

# Saturday Night Wrestling

February Seventeenth  
Bradley Center  
Milwaukee Wisconsin

## HOUR TWO

## HOUR THREE

[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... Shadoo Rage jumping off the top of a massive steel cage... Jackson Hunter swinging a shovel... Derrick Williams catching Ohara with a Future Shock as Ohara dives from the top... Next Gen using a Doomsday Device on the Soldiers of Fortune... and on... and on... and on...

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

A voiceover.]

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

[The music and imagery fade and are replaced with a black screen with the AWA logo splashed across a starry field. A barrage of lasers flash in from all sides of the screen, etching along the borders of the letters, illuminating the plain white text into glowing and glittering gold. A deep voiceover begins. The words "American Wrestling Alliance" come up one by one at the bottom of the screen.]

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[Back to black for a moment...

...and then back up on a star-filled sky. So dark and so perfectly clear that it must be shot out in an empty desert somewhere. The stars are picture perfect pinpoints of illumination...

...that slowly start to pulse with the rhythm of music playing.

It's "All The Stars" from the Black Panther soundtrack by Kendrick Lamar and SZA.

Those pulsing stars burn brighter as the lyrics kick in.]

#This may be the night that my dreams might let me know#

[The pulsing stars get a little bit brighter, revealing the shape of what appears to be constellation in the sky...]

#All the stars are closer#

[...and that constellation warps into Supernova flying through the air, about to hit someone with a Heat Wave splash...]

#All the stars are closer#

[...back to a different constellation...]

#All the stars are closer#

[...that turns into Julie Somers uncorking a moonsault onto a prone victim...]

#This may be the night that my dreams might let me know#

[Cut to a superimposed shot of both Supernova and Somers holding their respective titles aloft...]

#All the stars are closer#

[...to a shot of Next Gen turning from stars into hitting Charlie Stephens with a flying clothesline off the top of the Brig at SuperClash IX...]

#All the stars are closer#

[...to a shot of Jordan Ohara turning from stars into soaring through the air with the Phoenix Flame...]

#All the stars are closer#

[...to a shot of Odin Gunn turning from stars into a monstrous beast of a man planting a helpless foe with a devastating standing spinebuster...]

#Tell me what you gon' do to me#

[Cut to Ryan Martinez staring down Hannibal Carver from their battle at SuperClash VII....]

#Confrontation ain't nothin' new to me#

[...to Michelle Bailey barreling over Laura Davis with a Britney Spear...]

#You can bring a bullet, bring a sword, bring a morgue#

[...to Supreme Wright smashing a stiff elbowstrike into the jaw of Casey James...]

#But you can't bring the truth to me#

[...to Ricki Toughill wrapping up Kerry Kendrick's leg in a Spinning Toehold...]

#You and all your expectations#

[...to James Lynch attempting to push his brother, Jack's face into a strand of barbed wire...]

#I don't even want your congratulations#

[...to Derrick Williams snapping off a Future Shock on Martinez after WarGames...]

#I recognize your false confidence and calculated promises all in your conversation#

[...to Jackson Hunter berating the crowd while holding up the National Title he once held...]

#I hate people that feel entitled#

[...to Harley Hamilton, Cinder, Kelly Kowalski, and Casey Cash celebrating after Steal The Spotlight at SuperClash IX...]

#Look at me crazy 'cause I ain't invite you#

[...to Shadoc Rage sailing off the top of the super-sized steel cage to land a double axehandle on Torin The Titan...]

#Oh, you important?#

[...to a sneering Sid Osborne glaring into the camera...]

#You the moral to the story, you endorsing?#

[...to AJ Martinez and Cain Jackson hurling Paris Crawford over the ropes to the outside...]

#Motherfu- I don't even like you#

[...to Ayako Fujiwara hurling Trish Wallace overhead and into the turnbuckles with a suplex...]

#This may be the night that my dreams might let me know#

[...to Raphael Rhodes delivering a skin-blistering chop in the corner...]

#All the stars are closer#

[...to Max Magnum hurling a battered foe through the air with a Bombshell...]

#All the stars are closer#

[...to Whitiri coming off the top rope with a flying splash...]

#All the stars are closer#

[...to Lauryn Rage driving a right hand into the jaw of an opponent...]

#This may be the night that my dreams might let me know#

[...to the American Idols delivering a double superkick on Bret Grayson... then another one on Omega before run down with a double clothesline from Curt Sawyer...]

#All the stars are closer#

[...to Victoria June getting a surprise rollup and loss at the hands of Molly Bell...]

#All the stars are closer#

[...to Atlas Armstrong applying the torture rack on a foe...]

#All the stars are closer#

[...and then back to a shot of Supernova holding the World Title aloft at the end of his title victory at SuperClash...

...and into the friendly confines of the Bradley Center in Milwaukee, Wisconsin where the music is still playing - a moment passing before a burst of pyro races towards the sky. The crowd is roaring for the pyro and for the return of AWA action.]

GM: Happy days are here again as the American Wrestling Alliance has come to town in the Bradley Center in Milwaukee, Wisconsin right here on ESPN for another edition of Saturday Night Wrestling!

[The crowd roars for the mention of their fair city.]

BW: Actually, it's pronounced "mill-e-wah-que" which is Algonquin for "the good land."

GM: Alice Cooper, eat your heart out! We are two weeks removed from our 2018 Season Premiere, Bucky, and it's a good time to be an AWA fan!

BW: When ISN'T it a good time to be a fan of the biggest and best professional wrestling promotion on the planet, daddy!

GM: Indeed, my friend, indeed... but we're getting a little ahead of ourselves here tonight.

[Another burst of pyro rockets goes off as the crowd cheers even louder.

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

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

GM: Hello everybody and welcome to what promises to be another exciting night of the best pro wrestling on the planet. I'm Gordon Myers and by my side, as always, is Bucky Wilde.

[Gordon Myers is standing in a black suit with white dress shirt and a royal blue tie. His hair seems a little more salt than pepper these days as he nears his official retirement from the professional wrestling business but the smile is there as he looks over to his colorful color man, Buckthorn P. Wilde, who is dressed in... well, a bright green suit and a cheese head hat.]

BW: Gordo, I know you don't want the spotlight but these people oughta recognize that we are ONE MONTH away from your retirement today. Show some love for the best to ever do it!

[Gordon shakes his head, obviously uncomfortable with the attention.]

GM: That's not why we're here tonight... we're here tonight for another night of tremendous AWA action including Jack Lynch versus the debuting Dustin Sanderson...

BW: Not gonna give him his due, huh? Dustin Sanderson, one-half of the tag team known as the Blackjacks!

GM: After what they pulled two weeks ago, they don't deserve that name. We're also going to see Brian Lau confront Tiger Claw!

BW: Could be the biggest mistake of his life, Gordo.

GM: The National Title is on the line when Jordan Ohara meets Sid Osborne.

BW: Osborne's been waiting a long time for an opportunity like this - can he cash it in tonight and make AWA history?

GM: Plus, we've got Juan Vasquez here tonight who just two weeks ago announced his impending retirement from the world of pro wrestling.

BW: That ol' glory hog just HAD to try and steal your thunder.

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: We've got all of that plus so much more and right now, we're heading up to the ring to hear from the new World Tag Team Champions, Next Gen!

[We get a panning shot of the excited Milwaukee crowd, waiting to see how their night of professional wrestling action will begin when...

First you hear the chanting.]

"Do-do-do-do do-do-do-do  
Do-do-do-do do-do-do-do"

[And then, it kicks into the unmistakable chorus of "Centuries" by Fall Out Boy. Up on the video screen flash two words:

"NEXT GEN"]

GM: And the AWA World Tag Team Champions are here tonight to kick things off!

BW: They've got a title defense already set! But when is it going to happen?

GM: Perhaps we'll find out in a few minutes.

[The members of Next Gen then emerge from the entranceway. Howie Somers and Daniel Harper each wear a blue T-shirt with the words "NEXT GEN" in white lettering, blue jeans and tennis shoes. They have the AWA World Tag Team Title belts strapped around their waists. The two men make their way down the aisle, reaching out to slap hands with the fans.]

BW: Next Gen isn't even dressed to wrestle. Why wouldn't that title defense against The Gold Standard take place tonight?

GM: Perhaps Maxim Zharkov wants it on the Anniversary Show in a month's time.

BW: Oh, sure, find a way to delay the inevitable.

GM: The Gold Standard is a great tag team, but Bucky, I'd be careful about jumping to conclusions.

[Harper and Somers have made their way to ringside. Somers heads over to the ringside table, while Harper climbs onto the apron, ducks between the ropes, then goes to the corner. He climbs to the second turnbuckle and raises his arms, then gestures to the back of his shirt.]

BW: What in the world is he doing?

[Harper then hops down, turns around and we can see what's printed on the back of the shirt.

"HISTORY IS BEING MADE"]

BW: Oh, so now we're gonna let success go to your head? What an example for the youth of today!

GM: I don't think it's about letting success go to their head. It's simply a reminder that these two men have been making history. After all, they are two-time tag team champions, plus they've each followed in the footsteps of family members who have worn the gold!

[Somers has now ascended the ringsteps and has the microphone. Harper is still in the ring, pumping his fist and encouraging the crowd's cheers. Then Somers gestures to Harper. who nods, and Somers raises the mic to his lips.]

HS: Let's get to the point: Before we came out here, we went to visit with President Zharkov to finalize the details about our title defense against The Gold Standard. And then we were informed that they had yet to come in to sign the contract themselves.

Does this make sense to any of you?

[He turns to Harper, who shrugs and you can hear him saying, "You tell me."]

HS: I'm not sure what the issue is, especially when I know that Bret Grayson and Takeshi Mifune are not ones to ever turn down an opportunity to win a championship.

[We can hear Harper saying "not that it will happen against us." Somers briefly turns to him, casts a knowing glance, then continues.]

HS: And I do believe that we are owed an explanation, because we made a promise, we intend to keep that promise and we would really like to know exactly what is the hold up here.

[Somers lowers the mic and now has his hands on his hips. Harper gestures with his hands and appears to be saying "the world would like to know."]

GM: Well, I'm not sure what to make of this.

BW: I don't buy it, Gordo! What's stopping Next Gen from signing the contract first?

GM: Bucky, you would think that The Gold Standard would-

[Gordon's comment is cut off by the sounds of Europe's "The Final Countdown" as we see Takeshi Mifune and Bret Grayson appear on the entrance stage. Both are in Mifune-gun tracksuits and look more ready for a gym session than a wrestling match...

...especially with Grayson's left arm in a sling.]

GM: Well, perhaps we have our answer. The Gold Standard has arrived here in Milwaukee and it appears as though Bret Grayson is injured, Bucky.

BW: Maybe, maybe not. When I managed "Slick" Willie Wilkins down in Alabama, I had him put a sling on that arm once and when that baby-kissin' goof turned his back on him, he yanked a lead pipe outta the sling and waffled him harder than a Belgian at brunch!

GM: I hardly think an Olympic gold medalist would need to stoop to that level.

[The Gold Standard make their way down the aisle, a dejected Grayson looking up at the ring as Mifune scowls at every one along the aisle way leading to it... even children.]

GM: If Bret Grayson is injured, that really throws a wrench in the planned first title defense for the new champions, Bucky.

BW: Eh... Mifune would probably take 'em both on if they'll let him.

GM: Both men climbing into the ring now... let's hear what's going on.

[Grayson takes an offered mic from a ringside attendant before he slowly steps through the ropes, trying to limit the movement of the left arm as he does. There's a grimace on his face though as he straightens up, his intimidating partner by his side.]

BG: This isn't the way we wanted it to happen, but it's only fair to come out here and let you two know in person why we haven't signed the contract yet.

[He gestures with his mic hand to the left arm.]

BG: But I guess I don't have to tell you why, do I? A picture is worth a thousand words. We've been training so hard for this match. We've waited so long to get a shot at the tag titles and when we finally had it...

[Grayson shakes his head and gives a bitter laugh.]

BG: ...I guess I overdid it. I felt a pull when me and The Shadow Wolf were grappling on the mat and the doctor says it's a bicep tear that'll put me out of action for a minimum of 4-6 weeks.

[The crowd jeers as Grayson agrees with their sentiment.]

BG: I know! Believe me, there's no one as disappointed as I am! I'm the guy that pinned Supreme Wright and won my second consecutive NCAA title, after he dislocated my elbow! I'm the guy that won an Olympic gold medal with a BROKEN FREAKIN' ANKLE!

[The crowd applauds Grayson's achievements as he nods.]

BG: If it was up to me, I'd just say tape me up and let me into that ring! But this isn't up to me. There's not a single doctor that'll clear me with the injury I have. And Daniel... Howie... we can't ask you to wait that long to defend the titles. It's not fair to you. It's not fair to them...

[He points out to the crowd, which roars at Grayson's acknowledgment.]

BG: ...and it's not fair to the titles. They deserve to be defended. And I know the two of you will be great champions, taking on all comers until my arm heals up enough for us to get our shot.

[Somers is quiet for a moment, then raises his own mic up.]

HS: Of course, I am sorry to hear that happened, but I will say this: Daniel and I keep our promises, so once you are cleared to wrestle, Bret, we will be defending those belts against you.

[Mifune chuckles, leaning close enough into Somers to be heard on Howie's mic.]

TM: That's very kind of you. But you assume that will be your decision to make.

[Somers arches an eyebrow.]

TM: When Grayson-san's arm is healed, we will be ready to challenge for the titles. But when his arm is healed, there is no guarantee you will be the ones holding them!

[Somers shakes his head, lifting a hand to try to calm the situation.]

HS: Hold on, let's just...

[That's when Harper snatches the mic from his partner, catching Somers a bit off guard.]

DH: Howie, you said to let you do the talking, but I've got something to get off my chest right now!

[Harper then steps toward Mifune himself who smiles at the brash youngster.]

DH: I heard what you had to say at Super Saturday, Mifune, about how we're simply prey to be conquered in the ring! You know, I let you and your partner put me through everything you had in mind in preparation for SuperClash because Howie and I respected what you've done in that ring.

But if you think for one minute that Howie and I are just going to be prey for you to feast upon, you'll find out just how much we learned from you and Bret and how we can dish it right back when we do defend these belts against you! Because believe me, we do intend to still be the champions, regardless of when that title shot happens!



[Mifune is still smiling, amused by Harper's aggression. Meanwhile, Somers holds up his hand, but Harper waves him off.]

DH: In fact, I'll get one thing off my chest right now... as much as I respect what you've done, Mifune, I really wish you would stop giving off this "get off my lawn" vibe every time you're talking!

[The smile is gone. Very gone. And Mifune takes a big step in front of Harper, bumping him with his chest. Harper drops the mic momentarily, and he continues to shout at Mifune off-mic as Mifune starts (presumably) taunting in Japanese, gesturing angrily at him...]

?: FFFFFFFWWWWWWEEEEEEEEEEEEETTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!!

GM: Oh no.

[The crowd, who had been cheering on the confrontation in the ring, quickly explodes in a chorus of boos, as the whistling can only mean one thing. Marty Meekly, the flagbearer of the Soldiers of Fortune, appears at the entrance. Next Gen, and the Gold Standard, who were at each other's throats a second ago, turn towards the entrance.]

MM: FFFFFFFWWWWWWEEEEEEEEEEEEETTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!!

FFFFFFWWWWWWEEEEEEEEEEEEETTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!!

FFFFFFWWWWWWEEEEEEEEEEEEETTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!!

GM: Gah, I'm not going to miss that one bit.

BW: Like it or not, Gordo, Meekly's got everyone's attention now.

[All eyes are on Meekly now, as the Soldiers of Fortune have joined him at the entrance. Joe Flint whispers something in Meekly's ear as Charlie Stephens stares towards the ring. With an eager nod, Meekly disappears backstage, and the Soldiers have started their march towards the ring.]

GM: As promised on Power Hour, through the words of one of their 'recruits', the former AWA World Tag Team champions are here in Milwaukee!

BW: They've heard that Next Gen was going to be in the building tonight, and they want to send a message. They definitely don't look too happy at the presence of the Gold Standard one bit.

[The Soldiers waste no time entering the ring. Flint quickly picks up the mic that Harper had dropped during his confrontation with Mifune. Stephens simply stands in the corner, his arms crossed. He looks at the other men in the ring before settling his gaze on Mifune.]

JF: What do we have here? A bunch of pukes barfin' up a whole lotta nonsense? Cut the crap, ain't ya forgettin' that we ain't dead yet?

[Flint smirks, as the crowd boos, seemingly thinking the crowd wants the former Tag Team champions dead.]

JF: Too bad.

Now then, we heard y'all were gonna be here in Milwaukee tonight, an' since we're still the Number One Contenders to the tag team titles, we wanted to make sure that's somethin' even the idiots here in Milwaukee can understand. But there's

somethin' we don't understand. We're sittin' in the back, and we're confused. We see this cute little conversation ya stinky little turds are havin', an' it made us sick. Just because YOU..

[Flint points at Grayson and Mifune.]

JF: ...cut a little favor with YOU...

[Flint points at Next Gen.]

JF: ...doesn't mean that there should be any sorta line jumpin' takin' place.

[Flint turns back towards Grayson.]

JF: Especially since America's favorite gold medalist got a little boo boo in his shoulder. Toughen up, soldier. Ya got a free gift, a chance at the AWA World Tag Team titles! It's an honor! It's somethin' many men would crawl over broken glass while on fire to get!

[Flint shakes his head as Grayson barks in protest.]

JF: I'd rip that sling off my shoulder an' rip off those Disney brand Band-Aids in an instant! But hey, if ol' Sawbones in the back won't clear ya to fight Next Gen tonight.. we're free to take yer spot.

We want a rematch for those tag team titles TONIGHT!

[Harper and Somers yell in response, pretty much saying that if the Soldiers want to get their butts kicked by Next Gen again, they're more than welcome to put an end to the Soldiers once and for all. While Flint and Next Gen hurl insults to each other, Mifune turns and sees Stephens staring daggers through him. A smirk crosses Mifune's face, and Stephens takes his as his opportunity to step forward, quickly getting chest to chest with Mifune. Stephens starts barking trash talk in Mifune's face, as Mifune's smirk doesn't fade. Grayson looks like he wants to step in when....]

“HEY! HEY! HEY! HEY! HEEEEEEEEY!”

[The camera cuts to the aisle way where we see the duo known as the Shot Callers - Alexander Kingsley and Curt Sawyer - emerging from the locker room area dressed for a fight. They both have a microphone in hand but right now, it's Kingsley who is speaking.]

AK3: What do two people have to do to get their due around here, huh?

[Kingsley shakes his head while Sawyer stands beside him mean-mugging at everyone in the ring.]

AK: The Shot Callers have been embarrassing every single team they put in front of us on the Power Hour for months now. Every single team! But there we are while you clowns run your entitled mouths. We didn't get here on the backs of nepotism, or being some kind of alleged star in another sport, or parading around like a bunch of cosplaying military dorks. We did it by kicking asses and taking names. Ain't that right, Curt?

[The muscle of the tandem raises his microphone while never breaking his glare at the inhabitants of the ring.]

CS: That is 100 percent, unequivocally correct. The teams get put in front of us and like castles made of sand, we knock them down one by one by one. But since no one in the front office - or in that ring - seems to be paying attention to us...

...maybe it's high time we gave you a damn good reason to.

[Sawyer looks menacingly in Harper's direction.]

AK: And in case you all forgot, while the Soldiers of Fortune were LOSING at SuperClash...

[Flint grimaces in Kingsley's direction as the Shot Callers walk that aisle.]

AK: ...while the Gold Standard didn't even make enough of an impact in 2017 to get BOOKED at SuperClash...

[Cue Mifune glaring at Kingsley now.]

AK: ...the Shot Callers rolled right into Atlanta and put down an AWA legend and his little brat to the point where Landon Grant's gonna be on the shelf for the immediate future and then some. So, the way we see it... if anyone's going to be getting a shot at those titles anytime soon, it should be the two of us!

[They've reached the ring now, Kingsley climbing up on the apron as Sawyer trails behind him. Sawyer slides under the bottom rope, coming up to his feet in the middle of this quite-combustible environment when...]

"A whole lotta talking going on down in that ring tonight..."

[And the crowd reacts as we cut to the top of the aisle again, showing the former two-time World Tag Team Champions, Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan, out on the stage.]

WT: ...but not a single one of them is talking about us. Wonder why that is, Tony.

[Donovan nods knowingly.]

TD: I'll tell ya why, Wes. Because not a single team inside that ring wants any part of the two time tag champs!

[Taylor stage whispers.]

WT: That's us.

TD: Harper and Somers, you did good in our absence... no doubt about it. You beat System Shock who took the titles from us. You showed heart when you won the titles back from the Soldiers at SuperClash too. But now we're back... and all we gotta say is...

[Donovan nudges his partner as they get closer to the ring.]

WT: ..thanks for keeping OUR titles warm for us.

[The former champions are drawing near the rapidly-filling ring as the current champs, the Gold Standard, the Soldiers of Fortune, and the Shot Callers all look put of by the arrival of this duo who climb up the ring steps, standing out on the apron as words are being traded off-mic by the other teams...]

GM: This is getting to be quite the tense scene out here, Bucky.

BW: It sure is. And it seems ripe to blow up at any second now.

GM: You can say that again. Taylor and Donovan in the ring now as well and-

[Gordon is cut off by another voice over the PA system.]

“WHO WANTS TO GET IDOLIZED TONIGHT?!”

GM: Oh, brother.

[That’s right. We cut to the top of the aisle again as Chaz and Chet Wallace, the American Idols, come jogging into view in matching bedazzled full-length tights and headbands.]

CHAZ: Ain’t nobody throwing a tag team party without the American Idols getting involved.

CHET: See, we get invited to ALL the parties... unlike Curt Sawyer who always tries to make people play quarters with him.

[Chaz throws up a “L” on his forehead.]

CHET: Nobody wants to play your silly little drinking games, old timer. We’re all too busy being awesome!

[Chaz gives the ring an appraising look.]

CHAZ: Well, maybe not... ALL... sorry, Charlie.

[Stephens fires off a few words towards the Idols from the ring. Chaz grimaces.]

CHAZ: Jeez, you kiss your mother with that mouth? Hmm? No? That’s okay. ‘Cause everyone else kisses her!

[Stephens goes nuts at the childish joke, having to be held back by Joe Flint.]

CHET: Easy there, soldier. You’ll pull something like our Olympic hero in there.

[Grayson glares at the Wallaces who are rapidly reaching the ring.]

CHAZ: But that’s enough hilarity, we’re here for a reason... and the reason... is... right... there!

[He points at the belts around the waists of Harper and Somers.]

CHAZ: Because EVERYONE knows that we had you two beat at the Cup last year. Everyone knows it shoulda been us taking on the Soldiers in the Finals... everyone knows we woulda beat them too... and it woulda been US at SuperClash defending the titles instead of flying around and making Dirt Dog’s Dirty Dropping and Muscle Man Armstrong look good. It’s a new year... a new era... and we can’t think of a better way to kick it off than to take those titles.

[Chet shrugs.]

CHET: So what we’re really saying is...

[Chaz gives him a look, nodding...]

CHET/CHAZ: WHO WANTS TO GET IDOLIZ-

[The arena lights cut out into a swirling midnight blue spotlight as the sounds of snarling and snapping dogs come across the PA system...]

GM: Uh oh!

[There's a definite mood change inside the ring at the sounds of KISS' "War Machine" blasting across the PA system. You can see eyes shifting left and right, searching for the men who have come to be associated with that music...

...and then with the aid of a pair of spotlights, we find them standing up at the top of one of the arena aisles, dressed in their midnight blue riot gear and looking down at the filled-up ring.]

GM: The Dogs of War have arrived at the Bradley Center!

BW: Well, two of the three at least.

GM: That's right. For our fans unaware, Pedro Perez was slapped with a thirty day suspension this past week due to his actions - and words - last weekend on the Power Hour.

BW: The last time I heard that much profanity in that short of a span is... well, when the waitress got Jackson Hunter's order wrong at dinner that one time.

[Isaiah Carpenter and Wade Walker may be a man down but they're showing no lack of confidence as they wade through the AWA faithful to reach ringside, coming over the railing and standing on the floor, looking up at the ring where they're receiving plenty of threats from the assembled talent inside the squared circle.]

GM: And if you thought this thing was a powderkeg waiting to blow a few moments ago, take a look at the spark!

[Carpenter leans over, whispering into Walker's ear who gives a nod as Charlie Stephens approaches the ropes, shouting down at them...

...which is when Walker reaches under the ropes, snatching Stephens by the legs and yanking him off his feet before dragging him to the outside to a big cheer from the Milwaukee crowd... a move that sets off a brawl inside the ring when Curt Sawyer takes a swing at Daniel Harper, promptly everyone else to start throwing bombs in rapid succession!]

GM: AND IT'S BREAKING DOWN HERE IN MILWAUKEE!

[Walker grabs Stephens under the armpits, lifting and tossing...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...sending him flying into the barricade as Isaiah Carpenter scrambles up on the apron, grabbing the top rope with both hands...]

GM: Carpenter getting in the mix now as he-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: SUPERKICKS FROM THE IDOLS!

[The stereo superkicks launch Carpenter off the apron, dumping him down on the floor in a heap...

...and back inside the ring, Alexander Kingsley gouges the eyes of Howie Somers, sending him staggering backwards as Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan corner Takeshi Mifune, taking turns burying right hands into his midsection!]

GM: All hell is breaking loose in Milwaukee!

[Joe Flint steps towards Bret Grayson who has reluctantly stepped back into the corner, trying to shield his arm from further damage...

...which is when Wade Walker slides back in, jerking Flint around by the arm into a heavy haymaker to the jaw!]

GM: The Dogs fighting with the Soldiers!

[Walker spins away from Flint...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[...and catches a Tony Donovan superkick up under the chin that sends him staggering back...]

GM: No love lost with Taylor and Donovan and the Dogs of War!

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd reacts to a sprinting Chaz Wallace diving through the ropes, connecting with a suicide dive that DRIVES Charlie Stephens backwards, sending him spilling up the aisle!]

BW: We’ve got bodies flying everywhere! This is out of control!

[Daniel Harper and Takeshi Mifune go spilling through the ropes, ripping and tearing at one another...]

GM: There’s people fighting here here by- LOOK OUT!

“WHAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[...and the crowd reacts to Mifune bouncing Harper’s head off the announce table! The announcers scatter as Harper wraps up Mifune, pulling him onto the table where the two start trading blows as water bottles, sheets of paper, and a TV monitor go crashing down onto the floor!

Our camera cuts again to show Curt Sawyer with Chaz Wallace underneath him, smashing his fist down into the skull as Alexander Kingsley trades knife edge chops with Wes Taylor..

...when Isaiah Carpenter comes sailing into the camera shot, smashing a flying forearm into the ear of Kingsley, knocking him down on the canvas...

...and then we cut to Howie Somers lifting Tony Donovan up into his powerful arms before DRIVING him down with a thunderous slam!

With the brawl ongoing and the crowd roaring, we see a large number of AWA security and backstage officials come charging down the aisle, trying to get the AWA’s tag team division to break off the attack.]

GM: Are we even on the damn air?!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A steel chair wielding by Charlie Stephens BLASTS across the back of Daniel Harper on the outside, putting him down on his knees...

...which is when Takeshi Mifune makes a lunge at Stephens, wrapping his hands around Corporal Punishment's throat!]

BW: I can hear you, Gordo!

GM: I don't know if anyone else can. We've got cha- GOOD GOD!

[A moonsaulting Isaiah Carpenter comes flipping off the second rope, wiping out several competitors beneath him...]

GM: Like I was saying, we've got chaos out here - all over the damn place! We're... we're gonna take a break and try to get this-

[Gordon is cut off again as Joe Flint smashes a fist between the eyes of Mifune, knocking him off of Stephens...]

GM: -get this under control for crying out loud! We'll be...

[Gordon trails off as he sees the ring clear except for Daniel Harper and Howie Somers who are holding their title belts high as they stare out at the wild scene at ringside...]

GM: The champs standing tall! We'll be right back, fans! Unbelievable!

[With the fight still ongoing at ringside, we fade to black...

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

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

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

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

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

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

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

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

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

[FLASH!

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

"I can be a champion too!"

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

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

[Fade to black...

...and we come back on just as chaotic of a scene as we left before the break in the backstage area with all the tag teams we just saw fighting now back in the Chimpanzee Position, screaming and shouting at one another as the AWA officials and security attempt to keep control. Sweet Lou Blackwell is in the middle of it all, his eyes wide with the goings-on...]

SLB: We are back here on Saturday Night... hey, Stephens, keep it down, you wild turkey!

[Stephens shouts something off-mic at Blackwell who shakes his head, raising his voice as he speaks again.]

SLB: It's a wild scene backstage in Milwaukee and... can we get some control of this?! Tommy, Adam, Kevin... can't you three get these under-

[Blackwell is cut off by the arrival of the interim AWA President Maxim Zharkov whose gaze shifts between all of the teams involved in the wildness. Zharkov gives a shake of his head.]

SLB: President Zharkov.

[Zharkov raises an eyebrow and Blackwell nods knowingly.]

SLB: INTERIM President Zharkov... sorry, my mistake... but this is quite the mess you have to deal with.

[Blackwell gestures to the wrestlers who have quieted a bit at the arrival of the boss who looks them over again.]

MZ: As we say, "gol'na vydumku hitrah." Difficulty inspires invention.

[Blackwell looks surprised.]

SLB: You have a solution to all of this?!

[Zharkov nods confidently.]

MZ: Our champions want to defend titles as should all champions... Everyone else wants to be the first challengers.

[There are nods all around. Zharkov nods again.]

MZ: Good. Tonight, in the Main Event... Four teams, four corners. The winning team gets their chance to taste champagne...

[He points to the titles.]



MZ: ...at the Anniversary Show.

[The Interim President raises a hand.]

MZ: You...

[He points to the Soldiers of Fortune.]

MZ: ...versus you...

[To the Shot Callers.]

MZ: ...versus you...

[Then the American Idols.]

MZ: ...versus you.

[And finally, to Taylor and Donovan who grin and nod at being included.]

MZ: I believe we have our solution.

[Zharkov turns to exit when Wade Walker steps in his path, an imposing sight even for the very-large Tsar. Zharkov eyeballs him appraisingly as Isaiah Carpenter steps into the mix.]

IC: How the hell are we being left out of this?! We're a ranked team! We're ranked higher than two teams in the damn match, Zharkov!

[Carpenter stabs a finger at the Russian who looks coldly in his direction.]

MZ: Your conduct on Power Hour...

IC: That wasn't us, it was-

MZ: Your compatriot's conduct on Power Hour caused the AWA grief... and you should share in it.

[Carpenter bristles.]

MZ: You will still fight tonight.

[Carpenter shakes his head.]

IC: Against who?

[Zharkov pauses, stroking his chin in thought.]

MZ: Omega and Polemos.

[The crowd in the arena cheers as Carpenter glares at the Interim AWA President who stares at Walker for a few uncomfortable moments...

...and then steps past him, brushing shoulders as he passes...

...and we fade back to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Wow! Big matches being announced backstage for this one as we now know that later in tonight's Main Event, we'll be seeing a four way match to determine the

Number One Contenders and first challengers for Next Gen's World Tag Team Titles.

BW: That's right, Gordo. We've got two former champions in there with the Soldiers of Fortune and the team of Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan plus the American Idols and the Shot Callers. Winner gets to face Next Gen for the World Tag Team Titles at the Anniversary Show coming up in a month's time.

GM: The whole world is going through March Madness right now so it's only fitting, I suppose, that we get a Final Four of our own. In addition, how about this one, Bucky? The team of Omega and Plemos doing battle with the always-dangerous Dogs of War.

BW: Two-thirds of the Dogs of War at least. Wade Walker and Isaiah Carpenter are here but their running buddy's been put on ice by AWA management for playing fast and loose with his vocabulary on the Power Hour but those two teams meeting is another match with major tag team title ranking implications.

GM: And that's just the start of tonight's incredible lineup... Bucky, with the Women's World Tag Team Title tournament starting here tonight, it's suddenly become Tag Team Night here in Milwaukee. But we're gonna get things going with singles action right here and now in the ring with Raphael Rhodes who made quite the major impact two weeks ago on Super Saturday when he interrupted what was going to be Juan Vasquez' final night in the world of professional wrestling.

BW: Considering the history between Vasquez and Rhodes, I don't know how we were blindsided by him showing up like that, Gordo. Of course he'd want another shot at the former World Champion before he hangs 'em up.

GM: We now know that match will be a big part of our annual summer kickoff show, the spectacular known as Memorial Day Mayhem, which will be going down on May 28th at Dodger Stadium.

BW: Can you imagine? All those wars those two had in 2009, and they're going to go have one more.

GM: What an event that's already shaping up to be... and we'll be seeing Juan Vasquez here later tonight as he says goodbye to the fans of Milwaukee but right now, let's go down to the ring to see Raphael Rhodes in action!

[We cut to the ring, where Rebecca Ortiz stands by with a smile on her face and her microphone in her hand.]

RO: Tonight's opening match is set for one fall, with a ten minute time limit! Introducing first, already in the ring, he weighs 263 pounds and hails from Appleton, Wisconsin... this is Steve Roth!

[A modest reaction for the almost-local, a stocky white man wearing a blue leg-length singlet and white boots. He has sandy blond hair and an impressive mustache.]

RO: And his opponent, accompanied to the ring by his trainer and advisor, Dana Kaiser, weighing in tonight at 222 pounds and making his residence in Minneapolis, Minnesota, this is...

RAPHAELLLLLLLLLL RHOOOOOOOOOOODESSSSSSSSSS!

[The crowd roars in anticipation as the lights drop, then... ]

# OHHHHHHHHHHHHH COME ON! #

["The Mob Rules" by Black Sabbath blasts over the sound system as Raphael Rhodes walks through the entrance, a spotlight following him and Dana Kaiser to the ring. Rhodes keeps his eyes fixed to the ring as he quickly moves to the ring, and Kaiser keeps pace beside him, motioning with her hands as the two walk.]

BW: I still can't believe how much the fans' opinion on this guy has changed over the years, Gordo.

GM: It's one of the most interesting stories coming into 2018 for sure. A lot of fans seem to appreciate the no frills approach he takes to wrestling.

BW: They sure didn't like him during his first tenure when he had the same approach.

GM: Well, he also had quite a sour attitude then too, something we saw runs in his family when we saw his sister and niece, Cassie and Sophie Rhodes, in action last week in that tag team gauntlet. We still see glimmers of that attitude, but we can thank that young lady by his side, Dana Kaiser, for keeping him focused.

[Rhodes reaches ringside, where he removes his zip-up hoodie and places a purple mouthguard into his mouth. He is wearing purple trunks with the phrase "Lux ex tenebris" across the left hip in white writing, along with purple kneepads featuring the three lion paw clutching arrow design in white, and purple shinpads over black wrestling shoes. His hair is tied back in a ponytail, and his beard is increasingly unkempt. Kaiser takes off her zip-up hoodie and ties it around her waist, revealing a purple tank top and biceps with significant muscle definition. She is also wearing black leggings, along with purple and white sneakers. She has her customary white towel around her neck.]

GM: Raphael Rhodes is all business as usual as he prepares for action here tonight.

BW: Forget that, do you see Dana Kaiser's arms? Since when did she have arms like that?

GM: She's not just a trainer, Bucky, she's a bodybuilder. I understand she's training for a competition in the summer.

BW: You never told me that!

GM: It never came up!

[Rhodes notices the camera getting closer and can be heard saying "give 'em a show, love", as Kaiser shakes her head and flexes a bit. Rhodes smirks as he climbs up the steps and into the ring as the music fades, with referee Koji Sakai giving last minute instructions.]

GM: It looks like both competitors are ready to go...

[The crowd murmurs as Rhodes, much like at Super Saturday, offers a handshake to his opponent. Steve Roth looks at Rhodes' hand, befuddled, before uneasily accepting to cheers from the crowd for the show of sportsmanship.]

BW: How much do you want to bet he doesn't offer one of those to Juan Vasquez at Dodger Stadium?

GM: I think it's safe to say that wouldn't happen in any stadium.

[The bell sounds as Rhodes and Roth lock up, with Roth attempting to duck around Rhodes. Rhodes grabs Roth's wrist, then drops to the mat, rolling away from Roth.]

The motion forces Roth to tumble to the mat, Rhodes maintaining wrist control and trying to work into an armbar.]

GM: A unique takedown there by Raphael Rhodes, who has been focusing quite a bit on his grappling lately.

BW: You think that's intentional?

GM: I remember just before he faced Johnny Detson, he said that you need to wrestle a perfect match to beat a wrestler like Juan Vasquez. It wouldn't surprise me if he's taking the time to polish up all aspects of his game before Memorial Day Mayhem.

[Roth tries to pull himself towards the ropes, only for Rhodes to bend Roth's arm and scissor it between his thigh and calf muscle.]

GM: Short arm scissors now applied.

BW: And Raph's the kind of guy that could get a submission out of this one, Gordo.

GM: Looks like this youngster is well aware of that...

[Roth repositions himself so he can push his body behind Rhodes' legs, almost so he can try to roll Rhodes up. Kaiser suddenly starts to slam her hands on the mat, as Rhodes looks at his wife, then back at his opponent.]

GM: Steve Roth has the size advantage, it's possible that he could be trying to get into a position where he could scoop Rhodes up...

BW: Maybe even roll him up and force Raph to break the scissors with the kickout.

[Rhodes maintains the arm of Roth within the scissors, but loosens things a bit to put his right arm in between his leg and the crook of Roth's elbow. Rhodes also reaches up to grab at his fist. Roth, unaware of what's happening, continues to try and push Rhodes' shoulders to the mat, when Rhodes pulls his wrist and digs his wrist bone into Roth's bicep and tightens the leg scissors, then tilts his hips upwards.]

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Whoa!

BW: What is that?!

[Roth frantically taps the mat as Koji Sakai calls for the bell. Upon hearing the bell, Rhodes releases the hold as Roth rolls on the mat, clutching his arm. Rhodes kneels on the mat, a grin on his face. He then looks out to Kaiser and mouths "thanks babe", as Kaiser winks back at him.]

GM: Fans, that was lightning-like quick, but I think what happened there is that Dana Kaiser alerted Raphael Rhodes to an opening and Rhodes applied some serious pressure to a pressure point and forced a submission!

BW: I can't remember ever seeing him be that efficient, or that calm, Gordo!

GM: Let's take a look at this on replay.

[A replay runs, showing an alternate angle as Rhodes digs his wrist bone directly into Roth's bicep.]

GM: Look at the pressure he's applying onto Steve Roth's bicep there. No wonder Roth submitted! Fans, Colt Patterson is standing by with both Raphael Rhodes and Dana Kaiser... Colt, I know you don't impress easily, but surely that had to move the needle for you.

[We cut to ringside, where Colt Patterson stands with Rhodes and Kaiser. Kaiser is practically beaming.]

CP: Gordon Myers, you got that right, I don't impress easily, but I've never seen a man submit to a move like that before!

[Rhodes gives a slight shrug.]

RR: Ain't nothin' but a bicep slicer, mate. There's a reason that move ain't legal in jiu-jitsu competitions unless you're a certain belt level. It can rupture a muscle easy.

CP: But when did you add that to your repertoire?

[Rhodes points to Kaiser, as Patterson moves the microphone in front of her.]

DK: One thing we've been working on is direct focus on attacking all parts of the body, and that includes muscle compression holds. With Raph going against the toughest challenge of his career at Memorial Day Mayhem, he's going to need as many ways to win as possible.

CP: Well, when I talked to you two at Super Saturday, I gave you a hard time about not living up to the hype of the plans you said you had. To go out there and challenge Juan Vasquez, to try and stop him from walking away so Raph can get one more match against him, I gotta say... that was a gutsy move, kid.

[Rhodes nods.]

DK: We knew there was a chance Mr. Vasquez could turn Raph down. At this point, it's just pride pushing him to have one last match. But sometimes, as I'm sure you know, Mr. Patterson, pride is the greatest motivator.

CP: Ain't that the truth. But now he's got what he wants, so how's he going to make it different from the last time?

[Kaiser smiles as Rhodes puts her towel over his head.]

DK: A lot has changed over the last nine years, Mr. Patterson. This is not the same Raphael Rhodes that Juan Vasquez faced all those years ago.

[Rhodes whips the towel from his head.]

RR: Yeah. I've spent the last nine years replayin' the cage match in my head. And that cage match... I wasn't focused on doin' nothin' but hurtin' him for good. I wanted to put him out. I wanted to end his career. And it didn't mean nothin' but me failin'. I could have beat him, but I didn't, because I lost focus. It ain't goin' to be the same this time.

[Rhodes gives Patterson a glare.]

RR: I ain't goin' to care about hurtin' him. If that's what I have to do at Memorial Day Mayhem, so be it, but this time I got somethin' much better pushin' me.

[Rhodes hands the towel back to Kaiser.]

RR: This is my last chance. Ain't nothin' that's goin' to push me more than knowin' there ain't ever goin' to be another shot at this. Let my focus slip? He beats me, and I don't get another chance. Make a mistake? He beats me, and I have to live with it, live with knowin' I failed. It ain't goin' to happen. And over the next three months, I'm goin' to spend my time in that ring...

[Rhodes points towards the ring.]

RR: Or in the gym makin' sure that whatever I do, I give Juan Vasquez no space to breathe, no room to wriggle. I need this, Colt.

[Rhodes shakes his head.]

RR: I need to beat Juan Vasquez.

[Rhodes walks off, with Kaiser following. Patterson shakes his head.]

CP: Kid's on a mission. Let's see if he can pull it off. Gordon, Bucky... back to you!

[We cut back to our announce team sitting at ringside.]

GM: Thanks, Colt... Raphael Rhodes making it clear that he intends to not... well, throw away his shot when he takes on Juan Vasquez at Memorial Day Mayhem.

BW: Not that again.

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: As we opened tonight's show, we saw the World Tag Team Champions, Next Gen, arrive in the ring to make it clear they were looking for their first title defense to be set and after learning that an injury to Bret Grayson meant that The Gold Standard's promised title shot would be delayed, half the tag team division arrived on the scene to make it clear that they wanted that first shot at the gold. But conspicuous by their absence were the Number Three contenders to the World Tag Team Titles - the Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad. Now, since then, we've learned that KAMS is actually not even in the building yet which is likely why they didn't make their presence known. That's the duo of AJ Martinez and Cain Jackson of course because as we've seen from some recently aired pre-recorded interviews, the third member of KAMS - Paris Crawford - is not currently in the States, and Bucky, Crawford is someone that I understand is carrying a lot of intrigue around them.

BW: You ain't kidding, daddy! I don't think there's been anyone like Paris ever in the AWA.

GM: This member of the Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad is currently fulfilling previous-arranged commitments in Japan-

BW: And not wrestling commitments, Gordo. Modeling commitments.

[Myers gives a look to the camera and subtly nods his head.]

GM: That is one way to put it, yes. Let's hear what they had to say as we await their rejoining Cain Jackson and AJ Martinez in two weeks' time.

[We cut to footage filmed in a Tokyo high-rise apartment. From the camera's perspective, once again it appears as though Paris Crawford is recording from their laptop. They are dressed in their Mifune-gun tracksuit, a rather conservative look for them. A ring light reflects in their eyes, which are brown this week. Their

hair is a long chestnut brown, styled in loose waves. They are wearing no makeup, which they point out by circling their face with their purple fingernails.]

PC: Bonjour. Do you like my fresh face?

[Paris leans to the side, showing multiple boxes in the background.]

PC: Sometimes I am so busy with packing to prepare for my move to the United States that I must treat you to ma beauté naturelle. What a treat for you, oui? I may have packed most of my attire but I am good at generating things to talk about anyway... I just provided my subscribers to a video detailing my skin care routine, and you shall see the after effects. I glow, do I not?

[Paris smiles as they rest their chin on their hand. Their skin looks especially dewy.]

PC: You know, it is two weeks until I return to the AWA, by the side of AJ Martinez and Cain Jackson. I asked my fellow members of Mifune-gun what I should provide in my weekly update today. Do you know what Mifune-sensei said to me?

[A sigh.]

PC: "Do not film videos. Do more squats."

[Paris shakes their head with a pout.]

PC: Combien dois-je faire?

[The pout quickly dissolves, as Paris looks back at their camera.]

PC: Fortunately, Cain provided me with something to discuss. He informed me of the tantrum that Pedro Perez threw, and that Monsieur Perez got himself suspended. I did not believe Cain at first, you know. While Cain is always truthful with me, it just seemed such a shock. I asked him, "tu es sérieux, ou quoi?", and he said "oui". It is true. Trente jours de suspension pour lui. He just was not the same after we defeated those little barking dogs at SuperClash.

[Paris smirks.]

PC: It is not the first time I have been inadvertently responsible for the downfall of a man.

[Paris shrugs, sipping their sparkling water from a straw.]

PC: It shall not be the last either. For when Cain, AJ, and myself form our bond once more? We shall bring a force quite unlike any other to the AWA. You have seen what we can do when we are united. Once my commitments are complete? Once KAMS truly is brought together, this time for good? Do you know what I think of the fate of the AWA roster?

[A somewhat wicked grin forms across the face of the "Queen of Kabukicho".]

PC: Quelle malchance pour eux. Quel dommage.

[And with a wink, we cut back to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

BW: I tell you, Gordo, that is a supermodel that has ruined more than a few lives.

[Myers shakes his head.]

GM: There's no question that as strong as Cain Jackson and AJ Martinez are as a two-man team, there is something about adding Paris Crawford to the KAMS mix that makes them more chaotic and successful than ever. Paris will be back in two weeks, fans, but right now, let's go to some footage we recorded earlier tonight with our own Mark Stegglet who found himself with an unexpected guest - let's take a look.

[We fade to footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT" where Mark Stegglet is standing backstage.]

MS: On any given night here in the AWA, we're prepared backstage to interview any numbers of AWA competitors or maybe even an executive or two... but tonight, I've got a guest I didn't see coming at all until we ran into each other earlier today and I just knew the AWA fans would like an update on his recent activity. So, joining me at this time...

[Stegglet is joined by a lantern-jawed, icy glaring man with precisely trimmed crew cut.]

MS: ...he's challenged for the AWA Television and National Championships, as well as a multiple time tag team champion around the world... the "Bird-of-Prey" Curtis Kestrel. And we can now add "CCW Trainer and Talent Scout" to that diverse CV too, now, can't we?

CK: That's correct.

[A beat as Stegglet remembers Kestrel's preference for brevity.]

MS: On last Saturday Night Wrestling we saw Lori Wilson and Jennifer Rowe's prospect Pink Cashmere, who is already a surprise entrant in the Women's Tag Tournament. And last week on Power Hour we saw one of your trainees - Billy Givens, the Cowboy Casanova - almost take down the AWA Television Champion in his first AWA appearance. This must be a very exciting time to see this influx of new talent into the AWA and CCW.

CK: Indeed it is.

MS: Maybe you could tell us more about what you think-

"I woulda won the TV title!"

[Stegglet's palm goes to his forehead. Kestrel, recognizing the voice, merely turns around with a sigh.]

JH: I would've stepped up and accepted that TV Title challenge and made Odin Gunn tap out to the Mindflyer like that!

[Jackson Hunter, sweaty and unshaven and wearing a rather tattered t-shirt that he may or may not have slept in once again makes an appearance with all the grace and subtlety of an oil tanker.]

JH: ...If Theresa Lynch didn't pull rank on me and get me kicked out of Center Stage and back into - ugh, Atlanta. You know what I did in my first AWA match! I won "Steal the Spotlight!"

And in my second singles match in the AWA, I won the AWA National Title!

[Kestrel nods.]

CK: And in your third AWA singles match, you nearly flushed it down the drain.



JH: Ohhhh, is that so? Mr. "I have a five hundred megabyte mental hard drive full of every fact and statistic from every match I've ever wrestled in ever like it'll come in useful someday while I sit on the sidelines while my more talented and bold ex-partner has the more exciting and fulfilling career trajectory!"

CK: That's not my nickname but I look forward to seeing it added to my Wikipedia bio.

[Stegglet smirks. Hunter does not.]

JH: You think you're soooo smooth, don't you! That's why I dropped you as a tag partner and broke up the Predators. Always playing it safe! Playing it by the book! Look at you going corporate. "Just happy to be here," am I right? Am I close? Well I have a career full of titles and sweet, sweet memories and I'll be damned if I let some corny frame-up job take that away from me! I know how jealous you are of everyone else's success!

[Kestrel coldly looks his ex-partner in the eye and utters a simple...]

CK: Projection.

JH: Projection? Projection?! PROJECTION?!? What possible flaw could I have that I would project onto you! The simple fact is I am living my best life because I am not afraid of success, and you are like everyone else in that arena, and you're content to earn your measly five-figure trainer and talent scout salary like a good like cog in the machine, and sending me trainees whose dreams I can't wait to CRUSH!

[Kestrel frowns his stern frown and furrows his chiseled brow.]

CK: If I were a full time roster member, my response would be, "Jax, I want to go to the ring and smash your stupid little beak into the back of your skull."

[Hunter gulps as his former partner remains chillingly taciturn.]

CK: ...If I were a full time member of the AWA roster.

[Hunter huffs slightly and chuckles out a reply in relief.]

JH: ...Well... heh... You're... you're not, are you? Guess you can't, uh...

CK: I am, however, fully cleared medically as is the requirement of all AWA and CCW training staff. And I do have a rather enjoyable working relationship with our mutual friend, the Interim President. After all, Canadians – some of us anyway – have a reputation for politeness to uphold... bahd. Perhaps I should suggest to him that tonight I have a public workout...

[Hunter stiffens with the mention of the AWA Interim President.]

CK: ...To better demonstrate to my trainees what to expect when they face a certain "Velociraptor" on the AWA main roster.

[Kestrel almost goes nose-to-nose with Hunter.]

CK: ...As an educational experience, of course. Mr. Stegglet, if you will excuse me.

[Kestrel calmly walks away. Hunter glances over at Mark Stegglet.]

JH: What? What's so funny, Stegglet.

[Stegglet innocently shrugs, not quite sure if he was involuntarily smirking at Hunter who abruptly storms out of view, leaving a chuckling Stegglet behind...

...and we fade back to live action out at ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Former friends, allies, and partners who just never quite seem to finish their business with one another. And that business will continue right here and now in Milwaukee as the Interim AWA President Maxim Zharkov made it official - Jackson Hunter versus Curtis Kestrel - right now! Rebecca, take it away!

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

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right...

[A furious Jackson Hunter comes stomping across the ring, snatching the mic out of Rebecca's hands to jeers.]

JH: NO TELEVISED ENTRANCE FOR ME?! You people! Lynch! That ungrateful Rotten Russian Zharkov! Even you, Rebecca!

[Ortiz comments "me?!" with a shocked look.]

JH: You're all in on it! It's a conspiracy to keep me down! It's a conspiracy because of what I know! I know!

[Hunter suddenly grins.]

JH: I've got a live mic and I know! You want to know who left Johnny Detson for dead in Toronto?! It was-

[Suddenly, "Little Bones" by The Tragically Hip comes over the PA system, cutting off the mic as Hunter looks enraged, pointing an accusing finger at Ortiz who shouts "I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT!" before angrily leaving the ring. Hunter flings the mic aside, waving his hands at the incoming Curtis Kestrel.]

GM: Well... so much for introductions in this one. Jackson Hunter, continuing to insist he knows who attacked Johnny Detson at SuperClash, tried to make that opinion known once again... and once again, he's interrupted.

BW: I don't get it, Gordo. Jackson says he knows the truth! Why don't we want the truth?

GM: My guess is that Jackson Hunter wouldn't know the truth if he was welded to it at the hip. The AWA is just trying to keep him from spreading slander all over the place.

BW: OR... is it a conspiracy... just like Jackson says?!

GM: Highly unlikely, Bucky.

[Kestrel reaches the ring, climbing up on the apron, ducking through the ropes while shaking his head disdainfully at his former partner.]

GM: Curtis Kestrel getting set for one on one action with his former ally...

[Referee Andy Dawson joins the duo inside the ring, keeping Hunter back as Kestrel sheds a ring jacket, turning to hand it out to a ringside attendant...

...and Jackson Hunter carps the diem and sprints across the ring to attack...]

GM: HUNTER FROM BEHIND!

[...and a well-timed spin move by wrestling's Most Serious Man sends Hunter smashing chestfirst into the turnbuckles to cheers!]

GM: Hunter comes up empty and... SCHOOLBOY BY KESTREL! HE GETS ONE! HE GETS TWO! UPSET IN THE MAK-

"OHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd deflates for the moment as Hunter ekes a shoulder up off the mat in time.]

GM: We were a heartbeat away from a repeat of two weeks ago when Jackson Hunter lost to Derrick Williams in near record time! Kestrel ALMOST scored the win over his former partner right there!

[Hunter scrambles up and finds Kestrel waiting for him, snatching a side headlock on the former National Champion.]

GM: Kestrel hooks him, trying to control the uncontrollable Hunter who backs into the ropes, shoots him off...

[A wild swing from Hunter comes up empty on the rebounding Kestrel who ducks low, hitting the far ropes and rebounding back with a graceful crossbody that takes Hunter down again!]

GM: CROSSBODY CONNECTS! KESTREL GETS ONE! GETS TWO!

[The crowd groans again as Hunter slips out the back door, escaping the pin attempt.]

GM: We're under a minute into this match and Curtis Kestrel has Jackson Hunter on the run in a big time fashion. Again, both men hurrying to their feet, trying to get every advantage possible...

[And as they get up, Kestrel gets up a little more with a dropkick, bouncing his feet off the chest of Hunter, knocking him back down to the mat.]

BW: That's one heck of a dropkick out of Kestrel... and Hunter's looking for the back door to the Bradley Center already.

[Rolling under the ropes to the outside, Hunter angrily slaps his hands down on the canvas to jeers from the AWA faithful.]

GM: And this is not going the way Jackson Hunter would've liked. Hunter's been on a real downward spiral since SuperClash where he lost the National Title to Jordan Ohara. His partner abandoned him. He's been linked to the attack on Johnny Detson. He got humiliated here two weeks ago against Derrick Williams. He got ejected from the Golden Grapples AND from the Power Hour.

BW: And yet, he still keeps telling the world that he knows who attacked Johnny Detson and that no one will listen.

GM: If I wanted to listen to the rantings of a delusional maniac, I'd go watch the Best of Javier Castillo.

[Bucky chuckles as Kestrel steps out to the apron, takes aim, and leaps off with an overhead forearm smash down across the skull of Hunter, knocking him down on the ringside mats.]

GM: Curtis Kestrel going to the outside - unusual for him but considering the history between he and Hunter, I suppose it comes as no surprise he'd want to make the most out of this opportunity here tonight.

[Kestrel pulls the reeling Hunter off the floor, tossing him back under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Kestrel puts him right back in though... coming in after him...

[A desperate Jackson Hunter throws his whole body behind a lunging, dropping double axehandle onto the back of Kestrel's head and neck!]

BW: He caught him coming in! Brilliant move by the two-time National Champion!

[Hunter stays on his knees, frantically and wildly flailing with clubbing forearms and fists down on the prone Kestrel.]

GM: Hunter's all over him now, letting out all that frustration from the past few months on his former partner!

[With two hands full of hair, Hunter hauls his ex-partner to his feet, smashing his face into the top turnbuckle... once... twice... three times, each one with more ferocity as he punctuates each slam with a shout!]

GM: You can literally hear the frustration pouring out of Jackson Hunter here, Bucky.

BW: He's not in a good headspace these days and that's not good news for anyone.

[Spinning Kestrel around in the corner, Hunter unloads with a heavy right hand to the midsection.]

GM: Hunter going downstairs on his former partner... big whip coming up...

[But as Hunter shoots Kestrel across the ring, the CCW trainer leaps to the top rope in a single bound, blindly shooting himself backwards into a flying back elbow that wipes out Hunter again!]

GM: AND DOWN GOES JACKSON HUNTER AGAIN!

[Hunter again promptly rolls under the ropes to the outside, letting loose an anguished "ARRRRRGHHHHFFFFFH HHHH!" as he kicks at the ring apron.]

GM: Jackson Hunter can't believe what just happened there as the Bird of Prey takes flight and puts him down!

[Kestrel is quickly back to his feet, the man from Saskatchewan nodding at the approving fans as he walks his 218 pound frame towards the ropes, gesturing for Hunter to get back inside the ring.]

GM: Kestrel and Hunter, these former allies and partners turned bitter enemies letting each other have it right now.

BW: Yeah, but Kestrel's so strait-laced, his idea of yelling at Hunter is to say "please get yourself back in the ring, Jackson."

GM: Curtis Kestrel's never been one to show much emotion in there for sure but he's certainly trying to get Hunter to get back inside the-

[Gordon is cut off by Hunter reaching under the ropes, grabbing his former partner's ankle and yanking him down to the mat...]

GM: Hunter pulling Kestrel under the ropes to the outside!

[Hunter winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: Big chop by the former National Champion up against the ring apron!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[With Kestrel reeling from the blows, Hunter turns to taunt the front row, including a teenager waving a "YOU KILLED JOHNNY, YOU BASTARD!" sign...]

GM: Hunter losing his cool out here, shouting at the fans of Milwaukee and...

[...and as he turns, Hunter gets swung back the other way by Kestrel, his back against the apron...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OH H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H!"

GM: What a shot by Kestrel!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OH H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OH H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OH H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H!"

BW: They don't call him the man with the second-hardest chops in Western Canada for nothing, daddy!

[The blows to the chest have Hunter on rubbery legs as he staggers away from Kestrel, some bright red welts forming on his chest.]

GM: Kestrel returned the favor from Hunter's chops and now Hunter's on the run.

[Kestrel opts to pursue rather than return to the ring, circling around the ringpost...

...and getting a thumb stabbed into his eyeball!]

GM: OH! Hunter goes to the eyes!

[Grabbing Kestrel by the back of the head, Hunter takes aim and SLAMS his face down on the ring apron...]

GM: FACEFIRST TO THE APRON GOES KESTREL!

[Kestrel goes stumbling away towards the ringpost as Hunter nods his head, satisfied with his brief attack.]

GM: Hunter's not done though, grabbing the back of the head again...

[Hunter draws him back, attempting to slam his head into the post...]

GM: TO THE POST! NO! BLOCKED!

[The crowd cheers as Kestrel holds the steel ringpost with both hands, preventing his skull from being driven into the unforgiving steel!]

GM: Kestrel's still fighting it, Hunter trying to break through and put him in!

[But Kestrel swings an elbow back, catching Hunter in the chin and sending him stumbling backwards.]

GM: Kestrel breaks free!

[Hunter lunges at him, swinging for the fences with a clothesline...]

GM: CLOTHESLI-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but as Kestrel ducks down, Hunter slams his own arm into the solid steel post!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[Kestrel grabs the back of the tights, chucking Hunter back into the ring before climbing up on the ring apron.]

GM: Hunter gets sent back inside and now it's Kestrel who has the former National Champion in his sights right out here by us!

[Kestrel quickly makes his way up the turnbuckles near the announce table as Hunter struggles to get up off the mat, grabbing his arm in pain...]

GM: Hunter's hurting and Kestrel's waiting for him!

BW: Stay down, Jackson!

[...but instead, Hunter gets up and starts moving faster...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INSTANT KARMA! CONNECTS!

BW: That's it, Gordo! Kestrel's on Dream Street!

[The leaping bicycle knee has Kestrel in a bad way as Hunter reaches up, grabbing him to prevent a fall into the ring...]

BW: And Jackson Hunter may have his old friend exactly where he wants him!

[Hunter holds onto Kestrel, winding up to deliver a right hand...]

GM: If he does, Bucky, it's the first thing that's gone right for Jackson Hunter since before SuperClash!

BW: He's had a bad stretch for sure.

[Hunter lands another big right hand, stunning Kestrel as the referee orders him to back out...]

GM: Bad stretch? Everything that could go wrong for this guy for the past three or four months has! He lost his title!

[...another right hand...]

GM: He lost his friend and partner, Blake Colton!

[...another right hand... a little slower this time as Hunter throws a look down at the announcers...]

GM: He lost his dignity!

[...and Hunter pauses, fist on his hip now...]

GM: He's lost his grip on reality, thinking he knows something about what happened with Johnny Detson!

BW: Uhhh, Gordo...?

[...and that's enough for Hunter who stops cold, glaring down at the announcers...]

"HEY!"

GM: Is he...?

BW: Yes, he's talking to you.

[Hunter points angrily at Myers.]

"YOU DON'T KNOW A-"

[The audio thankfully cuts out for the King of the Seven Second Delay.]

"-OLD MAN! I DO KNOW WHO ATTACKED DETSON! AND NOT A SINGLE ONE OF YOU BELIEVE ME! MAYBE IF I TELL THE WORLD... THE WHOLE WORLD... RIGHT NOW... MAYBE SOMEONE WILL BELIEVE ME! MAYBE THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO SHUT ME UP THEN, HUH?! MAYBE-"

[Hunter is cut off by a hard right hand from a seated-on-the-top Kestrel, a blow that spins him around to face center ring...]

GM: And finally someone shuts Jackson Hunter's mouth!

BW: For now.

[...and Kestrel steps off into a seated position on the shoulders of Hunter who looks shocked just before Kestrel leans forward, rolling through...]

GM: VICTORY ROLL!

[...and drags a struggling Hunter down to the mat as the referee drops down to count!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: HE GOT HIM!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Kestrel gets to his feet, arms raised over his head as a shocked Hunter gets to a knee on the mat, looking up in disbelief at his former partner.]

GM: Curtis Kestrel pins the former National Champion... his former tag team partner! What a win for Kestrel, Bucky!

BW: Well... Kestrel might have a new partner now...

GM: Who would that be?

BW: YOU! This is all your fault, Gordo! You distracted Hunter with all your trashtalking!

GM: Trashtalking?! I was just explaining the situation and...

[A kneeling Hunter starts shouting at Gordon, blaming him for his loss.]

GM: Look, this isn't my fault. If Jackson Hunter can't keep his eye on the ball and his head in the game, that's on him. Fans, we're gonna take a quick break here in Milwaukee and when we come back, we'll hear from the former World Television Champion and savior of the AWA, Shadoe Rage! Don't go away!

[We fade to black as Hunter slams his fists repeatedly down into the mat..

...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't

[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...

...and then fade back up backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing in the AWA interview area. The AWA banner is a little flashier with the Disney money upgrades, but Sweet Lou Blackwell is the same as always in his AWA suit.

SLB: All right, AWA fans... already a big show we've had so far. I've got to say that the AWA on ESPN has been such a great breath of fresh air. Milwaukee, let me call out my next guest, a man who has made one of the most remarkable transformations I've ever witnessed and who is partly responsible for us being right here where we are today. My gues ... the Sensational Shadoe Rage. Come on in here, Shadoe Rage.

"AWWWWW! FREAK OUT!"

[The Sensational Shadoe Rage strides into frame with his back to the camera. He is garbed in a sleeveless gold T-shirt. On the back it has SR in an encircled triangle with the words ETERNALLY SENSATIONALLY and SAVAGERY written on each side of the triangle. Rage hits a double biceps pose, showing the back of his new shirt. He turns to the camera to show the "RAGEAHOLIC" logo on the front. The bishonen Bohemian sports his pirate-styled braided beard, eye shadow and nest of dreadlocks. He flickers his tongue at the camera as he shakes out his wrist at the camera.]

SLB: Shadoe Rage, I've got to say you've changed more than I have ever seen anybody change before! And I've also got to say you were such a surprise to me helping to save the AWA from the evils of Korugun.

[Rage nods.]

SR: I'm a chameleon! Just when you think I'm so evil that you need a Bible to stand next to me, I can flip the script and soar with the angels. I am an angel. Turkey jerky?

[Rage offers Sweet Lou Blackwell a Berkeley's Turkey Jerky stick.]

SLB: Thank you. How do you even jerky a turkey?

SR: Ask the Berkeley's. They can jerky anything.

[Blackwell tears into a strip.]

SLB: (through a mouthful) Wow, you can really taste the turkey.

SR: And the jerky!

[Blackwell swallows with some effort, clearing his throat before speaking again.]

SLB: Tell me, Shadoe... I heard two weeks ago, you were trying to answer Jordan Ohara's National Title challenge.

[Rage nods again.]

SR: That's right. Ohara's lucky that these knees are just a little bit slower than they should be. You know how it is, Sweet Lou. You can't jump up like you used to.

[Blackwell chuckles.]

SLB: You don't have to tell me anything about that. A matchup of you versus Jordan Ohara is a match I can only imagine!

SR: Great young champion. Great young champion, but I've got my eye on him. I've got my eye on Odin Gunn. And I got my eye on my old foe, Supernova, too. 2018 Gold or bust, Sweet Lou... and I never bust. Don't bet against me.

[Blackwell looks around uneasily.]

SLB: I'm not what you'd call a betting man.

[Rage waves a dismissive hand.]

SR: Of course not. You never pick up the tab at the bar, either. You're what they call... extremely careful with money.

[Blackwell smirks.]

SLB: Well, we all don't have fancy turkey jerky money.

SR: No we don't. No, we certainly don't. You're lucky I like you, Sweet Lou. You can always get a drink from me.

[Blackwell straightens up.]

SLB: I'll be sure to take you up on that next time we're-

[A commotion comes from off camera.]

"I got somethin' I wanna say, Lou!"

[Blackwell pinches the bridge of his nose.]

SLB: Oh, not again...

[Jackson Hunter barges into the interview area once again.]

JH: That didn't count as a match! I don't even know why there was a referee there counting a pinfall. If I had been given time to prepare, I would've had that match won.

[Hunter abruptly seems to notice Shadoe Rage is standing there too.]

JH: And what's the stupid look about, Rage?

[Rage just chews his lip lower lip and he twists one of his beard braids thoughtfully around his index finger.]

SR: Hunter, if you've got something to get off your chest, do it on your own time, man. I'm standing right here and this is my time. So the camera will go on me and the microphone will be in my face. This is my time, man.

[Hunter steps closer to Rage, gesturing at him.]

