly Bill. But what about Maxim Zharkov and the many fans of the AWA, who believe that Wade Walker may finally be the man capable of defeating Odin Gunn?

CBW: It ain't about belief, Miss Wolfe... it's about reality. And the reality is, Odin Gunn is absolutely unstoppable. Wade Walker's got grit, sure, but grit ain't enough when you're facin' a damn mountain!

[Curly Bill takes a step back, removing his hat and placing it over his heart, the confident smirk returning to his face.]

CBW: Tonight's lesson is about respect. The respect that Zharkov refused to show for me, Odin Gunn, and my Desperadoes! And Wade Walker, if you're out there watching, I hope you're ready, 'cause tonight, you ain't just wrestlin' a match...

[He grins.]

CBW: ...you're facing a reckoning.

[Curly Bill places the hat back on his head and turns to Odin Gunn, patting the silent cowboy on the shoulder. He shuffles off camera and Gunn turns to look at Mariah, unnerving her with a glance, before turning back and following Bill out of the shot.]

MW: There you have it, folks. Curly Bill and Odin Gunn, are ready for what promises to be a war inside the ring! And earlier today, we caught up with-

[The crowd suddenly cheers as we see Interim President Zharkov come stomping through the curtain, firing off a few words over his shoulder as he does.]

MW: Mr. Zharkov, this is a surprise.

[Zharkov comes to a halt alongside Mariah and Sweet Daddy Williams, a barely-contained anger simmering to the surface.]

MZ: Yes. I did not plan to speak again but this...

[He makes a gesture towards the ring.]

MZ: ...all this has been a problem.

SDW: I gotta say, Max. You said you were comin' to Hotlanta to keep things under control and... well, it ain't.

[Zharkov looks at Williams hard... and then nods.]

MZ: No. It... ain't. Team Supreme. Generation Lost. Desperadoes. E-Girl MAX. Slam Sorority. Westerly Dynasty. Allahs. Too many problems. Too many. Last year? Castillo? One problem. Big problem, da. But one problem. So many problems?

[Zharkov shakes his head.]

MZ: Not what I... how you say... signed up for.

[Williams looks surprised.]

SDW: Max, you quittin' on us?

[Zharkov scoffs.]

MZ: No. I promised office that I do this job until I am cleared to wrestle. I am not cleared to wrestle and job is not done, yes?

[Williams nods.]

MZ: So, I will stay... and I will fight with this...

[He holds up the clipboard in his hand.]

MZ: ...instead of this...

[And then his clenched fist.]

MZ: ...for now.

[Zharkov taps the clipboard.]

MZ: And this says Last Chance Battle Royal will be on Showtime two weeks from tonight!

[The crowd cheers as Zharkov nods.]

MZ: And this says we will have Team Supreme back in the building because after what they did tonight, Tizona and Yoshi Fujiwara want match with Jackson and Martinez... it happens two weeks from now!

[The crowd cheers as Zharkov grins.]

MZ: And one more thing...

[Dramatic pause.]

MZ: ...the Run The Rankings winner, OMEGA RETURNS IN TWO WEEKS!

[A huge roar goes up from the Atlanta crowd as Zharkov claps his clipboard enthusiastically before giving a wave and stepping out of view!]

MW: Wow! Big announcements all around from the Interim President, Sweet Daddy!

SDW: Omega's back?! Ohhh yeaaaaah!

MW: Fans, Showtime just keeps getting better and better and right now, we're just moments away from tonight's Main Event. We heard from the champion... sort of... a few moments ago, now let's hear some pre-recorded comments that I got earlier today when I spoke to the challenger, Wade Walker!

[Cut to footage from earlier in the day, where Wade Walker is being interviewed by Mariah Wolfe. He looks like a completely different animal in a charcoal and pewter herringbone patterned dress shirt, a pair of stylish sunglasses hooked into the open collar. He rubs his hand together patiently.]

MW: Mr. Walker, thank you for this opportunity. Tonight you've been granted a shot at the AWA World Television Champion, Odin Gunn, but you still have to adapt to a career as a singles competitor. Do you feel ready?

