



SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING



MARCH 3. 2018 CHICAGO. IL

HOURL TWO

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

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

A voiceover.]

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

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[Back to black for a moment...

...and 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 United Center in Chicago, Illinois 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: CHI-TOWN, LEMME HEAR YA!

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

GM: It's one of the world's best towns for the sport of kings - professional wrestling - and the worldwide leader in this business, the American Wrestling Alliance, has hit the Windy City with all she's got right here on ESPN for another edition of Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Another big cheer!]

GM: This show is loaded beyond belief as we are now counting the days - two weeks and counting - until our big Tenth Anniversary event and Bucky, the AWA is hotter than ever!

BW: Gordo, why you gotta remind me we're two weeks away from the end of an era?!

GM: You're too kind, old friend. But let's not talk about that quite yet. Right now, I want to talk about tonight... I want to talk about one of the biggest nights of AWA action in a long, long time. The Windy City is rockin' here tonight, Bucky, because they know we've got the Semifinals in the tournament to crown the very first Women's World Tag Team Champions!

BW: Slam Sorority meeting the Peach Pits on one side of the bracket and Seductive & Destructive against the Country Punks on the other. This tournament has been red hot from the get-go, Gordo, and tonight it's only gonna get hotter!

GM: How about the Iron Cowboy, Jack Lynch, taking on one half of those traitorous Blackjacks, Dustin Whittaker?

BW: The only traitor around here, Gordo, is that stinkin' Stench for what he's done to his former friend Bobby O'Connor!

GM: Give me a break. We've also got Brett Bryant taking on Hannibal Carver... Sid Osborne against Robert Donovan... Juan Vasquez will be in action later tonight and in the Main Event, we'll see Supreme Wright and the World Champion, Supernova, collide with Veronica Westerly's union of James Lynch and Atlas Armstrong!

BW: And that's just the beginning.

GM: Absolutely right. So much more on the books as well and right now, we're not gonna waste a single second before we head up to the ring for our opening match!

[That signals the start of the song "Try Everything" from the movie Zootopia. Then you see one word flash up on the screen, red lettering on a white background.

"SPITFIRE"

That's followed by three words, also in red lettering.

"LIVE THE DREAM"

And that brings a roar from the crowd as two of the top women in the AWA step out into the entranceway.]

GM: And what a way to kick off the proceedings tonight!

["The Spitfire" Julie Somers is dressed in her red satin jacket and red and white ring gear; the AWA Women's World Title belt fastened around her waist. Ricki Toughill looks like a deranged schoolgirl in her tattered plaid kilt, high-top sneakers, and corseted tank-top that shows off her prominent shoulder tattoo.]

GM: In two weeks time, when the AWA celebrates its Tenth Anniversary, these two will be adversaries. But thanks to some cagey backstage maneuvering, they are allies through grit teeth here tonight!

[Somers stands at the top of the entranceway, her hands pointed upward, diagonally, and motions with her hands to encourage the fans' cheers. Toughill jogs back-and-forth behind her, feeding off the same cheers. Despite the warm reception from the Windy City, there is an air of awkwardness between the two wrestlers as they pointedly avoid eye contact with each other.]

BW: So who do you think is gonna turn on the other one first, Gordo. It's a matter of time right? Is it gonna be Julie siccing E-Girl MAX on Ricki? Or is Ricki gonna show her true colors and stab The Spitfire in the back?

GM: I would remind you that there is a third option, Buckthorn...

BW: Oh, you think they'll accidentally do it at the same time?

[The Spitfire now heads down the aisle, slapping hands with ringside fans. Ricki marches behind her a few paces, chomping her gum, occasionally blowing a pink bubble.]

BW: Well, look with your eyes, Gordo! You're seeing these two ain't exactly buddy-buddy with each other. How could they be? They got years of bad blood flowing between them!

GM: They were forced together under some mysterious circumstances, but I think we can give them credit for engineering a truce.

BW: Or giving a false sense of security, then... WHAMMO!

[They split off to opposite sides when they approach ringside, exchanging palm slaps and fist bumps with the fans along the guard rail before sliding and rolling into the ring, respectively. Somers unclasps her belt and heads for the nearest corner to stand on the middle rope...

...only to see Ricki Toughill about to put a foot on the ropes in the same corner.]

BW: See that? Already started!

[Toughill and Somers briefly glare at one another, before realizing it's an honest misunderstanding and there's no reason to get catty about things. Toughill steps back and crosses to the adjacent corner to stand on the ropes with her fist in the air.]

RO: Tonight's opening match is a tag team contest set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first, at a combined weight of 302 pounds... first, from Rochester, New York... RICKI TOUGHIIILL!!!

[The Spitfire does likewise, holding the belt aloft.]

RO: ...and her partner hails from Boston, Massachusetts... She is the AWA WOMEN'S WORRRRRRLD CHAMMMMPIONNNNNN... "THE SPITFIRE" ...

JULIE ... SOMMMMMMERRRRRRS!

[Somers and Toughill cross to the opposite corners, and both salute the fans without incident as Shakira's "Try Everything" fades out. They look at each other and they have a short conversation that seems to consist solely of one- and two-word sentences.]

GM: It's in the best interest of these two to keep it cordial, even if in two weeks' time they will be competing for the richest prize in all of women's wrestling. You know, I've said for many years that nine times out of ten, a regular tag team, specializing in tag team wrestling will beat any two singles stars no matter how skilled, but when you're talking about the caliber of-

[Before Myers can finish his thought, a hip-hop beat plays in the United Center and he is shouted out by...]

"WORD...

...UP!"

[Two women in green and purple wrestling attire jog onto the stage. The eternally hyped Jazmyn Spice, and her partner "Sugabatz" Stephanie Cruz with a glittering microphone in her hand. And perhaps most tellingly, Jazmyn spice is in a cut-off Under Armour hoodie, and Cruz has an Under Armour snapback on her head at a jaunty angle.]

"S"SC: Yo, Sugabatz Steph on the mic-the truth teller!

You two lookin' like Doris Murphy and Kit Keller!

[Briefly cut to Somers and Toughill in the ring; the resemblance is plausible...]

"S"SC: Spitfire thinks she's a hero, but this Universe ain't casting Suga'N'Spice'll lay you flatter than Gal Gadot's "acting."

[Jazmyn Spice starts miming robotically behind Sugabeats. Somers puts her hands on her hips in annoyance.]

"S"SC: The waterworks flow when Ricki doesn't get her way
Ask Tom Hanks: there's no cryin' in the AWA!

[Jazmyn Spice puts one palm to her forehead, masking her braided hair behind it like she is bald, and rubs her eyes with her other hand, mock bawling exaggeratedly. Toughill is incensed, pacing back and forth.]

"S"SC: I know you remember me Ricki; we never take a day off
You're gonna foul up your title shot like the Blackhawks miss the playoffs!

[The normally genteel and reserved Chicago fans don't appreciate that remark, and neither does Ricki Toughill, who looks like she's about to dive through the ropes to tackle Suga'N'Spice if it weren't for Julie Somers talking sense into her. Cruz hands the blinged out microphone to Jazmyn Spice. She leans against the ring apron, and with shocking volume for such a petite woman...]

JS: CHIIIIIIIIIII... CAAAAAAAAAAAA... GOOOOOOOOOO!

SUGA'...'N'... SPICE...

ARE GETTING...

nnnnnnnnnnOOOOOOOOOOOOIIIIIIIIIIICE!

MOUNT UP!

[The duo slides into the ring...

...which is when Ricki Toughill decides Julie Somers' calming nature just isn't working on her as she rushes at Cruz, connecting with a heavy clothesline that snaps Cruz right back over the top rope, depositing her on the floor with a thump as the crowd goes banana!]

GM: TOUGHILL STRIKES FIRST, STRIKES HARD, AND ASSUREDLY WITHOUT MERCY, SIR, AS SHE PUTS STEPHANIE CRUZ ON THE OUTSIDE!

[The referee signals for the bell to officially start the match as Somers throws her hands up in frustration, shouting at Toughill.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And that bell means we're off and running in Chi-Town!

[Toughill ducks through the ropes, dropping off the apron and down to a knee where she starts pummeling Cruz on the floor...

...and before Jazmyn Spice can intervene, the Women's World Champion swings her around by the arm, lighting her up with a knife edge chop across the chest, knocking her back against the ropes.]

GM: And the Women's World Champion brings the heavy chops out early on, another big shot up against the ropes has Jazmyn Spice reeling early in this one as Ricki Toughill still-

"CLAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[That comes from the floor where Toughill has just used a hiptoss to flip Cruz upside down, flinging her backfirst into the steel ringsteps which just became dislodged from their mounting, falling to the side as Cruz' battered body does the same.]

GM: Goodness! Ricki Toughill took some of the words of Sugabatz to heart and she's taking the fight to her with authority on the outside. Referee Shari Miranda shouting at her from the inside, trying to get some control here... and in the meantime, Somers fires Spice across...

[Spice ducks another chop attempt and keeps on running, dropping down...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and connects with a baseball slide dropkick that sends Toughill spinning to the side, crashing into the ringside barricade!]

GM: Jazmyn Spice helping out her partner there with that sliding kick...

[But as Spice gets up off the mat, she turns right into a dropkick on the chin from the Spitfire, sending Spice flailing through the ropes to the outside as well.]

GM: ...and just like that, three of our four competitors in this one are on the outside of the ring...

BW: Might want to check your math, Gordo.

[A fired-up Somers swings an arm around, getting the Chicago crowd on their feet and buzzing as she runs to the far ropes, rebounding back with speed towards the rising Spice...]

GM: Somers on the move annnnnnd...

[...but as Somers hurls herself between the ropes like a human torpedo, she extends her arms...]

SA: ...SUICIDE DIIIIIVE!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the crowd reacts as a quick-thinking Spice grabs the stunned Ricki Toughill by the wrist, giving her a yank right into Somers' path, a move that sends Ricki flying head over feet across the ringside area to land at the foot of the ramp!]

BW: I KNEW IT! I TOLD YOU, GORDO!

GM: Told me what?! That wasn't intentional at all! Jazmyn Spice engineered that!

BW: A likely story, Gordo! Julie Somers saw her chance and she took it, stabbing Ricki The Roughneck right in the back! I knew it!

[And with Somers looking shocked at her own misfire, Jazmyn Spice lowers the boom on her with a forearm to the back of the head, sending Somers down to her knees on the floor!]

GM: Give me a break! Somers was trying to dive onto Spice and may have telegraphed it a little too much so Spice took her chance to act... and I don't want to play conspiracy theorist, Bucky, but did you SEE the attire that Suga N' Spice wore out to the ring tonight?

BW: Stylish yet affordable. Sure.

GM: Uh huh. And manufactured by Under Armour. What a coincidence I'm sure!

BW: What are you saying?!

GM: I'm saying that I wouldn't be the least bit surprised if this whole thing is a setup by E-Girl MAX who have been trying to gaslight Ricki Toughill into thinking Julie Somers is somehow connected to EGM for weeks now!

BW: Wow, it's a good thing you're retiring, Gordo. You're starting to see knives in the shadows!

GM: Maybe I am but as Jazmyn Spice puts the World Champion back into the ring, I don't think so. I think this whole thing is a plot from Hamilton and Cinder and all the rest.

[Spice climbs back up on the apron, ducking through the ropes and immediately attacks the rising Somers with a boot to the midsection.]

GM: The 24 year old out of Gallup, New Mexico bringing the striking skills now...

[With Somers doubled over, Spice grabs two fists full of hair, swinging her knee up into the head repeatedly before tossing her down to her knees...

...and throws herself into a lunging kneestrike that snaps Somers' head back, putting her down on the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Spice brings the thunder and down goes the Spitfire!

BW: That might be it right there, Gordo!

[Spice dives on the downed Somers, hooking a leg...]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! And the champion slips out at two!

[Spice pushes up off the mat, turning to spot her hurting partner climbing up on the apron. A quick "you good?" gets a nod from Cruz who offers her hand.]

GM: And Suga N' Spice makes the first tag of the match...

[Cruz steps into the ring, helping her partner bring Somers off the mat, whipping her across the ring...]

GM: ...and a double team coming up... double back elbow under the chin puts the Spitfire down!

[This time, it's Cruz' turn to cover, earning a two count before Somers escapes.]

GM: Another two count... and Julie Somers finds herself in a two on one as Ricki Toughill tries to recover on the outside.

BW: From a dive from her own partner!

GM: It's true, Bucky, but you make it sound worse than it is. It wasn't intentional - anyone watching knows that and... oh, come on now.

[The crowd begins to boo and grumble at the sight of two individuals making their way down the aisle.]

BW: Oh, look who's coming to help the Spitfire!

GM: I don't think that's why they're out here at all, Bucky. But nevertheless, Casey Cash - who we last saw running for her life from Betty Chang on the Power Hour - and that turncoat Kelly Kowalski are heading out here and that can't be good news for anyone in this one.

BW: Except E-Girl MAX member Julie Somers.

GM: Bucky, you can't possibly believe that Julie Somers would ever align herself with that group! You just can't!

BW: Why not? I mean, sure... Somers was as agitated after SuperClash at their actions as any of us were but... she wants to protect the title, right? And there's safety in numbers!

[Casey points to the ring, clapping with a loud "YOU GO, SPITFIRE!" as Cruz pulls Somers off the mat, wrapping her up in a front facelock and snapping her over in a suplex.]

GM: Well, despite the cheerleading of Casey Cash, Julie Somers is in a bad spot right now and until her partner, Ricki Toughill, can get back on the apron, she's got no opportunity to get out of it.

[We cut to a shot on the floor where Toughill is struggling to get back into the ring...

...but comes to a halt as she spots the approaching Cash and Kowalski. She throws a glance over her shoulder, watching as Cruz puts the boots to the lower back of Somers... and then looks back at the E-Girl MAX duo with an accusing point.]

GM: And Ricki Toughill has spotted Cash and Kowalski as well!

[Toughill barks up the aisle at Cash and Kowalski - the former of whom puts an arm in front of the latter to keep her from attacking.]

GM: They're trading words now...

BW: And in the meantime, Somers is getting stomped out by Suga N' Spice.

[In the ring, we see Cruz slap Spice's hand, bringing her back into the match.]

GM: Another tag by Suga N'Spice... and another double-team coming up...

[A double whip sends Somers across the ring again... but she ducks a double clothesline on the rebound, hitting the far ropes...]

GM: ...off the far side...

[...and leaves her feet, swinging her legs out to catch each opponent with a foot to the chest!]

GM: ...SPLIT-LEGGED DROPKICK GETS 'EM BOTH!

[The crowd cheers as Somers hits the canvas, having knocked both opponents down to the canvas!]

GM: The Spitfire drops them both! And this is her chance to-

BW: To do what, Gordo?! Toughill's not in position to get a tag! She's still on the floor shouting at Casey Cash and Kelly Kowalski!

[Somers rolls over onto her chest, starting to crawl across the ring towards her vacant corner...]

GM: Somers trying to get to her corner and-

BW: And do absolutely nothing! Toughill has failed her, Gordo! Admit it!

GM: Ricki needs to turn around and get to her corner... and look... look at Casey Cash! Tell me that she isn't doing her level best to distract Ricki Toughill and cost them this match!

[Somers inches closer, her arm outstretched as the crowd tries to urge Ricki to get back on the apron and make the tag...]

GM: Somers is almost there! But Ricki Toughill isn't! Ricki's still on the floor and...

[...and Somers reaches the corner, her hand hitting nothing but air as the crowd jeers loudly. The Spitfire pushes up to her knees, looking around for her partner...]

BW: She's outside, Somers! Your partner has abandoned you!

[...and suddenly, Toughill jerks around, spotting her partner looking for the tag. Toughill's angry exclamation gets muted as she rushes towards the ring...

...where Spice grabs Somers by the hair, yanking her backwards to the mat, and then flips Toughill an obscene gesture to jeers from the crowd. Toughill tries to come through the ropes into the ring but Miranda throws herself in her path, blocking her...]

GM: Toughill trying to get in there and-

[...and with the referee's back turned, Cruz rushes in as well, joining Spice in grabbing Somers by the ankles, and dragging her back across the ring to even louder jeers!]

GM: The fans are all over Suga N' Spice in the opener here tonight.

[Cruz lands a few stomps before exiting the ring, leaving Spice and Somers in there as Toughill angrily complains to the official, pointing to Cash and Kowalski who are whispering conspiratorially in the aisle.]

GM: And yes, that's right, Ricki. Those two are the reason that your partner is in trouble right now!

BW: That's garbage, Gordo, and you know it! This is all on Toughill!

[Spice slaps her partner's hand again, bringing her back in.]

GM: Spice shoves Somers into the corner... ohhh! Running hip attack in the corner!

[And as soon as Spice departs, Cruz snaps off a somersault kick with the heel of her foot striking the sternum of the Spitfire!]

GM: Koppo kick connects as well! And now the Spitfire is in some SERIOUS trouble!

[Cruz drags Somers from the corner, diving into a lateral press!]

GM: Cruz gets her down for one and two and...

[Toughill is about to come in when Somers kicks out again. Ricki gives a nod, shouting "COME ON, SOMERS!" and smacks a hand down on the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Ricki cheering her partner on... but Stephanie Cruz has got Somers down and working her over...

[Cruz steps to mid-ring, looking across at Toughill...

...and crotch chops in her direction!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[An agitated Toughill tries to come through the ropes again...

...and again, Shari Miranda rushes into the fray, holding her back and preventing the brawler from getting involved to big jeers!]

GM: The crowd is letting her have it! They want to see Toughill back in this match!

[Cruz swings around, sizing up a now-kneeling Somers...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUPERKICK!

[...and shuffles right back in...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MAKE IT TWO!

[...and winds up a third time...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: SHE CALLS IT THE SHOOP-ERKICK!

[Cruz pumps her fists, diving atop the prone Somers!]

GM: COVER!

[The referee starts to count!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

[And the crowd ERUPTS as Toughill storms the ring, leaping into the air, and smashing a double axehandle down across the back of Cruz to break up the pin!]

GM: RICKI MAKES THE SAVE!

[Toughill comes to her feet, all sorts of fired up as the referee shouts at her to vacate the ring...

...but then she brushes Shari Miranda aside to drill an incoming Jasmyn Spice with a haymaker between the eyes, sending her falling right back into the Suga N' Spice corner!]

GM: SHE DRILLS SPICE AS WELL!

[Ignoring the official's cries, Toughill steps up to the second rope, balling up her fist and looking out on the roaring crowd...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Toughill gives a thumbs up to the cheering crowd...

...and then leaps off the second rope, twisting around into an awkward crossbody that topples the rising Stephanie Cruz!]

GM: Ohhh!

[And with Cruz down, Toughill balls up her fist again and starts hammering her in the skull!]

GM: Ricki Toughill's all over BOTH members of Suga N' Spice!

BW: But she's not the legal competitor! Miranda needs to get her out of here or ring the damn bell!

[With Cruz laid out, Toughill comes to her feet, giving a shout...

...and then rushes across the ring, lunging at Casey Cash who is up on the apron. Cash yelps, leaping off into the waiting arms of Kelly Kowalski as a pissed-off Toughill fires off a few more words earning the wrath of the quick-triggered censor.]

GM: We apologize for the language of Ricki Toughill, fans, but you can hardly blame her for being upset at-

BW: Upset?! She's out of control!

[Toughill leans over the ropes, shouting at both Kowalski and Cash who are down at ringside...

...and then twists around, doubling over Jasmyn Spice charges her...]

BW: LOOK OUT!

[...and BACKDROPS Spice over the top rope, sending her flipping onto Cash and Kowalski, knocking them down on the floor at ringside to a HUUUUUGE ROAR!]

GM: TOUGHILL WIPES OUT E-GIRL MAX!

[Toughill grins at that, nodding her head approvingly as she looks out at the pile...

...and then suddenly finds herself jerked around by the shoulder to look into the angry eyes of the Spitfire!]

BW: Uh oh!

GM: Julie Somers is HOT, fans! She's upset at her partner and... big shove there by Somers!

[Somers jabs an accusing finger into the chest of Toughill who is trying to explain what happened, pointing out to Cash and Kowalski on the outside... but Somers is hearing none of it, shoving her partner a second time...]

GM: This is... this is bad news for these two who will square off for that title in two weeks' time in New Orleans, fans. This is breaking down quickly.

[Somers stabs a finger at Toughill again...

...and with an "oooooooooh!" from the crowd, Ricki angrily slaps it away, shoving Somers herself!]

"Get your finger out of my face, Somers!"

[Somers and Toughill edge closer, nose to nose now as they let one another have it angrily...]

GM: They'll be champion and challenger two weeks from tonight but right now, they're partners... at least they're supposed to be and-

[The crowd suddenly gasps in collective shock as Toughill BLASTS Somers with a short headbutt, sending the champion staggering backwards...

...and then throws herself into a double leg takedown!]

GM: TOUGHILL TAKES HER DOWN!

[The crowd's surprise gets louder as Toughill starts raining down haymakers on her own partner who throws her arms up to try to shield herself...]

GM: Toughill's taking her best shot at the World Champion two weeks before she goes for the title!

BW: I told ya, Gordo! I told ya she'd do this!

GM: Ricki Toughill's been in a highly charged emotional state for this entire match - since before this match began even - and it's all boiling over right now on the World Champion!

[Coming off the mat, Toughill drags Somers up with her, tossing her into the corner where she charges in, spinning to connect with a running hip attack, jamming her weight into the torso of Somers!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[But as Toughill steps out to mid-ring, Casey Cash climbs up on the apron again...

...and this time, she gets caught!]

GM: SHE'S GOT CASH! RICKI'S GOT HER BY THE HAIR!

[While Ricki tries to lay hands on the squirming Casey Cash, Kelly Kowalski slides into the ring behind her...]

GM: Wait! Kowalski's in the ring! Kowalski's in the ring behind-

[Cash wriggles loose, Toughill angrily spinning away like a fisherman who has lost her prize...

...and gets a boot to the gut, doubling her over to get hooked in a double arm...]

GM: DDT! BROKEN SKULL DDT ON TOUGHILL!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: That's gonna do it! That's gonna be a disqualification right there!

[Kowalski sits up on the mat, slapping a hand down on the laid out Toughill by her side as she looks across the ring where Julie Somers is on a knee, looking on in shock...]

"What the heck are you doing?!"

[Kowalski grins.]

"Always up to help a buddy, Spitfire."

[And with a wink, Kowalski rolls from the ring, greeting by a giddy Casey Cash who throws her arms around her as the duo departs the ring to jeers from the Chicago crowd.]

GM: Julie Somers looks stunned by what just happened... both with Toughill and with E-Girl MAX.

BW: Stunned, sure. That's what she looks like.

GM: You don't think she looks stunned?

BW: I think she's doing a real good job of making us believe that, Gordo.

[Somers shakes her head at the departing EGM as she regains her feet, hands on her hips as she looks down at Toughill while Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Referee Shari Miranda has DISQUALIFIED Suga N' Spice for outside interference. Your winners of the match... the team of Ricki Toughill and Julie Somers!

[Somers waves the official away before she can raise her hand, still glaring down at the motionless Toughill...]

GM: A DQ win for Somers and Toughill... and I can't imagine that's what the World Champion and her partner were hoping for.

DW: They're lucky to get that if you ask me. Toughill's out of control, Somers is scheming, and Suga N' Spice got robbed!

GM: I don't know about that. Fans, we're off to a hot start in the Windy City but we've got a long way to go! We'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Somers shakes her head at the downed Toughill 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...

...and as we fade back up, we find Theresa Lynch standing by in the backstage area, mic in hand.]

TL: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling here in Chicago and joining me at this time with some comments on the night's action is the one and only - Mrs. Veronica Westerly-Temple!

[Veronica glares at Lynch as she steps into frame.]

VW: It's Veronica Westerly, Theresa.

TL: My apologies.

VW: You'd do well to remember that. In a couple of weeks, you'll be faced with a similar choice and as someone whose identity has been linked to powerful men in this business for far too long, it's important to maintain your independence as your own strong woman.

[Theresa looks surprised by the outburst.]

TL: I'll... remember that.

[Veronica nods.]

TL: But on that note, I have to ask... two weeks ago, we saw the former World Champion, Hall of Famer, and of course, your husband - Caleb Temple - for the first time in quite some time on AWA television and-

[Veronica abruptly cuts her off.]

VW: This is exactly what I'm talking about, Theresa. I stand here before you as someone who manages two of the top competitors in this company in James Lynch and Atlas Armstrong. Tonight, they're in the Main Event... fighting against the World Champion and your fiancé. It is the kind of spotlight that most managers would only dream of and the ink on my manager's license is still wet.

And with all that considered, you still choose to make your first question about my personal life... about my marriage... about my husband who - much like you - can't seem to wrap his head around the fact that I am a businesswoman who has work to do here tonight and can't be bothered to-

[Veronica seems on the verge of quite the angry rant when we suddenly hear the sounds of "O Fortuna" coming in muted tones. She grimaces... sighs... and then digs an iPhone into view.]

VW: Speak of the devil...

[Theresa mumbles "literally" under her breath as Westerly jerks the phone to her ear.]

VW: I told you not to bother me at work! I've got a lot to...

[She trails off, her brow furrowing for a moment... the slightest flash of... something... in her eyes.]

VW: No. Why would I call him, Caleb?

[The something... it's amusement. Humor even. A smirk crosses her face.]

VW: He's YOUR problem, not mine... same as it's always been.

[She listens for a few more moments, the smile vanishing into a very angry look on her face. The tone shifts from playful to anger as well.]

VW: Caleb, I don't have time for this. I've got my secrets and you've got yours and...

[She pauses.]

VW: ...and if you want to keep them that way, I'd suggest you learn to live with this situation.

[And without another word, she yanks the phone down, stabbing a finger at it.]

VW: I...

[She seems a little flustered.]

VW: ...I'm sorry, Theresa... where were we?

TL: Well, we-

[Theresa is cut off by a booming voice from off-camera.]

"Miss Westerly."

[Veronica turns towards the voice as the camera pulls back to reveal the Interim AWA President Maxim Zharkov standing before her.]

TL: President Zharkov!

[Zharkov inclines his head towards Theresa.]

MZ: Miss Lynch. Best of luck on your wedding.

[And then looks back at Veronica.]

MZ: I've been looking for you, Miss Westerly.

[Veronica nods.]

VW: I take it you got my message.

[Zharkov nods.]

MZ: I did. However...

[A puzzled look crosses his face as he waves a hand.]

MZ: ...it all seems highly irregular.

[Veronica smirks, giving a snort.]

VW: I think you'll find that most things in my life these days are highly irregular, Mr. Zharkov. But I think you'll also find that this suggestion... is what's best for business.

[Zharkov looks at Westerly long and hard... and then slowly gives a nod.]

MZ: Very well. It is done.

[He turns and exits, leaving Veronica and Theresa.]

TL: What was that all about?

[Westerly chuckles.]

VW: Just a little business.

[Westerly exits as well, leaving a confused Theresa behind as we fade back out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest in the AWA Women's Division is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from New York City... weighing in at 154 pounds... **BLASTER BRONSON!**

[A muscular blonde with the sides of her head shaved and the rest spiked up into a mohawk lets loose a shout. She's got black facepaint in the shape of a spider on her face and a double-strapped full-length singlet shows off some upper body definition.]

GM: Veronica Westerly making waves backstage and possibly later tonight in our Main Event... but right now, that's an impressive looking figure there, Bucky.

BW: She's cruisin' to deliver a bruisin'... and I can't imagine who would sign on to face her.

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

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

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

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

"OHHHHHHHHH YEAAAAAAAAAH RIGHTEOUS!"

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

RO: From Chicago, Illinois... weighing in at 99 pounds... "FOXY"... **MOXXXXXXXXXXXX HART!**

[Hart pumps a fist in the aisle at the announcement of her name but it's the announcement of her hometown that gets her a huge reaction from the crowd that seems to almost shock her. She clasps a hand to her chest, the corners of her eyes becoming damp as she shouts "I LOVE YOU ALL!" on her way towards the ring. At 99 pounds and barely five feet tall, Hart is diminutive in stature to be sure. She's wearing a glittering silver sports bra style top with short black trunks...

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

GM: "Foxy" Moxy Hart looking to make her debut here tonight in front of her hometown... and Bucky, tell me what you know about this young lady.

BW: You heard the big ones from Rebecca, Gordo. She's 99 pounds! Maybe five feet tall if she stretches. From right here in Chicago... and check this out, Gordo... she's 18 years old. She graduated high school last June... she'd been working indies for a couple of years already at that point... and while she doesn't have the size, she's got the heart and the skill from what I hear.

GM: That blue hair is something... and I'm assuming Moxy isn't her given name.

BW: It's her chosen name, Gordo. Since she's been wrestling from such a young age, it's no surprise that she's a lifelong fan of the business and she says she always felt a bond to former superstar Richard "Moxy" Blue who was always a bit of an odd duck. And since she's always felt a bit of an outcast, she decided to honor him upon breaking into the business.

[Reaching the ring with a jubilant look on her face, Hart steps up on the middle rope, saluting the fans before slinging herself over the ropes into the ring, pointing a finger at a sullen Blaster Bronson who waves her forward...]

GM: Looks like Blaster Bronson is not too impressed by young Moxy Hart but...

[...and Hart obliges, charging across the ring and throwing herself into a dropkick that catches Bronson on the chest, knocking her the couple of feet back into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Hot start for Moxy Hart - and there's the bell to make it official!

[Springing quickly to her feet, Hart lets loose a quick barrage of right and left forearms to the chest of Bronson...]

...who reaches up and delivers a big shove, sending Hart toppling backwards in a somersault where she rolls up to her feet in the middle of the ring.]

GM: Bronson showing off that power... and then moving well for her own size...

[A clothesline attempt comes up empty as Hart ducks a front somersault under it, rolling back to her feet again as Bronson struggles to keep her balance...]

GM: Hart using that speed to avoid the clothesline - that old saying, "she's not quick, she's sudden" sure does seem to apply here...

[...and then Moxy runs back in, dropping into a baseball slide as Bronson attempts to knock her out with a haymaker but misses, falling off-balance again...]

GM: ...and Hart's got Bronson swinging and swaying in every direction...

[...and then throws herself backwards, swinging her leg up and catching Bronson with a boot to the temple!]

GM: Ohhh! Flipping kick by the 99 pounder out of Chi-Town!

[With Bronson REALLY wobbly now, Hart kips up off the mat, dashing to the ropes where she leaps up, springing off the second...]

GM: CROSSBOD- CAUGHT!

[...and gets caught in Bronson's powerful arms in front slam position where she holds her aloft for a few moments, making sure the crowd sees her...

...and DROPS down in a vicious-looking backbreaker!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Backbreaker by Bronson!

BW: The kid might be broken in half after that!

[Bronson stands up, still holding Moxy as she swings her back up...

...with a little too much oomph as Moxy slips free, landing on her feet behind the powerhouse.]

GM: Moxy on the move again...

[Rebounding off the ropes, Moxy throws herself into the air again, smashing a forearm between the eyes of Bronson, knocking the bigger woman off her feet to a loud cheer!]

GM: ...and she takes her down this time! Moxy Hart is blur of motion in there, striking and counterstriking with blinding speed and...

[Rushing the ropes again, Moxy throws herself into a front handspring, hitting her legs on the ropes which propels her backwards...]

GM: ...MOONSAULT!

[...where she crashes down on Bronson's chest! She reaches to hook a leg but doesn't have the length or the strength to get it before Bronson escapes at the count of two.]

GM: Two count and that's all as Blaster Bronson is too strong to be held down without hooking a leg, Bucky.

BW: She tried to hook a leg but she couldn't get to it. That's where the size mismatch comes into play as she might've been able to get the win off the moonsault if she could get a leg hooked.

GM: Moxy's on her feet, looking a little frazzled here... like she's not sure what she should do next.

BW: She's just a kid, Gordo, in her first televised match in her hometown with the whole world watching. I'd be shocked if she WASN'T frazzled.

[Moxy suddenly turns back towards her opponent, moving to get her up but Bronson is already on a knee as she approaches and buries a right hand into the smaller competitor's midsection, putting her down on her knees with her.]

GM: Oof! The slight frame of Moxy Hart takes a hard shot there from Blaster Bronson who has absorbed all the offense of Hart in this one so far and keeps on coming.

[Climbing to her feet, Bronson grabs Hart under the armpits, lifting her up and impressively hurling her through the air where she slams into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Hard landing in the corner... in comes Bronson!

[But as Bronson charges in, Moxy kicks her legs up, leaning back into the buckles so that Bronson runs facefirst into two raised feet!]

GM: Ohhh! And Bronson hits the feet in the corner!

[With her legs still in the air, Hart places them on the shoulders of Bronson, loosely scissoring her neck...

...and then swings one leg up, bringing her heel down repeatedly between the eyes of Bronson!]

"OHHH!"

"OHHH!"

"OHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts to the flurry of unusual offense that sees Bronson crumple to a seated position on the mat...

...which is when Hart kicks her legs high in the air, going almost vertical before pushing off the corner into a sinking double stomp that she rides Bronson down into the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WOW! What in the world did we just witness?!

[Moxy again dives across Bronson's broad chest as the referee dives down to count.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! We've got-

[But again Bronson kicks out before the three count lands, shoving Moxy into the air and a couple of feet away...]

GM: Another two count... but Moxy Hart is showing that - no pun intended - heart and skill you were talking about earlier, Bucky. This kid is something else.

[Scrambling up off the mat, Moxy gives a salute to the crowd as she measures the downed but rising Bronson, trying to get into the right position...]

GM: It looks like she's measuring her up for something, Bucky. Know anything about her favorite maneuvers?

BW: I know a few and from the looks of this, I'd say she's about to-

[Moxy breaks towards the ropes in front of the dazed Bronson as she staggers to her feet, leaping to the second rope where she blindly springs straight backwards towards Bronson...

...and somehow manages to land on her shoulders, promptly scissoring her head, and SNAPS her backwards into a reverse rana!]

BW: -RAZZLE DAZZLE!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHE SPIKED HER GOOD THERE!

[Moxy Hart grins huge as she gathers herself, diving across the prone Bronson, doing her very best to hook a leg...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: And Moxy Hart gets the win in her debut!

[Hart springs to her feet, literally jumping for joy as the crowd cheers loudly for the hometown hero. She pumps her arms up and down, squealing with delight.]

BW: Jeez, act like you’ve been there before, kid.

GM: Oh, come on. Give her a break, Bucky. This is a big moment for “Foxy” Moxy Hart and... oh, this oughta be good. It looks like we’ve got Mariah Wolfe down at ringside to get a few words with her. Mariah?

[Hart exits the ring, leaping off the apron to land hard next to Mariah, nearly falling into the interviewer who looks shocked.]

MW: A big entrance there for Moxy Hart and a big win too - isn’t that right, Chicago?!

[The Chi-Town crowd ROARS in approval!]

MW: Moxy, this is a big night for you... debuting here on Saturday Night Wrestling here in your hometown of Chicago.

[Hart nods in agreement, grinning like she just won the lottery.]

MW: I just gotta know how you’re feeling right now - can you even put it into words?

[Hart shakes her head.]

MH: I’ll be lucky if I can even speak, Miss Wolfe! In the words of my idol, OH YEAH RIGHTEOUS!

[The crowd cheers again as Hart pumps a fist.]

MW: There have been a lot of superstars debuting here in recent weeks as the AWA’s 2018 season really gets going... and you’re the latest addition to a Women’s Division that is as competitive as any division in wrestling. You come here on a night just two weeks before we see the first Women’s World Tag Team Champions crowd...before we see Ricki Toughill challenge Julie Somers for the Women’s World Title. There are no easy outs in this division, Moxy.

[Moxy grins broadly again.]

MH: You’re right - of course you’re right... I know that! I do! But right now, I don’t even care, Miss Wolfe! Right now, all I care about is that I won! I won my AWA debut match in my hometown!

[Another big cheer goes up as Moxy nods.]

MH: And yeah, it's going to be a tough road ahead - there's gonna be wins, there's gonna be losses... but nobody can ever take this night away from me, Miss Wolfe. Nobody.

MW: That much is true, Moxy. But what do you think of some of your fellow rookies to this division - women like Carolina Colton... like Amber Gold... like Pink Cashmere.

[Hart shrugs.]

MH: What can you say, Miss Wolfe? Carolina is one of the toughest, strongest women I've ever seen inside this ring. We've had our share of run-ins. Amber Gold is a lot like me... smaller, quick, a gymnastics background. Although no one's ever put me on the cover of a magazine.

[She laughs a goofy chuckle, flipping her long blue hair back.]

MH: And Pink Cashmere... you know she and I have actually teamed together a few times on the indies, right?

[Wolfe shakes her head.]

MW: I had no idea.

MH: Yep. The...

[She runs a hand through the blue hair, puffing it up a bit.]

MH: ...Rainbow Connection so to speak.

[She giggles.]

MH: And we go back a long way so if she ever needs a hand, she doesn't even have to ask. But whether it's tags... singles... whatever I gotta do to get ahead in this division, I'm gonna do it. And... after the buzz running through my body from that win tonight, Miss Wolfe, I can't wait to get in there and do it again!

[Mariah smiles at the crowd's reaction.]

MW: And it sounds like these fans can't wait to see you do it. Chicago, let's hear it for "Foxy" Moxy Hart!

[The crowd cheers loudly again and as Hart is celebrating her win at ringside, we cut to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Nice debut victory for this young lady from right here in Chi-Town, certainly getting a hero's welcome from-

[And suddenly, the sounds of Living Colour's "Cult of Personality" comes ripping over the PA system to a huge shocked reaction!]

GM: What in the world...?

BW: Only in Chicago.

[After a few moments, the crowd erupts as "The Outlaw" Bobby Taylor strides into view, a grin on his face. He nods at the crowd's reaction, tipping his black Stetson in their direction as he stands in a pair of blue jeans, a black button-up shirt, and cowboy boots.]

GM: One of the owners of this company and one of the toughest to ever lace 'em up, Bobby Taylor is here in Chicago!

BW: Yeah, but why?

GM: I'm sure we're about to find out because the Outlaw is heading for the ring!

[Taylor makes his way down the aisle pretty quickly for a man his age (don't tell him we said that,) heading right up the ringsteps and ducking through the ropes to another loud reaction. Taylor extends a hand, taking an offered mic from ringside as he works his way towards the middle of the ring, giving a thumb slash across the throat to order the music turned off. As it fades out, he pauses, grinning at the cheering crowd.]

BT: Damn, I love Chicago.

[The crowd ROARS for that as Taylor chuckles to himself.]

BT: But enough sucking up, I'm sure all of you are asking yourself...

[Taylor raises an eyebrow as a few "Internet fans" can be heard echoing "SELF?!"]

BT: ...why in the world is the Outlaw in the Windy City. Why would Bobby Taylor - one of the owners of this company - come to Chicago instead of New Orleans in two weeks for the Anniversary Show?

Well, you better believe I'll be there too... but this is a big night... a big show... one of my favorite cities like I just said...

[The crowd cheers again.]

BT: But I gotta admit I had another reason for showing up here tonight.

See, I don't do much ridin' anymore but there's been a burr under my proverbial saddle for a few months now. Something went down back at SuperClash that really stuck in my craw and I've been fighting the urge to come out here and... I don't know... say something... do something.

Someone pissed me off at SuperClash...

[The crowd is buzzing for that.]

BT: ...and since they keep on pissing me off since then, I thought it was time for a little conversation.

So, Tiger Claw...

[The crowd ROARS at this revelation.]

BT: ...come on down here, ol' pal, and let's have ourselves a chat.

[Taylor lowers the mic, waiting expectantly as the crowd cranes their necks towards the entranceway to see if the callout will get a response...]

GM: Bobby Taylor's got something to say to Tiger Claw?!

BW: That one I didn't see coming, Gordo.

GM: Neither did I but I suppose we should-

[The crowd ROARS as Machine Head's "Ten Ton Hammer" kicks in over the United Center's sound system. At the head of the aisle steps Tiger Claw, dressed in a black suit and tie that may be slightly sharper than the one he was wearing the last time we saw him. He pauses for a moment to gauge the reaction from the crowd, which at this point is mostly boos. He sneers slightly and begins walking down the aisle.]

GM: This crowd is clearly not happy with Tiger Claw, and frankly, who can blame them?

BW: He's turned his back on everyone in his life... He cares less now for the fans than ever, if that's possible.

[As Claw steps into the ring, glaring across at a man he's shared a ring with on many occasions - both on the same side and as opponents, he slowly steps forward towards the Outlaw, showing no sign of intimidation at being called out by one of his employers.]

TC: I expected to have to answer to a number of people for things lately, but I wasn't expecting you to be one of them, Taylor. This should be interesting. By all means, please, say your piece...

[Claw's face shows none of the courtesy of his words. He coldly glares at Taylor, somehow looking down on the taller man.]

BT: Claw, you and I have always been... colleagues at best. Never friends. Whether it was the stuff with Hardin back in the day or the Cult of Personality or with Simon... even when we were on the same side, we weren't really on the same side.

But I think the one thing we had for one another was respect.

[The crowd cheers as Claw stares unblinking at the Outlaw.]

BT: I respected what you could do in this ring... but more than that, Claw, I respected who you were as a man. Your sense of honor... your moral code... your ethics. The kind of stuff that it seemed like you'd passed on to Brian.

[Taylor nods.]

BT: But I never took you for someone who'd sell your damn soul for a payday.

[The crowd "ooooohs"]

BT: Because no matter how you want to cover it up with all the BS excuses you slathered on recently, that's what happened at SuperClash... you turned your back on your best friend of twenty something years for a check from an old man who has been trying to make all of our lives hell for just about as long.

You betrayed Casey James.

[Taylor lifts a hand as Claw is about to speak.]

BT: Now, hold on... I know you want to defend yourself but before you do, my concern is less stabbing Casey in the back - hell, we've all done that - than the why. There was a chance to leave Hardin in the dust. To bury him... his legacy... everything... and you tossed it all away over some silly little... nothing.

[Taylor shakes his head... but Claw's demeanor drastically changes as he steps closer to the Outlaw, glaring into his eyes as the crowd buzzes in anticipation. Taylor grimaces.]

BT: That's not why I came out here, Claw... but if that's the way you want it.

I've got no love for the Blackheart... but we were brothers in blood once... and since he's nowhere to be found these days...

[Taylor steps back, pulling his Stetson off, and tosses it aside.]

BT: ...I have to wonder if it's the right thing to do to give you what he would if he were here...

[He unfastens his watch, tossing it aside too as the crowd gets louder.]

BT: Now, I may not have a wrestling match left in this ol' body anymore... I don't really know and to be honest, I'm not real eager to find out...

[Claw simply watches as Taylor unbuttons his sleeves, rolling them up his arms.]

BT: ...but I know damn well I got a fight left in me, Claw.

[And as Taylor finishes his preparation for the fight about to break loose, Claw raises a hand to stop him...]

TC: Bobby, if you're going to throw your life away, you should at least know what you're talking about. Yes, I stabbed Casey in the back. Not even for the first time, honestly... but I didn't do it for the money. It's a nice bonus, sure, but I don't care about it.

I don't care about Hardin either. To me, he's an irritation at best. I didn't invest as much into him as you and Casey did. What he represented here in the AWA didn't really have a lot to do with me aside from how he affected my tag team partner. As for finally getting rid of him...

Well, he's in prison now, isn't he? What more do you want?

[Taylor pauses, giving his former ally an appraising look.]

TC: Listen... My reasons go beyond money and petty squabbles. My motivations have been in place for decades. I can't tell you all the details right now, but I'll ask you what I've asked everyone who has called me out... I ask you to trust me that my reasons are sound.

[Taylor doesn't appear to trust Claw that much, and is instead angered by the idea. He continues rolling his sleeves up to a pop from the crowd. Claw calmly holds up a hand.]

TC: Bobby... I'm really not here to fight you. I'm not here to fight anyone. Listen, I have an idea of where to put that money to good use... I'm here... to give you a future.

BT [Suspiciously]: What's the gift, Claw?

TC: No gift. That was always Lau's thing, not mine. No, what I'm offering will help the AWA for years to come.

[Claw keeps the hand up, making sure Taylor stays back as he speaks.]

TC: I'm at the point in my career where fighting full time just isn't plausible any more. Every warrior who doesn't have the honor of falling in battle comes to this point. The point where we have to accept that our place is to prepare the warriors of the future for their fight.

I don't want to become some old embarrassment flopping around in a ring because I have no other options when the rent is due. I can contribute more to this industry and my own legacy by training the next generation of superstars for your AWA...

...So to be honest, you should really be thanking me for all this.

[Taylor smirks at his former ally and rival.]

BT: Jeez, Claw... while I'm glad you found something to do with your free time outside of going to Comic-Cons and posing for Polaroids while signing copies of old DVDs... I gotta admit I'm a little concerned.

It's no secret that Todd and I have been trying to get you into the Corner to train for years now...

[Taylor shrugs.]

BT ...but your last student just left someone for dead in the parking lot in Toronto...

[Claw raises an eyebrow as the crowd "ooooohs"]

BT: ...is that what we've got to look forward to from the Claw Academy?

[Claw glares at Taylor, shaking his head.]

TC: Hold on, I've already said Brian didn't do that.

If he had, he would have finished the job.

[Another "oooooh" from the crowd.]

TC: That said, Brian is no longer my student so I'm no longer responsible for his actions. It's not my concern.

[Taylor nods.]

BT: Fair enough. Brian James may no longer be your concern... hell, he may not be my concern soon enough either. But what IS my concern is that two weeks ago, I saw you walk out on THAT stage...

[He points up the aisle.]

BT: ...to watch the match going on in THIS ring...

[Taylor pauses.]

BT: ...when my son was also in THIS ring.

Now, with what you just told me about looking to mold the future of this business, I gotta wonder if you had your eyes on my kid, Claw.

And don't get me wrong... normally, I'd have no problem with you teaching him a few things...

[He pauses again, shaking his head.]

BT: But the Claw I've seen over the past few months...?

No thanks.

[Taylor steps closer again, raising a threatening finger.]

BT: Stay away from my family.

[Claw clearly doesn't like what he's just heard, but he makes an obvious effort to keep his cool.]

TC: I'm not one to be told what to do, Bobby. I think you know that. Your tone also irritates me.

[The crowd buzzes with anticipation, wondering if the fight is coming after all.]

TC: But... I also respect you, Taylor. As a fellow professional and as a former teammate... and for our... mutual friend, I'll accept your terms.

I won't say a word to your son... but let's not make this a precedent for you making demands of me.

[Claw holds out his hand for Taylor to shake. Taylor eyes the hand suspiciously, knowing too well how many beatings Claw has started like this. He pauses a little too long, and Claw retracts the hand and shrugs before stepping out of the ring]

GM: I don't think he cared if Bobby Taylor shook his hand or not.