JH: Oh right, you and your bum knee! Well, my knees are held together with duct tape and prayer and I STILL won the National Title last year, so I don't want to hear any excuses out of you.

[Rage shakes his head.]

SR: Wow, man, wow. Lashing out... you're just lashing out because what you're going through is one millionth of what you really deserve. Sweet Lou, goodbye. I'm looking onwards and upwards. And this sad excuse for a man is just bringing me down!

[Rage heads off camera.]

JH: Hey! Don't you turn your back on me!

SLB: Gentlemen—!

[Hunter storms off camera after Rage. There is the sound of a scuffle and some clanging pipes. The camera pans one second too late to catch what happened and only shows the aftermath:

Jackson Hunter flat on his back, hand to his jaw, and Shadoe Rage rubbing his right knee.]

JH: ...awwww... son-of-a-....

[Rage shrugs.]

SR: Sorry Sweet Lou, going to go get some ice for these old knees.

[Blackwell looks down sadly at Hunter who groans up at the interviewer]

JH: ...Don't just stand there, Lou... Get me some too...

[Blackwell sighs, looking up at the camera.]

SLB: Never a dull moment here backstage at an AWA event, that's for sure. And now, let's...

[Lou trails off, his eye catching something... and he silently gestures for the cameraman to turn. The view shifts as he does, showing that Veronica Westerly is also in the backstage area, totally oblivious to what just happened. She has an iPad tucked under one arm and holding a phone to her ear with the other. The Mother of Dragons is clearly in "business" mode, and is in the midst of something.]

VW: I think we can make that work. I'll discuss the numbers with my client, but I'm confident we can do business.

[She pauses, listening to the unknown other party.]

VW: Great. You have my email address. Get the contracts over to me as soon as possible. We look forward to partnering with your brand on this.

[She smirks and kills the call, but no sooner has she done so than her phone emits a "ping." She takes a look at the message and her smirk quickly disappears.]

VW: What the... DAMN IT!

[She storms off, muttering...

...and we fade back to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: As always, it's quite the exciting scene here at Saturday Night Wrestling - both in the ring and backstage... and speaking of exciting, I can't wait for later tonight to hear exactly who both Supreme Wright and James Lynch have landed as their partners for that big tag team showdown two weeks from tonight in Chicago, Bucky.

BW: It's an interesting one, Gordo. Supreme Wright, for all our jokes about his stoic state, would seem to have a big list of people to choose from - good friends like Ryan Martinez and Jack Lynch... maybe even some former Team Supreme allies... but James Lynch? His only ally these days can't even get medically cleared so I gotta wonder what he and Westerly have up their sleeves to accept this challenge.

GM: Perhaps that's what that phone call or text message was about. Of course, it was just two weeks ago at Super Saturday that we learned that James Lynch had abandoned his partnership with Bobby O'Connor - the two had gone their separate ways... but it didn't take long for us to learn the future plans of both as James Lynch has signed on to have Veronica Westerly manage him while Bobby O'Connor will lead his new tag team, the Blackjacks, into battle in just a short while. But before we get to that one, it's Tag Team Night here on Saturday Night Wrestling so let's go up to the ring to see one of the eight teams competing to be the very first Women's World Tag Team Champions in action!

[We cut from ringside up to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... the team of Diandra Dickson and Ruby Moore!

[Sharp-eyed fans may recognize the sometimes familiar face from Power Hour. The afroed wrestler waves at the live audience, looking a little overwhelmed by the large crowd. Ruby Moore is a red-head garbed in green top and trunks with white boots and yellow knee pads.]

RO: Annnnnnd their opponents...

[The sounds of "Blue On The Bluegrass" begins to play over the PA system to cheers!]

RO: ...from Foulke, Arkansas and Jackson, Tennessee... at a total combined weight of 315 pounds...

..."THE PISTOL" KAYLA CRISTOL... "THE AFRO PUNK" VICTORIA JUNE...

...THE COUNTRYYYYYYYY PUNNNNNNNKS!

[The Country Punks emerge from the locker room out onto the entrance stage to a frenetic mix of banjos, steel guitar and fiddles. Cristol is all grins as she "fired off" some finger pistols into the air, giving a wave to the cheering crowd. Victoria June plants her foot in front of her, banging her head back and forth.]

GM: And the energy meter in this arena just got turned up to a thousand! The Country Punks are wild and this crowd is loving them!

BW: It's a whole new world here in the AWA... wrestling cats movin' merch, the fans going nuts for these two... can you imagine one of these two as a Disney Princess, Gordo?

GM: I sure could! The fans - as you can hear - love this duo and can't wait to see them in action here tonight and next weekend on the Power Hour when they get their first round match in the Women's World Tag Team Title tournament.

[Reaching the ring, Cristol and June climbs through the ropes, each stepping to the middle rope to salute the fans.]

GM: Of course, we learned last weekend on the Power Hour that when the Country Punks are in Atlanta next Saturday night, it'll be Cristol and June taking on the also-popular duo of Molly Bell and Ayako Fujiwara.

BW: Or will it? I'm hearing rumors that wacky cat still isn't out of the concussion protocols and hasn't been cleared to wrestle yet.

GM: Molly Bell suffering a concussion at the hands of La Ardilla and La Lutra Nippon on last week's Power Hour has certainly put her participation in this tournament in jeopardy. We learned earlier this week that Interim President Maxim Zharkov ruled that Molly and Ayako must make that decision here tonight. If Molly can't be cleared, Ayako's gotta pick a substitute partner here in Milwaukee so the Country Punks have a fair chance to prepare for their first round opponents.

[As the announcers run down that situation, we see that Kayla Cristol is starting things off with Diondra Dickson as the referee signals for the bell.]

GM: We're off and running in this one as these two immediately lock up in the middle... Cristol using a power edge to force Dickson back into the ropes...

[Shari Miranda steps in, calling for a break.]

GM: Miranda looking for a break... and she gets one, cleas as a whistle.

BW: Ugh. I love when a team gets nasty. When are more teams going to learn to take advantage of an opening like that?

GM: I prefer teams that follow the rules.

[With Cristol backed off, Dickson lunges at her, swiping a blow across the dodging Cristol's cheek...]

BW: Stay on her!

[Dickson throws wild rights and lefts, backing Cristol to the middle of the ring as the crowd jeers the closed fists...]

GM: Dickson bringing the fire early, forcing Cristol back and-

[...but the crowd's boos twist to cheers as Cristol blocks a right hand, throwing one of her own...]

GM: -and now Cristol is firing back! Right hands of her own!

[Cristol's punches are harder and more targeted. She peppers Dickson right on the nose with a series of stinging jabs before she snapmares Dickson to the mat.]

GM: Cristol takes her over... and there's the first tag of the match... very quick tag to the powerhouse of the team, Victoria June.

BW: She's the powerhouse of this team, Gordo, but she's going to have her work cut out for her when she tries to outmuscle Ayako Fujiwara next weekend.

GM: You better believe it. Fujiwara's one of the strongest women in this division and uses that power to toss her opponents around with slams and suplexes. June will definitely face a tough test when the Country Punks meet Ayako Fujiwara and... well, whoever she teams with. We hope it's Molly Bell but we'll find out later tonight.

[Cristol leaps over the downed Dickson with a rolling neck snap...

...but hangs on, exposing the back of Dickson's neck as June throws herself into the ropes for added momentum, leaping into the air, and smashes a forearm into the base of Dickson's head and neck!]

GM: OHHH! Hard shot by June!

BW: A hard shot and that one had the potential to do some damage, Gordo. A move like that is a real good way to knock those cervical vertebrae right out of alignment. And that was a nice doubleteam out of the Country Punks.

GM: Are these two starting to grow on you, Bucky?

BW: Like a fungus.

[June stomps Dickson a few times as she tries to get up off the mat, Cristol ducking back out to the apron.]

GM: Victoria June showing off some aggression, putting the boots to Dickson down on the mat...

[Pulling Dickson up off the mat, June looks to attack again but instead whips her into her own corner, allowing Ruby Moore to tag herself in.]

GM: ...huh, a surprising move there by June to allow the other member of the opposing team to tag in...

[As Moore steps through the ropes, she is quickly grabbed into a collar and elbow. Victoria June transitions to an arm, twisting it around...]

GM: ...and June's right on Ruby Moore too... she's got a fire in her belly here tonight as the Country Punks look to get some momentum on their side before their first round match in seven days' time...

[...and yanks Moore into a vicious short clothesline!]

GM: Ohhh! Short-arm clothesline takes Moore off her feet... and she's hanging on to the arm, pulling her back up. What's she got in store for Moore?

BW: You trying out for Suga'N'Spice, Gordo? You got the beat but right now, it's Ruby Moore taking the beating as June hits her with another clothesline...

[Dragging Moore up for a third time, June nods to the cheering crowd and repeats the process, releasing the arm on the third short clothesline before she leaps up and drops a leg across Moore's battered chest and throat!]

GM: Three short-arm clotheslines followed up by that big legdrop and Ruby Moore is in a bad way very early on in this one.

BW: Gordo, what I don't think people understand is how big Victoria June actually is. She's in line with a Michelle Bailey and maybe a little more powerful. June is a tank. I wouldn't want her crashing down on me like that.

GM: June does pride herself on being country strong. She's pulling Moore up by the arm again... Irish whip attempt...no...pullback!

[The yank back in her direction ends with June burying a knee in the gut of Moore, doubling her up...]

GM: Oh my! What a vicious knee to the stomach!

BW: A lot of times you'll hear that called the Kitchen Sink as in June's hitting Moore with everything INCLUDING the Kitchen Sink... and here we go again, Gordo. Just like she did earlier, repeatedly using the clothesline, now she's using the knee. Once she finds something that hurt you, June will stick with it and wear you out.

[Three big knees to the proverbial breadbasket leaves Moore down, cradling her ribcage as June slaps the hand of an amped-up Kayla Cristol.]

GM: There's a tag, bringing Cristol back in annnnnd...

[Grabbing the top rope, Cristol slingshots herself over the top rope, dropping an elbow down across the banged-up ribcage!]

GM: ...ohhh! Nicely done right there by the Pistol who really has worked herself back into top ring shape after all the injuries she suffered in 2017.

[Cristol climbs to her feet, giving a whoop to the Bradley Center crowd who respond in kind.]

GM: Cristol pulling her off the mat... ohh! Moore goes to the eyes!

[Cristol falls backwards, wiping her eyes anxiously as Moore steadies herself on her feet...]

GM: Moore's got her blinded! In she comes!

[...and then barrels into the corner, looking to strike...]

GM: BIG SPLASH!

[...but the avalanche attempt goes sour as Cristol leans back, raising a cowboy boot up under the chin of Moore!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CRISTOL CAUGHT HER ON THE WAY IN!

[With a fistpump, Cristol faces the corner, leaping up to the middle rope, springing back up, twisting around...]

GM: CRISTOL WITH SOME FLASH...

[...and SMASHES a double axehandle down between the eyes!]

GM: ...AND THERE'S THE SUBSTANCE - BOMBS AWAY BY THE PISTOL!

[Moore goes down hard to the canvas as Cristol wipes her eyes again, glaring down at Moore.]

GM: Nice execution on that flying attack - maybe giving Shadoe Rage some competition in that department.

BW: I wouldn't go that far but it did the job.

[Cristol pulls Moore off the mat again, giving a swing of her arm through the air and slapping June's hand before whipping her opponent across the ring...]

GM: Irish whips her in...

[...and Moore rebounds back towards the now-legal June who catches the rebounding Moore, lifting her up across her torso...]

GM: ...June scoops her up and...

[...and DROPS down in a front powerslam, driving Moore's back down into the mat!]

GM: ...AND DRIVES HER DOWN! OH MY!

[Cristol pumps a fist as June climbs to her feet, nodding at the cheering crowd as she points to the downed Moore.]

GM: What's this now? June wrapping up the legs and...

[The crowd cheers as June lifts Moore off the mat, holding her aloft in the Scorpion Crosslock as Cristol scales the ropes. Moore is crying out in pain as the referee steps back, watching Cristol reach the top turnbuckle...]

GM: Moore's trapped in this hold but they're not done! Cristol up top!

[...and Cristol leaps from the top, bringing her extended leg down across the back of Moore's leg as June lets go, driving Moore's face down into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WOW!

BW: WHAT THE HECK WAS THAT?!

[June peels off, standing guard as Cristol flips Moore over, diving across her chest, hooking a leg...]

GM: They've got one! They've got two! They've got three!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Cristol pushes up to her knees, clapping her hands together with a big grin on her face.]

GM: June getting the Scorpion Crosslock... Cristol bringing a variation of her Boggy Creek Buster... and THAT'S what I call devastating, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. They made short work of their opponents tonight - showing great teamwork, showing June's power and Cristol's quickness... and with that new finishing maneuver, the Country Punks just put the other seven teams in this tournament on notice.



GM: They are ready for this tournament and whether it's Molly Bell or someone else teaming with Ayako Fujiwara, you gotta think the Country Punks are ready to take their shot at the gold!

BW: Maybe I wouldn't be so quick to bet on the Cat Ladies, Gordo. I'm going to talk to my bookie.

GM: You do that. And while you're talking to your bookie, our own Sweet Lou Blackwell is going to talk to the Benedict Arnold of the AWA, Bobby O'Connor, and his new team - the Blackjacks! Lou?

[We cut backstage where, in front of a dark blue AWA backdrop, stands Sweet Lou Blackwell. To his right stands Bobby O'Connor, wearing his usual brown leather jacket and black shirt with priest's collar underneath. What isn't usual about his attire, is the black armband with a golden crucifix stitched onto it that he wears on his left arm. He's flanked by The Blackjacks, both wearing matching black leather vests, black cowboy hats and black leather chaps.]

SLB: Thanks, Gordon. Lots of tag team action going down tonight and right now I'm joined by one-half of a tag team, Dustin Sanderson, who in a short time will be facing off against Jack Lynch...

[Blackwell glances distractedly at the armband.]

SLB: ...Well, I might as well point out the obvious. What's with the sling, Bobby?

[O'Connor looks confused, and then shakes his head.]

BOC: Now, this is just sad.

[Blackwell replies to O'Connor's confused look with one of his own.]

SLB: What do you mean?

BOC: Everyone saw what happened last time. When I bravely and against doctor's orders stepped inside a ring. See, my injuries are so serious, they don't even like me to step near a ring... much less step inside one. But it's a sacrifice I make for the good of all.

[Blackwell rolls his eyes.]

BOC: But I digress. Everyone saw what happened to me. Moreso, they saw what that violent maniac Jack Lynch did.

SLB: He barely even--

BOC: Now, you're an educated man. So I'm going to chalk this up to willful ignorance. That's the only explanation I can figure out. Because anyone can put two and two together and see that I've been reinjured by way of felonious assault!

[Blackwell looks shocked.]

SLB: Now wait just a minu--

BOC: This is exactly the kind of thing that set me on my virtuous quest. This is the kind of black magic that Jack Lynch has been perpetrating on innocent men, women and children for years. He commits a crime in broad daylight and the poor victims watching are programmed to see it as charity!

[Sanderson and Whittaker shake their heads sadly.]

BOC: Everyone at home is as hurt by this as you and everyone that saw it live. My heart really goes out to all of you. In fact, people at home...

[O'Connor outstretches both hands, palms out, towards the camera.]

BOC: If you just get off your couches and lay your hands upon that television screen, we can begin the healing process together.

[Blackwell begins waving his hand towards the camera in protest, only for Sanderson to point a menacing index finger at his face.]

DS: Don't you ever stop people from getting the healing they need. What kinda monster are you, Blackwell?

[O'Connor places a calming hand on Sanderson's shoulder.]

BOC: He can't help it, Dustin. He's as infected as the rest of them.

DS: I get it, but it just makes me sick!

[Whittaker nods in agreement, spitting n the floor.]

BOC: Of course you get it. You've been hurt as much as me... as much as anyone by the evil ways that have been spread to every member of that family but James.

[Sanderson nods, eyeing Blackwell.]

DS: That's right. You listen here, pipsqueak. You think those Lynches are so damn great? Well yeah, Blackjack Lynch did get us our start in this here sport. That's true enough.

[Sanderson nods.]

DS: What's also true is that he made sure... he made sure no matter how hard me and Jason busted our tails, he collected the lion's share of the profits.

[Whittaker nods, cracking his knuckles.]

DS: And when some of the many enemies he's made over the years from screwing people over put me on the injured list, where was Blackjack Lynch?

[Whittaker puts his hands above his eyes almost as if he's saluting, but starts looking around as if searching for the Lynch patriarch.]

DS: Nowhere to be seen, nowhere to be heard. That's when we heard from someone that does actually help people. And someone who got left just as high and dry by a Lynch.

[Sanderson points at O'Connor, who smiles and nods.]

BOC: It was my pleasure and privilege. Because when I saw The Blackjacks, it was like looking into a mirror. If anyone knows about being strung along by a Lynch and then left like last week's trash when you're too banged up to fight their battles for them anymore?

[O'Connor nods.]

BOC: It's me. Now it's true thanks to Jack I can't do anything about it physically.

[O'Connor nods at Sanderson and then at Whittaker.]

BOC: But nothing in this world or the next could stop me from being a guiding light to those that have been similarly hurt. And those that have the same righteous indignation in the pit of their stomachs to make sure these charlatans never hurt anyone again.

[Whittaker places a hand on O'Connor's shoulder, pointing towards the curtain leading to the ring. O'Connor nods and grins.]

BOC: That's why tonight's fight. And every fight until Jack Lynch is exorcized from this sport is dedicated to one man. The latest victim of his despicable crimes.

Gordon Myers.

[Blackwell's jaw drops, flabbergasted.]

SLB: Now that is a line I can't just allow to be crossed. Gordon--

[O'Connor nods understandingly.]

BOC: Yes, Gordon has been hurt by Jack as much as anyone. At SuperClash, there was James Lynch. Standing up for himself and cementing his place as the rightful head of his family.

[Blackwell shakes his head in disbelief.]

BOC: And as usual, Jack Lynch took it to hellish extremes. What should have been a fair athletic contest--

SLB: With barbed wire and a manager running interference.

[O'Connor continues, ignoring Blackwell.]

BOC: Became a fight for James' life and immortal soul. One that he only escaped by being on the right side of heaven and hell itself.

[Blackwell begins to protest again, but the microphone is whipped out of his hand by Sanderson. Blackwell begins to grab for it, but is stopped as Whittaker steps directly in his path. As Whittaker growls menacingly, Sanderson places the microphone within speaking distance of O'Connor.]

BOC: And tonight, we'll see that James isn't the only one who's the better man when up against you, Jack?

Tonight, the sins of the father...

[Sanderson smirks, mockingly making the sign of the Claw with his free hand.]

BOC: ...will be visited upon the son.

[With that, O'Connor motions to his men that this interview is concluded. Sanderson slaps the microphone into Blackwell's chest as the trio make their exit.]

SLB: What in the world has happened to that young man? It makes me sick. And the more he keeps running his mouth, the more likely it is that the man who is standing by with Mark Stegglet will punch his teeth right out of it. Mark, take it away, my friend.

[Blackwell gives another look off-camera, shaking his head with a “disgusting” mutter as we cut to another part of backstage where Mark Stegglet stands with Jack Lynch by his side. The former World Champion wears a long black leather duster over a bare chest. His black Stetson hat is tilted forward, shadowing his eyes, but the intensity still radiates from him.]

MS: Thanks, Lou. You can call him the Iron Cowboy, or the King of Cowboys, or even Mr. SuperClash, but tonight, I’ve got the feeling, Jack Lynch, that you’re going to show us why you are the master of the blood feud!

[Lynch nods his head.]

JL: Ya know, Mark, I tried. I really tried. Hell... it was my New Year’s Resolution. 2018 was gonna be a new year and I was gonna leave everything that happened in 2017 behind me. But ya know what they say, Mark...

God laughs when man makes plans.

[Mark shakes his head.]

MS: Bobby O’Connor has made it clear that he’s not letting go of anything. And he’s got some help in seeing his plans out.

JL: That’s right, Mark... and that brings us to tonight.

[Stegglet interjects.]

MS: And your match against Dustin Sanderson of the Blac-

[Lynch puts his hand up and shakes his head.]

JL: Do me a favor, and don’t say that name in my presence, Mark.

[Stegglet nods, raising an apologetic hand.]

JL: Ya see, Dustin Sanderson, and his little friend, what’s his name?

MS: Jason Whittaker.

JL: Yeah, him.

Sanderson and Whittaker, you two laid me out two weeks ago, and that’s part of why I’m gonna go in that ring and give Sanderson a beatin’ he won’t soon forget. But listen to what I just said.

That’s part of it.

[Lynch grimaces.]

JL: The other part is what you two jokers are runnin’ around callin’ yourself. That name you’re usin’? That pisses me right off.

Because ain’t neither one of ya earned that name.

That name belonged to two men. Blackjack Patterson, and my daddy, Blackjack Lynch. And it ain’t gonna come as no surprise that it’s why my daddy named me “Jack.”

[He shakes his head.]

JL: And I don't care if my daddy said ya could use the name, hell, I don't care if he gave ya that name. Because when it was bein' handed down?

Ain't no asked me.

Ya can't just take that name. And it can't just be given to ya. It's somethin' earned. And you two? Ya ain't done that yet.

[Lynch pauses a moment.]

JL: See, Bobby O'Connor has gotten into your heads and told ya two some fairytales. And they must've been convincin' because he's got you two idiots thinkin' that jumpin' on my back is somethin' approximatin' a good decision.

But I'm gonna tell ya the truth, not the snake oil that Bobby used to twist your heads same way he twisted my brother's.

I'm gonna tell ya what a Blackjack is.

[There's a light chuckle... not a lot of humor in it.]

JL: See, nowadays, everyone knows the happy, jolly old Blackjack Lynch. He's become everyone's favorite eccentric grandpa. I know that's how ya Combat Corner kids like to think of him.

But that's the Blackjack who already earned that name. That's the old man who don't have to prove his toughness to the world.

But the real Blackjack ain't cuddly, and wasn't any kinda nice guy, right, Mark?

[Stegglet looks uneasy answering that.]

MS: I... uhh...

[Jack grins, slapping a gloved hand on Stegglet's shoulder.]

JL: See, even Mark's afraid of him. And with good reason. Because the real Blackjack is the man who planted the Texas flag in the corner of the ring and would stand between barbed wire to defend it. The real Blackjack is the man who'd tie one end of a bullrope around his wrist and pull the man at the other end close to him so he could smash a cowbell against his skull until both that cowbell and that skull were fractured.

The real Blackjack would hook his thumbs into a man's eyes and push until he heard somethin' pop.

I remember bein' five years old, and sittin' in the front row of the Sportatorium and watchin' as my daddy took off his cowboy boot and dragged its spurs across the forehead of Thunderbolt O'Shea until the blood spattered across my shoes.

That, Sanderson, is what takes to be called a Blackjack.

[Lynch's hard stare bores into the camera.]

JL: And two little wet behind the ears kids straight outta the Combat Corner with stars in their eyes just ain't measure up.

But, since ya got my blood up, and since ya got poor taste in friends, I'm gonna do ya a favor Sanderson, and sometime down the line, I'm gonna do the same for your buddy Whittaker.

I'm gonna give ya lesson in that name.

[Lynch lifts the gloved hand in a fist, smashing it into his open palm.]

JL: Tonight, it ain't gonna be no wreslin' match. Tonight, it's gonna be a fight. And it's gonna be the kinda fight that Blackjacks Patterson and Lynch woulda taken part in.

I'm gonna hurt ya, Sanderson.

[He nods confidently.]

JL: I'm gonna take ya by the hair and drag your face diagonally across the mat. I'm gonna stomp on your hands until I hear the wet snap of those tiny bones.

I'm gonna make ya wish that you'd chosen to call yourself the New Age Colony or somethin' more kid friendly.

Tonight, you're gonna get a taste of what bein' a Blackjack is all about.

And when its over, if ya got even a lick of sense, you're gonna head back to the Combat Corner, look my daddy in the eyes...

And tell him that ya know ya just don't have what it takes to be a Blackjack.

And then Mark, ya know what I'm gonna do.

MS: I can only guess.

JL: I'm gonna remind Bobby O'Connor that just like Sanderson ain't no Blackjack, he ain't no Strangler either.

MS: Strong words. But if anyone can make them come true, I know it's you.

[Lynch nods his head and then walks away.]

MS: Gordon, Bucky... if I'm Dustin Sanderson, I'm wondering right about now just what in the world I got myself into. Let's go down to the ring and find out!

[We crossfade from backstage to the ring where Rebecca is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first... from Dallas, Texas, weighing in at 237 pounds and accompanied by Jason Whittaker and Bobby O'Connor...

[The opening guitar riff to "The Fall" by Place of Skulls begins to play.]

RO: ...DUSSSSSTINNNN SANNNNNNDERSONNN!!

[The drums kick in, the curtains fly open, and out walk the black clad cowboys themselves. They each hold a side of the curtains open as out walks Bobby O'Connor. O'Connor walks slightly ahead, only to turn around and point at both men. This effort makes him immediately wince, as he places his hand delicately on his armsling.]

#The father of lies, the tempter's crown#  
#Unrighteous souls will keep us bound#  
#But innocent blood shed from thee#  
#The stripes you wore were for me#

GM: This trio made quite the impact two weeks ago at Super Saturday when they assaulted Jack Lynch from behind and... well, now they gotta pay the price for it.

BW: Jack Lynch is walking into a situation where the numbers are NOT on his side and you think THEY'RE paying the price?

GM: It is a singles match, Bucky... although I recognize that Bobby O'Connor is not above taking a cheap shot and interfering when possible as we saw at SuperClash in that Barbed Wire match.

[The trio walk down the aisle, O'Connor clasping his hands together as if in a prayer as the two Blackjacks bookend him with scowls on their faces. Sanderson holds a hand up, making the sign of the Claw to a ton of boos as Whittaker cuts his thumb across his throat.]

#I long to understand#  
#What the creator has done for man#  
#Can our feeble minds comprehend?#  
#We started to die when we began#

[O'Connor is the first to climb up onto the ring apron and enter the ring, as the Blackjacks climb up onto opposing corners of the apron. O'Connor points to both corners as the two men climb up to the second turnbuckles, raising their arms.]

GM: No love for this trio here in Milwaukee as we now await the arrival of their opponent in this one, the former World Champion Jack Lynch.

[The Blackjacks come down off the buckles, joining O'Connor in a strategy huddle as he drapes his good arm around Sanderson's neck, speaking softly to him as referee Scott Ezra urges O'Connor to depart the ring.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The opening notes of Jon Bon Jovi's "Wanted: Dead Or Alive" ring out over the PA system to a HUGE ROAR!]

RO: ...from Dallas, Texas... weighing in at 265 pounds... he is the Iron Cowboy...

...JAAAAAAAAAAACK LYNNNNNNNNCH!

[The cheers get louder as Jack Lynch emerges onto the entrance stage, his tall muscular form cloaked in a black duster. The black Stetson is on his head as he looks down the aisle to his former friend and tag team partner inside the ring. O'Connor smirks in his direction as he leans over to whisper something else to Dustin Sanderson.]

GM: The Iron Cowboy! The King of the Cowboys! Mr. SuperClash! Call him what you will but Jack Lynch has come to Milwaukee tonight not thinking about any of those names... he's thinking about one name. Blackjack. And he's thinking about these two young men in the ring who carry that family name that he believes they've not earned.

[The former World Champion starts his walk down the aisle, shrugging out of his duster as he gets halfway down the ramp, showing off the black trunks, the black pad on his right knee, and his black boots. We can also see more than a couple fresh scars on his body - souvenirs from his Thanksgiving night battle with his brother.]

GM: Jack Lynch is a former World Champion... a former World Tag Team Champion as well.

[Reaching the ring, Lynch takes one more look up where the official is trying to get Whittaker and O'Connor to exit...

...and then Lynch reaches up, grabbing the ropes, pulling himself up on the apron where Dustin Sanderson rushes him, drawing back his right arm...]

GM: Sanderson coming for him!

[...and swinging a big haymaker aimed at the noggin of the Iron Cowboy who swings up his own arm to block!]

GM: Right hand blocked by Lynch... and he hits one of his own!

[Lynch steps through the ropes, looking to fight...

...but quickly sidesteps, sending a charging Jason Whittaker flying over the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: OHH! THERE GOES WHITTAKER!

[Bobby O'Connor suddenly looks panicked as he sees one-half of his team out on the floor and the other in a daze near the ropes...

...and as Jack Lynch charges him, O'Connor turns tail and runs for it, the crowd ROARING as O'Connor throws himself between the ropes...]

GM: HE GOT HIM! HE GOT HIM! GET HIM, JACK!

[...but not quickly enough as Lynch hooks the back of O'Connor's pants, holding him with both hands and preventing his escape!]

BW: "Get him, Jack!" Hang on, Gordo... lemme run get you a pair of pom-poms, you cheerleadin' goof! Maybe it's a good thing you're hangin' 'em up if this is how you plan on calling the action!

GM: I can't help it, Bucky. Jack Lynch has been through so much over the past year - the whole Lynch family has really... and this turncoat O'Connor is responsible for so much of it!

[Jack is trying to haul his former partner back inside the ring...

...but a running forearm to the back of the head sends Lynch flopping forward into the ropes as O'Connor slips out to the outside, falling to a seated position on the floor with flushed cheeks and a panicked expression!]

GM: Jack had him in his hands but Dustin Sanderson hits him from the blind side and makes him pay for it!

[Swinging Lynch around, Sanderson goes downstairs with a quick one-two to the ribcage, rocking the big Texan...]

GM: Sanderson's telling the ref to call for the bell and...

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: ...there it is! Sanderson grabs the arm, whip on the way... reversed!



[The reversal sends the six foot six Sanderson into the ropes, bouncing back into a haymaker to the midsection...]

GM: The Iron Cowboy goes downstairs, driving that fist into the gut...

[...and then with a quick two step run, he smashes his knee up into the head of Sanderson, sending him sailing backwards and down on the mat!]

GM: ...and the kneelift connects as well! Sanderson gets rocked and- quick cover here!

[But as Lynch dives on top of Sanderson, it's not a pin attempt he's looking for as he hooks a side headlock, repeatedly smashing his fist into the side of Sanderson's head as the crowd ROARS!]

GM: No cover! Lynch is all over him!

[The referee warns the former World Champion, calling for a break as Lynch hammers Sanderson repeatedly.]

GM: The Iron Cowboy bringing the violence early on in this one!

[He lets go of the headlock, watching as Sanderson rolls over onto his chest, trying to push up off the mat as Lynch grabs him by the hair...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAM!"

GM: Facefirst down on the canvas!

[Lynch pulls him up by the hair again, driving his head down a second time!]

GM: Make it two!

[And the third time's a charm as Lynch bounces Sanderson's skull off the mat...

...which brings Bobby O'Connor up on the apron, complaining loudly about Lynch's hairpulling.]

GM: O'Connor on the apron - Lynch on his feet and on the move!

[He makes a lunge at O'Connor who again narrowly escapes, dropping back down to the floor as O'Connor waggles a taunting finger at his former TexMo partner. Lynch glares hard at him as Sanderson regains his knees on the mat.]

GM: Lynch turning his attention back to...

[Lunging forward, Sanderson hooks the front of the trunks of the Iron Cowboy, giving a hard pull, sending Lynch flying forwards to crash down chestfirst on the middle rope!]

GM: OHH! Lynch goes down hard off the distraction from O'Connor!

BW: Brilliant! Brilliant strategy by both Bobby O'Connor AND Dustin Sanderson! That's how you work together as a manager and a charge, Gordo!

GM: Well, if anyone would know, it would be you, my friend.

BW: All my Manager of the Year trophies would agree with you, daddy.

[Lynch is draped over the middle rope as Sanderson gets back to his feet, brushing past the referee protesting the pull of the tights...

...and starts putting the big boots to work, stomping the upper back and shoulders of Lynch, repeatedly driving his torso down into the second rope...]

GM: Sanderson trying to take advantage of that offense... he's got Lynch in a bad spot here against the ropes...

[The referee steps in, forcing an arguing Sanderson to back off...

...which allows Bobby O'Connor to loop his good arm around Lynch's neck, pulling his throat down on the middle rope to big jeers!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: And again, Sanderson draws the referee's attention and good ol' "Bunkhouse" Bobby lets his ol' pal have it!

[O'Connor lets go just before the referee turns around, leaving a gasping and coughing Iron Cowboy draped over the ropes.]

GM: The official missed every moment of that and Jack Lynch is in serious trouble a couple of minutes into this one.

[With Lynch already gasping for air, Sanderson plants his shin on the back of Lynch's neck, choking him violently with the aid of the ropes.]

GM: Sanderson choking him again! Come on, referee!

BW: He's got a five count, Gordo, and he's gonna use it every single second of it!

[The count gets up to four and a half before Sanderson lets go, backing off again as Lynch coughs and tries to pull air into his lungs...]

GM: He almost used too much of it there! The referee is letting Sanderson know how close he came to the disqualification there and-

[...and this leaves Lynch wide open for Jason Whittaker who winds up and CRACKS him across the cheekbone with a big right hand!]

BW: Ohhh! What a shot by Whittaker!

GM: Another illegal attack from Sanderson's corner! This is ridiculous!

[Lynch collapses back on the canvas as a smirking Sanderson moves past the official, taking a knee as he grabs his fellow Texan by the hair, smashing a right hand down into the skull once... twice... three times...]

GM: Sanderson doing a number on Lynch down on the mat, throwing those big right hands on the canvas... and Bucky, give us what you know about Dustin Sanderson.

BW: Six foot six, 237 pounds out of Dallas, Texas. Played football at West Texas which is where Old Man Lynch discovered them. Worked the indies for a time before he got a gig training in the Combat Corner. When he got cut from his deal in 2017, he and Whittaker went to work in Japan for GOLIATH Takehara in Total Japan Pro Wrestling where they had a lot of success... and now they're back thanks to Bobby O'Connor.

GM: I understand Sanderson also had an arm injury last summer that took him out of action for a bit.

BW: An arm injury that came at the hands of someone who Old Man Lynch himself screwed over back in the day - a little payback for the ol' fossil.

GM: Bucky, someday your lack of respect for the Lynch family will come back to haunt you.

BW: It hasn't yet.

[Sanderson has spent the last several moments stomping Lynch into the mat as O'Connor and Whittaker cheer him on from the outside.]

GM: Sanderson pulling the former World Champion up right now... and when you say it like that, Bucky... just imagine the way his career would explode if he gets a win over the Iron Cowboy here tonight. That's an immediate jump in spotlight and focus.

[Sanderson leans down, dragging Lynch off the mat by the hair. He holds him up...]

"GIVE YOUR OLD MAN MY BEST!"

[...and then promptly HURLS him through the ropes, sending him crashing down hard outside the ring on the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Sanderson tossing Lynch to the outside... and these fans are letting him have it for that and just about everything else he's done here tonight. Jack Lynch said he was hoping to start 2018 fresh... to not let the wounds of the past get to him... but O'Connor and his... do we have to call them that?

BW: Blackjacks! Blackjacks, Blackjacks, Blackjacks! I love it! It's the first time in DECADES I've liked the sound of that word!

GM: Anyways... O'Connor and these two have really spoiled Jack Lynch's plans for 2018. You know, after a hard 2017, I'm sure the Iron Cowboy was looking to get himself back into the title picture here this year. He's crossed paths with Supernova in the past. Jack Lynch versus Jordan Ohara would be a box office bonanza anywhere in the country too... and who knows when the King of the Cowboys might decide to go for AWA tag team gold again! Former two-time tag team champion, the National Tag Team Titles with James Lynch and the World Tag Team Titles last year with Travis Lynch.

[Sanderson starts out after Lynch but the referee cuts him off, protesting loudly...

...which again gets the referee facing the wrong way as Jason Whittaker pulls Lynch up off the ringside mats by the hair...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: FACEFIRST OFF THE APRON BY WHITTAKER!

[Whittaker spins him around, throwing another haymaker to the jaw, knocking the former World Champion down as the crowd implores the referee to turn around and stop the illegal attack!]

GM: And again, the referee misses it thanks to Dustin Sanderson!

BW: This kid's got experience and wisdom beyond his years, Gordo. He's showing some real ring generalship in this one as he keeps getting the referee's attention his way and letting his allies lower the boom on Stench on the outside.

[Sanderson is all smiles as the crowd boos him, the referee starting his ten count on Jack Lynch who is laid out on the ringside mats.]

GM: On Tag Team Night here in Milwaukee, you've gotta be impressed with this young man so far, Dustin Sanderson. I'm eager to see what he and Whittaker can do together in that ring.

BW: The World Tag Team Champions, Next Gen, should be more than a little nervous watching this one... but I get the feeling that Bobby O'Connor thinks Jack Lynch's head on a platter is the only title he wants right now.

GM: I hate to agree on that one but it sure seems that way with James Lynch choosing to switch to Veronica Westerly as his manager since O'Connor is obsessed with ending Jack Lynch.

[At the count of five, Lynch has managed to get up to his feet...

...when Sanderson approaches the ropes again, causing the referee to move quickly to cut him off...]

GM: Again, the 24 year old Sanderson has the referee occupied and-

[...which brings Whittaker back into view, rushing towards the dazed Lynch...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and connects with a big running lariat that knocks Lynch flat as Whittaker throws it with enough force to go down to his knees on impact!]

GM: DOWN GOES LYNCH AGAIN!

[Whittaker sneers at the jeering crowd as the referee turns around, looking suspicious at the outside. The official questions Whittaker who shakes his head, getting up and walking away from the downed Lynch.]

GM: Come on, ref! Look at Jack Lynch! How did he go down like that?!

[Whittaker swings his arm around, glaring back down at Lynch as Dustin Sanderson ignores the official this time, dropping off the apron to the floor.]

GM: Sanderson on the outside now, pulling the Iron Cowboy off the mat...

[Sanderson shoves Lynch under the ropes, crawling in after him.]

GM: Both men back inside... Sanderson measuring him...

[And the 237 pounder leaps up, dropping a knee down into the sternum of the former World Champion!]

GM: ...and drops the knee! Right down in the chest!

[Sanderson covers, throwing himself into a lateral press, earning a two count before Lynch kicks out!]

GM: Two count only there off the kneedrop.

[Sanderson glares at the official as he climbs to his feet, shaking his head as he backs to the corner, boosting himself up to the middle rope...]

GM: Sanderson's got him in his sights again! On the second rope annnnnd...

[...and leaps off his perch, bringing the knee down across the sternum a second time!]

GM: ...KNEEDROP CONNECTS!

[Sanderson flattens out into a cover again, getting a one... a two...]

GM: He's got- no! Kicked out at two!

[Sanderson glares at the official as O'Connor shouts "COME ON, COME ON! ONE, TWO, THREE, REF!" from the floor. The referee shows two fingers to both wrestler and manager as Jason Whittaker paces anxiously on the outside. Sanderson gets back to his feet.]

GM: Some difference of opinion on the count there.

BW: Looked a little slow to me too, Gordo.

GM: I'm sure it did. Sanderson pulling Lynch up off the mat now... whips him to the corner...

[Sanderson backs off, swinging his arm around in a big circle as he backs into the corner...

...and Jason Whittaker reaches up, hooking his arm around Lynch's ankle.]

GM: Wait a second!

[Lynch tries to get out of the corner, looking down anxiously at Whittaker as Sanderson barrels across the ring, leaping up to throw himself into a back elbow that snaps Lynch's head back!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! A whole lotta impact right there!

[Whittaker removes his hand, glaring at the ringside fans letting him have it for the blatant interference as Sanderson leans down, boosting Lynch into a seated position on the top turnbuckle...]

GM: Sanderson's got Lynch in trouble and now he's trying to take advantage of it... putting him up on the ropes...

[Sanderson reaches up to land one right hand... and a second right hand, leaving Lynch in a daze as the young man steps up to the second rope...]

GM: Sanderson's heading up... looking for a superplex it looks like...

[Sanderson slings Lynch's arm over his neck, looking to take him up and over in a devastating way as the crowd urges the Iron Cowboy to find a way out of this precarious predicament...]

GM: ...Sanderson trying to get that leverage up... use that strength...

BW: Whittaker's the powerhouse of this squad though. Sanderson's gotta use the leverage like you said, Gordo.

[...but as Sanderson struggles to get him up, the former World Champion swings a gloved right hand into the ribcage of his attacker!]

GM: Lynch trying to fight back!

[Lynch lands a second... and a third...]

GM: Now he's REALLY fighting back!

[...a fourth... a fifth... a sixth, the crowd roaring at the sudden defensive flurry from one of their favorites!]

GM: Lynch trying to fight his way free from this superplex attempt!

[Lynch slips out from under Sanderson's arm, grabbing him by the hair to PASTE him with a right hand between the eyes!]

GM: Right in the mush!

[And again!]

GM: Lynch hammering away! Nothing fancy in this one! He said it was gonna be a fight and he's living up to that!

[And AGAIN! This blow sends Sanderson flying backwards off the ropes, crashing backfirst down on the canvas to big cheers!]

GM: And Lynch is free! Lynch on the loose and looking to take advantage of-

[Bobby O'Connor scrambles up on the apron, complaining loudly about the closed fists, miming a punch over and over as the referee moves to confront him...]

GM: Get him down from there, ref!

[...which again allows Jason Whittaker to climb up on the apron, moving in on the dazed Lynch who is trying to recover...]

GM: No, no, no!

[...and the sudden surge of crowd noise causes Scott Ezra to wheel around, spotting Jason Whittaker on the apron with his fist drawn back!]

GM: YES! HE CAUGHT HIM! HE CAUGHT HIM!

[Whittaker shakes his head back and forth, begging off as the referee points an accusing finger...]

GM: The referee caught him trying to interfere again and...

"YOU!"

[The referee points at Whittaker...]

"YOU'RE OUTTA HERE!"

[...and points to the back, ejecting Whittaker from ringside to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: YEAH! Good job, Scott! Send him packing!

[Whittaker angrily slams his arms down on the top rope, jumping off the apron and shouting up at the official who points him towards the back a second time!]

GM: Jason Whittaker has interfered seemingly at will throughout this match but this time he gets caught! And he's been ejected from ringside! He's outta here!

[A fuming Whittaker stomps up the aisle, leaving his rising partner on his own.]

BW: Whittaker's gone but that doesn't save Lynch quite yet, Gordo! Sanderson's up and on the move!

[And with Sanderson approaching the corner, he reaches up to grab Lynch by the hair...

...and gets a gloved hand wrapped around his skull!]

GM: CLAW! LYNCH GETS THE CLAW!

BW: ILLEGAL! ILLEGAL! HE'S ON THE ROPES!

[Lynch stands on the middle rope, squeezing the skull of Sanderson to a BIG ROAR from the AWA faithful!]

GM: The Iron Cowboy's got the Iron Claw locked in! And for the first time in this one, it's Sanderson who is in big, big trouble!

[O'Connor is still on the apron, screaming and shouting at the official who refuses to turn towards him, approaching the corner and warning Lynch for the illegal hold, starting a count of his own...]

GM: The referee's telling Lynch he's gotta break! The count to three... four...

[...and this time it's Lynch risking disqualification as he holds until JUST before five, giving a shove to send Sanderson staggering backwards as Lynch stands tall on the middle rope, looking out on the roaring Milwaukee crowd...]

GM: Sanderson's in a daze and-

[...and LEAPS off the middle rope, throwing out his arm to full extension...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and CONNECTS with a flying lariat off the middle rope, dumping Sanderson down on the back of his head and neck. Lynch throws himself on the legs, pressing them down to tighten up the pin attempt!]

GM: WE'VE GOT ONE! WE'VE GOT TWO!

[O'Connor makes a last second attempt to get into the ring, stumbling through the ropes to crash down on the canvas in a heap as the three count falls.]

GM: WE'VE GOT THREEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Lynch pushes up to his knees, a look of satisfaction on his face as the referee raises his arm, pointing to the former World Champion.]

GM: He fought off three men to get this win and it's gotta feel good for the Iron Cowboy, Bucky!

BW: So much illegal activity there - that Claw on the middle rope?! That should've been an immediate disqualification! IMMEDIATE!

GM: Oh, give me a break! Jack Lynch hits that lariat off the middle rope - an impressive sight - and that was enough to put Dustin Sanderson down for a three count. You get the feeling that Lynch might've liked to inflict a little more punishment on this kid for stealing his family name... but with essentially a three-on-one out there the whole time, I think the win's gotta feel great for him...

[Lynch climbs to his feet, hands on his hips as he sees a frustrated Bobby O'Connor untangle himself from the ropes, getting to his knees...

...and locks eyes with his former friend!]

GM: ...but maybe not as good as this will!

BW: Run, Bobby! RUN!

[O'Connor scrambles to his feet, hand raised, begging off as the Iron Cowboy advances on him, pointing a threatening finger as the crowd urges him forward...]

GM: Jack Lynch has got his eyes on Bobby O'Connor and he's gonna get him!

[...and Lynch lunges, grabbing O'Connor by the collar, yanking him towards him. O'Connor flails with his one arm wildly as Lynch lays the badmouth on him from inches away...

...and then raises the gloved right hand!]

GM: Yeah! Get him, Jack! Lay it on him!

[The crowd ROARS at the Iron Claw signal as Lynch sets, ready to inflict punishment on his former friend...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...only to get steamrolled from behind by a charging Jason Whittaker who has rushed back down the aisle, attacking the Iron Cowboy from behind!]

GM: WHITTAKER FROM BEHIND! GOOD GRIEF!

[Whittaker launches into a series of stomps on Lynch, laying the boot leather in on him as the crowd jeers angrily!]

GM: Jason Whittaker attacks from the blind side after his partner was defeated and this is ridiculous, Bucky!

BW: Is it?! Or is it the sins of the father coming back to haunt the son like Bobby said earlier?!

[Whittaker throws a look at his partner who is still trying to recover from the flying lariat that put him down for a three count... and then goes back to stomping Lynch, preventing him from getting back to his feet...]

GM: Whittaker is all over him! Lynch is taking a pounding from this young powerful kid who has it out for him!



[O'Connor moves towards Sanderson, urging him to his feet as Whittaker pulls Lynch off the mat, tossing him into the ropes...]

GM: The Iron Cowboy shot into the ropes, bouncing back... ohhh! Big boot! Right on the chin!

[The former World Champion collapses in a heap, Whittaker standing over him with a triumphant roar. The crowd is letting him have it as O'Connor shouts for more.]

GM: Jack Lynch is down and in a pile on the canvas and listen to that jackal O'Connor telling them to give him more! Telling him to... oh no, what's this now?

[An angry Whittaker pulls Lynch off the mat again, ducking down behind him...]

GM: Whittaker lifting him up! The six foot six Whittaker lifting him into the air on his shoulders...

[Sanderson rolls out to the apron, approaching the turnbuckles...]

BW: And if you've never seen this, Gordo, get ready to be impressed! These two used this flying bulldog all over Japan and laid out the competition everywhere they went! Jack Lynch is about to understand just what these Blackjacks bring to the table, daddy!

[...but as he puts a foot on the middle buckle, the crowd ROARS!]

GM: AND HERE COMES THE CAVALRY!

[The cheers intensify as Ryan Martinez and Supreme Wright come rushing into view, sprinting down the aisle - the former in his ring gear and the latter in street clothes of a fiery red suit...]

GM: The friends of Jack Lynch coming to the ring and-

[At a shouted signal from Bobby O'Connor, Whittaker drops Lynch down on the mat, bailing out of the ring to join O'Connor and Sanderson on the outside just as Martinez dives headfirst under the bottom rope.]

GM: -and there goes O'Connor and his thugs!

[Martinez shouts angrily at O'Connor who shrugs at his longtime friend. Supreme Wright joins Martinez in the ring, taking a knee next to the downed Jack Lynch as he keeps his eyes on Sanderson and Whittaker who are now backing down the aisle at O'Connor's guidance.]

GM: Bobby O'Connor was happy as could be to have his guys beat up Jack Lynch when they had the numbers going their way but once Martinez and Wright arrived, he wanted no part of that... just like two weeks ago in Minnesota at Super Saturday.

[O'Connor is all grins as he backpedals down the aisle, an arm out to keep a fired-up Whittaker from rushing the ring again...]

GM: Well, Jack Lynch picks up the win in this one, Bucky... but you get the sense that this situation is far from over.

BW: Absolutely. Bobby O'Connor won't rest until Jack Lynch's career is over... and that's a quest I fully support.

[Gordon sighs.]

GM: Fans, we've got to take another break but when we come back, we'll have more Saturday Night Wrestling here in Milwaukee so don't you dare go away!

[The shot holds on Wright and Martinez helping Lynch to his feet as we fade to black...

After a moment, the ESPN 30 For 30 logo comes up on the screen with the words "COMING IN EARLY 2018."

We come up on a shot of Lori Dane - a talking head shot.]

LD: They told me repeatedly - "there's no room for women's wrestling in the AWA." It wasn't even up for debate really. I mean... I wasn't surprised. Look at what happened in the E.

[We get a brief still photo publicity photo shot of "Luscious" Lori Dane holding the EMWC Women's Title.]

LD: Yeah, I held the title but for the life of you, could anyone remember who I beat for it? Or if I even defended it on TV? I was a house show gimmick. Someone they could trot out there to get whistled at and make the guys drop money for bikini 8X10s at intermission.

[Cut to a talking head of former AWA competitor Melissa Cannon.]

MC: Most of the talented women's wrestlers in the 80s and 90s were in Japan. There were a handful here but for every Jessica Starbird, you had an "Erotic" Erin. For every Lori Dane, a Satin Sheets. The women in the States were being treated as a sideshow and everyone knew it. The Throbbing Mattress Kittens? Give me a [BLEEPING] break!

[Cut to Laura Davis with a smirk on her face.]

LD: The UWF took it pretty seriously but very few other places did. Even the so-called biggest promotions on the planet didn't give us the time of day. Hell, some of the best women were better in the ring than the top men at times... but you'd never know it by the way they promoted us.

[Back to Dane.]

LD: I was a friggin' co-owner of the company and I still couldn't get it done for a long damn time. But when it changed...

[Dane raises her eyebrows as we fade to a graphic that says "THE BIRTH OF THE AWA WOMEN'S DIVISION."

The "Coming Soon" graphic returns for a moment...

...and then back to black.

And suddenly the "ACCESS 365" logo appears as the camera catches a candid moment between two wrestlers backstage. We see Supreme Wright, dressed in a fiery red tweed suit with a matching waistcoat, white shirt and polished derby shoes, talking to Ryan Martinez, dressed casually in a stylized t-shirt depicting him hitting an opponent with The Excalibur.]

SW: White Knight, you know I'm not the type of person to ask for help and I know it's asking a lot from you... but I want you to be my tag team partner against James Lynch.

[There's a pause, as Ryan contemplates Wright's request.]

RM: Supreme, I respect you and I consider you a friend. And though I pride myself on never refusing a fight or letting down a friend... this time I'm saying no.

[Wright's expression remains unchanged, but a flicker of disappointment passes through his eyes.]

RM: There's two reasons. The first is that, even after all he's done, I still consider James Lynch a friend. I know there's something of the good man he used to be still inside of him. The man that never failed to take his mother to church on Sunday, the loving uncle. That James Lynch is still there. I have to believe it.

[Wright nods slowly, taking in Ryan's words.]

RM: But, more importantly, while you're my friend Supreme, Jack Lynch is my best friend. And I know that if I go out there and go at James with 100%, it's going to break his heart. I know that Jack won't be able to live with me fighting his brother. He'd never say it of course, but he'd never forgive me if James wound up on the wrong side of a brainbuster or the Excalibur.

[Supreme nods, understanding Ryan's reasoning.]

SW: I had a feeling you'd say that, but I still had to ask.

RM: I hope this doesn't mean I'm not invited to the wedding anymore.

[Supreme actually chuckles at Ryan's joke.]

SW: Don't push your lu-

[Suddenly, a commotion can be heard in the distance...]

RM: What the...?

[An unseen person shouts "IT'S JACK! IT'S JACK!" to our heroic duo who suddenly break into a sprint without hesitation, running out of view...]

...and with another flash of the ACCESS logo, we end up backstage live where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing.]

SLB: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling as we near the end of our first hour of action here tonight. Moments ago, we just saw Supreme Wright and Ryan Martinez discussing Wright's tag team match coming up two weeks from tonight in Chicago with the White Knight turning down Wright's offer to be his partner just before they had to run out and save Jack Lynch... so it remains to be seen who will be Wright's partner on the next Saturday Night Wrestling.

[Blackwell pauses.]

SLB: But right now, I want to talk about two weeks ago where we saw a matchup between the longest-reigning National Champion in AWA History, Travis Lynch, and the Modern Day Man of Steel, Max Magnum. And at the end of that match, Max Magnum was standing tall over a bloodied Lynch and... well, Travis was able to walk out on his own but now we have a quick medical update.

[Blackwell pauses a moment.]

SLB: According to Dr. Ponavitch, while Travis passed all concussion testing, he did show some signs of ill effect after that match from a physical point of view. And because of that, Travis Lynch was medically disqualified from traveling to Milwaukee here tonight. He's not even in the building. We're told that Travis will be re-evaluated this week with the hope that he may be allowed to be in attendance in Chicago in two weeks' time. Gordon, Bucky... back to you!

[We fade back down to ringside where our announcers are seated.]

GM: Thanks, Lou... a lot going on around the Lynch family as of late with Jack dealing with Bobby O'Connor, Travis Lynch's injury, and James Lynch aligning himself with Veronica Westerly and seemingly taking aim at Supreme Wright... plus the impending nuptials of our good friend, Theresa Lynch, rapidly approaching as well.

BW: Oh, I know you're excited for that one, Gordo.

GM: I am excited for them, yes.

BW: So excited that you're leaving town as a wedding present!

GM: My retirement has nothing to do with that and you know it.

BW: Gordo, did you ever think that your career would wrap up doing Play By Play for a wrestling wedding?

GM: I... well, you've got a point there, Bucky.

BW: I always do.

GM: I'll have to find out if-

"HEY!"

GM: -I'm scheduled to-

"HEY, MYERS!"

BW: I think you're being paged, Gordo.

[Gordon looks up with a frown at the ring as we cut to reveal "Slim" Jim Colt already in the ring, huffing and puffing, hootin' and hollerin'...]

JC: I GOT SOMETHIN' TO SAY, MYERS, AND I DON'T NEED YA FLAPPIN' YOUR GINGIVITIS GUMS CUTTIN' ME OFF!

TWO WEEKS! TWO WEEKS! TWO DADBLAME WEEKS! That's how long it takes in this sport we call pro rasslin' to go from bein' the talk of the town to... to... NOTHIN'!

[Colt kicks angrily at the bottom rope.]

JC: Two weeks ago, I came out here and got myself a win! It don't matter a lick a-nothin' on how I got it 'cause I... GOT.. IT! And that gave this ol' Longhorn Rider the kick in the pants I needed to really get things goin' in 2018.

I went out there away from the TV lights on the tour in front of all you mealy-mouthed MORONS...

[The crowd starts booing appropriately.]

JC: ...and I BEAT THE NEXT GUY... AND THEN I BEAT THE ONE AFTER THAT... AND THE ONE AFTER THAT...

[Colt nods his head emphatically, wiping some spittle off the side of his face.]

JC: I kept on beatin' 'em until someone said, "HEY! JIM BOY! TAKE A LOOK AT THESE HERE RANKINS!" And there... clear as the Texas sky was this guy's name. Right there. Number Five. And that meant I got ta run the damn rankins!

[Colt nods again.]

JC: And then...

[He pauses, shaking his head.]

JC: And then that piece of baby-kissin' filth Grant Carter dropped me on my noggin' and knocked me out of the rankins!

[The crowd cheers, drawing Colt's ire.]

JC: Well... that's enough of talkin' 'bout that guy... 'cause I came here tonight to... ol' Milwaukee to make a lil' challenge. See, I liked the way winnin' felt two weeks ago. And I like the way it felt out on the road. And I... WANT... MOOOOOORE!

So, whoever is sittin' back there checking their Internets and combin' their dadblame hair who wants to find out what it's like to be in the ring with a mean ol' son of a gun who'd just as soon kick ya in the mouth as shake yer damn hand... come on down here and-

[Colt's words are cut off by music that sends the crowd into a roar and puts a chill on the spine of "Slim" Jim as his eyes go wide.]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Ask and ye shall receive, Jim Colt! But you better be careful what you ask for!

GM: Jim Colt laying down a challenge here tonight, inviting anyone in the locker room to come out here and face him and... well, I don't think this is what he had in mind.

[The music in question is KISS' "God of Thunder" which is the rock anthem heralding the arrival of the Alpha Beast himself, Max Magnum, who is flanked by a smirking "Hotshot" Stevie Scott. Magnum is dressed to compete and is making a beeline straight for the ring, Scott struggling to keep up with him.]

GM: Two weeks ago on Super Saturday, Max Magnum spoke for the very first time since arriving here in the AWA and he made it clear that he's looking to face the top competition in the world. That night, he faced - and defeated - the longest reigning National Champion of all time in Travis Lynch. Jim Colt is... not quite on that level to put it nicely.

BW: And I just think it's a good thing Colt's wearing dark pants. Make no mistake about it, Gordo, Jim Colt is one of the toughest men in our sport but Max Magnum - the Modern Day Man of Steel - is a tall order for ANY competitor in the AWA locker room. This is why Steve Scott has trouble getting people to sign on the dotted line to face Magnum. This is why Magnum has struggled to find top flight competition at times. Fear, Gordo. Fear of the Alpha Beast.

[Reaching ringside, Magnum stares up at the yielding Jim Colt who has backed down several steps, holding up a hand to try to give the big man pause as he leaps

from the ringside mats to the apron in a single bound, ducking through the ropes as Stevie Scott climbs up on the apron using the ringsteps. A raised hand from Magnum stops the Hotshot in his tracks, leaving him on the apron as Magnum slowly approaches Colt.]

JC: Big... big man... come on now.

[Colt shakes his head.]

JC: Ya know I got all the respect in the world for you... for both of ya!

[He gestures to Scott who nods.]

JC: I got... I got an idea, Max!

[Magnum's eyes narrow at being called "Max" by Colt.]

JC: I... you... we can team together! We can be partner! Can you imagine it?! Colt and Magnum - the Twin Pistols - runnin' roughshod all over the tag team scene! Did ya see those Next Gen boys out here earlier and everyone fallin' all over themselves to fight 'em? We could walk into that tag division and RULE the joint!

[Colt nods excitedly as Magnum continues to stare at him.]

JC: Come on now... don't... don't be a fool, Max...

[And again those eyes narrow some more.]

JC: ...shake my hand and let's get out of here and talk business...

[Colt extends his hand towards Magnum who stares down at it.]

GM: An offer from Jim Colt... a desperate offer you might say. Jim Colt may be a tough guy but he's not a stupid one, Bucky.

BW: Not at all... and hey, it's a good offer... maybe.

GM: Somehow, I don't think Max Magnum and Stevie Scott would agree with that.

BW: I don't know, Gordo. Magnum hasn't turned him down.

GM: Yet.

[Magnum continues to stare at the offered hand for a few anxious moments for Jim Colt who is visibly sweating now...

...and then slowly Magnum reaches up, taking the hand.]

GM: What?! Are you kidding me?!

BW: We've got an accord!

[Magnum pumps the hand, a slight smile on his face as Colt breathes a heavy sigh, nodding his head gratefully.]

BW: Can you imagine what this team is gonna do to all-

[The crowd gasps, interrupting Bucky as Magnum suddenly yanks Colt towards him, wrapping his powerful arms around Colt's torso, and chucks him halfway across the ring, bouncing him off the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OVERHEAD BELLY TO BELLY! AND SO MUCH FOR THAT TEAM!

[Magnum turns to glare at the nearby official.]

"RING THE BELL!"

[The official throws a look at the downed Colt... and then back at the steely gaze of Magnum...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Well, Max Magnum demands this match start and the referee quickly obliges.

BW: Can you blame him?

GM: Absolutely not. Max Magnum seems on the verge of out of control at any given moment so I wouldn't want to give him a reason to snap.

BW: Like Jim Colt?

GM: Like Jim Colt.

[Magnum stalks towards the rising Colt who collapses back into the corner, shaking his head and begging off as Magnum moves in on him...

...and throws himself into a body-rockin' clothesline in the corner!]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[And another...]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and a final one, Colt barely able to hang onto the ropes to stay on his feet as Magnum drags him out of the corner again, launching him overhead with a second belly to belly throw!]

GM: Another suplex... and Jim Colt is NOT a small man, Bucky.

BW: He sure isn't... but size is all relative to Max Magnum because EVERYONE is a small man to him.

GM: Magnum is dominating Jim Colt right now in this one... Colt just getting thrown around the ring.

[Colt again crawls across the ring, using the ropes to pull himself up to his feet as Magnum stalks in behind him...]

GM: Waistl- no! Colt with a back elbow!

[Giving up on calming the big man down, Colt retaliates with a hard shot to the side of the head that surprisingly draws cheers from the crowd.]

GM: Colt firing back! Big right hand! Make it two!

[With Magnum slightly stunned, Colt grabs him by the back of the head, smashing his face down into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: And Colt's trying to build some momentum here. As we said, he's a dangerous competitor and Magnum cannot take him lightly.

[Turning Magnum's back into the corner, Colt winds up his right hand and buries it into the gut of the Alpha Beast once... twice... three times before grabbing him by the arm...]

GM: Colt's gonna whip him across... Irish whi- reversed!

[...and the powerful Magnum reverses the whip, sending Colt crashing into the corner, staggering out towards him...]

GM: FIREMAN'S CARRY! HE'S GOT HIM UP! BOMBSHELL INCOMING!

[...but Colt reaches down, having the presence of mind to dig his fingers into the eyes, raking hard to escape certain defeat!]

GM: He's loose! Colt goes to the eyes and he got out of it!

[And with Magnum stunned and blinded, Colt throws himself into the ropes for momentum, bouncing off and up..]

GM: PUMP KICK!

[...and JAMS a big leather boot up under the chin of Magnum, rocking the Modern Day Man of Steel!]

GM: Colt scores with it! Right on the money!

BW: But Magnum's still standing! Stunned but standing!

GM: Colt's gonna do it again, I think! To the ropes annnnd... YES! A second pump kick to the chin!

[Magnum stumbles backwards towards the middle of the ring, wobbly around on rubber legs as Stevie Scott screams encouragement from the outside.]

GM: Twice he's scored with that pump kick! Could three times be a charm here tonight in Milwaukee?

BW: Most guys would've gone down with one, Gordo!

GM: You're not wrong, Bucky, but I think we all know that Max Magnum is NOT most guys!

[Colt lifts an arm with a raised finger, shouting "ONE MORE TIME!" to the crowd who seems to be supporting the veteran brawler for the moment.]

GM: Can he do it?! Can Jim Colt knock out Magnum and shock the world?! Can he end the undefeated streak of the Alpha Beast?!

[Colt throws himself to the ropes again, bouncing off with speed...]

GM: PUMMMMMMP...

[...and runs right into a fireman's carry lift...]

GM: ...NO!



[...which turns into a rapidly-spinning airplane spin...]

GM: COLT GOT CAUGHT! MAGNUM ON THE MOVE!

[...and HURLED skyward before crashing chestfirst down on the canvas!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BOMBSHELL CONNECTS! IT'S OVER!

[Magnum flips the unmoving Colt onto his back, planting two palms down in the chest as he presses himself up, staring into the camera as the official delivers the one... two... three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Magnum climbs off the mat, looking down at Colt with disgust.]

GM: Well, this week turned out to be a rough one for Jim Colt as he gets knocked out of the Run The Rankings gauntlet on the Power Hour and gets leveled here by Max Magnum in Milwaukee.

BW: Stevie Scott sure looks happy.

GM: A lot happier than he did two weeks ago anyways... and Scott's got a microphone unfortunately. Let's hear what's on his mind.

[Scott shakes his head before speaking.]

HSS: What we have here is FAILURE to communicate.

[The crowd jeers loudly as Scott gestures to the downed Colt.]

HSS: Two weeks ago on Super Saturday, we made it clear as day to the powers that be including the Interim AWA President, Maxim Zharkov, that Max Magnum is done fighting the scrubs of the world... he's done with the nine to fivers who work the ring on the weekend to get a taste of glory in their mouth before they go home to the Missus' meat loaf and a can of Natty Light. He wants the best in the world across this ring from him and this?

[He gestures to Jim Colt.]

HSS: Does not qualify in our books. Jim Colt is a tough guy... a fine competitor... but Max Magnum is beyond a fine competitor. He is the Modern Day Man of Steel... he is the Alpha Beast... and only your best have a chance to put him down. Former World Champions like Calisto Dufresne and Dave Bryant couldn't do it. Highly-touted prospects like Brett Bryant couldn't do it. The longest reigning National Champion in this company's history couldn't do it.

Jim Colt certainly couldn't do it.

But who can?! Who can do it?! Who can-

[Magnum angrily snatches the microphone away from his manager.]

MM: NOBODY!

[Magnum shoves the mic back towards a startled Stevie Scott.]

HSS: Yes... yeah, that's right... NOBODY CAN DO IT! NOBODY CAN PUT DOWN MAX MAGNUM! But these people pay to see someone try. And they're as sick of Max Magnum having to run through the competition like a hot knife through Wisconsin butter as we are!

So, Maxim Zharkov... listen up and listen good...

[Scott looks over to Magnum who gives an approving nod.]

HSS: If you ever... and I mean EVER... want to see Max Magnum in this ring being the box office bonanza that we both know he is... then you need to understand one thing. From here on out, Max Magnum is looking for the cream of the crop. He's looking for the best in the world. He's looking for men who know the taste of gold and make the big money.

We are taking applications to see who can be the first to defeat the Alpha Beast.

[Scott gestures to Jim Colt who is still barely moving.]

HSS: And men like Mr. Colt need not apply.

[And with that, Scott nonchalantly flips the mic into the air, sending it spinning before it thuds down on the chest of Jim Colt. Scott smirks, gesturing to his charge who is already on his way out of the ring.]