WW: After the four years I gave the Dogs of War? We'll see. That was four years I made career decisions based on the Dogs of War. Isaiah Carpenter? Even though he and I were barely speaking to each other the last few months, we both made decisions based on the Dogs of War. And Pedro...

[Bitterness.]

WW: ...Pedro Perez made decisions for himself and threw his lot in with The Desperadoes. Those two were my family for four long years.

[Walker grimaces slightly as he verbalizes the thought.]

WW: And now I don't know how much of that was real. How much was just an act? We learned about the bushido code in our time in Japan... in our exile. "Meiyo." Honor! You can hide from the consequences of your actions behind your allies, but you can't hide from yourself.

So, Pedro cashed out his investments in the Dogs of War, but in doing so... he made The Desperadoes wanted men. He made the World TV Champion a wanted man.

There comes a time where you have to stop saving for the future and a time when you have to start spending.

I've been given the chance to invest in gold, Odin. I saw the look in your eye last week when we stared across the ring from one another. I've seen it before on the O-line. It's the look that says, "the 'W' is going to Wade Walker."

[And we fade from a determined Walker to a live shot of the crowd jammed into Atlanta's Center Stage Studios for this week's edition of Showtime. Some fans are shouting into the camera, waving their homemade signs...

...and then we catch a glimpse of several familiar faces if you're a diehard AWA fan.]

LD: We're just about ready to get underway here in Atlanta. The fans are ready for this one and... hey, so are they! Some of the talent from down in Combat Corner Wrestling invited here to Atlanta tonight to check out the action.

BW: I know several of those men and women, Dane... the best future superstars in all the world train down in Texas. I caught up with a few of them before the show and they were all so excited to be here.

LD: Just like I'm sure they're excited at the idea of being considered for the Brass Ring Tournament which will be running this summer right here on Showtime... you can see a few buzz-worthy prospects in attendance tonight. The uber-athletic Armani Avery... the Sudakov student Alexander Kukura... Piper Patterson and Betty Watkins down there at ringside as well as many others.

BW: All of them just getting even hungrier to be a part of the AWA as they're all hoping to be a part of that tournament that will be a special attraction during our big summer tour, Dane.

LD: We're all looking forward to that... just like we're looking forward to this - tonight's Main Event! Megumi, take it away!

[And we fade from the crowd shot to the ring where Megumi Sato is standing.]

MS: The following contest scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit is your SHOOOOOOOWTIIIIIIIME MAAAAAAAAN EEEEEVENNNNNNNNT!

[The crowd ROARS enthusiastically!]

MW: It is for the A... W... A... WORRRRRRRRRRLD TELEVISIONNNNNNNN CHAMPIONNNNNNNSHIP!

[Another huge ROAR goes up a moment before "One Shot" by Rollins Band starts up over the PA, and the fans cheer, already anticipating the arrival of the challenger.]

MS: From MOTOR CITY, MICHIGAN... weighing two-hundred seventy-eight pounds... he is the challenger...

...WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAADE WALKERRRRRRRRRR!

[Walker is a slapped together white man with tan skin and shoulder length, stringy, thin blonde hair. His biceps and forearms are bulging, and he's got the tattoo of the sun god holding a three pronged pitchfork on his right shoulder. He looks very much like a Nordic deity. Walker is in midnight-blue toned urban camo cargo pants tucked into black combat boots, the remains of a midnight blue flak jacket fashioned into a vest that she seems poised to burst from at any moment. His face is a picture of stoicism, the calm before the metaphorical storm that is sure to follow.]

LD: Take a look, if you will, at the challenger! Freakish levels of athleticism from this former NFL prospect, and years of seasoning as a pro – is this his time? Coming out of nowhere to challenge for singles gold – six months ago he challenged Johnny Detson for the gold and nearly went the distance. Can he get the 'W', as he says?

BW: He's got the power and the presence, but talking about freakish athleticism: the champion has taken some of the best shots his opponents could dish out and popped right back up. In a post-"Dogs of War" world, Walker walks alone.