BW: I don't think Claw cares about anything any more. I think he's lost it.

GM: He still seems too cunning for it to be that, Bucky.

BW: Grand plans that he won't share with anyone? Sounds a little on the crazy side if you ask me.

GM: A tense scene there between two old rivals-sometimes-friends... and you have to wonder if Tiger Claw will live up to his word and stay away from Wes Taylor.

BW: Hey, the Peach Pits are in a big match tonight - maybe Claw will go recruit Bobby's niece instead.

GM: Hopefully he stays far away from the entire Taylor clan... but speaking of the Peach Pits, they've got a couple of big weeks ahead of them as not only are they facing the Slam Sorority in the Semifinals of the tournament later tonight but in one week, they'll be in trios action against the very dangerous team of Michelle Bailey, Ricki Toughill - who we saw compete a little earlier - and the rookie superstar, Amber Gold. That match got set up during last weekend's Power Hour when the Peach Pits came out to bully Theresa Lynch AND Amber Gold and Bailey and Toughill - who were in Atlanta watching the show - intervened. But that's not all we saw on the Power Hour, Bucky... we saw the Dogs of War..

BW: Two of 'em at least.

GM: ...Isaiah Carpenter and Wade Walker issue a challenge for right here in two weeks on the Tenth Anniversary Show where it'll Pedro Perez back from suspension joining them to take on the team of Omega, Polemos... and if everyone's favorite Neptunian has his way, former World Television Champion Whitiri. Whitiri was not in Atlanta to answer that request but he IS here in Chicago tonight so right now, let's go backstage to find out if Whitiri will take part in that six man tag two weeks from tonight in New Orleans!

[We go backstage where Theresa Lynch is standing with the handsome half-Maori, Whaitiri. The former World Television is shirtless, and wears a pair of black workout pants, his dark hair pulled back into a loose ponytail.]

TL: Before we get to business, I just want to say, kia ora, Whaitiri!

[Whaitiri beams at Lynch.]

W: Kia ora, Theresa!

TL: Well, thank you. Now, I know you have a lot on your mind. You're still chasing down the Desperadoes.

W: And the title shot they owe me, don't forget that.

TL: Of course. But there is something else you need to address, and the reason why you're out here tonight.

On Power Hour, two men you've been allied with in the past, Omega and Polemos, put out the call, and asked you to team with them at the AWA's Tenth Anniversary Show against none other than the Dogs of War. And I understand you have an answer for them?

[Whaitiri nods.]

W: Well, I have to correct you on one thing. I don't think Polemos was involved in making any calls...

[Lynch smirks.]

W: But that is why I am here. And ever since I heard Omega make the call to reunite...

[Whaitiri looks like he can't believe what he's about to say.]

W: ...Team POW, I have been thinking about it.

The AWA's Tenth Anniversary. I don't think there'll be an event more important this year, with more eyes on it, until we get to SuperClash. Ten years... that's amazing.

And on that event, with all eyes on us... it would be me, Omega, and Polemos against the Dogs of War.

And maybe the Dogs have fallen on some hard times lately, but you go back all ten years of the AWA and I don't know that there is a more dominant trio in the history of the AWA.

This'll be their chance at redemption. And I've only teamed up with Omega and Polemos once. It's a tall order, Theresa.

And I need to think about...

[Whaitiri drops his head, shakes it a few times, and then looks up, a grin on his face.]

W: Yeah... I don't have to think about it at all, Theresa.

Omega and Polemos had my back when I needed them. More importantly, they're my friends, and I'll always have their back, just as they had mine.

Dogs of War? Tenth Anniversary?

[Once more, Whaitiri shakes his head slightly before he says...]

W: Team POW rides again?

Count. Me. In.

I'll be there. And I promise you, I'm bringing the lightning and the thunder with me.

TL: Welll, there you have it... it's official... it will be The Dogs of War taking on...

[And now Lynch shakes her head.]

TL: ...Team POW at the Tenth Anniversary Show in New Orleans!

[Lynch turns towards Whaitiri.]

TL: And in anticipation of you saying yes to this, I understand Interim President Zharkov has put together a little preview of that match to go down right here tonight.

[Whaitiri arches an eyebrow.]

TL: We're going to take a break and when we come back, it'll be you, Whaitiri... against the Dogs of War's Isaiah Carpenter!

[Whaitiri grins.]

W: I like the sound of that, Theresa.

TL: I thought you might... so you better go get ready because that match is up next!

[Whaitiri goes hustling out of view as Theresa wraps it up.]

TL: Whaitiri vs Carpenter tonight in Chicago and then in two weeks in New Orleans, it'll be the Dogs of War against Whaitiri, Omega, and Polemos... that oughta to a wild one on the Tenth Anniversary Show. Fans, we'll be right back with that big match when we come back so stick around!

[We fade out on Theresa's grinning face...

...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 come back up on Sweet Lou Blackwell backstage in Chicago as he stands with the Iron Cowboy himself, Jack Lynch. Lynch is already dressed in his ring attire, his black Stetson tilted forward to shade his eyes.]

SLB: We're back live on Saturday Night Wrestling, fans, and standing next to me is the man who will soon be in action against one half of the Blackjacks, Jason Whittaker. Not too many weeks ago, Mr. Lynch, we saw you emerge triumphant against Dustin Sanderson, and I think its safe to say that you're a man on a mission - a mission that ends with your former tag team partner, Bobby O'Connor.

[Jack nods.]

JL: I'd say that's an accurate assessment, Lou. And I'm gonna get to Bobby and big old Jason Whittaker here in a moment.

But I'm gonna ask ya to indulge me for a moment.

[Blackwell grins.]

SLB: Well, you know that the AWA faithful love to hear a patented Jack Lynch story.

[Lynch nods.]

JL: I know they do, and I love tellin' 'em, but this ain't so much a story as it is a bit of musin' on my part.

Ya see, lately, when I'm backstage, what I see is a lotta young, fresh faces. Kids that are hungry for their time, hungry for that rush that comes from workin' your way up and makin' a name for yourself.

I'm talkin' about Whitiri, Lou. And I'm talkin' about Odysseus Allah, and I'm talkin' about Justin Gaines and hell... ya know I'm talkin' about e-Girl MAX.

[Blackwell nods.]

JL: And it ain't just the new kids. It's also seein' guys like Jordan Ohara and Derrick Williams comin' into their own.

I don't agree with everythin' I see 'em doin', but I see 'em, Lou.

And it gets me to thinkin', Lou. Cuz I got two young kids at home. And just around the corner, my baby sister is gettin' married. And that means that sooner or later, lord willin', there'll be nieces and nephews runnin' around.

So Lou, when I look around and I see these young faces, and I start thinkin' about my kids, about the nieces and nephews to come, and the grandkids that, a long way down the line I'm gonna have...

...well, it makes me think about me, Lou.

[Blackwell looks a little surprised.]

SLB: That was not what I expected you to say, Jack.

[Jack shrugs.]

JL: Well, if you're lucky to last long enough in this business, Lou, there comes a time when ya ain't the kid with the hunger in his eyes anymore. Comes a time when you're the veteran, when people look to ya.

When ya go from kid to parent, if ya will.

And you're in that position, ya gotta wonder – how do they see me? What am I puttin' out there for them to learn from?

Now, I ain't no saint, and I never have been. I ain't Ryan Martinez, who is about as damn close to a saint as you're gonna find.

But there is some thing that I can say in my favor.

[Lynch raises a finger.]

JL: First, ain't no man out there that can I say I ever backed out of a fight. And there ain't no one out there that can say I let 'em down when they needed me, or that I turned tail and ran and left 'em in the lurch.

There's no one on God's green earth that can rightfully claim that I stabbed 'em in the back. Every fight I've ever started, win or lose...

... it happened with me lookin' 'em straight in the eyes and tellin' 'em about the hell that's about to land on their head.

[Lynch nods.]

JL: I'm the man my daddy raised me to be, and the man I want my children, my nieces and nephews, and some day my grandbabies to look to when it comes time to figurin' out how to live their lives.

My word is my bond, my handshake is as good as gold. I don't run out on people. And if I say it's gonna happen, you can bet it will.

Which brings me, at long last, to you, Jason Whittaker. And of course, Bobby O'Connor.

[Lynch lets out a tiny chuckle.]

JL: I see ya, Whittaker. You're big and bad, and you're fulla spit and vinegar, just chompin' at the bit to cut loose.

And I know, big boy, ya learned a lot from the Lynches. From all of us, 'cuz my dad took a special interest in you.

But ya done messed up.

Ya chose the wrong mentor, Jason. Now I know that Bobby's filled your head so fulla lies and twisted ya in so many directions that ya can't rightly determine which way is up anymore. And I know Bobby's role.

But ya got your own guilt in all this.

[He points a gloved finger at the camera.]

JL: Ya chose to listen to the wrong man, Whittaker. Ya chose to take the easy road, to be taken in by all the snake oil Bobby sold ya.

And tonight, that bill is comin' due.

I took out your partner, and I'm takin' you out the same way. And all them young, fresh faces in the locker rooms?

They'll get a reminder tonight of what Jack Lynch is all about.

And when I'm done?

[Lynch smirks.]

JL: Seems like that'll just leave you and more, won't it Bobby?

And that reminder I gave your boys?

It'll be nothin' compared to what I do to you.

[And with that, the Iron Cowboy claps a hand on Blackwell's shoulder before making his exit.]

SLB: Never get to say much around that guy... and that's okay with me. Jack Lynch is a man with something to prove here tonight in Chicago and in just a short while, he'll get the chance to do exactly that. Gordon, Bucky... back to you.

[We fade from backstage out to ringside to our announce team where we can hear KISS' "War Machine" playing in the background.]

GM: Thanks, Lou... and Jack Lynch certainly seems like a man who intends to do some damage in that match with Jason Whittaker a little later tonight but right now, we're going to get a little preview of a trios match that just got announced earlier tonight. At the Anniversary Show in two weeks, it'll be Omega, Plemos, and Whaitiri against the Dogs of War... but tonight, it's Isaiah Carpenter who is already in the ring taking on Whaitiri in singles action.

BW: That's gonna be a heck of a match in two weeks. We've talked about the Dogs of War trying to get back on track and with the whole world watching in the Superdome, that's a great chance for them to do it.

GM: It is... but they'll have a tall hill to climb in the form of...

BW: Please don't.

GM: ...Team POW.

[Bucky sighs.]

GM: Hey, I didn't name them.

BW: No, that Neptunian Nimrod did. It's a big week for him though. The six man tag in New Orleans and facing the Almighty Atlas Armstrong in the Run The Rankings next weekend. Heck, now that I say it out loud, Gordo, Omega might not even make it to the Tenth Anniversary Show.

GM: It's going to be a tough couple of weeks for sure but I'm sure Omega is more than up for the challenge... just like I'm sure Whaitiri is up for the challenge of taking on Isaiah Carpenter right here tonight. Carpenter's already in the ring... let's go up to Rebecca!

[Cut to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... representing the Dogs of War... from New Haven, Connecticut and weighing in at 253 pounds...

...ISAIAAAAAAAH CARRRRRPENTERRRRRR!

[Carpenter glares at the jeering crowd, giving a yank or two on the ropes to loosen up as his music fades...]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The sounds of AC/DC's "Thunderstruck" come ripping across the PA system to a HUGE ROAR from the AWA faithful.]

RO: From Tauranga, New Zealand... weighing in at 255 pounds... he is a former World Television Champion...

....WHAAAAAAIIIIIIITIIIIIRIIIIIIII!

[The roar of the crowd gets even louder as Whitiri emerges through the curtain hastily dressed for battle. He points his muscular arms at the ring where Carpenter awaits him with a scowl on his face.]

GM: And listen to the reaction from these fans for the former World Television Champion! Whitiri walking that aisle and the support for these fans could not be any stronger here tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling live on ESPN!

[Whitiri pauses at ringside, grinning at a young man waving a sign that reads "WHAITIRI FUTURE'S TAG PARTNER!" with an arrow pointing at himself. The New Zealand youngster leans over, embracing the fan before giving a big high five and a thumbs up.]

GM: Whitiri is one of the most popular competitors in the AWA and it shows with the support of fans like that young man right there, Bucky.

BW: All the fans in the world won't help him if he gets back in the ring with Odin Gunn, Gordo.

GM: Whitiri eagerly waiting to see if it'll be Omega or Atlas Armstrong advan-

[Gordon is cut off by the crowd reacting to Isaiah Carpenter sprinting across the ring, hurling himself into a somersault and wiping out the former TV Champion on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CARPENTER ATTACKS BEFORE THE BELL!

[Carpenter gathers himself, getting back to his feet as the crowd buzzes at the daredevil dive they just saw. He nods his head confidently as he moves in on Whitiri, ignoring the protests of referee Andy Dawson.]

GM: I was about to say that Whitiri was waiting to see who he'd be facing in the Finals of the Run The Rankings challenge in a few weeks but-

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: -he's got bigger problems right now as Carpenter puts him into those steel steps at ringside!

BW: He's got bigger problems two weeks from tonight too when the reunited Dogs of War take on him, Polemos, and that goof Omega!

GM: Whaitiri agreeing earlier tonight to be their partner in that match, reuniting the team that was successful against the Desperadoes back at SuperClash. Carpenter pulling him off the floor, shoving him back inside the ring...

[Carpenter pauses to taunt the young fan who looks quite stricken now.]

GM: Oh, come on. Leave the kid alone! You've done enough damage!

[A smirking Carpenter comes up on the apron, shouting at the official to sound the bell to start the match.]

GM: Carpenter wants this one to get started, Bucky.

BW: That's because he's looking to end it right now too.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Well, there's the bell he was looking for. Carpenter looking to strike here...

[Grabbing the top rope with both hands, Carpenter sizes up the downed former champion, nodding his head with anticipation...]

GM: ...and we've seen him use that springboard flying knee before - it might be what he has in mind right now!

[As Whaitiri regroups and climbs to his feet, Carpenter leaps into the air, springing off the top rope as we've seen him do so many times before...]

GM: SPRINGBOARD!

[...as Whaitiri has seen him do so many times before as the powerful Maori warrior lowers his torso, pushing off the mat with his explosive leg strength...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and nearly cuts the flying Carpenter in half with a devastating spear!]

GM: CHARGE OF TŪMATAUENGA!!

[Carpenter hits the mat hard, cradling his ribs as Whaitiri lands on his knees, nodding his head at the roaring crowd!]

GM: What a counter by the former TV Champion...and he's not done!

[Climbing to his feet, Whaitiri points to the corner, quickly stepping through the ropes to the apron where he starts climbing...]

GM: And this tremendous young competitor is on the second rope... now with one foot up top....

[...and points to the young fan he embraced earlier...]

GM: ...a salute to the fans here in Chicago...

[...before hurling himself into the air, soaring high and far with breathtaking grace and form before crashing DOWN across Carpenter's body!]

GM: RANGINUI'S PRAYER!

[Whaitiri stays on Carpenter, not needing to hook a leg as he nods his head along with the count shouted out by the Chicago fans!]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Whaitiri pumps a fist as he climbs off his defeated opponent who promptly rolls under the ropes to the outside, cradling his ribcage.]

GM: Wow! A lightning fast win for Whaitiri here tonight in Chicago as he takes advantage of the mistake by Carpenter, hits the spear... hits the splash... and we've got a winner, Bucky!

BW: The Dogs of War continue to struggle and all I can think is that time is running out for them, Gordo. We heard back in December - their contracts are up at Memorial Day Mayhem and right now with this bad stretch they're on, they're giving the office no reason to re-sign them!

GM: Well, I don't want to get into the inside baseball chatter about contracts and talent value but... suffice to say that the Dogs of War need to turn around their luck and in a hurry. Perhaps two weeks from tonight in New Orleans when they're in trios action they can-

[The crowd groans as Whaitiri suddenly hits the canvas hard as the masked man known as the Texas Ranger bashes him in the back of the head with the ol' rust-covered cowbell hanging on his bullrope!]

GM: -THE TEXAS RANGER FROM BEHIND!

BW: And he ain't ridin' solo - he's got a posse with him!

[The boos get louder as "Curly" Bill Webb gets in the ring, angrily directing traffic as the masked Ranger starts stomping Whaitiri into the canvas. Webb throws an occasional kick to the ribs as well, a grin growing on his face as he puts the boots to the man who laid him out two weeks ago.]

BW: I said two weeks ago in Milwaukee that Whaitiri was making a big mistake putting his hands on Curly Bill and now we're seeing it firsthand! Webb's here! The Ranger's here! And don't look now but here comes trouble, Gordo!

[The booing crowd quiets a bit at the intimidating sight of the World Television Champion, Odin Gunn, stepping up on the apron before climbing into the ring.]

GM: The World Television Champion has arrived as well! Six foot two, 335 pounds of one of the scariest men you'll ever see!

[Gunn joins his allies in the ring, looking down on Whaitiri as Webb orders the Ranger to "get him up!" The masked man obliges, pulling Whaitiri up...

...and the Maori warrior throws a right hand into the jaw of Odin Gunn, surprising the champion and getting the crowd going again!]

GM: Whaitiri's fighting back! Whaitiri trying to get free and fight off this three-on-one attack!

BW: And if the fans at home are wondering where the Goof Patrol of Omega and Plemos are - they ain't here, daddy!

GM: Omega and Plemos are in New Orleans tonight, doing some pre-event promotional work for the Tenth Anniversary Show and- ohhh!

[The crowd reacts as Gunn cracks Whaitiri with a right hand on the jaw, putting the former champion down on the mat.]

GM: If you think back earlier this year, Whaitiri was supposed to get his rematch for the World Television Title but he was mysteriously attacked before the match could happen... of course, Whaitiri says it was no mystery at all - he says it was these same Desperadoes who jumped him then just like they're doing now!

BW: Lies and hearsay! He's got no proof!

GM: It's obvious that the Desperadoes are trying to keep Whaitiri out of the ring with Odin Gunn!

BW: Well, he's in there with him now - how's that working out for the blue chip prospect?!

[With Whaitiri trapped in the corner, Gunn launches into a vicious assault, hammering the former champion with rights and lefts... clubbing forearms to the head and neck, driving him down onto his knees as Curly Bill looks on gleefully from behind...

...which is when the crowd reacts in shock!]

GM: What the-?!

[The shock comes from Isaiah Carpenter being back in the ring and DROPPING the Texas Ranger with a leaping kneestrike to the jaw!]

GM: Carpenter's back in! And don't look now but Isaiah Carpenter is helping Whaitiri!

BW: Why?!

GM: I don't have the slightest clue but-

[A shocked Webb turns around, pointing a finger anxiously at Carpenter who twists around, burying a rolling sole butt in the midsection of Webb, knocking him down to the mat where he promptly rolls out of the ring...]

GM: He drops Webb as well!

BW: He's gonna pay for that! Just like Whaitiri is!

[And hearing the ruckus from the crowd, Odin Gunn whirls around to find Isaiah Carpenter standing over his partner and his manager...

...and lashes out, grabbing Carpenter by his stringy hair, yanking him back into an inverted facelock!]

GM: Look out! OHHHHH!

[Gunn swings his other arm down in a lariat type blow, dropping to a knee and sandwiching Carpenter between the arm and the knee!]

GM: He calls that the Sword of God and while I question the holy origins of such a move, it definitely is effective as it puts Carpenter down on the canvas!

BW: More like the Devil's Pitchfork, daddy.

[Gunn shoves Carpenter off his knee, leaving him down in a heap on the mat as Curly Bill - gasping for air on the outside - waves an arm and calls for more...

...and the Texas Ranger lunges back into the fray, pushing his bullrope down on Carpenter's throat!]

GM: And now the Ranger is choking Carpenter with that bullrope! He's choking him violently with that bullrope!

[Carpenter's legs are kicking up in the air on the mat...

...and the crowd roars again as Whitiri comes roaring out of the corner, leaping up to smash a forearm in to the back of the champion's head, sending him stumbling forward where he catches himself on the ropes!]

GM: Whitiri from the blindside, trying to help Carpenter after Carpenter helped him a few moments ago!

[The crowd cheers wildly for Whitiri as he hammers away at his rival up against the ropes, trying to chop down the mighty oak...]

GM: Whitiri's all over Gunn! The Ranger's stomping out Carpenter!

[And suddenly, the crowd ROARS once more!]

GM: WALKER! HERE COMES WADE WALKER!

[The powerhouse of the Dogs of War comes barreling down the aisle, sliding under the bottom rope, popping up to his feet...

...where he promptly wrecks a turning Texas Ranger with a mighty spear!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WALKER COMES TO HELP HIS PARTNER! HIS BROTHER IN ARMS!

[Walker pumps a mighty fist as the Ranger cradles his ribs down on the mat, Curly Bill looking on in shock at the scene...

...and across the ring, Odin Gunn doubles over, somehow managing to boost Whitiri up, dumping him over the ropes with a backdrop!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And Gunn sends Whitiri to the floor and...

BW: Uh oh! Will you look at this?!

[And the crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Wade Walker - the big man from the Dogs of War - and the Samoan Cowboy, Odin Gunn, staring across the ring at one another!]

GM: Oh yeah! Let's do this right now!

[Walker slowly approaches, Gunn matching his pace as they get closer and closer to the middle of the ring...]

GM: Walker and Gunn are two of the biggest and baddest in the AWA locker room and do I want to see them throw down before I walk out the door, you're damn right I do! As my ol' buddy says, "let's hook 'em up!" Let's hook 'em up right now!

[Walker and Gunn are now close enough to touch but don't, holding one another's glare as Curly Bill looks on from the outside with... alarm?... on his face.]

GM: We've got ourselves a staredown but what these fans in Chicago want is a fight! Come on!

[Curly Bill suddenly dives back under the ropes into the ring, rushing forward to grab Odin Gunn by the arm...]

...and with considerable effort, he manages to pull him back shouting "NO! NO! NOW'S NOT THE TIME!"

GM: Oh, come on!

[The crowd jeers as Gunn is dragged backwards, never taking his eyes off Wade Walker who moves to stand over Carpenter in a protective stance.]

GM: Ahhh... another time perhaps. Wade Walker comes out here to make the save for his brother-in-arms. Whaitiri gets the win but what about that staredown between the Dogs' big man, Wade Walker, and the World Television Champion, Odin Gunn, Bucky?

BW: Odin Gunn is a bad, bad man and I think anyone who steps in his path has got a screw loose... except maybe Wade Walker because he might be the only one who can physically stand up to this guy.

GM: Odin Gunn will be in action next weekend on the Power Hour, defending his title... but we'll also be seeing the latest stage of the Run The Rankings challenge with Omega - who defeated "Golden" Grant Carter last weekend - moving forward to take on the Number Two Contender, Atlas Armstrong.

BW: Add in Odysseus Allah who already has a future TV Title shot in his back pocket and Gunn's dance card is starting to get a little crowded, Gordo.

GM: It sure is. We mentioned the big trios match coming up in Atlanta a little earlier with the Peach Pits taking on the team of Michelle Bailey, Ricki Toughill, and Amber Gold. We've also got Justin Gaines meeting Jayden Jericho and a whole lot more, fans, on next weekend's Power Hour so don't you dare miss it... but speaking of can't miss television, in four weeks' time on March 31, ESPN will be debuting their 30 For 30 presentation of "The Lost Girl, Found", the documentary on Michelle Bailey's career, which will be airing just before Saturday Night Wrestling.

BW: Yeah, and we're going to the premiere in New Orleans, Gordo! I'm used to going to premieres, but this must be a big deal for you.

[Gordon smiles, shaking his head.]

GM: I'm certainly looking forward to it. Our broadcast partners have given permission for us to air a couple of samples of the documentary, which we are pleased to bring you at this time.

[We fade to the 30 For 30 ticket graphic, with the final ticket displaying "THE LOST GIRL, FOUND: THE MICHELLE BAILEY STORY. MARCH 31, ON ESPN". We then cut to Jon Stegglet, rubbing the back of his head.]

JS: It's not the same as today, when we could watch a new indie sensation on YouTube or see their clips on Twitter. In the EMWC days, it was either you know someone who'd put in a word for you, or you hope to get our attention with a tape.

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

JS: We got a lot of tapes.

[We cut to grainy footage from a home video camera, dated "May 6, 2000", as a young, brown-haired Michelle Bailey can be seen walking to the ring at an independent show held in an armory in North Carolina. We hear the voice of musician Laura Jane Grace serving as our narrator.]

LJG: In February of 2000, Michelle Bailey stopped wrestling under the masked persona that she had utilized since her debut, embracing a new, feminine identity. It's not the first time professional wrestling has played with the concept of gender, but it is one of the first times it wasn't played primarily for laughs. It quickly got her noticed.

[A cut to Shane Destiny, sitting beside his wife, Roxie Kujawa.]

SD: Michelle and I used to travel to shows together, and I had torn my ACL pretty badly. When it was just her making towns, she felt she had to do something to stand out more.

RK: She was worried she would just fall by the wayside without you going along.

SD: I remember when she told me that she wanted to go this direction, and I just said "go for it". Nobody else was doing it. Not the direction she went.

[Cut to Todd Michaelson, alongside Lori Dane.]

TM: Dating back to when wrestling first got on television, every generation there would be a couple of people who would try to play up certain stereotypes, shall we say.

LD: Yes, and they were rarely taken seriously.

TM: That was also the era when cards were being supplemented primarily by junior heavyweight wrestling, and a lot of junior heavyweights could do amazing things in the ring, but as far as personality goes, they were a little lacking.

LD: That made Michelle get noticed, fast.

[More video footage, from another home video camera, this time dated "June 17, 2000", as Michelle somersaults over the top rope onto an opponent in a rodeo arena.]

LJG: While she had only wrestled once every two or three weeks previously, Michelle Bailey quickly found herself in high demand. She wrestled in territories in Knoxville and Tampa, as well as occasional dates for Blackjack Lynch in Texas, and touring overseas in Japan and Europe.

[We cut to Michelle Bailey in the present day.]

MB: I knew that I wanted to stand out more. I was wrestling a high-flying style, but high-flying wrestlers under masks back then were a dime a dozen. I figured that if I took the mask off and started wrestling as a more feminine persona, but didn't change my wrestling style, it would work. I didn't expect the attention I got. I was very glad I listened to the advice my trainers gave me to get a passport, because those offers started coming quickly.

[An off-camera voice asks Michelle what made her decide to go with the feminine persona. Michelle shrugs, a slight grin forming on her face.]

MB: Sometimes you make a decision unconsciously that is your true self looking to escape, and I had been fighting inside of myself for years. Why not let what was inside fight everyone else for a change?

[Michelle's grin grows as we cut to Theresa Lynch, looking over pictures in a photo album, as she voices over the footage.]

TL: There was nobody like her, especially back then. There were so many wrestlers that Dad would bring in, but when she would be in town, it was always special. At least to me. She was my favorite wrestler, just because she was always so kind to me.

[Theresa's face lights up. "Ah! There it is!" can be heard as she takes a picture out of the album. She holds the picture up to the camera, a beaming grin on her face. It's a picture from 2000, of Michelle carrying the child Theresa on her hip, Theresa's arms wrapped around Michelle's shoulders. The direct audio picks up to replace the voiceover.]

TL: I think there were only three or four pictures of us from back then. This one's my favorite.

[Theresa looks at the picture again, still smiling.]

TL: When she got the call, I didn't understand what it meant at the time, but Dad told me she deserved it.

[We hear the voice of Laura Jane Grace once again, this time over some slightly better footage of Michelle wrestling in Knoxville.]

LJG: In December of 2000, Michelle got a phone call that would put her on a life-changing course, and it started with an unexpected source.

[Cut to Michelle in the present day.]

MB: I had just gotten back from three straight weeks on the road, and the moment I set my bags down, my cell phone rang. I got a call asking me to go to Los Angeles in the new year, for an interview.

[Michelle's eyes widen, and she mimes the side of her head exploding.]

LJG: Unknown to Michelle, she had gotten a major word of recommendation from someone with connections in the territories she was wrestling.

[We cut to an empty chair, and a large man sitting down, as the camera tries to adjust for his size.]

"You didn't set this up so I'd be in frame? Hell, I'm seven feet tall, almost, you could've set that thing back a bit."

[As the camera refocuses, we see Robert Donovan shaking his head.]

RD: This is about the girl, right?

[Donovan leans forward.]

RD: She was working the Knoxville territory with Matt and Adam, and one day I was checking in on both of them. They both told me there was this girl doing all sorts of crazy flips and dives, they said they'd never seen anything like her before. And I figured if Matt and Adam were agreeing on anything, she must be worth putting in a word for.

[Donovan leans back in his chair.]

RD: Did it get her a job? Maybe. But you don't wind up in the E and stay there for years if you don't have talent, so maybe she earned that spot.

[Donovan looks off-camera.]

RD: Are we done? Can I take this microphone off?

[We cut to Todd Michaelson and Lori Dane, who are being relayed what Donovan said by an off-mic producer. Michaelson seems surprised, while Dane shakes her head with a smile.]

TM: Donovan was the one who put in a word for her?

LD: I'd never heard that before. I always thought Dave Bryant was the one who put in a word.

TM: The only thing I knew about her was that she was working in Kentucky.

LD: Knoxville.

[Michaelson and Dane look at each other, with Michaelson mouthing "what's the difference?", resulting in a Dane shrug.]

TM: Either way, yeah. I figured it was Bryant. I knew someone put in a word for her, but... Donovan, huh?

[Cut to Jon Stegglet, who is also being relayed the Donovan story.]

JS: Oh, yeah. I had heard that around the office but thought it would be a strange fit. The EMWC audience was a real blood and guts audience, and Michelle just didn't seem to fit that style at all. Not to mention, the way she was billed made things awkward at times. We didn't know that it wasn't her fault.

[Cut to Michelle, sighing.]

MB: When I first told a promoter in Raleigh that I was making this switch, and I wanted to be billed as a woman, he didn't understand what I meant. In 2000, there had been practically no trans influences in society. Maybe they understood drag queens, but very few understood whatever out trans people there were like Wendy Carlos or Caroline Cossey. Even I really didn't understand it, I just knew I wanted to be seen as a woman. To try and make it easier on everyone, that promoter suggested that I be billed as a man, but I just thought I was a woman. It fit the language of the day, but it overcomplicated things for me significantly.

[Footage from Knoxville, featuring Michelle wrestling against Matt Donovan, plays as we return to Laura Jane Grace's voiceover.]

LJG: Some promoters would bill Michelle as a man, in spite of her requests. Furthermore, some promoters insisted on billing Michelle as "Michael Bailey", with her having to claim that "Michael" was actually pronounced "Michelle". It resulted in lingering confusion about her true intentions for more than a decade.

[Back to Jon Stegglet.]

JS: I think a lot of us have regrets about how she was treated. I definitely did. I know that once it sank in for Todd, he was devastated about how he had treated her. I'm not going to sit here and make excuses about how none of us knew.

[Stegglet sighs.]

JS: I don't think, even if we knew, we'd have been able to understand anyway.

[We see backstage footage of Michelle at her return to pro wrestling in June 2017 at Madison Square Garden, where Todd Michaelson greets her with a hug, Lori Dane looking on approvingly. "I'm so sorry" can be heard from Michaelson, and Michelle can be heard saying "it's okay, we can start over".]

LJG: One person with no regrets from that time was the wrestler who saw her tryout and insisted on working with her, Dave Bryant.

[Cut to Michelle.]

MB: Prior to starting with the EMWC, I was surprised to see the lack of medics at shows. A lot of independents just don't have it in their budget. I decided to get CPR training, along with an AED certification. You never know. I brought it up in my interview. Then I get a call, and guess what they tell me...

[Michelle gives a smile as we cut to Dave Bryant.]

DB: I was coming back from some time off, and I watched her tryout match. I thought she was great, but there weren't really any spots to work her in for a few months. The shows were pretty full until the summer. I couldn't remember who told me, but someone said she had some kind of medical training, and I said "are you kidding? I'm the Doctor of Love, she can be my nurse!"

[We cut to a series of promotional pictures of Bryant and Michelle, with Michelle dressed in a nurse uniform. The first features Michelle holding onto Bryant's wrist, checking his pulse and looking up as though she were counting his heartbeats, then the next features Michelle going over records with Bryant. The most famous has Bryant with his arm wrapped around Michelle's waist, holding her close, as she listens to his heartbeat with a stethoscope. Laura Jane Grace continues her voiceover.]

LJG: Michelle's planned start date with the EMWC was moved up, from July 2001 to March, thanks to Bryant's insistence. It brought a unique performer to a promotion trying to shake its bloodstained reputation.

[Back to Todd Michaelson.]

TM: The thing that the EMWC was known for, and what eventually contributed to it closing, was that we had so many brutal matches featuring weapons. In 2001, the boss was burned out, talent was suffering, we needed to adjust. Fresh talent was important, especially as quickly as the EMWC chewed people up and spit them out.

[And to Jon Stegglet.]

JS: I was hesitant about her coming in, especially when she was coming in as Dave Bryant's nurse. EMWC fans were not very forgiving, and that could have ended very poorly for her. That just made it all the more impressive when she showed what she could actually do, I think. Here's someone who you see in a nurse outfit, and then she's able to fly off the top rope, or do that 450 splash she used to do?

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

JS: If you hadn't been paying attention to the independents and the territories back then, you would've never known what she was capable of.

[And to Dave Bryant.]

DB: The first road trip I took with her, she was really worried about needing to call home at a specific time. She had to call her daughter to say goodnight to her. That's when it made me feel good about going to bat for her. Getting that break and having her start a few months early really made a difference in her life, knowing that she had that kid at home. We had some good talks about what it was like to be a parent on the road.

[We hear an off-mic producer ask Bryant if he wants to share any of that, as backstage footage of Dave and Brett Bryant with Michelle and Kimmy Bailey at Super Saturday in February 2018 is aired. We hear the elder Bryant's voice over the footage.]

DB: Just that whatever we go through, as long as we make it home to see who we care about, I guess we're doing okay.

[The 30 For 30 footage ends, as we cut back to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: Fans, that was a preview of "The Lost Girl, Found", which will be airing on ESPN on March 31, right before Saturday Night Wrestling. In two weeks' time, on our Tenth Anniversary Show, we'll be bringing you another preview from the documentary.

[Bucky just nods his head.]

GM: Nothing to say, Buckthorn?

BW: Oh, I just think I'll make some calls when we're off the air, that's all.

[Gordon looks back at the camera with a smile.]

GM: I think I will too. Let's go backstage where I'm told Mark Stegglet is standing by with yet another member of the hottest division in wrestling - the AWA Women's Division - Margarita Flores! Mark?

[We fade to backstage at the United Center where Mark Stegglet is standing by with Margarita Flores. The tall drink of Texas water is dressed to compete in a black bustier top, with matching shorts under a pair of blue denim chaps. She also has on a beige cowboy hat and, as usual, the folded over length of bullrope draped across the back of her neck.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. Margarita Flores, 2017 was, for the most part, a pretty good year for you - you took the fight to Harley Hamilton and Cinder and beat Harley decisively. However, you seemed to have lost some momentum towards the end of the year, with an unsuccessful outing in the Steal the Spotlight match at SuperClash. Last we saw you, it was another unsuccessful attempt, this time to qualify for the Women's World Tag Team Title tournament. It's good that you'll be in

action tonight, but I've got to ask, what is on your mind and what have you got your sights set on right now?

[A mild look of annoyance flashes across Flores' face. She takes a long deep breath before answering.]

MF: Yeah... I really got derailed after I beat Harley, didn't I? Never mind that I always had my friends' backs against bullies like Kurayami, like Harley and whatever Cinder is. Never mind that I was heading into Steal the Spotlight with a bad wing. Heck, I've even got some receipts for A—

[Flores is interrupted by a feminine voice, with a crisp English accent, coming from off-screen.]

"...And you know it's obviously a shot at her when they call themselves The Lariatos!"

[The camera follows Flores' and Stegglet's gazes and settles on Xenia Sonova and Rory Smythe who seem to be conversing nonchalantly, unaware of the recording that seems to be taking place. Smythe is in a black suit over a white shirt and black tie, while Sonova has on a long-sleeved full-length black dress with a structured collar.]

MS: Xenia, please. We are in the mid—

MF: It's okay, Mark. I want to hear what else she's got to say.

[Sonova shrugs.]

XS: What else is there to say? Stegglet's already laid it all out. You used to be a force, Margie. You were unafraid to step up to the big, bad She-Wolf of Tokyo. But now you have everyone calling Ayako Fujiwara the strongest woman in all of wrestling...

[Flores opens her mouth to speak, but Sonova plows on.]

XS: You say you stood up for your friends? Well, where are your friends now? Betty looks like she doesn't need you to back her up. You beat Harley, but she and Cinder just went out and found a couple of friends and they show no signs of changing their ways. Laura Davis put together the Slam Sorority and they look like the new big threats in town! And the Women's World Champion would rather team with her Anniversary Show opponent than have anything to do wi—

[Flores angrily interrupts.]

MF: You're one to talk! You were uncontactable and when I finally got hold of you and told you I needed you, what did you tell me? That this isn't what you do any more. That you have other business on your plate...

And that business turned out to be...

[She motions to Smythe with an expression of disdain.]

MF: ...Him? You threw my friendship in my face for him?!

[Smythe does not react other than raise an eyebrow.]

XS: I never threw your friendship in your face. I told you I just needed to sort some business out. I saw potential, hitched my wagon to it and, now, there's only one place I'm guiding Rory and that's to the top.

And here's the thing, Margarita, you want to talk about being there for your friends? Well, what I'm doing for Rory? I could easily do the same for my friends.

[Flores visibly scoffs at Sonova's allusion who smirks in response.]

XS: And there it is...

See, Margie, it was never about our friendship. It's always about Margie wanting to do what Margie wants to do, the way Margie wants to do it. It's not about having your friends' backs, is it? It's about how you can make it all about you, isn't it?

[Margarita Flores now looks visibly irate, all gritted teeth and clenched jaw, but doesn't still doesn't say anything.]

XS: I said, isn't that right, Margi—

[Flores erupts.]

MF: I TOLD YOU NOT TO CALL ME MARGIE!

[Flores advances towards Sonova, prompting Rory Smythe to try to step between the two women, but Sonova raises a hand, stopping him.]

XS: That's quite alright, Rory.

You obviously aren't in the right state to think about what's best for your career right now, Margarita, so why don't you go blow off some steam and, once you're calmer and have given what I've said some thought, you get in touch and we'll talk...

...you know, like we used to?

[With a wave of her hand, Smythe backs out of the shot with Xenia Sonova exiting the shot after him. Margarita Flores and Mark Stegglet watch the two leave, before Stegglet turns to Flores.]

MS: What was tha-

[Flores glares at him, interrupting.]

MF: We're done here, Stegglet. I've got a match to get to.

[And just like that, Flores strides quickly and purposefully out of shot, leaving Stegglet to look on, mouth agape...]

...and we fade back out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing by alongside a tall, athletically-built dark-haired woman, who is dressed in a purple sports jersey and matching shorts, white knee pads and white boots. Also in the ring is referee Shari Miranda.]

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten-minute time limit. Introducing first, hailing from Chicago, Illinois ...

[Ortiz pauses for the hometown cheers.]

RO: ...and weighing in at 143 pounds... "Wildcat" Thalia Anton!

[Anton turns so that her back is to the hard camera. With two thumbs up, she points to her last name across the back of the jersey.]

RO: And her opponent...

[Santana's "Warrior" starts to play. About fifteen seconds in, Margarita Flores walks out through the entranceway, a folded over length of bullrope draped across the back of her neck. She is also dressed in a beige cowboy hat, a black bustier top, matching shorts under a pair of blue denim chaps and black boots. She strides quickly and purposefully down the aisle, paying little heed to the United Center crowd.]

RO: Hailing from La Feria, Texas and weighing in at 176 pounds...

...MARGARRRITAAA FLORES!

[Reaching the ring, Flores removes her hat, placing it on the apron. She drops the bullrope to the floor, rolls under the ropes and quickly pops up to her feet.]

"RING THE BELL!"

[A shocked official does exactly that, calling for the bell...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[...and then looking on in disbelief as Flores comes barreling across the ring, driving a shoulder tackle into her opponent with enough force to send her rocketing backwards into the corner with an abrupt jolt!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: What the-

GM: The tall drink of Texas water just rushed this local competitor, knocking her back into the corner with that tackle.

[Grabbing hold of an arm, Flores pulls Anton out of the corner and shoves her onto the mat in the center of the ring.]

GM: And now she's just laying into Anton with those hard stomps. Something lit a fire under Flores here tonight and you have to wonder if it was that conversation backstage with Xenia Sonova.

[Margarita Flores turns away from her laid out opponent, letting out a primal yell as she does so.]

BW: Whatever lit the fire, it's scorching Thalia Anton right about now.

[She quickly turns back to Anton, grabbing the arm again and pulling Anton to her feet.]

GM: Staying on the attack, whips her into the ropes...

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS! A lariat nearly takes Anton's head off!

BW: And the cover ... Doesn't even bother to hook the leg because there's no way Anton is kicking out of that, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely not... and there's the three count.

[The bell rings again and Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Your winner by pinfall...

...MARGARRRITA FLORRRRRRES!

[Before Shari Miranda can raise her arm, Flores rolls out of the ring. She reaches down to pick up her bullrope, then replaces her hat on her head.]

GM: I don't know what just happened, but Margarita Flores absolutely destroyed Thalia Anton.

BW: I don't think some of the fans here in the United Center appreciate that treatment of the hometown competitor and they are letting Flores know it.

[Dragging the bullrope along the floor, Margarita Flores marches back up the aisle, ignoring the mixed response being directed at her.]

GM: Fans, we'll be right back.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Now in comes a voiceover.]

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

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

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

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

"The top AWA tag teams."

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

"The managers and announcers."

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

"The legends of the ring."

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

"Even the founders of the AWA."

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

"Plus, look for special inserts."

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

"Along with cards featuring event-used memorabilia."

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

"Autographed cards."

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

"Even dual autographed cards."

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

Cut back to Somers.]

HS: Now that one's a keeper.

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

DH: Cool... Hannibal Carver autographed card!

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

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

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

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

[We fade to black...

...and then we fade back up from black on the backstage area where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell standing, mic in hand.]

SLB: Welcome back to this Windy City edition of Saturday Night Wrestling and boy oh boy, do I have breaking news for you? Not that long ago, it was announced that the 2018 edition of the AWA's annual Rumble would go to the women this year as 30 of the biggest and brightest female stars from around the globe in our sport will do battle on Memorial Day in Los Angeles with the winner earning themselves a shot at the Women's World Title at Girls To The Front, the AWA's first supercard

spotlighting the Women's Division all on their own, which will be coming up on August 18th in Madison Square Garden, the mecca for all things sports and entertainment.

[Blackwell pauses.]

SLB: But ever since the announcement was made, we've been waiting for the names to start coming in for that big match and yours truly got the scoop right here moments ago. The first two out of thirty names who will be competing in this year's Rumble will be... the woman whose life story will be center stage on ESPN later this month, Michelle Bailey... and the Tall Drink of Texas Water herself, Margarita Flores! Two big names on the board and two tough outs for anyone who thinks they can win the Rumble over them! I look forward to bringing you more names in the weeks to come but right now, we're heading out to the ring for more action here on Saturday Night Wrestling!

[We fade out to a panning shot of the United Center crowd for a few moments before the sound of Rebecca Ortiz gets their attention.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first... from Dallas, Texas, weighing in at 272 pounds and accompanied by Bobby O'Connor and Dustin Sanderson...

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

RO: ...one-half of the Blackjacks...

...JASON WHIIIIIIITTAKER!

[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, aided by a walker. O'Connor walks slightly ahead, only to turn around and point at both men.]

#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#

[The trio walk down the aisle, as the two Blackjacks bookend O'Connor 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#

[The Blackjacks climb up onto opposing corners of the apron. As O'Connor stays on the floor due to his lack of mobility. O'Connor points to both corners as the two men climb up to the second turnbuckles, raising their arms.]

GM: O'Connor staying on the outside of the ring, let's see if he can keep that up for the remainder of the match for once.

BW: Looks like you spoke to soon, Gordo!

[O'Connor folds up the walker and slides it into the ring under the bottom rope as Sanderson makes his way out to ringside. With his help, O'Connor limps up the ring steps and very carefully steps through the ropes as Whittaker has his walker set up

and waiting for him. O'Connor nods with a smile, as Sanderson hands him the microphone.]

BOC: Ladies and gentlemen, brothers and sisters...

[Whittaker and Sanderson clap their respective hands together and bow their heads in reverence.]

BOC: ...let us pray.

GM: What in the-

BW: Quiet, that's blasphemy!

BOC: Lord, we give thanks to you blessing the three of us with true vision. The vision to see past the lies of the Lynch Family. A family that turned its back on your light in favor of the fiery brimstone of the underworld.

We thank you for the gift of being the only and true Blackjack to Dustin Sanderson, since the forked tongue of Blackjack Lynch is placed firmly in a part of the devil that isn't appropriate to speak of in mixed company.

[The crowd rains boos down on one of their former favorites as he trash-talks one of wrestling's most famous families.]

GM: You say blasphemy, there it is right there! Why do they keep giving this kid a live microphone?!

BW: Keep it down, Myers! Do you want to get dragged to hell along with the Stenches?

[The crowd's booing intensifies in volume and rage as O'Connor continues.]

BOC: We thank you for the gift of your power and might that you placed directly in the frame of Jason Whittaker. To act as your hand here on Earth. To strike down the devil's favorite son...

[A look of disgust comes across O'Connor's face.]

BOC: ... Jack Lynch.

[The crowd explodes in cheers at hearing that name, causing O'Connor's look to go from disgust to rage.]

BOC: And we pray for forgiveness. Forgiveness for this revolting mob of godless heathens as they praise the minion of Satan himself!

[O'Connor looks up as the crowd resumes booing the hell out of him in earnest.]

BOC: May God have mercy on all of your souls...

[O'Connor shakes his head, scowling.]

BOC: Because if it was up to me... you'd already be burning right now!

[And that really sets off the crowd as O'Connor looks out on them, Sanderson nodding his approval...

...and as Bon Jovi's "Wanted: Dead Or Alive" starts to play over the PA system, the crowd's jeers turn to explosive cheers!]

GM: Thankfully, the mood just changed here in Chicago as the Iron Cowboy is headed to the ring!

[O'Connor eagerly orders his men to help him from the ring as Rebecca Ortiz takes over again.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent... from Dallas, Texas... weighing in at 265 pounds... he is the King of the Cowboys... the Iron Cowboy... the former World Heavyweight Champion...

...JAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK LYNNNNNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[Lynch bursts through the curtain to a roar from the Chicago crowd, throwing his gloved hand up into the air to big cheer. He lowers his hand, staring down the aisle at the Blackjacks as they hustle to get their manager out of the ring and out of the warpath of the Iron Cowboy.]