GM: Max Magnum and Stevie Scott sending a message to the front office... to the locker room... to the entire wrestling world. They're looking to face top flight competition and they will not settle for less. And fans, let's go backstage to someone who may have been watching this one with great interest... former National Champion, Hannibal Carver!

[We fade to the backstage area, where seated in front of a card table littered with empty beer cans is Hannibal Carver. He smirks as he notes an approaching Sweet Lou Blackwell.]

HC: Hey Lou, I decided to get a head start so I can catch up to you by the time we head to the bar tonight.

[Blackwell shakes his head with the slightest of smirks.]

SLB: You're going to sully my sterling reputation there, pal.

[Carver grins.]

SLB: The actual reason I'm here, Hannibal, is to get your reaction to what we just saw. Max Magnum laying waste to everyone on the ring, and the open challenge put out by Stevie Scott.

[Carver pauses to take a swig of beer.]

HC: Hey, anytime you can get in there and beat the hell out of everyone in swinging distance?

[Carver nods.]

HC: That's a good day at the office. I'm all for the kid making a name for himself by putting the work in. Hell, maybe someday he'll wise up and toss that albatross hanging around his neck called Stevie Scott in the trash where he belongs... and really get somewhere in his career. But like I said before, I don't really give a damn what he does. I'm interested in one career.

[Carver finishes off his can of beer, placing it against his forehead before crushing it and tossing it on the table in front of him.]

HC: And that's mine. So those two can do whatever the hell they please, I'm focused on--

[Carver's attention is ironically taken away as Dave and Brett Bryant walk into the picture, neither looking too pleased. Carver nods at the pair and offers up two cans of beer to the father and son, but a silent stare from the two is the only reply he receives.]

HC: Oh, is the kid not old enough to drink?

[Another tense moment of silence passes. Finally, Dave Bryant steps forward to speak... causing Carver to kick his chair back and get to his feet.]

DB: I know you're real famous for not actually giving a damn, Carver, and if I'm being honest I should probably just be mad in private about the things you said then let it go, but I've got a bone to pick with you and you deserve to hear about it from me, face to face.

[Bryant pauses.]

DB: I've come too far and done too damn much to be blown off as just some guy who got beat up by Max Magnum, even by someone with your track record. I don't appreciate that, not by a damn sight, and I'm here to remind you that you're talking to a two-time World Champion, pal.

[Carver smirks and nods.]

HC: Well, damn Dave, yeh don't need to remind me of that. The world still remembers yeh going to war with Supreme. And hell, going toe to toe with a sumbitch like that... that's a helluva accomplishment.

[Carver shrugs.]

HC: But yeh just made my damn point for me. That was years ago at this point. And when was the last time yeh were on top of the card?

[Carver cuts off any reply Bryant may have had in the chamber with a nod.]

HC: Exactly. And what was the last thing yeh did of note?

[Again, Carver cuts off any possible reply by pointing towards the entranceway.]

HC: Getting yer clock cleaned by that big bastid. And hell, kid?

[Carver nods at Brett.]

HC: Yeh've got all the tools that it takes to make it big, but the same goes for yeh.

So I fail to see where I told a damn lie.

[Bryant stares at Carver for a moment before speaking up.]

DB: You know what, Hannibal? You didn't tell a lie at all, and since you're such a big deal right now, maybe you feel like indulging this old, irrelevant man out in the ring tonight.

[Carver nods, intensity showing in his eyes.]

HC: That's what I like to hear. I've had enough jawjacking to last me a lifetime as it is. You're on.

[The two glare at each as Brett slaps a hand on his father's shoulder. Blackwell tugs on his collar, clearly uncomfortable about being in the middle of this volatile situation.]

SLB: You heard it here first! Tonight it's Carver versus Bryant! Back to you at ringside!

[We fade from the backstage area back out to ringside where we get a glimpse of the ring where we can see several competitors already in the squared circle.]

GM: Wow! Big news backstage as the former two-time World Champion, Dave Bryant, has laid down a challenge to the former National Champion, Hannibal Carver and those two will collide later tonight here in Milwaukee. That's one heck of an addition to an already-loaded lineup, Bucky.

BW: You got that right. Bryant's got a chip on his shoulder and Hannibal Carver will be looking to knock it right off later on in this one.

GM: But speaking of having a chip on your shoulder, that description is right on target for one of the teams in our next match - this special tag team match added earlier tonight by Interim President Zharkov when the Dogs of War complained about not being a part of our big four corner Number One Contenders match later tonight.

BW: Look, I get it, Gordo. Pedro Perez was out of line with his actions - and his words - on the Power Hour last weekend and he SHOULD be punished for it. But not putting Carpenter and Walker in the Main Event tonight was a slap in the face by Zharkov.

GM: Interim President Zharkov felt that Carpenter and Walker should suffer for their partner's actions as well and... well, here we are. But this should be a very good matchup between two teams looking to get 2018 off to a hot start in the tag team division. Both teams are already in the ring - just about ready to get this one started.

[Polemos trades a reluctant high five with his partner before stepping from the ring while Carpenter and Walker seem to be having a bit more heated conversation.]

GM: It looks like there is a difference of opinion with the Dogs of War on who should start this match off against Omega, Bucky.

BW: With the recent track record of the Dogs, it's perfectly normal to be having some issues. You know what solves that? Winning.

GM: The Dogs of War will be looking to get back on track here tonight. They had the win in dominant fashion over the American Idols on the Power Hour but-

[Walker throws up his hands before stepping out to the apron, shaking his head.]

GM: It looks like Isaiah Carpenter has won this debate and will be starting things off against Omega in this one.

[The bell sounds as Carpenter sneers across at his opponent who is looking out at the crowd and... well, waving.]

GM: Omega certainly is a Neptunian for the people, Bucky.

BW: Let's not start that garbage again, Gordo.

[Gordon chuckles but the fans' cheers for Omega soon turn to boos as Carpenter drills him with a cheapshot while distracted!]

GM: Ohh! Carpenter caught him good there - can't take your eyes off the Dogs of War, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely not. Recent bad stretch aside, the Dogs of War have been one of the AWA's most dominant teams of all time. Perhaps the greatest trio in the history of our sport.

[Carpenter lands a second blow and a third, sending Omega staggering backwards where Carpenter grabs him by the wrist...]

GM: Irish whip across... Carpenter with the clothesli- ducked by Omega!

[Omega keeps on running, hitting the far ropes and rebounding back towards Carpenter who doubles over for a backdrop...]

GM: Omega off the far side... leapfrog up and over Carpenter!

[...and he keeps on running, hitting the ropes again, building up more speed as he does...]

GM: Omega still on the move... UP AND DOWWWWWN WITH A CROSSBODY!

[Omega rolls off the flying tackle, back to his feet and back to the ropes as Carpenter scrambles up off the canvas...]

GM: Omega keeps on going... clothesline of his own... no, Carpenter front rolls under it!

[...and Carpenter comes up to his feet, twisting around as Omega rebounds back towards him...]

GM: Ohhh! Standing dropkick by Carpenter! Right on the button and down goes Omega... and he rolls all the way out to the floor, Bucky.

BW: Perfect execution on that one. There's a Wallace or two envious of that dropkick right about now.

[On his feet, Carpenter pumps an arm, looking out on the floor as Omega struggles to get to his feet, rubbing his jaw...]

GM: Omega's coming up off the floor which is exactly what Carpenter is waiting for!

[Carpenter races to the ropes, rebounding back, charging across towards Omega who is on the outside...]

GM: CARPENTER'S GONNA FLY!

[...but as Omega sees Carpenter running his way, Omega drops back down to his knees, ducking low under the apron...]

BW: What the...?!

[...and Carpenter comes to an abrupt halt, looking out with confusion...]

GM: Omega saw that big dive coming and he got himself out of Carpenter's landing zone!

[Carpenter glares down at the vacant spot he just about dove onto... and as he approaches the ropes, the expression on his face gets darker.]

BW: Where the heck is he?!

GM: Omega went under the ring, I think, Bucky! He dropped down to avoid the dive and I think he went under the ring!

BW: Good. Maybe there's a wormhole or something down there to get him back where he belongs.

GM: Oh ho... so you ARE a believer!

BW: We had a Hall of Famer mind controlled by a gem for two years... I guess some extraterrestrial freak being on the card is par for the course.

[Carpenter looks over the ropes to the floor, shaking his head. He throws up his arms, glaring at the official with a "WHERE DID HE GO?!" and gets a confused shrug from Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller.]

GM: Carpenter doesn't know where he went... the referee doesn't know where he went... where in the universe is Omega?

[Suddenly, the crowd erupts as their favorite Neptunian re-appears on the far side of the ring, striking his signature pose as Carpenter jerks around and spots him. He races towards the ropes, sliding under them to the outside...

...and gets a stiff uppercut by Omega, sending Carpenter stumbling backwards towards the timekeeper's table.]

GM: Omega caught him good there...

[And with a running start, Omega dashes towards the stunned Carpenter...

...who recovers enough to boost the running Omega up, sending him flying overhead...

...where he lands on his feet on the timekeeper's table to cheers!]

GM: Omega showing off his athleticism and-

[Carpenter angrily jerks around, ready to strike again...

...and gets a mule kick right to the mouth, sending him stumbling backwards again...]

GM: -oh ho! Hard shot there by Omega! Carpenter's gotta be thrown off by all this and...

[Omega gets a two-step run across the table before leaping into the air, snaring Carpenter's head and neck between his legs, and tossing him down with a flying rana to another big cheer!]

GM: OHHHH MY! Omega off the timekeeper's table onto Carpenter and this duo of Omega and Plemos has things well in hand so far in this one, fans!

[Omega pulls Carpenter up off the ringside mats, tossing him under the ropes into the ring. The fan favorite climbs up on the apron, striking his pose for the cheering Milwaukee crowd once more as Carpenter crawls across the ring...]

GM: Uh oh... and here comes trouble for Omega as Wade Walker makes the tag into this one.

BW: So much for fun and games, kid... try that with this guy and he'll eat your lunch.

[Walker steps into the ring, sneering as Omega plays to the crowd. The fan favorite still hasn't seen the in-ring exchange as he gives the Bradley Center fans a big thumbs up before ducking through the ropes... where he finds Wade Walker waiting for him.]

GM: Omega steps back against the ropes... this isn't what he had in mind.

BW: And the kid's gotta be careful in this one, Gordo. As much as Omega and Polemos want to win this one to really start that climb in the tag team division, Omega's also got a World Television Title Run The Rankings match in seven days on the Power Hour with "Golden" Grant Carter.

GM: Another big matchup for this young man for sure.

[Omega eyeballs Wade Walker a bit, Walker looking down on him coldly.]

GM: Omega's outsized in this one... gives up way too much power...

[Omega taps his temple a few times... and then slaps the offered hand behind him.]

GM: Smart move on the part of Omega and let's see how Wade Walker does when picking on someone his own size.

[The six foot ten inch Polemos swings a leg over the top rope, stepping into the ring to stare across at Walker who takes a reflexive step back from the bigger opponent as Omega slingshots over the top, landing on the apron with a whoop.]

GM: Polemos, the God of War, not afraid of going toe to toe with Wade Walker, Bucky.

BW: Nah, I'm pretty sure he'd prefer it.

[Walker surges forward, locking up with the 300 pounder, pushing back with all his strength...]

GM: Walker trying to force Polemos backwards...

[...but Polemos holds his ground before shoving Walker backwards, sending him down to the mat!]

GM: Ohhh! Big shove down by Polemos!

[And to the laughter of the crowd, Polemos swings his pale arms up in a double bicep pose.]

GM: And the big man showing off his muscles!

BW: What muscles? He's got the definition of a dull butter knife.

GM: But the power is there as we just saw.

[An embarrassed Walker scrambles to his feet, lunging in again, and this time he gets Polemos a little off-balance, using his former football skills to power the big man back against the ropes.]

GM: Referee Blue Shoes in there, looking for a break...

[And he gets one as Walker steps back and buries a right hand into the midsection... a second follows, doubling up Polemos as Walker clasps his hands together, letting loose a roar before crashing them down across the back!]

GM: ...and just like that, with three hard shots, Wade Walker puts Polemos down on all fours! Remember, twenty minute time limit in this featured tag team matchup as the #3 contenders to the tag titles try to push their way up the rankings.

BW: And that could happen too, Gordo. The #2 contenders are Kingsley and Sawyer and depending on how the Main Event goes tonight, there might be an opportunity for advancement.

[Walker pulls Polemos up with a handful of mask, laying in a heavy clubbing forearm across the chest that knocks the masked man back against the ropes again. Walker piefaces him, shoving his head back before landing a second forearm.]

GM: Such brutal impact behind those blows as the Dogs' powerhouse goes to work in there.

[Grabbing Polemos by the arm, Walker goes to whip him across...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by Polemos!

[...and as Walker hits the far side, Polemos turns slightly, lifting him up under his arm as he goes into a brief spin and DRIVES him down with a stunning side slam!]

GM: Side slam takes him down!

[Polemos slips into a lateral press, earning a two count before the Dogs' big man powers out.]

GM: Two count only off the slam...

[Polemos quickly brings Walker to his feet, drilling him with an uppercut to the chin that sends Walker stumbling across the ring towards the corner where Polemos slaps the offered hand of Omega.]

GM: ...and there's a tag for Omega... he's heading up, fans!

[Omega quickly moves to the top rope as Polemos grabs Walker by the arms, holding them behind him as Omega takes aim...]

GM: Off the top... and DOWN with a big forearm between the eyes!

[Polemos steps out as Omega grabs the staggering Walker, pulling him back to prevent a tag to a waiting Isaiah Carpenter.]

GM: Omega trying to cut the ring in half..

[Omega slaps Polemos' hand...]

GM: ...and another quick exchange... uh oh!



BW: The big man is going up!

[The Milwaukee crowd is buzzing with excitement as the near seven footer scales the ropes from the outside, stepping to the top...

...and leaps from his perch, throwing his arm out in a makeshift clothesline as Omega clears out of the way!]

GM: CLOTHESLINE OFF THE TOP!

[Polemos again covers Walker, again earning a two count as Omega departs the ring.]

GM: Another two count for Polemos and this match has NOT gone the way the Dogs of War were hoping so far.

[Polemos climbs to his feet, reaching out again...]

GM: And another tag! And these two have only been together as a unit for a few months now, Bucky, but I'm very impressed by the teamwork we're seeing so far.

[As Omega comes in, he grabs one arm on Walker as Polemos pulls him to his feet.]

GM: Double whip across...

[Omega throws himself at the feet of the rebounding Walker, forcing him to hurdle over him...

...where he gets knocked out of the sky by a Polemos boot to the chest!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Polemos vacates as Omega covers, again earning a two count before Walker powers out.]

GM: Another two count... and Omega and Polemos are rolling in this one.

[Omega turns to the crowd, striking his Omega pose before dashing to the ropes...

...where Isaiah Carpenter swings a knee up into the back!]

GM: OH, COME ON!

[The referee marches to the corner, warning Carpenter for the outside attack as Walker regains his feet, grabbing the staggering Omega, pressing him up...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVING him down in a standing spinebuster!]

GM: OH MY! Omega gets PLANTED by Walker thanks to the outside interference and that completely changes the momentum in this one, fans. Omega and Polemos... as I said moments ago... were absolutely rolling and looked en route to victory but that one sneak attack from the outside turns it around.

[Walker stumbles to the corner, angrily slapping the hand of Carpenter who slides out to center apron, grabbing the top rope with both hands before he slingshots into a somersault, bringing a leg down HARD across the sternum of Omega!]

GM: Ohhh! Carpenter connects with that one!

BW: All impact! Omega's done!

[Carpenter stays seated, leg on the chest as he demands a count...]

GM: Carpenter gets one... he gets two...

[...but Omega's shoulder pops up off the mat in time!]

GM: ...and only two. Omega kicks out and this match continues.

[Carpenter swings a leg over the downed Omega, grabbing him by the hair and driving a right hand down into the head... and another... and another...]

GM: Come on, referee! Those are clenched fists!

BW: Carpenter's taking out some of that embarrassment from early in the match on him.

[The referee does manage to dissuade Carpenter from continuing as he climbs off the mat, glaring down at Omega.]

GM: Carpenter pulling Omega up off the mat, perhaps looking to really pour it on now...

[A pair of short forearms has Omega reeling as Carpenter swoops in alongside him, muscling him up for a back suplex...

...and then spins out of it, dropping Omega across a bent knee!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BACKCRACKER! OH MY!

[Carpenter shoves Omega to the mat, diving across...]

GM: He's got one! He's got two! He's got- no! Out at two!

BW: That was close, Gordo. I thought he had him.

[Omega writhes in pain on the mat, cradling his lower back as Carpenter glares at the official.]

GM: Looks like Carpenter thought he had him there as well... and he makes the tag to Wade Walker. A double team on the way perhaps.

[Walker steps in, waving for Carpenter to pick Omega up off the mat and Carpenter quickly obliges, holding Omega in front of him by the hair. Walker pumps his powerful right arm, charging across the ring, leaping into the air...]

GM: SUPERMAAANNNNNNN...

[...and as Omega shifts position, he yanks Carpenter right into Walker's leaping punch!]

GM: ...OHHHHH! OMEGA TURNED THE TABLES ON CARPENTER AND MADE HIM PAY!

BW: Miscommunication on the part of the Dogs of War! You don't see that too often but this time, Omega takes advantage of it!

[Carpenter collapses to the mat, promptly rolling to the outside as Omega stumbles across the ring, flopping forward into...]

GM: TAG!

[Polemos swings his leg over the ropes, stepping in as Walker rushes him, fist flying...]

GM: Blocked by Polemos!

[...and Polemos responds with an uppercut shot that snaps Walker's head back, sending him staggering across the ring...]

GM: Polemos strikes hard... moving in on him, right hand... another... a third...

[Grabbing the dazed Walker by the arm, Polemos fires him across the ring and drops him with a clothesline on the rebound!]

GM: Clothesline connects! And down goes Wade Walker again!

[Polemos stands tall, lifting his right arm into the air for all to see, wiggling his fingers as the crowd goes wild...]

GM: And he's calling for the chokeslam, Bucky!

BW: If he hits it, it's over, daddy!

[...and as a dazed Walker regains his feet, Polemos surges forward to wrap his massive hand around the throat of Walker!]

GM: He's got him hooked! Dragging him out to the middle of the ring!

[But as Polemos prepares to slam Walker down, Isaiah Carpenter pulls himself up on the apron, springing off the top rope...]

GM: CARPENTER!

[...right into the other hand of Polemos to a HUUUUUUGE ROAR!]

GM: HE'S GOT 'EM BOTH! HE'S GOT 'EM BOTH!

[The crowd is absolutely going nuts as Polemos prepares for the double chokeslam on the dastardly duo!]

GM: Polemos sets in the middle of the ring and... ohh! The Dogs both driving a boot into the gut!

[The double strike allows the Dogs to regain advantage, wrapping up the 300 pounder into a pair of front facelocks...]

GM: Are you kidding me?! The Dogs setting up Polemos now and...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ...DOUBLE SUPLEX BY THE DOGS OF WARRRRR!

[Carpenter pops up, pumping his fist wildly as Walker shoves him, pointing him to the corner.]

GM: Carpenter's all sorts of fired up and Walker's trying to get him into the corner where... tag!

BW: He needed to make him legal... and up goes Carpenter again, climbing those turnbuckles... all the way to the top...

[Carpenter steps on the top rope, looking out on the AWA faithful...]

GM: FROG SPLASH!

[...and DRIVES his torso down onto the prone Polemos with a flying splash!]

BW: HE'S GOT HIM!

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OMEGA MAKES THE SAVE! JUST IN TIME!

[The diving Omega lands on the back of Carpenter, breaking up the pin. He quickly gets back to his feet, taking a verbal attack from the official as Wade Walker steps back in, barreling across the ring...]

GM: SPEA-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but Omega sidesteps the charging Walker, sending him sailing through the ropes to the outside!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED THE SPEAR!

[Omega pumps a fist as Carpenter gets up behind him, swinging him around by the shoulder...]

...and Omega ducks under a wildly-thrown right hand, ending up behind the off-balance Carpenter who turns...]

GM: DOUBLE CHOKE! DOUBLE CHOKE!

[...right into a hooked hand around the throat by both Omega and Polemos!]

GM: UP HE GOES...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ...AND DOWWWWWWWWN!

[Omega takes up a protective stance as Polemos covers Carpenter.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The double chokeslam puts down Isaiah Carpenter and picks up the win for the duo of Omega and Plemos who may find themselves breaking into the top contenders list with this win, Bucky.

BW: The Dogs of War continue to struggle just like they have for the past handful of months and... well, Gordo, we all heard what ownership had to say to these guys back during the Tribunals. They were told that their AWA contracts expire at Memorial Day Mayhem and if they can't get back on track by then, they might find themselves out of a job!

GM: The stakes continue to climb for the Dogs of War as they fall to defeat again here tonight and...

[Outside the ring, Wade Walker smashes his arms down on the ring apron, cutting off Gordon.]

GM: ...it looks like Wade Walker is showing some serious frustration out here.

[Walker pivots, giving a shout as he smashes his fists down on the timekeeper's table, sending the timekeeper and Rebecca Ortiz scurrying away. He grabs the ring bell, tossing it like a frisbee into the steel barricade!]

"CLAAAAANK!"

[He snatches up the chair that Rebecca Ortiz was sitting on, folding it up...]

BW: LOOK OUT!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"

GM: OH! HE HIT THE POST!

[A furious Walker unloads with the chair on the ringpost...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"

[...and then angrily chucks the badly-dented chair aside, letting loose another anguished roar as he glares up into the ring where Carpenter is on a knee, looking out at his enraged partner.]

GM: My word! Wade Walker losing all control out here on the outside... and you've gotta think things are at an all-time low for the Dogs of War at this point in time, Bucky.

BW: It's hard to imagine them getting much lower than this, Gordo.

GM: On the other hand, Omega is flying high heading into his Run The Rankings match next weekend in Atlanta against the man standing by with comments right now - "Golden" Grant Carter!

[We cut to the backstage area where "Golden" Grant Carter is standing in a pair of glittering golden pants with a matching vest over a well-tanned torso. A pair of mirrored gold sunglasses are on his face as he looks into the camera. Mark Steglet is by his side.]

MS: "Golden" Grant Carter, you saw it yourself right there as your opponent next weekend, Omega, picks up the win over the Dogs of War!

[Carter nods.]

GGC: With a very big assist from his very big friend, Marky Mark.

[Stegglet nods in acknowledgement.]

GGC: But that doesn't take a single bit away from what he did tonight. Omega is a great competitor and a heckuva young man and I can't wait to Run The Rankings with him next weekend. The way I see it, Mark, is that everywhere you look in the world these days, you've got bullies. In the real world... on the Internet... there are bullies everywhere you go.

So, it's good for ol' GGC's soul to see a kid like Omega stand up to some big, bad bullies and put 'em down.

[Stegglet pulls the mic back.]

MS: It's obvious you have all the respect in the world for Omega, GGC... is that going to be a problem when you face him on the Power Hour next weekend?

[Carter smirks.]

GGC: Spoken like someone who has never been in the ring. Because if you had, Mark... if you've competed at the highest levels this sport has to offer... then you'd know that the highest respect you can show an opponent is to give 'em everything you've got and that's exactly what I plan on doing at the Power Hour. It's gonna be him. It's gonna be me. And one of us is going to keep on runnin' those rankings, right on up to Atlas Armstrong with big visions of winnin' big gold dancin' through our heads. We've both got our eyes on Odin Gunn... we've got our eyes on that World Television Title... but before we get to it, we gotta go through each other, Mark.

[Carter pulls his sunglasses down his nose a little, looking over them into the camera.]

GGC: And that's exactly what we're gonna do!

[Carter grins, nudging the glasses back into place as he turns to exit.]

MS: You heard it here, fans, "Golden" Grant Carter planning to pull no punches when he meets Omega next weekend right here on ESPN on the Power Hour in the Run The Rankings challenge! We'll be right back!

[Fade to black...

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

#When you wish..#

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

#...upon a star#

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

#Makes no difference who you are...#

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

#Anything your...#

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

#...heart desires will...#

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

#...come to you.#

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

"Ryan Martinez, you and..."

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

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

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

RM: I'm going to Disneyland!

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

And then fading back up to a panning shot of the sold out Bradley Center crowd. The fans are cheering themselves being on screen as we cut to a closeup of some young women holding up replica Women's Championship belts - available at [AWAShop.com](http://AWAShop.com) - and squealing loudly...

...and then we pan over to "Sweet" Lou Blackwell, standing in the ring with a microphone in hand. Standing behind him, we see Ayako Fujiwara. The Olympic Gold medalist is dressed in an emerald green, spaghetti strap floral print dress with tropical flowers in various shades of mauve, red, peach and white. Over her dress, Ayako wears a black bomber jacket with ribbed cuffs, hem, and collar.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, I'm standing here with Ayako Fujiwara! Ayako, as we know, Molly Bell was scheduled to be your tag team for the AWA Women's World Tag Team Title tournament, but no thanks to the actions of La Ardilla and La Lutra Nippon, she will be unable to compete due to a concussion. You've been allowed to name a replacement, so who's it gonna be?

[Ayako steps forward, as the crowd cheers in anticipation.]

AF: Thank you, Blackwell-san. Molly will recover and be back to take care of those two miscreants. Until then, though, I'm excited to announce that my tag team partner will be...

... Kimmy Bailey!

["Only Shallow" by My Bloody Valentine starts to play as Kimmy Bailey walks from the entrance, a little surprised by the ovation from the crowd. She points to herself, mouthing "me? Y'all are cheerin' for me?", shaking her head with a grin. She's almost a polar opposite to Ayako, wearing a blue UCLA crop top hoodie with the sleeves rolled up to her elbows, and jeans that seem to be more holes and frays than actual denim, along with black Converse Chuck Taylor sneakers.]

GM: This is a surprise pick for sure! Kimmy Bailey, the second-generation rookie out of North Carolina, will be the one to substitute for Molly Bell in the Women's World Tag Team Title Tournament!

BW: I don't get this one, Gordo! I would have thought that Ayako would've picked this kid's mother! Or maybe gone with one of her old teammates from Japan! I bet Juan Vasquez is behind this, maybe he slipped Ayako some payola to get this kid a spot!

GM: Oh, I don't believe that for a moment.

[Kimmy climbs into the ring, shaking "Sweet" Lou's hand and nodding towards Ayako, who firmly nods back as the music fades. Sweet Lou looks surprised as the crowd's cheers reduce to a murmur.]

SLB: This certainly comes from out of left field, Ayako! I'm sure I'm not the only one who wonders why you would choose a rookie over a more experienced partner.

[Ayako looks at Kimmy and nods, as if giving her a signal. Kimmy steps forward, looking determined.]

KB: Now I know I ain't exactly my mama, "Sweet" Lou, this is some real deep waters to go swimmin' in. Fortunately...

[Kimmy grins and points at Ayako.]

KB: Ayako knows just how good I can swim, because the ones who taught me are some of the same ones who taught her. She's been with me in the gym ever since I came back from Japan to see the kind of work I can put in, too. If Ayako's goin' to put faith in me, then I'm goin' to pay it back by helpin' get her to those belts.

[The crowd cheers, but Sweet Lou still looks skeptical.]

SLB: I'm sure you have plenty of talent, but in a tournament full of veterans and former champions, there will certainly be doubts that you can keep up.

[Ayako smiles.]

AF: Blackwell-san, instead of explaining why I chose Kimmy, why don't we show you.

[Ayako slips off her bomber jacket and takes a wide stance, placing her hands on her hips and jutting out her chest.]

AF: Give me a chop, Kimmy.

KB: You got it.

[Kimmy rubs her hands together.]



KB: How bad do you want? Fifty percent? Give 'em a taste?

[Ayako gives a slight shake of the head.]

AF: Give me one hundred percent.

[Kimmy blinks and her jaw drops a little.]

KB: You sure about that?

[Ayako repeats herself, this time in a firmer tone of voice.]

AF: ONE HUNDRED PERCENT.

[Kimmy's eyes light up.]

KB: Oh baby! Okay!

[Kimmy winds up her arm...]

"SMMMMMMMMMMAAAAAAAAAAAAAACCCCCCKKKKKKKK!!!!!"

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!"

[...and she delivers a massive, stiff chop across Ayako's chest, causing a loud crack that echoes through the arena. The crowd gasps in shock as Lou jumps and fumbles his microphone at the brutality of the blow, dropping it to the ground. Shockingly, miraculously... Ayako took the horrific blow in full and remains standing where she was, seemingly not even registering a bit of pain!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: Holy heck, that could've knocked down a redwood!

[As the crowd is still buzzing over the chop, Lou picks his microphone off the ground.]

SLB: Whoa! That was one of the hardest chops I've ever seen! Ayako, are you okay?

[Ayako nods, looking unbothered, as we see a bright red handprint quickly forming on her chest from the impact of the chop.]

AF: I'm fine, Blackwell-san. But I hope that cleared up any doubts. You want to know why I chose Kimmy Bailey as my tag team partner?

THAT is exactly why I chose Kimmy as my partner.

[The crowd cheers as Ayako raises Kimmy's hand into the air and the two stand together, looking ready to take on any challengers in the AWA World Tag Team Title tournament. They walk off as we cut out to Gordon and Bucky seated at ringside.]

GM: A big piece of breaking news dropped in our laps right there with the announcement that Molly Bell is out and Kimmy Bailey is in! It'll be Kimmy Bailey teaming with Ayako Fujiwara to take part in the Women's World Tag Team Title tournament. And that team will take on the Country Punks in the first round next weekend on the Power Hour.

BW: The Power Hour continues to sign some of the biggest matches around, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely. In addition to that... in addition to seeing the Serpentes meet Harley Hamilton and Cinder in the other first round match, we also know we'll be seeing Betty Chang take on Casey Cash on the Power Hour next weekend.

BW: The Run The Rankings gauntlet will continue too when Omega goes one-on-one with "Golden" Grant Carter.

GM: Can't wait to see that one as the winner moves on to face the #2 contender to the World Television Title, Atlas Armstrong, in the very near future.

BW: Tell 'em about the match that just got signed!

GM: Just moments ago, it was made official that one-half of the World Tag Team Champions, Daniel Harper, will be heading to Atlanta to face someone who he crossed paths with earlier tonight - Takeshi Mifune! A fully loaded lineup coming up in Atlanta next weekend and believe me, fans, you do NOT want to miss it!

[And with that, we fade out to the parking lot, where a black car with tinted windows has pulled up.]

GM: What's this now?

[The camera gets closer to the car, pushing in enough so that the camera's lens is able to pierce the tinting to show the darkened interior.

Inside the car, the hand of an unseen figure is typing a message into a cellphone. We see only two things. The recipient of the message is identified only as "R". The message simply reads:

"Too late. I'm here now. We're going to talk."

As the phone gets tucked away, our cameraman backpedals away, clearing out as the door of the car opens and a foot steps out. We don't see the person, but as the camera shot pulls back further, we now see the license plate on the car. The South Carolina plate.

"VNGNCE"

...and we fade back out to the ring where we can see Rebecca Ortiz is standing and she's not alone.]

GM: Bucky, any comments on what we just saw?

BW: Nope, not a one.

GM: I'm guessing you're thinking that's who I'm thinking it is.

BW: Probably... and the last time we got involved with that individual...

GM: A fair point. Well, we're going to not-so-subtly shift gears here and toss this one up to Rebecca!

[Rebecca raises the microphone in hand.]

RO: The following contest here on Saturday Night Wrestling is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from Kansas City, Missouri... weighing in at 264 pounds... COLE CLAYTON!

[A grizzled middle-aged man with dark slicked back hair, a well-groomed beard and moustache, and a pair of red trunks with "CC" written in white script across the rump jerks a thumb at himself as the crowd jeers...

...and Rebecca continues.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The lights dim as the light tinkling of heavily synthesized music begins to play over the loudspeakers, an image is projected onto the video screen above the entrance. On top are the words "White Knight" with a golden sword graphic plunged through the middle of the two swords.]

RO: ...from Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 255 pounds...

[The synth music gives way to heavy percussion as many in the crowd start clapping and stomping in rhythm... and the familiar lyrics begin, those same fans belting them out as a single chorus.]

#THIS IS A CALL TO ARMS, GATHER SOLDIERS  
TIME TO GO TO WAR#

[On the lyric, Ryan Martinez walks out onto the elevated stage, looking out on the cheering crowd with a grin. Martinez wears an off-white, cream colored satin jacket, black trim at the wrists and neck. Over his heart are stitched the letters "RM" in gold lettering, and as the camera circles around him, we see there is a golden logo on the back of a pair of swords crossed over a shield, all done in gold on a red background.]

RO: ...he is the former AWA WORRRRRRLD CHAMMMMPIONNNNN...

...THE WHITE KNIGHT...

...RYYYYYYYYANNNNNNNNNN MARRRRRRRTIIIIINEZZZZZZZZ!

[The cheers get louder as Martinez starts the walk down the aisle to the ring, the Milwaukee crowd paying tribute to the Most Popular Wrestler of 2017 as he reaches out to slap the occasional hand.]

GM: It's a rare treat for the AWA faithful to see Ryan Martinez in action here on Saturday Night Wrestling and these fans in Milwaukee are letting him know just how much they appreciate it tonight.

BW: What?! I can barely hear you!

[Gordon chuckles as Martinez climbs up the ringsteps.]

GM: Former two-time World Champion. The men who led the AWA against the likes of the Axis, the Wise Men, and Korugun... and now he wonders what's next.

BW: Tonight, Cole Clayton is next.

[Inside the ring, Martinez gives a tug of the ropes, stretching out as his opponent eyeballs him hungrily from across the ring.]

GM: And when you talk about opportunities, this is a big one for a journeyman in this business - Cole Clayton. Clayton's been working all over the world for the past fifteen years and is a talented competitor but he's just never been able to get that big break, Bucky.

BW: He hasn't... but a win over the two-time former World Champion Ryan Martinez would change his fortunes forever.

GM: Absolutely. So you know Clayton's going to be on his A game here tonight in Milwaukee.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[At the sound of the bell, Clayton comes dashing out of the corner towards Martinez' exposed back...]

GM: FROM BEHIND!

[...but as Martinez jerks around, ready to strike, Clayton pulls up short, a smirk on his face as he taps at his temple arrogantly.]

GM: Martinez was ready for him... but Clayton was ready for him too!

BW: Clayton's seen every trick in the book and has pulled most of 'em too. He's not some nine to five looking for a weekend payday in there with Martinez. This is a pro's pro.

[Martinez smiles at Clayton's arrogance, nodding his head as he edges towards him, lunging into a collar and elbow tieup.]

GM: Tieup by the former champion who came out here two weeks ago and discussed his next path here in the AWA.

BW: No wars to fight and Martinez almost seemed sad about it.

GM: I don't think the White Knight is sad about it at all... side headlock applied by Clayton... but I do think that after fending off the assaults of the Wise Men... of the Axis... of Korugun... Martinez has become a man who looks for the next big challenge in front of him and right now, he's got none.

BW: Derrick Williams will be glad to hear it.

GM: Well, obviously Williams is a challenge... Martinez backs to the ropes here, shoving Clayton off... but Williams is a challenge of a different sort, right? He's a one-on-one physical challenge... drop down, up and over goes Clayton... not a company-wide threat to all we know and love...

[As Martinez drops down a second time, Clayton again stops short, dropping an elbow on the back of Martinez' head!]

GM: Ohh! The veteran comes out on top of that one... quick cover now!

[Clayton's attempt at the upset ends in a one count as Martinez kicks out swiftly.]

GM: Out at one is Martinez... and look at Clayton now!

[Trying to take advantage of the rare miscue, Clayton is on his feet putting the boots to Martinez as the Milwaukee crowd jeers.]

GM: Cole Clayton trying to seize the moment here in this one... winds up and drops another elbow down into the sternum of the White Knight!

[Clayton covers again, getting another one count before Martinez kicks out.]

BW: Another one count... and Gordo, with Martinez talking about the lack of a path in front of him, there's been chatter online about if he might look to follow in his legendary father's footsteps and test out the waters of Hollywood.

GM: Hmm. It's a hard thing to imagine - an AWA without Ryan Martinez.

BW: It's a hard thing to imagine an AWA without Gordon Myers too but we're a month away from that happening.

GM: A fair point.

[Clayton pulls the White Knight up with two hands full of hair, tossing him back into the corner where he drives the toe of his boot into the midsection.]

BW: But right now, his mind's definitely not on Hollywood - it's on wondering why he took this match against such a tough veteran as Cole Clayton who is really working him over in the corner.

[Clayton grabs the arm, giving it a twist before whipping the two-time World Champion from corner to corner...]

GM: Shoots him across... coming in after him!

[With his arms overhead for a running hammer blow, Clayton comes barreling in towards the waiting Martinez...

...who leans back at the last moment, swinging a boot up into Clayton's stampeding path!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MARTINEZ GETS THE BOOT UP!

[Clayton goes stumbling backwards as Martinez lowers his leg, trying to gather himself...

...and Clayton storms in a second time!]

GM: In comes Clayto- OHHH!

[Martinez sidesteps this time, rolling out of the corner as Clayton slams chestfirst into the buckles, staggering blindly backwards into a rear waistlock...]

GM: Martinez hooks him up and...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ...DRIVES HIM DOWWWWN!

[The released German Suplex puts Clayton down on the back of the head and neck as Martinez comes off the canvas, a determined expression on his face as he looks out on the cheering crowd.]

GM: And there's a reason, Bucky, that this man holds the record for the longest World Title reign in this company's history - an astounding 444 days. Nobody else even comes close to that.

BW: There's no denying that he's one of the best in the world, Gordo. You'd have to be a fool to deny it.

GM: And as much as he wants to stand back and see Supernova enjoy his moment as the World Champion, you have to wonder if an also-record setting third title reign isn't somewhere in his mind. Four men have held that title twice - Martinez, Johnny Detson, Dave Bryant, and Martinez' good friend, Supreme Wright. Who will be the first to hold it a third time?

[As Clayton comes to his feet, he finds Martinez waiting on him with a stiff forearm shot to the jaw that sends the veteran staggering backwards, flopping back into the corner where Martinez squares up as the crowd urges him on...]

GM: And we've seen this plenty of times, Bucky, but it never gets old!

[Martinez looks out over the sea of fans filling the Bradley Center, soaking in the cheers, and then with a nod, cuts loose!]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

GM: MACHINE GUN CHOPS!

[Martinez pauses, taking a breath, as the fans chant for more. Ever a man of the people, young Ryan obliges. This time, the barrage of chops is slower, as is the fans' chant.]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

[Martinez finally steps back, allowing Clayton to stagger out of the corner before collapsing on his rapidly-reddening chest.]

GM: Down goes Clayton off some of the hardest chops in our sport... and you get the feel that it's only a matter of time now for the White Knight as he looks to finish off Cole Clayton and kick off his 2018 in high style.

[The former World Champion looks around at the sold out arena, a grin on his face as he makes a gesture with his arms.]

GM: And don't look now, Cole Clayton, but your night may be on the verge of coming to a high impact and abrupt end!

[Martinez grabs Clayton by the wrist, pulling him up to his feet and right into a front facelock...]

GM: Martinez hooks him... looking out on this sold out crowd...

[...and hoists Clayton up into the air, holding him straight up and down for all to see...]

GM: Martinez letting him think about it a little annnnnnd...

[...and then DROPS down, spiking Clayton on top of his skull on the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ...DOWWWWWWN WITH THE BRAINBUSTER!

[Martinez slips over into the lateral press, pushing up off the canvas, staring into the camera as he holds up his fingers to count along...]

GM: Forget about this one, Bucky.

BW: No doubt.

GM: And there's the three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Your winner is Ryan Mart-

[But Gordon is cut off by the sudden and abrupt arrival of Ultra Commando 3 and the Golden Grappler coming into the ring. The Commando is wielding a steel chair and is swinging before Martinez is even on his feet...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and connects across the shoulderblades, sending Martinez flopping over onto his stomach!]

GM: What the...?!

BW: Masks For Money are here... FOR MONEY!

GM: What are you talking about now?!

BW: They were on the Power Hour and said they were coming to Milwaukee to cash in a contract - they'd been hired to take someone out and that's exactly what they're trying to do right now!

GM: It was Ryan Martinez?! The White Knight?!

BW: Of course it was! Isn't that obvious at this point?!

[The Grappler pulls Martinez off the mat by the hair, holding his arms back as the larger Ultra Commando hammers down blows between the eyes, having set his steel chair down on the mat.]

GM: We've got a two on one here! Masks For Money apparently have been hired to come for Ryan Martinez here tonight in Milwaukee but... why? Who the heck would do this?!

BW: We just got done talking about all the wars Martinez has fought over the years here in the AWA. His enemy list is longer than the line for the bathroom on chili dog night at the Rusty Spur!

GM: This isn't a time for jokes, Bucky - we've got an out and out assault on our hands!

[The Grappler drags Martinez off the mat, burying a boot into the gut followed by a pair of downward elbows across the back of the neck as Ultra Commando 3 goes to retrieve his steel chair off the mat...]

GM: One masked man grabbing that chair again as the other... ohh! Hard knee to the midsection by the Golden Grappler! This is ridiculous, Bucky!

BW: It may be ridiculous but it's also effective and-

[The crowd cheers as the referee steps in to try to stop Ultra Commando 3 from getting the chair.]

GM: Thank heavens for Andy Dawson here who gets involved and-

[But the Commando grabs Dawson by the hair, promptly chucking him through the ropes to the outside to big jeers!]

GM: OH, COME ON! That's gonna earn a big fine for the Commando, Bucky!

BW: Sure will. Which means they gotta be getting paid a whole lot of money for the Commando to not care about that fine!

[Grabbing the chair off the mat, the masked man turns back towards a struggling Martinez who is trying to get free from the Grappler's grasp...

...and gets the edge of the chairback driven into his midsection!]

GM: Ohh! Ultra Commando 3 going downstairs with that chair and... look out here...

[The Grappler grabs the wrist, whipping Martinez across the ring and then reaching out to grab the end of the chair so that the burly duo is holding the chair between them...]

GM: ...both men with the chair and...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and using it in an unusual type of clothesline, they drive the steel into Martinez' upper body, sending him back down to the canvas in a heap as the Milwaukee crowd lets them have it!]

GM: ...Martinez gets taken down again! Gah!

[The Commando steps back as the Grappler puts the boots to the downed Martinez, the crowd's desperation getting louder as they urge Martinez to battle back...]

GM: The Grappler putting the boots to him and-

[And suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Jack Lynch and Supreme Wright charging out of the backstage area, charging down the aisle towards the ring trailed closely behind by Next Gen, Jordan Ohara, Shadoe Rage, and a handful of other AWA fan favorites.]

GM: -and here comes some help for the White Knight!



[The sudden shift in the odds sees Masks For Money abandon ship, bailing from the ring as Lynch and Wright get there first, the former fuming as he shouts a few words down at the masked men.]

GM: Earlier tonight, we saw Ryan Martinez come to the aid of Jack Lynch... and now it's Martinez' friends coming to help him out perhaps just in time to save the former World Champion from serious damage being done.

[The Iron Cowboy helps his best friend to a sitting position, shaking his head as he slaps a hand down on his shoulder. Martinez winces as he grabs at his jaw, a puzzled expression on his face.]

GM: And Ryan Martinez looks just as confused as I feel right now, Bucky. I don't get this at all.

BW: Money and a thirst for vengeance make for strange bedfellows, Gordo. I don't know who put the price on Martinez' head but I know he's got plenty of people in his history who might want to.

GM: Fans, we're going to take a quick break and hopefully when we come back, we can get to the bottom of all this. We'll be right back.

[Wright helps Martinez to his feet, a confused look on his face as Shadoe Rage places a hand on his shoulder..

...and we fade to black.

And fade back up on a sepia shot of an empty Center Stage Studios, slowly panning across the bleacher seats with the flags of nations around the world hanging behind them....

...up onto the elevated stage where an announce table and an interview podium are set up...

...and then down onto the ring... all in silence until...]

#I've got the power#

[Snap's "The Power" begins to play as the footage instantly colorizes as we pop into a jam-packed Center Stage Studios where the fans are shouting and waving their arms...]

#Like the crack of the whip, I "Snap!" attack#

[...to footage from a Power Hour show of Atlas Armstrong pressing a helpless foe overhead before tossing them down to the mat...]

#Front to back, in this thing called rap#

[...to Omega diving off the top rope to the floor with a crossbody...]

#Dig it like a cymbal, rhyme devil on the heavenly level#

[...to Alexander Kingsley and Curt Sawyer putting the boots to a victim...]

#Bang the bass, turn up the treble#

[...to Victoria June planting an opponent with her front powerslam...]

#Radical mind, day and night all the time#

[...to Whaitiri wrecking someone with a running spear...]

#7:14 a.m., wise, divine#

[...to Odin Gunn planting someone with a reverse chokeslam...]

#Maniac brainiac, winnin' the game#

[...to the Peach Pits posing on the ramp...]

#I'm the lyrical Jesse James#

[....to Sandra Hayes shoving Theresa Lynch off the elevated stage...]

#Oh-oh-oh-oh, oh-oh-oh, yeah, yeah, yeah-eah#

[...to Molly Bell swiping at a cameraman...]

#Oh-oh-oh-oh, oh-oh-oh, yeah, getting kinda heavy#

[...to a wide shot of the stage with the AWA Power Hour logo spinning on the television monitors...]

#I've got the power (power, power)#

[...and as the final lyric echoes out, the footage is replaced by the same logo on the screen, promoting the Power Hour on your TV screen every other Saturday night on ESPN...]

We fade to black...

...and then fade back up backstage where Mariah Wolfe is standing with Whaitiri. The former World Television Champion is scowling, an unusual look for the handsome half-Māori. The look in his dark eyes is intense and focused.]

MW: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling... and welcome to my guest at this time, Whaitiri. Whaitiri, just a week ago, on Power Hour, you were set to receive your rematch with our current World Television Champion, Odin Gunn, when you were attacked by unknown assailants, resulting in that championship opportunity going to Billy Givens. I can't imagine any of that sits well with you.

W: Kira ora Mariah. And no, it doesn't sit well. But we need to get one thing clear. It wasn't "unknown" assailants that attacked me from behind and put a dozen stitches in the back of my skull...

...it was the Desperadoes...

[Wolfe nods, maybe a hint of surprise on her face.]

MW: You saw your attackers? I thought there were no witnesses?

W: No, I didn't see them. But I know it was them? Who else could it be? If you're talking about low down, dirty snakes that hit someone from behind because they know they can't beat you face to face...

Well, doesn't that sound like the Desperadoes to you?

[Wolfe nods again.]

MW: You do have a long history with Odin Gunn and the Desperadoes.

W: And every story in that history ends in one of two ways – either they came at me in a straight fight and I beat them.

Or they double, or triple team me and hit me from behind and they win.

But I'm way past the point of having had enough, and I'm done waiting for them to make the first move.

So starting tonight...

[Just then, we see Curly Bill shuffling into view. The leader and voice of The Desperadoes removes his black Stetson hat in the presence of Mariah Wolfe and nods at her.]

CB: Ma'am.

[And then at Whitiri, with a gleam in his eye.]

CB: Ma'am.

[Whitiri takes a step forward, but restrains himself. Curly Bill chuckles.]

CB: I knew you didn't have it in ya' to take a swing at me. Just like I know ya' didn't have it in ya' to take on Odin Gunn at Power Hour. The stench of poultry is all over you!

[Whitiri looks shocked.]

W: ... What?

CB: I'm callin' you a chicken, boy! A coward! Are ya' slow or something? You can make up all the excuses you want, but if there's one thing certain in this world, it's the fact we didn't touch a single hair on that delicate head of yours!

[Whitiri seems about to respond when Wolfe beats him to it.]

MW: Are you saying that The Desperadoes weren't responsible for the attack on Whitiri?

CB: That's exactly what I'm sayin'! Why would Odin Gunn, YOUR AWA Television Champion, the man who has bloodied, beaten, brutalized, victimized and dang near ATOMIZED this man here, need to stoop so low as to attack him from behind? You're not foolin' anybody, kid! That streak of yellow running down your back and poolin' in the front of your drawers is obvious to everyone! You didn't wanna face Odin Gunn that night or ANY night! 'Cause yer a coward!

[Whitiri shakes his head with disgust.]

W: Ridiculous. I will face Odin Gunn anytime and anywhere and I will regain the AWA Television title!

[Webb smirks.]

CB: What's ridiculous is that we're still coddlin' a whiny little baby like you! Wah! Wah! I got a lil' boo-boo! I hit my head on the floor tryin' to run away from Odin Gunn as fast as I could and now I'm cryin' conspiracy! Waaahhhh! The fact is, a disgraceful coward like you-

[Curly Bill pokes Whaitiri in the chest as he's ranting. Having heard enough, Whaitiri hauls off... and blasts the grizzled cowboy in the jaw, knocking him over, before walking away!]

MW: Oh my gosh! Are you okay?

[Seated on the floor, Curly Bill holds the side of his jaw where Whaitiri struck him, screaming bloody murder.]

CB: YA SAW IT DIDN'T YOU? HE JUST HIT ME! HE HIT ME, A DEFENSELESS OLD MAN! HE DID IT 'CAUSE HE'S A DAMN COWARD! A COWARD!!!

[Mariah Wolfe sighs, turning away from Curly Bill, who remains seated on the floor, shouting and cursing.]

MW: You're just fine. Back to you guys in the arena.

[Fade back out to ringside.]

GM: Quite a scene here in Milwaukee where Whaitiri just laid out "Curly" Bill Webb after Webb denied that the Desperadoes had anything to do with Whaitiri being attacked last week on the Power Hour, taking him out of his scheduled title match with TV Champion Odin Gunn - do you believe him, Bucky?

BW: What I believe is that Whaitiri might've just signed his own death warrant, Gordo! Do you believe that Odin Gunn and the Texas Ranger are gonna stand for seeing their manager attacked like that?

GM: You would have to imagine that some form of retribution is coming for the blue chipper, Whaitiri... but maybe that's what he's looking for, Bucky. For these guys to come right at him!

BW: Then he's dumber than he looks and I didn't think that was possible.

GM: Would you stop?! Bucky, I don't know if-

[Suddenly, Gordon's cut off by the sounds of "Who's The King?" by Dog Eat Dog playing over the PA system to a mixed reaction from the Milwaukee crowd.]

GM: Well, we knew this was going to happen at some point tonight. Brian Lau showed up at Super Saturday two weeks ago and made it clear that he planned to be here tonight to confront his former charge, Tiger Claw.

BW: Presumably former, Gordo. When you get that Mark of the Beast on ya, you're Syndicate for life. Those two are eternally tied together and while they've had their differences over the years, they've always found their way back together.

GM: But after Tiger Claw's actions at SuperClash... his shocking betrayal of his longtime partner... his friend... his brother, Casey James... the tension between Lau and Claw may be at an all-time high.

[Brian Lau steps out at the head of the ramp, completely devoid of his usual energy when this song plays. Gone is his usual entourage of no less than six. Instead, he seems to be spending all his energy on keeping his cool.]

GM: Brian Lau looks like he's got a lot on his mind right now.

BW: His Syndicate family is falling apart before his eyes, Gordo. You know, we've seen Brian Lau as part of the AWA off and on for a while now... with Brian James...

with the James Gang... with the Kings of Wrestling... but in his heart... at his core... he's Syndicate until the end.

GM: But is the end staring him right in the face? As we were just saying, Tiger Claw betrayed his long time friend and tag partner, Casey "Blackheart" James in a vicious attack at SuperClash... an attack that has the Blackheart's career in question. He may not be able to come back, Bucky.

BW: Lau wants some answers... I gotta be honest, so do I.

GM: You and everyone else here in the arena tonight. We were hoping to get to the bottom of it two weeks ago when Tiger Claw addressed the crowd... but all we got at Super Saturday was Claw shocking the world a second time by...

BW: Kicking Brian James to the curb?

GM: That's not exactly how I'd put it... and we know that Lau has a special bond with Brian James as well so that just managed to make him even more upset.

[Lau steps through the ropes, mic in hand, looking out on the buzzing crowd.]

GM: Let's hear what the only manager in the Pro Wrestling Hall of Fame has to say!

[As the music fades, Lau gets right down to business.]

BL: Okay, you all know why I'm out here. I want answers.

[The crowd cheers in agreement.]

BL: Tiger Claw, get out here and explain yourself!

[The Milwaukee crowd roars for Lau's demand, eager to hear the explanation behind Claw's actions themselves.]

GM: Lau wasting no time in calling out his friend and-

[Feedback tears through the arena's PA system as the pounding opening riff of Machine Head's "Ten Ton Hammer" immediately turns the cheers for Lau into overwhelming boos for the man who is arguably the most dangerous man in professional wrestling.]

GM: As I was saying, Brian Lau wasted no time in calling out Tiger Claw... and likewise, Tiger Claw wastes no time responding! Here he comes!

BW: Punctuality may be a virtue, Gordo, but I'm not sure how many other virtues Tiger Claw has. Loyalty sure seemed to go out the window at SuperClash last year.

GM: Tiger Claw and Casey James have been allies for... what? Over twenty years.

BW: There aren't a lot of relationships that can last that long... but I sure thought that one would.

[Lau swings an arm at the ramp, shouting "GET DOWN HERE!" just before Tiger Claw emerges onto the stage to a huge explosion of loud boos!]

GM: There he is now. Former World Champion. Hall of Famer. A man that many have called perhaps the most dangerous man to ever step inside a professional wrestling ring.

[Claw is dressed in a black suit and tie that's so sharp you could make a shaved cold cut sandwich with it. He pauses there for a moment, seeming to revel in the negative reaction. This is Tiger Claw, though, so the moment is brief. The time for business is now. Savor the moment later.]

GM: Claw looks rather professional this evening.

BW: I'm not used to seeing him in a suit, Gordo.

GM: Even in a dress suit, he looks like he could choke out any man who crosses his path.

[Claw casually walks down the aisle, the boos from the crowd having no effect whatsoever on him. He simply watches Lau in the ring with the slightest smirk on his face. This just seems to upset Lau in the ring even more who impatiently waves his arm again.]

GM: Claw is taking his time walking down to the ring... He knows exactly what he's doing here.

[Reaching ringside, Claw grabs a microphone from the timekeeper's table, stepping over to the steel steps, looking up at Lau who angrily is pacing back and forth. Claw waits a few more moments before climbing the stairs, ducking through the ropes into the ring as his music starts to fade.]

GM: It's time for our moment of tru-

[Lau angrily speaks.]

BL: I'm pretty pissed right now, Claw!

[The crowd ROARS at Lau's emotions on display, still pacing a bit as Claw simply shrugs in a way that says, "Fair enough."]

GM: Goodness.

BW: Our seven second guy better have a hair trigger tonight. These two came up in an era where all bets were off when you had a live mic in your hand.

[Lau pauses, shaking his head in disbelief.]

BL: At SuperClash, you betrayed a friend...

[He pauses again.]

BL: ...no, you betrayed a brother!

[Lau stabs an accusing finger into the air, pointing at Claw who does not respond.]

BL: You betrayed one of the only people who can stand being in the same room as you for... I don't even know why you did it. The money? A million dollars?

[Claw's former manager looks stunned at him, waiting for a response...

...but gets none, shrugging as he continues.]

BL For a million dollar bounty, I guess, you set Casey James on fire, causing burns on his face, scalp, and chest...

And then you fractured his larynx.

[Lau glares at Claw who still has yet to respond, a stoic expression on his face at the accusation.]

BL: That's what they said at the hospital, which you wouldn't know because you weren't there.

The paramedics said that... that if it was any worse...

[Lau pauses, emotion in his voice.]

BL: Claw, if it was any worse, they would have had to CUT A HOLE IN HIS THROAT... so he could breathe...

[The crowd buzzes at this revelation. The look on Lau's face shows the emotions he's going through... but Claw's expression reveals nothing. Cold. Stoic. Hard. Lau waits... seemingly expecting a response... but with no reaction, he keeps going.]

BL: His career might be done!

He'll be lucky to SPEAK again thanks to you...

[He throws up his hands.]

BL: Then you basically turn your back on your star pupil without any explanation whatsoever. You walked in and stomped on BJ's soul, Claw, and you did it with the nonchalance of ordering a pizza. It's like you decided out of nowhere that you're now enemies with everyone who gives a crap about you.

[Brian pauses, not for effect, but because he looks like he's having a difficult time maintaining his composure... The mic in his hand shakes...]

BL: How in the hell could you do this? And to just dismiss it afterwards, like it didn't happen... No explanation... So cold... The money doesn't cover this cruelty.

[Claw stays silent, glaring at his former manager.]

BL: At the very least, I need you to explain yourself to me!

[Lau steps closer, his eyes burning with anger.]

BL: I BROUGHT YOU INTO THIS BUSINESS, DAMN IT! I DESERVE AN ANSWER!

[Nothing. Lau shakes his head again.]

BL: WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU?!

[Lau reaches out with both hands, delivering a two-handed shove to the chest of Claw... an action that causes Claw to look down at his chest... like the mere touch of his friend burned his skin. The crowd buzzes at the reaction as Lau takes a noticeable pair of steps back, perhaps shocked by his own actions.]

BW: That may have been the biggest mistake of Brian Lau's life, Gordo.

GM: Brian Lau letting his emotions get the better of him and...

[But Tiger Claw does not strike his friend. He does not attack him without mercy. He raises the mic, pausing for a moment as though he's taking the time to choose his words carefully.]

TC: Brian... you're asking me to explain myself knowing that I don't enjoy having to... Especially when I feel like you should know the answer.

[Lau looks puzzled at Claw.]

TC: It's simple: as you know, I'm of the opinion that everyone should take a beating at regular intervals in their life to keep them honest.

[The crowd boos again at the ridiculous bluntness of the statement. Lau stares at Claw, stunned into silence, unable to believe what he's hearing. Claw smirks and continues]

TC: I can't think of a single example where this was more true than with Casey James.

Brian, you know Casey as well as I do, and you know it's a cycle with him. He starts out fine, listens to instructions, and gets the job done... But given time, he gets comfortable and starts resting on his laurels. He becomes unpredictable and reckless. He stops listening. He starts obsessing about stupid garbage. This goes on until eventually someone kicks his ass in a way that he remembers, and he goes back to doing what he's told again.

[Claw raises a hand, gesturing to his former manager.]

TC: You HAD to see it as well as I did, Brian. Since coming back, every single time I tried to get the Syndicate back on track, back to being the force that people feared, Casey would spin us off into some sort of comedy act.

And when we worked together with Bobby, carefully constructing a plan to take down Korugun once and for all, what happened? Casey screwed everything up like he always does.

[Claw glares at Lau, a disgusted expression on his face.]

TC: The damned Masked Outlaw drama all over again. I am so tired of Outlaws, and I'm so damned tired of Triple Crosses. He put his personal crap before the rest of us again and basically gobbled up the bait that was Hardin. Casey had become a liability.

Casey NEEDED his ass kicked. It's just that simple.

[Claw pauses for a moment as the crowd boos. Lau shakes his head, looking at Claw with a confused look.]

TC: The problem is that after all these years it takes a lot to beat Casey. Like, REALLY beat him. He's the King of the Death Match. We taught him in the Dojo to enjoy combat... to revel in pain. Physical injury barely phases him. He lost a finger and kept fighting. Supreme Wright broke Casey's arm, and Casey still wouldn't give up... and he still managed to be a jackass afterward.

[Claw shakes his head.]

TC: It takes a lot to get through to the small part of his brain that still actually works. You have to break him down and build him up again from scratch. Like a reboot... and you have to know a person pretty well to beat them into a reboot. You have to make it psychological...

So, knowing how he feels about Triple Crosses in general and Hardin specifically, I saw my perfect opportunity... to end it. To hopefully put a final nail into the Masked Outlaw/Triple Cross coffin...



...and to set him on fire and crush his larynx, apparently.

[Claw gives a shrug that seems to say, "You gotta do what you gotta do" in lieu of actually saying the words. This appears to upset Lau a bit]

BL: You... you... YOU PRICK!!

[The crowd ROARS at Lau's surprising words.]

GM: Oh my... fans, I apologi-

[Lau angrily cuts off Gordon.]

BL: How are you so cavalier about this?! He's your friend! He's OUR friend! Family, even!

[Claw smirks.]

TC: Come on, Brian... tons of people do a lot worse in the name of family. Frankly, I don't see what the big deal is. I did it to help him. Besides, this sort of thing was nothing back in the day.

I think you and Casey have been hanging around too much with the younger kids in the back.

Your whining is sounding a lot like theirs.

[Lau buries his face in his hands, shaking his head back and forth as Claw stands before him...

...and suddenly, Lau lunges forward with a hand raised to strike. Claw calmly steps back a bit, grabs the hand with his own, and grabs Lau by the lapel with his other hand.]

BW: Uh oh!

GM: Claw's got him trapped! Lau's in trouble! Lau's in...

[Gordon trails off as Claw turns around, swiftly and almost gently placing Lau against the turnbuckle in the corner. Lau's suit jacket is bunched up around his shoulders while Claw's is still fitting exactly as it was intended to.]

TC: I appreciate the enthusiasm, Brian, but come on... Think about what you're about to do. I understand you're upset now but it's not worth grievous injury.

Eventually, you'll come to see that I was right. It's survival of the fittest, Brian. When Casey comes back, he'll be more focused than ever... and if he doesn't...

[Claw shrugs.]

TC: ...then who cares?

[A defiant Lau looks shaken but standing.]

BL: You... you damned sociopath! Is this what a million dollars gets from you?!

[Claw's expression shifts to something approaching amusement.]

TC: No, no... It wasn't the money, Brian. I would have done this for free.

[The crowd jeers that statement loudly.]

TC: Like I told you earlier, this had to happen. I wouldn't have been a very good friend if it didn't. I'll admit, it's nice that it worked out that I could make money off the task as well. I have plans to put it to good use...

[The crowd boos again and Brian Lau stares at Claw suspiciously.]

TC: ...and that brings me to Brian James.

I gave him a choice.

I didn't turn my back on him, he turned his back on me.

[Claw pauses.]

TC: In fact, I gave him the very same choice I'm about to give you, Brian...

You're welcome to join me in my plans if you're willing...

Help me put the money to good use.

[Claw stands so that Lau is more or less trapped in the corner. He raises a hand...]

TC: Shake my hand, and stand by my side. It'll be like the old days again...

[Lau switches his gaze from Claw's hand to his face. Struggling between over 20 years of partnership with Claw in the Syndicate and...

...and he slowly shakes his head.]

BL: You... you could have killed Casey!

Are you nuts?! How could I work with you again after all this!?

[Lau steels himself for what comes next.]

BL: GO! TO! HELL! YOU BASTARD!

[Okay, so maybe not too much of a struggle. The crowd ROAR...

... and Tiger Claw drops his hand, slowly.]

GM: Pretty clear statement there for Brian Lau but...

[Lau appears to brace for some sort of impact... but it never comes. Instead, Claw raises the mic again. His face is calm and his voice even as he speaks...]

TC: I respect your decision, Brian. I can't say I'm not disappointed with it, but I respect it.

[Claw pauses and again appears to choose his words very carefully.]

TC: I'll tell you the same thing I told BJ, then. It looks like our path together is at an end.

The next time we meet, the last 20 years won't be an issue.

We'll meet as warriors on the battlefield.

[Claw holds Lau's gaze for a few uncomfortable moments.]

TC: Goodbye, Brian.

[Claw nods to Brian, then backs away...]

GM: Wow! The end of an era right here in front of us! In front of our very eyes, we may have just seen the final nail in the coffin for the fabled unit known as the Syndicate.

[...and steps through the ropes, exiting the ring as Brian Lau stays in the corner, his body still in a bit of a defensive position.]

GM: Tiger Claw walking out, leaving Brian Lau behind...

BW: Gordo, can your brain wrap around what has happened? In the span of three appearances on AWA television, Tiger Claw has COMPLETELY changed his world. He betrayed Casey James! He abandoned Brian James! And now, he has given Brian Lau warning. This is it. The next time they meet, they will be enemies.

[Claw heads up the aisle, ignoring Lau behind him and the boos of the crowd around him. In the ring, Lau relaxes a bit. Confusion, pain, and disappointment fight over the rights to the dominant expression on his face.]

GM: This is... Lau looks as though...

BW: Lau looks as though he'd have been better off if Claw just hit him.

GM: That's over 20 years of history between these two men that Claw just casually walked away from. I can't believe what we're seeing here tonight. For whatever reason - as you said, Bucky - Claw is dismantling all his personal relationships he's developed through his entire career. It... it's truly shocking to see.

[The camera holds on Brian Lau for a few more moments until...

...we fade into a shot backstage in the parking lot area. The loud roar of an engine can be heard as we see a black 1974 Ford Falcon XB GT, reminiscent of Mad Max's Pursuit Special, pulling in. The car comes to a screeching halt, before the doors open on both sides and two giants emerge from within: Cain Jackson and AJ Martinez.

The Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad.

There, they are immediately greeted by AWA road agent, Tommy Fierro, who shakes his head at the two.]

TF: You're late.

[Jackson shrugs.]

CJ: Not my fault. I'm not the one that needs three hours to wash their hair.

AJM: And it's worth it!

TF: Anyway, you chose a hell of a time to show up... you missed everything!

CJ: What do you mean by that?

[Suddenly, Fierro's phone goes off. He looks at the screen and sighs.]

TF: Sorry, I gotta take this call. Ask Mifune, he'll tell you what happened.

CJ: And where the heck is the old man?

TF: Medical!

[Fierro answers his phone and walks away as a bewildered look forms on Jackson's face. The two begin walking.]

CJ: Medical!?

AJM: Hey, maybe gramps finally mouthed off to the wrong person and got what's coming to him!

CJ: When the world ends, there ain't gonna be nothing but the old man and cockroaches left. No one around here is crazy enough to try to put the old man outta commission.

[The two reach their destination, where we see a red medical cross on the door. We see Bret Grayson standing outside the door.]

BG: You're late.

CJ: So we've heard. That happen to you tonight?

[Jackson points at Grayson's injured arm.]

BG: It was like that before I got here.

[AJ makes a low whistle.]