[Wade Walker seems taken aback by the fans' ovation, and quickly discards his vest, revealing the stylized sun tattoo that takes up most of his back. He rests his head on the nearest turnbuckle, quietly psyching himself up for his match.]

LD: You talk about a man who looks ready to be crowned a king, you're looking at him. But is that coronation tonight? We're about to find out right after this final commercial break!

[Walker slaps the buckle, coming up with both arms overhead and a roar to the cheering Atlanta crowd as 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 the ring where Wade Walker is eagerly waiting for his opponent as his music continues to play over the PA system.]

LD: We're back here on Showtime just moments away from tonight's Main Event. The challenger's in the ring...

[And as the music fades and Megumi Sato steps back to mid-ring...]

LD: ...and here comes the champion.

[...and the sounds of the haunting opening to "Man with a Harmonica" by Ennio Marricone 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 "killers"... the masked Texas Ranger and the unhinged Pedro Perez.]

MS: AND! HIS! OPPOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNEEEENNNNNNT! 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: And I suppose it should come as no surprise that not only are Odin Gunn and Curly Bill out here, Ben, but we've got Perez and the masked Ranger as well.

BW: No surprise at all, Dane. The Desperadoes travel in a pack... a very, very dangerous pack.

LD: One likely to try to disrupt this one-on-one match.

BW: Only if they're provoked.

[Webb exits the ring, handing the title belt reluctantly to the official who holds it overhead as Walker and Gunn glare at one another from across the ring.]

LD: You can feel the tension in the air here tonight as Odin Gunn faces a serious threat to his World Television Title reign... AND his undefeated streak.

BW: We'll see about that.

[The official steps to mid-ring, giving both competitors one final glance...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[And as the bell sounds, champion and challenger stride powerfully from their respective corners until they are face to face in the middle of the ring...]

LD: We've got ourselves a staredown, Ben.

BW: Look at the size of these two, Dane.

LD: The challenger at six foot four, 278 pounds of chiseled marble... the champion giving up two inches at six two but topping the scales at 335 pounds - a massive man as wide as he is tall.

BW: They're both going to bring the strength... the power... the physicality... but Wade Walker's at a disadvantage to me, Dane, because this is his first headline singles match since the Dogs of War came to an abrupt end.

LD: Thanks to one of the men in the corner of Odin Gunn tonight, Pedro Perez... and you know Perez won't resist a chance to take a shot at his former partner if he gets one tonight.

[The camera shot is holding on the staredown as the crowd goes wild for their Main Event of the evening...

...and suddenly, Gunn comes up swinging a heavy right hand that Walker absorbs on his wrist, blocking the blow...]

LD: Walker blocks the right hand... and lands one of his own!

[Walker lands a second... a third... a fourth, driving Gunn back across the ring towards the corner as the crowd gets louder and louder...]

LD: Walker's got him on his heels, hammering away on the champion - oh, come on!

[...the cheers turning instantly to jeers as Pedro Perez hops up on the apron, shouting at his former partner who swivels to confront him, making a lunge!]

LD: HE'S GOT HIM! HE'S GOT HIM!

[Perez flails at the powerful arms of Walker, trying to get away from his muscular former friend...

...and Odin Gunn provides the assist, burying a knee into the kidneys of Walker, causing him to let go of Perez who slips off the apron to the floor, a smirk on his face as he watches the World Television Champion lift Walker into the air, dropping him down with a thunderous side slam!]

LD: Odin Gunn DROPS him with a big side slam!

[Walker winces in pain on the mat, grabbing at his lower back as Gunn rolls to a knee, grabbing Walker by the head, driving his fist down between the eyes once... twice... three times...]

LD: The champion hammering away at Walker down on the mat, off to a fast start in this one...

BW: It's the World Television Title... always a ten minute time limit and always requiring a bit more of a faster pace than you'd usually find in something like the Royal Crown tournament or something like that.

[...four times... five... six... seven...]