GM: And for the sake of Bobby O'Connor, he better hope that Jack couldn't hear all that garbage backstage.

BW: I hope he heard it. The truth is hard but it's necessary.

GM: O'Connor and the truth are quite strangers recently, Bucky.

BW: That's the devil talkin' to you, Gordo.

[Gordon sighs as Lynch makes his way down the aisle, eyes locked on the ring as the fans along the barricade shout their encouragement at him.]

GM: Jack Lynch is so focused on the action, he barely notices these fans cheering him on right now.

BW: When has Jack Lynch ever cared about anyone but himself?

GM: Oh, come on now. Jack Lynch is a family man and a good friend... do you really think he doesn't care about his kids, his wife, his brothers and sisters-

BW: I'm sure James would agree with me.

GM: That's who your backup is? Another ungrateful turncoat?

[As Jack Lynch nears the ring, a fired-up expression on his face, he points at Bobby O'Connor who is on the outside.]

GM: And I'm guessing that means that O'Connor's vile comments moments ago did not go unnoticed by the Iron Cowboy.

BW: Just like one of those stinkin' Stenches to threaten an injured man.

GM: Injured man... give me a break. O'Connor's no more injured than you or I are, Bucky!

BW: He's been trying to get medical clearance to get back in the ring for ages now, Gordo... he just can't get it done! I even sent him to my own personal doctor who handled my neck injury years ago.

GM: That quack?!

BW: Quack?! He's board certified in personal injury... testimony. Anyways, he says Bobby is a medical miracle for even being able to walk out here!

[Dustin Sanderson moves to stand in front of O'Connor who has his hands up, pleading with Lynch to "not inflict any more trauma upon my person." The big Texan looks at his former partner and friend with disgust with a shake of his head before grabbing the ropes, pulling himself up on the apron...

...which is when O'Connor shouts something up at Lynch.]

GM: Did he just call for the Good Lord's blessings on this match?

BW: Amen.

[Lynch turns to glare at his former friend again...

...which is when Jason Whittaker rushes him, smashing a right hand into his ear from the apron...]

GM: Ohhh! Cheap shot from Whittaker - and I suppose we should expect nothing less from someone who has chosen to associate with that traitorous snake Bobby O'Connor!

BW: Just listen to you. You used to not be able to get enough of ol' Whitebread Bobby out here, hugging the old ladies, kissing the babies....

GM: That's before he let the world see what a vile human being he actually is. Betraying his friend, slandering the family that basically made him part of them...

[Whittaker lands a second haymaker to the side of the head before reaching over, scooping the King of Cowboys up and slamming him down inside the ring as O'Connor shouts "The heavens have opened up and rained down the joys of athleticism, referee!" Scott Ezra gives him a weird look but gestures for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The match has started with Jason Whittaker-

BW: Blackjack Whittaker.

GM: I am NOT going to call him that - it starts with him in control thanks to some outside-the-ring shenanigans by Bobby O'Connor... and don't forget that Whittaker's tag team partner, Dustin Sanderson-

BW: Blackjack Sanderson.

GM: -Bucky, please. We've got fourteen days left together - don't make me put in for a new partner with two weeks left.

[With Lynch down on the mat, Whittaker leaps up, driving a stomp down into the sternum of the lanky Texan.]

GM: Leaping stomp by Whittaker - all six foot six and 272 pounds of him driving down into the chest of the former World Champion.

[Whittaker leaps in the air a second time, stomping down in the chest again as Lynch recoils in pain on the canvas. Sanderson nods his head, slapping his hands on the mat - "that's the way we do it, big man! Put this trash down!"]

GM: Sanderson with a few words from the outside... of course, he fell in defeat to the Iron Cowboy two weeks ago in Milwaukee when these two jumped Jack Lynch post-match which led to this match being made.

[Stepping on the middle rope, Whittaker gets a little more spring up into the air as he stomps down into the chest a third time, leaving Lynch to roll onto his hip, clutching at his chest as O'Connor looks on pleased from the floor.]

GM: Jason Whittaker in full control right now... and Jack Lynch is rolling to the outside, trying to get a breather after being assaulted before the bell.

[Whittaker looks to pursue but the referee cuts him off, walking him back...

...which allows Dustin Sanderson to swoop in, grabbing Lynch by the hair and SMASHES his head down into the ring apron!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[The crowd jeers Sanderson's actions as he shoves Lynch right back up into the ring. A smirking Whittaker brushes past the referee, moving back in on the Iron Cowboy who is reeling down on the canvas...]

GM: Sanderson with a little interference on the outside... and that's the only way Whittaker stands a chance in this one if you ask me. This wet-behind-the-ears rookie isn't going to beat a former World Champion in his first AWA singles match without some outside help.

BW: You mean guidance? Bobby's got lots of guidance for him. You should hear some of the things Bobby tells him to do to Jack Lynch... it'd make your stomach turn.

GM: Already does.

[Whittaker drags his opponent off the mat before pasting him with a right hand to the jaw, sending Lynch falling back against the ropes. The referee tries to step in but Whittaker will have none of it, rocking and firing right hands into the head repeatedly.]

GM: Get the man off the ropes, ref!

[Whittaker gives the protesting official a nod as he shakes out his hand with a wince.]

BW: Look, he hit Lynch so hard, he might've hurt himself.

GM: Whittaker whips him across...

[Winding up, the six foot six Texan goes for a big right hand...

...but the Iron Cowboy ducks under it, causing Whittaker to fall off balance as Lynch hits the ropes, bouncing back a second time...]

GM: Lynch off the ropes and-

[...and the crowd ROARS as Lynch leaves his feet, toppling Whittaker with a Fierro Press!]

GM: FIERRO PRESS! LYNCH FIRING AWAY ON HIM!

[The cheers keep going as Lynch hammers his gloved right hand down into the head of Whittaker over and over and over as O'Connor squeals a protest in at the official who orders Lynch to break up the closed fist barrage!]

GM: Lynch was all over him there... now up to his feet and-

[Sanderson climbs up on the apron, shouting a threat at Lynch who wheels around to lunge at him...

...but Sanderson drops right back to the floor, smirking as he waggles a finger at Lynch who grimaces, shaking his head...]

GM: Sanderson gets his attention and then gets the heck out of- ohhh! Whittaker with a right hand to the gut as Lynch turns around! And if the goal was that, Mission Accomplished for these three turncoats!

BW: Hey, Bobby says it's the Lynches who betrayed all of them.

GM: Highly unlikely, Bucky.

[Grabbing the doubled up Lynch in a front facelock, Whittaker muscles him up before bringing him crashing down in a suplex...]

GM: Nice execution on the suplex - Whittaker and Sanderson both learned incredibly well in the Combat Corner and from Blackjack Lynch before spending much of last year in Japan...

BW: Thanks to Blackjack Lynch getting them canned.

GM: ...although we're told Sanderson also spent some time on the shelf with an arm injury last year...

BW: Thanks to Blackjack's old enemies gunning for this kid. Still think they turned on the old man, Gordo?

GM: I absolutely do.

[Whittaker floated from the suplex into a cover during that discussion, earning a two count before the former World Champion escaped...

...and is now choking Lynch down on the mat.]

GM: That's a choke, Bucky!

BW: I can see that, Gordo. The ref too. That's why he's counting.

[At the count of four and change, Whittaker abandons the choke...

...and then lunges right back in, wrapping his hands around the throat a second time.]

GM: He's choking him again! A blatant choke right in front of the referee and I know he didn't learn that from Blackjack!

BW: HAH! You think Blackjack Lynch never choked a man in a match!? I don't know when you switched your glasses to rose-colored lenses, Gordo, but that ol' dinosaur was as crooked as they come in the ring at times.

[Whittaker abandons the choke at four and change again before applying another cover, gaining a two count again.]

GM: Lynch kicks out a second time... and Jason Whittaker has the Iron Cowboy exactly where he wants him... for now at least.

BW: He does and he needs to take advantage of it. The chokes are all well and good but he needs to lay in some heavy shots and wear Lynch down while he's got him down.

[Climbing to his feet, Whittaker looks down on the gasping Lynch...

...and then leaps up, sending his six foot six frame high into the air before crashing down on the Texan with a legdrop!]

"OHHHHHHH!"

GM: Leaping legdrop with impact! And... oh, you're not going to beat Jack Lynch like that!

[The crowd jeers Whittaker as he stays seated, his leg across the chest as he waves for a pin count. A two count follows before Lynch escapes with ease and Whittaker glares at the official.]

GM: No use complaining to the referee, kid. You want to beat the former World Champion, you oughta cover him like you want to beat him! Not like you're trying to embarrass him!

BW: Can't we do both?

[Whittaker climbs to his feet, giving a few more words to the referee as he walks around the ring, taunting the jeering crowd who are letting him have it for his actions. Sanderson turns to the crowd, shouting "SHUT YOUR PIEHOLES!" as they boo him too.]

GM: This trio isn't making any friends in Chicago tonight.

BW: The Blackjacks aren't here to make friends.

GM: The Blackj... unbelievable. Those two aren't worthy of that name and even you know it.

BW: A bum on the street is worthy of THAT name.

[Lynch is struggling to get up off the mat, his feet underneath him as he pushes to his feet and gets greeted with a firm uppercut that sends him falling back into the corner...

...where the six foot six Whittaker lifts a long leg, planting his boot up under the chin!]

GM: Another choke! Whittaker's breaking every rule in the book!

BW: Spoken like someone who has never looked up every rule that can be broken.

GM: And I'm sure you have.

BW: Wouldn't be the greatest manager of all time if I haven't, would I?

[Gordon sighs as Whittaker lets loose the choke at four and change again, grabbing the arm...]

GM: Shoots him across...ohh! Lynch hits the corner hard!

[And as he staggers back out, he's greeting with a big boot to the jaw by Whittaker, wiping him out again!]

BW: BOOT TO THE MOUTH! Not only does he shut Lynch's lying mouth up but that might be enough, Gordo!

GM: Whittaker covers again!

[Another two count follows before Lynch's shoulder pops up off the mat!]

GM: And another two count before the escape! The Chicago fans giving their support to the Iron Cowboy, letting him know they're on his side as he tries to get going in this one.

[O'Connor angrily pounds his fists into the mat, shouting "THREE! THREE! THAT WAS THREE, YOU BLIND-" before a warning look from the official cuts him off.]

GM: O'Connor taking umbrage with the count as Whittaker grabs Lynch by the arm, dragging him across the mat... what's this about?

[Pulling Lynch over towards where O'Connor is leaning against the apron, Whittaker puts Lynch's body up against the ropes, pressing his throat down on the middle rope...]

GM: And that's another choke! Putting all his weight behind this one!

[...and bounces up and down on him, repeatedly driving his throat into the ropes...]

GM: Come on, ref! Do your job in there!

BW: Poor Scott Ezra. He's got everyone yelling at him - even you!

[Whittaker breaks at four and change again, backing off with his hands raised...

...which is when O'Connor loops his arms around the back of the neck, pulling Lynch's throat down on the middle rope!]

GM: He doesn't look too injured to me!

BW: No, no! Dr. Oz told me about this! He might get sudden bursts of energy where he feels like his old self! Perfectly normal!

GM: Did you say "Dr. Oz?"

BW: Huh? Hm? Oh, no... not at all. You misheard me. Although the man's got a mind for medicine like you wouldn't believe.

GM: I... I can't even...

[O'Connor breaks off his attack before the referee turns around, leaving Lynch gasping for air over the middle rope...

...and before the referee can question it, Whittaker comes barreling across the ring, leaping into the air...

...but the Iron Cowboy shoves himself aside, causing Whittaker to land crotchfirst on the middle rope before bouncing back, crashing down on the mat and clutching his groin in agony!]

GM: HE MISSED! LYNCH MOVES AND WHITTAKER TAKES A SHOT IN THE MARBLES!

[Both men are down on the mat as O'Connor pleads with Whittaker to get to his feet. Sanderson starts slapping the mat in rhythm, chanting "BLACK-JACKS! BLACK-JACKS!" to boos from the crowd...]

GM: His corner is trying to rally Whittaker up... but both men are down after that one.

BW: There's no way Jack Lynch meant to do that. Did you see him dive to the mat like that? I think he's got a little of his old man in him.

GM: The instinct for self-preservation?

BW: No, I think he saw a quarter on the canvas.

[Overwhelming Sanderson's chanting attempt, the crowd starts one of their own.]

"LET'S GO, JAAAA-AAAACK!"
clap clap... clapclapclap

"LET'S GO, JAAAA-AAAACK!"
clap clap... clapclapclap

"LET'S GO, JAAAA-AAAACK!"
clap clap... clapclapclap

[And a weary Iron Cowboy raises an arm in salute from his spot down on the mat, sliding his other arm underneath himself to try to push off the canvas.]

GM: The fans are rallying behind Jack Lynch and Jack Lynch is answering the call! The Windy City beneath his wings!

[Lynch is pumping his fist to the crowd as he gets to his knees, the crowd getting louder as Whittaker struggles to get off the mat several feet away, still holdin' his groin.]

GM: Both men starting to stir on the canvas! Which one will get there first?

[The crowd ROARS as Jack Lynch pushes up to his feet with a tremendous roar of effort, his fists balled up and at the ready as Whittaker pushes up, wobbly as he turns to face him...]

GM: Right hand by Lynch!

[The crowd roars for the big haymaker by Lynch...

...and then jeers the responding one from Whittaker!]

GM: Whittaker fires back with one of his own!

[The Iron Cowboy rocks and fires with a second, knocking Whittaker back a step before he responds in kind!]

GM: The two big Texans are trading right hands!

[One from Lynch...

...the other from Whittaker...]

GM: Neither one's going down though! Two big tough Texans doing battle and-

[Lynch fires again...]

GM: -oh, what a haymaker by the Iron Cowboy!

[...and again...]

GM: And now he's trying to string some together!

[...and again...]

GM: Rockin' and firing on Whittaker!

[...and again...]

GM: Lynch has the fans behind him and-

"OHHHHH!"

GM: TO THE EYES GOES WHITTAKER!

BW: Brilliant move by Jason Whittaker!

GM: Brilliant move?! You act like he just countered a wristlock into a hammerlock!

BW: No, this was much better!

[Grabbing the blinded Lynch by the hair, Whittaker rams his head into the top turnbuckle, leaving him staggering against the ropes, grabbing them for support.]

GM: Whittaker puts him in the corner... whips acr- reversed!

[The reversal sends Whittaker crashing into the corner, staggering back out...

...and Lynch barrels across the ring, leaping into the air, leaving his feet to smash a lariat across the chest of Whittaker!]

GM: LARIAT! LARIAT BY THE IRON COWBOY!

[Whittaker hits the mat and starts rollin' rollin' rollin' for the ropes as Lynch scrambles, looking to make a cover as he dives across the chest...]

GM: He could have him here! We've got one! We've got two! We've got-

[The crowd jeers loudly as suddenly Whittaker's foot appears on the bottom rope, O'Connor and Sanderson frantically pointing it out to the official!]

GM: Foot on the ropes! And what do you want to bet one of those two had something to do with that?!

[Lynch pushes up to his knees, looking at Whittaker's foot on the ropes...

...and then glares out a murderous stare towards Sanderson and O'Connor who are still pointing at the foot.]

GM: The referee's waving for the match to continue... Lynch getting back to his feet...

[Ignoring Sanderson and O'Connor, Lynch pulls Whittaker off the mat, scooping him up and slamming him down...]

GM: Big slam on the 270 pound Whittaker! Pure power on the part of the King of Cowboys!

[...and after a bounce into the ropes, Lynch leaps into the air...]

GM: KNEEDROP CONNECTS!

[He goes to cover...

...and then spots Sanderson up on the apron, trying to distract the official...]

GM: This is like a damn handicap match out here!

[...but instead, Lynch pulls up off the mat and DRILLS Sanderson with a right hand, sending him falling to the floor to big cheers!]

GM: DOWN GOES SANDERSON! LYNCH LET HIM HAVE IT AT LAST!

[Lynch points a threatening finger at a shocked O'Connor who raises his hands, begging off as the Iron Cowboy pulls Whittaker off the mat again, whipping him into the ropes...]

GM: HIIIIIIIGH BACK BODY DROP BY LYNCH!

[...and with Whittaker sprawled out on the canvas, Lynch defiantly lifts his gloved right hand into the air to a HUUUUUGE ROAR from the AWA faithful!]

GM: He's calling for the Claw! Jack Lynch calling for the Iron Claw here in Chicago! And listen to these fans respond!

BW: Do something, Bobby! Don't let him slap this illegal hold on your guy!

GM: Illegal hold?!

BW: Yeah, you know... I think Demetrius Lake had some good points when he tried to get the Claw banned all those years ago. I also introduced Bobby to my lawyer and-

GM: You did what?!

[O'Connor suddenly leans forward, sticking his upper body between the ropes, shouting a warning to Whittaker...

...which is when Jack Lynch grabs O'Connor by the shirt collar!]

GM: He's got him! He's got that snake O'Connor!

BW: He's attacking an injured man... AGAIN! THIS IS THE TRUE SCUMBAG OF THE LYNCH FAMILY!

[O'Connor struggles to get free as Lynch tries to drag him into the ring where he can lay a beating on him...

...but Whittaker is up and running, hitting the ropes where O'Connor is, a move that catches Jack Lynch by surprise as Whittaker HURLS himself into an impactful lariat that knocks Lynch backwards, freeing O'Connor who pulls himself back to the floor

as Whittaker collapses to his knees, diving over the downed Lynch, folding up both legs in a stacked cover!]

GM: No! Not like this!

[The referee slaps the mat once... twice...]

GM: You've gotta be-

[...and three times!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Son of a...

BW: HE DID IT! HE DID IT! JASON WHITTAKER PINNED A FORMER WORLD CHAMPION, GORDO! HE PINNED THE IRON COWBOY!

GM: I saw it... I saw it.

[Out on the floor, Sanderson and O'Connor are embracing, celebrating the win as Whittaker gets off the mat, a shocked look on his face.]

GM: Even Whittaker can't believe he beat Jack Lynch!

BW: Doesn't matter if he believed he could do it... HE DID IT!

GM: Whittaker rolling to the outside to join the celebration.

[The group hug on the floor is enough to turn your stomach as an AWA fan, the Chicago faithful letting them have it as they continue to celebrate the shocking victory.]

BW: And that's gotta put Bobby O'Connor in the lead for the 2018 Golden Grappler for Manager of the Year, Gordo.

GM: I'm not even going to dignify that.

[O'Connor gleefully breaks away, raising the arms of his two charges as the fans roar with disdain for the trio...]

GM: The Chicago fans letting them have it but unfortunately, that won't change the result as... don't adjust your sets... Jason Whittaker pins Jack Lynch with all sorts of help-

BW: No, no... say it again... say it loud, say it proud... JASON WHITTAKER PINS JACK LYNCH!

GM: Sanderson and O'Connor were interfering at will all match, Bucky! You've gotta admit that! It was a numbers game from even before the opening bell! Jack Lynch was outnumbered and-

BW: AND HE LOST! Stop making excuses for him, Gordo! HE LOST!

[Jack Lynch sits up on the mat, a disappointed look on his face...

...which turns to anger as he locks his eyes on the celebrating trio in the aisle. The King of the Cowboys gets to his feet, pointing to the outside where the referee retrieves a microphone for him...]

JL: I'm sick of this.

[Lynch wipes at his sweat-covered brow.]

JL: I'm sick of the sneak attacks... the backjumping... the interference... the two on ones... I'm sick of all of it, Bobby!

[O'Connor smirks at his former friend, shrugging in his direction.]

JL: And I say we do something about it.

[The crowd cheers.]

JL: And since I know you're too much of a yellow-bellied coward - a disgrace to your family's name - to get in the ring with me yourself, I'm gonna have to take it out on your boys there...

[Sanderson waves him forward with a "HE JUST BEAT YOU!"]

JL: Yeah, yeah... you beat me, big man. Now, let's see if you can do it again. Two weeks from tonight in New Orleans, the AWA is havin' a big party... and I was gonna take the night off because my sister is gettin' married to one of my best friends and I didn't want to be all sweaty in my tux...

But the three of you... you changed my mind.

[Lynch nods as the crowd cheers.]

JL: And I know New Orleans knows how to party so let's give New Orleans something to REALLY party over...

The two of you down there... against me...

[He pauses.]

JL: ...and my partner.

[O'Connor snorts, laughing loudly off-mic.]

"YOUR PARTNER?! YOU'VE GOT NO PARTNER!"

[Lynch nods.]

JL: Oh yeah... I'll need one of those.

[He lowers the mic, a grin on his face as O'Connor looks confused...

...and the Chicago crowd ERUPTS at the sound of Rush's rock classic "Tom Sawyer" lighting up the PA system!]

GM: OH MY STARS! YOU WANT A PARTNER FOR THE IRON COWBOY, WELL, YOU JUST GOT ONE!

BW: WHAAAAAT?!

[O'Connor flips out as he jerks around, spotting a grinning Travis Lynch up at the top of the aisle, waving at the trio in the aisle.]

GM: A challenge has been issued! The former World Tag Team Champions - Jack and Travis Lynch - want a piece of Dustin Sanderson and Jason Whittaker in New

Orleans and if that snake O'Connor sticks his nose in there, they'll take a piece of him too!

BW: This... this isn't right! This isn't fair! Travis Lynch... damn it! TRAVIS LYNCH?!

[Travis is still grinning at the crowd reaction... and the reaction of a distraught Bobby O'Connor as we fade to black...]

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

#When you wish..#

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

#...upon a star#

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

#Makes no difference who you are...#

[...to a closeup of a bloodied Martinez, looking up in shock as a hobbled 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 as we fade back up on a panning shot of the United Center crowd, we hold there for a bit, the fans still buzzing over the return of Travis Lynch they witnessed moments ago...

...and we cut to a series of fans with their favorite signs: "CHICAGO IS VASQUEZ COUNTRY!", "SUPREME AND THERESA 4EVER!" with a silver glitter 4, and "CAN YOU FEEL THE HEAT?!" with fire in the background.

When suddenly, "Hero" by Nas plays over the PA system and the crowd cheers as Jordan Ohara emerges onto the stage in Chicago.]

GM: An unexpected surprise here tonight in Chi-Town! The National Champion is here!

[He is dressed in his shiny three-quarter length Carolina blue tights but instead of the Phoenix symbol the Chicago flag symbol is emblazoned on the thigh. He wears his white winged jacket but instead of his custom Air Jordans he wears the original red and black version. Jordan mimes dribbling the microphone in his hand and leaps to hit the Jumpman pose to a wild ovation.]

GM: Haha! Jordan Ohara paying a little tribute to the great Michael Jordan who once hallowed these very halls here in the United Center... and as he makes his way down the aisle, listen to these fans cheering him on!

[The crowd is solidly behind the Phoenix as he heads down the aisle, his jacket hanging open to reveal the National Title secured around his waist.]

GM: And upon seeing the big gold around his waist there, you have to wonder if he's here tonight for another edition of the Phoenix Rises Open Challenge to put that gold on the line against anyone who wants to take their best shot. If you missed the Power Hour last weekend, Ohara defended the title against a fellow champion - one-half of Next Gen in Howie Somers... and what a match it was, Bucky.

BW: I gotta give Ohara credit, Gordo - he said he wanted to put that title on the line against anyone who wanted a shot... said he wanted to be a fighting champion... be the best National Champion there ever was... and I don't know if he's done that yet but he's definitely giving it all he's got.

GM: Wow, that's the nicest thing I think you've ever said about him.

BW: Yeah, well... he's still a baby-kissin' punk.

GM: And there we go.

[Reaching the ring, Ohara gathers himself, pushing his ever-lengthening hair back out of his face as he raises a microphone to speak.]

JO: What up, Chicago! WHOOO!!!!

[The crowd shouts back at him. Jordan cups his ear, listening harder.]

JO: I'm from Charlotte, North Carolina, but you know the Second City gave birth to the legend that inspired my mom to name me. This is Title Town!

[Ohara points to the rafters where six Chicago Bulls championship banners hang amidst the retired numbers of legends and especially the one magic number 23.]

JO: From the time I was a kid, I wanted to be like Mike. I wanted to fly! I wanted to jump over everybody!

[Ohara lets the crowd cheer.]

JO: But I never grew to 6'6 and my jumpshot wasn't so pretty. I didn't look good with a bald head. Bodybuilding and wrestling were more my thing. Instead of flying from the free throw line, I flew from the top rope.

[He points to the corner to another cheer.]

JO: MJ taught me how to compete every single minute of every single day. I'm like that. I know people knock me for being a little bit of a nerd and loving you fans out here and being the biggest momma's boy on the planet. I'm good with all that. There's nothing wrong with being a boy scout if you ask me. It seems to have worked out fine.

[Jordan unstraps his National Title and raises it high.]

JO: Now, because I'm in the home of greatness and the home of the man who never backed down from a challenge... tonight I'm going to watch Donovan and Osborne to see who will become the Number One contender to this gold.

But not only that...

Chicago.

[The crowd ROARS at the mention of their fair city.]

JO: You inspired me. You created me. I dreamed of being in these streets and in this arena so I can't just come out here and talk to you on the mic. I've got to talk to you in the ring.

So Chicago, how about a Phoenix Rises Open Challenge? Would you like that?

[The crowd roars in approval.]

JO: That's what I thought. And I agree fully. So Chicago, it's on! Bring out anybody from the back and let's do this!

[Ohara lays the title belt down on the mat in front of him, waving towards the back as the crowd buzzes with anticipation.]

GM: This Open Challenge has really brought us some strong matches in the early part of this title reign - they've really become a highlight of whatever show they're featured on if you ask me, Bucky.

BW: You're not wrong... but Ohara's walking a dangerous line, Gordo, because sooner or later, he's going to do this thing and end up getting his world rocked and he'll lose that title.

GM: All good things must come to an end... but until it does, Jordan Ohara's determined to be a fighting champion.

[The buzzing crowd cranes their necks towards the entrance to see who might be coming as an impatient Ohara shouts "COME ON! LET'S DO THIS!"...]

...and his fired-up expression quickly vanishes as "The Soviet March" starts up and the crowd reacts with surprise.]

BW: Is Zharkov answering the challenge?!

[Even Jordan Ohara is surprised as the Interim President of the AWA makes his way onto the stage, microphone in hand. Zharkov takes a long, hard look down at the ring, a move that causes the Phoenix to retrieve the title belt off the mat, clutching

it to his chest as he eyeballs his former rival and a former National Champion in his own right. A slight grin crosses Zharkov's face as he removes the pencil from behind his ear and taps a clipboard in his palm.]

MZ: Tovarisch, that is an admirable challenge.

But tonight, I ask you to... indulge me.

[Ohara looks even more confused now, the crowd buzzing along with him..]

MZ: There will be no random selection tonight, Phoenix.

Tonight it is my choice. How you say... hand picked

[Ohara's brow furrows.]

JO: Who is it?

[Zharkov looks down the aisle, eyebrows raised.]

MZ: You are prepared?

[Ohara grimaces, holding the title belt over his head with one arm.]

JO: Always.

[The crowd roars for Ohara's bold declaration as Zharkov grins, nodding.]

MZ: Good. Wait here. I will send him.

[Zharkov gazes at the North American championship belt for a moment before he steps behind the curtains, leaving a puzzled Ohara in the center of the ring.]

GM: Well, this is an interesting development. The Phoenix Rises Open Challenge will go down... but not as planned for the National Champion as it seems that AWA Interim President Maxim Zharkov has hand-picked his own opponent here tonight for him - his own challenger I should say.

BW: This could be the night, Gordo! The title may be slipping out of Ohara's grip before he even realizes it!

GM: We'll see about that. But now, I have to wonder who in the world...

[Gordon trails off as the lights go down, and the piercing two-note guitar intro to Horrified's "Deus Diabolus Inversus" rings out. The words "BAD SEED" flash on the screen.]

DEUS

[The man we've only seen clips of so far - Damian DeVille - steps out from behind the curtain and into the aisle, his face utterly devoid of emotion. His long black hair, shaved at both sides, is pulled and tied back. His lean, muscular upper body is a portfolio of dark tattoo work, befitting of a young man who once fronted a death metal band. He wears plain black fight shorts, knee pads and boots, and a sleeveless black leather jacket.]

DEUS DIABOLUS INVERSUS

[He stalks slowly down the aisle as the growled, repetitive mantra of the song continues.]

GM: Well, this is a bit of a surprise for me, Bucky.

BW: You ain't alone in that.

GM: We've seen promotional video for weeks now promoting the arrival of this young man but we had no indication when it was coming... much less that it would be coming in such a high profile manner as a shot at the National Title!

BW: We've seen a lot of high profile debuts lately though. Maybe it's a trend.

GM: Perhaps it is... nevertheless, Damian DeVille looks as though he's been selected to make his debut here tonight in this title shot... and Jordan Ohara looks puzzled by this. He's staring down the aisle, conversing with our official. He looks as befuddled by this as anyone.

[Reaching the ring, DeVille slips off the jacket, lays it on the ring steps and slides into the ring on his belly, springing to his feet.]

GM: The fans not sure how to react to this young rookie either here in Chicago... and look at Jordan Ohara.

[Ohara looks warily across the ring at his challenger, sizing up the young man as he waits for the bell to sound.]

GM: Now, we've talked about the dangers of an Open Challenge before, Bucky. And Jordan Ohara has experienced firsthand those dangers with title defenses against the likes of Robert Donovan, Sid Osborne, and Howie Somers... but this is a different level of danger because at least with those three challengers, you had an idea of who your opponent is... what their style is... you knew them. Damian DeVille is a completely unknown competitor to... well, everyone.

BW: You're absolutely right, Gordo. We know almost nothing about him other than that vignette we've seen over the past several weeks promoting his arrival... and now - in his debut - he's given a shot at the National Title.

GM: Well, he accepted the challenge like the others did-

BW: Uh uh... I don't think so. He didn't come out here when Ohara made the call... President Zharkov walked out here and said he'd chosen an opponent for Ohara to face. This is a completely different scenario. This isn't Billy Givens stealing an opportunity to face Odin Gunn or Pink Cashmere getting dragged into that gauntlet. This is a total unknown showing up, being put in a match for the National Title, and if I'm Jordan Ohara right about now, I smell a rat.

GM: What are you implying?

BW: Look, there's a history between Ohara and Zharkov, right? I'm just saying maybe our Interim President knows more about this kid than he's letting on.

[Ohara has a few questioning words for the official who shrugs before asking Ohara "you good to go?" The Phoenix gives a careful nod, watching as referee Koji Sakai walks across to ask DeVille the same question. DeVille doesn't respond, keeping his focused eyes on the champion... and with another shrug, Sakai signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: And who the heck assigned Sakai ANOTHER National Title match after he botched the last two defenses Ohara's made on this show?

GM: Ultimately, I think you'd say he made the RIGHT decision in both of those cases... he just went through that decision-making process in an unusual fashion.

[Ohara edges out of the corner as DeVille throws an anxious look around the sold out United Center.]

GM: Jordan Ohara and Damian DeVille both coming into this one with a bit of anxiety, I think, but for very different reasons. The champion is concerned about the unknown qualities of his opponent while the challenger - much like Moxy Hart earlier - probably has more than a few butterflies making a debut on this big of a stage.

[Deville takes a deep breath before stepping out of the corner, changing levels and extending his arm in an unusual approach towards Ohara who sidesteps, shifting down to match the level...]

GM: Both men circling at the start... neither rushing into anything here...

[...and the dance continues, a full circle until both are back in their original places in the ring, still advancing towards one another...]

GM: This is the epitome of a feeling out process for sure as neither man wants to-

[...until DeVille gets within range, lunging towards Ohara, that arm still extended towards the champion who snatches it, twisting and dragging the rookie down to the mat to cheers from the crowd!]

GM: -make the first mistake and it's DeVille who does exactly that, practically feeding Ohara his arm for that armdrag!

[Ohara grins at the Chicago crowd's reaction as he comes back to his feet, his confidence growing as DeVille sits up on the mat, slamming the heel of his hand into the canvas.]

GM: And a little frustration for the rookie, perhaps realizing he walked right into that.

[Deville scrambles up off the mat, a little bit of fire in his eyes as he squares up on Ohara again, walking upright towards him again...]

GM: DeVille not backing down though, moving right back in...

[...and as he gets closer, he swings his arm out in a straight right hand aimed at the champion who shifts his body to avoid it, grabbing the arm and taking him down a second time!]

GM: ...and another armdrag sends DeVille down to the mat!

BW: Ohara's having his way with the kid right now.

GM: Do we know anything at all about this young man?

BW: Uhh... that he's never set foot in a pro wrestling ring outside of training as far as I know. I believe he's got a martial arts background of some sort... also used to be in a heavy metal band. That's about it, Gordo.

GM: And yet here he is with a debut on Saturday Night Wrestling for the National Title... someone must know something about this young man's background that we don't. Where did he train?

BW: Parts unknown apparently.

GM: Where's he from?

BW: Wisconsin... which is surely enough to make someone as angry as he looks after that second armdrag alone.

[Gordon chuckles as DeVille angrily shouts and smashes a hand into the mat a second time. This time when he gets up, the look on his face is one of pure rage as he advances quickly - and perhaps recklessly - on Ohara who greets him with a tieup...]

...that DeVille slips out of by burying a vicious-looking kneestrike into the midsection of the National Champion!]

GM: Oh! Hard shot to the ribs of Ohara!

[Ohara stumbles backwards, grimacing as he grabs his ribs, leaning back against the ropes as the referee steps in with an arm extended to prevent DeVille from continuing the attack.]

BW: And an expertly thrown knee there - that's gotta be that martial arts skill we talked about.

GM: It sure does. Ohara reeling a bit from that and rubbing at those ribs... perhaps that did more damage than it looked...

[DeVille backs to mid-ring, fists up, knee crooked as his foot comes slightly off the mat...]

GM: What is this now?

BW: Looks like a martial arts fighting stance of some sort. Maybe that background is a bigger influence on his pro wrestling style that we knew.

[Ohara looks puzzled at DeVille, waving a hand at him and looking at the official who waves for the match to continue.]

GM: Ohara being very cautious here... and you can't blame him. If you doubt the danger of a martial artist in the world of pro wrestling, you need look no further than Tiger... huh.

BW: What?

GM: Well... we saw Tiger Claw out here talking about working towards the future of the sport... training the future of the sport and this young man appears out of nowhere in a title match and... I'm just curious.

BW: If Claw's got anything to do with this kid, Ohara's in serious trouble.

GM: Well, I wouldn't go that far but-

[Ohara reaches out a hand towards the young man, looking to gauge the distance...]

...and a quick snapping kick to the wrist sends the hand away.]

GM: Oh!

[The champion jerks back, shaking out his hand as he looks shocked at what just happened.]

GM: Gotta watch the feet of Damian DeVille apparently.

[Ohara rubs at his wrist, a grimace on his face as the suddenly-calm DeVille stands his ground, ready to fight...]

GM: Ohara checking that wrist... that kick came awfully quick at it...

[The champion edges away from the ropes, keeping out of reach of DeVille's dangerous feet...

...and then suddenly rushes forward, ducking low to avoid a DeVille tieup attempt, ending up behind him in a rear waistlock.]

GM: Nice move by Ohara... double leg trip from the back!

[And with DeVille facefirst on the mat, Ohara leans over, trapping the arms in a double chickenwing and then rolls to the side, bridging up as he pins DeVille's shoulders to the canvas!]

GM: Ohara with a quick pin attempt - he gets one! He gets two! He gets-whoooooa. Close call there for Damian DeVille!

BW: They don't teach that one in the Dojo, Gordo.

[Ohara rolls to a knee, a grin on his face as he goes to hold up his fingers to show how close he was...

...but DeVille is quickly to his feet too and comes up swinging, throwing a roundhouse aimed at the kneeling Ohara's head...]

"OHHHHHHH!"

[...and a shocked and desperate Ohara throws himself backwards, narrowly avoiding the kick before scrambling up off the mat to find DeVille back in the unique fighting stance.]

BW: Hah! Ohara went to show how close he was to winning it and he turned out to be THAT close from getting his head kicked right off his shoulders, Gordo!

GM: DeVille came up aggressive and Ohara wasn't expecting it... although perhaps he should've been.

[Ohara looks around at the unsettled crowd who are very quiet as they watch Ohara take on this relative unknown.]

GM: The crowd is nervous, Bucky. You can hear it.

BW: This just doesn't feel right. Nothing about it.

GM: Ohara's sizing up DeVille again...

BW: The grappling seemed to work - maybe that's the ticket.

[The champion circles a bit again...

...and then makes a drastic step to his side, causing DeVille to shift quickly to match it, lowering his leg down and out of the fighting stance enough for Ohara to make a dive, grabbing the legs and taking him down!]

GM: Double leg takedown by Ohara, taking your advice, Bucky... and right up into the mount goes-

[But DeVille reverses the mount attempt like it's absolutely nothing at all, putting Ohara on his back where he winds up, smashing fists down on Ohara's arms as the champion tries to defend desperately...]

GM: Ohara's on his back and DeVille's hammering away! The referee's right there, making sure Ohara can continue to defend himself!

[With the arms up to block, DeVille shifts to elbows, throwing his entire body down on them, smashing his elbow down across Ohara's forearms over and over again as the crowd's buzzing grows more anxious!]

BW: Ohara better keep those arms up or DeVille might knock him out with those elbows!

GM: The champion's trying to defend himself! Trying to keep DeVille at bay!

[But as another forearm is blocked, DeVille slips out of the mount, sliding into what looks like a lateral press...

...until he pushes up and DRIVES a knee into the exposed ribs of Ohara!]

"OHHHH!"

[A second knee follows, Ohara's arms swinging down to try to protect his side as DeVille cracks home a third!]

GM: He's going for the ribs that he hit with that knee earlier!

[Ohara pushes away from DeVille's striking, rolling quickly and with intent to get out of the ring to the outside...]

GM: And Ohara rolls out... my goodness, what a bad spot he's in early on in this one and... don't look now but DeVille's going out after him!

[DeVille steps out to the apron, ignoring the referee as he puts his back against the steel ringpost, measuring Ohara who is doubled over, leaning his head on the apron...]

BW: No, THIS is a bad spot to be in! Ohara's gotta move!

[...and DeVille comes charging down the apron as the crowd buzzes nervously...]

GM: PUNT KICK!

[...but Ohara pulls back, causing DeVille to do his best Charlie Brown impression, whiffing on the kick and throwing himself up with enough force to come crashing down backfirst on the apron!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He missed! He missed in dramatic and devastating fashion!

BW: Oh, come on... NOW is when you say "good grief!"

[Gordon chuckles as Ohara pushes DeVille back down on the apron, swinging his arm down into the sternum...]

"WHAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAACK!"

[...and the crowd groans along with DeVille as Ohara pounds him down into the apron before shoving him back under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: And that might've been the rookie mistake that Ohara needed to get back on track after spending a few minutes trying to puzzle out what this kid is all about.

[Ohara grimaces as he pulls himself on the apron with the aid of the ropes, grabbing at his ribs for a moment before stepping up on the second rope in the middle of the ring...]

GM: We've seen Ohara do this before, fans!

[...and then with one foot on the top, he leaps high into the air, arm extended over his head as DeVille gets up off the mat, holding onto his lower back...]

GM: TOMAHAWK CHOP OFF THE TOP! DOWN GOES DEVILLE!

[...and with DeVille sprawled on the canvas again, Ohara dives across, hooking a leg...]

GM: Ohara gets one! He gets two!

[...but DeVille escapes at two, breaking loose of the pin attempt.]

GM: Ohara's right back up after the failed pin... trying to take advantage of having DeVille in some trouble for the first time in this one...

[Ohara is quickly back up off the mat, grabbing DeVille in a waistlock as DeVille climbs off the canvas...]

GM: Waistlock!

[...and DeVille looks for the traditional escape, throwing an elbow back towards Ohara who manages to duck down, tucking his chin and avoiding the strike before rushing forward, smashing DeVille's chest into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh! He puts the rookie into the buckles!

[Ohara lets go, stepping back a couple of steps so that when DeVille staggers backwards...]

BW: SWEEP THE LEG!

[...he can lash out with a hard low kick to the back of the knee, kicking DeVille's leg out from under him and putting him down on the mat again!]

GM: Ohara sends him right back down, grabs the legs... flips over the top... double leg cradle!

[Ohara hangs on tightly as DeVille struggles to escape the pinning predicament as the referee counts once... twice...]

GM: Ohhh and DeVille slips out at two again!

[Ohara is right back up, waiting as DeVille moves a little bit slower to get to his feet to find the Phoenix ready and waiting...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and connecting with a knife edge chop that sends DeVille staggering backwards...]

GM: One of the hardest chops in the AWA locker room!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and a second one sends the rookie falling back into the ropes, hanging on to them to stay on his feet...]

GM: Ohara unloading with those knife edge chops and he's got DeVille reeling after a good start for the rookie in this Phoenix Rises Open Challenge...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the third sends DeVille flipping backwards over the top rope, crashing down awkwardly on the floor to a big cheer!]

GM: DEVILLE GOES OVER THE TOP AND DOWN TO THE FLOOR!

[Ohara strikes a martial arts pose, grinning at the crowd's reaction to DeVille's hard fall to the outside...]

GM: And the Phoenix reminds us that DeVille's not the only one with a martial arts background... but Ohara's got more than that in his arsenal, Bucky, and it looks like he's about to show it!

[The crowd noise builds with anticipation as Ohara moves to the corner and starts climbing...]

BW: Ohara's also got that risk taking element to his game... he loves to fly but every time he does it, he's taking a big chance... especially with his title on the line...

GM: Ohara climbing bit by bit... heading up to the top rope, looking out all these fans in the United Center as he waits for Damian DeVille to get back to his feet on the outside...

[...and as DeVille gets off the floor, Ohara takes to the sky!]

GM: OHARA FLYING AS HIGH AS ANOTHER MAN WHO ONCE RULED THE SKIES IN THIS BUILDING!

[The flying crossbody off the top wipes out DeVille on the outside, Ohara crashing down on top of him to a thunderous roar from the Chicago crowd!]

GM: Jordan "Air" Ohara takes flight here in Chi-Town and he's completely turned this around. Momentum is on the champion's side as he looks to finish off DeVille and notch another successful defense of the title.

[Ohara looks out with a nod on the cheering crowd as he retakes his feet, leaning down to retrieve his fallen challenger off the floor. He backs away, getting a little momentum as he goes to toss DeVille back under the ropes and into the ring...

...but DeVille hooks an arm on the bottom rope on the way in, using it to swing his legs back around and catch Ohara with a kick to the face!]

GM: Ohhh! What a counter out of DeVille, again using those educated feet to his advantage!

[Ohara stumbles backwards, grabbing at the side of his head as DeVille pulls himself to his feet on the apron. He takes a quick glance back at the National Champion before leaping up, springing off the middle rope...]

GM: MOONSAULT!

[...and wipes out Ohara on the floor with a flying attack of his own!]

GM: MY STARS! Just when you thought Damian DeVille's night was on the verge of ending, he breaks out an innovative move on defense and a death-defying one on offense to get back into this.

[DeVille climbs off the floor, dragging Ohara up with him, and shoves him under the ropes.]

GM: Back inside he goes... DeVille on the apron, heading to the corner himself...

[The newcomer quickly scales the ropes, keeping Ohara in his sights as he steps from the second to the top...]

GM: DeVille on the top, Ohara down and unmoving!

[...and DeVille takes flight, tucking his legs up...]

GM: DOUBLE STOMP!

[...but Ohara rolls clear, causing DeVille to land HARD on the mat, jamming his own ankles as he collapses down to his knees on the canvas!]

GM: He missed the stomp!

BW: And he's grabbing at the ankle - the rookie mistake may have cost him all right there...

[Swooping to his feet and in behind him, Ohara lifts DeVille off the mat in a waistlock before taking him up and over with a thunderous German Suplex!]

GM: Suplex! With the bridge!

[The crowd counts along with the official!]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEE-"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DeVille kicks out in time! He breaks down the bridge and he escapes before the three count...

[Ohara rolls to a knee, checking the official who holds up two fingers... and with a nod, Ohara moves from the ring to the apron, pointing to the corner...]

GM: ...and now it's the Phoenix who has the challenger down where he wants him.

BW: Or does he? A moment ago, we thought DeVille had Ohara down where he wanted him and that turned out to be a big mistake!

[Ohara climbs to the second rope... then to the top. He raises his arms over his head, looking down on the prone DeVille...]

...and with a leap, he throws himself into the air, pumping his arms and legs...]

GM: PHOENIX FLAME!

[...and CRASHES down on the unmoving DeVille with a stunning frog splash. Ohara bounces up a bit before settling into the cover, hooking a leg...]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HE GOT HIM!

[Ohara pops up off the mat, breathing a sigh of relief as he pumps a fist in the air, drawing big cheers from the Chicago crowd.]

GM: Jordan Ohara with another successful defense of that National Title here tonight, Bucky.

BW: Damian DeVille had some flashes of something in there but in the end, I'd say he's got some work ahead of him before he can truly compete against the likes of the National Champion.

GM: I'd have to agree with you. But another solid defense of the gold for Ohara... and now he can sit back and watch the battle between Sid Osborne and Robert Donovan later tonight. He says that's a de facto Number One Contender match to him so I'd imagine he'll push to face the winner of that one at the soonest opportunity. Who will it be? We'll find out on our second hour of Saturday Night Wrestling which will kick off in just a few moments after this quick commercial break. Don't forget to stick around for our second hour featuring Brett Bryant vs Hannibal Carver... Sid Osborne vs Robert Donovan... starts like Raphael Rhodes and KAMS in action... plus the first of our Women's World Tag Team Title tournament Semifinals with the Slam Sorority taking on the Peach Pits plus so much more!

[Ohara celebrates, standing on the second rope with the title held in the air and the crowd cheering as we fade to black...]

...and fade back up as the quintessential American family of four walks up and down the snack aisle of Anyplace grocery store in Anytown USA. The father wears khaki dockers and a golf shirt that would make him look like a State Farm agent if it weren't navy. The wife is in jeans and a quilted jacket. Her curly hair drops a little bit. The kids, a daughter and a son, trudge along behind them, seemingly on the verge of a meltdown tantrum. The mother searches the snack aisles, picking up chips, candies, candy bars. She sighs in exasperation.]

M: Kids, I know you're hungry. But none of this stuff is right. It so bland. It isn-

[Suddenly, the racks of candies fly apart and Shadoe Rage bursts onto the scene dressed in fuchsia and gold. He holds up two handful of jerky sticks.]

SR: Wanna feel Sensational? Tired of bland cured meats? Tear into Mr. Berkeley's Turkey Jerky!

[Rage tears a chunk of jerky from the pack in his hand. The sound reverberates through the screen. The family is suddenly transformed and energized into hip looking versions of themselves.]

SR: The signature herbs and spices! The smoky flavor! The lean turkey jerky! It's the perfect snack!