AJM: I didn't think Milwaukee was this rough.

[Grayson rolls his eyes.]

BG: It was a training injury, doofus. Anyway, the old man's inside.

[Cain and AJ both turn to stare at each other, before taking a deep breath and stepping through the door. There, we see Takeshi Mifune seated as a doctor tends to him. The leader of Mifune-Gun is bleeding from a cut on the top of his head, but looks as ornery as ever.]

Doctor: It looks like you're gonna need stitches. That's one nasty cut.

[Mifune laughs.]

TM: I've had worse wrestling Kurayami! Let it bleed!

Doctor: But...

TM: LET IT BLEED!

[The doctor throws up his hands and walks away, brushing past Cain and AJ.]

Doctor: He's all yours.

[Mifune looks up at KAMS and scowls.]

TM: You're late!

CJ: Yeah... well, Paris is the one that usually keeps us punctual.

AJM: Yeah, she wears like three watches!

[A beat.]

Mifune: He.

[Cain shakes his head.]

CJ: We're not going over that again. Anyway, what the hell happened!? Who the hell do we have to break in half for that?

[He points to the wound on Mifune's head. Mifune laughs.]

TM: HAHHAHA! I'll take care of it myself. Negotiations for the Tag Team Title match did not end well.

CJ: Wait, who did that to you?

TM: Everybody. Next Gen. The Soldiers of Fortune. The Idols. All of them.

CJ: Damn, sounds like a hell of a brawl. And we missed it?

TM: You missed getting into match too.

CJ: What match?

TM: For a shot at the titles. All those fools are in it.

CJ: Are you kidding me!?

[Cain slaps AJ in the shoulder.]

CJ: Look at what you did! And what about you old man? I saw Grayson. You don't seem too mad about missing out.

TM: Already have our shot. Now we just wait for idiot Gold Medalist to heal.

CJ: So you're telling me we've been shut out of everything.

[Mifune cackles.]

TM: YES!

[Jackson shakes his head, looking ready to scream. He turns to leave.]

TM: Where do you think you're going?

CJ: We can't let you have all the fun, old man. We'll find ourselves a fight, tonight. Whether the AWA wants us to or not. Come on, AJ.

AJM: Oh man, this is gonna be great!

[The two walk out the room as we fade from the medical area...

...to another part of backstage where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell standing.]

SLB: KAMS looking for a fight here tonight... but my next guests don't have to look for a fight here in Milwaukee, they've got one waiting for them. My guests at this time...

[Enter two women: Skylar Swift and Trish Wallace. And they are finally in matching ring gear: sleeveless faux-metallic gymnast leotards in red and blue with white trim. They both have their hair in braided pigtails. In fact, other than their ring attire detailing (Wallace accented with stars, Swift accented with maple leaves) the only difference in their appearance is their physiques. Swift lithe and lean, Wallace stocky and powerful.]

SLB: ...about to embark on their hopeful journey to the AWA Women's Tag Team Championship... "Dream Girl" Skylar Swift and "T-Bone" Trish Wallace. When last we saw you in the fall, it looked like there were some hiccups in your teamwork, but obviously you've ironed them out in anticipation of your first round contest.

TW: Lou, I don't wanna dwell on the past: Swiftie and I came together because of circumstance, and I kind of, sort of... kind of wanted us to keep going as a team. We are two separate individuals, but I think I know where I stand with Skylar now, and I'm focused on the future right now.

[Blackwell nods, turning to the Canadian Dream Girl.]

SLB: Well, Skylar, if I could ask you about the future, this is quite a daunting challenge for the first round of this tournament. A couple of weeks ago we saw one of your opponents try to recruit you as a partner. Now you have to contend with Laura Davis and her new protege Carolina Colton.

SS: Y'know, Lou. Laura Davis did try to recruit me, but I am loyal to Trish after all we've been through. We've worked it out between us and now we have a new challenge ahead of us. And by the way: Carolina Colton isn't exactly a stranger to me. When I first started dreaming big and headed to Calgary to train at the Colton Cave as one of the first women to ever train with the Colton family... there was Carolina. I knew she was talented then... but boy oh boy did she think she was something special.

What I have that she doesn't, and what Trish has that she doesn't, is heart and work ethic. I was shocked when I saw what Blake did last year by joining up with that snake, and I guess Carolina is following in her big brother's footsteps.

Well, Sweet Lou, Trish and I are going to show Laura Davis how important loyalty is and how hungry we are to win. Right, Trish?

[Trish Wallace nods slightly and pops her neck.]

TW: Right. That we are, Dream Girl.

[Swift exits and Wallace follows behind.]

SLB: Trish Wallace clearly in the zone there, and Skylar Swift with her eyes on the prize. They'll have to be against their opponents tonight. Bucky, Gordon... back to you.

[Fade back to the arena, where "300 Violin Orchestra" is midway through playing, and "The All-Around Athlete" Laura Davis and "Starkiller" Carolina Colton are already on their way to the ring.]

GM: Thank you, Lou. And you said it: Skylar Swift and Trish Wallace have their work cut out for them tonight here in Milwaukee.

[Gordon goes quiet as Rebecca Ortiz speaks up.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit and is a FIRST ROUND match in the tournament to crown the very first Women's World Tag Team Champions! Introducing first... on their way down the aisle... at a total combined weight of 292 pounds... the team of Carolina Colton and the All-Around Athlete... LAUUUUURAAAA DAAAAAVIS!

[At ringside, Davis raises her arms, curls her hands into fists, then extends her thumbs so they point toward the lettering on the back of her jacket. Colton pivots away from flexing her bicep for the ringside fans, and points her index fingers admiringly at her partner. The arena lights come back up and the spotlights fade.]

GM: And this dynamic looks very familiar to me. Laura Davis has done some pretty reprehensible things in the AWA, and now she has a Colton backing her up.

BW: Sounds like a recipe for success to me, Gordo.

[She lowers her arms, ascends the ring steps, ducks between the ropes and spreads her arms once more, Colton sliding in after. Davis unzips her jacket and removes her pants, revealing her wrestling attire, which consists of a dark blue leotard with matching elbow pads and wrestling boots. Colton catches Davis's jacket and pants easily when the "All Around Athlete" throws them over her shoulder, and twirls them into a ball quickly.]

GM: Davis in navy, a pro for almost a dozen years now... Colton in the black, sky blue and hot pink, just debuting for the AWA last week. Seemed she was the second choice as a partner for Laura Davis.

BW: She's a fast learner that Carolina. She's already got a grip on how it is in the AWA.

[The music starts to fade and is replaced by Repartee's "Dukes" which gets the crowd going wild.]

GM: And earlier tonight we saw one of the sentimental favorites to go deep into the tournament in Pistol Cristol and the Afropunk... here's another team the fans want to see succeed.

[A few more moments pass before Skylar Swift and Trish Wallace emerge into view. Swift is all smiles in her new blue and red leotard, stepping to the edge of the entrance stage, pointing out to the cheering fans. Trish Wallace poses beside her in her complimentary red and blue leotard. She looks far more menacing than her partner, rubbing her hands together and loosening up her shoulders. They both jog to the ring.]

RO: Annnnnd their opponents... at a total combined weight of 291 pounds... the team of "T-BONE" TRISH WALLACE... and the "CANADIAN DREAM GIRL", SKYYYYLARRRR SWIIIIIIIFT!

[Swift grins, slapping some fans' hands down the aisle as Trish Wallace glares up at the ring where Laura Davis grins, beckoning them forward.]

GM: Two weeks ago, we saw Laura Davis try to recruit Skylar Swift as a tag partner, which I presume would have left Trish Wallace in the cold, but the Dream Girl made her choice for loyalty to her partner.

[Wallace and Swift roll and slide into the ring respectively. Swift dashes up the buckles, pointing eagerly to the sky. Wallace remains on the canvas, still limbering up on the ring ropes. She locks eyes with their opponents.]

GM: And on the Power Hour last weekend, we saw Carolina Colton utilize Trish Wallace's signature power slam...

BW: She said, "Trish Who?," Gordo; let's get it straight.

GM: We've seen that Carolina Colton could be as strong as Trish Wallace - she dislocated an opponent's shoulder with a basic shoulderbutt in CCW: that's why they call her "Starkiller..." And Laura Davis... Michelle Bailey knows only too well what Laura Davis is capable of in that ring. This should be a tremendous matchup here in the very first match in the tournament to crown the first AWA Women's World Tag Team Champions!

[The referee checks on both teams, making sure we're good to go and...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And we're off... Trish Wallace starting this match off against... look who it is, Carolina Colton.

BW: Oh daddy, we heard rumors that Carolina wanted to test her strength against Trish... she's got her chance now!

GM: Trish Wallace, second generation star following in the footsteps of "Battlin'" Burt Wallace... Carolina Colton, daughter of Jeremiah "The Sheriff" Colton, and granddaughter of great grappler Wayne Colton - third generation wrestler. This could be a fascinating way to kick off both this match and this tournament, Bucky.

BW: Alright, prediction time, Gordo... who wins this match and who wins this tournament?

[After circling each other for a few seconds, Colton and Wallace lock up.]

GM: Collar-and-elbow tie-up... looking very evenly matched... it's a tough call, Bucky. There are some tremendous teams in this tournament. You talk about experienced squads like the Serpentes. You talk about surprises like Pink Cashmere and Lauryn Rage who snuck in the back door of this tournament with that shocking gauntlet match win two weeks ago.

[After a few seconds, Wallace begins pushing Colton backwards toward the corner.]

GM: Trish Wallace has that low center of gravity... one of those instances where being the shorter competitor is advantageous.

BW: You want to talk about advantages? Let's talk about the advantage that Harley Hamilton and Cinder have coming into this tournament. They've been teaming for months! And now they've got Casey Cash and Kelly Kowalski in their corner too. They've gotta be the team to beat, right?

[But before they can reach the ropes, Colton slams on the brakes, and begins powering Wallace backward in response.]

GM: Carolina Colton has that technical know-how and Highland Game accolades... She knows how to use leverage right back. Oh, but she's heading for the wrong part of town!

[Colton backs Wallace into the corner, close enough for Skylar Swift to reach over the top rope and tag herself in, and ambush the Starkiller with an armwringing armbar.]



GM: Skylar Swift showing an edge in ring awareness and seasoning there.

BW: I don't think Trish Wallace was done there.

[Wallace seems to have been caught off guard by the referee signaling the tag, but dutifully returns to the apron.]

GM: You can also look to Swift and Wallace who've been regular partners since last summer now. They've gotta be considered one of the odds-on favorites too, Bucky.

BW: Like you said, a lot of good teams but only one can walk out of New Orleans with the big gold in about a month's time.

[In the ring, Colton elbows out of the armbar and reverses to one of her own.]

GM: Skylar Swift as she mentioned is also an alumni of the Colton Cave; she's probably prepared for what Carolina Colton brings to the ring.

[Swift takes a second to calculate how to escape Colton's armbar, then settles on her gymnastics training.]

GM: Handspring out of the armbar by Skylar Swift, reversing again.]

[Carolina Colton looks a bit put off at being caught in the armbar again, so she slaps her bicep and tumbles forward into a handspring of her own.]

GM: Carolina Colton is no slouch herself as far as athletics go!

BW: She knows what she's doing there! Laura Davis has got her doing that to remind everyone that even if she's one of the strongest women in that locker room, she can beat you at your own game too.

[Colton snapmares Swift to the mat and swats her across the back of the head.]

GM: Bit of an attitude problem there – come on!

[Colton leads Swift over to her corner and tags Davis in.]

GM: Trish Wallace trying to stand up for her partner... doing more harm than good!

[The referee is trying to eject Trish Wallace, which allows Carolina Colton to restrain Swift in the enemy corner while Davis lays into her midsection with numerous unanswered kneelifts.]

BW: Trish and Skylar... they just can't get on the same page no matter how they try.

GM: Trish is doing what she thinks is best for her partner here, and it's Davis and Colton taking advantage.

[Wallace backs off and returns to the apron, her protestations for naught. The referee turns around in time to see Swift taken over in a snap suplex and Carolina Colton emitting an innocent yet malicious chuckle from the apron.]

GM: The All Around Athlete now in the ring... One of the most dangerous competitors in this business. Skylar Swift's bread-and-butter offense are those signature roundhouse kicks; you have to think Laura Davis is looking for an opportunity to pick an ankle and anchor that Heel Hook in.

[Davis floats over for a cover, but only gets a one count. She quickly transitions to a side headlock, but Swift escapes just as quickly.]

GM: The Dream Girl is one of the quickest women in the AWA, Davis can't get cocky here.

[Davis gets upright, but Swift catches her in the hip with a roundhouse kick.]

GM: Laura Davis has a six-inch height advantage over Skyler Swift, but Swift is trying to take out that vertical base...

[Davis doesn't answer another pair of kicks to the pelvis, but Swift goes to the well once too often which allows Davis to trap the Dream Girl's ankle.]

BW: Heel Hook coming up!

[Davis savors having the advantage for too long though, and Swift coils back and kicks her in the abdomen with her free leg.]

GM: Ohhh! Nice counter out of the Dream Girl!

[Davis stumbles around the ring, clearly caught off-guard, and doubled over, reaches for the tag...]

GM: She's in enemy territory!

[...Davis turns around to see she has accidentally tagged Trish Wallace instead of her own partner and scatters from the ring to regroup – Carolina Colton following to the floor.]

GM: Laura Davis and Carolina Colton, I think have realized that they are not facing any pushovers tonight – not with a semi-final berth in the Women's Tag Title Tournament at stake! The winner of this one will take on the winner of tonight's other first round match - the battle between the Peach Pits and the surprising duo of Lauryn Rage and Pink Cashmere.

[Trish Wallace joins her partner in the ring, who is pumping her fist and really rallying the fans behind them.]

GM: And Skylar and Trish are ruling the roost on this Saturday Night... no mean feat when you consider the pedigree of their opponents.

[Trish Wallace pats Swift on the back, and she audibly says...]

"Sorry!"

[Skylar Swift glances behind her and offers a consoling...]

"Don't be!"

[...before turning back to eye up their opponents. Behind her, Wallace nods and utters a terse...]

"Good."

[...before cinching Swift up and T-Bone Suplexing her own partner!]

GM: WHAT?!

BW: What the...?!

[Wallace shouts loudly over the stunned fan reaction...]

"...I'M NOT REALLY SORRY!"

GM: What-my stars-what has just happened? What... What is this about?!

[Wallace stands over Swift, glaring down at her as the fans jeer and the referee looks on in shock...

...which is Laura Davis's cue to slink back into the ring, trapping one of Swift's legs...]

GM: What is... what is Wallace doing?!

BW: Davis has the leg!

[Carolina Colton gets the attention of the flabbergasted official and directs their attention to Laura Davis, who has taken advantage of the distraction to firmly cinch in the Heel Hook on Skylar Swift.]

"WHYYYYYYYY?! WHYYYYYYYY?!"

[Skylar Swift wails and claws at the canvas in agony as Davis tightens her grip. After mere seconds... she slaps her palm on the mat in anguish.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: SHE TAPPED OUT!

GM: This is... This is official! Why? Why, Trish, why?

[Colton tries to block the official from instructing Davis to break the Heel Hook on the now weeping Skylar Swift. Trish Wallace merely folds her forearms, leaning across the top rope...

...smirking out to the shocked audience.]

GM: I guess... I suppose Laura Davis and Carolina Colton advance to the next round of the tag tournament... but... the big story here is Trish Wallace turning on Skylar Swift-

BW: Gordo, I dunno if you saw from my angle, but it sure looked to me like Skylar Swift was trying to do something like a Tornado DDT on her own partner there-

GM: Oh, she was not, Buckthorn! And can Laura Davis please release that hold, she's been through enough!

[Davis is finally pried off Skylar Swift's ankle by the match official, but the only thing on the Dream Girl's mind is...]

"...Whyyyyyyy? Whyyyyy, Trish...?"

GM: Skylar Swift begging her part- her former partner, I suppose... she wants to know why and she's not alone in that! Why did you do it, Trish?!

BW: She's trying to get up, Gordo.

[The crowd is still stunned as Swift tries to pull herself to her feet. Wallace has turned back to the ring, watching her former partner as she tries to get up.]

GM: She's trying but... oh! Oh no!

[Swift finds she can't put weight on the left leg, falling to her knee as Wallace sneers down at her.]

GM: She can't even stand! Skylar Swift can't even stand and.... this is your fault, Trish! Yours!

[Wallace glares out at the jeering crowd as Swift struggles to her feet again, hobbling and hopping on one foot towards the ropes where Wallace is standing. An anguished Swift looks up at her...]

"WHY?! Why?!"

[Trish Wallace eyes Skylar Swift up and down, and with a deep breath in and out through her nose...

...answers by roughly clasping her thick arms around Skylar Swift's midsection and shaking her like a ragdoll!]

GM: What has gotten into Trish Wallace?!

BW: She's finally had enough, Gordo! Enough of Skylar Swift not taking their team seriously and trying to be her own star!

GM: Someone needs to- oh my stars, that poor referee!

[Colton has grabbed the match official and throws them through the ropes to the floor as Wallace violently shakes a wailing and increasingly limp Dream Girl to-and-fro.]

GM: Carolina Colton getting involved now... and I don't like the looks of this at all!

[Carolina Colton and Laura Davis begin circling their erstwhile match opponents like wolves.]

GM: Trish Wallace shaking... that's supposed to be her tag team partner there! She's squeezing and ragdolling Skylar Swift and it's like she's-my stars, she seems hellbent on... I hesitate to even think this, but she's possessed with seriously injuring Skylar Swift like she did Molly Bell last year! Is this...

[Wallace lowers Swift face-down to the mat while still clasping on to her midsection. She snorts up to her opponents. Carolina Colton snickers sinisterly and Davis smugly nods before gesturing Colton to the limp Swift.]

GM: ...Davis directing traffic...

BW: I'm thinking what you're thinking, Gordo! I'm thinking what Davis and Carolina Colton are thinking! And what Trish Wallace is thinking!

[Colton drapes herself across Swift's shoulders and locks in a scissored armbar. Davis grabs Swift's ankle again and reapplies the Heel Hook!]

GM: THREE VERY PAINFUL SUBMISSIONS LOCKED IN AT ONCE! MY STARS, THIS WAS A SET-UP! THIS WAS A FIRST DEGREE SET-UP!

[Skylar Swift emits a bloodcurdling wail as the ring bell continues to chime impotently.]

GM: Caroline Colton with the Cuffs! Laura Davis with the Heel Hook! And Trish Wallace squeezing her own partner's breath right out of her!

BW: Gordo, for the sake of argument, I don't think that they're partners any more.

[A weak cheer goes up from the crowd at the sight of Margarita Flores, Betty Chang, Kayla Cristol, and Victoria June jogging into view, rushing down the aisle towards the ring!]

GM: We've got some help coming out here for Skylar but...

[The triple submission is ended by Laura Davis shouting a simple...]

"Enough!"

[The Starkiller, T-Bone, and the All-Around Athlete all release their respective parts of the now limp Skylar Swift with mechanical precision, exiting the ring as the fan favorites hit the squared circle, looking to make the save.]

GM: Laura Davis ordering Wallace and Colton to the outside... she wants no part of this fight.

BW: It's a numbers game, Gordo!

GM: I don't know about that. Skylar Swift is... Betty Chang checking on her and... wow. I thought we saw some pretty low down and disrespectful behavior at the Steal the Spotlight match last year, but this has set the bar revoltingly high. I hope those young women are satisfied with themselves.

BW: Skylar Swift decided to make it all about her, and she found out she wasn't the main character in this story. Simple as that.

[Colton and Wallace eye each other up wordlessly for a long second, before Laura Davis steps between them. They all turn out to face the fans at ringside.]

GM: And I think I've got a good idea who masterminded this plot to advance to the semi-finals of this tournament.

[Davis clasps the wrists of Trish Wallace and Carolina Colton and raises their arms up to a chorus of boos. The two young powerhouses both flex the biceps of their free arms in an imposing symmetry.]

GM: What did she promise you, Trish? What could have been worth... this?

[Wallace is still shooting Colton dirty looks, and Colton replies with a patronizing smirk, but they both obediently follow Davis up the aisle. The camera catches Skylar Swift face-down on the mat, completely still, except for the occasional pained sob as her allies stand around her, ready to fight if needed.]

GM: I can't... I just can't. Lou, take it please.

[We fade from the ring where Swift is laid out on the mat to an agitated Sweet Lou Blackwell back in the locker room area.]

SLB: I cannot believe what I just saw! Trish Wallace stabbing her friend and partner in the back and for... for what?! To team up with Laura Davis? And what in the world... did Carolina Colton know this was coming too?! What kind of group has Laura Davis put together here tonight?!

[Blackwell shakes his head in disgust.]

SLB: As it turns out, Skylar Swift isn't the only one who is having problems with their friends as of late. Take a look.

[The "ACCESS 365" logo flashes across the bottom of the screen, and is replaced by the words "EARLIER TODAY." We see Xenia Sonova arriving at the Bradley Center, dressed in a long black coat over a black dress and red boots. She also has on a pair of black Wayfarers and pulls a wheeled suitcase alongside her. Sonova suddenly stops in her tracks, smiling as she removes her sunglasses.]

XS: Hey.

[The camera pans over to reveal a waiting Margarita Flores, dressed in a denim jacket over a white tank top and a pair of blue jeans. She also has on her beige cowboy hat and the folded over length of bullrope draped across the back of her neck.]

MF: Hey yourself. Where were you?

XS: What?

MF: Two weeks ago, in Minneapolis. What happened to catching up after the show and all that?

XS: I had business to attend to. Nothing you need to concern yourself with, Margie.

[Flores' eyes flash for a moment.]

MF: Don't call me that. You know I don't like to be called that.

XS: Sorry. But, um, I'm here now? You look like you've got something to ask of me.

MF: Darn right I do. You know, I thought I was done ... With Harley ... With Cinder ... But now there're four of them and they've stuck their plastic noses in my business once more! Betty and I could have done with an extra pair of eyes out there, you know?

[Sonova shakes her head, looking down at the floor.]

XS: I'm not sure how I could have made a difference, Margarita. That's not what I do anymore.

MF: What do you mean that's not what you do anymore? I know they brutalized you once, but I thought you got over that! Remember when we took it to Kurayami? You were out there, alongside Betty and the rest of us! E-Girl MAX are nowhere at the level of the She-Wolf of Tokyo!

[Sonova shrugs.]

XS: I know! I know! But... your issues with Harley and pals are not a war I can involve myself with right now... I... I've got other things on my plate—

MF: Who? Who have you got your eyes set on? I've got your back on this one, if ... If you've got my back...

[Sonova cuts her off, shaking her head.]

XS: It's... It's not who I've got my eyes set on, Margarita. I ... I can't have your back ...Not when I've got my client to look out for...

[Flores looks puzzled.]

MF: Client? What are—

XS: Active competition's not my thing anymore, alright? I've got someone else's interest, someone else's career to help along, okay?

[There's a brief silence between the two, Flores with her hands on her hips.]

MF: That's it then? So much for friends looking out for one another... I guess ... Why are you even here, then?

XS: (sighing) The things we do for ... Love? I guess? But, like I said, Margie, my business is not something you'd need to concern yourself with. Good luck, friend.

[Sonova replaces her sunglasses and continues on her way, leaving Flores looking befuddled as she watches her friend walk off 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.]

"AWA 2K17 drops October 26th 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 the release of AWA 2K17 as we fade to black...

Black screen. White text appears. "Claws of Life" by Last Rites. Copyright 2015 Nocturnal Records. Text fades.

A staccato black metal guitar riff with a slow drum beat plays, invoking images of bleak, frostbitten landscapes. We fade in on the band playing the song. The singer is a young man who looks to be in his late teens or early twenties. His hair is shaved at the sides, long on top but tied back. His face is adorned with black and white "corpse paint" makeup. His anguished screams are subtitled.]

# The Father gives the Child the choice to die #

[As the music continues, we cut to another shot of the band playing onstage. The young singer is involved in a scuffle with an over-enthusiastic stage diving fan and appears to headbutt him square in the nose, sending blood spattering everywhere. He puts his hand to the fan's bloodied face, and then slaps it to his own bare chest, leaving a smeared, bloody handprint.]

# Either do as I say or live an eternal lie #

[We cut to a montage of clips as the song continues. The young singer being led handcuffed to the back of a police car. A shot of him training in some form of



kickboxing art, launching a series of quick, high kicks at a heavy bag. A clip of him stumbling out of a club and into the back of a waiting car.]

# Now I scream your name into the winter sky #

[A video taken from a cellphone of the young man, obviously wasted and nodding out. A screenshot from TMZ reading "DeVille Kicked Out of Last Rites!". Tabloid shots of him in cuffs again. A video of him being led into a rehab clinic.]

# Abandoned at the claws of life #

[The young man sits alone in a darkened room, his head in his hands. He looks to be in poor health. He looks up. His skin is pale. There are dark circles under his eyes. As we fade to black, we hear his natural voice as he makes a phone call.]

"I have nobody left to turn to. I need your help... I need... just... help me. Please."

[Caption: "The Bad Seed. Damian DeVille"]

We go backstage to footage marked "MOMENTS AGO" where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell near the Chimpanzee Position. He does not look particularly happy.]

SLB: I cannot believe what we just witnessed, fans. I thought that what went down in Steal the Spotlight was bad enough, but now, to watch what Laura Davis just orchestrated is beyond...

[And wouldn't you know it, that's when Laura Davis herself comes through the Chimpanzee Position, with Trish Wallace and Carolina Colton following her. Davis has a look of satisfaction on her face. Colton snickers the wry snicker she seems to share with her big brother. And Trish Wallace smirks dangerously, undoing her braided pigtails.]

SLB: Speak of the devil, here she is... Laura Davis, I believe you and these two women you have by your side owe everyone an explanation for what just went down!

LD: Blackwell, always wanting the answers for his Twitter feed, and now, he's gonna get viral tweet material. Let me start by saying that, Skylar Swift, you had an offer before you, you turned it down, and you saw what happens when you do that. Meanwhile, Carolina Colton right here accepted my offer and you saw what happened when you do that, too.

But I wasn't just making offers to Skylar and Carolina...

[She gestures to Wallace.]

LD: I made the offer to Trish a long time ago. Tell 'em, T-Bone.

[Blackwell steers the mic towards Wallace.]

TW: I made a long term investment, Lou.

SLB: Trish, I am flabbergasted by this turn of events!

TW: Lou, I said I knew where I stood with Laura Davis. Two weeks ago, Laura Davis said she knew where she stood with me. Do you think this was a spur of the moment decision? I've been scouted to the Slam Sorority since SuperClash, Lou! Now, I don't blame Laura for trying to recruit Skylar too, so she could have two teams in the tournament, so I guess we gotta go with the second strongest woman on the roster instead.

CC: First strongest, Trish.

LD: Ladies, I gave you a couple minutes to settle it at the start of the match, but eyes on the prize.

SLB: How long has this trap been in the offing?! How long did you string poor Skylar Swift along?

TW: I did nothing of the sort! Let's face it: Skylar and I were not going very far in the tournament together. Even if we went all the way, our chemistry was so off we would inevitably implode and be back at square one. I based my decisions around us as a team, and Skylar made decisions for herself. Getting the title shot at the Battle of Saskatchewan... sneaking off to Estrellas... she had no business showing up at Steal the Spotlight... I feel my future is a heck of a lot better with Laura Davis.

[Carolina Colton pipes up.]

CC: Hey, speaking of which, we gotta give credit to the ones who gave us the idea in the first place.

[Colton and Wallace lean over Blackwell's microphone and say, with withering patronization...]

TW & CC: Thaaaaaanks, E-Girl MAX!

SLB: "Slam Sorority"? I assume that's your brainchild, Laura Davis.

LD: Why not, Blackwell? You take a look at the two women who are beside me right now. First, you have Carolina Colton, the Starkiller herself. You saw how she dominated on the Power Hour and the swagger she has. I can guarantee you that what you saw was just the tip of the iceberg.

Then you look at Trish Wallace, who some might say hasn't gotten a fair shake since she came to the AWA. But at SuperClash, I watched her in Steal the Spotlight and knew there was something I missed when I was making my team selections, that she's not only strong, but she's a fighter who won't go down easily. After the match was over, I rectified my mistake, made the offer and you saw exactly how it was received.

Trish just demonstrated to the world that she's not going to be overlooked. I'll admit I did that, but not anymore, and the rest of the women in the AWA better not do that, lest you go down at the hands of the Slam Sorority. You may never know what combination you're going to get but know that you will go down against the most dominant force in women's wrestling today.

SLB: Wait a minute... what is this about never knowing what combination you're going to get?

LD: I'm talking about the Women's Tag Team Title tournament, Blackwell. If you look at the contract as it was put together for the tournament, the team is listed as Slam Sorority. That means it could be any combination you see right here. Maybe I'll team up with the Starkiller. Maybe I'll team up with T-Bone. Or maybe you'll see Starkiller and T-Bone coming together. Pick your combo, whatever it is, and you can always expect dominance.

SLB: I cannot believe that Interim President Maxim Zharkov authorized that!

LD: All I'm gonna say to that, Blackwell, is that if you or Zharkov have a problem with it, you better learn to read the fine print next time. Also, I hope E-Girl Max is

taking notes, because while they were booping each other on their noses, the three of us gave everyone the object lesson about how to make a statement and put the exclamation point on it!

Finally, I've got one thing to say to Lauryn Rage... you keep saying you're coming? Well, Lauryn, look what just arrived and we're just getting started.

[She turns to Wallace and Colton, motioning for them to depart, and that they do.]

SLB: [shaking his head] All I can say after that is... this whole thing makes me sick to my stomach! Gordon, Bucky... back to you.

[We fade from backstage back out to Gordon and Bucky. Gordon looks just as disappointed as Blackwell did.]

GM: Thanks, Lou... and you talk about shaking the Women's Division to the core - that's exactly what just happened! Laura Davis, Trish Wallace, and Carolina Colton coming together as the Slam Sorority and... my stars, Bucky... we were so wrapped up in the betrayal of Skylar Swift who we just saw carried out of her on a stretcher during the break and...

[Gordon shakes his head.]

GM: But the Slam Sorority has advanced and they just made a major statement to the other teams in this tournament. We've got the Slam Sorority advancing to the Semi Finals where they'll meet either the Peach Pits or the makeshift team of Rage and Cashmere in Chicago two weeks from tonight with a trip to the Finals on the line.

BW: And did you hear what Davis said, Gordo? She says the Slam Sorority is the name on the contract! She says the Slam Sorority is the name in the tournament! That means any two of the three can be in that Semi Final in Chicago... and if they advance, a different two of the three can be in the Finals!

GM: Let's not get ahead of ourselves. She says that, yes, but we don't have confirmation from Interim President Zharkov... not yet at least. Let's wait for that before we start talking about what a huge advantage that gives the Slam Sorority.

[Suddenly, the lights in the arena go out...

...and then we hear a collection of horns playing, drawing a loud cheer from the Milwaukee crowd!]

GM: Oho! Well, now that's a change of scenes here for us as we try to put the Slam Sorority in the rear view mirror for a bit because... look who is coming out here now!

[The video wall above the entrance lights up with the image of what looks like a sun and, then, you hear the strums of the guitar of Van Halen's "Runnin' With The Devil," and a red light at the entranceway blinking in time.

The image of the sun grows larger, you hear the tapping on the cymbal, the sound of fingers running over a keyboard, and then that guitar riff kicks in. The image bursts into a sea of red and it spells out a word you ought to know by now.

"SUPERNOVA"]

GM: The AWA World Heavyweight Champion is here!

BW: You'll have to speak up, Gordo, because I can't hear you over this crowd!

[Flaming pyro shoots up by the entranceway and a single spotlight hits the entranceway.]

And there he is... the World Heavyweight Champion walking out from the back and down the ramp. Supernova is dressed in his black trenchcoat with the image of a yellow and orange, exploding star on the back, over a black singlet with the same image on the front, plus black tights and black wrestling boots. His brown hair hangs just past his ears and he wears a pair of shades. The AWA World Title belt is strapped around his waist.]

GM: As far as I know, Supernova wasn't scheduled for a match tonight. I wonder what's on his mind right now.

BW: He said he wanted to defend against Brian James and... wait a minute, can we talk about him?

GM: Brian James - for the moment at least - is still a contracted AWA competitor, Bucky. He is still a member of this roster.

BW: For now. But rumors say-

GM: Let's not turn into a pair of dirtsheet peddlers, alright?

[Supernova walks down the aisle, the lights coming back on as he nears the ring, the pyro by the entranceway dying down. When he approaches the ring, he stops by the announcer's table to grab a mic.]

GM: As I was saying, Bucky, we're free to talk about Brian James' status as far as I know. But I do wonder if Supernova has that on his mind right now. He did say he wants to give him the benefit of the doubt.

BW: Well, that's nice and everything, but the question is, why hasn't he been scheduled for a match? He doesn't even have a title match for the Anniversary show, if I'm not mistaken. What kind of a champion is that?

GM: Maybe if you settle down for a few minutes, you'll get an answer, Bucky.

[Supernova climbs the ring steps, ducks between the ropes and walks to the center of the ring. The music dies down and he raises the mic to his lips.]

S: It feels great to be here in Milwaukee...

["That's our hometown" cheers go up.]

S: ...the home of Harley Davidson!

["You got that right" cheers follow.]

S: And featuring Giannis Antetokounmpo!

["Oh yes indeed" cheers come.]

S: I could go on all night talking about this great city, but I need to get something off my chest before I get caught up in the excitement.

Specifically, the fact that we are nearing three months since I've won this World Title around my waist and I have yet to have defend this belt even once.

[He shakes his head.]

S: If you'll recall, back when I won the World Television title, I made it a point to find challengers, night after night, and ensure that the belt was defended. I don't like to see a belt collect dust while the champion awaits whatever announcements are made about title defenses.

And yet, here I am, doing just that. We've got Jordan Ohara getting National Title defenses arranged, we've got a big four-way tag match to decide challengers for the World Tag Team Titles at the Anniversary show, there's a Women's World Title defense scheduled as well, and we've got a Women's World Tag Team Title tourney underway.

[Supernova throws up his hands.]

S: Now, does it make any sense to you that I don't have a World Title defense scheduled yet?

[He spreads his arms to the side, as if awaiting the fan response. You can hear some of them responding, as if to say it doesn't make sense.]

S: I didn't think so. Now, I told everyone I wanted to defend my title belt against Brian James, but since that option is off the table -- even if I don't like it -- I gave the front office and our interim president a chance to arrange a title defense.

And I've yet to hear back from Mr. Zharkov.

[Now the fans respond in a more negative fashion.]

S: I can tell a lot of you aren't happy about this situation. So let's rectify this for all the people in this great city.

I want to go one better than all the title defenses scheduled for the Anniversary show. I want to defend this title belt tonight, right here, in Milwaukee!

[And now we get a positive fan response.]

S: And to make it easy on Mr. Zharkov, how about I just open the floor to anybody in the back who wants to have a shot at this right here!

[He gestures to the title belt around his waist, the fans cheering.]

GM: Oh my! Supernova wants a title defense tonight!

BW: Are you sure he should throw out a challenge like that?

GM: You were asking why he hasn't been scheduled for a title defense earlier.

BW: Yes, but who knows who could come out here right now? Is Supernova ready for something like that?

[Supernova turns to the entranceway, spreading his arms to the side and you can hear him say "Well... I'm waiting!"]

GM: I wonder who's going to take up the challenge.

BW: It could be anybody, Gordo. There's a lot of men back there capable of takin' that title from Supernova. Imagine if the Number One Contender, Supreme Wright came out right now. We saw Raphael Rhodes out here earlier tonight... he might want another shot at the big gold. Or maybe Nova's old pal Shadoe Rage wants to throw down with him one more time!

[There's a brief moment of anticipation and just when it seems like no one will come out, a voice bellows over the PA system...]

"WHAT IS BEST IN LIFE?"

"TO CRUSH YOUR ENEMIES, TO SEE THEM DRIVEN BEFORE YOU, AND TO HEAR THE LAMENTATIONS OF THEIR WOMEN."

[...drawing a roar from the Milwaukee crowd as "Anvil of Crom" by Megaraptor, begins to play, signaling the entrance of two massive mountains of humanity: "The Beast" Cain Jackson and the near seven foot tall "Hot Stuff" AJ Martinez.]

GM: Oh my stars! Supernova put out the challenge and it looks like a challenge he will get! The Kabukicho Assassination Manic Squad is here!

BW: Ya think Supernova might be regretting throwing out that challenge, Gordo?

GM: KAMS have certainly made an impact ever since they've arrived in the AWA, but which one is gonna take the shot? Jackson or Martinez?

[Jackson and Martinez are both dressed sharply in black blazer jackets and leather pants. They make their way down to the ring, climbing up onto the apron and before they simultaneously step over the top rope and into the ring.]

S: May I help you two?

[From his back pocket, Jackson produces a microphone.]

CJ: I think we can help each other, champ. Earlier tonight, the entire tag team division decided to throw down and if there's anything me and AJ love, it's a good fight. But there was just one problem...

AJM: We missed the whole damn thing!

CJ: It was a hell of a time to decide to be fashionably late. Paris takes less time to get ready than him.

[Cain motions towards AJ, who tosses his hair.]

AJM: Rome wasn't built in a day and neither were these perfect locks!

[Cain rolls his eyes.]

CJ: But the fact is Supernova, if we can't get a shot at the Tag Team titles right now, I think the sound of "Cain Jackson, AWA World Heavyweight Champion" sounds pretty damn good to me!

[The crowd gives a roar, as AJ taps Jackson on the shoulder.]

AJM: That sounds pretty good, Cain, but I think "AJ Martinez, AWA World Heavyweight Champion" sounds just a little better.

[Cain frowns at AJ.]

CJ: Are we really gonna do this?

AJM: Look, there's two things that always look good. One of 'em is gold.

And the other is me!

And ya know that two things put together are twice as good!

And Cain, tell me a faster way to get FOUR MILLION dollars than getting the World Title around your waist!

[Jackson sighs.]

CJ: Boy, I swear you think the sun rises just to hear you crow. I thought we agreed that I was gonna do this.

[Supernova seems to be getting impatient.]

S: Gentlemen, I don't have all day. Why don't you flip a coin or maybe...

[Cain waves Supernova off.]

CJ: Hold your horses, Nova! We ain't here just to look pretty. Me and AJ are gonna settle this right now.

[Jackson and Martinez stand face-to-face, the tension rising, when suddenly...]

CJ: ONE!TWO!THREE!... SHOOT!

[Both Cain and AJ throw their hands simultaneously, revealing their choices. AJ's hand forms a rock, while Cain's hand displays scissors. AJ immediately gives a fist pump as Cain shakes his head.]

AJ: YES! YES! HELL YES!!!

[He turns to Supernova.]

AJ: Supernova, that title's mine!

[Supernova stares at Martinez for a moment, then pulls off his shades, revealing his eyes with flames painted around them.]

S: I was about to suggest rock, paper, scissors, but good on you two for figuring it out. Therefore, AJ Martinez... all grown up and ready to make a statement to his family, his former Team Supreme mates, even Paris Crawford who's making that little turn on the catwalk.

But I'm glad you've stepped forward to accept the challenge, AJ. Now, somebody who was one of Supreme Wright's best students is undoubtedly worthy of that challenge. I'm sure you're going to be hitting me as hard as you were hitting the Dogs of War at SuperClash a couple of months ago.

[Nova raises a hand.]

S: Just remember this: I was hitting people just as hard as the two of you were that couple of months ago to earn the title belt that's around my waist. If you think this title is as good as yours, well, let me remind you about what happens when you play with fire...

[He stares hard at Martinez.]

S: You burn.

[With that, Supernova drops the mic and walks toward the corner, all while keeping an eye on KAMS. Cain Jackson smirks as he turns towards the aisle, shouting "LET'S GET A REFEREE OUT HERE!"]

GM: We've got ourselves a World Title match!

BW: Now?!

GM: Sure looks like it! Supernova said he wasn't about to wait any longer... he wants to defend the title tonight... and AJ Martinez has claimed that opportunity in...

BW: Stylish fashion?

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: Sure. And while AJ Martinez is known more as a tag team wrestler, his sheer size and genetics makes him a serious threat to Nova and the World Title, Bucky.

BW: Almost seven feet tall. 325 pounds. The son of Alex Martinez. The half brother of Ryan Martinez. The bloodline is strong in this one and you talk about the stage being set for a massive upset, this is it, daddy.

[Martinez backs to the corner, obviously fired up, barely able to contain himself as he jumps up and down, swinging his long legs up to loosen up as Cain Jackson speaks softly to him as he steps out to the apron.]

GM: Supernova mentioned it but AJ Martinez is a former member of Team Supreme alongside names like Cain Jackson and Tony Donovan. The background is there for this young man to be a huge success... and this is the biggest singles opportunity of his career...

BW: Except that time he matched with an adult film star on Tinder.

GM: ...

BW: What?

GM: This is what "speechless" feels like.

[Referee Ricky Longfellow reaches the ring, eyeballing both competitors who are an opposing corner as he steps to mid-ring, the crowd buzzing with anticipation for this impromptu title showdown...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: AND HERE WE GO!

[The crowd reacts with surprise as the near-seven footer barrels across the ring, lowering his shoulder as he catches the World Champion around the midsection as Supernova steps out to meet him, forcing him back into the corner...]

GM: Martinez coming in hot against his fellow SoCal native!

[Straightening up, Martinez snaps off a pair of hooking right hands to the temple with a loud "HOO!" punctuating each blow. As Nova brings the hands up to defend, Martinez changes levels, throwing the blows to the body instead, rocking the ribcage of the World Champion as the referee orders him to back out of the corner!]

GM: Martinez with rights and lefts to the body, very vocal in there as he hammers away at the ribs of the champion...



[Grabbing the arm, Martinez goes to whip Nova across the ring...]

GM: Irish- reversed by the champion!

[As Martinez hits the corner, Nova drops back into the buckles before charging across the ring...]

GM: HEAT WAAAAAAA-

[...but Martinez spins out of the corner, sending the sailing Nova towards the exposed buckles but he reaches out to stop himself. Martinez thinks otherwise though as he steps out, tapping his temple with a smirk on his face...]

BW: Turn around, kid!

[A similar shout from Cain Jackson has Martinez whip around...

...and the World Champion drops him with a right hand to the skull!]

GM: Ohhh! Big haymaker by the champion puts the big man down!

[Martinez scrambles right back up though, coming at Supernova who snaps off a jab to the jaw... then a backhand blow with the same hand...]

GM: Nova's bringing the fists to the fight!

[...jab...backhand... jab... backhand!]

GM: Martinez is in a daze!

[Supernova rushes to the ropes behind Martinez, leaping into the air as he reaches up for a handful of flowing locks...]

GM: FACESL-

[...and Martinez catches him in mid-leap, swinging him around once to drive him down with a side slam!]

GM: OHH!! MARTINEZ SLAMS HIM DOWN!

[Hooking both legs, Martinez leans back, pushing Nova's shoulders down.]

GM: ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO!

[But Supernova powers out, breaking free of Martinez' makeshift pin attempt.]

GM: Out at two. Martinez not wasting a single second in trying to get the win in this one, Bucky.

BW: Can you blame him? This is for the World Title! Even getting a shot at the title can be a once in a career kinda moment. Martinez needs to show the world that he belongs at the level of the World Champion.

[Martinez is the first to his feet, looking anxiously out to Cain Jackson who urges his partner to settle down as Supernova comes back to his feet.]

GM: Supernova's back up... and Martinez catches him with a big right!

[Nova goes stumbling backwards, falling against the ropes as Martinez nods confidently to the crowd.]

GM: He's got the champion up against the ropes...

[Grabbing the top rope with his left hand, Martinez buries a hooking right into the midsection once... twice... three times, leaving Nova gasping for air as he sinks down to a knee.]

GM: Martinez is quite the heavy hitter in there, laying in some serious pummeling on the World Champion right about now.

[Martinez grabs the champion by the hair, dragging him up to his feet again. He ducks down, scooping him up and slamming him down.]

GM: Scoop and a slam by the challenger in this one!

[Martinez stands over him with a smirk, cupping his hands to his mouth...]

"OWWWWWWW!"

[...and earns some jeers from the crowd for it.]

GM: AJ Martinez digging into the Supernova playbook, howling to these fans here in Milwaukee... Martinez is never one to turn down a chance to taunt his opponent. The fans didn't like that one bit, solidly behind the World Champion here tonight.

[Martinez seems to get a little upset at the booing crowd, dropping down to a knee and taking on a mount position on Supernova, raining down fists on the champion's head to more boos from the Milwaukee crowd.]

GM: The fans not enjoying this either. Martinez seemed to get a little fired up there, Bucky.

BW: Well, KAMS has been pretty popular since arriving here in the AWA, Gordo. Martinez might not be used to hearing the boos like this anymore.

[Martinez breaks off his attack at the referee's four count, opening up his hand...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and smacking it down on Supernova's chest!]

GM: Big clubbing chop by a big, big man and Supernova felt that one for sure.

[Climbing to his feet, Martinez circles around the downed Nova, taking a moment to blow on his hand shouting "OOOOH, THAT ONE STINGS, BABY!"]

GM: Martinez perhaps wasting some valuable time here... finally coming back over...

[He leans down, lifting Supernova up off the mat, guiding him up to his feet...

...where Supernova slaps the grasping hand away, winding up and firing home a big right hand!]

GM: Supernova trying to fight back against this much-larger competitor!

[A second right hand lands... and a third...]

GM: Supernova throwing bombs at the challenger, trying to get the edge here and get back into this...

[...but an irate Martinez reaches out with both hands, grabbing Supernova around the throat...]

GM: ...DOUBLE CHOKE!

[The crowd buzzes at the setup for his father's signature move.]

GM: Could we be on the verge of seeing one of the most famous moves in pro wrestling history?

[But before we can learn young Martinez' intentions, Supernova reaches up to grab the wrists with his hands...]

GM: Supernova's fighting it!

[...and the buzzing crowd gets louder as Supernova starts to battle back, trying to force Martinez' hands from around his throat...]

GM: He's trying to force those hands away! Trying to get loose from the choke!

[...and keeps fighting, struggling to get loose from the powerful grip...]

GM: The World Champion showing the determination that carried him all the way to the big gold!

[...and the crowd roars as Supernova does the same, shoving the hands up into the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...which is exactly when AJ Martinez abandons the choke attempt, smashing his skull into Supernova's in an impactful headbutt!]

GM: What a headbutt!

BW: Is his face okay?!

[Martinez seems to be checking the same thing as Supernova stumbles several feet back, grabbing at his face...]

GM: "Is his face okay". Give me a break!

BW: It's a valid question and the ONLY thing on the minds of millions of women around the world! Make it trend, ladies! #AJsFaceIsFine

[...but a look of rage crosses Martinez' face as he rushes forward towards the stunned Supernova...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIIIIIIIG BOOOOOOT!

[Martinez throws his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture as he drops to his knees, diving across the champion's chest!]

GM: Martinez gets one! He gets two! He gets-

[Supernova kicks out, his shoulder flying up off the canvas!]

GM: Two count! Supernova stays in it!

BW: That wasn't THAT close to three but that's gotta make any Supernova fan in the building - which is most of them - a little uneasy, Gordo.

GM: The kid is bringing the fight in this one for sure.

BW: Supernova may be regretting this open challenge just like I bet Jordan Ohara was after that tough - and controversial - title defense against Robert Donovan two weeks ago at Super Saturday.

[Despite not being THAT close to three as Bucky said, AJ Martinez takes the time to angrily argue with the official over the speed of the count.]

GM: Martinez thinks it was three but...

[Cain Jackson slaps his hands on the mat, shouting at Martinez to "stay on target."]

GM: Martinez turning his attention back to Supernova now.

BW: The kid's still got a tendency to lose his cool at times. He needs to keep his head in the game, stay focused... don't sweat the small stuff and keep attacking.

[Approaching the downed Supernova, Martinez reaches the long way down towards him...]

GM: The almost-seven footer pulling-

[...and the crowd ROARS as Supernova reaches up, dragging the big man down in a small package!]

GM: CRADLE OUT OF NOWHERE! ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO!

[But Martinez powers out of the small package, breaking free!]

GM: The challenger breaks out in time!

[Martinez is a little slow getting up due to his size, the World Champion a couple of steps quicker...]

GM: Both men back up... big swing!

[...and a big hooking right hand by Martinez comes up empty as Supernova ducks low... and then drags Martinez right back down in a schoolboy!]

GM: Pulls him down again! HE'S GOT ONE! HE'S GOT TWO! HE'S GOT-

[Again, Martinez powers out of the pin attempt, breaking out of the cradle!]

GM: Another two count for the champion!

[Supernova is quickly back up again, easily to his feet before Martinez who seems to move even a little slower now.]

GM: The big man coming up a little slower... and Supernova's on the move!

[The champion rushes to the ropes, rebounding back as Martinez regains his feet...]

GM: Supernova coming on strong and- ohhh!

[...but Martinez boots the incoming champion in the gut!]

GM: Martinez cuts off whatever he had in mind there... look at this now!

BW: The seven footer's looking to plant the champion six feet under the ring and walk out of Milwaukee as the new World Champion!

[Pulling Supernova into a standing headscissors, Martinez reaches down to wrap his arms around the torso...]

GM: Big lift!

[...but at the peak of the lift, Supernova manages to use the momentum of the lift to flip out of the grasping arms, sliding down the back into a sunset flip takedown!]

GM: SUNSET FLIP! CAN HE GET HIM HERE?!

[The referee dives to the mat, slapping the canvas once... twice... thr-]

GM: OHHHH! JUST OUT IN TIME!

[Supernova rolls to his knees, pistoning a fist down into the canvas in frustration as the crowd buzzes over the near fall.]

GM: Supernova was a half count away - maybe less - of retaining the World Title in his first defense here tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling. What a showing by both of these competitors considering neither had any idea this battle was coming to them here tonight!

[Supernova climbs off the mat, quickly moving to intercept Martinez who is struggling to get up off the mat...]

GM: Martinez moving a little slower... maybe the fast pace having an impact on his 325 pound frame...

[...but Martinez lowers his shoulder again, letting loose a shout as he lifts Supernova into the air, charging backwards to drive him back into the turnbuckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: The champion gets driven back into the corner! Right back into the buckles to knock the wind out of him!

BW: Just when you thought Martinez might be down, he's right back into it!

[Martinez hangs on to the middle rope, slamming his shoulder into the ribcage once... twice... three times... faster and faster... four... five... six... the impact shaking the World Champion from head to toe... seven... eight... nine...]

GM: Get him out of the corner, ref!

[The KAMS member abruptly stands up, grabbing the arm, whipping the World Champion from corner to corner...]

GM: Shoots him across... HERE HE COMMMMMES!

[...but the rampaging Martinez comes up empty with a big clothesline as Supernova uses the ropes to pull himself clear, causing the big man to SLAM violently chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: MARTINEZ HITS THE CORNER!

[Supernova sprints across the ring, his back touching the turnbuckles...]

GM: NOVA ON THE MOOOOOVE!

[...and sprints across, leaping high into the air, his body SMASHING Martinez into the corner a second time!]

GM: HEAT WAVE IN THE CORNER!

[Martinez goes stumbling backwards as Nova gives a whoop, winding up his right arm...]

“OHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and BLASTS Martinez across the collarbone with a standing clothesline, knocking the seven footer down to the canvas to cheers!]

GM: The champion puts him down!

[Supernova walks around the downed Martinez, pumping his arms excitedly as the crowd gets louder. He leans over, grabbing the long legs of the challenger...]

GM: He’s looking for the Solar Flare!

[...but the challenger knows it’s coming, shaking and twisting, trying to jerk his legs out of Nova’s hands!]

BW: Can he get it on?! Those legs are longer than the odds that Milwaukee Brewers will actually win the World Series.

[The champion struggles and strains to control the legs, trying to apply his signature submission hold...]

...but the powerful Martinez kicks off, sending Nova backwards where he slams violently into the corner, his head whipping backwards!]

GM: OHH! Martinez kicks out of it!

BW: And did you see Supernova’s head snap back?!

GM: That whiplash type of impact! His neck could be damaged after that!

[Martinez scrambles up off the mat, trying to take advantage of his counter but the champion pushes off the buckles, grabbing his neck as he staggers to meet him...]

GM: Right hand by the champion!

[The blow stuns Martinez who stumbles... and then returns fires!]

GM: And one by the challenger as well!

[Nova stumbles backwards... but surges back in!]

GM: CHAMPION!

[Martinez steps back a foot, shaking his head...]

GM: CHALLENGER!

[Supernova steps forward again...]

GM: CHAMPION!

[...and then blocks a Martinez counterpunch!]

GM: CHAMPION!

[And then throws another... and another... and another!]

GM: SUPERNOVA'S HEATING UP!

[But as he throws another blow, Martinez blocks it before swinging his long arms out, clashing them together on the ears!]

"SWEEEEEEET CHRISTMAAAAAAS!"

[Supernova falls backwards from the impact as Martinez steps in, lifting him up, and dropping him down in an inverted drop!]

GM: The spine gets jolted by the challenger!

[Feeling the moment, Martinez swings his arms down in a crotch chop, drawing jeers from the crowd again as the young lion drops back to the ropes, charging back in towards Supernova...]

...who throws himself forward into a clothesline that knocks the seven footer down!]

GM: CLOTHESLINE BY THE CHAMPION!

[Martinez struggles to get up off the canvas as Supernova comes charging back the other way, knocking him down a second time!]

GM: Supernova takes him down again! The champion building up momentum here in his first defense of the World Title he defeated Johnny Detson and Brian James to win back at SuperClash!

[With his challenger down on the mat, Supernova pumps his arms a few times in the direction of the cheering crowd, watching as Martinez again expends great effort to get back to his feet...]

BW: And this is what you get sometimes when a tag team wrestler gets into a singles match. He's got no one to tag to get a breather so Martinez - a big guy already - might be running on fumes!

GM: A good call there, Bucky, but the near-seven footer is getting back to his feet...

[Supernova waves an arm around in the air as he ducks down...]

GM: SUPERNOVA GOES FOR THE LIFT...

[...scooping the near-seven footer up into the air, turning him over and slamming him down on the canvas!]

GM: ...AND A BIIIIIG BODYSLAM BY THE CHAMPION OF THE WORLD!

[Supernova nods to the cheering crowd as he walks towards the corner, ducking through the ropes...]

GM: The champion on the outside now... looking to climb... heading up the ropes...

[The champion gets to the second rope, pointing a warning finger at Cain Jackson as Jackson nears the ringpost, looking up at him...]

GM: Supernova's got some words for Cain Jackson!

BW: Why?! He wasn't doing anything!

[Supernova shouts at him a second time, staring down at Jackson...]

BW: Supernova's got his eyes on Cain Jackson and not on AJ Martinez who-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as the rising AJ Martinez throws himself into the ropes, knocking Supernova off-balance and causing him to drop down, crotching himself on the top!]

GM: Supernova lost his focus and it cost him right there!

BW: It might cost him the World Title if AJ Martinez can put something big on him right now, Gordo.

GM: The champion's in trouble as we cross the ten minute mark of this one. Martinez grabs him by the hair... big right hand! Another one finds the mark as well!

[Martinez reaches up with both arms now...]

GM: Is he trying to throw him off the top?

[...and lifts Supernova off the top rope, pressing him high overhead at full extension!]

GM: Gorilla press! Martinez has him up!

BW: Look at the power!

[Martinez doesn't slam him though, opting instead to walk out to the middle of the ring for all to see...]

GM: Martinez showing off that incredible strength for everyone here in Milwaukee, out to the center of the ring now!

BW: Throw him down, big man!

[...but as Martinez steps to the middle, turning to face the camera, Supernova starts wriggling and kicking...]

GM: Martinez trying to hold him! Supernova trying to get free!

[...and he manages to slip right out, coming down on his feet behind Martinez, snatching the near-seven footer in an inverted facelock on the way down...]

GM: THE CHAMP HOOKS HIM!



[...and DRIVES the back of Martinez' head into the canvas with the Black Hole DDT!]

GM: BLACK HOLE CONNECTS!

[Supernova rolls to his knees, hooking the leg as he dives across the prone and unmoving Martinez!]

GM: THE CHAMP GETS ONE! GETS TWO! GETS THREEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers as Supernova rolls over to sit on the canvas, grinning at the big win as Cain Jackson smashes a hand in frustration down on the mat. Jackson crawls into the ring to tend to his partner.]

GM: Cain Jackson obviously disappointed for his partner but that was one heck of a showing by the challenger, AJ Martinez, Bucky.

BW: Sure was. The kid came to fight and fight he did. If a few things had broke his way, we might be looking at a new World Champion right here tonight.

GM: But Supernova survives his first test as the World Champion, defeating Martinez to claim victory and... listen to these fans here in Milwaukee!

[The crowd is roaring for Supernova as he regains his feet, accepting the title belt from the official and holding it over his head to even louder cheers as Cain Jackson helps his partner to a sitting position on the mat.]

GM: The World Champion's got no shortage of fans here in Brew City as he picks up the win here tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Supernova mounts the middle rope, saluting the fans as he holds the title overhead...]

...and we fade to the backstage area where we find Interim AWA President Maxim Zharkov watching a TV monitor with the celebrating Supernova. Zharkov nods, a thin smile on his face as he lightly claps for what he just saw.]

MZ: Excellent fight, no?

[At first, it's not clear who Zharkov is speaking to... but then Odysseus Allah steps into view in his ring gear - Amiri shearling trucker jacket, combat fatigues and combat boots.]

OA: Hmm? Oh, sure. Yeah. Good stuff.

[Zharkov doesn't turn to acknowledge Allah who gets impatient waiting.]

OA: Yo, my man... Zharkov... what's good? I thought I was supposed to have my debut tonight but I don't see my name on the board.

[Zharkov still doesn't turn towards Allah, picking up a clipboard to review instead.]

MZ: Tovarisch, what is, as you say, "good?" You have the night off.

[Allah's eyes flash with surprise.]

OA: What? I gotta get a match on Saturday Night Wrestling.

[Zharkov shakes his head, finally turning to face Allah.]

MZ: Last weekend on Power Hour, Comrade Sebastian McIntyre was assaulted by you. Not a member of the roster, but an interviewer–

[An agitated Allah interrupts.]

OA: Interviewer? We all know that guy is–

[Zharkov interrupts in kind.]

MZ: He is a valuable member of our staff. We know. But you, comrade, consider yourself lucky. You should be serving a suspension right now, but Mr. McIntyre asked only for the power to put you in a match of his choice on the Power Hour.

[Allah shakes his head.]

OA: This again? C'mon, man... I should debut on the A show.

[Zharkov glares at Allah.]

MZ: You learn nothing. You refuse to wrestle on Power Hour because you think it is somehow beneath you? You embarrass our locker room. Our front office. Our broadcast partners.

[Zharkov steps closer to Allah, staring into his eyes. Allah, to his credit, doesn't flinch.]

MZ: And you think you should be rewarded for that? Nyet. There is nothing beneath you here, Tovarisch. Your debut will be next week on Power Hour, per Comrade McIntyre.

[Allah grimaces, kissing his teeth.]

OA: Lemme guess... he wants me to face Omega, right?

[Zharkov chuckles.]

MZ: No, no, no, Tovarisch! He has selected a different opponent...

[Zharkov pauses for effect.]

MZ: ...the God of War, Polemos

[Allah's jaw drops.]

OA: What? That's crazy! Yo, you can't do that, Zharkov! That ain't right!

[Zharkov turns to walk away, shouting over his shoulder.]

MZ: If you want the top tier of competition, I shall diligently supply it. Do svidaniya.

[Zharkov retreats out of the shot, leaving a flustered Allah staring around backstage wildly. Finally he screams out "Dammit" as he stomps his foot and pounds the wall with his fist, recoiling in pain and shock as he hits a hard piece of cement. Allah stares around him again to see if anybody saw his humiliation. He also retreats out of the shot before his night can get any worse as 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."

[Shadoo Rage.]

"I am AWA."

[Hannibal Carver.]

"I am AWA."

[Howie Somers.]

"I am AWA."

[Daniel Harper.]

"I am AWA."

[Harley Hamilton.]

"I am AWA."

[They come quicker and quicker, all repeating the tagline - James Lynch, Victoria June, Cinder, Kerry Kendrick, Ayako Fujiwara...

...and this time, each time they say it, they stay on screen, the framed shot getting smaller as more people are added to it...

Laura Davis. Jackson Hunter. Bret Grayson. Ricki Toughill. And on. And on. And on.

And the photos all disappear, leaving just the tagline behind...]

"I am AWA."

[The graphic fades and is replaced with more text - "The American Wrestling Alliance. Every Saturday Night. ESPN."

And we fade through black back to the backstage area where we find AWA interviewer Mariah Wolfe standing.]

MW: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling where earlier tonight, the AWA Women's World Tag Team Title tournament began in a very surprising way when the team of Laura Davis and Carolina Colton defeated Trish Wallace and Skylar Swift when Trish betrayed her own partner and allied herself with the All-Around Athlete and her third-generation partner. I, for one, was stunned by this and... I'm pretty sure the duo who will be competing later tonight to try to face Davis and Colton in the Semifinals in two weeks in Chicago were surprised as well. Ladies, come on in here.

[Cue the arrival of the Peach Pits on the scene. All three members of the squad are present in matching peach-colored windbreakers covering their torsos but with matching peach spandex shorts with "PEACH PITS" in script on the rump. Kelly Taylor is the first on the scene, smirking as she walks in.]

KT: "Ladies"... did you hear that? I like this one better than Theresa.

[A snorting Donna Martinelli is next.]

DM: I'd like anyone over that one. Supreme, call me.

[She holds up her hand to mime a phone as Shannon Walsh pushes her way into view.]

SW: We've got a match to get ready for, Wolfe, so make it fast.

[Mariah nods.]

MW: I wanted to start by getting your thought on what happened here earlier with our first tournament match. With the shocking betray-

[Donna interrupts.]

DM: Shocking? Shocking, Mariah? The only thing shocking about Trish Wallace dropping Skylar Swift like she does a stalk of broccoli is that it took this long to happen. Look, it's hard for beautiful people to find friends - look how long it took yours truly to find my girls here.

[Walsh glares at Martinelli as Taylor grins, primping her friend's hair.]

DM: And no matter how annoying you find Skylar Swift...

KT: And believe me, she's REAAAAAAL annoying.

DM: ...you can't deny that she's a beautiful woman, Mariah.

[Wolfe looks surprised.]

MW: Well, no... of course not but-

DM: But what that means is that Trish Wallace couldn't bear to stand alongside her because while Skylar looks like she should be on the cover of a magazine... Trish looks like she should be on the back of a milk carton after her parents left her at the zoo.

[Kelly giggles as Mariah shakes her head.]

MW: But now that the Slam Sorority-

KT: Awful name. Truly awful.

MW: -has come together, they're waiting for either you or-

KT: It's us. Totally us.

MW: -the new team of Pink Cashmere-

KT: Who?

MW: -and Lauryn Rage.

[Shannon Walsh steps in.]

SW: I'm glad that we're facing Lauryn Rage in the first round of this tournament, Wolfe, because it gives us the chance to prove something to the world. A whole lot of people looking at this tournament think we're cannon fodder... that we've got no chance of advancing in this tournament against a former Women's World Champion... against the first woman to hold gold in the AWA. But the way I look at it is that while Lauryn Rage is all about making history... we're all about making HER history.

DM: Sing it, sister.

SW: Lauryn Rage won the first Rumble. She won the World Title. She was the talk of wrestling. And then someone busted up her knobby little knee, put her on the shelf, and when she came back, she was no longer relevant. The division had passed her by. The AWA Women's Division is the hottest thing in professional wrestling, filled with the very best pro wrestlers in the world... all of whom have more people watching than Lauryn Rage.

[Wolfe shakes her head.]

MW: She's one of the best in the world!

SW: Maybe. That remains to be seen. But what I know is that even if she's THE best in the world, she's still gotta beat us - the best tag team in the world - with the likes of some beauty school dropout by her side.

DM: Missed her midterms and TOTALLY flunked shampoo.

[Shannon actually smirks at this line.]

SW: So, Rage, you keep telling everyone that Lauryn's coming. Good. You come down to that ring... you bring your little pal with you... and let's see who's left standing when the Peach Pits bring the power... the passion... and the pain.

[Walsh glares at Wolfe.]

SW: Period.

Let's go, girls.

[Walsh gestures to her allies who smirk at Wolfe before scampering off behind her.]

MW: That appears to be a team that's quite ready for action later here tonight... but can Pink Cashmere and the former Women's World Champion, Lauryn Rage, say the same? We'll find out a little later but right now, let's go back to Gordon and Bucky!

[We open to a shot of Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde at the announcers' desk.]

GM: Thanks, Mariah. The Women's World Tag Team Title Tournament is in full swing here in Milwaukee with one first round match - a controversial first round match, I should add - in the books and one more to come later tonight. Of course, the winners of those two matches will meet in two weeks in Chicago in the first Semifinal with the winner moving on to New Orleans with a chance to become the first team to wear those titles.

BW: And you better believe the new champs will be in Los Angeles for Memorial Day Mayhem with the whole world watching.

GM: Amen to that. And speaking of Memorial Day Mayhem, it was two weeks ago when Juan Vasquez shocked the world with his announcement that he would be retiring at Memorial Day Mayhem in his hometown of Los Angeles, California, but in typical Juan Vasquez fashion, he's making sure he's going out in style with a celebration in every city along the way! Milwaukee, Wisconsin, is the first stop on his farewell tour and let me tell you, he's been having a blast! Roll the footage!

[We then cut to footage of Juan Vasquez, enjoying himself around town. We see him wearing wearing a cheesehead hat and raising a beer stein with a group of a fans a local tavern. We see him posing in front of the Harley Davidson museum. We then cut to Juan at a Milwaukee Bucks game, where we see him shaking hands with

Giannis Antetokounmpo. We see highlights of Juan and the Bucks players laughing and joking around, Juan presenting the game ball before the tip-off, and then footage of Juan getting pointers from the Bucks' mascot Bango, before he miserably fails on converting a behind-the-back half court shot that doesn't come anywhere close to the basket.]