LD: Come on, referee! Those are closed fists there!

[...eight... nine... ten... and he finally lets go of Walker, letting him slump to the mat as Gunn climbs to his feet, glaring icily at referee Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller who takes an instinctive step back, warning the champion.]

LD: Even the referee is intimidated by this man!

BW: Can you blame him? Odin Gunn is a human horror film in there. The man hasn't said a single word since arriving in the AWA and yet, he's got every opponent he's faced shaking in their boots.

LD: Perhaps not Wade Walker though. Wade Walker has stood inside the ring with the very best the AWA has to offer... Martinez, Wright, James, Vasquez, Carver... you name it, he's faced them down... and in many cases, actually beat them. Don't forget that the Dogs of War were undefeated... absolutely dominant for a long, long time.

BW: But so is Odin Gunn... and when he gets Walker down on the mat - like right now - Walker's got no one to tag in.

[Pulling Walker off the mat, Gunn grabs him under the armpits, powering him into the air and flinging him back into the turnbuckles in an impressive show of strength!]

LD: Whoa! That's a three hundred pound man almost he just did that too!

BW: Gunn backing up... and can you imagine the sight of that man charging you down?

LD: I wouldn't want to but that's what Walker is facing - Gunn on the move and-

[The crowd ROARS as Walker swings a leg up, his boot catching the incoming Gunn on the chin, snapping his head back and sending him staggering backwards out of the corner towards the middle of the ring...]

LD: Walker caught him good!

[...and then Walker comes charging from the corner, swinging his arm...]

LD: CLOTHESLINE!

[...but Gunn doesn't fall, his feet not quite steady underneath him as Walker looks surprised...]

BW: And THAT was a near three hundred pound man hitting him with a clothesline and Odin Gunn did NOT go down!

[...and Walker backs up, winding up again...]

LD: ANOTHER ONE!

[...and hits a second running clothesline, bouncing off the torso of Gunn who staggers backwards, trying to catch his balance as Walker shakes his head in disbelief...]

BW: He's still standing, Dane! Walker can't believe it but Odin Gunn is soaking up those clotheslines and he's still on his feet!

[...and this time, Walker runs to the ropes behind the staggered Gunn, bouncing off to run past him to hit the other ropes...]

LD: Building up a head of steaaaaaaaam...

[...and as he charges back at Gunn a third time, Gunn catches him under his arm, spinning around with the momentum...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES HIM DOWN WITH A RING-SHAKING SLAM!]

LD: ...GUNN SENDS HIM DOWN HAAAAAARD!

[With Walker laid out on the mat, Gunn dives across in a lateral press, nodding his head along with the count...]

LD: ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO!

[...but Walker kicks out with authority, shoving Gunn off him a bit as the crowd cheers!]

LD: Walker's out at two, kicking out of that spinning slam...

[As Gunn climbs to his feet, Walker rolls under the ropes, falling to a knee on the outside, grabbing at his lower back as Gunn glares after him.]

LD: Walker to the outside, looking for a chance to recover off that big slam... but the champion may have other ideas here, Ben.

BW: That's one thing that Odin Gunn has that just might impress me more than anything else - his killer instinct. There is no hesitation, no mercy... he wants the win, he wants to dominate, and he's going to do whatever it takes to keep that title. Just ask Isaiah Carpenter and Whaitiri... if you can find them.

LD: Both of those men put on the shelf two weeks ago on the Showtime premiere. We have no idea when or even IF we'll see either of them again... Omega also injured during the wild scene with the Desperadoes. We learned moments ago that he'll be back in action two weeks from tonight and he's got a TV Title match waiting for him after winning the Run The Rankings challenge last time out.

[Gunn starts towards the ropes but the referee boldly puts himself between the champion and the ropes, shaking his head...]

LD: Blue Shoes trying to keep the action in the ring and-

[...and the jeers pick up again as Perez buries a boot into the ribs of his former partner on the outside!]

LD: -Pedro Perez at it again! Blatant interference from Gunn's Desperadoes allies and for a man who - quite frankly - doesn't look like he needs any help at all!