[Rage hands out the packs of jerky.]

SR: Ohhhh man, that's good. When I get my hands on Mr. Berkeley's Turkey Jerky, I feel SENSATIONAL!

[Rage tears into another bite along with the family. Everybody seems even more amped as Rage turns towards the camera.]

SR: And so will you.

So will you!

SO WILL YOU!

TEAR INTO IT!

MR. BERKELEY'S TURKEY JERKY... IT'S SENSATIONAL!

[Rage savages the remaining piece of jerky before he stares straight into the camera, smiling as we fade to black...

...and then come back on the backstage area where we find Mark Stegglet standing with a grin on his face.]

MS: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling live on ESPN here in Chi-Town, fans... and while Chicago is rocking over the show they've seen so far, two weeks from tonight, the AWA will be rolling into New Orleans for the Tenth Anniversary Show! We already knew it was going to be a big night of action with the Finals of the Women's World Tag Team Title Tournament... with Julie Somers defending her newly-won Women's World Title for the first time on television against Ricki Toughill... the World Tag Team Titles on the line in a SuperClash rematch between Next Gen and the Soldiers of Fortune which will be held inside a STEEL CAGE... and now, we can add one more huge match to the mix as I've just been informed that Bobby O'Connor has accepted the challenge and at the Tenth Anniversary Show, we'll see The Blackjacks take on the former World Tag Team Champions in Jack and Travis Lynch! Plus, the Dogs of War take on the trio of Omega, Polemos, and Whaitiri... and so much more where that came from. It's going to be a tremendous

night... an emotional night as well as we not only celebrate the wedding of our friend Theresa Lynch to Supreme Wright but we say goodbye to the greatest announcer of all time, Gordon Myers, as he heads off into retirement.

[Stegglet smiles.]

MS: And the buzz is in the air, the AWA has rolled out the red carpet and has invited some of the stars of AWA yesteryear to appear in New Orleans as well to help us celebrate the AWA's birthday. I've seen the guest list and believe me, it is something else. It's going to be a great night... and I can't wait to be a part of it.

[Stegglet pauses as he's joined by the members of the Slam Sorority. "The All-Around Athlete" Laura Davis is to Stegglet's left and she wears an Indiana State University letter jacket over her track suit. To Stegglet's right is Carolina Colton in a University of Calgary letter jacket over her day-glo orange and yellow 90's inspired ring gear. Further behind Colton is the surly, smirking presence of "T-Bone" Wallace, who looks like she also was dressed to compete in matching yellow and orange neon ring gear, a University of Minnesota bomber letter jacket slung over her shoulder.]

MS: But that's two weeks from now. Later tonight, we are going to see The Peach Pits compete in the Women's World Tag Team Title tournament Semifinals against the women who are with me at this time, The Slam Sorority.

[Stegglet turns towards Davis.]

MS: However, Laura Davis, Interim AWA President Maxim Zharkov has ruled that, because it was you and Carolina Colton who teamed together in the first round and were the winners, that you must continue to team for the rest of your tournament run. Now, after what happened on the Power Hour last week, it's worth asking-

[Davis raises a hand up to Stegglet's face, cutting him off.]

LD: All right, Stegglet, you've talked long enough, now you let the grown-ups do the talking.

[Colton snickers condescendingly at Stegglet. Trish Wallace has crossed behind him and is glaring at him ominously.]

LD: First of all, it seems our Interim President has a little difficulty with understanding the details of the contract. I guess when you come from a country in which people put their words in a sentence in any order that they want, they'd have a hard time translating anything into another language.

But while I could spend a lot of time helping Zharkov understand American legalese, I'm going to focus instead on the match tonight. And what I can promise you, Stegglet, is that it doesn't matter who wrestles tonight, because the Slam Sorority is walking out with the win tonight, then doing the same on the Anniversary Show. And once the Slam Sorority wins this tournament, mark my words, Stegglet... we WILL decide which members defend the belts each time, that's a promise.

MS: Laura, it seems to me you are looking past The Peach Pits. Now, of course, Donna Martinelli is somebody you consider your prized student. Are you prepared to go up against her tonight?

[Davis narrows her gaze.]

LD: What do you think, Stegglet? Do you really think for one minute that I am not going to be prepared to wrestle anybody? And don't you EVER accuse me of looking

past anybody, because even if you aren't sold on Donna and her friends, I've watched them enough to know they have the potential to be one of the best teams in the AWA. It just so happens that, tonight, it isn't going to be their night.

And I will say this to you, Donna, I not only hope you are bringing your best tonight, I EXPECT you to bring your best tonight, because that is always what I have expected from you. Just as I expect that Carolina here will bring her best, like she and Trish did on the Power Hour.

MS: Let's get back to the Power Hour, then. What about what happened to Carolina? We saw she was attacked backstage.

CC: Oh ya nah fer sure, bahd. I got myself worked over a little bit by that strutting peacock. But ya know, that's not the first time a Colton's been worked over by a Rage. Right now all I'm thinkin' about is the Peach Pits, right? T-Bone's already had a run-in with them last year, ain't that right, Trish?

TW: [coldly] I told you not to remind me of that, Carolina.

CC: Well, no worries now. Because now you're running with a crew that can get the job done. And when we're in the ring with the Peach Pits, we'll show everyone how to handle opponents of... their particular...

[Colton trails off as she tries to find the best-suited word.]

CC: ...Skills?

TW: Yeah, that three-on-two jazz they pulled on me last fall.

CC: You won't stoop to that level, will ya, T-Bone?

TW: Oh no. I'll just be at ringside. Watching.

CC: Oh ya nah fer sure, Trish. You'll just be watching.

TW: Oh ya. "Forgive and forget." That's me.

MS: Still, everything suggests that Lauryn Rage has to be in the back of your minds.

LD: Listen, Stegglet, as far as Lauryn Rage goes, we will deal with her when the time comes. But right now, we...

[That's when the lights go out. They come back on after a few seconds and we see the Slam Sorority members have each taken up a defensive position.]

MS: What in the world was that all about?

[Davis gives a somewhat-frantic look around, anxiously trying to spot any sign of the former Women's World Champion.]

LD: Trish and Carolina, I think we've said enough.

[Wallace nods as Colton arches her neck, an anxious look on her face after what happened to her a week ago.]

LD: Like I was about to say, we've got a match to win.

[She then motions for the two to follow her off the interview set.]

MS: They may not want to admit it but I've gotta think the Slam Sorority may have their hands full tonight... in more ways than one. Let's go back to the ring.

[Stegglet looks up curiously at the ceiling, presumably looking at the lights as we fade out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following matchup is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... weighing in at 257 pounds from Downer's Grove, Illinois... "The Spyder"... Danny Voight!

[Voight is grizzled. He has a hard, chiseled body and the bitter look of a man who has wrestled unsuccessfully for 30 years. He doesn't bother to acknowledge the crowd. The greying brunet yanks on the ropes and smacks his arms, his dead sky eyes staring at the entrance ramp.]

RO: Annnnnnd his opponent... he weighs in at 240 pounds... from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada...

...he is "SENSAAAAATIONALLLLL"... SHAAAAAADOOOOOOE RAAAAAAAAGE!

["Greyhound Pt. II" blares over the PA system as fuchsia and gold smoke chokes the entranceway. The shadow of a figure emerges through the smoke, dressed in black monk's cloth scarf and hoodie and gold monk's cloth cloak. The crowd goes crazy at the man's arrival as Shadoe Rage steps through the swirling smoke like some sort of post-apocalyptic Burning Man survivor.]

GM: There he is, fans! Many have called this man the Savior of the AWA because of the role he played at SuperClash inside that double-caged hell known as WarGames and if you want to talk about a man who has had the biggest turnaround in the way he's treated by the AWA faithful, it just might be this guy right here.

BW: The former World Television Champion's got the fans behind him now... but what's next, Gordo?

[He throws back his hood to free his thick head of dreadlocks as he marches to the ring, slapping hands with the fans. Behind his sunglasses, Rage's insane eyes never leave Voight's. Rage alights the ringsteps, wiping his boots on the apron before vaulting into the centre of the ring. He jabs an accusing finger towards Voight, backing the veteran up before he twirls for the crowd, owning the center of the ring.]

GM: The world is wide open for Shadoe Rage but we know this man has one focus and that's gold! He wants AWA championship gold wrapped back around his waist and he doesn't care who he has to face for it - from Odin Gunn to Next Gen, from Jordan Ohara to Supernova... Shadoe Rage is spending 2018 hunting for some glittering gold!

[A sea of flashes go off, recording the entrance for posterity, Instagram and bragging rights with fans who couldn't get tickets. Rage shrugs off his shawl and robes to reveal a body honed by years of fitness and warfare. He wears metallic shiny fuchsia trunks, matching knee pads and gold wrestling boots. His muscular right arm is encased in a black sleeve and his right hand sports a black, leather fingerless glove. Rage stares straight into the shorter Voight, his kohl-lined eyes burning a hole through his likely-outmatched opponent.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And we're underway!

["The Spyder" rushes his opponent, lunging into a tieup and promptly going right to the eyes to jeers!]

GM: And Voight wasting no time, taking the cheapshot with the thumb to the eye - there's no call for that, Bucky.

BW: Sure there is. He wants to win! Voight has been around this game for decades. He knows what he's doing and how to get what he wants!

[Voight ignores the booing crowd as he snatches a side headlock on Shadoe Rage and torques his grip, wrenching at the Canadian's head and neck.]

GM: Voight with a fast start here and I have to imagine Shadoe Rage did not expect this out here tonight.

BW: Well, then Shadoe Rage is slipping. The Shadoe Rage that has gotten to the top of this industry in his career was ready for anything. What if these cheering fans have made him soft, Gordo?

GM: Highly unlikely, my friend.

[Voight grinds away on the headlock, leaving Rage reaching futilely for the ropes. Referee Andy Dawson asks Rage if he quits. The request is denied as Rage throws three hard forearms to Voight's kidneys.]

GM: Rage refusing to give in and now trying to fight out of this hold... up to his feet... and he shoves Voight off to the ropes...

[As the native of Downer's Grove rebounds off the ropes, Rage rushes to meet him with a hard back elbow to the mouth.]

GM: ...ohh! Back elbow up under the chin! Shadoe Rage loves throwing those elbows and that one rocked the veteran.

BW: You don't want to let this mad man impact you with any part of his body. This guy loves collisions. He is never happier than when he is throwing his body into somebody. I mean this man leapt from the top of a 20 foot cage! He was hit by a car! He stowed away in the cargo hold of a plane! I don't know why anybody agrees to wrestle this lunatic!

GM: The competition?

BW: It's gotta be the paycheck. You must get hazard pay!

[Rage shakes his head as he stalks Voight. Voight drags himself to his feet but suddenly Rage is on him again, raining down 12 to 6 elbows. Voight withers under the assault, collapsing to the mat as Rage stomps on his heart. The crowd gasps in pain.]

GM: My goodness.

BW: And you people cheer this savage. Why? What has changed about him? He's still the same lunatic he always was!

GM: He helped save the AWA, Bucky.

BW: Yeah, but what has he done for us lately? Huh?

[As Voight writhes on the canvas, Rage drops an elbow into his chest. Rage springs up quickly and drops another elbow and then another as the crowd starts to count along.]

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

[And as the crowd shouts out 'TEN!' Shadoe Rage leaps up and drives a knee down into Voight's sternum. The crowd goes wild as Rage stands over his opponent, twirling one finger in the air.]

BW: Gordo, these people love a gladiator and any match with Shadoe Rage becomes a fight to the death.

[Rage pulls Voight up by his short hair. He points at the camera side of the ring, charging the ropes, flying over the top as he drives Voight neck first across the top rope. The impact sends Voight flying backwards head over heels in the ring as Shadoe Rage lands safely on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And that'll take a lot out of Danny Voight! The throat snapped right down over the top!

[Rage nods to the cheering fans on the outside, pointing to the corner...]

GM: And don't look now, Bucky, but I think the Sensational One is heading to the top rope!

BW: This is scary.

[Rage scrambles up on the apron, stepping to the top rope with two big strides. He raises his arms over his head, pointing to the sky...]

GM: Rage on the top...

[...and soars off the top, two hundred and forty pounds of savage Haligonian comes flying down, crashing down with his patented flying double axehandle as he crushes Voight to the canvas!]

GM: ...and Rage OFF the top! Death from Above!

BW: Shadoe Rage doesn't go to the top as much as he used to, preferring to stay grounded and strike with you more than ever, but that Death from Above! That move is deadly. He knocked out Torin the Titan with it! I can only imagine what happened to Voight taking that impact.

[Rage beckons to the crowd for their cheers and they respond favorably as Rage hauls Voight up off the mat, peppering him with a jab punch... and another... and another...]

GM: Rage channeling his sister with those boxing skills - he's got Voight in a daze!

[Dropping back into the ropes, Rage bounces back, leaping into the air to drag Voight down with a left-handed bulldog lariat!]

GM: Ohhhh! And down goes Voight again!

[Rage flips over, applying a lateral press.]

GM: Rage covers - he's got one! He's got two! He's got-

[Voight's shoulder pops up off the mat, breaking the pin.]

GM: Oh, how about that, Bucky?

BW: Danny Voight's no pushover. He's been around this business for a long time and he may not have the best win-loss record in the game but he's tough-as-nails and he brings the fight to every match he's in.

[Rage nods his head, climbing to his feet, showing a little sign of respect to Voight as he leans down, dragging him up off the mat...]

GM: Rage staying right on him though... oh! He shoves him chestfirst into the corner!

[...and as Voight staggers backwards, Rage leaps up, tucking his knees into the veteran's back!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LUNGBLOWER CONNECTS! Rage popping the air out of Voight's body!

BW: He got all of that too, Gordo! This one's gotta be over now!

[Rage climbs off the mat, looking down on Voight who is gasping for air on the canvas...]

GM: Or is it? I think it's going to be over when Shadoe Rage says it's over, Bucky.

[Rage reaches down a hand towards his fallen opponent.]

GM: Is this a show of sportsmanship from Shadoe Rage?

BW: This is him showing off.

[A weary Voight tiredly reaches up as Rage pulls him to his feet, patting him on the chest as Voight wobbles unsteadily. Rage leans in, asking if he's okay, allowing him to catch his breath.]

GM: I'm not sure I understand what this is.

[The crowd buzzes with confusion of their own...

...until Voight suddenly lashes out with a wild haymaker that Rage ducks under, leaping up to hook Voight by the head, pulling his head down against his knees as he drops down to the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SKULLBUSTER! OH MY STARS! SKULLBUSTER OUT OF NOWHERE!

[Rage drops down into a tight pin. The official drops down beside him slapping the mat three times and ending the competition.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Rage picks up the win!

[Rage climbs to his feet, pointing his finger towards the corner as he marches across the ring, stepping up on the midbuckle to salute the crowd as the ring announcer makes it official...]

RO: Here is your winner... "SENNNNNSAAAAATIONAL"... SHAAAAAADOE RAAAAAGE!

[The cameras flash as Rage stands and stares out at the crowd before lowering his arms and making the belt motion with his hands around his waist.]

GM: And there it is, Bucky... making it clear that he's gunnin' for gold in 2018!

BW: And listen to these fans, Gordo. What a change this is for the former World Television champion. These fans haven't cheered so loudly for Shadoe Rage since he debuted. I can't believe how they've embraced him here. Man, anybody can be forgiven in this business.

GM: So you can forgive the Lynches.

BW: Too soon, Gordo. A thousand years will be too soon.

[Gordon chuckles as Rage continues to celebrate.]

GM: Speaking of the Lynches...

BW: Must we?

GM: ...let's go backstage where the soon-to-be Mrs. Wright is standing by!

[We go to backstage where we find a grinning Theresa Lynch standing in front of an AWA backdrop.]

TL: With two weeks to go before the Anniversary Show, we've already had plenty of controversy tonight and it started with our opening bout. With that in mind, let me talk to one of the participants in that match.

[That's when "The Spitfire" Julie Somers walks onto the set. Somers is still dressed in her wrestling attire and has the AWA Women's World Title strapped around her waist.]

TL: Julie, I know you never expected to be teaming with Ricki Toughill just two weeks before your title defense at the Anniversary Show. And after what went down in that match against Suga N' Spice, along with what happened after the match, I can't imagine what must be going through your mind right now.

[Somers bites her lip, as if she's trying to be careful with what she has to say.]

JS: Theresa, I don't have to tell you that I have no involvement with E-Girl MAX, right?

[Theresa shakes her head.]

TL: Well, of course not, Julie. It doesn't surprise me that you're bothered by E-Girl MAX proclaiming you've joined up with them. I don't believe it for a minute.

[Somers nods.]

JS: But that's the thing, Theresa. You don't believe it. I have lots of fans who don't believe it. Yet as much as I'm getting tired of E-Girl MAX sticking their noses where they don't belong, that's not what's really bothering me right now.

[Theresa looks surprised.]

JS: Look, Theresa, let's get to the point. I have tried to make things work with Ricki. I know she's your friend, I know she's Michelle Bailey's friend, and I consider the two of you friends.

And I didn't try to make things work with Ricki because you're my friend. Nor because I am Michelle's friend. And it wasn't because I pitied Ricki or felt sorry for what happened to her back when Kerry Kendrick, Sandra Hayes, and Kurayami tried to put her out of wrestling for good.

I tried to make things work out because I not only respected Ricki as a wrestler, but I wanted to respect her as a person, too. I believe she had changed for the better, I really did.

But after what went down tonight?

[She shakes her head and then turns to the camera, her eyes with a hint of anger.]

JS: I just can't do it any longer!

Ricki, you want to blame me for diving on top of you, even if you were pulled in the way... OK then. But when I'm just asking you to pay attention when I'm looking for the tag and you decide you're just going to throw down right there... then why should I even bother thinking about giving you another chance?

If you really believe that I've thrown my lot in with E-Girl MAX, that I'm just setting you up and that I can't be trusted... fine!

[Somers throws up her hands.]

JS: In two weeks' time, not only am I going to prove exactly why I earned this belt around my waist, but I'm going to prove why I'm still the woman who encourages every little girl watching to live the dream, and do it with class and dignity, while you're still making yourself out to be the victim of everything!

Believe me, this is personal, and I'm not the one who's been making it this way... Erica!

[She turns to Lynch again.]

JS: Sorry, Theresa... I wish you nothing but happiness at your wedding.

[With that, Somers walks off the set as a shocked Theresa looks after her.]

TL: It appears that the Women's World Champion has a lot on our mind tonight after what went down earlier. But thanks for the well wishes.

[Theresa grins.]

TL: Let's go back out to Gordon and Bucky.

[We crossfade back out to a panning shot of the United Center crowd.]

GM: Thanks, Theresa... and there's some definite hostility between Somers and Toughill brewing right now.

BW: Just in time for it to all boil over in two weeks in New Orleans at the Tenth Anniversary Show - and it just dawned on me, Gordo...

GM: What's that?

BW: All the hype around Next Gen defending the titles against the Soldiers of Fortune in a SuperClash IX rematch... Toughill taking on Somers in New Orleans is a SuperClash VIII rematch too!

GM: It certainly is - what a loaded lineup we've got two weeks from tonight in New Orleans, Bucky.

BW: A helluva way to go out, ain't it, pal?

GM: It sure is, old friend.

BW: And you don't know the whole story yet. I've been sitting on this one because I knew the AWA was hustling to try to put it together but there's one more huge thing going down in New Orleans that I can't wait to see.

GM: Oh? You got a big scoop for us?

BW: I sure do... but I'm not tellin'... not yet. I'm going to save it for the third hour and I'm gonna steal the show!

GM: Always one to steal the spotlight... so to speak. And fans, coming up next...

[As the light tinkling of synth plays over the loudspeakers, the Chicago crowd comes to their feet. By the time the drums of 30 Seconds to Mars' "Vox Populi" is blaring over the loudspeakers, the arena is shaking from the force of thousands of stomping feet.]

GM: ...the sound of drums, a chorus of voices, a call to arms. You know what this means, Bucky!

BW: What'd you say? I can't hear you, Gordo, these people are screaming!

[The curtain is pulled aside, and out he steps, the AWA's White Knight. As always, there's an intensity on the face of Ryan Martinez that few can match. He's dressed in his ring gear and he marches to the ring with purpose.]

GM: Looks like, for Ryan Martinez, it's time to go to war!

BW: Cut that out!

[After being handed a microphone, Martinez enters the ring, moving to the center.]

RM: You know, when I came out here a few weeks ago, and said I didn't have a cause to fight for...

That wasn't an invitation.

But Masks for Money, if you wanted my attention, you've got it. You said that someone is offering you a lot to take me out.

Well, here I am...

[Martinez gestures at himself.]

RM: ...and here's your shot!

[Martinez lowers the mic, turning to look towards the entrance as the fans in attendance do likewise. All eyes are on the entrance... well, most eyes as a few thinkers are scanning around the crowd to see if anyone is coming through their masses as well until...]

#Ohhhh-oh-ohhhhhh

[The anticipation changes to a roar as the opening chords of "Radioactive" by Imagine Dragons comes over the PA]

GM: Well now, I don't think this was the shot that Ryan Martinez, or anyone here was expecting tonight.

BW: But they'd be fools to not think it's been coming for years now.

["The Future" Derrick Williams steps out from the entranceway, dressed in his ring gear and a zip up white and gold "FUTURE" zip-up hoodie, available now for \$54.99 on ShopAWA.com, hood up and hands in the pockets as he walks to the ring, eyes focused on the ring and it's occupant. He climbs the steps and enters the ring, producing a mic from his pocket as he lowers his hood]

GM: We've been waiting for this, Bucky, and while they both have Masks for Money targeting them, the tension between these two is immeasurable.

[Martinez stares straight ahead, never taking his eyes off Williams and the crowd keeps their energy, waiting eagerly to see what's about to happen.]

RM: Speaking of someone taking a shot...

I gave you a pass at SuperClash. But you've run out of passes. And I haven't forgotten what you did two weeks ago in Milwaukee.

[Williams holds a hand out.]

DW: Peace, Ryan.

While Atlanta had all the intentions you'd expect... two weeks ago, that was a misfire.

[Martinez raises an eyebrow as Williams nods.]

DW: I acted on instinct, and in the middle of everything that was going on, I just grabbed on and Shocked whatever touched me.

And really Martinez, you are the LAST person back there... well, actually, second to last, Hunter is still around... that I would expect to see coming to MY aid in any kind of situation.

But regardless, two weeks ago, that was an accident. It was not intentional.

[Williams shrugs.]

DW: I don't really regret it, but I wasn't out there aiming for you.

[Martinez looks at Williams skeptically.]

RM: You'll forgive me if I have trouble believing it was an accident.

[Williams nods.]

DW: I know. There's nothing I can say to make you believe me, White Knight. But it's true regardless.

[He pauses.]

DW: Oh, and before you even decide to as... no, I have nothing to do with the new merc squad jumping you... or me.

If I wanted to take a shot, you damn well know I'll just take it, I don't need to play games.

[Williams steps closer now, getting just outside arm's reach.]

DW: If I wanted to drop you, I'd do it myself...

[And then edges closer, now within reach.]

DW: ...even right now if I was going to.

[The two come eye to eye, the crowd buzzing with anticipation.]

GM: We've known this was inevitable but is it gonna happen here in Chicago?!

[Martinez and Williams both stand at the ready, seemingly ready to strike out at one another at any moment...

...when the crowd noise changes drastically.]

GM: Williams and Martinez are face to face, nose to nose, eye to eye and...

[The crowd noise becomes blatantly obvious as suddenly we see The Golden Grappler and Ultra Commando 3 inside the ring, rushing Williams and Martinez. Williams delivers a two-handed shove to the chest of Martinez, sending him falling backwards as the Future absorbs the attacks of both masked men simultaneously, sending him falling down to the canvas!]

GM: ...a sneak attack! Masks For Money are in the ring!

[The crowd is jeering as the Commando and the Grappler put the boots to Williams down on the mat, kicking and stomping him repeatedly as a shocked Martinez looks on for a moment...]

GM: Williams is getting gangjumped by these two mercenaries and-

[...and then the former World Champion wades into the fray, spinning the Grappler around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

GM: CHOP BY THE WHITE KNIGHT!

[The big blow sends the masked Grappler staggering backwards, arms flailing as he falls back into the ropes. UC3 turns away from the downed Williams, throwing a heavy haymaker into the back of Martinez's head, sending him down on his knees!]

GM: Ohhh! And down goes Martinez as well!

[Standing over the former World Champion, Ultra Commando 3 clasps his hands together and starts hammering home double axehandles across the back of Martinez who is down on all fours!]

GM: The big man going to work on Martinez, putting all of his near 300 pounds behind those blows! Hammering the White Knight over and over and over!

[With a wave towards the Grappler, UC3 beckons his partner to join him mid-ring where they pull Martinez off the mat. A pissed-off Grappler grabs a side headlock, jamming an extended thumb into the throat, sending Martinez gasping and coughing as he falls chestfirst into the corner.]

GM: Masks For Money dividing and conquering Williams and Martinez!

[The Grappler grabs Martinez by the hair, smashing his face repeatedly into the top turnbuckle as the Commando backs off, measuring the White Knight...

...and as the Grappler clears out, the Commando rushes the corner, laying in his near-300 pounds in an avalanche to the back of Martinez!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The Grappler snatches Martinez by the hair, hauling him out of the corner...

...and turns right into a leaping forearm smash to the jaw by Williams that sends the masked man falling away as Martinez falls to his knees!]

GM: Williams back in the mix!

[Williams snatches the Commando by the hood, laying in elbow after elbow after elbow to the side of the head, knocking him back against the ropes...]

GM: Williams is all over the Commando!

[...and then pivots to bury a boot in the gut of the advancing Grappler, doubling him over...]

GM: Onto the Grappler now...

[...and with a front facelock, Williams lifts the Grappler up, dropping him gutfirst down on the top rope!]

GM: ...and he HANGS HIM OUT TO DRYYYYYY!

[Coming off the mat with fire in his eyes, Martinez waves an arm at Williams who backs clear as Martinez rushes in, leaping up, extending one leg...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and connects with his Excalibur kick, knocking the Grappler off the apron and down to the floor!]

GM: MARTINEZ KNOCKS THE GRAPPLER TO THE FLOOR!

[And Williams rushes the Commando at the same time, connecting with a clothesline that flips the big man over the top, dumping him on the outside as well!]

GM: AND WILLIAMS CLEARS OUT THE COMMANDO TO BOOT!

[Williams drops back, giving a shout as he pumps his arms enthusiastically!]

GM: Masks For Money came to Chi-Town on a mission... and that mission has failed in the Windy City as the two targets come together and fight them off, sending the masked men packing!

[Martinez and Williams move to mid-ring, standing a few feet apart but facing out on the now-retreating Commando and the Grappler who are slowly backing down the ramp...]

GM: There will be no big payday tonight for the Grappler and the Commando! No bounty cashed in because the Future and the White Knight are standing tall!

[Martinez throws an uneasy look at Williams who waves the masked men back into the ring, the crowd cheering loudly 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.

The "ACCESS 365" logo flashes across the screen. We're backstage near a craft services area.]

"W-well, heh heh..."

[Smasher Salazar sets his spit bottle on a nearby catering table, uncomfortably close to the crab dip. He quickly grasps on to the bullwhip slung over his shoulder, fidgeting with it in both hands as his eyes light up. Someone he really likes is approaching him.]

SS: I-I-I'm so glad to finally see you... goldarnit, I could just paint your portrait right now, if'n I knew how to paint.

[The absolute opposite image of Smasher Salazar sidles up to him in her designer clothes, a sparkling pink baseball bat over her shoulder.]

MSH: Smasher. So good to finally meet you.

SS: Oh the pleasure is allllll mine. You're prettier than a goldang sunrise after a week's worth of dadblasted rainstorms. All respect to Mister Kendrick, of course. Can... can I offer you-

[Salazar fishes into his pants pocket and removes a presumably filthy tin of chewing tobacco.]

MSH: [flatly] No thanks; I'm trying to cut back.

SS: O-oh, of course, Miss Hayes.

MSH: We're just talking business for now, Smasher, but if your particular set of skills comes in useful to myself and my Self Made Man, it could be... quite lucrative for you.

SS: "Luke"? Who's this dadburned "Luke"?

MSH: We could be paying you a lot.

SS: OH! Now that's my kinda talk.

MSH: Now I saw how Theresa Lynch put you off last week at Power Hour.

SS: Awwww, Reeseey don't mean nothin' by it. She's always been the type that is all hotsy-totsy about my doin's.

MSH: No, she looked down her pretty little nose at you. Implied that you were nothing more than a common criminal. Listen. Smasher. Little "Reeseey" is having her matrimonial soiree in two weeks time.

SS: She's having her what in two weeks time?

MSH: Gettin' hitched.

SS: Oh, so that's what that thing ya said meant! Daggummit, you speak Latin too, Miss Hayes! Don't that beat all!

[Smasher spits into the bottle as Hayes looks positively disgusted.]

MSH: Yeah sure. Look: me and Kerry will make sure you are adequately compensated if you and that...

[She points at Smasher's dip spit bottle with her baseball bat.]

MSH: ...thing... make an appearance at her wedding. You know, just to liven up the proceedings. Because it's going to be an awfully stodgy affair. And you know, maybe Reeseey will love it. You can show her and everyone watching what having a good time is all about.

SS: Well, shoot, Miss Hayes. You could sweet talk a vulture off a gutwagon.

MSH: I've heard that about me.

SS: I'll be your man for that, Miss Hayes. Can we shake on that?

[Hayes looks down at Smasher's greasy, calloused, extended palm.]

MSH: We'll... shake on that with cash later. Kerry and I will be in touch!

SS: Well that sounds like a mighty fine piece of business. But, uh, before you go, Miss Hayes... I got a question; if'n you don't mind a man asking somethin' of you as a beautiful woman.

[Hayes braces herself to have to spurn Salazar.]

SS: How-er... how d'ya get your hair to look so soft like that?

[Smasher runs his hands through his long, stringy black hair.]

SS: See, this stuff of mine—it's just like ol' barn hay. Ain't a darn thing I can do with it. How d'ya get your hair to look all pretty like that?

[Miss Sandra Hayes was not prepared to have this conversation, so she has to answer honestly.]

MSH: I... use Aveda products. Shampoo... leave-in conditioner.

SS: Uh-vay-duh. Alright, I'll look into that! Gotta get me some of that Uh-vay-duh! Thank you, Miss Hayes! I won't let ya down!

[Hayes nods, somewhat perturbed by the idea of Smasher Salazar going into a trendy salon and leaves...]

...and with another flash of the ACCESS logo, we find ourselves in a different part of the locker room area where Mariah Wolfe seems to be leading the camera crew deep into the bowels of the United Center.]

MW: Lauryn? LAURYN? Where are you? You asked us to come interview you. Lauryn?

[No voice responds. Mariah comes to a stop, frustrated.]

MW: This is a wild goose chase.

[A whistle comes out of the darkness. Mariah twists her face in confusion.]

MW: You heard that, right?

[The tune comes stronger. The song is familiar to anyone with children. It is "A Hunting We Will Go." Lauryn Rage emerges from the shadows, dressed in her black unitard and two afro puffs. She continues whistling her tune until she stands right next to Mariah Wolfe. She leans close to the microphone.]

LR: I did call you here. Glad you could find me. I kinda like it down here, away from everybody else.

MW: This is a different look for you. I'm used to you being flashier. In more IG worthy environments.

[Rage laughs.]

LR: Oh, don't ever doubt that at root I'm grimy, Mariah. This is who I was growing up. This is who the AWA needs me to be. But I called you here because I wanted to send the Slam Sorority a message. 'Lauryn's coming.'

[Wolfe nods.]

MW: We've heard you say that before. What do you mean by that exactly?

LR: (kissing her teeth) It means that I'm not going to let anybody think they can just get one over on me. No indeed, I'm gonna get my lick back. Trust me when I say this. See, the Slam Sorority went after Pink Cashmere, a rookie, a kid I yanked out of obscurity because I needed a partner. It don't piss me off that the Slam Sorority took out Cashmere.

[She shakes her head.]

LR: But they took away my shot at making history, yo. I was going to be the first woman to be AWA Women's World Champion and AWA Women's Tag Team Champion. History would be mine forever. And Davis and her crew took that from me. So, if the Slam Sorority think they gonna just add that to their list of crimes and there'd be no repercussions? Well, they just fools if they don't think...

[Rage smirks, pointing to Mariah.]

MW: Lauryn's coming.

[She snaps her fingers.]

LR: Now you're getting it. Everybody who thought they could get one over on me at SuperClash is going to pay for it. And you best believe Lauryn's coming to collect. By whatever means necessary. In fact, it seems to me, Mariah, that since Slam Sorority cost me my shot at making history that I repay the favor.

[Lauryn snaps her fingers a second time.]

LR: Don't they fight tonight to earn their chance at the titles?

MW: Yes.

[Lauryn leans in close.]

LR: So why don't you tell 'em Lauryn's coming. I'll see them soon.

[Lauryn chucks the deuces to Mariah.]

LR: All in good time, Mariah. All in good time.

[Laurn smiles an evil smile before she puts her lips together and whistlers her tune. 'A Hunting We Will Go' as she strolls off back into the darkness...

...and we fade back out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing. We can hear]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... already on his way down the aisle... being accompanied to the ring by his father, the "Doctor of Love" Dave Bryant... weighing in at 235 pounds... from Las Vegas, Nevada...

...BRETT BRYYYYYYYYANNNNNNNNT!

[The familiar opening guitar line from AC/DC's "Big Gun" wail out over the PA system to a big mixed reaction!]

GM: We're back here on Saturday Night Wrestling live on ESPN here in Chicago and this should be a very interesting matchup, Bucky.

BW: Two weeks ago, we saw Dave Bryant - a former World Champion - take offense at something Hannibal Carver had to say about him. He challenged Carver, they fought, and he lost... and after the match, Brett Bryant said that Carver couldn't do the same to him. Well, we're about to find out.

GM: We certainly are... and with the Tenth Anniversary Show coming up in two weeks, it's hard not to look at Dave Bryant out here and think about that tremendous comeback he had back in 2012 and beyond. From becoming the first AWA World Television Champion to winning the World Title from Calisto Dufresne back at SuperClash V in Dallas...

BW: The battles with Supreme Wright.

GM: Absolutely. You know Dave would like to go into the Anniversary Show with a big win for his son tonight.

[Dave Bryant jogs up the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes in an old school "DOCTOR OF LOVE" t-shirt with his face on the front of it. He grins as his son follows him in, the latter in a pair of golden trunks and matching boots with "BB" written on both. He huddles up with his father right away, a last minute strategy session as the music fades.]

RO: Annnnnnd his opponent... from South Boston, Massachusetts... weighing in at 260 pounds...

...the Boston Brawler... HANNNNNNIBAAAAAAL CARRRRRRRVERRRR!

[A mid-tempo bassline is heard over the PA, signaling the beginning of "Gonna Be A Blackout Tonight" by Dropkick Murphys. A siren is heard as the fans get to their feet in anticipation of the South Boston Brawler.]

#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.]

GM: And in comes the Boston Brawler... former National Champion, former two-time SuperClash Main Eventer... and when you talk about the history of the AWA as we approach the historic Tenth Anniversary Show, you gotta talk about this man too, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. There are few in AWA history like Hannibal Carver.

GM: One of the most popular men to ever lace 'em up in the AWA... and one of the most successful as well.

[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 as the music fades, slowly turning to face his young opponent who is waiting across the ring in the far corner for him.]

GM: Hannibal Carver staring across... and I've never been in the ring, Bucky, but I have to imagine that standing in the ring with Carver's eyes on you has to be one of the most terrifying places in all of wrestling to stand.

BW: Absolutely. Everyone's heard the stories of Carver from years gone by. Death matches, can openers, casual dining locations...

GM: Huh?

BW: For the sake of our corporate partners, we'll leave that one right there... but those days may be gone but the man behind them remains and if you get under Carver's skin, all bets are off as to what comes next.

[Bryant tugs at the ropes as his legendary father drops off the apron. Carver smirks at the young rookie, doing a couple of quick "warm-up" jumping jacks of his own as the crowd laughs.]

BW: Carver trying to get in the kid's head...

[The referee has a few final words to both before waving an arm at the timekeeper.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The bell sounds and...

[The rookie and the former National Champion lock up in the center of the ring as the former World Champion looks on from ringside, watching eagerly.]

GM: ...here we go... and Brett Bryant hopes to not repeat what happened to his legendary father two weeks ago when Hannibal Carver beat Dave Bryant.

BW: Carver versus Dave was a throwback to a match that would've Main Evented anywhere in the world a few years ago. Carver versus Brett is a grizzled veteran against a highly-touted rookie. A completely different ballgame.

GM: Brett Bryant would seem to have an athleticism edge on Carver as well - speed, quickness... he may need every bit of it to best the Boston Brawler.

[Carver quickly pulls young Bryant into a side headlock, cranking on it mid-ring as Dave nods his head, shouting "got him right where you want him, son!"]

GM: Dave Bryant cheering his son on... Brett looking to wristlock his way out of this, twisting it around... but Carver's too strong for him, pulling him right back into that side headlock.

[Carver gives it another twist and torque as Brett cries out and the Chicago fans cheer.]

GM: Carver keeping control, holding Brett Bryant right in the middle...

[Brett again looks to escape but this time, takes a different tack as he backs Carver into the ropes, using them to propel him off and out of the hold...]

GM: ...but Brett Bryant fights his way free... drops down, Carver up and over...

[Carver hits the ropes, rebounding back as Bryant regains his feet, leapfrogging over the former National Champion...]

GM: ...and a leapfrog now as well, Carver still on the move and...

[The crowd reacts as Brett Bryant leaves his feet, landing a dropkick with both feet up under the chin of Carver, putting him down on the canvas.]

GM: ...and a nice dropkick takes him down! Right on the money!

[Brett Bryant kips up off the mat, showing off his athleticism as his father cheers from ringside. Brett grins, reaching back to literally pat himself on the back as Carver grimaces, climbing to a knee rubbing his chin.]

"Not bad, kid. Not bad."

[Carver gets to his feet, waving Brett at him.]

GM: Carver showing a little respect to young Brett Bryant who came up short against Max Magnum at SuperClash. No shame in that though as Magnum has yet to be pinned or submitted inside an AWA ring.

[Brett Bryant wastes no time in lunging at Carver, tying up a second time as the Boston Brawler tries to push him back across the ring but the quicker Bryant ducks down, slipping out, and goes around into a rear waistlock...]

GM: Bryant slides right out into that waistlock, also showing perhaps a mat wrestling advantage over Carver who prefers to rock 'em and sock 'em on his way to victory.

[...that Carver looks to escape by elbowing out but Bryant ducks low, avoiding the typical counter by going even lower to grab the leg, tripping Carver and sending him facefirst down on the mat before diving into a headlock of his own, wrenching the head and neck of the Bostonian.]

GM: And now it's Bryant who secures the headlock and the advantage for the moment...

[Sitting on the mat and cranking on the side headlock, Bryant taunts the fans - and Carver - with a little running commentary.]

"All too easy! Maybe a little less day drinking and a few more day trips to the gym, oldtimer!"

GM: Brett Bryant with some words for Carver... who will not be happy to hear them.

BW: Not sure I'd be making an effort to get under Carver's skin if it was me.

[The shouted disparagement lights a fire under Carver who easily forces his way back to his feet, still trapped in the headlock for the moment.]

GM: Right back up goes Carver... to the ropes now himself...

[Carver shoves Bryant off as Bryant did to him moments ago, sending him rocketing into the ropes. The Boston Brawler rears back a big right hand, aiming to send Bryant into a slumber early...]

GM: ...big righ- no, Bryant slides between the legs!

[...and as Bryant comes to his feet, he comes up swinging...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: My stars! Brett Bryant just slapped Hannibal Carver right across the face!

[The crowd reacts to the slap... then a quick cut to Dave Bryant shows a shocked expression on the former World Champion...]

...then a quick cut to Brett Bryant shows a horrified look on his face.]

GM: I think Brett Bryant can't believe he just did that!

BW: He might've let the moment carry him away, Gordo!

[Carver slowly turns back towards Brett Bryant, fire in his eyes as he glares at the rookie...]

...who promptly runs for it, sliding under the ropes to the outside. The crowd cheers as Carver pursues, flinging himself through the ropes to the floor after him!]

GM: And we've got a footrace on our hands now, fans! Carver in hot pursuit of the arrogant Brett Bryant who may have just made the biggest mistake of his young career as the former National Champion is hot on his heels!

[Brett Bryant is faster though and quickly builds a lead, diving back under the ropes as Carver circles behind him...]

...and Dave Bryant jumps in his path, holding up both hands...]

GM: Dave Bryant trying to slow down-

[...and the crowd ROARS as Carver uncorks a right hand to the jaw of the former World Champion, putting him down on the ringside mats!]

GM: -ohhh! And down he goes off a right hand from Carver who- OHHH!

[The crowd has a similar reaction as the high flying Brett Bryant rockets himself between the ropes, crashing into Carver with a tope dive that sends the former National Champion flying backwards into the ringside railing!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[On his feet, Brett Bryant goes to work, throwing heavy hooking right hands to the ribcage of Carver, trying to batter him off his feet as the referee shouts a warning and starts a ten count on both competitors on the outside...]

GM: Bryant grabs the arm and...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ...SPINEFIRST INTO THE APRON OFF THE WHIP!

[Carver slumps down, dipping towards the floor until he manages to hook the bottom rope with an arm. Brett Bryant stays right on him, shoving him under the ropes and rolling him back inside the ring.]

GM: Carver's back in... Bryant pulls himself up on the apron...

[And with a yank of the top rope, Bryant slingshots himself over the top, crashing an elbow down across the sternum!]

GM: ...slingshot elbow drop connects! Bryant makes a cover!

[A two count follows before Carver kicks out, breaking free of the pin attempt.]

GM: Two count off the elbow but that's all... and Brett Bryant hammers home a few right hands, trying to keep Carver down and out of this one while Bryant looks for a way to finish him off for perhaps the biggest upset of 2018.

[Bryant backs off, eyeballing Carver as the Bostonian struggles to get off the canvas a bit.]

GM: Carver up to a knee now and-

[A charging Bryant connects again, this time with a dropkick to the chest that sends Carver spilling out through the ropes to the outside, falling down to the floor on a knee.]

GM: -out to the floor goes Carver again!

BW: Brett's old man was at his best fighting on the floor at times... maybe Brett picked up a little of that.

GM: Perhaps he did... but this young man looks like he's about to take to the sky again...

[On his feet, Brett grabs the top rope with both hands, watching Carver get back standing on the outside...

...and as Bryant slingshots over the top into a plancha, Carver nonchalantly walks away and allows the rookie to crash and burn on the barely-padded ringside floors!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Uh oh! A hard fall to the outside off that missed dive by Brett Bryant.

BW: It's why they call it high risk, daddy.

GM: You're absolutely right. But now it's Carver on his feet, circling back on Brett Bryant, trying to finish him off here in Chi-Town!

[Grabbing Brett Bryant by the hair, Carver pulls him to his feet and promptly SMASHES his face down into the ring apron!]

GM: Ohhh! Facefirst on the apron!

[And with a grip on the hair, Carver pushes his face down on the canvas and starts walking backwards, dragging him down the length of the apron, the mat burning into the skin of the rookie!]

GM: And a little bit of the vicious side of Hannibal Carver coming out in this one, Bucky.

BW: Bryant should consider himself lucky there's been no can openers involved.

[Cut to Dave Bryant with some words for Carver on the outside as Carver lets go of Brett who stumbles forward, hugging onto the ringpost to stay on his feet.]

GM: Bryant hanging on for dear life as his father tries to let Carver know a piece of his mind...

[Carver ignores the former World Champion, moving in on the younger Bryant who is still leaning chestfirst against the post. The Boston Brawler deliberately steps past him, a smirk on his face as he grabs Bryant's arms...]

BW: Oh no.

GM: Carver's got the arms and-

"CLAAAAAAANK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The Boston native yanks the arms, sending Bryant's head and torso bouncing off the steel ringpost!]

GM: Ohhh my!

[Carver watches as Bryant slumps backwards...]

"CLAAAAAAANK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AGAIN TO THE POST!

"CLAAAAAAANK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And another for good measure!

[Letting go of the wrists, Carver grins as Brett Bryant slumps to his knees on the floor, the fans going wild as Dave and the official let Carver have it. The Boston Brawler rolls into the ring, breaking the count at seven... and then rolls right back out, turning his focus back onto the young rookie.]

GM: Brett Bryant may be getting more than he bargained for in this one...

[Carver grabs a handful of hair, dragging Bryant off the floor with it. He steps in alongside him into back suplex position, lifting him into the air...]

GM: Atomic dr-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and then surges forward, smashing Bryant's groin into the ringpost!]

BW: Ring the bell! This brute just savaged the Bryant family jewels!

[Brett is down on the floor on his back, his legs aloft like a turtle on his back as he grabs at his... family jewels. Dave Bryant looks like he's going to be sick, grabbing his own... family jewels.]

GM: The referee's letting Hannibal Carver have it for that. That's certainly a potential disqualification and... Dave Bryant looks physically ill, Bucky.

BW: Of course he does! He may not have grandchildren after that!

[With the referee not immediately disqualifying him, Carver pulls a hurting Brett Bryant off the ringside mats, tossing him under the ropes...]

GM: Carver puts him back in... you can't imagine it would take much to finish him off after that.

[Carver grabs the middle rope, pulling himself up on the apron as Brett groans and wails in pain, grabbing the official by the shirt and pulling him closer..]

...which allows former World Champion Dave Bryant to grab Carver by the ankle before he can step back through the ropes!]

GM: We've got a Bryant distracting the referee inside, we've got a Bryant going after Carver on the outside! Bryants everywhere in this one and.... Carver's fighting it, trying to shake him off...

[A hard shake sends Dave staggering back, falling to the floor as Carver glares at him and Brett rushes him...]

GM: Brett on the attack- oh! No! Hard elbow to the jaw by Carver!

[Brett Bryant staggers backwards from the ropes as Carver steps in, looking to finish him off... but the hurting Brett rushes him, moving a little slower than previously as Carver lifts him off the canvas, twisting around...]

GM: SPINEBUSTER! SPINEBUSTER BY CARVER!

[Carver hops to his feet off the mat, throwing his arms apart in a "T" before he viciously stomps the leg of Brett Bryant...]

GM: It's a Boot Party in Chi-Town for Hannibal Carver and Brett Bryant!

[Carver continues to work his way around the laid out torso of Bryant, stomping repeatedly until wrapping up with a big leaping stomp to the side of the head that brings the crowd to their feet as Carver dives on top of Bryant!]

GM: Cover for Carver! He's got one! He's got two! He's got-

[The crowd deflates as Brett Bryant slips a shoulder up, breaking up the pin before three.]