GM: But the highlight of Juan's week here in Milwaukee came yesterday, when he was presented with the key to the city by the mayor of Milwaukee, himself... Tom Barrett!

[We see a crowd cheer loudly as Vasquez, standing on a stage surrounded by Mayor Tom Barrett, Michelle and Kimmy Bailey and other dignitaries, is presented with the key to the city. He looks humbled and grateful as he holds up the key for all to see and we cut back to Gordon and Bucky inside the Bradley Center.]

GM: A very great honor bestowed upon Juan Vasquez... but his time in Milwaukee isn't quite done yet. He requested to have one final match in Milwaukee tonight and his request was granted!

BW: Do we have any idea who he's gonna face?

GM: Well, that's a shock. Usually you're the one with the inside scoops, Bucky.

BW: Hey, I've dropped plenty of bombshells in my time, but my sources said everyone's lips were sealed on who they got lined up for Vasquez!

GM: Well, we won't have to wait long, because his match is next!

[Gordon points to the ring as we cut to Rebecca Ortiz standing in the center.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit... and is Juan Vasquez' final match in Milwaukee!

[There's a loud roar of cheers for that announcement.]

RO: Introducing first...

[For the first time in a long time, the all-too familiar introduction to "They Reminisce Over You" by Pete Rock and CL Smooth plays over the PA system and the crowd goes nuts!]

RO: From Los Angeles, California... weighing 238 pounds... he is a former AWA National Champion... he is a former AWA World Heavyweight Champion... he is...

JUAN VAAAAAASSSSQUUUUUEEEEZZZ!!!

[There is a BIG CHEER as Juan Vasquez emerges from the entrance way. The former champion is dressed in green tights with red, white and gold flames running up the legs and black boots with gold trim. He pauses at the top of the ramp and lifts both arms into the air, drawing a roar from the crowd as pyro erupts behind him.]

"FOOOOOOOOOOOOSSSSHHHHH!!!"

"FOOOOOOOOOOOOSSSSHHHHH!!!"

"FOOOOOOOOOOOOSSSSHHHHH!!!"

[Vasquez makes his way down the aisle, slapping as many outstretched hands as he can. Reaching the ringside area, he circles his way completely around the ring, continuing to slap the hands of the fans, before he reaches his way back to the ring



steps, where he steps through the ropes and into the ring, before turning to face the entrance way, awaiting the announcement of his opponent.]

GM: And Bucky, after two years of seeing the dark side of this man, it's good to see the man who helped build this company once again.

BW: He sure seems to be enjoying himself. Retirement is in the air this year, Gordo. You're down to a month and counting. Vasquez won't be far behind you. It's hard to imagine an AWA without Gordon Myers and Juan Vasquez.

GM: You'll be fine, old friend.

[Rebecca continues.]

RO: And his opponent...

[The crowd quiets down for a moment, as everyone waits to see is coming through the curtain. There's silence and then suddenly, "Goin' Out West" by Tom Waits plays throughout the arena as the Milwaukee crowd gives an excited roar as equally impressive as the one they gave Juan Vasquez! Because that music's the cue for the hometown hero of the blue-collar fans, the barrel-chested strawberry blonde grappler with the face of a rottweiler, The Beerserker!]

RO: And his opponent... he is Racine's Finest... weighing in at 276 pounds...

The BEEEEEEEEEEEEER ...SERKER!

[In his hand, The Beerserker has a massive beer stein, which he upends to take a massive gulp from. Beerserker lowers the stein and wipes his face on his forearm. His boots are short and vintage, his brick red tights have earned him comparisons to a fire hydrant, and his beige kneepads were probably once white. He puts the stein on the ring apron and slaps hands with every fan with an arm outstretched at ringside.]

GM: Juan Vasquez will face Wisconsin's very own Beerserker!

BW: They actually got this boozehound to face Vasquez?

GM: Bucky!

BW: I meant that in the most respectful way! This guy's practically worshipped here! I'll have to hand it to the front office, they didn't give Vasquez some bum off the street to face... The Beerserker's as tough as a chewed up leather boot.

GM: Wow, that almost sounded like a compliment. I'm surprised, Bucky.

BW: And twice as ugly.

GM: Okay... I'm not surprised.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[As the bell rings, Beerserker and Vasquez slowly walk to the center of the ring, where they both lock eyes, appraising each other.]

GM: Neither man making a move yet.

BW: Don't expect any fancy submissions or a mat classic here, Gordo. When Beerserker's around, you better believe the fists are gonna fly. And Vasquez knows it. It's just a matter of who's gonna throw the first punch.

[The crowd however, only continues to roar louder as they anticipate the action to come. And then, suddenly and without warning...

...Beerserker smashes his forehead right into Vasquez' face!]

BW: Or the first headbutt!

[Beerserker's headbutt finds its mark, but he's immediately caught by a lunging right hand, a looping left hook, and a HUGE overhand right by a wildly swinging Vasquez!]

GM: JUAN VASQUEZ IS SWINGING FOR THE FENCES!

BW: Vasquez has one of the hardest heads in wrestling, Gordo. I'm not sure if that headbutt from Beerserker had any effect on him!

[However, Vasquez' flurry only seems to invigorate Beerserker, who bends low and grabs Vasquez around the waist and lifts him into the air, ramming him hard into the turnbuckles!]

GM: AND NOW IT'S BEERSERKER WHO'S FIGHTING BACK! HE'S GOT VASQUEZ TRAPPED IN THE CORNER!

[Racine's Finest, savagely wails away at Vasquez, pounding him with a series of roundhouse rights, before smashing him across the back with clubbing forearms, literally beating him down into the canvas!]

GM: Beerserker is all over Juan Vasquez!

BW: This is exactly the sort of fight he wants... an all-out brawl!

GM: And listen to this crowd! The Beerserker has worked them up into an absolute frenzy!

[Pulling Vasquez off the canvas, Beerserker shoots him off into the far corner, where he hits hard...]

GM: OH! A BIG BOOT TAKES VASQUEZ OFF HIS FEET!

[The crowd roars at seeing their hometown hero rock the Hall of Famer!]

GM: And a clothesline over the ropes, knocks Vasquez to the outside!

[The Beerserker walks over to where he left his beer stein and takes a gulp, before rolling out of the ring. There, he meets a rising Vasquez...]

"OOOOOHHHHHHH!!!"

[...and sprays a fine mist of hops and barley into Vasquez' face to a big roar!]

BW: BEER MIST!

GM: Beerserker just spat that beer into Vasquez' eyes! And that's gotta sting!

[The barrel chested Wisconsin native grabs Vasquez by the arm, looking to whip him into the guardrail, but Vasquez reverses it, causing Beerserker's back to hit hard against the barrier!]

"CLAAAAANNNKK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH! Vasquez reverses!

"THHHUUUUUDD!!!"

"OOOOHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: And he backdrops Beerserker onto the floor!

[Wiping at his eyes, Vasquez stumbles away and rolls back into the ring. However, it's not to receive a breather or a quick reprieve from the action, as Vasquez almost immediately begins to climb the turnbuckles.]

GM: Juan Vasquez is ready to fly!

BW: This man is months away from retirement! He doesn't need to do this!

[A groggy Beerserker rises to his feet, turning around in time to see Vasquez launching himself off the top turnbuckle and smashing into him with a somersault plancha!]

GM: OH MY! JUAN VASQUEZ WITH AN AMAZING DIVE ONTO THE BEERSERKER!

[As Vasquez and Beerserker both lay on the floor, the camera cuts to the entrance way, where we see Raphael Rhodes stepping out from behind the curtain. He crosses his arms over his chest, observing the action going on at ringside.]

GM: And there we see Raphael Rhodes, who will be taking on Juan Vasquez at Memorial Day Mayhem in Vasquez' final match. He's out here to scout Vasquez, no doubt.

BW: I'm sure Rhodes has watched so much tape, he knows more about Vasquez than even Vasquez does. But Vasquez hasn't had a normal singles match in a long time and if there's any flaw or weakness in Vasquez' game, you better believe Rhodes is gonna find it!

[Vasquez gets to his feet and fist bumps several cheering fans along the guardrail, before he drags Beerserker to his feet and rolls him into the ring. He then turns and notices Rhodes, giving his rival a friendly wave. However, Rhodes ignores the gesture.]

GM: Raphael Rhodes in no mood for pleasantries.

BW: He's gonna have the biggest match of his life with Vasquez in three months... this ain't the time for politeness!

[Vasquez shakes his head at Rhodes, before rolling back into the ring. He gets to his feet and runs to the ropes...]

GM: A SHADES OF TOMMY STEPHENS SENTON! We haven't seen that one in a while! Vasquez has the leg... ONE! TWO! TH-NOOO! Beerserker gets the shoulder up!

BW: That probably would've put most men away, but Beerserker is probably so boozed up, he's barely feeling the beating Vasquez is laying on him!

GM: Oh will you be serious?

[Juan slaps a hand down on the canvas in frustration, before rising back to his feet. He pulls the Beerserker up and snapmares him over into a seated position. He then runs into the ropes and dropkicks both feet into The Beerserker's face!]

GM: Dropkick and another cover! One! Two! No, Beerserker kicks out at two!

BW: Not enough! Beerserker ain't the most technically brilliant guy out there, but he's tough as nails. Vasquez is gonna need to break out the heavy artillery if he wants to put him away!

[Dragging Beerserker to the center of the ring, Vasquez quickly moves to the nearest corner. He steps up to the middle rope and then to the top rope, pausing to twirl his fingers at the crowd...]

GM: Is he... HE'S GOING FOR A MOONSAULT!

BW: I repeat... this man is months away from retirement! He doesn't need to be doing this! Instead of takin' it easy, he's wrestlin' like there's no tomorrow!

GM: He wants to give it his all for his fans!

BW: He might put himself in retirement before he gets to retire!

[...however, Vasquez took too long and is suddenly knocked off-balance, falling onto the top turnbuckle, as Beerserker takes his legs out from under him!]

GM: Vasquez wasted too much time! The Beerserker caught him up top!

[The crowd rises in anticipation, as Beerserker climbs up to the second turnbuckle. He hooks both arms around Juan Vasquez' waist and then lifts...]

"THHHUUUUUUDD!!!"

"OOOOHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: A BELLY-TO-BACK SUPLEX FROM THE TOP ROPE!

BW: Vasquez just got bent in half! And Beerserker didn't have a soft landing, either! I doubt he's gonna be doing the polka tonight!

GM: Beerserker crawls over and makes the cover... ONE! TWO! THR-SHOULDER UP!

BW: Oh man, that was close. That hand was literally inches away from hitting for a third time.

[Both men are down on the canvas, trying to gain their bearings, as the referee begins to administer a ten count. At about the count of five, Beerserker grabs the ropes and pulls himself to his feet, while Vasquez has pushed himself up off the canvas into a kneeling position, still weary from the superplex.]

GM: Beerserker is up!

BW: ... And so is Juan Vasquez!

[As both men get to their feet, Beerserker nods in a sign of respect to Vasquez' toughness and walks up to him, smashing a right hand into his jaw!]

GM: OH MY! What a punch!

[However, Vasquez takes the blow and returns fire...]

"SMAAAAACCKK!!!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[...and kicks Beerserker right in the face!]

GM: I can't believe it!

[Beerserker stares at Vasquez wide-eyed, almost as if the kick woke him up.]

B: "THAT ALL YOU GOT, VASQUEZ!?!"

[Shocked roar!]

GM: The Beerserker didn't even feel that kick!

BW: Vasquez is shocked and so am I! What the heck is this guy made of!?

[Vasquez looks around in confusion, before going right back on the attack. He smashes Beerserker with a right hand that barely seems to phase the hometown brawler, before he finds himself doubled over with a boot to the gut and a sledgehammer of a forearm across the back.]

GM: Beerserker's got Vasquez! Could it be?

BW: Aw no, not this! Vasquez is about to taste 10,000 megatons of power!

[Grabbing a handful of Vasquez' hair, Beerserker turns to the crowd and pumps his fist, before he winds up.]

GM: Here comes the Bolo Punch!

[Beerserker then swings his mighty arm into an even mightier uppercut...]

"CRRRRAAAAACCCCKKKKK!!!"

[... that sends Juan Vasquez flying back into the ropes...]

"SMMMMMAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACCCCKKKKK!!!"  
"OHH!!!"

[...but rebounding off right into the mightiest punch in all of professional wrestling!]

GM: THE RIGHT CROSS! VASQUEZ HITS THE RIGHT CROSS!

[Beerserker spins on his heel and hangs for a moment in the air... before flopping face-first into the canvas! A weary Vasquez lunges forward, dropping down and hooking the leg as the referee counts!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!! VASQUEZ GOT HIM!

"DING! DING! DING!"

RO: Your winner of the match...

JUAN VAAAAAASSSSQUUUUUEEEEZZZ!!!

[As Vasquez' arm is raised in victory, he points at Raphael Rhodes, still standing at the top of the ramp. We see Rhodes give a sarcastic slow clap as Juan Vasquez is announced the winner, before turning around around and walking through the curtains.]

GM: Raphael Rhodes walking right on out of here, having got what he came for here in this one, Bucky.

BW: Rhodes knows that this - Memorial Day Mayhem - is his last shot at Vasquez. The last chance to settle their near-decade old feud in his favor. So, you know he's going to take every moment he can get to figure out the ultimate gameplan.

GM: He saw what Vasquez does in a fight tonight. Will that be the strategy Rhodes brings to the table in Los Angeles? We'll find out in a few months.

[Vasquez shakes his head, before turning his attention to The Beerserker, who he helps to his feet. Juan then raises Beerserker's arm into the air, as the crowd roars in cheers for their hometown hero.]

GM: Big show of respect there from Vasquez to the Beerserker who certainly has the adoration of his hometown fans about as much as Vasquez does. Fans, it's been a rip-roaring two hours of action here on Saturday Night Wrestling and we're not done yet. Coming up in our final hour, we've got Carver versus Bryant, the tag title tournament continues, Jordan Ohara defending the National Title against Sid Osborne, and that big four way tag team Main Event! So, stick around because we'll be right back after this word from our...

[Gordon trails off with a pause.]

GM: "Sponsor"? Singular?

[We cut to a final shot of Juan Vasquez and The Beerserker, who now both have cans of Schlitz beer in their hands, handed to them by someone off-camera. The two clink their beer cans, before they both throw their heads back and chug, as the crowd once again roars with cheers and we fade to black...

...where the Under Armour logo slowly bleeds in, and a voiceover that sounds vaguely, suspiciously like Bryce Harper.]

VO: The following presentation is brought to you by Under Armour - the official sports outfitter of the American Wrestling Alliance and E-Girl MAX.

[We crossfade from the Under Armour logo to Casey Cash, unpacking a box with a large Under Armour logo displayed prominently on the side. She is dressed in a black and pink Under Armour hoodie, along with black Under Armour leggings. Her wavy brown hair gently rests on her shoulders as she folds a sweatshirt over her arms. She looks up to face the camera... ]

CC: Oh! Hi there! I'm Casey Cash, the "Charm City Cutie", and this is the Under Armour Brand House here at Harbor East in Baltimore. Today, we're looking over some of the hottest new gear coming to you for the spring and summer season. Now, I know some of you out there are really interested to know what Under Armour has in store for all your sports needs in 2018, but, well...

[Casey gives off a grin.]

CC: Unfortunately, there's only so much I can show you in such a short period of time! But you know what I can show you? It's such a big deal, I'm going to need some help!

[Casey walks over to a bench, where none other than Harley Hamilton is seated! Wow! But Harley looks a little down in the dumps, eyes fixed on her phone. Casey sits down beside her, sitting criss-cross applesauce and looking on in concern for her E-Girl MAX friend.]

CC: Harley Hamilton, why are you looking so down? After all, you're wearing your brand new E-Girl MAX Under Armour hoodie!

HH: Sorry Casey, but even the smooth, flexible weightless feeling of my superior Under Armour brand clothing can't take my mind off what these stupid men are saying about me!

[Casey gasps, hugging the sweatshirt over her arm to her chest.]

CC: Stupid men are at it again?!

HH: They can't seem to keep my name out of their mouths! What the heck do these middle-aged, out of touch misogynists who I've never even spoken to, know about me? Or any of us!?

CC: It sure seems like they're shamelessly dragging the good name of Harley Hamilton, E-Girl MAX and Under Armour for a drop of clout!

HH: I know, right?

[Harley gets off the bench and turns to stick out her chest to strike a somewhat dramatic pose that prominently displays the Under Armour logo on her hoodie.]

HH: Well, I say... NO MORE! This is their first and last warning! The next time - and there better not be a "next time" - that I find out about anyone speaking out of place to disparage, question or otherwise attempting to gaslight my friends, concerning the validity and nature of our friendship and the content of my character?

[She stops to chuckle.]

HH: It might be in a parking lot. It might be in a hotel bathroom. It might be in the empty halls of an arena. But know this: I will look for you. I will find you.

[Harley stares into the camera with a cold, piercing glare.]

HH: And I will end you.

[In the background, we see a somewhat concerned Casey Cash look around, before covering her mouth with her hand.]

CC(In falsetto): "HEY CASEY THAT'S A REALLY GREAT E-GIRL MAX UNDER ARMOUR SHIRT YOU'VE GOT ON THERE AND IS THAT WORLD FAMOUS ATHLETE AND SUPER MODEL HARLEY HAMILTON WEARING IT?!?"

[That seems to snap Harley out of her fiery rage.]

HH: Buytheshirtbuytheshirtbuytheshirt!

[We fade to the Under Armour logo as the screen turns to black...

...and as we come back up from black, our camera is backstage where we can immediately see there's a problem. There are loud voices shouting to one another for assistance, a huddle of suited individuals standing in a half circle, looking down at the ground.]

GM: We're back live on Saturday Night Wrestling and we're being told that someone was in our promotions area, taking some photos for the AWA's online team and... oh no.

[The cameraman pushes through the crowd and gets a glimpse of a telltale pink afro down on the ground.]

GM: That's... fans, that's Pink Cashmere. The young lady who took the world by storm two weeks ago when she was quite literally forced to team with Lauryn Rage in that gauntlet match. And they won! That's the damndest part of it all - they won!

BW: Gordo, she's supposed to be in the ring in just a few minutes!

GM: You're right, Bucky. Pink Cashmere and Lauryn Rage are set... perhaps WERE set at this point... to take on the Peach Pits in another first round match in the Women's World Tag Team Title tournament and... well, whoever did this was certainly trying to get them out of the picture.

BW: You think it was the Peach Pits or...?

[The cameraman's shot drifts a bit away from the chaotic scene as someone shouts for Dr. Ponavitch...

...and then comes to rest on the trio of Laura Davis, Trish Wallace, and Carolina Colton lurking in the shadows.]

GM: Of course! Of course it's them!

[Davis smirks at the situation, patting her allies on the shoulders before exiting view.]

GM: The Slam Sorority hasn't done enough damage for one night for crying out loud!

BW: That's a bold accusation without evidence, Gordo.

GM: I don't need any evidence. I know they did it. And I know why they did it.

BW: What? Why?

GM: They're trying to take Lauryn Rage out of this tournament! If Cashmere can't compete, Rage has to go it alone against the Peach Pits which is NOT a recipe for success in a tag team tournament. They want no part of Lauryn Rage two weeks from tonight in Chicago in the Semifinals, Bucky... that's a fact.

BW: It's a sound argument, Gordo, but I'd like to see some proof.

GM: Fans, medical help is on the scene for Pink Cashmere and... we were set to hear from the team of Rage and Cashmere. Will we though? We're going to take another quick break and we'll find out afterwards.

[Fade to black.

Cut 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 through black to a shot of an airplane sitting on a runway. We can see people loading large crates into it...

...and as the shot pulls back, we reveal we were peeking through a chainlink fence with several strands of barbed wire above it. A large sign reading "AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY - DO NOT ENTER!"

We pull back a little further to reveal the sign framed nicely between the camo tank top-wearing torsos of two men.

A heavy Australian accented voice rings out.]

"Oi... we come all the way from the Outback to big smoke and..."

[He reaches out, rattling the fence.]

"...and we're locked out."

[The other responds.]

"Bloody oath!"

[The first turns to the second, now revealing their identities to the camera. If you watched Super Saturday, you know the young, tall blonde on the right is Mac and the big goofy brunette on the left is Zack.]

M: Oi! You said the AWA sent a plane.

[Zack bobs his head a lot.]

Z: Yeah, I said that, didn't I? Too right!

[Mac raises an eyebrow.]

M: A cargo plane, eh? Flyin' with bags and books and bedclothes and the like?

[Zack gives a shrug.]

Z: Good enough, yeah?

[Mac turns, eyeballing the plane a bit more.]

M: She'll be right.

[We zoom in on the "DO NOT ENTER!" sign...

...and then up on a graphic that reads "THE OUTBACKERS. COMING SOON TO THE AWA."

Fade to black...

...and we fade up backstage as Lauryn Rage is with Mariah Wolfe. Rage looks extremely pissed off. Her eyes dart wildly as she paces back and forth and Mariah tries desperately to get a word.]

MW: Lauryn! Lauryn! We just saw the aftermath of the brutal attack on Pink Cashmere! Do you know anything? Do you know what happened?

[Lauryn stops. She stares at Wolfe in disgust.]

LR: Do I know what happened? You didn't see Laura Davis and her pack of jackals over there next to Pink Cashmere?

MW: I don't think they've claimed responsib-

LR: Don't you dare finish that sentence. Oh, I know it was them. You know it was them. They know it was them. Those jackals don't know what they've started. They think they've sent Lauryn a message by taking out some defenseless backstage rookie? They think they've scared me? Pink Cashmere wasn't a match for one of them. Let alone three.

[Lauryn glares into the camera with cold eyes that rival her brother's intensity.]

LR: Laura Davis, message received. You want it with me? I want it with you and I can find your crew a lot easier than they can find me. I'm gonna put a hurt on you. I'm going to ruin your world because you's a coward, Davis. You don't want to come at me? You want to try to stick me in the back.

[Lauryn guffaws.]

LR: You may think it's one way, but it's the other. I promise you that Lauryn is coming for you and I'm damn sure not gonna miss. You send your minions. You send your crew. It won't matter. Because I'm taking you out, Davis. Oh, you got to go.

[Lauryn lets her words soak in for a moment as she looks into a concerned Wolfe's eyes. She regains her composure and draws a deep breath. She gently slaps Wolfe across the cheek.]

LR: You look shook. Don't worry. You got nothing to fear from me. But the Slam Sorority. Yeah, they in a world of trouble.

[Lauryn starts to whistle a tune. Mariah Wolfe's face twists in confusion as she recognizes the tune of the children's nursery rhyme 'A Hunting We Will Go.']

LR: Lauryn's coming.

[And we fade from the backstage area to reveal Rebecca Ortiz out in the ring.]

RO: The following contest is the second of our first round matches in the AWA WOMEN'S WORLD TAG TEAM TITLE TOURNAMENT!

[A cheer goes up from the crowd!]

RO: Introducing first...

[The sparkly pop sounds of Carly Rae Jepsen's "Cut To The Feeling" bounces across the PA to mostly jeers from the AWA faithful.]

RO: ...from Beverly Hills, California... SHANNON WALSH, KELLY TAYLOR, and DONNA MARTINELLI.... THE PEEEEEEEEEEAAAACH PITSSSSSS!

[The announced trio comes through the curtain - Martinelli and Taylor coming first, a bounce in their step as they enter in their matching peach-colored windbreakers. Walsh is the last one through, a more serious expression on her face. Martinelli's in booty-hugging peach-colored spandex shorts with "PEACH PITS" written across the rump in silver glitter as she trades an excited high ten with Taylor who is dressed in similar attire. Walsh goes with long tights instead, her hair tied back in a tight ponytail as she brushes past her partners, making a beeline for the ring.]

GM: The Peach Pits have been making a lot of noise about the lack of respect they believe they've been hearing going into this tournament.

BW: Can you blame 'em? Everyone's picking their favorites to win but it seems like the Peach Pits are just being completely overlooked.

GM: Are they your pick to win?

BW: I'm... still deciding.

GM: Uh huh.

[The trio makes their way down the aisle, Walsh there several seconds before her partners.]

GM: Now, one of the interesting things about this team in the tournament is that we've yet to be informed which two will be competing here tonight. That's gotta create a challenge for any team trying to gameplan against them.

BW: Gameplan? Lauryn Rage? In the mood she's been in lately? Her gameplan is to swing, keep swingin', and then swing a little more until everyone's down.

GM: That WAS her plan. Now that she's likely without a partner, her gameplan may be to survive.

BW: Nah, I bet she's still swingin'.

[The Pits huddle up in the ring as the music fades...

...and is replaced by the sounds of Kendrick Lamar's "DNA" as Lauryn Rage comes stomping angry - and alone - out of the curtain onto the stage to cheers from the crowd.]

RO: Annnnnd their opponents... the team of PINK CASHMERE and the former Women's World Champion, LAURRRRRRYNNNN RAAAAAAGE!

[Ortiz quickly exits as Rage marches right down the ramp, murderous intent in her eyes.]

GM: Well, the introduction was for Pink Cashmere and Lauryn Rage but obviously, it's just Rage coming out here after that assault on her partner backstage here before the commercial break.

[Rage rolls under the ropes, coming to her feet where Shari Miranda has to throw herself in her path, holding her back from storming the Peach Pits' corner where the trio is conversing...]

GM: Look out! Rage is furious after what happened to her partner and... some final conversation here on the part of the Peach Pits and it looks like it's gonna be Shannon Walsh and Donna Martinelli forming the unit for their squad in this one.

BW: Hey, Gordo... if the Peach Pits advance, do they get to choose which two wrestle all the way through? If the Slam Sorority can do it, the Pits should get to do it too!

GM: Nobody has said that the Slam Sorority can do it... no matter what Laura Davis says. That one is up to Interim President Zharkov for certain.

[Rage is backed up to her corner by the official as Kelly Taylor trades final fist bumps with her partners before exiting to the floor...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: Look at this, Gordo - you gotta be impressed by the guts of Donna Martinelli to climb in there with the first woman to wear the AWA Women's World Title, Lauryn Rage.

GM: I don't know if it's guts or insanity but Rage is going to be a tough test for Martinelli - even with a two on one advantage... maybe even three on one if you count Kelly Taylor out there on the outside.

BW: I'm sure Kelly will stay out of it as long as Rage plays by the rules.

GM: Oh, I'm sure.

[Martinelli gives an anxious look towards the corner where Shannon Walsh gestures her forward. Donna gives a nod in response but before she can engage with Rage, Lauryn lunges at her, locking up.]

GM: A tieup there... initiated by Lauryn Rage for sure...

[And Rage wastes not a single second jockeying for position before she grabs a handful of Martinelli's long hair, yanking her off her feet and throwing her down to the canvas - earning an earful from Shari Miranda in the process.]

GM: Blatant hairpull there and you can see Lauryn Rage is-

[Rage leaps on top of the downed Martinelli, pinning her down in a MMA-style mount where she starts pounding away with rights and lefts.]

GM: I was about to say she's in a bad mood after what we saw earlier with Pink Cashmere, essentially forcing her into a handicap match if she wants to advance in

this tournament to two weeks from tonight in Chicago where the winner of this one will meet the Slam Sorority... but from these furious fists, I'd say "bad mood" doesn't quite cut it, Bucky.

BW: Definitely not. She's fit to be tied and that might be the ONLY way the Peach Pits or Shari Miranda can contain her at this point.

[The referee's count forces Rage to break off her assault, stomping around the ring in a huff as Martinelli struggles to get off the canvas, losing her footing on the way up and nearly falling back down before grabbing the ropes for support.]

GM: Lauryn Rage trying to get an early edge, looking to make history by being the first woman to hold BOTH sets of championships here in the AWA and-

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Rage hurls herself at the stunned Martinelli, using a big clothesline to send her tumbling over the ropes and down to the floor below!]

GM: MARTINELLI WITH A HARD FALL TO THE OUTSIDE!

[Rage throws her arms up with a loud "COME ON! LET'S GO!" that gets the crowd fired up...

...and brings Shannon Walsh illegally into the ring, rushing her from the blindside.]

GM: Walsh in from behind!

[But a Walsh haymaker is blocked by Rage who shows off her boxing prowess by snapping off a series of stiff jabs to the jaw of Walsh, snapping her head back with each blow.]

GM: The former MMA skills of Shannon Walsh coming head to head with the boxing talents of Lauryn Rage!

[And a big roundhouse takes Walsh right off her feet, sending her rolling under the ropes to the outside of the ring.]

GM: And there goes Walsh now as well! Rage may be all alone in this one but so far, she's handling her business!

BW: She's fired up, Gordo. The referee's trying to keep her in the ring but I'm not sure if she can manage it.

[Rage approaches the ropes near where Martinelli is recovering on the outside...

...and the ever-crafty Martinelli lunges under the ropes, hooking the ankle of the former Women's World Champion, dragging her to the outside!]

GM: Martinelli gets her down and brings her out alongside her...

[Grabbing Rage by the head, Martinelli pulls her back and swings her forward...

...but Rage plants her hands on the apron, extending her arms to block the Peach Pit's attempt to slam her face into the mat!]

GM: ...and blocked by Rage! Rage with an elbow downstairs... and now it's Martinelli with her face smashed into the canvas! Oh my!

[With Martinelli reeling, Rage grabs her by the arm...]

GM: Look out here!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: IRISH WHIP INTO THE STEEL!

[Rage gives a big shout to the front row fans, surprisingly reaching out to high five a young lady in the second row cheering her on.]

GM: We've said this before, Bucky, but can you believe how Lauryn Rage has been embraced by these fans since returning from injury last last year?

BW: It's really something else. Just goes to show that absence from your knee being ripped into shreds makes the heart grow fonder.

[Rage snatches Martinelli by the hair, dragging her off the steel and tossing her back under the ropes.]

GM: Rage puts her back in... and climbing up on the apron herself now...

[Back inside the ring, Martinelli immediately grabs at the official, drawing her attention as Rage prepares to step back in...

...which is when Kelly Taylor strikes, jerking the ankle, pulling Rage's leg out from under her as she plummets off the apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Rage's jaw comes smashing down on the apron, leaving her sprawled out over the canvas, hanging onto the ropes to try to stay on her feet as Taylor backs off, smirking at the jeering crowd.]

GM: Kelly Taylor strikes from the outside - and this is ridiculous, Bucky!

BW: What?!

GM: They already took out her partner to make it a two-on-one and now you're telling me they need outside interference too!

BW: Maybe not so much "need" as "enjoy."

GM: Give me a break.

[Martinelli climbs to her feet, a satisfied grin on her face as she approaches the ropes, hauling the former Women's World Champion up on the apron...]

GM: No love lost between these two, Bucky, not after Rage caused Martinelli's elimination from Steal The Spotlight with a well-placed Perfect Punch... and Martinelli brings her over the top by the hair, throwing her down on the mat.

[With Rage at her feet, Martinelli starts viciously stomping her into the canvas as Kelly Taylor roots her on from the outside.]

GM: Martinelli bringing the former champion to her feet... whips her in, no! Reversed!

[The Peach Pit slams hard into the neutral corner as Rage barrels in the short distance after her, catching her with a hard clothesline before Martinelli can escape!]

GM: Ohh! Hard shot in the corner by Rage!

[Fired up, Rage backs off, waving Martinelli towards her as she staggers out...]

GM: Rage is ready and waiting... kick downstairs!

[...and with Martinelli doubled over, Rage swings around, reaching back to hook her around the head and neck...]

GM: SNAKEBI-

[...but with a yelp of terror, Martinelli shoves Rage off before promptly dropping to the mat, sliding out to the floor to jeers!]

GM: Ohhh, close call there! Lauryn Rage had her set for the Snakebite but Martinelli felt it coming and managed to get out before she could-

BW: Look out, Donna!

[The jeers turn to cheers as an irate Rage departs the ring, coming after Martinelli who gives off another yelp as she backpedals away, begging off from the oncoming Rage!]

GM: Donna Martinelli wants no part of Lauryn Rage - not now at least!

[Martinelli's backpedal turns into a full sprint with Rage in hot pursuit, the crowd cheering her on!]

GM: Lauryn Rage looking to get her hands on Martinelli and-

[But as Martinelli rounds the ringpost, Rage runs blindly around it and gets DROPPED with a lunging clothesline by a crouching Shannon Walsh who escaped Rage's sight until the last moment!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WALSH OUT OF NOWHERE WITH A CLOTHESLINE!

BW: Brilliant move by Martinelli, Gordo! She led Rage right into that trap!

[And now with a grinning Martinelli standing, arms spread as she taunts the crowd, Walsh starts stomping Rage into the barely-padded floor as the referee shouts her displeasure from inside the ring!]

GM: Shari Miranda warning this duo - trio actually - about their actions... and now Martinelli joins in on stomping Rage down! The Peach Pits are totally in control of this one now!

[Walsh gestures to Rage as Martinelli nods, helping to lift her off the canvas...]

GM: Look out here!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and a double whip propels Rage spinefirst into the steel barricade!]

GM: DOUBLE WHIP INTO THE STEEL!

[Rage stumbles off the impact, staggering back towards a waiting Walsh and Martinelli who lift her up with a double hiptoss, dumping her down on the floor a second time time!]

GM: Good grief! Martinelli and Walsh working in tandem to put their mark of momentum on this one! Rage is down and she's hurting after that duo of smashes on the back.

[Walsh backs off as Martinelli drags her up, shoving Rage back inside the ring before crawling back in herself.]

GM: Martinelli's in... and a quick cover!

[A two count follows before the resilient Rage kicks out.]

GM: Two count there for the Peach Pits, looking to get the win and move on to the Semifinals to face the newly-formed Slam Sorority two weeks from tonight in Chicago. Of course, over on the Power Hour next weekend, we'll see the Country Punks take on the team of Fujiwara and Bailey... Kimmy Bailey that is who we learned would be stepping in for the injured Molly Bell earlier tonight. In the final first round match, we'll see the team of Hamilton and Cinder - perhaps the team considered the favorite in this tournament - taking on the veteran duo of the Serpentes.

[Back on her feet, Martinelli slaps the offered hand of her partner, bringing Shannon Walsh back in.]

GM: There's an exchange by the Peach Pits, dragging Rage off the mat now...

[A double front facelock comes next before the Pits snap her over in a suplex!]

GM: ...and a double suplex takes her right back down! Martinelli steps out, Walsh with the cover now! And again, Rage is out at two!

[The Milwaukee crowd cheers her on as Martinelli angrily stomps her foot down on the apron.]

GM: Walsh back up... and tags right back out. Quick tags by the Peach Pits who - despite their time together, have to be considered underdogs in this tournament, Bucky.

BW: I think that's true. But I think they're also a potential sleeper pick. They work well together even if they don't have the most stellar win-loss record so far.

GM: Martinelli in... to the ropes...

[And as she rebounds back, Walsh flips her over in a hiptoss, throwing her down in a makeshift senton on the downed Rage!]

GM: Ohh! Nice double team... Martinelli flips over, hooks the leg...

[A one count follows... then a two... then a-]

GM: No! Out just in time! But as Lauryn Rage kicks out at two again, you start to see the numbers advantage wearing on her, Bucky.



BW: It's a handicap match for her, Gordo... and most of the time, the lesser side of a handicap match ends up the loser for a reason. She's having to fight two people off - those two able to keep the fresher person in.

[A frustrated Martinelli rolls over, taking a sloppy mount as she winds up...]

"SLAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHH!"

[...and slaps Rage across the face!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Martinelli winds up a second time.]

"SLAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHH!"

GM: Martinelli slapping her across the mouth! Adding insult to injury here in Milwaukee in the first round of this Women's World Tag Team Title tournament!

[Still running her mouth, Martinelli climbs to her feet, getting right up in the face of the dazed Rage, shouting at her...]

GM: Words can sting, Bucky, but she'd be better off throwing a right hand there instead of what's on her mind.

BW: Hard to argue with that one, Gordo.

[Martinelli winds waaaaaaaaaaaaay back with her open right hand...]

GM: Big slap on the way!

[...but as she lets it fly, Rage swings her left arm up to block it!]

GM: BLOCKED!

"SLAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHH!"

[And then Rage retorts with a slap of her own, smacking Martinelli across the cheek and sending her stumbling into the corner where she frantically slaps the hand of her partner.]

GM: Rage caught her good there but Martinelli's right back out!

[Walsh rushes through the ropes, coming in fast on Rage who suddenly drops down, scissoring the ankle...]

GM: Drop toehold takes Walsh down! Bouncing her face off the mat!

[...and then grabbing Walsh by the tight ponytail, she rakes her face back and forth across the mat to screams of pain from Walsh and shrieks of horror from Martinelli and Taylor!]

GM: Rage is taking the fight to Shannon Walsh... ohh! She bounces her face right off the mat! Again! And make it three times now!

[Pulling Walsh up off the mat by the hair, Rage ducks down to lift her up over her shoulder, charging back to the corner and slamming her back into the neutral set of turnbuckles!]

GM: Into the corner they go!

[Rage backs off, squaring up as she balls up her fists...]

GM: Right hand to the ribs! One to the other side!

[The crowd is roaring as Rage rocks the body of Walsh, lighting her up with hooking rights and lefts to the ribcage!]

GM: Rage is turning Shannon Walsh into her own personal heavy bag in there!

[The referee's count backs her off as Rage grabs the wrist, whipping Walsh from neutral corner to neutral corner, sending her back into the buckles where she stumbles right back out...]

GM: BIIIIIIIG BACK BODY DROP BY THE FIRST WOMAN TO WEAR CHAMPIONSHIP GOLD IN THE AWA!

BW: Could she do it again, Gordo?!

GM: Lauryn Rage wants to be the first woman to wear Women's World Tag Team gold as well but do it, she's gotta overcome major obstacles by winning this two-on-one matchup to move on in this tournament!

[With Walsh down and reeling, Rage holds up her right hand to a huge roar from the crowd, wiggling her fingers with anticipation as she waits for Walsh to get back to her feet...]

GM: She's calling for it, Bucky! She's setting for that Perfect Punch - that KO punch we've seen her use to great effectiveness since returning from injury last fall!

[...and as Walsh staggers up, clutching at her lower back, Rage pulls back the right arm, ready to throw her match-ending blow!]

GM: MARTINELLI GRABS THE ARM!

[The crowd jeers as Martinelli desperately hooks the arm from the outside, pulling back on it as Rage tries to rip her arm free from her grasp!]

GM: She might've had this won and-

[The boos get louder as Walsh takes advantage of the situation, burying a knee between the shoulderblades of Rage, sending her flying through the ropes to the outside as Martinelli slips to the side to avoid a collision.]

GM: Down goes Rage to the outside again! And once again, just when Lauryn Rage seems to be gaining an advantage in this match, the numbers edge of the Peach Pits strikes hard and puts her right back in a bad way.

[The referee gets in Walsh's face, forcing her back from the ropes as Martinelli drops to the floor, pulling Rage up off the barely-padded concrete, wrapping her arms around the torso...

...and DRIVING her back into the ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Martinelli again with the illegal assist from the outside!

[Looping around the post, Martinelli reaches around the grab the arms of Rage, planting her foot on the post as she pulls back!]

GM: Ahh!

BW: It's a modified surfboard using the steel ringpost for leverage, Gordo!

GM: That's exactly what it is and it's absolutely tormenting the spine of Lauryn Rage right now!

[Martinelli throws a look into the ring where we see Walsh and Miranda still entangled...

...and she loosens her grip, allowing Rage to slump away from the post...]

GM: Martinelli letting go now and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and then YANKS her back into the post with both arms!]

GM: My stars! A vicious move by Martinelli there on the outside of the ring, leaving Rage down on her knees on the floor!

"TEN MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Ten minutes remaining in the time limit of this first round matchup - we've hit the halfway point and right now, Bucky, it is ALL Peach Pits.

BW: It's all Peach Pits and I think it's gonna stay that way. Lauryn Rage is tough... she's a tough out to drop from this tournament but I think the Peach Pits - whether it's two or all three of 'em - they're just too much for her.

[Martinelli pulls Rage off her knees, shoving her back inside the ring where Walsh immediately starts stomping and kicking the back...]

GM: And Walsh is right on top of her... right on her!

[Walsh hauls her off the mat, using a snapmare to flip her over into a seated position...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG BOOT TO THE SPINE! Oh my!

[Walsh nods confidently at the jeering crowd, reaching out to slap Martinelli's hand.]

GM: Another tag! The Peach Pits working so well together in this one, really rising to the occasion of taking on Lauryn Rage in this one.

[Walsh lifts Rage off the mat under her arm, dropping her down into a side backbreaker as Martinelli steps in, climbing to the second rope where she...

...swivels her hips?

GM: Oh, come on!

[And with a smirk, Martinelli launches herself off the middle rope, dropping an elbow across the collarbone of Rage, dumping her down on the mat where Donna covers as Shannon exits!]

GM: Another devastating doubleteam gets one! Gets two! Gets th-

[The crowd ROARS as Rage kicks out just in time!]

GM: No! No! Out in time! The Peach Pits almost had it there but Rage continues to fight, refusing to stay down!

[Rage rolls over onto her stomach, trying to crawl away from the Peach Pits' corner to create a little distance between herself and the attacking Peach Pits.]

GM: Rage trying to get away from the corner...

"WHERE YOU GOING, LAURYN?! YOU GOT NOWHERE TO GO! NO ONE TO TAG! YOU BELONG TO US, GIRLIE!"

[Martinelli's words are punctuated by a leaping stomp to the lower back, causing Rage to cry out in pain...]

...and then she sits down on the lower back, locking her hands under the chin of the former champion, yanking back...]

GM: Camel clutch applied by Martinelli - perhaps one of the submission holds she picked up under the learning tree of Laura Davis! And you have to wonder how Martinelli feels about the possibility of advancing in this tournament to take on her former mentor in Laura Davis.

BW: Friendships in this business come and go... legacies last forever, daddy.

[Martinelli jerks back on the head again, shouting at the official to check for a submission.]

GM: Shari Miranda is right there, looking for a submission...

[Rage screams "NOOOOO!" at the official who shakes her head at Martinelli who grimaces... and as Rage pounds her fists into the mat, she starts to power her way off the canvas...]

GM: Look at Rage! Refusing to give in and pushing right up onto her knees, trying to power her way out of this punishing hold!

[...which is when Martinelli abruptly breaks the hold, leaping into the air, dropping her butt down on the lower back, breaking Rage right back down to the mat!]

GM: Ohhhh!

BW: Don't call it a comeback, Gordo... 'cause it ain't one.

GM: And you ain't Salvatore Albano with that reference.

[Donna yanks back on the chin again, ordering another check by the referee who obliges... and then lets Donna know that Rage continues to resist.]

GM: Rage again refusing to give in... but can she get out of this hold and find a way to get back into this?

BW: The good thing about Rage's arsenal, Gordo, is that she's got two quick strike KO finishers. The Snakebite and the Perfect Punch don't require a "way back into this"... they require time and opportunity. She's got about eight minutes left so now she just needs the opportunity.

[Rage again starts to power back up, Martinelli looking shocked as Rage pushes up to her hands and knees, the crowd rallying behind her...]

GM: Rage is fighting it again! Fighting to get out from under this!

[...and as Rage gets to all fours, trying to shake her way out, Martinelli leaps into the air a second time...]

...but Rage swings around, knees up and Martinelli lands tailbone first on the raised knees!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Martinelli grabs at her butt, hopping away from Rage, wincing in pain as Rage scrambles up off the mat, using the ropes and falling into the corner...]

GM: Rage in one corner, Martinelli in the oth- TAG!

[Walsh ducks through the ropes, charging in at Rage who is trying to push out of the buckles...]

GM: Walsh charges and-

[...but Rage sidesteps, shoving her in the back, sending Walsh crashing chestfirst into the corner, stumbling backwards...]

GM: Rage from behind!

[...and the former champion lifts the stunned Walsh in the air, dropping her down on the back of her head and neck with a back suplex!]

GM: DROPS HER DOWN! OH MY!

[Rage rolls to a knee, nodding to the cheering crowd as Martinelli comes through the ropes, racing towards the kneeling Rage...]

BW: HERE COMES DONNA!

[...who surges to her feet, twisting and leaping...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and runs right into a flying hip attack by Rage that WIPES OUT Martinelli!]

GM: SHE DROPPED HER! DOWN GOES MARTINELLI!

[And Rage throws herself on top of Martinelli, swinging an arm at the referee!]

GM: Rage makes the cover but-

BW: Martinelli's not legal!

GM: Exactly! That's what the referee is trying to explain to Rage right now who is understandably a little out of it after all the punishment she's been through in this one so far.

[A furious Rage gets back to her feet, pulling Martinelli up with her and promptly CHUCKS her over the top rope to the outside!]

GM: RAGE CLEARS OUT MARTINELLI!

[Rage gives a big shout to the cheering crowd as Kelly Taylor scrambles up on the apron, looking to intervene...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

GM: PERFECT PUNCH ON TAYLOR!

[The crowd ROARS as Taylor takes the full force blow to the cheekbone, sending her flying off the apron, landing on the floor in a pile!]

GM: SHE LAID HER OUT! ONE SHOT!

[Rage whips around, spotting Walsh coming back to her feet, waving her hands to call her forward...]

GM: Walsh is in a daze! She has no clue what's waiting for-

[...and Rage buries a boot in the gut, twisting and hooking...]

GM: SNAKEBITE! SNAKEBITE! SNAKEBITE!

[Rage dives on top of Walsh, nodding her head to count along with the referee...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEE-

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[JUST before the three count comes down, Lauryn Rage goes flying under the ropes to the outside, having been yanked to the floor...]

GM: TRISH WALLACE?!

[...and we cut to the outside where the sneering Wallace is standing over a shocked Lauryn Rage!]

BW: And she's not alone!

[Laura Davis and Carolina Colton step into flanking positions behind Wallace, smirking down at Lauryn Rage!]

GM: How is THAT not a disqualification, Bucky?!

BW: The referee didn't see it! Miranda was looking at the shoulders - she didn't see Trish Wallace pulling Rage to the floor!

GM: The Slam Sorority just cost Lauryn Rage the win right there and- haven't they done enough here tonight?!

BW: Apparently not!

[Climbing off the ringside mats, Rage balls up her fists, looking ready and set to take on all three Slam Sorority members on her own...]

GM: Lauryn Rage is gonna fight 'em all, Bucky! She's had enough!

BW: What?! That's crazy! She can't do-

GM: FROM BEHIND!

[The crowd groans as a Donna Martinelli baseball slide from inside the ring catches Rage in the back of the head, knocking her flat on the outside. Martinelli exits the ring, grabbing Rage...

...and throwing an anxious look at Wallace and Colton who are suddenly being held back by Laura Davis.]

GM: Davis perhaps protecting her protege there from her new allies and... Martinelli tosses Rage back into the ring...

"FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!"

GM: You hear the call from the timekeeper there - five minutes left in this twenty minute time limit.

BW: Gordo, what happens if they go the distance?

GM: I would imagine BOTH teams would be eliminated and the Slam Sorority would get a bye straight to the Finals in New Orleans.

[Martinelli climbs back up on the apron, still looking nervously at the Slam Sorority...

...which is when Lauryn Rage throws herself at Martinelli's back, smashing her with a forearm that sends her flying off the apron...]

GM: OH!

[...and into the powerful arms of Colton and Wallace!]

GM: Caught! Caught by the Slam Sorority!

[Davis nods approvingly...

...and then cringes as Wallace and Colton dump Martinelli out of their arms onto the floor.]

GM: Oh! Martinelli just dropped on the outside! Davis reprimanding her allies... I think. Maybe she didn't want that part for her protege.

[Rage steps up on the middle rope, angrily shouting down at the Slam Sorority.]

GM: And now it's Rage who has her attention on the Slam Sorority who have certainly caused a stir out here, distracting Martinelli... distracting Rage...

[And with the former World Champion looking elsewhere, Shannon Walsh runs across the ring, leaping up to the middle rope next to Rage, looping her arm around Rage's neck...]

GM: What the...?!

[...and leaps backwards, yanking Rage off the ropes and throwing her down on the back of her head!]

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”  
“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: WHAT A TAKEDOWN BY WALSH!

[Walsh scrambles back over, diving across the prone Rage!]

GM: We’ve got one! We’ve got two! We’ve got th-

[But the former champion’s shoulder comes flying up off the mat before the three count lands, the crowd buzzing at the near fall!]

GM: Lauryn Rage hangs on! Incredible resiliency by Rage who has survived... what? Some sixteen... seventeen minutes of a two on one against the Peach Pits!

BW: I just was told we’re down under four minutes to go, Gordo.

GM: The pressure is on for both of these teams now... or for the Peach Pits and Lauryn Rage as Rage’s partner isn’t here thanks to-

[We cut to a shot of the Slam Sorority looking on with interest.]

GM: -that’s right... those three right there. They attacked Pink Cashmere in the locker room earlier, taking her out of this match in a blatant attempt to prevent Lauryn Rage from standing between them and the Women’s World Tag Team Titles.

[With Rage still down, Walsh takes the full mount, raining down punches on Rage who desperately tries to cover up to avoid the professional striking prowess of the former MMA competitor...]

GM: Walsh is all over her, rights and lefts! The referee’s warning for the closed fists!

[Walsh withdraws from the mount, looking around for her next move... and spots the Slam Sorority. She points in their direction, firing off a few words before she pulls Rage up by the arm...]

GM: Walsh also showing a little anxiety at seeing the Slam Sorority on the outside... whip to the corner now sends Rage into the buckles...

[...and then Walsh charges in after her, leaping into the air...]

GM: OHHH! BIG LEAPING ELBOW IN THE CORNER!

[Walsh holds her in the buckles for a moment...

...when suddenly the crowd breaks into a big cheer!]

GM: What is...?

[And when we cut to the top of the aisle, we see exactly why.]

GM: It’s Pink Cashmere! Pink Cashmere is... she’s coming out here!



[The crowd ROARS for the appearance of Rage's partner, obviously hurting as she hobbles down the ramp, her pink afro mussed as she points to the ring, nodding to the cheering fans!]

GM: Pink Cashmere is up... and she's coming to save her partner!

BW: I can't believe it!

[We cut to a shocked Laura Davis looking on in disbelief.]

GM: You're not alone in that, Bucky. Laura Davis, Trish Wallace, and Carolina Colton look stunned as well!

[Inside the ring, we see a puzzled Walsh shaking her head at the appearance of Cashmere as she drags Rage out to the middle of the ring.]

GM: Cashmere's pointing at the Slam Sorority!

BW: She can't worry about them - not now! They're runnin' out of daylight, daddy!

[Walsh lifts Rage off the mat, throwing her down in a violent uranage slam, diving across her as Cashmere breaks into a sprint, running past a shocked Slam Sorority and hopping up on the apron...]

GM: Walsh hits the big slam... and look at her!

[Walsh shouts at Cashmere, pointing at her as Cashmere slaps the top turnbuckle, shouting "COME ON, LAURYN! COME TO ME!"]

BW: Walsh can't believe she's here! She didn't even cover off that slam!

GM: Bucky, I'm being told we're just about to the two minute mark!

[Walsh glares at Cashmere again, pointing a threatening finger as she goes to pull a dazed and tired Rage off the mat...]

GM: Walsh ties her up - kneestrike to the head! Another one! She's got Rage trapped and she's got her rocked!

[With Rage on Dream Street, Walsh backs off, measuring her...

...and then charges back in...]

GM: WALSH ON THE MOVE!

[...but the incoming Walsh gets lifted right up onto Rage's shoulder with a roar of effort...]

GM: RAGE GRABS HER! RAGE PICKS HER UP...

[...and with a brief run across the ring, Rage leaps into the air, throwing her down in a sitout spinebuster!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ...RAGE PUTS HER DOWN! RAGE-

"TWO MINUTES REMAIN! TWO MINUTES!"

GM: There it is, fans! Two minutes left in this battle to see who moves on to the Semifinals! There is no time to waste - the time is now to win this thing!

[Rage, hearing the time call, rolls to her chest, dragging herself across the ring towards Cashmere who is slapping the buckle over and over, getting the crowd to clap along in rhythm...]

GM: Cashmere's cheering her partner on! She's rooting her forward!

[And with a lunge...]

GM: TAG!

[...and Rage promptly rolls right out of the ring as Cashmere gives a double fist pump, grabbing the top rope with both hands...]

GM: She's climbing! She's going up top!

[...and as she does, Rage gets her feet under her, running around the ring as fast as her weary body can manage...]

GM: RAGE ON THE OUTSIDE ANNNNND...

[...and HURLS herself into a crossbody tackle at the Slam Sorority, knocking the surprised trio down!]

GM: OHHHH! LAURYN RAGE DIVING INTO A THREE ON ONE!

[A grinning Cashmere pauses up top, giving her partner a loud "YOU GO, GIRL!" with a fistpump...]

GM: RAGE TAKES OUT THE SLAM SORORITY! CASHMERE IS UP TOP!

[The referee is shouting out at Rage on the outside as Cashmere steadies herself...

...and suddenly, we see Donna Martinelli up on the apron!]

GM: WHAT?! WHAT?!

[Martinelli reaches up and SHOVES Cashmere into the air, sending her flying halfway across the ring where she faceplants down on the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MARTINELLI SHOVES HER OFF THE TOP!

[Martinelli ducks through the ropes, grabbing Walsh by the wrist and dragging her across the ring to the corner. She ducks through the ropes just as the official turns around, watching Donna reach over the top and slap her partner's hand...]

GM: Martinelli breaking every rule she can read! She tags herself in!

[...and then sprints through the ropes, pulling the laid out Cashmere off the canvas by the afro, pulling her into a uranage position...]

GM: We saw this from Walsh a few moments ago on Rage but...

[...but instead of lifting her up, she leans forward, bending Cashmere backwards...]

GM: ...what is she...

[...and then JERKS her backwards, driving her facefirst into the canvas!]

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

BW: We didn’t see THAT a few moments ago!

GM: Definitely not!

[Martinelli flips the motionless Cashmere over, diving across her torso!]

GM: She’s got one! She’s got two! Are you kidding me?!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Martinelli gives a triumphant fistpump at the three count as Lauryn Rage suddenly jerks around, glaring at the ring as the Slam Sorority quickly backs away from her, leaving her behind.]

GM: Martinelli picks up the win for the Peach Pits, advancing to the Semifinals there and... uh oh...

BW: Lauryn Rage just realized what happened. She just realized that the Peach Pits have eliminated her and Cashmere from this tournament...

GM: She was distracted by the Slam Sorority and-

[The crowd cheers as Rage rolls back into the ring, waiting as Martinelli climbs off her knees, her arms held up over her head...]

BW: DONNA, BEHIND YOU!

[...and as an unaware Martinelli turns, Rage buries a boot in the gut...]

GM: SNAKEBITE!

[...and DROPS Martinelli with a Snakebite that jacks the jaw and sends her flying backwards down to the canvas!]

GM: Rage lays out Martinelli!

[The former Women’s Champion stays sitting on the mat, glaring down the aisle at the departing Slam Sorority, a smirking Davis waving at her from up the ramp. Rage nods her head, pointing at them...]

“Lauryn’s coming. Lauryn’s coming.”

BW: Lauryn may be coming for the Slam Sorority but she ain’t going to the Semifinals - that’s the Peach Pits versus the Slam Sorority two weeks from tonight, daddy!

GM: And now, all eyes will shift to the Power Hour next weekend to see the Country Punks take on Bailey and Fujiwara while Hamilton and Cinder meet the Serpentes to see who will be the other Semifinal in this tournament. That’s one week from tonight in Atlanta, fans, and right now, we’re going to take a quick break but when we come back, it’ll be a face-to-face confrontation between Women’s World Champion Julie Somers and Ricki Toughill as they prepare to do battle over the big gold at the Anniversary Show!

[Rage is still glaring at the Slam Sorority as Kelly Taylor tends to the motionless Martinelli as we fade to black...

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

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

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

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

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

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

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

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

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

[FLASH!

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

"I can be a champion too!"

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

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

[Fade to black...

The "ACCESS 365" logo appears on the screen as we fade into a shot backstage, where we see Derrick Williams in his dressing room. Just then, Juan Vasquez walks into the room, still in his wrestling gear and with a towel around his neck. He knocks on the wall, catching Williams' attention.]

JV: Kid, do you have a minute? I think we need to have a talk.

[Williams looks around, mocking shock.]

DW: Oh wait, it's finally time for US to have a talk?

[Vasquez almost sighs, but ignores Williams' sarcasm.]

JV: Well, I meant to talk to you sooner, but I've had a lot of people that required my attention.

DW: Yeah, yeah... Marisol, the kids... and Giannis Antetokounmpo? Not sure where you were going there.

JV: Well...

DW: Oh! Oh!... and shockingly, your secret daughter, Kimmy Bailey! How in the world did you two manage to hide that one?

[Juan sighs.]

JV: Look, I've made a whole lot of mistakes over the last couple of years...

[Williams glares at Vasquez.]

DW: And what's taken you so long... post spell breaking... to getting around to telling me that EVERYTHING in the last two years was a mistake.

The Axis? Riley? Max? Me? I'll give you Jax but the rest of us?

[Williams throws up his hands.]

DW: Hell, Juan... am I really "The Future" like you pumped me up to be or am I just another creation from the crystal ball?

[Vasquez shakes his head vigorously.]

JV: What!? No. No! Look, there's a lot of things that I messed up with in the last two years and things that I need to beg forgiveness for, but kid... you're not one of them. If I did anything right, it was giving you that opportunity to be the star I knew you could be.

So that's why I'm asking you... whatever the hell you're planning to do...

...don't do it.

[Williams is silent for a moment, before staring at Vasquez, confused.]

DW: What makes you think I'm planning something?

[Vasquez smirks.]

JV: Look, I've been doing this longer than all those girls in E-Girl MAX have been ALIVE, so maybe I know a little something about how all this works. And whatever intrusive thoughts you've got running through your head? Now's not the time.

[A beat.]

JV: Actually, I'm not even saying "Don't do it." What I'm asking you is... don't do it now. At least not while I'm still around.

[Williams scoffs.]

DW: So you'll get the clean ride to your farewell with Rhodes and not have to catch any of my strays like Carver does?

[Juan chuckles.]

JV: I knew I chose you for a reason. Look kid, physically, I could probably do this for another ten years. I could be right there with you busting heads, kicking ass and taking names... but the fire just isn't there anymore. You can thank Korugun for

that. But I'm gonna give it my all 'til my last day here. And while I'm still here, I'm asking you, as a favor to me...

...don't be an assh[BLEEP].

[Williams turns away for a moment.]

DW: You're asking me not to breathe. Carmen doesn't even ask me to do that, except at work functions.

[Vasquez pleads his case again.]

JV: In this business, there ain't too many people who get to go out on their own terms, but somehow, someway... I'm gonna beat the odds and be one of them. And until the day I'm gone for good, I want happy people and smiles on faces and I don't care how corny that sounds. That's the way I want to go out.

[Williams turns back to Vasquez, eyeballing him for a moment.]

DW: That's really what you want?

[He takes a beat as Vasquez nods.]

DW: Fine, I owe you that much. I'll play nice with everyone, at least til June.

[Juan pats him on the shoulder.]

JV: Thanks kid, it means a lot to me, seriously.

[Juan turns to leave, but Williams calls out to him.]

DW: Juan, did you really mean what you said? No BS?

[He pauses and turns back to Williams.]

JV: Kid, I've seen plenty of "Futures" in this business, but you are THE Future. Don't you ever [BLEEPIN'] forget that.

[He walks out the door as we fade out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from Carson City, Nevada... weighing in at 255 pounds... "HIGH STAKES... ROCK McCOOOOY!

[The crowd lightly boos the burly man in the ring, wearing black boots with a spade outlined in white on the sides, black trunks with a straight flush picture on the back, and matching satin jacket. You could describe his hair as a mullet, aside from the drastically receding hairline indicating that he should just give it up. Rounding out McCoy's look is a wispy mustache, pretty much matching the rest of him. He gives the booing crowd some less than polite gestures at their reaction to him.]

GM: "High Stakes" Rick McCoy making friends here already.

BW: He tried to give me a good tip earlier.

GM: What was that?

BW: It was on a dog, but I noticed it was on a race two weeks ago.

[Gordon chuckles...]

#Wooahhhhhhhh-aaa-ohhhhhhhh

[...and the opening of Imagine Dragons' "Radioactive" brings the crowd to their feet.]

GM: The fans rise... and I'm still not used to this reaction for this young man.

[The cheers continue as Ortiz calls out.]

RO: Annnnnd his opponent... hailing from Brooklyn, New York and weighing in at 260 pounds... he is the FUUUUUTURRRRRRE...

...DERRRRRRRRRIIIIIICK WILLLLLLLLLLLLLLLIAMMMMMMS!

[And much to Gordon's continued surprise, the cheers ring out as stepping through the entranceway is "The Future" Derrick Williams, his arms aloft to soak in the cheers.]

GM: And The Future has come to Milwaukee in the form of this young man who helped the AWA fight off the forces of evil at SuperClash inside the double cage hell known as WarGames!

[There's a grin on his face as he starts his walk down the aisle, perhaps the words of Juan Vasquez that we just saw helping boost his spirits. Williams is wearing silver boots with gold trim and black laces, long silver tights with gold stripes down the aisle with "The Future" written in Zero Hour font down the right leg and along the back in black. He also wears a long - just below the knee length - yellow-gold ring coat with shiny silver highlights. He's starting to grow his hair back, but it's still short and starting to show its natural curls, and is now clean shaven.]

GM: Williams seems to be floating down the aisle right now, a huge grin on his face... is it the reaction of the crowd? Is it his recent in-ring success? I'm guessing it's both, Bucky.

[He makes his way to the ring, stopping short of slapping hands, but still soaking in the adulation.]

BW: He might be enjoying this too much, Gordo.

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: Derrick Williams is riding high off his quick win against a long-time thorn in his side, Jackson Hunter, two weeks ago, and his being a part of the victorious Team AWA at SuperClash back in November. He's on a hot streak and he knows it and right now, he's enjoying these fans being on his side.

BW: We'll see if that keeps up, We've seen the real Derrick Williams over the last couple years and he tends to do whatever he thinks is best for him, regardless of whether these people like it or not. Not a bad strategy, to be honest.

[Williams removes his coat, checks the compression sleeve on his right arm while the referee checks him, and satisfied, the ref signals for the bell]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And we're off in this one as Williams and the similar sized McCoy are circling each other here... do you know anything about Rock McCoy, Bucky?

BW: Well, he currently holds awards in a lot of offensive categories in the local Reno scene, including body hair.

[Gordon stifles a laugh as the duo come together in a lockup, jockeying for position at the onset of the match.]

GM: You're too much, old friend. I'm truly going to miss seeing you every week.

[Williams slips a side headlock onto McCoy, taking him over with a quick takedown.]

GM: Takedown onto the shoulders, quick two count as McCoy seems to forget his shoulders were down. The Future hanging onto that headlock now, establishing early control in this one... and Bucky, what did you think about that conversation we just saw between Williams and Juan Vasquez?

BW: It was a tense scene... an emotional scene. We know that Williams has a kind of hero worship of Vasquez and that many have credited Vasquez with helping Williams to take the next step in his career.

GM: It seemed to center around Juan Vasquez having the feeling that Derrick Williams had something planned though... and I have to wonder if that has anything to do with the events at the end of SuperClash - we know we're headed for a collision at some point soon between Derrick Williams and Ryan Martinez who we saw in action earlier tonight.

[McCoy works his way up a knee and then to his feet as Williams keeps the headlock applied.]

BW: We WERE headed for a collision, Gordo. But earlier tonight, we saw the White Knight get his tail kicked by Masks For Money... and after Super Saturday where Martinez said he was looking for his next war to fight, I'd have to think two guys who jumped you for a payday might earn your ire more than-

GM: A guy who assaulted you with the whole world watching at SuperClash?

BW: Well... that's a fair point actually. But I still think Martinez is going to be looking to get his hands on the guy who paid to take him out.

GM: What if we're looking at him now?

[McCoy attempts to reverse the headlock, trying to escape it with an overhand wristlock attempt...]

BW: That's a heck of an accusation, Gordo.

GM: I'm not accusing him of anything.

[...but fails as Williams re-secures the headlock, cranking down on it.]

BW: He helped save this company and now you're accusing him of-

GM: I'm not!

BW: Besides, without access to the Axis slush fund and Korugun's checkbook, I'm not even sure Williams has the resources for hired guns willing to take on Martinez.

[The still-struggling McCoy pushes Williams back into the ropes, trying to shove him off...]

GM: McCoy looking for a way out...



[...but Williams hangs on, shaking his head as McCoy starts flailing wildly.]

GM: ...no dice here as Williams hangs on.

BW: McCoy here is no small man but Williams is just hitting his prime... and the company he's kept - Carver aside - has him in phenomenal shape. McCoy's not in the class of wrestler that could overpower The Future.

[McCoy, as if hearing Bucky, pulls back to the ropes, and grabs on for the break.]

GM: Well, that's one way out.

[Williams hangs on for a few more seconds before letting go at four, lifting his arms to signal the clean break and shooting a grin at McCoy who backs up...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and slaps Williams across the face to the crowd's predictable reaction!]

BW: Oooh, not sure I like that move. Don't want to fire the kid up.

[Williams pauses, rubbing his cheek for a moment before looking back at McCoy who smirks, striking a double bicep pose while nodding and shouting "check out the gun show, kid!"]

GM: McCoy getting a little cocky for a guy who had to grab the ropes to get out of a side headlock, don'tcha think?

BW: Yeah, I really do think.

[Williams waits, watching as McCoy drops his arms...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and uncorks a slap of his own that draws big cheers from the fans as McCoy staggers back across the ring, falling back into the far ropes.]

BW: Williams channeling a little Digital Underground there - "slap me and I'll slap ya back."

GM: Auditioning to be Albano's partner next?

BW: In his dreams.

[Marching across the ring, Williams snatches a handful of mullet, winds up, and buries an elbow strike into the side of McCoy's head, dropping him right down to the mat.]