[With the referee's back turned, Perez kicks the ribs a few more times before backing off, watching as Gunn strides past the protesting official, stepping through the ropes to the ring apron...]

LD: Perez backs away but now Wade Walker's gotta deal with Odin Gunn out on the floor here.

BW: And that sounds dangerous to me, Dane.

LD: It surely does.

[Clutching his ribs, Walker works his way up to a knee, looking up at Gunn towering over him on the apron...]

...which is when Walker explodes upwards, burying a right hand into the midsection of the Samoan Cowboy!]

LD: OH! Walker caught him! Gunn hesitated after all your talk about his killer instinct and-

[Reaching up, Walker hooks the doubled-up Gunn, Curly Bill shouting in alarm as Walker powers him up...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SLAMS him down on the barely-padded studio floor!]

LD: -HE SLAMS HIM OFF THE APRON ON THE FLOOOOOOOR!

[Gunn flops over onto his stomach, reaching an arm to grab at his back as Curly Bill's jaw drops in horror and the crowd ROARS!]

LD: WADE WALKER WITH A SLAM OFF THE APRON AND HE JUST TURNED THIS THING COMPLETELY ON ITS HEAD!

BW: He absolutely did! And if Wade Walker's going to have a chance to shatter the undefeated streak of Odin Gunn... to beat the unbeatable... to win the AWA World Television Title and follow in the footsteps of men like Ryan Martinez, like Johnny Detson, like Shadoo Rage... like Supernova... this might be that chance!

"FIVE MINUTES REMAIN IN THE TIME LIMIT! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

LD: Halfway to the time limit of this one and with 190 days as champion for the Samoan Cowboy... only Supernova, Dave Bryant, and Shadoo Rage stand in front of him for the longest TV Title reign of all time but tonight, it's Wade Walker looking to bring that reign to an end.

[Walker backs away from the downed Gunn, waving with an arm for him to get back to his feet...]

LD: Walker measuring his man, taking aim on the champion...

[...and as Gunn starts to move around on the floor, the masked Texas Ranger drifts too close to Walker for his liking, causing Walker to spin and hammer him with a right hand!]

LD: ...and now Walker's taking out the trash! Trying to make sure that these damn Desperadoes can't get involved! Right hand on the Ranger! Another!

[Walker is pounding the masked man across the ringside area as Curly Bill rushes to Odin Gunn's side, muttering to him as the crowd goes wild for Walker's assault...

...and gets even louder as he lifts the Ranger into the air, pressing him overhead...]

LD: He's got him up! He's got him up on the outside annnnnnd-

[...and HURLS the Ranger ribsfirst into the steel ringpost, causing an abrupt halt as the Ranger goes sliding down to the floor in a heap!]

LD: -OHHHHHHH! THE RANGER MEETS THE STEEL!

[Curly Bill's eyes go wide at his masked man being chucked into solid steel as Walker turns back towards Gunn, pointing a finger in the direction of Gunn and Webb at ringside...]

LD: Walker takes out the Texas Ranger... and that's likely all we're going to see out of the Ranger for this one, Ben!

BW: I've NEVER seen anyone do something like that! A gorilla press INTO the post! Incredible! And incredibly brutal too, Dane - you're right, I'm not sure the Ranger's getting up from that anytime soon.

LD: No, but the numbers game is still on the side of the Desperadoes with Curly Bill and Pedro Perez out here in the corner of the champion who is trying to get back to his feet... up to a knee now, still grabbing at that back and this might be the biggest

physical distress we've seen Odin Gunn in since his arrival here on the scene of the AWA so far.

[Webb scampers away as Walker draws near the champion, the referee working a VERY slow count inside the squared circle...]

LD: Walker staying on Gunn and- ohhh! Gunn caught him downstairs!

[...and a well-placed haymaker to the gut cuts off Walker as the champion struggles up, hooks him by the tights and...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...ROCKETS Wade Walker into the steel ringpost himself!]