GM: -and Bryant slips out in time!

BW: The kid is tough.

GM: He sure is... and Hannibal Carver's seeing that firsthand. Like father, like son, I suppose...

BW: And speaking of Dear Ol' Dad!

[With Carver kneeling on the mat, Dave Bryant climbs up on the apron, ranting and raving in his direction...]

GM: Dave Bryant - get him down from there, referee!

[The official moves towards Bryant, attempting to do just that as Carver regains his feet, moving across the ring towards the heated encounter...]

GM: Carver's coming over and-

[A shout from Carver gets a response from the Doctor of Love in kind...

...and suddenly, Carver makes a lunge at the man he defeated two weeks ago, making a grab for him with the official caught between the two!]

GM: Bryant and Carver are tangled up - Dave Bryant I should say - and our official is stuck in the middle!

BW: Clowns to the left of him, jokers to the right!

[The former World and National Champions tangle up, trying to get in a shot on one another as the referee attempts to get loose...

...which is when Brett Bryant rushes the scrum, pulling Carver away from his father and down into a schoolboy rollup!]

GM: BRYANT FROM BEHIND! ONNNNNE! TWOOOO! THR-

[The crowd breathes a sigh of relief as Carver kicks out JUST in time to save the match for himself!]

GM: Close call there for Carver, Brett Bryant nearly stole that one right there...

[Brett Bryant is quickly up off the mat, coming for more as Carver rises up fast as well...]

GM: OHH! Carver catches him with an elbow!

[...and shakes Bryant's knees, wobbling him as he winds up a second time...]

GM: OHH! Make it a pair!

[Bryant pitches forward this time as Carver pivots...]

GM: OHHHH! AND ONE TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD!

[...and blasts Bryant with an elbowstrike to the back of the skull, sending him falling facefirst into the corner...]

BW: And when Carver breaks out those elbows, you gotta be careful, Gordo. The end could be near for the kid.

[Turning Bryant around in the corner, Carver unleashes on him...]

"OHHHHHH!"

[...landing a stiff elbow on the jaw...]

“OHHHHH!”

[...and again, causing Bryant to hook the rope to prevent a fall...]

“OHHHHH!”

[...and a third one has him on Dream Street as Carver gives a bellow, grabbing him by the wrist...]

GM: Carver shoots him acr-

[The crowd gasps as Bryant runs up the ropes, stepping to the top as Carver advances on him...]

GM: -MOONSAULT!

[...and as Bryant hurls himself backwards in a desperation backflip, Carver steps closer, bending his knees...]

GM: CARVERRRRRR!

[...and catches Bryant in a three-quarter nelson on the way down, DRIVING his face into the canvas!]

GM: BLACKOUT! BLACKOUT!

[Carver pops up, eyes wide, adrenaline pumping as he throws his arms up to a big cheer before diving across the younger Bryant as Dave looks on in disbelief...]

GM: COVER!

[And the crowd definitely counts along with this one.]

“ONNNNNNNNNNNNE!”

“TWOOOOOOOOOOOO!”

“THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!”

[The crowd ERUPTS as the bell sounds and Carver climbs off his downed opponent, throwing a fist in the air triumphantly!]

GM: What a win for the Boston Brawler!

[Carver nods his head at the cheering crowd as the referee raises his hand, pointing to him and Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Here is your winner... HANNIBALLLLLL CARRRRRVERRRRRR!

[Carver grins at the crowd's reaction, watching as Brett Bryant grabs at his head on the canvas. The Boston Brawler gives another nod down at Bryant.]

GM: Perhaps a little respect being shown there for Brett Bryant by the Boston Brawler...

BW: Looks like he's got something to say.

[As Dave Bryant rolls into the ring to check on his son, Carver walks to the opposing corner and calls for a microphone. The crowd starts to die down as Carver lifts the mic. We can see Brett Bryant slowly getting to his feet with the help of his father, nodding at some encouraging words from his father as Carver begins to speak.]

HC: I ain't the kind to backpedal on something I've said, but I'm man enough to admit this...

[Carver takes a step forward, nodding at Brett.]

HC: Yeh surprised me kid. Yeh might not be one hundred percent there today, but yeh've got everything it takes to be a threat in this sport.

[The crowd cheers as Brett nods. He walks forward and the two men shake hands to an even bigger reaction from the crowd.]

HC: And regardless of what I said about yeh, Dave, the fact is yeh weren't just a champion but a hell of a champion.

[The crowd starts chanting "DOC-TOR!" as Carver nods in agreement.]

HC: It'd been years since yeh and I tangled in a ring but now that we have... I won't be surprised if yeh find yer way to getting that gold strapped to yer waist again.

[Dave nods in appreciation as Carver points to the Bryants, causing the crowd to explode in cheers for both men. They wave at the crowd as they exit the ring.]

HC: With all that said, this ain't no love fest. I am sure Dave will find his way to gold again but I'm even more sure of one thing.

[Carver hooks a thumb at himself.]

HC: The fact that I won't rest until I do the same damn thing.

[The crowd cheers at this.]

HC: Those two are a gold standard around here but I'm not getting stuck in some damn family feud. I don't have a damn thing to prove by knocking heads with the Bryants.

But I do have something to prove.

[Carver nods.]

HC: I won't rest until I work my way up to those ten pounds of gold. So anyone that's ahead of me on that path?

[Carver puts a foot down on the second rope, holding it open.]

HC: My dance card's free... and they're playing our song.

[Carver tosses the mic over his shoulder, smirking as it bounces off the canvas and he ducks through the ropes, jumping off the apron to the ringside mats and starts making his way up the aisle.]

GM: Hannibal Carver with some respect for the Bryants... but also making it clear that he's done with the Bryants... he's done with Max Magnum... he's done with

Korugun and all the rest of that garbage... he's here for himself... and he's here for gold!

[Carver nods to the cheering crowd, slapping a couple of outstretched hands as he makes his way up the aisle...]

GM: Fans, it's been a wild night in Chicago but it's not over yet - we'll be right back with Sid Osborne taking on Robert Donovan in a match that you do NOT want to miss!

[...and we fade to black...

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

#When you wish..#

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

#...upon a star#

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

#Makes no difference who you are...#

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

#Anything your...#

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

#...heart desires will...#

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

#...come to you.#

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

"Ryan Martinez, you and..."

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

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

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

RM: I'm going to Disneyland!

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

And as we fade back up, we find Mark Stegglet standing backstage.]

MS: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans! We're just moments before our next match here tonight... but I want to talk right now about some upcoming events. We've talked about next week's Power Hour with the big trios showdown. We've talked about the Tenth Anniversary Show and all that it has to offer. But let's talk about two more major shows coming our way in the next couple of months. First, let's talk about our first national network broadcast with our new partners - it'll be Saturday, April 14th in Kansas City on a new show called National Wrestling Night. The lineup for this one is yet to be announced but with the AWA on ABC for the first time, you know it's going to be a big one!

[Stegglet pauses.]

MS: And then on April 28th, we'll be headed back across the pond to London, England for a new event called The Battle of London. This special event - I'm told - will feature some of the best international talent out there... and some of that talent may take part in the first even Royal Crown tournament. And here's a scoop for you - two weeks from tonight at the Anniversary Show in New Orleans, we'll have more exciting news on that tournament and on that event! Don't miss out on that.

[Another pause.]

MS: And then finally, on May 28th in Los Angeles at Dodger Stadium, it'll be perhaps the biggest Memorial Day Mayhem of all time. We know we're going to see the Women's Rumble - 30 women including Michelle Bailey and Margarita Flores colliding to see who will stand alone as the winner and earn themselves a shot at the Women's World Title at Girls To The Front coming up August 18th in New York City. We know we're going to see Juan Vasquez step inside the ring for the final time - his retirement match that will see him take on longtime AWA rival, Raphael...

[Stegglet trails off a bit, looking off-camera.]

MS: ...Rhodes...

[He pauses, shaking his head a little as someone bumps into the cameraman, sending it pitching to the side with a loud "HEY! WATCH IT!" Stegglet sticks out an arm, trying to prevent the rebounding person from running into him too.]

MS: Jackson Hunter, get ahold of yourself please!

[Hunter turns towards Stegglet.]

JH: You. What do you want?

MS: What do I want?! You interrupted me!

JH: Consider it payback! Payback for all the times I've been interrupted over the past few months! I'm trying, Stegglet! I'm trying to tell the world what happened! I'm trying to speak the truth!

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: Well, forgive me for thinking that whatever truth you have is only to benefit you.

[Hunter smirks.]

JH: Yeah? You think it'll benefit me to tell everyone what I told Brian Jam-

MS: Look, we've been told not to mention that individual tonight. We know what we heard on the Power Hour. We know the decision is coming two weeks from tonight. We know that person has been suspended until-

JH: But that's the problem, Stegglet! Suspensions! Silencing! A military state put in place by your Uncle to censor the likes of me and to keep the world from shattering!

[Stegglet furrows his brow.]

MS: What are you even saying?

[Hunter lifts a finger.]

JH: I'm saying some truths are hidden by powerful forces... to protect a fragile kingdom... to save a story. Wes Taylor told his truth. Nobody cares what happened to Johnny Detson! He was expendable...

[Hunter grimaces.]

JH: I'm probably expendable too. But I'm not going out like that, Stegglet. I'm not going out like-

[And suddenly, the mic goes silent. Hunter grimaces, snatching it away from Stegglet, rapidly pounding on it to no sound at all. He rushes forward to grab the cameraman...]

"MY TRUTH WILL BE OUT THERE!"

[...and he shoves the cameraman before throwing the mic down on the floor and storming out of view...

...and as Stegglet mutters "unbelievable" to no one in particular, we cut to another backstage shot, this one of Mariah Wolfe standing in front of a closed door with a sign that simply reads "KAMS". She turns to address the camera.]

MW: Hey there, everyone. I'm standing outside the Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad's dressing room and I hope to get a word with them before their match tonight.

[She knocks on the door, but it swings open, revealing Cain Jackson seated around a table with his fellow Mifune-Gun stable members, Bret Grayson and Takeshi Mifune. Despite a television monitor in the corner showing the night's action, these three to be in the middle of a pretty heavy conversation that abruptly cuts off as the door swings open.

Jackson is in his wrestling attire, while Grayson and Mifune are in their street clothes. Notably, Grayson's right arm is in a sling and Mifune is wearing a stylish Cuban hat. In the back, we can see a flustered AJ Martinez, pounding on a door with a sign with the male and female restroom symbols on it.]

AJM: HURRY UP IN THERE! I need to exfoliate!

[Just then, the door opens and out steps Paris Crawford. They have long black hair down to their stomach and are wearing a black smokey eye look with ruby red lips. They have a Mifune-gun merchandise shirt that they have modified into a very tight-fitting crop-top and microskirt combination, neckline modified to coyly show black bra straps, and are wearing knee-high black leather boots with a five-inch heel. They are also wearing three dainty wristwatches on their left arm. They gently

run their fingers across the Mifune-gun flag propped up by the door as they motion with their other hand to Martinez and the open door.]

PC: Tout à toi, beau gosse.

AJM: Finally!

[Martinez pauses a moment.]

AJM: We can talk about the goose later!

[The monstrous Martinez rushes past Crawford and slams the restroom door shut behind him, as Paris joins the rest of Mifune-gun.]

MW: Excuse me-

[Mariah is completely ignored, as an annoyed Grayson gets up out of his seat to confront Paris.]

BG: Really? That's what you're wearing?

[Paris looks down at their outfit.]

PC: Are you concerned about the shoes? I have taller heels I can put on.

BG: Now look here, bucko. This isn't Instant Gram or Tweeter...

[Paris crosses their arms over their chest and rolls their eyes.]

BG: ...and I don't care how much...

[The Olympic gold medalist raises his one good arm and makes air quotes.]

BG: ..."clout" you get from dressing up like that, but we have a reputation to uphold.

PC: Oui.

BG: That's what I said, we.

PC: It is okay, I uphold and enhance our reputation in a most delightful way.

[Paris motions to the Mifune-gun logo on their outfit.]

PC: And if I get us additional merchandise money, you get a little to help with your broken wing so you may fly once more.

BG: Newsflash, buddy. This isn't Japan. And there's no way-

"ENOUGH!"

[Takeshi Mifune's shout gives everyone pause. Seeing the annoyed look on his face, Paris makes an "Eep!" noise and begins doing squats.]

Mifune: Knock it off, boy.

CJ: Girl.

[Mifune gives Cain a dirty look.]

Mifune: BOY.

[Fidgeting nervously under the gaze of Mifune, Paris forces a smile.]

PC: I like your hat.

Mifune: I like when you do not talk.

PC: Most men do.

[Mifune makes an annoyed grunt.]

CJ: Girl, you need to show the old man a little more respect than that.

Mifune: Boy.

CJ: Girl.

[Bret snorts.]

BG: ...BOY!

[Everyone looks at Paris, who shrugs.]

PC: Je suis Paris.

[A look of confusion forms on Grayson's face.]

BG: What did he just say?

CJ: I'll tell you later.

MW: I'm sorry to interrupt, but I was really hoping I could get a word with KAMS before their match tonight.

[Mifune snorts as Grayson rolls his eyes and the two go back to their seats at the table. Jackson slams his fist on the bathroom door, only to get an "I'M BUSY!" shouted back.]

CJ: Looks like it's just us for now.

PC: Il n'y a rien que nous ne puissions gérer.

[Jackson nods.]

CJ: What have you got for us?

MW: Well, this is the first time you've been back together since SuperClash. What will it be like with Paris back in the mix?

[Jackson looks at Crawford, motioning them to Mariah with his head.]

PC: I may have been in Japan for the last few months, fulfilling my pre-arranged obligations prior to joining the AWA, but that does not mean I have been out of contact with Cain and AJ. I have watched everything that has happened with them as I have been away, including AJ's match against Supernova, champion du monde poids lourd de l'AWA. Supernova took great interest in my modeling, did he not?

[Crawford looks at Jackson, a smile on their face.]

PC: But now that we are all together once more, we will do what we have done for years in Japan.

[Crawford looks back at Mariah, their ice blue eyes growing dark and their expression growing cold.]

PC: Des personnes seront blessées. Très gravement. And I will be happy to assist Cain and AJ as they need.

CJ: SuperClash was just the beginning. There, we took on The Dogs of War, the biggest dogs in the yard and we didn't just beat'em, we obliterated them. We turned those hounds of Hell into a pack of puppies holding onto their places in the AWA with a hope and a prayer. And I sure hope that the rest of the AWA was watching, because that was your wake-up call. That was your warning. The Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad is here. Mifune-gun is here.

And we're taking over.

[Takeshi Mifune walks over, holding the Mifune-gun flag in his hand. He offers it to Paris, who takes the flagpole and places it over their shoulder, giving a firm nod.]

Mifune: Hold our flag with pride. Wave it proudly. Do not disappoint us, boy.

CJ: Girl.

Mifune[Firmly]: BOY.

[Paris looks at Cain.]

PC: Est-il toujours comme ça?

[Jackson shakes his head.]

CJ: Don't worry about it. Once you earn his respect, he's just a big ol' softy.

[Mifune gives Cain a glare hard enough to crack a mirror.]

CJ: Learn to take a joke, old man. You'll live longer.

[Mifune grunts and walks away as Cain smirks.]

MW: Any final words for your opponents tonight?

CJ: Just the same ones as always. When you face us, you either bow down...

[Suddenly, AJ Martinez appears out of nowhere, putting his arms over the shoulders of Crawford and Jackson, as he squeezes himself into the camera shot.]

AJM: ...OR YOU GET KNOCKED OUT!

[Mariah is startled by the sudden appearance of a seven-foot tall mountain of muscle, putting a hand to her chest.]

CJ: Where the hell did you come from?

[AJ grins.]

AJM: Heaven. Where else would a gift from the gods come from?

[Paris rolls their eyes as Cain slaps AJ's hand off his shoulder...

...and we fade out 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... from St. Louis, Missouri and weighing in at 522 pounds... the team of Pablo Ortega and Bubba Jagers!

[Ortega, the smaller of the duo, hops on the middle rope, pointing to the crowd as Bubba Jagers slaps his ample gut a few times, snarling down the aisle as they await the arrival of their opponents.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd their opponents...

"WHAT IS BEST IN LIFE?"

"TO CRUSH YOUR ENEMIES, TO SEE THEM DRIVEN BEFORE YOU, AND TO HEAR THE LAMENTATIONS OF THEIR WOMEN."

[A metal cover of "Anvil of Crom" then begins to play as we hear the loud revving of an engine.]

RO: ...from Goose Creek, South Carolina and Los Angeles, California respectively... being led down the aisle by their flagbearer, Paris Crawford... they represent Mifune-gun... at a total combined weight of 610 pounds...

"THE BEAST" CAIN JACKSON!

"HOT STUFF" AJ MARTINEZ!

THIS... IS...

[Deep breath!]

RO: ...THE KABUKICHO ASSASSINATION MANIAC SQUAAAAAAAAAAAAAD!

[As a highlight reel of KAMS' various AWA elaborate entrances plays on the video wall, the curtain parts as Paris Crawford appears first, waving the Mifune-gun flag we saw earlier back and forth with great enthusiasm. The crowd cheers the return of Crawford who grins at the reaction.]

GM: They're back! Paris Crawford - after weeks of videos from Japan - has returned to the AWA and they just make this group even stronger, Bucky.

BW: They do, they do... not like Jackson and Martinez needed to be stronger.

GM: The AWA has a history of teams from Japan making big waves here in the AWA - you think back to former tag team champions and two-time Stampede Cup winners, Violence Unlimited. Jackson and Martinez certainly impressed last year at the Stampede Cup and with the addition of Crawford, they surprised a lot of people when they defeated the Dogs of War in trios action at SuperClash. But can they take that momentum and turn it into a streamroller to run right over the rest of the tag division and take those titles?

BW: I think there's a good chance of it, Gordo. But they need to keep their focus. Two weeks ago, they missed out on their chance to be a part of that tag team four way for a Number One Contender's spot because they were late to the building... and then Martinez jumped right in for a shot at Supernova and the World Title. They gotta keep their eyes on the tag title prize if they want to get there.

[Jackson and Martinez have joined their Flag-ghan on the stage now, raising their powerful arms to cheers from the Chicago crowd eager to see them take the fight to their opponents. Jackson leans forward, whispering something to Crawford who nods in acknowledgment as the trio starts down the aisle, the flag whipping back and forth in front of them.]

GM: You mentioned that battle between Martinez and Nova for the World Title two weeks ago. It was an impromptu shot at the gold and a lot of people were quite impressed by Martinez' performance in that one, Bucky.

BW: I'm one of 'em, Gordo. When you think back to Martinez' early AWA days in Team Supreme, he's certainly come a long way.

[Reaching the ring, Martinez grabs the ropes, climbing up on the apron before stepping over the top. Jackson also comes up on the apron, ducking in to join his partner as Crawford slides in under the ropes, popping up and waving the flag vigorously as Jackson and Martinez pose for the cameras and the cheering crowd.]

GM: The win over the Dogs of War did a lot to put the fans behind this trio... and Bucky, seeing them backstage tonight with Takeshi Mifune and Bret Grayson just reminded me of their Mifune-gun affiliation and... what happens if KAMS earns themselves a title shot while Mifune and Grayson are still waiting for theirs?

BW: Stop trying to stir up trouble, you instigator. I'm sure Mifune's got it all worked out so that KAMS will take their turn when it comes up.

GM: And of course, that turn would come after the Gold Standard's.

BW: I have no idea and neither do you - would you like to get some interview time with Takeshi Mifune and talk about it?

GM: I'll pass on that.

BW: Oh yeah? Not eager to spend your retirement years eating through a straw?

[Gordon has no comment as Crawford exits the ring, taking a spot on the floor where they continue to wave the flag.]

GM: Crawford out... and now a little discussion between Jackson and Martinez over who is going to start this one off...

[With a shout and a charge, Ortega and Jagers come barreling across the ring towards KAMS...

...and a pair of uppercuts knocks them backwards, sending them staggering back the way they came. Jackson nudges his partner, pointing at the duo with a "get 'em" as he exits the ring.]

GM: ...and now it'll be AJ Martinez starting things off in this one... nearly seven feet tall, over 300 pounds...

[Martinez wastes no time in using a big boot to flip Ortega over the top rope to the outside to big cheers!]

GM: ...OUT GOES ORTEGA TO THE FLOOR!

[A fired-up Martinez grabs the dazed Jagers, shooting him across the ring with an Irish whip...]

GM: Jagers whipped across...

[...and catches the 300 pounder on the rebound, lifting him up with ease under his arm, and drives him down with a ring-shaking side slam!]

GM: ...ohhh! Big slam by Martinez!

BW: I've heard that Martinez has been seething for two weeks that he lost to Supernova. He thought he had the World Title in his grasp and came up short... and now he's looking to do some damage.

[Martinez stands over the downed Jagers, pointing to his face...]

"MAGAZINE COVER!"

[...and then down at Jagers' snarled-beard covered face.]

"SHOULD WEAR A MASK!"

[There is laughter from many in the crowd as Cain Jackson waves a hand at his young and impulsive partner, encouraging him to stay on the opposition.]

"Watch this one!"

[Martinez pulls Jagers off the mat, smirking as he goes to lift him up, scooping him up into the air... holding him there... and then removes one arm before slamming him down on the mat!]

GM: One-armed bodyslam by Hot Stuff! Showing off that power and strength there...

[Martinez backs into the ropes, bouncing back towards Jagers when he leaps into the air, dropping a leg down across the collarbone!]

GM: ...and a legdrop connects as well!

BW: Straight off the Southern California beaches!

[Martinez rolls over into a lateral press, nodding along with the count...]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! It could be ov- no!

[...and the crowd reacts as Martinez pulls Jagers up by his tangled hair, shaking his head.]

GM: It looks like Hot Stuff's not done with him yet, Bucky.

[Martinez pulls Jagers off the mat by that same greasy matted hair, flinging him towards the corner where Ortega tags himself in. Ortega comes quickly through the ropes, throwing rights and lefts at his much-larger opponent...]

GM: Pablo Ortega giving it all he's got and-

[...but Martinez cuts him off with a knee driven up into the midsection before tossing him into the KAMS corner where Martinez steamrolls in with a heavy clothesline that lifts Ortega off his feet, nearly sending him over the ropes before he manages to get back on the canvas.]

GM: -and there's the tag to big Cain Jackson. Not quite as big as his young partner but Jackson - all of six foot eight inches - certainly isn't a small man, Bucky.

BW: No doubt about it. And as tough as Martinez is, Jackson might actually be tougher.

[Jackson steps in, booting Ortega in the gut to double him over before snatching a double underhook...]

GM: Jackson hooks him up... here he goes!

[...and with a mighty lift, Jackson holds Ortega aloft in a double underhook suplex position...]

GM: Look at the power!

[...and holds... and holds... and holds...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DELAYED BUTTERFLY SUPLEX!

BW: Impressive! Most impressive!

[Jackson climbs up off the mat, looking out on the cheering fans with a grin. He points out to Crawford who rapidly waves the flag again as Jackson lurks overhead, making for quite the promotional clip.]

GM: KAMS is in complete control of this one... and Jackson wasting no time in tagging back out, bringing young Martinez back inside the ring...

[Jackson pulls Ortega off the mat, lifting him under the arms and tossing him back into the KAMS corner. Grabbing Martinez by the arm, Jackson whips him into a 300+ pound avalanche!]

"OHHHHHHH!"

[Martinez grabs Ortega by the head and neck, shoving him out of the corner into the waiting arms of Jackson...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...who twists and spikes him with a spinebuster, leaving Ortega down as Jackson stays down on all fours...]

GM: What in the...?

[...allowing Martinez to step up, springing off his back with a king-sized senton!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A SERIES OF OFFENSIVE ATTACKS BY KAMS! MARTINEZ WITH THE COVER!

[The crowd counts along as the official drops down to count!]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEE-"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as Bubba Jagers makes a lunging double axehandle save, crashing down on Martinez' back to break up the pin.]

GM: Jagers makes the-

"HE MAKES THE SAVE! HE MAKES THE SAAAAAAVE!"

GM: What in the...?

[The crowd starts booing loudly as the camera cuts to the top of the aisle where Jackson Hunter is standing, house mic in hand.]

JH: You still want to cut me off, Steglet?! How about you, Taylor?! Think you can shut me up now?!

[Hunter is walking down the ramp now, erratically jabbing a finger at the ring.]

JH: I don't know why it took so long to figure it out! You can silence me in the back! You can mute me during an interview! But are you really willing to cut away from a match in the ring to shut me up?! HUH?! MYERS! RETIRE A WEEK EARLY, I GOT THIS!

[Hunter is still walking towards the ring as the referee escorts Bubba Jagers out of the ring and AJ Martinez and Cain Jackson glare at the incoming Hunter.]

JH: AJ Martinez - who has been given every opportunity to break out of his half-brother's shadow and remove the description of "the least successful of Alex's bastards" from his Wikipedia page...

[Martinez takes a step towards the ropes but Jackson cuts him off, muttering something to him as Martinez shoots a burning gaze at the former National Champion.]

JH: ...is in total control of this one, slapping around a couple of drunks that were hanging out in the bleachers of Wrigley. Don't worry, fans! They'll be well-compensated with a hot dog and Kevin Slater telling the story of when they actually let him Main Event shows back in Los Angeles. No wonder Blue ran that place under when they had no competition left.

[Hunter is halfway down the aisle now as Jackson slaps his partner's hand, tagging in as he orders Martinez out on the apron - "and stay there!" Crawford has positioned themselves between Hunter and the ring now, waving the flag around.]

JH: Hey, cheerleader... keep out of my way or I'll be forced to show everyone why you only made tall flags and they won't let you on top of the pyramid!

[Crawford glares at Hunter... then throws a look at Jackson who nods.]

JH: Cain... HEY CAIN!

[Jackson snaps a glare up at the rapidly-approaching Hunter.]

JH: Cain, I got a question that I've always wanted to ask ya...

[Hunter pauses for a moment, staring up at him...]

JH: Just how close is Shawshank to reality in the joint, man? You did your hard time! You know how it is!

[Jackson grimaces as Hunter gets closer, climbing up on the apron now. Martinez steps towards him but Jackson orders him back.]

JH: But that's enough small talk. I'm out here for a reason! I got something to say! I got the truth...

[Crawford jabs at him with the flagpole, drawing his attention towards them for a moment.]

JH: -OW! HEY! KNOCK THAT OFF!

[Crawford jabs a second time before Hunter slaps the flagpole away.]

JH: Where was I? Oh... the truth! The truth, you see, shall set you...

[Hunter turns back towards the ring where Cain Jackson is rushing towards him...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and delivers a big boot that snaps Hunter's head back, sending him flying backwards off the apron, crashing down HARD on the floor in a heap!]

GM: BIG BOOT CONNECTS! AND JACKSON HUNTER JUST GOT HIS MOUTH SHUT THE HARD WAY!

[Jackson smirks at the downed Hunter, reaching out to slap the hand of a fired-up AJ Martinez who steps in to join his partner, grabbing a dazed Ortega...]

GM: They've got Ortega by the throat and it's time for...

BW: WELCOME TO...

[...and with a double choke lift, Jackson and Martinez power him up...]

BW: ...THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE!

[...and DRIVE him down over a double bent knee to a thunderous roar from the Chicago crowd! Martinez plants his palms on the chest as Jackson stands guard, keeping Bubba Jagers at bay as the crowd counts along with the referee.]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

GM: It's over!

"THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd cheers as Martinez climbs off the mat, pumping a fist as Paris Crawford rolls back into the ring to join their partners, waving the flag again as Jackson Hunter tries to crawl up the aisle towards the back.]

GM: KAMS picks up the win... and Jackson Hunter hopefully learned his lesson about interrupting someone's match.

BW: I doubt that, Gordo.

GM: Sadly, so do I... but maybe having to enjoy a liquid diet for a few days might convince him.

[Crawford mockingly waves at the fleeing Hunter, shouting "AU REVOIR, JACKSON! AU REVOIR!" as Jackson nods in satisfaction. Martinez is talking off-mic to him as the trio celebrate their victory.]

GM: The team of Martinez and Jackson continue to impress and you can bet they'll have their eyes on that steel cage match in two weeks in New Orleans where Next Gen and the Soldiers do battle for the World Tag Team Titles. Fans, let's go backstage to our own Sweet Lou Blackwell! Lou?

[We fade from the ring to where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing backstage in the interview area between the Chimpanzee position and the locker room.]

SLB: Thanks, Gordon! A wild scene out there at ringside, fans, but as Jackson Hunter gets his mouth shut...

[He stage whispers.]

SLB: ...hopefully for good...

[And grins.]

SLB: ...the Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad picks up a win in tag team action and you know they'll be gunning for whoever comes out on top inside that steel cage two weeks from tonight when Next Gen defends the World Tag Team Titles against the former champions, the Soldiers of Fortune, in a SuperClash rematch. But speaking of SuperClash, my guest right now is a man who was a part of one of SuperClash's Main Event matches - "Sensational" Shadoe Rage!

[Shadoe Rage enters stage right, still in his sweaty ring attire. The dreadlocked biracial wrestler stands with his back to the camera, face-to-face with a mesmerized Sweet Lou Blackwell. They pause for a while looking at each other before each man apparently breaks out into a smile or something. Rage turns to face the camera and nods to the viewers.]

SLB: Shadoe Rage, I want to congratulate you on another hard fought victory against a game opponent in Danny Voight. It seemed to me like there was some respect out there between you until the end. Am I right in saying that?

SR: Sweet Lou, Danny Voight is a man I could respect. I didn't know much about him before the match but they told me that he's been working this area for 20 years now. I can respect that ethic. I can respect a man dedicated to his craft. He reminds me a little of my father. Working hard to put food on the table. Yeah, I had respect for him. It's too bad his foolish pride forced him to try to cheap shot me. Down he went.

SLB: That Skullbuster can get you out of nowhere. But you can't tell me that doesn't hurt your knee every time you deliver it.

SR: Sweet Lou, a lot of my moves hurt me a little bit more than they hurt my opponent these days... but I'm just made of sterner stuff. I can take the pain and push past the line where most people say 'No mas!' That's always been my secret. I live for the pain. I embrace the pain. I love the pain.

[Rage shrugs.]

SR: I'm a mess! I know it. That's what makes me survive in this profession! And now these people are starting to really understand what the Rage is about-

[Behind Rage and Blackwell, a clearly distraught Jackson Hunter leans against the backdrop...

...which goes tumbling over because it's only a visual backdrop and not structurally sound.]

SLB: This guy again?! Can we get security back in here?

[Shadoe Rage shakes his head back and forth, his locs swinging back and forth in agitation.]

SR: Security? SECURITY?! Sweet Lou, we don't need no stinkin' security.

[Rage pulls Hunter up out of the wrecked backdrop and looks like he's about to slug him into next week when a dazed Hunter shouts.]

"DO IT!"

[Rage pauses, furrowing his brow.]

JH: Yeah, I got it coming, don't I?

[Shadoe Rage hesitates, clenched fist cocked by his ear as Hunter sinks down to a knee, Rage still holding him by the collar.]

JH: Yeah, knock me into next week! Everyone else around here seems to be getting their kicks by humiliating me. Take your turn, Shadoe!

[Rage releases his grip on Hunter's collar as Hunter snuffles and wipes an eye.]

JH: A quarter of a century you and I have been in this sport, Shadoe. Go ahead and... put that last nail in my coffin, okay?

[Rage is still hesitating, his fist opening up a little bit.]

JH: How is it that... you're up there, and I'm down here. How? How?

[Rage looks puzzled at the question.]

SR: How? How what?

[Hunter looks up at his attacker.]

JH: How... how do I do it without having to stab every back in sight? How can I stop being such a sad weasel of an excuse for a man?

[Hunter pushes up off his knee, staring Rage in the eye.]

JH: How do I actually earn that respect?

[There is a long moment of silence before Rage mutters something to Blackwell.]

SR: Take us off the air. Take us off.

[And Rage leads Jackson Hunter off camera as Blackwell looks stunned...

...and we abruptly cut to black.

We cut to a gym, where we see Harley Hamilton, Cinder, Kelly Kowalski, and Casey Cash walking side by side through the premises. Their names are displayed underneath their persons, and the term "professional wrestlers" briefly takes over the whole screen. All four are dressed in Under Armour workout attire. We hear Casey on the voiceover as the scene transitions to Cinder scrambling up a rock wall.]

CC: People say Cinder is crazy.

[Cinder makes it up the wall, sitting on top with a big grin on her face, shouting down to a smiling Harley below, as Casey gives a double thumbs up and Kelly stretches out.]

CC: But those who know Cinder know she thrives on not having to live up to the expectations of society.

[Cut to Kelly Kowalski, working over a heavy bag held by Harley and Casey with hard punches.]

CC: They say all Kelly Kowalski can do is brawl.

[Kelly suddenly grabs the bag, throwing knees into the side as Harley and Casey give each other a look, impressed with their friend's power.]

CC: Those who know Kelly Kowalski know that she has plenty of cards left in the deck, waiting for the right moment to play them.

[Cut to Harley Hamilton, giving Casey advice before a sparring session.]

CC: They say Harley Hamilton is selfish, spoiled, arrogant...

[Transition to archive footage of Harley from her time on St. Bonaventure's women's basketball team, with a new voiceover... "fifteen assists for Harley! A new single game record for the Bonnies!"... then back to Harley guiding Casey and Casey's voiceover.]

CC: But anyone who knows Harley knows the real truth about her loyalty.

[Cut to Casey just before her sparring session, taking a deep breath.]

CC: They say I'm just an airheaded rookie, a ditz, a hanger-on...

[And now to Casey taking down her sparring partners with quick armdrags and hip tosses.]

CC: I'll show you what's to come, with some help from my friends.

[We see the four assembling after their workout, drinking from steel Under Armour water bottles.]

CC: They say we're a disgrace to professional wrestling.

[Harley looks up at the camera, ending Casey's voiceover by speaking aloud.]

HH: We say we're changing the sport for the better.

[And with a grin from Kelly and a shouted "YEAHHHH!" from Cinder, we cut to the Under Armour logo, with the words "we will" underneath. Fade to black...]

...and we fade back up backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing by. To his immediate left is Sid Osborne. Osborne is obnoxiously and loudly chewing gum, wearing a black hooded sweatshirt with the hood up. Emblazoned across the chest of the garment is "BOLD" collegiate block lettering with "NAILED TO THE X" underneath it in slightly smaller text.]

SLB: Fans, I apologize for our abrupt exit before the break but that was... well, it was quite the scene, I'm sure you'd agree. But right now, welcome back to Chicago where I'm joined at this time by Sid Osborne, who--

[Osborne stops mid-chew, side eyeing Blackwell. Well, side glaring might be more accurate.]

SO: That's it, huh? That's the only way to say my name?

SLB: My apologies, the Sin City Savior--

[Osborne spits out his gum, pulling the hood off his head.]

SO: That's not what I'm talking about and you know it!

[Blackwell blinks.]

SLB: I'm sorry, what?

SO: How about some journalistic integrity, Blackwell? How about... "your undisputed AWA National Champion?"

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: No offense, I think most people would dispute that. The record books for one. They show as of this date that the champion is none other than Jorda--

[Osborne raises a halting hand to Blackwell.]

SO: What is this, some revisionist Greedo shot first history? The ref counted to three, my hand was raised.

SLB: That very well may be, but the match was restarted.

[Osborne throws his hands up in frustration.]

SO: Yeah, because some sad sack from the Jurassic period left his best buddies in the owner's box to stick his nose in.

The thing is, last time I checked?

[Osborne shakes his head.]

SO: This isn't the NFL. We don't just throw a flag on the play because coach didn't like how it went down. I did whatever it took to win.

And guess what?

[Osborne nods.]

SO: I won.

SLB: You can debate the ending of your title shot if you wish, but something that isn't up for debate is your match tonight.

[Osborne sighs.]

SO: For once, you're right. Tonight instead of getting my deserved rematch at MY National Championship...

[Osborne sneers.]

SO: ...I waste my time with some also-ran from the time of Walkmen and VHS.

SLB: Are you trying to suggest that Robert Donovan isn't a worthy opponent?

[Osborne chuckles.]

SO: No, I'm not trying to suggest that.

[Osborne shakes his head.]

SO: That is exactly what I'm saying. You see, a suggestion means I'm leaving it up for discussion.

Sure, he's great when they want to get a big nostalgia moment for when he blocked every steel chair with his deformed skull. I'm sure it sells a ton of Caleb Temple spooky foam fingers at the merch stand.

But I'm a contender for the gold, Blackwell. Not fodder for some old guy to get a bunch of high fives from his pal... who I might add owns this dump.

SLB: You might not like it--

[Osborne interrupts Blackwell again, pointing a finger at the camera.]

SO: It isn't just that I don't like it! None of us should like it or stand for it! We've got a new sheriff in town, but what's changed other than him not taking up a bunch of television time? You had a former champion and an undefeated rookie and he just... had them fight each other? I wouldn't spit on Travis or Max if they were on fire, but doesn't that seem a little weird to you? To everyone? And instead some old guy that hasn't exactly set the singles ranks on fire is in the mix? It makes me sick.

[Blackwell shakes his head, and begins to speak... before being interrupted again.]

SO: Just kidding. I would spit on them.

[Blackwell sighs.]

SO: Don't worry, Blackwell. I might be saying a lot that the top brass won't like, but you won't get any collateral damage. In fact, I'll take all the heat for this.

SLB: Oh, thank--

[Blackwell stops short, looking down as Osborne extends a demanding hand waiting for the microphone.]

SO: Get lost, bozo.

[Blackwell roughly slaps it in his hand before storming away, muttering something about needing a drink.]

SO: Donovan, don't get me wrong. I'm not looking past you.

[Osborne pauses thoughtfully.]

SO: I mean, you're such a big unwieldy goof it's physically impossible to look past you. But as much as I'm hellbent on recapturing the gold you robbed from me on behalf of the Phoenix, tonight my focus is on you and you alone. Because after tonight, hopefully my actions will speak louder than words and everyone can forget this fantasy you have of meaning something in your golden years.

And I know I talked down about your history of being a human pincushion and tackling dummy, but to be truthful with you?

[Osborne nods.]

SO: I'm glad you spent all those years punishing your body instead of acquiring any skill or talent.

[Osborne raises his fist to the camera.]

SO: Because it was all just a warmup for the damage I'm gonna inflict on you tonight.

[Osborne scowls, glaring daggers as we cut to the announce team sitting at ringside. Gordon is shaking his head and Bucky is smirking.]

BW: What's the problem, Gordo?

GM: The level of disrespect that young man has for... for... everyone! Sid Osborne thinks he's God's gift to this business and I think someone needs to show him that's not the case.

BW: And you think that's Robert Donovan?

GM: Look, I think even Big Rob would admit that his brightest days in this business are behind him... but he's a dangerous competitor who can stand toe-to-toe with the best in the world on any given night. It was September 3rd, 2011 in Atlanta when Donovan won the Longhorn Heritage Title from the first man to hold that title, Nenshou...

BW: Gordo, I may not always agree with Osborne but he's got a point. When the most recent career highlight you can mention is just shy of a decade, maybe we can move on from this one.

GM: Nevertheless, I think Donovan's performance against Jordan Ohara showed just how dangerous of a competitor he still is. As much as Osborne likes to think it was an unusual referee's decision that cost HIM the title... Donovan could make the same claim. Both men have a claim at a rematch with the National Champion and that's why Jordan Ohara has said that this is essentially a Number One Contender's match to him and he's looking to give the winner a rematch.

BW: Pretty sure that winner is gonna be Sid Osborne.

GM: Oh? And what makes you so certain?

BW: We're not in the South Laredo Rodeogrounds and I didn't see Bishop and Brody Thunder backstage tonight.

[Gordon sighs.]

GM: Let's go up to Rebecca.

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

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

[The opening notes of the Metallica cover of "Turn the Page" hit the PA...and a few moments later, the looming figure of Robert Donovan steps into the aisle.]

RO: ...coming down the aisle... he hails from Pensacola, Florida... standing seven feet two inches tall and weighing in at 332 pounds...

...ROOOOOOOOBERRRRRT DONNNNNNNNOVAAAAAAN!

[Donovan is wearing a pair of loose leather pants with stylized griffins running up the outside of each leg, a dark red double-strapped singlet with the word "Heritage" scrawled across his abdomen, and black boots. He pauses halfway up the aisle to adjust the heavy brace on his left elbow, then makes his way up the aisle, stepping slowly up the ringsteps and pausing on the apron briefly before stepping over the top rope into the ring. He slowly walks around the ring, just waiting for his opponent.]

GM: Can you honestly look at someone with the size and toughness of Robert Donovan and just discount his chances in this one based on age alone?

BW: I'd quote a famous archeologist and say it's not the years, it's the mileage... but Donovan's got plenty of that as well! This is a guy who fought the better part of his glory days in South Laredo... in Los Angeles... in the deathmatch arenas and stadiums in Japan! Wars with the likes of Casey James and Bobby Taylor... with Bishop... with Brody Thunder. His body's been through so many wars, I'm surprised he's in as good of shape as he's in!

[Donovan settles back in a corner, awaiting his opponent as the music fades.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd 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 SAAAAAVIORRRRR...

...SIIIIIIIIIIID OSSSSSSSBORRRRRRRNE!

[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: One of the most brash, outspoken men on the roster... but also one of the toughest. He came up short in his challenge for the National Title two weeks ago in what many have deemed a controversial decision... but tonight, he takes aim at the man he blames for that situation going down - big Rob Donovan.

BW: He may need a stepstool to slap the big man across the face... but he'll do it, don't you doubt it for a second.

[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...

...and then slides under the bottom rope, rushing at Donovan as the referee frantically signals for the bell!]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: AND HERE WE GO!

[To the surprise of no one, the two competitors immediately engage, rushing one another to instantly start throwing bombs!]

GM: We’ve got a slugfest on our hands!

[The Chicago crowd is fired up for this one, cheering loudly for the exchange, not so much caring who comes out on top... yet.]

GM: Osborne and Donovan are swinging for the fences like they’re down the road at the friendly confines of Wrigley Field!

BW: This isn’t going to turn out well for Osborne. He’s letting his emotions get the better of him and-

[Donovan wraps his arms around Osborne’s torso, using his overwhelming mass to shove the Sin City Savior back up against the ropes where he shifts his stance, raining down clubbing forearms on the back of the neck as the referee loudly protests to get the action off the ropes!]

GM: Referee Koji Sakai trying to get some control here! No luck yet!

[Donovan turns to shout at Sakai... which gives Osborne a split second of recovery time and he uses it to come up swinging again, repeatedly smashing his fist into the skull of the bigger competitor!]

GM: And Osborne’s fighting back now!

BW: Looks like a boxing match in there right now!

GM: There’s no floating like a butterfly in there but there ARE plenty of bee stings!

[The flurry of fists from Osborne battles back, sending Donovan back to mid-ring where the seven footer swings a knee up into the midsection, cutting off the attack and putting the Las Vegas native down on his knees...]

GM: Donovan goes downstairs, knocking the wind out of Osborne’s sails... and look at this! He’s going to try to finish it right now!

[Donovan wraps his arms around the torso, the crowd buzzing as they’ve seen this from him on many occasions...]

GM: He’s looking for the gutwrench powerbomb, fans!

[...and as the seven footer lifts him up, twisting him over into powerbomb position, Osborne starts raining down right hands on the skull, causing Donovan’s knees to buckle...]

GM: OSBORNE’S FIGHTING IT! HE’S FIGHTING OUT!

[...and the Sin City Savior lands on his feet behind Donovan, promptly rushing to the ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: OHHH! What a tackle by Donovan! Osborne took flight on that, crashing down hard, and he rolls right out to the floor after that!

BW: Well, we're off to a hot and quick start in this one, Gordo, and Donovan ain't done yet!

[The fired-up big man marches across the ring, reaching over the top rope as Osborne tries to snake his ankle, hoping to trip him up from the floor...]

GM: Osborne's going for a leg but Donovan will-

[...but Donovan hooks him by the ears with both hands, lifting the struggling Vegas native off the floor and depositing him on the ring apron!]

GM: -NOT BE DENIED!

BW: He coulda ripped his ears right off his head!

[A wincing Osborne promptly rakes his fingers across the eyes of Donovan, leaving him reeling and blinded for the moment!]

GM: Osborne goes to the eyes - back and forth this one goes as these two fight it out to see who will be made the Number One Contender to the National Title... at least in the eyes of champion Jordan Ohara. This is NOT an official Number One Contender's match according to what we've heard.

[Grabbing the big man by the head, Osborne goes charging down the length of the apron, smashing Donovan's skull into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Ohhh! Headfirst to the buckles... and look at this now!

BW: Donovan's staggered and Osborne's climbing!

GM: The Sin City Savior is headed up the ropes, climbing up to the top...

[With a wild war cry, Osborne leaps from the top, throwing himself into a crossbody that knocks the seven footer off his feet, putting him down on his back...

...but instead of staying on for a pin attempt, Osborne starts raining down blows again!]

GM: ...no cover! Just more of a pounding for the big man!

BW: These two have certainly developed some bad blood for one another in a short amount of time - all circling around the National Title that BOTH men feel they should've won but neither man did thanks to that near-sighted goof Sakai in there with them!

[Osborne climbs off the mat, letting loose another roar towards the crowd who gives him a mixed response since they don't love Donovan either.]

GM: Sid Osborne's feeling it right now in Chicago!

[Donovan doesn't waste much time in getting to his feet as well but he finds the Las Vegas miscreant waiting for him, again throwing heavy haymakers to the skull of the big man!]

GM: And the fight continues! Osborne with those heavy shots to the head of the seven footer who is no stranger to a match like this.

BW: Absolutely not. He's had them his entire career - from the gymnasiums of Japan to the rodeogrounds of South Laredo and all points in between.

GM: Donovan once considered one of the greatest brawlers in the world - a king of sorts of the death match style once so prevalent in Los Angeles and other places in the late 90s, early 2000s of our sport. And if it's not the years but the mileage as you said earlier, Bucky, Donovan's got plenty of both.

[As the fists are flying once more, Koji Sakai gets anxious, stepping into the mix since words aren't working...]

GM: Whoa! Sakai trying to get in there to break this up and I'm not sure that's a smart move at all!

BW: Sakai hasn't had a smart move in 2018!

GM: Sakai trying to wedge himself between-

[But Osborne is having none of it, flinging Sakai backwards in a rage, throwing him down to the mat to an "oooooooooh!" from the crowd.]

GM: -oh, come on! You can't put your hands on a referee like that! That should be an instant disqualification!

[Osborne glares down at the official, shouting a few words in his direction before turning back towards Donovan...]

GM: HOOKED!

[...who grabs him by the throat before lifting him high into the air...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CHOOOOOOOKESLAAAAAAAAM!