GM: And a vicious elbow - Williams' bread and butter there - and The Future is feeling it right about now!

[With the cheering crowd behind him, Williams gives the fans a nod as he picks McCoy up off the mat, spinning him around, hooking him up...]

GM: Williams scoops him up... belly to back puts him down!

[Williams sits right back up, looking around at the cheering crowd...]

BW: The kid's not used to all this love. Ignore 'em and stay on target, Future.

[A nodding Williams gets back to his feet, dragging McCoy up with him by the arm...]

GM: Wrist control by Williams, right into an armwringer..

BW: A little outside his usual gameplan - the Future getting technical on McCoy?

[Not quite, as after putting the wringer on, Williams pushes McCoy back, holding the arm, then pulling him quickly in, swinging his right arm forward and hitting McCoy with a short-arm clothesline!]

GM: The armwringer was a means to an end as he delivers that stunning short-arm clothesline... can't remember seeing that from him before, maybe picking up some new weapons to his arsenal during our off-season, Bucky.

[Williams plays to the crowd.]

GM: Some showboating now, showing a little of the old Derrick Williams as well.

BW: He's in control, he's coasting, he's having a moment!

[Circling back to McCoy, Williams lifts him up, pushing him back to the ropes where he grabs the arm again...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by McCoy!

[...and McCoy promptly drops down, forcing Williams to hurdle over him, hitting the far ropes...]

GM: Off the far side... McCoy down, Williams over a second time...

[...and as he rebounds once more, McCoy decides to test his leaping ability...]

GM: ...McCoy up with the leapfr-

[...but the incoming Williams plucks McCoy out of mid-air, spinning around with him...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: -powerslam by Williams! And a beauty!

BW: Power being the key word there. He shook the ring with that impact. That's always impressive when Williams does that to people, never a good idea to leapfrog him.

GM: Williams down into a cover - no leg hooked and just a two.

BW: Well, he'll learn eventually. Gotta hook that leg whenever possible.

[Williams gets up, walking around the ring waving his arms to pump the crowd up.]

BW: Taking your eye off the ball there, kid.

[After a few more seconds, Williams pulls McCoy up off the mat... and the veteran lashes out with a thumb to the eye!]

GM: Ohh! McCoy goes to the eye... that same eye he took off the ball, I suppose.

[A flurry of fists come flying, driving Williams back into the corner.]

GM: McCoy sensing his opportunity here, throwing big bombs in the corner... shoots him across...

[The whip sends Williams into the corner where McCoy rushes in after him, landing a big clothesline!]

GM: Oof! Clothesline in the corner with a lot behind that one!

[McCoy backs off, turning to the crowd...]

"I GOT 'EM NOW, BAY-BAY!"

GM: And Rock McCoy putting the cart before the horse here.

BW: He's got confidence, I'll give him that.

[He grabs the arm, whipping Williams back across the ring. He pumps his right arm a few times before following in after him...]

GM: McCoy on the move again and- NO! BOOT UP!

[McCoy staggers back a few steps, shaking his head to clear his head after running chinfirst into the boot of Williams...

...and then charges in a second time, hands over his head for a double axehandle...]

GM: McCoy in again!

[...and Williams leans back, using the ropes to prop himself up to bring both boots into the chest, shoving McCoy backwards...]

GM: Boot - or should I say boots - up again!

[...and as McCoy rolls backwards from the shove-off, Williams uncharacteristically rolls forward after him...]

GM: What's he...?

[...where McCoy comes staggered to his feet as Williams rolls straight up to his feet, not breaking momentum as he jumps up, twists, and grabs McCoy in the oh-so-familiar three-quarter nelson...]

GM: ...FUTURE SHOCK!

[...and the crowd goes NUTS as Williams SPIKES McCoy headfirst into the canvas, popping excitedly to his feet and pumping his fists with the crowd before diving back down into the cover!]

GM: Future Shock out of nowhere!

[The crowd counts along with the referee.]

"ONNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEEEEEE!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

[A grinning Williams comes up off the mat, raising an arm into the air as Rebecca makes it official.]

RO: Your winner of the match... DERRRRRRRIIICK WILLLLLIAMSSSSS!

[The crowd cheers louder as Williams pumps a fist again and the official lifts his arm, pointing to him.]

GM: An impressive finish right there for Williams who continues to find new ways to use that Future Shock, staying on his recent roll as the Future looks bright for this young man.

BW: The 2017 Move of the Year claims another victim... hit as only he's able to do, and your winner is "The Future" Derrick Williams... and does his Future hold a date with Ryan Martinez or did he miss the start of-

GM: LOOK OUT!

[Williams' celebration is short-lived though as he suddenly finds himself being attacked by two large masked individuals.]

BW: It's Masks For Money!

[Indeed it is as the Ultra Commando and the Golden Grappler are on the scene, raining down blows on Williams who is trying to fight back.]

GM: Why are they out here?! We saw them attack Ryan Martinez earlier and... well, we knew they were getting paid well to come after someone tonight - but is it Martinez or Williams?!

[Williams lands a stiff elbowstrike on the Grappler, sending him staggering back as he turns his focus onto UC3 with a pair of haymakers to his masked skull!]

GM: Williams is fighting it! He's fighting them off!

[But the focus on UC3 allows the Grappler to slip back in with a raised knee to the lower back, knocking him down to his knees...]

GM: Ohh! The two on one is too much for Williams to handle! I don't understand this at all, Bucky.

BW: I'm a little puzzled by it too but- oh! Commando kicks him right in the ribs with those combat boots!

[The Grappler grabs Williams in a front facelock from his kneeling position, spiking him down with a quick DDT!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DDT on the kneeling Williams! Masks For Money are here with dangerous intent in Milwaukee as they're beating the heck out of Derrick Williams!

BW: And with Carver getting ready for his match later, does Williams have any allies left in the building at all?!

[The Commando is putting the big boots to the head of the downed Williams as the Grappler comes back to his feet, joining him in the beatdown...]

GM: We've got both of these huge masked men beating down Derrick Williams - come on, guys! We need some help out here!

[With Williams down on the mat, the Grappler exits the ring for a moment, snatching up Rebecca Ortiz' chair...]

GM: Oh no. They've got a chair in there now! They've got a steel chair in the ring with Derrick Williams and they're looking to take this kid out right here and now and...

[The Grappler rears back with the chair as the Commando goes to pull Williams up off the mat...

...when suddenly the crowd breaks into a ROAR!]

GM: MARTINEZ! THE WHITE KNIGHT RIDES AGAIN!

[The former World Champion comes sprinting down the aisle, diving headfirst under the bottom rope into the ring. The Grappler, seeing a new target, shifts his position and swings the chair like a baseball bat at the running Martinez who ducks down to avoid it, hitting the ropes behind him...]

GM: EXCALIBUR!

[...and hits his flying one-legged Yakuza kick that knocks the Grappler flat, sending him rolling from the ring. Martinez comes up to his feet, snatching up the chair and taking a swing with it as Ultra Commando 3 bails to the outside to join his partner as the crowd cheers!]

GM: Ryan Martinez sends Masks For Money running! He cleans house and with that chair in his hands, I think the Grappler and the Commando have decided to call it a night.

[Martinez glares at the masked duo who are now retreating up the aisle. He smashes the chair down into the mat, waving them back into the ring...]

GM: Martinez wants another piece of these two but they're out of here.

BW: Good call.

GM: But I get the feeling that Martinez - and perhaps Williams as well - haven't seen the last of these masked men for hire, Bucky.

BW: I'm still confused what happened here. Masks For Money said on the Power Hour that they had business here tonight... that they were being paid very well to come after someone here tonight... and when they jumped Martinez earlier, we all assumed it was him.

GM: But now they've come after Derrick Williams as well.

BW: Still think Williams is the one paying for them to go after Martinez?

GM: Well, obviously not... Martinez now helping Williams up off the mat...

[Having put the chair aside, Martinez goes to pull the dazed Williams from a sitting position up to his feet from behind...]

GM: ...trying to get him back on his feet and-

[...and suddenly Williams leaps up, snatching the three-quarter nelson...]

GM: -NO!

[...and SPIKES Martinez' head into the canvas to a huge reaction from the AWA faithful!]

BW: HAHAAH! I LOVE IT!

GM: What?! What do you mean you love it?!

BW: I love it, Gordo! The White Knight came out here, being the Boy Scout that he is, trying to save the day for the masses... and he gets driven into the mat by the guy he came to help! I love it!

[Williams pops back up to his feet, holding the back of his neck as he turns to look at who he hit...]

GM: Williams is... does he even know he got Martinez?!

[...and spots Martinez down on the mat. A confused look crosses his face as he looks around, spying the fleeing Masks For Money halfway up the aisle. He facepalms in reaction, taking a step towards the downed Martinez...]

GM: He didn't know it at all! He thought it was Masks For Money!

BW: Oh sure... sure he did!

GM: He did!

[...and then stops short, looking down at Martinez. He gets the slightest hint of a grin that vanishes almost immediately before he drops to the mat, rolling under the ropes to the outside...]

GM: Well, at least help him up!

BW: Gordo, that's twice now. Twice!

GM: What's twice?

BW: Derrick Williams is walking out of here having hit the former World Champion and the AWA's White Knight with the 2017 Move of the Year not once... not just at SuperClash... but tonight as well! He's laid him out twice with it!

GM: And... well, Ryan Martinez let the first one slide but...

[Gordon lets the unstated stay that way for several moments as we watch Martinez roll onto his back in the ring, staring up at the lights as Williams walks back up the aisle...]

...and then with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we see an anxious Veronica Westerly is backstage, chewing her bottom lip as she looks at her phone. Her train of thought is derailed by a voice from off-camera. A voice not heard on an AWA show in some time. A calm, Southern drawl...]

"You can't keep avoiding this conversation. You can't keep avoiding... me."

[She spins on her heels and faces her husband. Her estranged husband? Who really knows at this point? In the months since we saw him last, Caleb Temple hasn't changed dramatically. There's some grey streaking his long, once jet black hair, and his beard. There are a few more lines on his face, but it's not the grim, pale face of old. He looks healthy. But he doesn't look at peace, as could reasonably be expected of a man now apparently free of the business, and of his own personal demons. Rather, he looks like a man carrying a burden.]

Veronica bristles and straightens up, snapping back at him.]

VW: I'm not avoiding you, and there's no conversation to avoid.

[He looks at the floor for a moment.]

CT: Sit down. Let's talk.

VW: I'll stand, thank you.

[He breathes deeply.]

CT: This is how we're gonna do this, Rhoni? Really?

VW: [tersely] Veronica.

[He shakes his head a little, almost sadly.]

CT: Veronica. Sorry. Force of habit. I still... it doesn't matter.

[Her eyes fill with fire and fury.]

VW: What is it? What the hell is it that you want from me?

CT: You know what I want, Ro- Veronica.

[She shakes her head.]

VW: Not this again. I've made it perfectly clear. To you. To Truth.

[He looks at the floor once more, and then back at his wife.]

CT: Come home. Leave this behind. You don't have to do it any more. We can be-

[She erupts.]

VW: ARE YOU SERIOUS? HAVE YOU LOST YOUR DAMNED MIND?

Didn't you hear what I said? I've spent my entire life being somebody else's something. Jack's daughter. Alex's wife. Your wife. Truth's mother. Castillo's lackey.

[Her voice rises again, quivering with a mix of emotion and fury.]

VW: THIS IS MY TIME.

This is when I get to do something for ME! This is when I get to BE ME!

I get it, Caleb. I do. You're finally clean and sober, and now you want to play happy families to make up for the "years that the locusts ate."

[She snorts derisively, the last part being surrounded in air quotes.]

VW: But the truth is, Caleb, YOU cost yourself those years. Your selfishness, your addictions, your choices. Everything you lost... that's all on you. Your daughter idolizes you. And I'm glad. Truly. I'm happy that there's one relationship in your life you didn't destroy.

But you don't get to dictate how I live MY life.

[He looks at her, then at the floor again.]

VW: Go home, Caleb. Be Truth's Dad. Be happy with that.

I still have unfinished business here.

[He turns away, pauses, and then back to her.]

CT: Fine. I'll go. For now. But know this... Veronica.

This conversation isn't over.

[He lets out a low, guttural chuckle.]

CT: Trust me.

[He leaves the room and we fade to black on Veronica, chilled to the bone by his parting words, and the memories associated with them...

...and with another flash of the ACCESS logo, we fade back out to the ring where we find "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing by. The fans are cheering, because the long shot reveals that he is not alone]

SLB: We are 28 days away from an AWA milestone, when we celebrate our tenth anniversary. Many of the AWA titles will be decided on that night, including the AWA Women's World Championship. And at this time, joining me now in the ring, are the two principals who will contest that belt... first the challenger, hoping to win her first singles championship in her long career... RICKI TOUGHILL!

[The camera pans over to find Toughill, looking much the same as she always does in her extreme casual leggings, sneakers and hoodie. She pumps her fist and blows a pink bubble with a joy that seemed uncharacteristic just six months ago.]

SLB: ...and her opponent will be the reigning and undisputed AWA Women's World Champion... "THE SPITFIRE" JULIE SOMERS!

[And now the camera pans over to reveal Somers, who is dressed in a pair of blue jeans and a red T-shirt that says "#LiveTheDream" in white lettering. The AWA Women's World Title belt is fastened around her waist. She smiles and raises her arms, motioning with her hands to encourage the fans' cheers.]

SLB: And when it comes to the Tenth Anniversary, it goes without saying that this is not the first time you two ladies have crossed paths. Especially for those of us who have seen the preview of ESPN's "30 For 30" and the segment about the knock-down, drag-out war that took place over the course of the last two years between you two. After all the bad blood, after all the enmity... Julie Somers, you came out the other side as AWA Women's Champion, and in some circles people are even calling you "Miss SuperClash."

[Somers grins at that with the slightest bow of the head.]

SLB: And with all due respect to your venerable and battle-tested opponent, Ricki Toughill is on the bubble of the rankings as the Number 10 contender to the belt.



[Ricki shrugs indifferently: facts are facts.]

SLB: As we prepare to revisit this classic rivalry, I have this question for you, Julie Somers: Is there still something to prove by having another match with Ricki Toughill?

[Somers nods as she leans over the mic.]

JS: Sweet Lou, ever since the AWA finally launched the Women's Division, the best in the world today have competed here. And in the past couple of years, the talent level in this division continues to grow. Anyone who has made her mark on the AWA women's roster has shown she deserves to be recognized among the best in the world today. It matters not where Ricki is ranked, because her resume speaks for itself, and I know that firsthand from when I've faced her in the ring.

[Somers throws a look at Ricki who grins, giving a nod of respect.]

JD: But as far as anything to prove goes, as the Women's World Champion, I have to prove myself, night after night, that I am worthy of the belt I won at SuperClash. Certainly Ricki has pushed me to the limits before, but regardless of my opponent, I always have something to prove as the champion.

[Blackwell nods, turning to Ricki.]

SLB: Ricki, I think everyone knows how hard you worked to play your way back into the AWA, and now you've suddenly found yourself in a position that many thought you would never find yourself in: challenging for the World Championship. How important is this match to you?

RT: Well, first thing's first, Lou. I'm glad to have a World Champion who knows and understands the importance of actually defending the belt, and I'm glad that she's the one holding it.

[Some polite cheers at the mutual respect.]

RT: Although I'm a little bummed out that I have a surplus of "Kurayami lightbulb jokes" that I'll never get to use.

[Some cheering from the fans. Ricki perks up; she doesn't need much prompting.]

RT: Okay I'll tell one: how many Kurayami fans does it take to change a lightbulb?

[How many...?]

RT: Both of them!

[Ricki gives a mischievous double thumbs up before carrying on.]

RT: Lou, I'm going to tell you a story. A couple months ago, your colleague and my friend Theresa Lynch asked me a very important question. That's one of the things she does best for all the flack she gets for whom she is related to: she asks important questions. Theresa asked me... if I would put on a maroon organza dress and join her bridal party. And I said, "yes, of course." But then the opportunity of a lifetime presented itself to me last week, and even though Theresa said she understood and encouraged me to take it, it still broke my heart.

Not because I would miss out on hitting on one of Supreme's groomsmen or maybe the DJ they booked for the reception...

Not because I wouldn't look stunning in organza while still being a hot mess of a wine aunt...

But because if I were to show up for the photos caked in sweat with a white leather and gold belt around my waist, I'd totally be upstaging the bride and that's just not polite!

And make no mistake, Lou – I don't know how many more at bats I have, so I have to swing for the fences.

[Ricki decides to shoot a pointed glare in the champion's direction.]

RT: ...even if it isn't just the champion I have to contend with.

[Somers, who has had a pleasant smile on her face to this point, now has her eyes wide and you can hear her say "What?!"]

SLB: Well... er... Ricki Toughill brought up that two weeks ago, Harley Hamilton implied that her newly formed squad "E-Girl Max" had a fifth member, and the implication that it was you–

[Somers doesn't wait for Lou to complete his exposition, preferring to confront the allegation directly.]

JS: Let's cut to the chase... now, Ricki, you were smart enough to believe that E-Girl Max was going to jump you, so you came prepared, but then you are that quick to buy into this idea that I'm in cahoots with them? You and I may not be the best of friends, but do you really think for one minute that I would associate myself with them?

[Toughill gets in close to Somers with "Sweet" Lou holding the microphone at arm's length between them.]

RT: Oh, I'll believe you, Julie! I'll believe you. But my gut, and my instincts, and everything that I know about the way this sport and that locker room operates... I'm telling you, I believe my instincts and my gut first!

[Somers shakes her head.]

JS: In other words, always assume the worst about everyone. Is this how it's going to go?

RT: If you had my instincts, and you experienced what I experienced... yes, I'd assume the worst!

[Somers glares in response.]

JS: Then what did your gut say when you approached me some time ago about being my partner against Kurayami and her choice of partner? Or better yet... what did your gut say about Kerry Kendrick and his agenda? Or let's go all the way and ask about what your gut said the first time you paired up with Cinder?

[Ricki looks away, a wild, fake grin plastered across her face that speaks of a seething rage building inside her.]

JS: Look, I know that Cinder abandoned you. I know what Kendrick and Sandra Hayes did to you, how they got Kurayami to attack you, and that's why I decided to do something about that. And I'm glad you found a friend in Theresa Lynch... everything tells me you have changed for the better, that you want to do that. And

I am happy to have signed the contract to defend this title against you on the Anniversary Show.

[The crowd cheers that but Somers raises a hand.]

JD: But it still seems like, every time you and I get together, I've had to watch your hands, because I'm still not sure exactly where you and I really stand. And while you may want to change for the better, I still can remember how you fought when we got into the ring and how dirty you played it then.

[Toughill still hasn't looked at Somers, who points her index finger toward Toughill.]

JS: And how about you look me in the eye when I'm talking to you, Erica!

[Toughill turns to stare back at Somers. Judging from their body language, the champion and challenger have both succeeded in getting under each other's skin.]

JS: You keep talking about believing the worst... this belt right here [gestures to it] is supposed to represent the best in women's wrestling. Yet what was represented for a year and a half was how to win dirty, even about trying to put your opponent out of the business. Now I want to know this... am I going to have to expect the same thing when I defend this belt on the Anniversary Show?

[Toughill's eyes flash as she responds.]

RT: You wanted that belt! And you wanna keep it! What if I get some cheap shot from YOU, and your little squad?! I look like a sucker if you're not on the up and up! I... am... not getting played again by someone who only pretends they're on the level!

[Somers' grows angrier, speaking over Ricki at the end.]

JS: You honestly believe that, after all I went through the past year and a half, against you, against Lauryn Rage, against Kurayami, that I'd throw down my lot with a bunch of mean girls?

[She shakes her head.]

JS: You know, I watched a lot of women before I became a wrestler... and that list of women includes you! You brought a lot of fire to the ring and it inspired me! But right now, I have to ask myself if you really are that naive, or if you're back to this ordeal of making excuses and feeling sorry for yourself!

[Toughill slaps her fist into her palm and paces toward the ropes, trying to keep her cool. Somers defiantly holds her ground, her hands on her hips, as Toughill stomps back into her face, fists balled at her side. Blackwell backs up, not wanting to be involved in the fracas. Probably for the best since Toughill's retort is probably not family friendly. Somers says a few things back that indicate she is standing by everything she said. The tension escalates and escalates until...]

"I DON'T CARE!"

[...the voice of Charli XCX draws everyone's attention to the entrance. Somers turns to the entranceway, her eyes now forming a hard glare. Ricki nods sarcastically, thinking this further incriminates the Women's Champion.

"I Love It" by Icona Pop (ft. Charli XCX) plays as the crowd erupts initially with the high-pitched shrieks of excited young girls in the crowd, before they are drowned out completely by boos from the general audience, as we see the four members of

E-Girl MAX appear. At the front is Cinder in a blue-green t-shirt with the image of a bear on the front, captioned "MUM." Under her arm is a sticker-coated binder.

Following close behind is Casey Cash, long brown hair worn loosely down to her shoulders, wearing an oversized sea foam green shirt featuring a portrait of an irritated-looking Tiana walking away, encircled by the phrase "This Princess doesn't need a Frog", along with black Under Armour leggings and sneakers.

Bringing up the rear are Kelly Kowalski and Harley Hamilton, who is being carried by Kowalski piggyback-style. Kowalski wears a studded leather vest and a pair of tightly fitting black leather pants, her red hair done up in a double bun style.

Hamilton hangs over Kowalski's neck and shoulders, dressed in an oversized pink shirt with the hipster Ariel from "The Little Mermaid" meme on the front, reading "I want to be where the people are... so I can judge them!" Atop her head are a pair of Minnie Mouse ears with a pink bow and in her hand she holds a microphone. She wiggles her fingers to say "Hello" at Ricki and Julie in the ring.]

C: Aye right, before you two gie it laldy in th' ring, ye should know that ye are both are... absolutely dead right.

'Cuz, I got a wee bit o' intel aboot both of ye! An' Jewels, if you're thinkin' she's gaun give you a dirty fight... Well, ye tell me what tae expect? Aye, Mummy there? My wicked ex-step-Mummy...?

Last year, when we was travellin'... She was cryin' over ye, Jewels!

[Cinder mimes a mocking, melodramatic sob.]

C: "Oh, my wee Cinder. Ohhhh, my wee sweet Cinder... I cannot beat Julie Somers no matter how hard I work!" Oh, you was pure greetin' there, Mummy! It was so pure dead sad!

[In the ring, Julie Somers glances over at Ricki Toughill, who is biting her bottom lip very hard. While probably exaggerated, what Cinder is saying is possibly true.]

C: Oh, my Cashie... I think it's time for another sticker..

[Solemnly, Casey Cash pulls out a sheet of stickers, and places a "crying emoji" sticker on Cinder's binder containing the "Steal the Spotlight" contract. She lets out a sigh and nods at Cinder, who continues on.]

C: Soooo, who knows what depths ol' Wreckie Toe-heel will sink tae? Good on ye for joinin' us as a squad, Jewels.

[Somers shakes her head and you can hear her just enough to know she says "Yeah. Tell me another lie." Harley looks annoyed.]

HH: What!? How dare you...

[Suddenly, she stops and smiles.]

HH: Oh. Yeah, of course. I understand.

[Harley grins and makes an overly exaggerated wink.]

HH: That's right, Julie. We're not your friends or acquaintances or anything. We have NOTHING to do with you. We're just making this WHOLE THING UP to mess with your heads. Ricki Toughill actually has absolutely NOTHING to worry about. Ain't that right, Cindy?

C: Aye, Harley, it was all a trick! We're expert gasmaskers!

HH: Whatta' you think, Kelly?

KK: Yeah, I'm thinkin' you're right, Pinkie.

Ya know, sometimes, I do have my...

[Kelly clears her throat.]

KK: ..."fuzzy" moments where there's some blank spots in my memory, or I see somethin' that ain't there.

So maybe I was wrong, and it wasn't Jules I was hangin' out with, sharin' a slice at Pizzeria Lola in Minneapolis, Minnesota, while throwing back bottles of Bad Weather Ominous Double Brown Ale and then she insisted that we tip 20% instead of 18%.

[Casey Cash shakes her head emphatically, yelling "NEVER HAPPENED! WE'RE GREAT TIPPERS!"]

JS: Unreal... I can't even believe what I'm hearing right now.

[Toughill glares at her.]

ET: Me neither. I thought maybe... just maybe... I was wrong but now I see-

[Somers interrupts, her glare shifting to Toughill.]

JS: Excuse me?!

[Harley interrupts them before they can go any further.]

HH: Hey hey hey! Didn't I just say Julie has nothing to do with this?

[A pause. And then Harley gives another wink at Julie, to which Somers rolls her eyes.]

HH: Now, far be it for me to stick my nose in other people's business - since we're not affiliated with Julie Somers in any way, shape or form...

[Casey Cash exclaims, "We're not! I bet she wears Reebok!" A quick zoom in and then zoom out by the camera, on Julie's feet, reveals that she is in fact, wearing Nikes.]

HH: ...but speaking as one-half of the greatest tag team in this world, galaxy, universe and plane of existence, and as a women's wrestling enthusiast, the participants of the World Title match should not be in this much disarray and disharmony.

[Harley pauses and taps her chin in thought. Absent-mindedly, she subtly blows into Kelly's ear, causing the New Jersey Devil to yell "Stooooop!", before letting Harley down from her back. Harley then walks over and puts an arm over Casey Cash's shoulder before continuing on.]

HH: Accusing each other and pointing fingers? That is just soooo messy. If we're going to have that classic World Title match that we all know the two of you are so capable of having, you two better get your acts together! ESPECIALLY when you'll be teaming together in two weeks, against a team that has been chomping at the bit to get their hands on you...

[Somers looks puzzled a moment, holding up a hand.]

JS: Wait a minute... are you kidding me? A team of your choosing?

[Hamilton smirks.]

HH: Do you want to handle this one, Casey?

[Harley tilts the microphone towards Casey.]

CC: Don't underestimate the influence of Under Armour!

[Toughill glares down at them.]

Ricki: Any two of you? Do you really want see what happens when we go face to face. Because I need the reps for the Tenth Anniversary... I need to step back into active competition... And I am in ONE OF MY MOODS! So if you're asking me to do some overtime, I'll punch all your clocks!

[Hamilton grins.]

HH: That's good, Ricki... I hope you keep that same energy when you two have to face...

[Dramatic pause.]

HH: ...Suga N' Spice!

[The crowd boos, as Harley smirks.]

HH: What? Were you expecting to face a team made up from two of us? Oh Richard Toughill, you silly fool. You should realize by now that the beautiful, bodacious babes of E-Girl MAX won't fight their friends unless we have to.

[A beat.]

C: ...wetch Julie isn't, bytheway!

[This time it's Cinder's turn to give Julie an exaggerated wink... or several winks. It seems like Cinder doesn't have a firm grasp on the art of winking. Harley smirks, before turning to her friends.]

HH: Come on girls, let's go. Our work here is done.

[Harley and the rest of E-Girl MAX turn to leave. As they do, Casey Cash turns her head and yells, "SEE YOU BACK AT THE HOTEL!" at Julie, before going "Oops!", quickly covering her mouth and running through the curtain.]

SLB: Well, th-

[Toughill pushes past Blackwell, and gets right into Somers' face. They get up close, giving each other accusing glares, only communicating through some very terse body language. Ricki blows a dismissive bubble in her rival's face and stomps out of the ring. Somers shakes her head, hand on her hip, knowing could be knee-deep in trouble.]

SLB: Well, after that... knowing that Julie Somers will have to team up with her first challenger to the AWA Women's World Championship in two weeks time, I think I'm not going to provoke this scene any more. Gordon, Bucky... back to you.

[We cut down to ringside to our announce duo.]

GM: Quite the tense scene in the ring there between Julie Somers and Ricki Toughill as they get set to face one another for the Women's World Title in about a month... but what about the breaking news that in two weeks, it'll be Somers and Toughill TEAMING against Suga N' Spice?

BW: Because when enemies team before a singles match, everything always goes well?

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: And of course, E-Girl MAX couldn't help but get themselves involved in this, trying to sow some discord between the two by feeding into these rumors that Julie Somers might have some kind of link to E-Girl MAX.

BW: Whaaaaat? E-Girl MAX made it clear that Julie's not associated with them at all! How many times do they have to say it?

GM: Give me a break. And I think we all know that Julie Somers would never lower herself to teaming with those jackals - she's got more respect for the business - and herself - than that.

BW: "We" all know that, huh? Ricki Toughill didn't seem quite so convinced.

GM: Maybe she will be after she teams with the Spitfire in Chicago. Fans, let's go backstage to Theresa Lynch who is standing by with a special guest - Theresa?

[We cut backstage where Theresa Lynch is standing by. She puts on a brave face, but it's fairly clear to see she isn't thrilled.

Because standing next to her is Sid Osborne. Sid is wearing a college letterman jacket, despite not having a proud history of being a college athlete himself. He's also chewing gum in a loud and fairly annoying manner.]

TL: Thanks, Gordon... tonight, the man to my left competes for the AWA National Heavyweight Championship in his first chance at singles gold ever. Sid, how are you feeling going into this very important match?

[Osborne gives Lynch a sideways glance, continuing to chew loudly and annoyingly. He rolls his eyes, finally spitting out the gum onto the floor... much to Lynch's visible disgust.]

SO: Well, like you said... it's a big deal. It's one I had to take for myself without any help from anyone else. Since obviously management here is only interested in giving me the Reader's Digest award for best new guy.

TL: You're referring to the Golden Grapple for--

[Osborne shakes his head, cutting her off.]

SO: I know what I said. It's a big night for me. And I have only one person to thank for it.

[Osborne hooks a thumb at himself.]

SO: Because I don't have some old fossil in an office giving me every chance under the sun. But as we saw last week...

[Osborne shakes his head.]

SO: ...those only get handed out to other old fossils.

[Theresa interrupts.]

TL: If you're referring to Robert Donovan, you have to admit he came within a breath of beating Jordan Ohara.

[Osborne smirks.]

SO: See, that's the thing. I actually don't have to admit a damn thing, and especially not that. Theresa... I can see that you're the one with the microphone. You're the one that's supposed to be asking the questions. But I'd like to ask you a question for a change.

[Lynch nods in a mixture of irritation and trepidation.]

SO: Has everyone taken crazy pills? We're celebrating when someone wasn't good enough? Is that when you all went over at the meeting this morning? Donovan didn't have what it takes but make sure you pat him on his big dumb head about how he got so close?

I brought Raphael Rhodes to his absolute limit twice. But guess what?

[Osborne shrugs.]

SO: I lost. He got the better of me. You don't see me going around patting myself on the back because I came in second in a two man race, do you?

No, because that would be pathetic.

[Lynch clears her throat to interrupt again.]

TL: Some might say you're fixating on the wrong person tonight. As you said, Robert Donovan did not become the champion last week. Don't you think you're overlooking Jordan Ohara?

[Osborne shakes his head.]

SO: That's just you revealing your own ignorance. Right inside here?

[Osborne taps his temple.]

SO: Is a brain that operates on a level you couldn't even start to comprehend. I'm more than capable of pointing out that the boss gives his cronies too many free passes while being more than ready to take that chump Ohara out.

[Lynch fixes Osborne with a quizzical look.]

TL: Chump? That's quite the change from a week ago. You were quite complimentary towards the National Champion.

[Osborne begins to laugh, complete with putting his hands to his sides to keep them from splitting entirely. He finally stops, exhaling loudly.]

SO: Oh. Right. That was me lying.

[Osborne waves dismissively.]



SO: You know, because he's a really dumb guy and I knew I could manipulate him.

Which is exactly what I did. With ease. Because Ohara? I've been watching. I've seen the desperate need to impress. And to be liked. I saw you suck up to the new boss. And your brilliant idea?

[Osborne puts an index finger to the side of his head.]

SO: You want to hold your belt longer than everyone else. Well, two things.

[Osborne holds up his index finger.]

SO: Not losing is everyone's idea, you chucklehead. It's kind of the whole point.

[Osborne holds up two fingers.]

SO: It won't work. You can hold that shiny belt close to your heart for a million years... and none of these people will ever change their minds. Now, I'm not even talking about everyone in the back.

[Osborne shakes his head.]

SO: Everyone back there already knows you're a secret scumbag. You smile, you shake every vet's hand, you go through all the motions. But we all know. It's plastic. It's fake.

[Osborne points off-camera.]

SO: And as time goes on... they're learning the same thing. Every time you walk out, braying like a jackass and shouting false promises like a two-bit used car salesman... you let them know how empty you really are.

[Osborne smiles.]

SO: But hey, that's alright with me. It doesn't bother me one bit. I don't care what a two faced pile of garbage you are.

I don't give a damn about any of it.

[Osborne smiles wider, until it turns into a despicable sneer.]

SO: I only care about knocking you off your golden perch...

[Osborne nods, fixing Lynch with a bitter nod.]

SO: And taking away the only thing you care about.

[Osborne glares at the camera.]

TL: Sid Osborne set to do battle for the National Title... and that match is coming up right now so let's head down to Gordon and Bucky!

[We cut back out to a panning shot of the arena as we hear our announce duo.]

GM: Thanks, Theresa... and Sid Osborne being his usual charming self back there, taking shots at Robert Donovan... taking shots at Jordan Ohara... taking shots at management... well, tonight he's gonna take some shots of his own as he challenges the Phoenix for the National Title.

BW: The pressure's on for Ohara tonight, Gordo. He almost dropped the gold two weeks ago against Robert Donovan... and now he's got arguably a tougher challenge in Sid Osborne. I know he wants to have a historic title reign but if he keeps taking on challengers like this, he may have a historically SHORT title reign.

[The sirens ring out through the arena as Nas' "Hero" blares through the arena. The crowd cheers as the National Champion steps through the curtains and the AWA screens light up with a Carolina blue flaming Phoenix followed by the name in flaming letters "JORDAN OHARA." The crowd pitch rises even further as Jordan Ohara steps through the curtains dressed in a white winged jacket over his shiny white tights with a Carolina blue Phoenix emblazoned over the crotch. Ohara raises his National championship high in the air as he bounds down to ringside in his custom Air Jordan 11s. The Blasian wrestler known as the Phoenix hair continues to grow out in its topknotted style and Ohara's Van Dyke beard is getting a little longer, too.]

GM: The National Champion arriving here in Milwaukee to a hero's welcome as Jordan Ohara makes his way down the aisle, ready to defend his title for the second time right here tonight in the Bradley Center.

[Ohara slaps a few hands over the railing, a grin on his face as he reaches ringside.]

BW: First thing he oughta do is wipe that smile off his face and look like a man determined to defend his title and not sign autographs for these five and dimers.

[As Jordan Ohara steps into the ring, the crowd erupts into a deafening roar. The National Champion is here, and he's ready to make a statement. He snatches the microphone from the announcer and raises it to his lips.]

JO: What's up, Milwaukee! Let's go!

[Ohara's booming voice cuts through the roar of the crowd.]

JO: I know you've been waiting for this week's Phoenix Open Challenge. But tonight, my challenger isn't a surprise. He isn't a random opponent. He is a specific target. The so-called Sin City Savior, Sid Osborne.

[The crowd boos Sid Osborne's name.]

JO: Sid Osborne, you have the nerve to complain about my giving Rob Donovan a title shot. I didn't give Robert Donovan a shot. He answered an open challenge. That is the whole point.

I am going to become the greatest National Champion in the history of the AWA!

[A big cheer goes up!]

JO: And to do that, I am going to take on anyone and everyone. Rob Donovan may not be a rookie. He may not be a young hungry lion, but he just may be the biggest, baddest man on the roster and he was the fastest man to step up to the plate last time out. Think about that, Osborne.

Rob Donovan was faster than you.

[The crowd laughs as Jordan Ohara shakes his head.]

JO: But Sid, why should I expect better from you. You're a very miserable man, aren't you? You walk around backstage and the paint peels off the wall. You walk around outside and the grass wilts at your feet. And I don't understand why you're

so miserable. Osborne, I know you're watching back there on the monitor. Look around at the Bradley Center. Look around at this arena. Listen to these fans!

[The crowd roars as Ohara holds the microphone out to them. Ohara nods his head along with their cheers as he encourages them.]

JO: Tonight, I'm going to show you all why I am the National Champion. I absolutely love this. We are part of the greatest sport in the world. This is the sport of Kings. And I want to be the King of Kings!

So tonight, I'm going to put Sid Osborne out of his misery. I'm going to beat him so bad that when I'm done Sid Osborne won't even remember his own name!

[The crowd rallies behind the champion, chanting his name.]

"O-HA-RA!"

"O-HA-RA!"

"O-HA-RA!"

[Ohara grins at the chanting, letting it settle a bit before speaking again.]

JO: You're looking at the best wrestler in the world, and I'm going to prove that to everyone here tonight. Sid Osborne, you get the luxury of being a special selection. I want you to know that I am not ducking anybody. All you had to do was answer the call. But no, you wanted to complain your way into the shot. Okay, so now I'm going to send a special message to everybody and I'm going to make an example of you. Sid Osborne, you're just another stepping stone on my path to greatness.

[The crowd goes wild, cheering for Jordan and booing Sid Osborne. Jordan soaks in the adoration, enjoying winning the hearts of the fans.]

JO: Sid, you can trash talk me all you want in the back, but it won't change the fact that your miserable nature will prevent you from reaching my levels. You are a vicious competitor. I watched your matches. I watched you and Raphael Rhodes beat the hell out of each other at SuperClash. I know you can be great, but you're so miserable, man. You can't reach the extra level. You can't experience the pure joy necessary to win this championship. Listen to these people. You don't have what it takes to beat me!

[Jordan pauses for a moment, letting his words sink in.]

JO: Tonight, I'm going to teach you a serious lesson, Sid Osborne. I love this sport. I love this promotion. I love these fans. And I love this title. And there is no way a man like you is taking it from me. So come on out here and let the Phoenix shine.

[The crowd erupts into a frenzy, chanting Jordan's name over and over again. Jordan Ohara raises his arms in triumph, holding up the National Title towards the entrance ramp and squats, beckoning Sid Osborne out from the back as Rebecca Ortiz reclaims the mic.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is for the AWA NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP!

[A big cheer goes up as Ohara holds up the title again, nodding his head.]

RO: Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Charlotte, North Carolina... weighing in at 225 pounds...

The Once In A Millennium Talent...

The Phoenix...

...and the two-time and reigning AWA NATIONAL CHAMMMMPIONNNNNN...

...JORRRRRRRDAAAAAAAAAN OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHAAAAAARAAAAAAA!

[Ohara slaps his chest, looking out with joy on the cheering crowd as he hands the title belt over to referee Pete "Blue Shows" Miller.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The driving bassline to "Chip On My Shoulder" by Slapshot begins to play as two red slashes appear on the video screen, forming an X. The guitar kicks in as on either side of the X, in collegiate block letters "SID OSBORNE" flashes on the screen to loud boos from the crowd.]

RO: ...from Sin City, Las Vegas, Nevada... weighing in at 260 pounds... he is the SINNNNN CITY SAAAAAVIORRRRRR...

SIIIIIIIIIIID OSSSSSSSSBORRRRRRRNE!

[The song kicks into high gear as Sid Osborne makes his way out to the top of the metal entrance ramp. His head is bowed, the hood of his sweatshirt further obscuring his head and face as he walks out with his hands outstretched. He pauses, putting a hand to the hood. After a moment, he pulls it down, revealing a black ski mask. There's a large X between the eyes of the mask, going from slightly above the forehead to the jawline.]

GM: Sid Osborne is fresh off a hard-fought defeat to Raphael Rhodes back at SuperClash. A break or two another way and Osborne could've picked up the win that night but instead, he's looking to flush the end of 2017 in a big, big way if he can defeat Ohara to win the gold here tonight.

[Osborne stomps down the ramp towards the ring, stopping at the end of the ramp. He looks around at the assembled crowd before cutting his thumb across his throat...]

GM: The second defense of that National Title by Jordan Ohara seems certain to be as tough as the first one was... and speaking of the first one...

[We cut over to the seven footer sitting in a folding steel chair at ringside between Myers and Wilde.]

GM: Welcome to the broadcast table, Mr. Donovan.

[Donovan smirks.]

RD: Oh, come on, Gordon... we've known each other for years. Call me Rob.

GM: Well, I'm not sure how comfortable I am with that considering some of your past misdeeds here in the AWA.

RD: James Lynch has shown the whole world he's as much of a piece of trash as I always said he was. Can't forgive me for droppin' him on his head?

BW: It's like I always say, you can't blame anyone for what they do to a Lynch, Gordo.

[Gordon grimaces.]

GM: Shifting gears, Mr. Donovan...

RD: Rob.

GM: Fine then... Rob... can you tell me why you're out here tonight to watch this match?

RD: Seems pretty clear to me, Gordon. If it wasn't for some near-sighted zebra two weeks ago, it'd be me out here with that shiny hunk o'gold around my waist. And since there's a whole lotta people who agree with me, I feel like I oughta have gotten a rematch here tonight... but that whiny little brat Sid Osborne apparently disagreed and took my spot.

GM: You think you should be getting another shot at the title tonight?

RD: Don't you?

GM: I... uhh... well, whether I agree with that or not, it's obvious you didn't get the shot... so again, I ask.. why are you out here tonight?

RD: Because I want those two in there to know that I'm comin' for 'em. No matter who wins this and walks out with the gold, they got me waitin' to kick their teeth down their throat and take that title.

GM: You're issuing a challenge to the winner?

RD: Gordo, you seem a little slow on the uptake tonight - maybe it's a good time for you to hang up your mic after all. Damn right I'm challenging the winner.. and I don't give a damn which one of 'em it is.

[Up in the ring, we see Sid Osborne barking across the ring at the National Champion who is removing the title belt from around his waist.]

RD: Listen to that little mutt yap at the champ. Osborne can talk a good game, Gordon, let's see how he backs it up when it matters the most.

GM: Ohara stepping out of the corner, eyes on his challenger..

[Ohara defiantly lays the belt down in the middle of the ring, diving the ring in half with it.]

GM: Jordan Ohara drawing the proverbial line in the sand here, daring Osborne to come across and challenge for that title.

[Ohara turns his back on Osborne, walking back towards the corner...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[...which is when the bell sounds and the Sin City Savior goes barreling across the ring towards Ohara's exposed back!]

GM: OSBORNE FROM BEHIND!

[But as Sid draws near, Ohara swings around, leaping high into the air, planting his face in the chest of the incoming Osborne...]

...and rides him straight down into the canvas with a thunderous double stomp that brings the Milwaukee crowd to their feet!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: STOMP! STOMP!

[Ohara scrambles into a cover, tightly hooking both legs!]

GM: ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: MY STARS, HE JUST BARELY GOT THE SHOULDER UP! HE ALMOST GOT HIM IN RECORD TIME!

[Donovan chuckles as a stunned and panicked Osborne rolls right out of the ring to the floor, sinking to a knee as he grasps at his sternum.]

GM: Jordan Ohara - I think he lured him into that, Bucky.

BW: That’s absolutely what he did. Sid’s got a bit of a temper - we all know that - and he let Ohara sucker him into that and it nearly cost him everything.

GM: Mr. Donovan, you seem amused by that.

RD: This kid thinks he’s hot stuff, Gordon. Does an old man’s heart good to see someone prove otherwise.

GM: And I’m guessing you’d like the chance to prove it too.

RD: Absolutely.

[With Osborne reeling on the outside, Ohara approaches the ropes, grabbing the top with both hands...]

GM: OHARA OVER THE TOP!

[...and wipes out the challenger with a slingshot crossbody on the outside!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: And again, Osborne wasn’t focused on his opponent in the ring and the National Champion makes him pay for it!

BW: Osborne fought Raphael Rhodes within an inch of victory at SuperClash but ultimately came up short... and this is a huge opportunity to make everyone forget all that by winning the oldest AWA championship just barely into the 2018 season of AWA action!

[Pulling Osborne up off the ringside mats, Ohara tosses him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: The champion puts him back in... rolling in after him now...

[Osborne scrambles to his feet, trying to get back into the match by running to the ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: Sin City Sid off the far side... ohhh! What a chop by Ohara!

[Osborne hits the mat hard, grabbing at his chest again as Ohara holds a martial arts pose over him...]

GM: Ohara's a master of those knife edge chops and Osborne's feeling the effects of that one.

BW: You gotta admire the kid though, right back up, right back in and...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"

GM: ...and right back downwwwwwn with another knife edge chop by the champion!

[Ohara dives across the prone Osborne again, hooking a leg, and earning a two count before the challenger escapes.]

GM: Sid Osborne out at two... really reeling early on in this one, Mr. Donovan.

RD: I'm pretty surprised by that, Gordon - to hear him talk, you'd think he'd have this one won and be polishing his new title belt in the back already.

GM: It seems, Mr. Donovan, as though the words of Sid Osborne have gotten under your skin a little bit.

RD: That's no lie, Gordon. This kid's got a big mouth on him and if Ohara can't shut him up, this oldtimer is gonna do it.

[Osborne rolls to the outside again, slapping his hands angrily down on the canvas as Ohara gives a salute to the cheering crowd that are solidly behind him.]

GM: The Sin City Savior is out trying to regroup on the floor once again... but there's no rest for the weary, Bucky!

BW: Ohara to the ropes again and-

[But as Ohara prepares to leap out onto him a second time, Osborne snakes a hand under the bottom rope, yanking his leg out from under him, dragging him under the ropes to the outside!]

GM: Ohara gets pulled out to the floor!

[With Ohara's back against the apron, Osborne winds up and lets it fly...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and the crowd reacts as Osborne lays in a pretty stiff chop of his own!]

GM: Ohh! And while we mentioned Ohara's mastery of the chops, you can't forget that Sid Osborne's no slouch in that department either.

RD: Absolutely not. You can already see a welt on the chest of Ohara. The kid's got a big mouth but he can fight.

[Osborne lays in a second chop... and a third that causes Ohara to stumble away from him, the challenger nodding at his flurry of offense that stops the champion's momentum for the moment.]

GM: Ohara trying to create some space out here but Osborne's in pursuit, trying to stay on the National Champion. Jordan Ohara came right out of the gates two

weeks ago in Minnesota, letting the world know that he intends to be the greatest National Champion of all time and in doing so, he wants to embark on a series of great title defenses as well. Two weeks ago was you, Mr. Donovan...

RD: Don't have to remind me.

GM: ...and tonight, it's Sid Osborne who issued this challenge at Super Saturday.

[Osborne grabs Ohara by the shoulder, swinging him around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and gets popped with another knife edge chop across the chest!]

GM: Ohara fires back!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: And again!

[Osborne stumbles back from the second blow, staggering backwards...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: The champion lighting up the chest of his challenger, sending him backpedaling away...

[...and as Osborne bumps up against the ringside barricade, Ohara winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and connects with an absolutely brutal knife edge chop that flips Osborne backwards, sending him tumbling over the railing and into the front row of the Bradley Center crowd!]

GM: WOW! What a chop by Ohara - a whole series of them in fact - and the challenger is out amongst the people!

RD: A good spot for him. You know he thinks of himself as a champion of the people, Gordon.

GM: I suppose that's true in some ways. He believes he's the truth-tellier... the man who will shy away from nothing. He'll tell the world how he thinks it is and how he thinks it should be done.

RD: The voice of those Internet geeks who think someone like him should be getting the title shots over someone like me who's lived this damn business for decades.

[Ohara takes a few moments to play to the crowd, leaning over the railing to slap some high fives with the ringside fans who are going wild for him.]

GM: I don't know, Mr. Donovan - THAT looks like a champion of the people to me.

RD: In my time in this business, Gordon, I can tell ya that the cheers of the fans come and they go. I've been cheered, I've been booed. I've had women waitin' for me at the hotel and I've had drunken frat boys come at me with a blade in the bar. None of it matters. The only two things that matter in this business are how much



money ya made and the legacy ya left. Ohara can have his fans... Osborne can have his fans... I want the belt and the money that comes from havin' it.

[Ohara turns back towards the rising Osborne, moving to grab him...

...but the Sin City Savior chucks the remnants of a cup of soda into the face of Ohara, blinding him momentarily!]

GM: Oh! Osborne with a cup of someone's drink out there! Ohara trying to clear his vision...

[Osborne steps up on a fan's empty seat, planting one foot on the top of the barricade as well...]

GM: What's he...?

[...and as Ohara blindly spins back towards him, Osborne propels himself off the railing, cracking the champion across the collarbone with a flying clothesline!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND OSBORNE TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE SITUATION ON THE FLOOR!

[The referee warns Osborne that they're both close to getting counted out so the challenger ducks under the ropes, rolling in... and then rolling back out.]

GM: The challenger wisely breaks the count there... and now right back to work on the National Champion...

[Pulling the still-blinded and dazed Ohara off the floor by the arm, Osborne winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SPINEFIRST TO THE RING APRON!

[Ohara crumples forward but Osborne catches him before he falls, shoving him back under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: The challenger put him back in... and he's heading back in as well now.

[The Sin City Savior throws a glare at a fan in the front row shouting "O-HA-RA!" repeatedly before he turns his attention back towards the champion who is crawling across the ring, grabbing at his lower back.]

GM: You can see the damage done by that whip to the apron as Ohara grabs the lower back...

RD: Thanks for noticing it, Gordon. I'll be sure to draw a bullseye on it when I get my rematch with Ohara.

GM: Is that a prediction? You think the Phoenix will rise to victory here tonight?

RD: He's a Once In A Millennium talent, ain't he?

[Osborne pulls Ohara off the mat by the arm, whipping him into the corner...]

GM: Ohhh! Ohara's spine jolts against the turnbuckles, doing more damage to the back as Osborne sets and...

[...and follows him in, charging the corner...]

GM: ...OHHH! RIGHT INTO A BOOT!

[...where Ohara raises a leg, catching Osborne under the chin!]

GM: Ohara caught him and now it's Osborne in a daze!

[Ohara shakes his head, clearing the cobwebs as he hops up to the middle rope...]

GM: Ohara taking to the sky as he so often does!

[...and leaps into the air, arm extended overhead...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but as he comes down, Osborne lashes out with his arms crossed, driving them into the throat of the flying Phoenix!]

GM: OHARA GETS CAUGHT!

[Ohara collapses back down to the canvas, coughing and grabbing at his throat as Osborne leans back against the ropes.]

GM: Osborne with a strike to the throat and... wow, he really did a number on Ohara with that...

[Osborne pushes off the ropes, using the flat of his foot to roll Ohara back onto his back...

...and DRIVES the point of his elbow down into the throat!]

GM: ...and follows it up with an elbow to the throat as well!

[Ohara's legs kick up into the air as a sneering Osborne pushes him back down in a lateral press!]

GM: The challenger looking to strike gold in Milwaukee... but Ohara slips out at two!

[Osborne glares at the downed Ohara for a moment...

...and then wraps his hands around the throat, Ohara flailing and kicking wildly as Osborne chokes him!]

GM: The referee's right there, calling for a break... and he gets one at the four and change count.

[Osborne climbs up off the mat, taking a lap around the ring as Ohara coughs and gasps and the referee checks to see if the National Champion can continue.]

GM: And this time, it's Ohara who rolls out to the outside of the ring... trying to recover from those blows to the throat...

[The Sin City Savior ignores the protests of the official as he too exits the ring, stepping out on the apron before dropping down to the floor.]

GM: Ohara over here by us now... Osborne coming out after him...

[The challenger pulls Ohara off his knee...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and delivers a stunning knife edge chop to the throat!]

GM: Oh, come on! That chop was in the throat! Blatantly illegal!

RD: Illegal but effective. Sometimes that's what you gotta do.

GM: Are you condoning this?

RD: I've done worse.

GM: Don't I know it.

[And without warning, Osborne grabs Ohara by the hair and HURLS him towards the announce table...]

GM: OH!

[...sending Ohara flying through the air into Robert Donovan, knocking the seven footer backwards and down on the floor!]

GM: Mr. Don- Rob, are you okay?

[The audio is suddenly silenced as Donovan fires off a response, coming back up to a knee with fire in his eyes. Gordon Myers steps in front of Donovan, trying to dissuade him as the audio returns.]

GM: -let the match play out, okay? You made your challenge already. You'll get the winner. You don't want to throw that away by-

RD: I hear ya, Myers.

[Donovan is staring daggers at a sneering Osborne as the challenger grabs Ohara and tosses him back in. The Sin City Savior turns back towards Donovan, waiting to see if the seven footer's going to do something, spreading his arms wide as the fans jeer.]

GM: Don't let him bait you, Rob.

[Donovan is seething mad as he leans down, picking his chair up off the floor...

...and then plants it back on the ground, taking a seat as a smirking Osborne shakes his head, turning to climb back up on the apron...]

GM: Bucky, you okay?

BW: Knocked over my drink but I'm alright.

RD: A damn sight better than he'll be if I get my hands on him.

GM: Let's just... everyone stay cool, okay? Let's call the match, alright?

[Donovan and Wilde mutter an agreement as Osborne shouts something down at Donovan...]

RD: Keep talkin', kid. Enjoy it while ya can.

[...and then steps through the ropes with one leg...]

GM: OHARA!

[...the same leg that the champion surges off the mat grab, violently twisting it around!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: DRAGON SCREW! DRAGON SCREW BY THE CHAMPION!

[Osborne cries out, falling into the ring as Ohara grabs the leg, dragging Osborne to the middle of the ring...]

GM: He's got him down! He's got the leg!

RD: Break it, kid.

GM: Spinning toehold applied and... FIGURE FOUR!

[The crowd ROARS as Ohara leans back, locking in the torque on Osborne's knee!]

GM: The figure four leglock - one of the most punishing submission holds in all of wrestling - is locked in by the National Champion who may be moments away from successfully defending his title here tonight in Milwaukee!

[Osborne is screaming in pain as Ohara rocks back and forth, constantly adding new pressure onto the trapped limbs!]

GM: Osborne's gotta find a way out!

RD: Speakin' as someone who's been in this thing a time or hundred in my career, lemme say there ain't a whole lot of ways out, Gordon.

GM: We've seen people roll onto their stomachs to reverse the pain... that seems to be the most common. But Osborne's stretching out, trying to get to the ropes but he's too far away!

[The referee is right there, checking to see if Osborne wants to submit.]

GM: Sid Osborne refusing to give up... and you have to wonder if Osborne's too stubborn to quit, Bucky.

BW: A lot of guys are too tough to quit. The cemetery of professional wrestling careers is littered with guys too tough to quit who saw injuries catch up with them and put them on the shelf forever. You ever wonder why we don't hear about late career runs from guys like Courtade and Violence and Bishop? That's why!

RD: Ya ever put those three in the same breath again, ya deal with me, Wilde.

GM: Osborne's fighting it, trying to drag himself to the ropes but he's gotta pull Ohara's weight as well! Again, the referee checks for a submission and again he gets a no.

BW: You called it, Gordo. Osborne may not be too tough to quit... he just may be too stubborn to quit! He's a guy who fought on the indies for years... fought through CCW... all waiting for a moment like this and to see it end with him having to admit he quits... I just don't know if he's capable of something like that.

GM: Ohara continue to rock and crank and punish the knee of Osborne and even if he escapes at this point, what kind of damage has been done?

[Osborne grits his teeth, stretching out for the ropes again...

...and just narrowly sitting up before a three count!]

GM: Ohhh! Close call there for Osborne who was so focused on breaking the hold, he almost pinned himself!

BW: Look at him! Look at him dragging his body across the mat, dragging Ohara's body across the mat with him! He's getting close, Gordo!

GM: Just a few more inches... almost there... allllllmooooooooost- THERE! HE MADE IT!

[The crowd roars with disappointment as the referee calls for a break, Ohara quickly obliging and releasing the hold as Osborne drags himself by the ropes so that his torso slips under it.]

GM: Osborne got out... and like we just said, Bucky, what kind of damage was done there?

BW: I'm no doctor but the kid is hurting for sure.

[Back on his feet, Ohara looks around at the crowd urging him on...

...and he grabs Osborne by the ankles, preventing his escape from the ring!]

GM: Ohara's got him!

[Osborne twists and turns, trying to yank his legs free but Ohara drags him right back into the ring, right back to the middle of the squared circle!]

GM: Ohara's got him back in the middle and... he's going for it again!

BW: What?!

GM: Ohara's going for the figure four a second time and-

[But this time as Ohara applies the spinning toehold, Osborne plants the free foot on his butt and SHOVES him off, sending him rocketing towards the corner where he SLAMS facefirst into the turnbuckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG COUNTER! POTENTIAL MATCH-SAVING COUNTER BY THE CHALLENGER!

[Ohara stumbles backwards, his eyes glassy as Osborne struggles to get up off the canvas...]

GM: Look at Osborne, struggling to put weight on that knee...

[...and as he does, he positions himself near the back-staggering Ohara...]

GM: Osborne's up but can he take advantage of-

[...and then DRILLS him with a standing lariat that flips Ohara fully backwards, dumping him on his chest on the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STANDING LARIAT! HE FLIPS HIM INSIDE OUT!

[Osborne winces as he lands on his knees from the effort, grimacing as he shoves Ohara onto his back, diving across his chest without hooking a leg!]

GM: The challenger covers! New champion perhaps!

[The referee drops down, hitting the mat once... twice... and...]

GM: NOOOO! OHARA KICKS OUT AT TWO AND CHANGE!

[The crowd buzzes with excitement over the near fall as Osborne rolls off Ohara, lying on his back beside him!]

GM: What a battle we're seeing here tonight with the National Title at stake... and Robert Donovan, how do you feel about the possibility of facing EITHER of these men?

RD: They're both tough fighters, Gordon. They have to be or they wouldn't be in this spot. You don't get to a place like the AWA period if you're not one of the best fighters on the planet... and you damn sure don't get to a spot where you're fighting over the oldest title in the company - a belt held by men like Vasquez... like Stevie Scott... Houston and Sudakov... Carver... Zharkov... yeah, even Travis Lynch.

BW: We don't like to remember that he held the belt, Rob.

[Donovan chuckles as Osborne slowly sits up on the mat, reaching down and smashing his own fist down into his knee a few times.]

GM: Osborne trying to get the blood flowing through that knee... we're over ten minutes into this thirty minute time limit with the AWA National Title on the line.

[Osborne struggles to get up off the mat, falling backwards into the ropes as he does, clinging to them for support as he waves a hand at Ohara to get up...]

GM: Osborne having a hard time staying on his feet - that dragon screw and that figure four may have done more damage than we thought!

[...and as the Phoenix forces himself into a seated position, Osborne hurls himself forward in a rough-looking three step run that ends in a diving, sliding clothesline!]

GM: Ohhhh! Another clothesline... and another cover by the challenger! He gets one! He gets two! He gets-

[The crowd cheers as Ohara lifts the shoulder again!]

GM: Again! Again, Ohara slips the shoulder up! What a battle!

BW: Love him or hate him, you gotta admit that Ohara's given us two hard-fought National Title defenses in a row.

RD: You're welcome.

[Osborne rolls to a knee, again vigorously rubbing at the hurting bodypart before forcing himself to his feet where he hobbles on one leg.]

GM: Osborne's trying to take advantage of the situation - he knows he's got Ohara in some trouble here and this could be his window of opportunity to get the win and get that National Title!

[Grabbing the top rope for support, Osborne shakes out his leg a few times, trying to steady himself as he moves back in on Ohara, grabbing a handful of hair to pull the Phoenix off the mat...]

GM: Osborne scoops him up!

[...and with a pivot, he throws him towards the corner, sending Ohara smashing violently backfirst into the turnbuckles before sliding down to land on the back of his head and neck on the canvas!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Osborne collapses back against the ropes, grimacing in pain as Ohara promptly rolls under the ropes and drops off the apron to the floor.]

GM: I don't know that I've EVER seen anything like that before! Ohara's spine jolted violently into the corner, his entire body crashing into the turnbuckles in painful fashion... and he immediately rolled out, Bucky.

BW: Out on the floor, holding that back... and if the big man sitting next to us gets the winner of this one, he might have a whole lot of targets to choose from on these two, daddy.

RD: Mmm-hmm.

[Osborne leans back, slipping through the ropes to end up on the apron, still holding the ropes as he looks down at Ohara on the floor...]

GM: The challenger out on the apron, perhaps looking to strike again...

[With the aid of the ropes, Osborne backs up, placing his skin against the steel of the ringpost as he watches Ohara trying to fight to his feet on the floor...]

GM: Ohara's trying to get up but if he does, he's going to find the challenger lying in wait out on the apron, Bucky.

BW: The Sin City Savior's been known to take a high risk or two also, Gordo. Ohara's not the only one who can fly.

GM: He certainly isn't... Ohara using the apron now, trying to pull himself up...

[And as the Phoenix regains his feet, Osborne clenches his jaw, giving his leg one final shake before running down the apron in a rough job...]

...and HURLS himself off in a somersault, wiping out the standing Ohara on the outside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CANNONBALL DIVE TO THE OUTSIDE BY OSBORNE! And he-

[Gordon is cut off by cries of pain from Osborne who is sitting up on the floor, grabbing at his injured knee...]

GM: You have to wonder if he did more damage to himself with that move than he did to his opponent, fans. Osborne screaming in pain, holding onto that knee...

[Osborne twists his head around towards the apron skirt, shoving a fistful in his mouth as he bites down on it.]

GM: Tremendous pain on the part of Osborne... and you just have to wonder if that was a potentially match-ending mistake on the part of the challenger, Bucky.

BW: It was definitely a big risk. Whether it pays off, we're probably about to find out.

[Reaching up for the ring apron, Osborne gives a hard pull, dragging himself up onto his feet, falling forward into it.]

GM: Osborne somehow getting back up... but you can see how hard it was to do as-  
"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

GM: -and there you hear the call of fifteen minutes expired in this National Title challenge. Fifteen minutes gone by and fifteen minutes remaining in the thirty minute time limit in this one.

[Osborne drags Ohara off the floor, tossing him back under the ropes into the ring and with great effort and the aid of the ropes, Osborne pulls himself up onto the apron, leaning heavily on the ropes as he does...]

GM: Ohara's back in, Sid's up on the apron...

[...and Osborne points to the corner...]

GM: ...and I think the challenger is looking to go up top! He may be looking to finish this right here and now and put that National Title around his waist!

[...and hobbles down the apron, leaning on the ropes as he draws closer to the corner.]

GM: The Sin City Savior is moving very slowly... very deliberately to protect that knee from further damage...

[He slaps the top turnbuckle a few times before he puts one foot up on the ropes, grimacing badly as he does...]

GM: He's trying to climb but look at the face! Look at the pain on the face of the challenger!

[Osborne pauses on the first step, shaking his head as he swings the other leg up to the second rope...]

GM: The challenger taking far too long to climb - you gotta think he was planning on using that Stage Dive splash to try to finish off Ohara and win the National Title but Ohara's starting to stir up off the mat as well...

[...and then steps up with both legs on the middle rope accompanied by a shout of pain...]

GM: He's on the second rope! Can he get to the top before Ohara gets to his feet?!

[...and finally one foot on the top, looking out on the crowd trying to encourage Ohara to get up first...]



GM: Osborne's struggling to get up there but he's got one foot up top! One foot up top and-

[...which is exactly what the Phoenix does as he surges to his feet, rushing the corner and BLASTING Osborne with a right hand between the eyes!]

GM: OHARA CAUGHT HIM!

[Ohara winds up and fires a second haymaker!]

GM: The Phoenix caught him climbing and he's making him pay for it!

[He winds up and delivers a third shot as the referee warns him to open up the hand...

...which is when Ohara reaches up, looking to slam the challenger off the top!]

GM: Ohara's gonna slam him! Osborne's in a bad spot and Ohara's gonna bring him crashing down!

[But before he can, Osborne reaches down, digging his fingers into the eyes of the Phoenix and raking across them!]

GM: OHH! TO THE EYES!

[Ohara blindly stumbles backwards, taking a swing at the air as Osborne steadies himself...

...and with a loud bellow, he leaps from his perch!]

GM: CROSSBODY OFF THE TOP! TAKING A PAGE OUT OF OHARA'S PLAYBOOK!

[The referee dives down to the mat!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEE-

[But Ohara's shoulder comes flying off the mat again, breaking the pin just in time!]

GM: Kickout! Kickout! Ohara slips out JUST in time to save the title and Sid Osborne was a half count away from becoming the brand new National Champion!

BW: And how DARE you say that Osborne was taking a page from Ohara or whatever... he's been using that crossbody for as long as Ohara has! Maybe Ohara stole it from him!

[Osborne pushes up off the mat, shaking the leg again as he drags Ohara off the canvas, shoving him back into the corner they just came from.]

GM: The challenger putting the champion into the corner...

[The Sin City Savior squares up, piefacing Ohara backwards and shouting at him...]

"THAT TITLE IS MINE, OHARA! IT'S COMING HOME WITH ME!"

[...and then winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

GM: Big chop by the challenger!

[Osborne nods confidently as Ohara wraps his arms around the top rope, trying to stay on his feet as Osborne winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

GM: Osborne lighting up the champion with those chops! We saw him go toe-to-toe with Raphael Rhodes at SuperClash so we know the physicality that Osborne is capable of!

[Suddenly, Ohara shoves him back, throwing a chop of his own...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

[...and Osborne responds with a slap across the face, shoving Ohara back into the buckles again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

[...and then grabs the arm, whipping Ohara from corner to corner, sending his spine crashing into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohara tried to fight back there but Osborne was having none of that, battering him back...

[Osborne leans against the buckles, shaking out his leg again with a grimace, and then charges in after Ohara...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

GM: PALM STRIKE CONNECTS!

[Ohara again loops his arms over the ropes, trying to stay on his feet as Osborne leans heavily against the ropes, pain on his face.]

GM: Osborne putting so much pressure on his own knee to keep up the offensive onslaught on the National Champion. How much more can that knee stand, Bucky?

BW: That's probably a better question for the big man here.

RD: Depends if it's hurt or if it's injured.

GM: What's the difference?

RD: Spoken like someone who has never been in the ring. If it's injured, he physically might not be able to stand. If it's hurt, you find a way to suck up the pain and keep fighting.

GM: Osborne shaking out the knee again, trying to keep it going... another whip...

[Osborne starts running immediately this time, chasing down Ohara who approaches the corner...