LD: WADE WALKER HITS THE SOLID STEEL POST!

[Walker crumples to the floor as a nearby Pedro Perez puts a verbal lashing on him, letting him have it...]

LD: And if the injury wasn't bad enough, he's got Pedro Perez right there adding in the insult. What a jerk! What a real piece of work that guy is!

[...and the crowd jeers as Gunn drags a hurting Walker off the mat, shoving him back under the ropes into the ring.]

LD: Walker back in... Gunn coming in behind him...

[The crowd cheers both men in the ring, avoiding a potential match-ending double countout... for now.]

LD: ...and finally, the action is back inside. The referee was very lenient there, letting the fight go on the floor for far beyond a normal ten count.

BW: I'm glad you said it, Dane, 'cause it saved me the effort. They should've been counted out AGES ago!

LD: Perhaps Interim President Zharkov whispering a word in the ear of the official, letting him know that the office would like to see this one work its way to clear winner.

BW: Are you implying corruption in the office of the President?!

LD: Interim President... and I'm not saying that at all. The referee was certainly at his discretion to let the action go and that's exactly what he did.

BW: Well, it may not matter, Dane, 'cause look what's coming our way!

[The crowd buzzes as Gunn muscles Walker off the mat, ducking down to lift him up into a fireman's carry...]

LD: Gunn looking for that Death Valley Driver, hoping to end it and end it right now!

[The champion strides out to the middle of the ring, turning to look at the hard camera as he holds Walker across his wide shoulders...]

LD: Middle of the ring and-

[...but before he can be driven down into the mat on his head, Walker slips out of Gunn's grasp, landing on his feet behind him where he wraps his arms around Gunn's powerful torso...]

LD: -Walker's out the back door - can he get him up?!

[...and with a loud grunt of effort, Walker hoists the 335 pounder into the air, dropping him down in a back suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: And both men are down after that one!

[Walker and Gunn are both flat on their backs in the middle of the ring, the referee starting a ten count on them as the crowd urges Walker to get back to his feet.]

LD: The fans in Atlanta trying to get Wade Walker to his feet... we're running low on time from what I hear and-

"TWO MINUTES REMAIN! TWO MINUTES!"

LD: Two minutes left in the time limit of this one and if either of these men are going to pick up the win, they're going to need to pick up the pace in the final one hundred and twenty seconds!

BW: Both of these guys have one blow killshots... but will those killshots work against the likes of Wade Walker and Odin Gunn?

LD: They're both trying to get to the feet, perhaps a second wind coming off the timekeeper's announcement...

[Working their way to their feet, both champion and challenger come off the mat face to face...]

LD: They're up! They're up!

[...and immediately start throwing bombs at one another again to the ROAR of the Atlanta crowd!]

LD: And the fight's back on! Hammering home right hands to the skull!

[But Walker's quicker than his heavier opponent, throwing two punches for every one of Gunn's concrete-like haymakers...]

LD: Walker's got him on his heels! Shot after shot, blow after blow! Gunn's arms are down, not even defending at all!

[Curly Bill slams his hands down on the mat, shouting at Gunn to get his arms up!]

LD: Gunn staggering backwards, right up into the ropes!

[Walker lets loose a roar, hammering the right hand into the skull over and over and over as Gunn sinks to a knee...]

...and suddenly, Pedro Perez is on the apron to deafening jeers again!]

LD: GET HIM DOWN FROM THERE!

[A lunging Walker looks to do just that, grabbing his former friend by the hair to a HUGE ROAR!]

LD: HE'S GOT HIM! PUT HIM DOWN!

[But Perez' antics again serve to distract as Gunn pushes off a knee, lumbering at Walker's exposed back...]

LD: FROM BEHIND!

[...but this time, Walker spins away, causing Gunn to crash into Perez, knocking him off the apron to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: DOWN GOES PEREZ! TO THE FLOOR!

[With Gunn stunned, Walker hits the ropes, rebounding back, swinging his leg high...]

LD: OHHH! MAFIA KICK ON THE CHIN!