[Osborne's body bounces off the canvas as the seven footer drops down, covering him.]

GM: We've got a cover but we've also got no referee! Sakai is still down thanks to Sid Osborne and-

[Donovan angrily slaps the mat once, twice, three times, looking around in frustration.]

GM: Donovan thinks he should've won this right here and-

BW: You can count to a hundred, big man, it doesn't matter unless someone carrying an AWA referee's license does it!

[The seven footer gets up off the mat, throwing his arms in the air in frustration as he stands, looking down on Sakai with his hands on his hips. Osborne rolls under the ropes to the outside as the crowd jeers.]

GM: The Chicago crowd's not happy about it either. Big Rob Donovan showing his frustration as well, shouting at Sakai... trying to stir the official up off the mat...

[Donovan leans over, grabbing Sakai by the shoulder and giving him a shake.]

GM: Donovan shaking Sakai, trying to revive him... in the meantime, Sid Osborne's getting some valuable recovery time on the outside here after that big chokeslam. Throwing the referee down may have paid big dividends for him.

[Osborne, kneeling on the floor, tosses up the ring apron though...]

GM: We can see Osborne... what's he doing now? He's looking under the ring here in Chicago... can we get a camera over-

[On cue, the camera shot changes to reveal Osborne holding his back with one hand while digging under the ring with the other...]

GM: Feeling the effects from that chokeslam... but he's also looking for...

[The crowd buzzes as Osborne slides a steel chair out from under the ring into his greedy grasping hands.]

GM: The Sin City Savior's got a steel chair, fans!

[Donovan is still working on reviving the official as Osborne rolls back in, bringing the chair in with him.]

GM: And now that chair's in the ring!

[Osborne struggles to get up off the mat, lifting the chair up with him. Spotting Donovan's exposed back, Osborne winds up with the chair and slowly starts to charge across the ring...]

GM: Here comes Osborne from behi-

[...and Donovan swings around to greet him, raising a big boot to catch him under the chin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG BOOT CONNECTS!

[Donovan watches as Osborne is wiped out by the defensive strike, the chair clattering to the canvas alongside him. The seven footer throws a glance over his shoulder to a very slowly-recovering Sakai...

...and makes a decision.]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Donovan's got the chair now!

[Osborne pushes off the mat to all fours as Donovan winds up, standing over his downed foe...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES the steel chair across his spine!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY, WHAT A BLOW WITH THE CHAIR!

[And then another sound...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: What the...?!

[Donovan whips around at the sound of the bell, glaring across at Koji Sakai who is leaning against the corner...]

BW: He got caught! Donovan got caught, Gordo!

GM: I think you're right, Bucky! Koji Sakai turned around just in time to see Robert Donovan use that chair on Osborne and he called for the bell! What he DIDN'T see though was that Osborne was the one who introduced the chair to begin with!

[A furious Donovan throws the chair down on the mat...

...and then grabs Osborne off the canvas, yanking him into a gutwrench again as the crowd gets louder, looking for payback for being denied a full match...]

GM: Donovan's got him again! He's gonna- no! Osborne's hanging onto the leg... hanging on for dear life as the seven footer tries to get him up and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Osborne swings an arm up, catching Donovan between the uprights!]

GM: LOW BLOW! OSBORNE WITH THE LOW BLOW ON DONOVAN!

[The seven footer sinks to his knees, clutching at his groin as Osborne struggles off the mat again...

...and grabs the chair he introduced to the match to begin with.]

GM: And now it's Osborne who has the chair again! He's got the chair again and- LOOK OUT!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A blow high across the shoulderblades sends Donovan toppling over onto the mat, his face bouncing off the canvas as Osborne stands over him with the weapon in hand.]

GM: What a shot by Osborne! Donovan's down! The match is over! But it looks like Sid Osborne's not done, Bucky.

BW: He wants his pound of flesh and he's come to get it in Chi-Town!

[Osborne is trashtalking the downed Donovan who pushes up to all fours, trying to get off the mat before the Sin City Savior can strike again, rearing back overhead with the chair...]

GM: Osborne's gonna do it again! He's gonna-

[...but a diving Koji Sakai grabs the chair, blocking Osborne's second attempt!]

GM: Sakai grabs the chair! Sakai trying to prevent any further beating with that weapon towards Robert Donovan and-

[Osborne jerks around, shouting a threat at Sakai who points to the AWA logo stitched on his shirt, making his own threats to Osborne...]

GM: That's right, Koji! You tell him who is in charge!

[Sakai shouts at Osborne, backing him off. The Sin City Savior bristles as he lets go of the chair, lifting his arms and backing away...

...but as he turns...]

GM: OH! DONOVAN FROM HIS KNEES WITH THE MANDIBLE CLAW! HE HOOKS THE CLAW FROM HIS KNEES!

[But not for long as the seven footer rises, the thirst for carnage in his eyes as he climbs to his feet, still holding the paralyzing clawhold on his foe...]

GM: He's got him hooked annnnnnnnd...

[...and with a mighty lift, Osborne is flung into the sky and DRIVEN down to the canvas with one of wrestling's most famed maneuvers!]

GM: VENGEANCE IS MINE, SAYETH BIG ROB DONOVAN HERE IN CHI-TOWN!

[Donovan stumbles into the ropes, giving a shout to the cheering fans as Osborne is laid out on the canvas...

...and Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen, referee Koji Sakai has ruled that this match has been THROWN OUT due to the actions of both competitors! This match is a NO CONTEST and out of control!

[Donovan glares across at Sakai...]

"You ain't seen nothin' yet!"

[And with that, the seven footer steps over the top rope, throwing a dismissive wave at Osborne before exiting the ring and walking down the aisle.]

GM: This one gets thrown out! A double disqualification and... what's that mean for the National Title?!

BW: Neither one won! Ohara got lucky!

GM: I'm not sure that's the way he'll see it, Bucky. Fans, chaos has broken out here in Chicago and we'll be right back with Raphael Rhodes in action - stick around for that one!

[Donovan angrily stomps his way back up the ramp as 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 come back up on the Chimpanzee Position where we see Theresa Lynch standing with a fuming mad Robert Donovan.]

TL: We're back in Chic-

[Donovan lets loose a shout, causing Theresa to jump.]

RD: THIS ISN'T OVER, OSBORNE! YOU HEAR ME?!

[Theresa sticks the mic out.]

TL: You told Koji Sakai out there that he hadn't seen anything yet. What did you mean by-

[Donovan angrily interrupts again.]

RD: I mean if he thought that was out of control, wait until he sees-

[A loud shout is heard off-camera before...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Theresa screams as Donovan goes violently pitching forward, staggering across the backstage area and throwing himself onto a rolling equipment case to keep from falling to the floor..]

...and Sid Osborne steps into view, carrying the dented chair that was used in the match moments ago.]

"Not over yet, huh?!"

[Osborne winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and smashes the chair down across the back a second time!]

SO: I couldn't agree more, old man!

[He winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and drives the chair down onto Donovan's shoulderblades, causing him to sink to his knees, groaning in pain...]

SO: You're a real tough guy, right? You've got all the hype from the good ol' days about you and barbed wire and Singapore canes and all that trash from Los Angeles and South Laredo and anywhere else that people would pay good money to watch you bleed!

[Osborne kicks Donovan in the ribs, knocking him over onto his back. The Sin City Savior presses the edge of the chairback into the throat, pushing down on it as Donovan struggles against it.]

SO: If you're such a king of hardcore wrestling, old man... why don't you prove it...

[Osborne pushes down a little harder as we can hear loud voices from off-camera.]

SO: ...in New Orleans!

[And Osborne abruptly stands up, raising his hands as the chair falls to the floor. Donovan is coughing and gasping for air as a smirking Osborne is backed away from the chaotic scene by AWA officials John Shock and Kevin Slater.]

SO: Hey, Slater... tell your pal that I'm gonna end his buddy in New Orleans.

[Slater's shout of "OUT OF HERE, OSBORNE!" is the last thing we hear before we abruptly cut to another part of backstage...

...where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell standing beside Dana Kaiser and Raphael Rhodes. Rhodes has both the hood from his sweatshirt and a towel over his head, eyes fixed to the floor, hands on his hips, as Kaiser looks attentively at Blackwell, a white towel over her shoulder.]

SLB: A wild scene backstage here in Chicago where your old partner, Sid Osborne, just got in quite the tussle with big Rob Donovan, Mr. Rhodes. Any thoughts?

[Rhodes smirks, shaking his head.]

RR: Stayin' out of that one.

[Blackwell shrugs.]

SLB: Fair enough. Ms. Kaiser, as you two prepare to go to the ring for singles action, I can't help but notice that in recent weeks, this young man has been dispensing with his opponents in rapid fashion, and doing so with different maneuvers.

[Kaiser nods.]

DK: That's correct, Mr. Blackwell. As we mentioned to Mr. Patterson two weeks ago, ever since Juan Vasquez accepted the challenge to one last match at Memorial Day Mayhem, we've been training to expand to a plethora of ways that can win a match. Not only is it useful to have many tools in your belt, so to speak, but...

[Rhodes rolls his shoulders to Kaiser's side, causing Kaiser to turn her head towards her husband, then back to Blackwell with a smile.]

DK: There is no way for Mr. Vasquez to know exactly how Raph intends on beating him.

SLB: Even though Juan Vasquez has faced practically every wrestler of note in the profession over the last twenty years?

DK: Absolutely. Look, you can't go into a fight against a wrestler like Juan Vasquez with just one gameplan. You can't even go in with ten gameplans. You need to be flexible, skilled, and adaptable. Anyone who faces Juan Vasquez has to be prepared to adjust at all times, because you know full well Mr. Vasquez will do the same. It's why we've asked for an upgrade in competition, starting tonight.

SLB: How does Mr. Rhodes feel about the farewell tour that seems to be going on? Is there any bitterness about how the world seems to be coming out to say goodbye to Juan Vasquez?

[Rhodes can be heard scoffing, though his posture remains unmoved.]

RR: Let 'em.

SLB: I beg your pardon?

[Rhodes removes the hood and towel from his head.]

RR: I said let 'em. Let 'em all come out to give him gifts, let 'em come out all teary-eyed and say goodbye. It ain't the same as it was back in 2009. I ain't begrudgin' the man for goin' out there and gettin' the attention he's gettin', because you know what?

[Rhodes glares at Blackwell, then points at the camera.]

RR: It's what each and every single person was goin' to give him. And I know that as much as he's gettin' showered with attention, he's spendin' his free time gettin' ready for me. He ain't overlookin' me, he's got me in the back of his mind, because he knows exactly what a fight with Raphael Rhodes means. But what he don't know, Lou?

[Rhodes smirks.]

RR: What he don't know is what I'll do knowin' it's my last chance at him. Let him have his moment in the sun.

[Rhodes nods, putting the hood back over his head.]

RR: Sun's settin' soon, mate. When it's time, when it's gone dark, when the night's come for Juan Vasquez... I'll be there to put the old dog to sleep.

[Rhodes and Kaiser walk out of frame, as Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: Every time I think the intensity can't get any stronger with that man, it just goes up a notch. Gordon, Bucky, he's heading your way, let's take it back to you.

[We cut back to the announcer desk, where Gordon is shaking his head and Bucky has a slight smile on his face.]

GM: I have to admit, I'm surprised he's not upset about the attention Vasquez has been getting with the farewell tour.

BW: He's letting it motivate him, Gordo! He's seeing everyone come out and make a big deal about Juan Vasquez, and he wants it to lead to him finally overcoming Vasquez!

GM: Raphael Rhodes has historically fallen short against Juan Vasquez, but things have been different since he came back to the AWA last year, and I think a lot of that can be credited to his wife, Dana Kaiser, being by his side.

BW: Bah. I still think he would have broken through if he stuck to his guns.

GM: Fans, let's get up to the ring and see the man in action.

[We cut to the ring, where Rebecca Ortiz greets us with a smile on her face.]

RO: Our next match on Saturday Night Wrestling is set for one fall, with a twenty minute time limit! Introducing first, he is 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 RHOOOOOOOOODESSSSSSSSSS!

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

OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH COME ON!

["The Mob Rules" by Black Sabbath plays as Raphael Rhodes bursts from the entrance, followed close behind by Dana Kaiser, spotlighted during his march to the ring as the crowd cheers his arrival.]

GM: And here comes a very determined man, who as Dana Kaiser mentioned recently requested a step up in opponents from Interim President Maxim Zharkov.

BW: Any idea who he's facing, Gordo? Our format just lists a question mark.

GM: Not a clue, though if President Zharkov's recent moves are any indication, Raphael Rhodes will be getting exactly what he wished for.

[Upon reaching the ringside area, the lights come up and we see Rhodes pop in his mouthguard and remove his zip-up hoodie. Rhodes is wearing sky blue trunks with the phrase "Lux ex tenebris" across the left hip in yellow writing, along with sky blue kneepads featuring the three lion paw clutching arrows design in yellow, as well as sky blue shinpads over white wrestling shoes. Kaiser is wearing a yellow hoodie along with sky blue leggings and white sneakers, and has her white towel over her shoulder. Rhodes nods at Kaiser and climbs into the ring, circling around Ortiz and referee Shari Miranda with side step motions as the music fades.]

GM: As always, Raphael Rhodes is ready for action no matter who comes out of that entrance portal.

BW: After all these years, the suspense still gets to me.

GM: Me too, partner.

[A few moments pass, along with the crowd murmuring in anticipation, then suddenly some slightly familiar drumbeats and guitar riffs start to play as Rhodes cracks a smile as he continues his in-ring warmup.]

RO: And his opponent, from Savannah, Georgia, weighing in at 194 pounds...

TTTTTTTTTTTTTIZOOOOOOOOOOOOOONAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

[As "Shaping the Southern Sky" by Kylesa picks up, we see the American-born luchador walk from the portal, pointing up at the ring at his ally from the prior year. He's wearing a black mask with white framing around the eyeholes, a small cutout underneath his nose, and an open mouth and chin. He's also wearing a sleeveless black bodysuit with a silver sword printed over his heart, and a red cloth belt. He has on red wrestling shoes worn under black leather shinguards.]

GM: How about this, Bucky! It's Tizona, who we understand departed SWLL after settling his matter with Guerreros del Mundo last year, and is now wrestling primarily in Japan!

BW: This is a step up in competition? This guy and Raphael Rhodes are buddies!

GM: They were allies for a brief time due to common opponents, but you have to imagine that if Tizona still wants to make his name in the United States, he'll do what he can to impress here tonight!

[Tizona rushes towards the ring, leaping onto the apron and sliding on his back underneath the bottom rope, getting to his feet and staring at Rhodes as Shari Miranda steps between the two. Rhodes holds his hands up, as if to say he'll wait for the bell, as Tizona starts to bounce on the balls of his feet, limbering up.]

GM: A bit of a staredown there between these two.

BW: Almost like he wanted to attack but Raph saw him coming. Then again, maybe Raph wanted to attack, and the kid saw Raph coming!

GM: Always seeing the worst in everyone.

BW: Hey, I know Rhodes pretty well, and it's hard to trust a man in a mask.

[Shari Miranda checks over Tizona, then confirms that both Tizona and Rhodes are both ready to wrestle. Miranda signals for the bell, as Rhodes sticks a hand out.]

GM: And like we've seen in his last two encounters, there's the handshake offer from Raphael Rhodes.

BW: I still don't like this side of Rhodes.

GM: It's hard to argue with the success, his combined 2018 ring time here on ESPN is just under five minutes.

[Tizona smirks from underneath his mask, accepting the handshake from his short-term ally and quickly withdrawing after a simple pump of the hand. The crowd applauds as the two begin to circle each other.]

BW: Big Sal Albano's probably a little grouchy, Gordo. He really liked this masked geek in Mexico, he's probably upset this match isn't happening on the Power Hour.

GM: Who knows, maybe if Tizona does well here, he'll get more opportunities to announce matches like this in future.

[Rhodes goes to lock up, but Tizona wastes no time, firing off two shin kicks to the quadriceps of Rhodes, then twisting around and driving a rolling savate kick right into Rhodes' stomach!]

GM: Oh! Look at that, Bucky! Tizona softened up the leg and drew the hands away, causing Rhodes to leave that stomach wide open for a kick!

BW: I think my monitor blinked out for a second, how did he snap those kicks off so fast?

[Tizona pushes Rhodes into the ropes, then sends him off, cartwheeling and leaping at a surprised Rhodes on the rebound, connecting with a cross body block!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A cartwheel body attack, and Tizona stays on top for the cover for one...

BW: And look how quick Raph kicks out, he didn't want his shoulders down for a moment!

GM: A one count here for Tizona...

[Tizona grabs a fistful of Rhodes' hair, taking him to the ropes and throwing him out to the floor, then thrusting a foot through the ropes and connecting with Rhodes' jaw. Rhodes staggers back, then Tizona jumps over the top rope...]

GM: Wait! Rhodes saw him coming...

BW: And Tizona saw Rhodes seeing him coming!

[Tizona lands on the apron, having seen Rhodes duck away, then kicks backwards and pops Rhodes right on the jaw. Tizona jumps up onto the middle of the second rope, then springs backwards off...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[... flying off with a moonsault, crashing onto Rhodes with a resounding thud on the floor as Dana Kaiser has her hands on her head in the background!]

GM: OH MY STARS! WHAT A MOONSAULT TO THE FLOOR, RIGHT ON TOP OF RAPHAEL RHODES!

BW: And this guy's not done!

[Tizona quickly rolls into the ring, jumping to his feet and hopping in place. As he sees Rhodes stir and start to rise, he rushes towards the ropes, rebounding off, and as he approaches, he leaps, somersaulting over the top...]

BW: WATCH OUT!

GM: ANOTHER SOMERSAULT! FIRST A BACKFLIP, NOW A SOMERSAULT TO THE FLOOR, RIGHT ONTO RAPHAEL RHODES!

[The crowd roars as Tizona, somehow, rolls up to his feet, a spring in his step, pumping his fist as Rhodes is laid out on the floor.]

GM: Tizona flew all the way from Japan to take on his friend, to get him ready for Juan Vasquez at Memorial Day Mayhem, and he didn't want to let him down! He wants to make his ESPN debut an impressive one!

BW: Yeah, but Gordo, any of those moves could have ended in disaster! If he missed on any of those, he could have gone splat on the floor and this would be over before it started!

[Tizona hoists Rhodes up, pushing him towards the ring and rolling him under the bottom rope, following him in and covering immediately, only for Rhodes to kick out right away before Shari Miranda even gets into position.]

GM: And look at that awareness by Raphael Rhodes, not even taking a single count with his shoulders down.

BW: I think he knows this guy's come out of the gates swinging and he's not going to take any chances at getting pinned when he's got a date against Juan Vasquez on the horizon.

GM: Tizona is the final student of Billy Classon, and if you look at the list of people that man has trained, or had a hand in training, it reads like a roll of honor. People like Michelle Bailey, Shane Destiny...

BW: How about Raphael Rhodes himself?

GM: Very true.

[Tizona gets into a striking stance and kicks at Rhodes as he rises, who blocks the kick with his forearms. Rhodes then shoots in on Tizona's legs, capturing Tizona's left leg as Tizona hops on the right.]

BW: Not quite a takedown there, Gordo.

GM: No, not quite. Rhodes got a leg but Tizona managed to stay standing...

BW: Not much behind it, but I can't really fault him, it was to get out of whatever Rhodes had for him.

[Tizona rushes off the ropes again, jumping at Rhodes as though he were going for a rana...]

GM: Headscissor? No! Rhodes caught him!

[Rhodes grasps at Tizona's outfit as Tizona looks around, throwing ineffective punches at Rhodes' head. Rhodes then throws Tizona skyward, pushing forward on Tizona's thighs to flatten his posture out, and as he drops from the sky...]

"WHAAAP!
"OHH!"

[Rhodes practically beheads Tizona with a European uppercut, causing Tizona's head to snap back as he lands on his knees, crumbling down to the mat on his side.]

GM: OH MY STARS! OH, I DON'T BELIEVE THAT!

BW: Gordo, I've never seen that before!

GM: Raphael Rhodes threw Tizona up into the air, and he caught him with a European uppercut on the descent!

BW: The kid's got to be out. He's out cold!

GM: Rhodes with the cover... that's one, two, and three! He knocked Tizona completely out with that lifting European uppercut!

[The bell sounds, Rhodes stays knelt beside Tizona as referee Shari Miranda checks the masked luchador over, who groggily comes to moments after the third count.]

GM: And how about this display of sportsmanship between these two allies?

BW: Bleh. Maybe he should have hit him again.

GM: Tizona with an impressive display to start this match, but Raphael Rhodes with an incredible defensive move to block the flying headscissors, then... wow, that European uppercut!

[The crowd cheers as Rhodes helps Tizona to his feet, with Dana Kaiser standing by. Tizona clutches his neck and collarbone as Rhodes offers another handshake, which Tizona accepts.]

GM: And you notice, Bucky... that's another method of victory for Raphael Rhodes en route to his match with Juan Vasquez.

BW: I don't think we'll be seeing a handshake before or after that match.

GM: I think that would be an understatement. But speaking of Juan Vasquez, I understand our cameras caught up with him a little earlier so let's take a look at now at some special footage captured by our ACCESS 365 cameras!

[With a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we are taken backstage to Michelle Bailey walking through the halls of the United Center, carrying with her a couple of rolls of athletic tape. She's wearing a heather grey sweatshirt with the word "voilà" on the front in a navy Garamond font, and the sleeves are long enough to hang over the knuckles on her hands. She is also wearing a navy skirt that stops mid-calf, along with a pair of navy ballet flats. She walks up to a dressing room door bearing the name "JUAN VASQUEZ" and knocks in a specific pattern. We hear a muffled "It's open", and as Michelle opens the door...]

MB: You needed my help taping up?

[We cut to an interior shot of the dressing room, where Juan Vasquez sits with his bare feet on an ottoman. The former AWA World champion is already in his wrestling tights, which are red, with white, black and gold flames running up the legs and he is wearing one of his numerous "Juan Vasquez Farewell Tour 2018" t-shirt variants, this one with a sepia photo of him triumphantly holding up a title belt at some wrestling event from the distant past as fans are cheering wildly and several camera flashbulbs go off in the background.]

JV: Yeah. I'd do this myself, but my back's bothering me.

[Michelle smirks as she lifts Juan's legs, taking a seat on the ottoman and putting his feet on her lap.]

MB: Didn't you jump off the Woodshed a couple of years ago? That would really mess up your back.

[Juan stares at Michelle, a frown on his face, trying to remember.]

JV: I did?

[A beat.]

JV: Why didn't anyone try to stop me?

[Michelle shrugs.]

JV: Wow. I actually did that. I jumped off the Woodshed.

MB: That's what they tell me. It must have been because of the Eye. Even if you didn't, you know I don't mind doing this for you.

[Michelle takes the end of the tape and unravels it from the roll, then gets to work on taping Juan's ankle.]

MB: This brings back a lot of old memories, doesn't it? Back when we were in the EMWC together, and I taught you how to tape up your ankles?

[Michelle looks at Juan's toes.]

MB: Your toenails look a lot better these days.

JV: Marisol's been making me get pedicures.

[Michelle shakes her head.]

MB: I told you those are good for you, corazón.

JV: Yeah, yeah. There's a lot of things you told me are good for me that Marisol had to confirm for me.

[Michelle smiles as she works on taping.]

MB: Sometimes you just need a second opinion. Nothing wrong with that. I guess we're having spa days soon.

[The two chuckle, and a few seconds pass as Michelle works on taping.]

JV: I heard you were the first one announced for the Rumble this year. You must be excited.

[Michelle grins.]

MB: I am! It's been a long time since I've been in a match like that...

[Michelle stops taping Juan's ankle to think.]

MB: The last one was the one I was in with you, actually.

[Michelle shrugs and gets back to taping.]

MB: But that's okay. I was already mentally preparing for what kind of chaos that match can bring. It'll just be different being one of the bigger people in it for a change.

[Michelle starts to work on Juan's other ankle.]

MB: You know, I know you wanted to retire and Raph talked you into that last match, but it's been really good getting this time on the road. I know Bailey's been thrilled to be out there doing all these appearances with you. After all those years that you and I were apart, and that you and her could only keep up through FaceTime and text...

[Michelle and Juan make eye contact, and Michelle smiles.]

MB: It's just really nice to have this time together. It'd be nice if the three of us could have a match together too... you know, as a family. But I guess that would be really hard.

JV: Yeah. Just think about all the things that would need to fall into place to make it happen. We'd need someone willing to wrestle me...

MB: That's really not that hard.

JV: ... and then find opponents for you and Bailey.

MB: Okay, that might be a bit more difficult.

JV: And then we'd need them to be willing to team together against the three of us! What are the odds of that happening? It would probably take months to get made and I only have two of those left.

MB: I know. It's a bit of a pipe dream.

JV: There's nothing wrong with having those. And if you haven't noticed, we're pretty damn good at making the impossible, possible. If anyone can pull off making that dream a reality, it'd be you.

[Michelle blushes a little as she finishes taping up Juan's other ankle.]

MB: There you go. I think you're ready. I really don't mind doing this, but the trainers would have done it for you too. Why did you ask me?

[Juan smirks.]

JV: I always liked how you taped them up. It felt like good luck.

[Michelle's blushing gets into a little bit deeper shade of red, and she shrinks into herself a little.]

JV: Heh. I knew that'd get you. Looks like the old man's still got it. So where's Bailey at, anyway?

MB: She's with Ayako. Did I mention you're the worst?

JV: Not recently. I mean, I haven't even mentioned that you're wearing floral lace, viole-

[Michelle glares at him, but more of a "really?" glare than one in anger.]

MB: Let's not ruin the moment, okay?

[Juan chuckles. He wiggles his toes and then moves his ankles.]

JV: Perfect. Thank you.

MB: Of course.

[Michelle slaps Juan's calf muscle playfully, giggling.]

JV: Ow!

MB: Jerk.

[Michelle sets Juan's feet down, as we cut 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...

...and as we fade back up, we find Mariah Wolfe standing backstage, a slight grimace on her face.]

MW: We're back on Saturday Night Wrestling on ESPN and... Theresa, forget the toaster oven, THIS is your wedding gift, girl.

[With a shake of her head, Wolfe smiles.]

MW: My guests at this time... the Peach Pits.

[With a loud "WHOOOOOO! NEXT TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS, BABY, YEAAAAAAH!" Kelly Taylor is the first to jog into the frame. She's wearing her peach-colored bedazzled nylon jacket over what appears to be an equally-bedazzled white tank top underneath it and a pair of also-peach athletic pants.

Shannon Walsh is next in frame in a peach-colored sports bra top and trunks with legs that extend to mid-thigh. She appears to be in what we in the industry would call... the zone.

Donna Martinelli is last but certainly not least in her own peach-colored nylon jacket, a pair of short short trunks with "DONNA" bedazzled on the rump in glittering silver sparkle, and for some reason, a flowing feather boa around her neck.]

DM: MARIAH, MARIAH, OH HOW YOU'RE ON FIYAH!

[Mariah furrows her brow.]

MW: Thanks?

DM: Oh, it's a compliment, sister! Much more than we'd give to that little gutter snake, Theresa Lynch... hiding from me, TA-REE-SAH?! I see how it is!

[Mariah grins.]

MW: I think her exact words were "never again."

DM: Oh, is that right? Well, you let her know that I'm still waiting for my invitation to the wedding. I'm sure she's putting together a Who's Who of a guest list and there is no one more Who than You's truly.

[Donna looks puzzled for a second, wondering if that made sense.... and then nods emphatically.]

MW: I see... well, ladies, I'm not here to talk about weddings, I'm here to talk about wrestling... and more specifically, I'm here to talk about the two of you...

[She points deliberately at Walsh and Martinelli.]

MW: ...taking on the very dangerous Slam Sorority in just a little while now in the first of two Semifinal matches in the tournament to crown the very first Women's World Tag Team Champions. Did you ever actually think you'd make it this far?

[Donna's jaw drops in annoyance.]

DM: Did we...? Of course we did! Why wouldn't we think we'd make it this far, Mariah?! Maybe you're less on Fiyah than we thought, ladies!

[Kelly nods in agreement as Shannon glares at the interviewer.]

DM: There's not a person who knows a thing about this business that doesn't know that the Peach Pits are not just the best thing going in this tournament... not just the best thing going in this division... but the best thing going... IN! THIS! BUSINESS! MARIAAAAAH! You can take your Supernovas and stuff 'em in a sack, mister!

[Mariah looks puzzled at the reference.]

DM: You can take your Lynches and put 'em out to pasture with their old man! You can take Ryan Martinez...

[Taylor puts a hand on her partner's shoulder, smiling shyly as she shakes her head.]

DM: ...oh, okay... he's alright, I guess. But you get the point, Mariah! The Peach Pits are on a roll! The Peach Pits are unstoppable! The Peach Pits are your future champions and there's not a thing anyone can do about it.

[Mariah nods.]

MW: I see... nobody can stop it? Not even the newly-formed Slam Sorority, Shannon?

[Walsh sneers.]

SW: You said it yourself right there, Wolfe. "Newly-formed." That group has been together for two weeks and we're supposed to be shaking in our boots? The Peach Pits have been together for months now. We're a finely-tuned unit. We know what each other is going to do in there. We know what each other is thinking in there.

[Donna squeaks.]

DM: Oooh! Quick! Tell me right now what I'm thinking!

[Walsh glares at her... but Kelly intervenes.]

KT: You're thinking that you wish you'd bought those new boots we saw last night!

[Donna yelps, miming her mind blowing as Walsh shakes her head and Mariah looks amused.]

MW: You're not worried about the size and strength of the Slam Sorority?

[Donna giggles.]

DM: Oh, they're big... they're strong... they can carry stuff all over the ring. You know what else can do that, Mariah? Garbage trucks! That's what Wallace and Colton are - a couple of big, ugly garbage trucks! Sure, they have a purpose but no one really wants to look at 'em! Can you imagine those waists with gold on them? Ew, Mariah!

Now...

[She gestures to herself and her friends.]

DM: The Peach Pits are like a set of high-performing, gorgeous Porsches! You want them on the cover of your magazine... you want to show them to your friends and make them jealous... you want to ride-

[Mariah holds up a hand.]

MW: I think that's enough of that... but Donna, it's not Trish Wallace and Carolina Colton that you two are facing. It's Colton... and your former mentor, Laura Davis.

[Donna suddenly looks ill.]

DM: I... I...

[Walsh interrupts.]

SW: It doesn't matter if it's Colton and Torin The Titan, Wolfe. The Peach Pits have come to Chicago for one reason and that's to cash our ticket to the Finals. We're going to beat the Sorority girls and then we're heading down on the Bayou to put down Seductive and Destructive and slap that gold around our waists. Understood?

[Wolfe interjects.]

MW: What about the Country Punks?

[Walsh sneers.]

SW: What about them?

[Wolfe sighs.]

MW: Okay, fine... but what about Laura Dav-

[Donna "eeps" as Shannon glares.]

SW: Understood?

[Wolfe nods.]

MW: Understood. Best of luck to you.

[Walsh scoffs.]

SW: Save it for someone who needs it.

[Walsh storms off as Kelly drapes an arm around an anxious-looking Martinelli, muttering "it's gonna be okay, Donna!" as they walk out of view.]

MW: Gordon, Bucky... it appears as though the Peach Pits are feeling very confident going into this Semifinal match. Now it remains to be seen if that confidence is warranted. Back to you two at ringside!

[We cut back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Thanks, Mariah. And on that note, it's just about time for the first of our two Semifinal matches here tonight that'll see the Peach Pits take on the Slam Sorority. The winners of this one meet the winner of the Country Punks and Seductive and Destructive later tonight in the Finals in two weeks in New Orleans at the Tenth Anniversary Show. But before we get to Semifinal action, I understand that Mark Stegglet is standing by with a couple of guests at ringside. Mark?

[We cut over to a section of ringside, where Mark Stegglet is kneeling in an aisle beside Ayako Fujiwara and Kimmy Bailey. Ayako is dressed in a white, modern-style Japanese dress adorned with red cherry blossom, with loose 3/4 sleeves, a mid-calf skirt, a wrapped neckline and a red Obi belt tied around her waist to show off her curves. The look is reminiscent of a traditional kimono, but is far less restrictive, combining modernity with a retro style. Kimmy is wearing a custom crop top sweatshirt featuring Marisol Vasquez being crowned as Miss Venezuela, along with ripped up jeans and black Converse Chuck Taylor sneakers. A Chicago Cubs cap rests on her head, as her long brown hair with chunky blonde highlights is tied in unbraided pigtails. She has her feet propped up on the guardrail as she tips the cap up and winks at Stegglet.]

MS: I'm here with Ayako Fujiwara and her protégé Kimmy Bailey, who are here to-

KB: That's The Lariatos!

[Ayako firmly nods.]

Ayako: Yes, The Lariatos.

MS: My apologies, The Lariatos. There was some discussion about if you'd keep this team together after your elimination from the tournament. That you're here to observe the upcoming match between the Slam Sorority and the Peach Pits seems to indicate that you are going to stay together.

[Kimmy turns the cap around so the brim is out of her eyes.]

KB: Look... I ain't exactly thrilled about losin' to the Country Punks. I went back to my hotel and I cried my eyes out because I cost Ayako the Tag Team Titles, 'cause I promised her we'd win 'em if I took Molly's spot. But you know what I did the next day? You know what I did after Victoria June pinned me, and I went and I cried my eyes out?

[Kimmy motions back and forth between Ayako and herself with her thumb.]

KB: I got up at five in the mornin', figurin' I'd get the jump and get down to the gym and impress Ayako by showin' her I was workin' hard even if I was disappointed. I walk in and she's already three supersets in, tellin' me I'm late.

[Ayako blushes a little.]

KB: See, I learned somethin' by gettin' pinned by Victoria June. I learned I may have come a long way since Laura Davis dropped me on my head with that Screwdriver six months ago, but I got a long way to go still.

[Kimmy slaps Ayako's shoulder, and Ayako doesn't budge.]

KB: This right here's the woman that'll teach me. I told her I was gettin' her those Tag Team Titles, and I ain't plannin' on lettin' her down just because I stumbled at the first hurdle. I'm goin' to get back up and sprint to get her the baton so we can get after whoever wins those belts.

Ayako: I know Kimmy may be disappointed, but this isn't the end of our story... only the beginning of it. What you saw inside the ring last Saturday, was only scratching the surface of the potential we possess as a team and I want us to achieve the level of greatness that I know we're capable of.

[Kimmy fans her face with her hand.]

KB: Aw Ayako, yer makin' me blush.

Ayako: Besides, it's not Kimmy's fault we lost. It was poor judgment on my part to tell her not to go full throttle from the start. I was foolish enough to tell Kimmy to be merciful, but the fact is...

KB: ...we should show no mercy!

[Ayako gives a firm nod.]

Ayako: Hai. Losing our first match as a team was a painful lesson to learn, but it will not derail our plans for the future.

MS: And observing this match is part of your plans, I take it?

[Kimmy pulls up a bucket of popcorn and tosses a few kernels into her mouth.]

Ayako: Yes. We are here to scout the competition.

KB: Somethin' like that. A couple of 'em, it's like watchin' clowns at a circus. Like that no-good cat-hurtin' Trish Wallace.

[Ayako glares at her partner.]

Ayako: She's not in the match.

KB: Oh! Well yeah, we can scout the other clowns too.

[Kimmy leans over Ayako to get closer to Stegglet.]

KB: Y'know, Ayako told me that even though she's seen Laura Davis a bunch of times when they were scrappin', and yeah, I beat Donna Martinelli, there ain't nothin' wrong with gettin' some eyeballs on what they're doin' now in case they changed up their game.

[Ayako nods.]

KB: Though it'd take a miracle for a couple of 'em.

[Ayako frowns as Kimmy continues to lean over her, spilling popcorn from the bucket and onto the floor.]

KB: And Ayako said if I get too bored, it's okay to close my eyes-

[Ayako clamps a hand over Kimmy's mouth, shaking her head.]

Ayako: Pardon Bailey-san's youthful exhuberanc- EW!

[Ayako moves her hand away from Kimmy's mouth.]

Ayako: Did you just lick my hand?

KB: Works every time.

[Kimmy grins, but soon finds herself in an Ayako headlock. The popcorn bucket flies out of a startled Kimmy's hands, behind them and into the next few rows, sending kernels floating through the air like salty, buttery snow.]

Ayako: So does this!

KB [muffled]: Oh baby! Now we're roughousin'!

[Ayako and Kimmy tussle for a brief moment as the crowd roars, and Stegglet seems to have no idea what to do.]

Ayako: Say uncle!

[Kimmy is trying to pry Ayako's arms apart, but doesn't seem to have much success.]

KB [mildly distressed]: Luke Kinsey! Shane Destiny! Edwin Lopez!

Ayako: I didn't say NAME your uncles!

[Ayako tightens the headlock on Kimmy.]

KB: Ow!

MS [slightly frazzled]: As you can see, The Lariatos are always ready for action, inside the ring or out... Back to you guys!

[Stegglet motions for the camera to cut out. In the background, we see Ayako beginning to give Kimmy a noogie as the scene quickly fades back to Gordon and Bucky - the former of which is chuckling.]

GM: Ahh, to be young again.

BW: Well, I didn't get you a Flux Capacitor for a retirement gift so you may be out of luck there, daddy.

GM: The Lariatos out here to do a little scouting... and hopefully that's all because with these two teams coming out here with an extra woman apiece at ringside, the potential is high for chaos.

BW: Just the way I like it.

GM: Fans, let's go to Rebecca.

[We fade up to the ring where Rebecca is standing, mic in hand.]

RO: The following contest is a SEMIFINAL match in the Women's World Tag Team Title tournament and it scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit!

[The crowd cheers boisterously!]

RO: Introducing first...

[Ortiz lowers the mic as we hear the sparkly pop sounds of Carly Rae Jepsen's "Cut To The Feeling" bounce across the PA to a mixed reaction from the AWA faithful.]

RO: ...from Beverly Hills, California... accompanied to the ring by Kelly Taylor... at a total combined weight of 272 pounds...

...SHANNON WALSH and DONNA MARTINELLI...

...THE PEEEEEEEEAAAACH PIIIIIIITSSSSSS!

[The announced trio comes through the curtain - Martinelli and Taylor coming first, a bounce in their step as they enter in the same gear we saw them in moments ago. Shannon Walsh comes right behind them, splitting the pair by brushing through with a focused expression and a shouted "LET'S GOOOOOO!" as she points to the ring. Taylor and Martinelli look a little surprised but Taylor quickly pumps a fist in support of her ally with an excited "yeah! Let's go!" Donna nods, waving her arms awkwardly upwards like she's trying to get the crowd to cheer them... to little success.]

GM: Our fans at home - your ears do not deceive you, those are some cheers we're hearing for the Peach Pits tonight. Usually despised, you have to acknowledge that the Slam Sorority is likely to be even more disliked than the Peach Pits here in Chicago tonight.

BW: After what they did to Skylar Swift two weeks ago, no doubt about it, Gordo.

GM: Shannon Walsh all business out of San Francisco... her partners... well, a little less business.

BW: You're such a nice guy, Gordo. I'm gonna miss that.

[Gordon chuckles as the Peach Pits hit the ring, Walsh squaring up to throw punches in the air near the turnbuckles as Taylor and Martinelli leap into a very high five!]

GM: Well, Martinelli and Taylor are certainly in good spirits... we'll see how long that lasts when the Slam Sorority comes out-

[The music abruptly cuts off and is replaced by "300 Violin Orchestra" which triggers big boos from the Chicago crowd.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponents... at a total combined weight of 292 pounds... being accompanied down the aisle by Trish Wallace... they are the team of Carolina Colton and the All-Around Athlete, Laura Davis...

...THE SLAAAAAAAAAAAM SORORITYYYYYYYYYY!

[The curtain parts as the dastardly trio slinks into view. Laura Davis leads the way, raising her arms and curling her hands into fists as Colton and Wallace take up flanking positions, striking an impressive pair of double bicep poses to jeers from the AWA faithful.]

GM: Well, here they come, fans... two weeks removed from forming in brutal - and disgusting - fashion when Trish Wallace betrayed Skylar Swift and her new allies joined her in putting Swift on the shelf indefinitely.

BW: I hear she's looking at surgery, Gordo.

GM: Unfortunately, I hear the same and we send our heartfelt thoughts to Skylar Swift for a quick recovery.

[Davis leads her allies down the aisle towards the ring as Davis extends her thumbs, pointing to the lettering on the back of her jacket. Colton turns towards a nearby camera, flexing her bicep and shouting "YOU LIKE THAT?! THERE'S A LOT MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM!" into the living rooms of homes around the world.]

GM: Carolina Colton, the young Canadian powerhouse, certainly seems proud of her strength and physique, Bucky.

BW: Can you blame her? She's built like a Canadian outhouse... or as they call it, the master bathroom!

GM: Bucky!

[Trish Wallace glares at a young fan in a Skylar Swift t-shirt waving a homemade "WHY TRISH WHY?!" sign with a broken glitter heart underneath it. Wallace smirks, feigning rubbing her eyes.]

GM: Why, Trish, Why? An excellent question, young lady. And if you ask me, it's jealousy! Jealousy over Skylar Swift's popularity... her success... her-

BW: None of that matters anymore, Gordo. She's out and Trish Wallace is two wins away from being one-third of the Women's Tag Team Champions.

GM: One-third?! That's not a thing! Interim President Zharkov said that Colton and Davis have to wrestle tonight.

BW: Yeah, but Laura Davis says when... not if... WHEN they win, they'll pick who defends the titles at will. And who are you gonna believe, Zharkov or the All Around Athlete?

GM: I think you know the answer to that one.

[Davis ascends the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes and spreading her arms once more as Colton comes up the steps after her. Trish Wallace takes her spot in the corner, clapping for her allies as Colton and Davis trade a double fist bump near their corner as Davis sheds her jacket and prepares for battle.]

GM: We talked about the Peach Pits having confidence... and the Slam Sorority is right there with them in that department, Bucky.

BW: But unlike the Peach Pits, the Slam Sorority deserves that confidence.

[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. Colton tosses the gear out to a ringside attendant before jumping up and down a few times, pumping her large arms and legs as Davis smirks across at the opposition.]

GM: Alright, fans... thirty minute time limit here in the Semifinals of this Women's World Tag Team Title tournament...

BW: I'd be surprised if it took half that time.

GM: You really seem to be solidly on the side of the Slam Sorority in this one, Bucky.

BW: They've got the power, the explosiveness, the experience and the technique in Davis... they've got it all.

GM: And the Peach Pits?

BW: I love the Peach Pits, I do. But I'm a realist... and I think Davis and Colton are just too much for Shannon Walsh - and especially Donna Martinelli - to handle.

GM: The bell is about to sound here in Chi-Town as the Peach Pits and the Slam Sorority battle it out to see who will advance to the Finals two weeks from tonight in New Orleans at the Tenth Anniversary Show.

[Referee Shari Miranda has final words for both teams - including their corner women on the outside.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And... well, perhaps to the surprise of many, it looks like it's going to be Donna Martinelli starting things off for her squad against...

BW: Oh yeah! This is the matchup everyone wanted to see - let's do this!

GM: ...against her mentor, Laura Davis!

[Martinelli looks around anxiously as she realizes the women who helped pave her path to the AWA Women's Division is about to do battle with her.]

BW: Look at the expression on the face of Martinelli, Gordo. This is what I'm talking about. This is such a tall mountain for her to climb.

GM: Martinelli, of course, trained in the Combat Corner... but it was her alliance with Laura Davis that saw her finally land on the roster here.

[Martinelli bites at her lower lip, looking at Walsh and Taylor for encouragement - the latter of which gives her a "YOU GOT THIS, DONNA!" Donna nods, a faint smile as she moves out of the corner towards her experienced mentor who awaits her mid-ring.]

GM: Laura Davis just standing and waiting. She knows the psychological edge she holds over her protege... and the physical one as well, I'd imagine.

[Martinelli moves closer... and closer, extending her arm...]

GM: Donna's offering a handshake to her mentor here...

[Davis glares at the offered hand... and then lunges, wrapping up Martinelli in a collar and elbow tieup.]

GM: ...and so much for that plan.

[Davis pushes Martinelli back, shouting in her ear...]

"IS THAT WHAT I TAUGHT YOU?! IS THAT WHAT YOU LEARNED FROM ME?!"

[...before transitioning smoothly and easily into a rear waistlock, lifting her protege in the air and tossing her down in a takedown that puts Martinelli down on her chest on the canvas...]

GM: Waistlock takedown with ease by the All Around Athlete... and right into a grounded hammerlock, yanking up on that arm...

"Don't make me hurt you, Donna!"

GM: ...and Davis trying to intimidate Donna Martinelli early on in this one.

BW: I'd bet it's working too.

GM: You may be right. This is the first of a couple of big matches for these Peach Pits coming up, Bucky... they've also got a trios match set for next weekend on the Power Hour against Michelle Bailey, Women's World Title challenger Ricki Toughill, and newcomer Amber Gold which should be a tremendous matchup as well.

BW: But that's next weekend. They gotta focus on the here and now or they're going to get badly hurt by Davis and Colton.

GM: And you have to wonder how agitated Davis is at President Zharkov's decision to force the team that won in the first round to compete here in the Semis rather than treating the Slam Sorority as a unit that can switch in and out at will.

[Davis hangs onto the hammerlock, pinning Martinelli to the mat as she gives the arm another yank. Martinelli claws at the canvas with her free hand as Davis plots her next attack...]

...which sees her hang onto the arm while flipping over, landing in a bridge while cranking the arm in a very dangerous - and painful - position.]

GM: Oh my! Look at the pressure on that!

[Martinelli is screeching in pain now as Davis torques the limb, the referee right down on all fours checking for an early submission.]

GM: This could be it right here! Tremendous pain shooting through the arm of Martinelli who stretches out the other arm... reaching... stretching... grabbing...

[The crowd buzzes for the possible early submission...

...and then there's a scattering of polite applause as Martinelli is able to reach the bottom rope, wrapping her hand around it...]

GM: ...and Donna makes the ropes!

[Davis hangs on to the hold though... just for a couple of moments before getting back to her feet, looking down at her protege as she pulls her body near the ropes to recover.]

GM: Huh... that was interesting, Bucky. Laura Davis is notorious for hanging onto her submission holds until she's on the verge of disqualification... but not this time.

BW: Davis is ambitious, she's vicious at times, cruel even... but she's got a heart, Gordo. And Martinelli was her student for a time. I would think even Laura Davis would be reluctant to put her in the hospital if she can avoid it.

[Donna takes a knee on the mat, shaking out her arm as she looks up at Davis who nods, waving her back up...]

GM: Davis calling Martinelli back to her feet and back into the fray... and Donna Martinelli looks like she's going to be sick, Bucky.