...and then leaps into the air, landing perfectly on the second rope before springing back, twisting around...]

GM: ...CROSSBODY!

[...and crashes across the chest of Osborne, taking him down to the mat...

...but the challenger rolls right through it, ending up on top of the champion with both legs cradled!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEE-

[The crowd ROARS as Ohara's shoulder pops up off the mat again!]

GM: Ohara lives! Ohara kicks out and his title reign survives for at least a little longer!

BW: The timekeeper says we're almost up to twenty minutes, Gordo.

GM: These two men engaged in a tremendous battle with the National Title on the line - and are you sure you still want to face the winner, Robert Donovan?

RD: More than anything in this world.

GM: Both men slow to get up this time... maybe running on fumes as we near the twenty minute mark of this thirty minute time limit...

[Osborne is the first one up to a knee, taking a moment there to recover as Ohara rolls onto a hip on the mat...]

GM: These two have put one another through the wringer in this one, fans. Ohara with the attacks on the leg of Osborne and the Sin City Savior going after the champion's back. Will one of those gameplans pay dividends in the next ten or so minutes of action?

[The Sin City Savior climbs to his feet now, again falling back into the ropes for support as he watches Ohara battle up to a knee...]

GM: Osborne taking a valuable moment to recover as he watches Ohara get off the mat... perhaps deciding that a breather was more important than to stay on his opponent. We'll see if that pays off.

[...and as Ohara gets to his feet, stumbling towards Osborne, the challenger winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and cracks the champion across the chest with a knife edge chop!]

GM: Another chop by the challenger! Ohara is taking as well as he's giving with those chops here tonight, Bucky.

BW: No doubt. If Ohara thought he was the king of chops here in the AWA locker room, he may be rethinking that after tonight.

[Ohara reels backwards, red welts on his chest telling the tale of tonight's brutal battle...]

GM: Osborne trying to stay on him, winds up and...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

GM: Ohhh! And Ohara fires back!

[Osborne stumbles back, his knee buckling under him as he goes down onto it.]

GM: Ohara chops him right off his feet with that one!

[The champion nods his head, stepping in on Osborne again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

GM: Another blow across the chest - my stars!

BW: But Osborne's still on a knee, not going down to the mat!

[Ohara winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

GM: Goodness! Osborne gets drilled a third time but you're right, Bucky - the kid won't go down! Robert Donovan, is Sid Osborne tougher than you thought?

RD: I knew the kid was tough. How tough? We'll see when I get my hands on him.

[Ohara nods to the cheering crowd again, pumping his right arm a few times as he winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

[...and Osborne surges to his feet, throwing a blow of his own!]

GM: And now it's Osborne fighting back - a hard forearm to the jaw!

[The blow staggers Ohara who stumbles back a step as Osborne looks to pursue...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

[...and Ohara catches him with a solid kick to the side of the injured knee, taking Osborne down to the mat with one blow!]

GM: Ohh! And Ohara kicks him down! One leg kick puts him down and-

[The crowd ROARS as Ohara grabs the leg, giving it a pull...]

GM: -and Ohara's going for the figure four again!

[The National Champion goes to pull Osborne to mid-ring but Osborne locks his arms around the ropes, shouting "NOOOOO!" as the Phoenix struggles against him.]

GM: Ohara's trying to pull him away from the ropes but Osborne's got a deathgrip on them! He knows. that if Ohara gets that hold on again, it's all over!

[The referee orders Ohara to let go of the leg as he tries to pull Osborne free, starting a five count on him...]

GM: And the official says Ohara's gotta let go - Osborne's in the ropes and-

[The champion reluctantly releases his grip on the leg, shaking his head at the referee as Osborne pulls his legs towards him, using the ropes to get up to his feet...]

GM: Ohara and the official trading words here... but now he's on the move, coming right back for Osborne who-

[...and when Ohara draws too near, Osborne makes a lunge, yanking both legs out from under the Phoenix with a double leg takedown...]

GM: Osborne takes him down, stacks him up!

[...and folds the legs over him, pinning the shoulders as the referee dives down to the mat...]

GM: HE'S GOT ONE!

[...strategically putting his feet up on the ropes for leverage as the referee's eyes are on the shoulders...]

GM: FEET ON THE ROPES! FEET ON THE ROPES FOR LEVERAGE!

[...as the referee hits the mat again and...]

GM: REF, HE'S GOT-

[...and one final time to the shock of the crowd and the sound of the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Wait! Wait one second! He had his feet on the ropes - we all saw it clear as day!

BW: It doesn't matter! The referee didn't see it and that's all that counts - we've got a new champion, Gordo!

[Osborne immediately rolls out to the ring to the floor, dropping down to a knee as the fans' shock turns to deafening jeers as the Sin City Savior raises his arms over his head...]

GM: This can't be happening! Sid Osborne used the ropes for leverage and... the referee's talking to Rebecca and... no... no way.

[Rebecca Ortiz makes it official as Osborne stumbles along the apron to the timekeeper's table, snatching up the title belt and holding it over his head.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen, your winner... and NEWWWWWWWW AWA NATIONAL CHAMPION...

...SIIIIIIIIID OSSSSSSBORRRRRNE!

[The jeers get louder as Osborne thrusts the title belt towards the sky with both hands, a huge grin on his face...]

GM: I can't believe this. Bucky, that was illegal leverage clear as day and-

RD: This ain't happenin'.

[There's a "CLUNK!" of the headset as the seven footer gets out of his seat, walking over and putting a hand on the ropes, shouting towards the official.]

GM: Robert Donovan's up now... trying to get the referee's attention... ol' Blue Shoes coming over to talk to him now. They had their issues two weeks ago when Donovan felt a controversial decision by Miller cost him the title but now he's...

BW: It doesn't matter! Donovan can talk to him and say he saw it! They can take a poll of the building to see who saw it! The fact is - the referee DIDN'T see it, Gordo! And that's the bottom line!

GM: Ohara's on his feet now as well, talking to the referee... and look at Osborne! He's running for the exit!

[We cut to the aisle where Osborne is quickly hobbling up the ramp as Donovan and Ohara speak to the official...]

GM: The... I guess he's the new champion...

BW: He sure is!

GM: ...he's heading back up the ramp as quickly as that bum wheel will carry him and...

[We can hear a little bit of a clatter...]

GM: Robert Donovan coming back over here... grabbing the headset...

[Donovan's gruff voice is heard again.]

RD: Whoever we got in the truck, get that replay up... get it up on the screen right now...

[Donovan turns back towards the ring, watching...]

RD: I said right now, damn it. If I have to come back there...

[The unspoken threat is left dangling...]

...and we see the video wall beyond the entrance light up with the action from moments earlier...]

GM: Well, there it is on request...

[Donovan gestures up at the screen as the official turns to watch.]

GM: ...there... right there you see Osborne sweep the legs... pin the shoulders... put his feet on the ropes for the extra assist...

BW: None of this matters, Gordo! We don't have instant replay in professional wrestling!

[The official looks on, watching his own three count as Osborne gets the illegal assist from the ropes. Miller grabs at his own head in disbelief, grimacing...]

GM: Pete Miller is upset. These fans are upset.

BW: Tough cookies! We've got a new champion!

GM: We do. We have a new champion in the form of Sid Osborne who has won the National Title here under... hang on now...

[Miller grimaces, turning with an angry expression as he stomps over towards Rebecca Ortiz.]

GM: ...we've got the official speaking with Rebecca again...

BW: Why?!

GM: I don't know. If you just hang on, maybe we'll...

[Ortiz nods, her voice ringing out over the PA seconds later.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... referee Pete Miller has ruled that this match...

[Dramatic pause.]

RO: ...WILL CONTINUE!

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers as Ohara fistpumps and Donovan looks on with a satisfied smirk.]

BW: WHAT?!

GM: Oh my! The referee is restarting the match, Bucky!

BW: WHY?! ON WHAT AUTHORITY?!

GM: His own! He's made the decision to restart-

BW: He's got NO right to do that! The match is over! The decision is final! This isn't the NFL - nobody threw a challenge flag! This is... this is terrible! Sid's got the belt!

[Osborne turns back towards the ring, a shocked expression on his face as Ohara waves him back in...]

GM: Osborne is beside himself, fans! He thought he'd done it! He thought he'd stolen the title belt here in Milwaukee and-

[Osborne holds the title belt up, pointing to it...]

GM: Osborne's saying the title is his but...

[The referee speaks to Rebecca again who nods before speaking.]

RO: And if Sid Osborne does NOT return to the ring to complete this match, this match will be ruled a countout with Jordan Ohara as your winner!

[Ohara nods his head, waving Osborne back in as the Sin City Savior burns with anger at the decision.]

GM: Osborne's gotta come back! He's gotta come back if he wants a chance to REALLY win that title tonight!

[Osborne grimaces, looking around as the referee starts a count on him.]

BW: This is horrible, Gordo. A damn travesty!

GM: Robert Donovan got that replay shown and after the official saw it, he realized he'd made a mistake and-

BW: I DON'T CARE! Zharkov should fire this blue-shoed clown for this! ABUSE OF POWER!

[Osborne stalks angrily down the aisle as Ohara leans over, hands on his knees waiting for his challenger to get back to the ring with his belt.]

GM: Ohara's waiting for him... Osborne's fit to be tied... and Robert Donovan's loving every second of this!

BW: Ohara's had his title saved TWO defenses in a row now! He shoulda lost it to Donovan! He shoulda lost it to Osborne! This guy is retaining the title by the skin of his damn teeth and some shoddy officiating!

GM: See, that's where we disagree, Bucky...

BW: Shocking.

GM: ...the way I see it is that Ohara beat Donovan cleanly and the only controversy came because the referee didn't see his foot on the ropes. Ironically, the controversy tonight is because the referee didn't see Osborne's feet on the ropes!

BW: Maybe Miller should get his eyes examined while they're taking a look at his judgment as well!

[Osborne reaches ringside, staring angrily up at Ohara... then pointing an accusing finger across at Donovan who waves him up into the ring...]

GM: Osborne's got words for everyone now. This kid's furious and while I don't agree with him, I certainly can understand why he's upset.

[The challenger climbs up on the apron, glaring in at Ohara, and thrusts the title belt over his head...]

GM: There's the belt. Osborne says it's his but Ohara - and the official - beg to differ and-

BW: He's got the strap, doesn't he?! Looks like his to me!

GM: Maybe not for long!

[The crowd cheers as Ohara rushes forward, grabbing one end of the leather strap with both hands as Osborne grabs the other, the duo tugging it back and forth...]

GM: They're fighting over the belt - the physical belt this time and-



[...but a hard yank from Osborne sends Ohara falling forward where the challenger loops his hands behind the head, dropping down and snapping the Phoenix' throat over the top rope!]

GM: Ohhh! Yanks the throat down... right back in...

[Osborne quickly crawls under the ropes, wincing as he tries to avoid putting weight on the injured knee while getting up.]

GM: Ohara got caught! He's having a hard time breathing!

[Osborne reaches down, yanking the legs out from under Ohara again, putting him down on his chest as the Sin City Savior grabs the legs in a wheelbarrow...]

GM: Into The Pit! He's looking for that wheelbarrow powerbomb!

[...but as he lifts Ohara up off the mat, the National Champion tucks his head, getting his momentum going the other way as he rolls Osborne right off his feet and down onto his shoulders as Ohara lunges forward to hook both of the struggling Osborne's legs!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: You gotta be kidding me!

GM: Ohara retains the title!

[The National Champion rolls from the ring, raising his arms out on the floor as Osborne springs to his feet, racing at the ropes and lunging at Ohara who narrowly escapes in time.]

GM: And Osborne's hot under the collar! He's furious at-

BW: Of course he's furious! He won the title! They rang the bell! He had the strap!

GM: Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller with a controversial decision for the second straight National Title match - two big restarts that take Ohara from losing the gold to retaining it and... wow! It was a tremendous battle.

BW: RUINED by an overzealous referee!

GM: I don't know if I'd go that far... Osborne obviously cheating to get that pin just like Ohara obviously had his foot on the ropes two weeks ago. You may disagree with the referee's decision to restart those matches but it's clear as day it was the right decision to make. Jordan Ohara defeats Robert Donovan at Super Saturday and Sid Osborne here tonight and his second reign as the National Champion is off to a hot start.

[Osborne turns his rage on the official who quickly bails out of the ring as the Sin City Savior angrily kicks the ropes.]

GM: Osborne's burning up and you better believe he's going to want another shot at the title... but Robert Donovan's also expressed that he wants a rematch as well. Jordan Ohara's got his work cut out for him against EITHER of those opponents but I want to know - who's next for the Phoenix Rises Open Challenge?!

[Ohara grins on the outside, holding the title belt over his head as we fade to black.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Now in comes a voiceover.]

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

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

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

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

"The top AWA tag teams."

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

"The managers and announcers."

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

"The legends of the ring."

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

"Even the founders of the AWA."

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

"Plus, look for special inserts."

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

"Along with cards featuring event-used memorabilia."

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

"Autographed cards."

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

"Even dual autographed cards."

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

Cut back to Somers.]

HS: Now that one's a keeper.

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

DH: Cool... Hannibal Carver autographed card!

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

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

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

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

[We fade to black...

...and then fade up backstage where a fuming mad Sid Osborne is pacing back and forth. He's joined by Theresa Lynch, who waits for Osborne to calm down enough to stand still before addressing him.]

TL: We're back on Saturday Night Wrestling, fans. Sid, that was one wild ending to your first shot at singles gold here. You seemed poised to steal--

[Osborne glares at Lynch shaking his head in disbelief.]

SO: Steal? That's pretty funny considering what just happened!

[Theresa shakes her head.]

TL: You appeared to have your feet on the ropes, and may very well have gotten away with it if not for Robert Donovan.

SO: That's exactly what I'm talking about. If anyone stole anything, Donovan stole that gold from me right when I had it won fair and square!

TL: Well again, you had your feet on the--

SO: Last I checked this wasn't the NFL and we don't have instant replay. Whatever takes place in the ring, if the ref didn't see it?

[Osborne shakes his head, scowling.]

SO: Then it didn't happen. But just because Donovan didn't have what it takes to put Ohara away, suddenly he's the world's oldest boy scout looking for a merit badge.

[Osborne points a finger towards the camera.]

SO: Donovan, if you didn't stick your nose in my business. I'd be champion right now. I know it, you know it--

[Suddenly, a voice rings out from off-camera...]

"Funny thing is, I don't know a damn thing about that, Sid."

[In walks Robert Donovan, and as usual, he looks none too pleased.]

RD: Whatever happens in the ring, huh?

[A step closer.]

RD: Long as the ref doesn't see it, right? That's what you said?

[One more step before Donovan stops, squaring up with Osborne.]

RD: Funny. If you really buy that, then the champ should be standin' right about...oh, here.

[The big man points down to the ground beneath his feet. Osborne glares at him before exhaling and nodding.]

SO: This is all well and good, but us sniping at each other in the world doesn't change what happened.

[Osborne takes a step back, both hands raised in a sign of non-aggression as he begins to walk away. Donovan turns to address Lynch.]

RD: That kid's got a big mouth, Theresa, and one of these days-

[A loud "AAHHHHHHHH!" is heard from off-camera as Osborne comes rushing back into the frame, a metal trash can in hand...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES said trash can on the back of Donovan's head and neck, sending him pitching forward as Theresa dives backwards out of the way. The camera shot shifts quickly as Osborne lifts the can a second time, smashing it down across the shoulder blades as Donovan flops chestfirst down on a rolling equipment case.

The now-dented trash can gets whipped to the side as a sneering Osborne grabs Donovan by the back of the head...

...and SLAMS his face down on the case!]

"YOU WANT TO GET IN MY BUSINESS?!"

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"IN MY BUSINESS?!"

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"COST ME MONEY?!"

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"TAKE MY TITLE?!"

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

[And suddenly, a sea of AWA officials come rushing into the shot, quickly getting themselves between Osborne and Donovan. One of the officials is Interim President Zharkov who shouts something in Russian as we see Adam Rogers and Kevin Slater dragging Osborne off of Donovan, still spitting words down at Donovan...]

"YOU WANT SOME TOO, ROGERS?! WHO'S A BULLY NOW, HUH?!"

[...and Zharkov steps up to Osborne, smacking a hand down on his chest with fire in his eyes.]

MZ: You want fight?! You got one!

[The crowd inside the arena cheers!]

MZ: Two weeks. Chicago. You get Donovan.

[Zharkov angrily turns, storming off as the officials try to regain control and we fade back out to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Wow! A chaotic scene backstage here in Milwaukee and you just heard it from Interim President Zharkov... two weeks from tonight in Chicago, it'll be Robert Donovan taking on Sid Osborne in what should be quite the heated battle after what we just saw, Bucky.

BW: It's gonna be a fight - that's what it is... and there aren't a lot of guys in the history of this business better in a fight than big Rob Donovan, daddy.

GM: Saturday Night Wrestling in Chicago shaping up to be quite the night already. The two Semifinals in the Women's World Tag Title tournament. Ricki and Julie against Suga N' Spice... Osborne and Donovan... plus that mystery partner tag match with Supreme Wright and a partner of his choice taking on James Lynch and a partner of his choice... and we're still set to learn both of those partners before we go off the air here tonight. But that's two weeks from now and we've still got a lot more to come here tonight including our huge four way tag team matchup to determine the Number One Contenders to the World Tag Team Titles... but before we get to that, let's go backstage to Mark Stegglet! Mark?

[We cut back to the backstage area where we find Mark Stegglet standing in front of a locker room door with no signage on the front of it other than "KEEP OUT!"]

MS: It's been an action-packed night here on Saturday Night Wrestling LIVE from Milwaukee. We've seen a lot of the AWA's top stars in action and we've still got a lot more to come... but one person who we will not be seeing in action here tonight is Brian James.

[Stegglet's expression is quite serious.]

MS: James, I've been told, walked into this room behind me a little while ago for what we're being told is yet another... discussion... with the investigative team that the AWA have hired to get to the bottom of the Johnny Detson situation that saw Mr. Detson, a former two-time AWA World Champion, assaulted and badly injured in

the parking lot of the Rogers Centre in Toronto at SuperClash IX last year. Mr. James has been the leading suspect of that team for several weeks now and rumors persist that the team is very near a final conclusion that will no doubt have major impl-

[Stegglet is cut off by the door swinging widely open in a hurry. He ducks to the side to avoid it... and then spots Brian James angrily stepping out, glaring at the camera in front of him. James sighs heavily, throwing his hand up to block the lens.]

BJ: Not now, guys... come on...

[James takes a couple of steps down the hall... and then flops back against it, burying his face in his hands for a few moments. Mark Stegglet slowly approaches.]

MS: Brian? A quick word?

[James doesn't respond.]

MS: Bri-

[Stegglet's cut off by James angrily slamming his hand against the wall with a loud "DAMN IT!" The two sit in silence for a few moments before Stegglet tries again.]

MS: Brian, I... obviously you're upset. Your meeting didn't...

[James looks up, an amused smile on his face.]

BJ: My "meeting," Mark? My "meeting" makes it sound so civil. It's not a meeting, Mark... it's an interrogation. Question after question... the same questions too. The same questions over and over for weeks... months now.

I give the same answers to the same questions too because it's the truth.

[James shakes his head.]

BJ: "No, I did not attack Johnny Detson in the parking lot. No, I did not beat him within an inch of living the rest of his life in a wheelchair. No, I did not leave his own black glove on his broken and bloodied body. Yes, I hate Johnny Detson. Yes, I hate him so much that I've imagined doing unspeakable things to him. Yes, I believe he's responsible for many of the problems I've faced over the past few years.

But no. No. A thousand times no. I did not do what you think I did."

[James shrugs.]

BJ: There are only so many ways I can say it, Mark... and they don't believe it. Nobody in that room believes it. I don't even know if anyone in the office believes it. There are some people who do. Master Claw. Supernova says he does. My sister.

Do you believe me, Mark?

[Stegglet looks James in the eye for a few silent moments.]

MS: I do.

[James sighs, a heavy sigh of relief.]

BJ: Thank you. I just wish that was enough.

[Stegglet is quiet for a moment before responding.]

MS: Brian, do you have ANY idea who might've done it?

[James pauses... and just as he's about to respond, his eyes flash for a moment.]

BJ: Actually, I think I might.

[James pushes off the wall, walking with purpose down the hallway as Stegglet and his cameraman rush to pursue.]

BJ: HEY!

[Two voices we could hear off-camera suddenly stop as James approaches.]

BJ: Just the two I was looking for.

[The camera catches up to reveal James is now standing in front of Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan, the latter of whom has a big grin on his face.]

TD: Brian, hey brother... what's going-

[James interrupts, an edge to his voice.]

BJ: Did you do it?

[Donovan looks puzzled, throwing a glance at Taylor.]

TD: What are you-

[James interrupts again, a harder edge this time.]

BJ: Last time I'm asking, Tony... did you do it?

[Wes Taylor steps in front of his partner.]

WT: Are you accusing us of having something to do with what happened to Johnny?

[James pivots onto his other friend, stabbing a finger into the air.]

BJ: "Johnny." That piece of trash was poison, Wes. Poison to us. The James Gang was on top of the world until we got involved with him... thanks to Brian...

[James sticks the finger in Wes' chest.]

BJ: ...and you. You were the one who vouched for him... who was friendly with him... who gave him that damn glove to begin with.

[Taylor shrugs.]

WT: And?

BJ: And you're trying to tell me you weren't the least bit pissed off when he was the reason that you...

[He points to Tony.]

BJ: ...and you got laid out last year? That he basically cost you two your titles? That he cost you a year of your damn careers?

In that room, they ask me about MY motive... about MY opportunity...

Well, what about YOUR motives, huh? What about YOUR opportunities?

[James pauses.]

BJ: Because YOU two were at ringside at SuperClash when I specifically told you not to be. You were out there... and that damn glove was out there too, wasn't it?

[He looks Taylor in the eyes.]

BJ: And when you were gone... it was gone, wasn't it? Back in the family where it belongs.

[James steps closer, his eyes locked on Taylor who glares at his friend.]

WT: You want to accuse me of something, Brian... spit it out. Say it! SAY IT!

[Tony Donovan suddenly wedges himself between his friends, shoving them apart.]

TD: Hey, knock it off! Both of you!

[James and Taylor are still glaring at each other.]

TD: Brian, I... I know this hasn't been easy for you. I know you're scared about what's going to happen but believe me, man... we had nothing to do with what happened to Johnny. I promise you, Brian. Nothing.

[James' eyes drift over to Donovan.]

TD: Oh, and thanks by the way.

[James' eyebrow raises in question.]

TD: Thanks for giving a damn about OUR big match tonight.

[Donovan's sarcasm is coming through loud and clear now.]

TD: You see, when you came marching up to us, I actually got excited for a second. I thought you were coming over here to talk about what WE have going on in OUR career. To talk strategy. To help us figure out the best way to win this match tonight and get a chance to get back OUR titles that Johnny helped take from us.

[Taylor nods.]

WT: That's right. We thought maybe you gave a DAMN about someone other than yourself for a chance.

[Donovan shakes his head.]

TD: Guess we were wrong, big man... again.

[Taylor nudges his partner and together, Taylor and Donovan stride out of view, leaving James to stand alone in the hallway with Mark Stegglet lurking by his side. James looks down at the floor, shaking his head at how his night is going.]

MS: Brian, do you still think they had something to do with...



[Stegglet trails off as his eyes drift beyond James. James looks up at Stegglet... then follows his gaze. The camera pivots to do the same...

...and reveals Jackson Hunter leaning against the wall.]

JH: I think we should talk.

[Hunter turns to walk away, giving a gesture for James to follow him. The Son of the Blackheart furrows his brow as he watches Hunter exit...

...and then slowly walks to follow 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 backstage area where we find Colt Patterson standing in a black sleeveless leather jacket showing off the well-tanned and oiled-up guns. His head is wrapped in a tie-dye bandana with some dangling gold earrings on either ear.]

CP: Stop the presses! Breaking news! You can tell Blackwell to stick it 'cause Colt's got the ticket... the hottest ticket in town in fact. Joining me right now... from being on the bubble to regaining upward momentum in a heartbeat, I'm here with the Self Made Man himself, and my top-ranked ballot pick for the AWA Manager of the Year... Businesswoman, model, influencer... she can do it all, Miss Sandra Hayes.

[Kendrick is in a dress shirt, halfway unbuttoned, a pair of sunglasses resting on the top button. Sandra Hayes is in an oversized cardigan and dress that she probably overpaid for at Neiman Marcus.]

CP: Miss Hayes, you and The Foundation staved off suspension two weeks back, and now you've got nothing but momentum on your side. You've got to be feeling pretty positive about the next phase of your careers, right?

[Hayes grins, planting her hand on the shoulder of Kendrick.]

MSH: Colt, my Self Made Mantastic Kerry Kendrick did what he always does: proves his dominance and excellence in the ring. Agile, powerful, and with a razor-sharp intellect, my Kerry is out to prove that his Sigma mindset can conquer anything. It worked for you, right, Colt?

[Colt smirks, puffing out his chest a bit.]

CP: That's right... only three-time EMWC World Champion right here by the way. But what did you call it? A Sigma mindset? Self Made Man, I gotta ask: What's next for the true Power Couple of the AWA?

[Hayes steers the mic back towards her.]

MSH: Well, MY man was going to propose to me in the ring at Super Saturday, but Theresa Lynch had to steal our moment... AGAIN!

[Patterson shakes his head with disgust.]

CP: Supreme Wright and Theresa Lynch wouldn't ever let you have that moment, Self Made Man?

[Kendrick sneers.]

KK: I had it all planned out back before SuperClash, and now I have to scrap all my plans because of this corny wedding next month!

You know, Colt... I have half a mind to upstage the whole thing for everything Supreme and Theresa Lynch have put us through over the years.

[Hayes nods excitedly.]

MSH: I love it, Kerry! I'd love nothing more to rip that wedding dress off her skanky little body and-

[Colt holds up a hand.]

CP: Whoa, whoa, whoa... this is a family show here, Sandra.

[Hayes sighs deeply, curling up her lips into a pout.]

MSH: Hmpf. Now we have to wait for Kerry to get me an even bigger ring than that Cracker Jack prize Supreme gave her!

[Kendrick briefly makes a face out of Hayes' gaze where you can see his mind straining to calculate down payments based on his AWA contract. He decides to change the subject.]

KK: Colt, it seems like the other latest fashion in the AWA is the good, old fashioned "open challenge." Our boys Supernova and Jordan Ohara found out what happens when you issue an open challenge without any plans in place. Supernova got a metrosexual Alex Martinez clone.

[Hayes smirks as Kendrick grins.]

KK: I kid, of course, because at least AJ isn't resting on his laurels and is carving out his own niche in pro wrestling. He understands the sad fact of life that the grind is forever and there are no days off if you want to make it in this business.

Not like Jordan Ohara two weeks ago, who almost got run over by a dude doing the convention and flea market circuit. Didn't we see this last year? Does the National Champion only fight opponents in their mid-40s with knees in their mid-70s? Look out, here comes Bobby Donovan: still running on fumes from that Longhorn Heritage title and trying to make it to the next payday before his landlord kicks him out for missing the rent for the third month in a row.

[The crowd jeers Kendrick who seems oblivious.]

KK: And tonight, he put the title on the line against good ol' Sin City Sid who thinks he can follow in my outspoken footsteps and be the next big megastar in this sport. But he lost too! It seems like no one can beat Jordan Ohara...

[Kendrick smirks.]

KK: ...yet. But ya know what, Colt? I'm doing a little open challenge of my own.

[Hayes nods, leaning over the mic.]

MSH: That's right! Kerry Kendrick's "Think Tank" returns in two weeks time in Chicago, and we're opening the door to anyone not currently on the AWA roster who thinks themselves to be a legend.

KK: ...and the prize for surviving a Think Tank with me is you get to walk away with some dignity.

[Colt raises an eyebrow.]

CP: You're saying any old legend can appear on the Think Tank? What do you define a legend as, champ?

KK: Some legends like to claim that they were responsible for the AWA getting to where it is. Somebody favored by the management for a cheap nostalgia trip... even if it is just management that experiences the nostalgia.

For me, "Legend" is a terrible Tom Cruise movie: It tried to be epic. It tried to be important. It tried to sell itself as a blockbuster. But it was a bloated box office failure that people couldn't wait to make fun of. And now it sits where it belongs: flea market DVD racks.

And that's where I'll send any "legend" who shows up on the Think Tank.

[Kendrick gives a punctuation nod before turning towards Hayes, planting one on her as Colt fans himself.]

CP: The Foundation's words are hot and these two are even hotter, jack! So, the call is out for some old fossil to drag themselves out of the shuffleboard court and right back inside this ring two weeks from tonight in Chicago - where I won my first World Title by the way - to step into the Think Tank... and I can't wait to see it. Gordon, Bucky... back to you... and thanks for keeping my seat warm, Big Bucks.

[We cut down to ringside where Bucky is glaring up at the ring as Gordon shakes his head, a slight smile on his face.]

GM: Never one to shy away from controversy, huh?

BW: Kendrick, Sandra, or Patterson?

GM: All of the above. But Saturday Night Wrestling in Chicago continues to heat up as we're just two weeks away from what already looks like one of the biggest nights of the year. But speaking of people who are never shy about speaking their minds, earlier today, Mark Stegglet had a chance to sit down with the "Platinum Princess" Michelle Bailey, to get her thoughts about quite a variety of subjects.

BW: Yeah, like when that movie of hers is coming out, and if we're going to get tickets to go to one of those premieres.

GM: She didn't tell you she'd put you on the guest list?

[Bucky gasps as Gordon chuckles.]

GM: I'm only kidding, of course. I understand that she'll be discussing that, her thoughts on E-Girl MAX, and more. Let's go now to that footage.

[We fade to footage marked with "EARLIER THIS AFTERNOON", as Michelle Bailey sits in the seats of the Bradley Center beside Mark Stegglet. Michelle is wearing a long sleeved rainbow colored top and overalls, along with a black-rimmed pair of cat-eye glasses. Her two-toned eyes have black eyeliner wings to help them stand out even more than her heterochromia would have them do normally, and she wears a nude gloss on her lips. She takes a sip from a travel mug with a string from an herbal tea bag hanging from it as Stegglet begins his introduction.]

MS: I'm sitting here with Michelle Bailey, who has taken time from what has been an incredibly busy schedule to discuss the last few months with us. Now Michelle... by the time this airs, we will know who Ayako Fujiwara's substitute partner to replace Molly Bell will be, but you told me just before we started that it will not be you. Why not?

MB: Mark, thank you for having me, and you're starting with a difficult question, I see.

[Michelle smiles, almost to reassure Stegglet that she is not being all that serious.]

MB: The simple truth of the matter is that Ayako needs a partner that can dedicate, well... if not all of the focus of the tournament, then as much of her focus as possible. As much as I want to be there for Ayako, part of being a responsible partner is knowing when you cannot be what your partner needs you to be, and I know with everything going on, and my needs on my end, I just couldn't fulfill the needs for Ayako for this tournament.

MS: Tell us about some of those needs that you're facing.

MB: Well, apparently it got out that I recently moved to Los Angeles. Not sure how that happened.

[Michelle cuts a glance to the camera, then smirks.]

MB: But I need to transfer my clinical social worker license from Massachusetts to California, and there are requirements that I need to fulfill there. I believe your uncle also mentioned this offhandedly a couple of months back, but I've been helping set up a mental health program with Dr. Ponavitch for our talent. There is also making up for lost time with Juan after everything that happened with him and Korugun, and of course, my daughter has wanted to spend time with him as well. Then there's the matter of the documentary about me that is being released.

MS: There is an awful lot of intrigue surrounding that, especially after the trailer debuted during SuperClash.

[Michelle gives a sheepish shrug.]

MB: I really had no idea that people would be that interested in me, Mark!

MS: It is a very compelling story, Michelle. From what my uncle has told me, the trailer just barely scratches the surface.

[Michelle waves her hand dismissively.]

MB: Your uncle is very kind. But the good people at ESPN have wanted to arrange screenings for the documentary, and they worked with me to set up screenings in locations that carried meaning. So Mark, I am pleased to announce that we will be holding two premiere screenings with limited ticket availability. The first will be on Tuesday, March 13, at the Vista Theatre in Los Angeles. The Vista is important because it is a theatre that used to be a haven for the LGBTQ community in the 1960s and 1970s before finally being returned to mainstream acceptance in the 1980s... kind of like me now!

[Michelle winks.]

MB: The second screening will be on Thursday, March 15, at the Prytania Theatre in New Orleans. Of course, I was born in New Orleans, and when I was a little girl, this is the theatre I went to see movies. To go back there and have a documentary about me screened at the Prytania... Mark, it just means a lot. I don't think anyone in my life would have believed it.

MS: And how about for those who can't make it to the premieres? When will the rest of our audience be able to see it?

MB: The television premiere has meaning to me as well. I'm pleased to announce that it will be airing as the lead-in to Saturday Night Wrestling on March 31, which for those of you who don't know is the Transgender Day of Visibility. ESPN and the AWA discussed a list of potential dates, and when I was told March 31 was an option, I was pretty insistent to your uncle that it needed to be then. Fortunately, he agreed.

MS: That is great news, Michelle. I know many people are looking forward to seeing it, myself included. But obviously, there is a lot going on within the ring of the AWA as well. You mentioned at SuperClash that you wanted to wait until after Kelly Kowalski explained her actions before deciding how you felt.

MB: I did.

MS: She did that two weeks ago, with the group we now know as E-Girl MAX.

[Michelle gives off a scoffing laugh, saying "cute name" under her breath.]

MS: You know I can't let you off without explaining that comment, Michelle.

[Michelle sighs.]

MB: I understand the fans gave them that name, because of the parallels between them and Ego MAX.

MS: The latter group you were, and are, of course very familiar with.

MB: That's right. You know, I can't argue against the logic of the fans who named them. Ego MAX was filled to the brim with promising talent on the verge of their moment in the sun when they formed. Now there's this E-Girl MAX on the cusp of the same thing. And here I am, Mark, fifteen years later, right in the middle of it all over again. And I'm sure Harley, Cinder, Kelly, and Casey look at the legacy that Ego MAX left and want the same for themselves. They wouldn't invoke that kind of name unless they intended to try and live up to it.

MS: How do you feel about the group of E-Girl MAX as a whole? We will get to Kelly in a moment, but let's take them as a collective.

MB: As a collective? They're dangerous. Mark, I really think a lot of people are taking them lightly. Ricki Toughill calls them a "teen girl squad", but people thought

Ego MAX was full of brash loudmouths as well, and we saw how things turned out for the people in Ego MAX. And yeah, there are people who will criticize Harley and claim that she will turn her back on the rest of E-Girl MAX, that she's using them for her own gain.

[Michelle shakes her head.]

MB: I was around Luke Kinsey long enough to know that Harley Hamilton is not Luke Kinsey. I mean that as a compliment, Mark. Luke was impatient, he would cut his friends' throats if it meant climbing one rung up the ladder. Harley strikes me as the type that will find a way to cut everyone else's throats so she can be there with all her friends on a girls' trip to the top of the mountain.

MS: But what about Kelly Kowalski? She joined the group by attacking you, and now she's explained her actions. Last week on the Power Hour, she challenged you to a match, and said until you accepted, those she hurt would be due to you.

[Michelle gives a sly smile.]

MB: Did she? Because she seemed quite unsure about saying my name.

[Michelle's smile turns to a grin, as she waves her hand dismissively.]

MB: Of course, we all know she meant me. I listened to what she had to say at Super Saturday, and I thought three words, Mark.

[Michelle holds up one finger for each word she says.]

MB: "Is that all?"

[Michelle puts her hand on her forehead.]

MB: Because I mean... really. It was what I expected her to say. And of course, Mark, you've known me long enough, what is my standard statement regarding professional ethics?

[Mark thinks for a second.]

MS: You're not her therapist, and this isn't a diagnosis?

[Michelle points at Stegglet with a wink and a smile.]

MB: Bingo. But it doesn't take a therapist to see a case of persecutory delusion, Mark. Look at the root of all that happened... I broke her undefeated streak. She came into the AWA and went undefeated until she ran into me. And yes, there were elements of the match that neither one of us were pleased with, but the end result is that I got my hand raised, and she couldn't stand it. So that meant that everything that happened from there on out was my fault, in her eyes.

[Michelle counts on her fingers as she lists examples.]

MB: Kylie Kujawa comes to the AWA and attacks her, and I don't stop it from happening? My fault, right? Even though I tried to get her to stop, Kylie just didn't listen until I got forceful with her by having to slap her. But it's a better narrative for Kelly that I just stood by and let it happen. And "crying to a crooked referee"? Mark, you saw me bloodied and beaten up at least a dozen times in the EMWC, how many times did you ever see me ask for a referee to stop a match?

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: I can't recall a single time you asked a referee to do that for you.

[A firm nod from the "Platinum Princess".]

MB: Shari Miranda paused the match after my nose was broken because she was trying to make sure I could continue. I didn't agree with it, I didn't need a pause, but the way officials look after our health is different these days compared to nights when there were remnants of broken glass still on the mat when I'd go out and wrestle. But of course... it fits Kelly's view that I cried to the official because she thinks I couldn't have beaten her otherwise. And the SuperClash outfit!

[Michelle rolls her eyes.]

MB: Of course Kelly thinks that was done to humiliate her. Skylar was the one who approached the team about doing those outfits during the entrance, and Kylie got excited and wanted to do it. I figured if my team wanted to, then we should do it. But you know who said no? Margarita Flores. You know who didn't say no?

MS: I'm going to guess Kelly Kowalski.

[Michelle smiles.]

MB: Right. Because she needed another reason to be upset at me, and in her head, this was just another way she saw it as me being out to get her. She went along with it of her own free will. Now Mark, there are behaviors that align with one's values and self-image, called egosyntonic behaviors, and behaviors that don't, called egodystonic behaviors. And at the time Kelly agreed to do the entrance, I thought it strange, very egodystonic. But at the time, I thought she was trying to get along with Kylie after their bonding session.

[Michelle shakes her head.]

MB: Instead, I think she was agreeing to it because she needed to be upset at me, and perhaps she unconsciously agreed to it to be upset at me later. Persecutory delusions can lead people to do strange things, Mark. Now, I'll say this, I don't think it's strange she joined E-Girl MAX. I know she has a past with Harley Hamilton, and Harley fits her self-image. I had someone tell me that Harley's responsible for this, but I don't think that's true. I think Kelly has agency in this decision. Yes, Harley influenced it, but Kelly was the one who had to drop me on my head.

[Michelle smirks.]

MB: But where does this lead, Kelly? You seem to have everything you want now. You've got friends, you've got a new lease on life. The one thing you want is something you can't get, though, and that's to erase the black mark on your record... that I ended your undefeated streak. And you can say that until I get in the ring with you, you're just going to hurt people, and it's going to be my fault...

[Michelle's eyes narrow.]

MB: But everything is my fault, isn't it? Kylie was my fault, wasn't it? Shari Miranda pausing the match so medics could check on my nose was my fault, wasn't it? The SuperClash outfit was my fault, wasn't it? So you'll pardon me if I take this with a grain of salt.

[Michelle looks at Stegglet.]

MB: You know, Mark, there are things I want to do with what time I have left in my career. The announcement of the Rumble being for the Women's Division made me realize, only one person has ever been in both the Women's Rumble and the Men's



Rumble, and that's Ricki Toughill. I can be the second at Memorial Day Mayhem, and I plan on doing exactly that. Ricki and I will have to get shirts made or something.

[Michelle grins.]

MB: I plan on going to Girls To The Front and challenging for the Women's World Title. That was my goal in coming here, to become the World Champion, and that's what I want to do. It's all about if time will let me do it. I know my age is starting to become a big question mark about what I'm going to be able to do here. I don't have a whole lot of chances left to accomplish my goal, so I need to make what I have left count.

[The grin fades.]

MB: That means what I don't plan on doing with the time I have left in my career is indulging the tantrums of someone who can't get over that her self-image was bruised. Because Kelly... if I give you your rematch, what will happen when you lose? Are we going to go through this all over again? What will your excuse be? What will be the reason you won't accept it this time? Because I have news for you...

[Michelle stares at the camera.]

MB: ... you're not ready for me. Even with the extra muscle, even with the new running buddies, you weren't ready for me back last summer, and you're not ready for me now. And the way you're acting, you're never going to be.

[We cut back to Gordon and Bucky, as Gordon lets out a low whistle.]

GM: Some strong words from Michelle Bailey. We're not used to hearing her talk about a fellow member of the roster like that.

BW: She's got a lot of nerve for someone who turned down a match.

GM: Bucky, I don't think you get what she's saying.

BW: Oh, I got it just fine, she's a coward!

GM: No, I think what she's saying is that she beat Kelly before, and she sees no reason to divert from her goals just because of what Kelly did to her at SuperClash.

BW: Of course she doesn't, she knows Kelly Kowalski will beat her this time.

GM: I don't agree with you, but I suppose we won't know for a long time to come. Fans, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, we've got a very special look at someone we haven't seen since SuperClash... "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett! Don't you dare go away.

[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 Shadoe Rage.]

"The World. Heavyweight. Champion."

"And I... AM... AWA."

[We get quick shots now, individual shots...

Jack Lynch.]

"I am AWA."

[Shadoe 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."

And we fade through black to a tight shot of Sweet Lou Blackwell. In the background we can see that we are outside somewhere, but that's it.]

SLB: Ladies and gentleman, I'm coming to you on location from somewhere... though I've been here before, I haven't exactly been looking forward to my return.

[We zoom out a bit, and see a black rod iron fence with ornate spikes on top of each vertical bar. Beyond that, we see trees with nary a leaf between them.]

SLB: I find myself, once again, at the gates of Fawcett Manor. Always an unsettling sight, but today we see a different scene than we're accustomed to. A team of workers tend to the grounds as we see the result of the machinations of Korug--

[Blackwell jumps, as the door of the main gate swings open with a clang.]

SLB: Good lord!

[A worker in a dark gray jumpsuit looks over at the exclamation of the word "lord" before shaking his head and going back to filling in soil that's been displaced by what appear to be heavy truck tires. As he turns around we see an image of an eye within a triangle on the back of his jumpsuit, with the text "ALHAZRED AGRICULTURE" beneath it.

Blackwell walks up the path of now broken stones that lead to the main door of the Manor. He stares at the door knocker - a brass demonic face with a gaping maw that takes up most of the door itself. He shakes his head.]

SLB: He got me with the gate but he isn't playing this game with me again. Rest assured, folks... he knows we're here.

[Blackwell stands indignantly with his arms crossed against his chest, waiting for the door to open on its own. A moment passes, and he slowly... nervously reaches for the enormous doorknocker...]

"Is there a reason why you are ogling my front door?"

[Blackwell jumps, turning around. The view changes, and we see "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett leaning against a large topiary that's been cut to mimic the appearance of a two-headed dog.]

SLB: I swear every single time...

"D"HF: I believe the words you are looking for are "thank you for the kind invitation to visit your ancestral home".

[Blackwell takes a moment to compose himself before nodding.]

SLB: Indeed you have. In fact, the wrestling world had begun to think you helping to turn the tide against Castillo was a final act of defiance.

[Blackwell smiles at the very mention of Castillo's name... before frowning as his eyes wander to the sections of his yard that gave been torn up by large vehicles.]

"D"HF: Ah, yes. He did have quite a time while I allowed it.

SLB: That brings up a question I've wanted to ask you for a while now. Why the act? Why pretend to be under his thumb?

[Fawcett looks around at the ground of his home. He takes the red handkerchief out of the breast pocket of his white suit. He moves to do his customary wiping of his brow... but instead balls his hand into a fist.]

"D"HF: I have made a name for myself. All across the globe, I am renowned as a collector of oddities. It's a title I'm proud to hold. However, there's a title I hold even more dear.

[Fawcett looks over to Fawcett Manor itself.]

"D"HF: Master of the house. This building has been in the Fawcett family for more years than anyone can know. I have always been proud to be in charge of its upkeep.

Has it housed many of my illustrious guests and prized discoveries? Of course.

[A far away look suddenly shows in Fawcett's eyes.]

"D"HF: Equally important, however... has been the maintaining of my family history. Of our many glories and setbacks. From decades before I was born...

[Fawcett shakes his head.]

"D"HF: ... to my most cherished memories of childhood.

So, could I have wrested that infamous gem from that fool's grasp long before I did?

[Fawcett smiles. A smile without a hint of humor.]

"D"HF: I could have, yes. I could have locked his unimpressive mind in a gilded cage to scream inanities forever.

This is a thing I would do to a man who had crossed me.

[Fawcett walks towards his front door, the door creaking open as soon as he begins walking. He stops at the entranceway, turning to look at Blackwell.]

"D"HF: To a man who wronged my family however...

[Fawcett smiles again. Cruelly.]

"D"HF: His defeat had to be total. His humiliation endless. You could ask him how he feels about it...

[Fawcett smirks.]

"D"HF: ... but I do not believe even a roving reporter such as you could find him in that deep dark place.

[Fawcett walks further into his home, vanishing in darkness. After a couple seconds, he speaks.]

"D"HF: Welcome to my house. Come freely.

[Blackwell walks forward with a maximum of trepidation. Fawcett can finally be seen again, as he flips a switch. The lights are dim and not all of the fixtures seem to be in working order, but Blackwell walks with more confidence once they are turned on. The walls are noticeably bare, shadows of discolored wallpaper showing where certain artifacts must have hung for many years.]

SLB: I will admit, "Doctor". As unsettling as I usually find your home, the emptiness is startling. Almost as startling as you helping Team AWA.

[Fawcett nods as the two continue down the hall.]

"D"HF: Now it should be clearer to you why I had to take a leave of absence. While that corporation was here like a den of thieves, they let this house and its grounds fall to disrepair. You see, they thought this building was the key. Because many of my guests took up long term residence here... they thought these walls were the key to controlling them. Oh, but they were wrong. It was never this house. That ability lay in one location, and one location alone.

[Fawcett grins, tapping his head.]

"D"HF: My mind. The knowledge I have spent a lifetime acquiring. That is the only key. So after the insult of throwing me out of my own home and treating it like a corporate washroom... I was only too pleased at the chance to mentally bat that buffoon around like a cat with a dying mouse in his jaws.

[Blackwell shudders at this mental image.]

"D"HF: I will agree, though. It is disheartening to see cherished items not hung in their proper place. Even though I've found a safe house for most of them, it would do my heart a world of good to see them again. Before that can happen, justice must be served. Complete justice must be visited on those responsible.

[Fawcett opens the door to their left and enters. Blackwell follows him inside, revealing a completely empty room. Fawcett walks to the center, staring at a wall where a gigantic ornate crown is carved.]

"D"HF: I have a throne room, with no throne.

[Suddenly, from the hallway, a familiar voice speaks up.]

"That might be for the best."

[Blackwell gawks at the open door to the hallway, as Porter Crowley walks into the open frame. He's dressed in a tattered Hawaiian shirt and dirt-covered white pants. In one hand is a heavy chain that is mostly kept in the hallway.

Fawcett fakes a calm smile, refusing to show his surprise at Crowley's sudden appearance.]

"D"HF: Oh, Porter. How wonderful to see you.

[Crowley nods.]

PC: You weren't on that island. I was there for what felt like a lifetime. Oni isn't the same as we knew him.

[Fawcett nods, and then looks quizzically as the chain in Crowley's hand jerks to life.]

SLB: What in the...

[Crowley flashes a sheepish grin, and tugs on the chain as he enters the room. Following him in on all fours, growling and snarling the whole way... is The Lost Boy. Crowley shrugs.]

PC: He followed me home. Can we keep him?

[The Lost Boy bounds into the room, knocking Blackwell aside as he crouches next to Fawcett. Fawcett scratches him behind his left ear, causing The Lost Boy to stomp his foot repeatedly.]

SLB: This scene might be just about all I can take! Folks, it looks like "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett has his family aga--

[Blackwell is cut off by a loud buzzing sound.

One that gets louder. Closer.]

SLB: Is that...?

[A chainsaw.]

"D"HF: Just as you said, Blackwell.

[A gust of sawdust flies in the air as someone walks into frame. The sawdust obscuring most of them... but not the active chainsaw they hold high in the air.]

"D"HF: Family.

[A terrified Sweet Lou Blackwell frantically signals to the cameraman to cut the feed. Black.

And then we fade back up to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... accompanied by his son Brett and hailing from Las Vegas, Nevada... he weighed in tonight at 235 pounds...

...the former AWA WORRRRRRRRLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMMMMPION...

...THE DOCTOR OF LOVE...

...DAAAAAAAAAVE BRYYYYYYYYYANT!

[The former World Champion raises an arm as his son cheers heartily for him.]

GM: We're back here in Milwaukee for what should be an interesting showdown between the former World Champion, Dave Bryant, and Hannibal Carver and-

BW: Look at the show of disrespect for Bryant, Gordo. It's a trend! No televised entrance... just an "already in the ring." He's a former World Champion, Gordo!

GM: I'm aware of that... but perhaps Dave Bryant should think about what Hannibal Carver said earlier. Bryant's recent win-loss record leaves something to be desired.

[Bryant tugs at the ropes, a bit of a disgruntled look on his face as Ortiz continues.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The sirens kick in over the PA system, bringing the crowd to their feet.]

#GONNA BE A BLACKOUT#

[Just as the vocal hits, the curtains at the top of the entranceway fly open as Hannibal Carver makes his presence known. He pulls the hood of his black hooded sweatshirt off his head, raising his arms out wide and letting out a primal scream to a huge ovation.]

#CUZ MY TOWN IS BIG AND MY TOWN IS BRIGHT#

#MY TOWN CAN WORK AND MY TOWN CAN FIGHT#

[Carver tears the sweatshirt off, flinging it to the ground as he charges the ring.]

RO: ...from South Boston, Massachusetts... weighing in at 260 pounds... he is the Boston Brawler...

...HANNNNNNIBAALLLLLLL CARRRRRRRVERRRRRR!

[The crowd ERUPTS once more at the introduction of Carver who pumps a fist in the air in acknowledgment as he keeps striding down the ramp.]

GM: Hannibal Carver had one heck of a 2017 here in the AWA with the big return at Memorial Day Mayhem, a run with the National Title late summer, and finally playing a huge role in the big win in WarGames... and now he's got his sights set on advancing his career even higher here in 2018.

[He circles the ring once, nodding his head and scowling before climbing up onto the ring apron. He climbs to the second rope, pumping his fists and shouting along with the next lyric.]

#GONNA BE A BLACKOUT - BLACKOUT TONIGHT#

[Carver hops down, throwing a glare across the ring at the waiting Dave Bryant as Brett stands on the apron, giving some final words of encouragement to his legendary father.]

GM: The Bryants with a final strategy session... and look at Carver who just can't wait to get this fight going...



[The referee checks in with both competitors to make sure they're ready to get going...

...and then signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The bell sounds and we're off and running in this clash between a former two-time World Champion and a former National Champion and-

[The crowd jeers as Bryant feigns a collar and elbow tieup, only to bury a knee into the midsection instead.]

GM: Dave Bryant with a little bit of the underhanded tactics that made him famous early on in his career... well, for the bulk of his career really. However, in recent years, AWA fans have always been behind him since his late career run that ended with him as the World Champion.

[Grabbing Carver by the back of the head, Bryant pulls him to the corner where he smashes his head into the top turnbuckle...]

GM: Headfirst to the corner now... turns him around... oh! Big right hand downstairs... and another, Bryant teeing off on the midsection of the Boston Brawler here in the corner...

BW: Bryant taking a page out of Carver's playbook with those fists flying early on in this one, Gordo.

GM: Brett Bryant looking on approvingly from the outside. Of course, this match came together earlier tonight when the Bryants confronted Carver about his words aimed at them two weeks ago when he accused them of... well...

BW: Being a has-been and a never-was?

GM: I hate to say it like that, Bucky. I've only got a couple of shows left. But yes, that was certainly the implication... that Dave Bryant hasn't had a major accomplishment in the world of pro wrestling in quite some time and Brett Bryant hasn't had ANY accomplishments yet...

BW: Other than getting destroyed by Max Magnum.

[The referee calls for a break and a heated Dave Bryant obliges, backing off with his hands raised as Carver is left reeling against the turnbuckles.]

GM: Dave Bryant showing some aggression early on in this one. Carver may have lit a fire under him.

BW: I don't think Dave Bryant would argue Carver's point - it HAS been a while since he's had a major accomplishment here in the AWA. The second of his World Title reigns was back in 2014 - almost four years ago now. But maybe a little bit of salt in the wound is what the Doctor of Love needs to get back on track.

[Bryant nods at the official, stepping back in on Carver as Brett shouts out "COME ON, DAD!" just before Carver snatches Bryant under the arms, spinning him around and tossing him back into the corner...]

GM: Carver turns it around!

[...and then just rears back and fires, throwing a heavy hand at the jaw of the former World Champion... and again... and again... and again...]

GM: Carver letting Bryant have it here in Milwaukee and-

[...and the crowd jeers again as Brett Bryant scrambles up on the apron, shouting and waving his arms at the official...]

GM: Brett Bryant on the apron now, trying to get the referee to help his father and-

[...but Carver peels away from Dave, making a lunge at Brett who hops down off the apron to the floor, shaking his head and wagging a finger at the former National Champion!]

GM: The Bryants are not ingratiating themselves to these fans here in Milwaukee tonight against one of the most popular competitors in the company, Hannibal Carver.

BW: And the Dave Bryant of long ago wouldn't give a lick of nothin' about that, Gordo. 2018 Dave Bryant? We'll see.

[Carver angrily turns back to the corner, moving in on Dave...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...who snaps a hard stunning jab into the jaw of the incoming Carver!]

GM: OH! BRYANT CAUGHT HIM!

[Surging forward, Bryant lifts Carver around the torso, muscling him up...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and drops him facefirst across the top turnbuckle!]

GM: THE LAS VEGAS NATIVE ROLLS SNAKE EYES FOR CARVER!

[Carver slumps down to the canvas, grabbing at his face as the former World Champion dives atop him, reaching back for a leg...]

GM: Bryant with the early cover for one! He gets two! And Carver kicks out at two!

[Dave Bryant pushes up to his knees, nodding his head at a cheering Brett as Carver rolls under the ropes to the outside, grabbing at the bridge of his nose.]

GM: Carver taking a breather on the floor, checking to make sure his nose isn't broken.

BW: It sure could be. That was a hard fall on the top turnbuckle and Carver is absolutely reeling right now, Gordo.

GM: The former National Champion on the outside... both of these men have quite the AWA resume, Bucky. Bryant with the two times holding the big gold plus his run as the first World Television Champion. Carver held the National Title last year. Both SuperClash Main Eventers - a rare club to be a part of as well.

[With Carver on the outside, Bryant steps through the ropes to the apron, ignoring referee Koji Sakai as he measures his man...]

...and leaps off, arm stretched overhead...]

GM: FOREARM!

[...but Carver sees it coming, burying a right hand into his midsection on the way down!]

GM: But Carver caught him!

[A fired up Carver shakes his head, clearing the cobwebs as he grabs Bryant by the hair, smashing his face down into the ring apron...]

GM: FACEFIRST OFF THE APRON!

[Dave Bryant goes staggering away, stumbling down the length of the apron, circling around the ringpost with his opponent in pursuit...]

GM: Carver's not done with him out there!

[...and catches up to him as he nears the timekeeper's table. With a wave of his arm, Carver gets the timekeeper and Rebecca Ortiz to scurry as he grabs Bryant by the hair again...]

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DOWN INTO THE TIMEKEEPER'S TABLE THIS TIME!

[And again, Dave Bryant goes staggering away, his son shouting encouragement to him as Carver follows him down the length of the apron again, pursuing him around the ringpost...]

GM: Uh oh... Bucky, I think we oughta-

"THIS ONE'S FOR YEH, GORDO!"

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd cheers loudly as Bryant's skull is bounced off the announcer's table. Carver grins as he pats Gordon Myers on the back a few times, watching as Bryant finally tries to crawl back under the ropes into the ring...]

BW: Did you tell him to do that, Gordo?!

GM: I certainly did not but a parting gift nonetheless from the Boston Brawler for yours truly as Bryant is crawling back in and- no! Caught by Carver!

[Carver shakes his head defiantly as Bryant tries to crawl back under the ropes into the ring...]

...but Bryant suddenly flips onto his back, lashing out with his free leg!]

GM: Ohhh! He caught Carver right in the mouth with that one!

[Carver goes stumbling back, wiping the back of his hand across his mouth as Bryant scrambles into the ring.]

BW: That might've just made him more angry, Gordo.

[Carver smashes his hands down on the apron before climbing up onto it...]

...which is when Brett Bryant climbs up on the apron on the other side of the ring, waving his arms and drawing the referee's attention towards him.]

GM: Young Brett Bryant up on the apron again as Carver comes through-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans then jeers as Dave Bryant kicks the middle rope up into the groin of Carver!]

GM: Good grief! He kicked the rope right up into the Carver family jewels!

[A smirking Dave Bryant grabs Carver as he leans between the ropes, pulling him through and down into a small package as Brett urges the official to count...]

GM: The referee didn't see it! Carver's down for one! He's got two! HE'S GOT-

[The crowd ROARS as Carver kicks out JUST before three comes down from Sakai!]

BW: Whoooooa. That was a close one there, Gordo. Imagine how Dave Bryant would've shot up the rankings if he pulled off a win over Carver here tonight.

GM: We might be talking about another late career comeback for the former World Champion if he did. But even though Carver's in tremendous pain after that low blow, he's still in this thing.

[Dave has a few words for Sakai about the count as he climbs to his feet, dragging Carver up with him...]

GM: Grabs the arm, shoots him into the corner... and follows right in with a running back elbow!

BW: Did you see Carver's head snap back on that, Gordo? What a huge opportunity this is for Dave Bryant! He's gotta stay on him and find a way to finish the Boston Brawler off for the three count.

GM: Bryant with the snapmare, taking Carver over to the mat...

[Backing the corner, Bryant takes aim before charging out, somersaulting over Carver while yanking his neck down!]

GM: ...and- ohhhh! Rolling neck snap, stretching out every bit of the neck of Carver! The veteran might be smelling blood in the water here... and he makes another cover!

[Sakai slaps the mat twice before Carver's shoulder pops up again.]

GM: Another two count there for Bryant as the former World Champion tries to find a way to finish Carver off here in Milwaukee.

[The Doctor of Love glares at the official as he gets to his feet, clapping his hands together angrily.]

GM: Bryant again with some words about the count.

BW: It's a big match, Gordo. That count is absolutely vital to what 2018 looks like for him. Every single second of that count... counts.

[Bryant is still talking at the official as he pulls Carver up off the mat, wrapping his arms around his torso...]

GM: The Boston Brawler going for a ride here!

[...and lifts Carver into the air, dropping him down in a back suplex!]

GM: Devastating suplex by Bryant! Could that be enough?!

[Brett Bryant counts along, thrusting his arm into the air for one... for two...]

GM: OHH! CARVER KICKS OUT AGAIN!

[...and then throws both arms up, shouting into the ring at referee Sakai who holds up two fingers to cheers from the Milwaukee crowd.]

GM: Another two count there for Bryant... and again, he's not happy about it.

BW: That one DID look a little slow to me, Gordo.

GM: Looked fine where I'm sitting but right now, Dave Bryant isn't sitting... he's standing and now he's climbing, fans! Bryant boosting himself up, standing on the second rope... taking aim on the former National Champion...

[Bryant smirks as he looks out on the jeering crowd, measuring his downed opponent...]

GM: ...HE LEAPS!

[...and tucking his arms and legs, Bryant falls backfirst down towards Carver!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED! BRYANT WITH THE SENTON OFF THE MIDDLE ROPE COMES UP EMPTY!

[Brett Bryant buries his face in his hands on the outside, shouting "NOOOO!" as the official backs off and the crowd cheers wildly!]

GM: The fans in Milwaukee are on their feet, cheering on the Boston Brawler to get back up and get back into this thing!

[Carver rolls to his hands and knees, trying to push up off the mat as Bryant cradles his lower back, resting on his hip for a moment as his son shouts at him to "GET UP! GEEEEET UP!"]

GM: Both men starting to stir up off the mat now! Both men looking to kick this fight into another gear!

[Bryant winds back, throwing a fist aimed at Carver's skull...

...but it never gets there as Carver blocks it and then throws one of his own that bounces off Bryant's head!]

GM: Right hand by Carver!

[Bryant throws a second blow, a little slower this time...

...and again, Carver blocks and responds with his own haymaker!]

GM: Another one! Bryant's dazed!

[Carver winds up...]

GM: Big right hand! Carver rocks and fires! Again! Another! Again!

[Bryant is completely on wobbly knees now as Carver gives a shout, rearing waaaaay back...]

...which is when Brett Bryant climbs up on the apron again, waving his arms at the official, complaining about the closed fists...]

GM: Oh, come on! Get the kid down from there!

[...and with Sakai's eyes on Brett Bryant, Dave swings a desperation kick up towards Carver's groin...]

GM: LOW BL-

[...but the Boston Brawler catches the foot this time, shaking his head at the Doctor of Love whose eyes go wide in a panic, hopping up and down on the other foot, begging for mercy from Carver...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...who returns the favor by kicking Dave Bryant between the uprights!]

BW: WHAT?!

GM: PAYBACK IS A YOU KNOW WHAT ON THE FORMER WORLD CHAMPION!

[Bryant slumps down to the mat as a smirking Carver looks over at a wide-eyed Brett Bryant who screams wildly, pointing to Carver as the referee tries to get the protesting Brett Bryant off the apron.]

GM: The referee is still tied up with Brett Bryant and he's the whole reason Carver was able to slip in that kick to the groin, Bucky!

[And with Bryant down on his back, Carver lifts the legs up, locking eyes with Brett Bryant again...]

GM: Are you kidding...

[...and DROPS to his knees, smashing his forehead down into the groin of Bryant a second time!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: RING THE BELL! THIS IS RIDICULOUS!

[Brett Bryant drops off the apron to the floor, bellowing at the official who turns, looking suspiciously at Carver who wraps up the legs...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Bryant just BARELY gets the shoulder off the mat, breaking the pin in time as the referee holds up two fingers to Carver who looks a little surprised.]

GM: Dave Bryant kicks out in time and... my stars, this has been a heck of a fight between two veterans of this sport.

[Carver climbs off the mat, looking down at Bryant and muttering "well, yeh got balls, Bryant, I'll give yeh that" with a grin to himself. He leans down, dragging the former World Champion up by the arm...]

GM: Whip to the corner... BIG CLOTHESLINE BY CARVER!

[Carver backs off, pumping his right arm a few times as Bryant stumbles out of the corner...]

GM: Carver's setting him up!

[...and goes into a spin, whipping around...]

GM: ROLLING ELLLLLBOOOOOW!

[...but Bryant ducks down, sending Carver sailing over and past him, stumbling as he tries to catch his balance...]

GM: SWING AND A MISS!

[Bryant sets his feet, standing in perfect position as Carver pushes out of the corner, turning back around...]

GM: CALL ME IN THE MORNING!

[...but as Bryant throws the superkick attempt, Carver's hands shoot up, catching the incoming foot...]

GM: CAUGHT!

[Bryant takes a panicked swing at Carver who leans back to avoid it before throwing the foot down, snatching a three-quarter nelson...]

GM: BLACKOUT!

[...but Bryant shoves him off, sending him bouncing off the ropes...]

GM: CALL ME IN THE MORN-

[...but the second superkick attempt is caught as well by Carver who shakes his head before swinging the leg around, spinning Bryant in a full 360 before he ends up back facing Carver who snatches the three-quarter nelson again!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

[The crowd ERUPTS as Carver DRIVES Bryant's skull down into the canvas!]

GM: BLACKOUT CONNECTS THIS TIME!

[Brett Bryant's loud "NO!" is heard as Carver throws himself across his father's prone form...]

GM: He's got one! He's got two! He's got three!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Carver comes right up off the mat with a fistpump before the official raises his hand and Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Here is your winner... HANNIBAL CARRRRRRRVERRRRR!

[Carver grins, nodding his head at the crowd's reaction as he stands over the prone Doctor of Love, shrugging his shoulders.]

"When you're right, you're right, Davey Boy."

[Brett Bryant rolls under the ropes, mic in hand, coming to his feet in a huff.]

BB: Cut it! Cut the damn music!

[The sound guy obliges as the crowd jeers and Carver looks puzzled at the young rookie.]

BB: Okay... so... fine. You cheated and beat my dad!

[Carver smirks, hands on his hips now as he shakes his head.]

BB: But...

[Brett Bryant bravely steps forward, getting right up in Carver's face.]

BB: ...you won't beat me... two weeks from tonight... in Chicago.

[Carver nods his head...

...and then snatches the mic out of Brett Bryant's hands to an "oooooh" from the crowd.]

HC: We'll see about that, junior.

[He shoves the mic into Bryant's chest as his music kicks back in and Carver exits the ring, leaving the Bryant behind as he makes his exit.]

GM: Hannibal Carver picks up the win over Dave Bryant... and now accepts a challenge from Brett Bryant for an already-packed show coming up two weeks from tonight in Chicago!

BW: He beat the father here tonight... but can he beat the son in Chi-Town?

GM: We'll find out in a couple of weeks... and speaking of finding out, earlier tonight we captured some footage of a conversation between Supreme Wright and his future brother-in-law Jack Lynch surrounding Wright's search for a partner for two weeks from now in Chicago when he takes on James Lynch and a partner of his choosing. Remember, we'll find out James Lynch's partner later tonight but could we be about to find out Wright's partner right now? Let's take a look!

[The "ACCESS 365" logo appears as we open up in the hallways of the arena. There we see Supreme Wright, back against the wall, with his arms crossed over his chest. Standing across from him is the "King of Cowboys" himself, Jack Lynch. The camera has caught the two pillars of the AWA in mid-conversation.]

JL: Still no luck?

[Supreme shakes his head.]



SW: None at all. I've asked everyone I could think of, but it's not a fight anybody wants to be part of. Everyone seems to either fear your brother or they still love him too much to hurt him.

[The lanky Texan nods.]