BW: Look at Gunn though! He will NOT go down!

[Stunned and staggered, Gunn slips a step or two back as a surprised Walker grabs him by the back of the head, snapping his arm up into a European uppercut!]

LD: OH!

[And again and again and again...]

LD: WALKER'S HAMMERING AWAY!

"ONE MINUTE REMAINS! SIXTY SECONDS!"

LD: SIXTY SECONDS ON THE CLOCK! THE CHALLENGER SURGING! CAN GUNN HOLD HIM OFF AND SAVE THE TITLE?!

[Walker steps back, Gunn staggering towards the middle of the ring as the former NFL prospect dashes to the ropes again, rebounding off at high speed, swinging his powerful arms up and forward...]

LD: MJOLNR! THE HAMMER BLOW TO THE HEART!

[...and the Detroit Hammer smashes Gunn in the chest, sending him spinning away from Walker before collapsing to the canvas!]

LD: WALKER HITS ALL OF THAT! GUNN GOES DOWN! IS IT ENOUGH?!

[Walker drops to his knees, struggling to get the big man onto his back...]

BW: He's taking too long!

LD: Flips him over, dives across!

[...and the crowd counts along with the official!]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEE-"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: OHHHHH, HE GETS THE SHOULDER UP IN TIIIIIIIME! ODIN GUNN WAS A HEARTBEAT AWAY FROM IT ALL CRASHING DOWN AROUND HIM BUT HE GETS THAT SHOULDER UP _JUST_ IN TIME, BEN!

BW: WOW! Incredibly close near fall there for the champion... and look at Curly Bill! He's over here fanning himself and he looks about to pass out!

"THIRTY SECONDS REMAIN! THIRTY SECONDS!"

LD: His meal ticket's title reign just flashed in front of his eyes! And you heard the call, fans! Thirty seconds left in the time limit for this one! And Walker heard it too! Wade Walker is on his feet... Wade Walker is set... measuring his man...

BW: This ain't no two minute drill, Walker! Less than thirty seconds on the clock!

[Walker's several feet away from Gunn in a half crouch, shouting "GET UP! GET UP!" and waving his arm to indicate the same...]

LD: Walker's ready to EXPLODE!

[...and ignoring the cries of "STAY DOWN!" from Curly Bill, Odin Gunn defiantly gets to his feet, ready to fight once more...]

LD: Gunn's up and... WAAAAALLLLKERRRRR!

[...and the former Big 12 standout at Oklahoma goes barreling across the ring, lowering his shoulder...]

LD: SPEEEEEEEEEEEEA-

[...but Gunn lowers his own shoulder, getting a little bit lower than the rampaging Walker, lifting him right up in a fireman's carry to the shock of the crowd!]

BW: THE BIGGEST COUNTER OF HIS LIFE! GUNN'S GOT HIM UP, GOT HIM IN THE MIDDLE, GOT HIM SET TO GO...

[But before Gunn can deliver the match-ending blow, Walker elbows his way out of the champion's grasp, slipping out to land on his feet behind him...]

LD: WALKER WITH A HUGE COUNTER OF HIS OWN! TO THE ROPES...

[Walker backs quickly into the ropes, bouncing off with momentum...]

LD: SPEEEEEEEEEEEEA-AAAAAAAAR!

[...and CUTS DOWN Odin Gunn with a powerful spear tackle, driving him down to the canvas as Walker tiredly hooks a leg!]

LD: WALKER'S GOT HIM! WALKER'S GOT HIM! WE'VE GOT A NEW CHAMPION!

[Again, the crowd counts along...]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

[...and the crowd ERUPTS for the bell, jumping up and down in celebration as Curly Bill rolls in, crawling into the referee's face, pointing down to ringside as he frantically shakes his head!]

LD: WE'VE GOT A NEW CHAMPION! WE'VE GOT-

BW: NO WE DON'T! That wasn't a three count, Dane! The referee counted one... two... and then the bell rang! There was NO three count!

LD: I don't know about that. I think...