BW: She's gotta shake this off. If the Peach Pits are going to stand ANY chance at all, she's gotta figure out a way to get out of her own head and compete against her mentor.

[Martinelli again looks anxiously over to Shannon Walsh who looks agitated, imploring Donna to "get your head in the game!" Donna gives her a nod, moving away from the ropes towards Davis again...]

GM: Here we go again... back to the lockup...

[...and again, Davis takes instant control, spinning out into an armwringer where she twists the trapped limb before driving an elbow down across the bicep... and then pops a forearm uppercut up into the underside of the arm as well...]

GM: ...oh! Davis with the arm, armdrags her down...

[And Martinelli goes rolling right under the ropes to the outside, shaking her arm madly as Davis smirks at her from a knee inside the ring.]

GM: ...and Martinelli bails out to the floor, trying to regroup a bit...

BW: Look out though. You're not alone out there, kid.

[Trish Wallace circles the ringpost to glare intimidatingly at Martinelli... but Kelly Taylor comes rushing in from the outside, shouting a threat at a suddenly-amused Wallace who backs off as Taylor puts an arm around her friend's shoulders, talking to her on the floor.]

GM: Kelly Taylor trying to help her friend out... and you saw the danger of allowing both Wallace and Taylor out here for this one. Interference will be a constant threat, I'm afraid.

[Kelly's pep talk seems to fall on deaf ears as our camera overhears Donna exclaim "I can't do it! She taught me all i Know!"]

BW: You hear that, Gordo?

GM: I sure did. And the questions about whether or not Donna Martinelli can hang in there mentally against her mentor that have raged all week on the Internet have certainly surfaced again right now.

BW: She's just outmatched by Davis, Gordo.

[A dejected-looking Martinelli pulls herself up on the apron, throwing a look at her mentor who invites her back into the ring... and then one at her partner who is in their corner, waving a hand to urge her on.]

GM: Well, outmatched or not, she's getting back in there so you gotta give her credit for that...

[We cut to a shot of ringside where Kimmy Bailey points at something, leaning over to talk to a nodding Ayako Fujiwara.]

GM: There we see the Lariatos, continuing their scouting here tonight, perhaps hoping to earn a shot at the titles if one of these two teams comes out on top of this tournament.]

[As soon as Martinelli steps back into the ring, she's immediately tied up and twisted into a rear waistlock. She struggles to escape, reaching out to grab the ropes but Davis keeps them out of her reach...]

GM: Donna trying to get to the ropes, to her corner, anywhere but where she is right now and-

[...and Davis shifts her grip, muscling up Martinelli, and dropping her down on the back of her head with a back suplex!]

GM: -ohhh! Suplex on the mark by Davis... cover!

[A two count follows before Martinelli - perhaps instinctively - kicks out.]

GM: Martinelli out at two... and now out of the ring as she rolls over and slaps the hand of Shannon Walsh.

[Davis is all smirks as a dejected Martinelli rolls under the ropes to the outside, a disappointed look on her face. Walsh steps right into the ring and Davis' expression quickly changes.]

GM: And this might be a tougher matchup for Davis. Shannon Walsh may not be as decorated as the All Around Athlete but we know she's got a distinguished amateur background as well as a history in MMA. She hasn't really had the chance to shine here in the AWA yet but this could be a big opportunity in here tonight to show what she can do.

[Walsh crouches lower, approaching Davis who looks a little more focused now, squaring up to match the movement...]

GM: Davis and Walsh, this could be an interesting battle...

[Walsh suddenly lunges high at Davis who moves up to match but Walsh shifts back down, hooking the legs and yanking them out in a double leg takedown.]

GM: Oh! And Walsh scores the takedown!

[Walsh moves instantly into the mount position, raining down blows on Davis who swings her arms up to defend herself. Trish Wallace bellows angrily at the referee from the floor - "watch the fists, ref!"]

GM: Davis trying to defend herself from those mounted blows and-

[But as Davis' arm comes up to protect her head, Walsh snatches the wrist, twisting out of the mount to scissor the arm...]

GM: -cross armbreaker! Walsh trying to lock it in!

[...and she applies the hold with ease, Davis frantically kicking her legs a few times before she swings a leg over, planting a foot on the middle rope and shouting "BREAK IT, REF! BREAK IT!" as Miranda tries to do exactly that.]

GM: Ohhhh - and that cross armbreaker had Davis in early trouble but she got to the ropes and that saves her skin... for now.

BW: I don't know about you, Gordo, but if Shannon Walsh manages to submit Laura Davis tonight, I'm calling that a major upset.

[Walsh backs off, ready for more as Davis slowly gets back to her feet near the ropes. She gives Walsh an appraising look and a nod before she reaches out and slaps her partner's offered hand.]

GM: And there's the tag to Carolina Colton, bringing the young powerhouse into this match for the first time.

[Colton steps through the ropes to boos from the Chicago crowd. She pauses to glare at them before Davis nudges her, pointing at Walsh.]

GM: Davis trying to keep her young partner on track - remember, it was two weeks ago when we saw this team come together... and then add Trish Wallace to their mix when Wallace betrayed her own partner, Skylar Swift, who - again - we're told will be out of action indefinitely after the assault by these three Slam Sorority members.

[Colton moves towards Walsh, immediately tying up with her. There's a brief struggle before Colton exclaims and HURLS Walsh out of the lockup and down to the mat with her power.]

GM: Oh my - pure power on the part of Carolina Colton and... yep, there's a little pose for the fans...

[The boo birds are out in full force as Colton strikes a double bicep pose, showing off her impressive physique to the crowd. Davis nods approvingly... and then turns to look at Kimmy Bailey and Ayako Fujiwara - "keep your eyes on this one, ladies! She's stronger than both of you put together!"]

GM: But look at Walsh!

[The determined Walsh regains her feet, charging at Colton who sees her coming, snapping off an impressive cartwheel to avoid her...]

GM: Whoa!

BW: Power AND athleticism! A dangerous combo, Gordo!

GM: It sure is..

[A surprised Walsh lunges at her again and again, Colton tumbles aside with another cartwheel.]

GM: Back the other way and she's got Shannon Walsh completely puzzled right now. Colton is all grins in there. She's showing off and-

[Walsh shifts her tactic, lunging to the spot where Colton might evade her, getting a tieup in place that she quickly breaks with a rising kneelift to the midsection. Two more follow, sending Colton falling back into the ropes.]

GM: -Walsh with the knees to the body, doing a number on Colton...

[...where she grabs a loose Muay Thai style clinch, swinging a knee up into the skull of Colton...]

GM: ...KNEESTRIKES!

[...again and again and again...]

GM: Colton's in trouble!

[...and then back to the body, repeatedly driving the knee up into the ribcage!]

GM: Walsh is all over her! The knees are doing some damage!

[Grabbing the arm, Walsh goes to whip Colton across but the Canadian powerhouse reverses, sending Walsh rebounding back towards her...]

...where Colton lifts her up, twisting her around with ease, and DRIVES her down to the canvas!]

GM: TILT A WHIRL SLAAAAAAAAM!

[And a confident Colton strikes that double bicep pose again, watching as Walsh rolls under the ropes to the outside.]

BW: And just when you think the Peach Pits are moving into control, the Slam Sorority comes racing right back. These Peach Pits just might be overmatched in every way in this one, Gordo.

GM: You could be right about that as the Slam Sorority has controlled this match for almost every single moment since the opening bell.

[Walsh is out on the floor, cradling her lower back as again Kelly Taylor moves to comfort her ally while Trish Wallace barks threats at Walsh from several feet away.]

GM: We're approaching the ten minute mark in this one - ten minutes in a thirty minute time limit in this Semifinal battle in the Women's World Tag Team Title tournament... Walsh trying to get back inside now as Taylor cheers her on...

[Still wincing in pain, Walsh slides through the ropes to a knee on the canvas, looking up at a still-gloating Colton who beckons her forward...]

...but a defiant Shannon Walsh rises to her feet, shaking her head, and waves Colton towards her instead!]

GM: Look at that! Shannon Walsh is right back up, a lot of fire in this young lady to be sure...

[Colton seems to be enraged by this show of strength, rushing towards Walsh but as the rookie runs in, Walsh wraps her up in a collar and elbow, deftly twisting and turning her back into the Peach Pits' corner where she slaps Martinelli's offered hand.]

GM: ...and she pulls her in, making the tag...

[Martinelli moves quickly to join her partner in the ring, the duo throwing kicks to the body of the suddenly-trapped Colton as a look of panic crosses the Canadian's face...]

GM: ...and Colton's in the wrong part of Chi-Town as the Peach Pits work her over...

BW: Listen to these fans, Gordo!

GM: A tournament like this makes for strange scenarios - we heard Seductive and Destructive getting cheered on the Power Hour and now the fans are rooting for... the Peach Pits?!

[Walsh steps back as Martinelli lowers her shoulder, driving it into the ribcage of Colton once... twice... three times before straightening up at the order of the official...]

GM: Martinelli backing off and- oh! Colton shoves her back! So much power in that young lady, Buck-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Walsh DRILLS Colton with a right hand on the jaw, snapping Colton's head back and buckling her knees as she collapses in the corner. The official shouts at Walsh, ordering her out of the ring as Martinelli rushes back in, kicking the legs of Colton until she sinks down to a seated position on the mat.]

GM: And this might be the moment for the Peach Pits, fans! They got that brief doubleteam in on the rookie, Carolina Colton, and in the process, they've taken control of this match for the moment...

[With Colton sitting against the turnbuckles, Martinelli plants a boot on her throat...]

GM: ...and Martinelli with a choke in the corner!

[A four count follows before Martinelli backs off, ignoring the referee's protests...

...and then charges back in, connecting with a low dropkick to the face of Colton, snapping her head back into the turnbuckles!]

"OHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Dropkick finds the mark!

[Martinelli grabs the ankle, dragging Colton from the corner before diving across her prone form, waving an arm to the official...]

GM: Martinelli covers! She's got on- WHOA!

[The crowd reacts as Colton presses Martinelli off her with incredible strength, sending her flying through the air... through the ropes... and out to the floor as Laura Davis looks on with impressed satisfaction and even Trish Wallace pounds the mat, nodding enthusiastically.]

GM: What a knockout! A knockout with strength by Carolina Colton!

[Martinelli looks up from the floor with surprise as the official starts a ten count on her. We can see Ayako Fujiwara behind her, looking on with interest.]

BW: So much for the Peach Pits building momentum, huh?

GM: Martinelli on the outside, trying to recover... and here comes Colton!

[Colton starts to exit the ring but Miranda blocks her, backing her off...]

GM: Or perhaps not as Shari Miranda tries to keep control of this one, talking to Colton, trying to keep her back and-

[With the official's back turned, Trish Wallace quickly rushes around the corner, snatching Martinelli up over her powerful shoulder...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES her backfirst into the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! TRISH WALLACE LOWERING THE BOOM ON DONNA MARTINELLI ON THE OUTSIDE!

[Kelly Taylor angrily comes storming around the apron, looking to confront Wallace who simply walks away, a satisfied smirk on her face as Martinelli writhes in pain on the canvas.]

GM: Donna Martinelli gets put down hard by big Trish Wallace and that could completely turn the tide in this one.

BW: Taylor came to help but it was too little too late for her.

[Taylor puts a hand on her partner's shoulder, muttering encouragement to her as Martinelli winces with every movement. Inside the ring, Miranda orders Taylor to step away as Colton comes in behind her...]

GM: Carolina Colton saw what happened but the referee did not so this match will continue as we've passed the ten minute mark in the time limit with the Slam Society moving back in control...

[Colton shouts at Martinelli, ordering her up into the ring and when she doesn't immediately oblige, Colton snatches a handful of hair, dragging her up onto the apron...]

GM: Colton looking to bring her in the hard way, it appears... hooks her up... and lifts her up!

[The Canadian powerhouse hoists Martinelli aloft, the crowd buzzing as Colton steps back from the ropes, holding Martinelli straight up and down as an arrow... holding... holding...]

GM: Look at the power!

[...and holding... and holding... and then removing one arm from the lift...]

GM: WITH ONE ARM!

[...and then finally drops back, rattling the spine of Martinelli with a big suplex!]

GM: Goodness! What impact! Shakes the spine from head to toe and Martinelli is hurting after that.

[Wallace rolls up to a knee, smirking as she strikes a single bicep pose, looking at to her ally...]

“HOW ABOUT THAT ONE, WALLACE?!”

[...who glares at her powerful partner who waves a dismissive arm at her as Colton settles into a cover of her own.]

GM: Colton gets one! She gets tw- Martinelli kicks out just before two!

[Colton climbs off the mat, a disgruntled look on her face as she looks at the official.]

GM: Colton with a few words for Shari Miranda... not sure why... that looked good to me.

[The Canadian is still talking to Miranda as she reaches down with one mighty arm to pull Martinelli up by one of her arms, flinging her the distance to the corner...]

GM: One-armed whip by the powerhouse and... ohh! She rocks Martinelli with a clothesline in the Slam Sorority's corner... and there's a tag to Laura Davis, bringing the All Around Athlete back in...

[Davis quickly steps in, signaling to Colton as they each grab Martinelli in a front facelock...]

...and SNAP her over with a double snap suplex!]

GM: ...ohhh! Top notch doubleteam by the newest team in the Women's tag team division!

[Colton exits as Davis settles into a lateral press, earning a two count before Martinelli escapes.]

GM: And Davis covers her former protege for two.

[Davis climbs to her feet, looking down at Martinelli with her hands on her hips.]

GM: Well, Bucky... up until this moment, Davis has been able to avoid inflicting serious damage on her student but the time for that may be over.

BW: Absolutely. It's time for Davis to roll out that killer instinct and finish her off.

[Davis looks a tad reluctant to do that, looking back to her corner where Carolina Colton offers up her hand but Davis grimaces.]

GM: Bucky, if I didn't know any better, I'd think Laura Davis might be having a little bit of a crisis here. She doesn't want to seriously injure her former student but she also doesn't want to show any weakness and tag out to avoid inflicting punishment on her.

[Martinelli is down on the mat, crawling across the ring towards her partner as Davis watches, slowly walking in pursuit...]

GM: Davis is keeping an eye on her - she wouldn't let Martinelli tag out, would she?

BW: No way. Not Laura Davis. She's a killer, Gordo. No mercy.

[Davis sighs heavily, stepping around the crawling Martinelli to insert herself in her path, blocking her from getting to the stretching Shannon Walsh.]

GM: Perhaps you're right, Bucky, as Laura Davis blocks Martinelli from getting to her corner and-

[But suddenly, Martinelli reaches up, snatching Davis by the wrist with both hands, giving a mighty yank to send Davis falling off-balance out to mid-ring...]

GM: Martinelli taking her shot and- TAG!

[...and the crowd cheers as Shannon Walsh comes back through the ropes, rushing at the recovering Davis as Martinelli slips out to the floor.]

GM: Walsh is in and she's coming in hot!

[Walsh grabs the slightly off-balance Davis by the hair, absolutely drilling her with two brutal forearm strikes to the side of the head that does her balance no favors. She reaches up with the other arm, securing a Thai clinch as she swings her knees up - first to the body, alternating blows to the left and right side as Colton and Wallace look on with alarm...]

GM: The former Mixed Martial Artist going to work with those heavy knees, backed into the corner...

[...and once Davis is trapped in the buckles, the knees come flying in at the head instead, battering her back and forth as the crowd shockingly cheers the Peach Pits on!]

GM: ...and now to the head... Walsh is bringing the fight to Laura Davis and the All Around Athlete looks stunned by-

[Colton rushes down the apron towards Walsh, looking to intervene...

...but Walsh steps out, catching her with a back elbow up under the chin, sending her staggering backwards down the apron!]

GM: Ohh! Colton gets caught as well!

[But as Walsh steps back in towards Davis, the Slam Sorority leader lashes out with a kick to the gut, hooking Walsh around the torso and lifting her off the mat...]

GM: OHHH! FACEFIRST DOWN ON THE TOP ROPE!

[...and as Walsh's throat snaps down on the rope, she collapses to the canvas, kicking her feet and rolling back and forth as she clutches her windpipe!]

GM: Davis caught her and that might do it!

[Davis dives to the mat, securing a leg...]

GM: She's got one! Two! A trip to the Semifin- no! Walsh kicks out at two!

[Some cheers go up for the kickout as a disgruntled Davis climbs off the mat, angrily stomping the downed Walsh into the canvas.]

BW: And I think that's frustration from Davis at not taking out Martinelli when she had the chance. She let a glimmer of hope shine through and the Peach Pits took advantage of it.

[Pulling Walsh off the mat, Davis quickly secures a double underhook before flinging Walsh up, over, and down hard on the canvas with a suplex!]

GM: Absolutely perfect execution on that suplex, Bucky.

BW: That's the kind of thing they put in a textbook, Gordo. Laura Davis is the epitome of excellence inside that ring and the AWA Women's World Tag Titles - and the AWA Women's World Title too - are within her reach.

[Davis climbs back to her feet, looking out at the jeering crowd. She slowly extends her arms, jerking a thumb at herself as the boos get louder from the Chicago faithful...

...and Davis leans down, snatching one of Walsh's legs as she stands straight up, flipping her over into a half Boston Crab!]

GM: And a submission hold applied - Davis' bread and butter!

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

GM: You heard the call there. The halfway point in the time limit of this one and we've got fifteen minutes to go to see which one of these teams will advance to earn their spot in the Semifinals to face either the Country Punks or Seductive and Destructive.

[Davis leans back in the hold, wrenching the leg and the back of Walsh who grimaces, refusing to cry out as she claws at the canvas. Martinelli can be seen in the corner on the apron, waving her hand to beckon Walsh towards her while Kelly Taylor rhythmically slaps her hands on the apron on the outside... and in the background, we can see a grinning Kimmy Bailey clapping her hands along with her.]

GM: Her partners cheering her on - some of these fans in Chi-Town as well - but Davis has this hold locked in and she's doing damage to Shannon Walsh right here in this one.

[Davis leans back further, shouting "GIVE UP, WALSH!"]

GM: Davis trying to get that submission and if she gets it, it'll be Carolina Colton and Laura Davis heading to the Semifinals!

BW: So far, Walsh is hanging on though, Gordo. She's a tough cookie. That MMA background taught her a lot about submissions - both applying and defending.

GM: Walsh reaching out... nowhere near the ropes...

"ASK HER, REF!"

GM: Davis trying to get Shari Miranda to... Walsh says no! Walsh says she won't quit!

[An angry look crosses Davis' face as she switches her stance...

...and STOMPS the back of Walsh's head once, twice, three times as the crowd jeers!]

GM: Davis stomping Walsh into the mat...

[And as Davis breaks the hold, she measures the downed Walsh, leaping up...]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ...and a KNEEDROP RIGHT DOWN INTO THE BACK!

[Davis nods in satisfaction as Walsh cries out in pain.]

"There's no one I can't hurt inside this ring, Walsh! You hear me?!"

[A hard paintbrush slap to the back of Walsh's head punctuates the question as the crowd jeers again.]

GM: Davis talking a little trash... back on her feet now...

[Davis turns Walsh around so that she's facing the Peach Pits' corner before sitting down on the back, cupping the hands under the chin and cranking backwards...]

GM: ...and right into another submission hold, that camel clutch locked in now.

BW: Moving from submission hold to hold... a lot like Supreme Wright... or should I say Mr. Lynch.

[Donna slaps the turnbuckle, shouting "COME ONNNNNNN, SHANNNNNNNON!" as she stretches out an arm towards her partner.]

GM: Martinelli calling for that tag...

BW: Do you think she's given a single thought to what to do against her old mentor if she makes that tag?

GM: Probably not. Ms. Martinelli has never struck me as much of a forward thinker.

[Walsh groans in pain as Davis cranks back on the neck again, clenching her jaw as she applies maximum pressure.]

GM: More pressure on the back... on the neck... Walsh fighting it, trying to get up to her knees and reduce the effect...

[But as Walsh forces her way onto her hands and knees, the ever-plotting Davis leaps up, driving her butt down into the lower back, putting Walsh back down on the mat...]

GM: ...Walsh tried but Davis was ready for her... and there's a tag, bringing Carolina Colton back in... this powerful young Canadian...

[Davis pulls Walsh off the mat, tossing her back into the Slam Sorority corner before charging in after her, snapping Walsh's head back with a running back elbow...]

GM: Elbow connects... here comes Colton!

[...and the powerhouse throws herself into a corner avalanche, smashing her 142 pounds into Walsh while clashing her arms together on Walsh's ears!]

GM: 22 year old Carolina Colton doing damage on Walsh!

[The referee is trying to get Davis out of the ring as Walsh staggers out into Colton's powerful arms, being lifted up and dropped across a knee in a pendulum backbreaker..]

...which makes her easy prey for Davis who leaps up, dropping a leg across the collarbone of Walsh!]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: The Slam Sorority bringing the thunder!

[Davis exits now as Colton covers, earning a two count and a little bit more before Walsh escapes.]

GM: The Peach Pits hanging around in this one, refusing to stay down...

[Colton grimaces as she kneels on the canvas...

...and a wild-eyed Trish Wallace slams her beefy forearms down into the apron a half dozen times, bellowing "DO IT, COLLLLLLTONNNNN!" Colton gets to her feet, fire in her eyes as she leans down to pull Walsh off the mat...]

GM: Uh oh... Colton looks fired up after Wallace shouted at her... some kind of competitive rivalry between these two and-

[...and lifts her right up off the mat, pressing her overhead...]

GM: -GORILLA PRESS!

[Colton holds her aloft for all to see... and then ignoring the referee's protests, she takes a step towards the ropes and HURLS Walsh over the top rope, sending her crashing violently down onto the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DEVASTATING FALL TO THE FLOOR FOR WALSH!

BW: That's it! Get a spatula for her! It's all over - Colton just made some Peach Pit cobbler, daddy!

[Walsh rolls into the fetal position on the outside as Colton strikes another pose, showing off her powerful frame as Wallace looks on, nodding her head at her ally...]

GM: Colton threw her over the top, right down at Trish Wallace's feet - showing off that incredible strength we've seen in her short time in the American Wrestling Alliance so far - the strength that just might make her one-half of the very first AWA Women's World Tag Team Champions in two weeks' time in New Orleans.

[Colton steps towards the ropes but the referee rushes to intervene, shouting her back... but Colton engages in an argument with her, drawing her attention away from the outside where Trish Wallace yanks the barely-moving Walsh off the floor...]

GM: You've gotta be-

[...and presses her overhead on the outside!]

GM: -KIDDING ME! WALLACE HAS HER UP NOW AS WELL!

[But Wallace tosses Walsh through the ropes into the ring, swinging her arms around to show off her own power...]

GM: Walsh gets tossed back in and-

BW: TAYLOR!

[...but as soon as Wallace turns back towards the ring, Kelly Taylor comes sprinting down the apron, diving off into a somersault onto a shocked Wallace!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: KELLY TAYLOR ON THE OUTSIDE!

[Taylor dives on top of Trish Wallace on the floor, smashing her fist down between the eyes over and over and over as the crowd goes wild!]

GM: TAYLOR’S TAKING DOWN AND TRYING TO TAKE OUT TRISH WALLACE!
TRYING TO TAKE THE THIRD WOMAN IN THE SLAM SORORITY OUT OF THE
PICTURE!

[Colton shoves the official aside, moving towards the ropes where it appears she’s going to intervene on the fight on the floor...]

GM: Colton’s coming out- no! No she’s not! Shari Miranda is right up in her face, shouting her back...

BW: Gordo, look at Shannon Walsh!

[With Colton and Miranda shouting at one another, Walsh has taken the chance to crawl across the ring, trying to get to her partner’s outstretched hand...]

GM: Walsh is trying to get to that corner! Trying to get to Donna Martinelli!

[Martinelli is jumping up and down, her arm stretched out as Colton and Miranda are chest to chest, angrily shouting at one another as Walsh gets closer.. and closer...]

GM: Walsh has got a clear shot! She might get there!

[Walsh pushes up to her feet, wobbling for balance as Colton spots her and moves swiftly to intervene...]

GM: Colton from behi-

“DUCK!”

[...and the shouted warning from Martinelli gets Walsh’s attention who does indeed duck as Colton tries to club her, sending Colton falling towards the turnbuckles where Martinelli leaps up with the aid of the ropes, grabbing Colton by the hair and SMASHING her head into the top turnbuckle!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: COLTON HITS THE BUCKLES!

[Colton staggers backwards towards the dazed Walsh who instinctively reaches out, snatching a rear waistlock...]

GM: WAISTLOCK!

[...and LAUNCHES Colton overhead, tossing her halfway across the ring with a released German Suplex!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GERMAN! GERMAN! GERMAN CONNECTS!

[Walsh rolls over to all fours again, turning her focus back on the Peach Pits' corner where Martinelli is waiting for her...]

GM: And again, Walsh has got a chance to-

[...and throws herself forward, slapping Martinelli's offered hand!]

GM: -TAG! THE TAG IS MADE!

[And again, shockingly, the crowd reacts positively for Donna Martinelli who comes through the ropes, spotting Colton who sits up on the mat, grimacing as she holds the back of her head and neck...]

...and Martinelli goes charging in, giving a shout as she drops into a slide and DRILLS Colton with a dropkick!]

GM: DROPKICK CONNECTS!

[Martinelli scrambles up, diving across Colton's torso!]

GM: Martinelli's got one! She's got two! She's got-

[Colton kicks out, again sending Martinelli flying off her. Donna slams a hand down on the mat...]

GM: And don't look now, Bucky, but Martinelli is FIRED UP!

BW: Can you blame her? The Peach Pits are the Rodney Dangerfield of this division - they get no respect!

GM: And you wonder why our new network partner want a younger voice out here.

"TEN MINUTES REMAIN! TEN MINUTES!"

GM: Ten minutes left! Martinelli right back up again... looking at her... we've never seen Martinelli like this! She's waving Colton up, intensity on her face...

[And as Colton sits up again, Martinelli goes into a spin...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ...ROLLING SOLE BUTT! RIGHT TO THE MOUTH!

[She dives across again!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO!

[But Colton's shoulder pushes up off the mat!]

GM: Colton's out at two! The Slam Sorority not going down without a fight as well! And I gotta admit, Bucky, this match is a lot closer than I thought it would be... and please don't mention Rodney Dangerfield again.

BW: The Peach Pits came to fight, Gordo! They know their reputation but they also know what they're capable of!

[Pulling Colton off the mat, Martinelli turns into a whirling blur of rights and lefts raining down on Colton, squealing madly as she delivers the blows, driving Colton back into the neutral corner...]

GM: Martinelli puts her in the corner!

[...and Martinelli lets loose a big shout as she SLAMS home a knife edge chop into Colton's strong chest!]

BW: Whooo! Put some stank on that one, girl!

[But as Martinelli winds up again, a little more flourish and flair to this one, Colton reaches out, grabbing her under the arms, lifting her bodily off the mat and tossing her into the corner Colton just vacated...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and promptly SMASHES a forearm into Martinelli's sternum, leaving her reeling in the corner...]

GM: And just like that, Colton turns it around for the Slam Sorority!

[...but only for a moment as Colton whips Martinelli across the ring, charging in after her...]

GM: Colton on the move! Charging her down and-

[...but Martinelli kicks both legs up, raising her knees so that Colton runs right into them. She grabs the back of Colton's head, hanging on as Colton stumbles backwards...

...and rides her right down to the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG TIME COUNTER BY MARTINELLI! KNEES TO THE CHEST!

[Martinelli stays kneeling on Colton, reaching back to hook the mighty leg...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: COLTON KICKS OUT IN TIME!

[The camera cuts to reveal a nervous-looking Laura Davis who was on her way into the ring to break up the pin. She sighs deeply, ducking back through the ropes while getting an earful from Shari Miranda.]

GM: Davis was on her way in - she thought Martinelli might have her partner beaten right there!

[Martinelli climbs off the mat, grinning at Kelly Taylor who is on the outside, slapping her hands down on the apron shouting "DON-NA! DON-NA! DON-NA!"...

...until a rampaging Trish Wallace comes charging in from the blindside, smashing a hammerblow across the back of Taylor's head...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...an attack that sends Taylor crashing into the steel ringsteps!]

GM: OHHH! WALLACE ATTACKS TAYLOR ON THE FLOOR!

[And with a menacing look towards a concerned Martinelli, Wallace lifts the banged-up Taylor off the floor, hoisting her up over her shoulder...]

GM: Wait, wait, wait!

[...and goes charging from the toppled steps towards the mouth of the aisle...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS! POWERSLAM ON THE STEEL RAMP!

[Wallace kneels on the ramp, glaring out at the jeering fans as a shocked Martinelli grabs at her hair in disbelief!]

BW: And Kelly Taylor just got taken out of the equation of this match, Gordo!

GM: I believe you're right, Bucky! Taylor is down... likely out... and... Martinelli is beside herself... she's... she looks like she wanted to come out here and check on Taylor!

BW: Don't do it, Donna! You've got a match to win!

[Martinelli buries her face in her hands, shaking her head as she walks to the corner, stepping up on the middle rope. She looks over her shoulder at the downed Taylor again, shouting "SOMEBODY HELP HER!" as Wallace stands over the laid out Taylor, taunting Martinelli with her own "somebody help her!" We can see Kimmy Bailey and Ayako Fujiwara standing in the background, Fujiwara's hand on her young partner's shoulder.]

GM: What in the world has happened to Trish Wallace, Bucky?!

BW: Oh, come on. You didn't really think the daughter of Battlin' Burt would be a goody two shoes forever, did you?

GM: I suppose not but-

[Inside the ring, we can see Carolina Colton struggling up to her feet as Martinelli throws another look out at the downed Taylor as we see a pair of AWA medical personnel jogging into view...]

GM: -we've got medical assistance out here for Kelly Taylor and...

[...and as Colton gets vertical, a determined Martinelli gives a shout, leaping off towards her...]

GM: ...CROSSBODY OFF THE MIDDLE!

[...but the Canadian powerhouse snatches her out of the sky, pivoting smoothly, and DRIVES her down into the canvas with a powerslam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: POWERSLAM! POWERSLAM BY COLTON!

[Colton stays across Martinelli, reaching back for a leg...]

GM: IT'S ONE! IT'S TWO! IT'S THRRRRRRRRRR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! THE SHOULDER JUST BARELY UP IN TIME!

BW: We've gotta be closing in on five minutes left, Gordo! They're picking up the pace now, knowing how close they are.

GM: Remember, a time limit draw in this one means that the Country Punks versus Seductive And Destructive is suddenly the Finals!

[A still-dazed Colton comes off the mat to her knees as Davis shouts "TAG! TAG!" With a nod, Colton climbs to her feet, wobbling to the corner to slap her partner's hand.]

GM: Laura Davis wanted the tag and the All Around Athlete is looking to finish this against her former protege!

[Davis steps through the ropes as she throws a kinda sad look at Martinelli.]

GM: Davis in for perhaps the killshot on Donna Martinelli who she helped get her spot here in the Women's Division...

[Davis gives a shake of her head as she pulls Martinelli up off the mat, giving her a look in the face before she lashes out with a chop across the chest, sending Martinelli falling back into the neutral corner...]

GM: Martinelli hanging on to the ropes, trying to stay on her feet...

"It's okay to quit, Donna. You've done well."

[Davis pauses a moment, perhaps expecting that submission...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but not hearing it, she lands another big chop that buckles Martinelli's knees as she struggles to stay vertical. Davis pauses again, eyeing her protege...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and lights her up a third time, leaving Martinelli barely standing, leaning hard against the corner for support...]

"Come on, Donna. Let's end this."

[She pulls Martinelli from the corner, booting her in the midsection before using a running kneelift to put her down. With a satisfied nod, Davis lowers to her knees, not bothering to hook a leg as she covers...]

GM: Davis gets one! She gets two! She gets th-

[...and the crowd ROARS as Martinelli's shoulder pops up off the mat, Davis' eyes going wide for a moment!]

GM: Martinelli kicks out and Davis looks stunned!

[Davis stares down at Martinelli for a moment as Trish Wallace smashes her arms into the mat angrily...]

"BREAK HER! END HER!"

[...and Davis gives a nod to her ally, grabbing Martinelli's arm and pinning it down to the mat...]

"Come on, Donna! Don't make me do this!"

[...but hearing no submission, Davis drops a knee down on the arm!]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[Martinelli wails in pain as Davis kneels on the arm...]

"Come on, Donna! Quit!"

[...and then drops another knee on the arm...]

"QUIT!"

[...and another...]

"QUIT!"

[...and another!]

GM: Martinelli's screaming in pain... the arm being targeted by Laura Davis who may be trying to break the damn thing, Bucky!

BW: You gotta do what you gotta do with stakes this high. No mercy!

[Davis stares down at the moaning Martinelli, shaking her head in disbelief again. She gets to her feet, using a grip on the injured arm to haul her protege to her feet, cranking the arm around in an armwringer...]

GM: The tag to Colton... taking the arm from Davis...

"FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!"

[...and Colton gives the arm a quick twist, holding the wrist as she yanks Martinelli into her solid shoulder!]

GM: Oh! And we know this is why they call her the Starkiller, Bucky! She used this very move on a fellow CCW trainee Saffron Star last fall, dislocating her shoulder in the process...

[The crowd groans as Colton yanks her in a second time...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and a third!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: She might be trying to do the same thing to Martinelli!

[Donna sinks down to her knees, grabbing at her trapped arm with the free arm as Colton stands over her...]

"YOU'RE NOTHING, MARTINELLI!"

[...and then slaps Davis' offered hand again.]

GM: Davis back in... less than five minutes on the clock...

[Davis takes the captured wrist from Colton, pulling Martinelli off her knees...]

"Donna, if you don't quit, I'm gonna break it!"

[...and Martinelli looks on the verge of tears, shaking her head, begging for mercy as Davis grabs the wrist with both hands, slowly wrenching it around in another armwringer...]

GM: She says she's gonna break it and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the crowd ERUPTS as Martinelli throws a desperation forearm with her free arm, jamming it into the jaw of her mentor, knocking her right off her feet and sending her down onto her butt with a shocked expression on her face!]

GM: MARTINELLI DROPS HER! WITH ONE SHOT!

[A panicked and equally-shocked Martinelli grabs at the injured arm, quickly turning to get away from the embarrassed Davis who is sitting on the mat looking stunned...]

GM: Get out of there, Donna! Get out of there right now!

[...but Davis scrambles up, lunging forward to tackle the legs out from under Martinelli, knocking her down onto her chest with rage in her eyes!]

BW: Uh oh! Now she's done it!

[Davis pins the arm down to the mat again...]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[..and drops a knee to the shoulder...]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and again...]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and again...]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and again...]

GM: DAVIS IS TRYING TO BREAK THE ARM!

[...and with the knee firmly pressed into the shoulder joint, Davis grabs the wrist with both hands and YANKS upwards on it, causing Martinelli to scream in pain!]

GM: Davis with the arm trapped, the pressure is on!

BW: We're under four minutes!

GM: Martinelli refusing to quit! Refusing to give up! I can't even believe I'm saying that!

BW: That's how important these titles are, Gordo! The newest titles to the AWA but they already are worth risking serious injury for!

[Davis is screaming "QUIT! QUIIIIIIIIT!" at her former protege as Martinelli repeatedly shouts "NO! NO! NOOOOOO!" at a questioning Shari Miranda!]

GM: Martinelli hanging on! Fighting for her-

[And suddenly, the sound of "DNA" by Kendrick Lamar comes ripping across the PA system to a HUUUUUGE reaction from the AWA faithful!]

GM: What?!

BW: What is SHE doing out here?!

[The crowd ERUPTS as the first woman to wear the AWA Women's World Title - Lauryn Rage - comes stepping out on the stage, pointing with both hands down the aisle at the ring where a shocked Laura Davis has released the armbar and is staring down the aisle at her adversary...]

GM: We've been hearing it since SuperClash, fans, and... LAURYN'S COMING!

[Rage breaks into a trot down the aisle towards the ring as Davis shouts from inside the ring to her allies. Trish Wallace gives a nod, squaring up on the aisle so she can see Rage quickly approaching...]

BW: Lauryn's coming but the clock is ticking! We're under three minutes to go!

[The crowd ROARS as Rage and Wallace collide in the aisle, throwing big bombs at one another as the Chicago fans literally leap out of their seats for the confrontation in the aisle!]

GM: We've got a fight in the aisle!

BW: Which is great but we've got a tournament Semifinal in the damn ring, Gordo!

GM: Indeed we do! And the arrival of Lauryn Rage has brought it to a crashing halt with time rapidly ticking away!

[With Rage's boxing skills giving her an edge on Wallace, the former champion batters her with lefts and rights in the aisle, backing down T-Bone Trish...

...which is when a frantic Davis waves a hand at Colton, ordering her into the fray!]

GM: Davis is sending Colton over there to help Trish Wallace!

[Carolina Colton goes jogging around the ring as Davis looks on with concern. The Canadian wades into the mix just as Wallace goes spinning away from a right hook that puts her down on the floor...]

GM: Wallace is down! Colton is-

BW: GORDO, LOOK! LOOK!

[And with Colton now in the brawl, we see Laura Davis next to the ropes, shouting instructions...]

...and Donna Martinelli slowly get to her feet behind the All Around Athlete, clutching her shoulder in pain!]

GM: Martinelli's up! She's on her feet! I can't believe it!

[Martinelli looks at her mentor's back... then to the crowd who are urging her on...]

GM: Come on, kid!

BW: She looks petrified, Gordo!

[Martinelli looks around anxiously at the Chicago crowd at the mere idea of fighting with her mentor...]

...but with Davis fully distracted, Martinelli pauses... and then seizes the day!]

GM: ROLLUP! SHE'S GOT HER DOWN!

[A shocked Davis gets schoolgirled down to the mat as Shari Miranda drops down to count...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE!

[...and Martinelli's feet get strategically placed on the middle rope for leverage!]

GM: TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: SHE PINNED HER! SHE PINNED DAVIS! I CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT I JUST SAW!

[Martinelli falls to the mat on her knees, her eyes wide with shock at the sound of the bell... and then somehow get wider when the referee jumps up, grabbing her by the wrist and lifting her arm overhead as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official, a smirk on her face...]

RO: HERE ARE YOUR WINNERS, MOVING ON TO THE FINALS... THE PEEEEEEEEACH PIIIIIIIIITSSSSSSSS!

[Shannon Walsh dives through the ropes, falling to her knees to embrace Martinelli as the crowd cheers!]

GM: Martinelli - I didn't know she had it in her, Bucky! She pinned Laura Davis!

[Davis is sitting up on the mat, her jaw dropped as she stares at her former protege who almost instantly starts apologizing, shouting "I'm sorry!" to her mentor over and over.

We cut to the outside of the ring where Carolina Colton is staring up in disbelief at the ring, hands on her hips, which allows Lauryn Rage to back down the aisle, a satisfied grin on her face as the crowd continues to cheer.]

GM: Davis seemingly had this match won with that armbar, fans, but the arrival of Lauryn Rage cost the Slam Sorority everything - just like the Slam Sorority cost Lauryn Rage her spot in this tournament two weeks ago!

BW: Knocked out of the Semifinals by the Peach Pits! Wow! That's a headline I didn't expect to see this week!

GM: It's gotta be considered an upset, Bucky. Even with the experience edge as a team for the Peach Pits, I don't think anyone expected them to overcome the power of Colton... the skill of Davis... the third person on the outside in Wallace... wow. What a win!

[Walsh and Martinelli are still celebrating as a now-furious Laura Davis is screaming down the aisle at Rage who mockingly waves at her.]

GM: And this conflict between the Slam Sorority and Lauryn Rage is far from over... but that's for another night... tonight, we've gotta say it one more time... the Peach Pits win and are moving on to the Finals of this tournament! Unbelievable!

[The camera holds on the mocking Rage... then cuts to the fuming and screaming Davis...

...and 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 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 with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we find ourselves checking out footage from backstage where we've got a close two-shot of Tony Donovan standing right next to Tiger Claw.]

TD: Look, I appreciate everything you've said to me over the last couple of weeks. You're a legend and I totally respect all that you've done in the past, Mr. Claw...

[Donovan pauses.]

TD: That sounds weird. Is it... Tiger?

[Claw arches an eyebrow.]

TC: "Sir" has always sufficed in the past. "Master" to my students...

[Donovan grimaces, looking anxious at this change in topic.]

TD: Right, yeah. I... I just don't know about that. There's a lot to think about. I know you've got history with my Dad... plus there's everything with Brian...

[Claw nods, raising a hand.]

TC: I understand, Tony. It's a little overwhelming, isn't it?

[Donovan looks puzzled.]

TC: Being the servant to so many masters. I know you want to do the right thing... For your family. For your friends. Those who guided you to be the man you are right now...

[Donovan nods.]

TC: But there comes a time when you have to take the helm and start thinking about you. You're a former two-time World Tag Team Champion. You're one of the best to ever wear that title in this company. That means you're accomplished.

[Claw ticks off on a finger.]

TC: You're a student of Supreme Wright. Now, Wright and I may not get along personally, but he is a talented fighter. I respect what he has done and his skill inside the ring. That means you've got an exceptional foundation in combat training.

[Another finger.]

TC: And you're a Donovan.

[Claw smirks.]

TC: No matter my feelings towards your father, he's one of the toughest men I've ever stood across the ring from. He's a fighter. He's a warrior...

...and so are you.

[Claw nods, lowering his hand.]

TC: You have all the tools you need, Tony, I'm simply providing you with a choice. You can continue the way things are, or you can allow me to provide the guidance that will boost you to that next level.

Listen, staying on the path you're on isn't bad by any stretch of the imagination. There's a chance that you could hit that next level the way things are right now...

But do you want a chance? Or do you want a guarantee? I can provide you with that guarantee.

[Claw stares right at Donovan... There's the sound of movement just off camera, and Claw's gaze shifts slightly.]

The shot pulls back just a little bit and Wes Taylor walks in to stand alongside his former championship partner, looking at Claw. Wes looks suspiciously at Claw, but Claw's calm gaze in return forces Wes to break the look before it can be classified as a glare. Wes nudges Donovan.]

WT: Am I interrupting something?

[Claw raises his hands and shakes his head a bit. Donovan stays silent a little longer, looking thoughtfully at Claw.]

WT: Tony, I just found out we've got a tag match on the Power Hour.

[That gets Donovan's attention as he turns towards his partner.]

WT: That's right. But you're not going to like who our opponents are.

[Donovan's brow furrows as Taylor gestures to him, walking away, leaving his partner behind with Claw who reaches out a strong hand, gripping Donovan's shoulder.]

TC: Just remember what I told you. You're Tony Donovan. You'll be fine.

[Donovan gives the slightest of nods to Claw before turning to follow his partner as Claw smirks, nodding with approval...]

...and we fade back to live action in the arena where "The Business of Emotion" by Big Data is midway through playing. The ring has been covered in midnight green carpet. In the foreground is Kerry Kendrick, wearing his own "Self Made Man" t-shirt and blue jeans. The AWA's favorite trust fund baby is posed just beside him in a striped knit sweater and patent leather skirt, her glitter-encrusted pink baseball bat slung over her shoulder.]

KK: This... is the Think Tank.

I am Kerry Kendrick. I am a Self Made Man. I am the longest tenured member of the AWA roster...

...And the sad fact of life is I always will be.

[Hayes drags a manicured nail down Kendrick's shoulder.]

KK: ...And when I sent out that invitation to any AWA Icons that weren't currently under contract, there was one that I sent out, that I honestly wasn't holding out a lot of hope that I would hear a response from. There are a couple of people that I wanted to have on the Think Tank in front of me more than others... But lo and behold, to my surprise, I got a response and I made sure the AWA brought him here first class.

[Kendrick takes a second to savor the moment. Hayes takes a moment to savor Kendrick.]

GM: That sounds an awful lot like the setup to one of Kendrick's stunts...

BW: Who are you to question his credibility? He's been here as long as you and I have. And in a couple of weeks, he'll pass you too.

[Kendrick points to the entranceway.]

KK: As I've said before, I was the first wrestler to have ever stepped foot in an AWA ring. But if I'm first... someone had to be second.

[The AWA faithful buzzes in disbelief.]

GM: Wait, has he really-

[Kendrick cuts Gordon off.]

KK: Chicago, let me reintroduce to the AWA... the original Spitfire himself...

...BUDDY... LAMBERT!

["Living After Midnight" by Judas Priest plays throughout the United Center. A wide sweeping shot shows a few fans standing up to get a better glimpse, but most remain seated.]

GM: ...Kendrick didn't--did he?

[Through the curtain steps a thirty-something man with a receding hairline in jeans, polo shirt and fleece vest that one wouldn't instantly recognize as a professional wrestler. But there is some evidence on closer inspection: the tan, the thicker neck, the barrel chest.]

GM: It is! I can't believe it! I assumed he'd never turn up again in an AWA ring?

BW: Why'd you think that, Gordo?

[There is some silence on the audio as Bucky's question remains unaddressed. Buddy jogs down the aisle with a big grin on his face, almost starstruck by being back in the AWA, waving at the fans eagerly. He passes by the announce position, and Myers rises from his chair to shake Buddy's hand.]

GM: Buddy, I never thought we'd see you again.

[Buddy Lambert responds warmly, but we can't hear what he says in reply. Bucky Wilde looks slightly disgusted as Myers sits down and Lambert rolls into the ring to join Kendrick and Hayes.]

BW: Always taken in by the boy scout type, right, Gordo?

[Lambert almost moves in for a handshake with Kendrick, but thinks better of it, remembering how it went a decade ago. Kendrick appears to be in on the joke, and shares a laugh with Buddy, before they eventually, surprisingly, shake hands.]

GM: There must be something coming off of Lake Michigan, Bucky. I'm seeing Buddy Lambert in an AWA ring for the first time in almost a decade, and Kendrick is being nice to someone. This must be some cosmic effort to ensure I've seen everything before I hang up my headset in a couple of weeks.

[As "Living After Midnight" fades, Kendrick raises the microphone and beckons Lambert to pick up one of his own from a stool in the ring. Lambert still looks a little awestruck at the situation he finds himself in.]

KK: Buddy! Welcome back!

[The crowd cheers as Lambert looks out in disbelief, Kendrick nodding at the reaction, waving for it to get louder... and it surprisingly does.]

BL: AWA! I... I can't believe it! I really-

[Kendrick interrupts.]

KK: After ten years away, you're back in an AWA ring. It's a bit of a bigger space than that cramped studio back in Dallas, right?

[Kendrick grins as Lambert looks around with starry eyes at the sold out crowd.]

BL: Oh, golly, that's a lot of people out there.

[Kendrick nods.]

KK: Sure are, and millions more at home with their eyes on you. More lights, more fans, more money getting thrown around, especially to those who stick it out and stick around. So, what has Buddy Lambert been up to after all these years?

[Sandra Hayes pipes up.]