JL: Sounds about right. Jimmy might not be the same man he used to be, but he's still got a lot of friends here. Or at least people that used to be his friend. But you're wrong about one thing, Supreme... you haven't asked everybody.

You haven't asked me.

[Wright frowns at Jack.]

SW: Because I already know your answer. And as much as I know you'd like to help me, you've already made it pretty damn clear that you don't have any interest in fighting your brother ever again. I might be desperate, Jack, but I'm not a fool. And I'm not going to waste both our time asking you to go through that hell all over again.

[A brief moment of silence.]

SW: Besides, Theresa would never forgive me.

[Jack chuckles.]

JL: You've got that right. But no, that's not what I meant. Sure, I ain't gonna fight Jimmy again, but I won't leave you in the lurch either. I found someone who'll be happy to help.

SW: Really.

[Lynch nods.]

JL: After all, he's got a score to settle with Jimmy as well.

[This seems to pique Wright's interest.]

SW: You had my curiosity, but now you have my attention. Who is it?

JL: I thought you'd like hearing that. Come on, let's go meet him.

[The two walk off as we fade to black.]

The ESPN Films logo comes across the screen, with "COMING IN EARLY 2018" following. We see a packed Korakuen Hall from the mid-2000s, banners proclaiming the name "UNIVERSAL PUNCH!" hanging from the balcony, along with support banners for several wrestlers. We focus on one in specific - Michelle Bailey.

We then hear the voice of Todd Michaelson.]

TM: I always thought she had talent, but I could never understand why she was so attached to who she presented herself as.

[Cut to a talking head shot of Michaelson, modern day, sitting next to Lori Dane, glaring at him.]

TM: I mean, I get it NOW. But back then, it was just a mystery to me.

[Dane seems satisfied with that, turning back to the camera.]

LD: I didn't understand her back then, but I always wanted her to feel welcome. I figured if anyone wanted to be one of the girls, knowing what we went through - especially back then - then I wanted her on my side.

[We cut back to the archival footage, as we see Michelle Bailey emerge from a hallway, walking through the crowd, as seconds and trainees keep the crowd from reaching out to her. Following behind her, a giddy look on her face, is a teenage Miyuki Ozaki, keeping close to the gaijin that would serve as her mentor in her early years.

We hear the voice of Luke Kinsey as Michelle walks to the ring.]

LK: Our careers in the EMWC were intertwined, really. I won the Junior Heavyweight Title from her... we had the cage match at Redemption. Something about wrestling against her just brought my game to a new level.

[We cut to a talking head shot of the former Ego MAX member, taking in a deep breath.]

LK: I wish I had known this was what she wanted all the time. I don't know. Maybe things would've been different. Maybe it wouldn't have been so harsh between us for so long.

[Cut back to Japan, and Michelle being showered with pink and white streamers upon her introduction, a broad smile coming across her face as a streamer gets caught on one of her pigtails. We cut to a shot of Juan Vasquez, who leans towards the camera.]

JV: What was so hard to get about who she was? Why did she have to go to Japan for years because nobody here could get it?

[Vasquez shakes his head.]

JV: It was a damn shame.

[We cut to grainy home video footage of Michelle, circa her EMWC days, sitting in the passenger seat of a car, trying not to cry, as someone we cannot identify tries to comfort her. We hear the voice of Shane Destiny.]

SD: I could see every day how much it was tearing her up inside, but I didn't know how to help.

[We cut to Shane Destiny and Roxie.]

R: We wanted her to feel comfortable and happy, but she saw it as being better to live a lie that everyone can accept, than live a truth that nobody knew how to handle.

SD: She really got a taste of how she'd be treated if she went forward with being herself... it really pushed her inward. We were really worried about her for a long time.

[We have a rapid series of cuts of Michelle somersaulting off the top rope onto a Japanese opponent in Universal Punch!, the promotion she wrestled in most frequently. We then see home video footage of her with a young Ryan Martinez backstage at a EMWC show, as the future AWA World Champion and a giggling Michelle throw a wadded up ball of tape at Alex Martinez to try and get his attention.

Following that, we see a bikini-clad Michelle with a sarong around her waist in a Japanese waterpark, a Super Soaker resting against her shoulder, as she listens to Miyuki Ozaki giving her, Ayako Fujiwara, Michiko Sanada, Yumi Akari, Kiyomi, and HANA instructions for an impending water battle against a team from Universal Punch! in 2010 in a special that aired on national Japanese TV.

We cut to more home video footage, circa spring 2002, of Michelle at an autograph signing with Juan Vasquez, Luke Kinsey, Shane Destiny, and Roxie, as an unknown voice asks Michelle how much longer they'll let her be a woman. "As long as they'll let me!", she says with a smirk. Vasquez gives her a nudge, as she turns her head to him and appears to sigh.

We see another piece of home video footage, this time from 2007, as Michelle wrestles in a rare American appearance in between Japanese tours, in front of an audience so sparse that the empty chairs outnumber fans tenfold. We cut to after the match, as Michelle is walking from the ring, shaking her head and looking at her fingernails, a couple of which appear to be broken, saying aloud "why am I still doing this?"

We cut to a sobbing Michelle in the backstage area, grasping Ayako Fujiwara in a hug, moments after the conclusion of their June 2017 match at Madison Square Garden, Michelle's comeback match after revealing her transition.

We then cut to the modern day Michelle Bailey, sitting before us.]

MB: So... what would you like to know?

[Michelle's smile, genuine and beaming, comes across her face.

We cut to the ESPN 30 For 30 ticket graphic, displaying the words "THE LOST GIRL, FOUND - THE STORY OF MICHELLE BAILEY. COMING IN EARLY 2018, ONLY ON ESPN."

We fade through black...

...and the "ACCESS 365" logo appears, and the camera shows the inside of a tent that the Soldiers of Fortune have set up outside of the arena. "Captain" Joe Flint is sitting on a bench, lacing up his boots. Charlie Stephens is standing, pacing around, seeming shouting in any direction. His face is red, and it seems like he's been shouting for quite awhile. Both men are already dressed up for their match in the Main Event tonight. Flint looks down, seemingly trying to tune Stephens out.]

CS: ...and everyone else in that match tonight will find out why I'm called Corporate Punishment! The nerve of them, putting their hands on me! And another thing, your friend "Sweet" Lou Blackwell callin' me a wild turkey, I'll show him what this wild turkey can do..

[Flint finally looks up, possibly finally annoyed at his partner's ranting.]

JF: Calm down, soldier.

[Stephens continues to stomp around back and forth, much like said wild turkey.]

JF: You've been rantin' for at least half an hour now. Relax, you have a hard time lettin' things go. Hell, yer still rantin' about Travis Lynch for God's sake.

CS: He put my name in his-

JF: Enough. Look, one of these days we can talk to the suits that run this show and maybe you can finally get all that built up anger out on him. That's gonna be somethin' for another time. We got more important fish to fry right now.

[Stephens seems to brush off Flint trying to steer the conversation towards the tag team Main Event.]

CS: And what about Masks for Money, huh? How come they got that gig? Takin' out Ryan Martinez? That's gotta be worth a fortune! How many people want his head? We're the Soldiers of Fortune! We're the ones that should be gettin' paid to do the tough work like that, and another thing...

[Flint stands up and puts his hand on Stephens' shoulder.]

JF: Ya know the old sayin', ya get what ya pay for? That's the reason why Martinez is still standin'. Usin' Masks for Money and the Dogs of War is like shoppin' at Family Dollar.

[Flint pats Stephens' shoulder, trying to reassure him.]

JF: Yer too wound up over everything, but ya need to not lose focus. We win the match tonight, we beat Next Gen to get our tag team titles back, an' everyone's gonna be beatin' down our door to hire us to take care of all the naggin' problems that's been botherin' them. Ya can't build a better mousetrap than the AWA World Tag Team champions, after all.

[Stephens finally looks to have calmed down, somewhat.]

CS: Right, I'll keep that in mind.

JF: At ease, soldier. we got some work to do tonight. Let's start to get our titles back.

[Stephens nods, and Flint releases his grasp from Stephens' shoulder. Both men turn to leave their tent, and with another flash of the ACCESS logo...

...we fade back to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is your MAIN EVENT of the evening! It is a four way tag team match under SUDDEN DEATH rules! Two competitors will compete at a time and you can tag anyone into the match however you cannot face your own partner. The match will be conducted under Sudden Death rules meaning first fall wins! There are no countouts, no disqualifications, and no time limit in this one!

[Ortiz lowers the mic as the sound of Calvin Harris' "This Is What You Came For" rings out over the PA system as the house lights start to flash in rhythm to the music creating a dance party atmosphere.]

RO: From the Shibuya area of Tokyo, Japan... at a total combined weight of 342 pounds... Chaz and Chet Wallace...

THE AMERRRRRRRICAN IIIIIIDOLLLLLLS!

[The Wallaces spring through the curtain in a pair of golden full-length tights with tassles lining the legs, black vests with a golden statue on the back, and matching sparkly headbands, trading a leaping high five before heading down the aisle towards the ring. They taunt the occasional fan with a crotch chop or insulting comment as they head to the ring.]

GM: The American Idols in this one... although many might question why considering their rough go of things as of late. It was just last weekend that they were completely bulldozed by the Dogs of War who are having their own difficulties lately... and of course, they didn't even get to compete in tag team action at SuperClash, having to settle for spots in the Battle Royal.

BW: But they're still one of the most-decorated tag teams in the world. Championships in Mexico and Japan. They got deep into the Stampede Cup last year and are always a threat to compete against anyone they're in there with. Don't be surprised if tonight is their night, Gordo.

GM: We'll see about that.

[The Idols reach the ring, slingshotting from the apron inside where they do another leaping high five, this time over the head of a ducking and annoyed Rebecca Ortiz who shakes her head as they cackle their way to a corner.]

RO: And now, the second entry in this match...

["Keep Your Eye On The Money" by Motley Crue cranks up over the Bradley Center public address system, immediately drawing a hearty round of jeers. Moments later, emerging into view through the archway are two men who have quickly become among the most hated in the AWA.

On the left, it's Alexander Kingsley III, already looking quite proud of himself. He sports a thin beard but no mustache, leaving a very clear view of the wide smirk covering his face. On the right, it's Curt Sawyer, with his full beard doing little to hide his anger. Both wear matching shiny red jackets with their initials embroidered on the left pec. Kingsley turns his back to the ring to reveal "SHOT CALLERS" in large silver print on the back of the jacket. Kingsley turns again to face the ring, as he and Sawyer exchange a side fist bump before proceeding down the aisle.]

RO: Making their way to the ring, at a total combined weight of 513 pounds...

Curt Sawyer... Alexander Kingsley the Third... they are...

THE SHOT! CALLLLLLLERRRRRRSSSS!

[The jeers pick up as the duo strides towards the ring for their shot at tag team glory.]

GM: Sawyer and Kingsley might be the most overlooked team coming into this, Bucky, as we haven't seen a lot of them on Saturday Night Wrestling yet.

BW: No, but they've been laying waste to everyone they come across on the Power Hour... including knocking off City Jack and his snot-nosed brat at SuperClash. If you take them lightly in this one, you're making a huge mistake... huge!

[Sawyer and Kingsley reach the ring, eyeballing the brash American Idols as they step into squared circle.]

RO: The third team entered into this match...

[The sounds of ZZ Top's "Beer Drinkers and Hell Raisers" begin to play over the PA system to a mixed reaction from the AWA faithful.]

RO: ...at a total combined weight of 503 pounds...

They are the TWO TIME AWA WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONNNNNNNSSSSSS...

...WESSSSSS TAAAAAAYLORRRRRRR and TOOOOOOONYYYYY  
DONOVANNNNNNNN!

[Taylor and Donovan emerges from the locker room and appear ready for a fight. Donovan is clad in a pair of long tights and a black vest over his torso. Taylor's opted for short trunks with a matching vest. They trade a double fist bump before making their way down the aisle.]

GM: These two will team for the first time in over a year here tonight. It was back last February... just over a year ago... when Taylor and Donovan lost the tag team titles to System Shock, Donovan suffering an injury in the process that took him out of action for months. Taylor would be injured at the end of May in the Tower of Doom and he's just coming back as well... so you can bet they'll be a little rusty in this one but focused on getting back into the title picture.

BW: Only two of the teams in this match tonight are ranked contenders to the title but as former champions, these two might ALWAYS be unofficially ranked, daddy.

GM: We saw them in a tense conversation with their... perhaps former ally in Brian James a little earlier and it seemed as though James was accusing them of having a role in the injuries suffered by Johnny Detson at SuperClash.

BW: Oh, there's no doubt that's what he was implying... not sure if anyone believed him but...

[Taylor and Donovan climb the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes into the ring as their music starts to fade...]

RO: And now, the final member of this match...

[The arena grows silent as the lights dim. A yellow spotlight shines on the entranceway. The video screens flicker with static as each screen displays the Soldiers of Fortune's newer logo, a soldier carrying a bayonet standing on front of a large shield. The silence of the arena is suddenly broken.]

"FFFFFWWWWWWEEEEEEETTTTTT!!!!!!  
FFFFFWWWWWWEEEEEEETTTTTT!!!!!!  
FFFFFWWWWWWEEEEEEETTTTTT!!!!!!  
FFWWEET!! FFWWEET!! FFWWEET!!  
FFFFFWWWWWWEEEEEEETTTTTT!!!!!!"

[The moment the whistling subsides, the entire crowd breaks out in heavy boos.]

GM: Can someone make him swallow that whistle for Pete's sake?!

[The opening guitar riff to "Don't Tread on Me" by the Damn Yankees comes next. While the guitar riff is still going, Rebecca Ortiz continues her introduction.]

RO: ...at a total combined weight of 524 pounds, they are FORMER AWA World Tag Team Champions....

"CAPTAIN" JOE FLINT.....

"CORPORAL PUNISHMENT" CHARLIE STEPHENS....

THE SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE!

[Flint and Stephens emerge into sight to an overwhelming explosion of boos from the AWA faithful, raining jeers down on them as they start towards the ring.]

GM: And you may notice the lack of their so-called flagbearer, Marty Meekly, out there... and I'm told we have Interim President Zharkov to thank for that who made a last minute ruling to ensure we'd have no extra bodies out here at ringside to make things even more complicated for our official.

BW: That hardly seems fair, Gordo. He's their inspiration!

GM: I'm going to be ill.

[They are laser focused on the task at hand tonight, ignoring the seemingly endless cascade of boos raining down on them from every direction.]

GM: Flint and Stephens may not be inspired tonight to hear Bucky tell it but they definitely seem focused... focused and ready on the battle to come which will be a brutal struggle to see who can walk out of Milwaukee with a future shot at the tag team titles in their pockets.

[Flint and Stephens reach ringside. Stephens is quickly up the steps in camo pants and a ragged-looking t-shirt which appears to have had the sleeves cut out by someone. Joe Flint stays on the floor a moment, surveying the ring with a nod of his head before he climbs the steps to join his partner in the ring.]

GM: The Soldiers - the last team to hold the titles - steps into the ring as well and now all four teams are in there. This four way tag team matchup with Sudden Death rules is set to begin - our Main Event here on Saturday Night Wrestling in Milwaukee where the winner becomes the new Number One Contenders to Next Gen's World Tag Team Titles and will get the first title shot at the champions in the very near future. We've got two sets of former World Tag Team Champions in here, a duo who has won tag team gold in Mexico and Japan, and one of the hottest rising units in our sport... this should be something else, Bucky.

BW: I've been looking forward to this all night.

GM: Now, I'm told there were a series of coin flips done backstage here tonight to determine who would start this thing off and it appears as though it'll be the former World Tag Team Champions and 2017 Stampede Cup winners, the Soldiers of Fortune, taking on the American Idols. Bucky, we heard the rules of this one from Rebecca but it's pretty straight forward.

BW: That's right. First fall wins, only two competitors allowed in the ring at a time. No countout, no disqualification. You can tag anyone into the match that you'd like. But with Sudden Death rules, you're going to want to tag your own partner as much as possible because the match can end at any point - even if you're standing out on the apron.

GM: No doubt about that... and it looks like it'll be Corporal Punishment himself, Charlie Stephens, starting off with Chaz Wallace... and while the American Idols have been having a pretty rough go of it as of late, their offense is so dynamic and impactful, they could turn their fortunes at any time.

[Chaz Wallace is smirking at Charlie Stephens as the official - Ricky Longfellow - signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: We're off and running in this one as Charlie Stephens gets set for battle - of course, it was Stephens who dropped the decisive fall in that wild Boot Camp match back at SuperClash... you know he'd like to get his squad back in the win column here tonight.

[The two rulebreakers lunge at one another to lock horns fresh off the bell.]

GM: Tieup and here we go as these eight men look for the biggest win of 2018 for their teams so far... and as you look around this ring, there are not very many people for the AWA faithful to cheer in this one, Bucky.

BW: They might be cheering for an equal opportunity amount of pain to be passed around.

[Gordon chuckles as Stephens tries to force Chaz back across the ring, showing off a size advantage...

...which is when Chaz slips out of the grip, going behind Stephens and slapping him across the back of the head, sending Stephens falling facefirst into the Idols' corner!]

GM: Oh! A little early match insult there by Chaz Wallace.

[Stephens angrily turns back towards Chaz...

...which is when Chet joins in with a paintbrush to the back of the head of his own!]

GM: And Chet having a little fun as well at the expense of Charlie Stephens.

[Stephens swings back around towards Chet, throwing a big and wild haymaker in his direction but Chet backpedals out of reach...

...allowing Chaz to roll up the distracted Stephens in a schoolboy.]

GM: Stephens down! We've got one! We've got- no, Stephens quickly out of that pinning predicament as the Idols take advantage of his hot temper early in this one.

[As Stephens comes up off the mat, Chaz is waiting to secure a side headlock on him but the smaller Chaz Wallace isn't able to do much with it as Stephens backs him into the ropes, shoving him off across the ring...]

GM: Shoots him across... Stephens down... Wallace goes up and over him...

[Wallace hits the ropes again, rebounding back towards Stephens who throws himself at the feet a second time as Chaz easily hurdles him before hitting the ropes a third time...]

GM: Down, up, and over again... Stephens trying to trip him up...

[...and as Stephens goes down a third time, Chaz is ready and waiting, dropping into a baseball slide to catch Stephens with a dropkick to the ribs!]

GM: Ohhh! Nice counter by Chaz Wallace... and that sends Stephens to the outside to regroup a little bit early on in this one...

[Stephens gets to the floor, pacing angrily back and forth, shouting "SHUT UP!" at the Milwaukee fans giving him a hard time, especially the fan waving the glittery "KNOWING IS HALF THE BATTLE, SOLDIERS!" sign in his direction.]

GM: Charlie Stephens trying to cool off a little on the floor... that temper getting the better of him just a minute or so into this one...

[With Stephens distracted by the fans, Chaz points at him, dashing to the far ropes...]



GM: CHAZ ON THE MOVE!

[...and as Stephens goes fleeing to avoid him, Chaz drops into a front roll, popping back up to his feet near the ropes and firing off a crotch chop in Corporal Punishment's direction!]

GM: Oho... a little bit of gamesmanship going on between the Idols and the Soldiers of Fortune in this four way battle for the Number One Contendership.

[Stephens is steaming mad now as he continues pacing the floor, circling the ringpost of his own corner before swinging himself back up into the ring where he promptly slaps his partner's hand.]

GM: There's the tag and in comes the Duke - the big man of the Soldiers of Fortune, "Captain" Joe Flint who brings the muscle for his team and a lot of explosiveness as well. And as these Milwaukee fans greet him with a shower of boos, I can't help but reminisce about the days when Joe Flint was one of the most popular competitors in our sport, Bucky. You went head to head with your charges against him a few times so you know exactly what I'm talking about.

BW: More than a few times. I've got a lump right above my left eyebrow where Joe Flint hit me with a steel chain once in Marietta, Georgia in a handicap match and the fans almost threw a parade in his honor. But all that's changed now. Joe Flint realized the same thing a lot of people in this business do. Cheers don't pay the bills, Gordo.

[Flint slowly comes through the ropes, eyeballing the much-quicker Chaz Wallace carefully as he does.]

GM: This is an interesting matchup for Flint as he obviously has a size advantage over Chaz Wallace but Wallace has blinding speed and agility that could really put Flint in a track meet.

[Flint rolls his neck as he steps closer to Chaz... closer... closer...]

GM: Chaz looks a little uneasy about tying up with Joe Flint as well though and-

[...and as Flint lunges, Chaz tries to duck under the grasping arms but the ring general, Flint, sees it coming and shifts levels enough to catch Chaz.]

GM: Oho! Chaz tried to pull a fast one there but Flint wasn't having it.

[Flint has an amused expression on his face as Chaz tries to power him back. With a defiant shake of his head, Flint walks Chaz right back up against the ropes...

...where Tony Donovan stretches out and slaps the shoulder of Chaz Wallace, tagging himself in to a few cheers.]

GM: Donovan tagging in - Chaz not aware of it...

BW: Is Flint?

[Donovan ducks quickly through the ropes, moving in behind Flint. He swings him around by the shoulder, swinging fast and hard...]

GM: Right hand blocked! Ohh! And Flint responds in kind!

[A big haymaker from the Captain drops Donovan down on the mat, putting one of the other former World Tag Team Champions in the contest on his tailbone, looking up at Flint.]

"AT EASE... MAGGOT."

[And with a smirk, Flint backs off, leaving an embarrassed Donovan down on the canvas to recover. Wes Taylor claps his hands from the corner, shouting "COME ON, TONY!"]

GM: Well, that didn't start off the way Donovan and Taylor were looking for. We're a day shy of one year since Taylor and Donovan dropped the tag team titles to System Shock thanks to...

[Gordon trails off as the AWA faithful start booing loudly.]

GM: ...well, what's this about now?

[The camera cuts to the top of the aisle where we see the surprising form of Tiger Claw, still dressed as earlier, stride out onto the metal platform. He pauses there, his arms crossed as he looks down at the ring.]

GM: Tiger Claw out here on the stage now. I have no idea why - do you?

BW: Scouting perhaps? Maybe looking for another victim?

GM: Maybe he needs to make some new friends after chasing all his allies off in recent weeks.

[Whatever the reason for his appearance, Claw seems content to simply watch from up on the stage as we cut back to the ring where Tony Donovan is slowly getting to his feet, moving into a tieup with Joe Flint.]

GM: Donovan locking up with Flint who pulls him right into a side headlock...

[Easily controlling Donovan, Flint strolls across the ring to the corner, slapping his partner's hand.]

GM: Charlie Stephens tagging back in for the second time... quick kick downstairs on Donovan...

[And as Flint exits, Stephens hooks his own side headlock on Donovan.]

GM: ...and right back to the headlock. We're told Stephens has spent a lot of time training since SuperClash... the most training he's done to better his ring skills since aligning himself with Joe Flint from what I've heard, Bucky.

BW: I hear that Stephens was humiliated by the loss in Atlanta and promised Flint it would never happen again. Never.

GM: That's a tough promise to live up to but Stephens has his first chance to prove those words here tonight and you know the Soldiers would love another crack at Next Gen.

BW: They beat 'em at the Cup. They beat 'em at Homecoming. They lost at SuperClash. The way the Soldiers see it, they're still better than Harper and Somers, they just need the chance to prove it.

[Donovan struggles against Stephens' grip, walking him out to the middle of the ring where he promptly lifts him up...]

GM: Back sup!- no! Stephens rolls him right down in a headlock takeover!

[A quick two count follows before Donovan wraps his arms around Stephens, rolling him onto his shoulders for a two count of his own.]

GM: Trading two counts there by the two former championship squads... and that breaks the headlock...

[Stephens and Donovan eye each other warily as they get back up, diving right back at one another but this time, it's Donovan who gets the advantage, using the collar and elbow to drag Stephens backwards, leaning back into his corner...]

GM: Donovan pulls him in... and there's the tag to Wes Taylor, fresh off the injured list late last year. I don't know if any of us will ever forget the abuse Taylor took inside that Tower of Doom last May in an incident that many feared could be career-ending for him.

[Taylor steps in, burying his right hand into the ribs of the entangled Charlie Stephens once... twice... three times before pulling his arms back, leaving him exposed for Donovan who ignores the referee's count by smashing his right hand into the gut a few times...]

GM: Donovan's gotta get out of there... and he does.

BW: I don't know why the referee's counting at all in this one, Gordo... there are no disqualifications. They can doubleteam 'til the cows come home.

GM: A fair point, Bucky. These teams may be running on sheer instinct and haven't thought of that yet as Taylor scoops Charlie Stephens up and slams him down!

[With Stephens prone on the mat, Taylor leaps high, dropping a leg across the sternum of Corporal Punishment!]

GM: Ohhh! Leaping legdrop finds the mark! Taylor stays there, waving for a count...

[The unusual cover only gets a two count though as Stephens pops the shoulder off the mat.]

GM: ...and gets a two before Stephens escapes. Taylor and Donovan looking pretty good in this one so far as the former World Tag Team Champions look to insert themselves back into the World Tag Team Title scene with what would be a huge victory here tonight in Milwaukee.

[Back on his feet, Taylor pulls Stephens up to join him before tagging Donovan back in.]

GM: The former champions make another exchange... Donovan on the middle rope...

[The third generation star leaps off, smashing a double axehandle down between Stephens' eyes. He promptly covers as Taylor steps out to the apron, getting another two count.]

GM: Taylor and Donovan working over Charlie Stephens, trying to wear him down and get him into position where they can pick up the win in this one. Stephens is hanging in there so far, Bucky.

BW: He's a tough competitor - a tough out as they say on the baseball diamond.

[Donovan climbs back to his feet, looking to the corner...]

...and his eyes drift across the entrance stage, raising an eyebrow at Tiger Claw's presence there.]

GM: It looks like Tony Donovan's attention got caught by Tiger Claw being out here.

[Claw stares stoic back down the ramp, not acknowledging Donovan at all as Donovan leans down, obviously distracted as he pulls Stephens up by the arm...

...which is when Stephens rakes his fingers across the eyes of Donovan!]

GM: Ohh! Stephens trying to save himself there from further punishment by Taylor and Donovan, taking advantage of the momentary distraction...

[Slightly banged up, Stephens stumbles backwards, falling into the corner...

...where Curt Sawyer slaps the shoulder, tagging himself into the match.]

GM: In comes the big man from the Shot Callers, the former barkeep at the Rusty Spur, Curt Sawyer... and if you're not familiar with the Shot Callers, fans, you must not be a regular viewer of the Power Hour because this duo of Curt Sawyer and Alexander Kingsley have been cutting a swath through every tag team they've encountered down in Atlanta - including wrapping up 2017 with a big SuperClash victory over Landon Grant and the legendary City Jack.

[With Donovan partially blinded, Sawyer bullrushes him, shoving him back into the ropes where he winds up and smashes a forearm down across the sternum!]

GM: Big clubbing shot across the bow by Sawyer!

[Sawyer lays in two more heavy shots to the chest, leaving Donovan reeling against the ropes...]

GM: Sawyer's going to be right up there with Joe Flint as the heaviest hitter in this match... looking to use those big blows to do some damage and knock Taylor and Donovan off the edge they've established up until this point...

BW: We're just about ten minutes into this one and it's still anyone's match to win in my eyes, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely. Sawyer grabs the arm, shoots him acro- no, reversed!

[Donovan whips Sawyer across the ring instead, extending his arm for a clothesline as a ducking Sawyer rebounds towards him...]

GM: Clothesline ducked by Donovan, Sawyer off the far side...

[...and on the second rebound, Donovan flips him over with a hiptoss, throwing him down on the canvas!]

GM: ...and a hiptoss takes him up and over!

[Donovan nods his head at the crowd, cheering the third generation star on.]

GM: And it sounds like this Milwaukee crowd has started to rally behind the former tag team champions - both of whom got injured last year doing some quite heroic things. Perhaps the fans remembering that as Donovan looks to take advantage.

[Donovan breaks into a dash to the ropes, rebounding back towards a rapidly-rising Curt Sawyer...]

GM: Donovan on the move and-

[...running right into Sawyer's waiting arms as he lifts Donovan into the air, twisting around, and driving him down with a thunderous spinebuster!]

GM: SPIIIIIIIINEBUSTER!

[Sawyer pops up, throwing his arms apart to big jeers from the AWA faithful as Sawyer sneers in their direction before slapping his partner's hand.]

GM: No cover though as Sawyer brings in Kingsley and... right to work they go, stomping Donovan into the canvas!

[Taylor shouts a protest to the official who shrugs, waving his arms to indicate there's nothing he can do as the Shot Callers work over Donovan with a faceful of shoe leather.]

GM: They're all over Donovan and- in comes Taylor!

[The crowd cheers as Taylor starts to come in...

...and then jeers as the referee steps in front of him, trying to get him back out on the apron!]

GM: There may not be disqualifications in this one but referee Ricky Longfellow is doing his best to keep things from getting completely out of control in this four way Sudden Death battle over the Number One Contendership.

[But as Taylor argues with the official, the Shot Callers drag Donovan back to their corner, bringing him to his feet and tossing him back into the turnbuckles. Sawyer buries one goodbye kick into the midsection as Kingsley stays behind.]

GM: Sawyer out, Kingsley in and... ohh! Hard European uppercut in the corner... make it two!

[Kingsley slaps Sawyer's hand, bringing the big man back in...]

GM: Sawyer back off the tag...

[...where they start trading big kicks to the body, breaking down Tony Donovan in the turnbuckles...]

BW: They're keeping it simple but effective, Gordo - really working over Donovan and can you imagine the lift that this duo gets if they not only win this match but pin former tag champs to do it?

GM: It would be a huge boost to this rapidly-rising tag team for sure.

[Kingsley backs off as the referee orders him out, stepping to the outside as Sawyer grabs Donovan by the hair, dragging him away from the buckles.]

GM: Sawyer dragging Donovan around like it's last call at the Spur...

[A scoop slam follows, putting Donovan down on the mat with authority.]

GM: Sawyer, likely the strongest man in the match, showing off that power with a big bodyslam... and there's another tag. A few moments ago, it was Taylor and Donovan showing off their teamwork and now it's the Shot Callers doing the same.

[Kingsley quickly steps up on the middle rope, measuring the downed Donovan to leap off, bringing his elbow down across the sternum!]

GM: Elbow connects! Kingsley covers!

[A two count follows before Donovan kicks out. Taylor claps for his partner, shouting encouragement as Kingsley climbs back to his feet.]

GM: Kingsley and Sawyer staying on Donovan... keeping him in there with them...

[Bringing Donovan up and into a front facelock, Kingsley sets his feet, attempting to lift Donovan into the air...]

GM: ...here comes the vertical suplex!

[...but Donovan kicks and flails on the way up, ending up with his feet back down on the mat...]

GM: Donovan blocks...

[...and lifts Kingsley into the air, bringing him down with a spine-rattling suplex!]

GM: ...and REVERSES into one of his own!

[Donovan lies on his back for a few moments, breathing heavily before he flips over onto his chest...]

GM: And now Donovan's on his hands and knees, crawling towards his corner where Wes Taylor is waiting for that tag!

[The third generation star is looking towards the corner, stretching out his arm...]

GM: Not close enough yet! Donovan's gotta keep crawling!

[Donovan lowers his head, inching forward again... when a tag is made.]

GM: Kingsley tags in Sawyer!

[Sawyer comes in hot, rushing across the ring, leaping into the air and dropping a heavy elbow down on the back of the head to prevent Donovan from getting to his corner!]

GM: And Sawyer drops the boom on Donovan! No tag there!

BW: Again, the Shot Callers are impressing me with their tag team skills, Gordo. Their mysterious advisor is guiding them well if this is the kind of stuff they're learning from them.

GM: Sawyer right back up... and right back down with another elbow!

[A third high-leaping elbow lands, smashing down on the back of Donovan's head as Sawyer takes a knee on the canvas, sneering up at Taylor's outstretched hand...

...and he slaps that hand away, glaring at Taylor who shouts in his direction.]

GM: Some tensions here between Sawyer and Taylor.

[Sawyer has a few words of his own for Taylor as he climbs back to his feet. Taylor takes a swing at Sawyer who backs away with a smirk...]

GM: Taylor letting his emotions get the better of him there...

[...and then pulls Donovan up off the mat, quickly tossing him through the ropes to the outside!]

GM: ...and Sawyer sends Donovan out to the floor! A hard fall down here at ringside on these thin, thin protective mats!

[Taylor comes through the ropes at the taunting Sawyer, looking to tear into him...

...but the referee gets in his way again, blocking the advancing Taylor as Alexander Kingsley drops off the apron.]

GM: Kingsley down to the floor - the referee tied up with Taylor!

[But as Kingsley lifts Donovan off the mat, Donovan ROCKS him with a hard uppercut on the chin!]

GM: OH! DONOVAN CAUGHT HIM!

[Donovan promptly lifts Kingsley around the waist over his shoulder, shoving him off and dropping him facefirst on the apron!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: DONOVAN DROPS HIM DOWN!

[With Kingsley laid out on the floor, Donovan grabs the ropes, pulling himself up on the apron to try and get back in...]

GM: Donovan with a rally and he's trying to get in and make that tag...

[...but Sawyer greets him with a haymaker, stunning the former tag champion!]

GM: ...and Sawyer's right there to cut him off! Sawyer looking to bring him in the hard way!

[The former bartender hooks him, looking for a suplex over the top...

...but Donovan grabs the ropes, blocking it to cheers!]

GM: Donovan blocks the lift! Sawyer can't get him up!

[With his feet back on the apron, Donovan BLASTS Sawyer with a stiff forearm to the jaw, sending him staggering backwards away from the ropes...]

GM: Big shot by Donovan! He rocks Sawyer!

[...and as Donovan goes to step through the ropes, Alexander Kingsley grabs his ankle from down on the floor!]

GM: Kingsley's got him! Kingsley's stopping Donovan from getting back in!

[Donovan tries to shake him loose to no avail as Sawyer rushes back in, drilling Donovan with a forearm smash to the ear!]

GM: OH! Sawyer uses his partner's help to lower the boom on Donovan again!

[Kingsley lets go of the ankle as Sawyer lifts Donovan up, over the ropes, and slams him down!]

GM: Sawyer slams him down... and there's the tag back to Kingsley.

[Sawyer stomps Donovan a few times before exiting as Kingsley climbs up on the middle rope again, taking aim...]

GM: Kingsley on the second rope... and off!

[...but as he dives down towards the prone Donovan, the third generation star swings his long leg up, catching the falling Kingsley under the chin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DONOVAN CAUGHT HIM GOOD WITH THAT UPKICK!

[Kingsley's eyes roll back in his head as he flops over on the canvas, Donovan promptly rolling over onto his chest again, crawling towards his corner as Sawyer stretches over the top, trying to tag his partner to prevent the tag...]

GM: Sawyer's trying to get in! Donovan's trying to get there! We've got a race on our hands annnnnnd...

[...and it's Kingsley who slaps the hand first...]

GM: ...tag to Sawyer!

[The Shot Callers' big man comes through the ropes, racing in pursuit of Donovan who stretches out...]

GM: AND A TAG TO TAYLOR AS WELL!

[Sawyer slams on the brakes as Taylor slingshots himself over the top rope, landing with a left hook to the temple followed by a quick right-left-right combo that leaves Sawyer reeling...]

GM: Taylor to the ropes...

[...but Sawyer recovers, winding way back with a wide stance...]

GM: ...through the legs...

[...which Taylor slides between, coming to his feet behind Sawyer who turns around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SNAP UPPERCUT!

[With Sawyer on wobbly legs, Taylor races to the ropes behind him, rebounding back, leaping into the air to snatch a side headlock...]

GM: BULLDOG CONNECTS!

[...and DRIVES Sawyer's face down into the canvas!]

GM: Wes Taylor taking the fight to Curt Sawyer! Coming on strong!

[Taylor comes to his feet, pumping his arms in excitement.]



GM: Taylor's all sorts of fired up right now!

[As Sawyer comes off the mat in a daze, Taylor greets him with a grunt-assisted scoop, slamming the big man down on the canvas...]

GM: Scoop slam by Taylor!

[Taylor quickly backs to the nearest corner, throwing a back elbow to send Chet Wallace off the apron. Chaz backs away as Taylor steps up to the middle rope, giving a war whoop as he leaps into the air...]

GM: LEGDROP CONNECTS!

[Taylor spins around, diving across Sawyer...]

GM: Taylor with the cover!

BW: The ref says no, he's waving it off!

[Chaz Wallace grabs the top rope, catapulting himself in...

...and promptly throws a leaping crotch chop at a fuming Taylor who is being forced out of the ring by the official.]

GM: Chaz Wallace must've made the tag when Taylor was in the corner..

[And as Chet gets back up on the apron, Chaz slaps his twin brother's hand.]

GM: The American Idols make the tag now... Chaz and Chet both in...

[Bringing Sawyer to his feet, the duo whip the big man across the ring, greeting him with a double boot to the gut on the rebound...]

GM: ...downstairs on Sawyer...

[...and Chaz lifts Chet up for a back suplex, shoving him into the air where Chet comes crashing down hard with a leg-assisted bulldog on the doubled-over Sawyer!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INNOVATIVE OFFENSE BY THE IDOLS!

BW: So impressive!

[Chet dives across Sawyer as Chat bails from the ring.]

GM: Chet covers for one! He covers for two! He-

[Sawyer's shoulder pops up to a reaction from the crowd as Chet scrambles back to his feet, looking to continue his high octane offense.]

GM: Two count only... Chet's right back up though... to the ropes and-

[The referee signals "TAG!" as Charlie Stephens slaps the shoulder of Chet Wallace as he hits the ropes.]

GM: -Stephens with the blind tag! Chet didn't see it coming and that brings Charlie Stephens back in as the referee gets Chet out of the ring.

BW: Brilliant move by Stephens - you gotta be in it to win it, daddy.

[Stephens is letting Chet have it verbally as he enters, pulling Sawyer up off the canvas...]

GM: Stephens trying to take advantage of what the Idols and Wes Taylor did to Sawyer, trying to earn their rematch with Next Gen for the tag team titles the Soldiers lost at SuperClash...

[...and whips him across the ring...]

GM: Irish whip... backdr-

[...but Sawyer hangs onto the ropes, not rebounding towards the set Stephens who suddenly straightens up, charging at the Shot Caller...]

GM: Stephens charging in and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHH! Sawyer backdrops him ALL the way over the top rope and down to the floor!

[Sawyer falls back against the ropes as Stephens smashes down hard on the barely-padded floor!]

GM: And just like that, Curt Sawyer may have completely turned the tide in the direction of the Shot Callers!

[Sliding down the apron, Alexander Kingsley reaches out and slaps his partner's shoulder...]

BW: And if Sawyer is the brawn of the operation, you know Kingsley is the brains, tagging himself in there to try to take advantage of this...

GM: Not in... he's going out.

[Kingsley drops off the apron, moving quickly towards the downed Stephens before he has a chance to recover, grabbing his legs...]

GM: What's Kingsley got in mind here?

[...and falls backwards, catapulting Stephens up into the air...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HEADFIRST TO THE RINGPOST! OH MY STARS!

[Stephens' skull SLAMS into the steel before he collapses facefirst to the floor, his arms up over his head as a smirking Kingsley looks up into the ring where the referee is looking on in horror.]

GM: No disqualifications in this one and Alexander Kingsley just put Charlie Stephens headfirst into the steel ringpost with violent intentions!

[Kingsley slowly climbs to his feet on the floor, giving the high sign to his partner who grins, nodding with approval as his wealthy partner turns to taunt the ringside crowd.]

GM: Kingsley trading words with these fans... perhaps feeling like momentum is on the side of the Shot Callers now after that big crash into the ringpost. When you look at the teams involved in this match, Bucky, the Shot Callers were the only ones to actually win at SuperClash.

BW: Wes Taylor didn't even compete at SuperClash, Gordo. Donovan and the Idols were in the Battle Royal and of course, the Soldiers lost the tag titles in that war with the new champions, Next Gen... so yeah, momentum is on the Shot Callers side here in Milwaukee in this big, big matchup.

[Kingsley turns back to Stephens, dragging him off the floor by the hair, revealing a nasty gash on the forehead of Corporal Punishment.]

GM: Stephens has been busted open, fans! He got split wide open by that steel ringpost and... wow. That's a very bad laceration on the forehead of the former tag team champion.

[Kingsley shoves the bloodied Stephens back into the ring, climbing in after him, and promptly drops a knee across the chest, sliding into a pin attempt.]

GM: Another cover - he gets one! He gets two! He gets- no! Two count only but a lot closer after getting his head split open on the outside!

[Kingsley glares at the official, clapping his hands together a few times with a loud "ONETWOTHREE, COME ON, REF!"]

GM: Kingsley complaining about the count, pulling Stephens back to his... my goodness, that's a bad cut on the head of Charlie Stephens. The referee might need to take a look at that.

BW: What's the point? A ref stoppage can't pick a winner!

GM: They might need to at least remove the Soldiers from this match to protect the health of Charlie Stephens.

[Kingsley whips Stephens across, sending him into the Shot Callers' corner.]

GM: Stephens in the buckles... Kingsley measuring his man...

[The heir to Kingsley Online Entertainment goes charging in after Stephens, rushing towards the military man...

...who ducks down, going into a front roll to avoid Kingsley, clearing half the ring, rolling up to his feet where he dives!]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd actually responds at the surprise tag by Stephens as Kingsley stumbles backwards from hitting the corner chestfirst at high velocity!]

GM: In comes Joe Flint, the heavy hitter from the Soldiers!

[Flint promptly lives up to that reputation by hitting the ropes behind the staggered Kingsley, then runs past him to hit the ropes in front of him for extra speed...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and absolutely CRUSHED Kingsley with a running Howitzer lariat!]

GM: MY STARS IN HEAVEN!

BW: THAT MIGHT DO IT!

GM: FLINT WITH THE COVER FOR ONE!! TWOOOOOOOOO! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts at the lunging forms of Chaz and Chet Wallace, diving onto Flint's back to break up the pin attempt!]

GM: -AND THE IDOLS MAKE THE SAVE!

BW: No choice there! Flint had it won! The Idols just saved this match for EVERYONE else in it!

GM: Sudden Death rules - only one team can win!

[Chet grabs the downed Kingsley by the wrist, dragging him towards the Idols corner as Chaz steps out to the apron, leaning over the top...]

GM: TAG! Chaz tags himself in on Kingsley!

[...and promptly slaps his brother's hand before climbing...]

GM: Wait! Did he just tag Chet?!

BW: I think he did!

GM: He tagged his brother but now he's going up top!

[Chaz quickly gets to the top rope, looking down on the rising Flint...]

GM: OFF THE TOP!

[...and takes flight, uncorking a missile dropkick that catches Flint flush on the jaw, knocking him flat!]

GM: DROPKICK CONNECTS... AND CHET'S CLIMBING TOO!

[Chet reaches the top right behind his brother's departure, twisting around...]

GM: MOONSAULT!

[...and CRASHES down across the downed Flint with a high impact, far-distance moonsault!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THE IDOLS LOOKING TO ERASE THEIR RECENT HISTORY WITH ONE SHOT!

[Chet stays down on Flint, nodding along with the count!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts at Tony Donovan stepping in, dropping a forearm down across the back of Chet's head to break up the pin...]

...and then quickly exiting at the referee's orders.]

GM: Donovan breaks up the pin... Chet's up... tag!

[Chet's tag brings Chaz back in, measuring the downed but rising Joe Flint as they circle around him...]

GM: Flint trying to get to his feet but the Idols are waiting for him!

[...and as Flint gets up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!"

GM: SUPERKICK!

[Chet backs off, having landed the thrust kick as Chaz measures the still-standing Flint...]

GM: Flint's still on his feet and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!"

GM: SUUUUPERKIIIIICK!

[The second thrust kick stuns Flint, his knees shaking as he nearly topples from the blow... but manages to steady himself, shaking his head at the waiting Idols...]

GM: No! Flint's still standing!

[...who promptly shrug, lunging forward in tandem...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!"

GM: SUUUUUUUUPERRRRRRKIIIIIIICK!

[...and the double superkick does the job, taking Flint off his feet where Chaz dives onto Flint as Chet exits the ring...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEE-

"OHMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!"

GM: -AND STEPHENS MAKES THE SAAAAVE! MY STARS, WHAT A BATTLE!

[A pissed-off Chet jumps up and down, angrily slingshots over the ropes into the ring, grabbing the bloodied Stephens by the hair, tossing him through the ropes to the outside!]

GM: Chet tosses Stephens out! He thought they had it won and-

[Chet glares out at Stephens before throwing himself into a charge into the far ropes, building up steam as he sprints towards the ropes...]

GM: CHET ON THE MOOOOVE!

[...and HURLS himself between the ropes into a suicide dive on a stunned Charlie Stephens, knocking them both flat on the outside!]

GM: CHET WIPES HIM OUT! CHET'S DOWN! STEPHENS IS DOWN!

[Chaz climbs to his feet, dragging Flint up with him right into a front facelock...]

GM: Chaz Wallace hooks Flint who is out on his feet it looks like...

[Chaz runs towards the corner, running right up the buckles, kicking off, twisting around...]

...and suddenly is detached from Flint, flying backwards through the air to land on the back of his head on the canvas!]

GM: What in the...?!

BW: Donovan! Donovan hooked Flint's tights and blocked the DDT!

[And with Flint in their corner, Donovan slaps Flint's shoulder to tag himself in!]

GM: Donovan's back in! Chaz Wallace is stunned!

[Donovan pulls Chaz off the mat, chucking him into the ropes, going into a spin...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DISCUS LARIAT CONNECTS! HE TURNS CHAZ WALLACE INSIDE OUT!

[Donovan throws himself to his knees, rolling Chaz onto his back, diving across with a hook of the leg...]

GM: THE FORMER CHAMPS LOOKING TO GET ANOTHER SHOUT!

[...and referee hits the mat once... twice...]

GM: OHHHH! CHAZ WALLACE KICKS OUT JUST IN TIME!

[...and the referee holds up two fingers towards Donovan who grimaces, climbing quickly to his feet, looking to his corner to an eager Wes Taylor...]

GM: Tag! The former champions make the exchange there!

[...who comes through the ropes, pumping his arms up and down, pointing to the downed Chaz Wallace...]

GM: They're gonna go for it! They're gonna try to end this here and now!

[Taylor goes to stand near Chaz' head as Donovan moves towards the legs...]

...when suddenly, Chet Wallace comes springboarding off the top rope...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHHHHH! DONOVAN SUPERKICKS WALLACE OUT OF THE SKYYYYYY!

[Donovan throws his arms apart in excitement as the cheering crowd roars for the highlight reel moment...]

...and then catches an incoming Alexander Kingsley by the hair, HURLING him over the top rope and out to the floor!]

GM: DONOVAN CLEARS OUT KINGSLEY TOO!

[And now it's Donovan who is fired up, pumping his arms as he leans down, grabbing the legs of Chaz Wallace in a wheelbarrow, lifting him up into Taylor's front facelock...]

GM: THEY'VE GOT HIM HOOKED! HOOKED AND...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ...SPIIIIIKED! DRIVEN DOWN WITH THE DDT!

[But as Taylor spikes Chaz Wallace, the badly-lacerated Charlie Stephens rolls back in, grabbing Tony Donovan by the head and HURLS him over the top to the floor!]

GM: STEPHENS CLEARS OUT DONOVAN!

BW: Taylor and Chaz are legal!

[Stephens swings around towards the rising Taylor, throwing a right hand...

...but Taylor blocks it, burying a boot in the gut on Stephens...]

GM: Taylor goes downstairs.. double underhook!

[...and lifts Corporal Punishment into the air, flipping him over...]

GM: OHHH! BACKBREAKER!

[...and Stephens promptly rolls to the outside as Taylor looks around, eagerly checking to see if anyone else is coming for him...]

GM: The coast is clear, young man! It's all yours!

[...and seeing no one, he pulls Chaz Wallace off the mat...

...but a desperate Chaz Wallace lowers his shoulder, charging forward, driving Taylor back into the corner...]

GM: OH! Into the buckles and-

[...the referee signals to the corner as Chet Wallace lowers his shoulder, boosting Taylor up to a sitting position on the top rope...]

GM: Chet Wallace running on instinct! He got spiked with that DDT but he's trying to find a way to win this... a way to forget what happened in the back half of 2017... a way to forget what happened against the Dogs of War last week in Atlanta...

[Wallace grabs his neck, wincing in pain as he steps up on the middle rope, looking at the stunned Taylor...

...and leaps up, hooking his legs around the neck of Taylor...]

GM: TOP ROPE RANA!

[...but Taylor hangs on, shaking his head as he grips the legs of Wallace!]

GM: TAYLOR BLOCKS IT! TAYLOR'S GOT HIM!

[Taylor powers the smaller man up, holding him on his shoulders as the crowd starts to buzz with anticipation...]

GM: HE'S ON THE SECOND ROPE AND...

[...and Taylor leaps into the air, sitting out with a thunderous ring-shaking powerbomb!]

GM: ...DOWWWWWWWN GOES CHAZ WALLACE!

[Taylor leans forward, holding the legs as the referee wheels around into position and...

...waves his arms, pointing to the corner...]

GM: What's he-?!

BW: FLINT! FLINT TAGGED IN!

GM: What?!

BW: When they were in the corner right there, Flint must've tagged in!

[Flint grabs the shocked Taylor by the hair, dragging him off the mat and throwing him over the ropes to the floor..

...and then pivots to DRILL an incoming Curt Sawyer with a Howitzer, knocking him off the apron to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: FLINT DROPS TAYLOR! AND SAWYER!

[Turning back towards the stunned Chaz Wallace, Flint yanks him up to his feet, snatching him quickly into a Cobra Clutch!]

GM: FLINT LOCKS IT IN! FLINT LOOKING TO END IT!

[He holds it for a few moments, shaking and twisting Wallace back and forth...]

GM: Wallace trying to hang on! Wallace trying to-

[...and then suddenly lets go of the submission, swinging Wallace out by the arm...]

GM: RIPCORDER...

[...and yanks him RIGHT back in!]

GM: ...HOWWWWITZERRRRRRRRR!

[The brutal short-arm lariat destroys the already-dazed Wallace, flattening him as Flint dives across...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO!

[...and you might catch a glimpse of Alexander Kingsley trying to get back in to make the save but Charlie Stephens desperately hanging on to stop him...]



GM: THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HE GOT HIM!

[Stephens lets go of Kingsley, falling to the floor as Kingsley comes up short on his save, pounding a fist down into the canvas...]

GM: The Soldiers of Fortune get the win! They're the Number One Contenders! They get the first crack at the gold!

[Flint climbs off the mat, allowing the official to raise his hand to a big shower of boos from the AWA faithful as "Don't Tread On Me" begins to play again. A few moments pass before the bloodied Stephens crawls into the ring, being pulled up off the mat by Flint...]

GM: Stephens is in to join the celebration and-

FFFFFWWWWWEEEEEEETTTTTT!!!!!!  
FFFFFWWWWWWWEEEEEEETTTTTT!!!!!!  
FFFFFWWWWWWWEEEEEEETTTTTT!!!!!!  
FFFFFWWWWWWWEEEEEEETTTTTT!!!!!!  
FFFFFWWWWWWWEEEEEEETTTTTT!!!!!!

GM: -oh, brother!

[The camera cuts to the top of the ramp where a flag-waving Marty Meekly rushes out on the stage...]

FFFFFWWWWWWWEEEEEEETTTTTT!!!!!! FFFFFWWWWWWWWEEEEEEETTTTTT!!!!!!  
FFFFFWWWWWWWEEEEEEETTTTTT!!!!!! FFFFFWWWWWWWWEEEEEEETTTTTT!!!!!!  
FFFFFWWWWWWWEEEEEEETTTTTT!!!!!! FFFFFWWWWWWWWEEEEEEETTTTTT!!!!!!  
FFFFFWWWWWWWEEEEEEETTTTTT!!!!!! FFFFFWWWWWWWWEEEEEEETTTTTT!!!!!!  
FFFFFWWWWWWWEEEEEEETTTTTT!!!!!! FFFFFWWWWWWWWEEEEEEETTTTTT!!!!!!  
FFFFFWWWWWWWEEEEEEETTTTTT!!!!!!

GM: Can someone get that whistle away from him?!

[Stephens grins at Meekly's arrival, pointing down the aisle at him as Flint gives a smirk, nodding his head.]

GM: The Soldiers of Fortune standing tall in Milwaukee, fans! What a match it was but the Soldiers outlast them all to pick up the win in impressive fashion... and if you're Daniel Harper and Howie Somers, you're suddenly realizing that being in the fight of your lives in Atlanta was just the beginning. Flint and Stephens are coming for their rematch... and after what we saw in Atlanta, who knows what's gonna happen this time?

[Meekly reaches the ring, throwing himself into an embrace of the bloodied Stephens as Flint takes the flagpole from him, pausing to wave it back and forth as the crowd continues to jeer...]

...and we fade backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: A huge win... absolutely enormous win for the Soldiers of Fortune here tonight in Milwaukee and that locks them in as the Number One Contenders to the World Tag Team Titles and they'll be getting the first shot at the new champions, Next

Gen... but when will that match take place? Well, we've got the scoop on all the upcoming shows for you and we've got it right now...

[We cut to a graphic promoting next weekend's Power Hour.]

MS: Next weekend in Atlanta, the Power Hour gets taken to a whole new level with perhaps the most jam-packed lineup in the show's history. We've got the rest of the first round in the Women's World Tag Team Title tournament when we see the Country Punks take on the new team of Ayako Fujiwara and Kimmy Bailey as well as the Serpentes taking on Harley Hamilton and Cinder.

The Run The Rankings challenge will continue with "Golden" Grant Carter meeting Omega with the winner moving on to collide with Atlas Armstrong in a few weeks' time.

[Stegglet grimaces.]

MS: More E-Girl MAX members on the show with Casey Cash meeting Betty Chang in singles action. Also, we learned earlier tonight that one-half of the World Tag Team Champions, Daniel Harper, will take on Takeshi Mifune! Odysseus Allah makes his official AWA singles debut against the God o' War, Polemos! Plus much, much more - including the Power Hour debut of Amber Gold - on this absolutely loaded show in Atlanta!

[The graphic changes to promote Saturday Night Wrestling in Chicago.]

MS: Speaking of loaded, the Windy City better batten down the hatches because a storm is brewing two weeks from tonight on a huge show right here on ESPN. We've got Robert Donovan taking on Sid Osborne... Hannibal Carver meeting Brett Bryant... Ricki Toughill and Julie Somers teaming to take on Suga N' Spice... plus the Semifinals of the Women's World Tag Team Tournament. The return of the Think Tank goes down in Chi-Town as well plus our Main Event which will see Supreme Wright and a partner of his choice take on James Lynch and a partner of his choice. We're moments away from learning who those partners are now.

[The graphic fades, leaving Stegglet alone.]

MS: But that's not all the news we've got. We've got one more thing... watch that screen.

[Stegglet grins as the shot fades to black...

...and then fades back up on a very opulent looking room. Chandeliers of crystal hang from the ceiling. Artwork lines the walls. A red carpet runs from one end of the room to the other where we see an extravagant golden throne with someone not quite visible seated in it.

The sounds of some unknown light classical music play in the background, they kind you might expect in a restaurant that costs way more than you thought it might.

Cut to a shot over the throne, showing a poof of white hair in view as someone steps before it, clearing their throat...]

"Ahem... and so it is declared on this day at this time that Saturday, April 28th, the American Wrestling Alliance will come forth from the United States to put on a professional wrestling event here in London at the famous O2 Arena - an event to be known as "The Battle of London."

[There are mutters of assent from around the rule.]

"It is further declared that on that night - some of the greatest professional wrestlers in the world will gather for a one night tournament.

And to the victor goes... The Royal Crown."

[We cut to another shot of a dazzling gold, ruby, and diamond crown being placed on a marble pedestal. There are more mutters of approval from around the room...

...and the white-haired woman sitting on the throne rises from her seat, raising her arms for silence before speaking in a voice that a wise-eared person might think is at least a passable imitation of the Queen of England.]

"Let the battle begin."

[We get a quick montage of shots of AWA wrestlers in action...

...and then cut to a black screen with the logo for "The Battle of London" along with all the information about the coming event...

...and we cut back to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Jolly ol' England, you better get ready because America's finest are coming to London town for The Battle of London!

BW: We've battled on the Bayou... we've battled in Boston... we've battled in Saskatchewan... and in a couple of months, we're coming to battle in London as well!

GM: You heard it announced right there - the Royal Crown Tournament will be a signature part of the event. There will be more details to come about the tournament in the days ahead but the call is out for the best in the world to be in the O2 Arena on Saturday, April 28th for the AWA's only televised event outside of North America this year.

BW: I can't wait.

GM: Well, one thing we do NOT have to wait any longer for is the introduction of the partners who will team up with Supreme Wright and James Lynch two weeks from tonight to do battle in Chicago. We've seen Wright approach Ryan Martinez... we've seen him approach Jack Lynch... both declined for their own reasons... but who's it going to be, Bucky?

BW: I don't know. Maybe Wright will go it alone! Hey, maybe Theresa will be his partner in the ring as well as in life!

GM: Very funny. We're about to find out so let's get these two out here and get some answers!

[Cut to a panning shot of the sold out Bradley Center crowd, buzzing with anticipation for the final moments of the night...

...and that crowd collectively leaps to their feet as "Black Skinhead" by Kanye West begins to play, signifying the entrance of Supreme Wright. The two-time AWA World Heavyweight champion steps through the curtain, as the crowd roars with excitement, greeting Wright with a massive pop. Wright walks to the ring with purpose, the expression on his face serious and focused.]

GM: And here he comes, fans... the two-time World Champion who finds himself in the position of needing an ally but being unable to go to the two men he trusts the most.

BW: James Lynch has put Wright in a bad spot but something about Supreme Wright that we've learned over the years, Gordo, is that he always seems to come out ahead when the situation seems the worst for him.

[Stepping through the ropes, Wright is greeted once more with a loud cheer, before "Black Skinhead" fades out and the crowd murmurs with anticipation, curious about Wright's choice for a tag team partner.]

SW: For weeks, I've searched for a partner to stand by my side. Someone willing to stand with me against James Lynch and whoever was foolish enough to side with him. But I underestimated Lynch's reach and influence. As crazy as it sounds, there's people out there that still love that monster and they have no interest in fighting him. I searched for a partner, but no one was willing to join me in this fight...

[The crowd buzzes with concern that Wright will attempt to go it alone...

...but before he can continue, he is interrupted by the opening of 7Horse's "Meth Lab Zoso Sticker," and by the boos of the fans. From behind the curtain step two of the most hated people on the AWA roster. The first is Veronica Westerly, and just a step behind her is the Demon Cowboy himself, James Lynch.]

GM: Here comes trouble.

BW: You know, it wasn't that long ago that everyone was all giddy with themselves over what Veronica Westerly did at SuperClash to our former boss. I guess gratitude only goes so far, huh?

GM: I'd say gratitude ends when you align yourself with a snake in the grass like James Lynch... after the torment he put his family through last year, I just can't imagine why ANYONE would want to stand by his side.]

BW: Fortune and glory, kid. Fortune and glory.

[The two take their time getting to the ring, with Lynch on the apron pulling up the middle rope to allow Westerly entry, before he himself enters. The black sheep of the Lynch family moves to the center of the ring, staring into the eyes of Wright.]

JL: Well, what do we have here? The mighty Supreme Wright all alone...

[As Lynch smirks, the crowd once more threatens to drown him in boos.]

JL: It's funny, ya know. You're out here, struggling to find a partner. The mighty Supreme Wright... and you're gettin' turned down by the virtuous White Knight... by my brother. Hell, from what I hear, there isn't a phone in this country or any other that won't get put on mute when your name shows up on caller ID.

So I gotta ask... why are you struggling to find a partner? Could it be that the world has woken up, and realized that they don't want to be associated with a psychopathic piece of garbage like you? Or is it because they look at who is standing across the ring from you and realize it's the man who bled out his own flesh and blood on Thanksgiving night... the man who shattered the myth of...

[Lynch scoffs.]

JL: ...Mr. SuperClash... all in one night.

Well, as my mama used to say, the proof is in the pudding.

[Westerly takes the microphone, smiling like the proverbial cat who ate the canary.]

VW: Since I made my partnership with James known two weeks ago, I've spent all my time hearing about how James and I are hated... how we're pariahs... how I made a "deal with the Devil..."

...something I know a bit about in my past.

[Westerly smirks knowingly.]

VW: But believe me, James Lynch is no Devil... and we are no pariahs... because while the media and the fans have trashed us... while Supreme Wright's phone goes silent... our phones have been ringing off the hook from all over the globe of people who want to be a part of this... who want to be a part of the Dynasty that we are creating.

[Westerly puts a hand on Lynch's shoulder.]

VW: At Super Saturday, I said that this man here was the first member of my new organization - the first, Mr. Wright... not the last.

Because Supreme, unlike you, we've found ourselves a partner, someone who knows what it takes to win. Someone who embodies power.

[She pauses dramatically.]

VW: Someone... almighty!

[And on cue, Andrew Lloyd Webber's "Superstar" begins to play.]

BW: What?!

GM: Oh my stars! This can't be... is it possible?!

[And there he is, stepping through the curtains in his ring gear, the Almighty Atlas Armstrong. The 6'8, 300 pound mountain of Samoan and British muscle strides down the aisle, smirking at the fans who boo.]

BW: Not only is it possible, Gordo! It's happened! Atlas Armstrong has gone from zero to hero by dumping that little wet rat Mickey Cherry and signing with a true managerial mastermind in Veronica Westerly!

[Westerly is beaming as she claps for her newest managerial charge. James Lynch points to him - "THERE HE IS! THERE'S MY PARTNER, WRIGHT!" as Supreme Wright looks on with no change of expression.]

GM: Atlas Armstrong has signed on to Veronica Westerly's guidance AND he's going to be James Lynch's partner against Supreme Wright and-

BW: -and WHO?! WHO, GORDO?! We still don't know!

[Armstrong pauses at the ringsteps, flexing for the cameras before he slowly climbs the three steps and steps through the ropes....

...and steps right into Supreme's face, bumping the former champion with his chest. Supreme stands tall, undeterred, as he locks eyes with Armstrong, the crowd

roaring with anticipation.]

GM: Oh my stars, Atlas Armstrong sold out Mickey Cherry last week on the Power Hour and now we see why! He has joined forces with James Lynch and Veronica Westerly!

BW: Man, this is gonna be good!

[Wright stares up at Armstrong, eyes locked on the powerful behemoth in front of him as Armstrong looks down, a twinkle of amusement on his face...

...which is when James Lynch lowers the boom with a double axehandle across the back of Wright, knocking him down to all fours as the crowd gasps at the cheap shot!]

GM: Ohh! James Lynch, that no good snake, attacks from behind and-

BW: We're gonna get a preview of Chicago!

[The boos intensify as Armstrong and Lynch take turns stomping the former World Champion into the mat...]

GM: It's a two-on-one here in Milwaukee... and we still don't know if Wright has a partner for Chicago... this may REALLY be a preview of Chicago two weeks from tonight!

[Armstrong and Lynch turn away from the downed Wright for a moment, their hands held aloft in celebration as the crowd lets them have it...]

GM: Well, Veronica Westerly is sure proud of her new unit but-

[...but Wright's not done yet, shaking off the attack and retaliating with lightning-fast strikes at Lynch as he turns back around...]

GM: Supreme's fighting back! Supreme's back on his feet and he's still fighting!

[...but the power of Armstrong strikes again, a clubbing forearm to the back of the head that knocks Wright back to his knees. He promptly grabs the arms as Lynch batters him with right hands!]

GM: Oh, come on! Supreme Wright is being overwhelmed in there! It's a mugging! It's a-

[That's when the lights go out and you hear the horns to the start of a familiar song...

"Runnin' With The Devil"

And, as they say, the place just came unglued.]

GM: OH MY STARRRRRRS!

BW: WHAT THE-?

[The World champion's entrance effects and video follow, but when the guitar riff kicks in, we cut right to the spotlight but no pyro, and out walks Supernova, sans trenchcoat. He then picks up the pace and the lights quickly come back up, as he hits a full sprint to the ring and slides under the ropes.]

GM: SUPERNOVA IS HERE! THE WORLD CHAMPION HAS HIT THE RING! IS HE THE PARTNER?! IS HE THE PARTNER?!

[A shocked James Lynch rushes him but gets a firm backhand to the jaw... then a jab... then a backhand... then a jab...

...and as Armstrong lunges at Supernova, he ducks low, pulling down the ropes and sending Armstrong tumbling over the top to the outside!]

GM: OHHHH! ARMSTRONG TO THE FLOOR!

[A shocked James Lynch goes to grab Supernova but instead gets snagged in a waistlock by the former World Champion...]

GM: GERMAN!

[...and DUMPED on the back of his head and neck by Supreme Wright with a released German Suplex as the crowd goes wild! Supernova is fired up, walking around the ring with a pep in his step, pumping his arms as Veronica Westerly shrieks at what she's seeing go down in the ring...]

GM: SUPERNOVA HAS COME TO THE RESCUE OF SUPREME WRIGHT AND...

[Lynch rolls back up to his feet, stumbling and staggering...

...and the World Champion tears across the ring towards him...]

GM: CLOTHESLINE!

[...and connects with a big running clothesline that flips James Lynch over the top rope, dumping him out on the floor to a HUUUUUUGE ROAR from the Milwaukee crowd!]

GM: OH YEAH!

[Supernova is fired up... and shockingly, Supreme Wright is fired up too, grabbing the World Champion by the wrist and raising his hand, pointing to him as the crowd gets even louder...]

GM: There it is! That's your team! Two weeks from tonight in Chicago, it's gonna be Lynch and Armstrong versus Wright and Supernova and... my oh my, that's gonna be one heck of a Main Event on my go home show, daddy!

BW: That's MY line!

GM: We gotta go! We're out of time! We'll see you next weekend in Atlanta for the Power Hour! So long everybody!

[The fan favorites continue to celebrate in the ring as the other side recuperates on the floor, Westerly looking shocked at this turn of events...

...as we fade to black.]