[The referee gets to his feet, nodding at Curly Bill as they approach the timekeeper for a quick conference. Wade Walker in the meantime has rolled to his knees, thrusting his arms triumphantly into the air to even more cheers from the Atlanta crowd... but slightly more subdued as they've started to smell a rat.]

LD: The official over talking to the timekeeper... oh, Curly Bill grabs the belt! He's waving it off! He's...

BW: Let's listen to Megumi.

[Nodding to the official, Megumi Sato takes the mic.]

MS: After conferring with the timekeeper, referee Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller has determined that this match has reached the ten minute time limit...

[The fans begin jeering loudly as Curly Bill nods proudly, pointing to his still-downed champion...]

MS: ...this match has been declared a TIME... LIMIT... DRAAAAAAAW!

[More boos rain down as Pedro Perez and the Texas Ranger crawl in to help Gunn to a sitting position on the mat, Curly Bill thrusting the title belt over his head into the air.]

MS: Therefore, still the AWA WORRRRRRRRLD TELEVISION CHAMPIONNNNN...
OOOOOOOOOOOODINNNNNN GUNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!

[The boos are even louder as Webb barks an order at his allies, sending Perez and the masked Ranger over to the kneeling Walker who Perez promptly boots in the face as the Ranger retrieves his bullrope...]

LD: Oh, come on! The match is over and-

[...and promptly wraps it around his fist, smashing it down onto the back of Walker's head, putting him facefirst down on the mat!]

LD: -ohhh! The Texas Ranger from the blind side!

[Perez flips Walker onto his back, smashing his fist down between the eyes over and over as the Ranger unfolds the rope, swinging it out towards Perez as Webb growls "get him up!"]

LD: Curly Bill directing traffic in there, looking to perhaps finish off Wade Walker who came closer to winning that title than anyone else has!

[Perez climbs to his feet, nodding to Webb as he grabs Walker by the wrist, hauling his former partner to his feet...]

LD: Perez whips him in!

[Perez scoops up the other end of the bullrope, stretching it out as Walker rebounds back towards them...]

LD: CLOTHESLI-

[...but the attempt to clothesline Walker with the bullrope is thwarted by Walker ducking under it, hitting the far ropes to rebound back...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and runs right over both men, leaping high with a double clothesline to take them both out to a thunderous ROAR from the AWA faithful!]

LD: WALKER CLEARS THEM BOTH!

[Seeing Walker on the rise, Curly Bill bails from the ring, reaching in to pull Odin Gunn out with him. Gunn falls to a knee on the outside, clutching his ribs as Walker takes aim...]

LD: The Ranger’s trying to get up but he doesn’t know-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

LD: -SPEAR! SPEAR! SPEEEEEEEAAAAAR!

[Nearly cut in half by the powerful tackle, the Texas Ranger rolls from the ring, clutching his ribs in pain...

...and as Walker prepares to deliver a second one, this time to his former ally Pedro Perez, the Puerto Rican bails from the ring to the floor to disappointed boos from the crowd!]

LD: Pedro Perez may have escaped... for now... but the Texas Ranger was NOT so lucky!

BW: And all of this is meaningless, Dane! It may make Walker feel better! It may make these fans feel better! But at the end of the day, Odin Gunn is STILL undefeated and he’s STILL the World Television Champion!

LD: Barely! Just barely! By the skin of his teeth, the Samoan Cowboy escapes with the title still gripped in his white-knuckled hands...

[Walker approaches the ropes, shouting angrily down at the Desperadoes huddled up on the floor...]

LD: ...and you’ve gotta think we haven’t seen the end of this one! Wade Walker’s gotta get another shot at this and, fans, we may have finally found the man who can defeat Odin Gunn...

[...Walker points a threatening finger at Gunn who is still kneeling on the floor, clutching his ribcage...]

LD: ...and his name... is Wade... Walker! So long, fans! We’ll see you next time... on SHOWTIME!

[...and Walker makes the belt gesture down at the kneeling Gunn, Curly Bill looking on with concern as we fade to black.]