MSH: Yeah, Buddy. I'm sure you have lots of exciting stories from that suburban car dealership in Nashville we found you at.

[The crowd jeers Hayes' tone as Kendrick "tsks" putting a hand on her shoulder.]

KK: Now, Bubblegum, try and remember the sad fact of life that Buddy – like most of these people – lives a boring, humdrum, menial life. I'm sure Buddy will be relatable to 99% of these people. How can they relate to a Self Made Man?

[Buddy has already deduced the reason Kendrick has brought him back to Saturday Night Wrestling.]

BL: I'm sure, Kendrick. I know you're real proud of yourself for where you are... for who I am and where I am. So I won't bore us: I'll get to the chorus.

I'm pretty much retired from the ring, alright?

[There are a smattering of boos from some longtime fans who were perhaps looking for a comeback.]

BL: Once a month, I do lace up my boots and go wrestle at the VFW, but I settled down with my family years ago, and I'm happy livin' my quiet life.

You and me, we were nothin' more than kids ten years ago. You went your way, I went mine.

[Kendrick raises his hands defensively.]

KK: Hey hey hey, Buddy. I didn't bring you out here to belittle you. I didn't fly you out first class to talk down about you. I admire you; I think back to those early days of the AWA, when Stegglet was positioning you as top contender to the National Championship, when you were the hot thing for all of two months. While I would come to WKIK every week waiting for that one break.

I stuck it out, and you quit.

[Kendrick sneers as Lambert shakes his head.]

KK: Just like I always say...

"When the going gets tough... QUIT." You faced a little adversity, and you QUIT.

[The fans are jeering the abusive Kendrick now as Hayes nods her head eagerly, adding "QUITTER, QUITTER, QUITTER!" aimed at Lambert.]

BL: I cannot believe what I am hearing. Look at you! You got everything you could ever want! You got your big city fashionplate girlfriend, you got loads of merch for people to buy. You got thousands of people watching you live and millions more at home. You probably drive a Corvette – I see guys like you come and go from my showroom every week... Long Beach Red! Am I right? Am I close?

You got all that going on for you, and you got such a tiny mind that you're brooding over something that happened ten years ago? 'Cause the powers that be couldn't see ten years into the future? Well here's a surprise for ya...

You win! Kerry Kendrick wins, Buddy Lambert loses. I'll live with that. Somehow I'll live with that.

[Kendrick smirks, nodding his head... but Lambert holds up a finger.]

BL: Just like you gotta live with that somethin' inside you that remembers that Buddy Lambert is one-and-oh against Keith Smith.

[There's a chortle of derision among the Chicago fans.]

KK: Oh, that "Keith Smith" line gets funnier all the time, doesn't it? Oh, it's funnier the hundredth or two-hundredth time I hear it! You have to admit something, right Lambert: when you wrestle once a month at the VFW? You have to wonder what would have happened if you had my drive and my hunger.

You have to wonder what might have happened if you'd stuck around like I did.

Maybe you'd be here... in this ring... with the money, the cars, the clothes...

[He nods to Hayes.]

KK: The girl.

Maybe you, Buddy Lambert...

[He stabs a finger into his chest.]

KK: ...would be me.

[Kendrick pauses.]

KK: Why don't you find out whether I'm the Self Made Man or Keith Smith... and you find out if you're the Spitfire or the Salesman of the Month...

[Kendrick closes in, eye-to-eye with Lambert.]

KK: ...at the AWA's Tenth Anniversary in New Orleans?

[A bit of a murmur emerges from the fans, along with some isolated pockets chanting, "BUD-DY! BUD-DY! BUD-DY!"]

GM: WHAT?!

BW: Aw, you gotta be kiddin', daddy! Take the match, Buddy!

[Lambert looks flabbergasted.]

BL: Excuse me?

[Hayes interrupts.]

MSH: I can get you cleared to wrestle and sign a one-night contract, Buddy. Are you going to go back to Tennessee and the dealership and watch people like me and my man Kerry buy all those luxury cars from you... or are you going to be a man and get behind the wheel?

"BUD-DY!"

"BUD-DY!"

"BUD-DY!"

[Lambert looks around anxiously at the chanting crowd.]

BL: I- uh... As exciting as that sounds...

[Kendrick tries to reel him in.]

KK: I know that instinct in your mind. I know you're milking this moment! The pro wrestler in you wants to milk this moment for all it's worth, but I'm not going to let you: answer me NOW! Yes or no?! Answer now!

[Lambert grimaces.]

BL: I-uh... The lights are brighter here... the arena's a lot louder... and you look a heck of lot better than you did in 2008. A man's gotta know his limitations. I'm...

...I'm gonna say I hope there's no hard feelings, but the answer is "no."

[There's a sense of deflation among the fans.]

KK: That's what I thought. You never had it, Buddy. But as you say, no hard feelings. I'll be sure to look you up later in the year when the lease is up on my current whip; you can get that commission from me if you can get it for me in Long Beach Red.

[Kendrick smirks as Lambert turns away, shaking his head.]

KK: The sad fact of life, Buddy, is that despite you thinking I hold a grudge... I know I won.

I'm a an AWA attraction, you're sweating in a VFW barely bigger than this ring.

I sell merch, you sell cars.

I get Miss Hayes, you get that moonfaced wife-

[Buddy wheels around and socks Kendrick squarely in the jaw! The fans suddenly roar in approval!]

BW: SUCKERPUNCH! I knew it was too good to be true!

GM: The kid's still has it! He'd heard enough from the Self Made Man!

"BUD-DY!"

"BUD-DY!"

"BUD-DY!"

[Kendrick stumbles backward on his heels, losing his equilibrium until he flops out of the ring between the middle and bottom ropes. Miss Hayes drops her bat in shock and scampers to the floor after him. Lambert picks up a microphone again.]

BL: You keep the mother of my children's name out of your mealy mouth! I pray to God that he'll forgive me for what I want to do to you right now!

Miss Hayes, you go right ahead and send me that one night contract!

[By now, the entire arena has gotten behind Buddy Lambert.]

BL: And this time, it isn't going to be any friendly contest between you and me, it's gonna be personal! Jennifer, I know you sent the girls to bed, but I want you to kiss them both on the forehead and tell 'em something.

I want you to tell 'em that Daddy will be going on another business trip to New Orleans, because William "Buddy" Lambert... he ain't done with the AWA yet!

[Kendrick backpedals up the aisle, shouting "son-of-a-!", while Sandra Hayes screeches in incoherent anger beside him.]

GM: Can you believe it, fans?! Two weeks from now, we're going to celebrate the Tenth Anniversary of our very first show - our first Saturday Night Wrestling - and in the Superdome, we're going to see a REMATCH from that first show! I never thought I'd see it!

BW: Kendrick's going to make this has-been rue the day that he ever decided to walk back through these doors, daddy.

GM: That remains to be seen... and right now, we're going backstage to hear from our own Theresa Lynch who is standing by with someone we saw in action earlier tonight - Ricki Toughill! Theresa?

[Cut to a stairwell in the backstage area of United Center, where Theresa Lynch is seated on the concrete stairs. Beside her Ricki Toughill is slouched, face in her palms.]

TL: Thank you, Gordon. Earlier tonight we heard from the AWA Women's Champion and her thoughts on the mayhem that took place at the end of tonight's opening contest. Ricki, I know you and I talked for a short while before this interview, but I thought it was important that we get your thoughts as well.

[Toughill inhales sharply. She looks like she's been wracked emotionally.]

RT: Well, Theresa, I know you've got your own problems to worry about, kiddo, and... I'm not going to stand up and yell and scream like I did last week at Power Hour. Y'know I heard Julie earlier tonight, and believe it or not, she and I have talked a bit in the past few months. I don't know that we'll ever be "friends," especially after everything that went down between us... but some time after SuperClash, I congratulated her on winning the World Title, and she said she couldn't imagine an AWA without me in the locker room. So, y'know, I thought I knew where we stood with each other.

But I've always prided myself on being me. For all my faults – my many, many, many faults – I've always been authentic. When you see Ricki Toughill, this is who I am. I'm sure you know, Theresa, that in that "30 For 30" special on the Women's Division, I come clean about a lot of my struggles with anxiety. And I know Julie was being snarky about me being paranoid about her and E-Girl MAX, and maybe I hope that I'm wrong, but... she sure seems to be the one who stands to benefit from them. I mean... look at Cinder from EGM: she won "Steal the Spotlight." Cinder, in the months we traveled together never seemed to shut up for one minute. And yet, we haven't heard a peep from her about challenging the current champion

And... maybe Julie's right about me melting down the moment things stop going my way. I'm not going to make any excuses – I attacked my own tag team partner because I got carried away. The story of my life, isn't it? That destructive impulse just takes hold of me... and...

[Toughill takes a long, quivering breath, before steadying her nerves.]

RT: ...And... I have to confront the fact that maybe I'll never beat Julie Somers. Maybe I'm not meant for a World Championship and that Ricki Toughill always was meant for freakshow appeal.

[Ricki finally turns to face the camera, anxiety giving way to determination.]

RT: But at SuperClash, I heard people cheering for me just as loud as they were cheering for you, Julie. Julie, if your goal is to show every little girl out there how to live their dream with class and dignity, at the Tenth Anniversary in two weeks you're going to share the ring with a little girl who never had a Julie Somers to look up to. And you're asking her to trust your good word, just like you're asking all those kids out there who had tears in their eyes when they saw you finally hold the belt to trust your good word.

Little Erica Toughill trusted a lot of the wrong people, Julie. That's what made me Ricki Toughill. And if it's my fate to lose to you, then I want you to know that I'm going into this match with my chin held high, what's left of my dignity intact, and with the intention that I'm going to wrestle the best match of my life.

And after we meet again in New Orleans, win or lose, I'll be able to look myself in the mirror. Will you, Julie?

[We fade out on the determined Ricki Toughill...

...and then back up on the sold out United Center crowd, the fans cheering with what they've already seen tonight and what they've still got to see before the night is over.

And then...]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... JUAN VAAAAAASSSSQUUUUUEEEEZZZ!!!

["They Reminisce Over You" by Pete Rock and CL Smooth begins to play over the PA system as the crowd in the United Center erupt with cheers! The camera cuts to a shot of Kimmy Bailey and Ayako Fujiwara in the front row, where we see Bailey leaping and hugging Ayako excitedly. Ayako doesn't quite share Bailey's enthusiasm, merely politely clapping as everyone else around her loses their minds.]

GM: The wrestling world has been abuzz ever since Juan Vasquez announced his retirement, but the reactions from the fans everywhere we go these days, has been nothing short of amazing.

BW: You know Gordo, the AWA has always been the hottest ticket in town, but right now, these might be the hottest tickets ever!

GM: No doubt about that, Bucky. The AWA will be losing one of their cornerstones soon, but the fans everywhere are making sure he knows he's loved and appreciated before he calls it quits.

BW: Yeah, but enough about you.

GM: Ha ha.

[The cheers only get louder as they see Juan Vasquez emerging from the entrance way. The former champion is dressed in the same outfit we saw earlier: red tights with black, white and gold flames running up the legs and now completed with gold boots with black trim. He wears a "Juan Vasquez Farewell Tour 2018" t-shirt with a sepia photo of him triumphantly holding up a title belt as fans cheer wildly in the background. He pauses at the top of the ramp and lifts both arms into the draw, drawing a roar from the crowd as pyro erupts behind him.]

"FOOOOOOOOOOOOSSSSHHHHH!!!"

"FOOOOOOOOOOOOSSSSHHHHH!!!"

"FOOOOOOOOOOOOSSSSHHHHH!!!"

[As he make his way down the aisle, Juan slaps as many outstretched hands as he can. Upon reaching the ringside area, he circles his way completely around the ring to slap the hands of the fans, before stopping at Kimmy Bailey, who envelopes her dear pa-pa with an enormous hug! Breaking the hug, Vasquez motions for Kimmy to come over the railing and join him in the ring. Kimmy hesitates for a second, before she gives into the peer pressure (Of her father chanting "DO IT! DO IT!") and leaps over. Juan motions to Ayako to jump the rail too, but the Olympic gold medalist emphatically shakes her head and shoos him away.]

GM: Looks like Kimmy Bailey will be joining Juan in the ring.

BW: What a spoiled brat.

GM: And she can probably lift you over her head with ease.

BW: That's why I whispered.

[Getting into the ring, Juan grabs a microphone and puts an arm over Kimmy's shoulder, addressing the crowd.]

JV: CHICAGO!

[Big pop!]

JV: You know, it's been one hell of a week here in the Windy City, and words can't express the time Bailey and I've had here. Now, I'm out here to wrestle my final match in Chi-town, but this is still the "Juan Vasquez Show starring Juan Vasquez" ain't it?

[Kimmy nudges her father with her elbow.]

JV: With a special guest appearance by Kimmy Bailey.

[She smirks.]

JV: So, lets expend valuable, precious television time to stroke my enormous ego! Everybody, turn to the Jumbotron!

[With his arm still over Kimmy's shoulder, Juan and Kimmy, along with everyone in the United Center turn to watch the montage begin to play on the Jumbotron.

"Sirius" by The Alan Parsons Project begins to play as we see footage of Juan Vasquez and Kimmy Bailey standing in front of the Michael Jordan statue at the United Center. Kimmy and Juan both mimic Jordan's dunk pose like a pair of goofballs, before we then cut to shots of father and daughter enjoying themselves around town.

We then see them on a boat at the iconic Navy Pier, cruising around Lake Michigan. We then cut to a shot of them sharing a deep-dish pizza at a local eatery. The shot then cuts to them at Millennium Park, yukking it up with the locals. The footage then cuts to footage at the United Center, during a Chicago Bulls game. There, we see Juan once again standing at half-court with Kimmy, the Chicago Bull cheerleaders "The Luvabulls" and the mascot, Benny the Bull, ready to take yet another half-court shot. However, as he's about to heave, he stops and hands the ball to a surprised Kimmy. A quick jump then cuts to Kimmy taking a few steps forward and launching the ball from half-court with a one-armed throw as we cut to audio from the arena...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[...and banking in the shot! Kimmy's face is a look of wide-eyed shock, as she falls back onto the hardwood and people swarm her. The footage then fades out to a shot of Juan receiving a plaque from the city council as we see a large banner behind them proclaiming it to be "Juan Vasquez Day". As the video fades out, we cut back to inside the United Center, where the crowd is presently chanting "KIM-MY!" as Juan shakes his head.]

JV: Hey! You're really gonna do this to me on "Juan Vasquez Day"?

[Kimmy blows kisses to her adoring public as Juan chuckles.]

KB: You know the rules, Daddy, make a half-court shot and the crowd loves ya.

JV: You're just a chip off the old block, ain't you? We got ourselves a little spotlight stealer over here!

[And just then...]

"AH AH AH! If there's anyone that's gonna be stealing the spotlight out here... it's gonna be MISTER STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT!"

[The crowd turns to the source of the voice at the top of the entranceway, roaring with shock as they see the diminutive form of Buford P. Higgins and Skywalker Jones!]

GM: Wait just a minute, that's Skywalker Jones!

BW: Are you kidding me??? I thought he was in Japan! We haven't seen him in years!

[Skywalker Jones looks as magnificent as ever, with a full-length coat draped over his shoulders like a cape, worn over his well-chiseled bare torso. His goatee and mini-fro are impeccable as always. He's wearing solid black wrestling tights. Standing beside him is the best ring announcer in the business, Buford P. Higgins, dressed in his trademark all-white tuxedo. In his hand, is his infamous solid gold microphone. However, he hands it over to Jones, who points a finger at Juan Vasquez in the ring.]

SJ: Hey Juanny Vasquez! Long time no see, amigo!

[Juan wiggles his fingers to say "Hello" at Jones, as Kimmy can be clearly heard asking her father, "Who is this guy?"]

SJ: Who am I? WHO AM I!? Listen up, little mama... I'll SHOW you who Skywalker Jones is in just a few minutes when I come down there to whup yo' daddy!

[The crowd gives a mixed reaction to that boast, but Jones laughs.]

SJ: So Juanny Vasquez! Word on the street is that you're retirin'. And not only that, but word on the street is that your retirement tour is the biggest event of the year! Well brother, if you think you can hold the biggest party in all of wrestling and Skywalker Jones ain't gonna' show up, then you don't know Skywalker Jones! The AWA sent out the call that they were lookin' for an opponent for you here in Chicago and well... lucky you. I just happened to be in town!

[Vasquez holds up a hand.]

JV: Hey! Not to burst your bubble, but can we cut to the intros already? I promised Stegglet not to use up the entire hour.

[Jones grimaces.]

SJ: Come on, man... I didn't even get my entrance music played!

[Juan taps his wrist, as if he's pointing to a wrist-watch.]

SJ: Fine, whatever! Buford, do your thing!

[Jones tosses the microphone back to Higgins, who immediately goes into his spiel as Jones settles into his entrance pose.]

BPH: CHICAGO, ILLINOIS!

[The crowd roars!]

BPH: Come on now, after two years, you'd think we'd get a better greeting than that! I said... CHICAGO... ILLINOIS!!!

[The crowd roars even louder because dangit, Buford told them to!]

BPH: Pretty good, pretty good... now then, lets see if you remember how this goes... UP! UP-UP-UP! OUTTA' YOUR SEAT AND ONTO YOUR FEET! 'Cause it's time to pay homage to the man, the myth, the legend! He is eternally, now and forever,

MISTER STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT, MISTER STEAL THE SHOW, AND MISTER STEAL YOUR GIRL... now residing in CHICAGO, ILLINOIS...

[Big pop for that one!]

BPH: You remember the words to this song, don't 'cha?

[BIG POP! Higgins nods in approval before continuing on.]

BPH: Sky.

"SKY!!!"

BPH: Walker.

"WALKER!!!"

[What's the sound of an entire arena full of people all taking a collective deep breath at once? Well, you just heard it.]

"JOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEESSSSS!!!!!"

[Jones tosses the coat off his shoulders and turns his back to the crowd, before he proceeds to moonwalk his way down the ramp for a short distance. He then spins around and leaps up onto the apron in a single bound, before grabbing onto the top rope and slingshotting himself over the top rope with a full somersault. As he holds a dramatic pose upon landing, Juan nudges Kimmy with his elbow and the two both politely clap for Jones.]

GM: Can you believe it? For his final match in the city of Chicago, Juan Vasquez is taking on the man many consider the greatest high-flyer in the world, Skywalker Jones!

BW: And don't forget, this ain't the first time they've faced each other! The last time they wrestled, Jones pinned Vasquez clean as a sheet in the middle of the ring!

[Ready to start the match, Vasquez and Jones walk to the center of the ring and bump fists. They then back up a few steps each, getting focused for the match to come.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go!

[They come together in a collar-and-elbow tie-up, pushing and grappling for position, before Jones suddenly pulls free, spinning and twisting Vasquez's arm over and wrenching the hold on tight. Vasquez grimaces for a moment, and then simply springs over onto his head and then onto his feet again, taking the leverage off the hold. He then spins himself, reversing the arm-wringer.]

JV: "Not bad for an old guy, right?"

SJ: "Shut it, jigga-dolt!"

GM: Vasquez and Jones exchanging words in there.

BW: They're both loudmouth trash talkers, so it's kinda expected.

"PUT HIM IN THE DESTINY STRANGLE, DADDY!"

JV: "That's not even my move!"

[The camera cuts to Kimmy Bailey at ringside, yelling encouragement to her father.]

BW: Okay, but I didn't think Kimmy was going to join the conversation.

[Jones growls with pain, and then turns and runs a few feet to the nearby corner. With an incredible show of agility, he nimbly walks up the ropes to the top turnbuckle, while still having his arm held by Vasquez, and then springs off, sending Vasquez flying across the ring with an armdrag!]

GM: Oh my! What an escape by Skywalker Jones!

[Both wrestlers get to their feet and come together again. This time, Vasquez slaps on a side headlock. Jones backs Vasquez into the ropes and shoots him off...

...or at least he tries to!]

GM: Vasquez holds on! That headlock is cinched in tight!

JV: "Ain't no escape from this one, Jones!"

SJ: "Shut it!"

[A big smile appears on Juan's face, as Jones struggles to find an escape. He hooks Vasquez around the waist and lifts...

"THHHUUUUD!"

...dropping Vasquez with a back suplex! However, the crowd begins to applaud once they realize...]

JV: "That all you got, Jones!?"

[Big pop!]

GM: Juan Vasquez STILL has that headlock on Skywalker Jones! What amazing tenacity!

BM: He's not going to get Jones to submit to that headlock, but that's gotta' bruise his ego!

[The two wrestlers get back to a vertical base, where Jones once again backs Vasquez into the ropes, digging a couple of elbows to his midsection before actually managing to shoot Vasquez off the ropes. He charges in with a clothesline that Vasquez ducks under. Vasquez stops on a dime, pivoting around...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: THE RIGHT CROSS MISSES!

[...and throwing the most devastating right hand in all of professional wrestling! However, Jones' lightning fast reflexes allow him to bridge back onto the canvas and avoid the punch, causing Vasquez to stumble forward, off-balanced. He kips up instantly back to his feet and then performs a backflip, attempting to nail the former AWA World Champion with his trademark Pele kick. However, Vasquez side-steps it, only to have Jones land on his knees, quickly sweep his legs out from under him...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[...and quickly crash down onto him with a standing shooting star press!]

GM: Skywalker Jones hits a standing Zero-G! There's ONE! TWO! T-NO! Juan Vasquez gets the shoulder up!

BW: The pace of this match is insane! Especially for a guy like Juan Vasquez. I don't think I've ever seen him move like this!

GM: This certainly isn't the sort of pace that favors an older competitor like Vasquez.

BW: No kidding. We saw him earlier, complaining about having a sore back. But a speedster like Jones has got to be loving it.

GM: No doubt about that.

[Vasquez gets up slowly now, breathing heavy from the quickness of the early going. Jones sends Vasquez into the ropes, and the former champion baseball slides underneath his legs. Vasquez gets back to his feet and quickly nails Jones in the chest with a shoulderblock to give himself some space. He then grabs Jones by the wrist, before slinging him into the ropes. As Jones rebounds, he's scooped up into Vasquez's arms and driven into the canvas with a powerslam!]

"THHHUUUUD!"

GM: OH! WHAT A POWERSLAM BY JUAN VASQUEZ!

BW: In all his years here, I don't think I've ever seen Juan Vasquez do a powerslam, but that one was picture-perfect!

[Popping to his feet, Vasquez backs into the ropes, bouncing off them and then leaps into the air, crashing down onto Skywalker Jones with a somersault legdrop!]

BW: I don't think I've ever seen him do that either! Has he been holding out on us!?

[Juan then pops to his feet and holds up his right hand, lacing his middle and ring fingers together. On the outside, Kimmy Bailey has done the same. Father and daughter then throw up the "W" and shout...]

"WEST-SIIIIDDDEEEE!!!"

[There is a muted reaction by the crowd as Kimmy looks at her father with confusion.]

KB: "Daddy, no one else did it!"

JV: "Give it time. They'll figure it out!"

[Vasquez shakes his head and turns his attention back to Jones.]

BW: What the heck was that!? He should've went for the pin!

GM: I think we just witnessed something from Juan Vasquez's past. Possibly from his days as "El Cholo".

BW: Well, some things should stay in the past!

[There's some cheering from the crowd as we see Raphael Rhodes making his way down to ringside.]

GM: And look here, Raphael Rhodes has come out here to watch the match!

BW: Rhodes is obsessed with beating Juan Vasquez. Absolutely obsessed. If he can learn anything from this match, you better believe he'll take it and use it against Juan at Memorial Day Mayhem.

[Rhodes stands in the aisle, arms crossed over his chest as he watches the proceedings inside the ring. Vasquez has dragged Jones to his feet, slamming him in the back with several clubbing forearms, before grabbing him in a waistlock. He attempts to German suplex Jones, but the former AWA World Tag Team champion, backflips out of the attempt, landing on his feet. Vasquez turns around...]

"SMAAAACCKK!!!"

[...and is stunned by a superkick from Jones! He stays on his feet...]

"SMAAAACCKK!!!"

[...and is sent through the ropes and to the floor by a second superkick!]

GM: Juan Vasquez is sent out of the ring and that is a place he does not want to be!

[A dazed Juan Vasquez gets to his feet, as Skywalker Jones does a double fist-pump, before running into the far ropes and then rebounding off at full speed towards where Juan Vasquez is at ringside....]

GM: Here comes Skywalker Jones...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[The fans go wild at the sight of Jones leaping over the top rope, clearing it completely and contorting himself in mid-air, somehow crashing down onto Vasquez with a moonsault!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: Gravity doesn't apply to this man! Gravity is allergic to this man! What the heck did I just see???

[Both wrestlers lay on the floor, with Vasquez staring up at the lights, while Jones is facedown, one leg resting against the ring railing. Is that a chant? Yup, it's getting slowly getting louder..."JONES! JONES! JONES!"]

GM: The fans here in the United Center are showing their appreciation for Skywalker Jones!

[With the crowd chanting his name, Jones gets to his feet and walks over to Buford P. Higgins, where the two exchange a high-five. Energized, he then drags up Vasquez, sliding him into the ring under the bottom rope. Jones takes a different route, climbing the corner from the outside until he makes it to the top. A roar goes up as he stands on the top turnbuckle and he cups his hands around his mouth, yelling...]

"IN YOUR FACE, DISGRACE!"

[...before he leaps off with his patented 450 splash...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[...that hits nothing but knees!]

GM: SKYWALKER JONES MISSES! He went for it all right there, but the gamble didn't pay off!

[As Jones lays hurting on the mat, Vasquez gets to his feet. As he clears the cobwebs, a voice cries out to him...]

KB: "DADDY! DO THIS GUY'S BIG MOVE!"

[Vasquez spots Kimmy pointing at Raphael Rhodes. Rhodes looks at Bailey with annoyance.]

RR: "What are you doing!?"

JV: "Bailey... he doesn't have a big move!"

RR: "YOU TOSSER!"

BW: What the heck is going on between those two?

GM: Looks like Juan Vasquez is trying to get under Raphael Rhodes' skin.

BW: It doesn't take much to do that!

[Suddenly, Vasquez slaps himself in the forehead and goes "Oh wait... I remember!" He proceeds to drag Skywalker Jones to his feet and lifts him into the air, crashing him down onto the canvas with a textbook vertical suplex. Vasquez then rolls to his knees and dusts his hands off, before spreading his arms out wide.]

JV: "NOTHING FANCY!"

[Kimmy claps excitedly, as Rhodes is beside himself.]

RR: "ARE YOU TAKING THE PISS!?!"

[Ignoring his rival, Juan proceeds to climb the ropes himself.]

GM: And now it's Juan Vasquez going up to the high rent district!

[However, as he reaches the top, Skywalker Jones suddenly gets to his feet, leaping up and meeting him there. The two exchange punches, before Jones nails Vasquez with a cross-chop to the throat and follows up with a sharp elbow strike that sits Vasquez down on the top turnbuckle.]

GM: They're both up there and this is getting dangerous!

BW: Juan Vasquez, is two months from retirement but he keeps wrestling these matches like there's no tomorrow!

GM: This is a man that's given all he has for the sport and he's not going to stop now!

[Jones sets up Vasquez for what looks to be a top-rope hurricarana. However, Vasquez stops him several punches to the midsection. A cracking headbutt then stuns Jones, as Juan lifts the high-flyer over his shoulder and he stands up from the second turnbuckle and the crowd gasps.]

BW: No way... don't tell me he's going to...

GM: I think he's going for the City of Angels off the top!

BW: Juan Vasquez ain't going to be the only one going into retirement if he hits that!

[However, sensing he's in grave danger, Jones slams several elbows down onto Vasquez, forcing him to set him back down. As they struggle on the top turnbuckle once again, Vasquez makes as much space as he can...]

"SMMMMAAAAAACCCCCCKKKK!!!"

[...and smashes Jones in the jaw with a point-blank right cross!]

GM: THE RIGHT CROSS! HE HIT SKYWALKER JONES WITH THE RIGHT CROSS!

[The lights immediately go out in Skywalker Jones' eyes, as Juan Vasquez shoves him off the top turnbuckle and back onto the canvas in a heap. Juan then climbs back up onto the top turnbuckle, rising to his full height as everyone in the arena rises to their feet with him, and he leaps...]

"OOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[...pumping his arms and legs as he crashes down onto Skywalker Jones with...]

GM: THE MAGIC CARPET RIDE!!! VASQUEZ HITS ALL OF THAT FROG SPLASH!

[Juan hooks a leg as the referee drops to make the count and the crowd counts along.]

"ONE! TWO! THREE!"

GM: He got him!

"DING! DING! DING!"

RO: YOUR WINNER... JUAN VASSSSQUUUUUEEEEZZZZZ!!!

["They Reminisce Over You" plays over the PA system as the crowd goes wild. Kimmy Bailey slides into the ring, checking on Juan, who gives her an unconvincing thumbs up. Raphael Rhodes shakes his head, before heading to the back, as Juan is helped to his feet.]

GM: Skywalker Jones gave a heck of a performance, but Juan Vasquez shows the world exactly why he's considered one of the very best to ever step into the ring.

BW: But is he gonna' have a fairy tale ending? You better believe Raphael Rhodes wants to send him and all those fans that'll be at Dodger Stadium home in tears.

GM: I'm sure no matter what the outcome, there'll be plenty of tears by the end of the night.

BW: You big softy.

[The camera cuts to a shot of Juan Vasquez and Skywalker Jones shaking hands in the ring, as we fade out.]

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 as we fade back to Saturday Night Wrestling, we get a shot of what appears to be an airport baggage claim area. Families... business people... all hanging around those luggage carousels waiting to snatch their bag up.

Cut to a closeup of a series of bags moving by...

...and with a loud thud and a few loud exclamations in the background, we see two camo tanktop and khaki green pants wearing men being rolled down the carousel, both covered in stickers that read - "NEXT STOP: AMERICAN WRESTLING ALLIANCE."

A graphic comes up that reads "THE OUTBACKERS COMING SOON!"

And we fade from that to a chuckling Mark Stegglet shaking his head.]

MS: The Outbackers - the newest addition to the AWA Tag Team Division - are indeed coming soon but they're not alone in that because we're just a week removed from the latest edition of the Power Hour down in Hotlanta, G-A. It's going to be a loaded night of action - we know we'll continue to Run The Rankings with the big showdown between Omega and Atlas Armstrong... we've got Odin Gunn defending the World Television Title... two young lions collide when Jayden Jericho meets Justin Gaines... the debut of Billy Givens and David Layton in tag team action... and in the night's Main Event, we'll see the Peach Pits take on Michelle Bailey, Ricki Toughill, and Amber Gold in trios action! You do not want to miss that!

[Stegglet pauses, an uneasy expression on his face.]

MS: Unfortunately, someone who WILL miss that is Brian James. As we learned last weekend on the Power Hour, James has been suspended from appearing at any and all AWA events until the final decision has been made on the Johnny Detson assault situation. Now, we're told that decision will be made next weekend in New Orleans at the Anniversary Show and we'll finally be able to put that situation to bed. The Power Hour is loaded... the Anniversary Show is super-loaded... and the AWA is hotter than ever in 2018! Isn't that right, Mariah?

[We fade to an area backstage where we see Mariah Wolfe standing. She looks... suspicious.]

MW: That's right, Mark... now you're probably wondering why I'm whispering. Well, right around this corner in the middle of a conversation is Alexander Kingsley and Curt Sawyer - the Shot Callers... and those two have been keeping a secret for a while now. Some kind of mysterious advisor who has been guiding them pretty much from the moment they became a tag team and they've been refusing to answer any questions about that secret.

[Wolfe raises a hand.]

MW: No, I'm not trying to eavesdrop... but we're going to surprise them right now and see if they'll tell us anything.

[She grins, waving a hand for the cameraman to follow her.]

MW: Come on!

[The round the corner and sure enough, standing about ten feet away are Sawyer and Kingsley deep in conversation. Wolfe approaches quickly and we do catch a little bit of the discussion.]

CS: I'm tired of waiting, Alex. When we linked up with them, they said that we had to keep it a secret but that when the time is right-

AK: And they say the time isn't right... not yet anyways.

CS: Well, when WILL it be-

[Sawyer abruptly stops as he spots Wolfe approaching.]

CS: Something on your mind, Wolfe?

[Mariah shrugs.]

MW: Sounds like you two were talking about what's on my mind and on the mind of a lot of AWA fans who want to know just who your mystery advisor is. Who is the person that's been guiding you two from a distance?

[Kingsley sneers.]

AK: Oh, I just bet you'd like to know, Mariah - looking for a big scoop to cement you getting the big gig on Power Hour while Lynch is on her honeymoon?

[Mariah looks appalled at the idea.]

MW: Not at all. I'm just trying to get-

[Sawyer extends a threatening finger.]

CS: Just trying to get your nose into our business, huh? That sound about right?

[Wolfe backs off, hands raised.]

MW: Look, if you don't want to talk about it, we don't-

[Sawyer angrily interrupts.]

CS: We DON'T want to talk about it but you already knew that! And you still came around and stuck your nose in-

[Sawyer pauses, looking off-camera.]

CS: We got a problem here?

[The camera pans to reveal a grinning Jimi Jam Jester, his eyes covered in royal blue mirrored sunglasses. He's wearing a silver sparkly vest, showing off his lanky form. The hulking Laredo Morrison stands behind him, a less-than-amused look on his face.]

LM: I think we do, yeah. Because the way I see it, that's a lady you're talkin' to like that and no matter how tough you THINK you are, Sawyer... there ain't no call for that, ya hear me?

[Sawyer smirks.]

CS: I hear ya. At least I think it's you. It's hard to recognize your voice. We don't see the two of you on TV very often so...

[Kingsley laughs.]

AK: That's right. In fact, is that why you're here right now? The only way you could get some TV time was to show up during our time?

[Jester lowers the glasses to the tip of his nose, looking over them at Kingsley.]

JJJ: You wildcats are meowing all sorts of nonsense to the Rocker and Roller. See, even breathing the same air as Jimi Jam is the kind of prize you two aren't worthy of. Mariah here, she's been on a waiting list for MONTHS to interview yours truly but the big man is keepin' her back...

[Mariah looks puzzled, mouthing "I have?" as Jester continues.]

JJJ: ...but if you two keep on keepin' on the way you keep keepin' on, then maybe we'll have to arrange for an up close and personal meet and greet with The Band...

[Jester grins, pointing off camera.]

JJJ: ...in the ring.

[Kingsley chuckles.]

AK: The Shot Callers are all about business, Jester... and it sounds like we're going to need to take care of some. We'll see you in the ring.

[Kingsley gestures to Sawyer and the duo stride off camera, leaving Wolfe and The Band.]

LM: You're welcome, Mariah.

[And The Band walks the other way, leaving an exasperated Wolfe behind.]

MW: Yeah. Thanks.

[She sighs as we fade to Sweet Lou Blackwell who is standing before an AWA backdrop.]

SLB: In just two weeks time, we'll be coming to you from New Orleans for the Anniversary Show! We've got quite a lineup in store for AWA fans, and one of those matches will be a rematch for the AWA World Tag Team Championship! We're going to take you to SportsCenter last week, in which the champions, Next Gen, were featured in a segment and had some news to share about their tag team title defense. Let's go to that segment!

[At the bottom of the screen, you see the words "Courtesy of ESPN" and you cut to the SportsCenter studio, at which we find hosts Kevin Negandhi and Elle Duncan standing before a screen with the AWA logo on it.]

KN: Fans of the AWA will be in for a treat on March 17 when the wrestling promotion hosts its Anniversary Show, celebrating the Tenth Anniversary of the promotion's first show.

ED: Among the matches scheduled is current champions Next Gen facing former champions The Soldiers of Fortune. The tag team champions are joining us now to talk about that match, along with a recent visit they paid to the Shriner's Hospital in Tampa, Florida. We have Howie Somers and Daniel Harper joining us live from Tampa tonight.

[That's when the AWA logo is replaced by a shot of Somers and Harper. Somers is dressed in a navy blue polo shirt and brown slacks and Harper is dressed in a San Antonio Spurs jersey over a black shirt and blue jeans. They each have an AWA World Tag Team belt over a shoulder and are standing in front of the Shriner's Children Hospital Florida.]

KN: Howie and Daniel, thanks for coming on tonight.

HS: Thank you for having us, Kevin and Elle.

DH: Yeah, great to be here.

ED: Let me first ask you about your visit to Shriner's Hospital. What can you tell us about your support for the Shriners?

DH: Elle, what's so cool about the Shriners is all the work they do to help kids who either got seriously hurt or have serious health issue. My heart goes out to these kids and it's amazing to see how much the Shriners do to help them. I mean, it's just awesome to see the things they do and how they help these kids.

KN: I can't help but notice that you have the tag team belts with you.

DH: You bet, Kevin. We wanted to give these kids a chance to see the belts up close. We wanted them to know that if you keep working hard, you can get to heights you never thought possible. And I'll tell you, these kids motivate us with the way they show they won't let anything set them back, and I sure hope we motivated them.

ED: Well, I can imagine the two of you have a lot of reasons for motivation with your upcoming title defense against The Soldiers of Fortune.

[Harper's eyes narrow.]

DH: Yeah, about that...

[Somers then holds up his hand.]

HS: Whoa, easy there. Save your words for the Anniversary Show, all right?

[Harper takes a deep breath and just nods, though you can tell he looks a bit peeved.]

HS: Listen, Elle, my friend here has a lot of things on his mind regarding AWA, and it's not just about our upcoming title defense. It's just that sometimes he'll fly off the handle. But let me explain to you why the Soldiers are a sore spot for the two of us.

For the past nine months, we've listened to Joe Flint and Charlie Stephens tell everybody how soft the United States is, how soft the competition is in the AWA. Then we meet up with them at SuperClash on their terms and we showed the world that Next Gen is anything but soft.

But I guess it was just a matter of time before we would meet up with the Soldiers again for the belts. Well, the Soldiers got their shot and, now, we're going to settle this, once and for all, but we're going to do it on our terms this time.

[Harper gives another quick nod and you can see him clenching his fist.]

KN: What do you mean by your terms?

HS: Let's go back to when we beat System Shock for the titles. The last match we had, we got inside a steel cage and settled things. And that's exactly what's going to happen at the Anniversary Show. We're going inside the steel cage and we're going to leave no doubt in anyone's mind about who has won the war.

[There's a brief pause.]

ED: That is certainly big news. Daniel, are you sure you don't have something to say?

[Somers glances at Harper, who lets loose a breath.]

DH: All I'm going to say, Elle, is I've got a lot on my mind, not just about the Anniversary Show, but about what went down on Power Hour! But, like Howie said, I'll save my words until March 17.

[Somers slaps him on the shoulder.]

KN: We certainly look forward to the Anniversary Show. Thank you for joining us, Howie and Daniel.

HS: Thank you, Kevin and Elle. We appreciate it.

[Then we cut back to Blackwell, who has been joined by the Soldiers of Fortune. Blackwell actually seems surprised to see the Soldiers, who had been watching the clip along with Blackwell. The Soldiers, along with their flag bearer Marty Meekly, are dressed for war, as their match is up next.]

SLB: As you can see, I've been joined by the Soldiers of Fortune, who will be challenging Next Gen for the AWA World Tag Team Championships in two weeks time in New Orleans, and gentlemen, you've heard what Next Gen had to say..

[Stephens steps forward.]

CS: I saw the gears turnin' in that pointy head of Daniel Harper's.. he said that he told those kids about how if you can work hard, you can accomplish anything.. and maybe he finally realized that was nothin' more than a load of garbage! All he had to do is be out here in this audience, see all these people stuck here in Chicago and realize that ain't true at all!

[The crowd can be heard letting him have it.]

CS: Maybe he can tell those people in two weeks in New Orleans the same crap he told those kids, but they're all hopeless as well! Hell, the only reason why the AWA isn't holding their Tenth Anniversary show in Dallas, is because Dallas is worse than Chicago and New Orleans put together! They worship the ground Jerk and Travesty Stench walk on, after all!

[Somehow, Bucky's laughter is picked up. Joe Flint, who has been standing stone faced this entire time, turns his head to address his partner.]

JF: There's a time an' a place for this sort of thing, soldier. As temptin' as it may to hop on a soapbox an' say how the system failed all these people in all these cities, led by people our media wants the unwashed masses to worship as Gods.. and how that hospital is gonna saddle the parents of these kids with medical bills they ain't ever gonna pay back..

CS: [Interrupting] Speaking of a time and place for everything.. sounds like you're about to step on that soapbox of yers when we have more important matters at hand.

[There's a brief pause, before Flint grunts uncomfortably. Stephens chuckles in response.]

CS: You know, I bet Somers and Harper spent all day there, tellin' kids like little Johnny, kicked in the head by a horse, or a cow, or somethin', about how they're gonna promise to beat us inside of that steel cage in two weeks. It ain't happenin', nuh uh, no way, no how.

[Stephens rubs his chin in thought.]

CS: But.. that's okay. Might be hard to believe comin' from my mouth, Sweet Lou, but I do believe that the children ARE our future. It might sound beal, but these kids have experienced nothin' but disappointment, one after another in their lives. In two weeks time, they're going to be disappointed once again. But, Next Gen gettin' bloodied all over that cage is gonna build character in those kids! By beating the every loving crap out of Somers and Harper, we will teach them well and let them lead the way. They'll learn the most valuable lesson in life, that the best way to solve a problem is by shoving your fist down it's throat.

SLB: If I may interrupt... I don't think that's anything we should be teaching children.

[Stephens grunts in disapproval, as Flint lets out a hearty laugh.]

JF: What can I say, "Sweet" Lou? Charlie's just eager to get our belts back in New Orleans. Can ya blame him?

SLB: Well, that's not the sort of thing I'd want to tell kids all around the world..

JF: See, that's why you're back here, and not in that ring winnin' championships. Yer too nice... kinda like what I thought Next Gen was.

[Flint's smile starts to fade.]

JF: Yeah, we absolutely got hoisted by our own petard at SuperClash, in a match the Soldiers made famous all across this country. We made too many mistakes. This time, boys and girls, we ain't makin' those mistakes again. We're leavin' New Orleans with the titles, and we're gonna show the world that there ain't any heroes anymore. Sorry.

At ease.

[Flint looks over at Stephens.]

JF: Let's go show Next Gen what they're in for in two weeks.

[Stephens nods his head.]

CS: Right.

[The Soldiers then exit stage right, followed by Meekly, as "Sweet" Lou turns towards the camera.]

SLB: There you have it, guys, the Soldiers are ready for combat in two weeks, and they're on their way to the ring right now. Back to you!

[Fade back to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is waiting for the two local talent to enter the ring for the next match. You can hear Bucky Wilde laughing.]

BW: Jerk and Travesty. Hee hee... got 'em.

GM: You've been laughing ever since Charlie Stephens called Jack and Travis Lynch that. I've got to say, it feels like Stephens is getting just a little but more unhinged as the weeks go by. He seemed particularly gleeful to disappoint those kids at the Shiners Hospital. I have to wonder how much longer Joe Flint can keep him under control.

BW: The Soldiers are gonna be fine. Look, they've been locked in mortal combat with Next Gen over the World Tag Team titles for months now. Losing the belts hasn't sat well with the Soldiers. Stephens ate the pinfall at SuperClash, and it's obviously eating him extra hard. Win the belts, and things will be rosy once again in the mind of Charlie Stephens. He'll be back to normal, well.. as normal as things can get for him.

GM: Maybe, we'll see. The Soldiers of Fortune are up next, and their opponents have just entered the ring, so let's go down to Rebecca Ortiz.

[Fade to the ring where Rebecca is standing.]

RO: The following tag team matchup is scheduled for one fall. Already in the ring.. at a total combined weight of 427 pounds.. first, from Davenport, Iowa.. "Bouncin'" Ben Adams!

[A skinny young man with a brown mop top raises his right arm to the crowd, hoping to get a reaction from the fans. Adams wears a silver vinyl jacket, yellow trunks, and grey boots with no kneepads.]

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FFFFWWWWWEEEEEETTTTTTTTTT!!!!!!!!!!!!
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[Almost on cue, the Soldiers stomp to the ring with one mission and one mission alone, show Next Gen what they want to do to them inside of the cage at the Anniversary show. All that is on the mind of the Soldiers of Fortune is their own supremacy over all.]

GM: These two young men in the ring, "Bouncin'" Ben Adams and Randy Crimson don't look like much, but they've been on the midwestern independent scene for quite awhile. This is our first time seeing them on AWA TV, and they've got a very tall order in taking on the former World Tag Team Champions.

BW: Considering the mood the Soldiers are in, this may be the last time we see those poor schmucks on TV. Look at Randy Crimson, I don't even think he can peel a banana, let alone stop two angry ex-soldiers from getting what they want.

[Myers doesn't have time to get out a chuckle, as the Soldiers have made it to ringside, and quickly slide into the ring. Ortiz barely gets out of the ring as the Soldiers move in quickly to attack Adams and Crimson before the bell rings.]

GM: The Soldiers doing what they do best and going right on the attack almost immediately. The bell sounds and we're finally underway, but Scott Ezra might have trouble getting things in order here in the early going.

[Stephens fires wild lefts and rights at Crimson, forcing him back into Crimson's corner. Stephens pounds Crimson into a sitting position, and he starts stomping away. Meanwhile, Flint whips Adams into the ropes, and sends him up and over with a huge back body drop.]

GM: Good grief, Flint just sent Adams all the way up into the lights, and Adams crashed down to the mat in a wrong way. Adams living up to his nickname as he literally bounced off the canvas. Flint picking Adams up off the mat, and it looks like these two may start the match as Ezra's finally pulling Stephens away from Crimson in the corner.

[Stephens barks at Ezra to leave him alone as he was just starting to have some fun. After Ezra threatens with a disqualification, Stephens simply shrugs his shoulders, and makes his way back to his team's corner as Crimson rolls to the apron.]

GM: Crimson may need some time to get his bearings back, he must have been stomped at least twenty times in the early going. Meanwhile, Adams is in some serious trouble already, Flint has just taken him up and down with a high angle back suplex, and now Flint's dropping some elbows across the throat of Adams.

BW: Adams may have some trouble remembering his name or reciting the alphabet by the time Flint is done with him.

GM: You might be right. We talk about how mad Stephens seems lately, but Flint's pretty mad now, himself. Adams is going to have to figure out how to turn the tables in this matchup if they have any chance of winning. Flint rocks Adams' jaw with a couple of haymakers, and that backs Adams up to the Soldiers' corner. Adams needs to get out of there, as Stephens has been tagged in.

[Stephens steps through the ropes, grabs Adams by the chin and starts paintbrushing him with slaps. He then pie faces Adams a couple of times. You can hear him shout "They're gonna make room for you at the Shriners hospital!" as the crowd seethes. Someone from the crowd hits Stephens with a rolled up hot dog wrapper as Stephens grins.]

GM: My goodness. He's mocking Next Gen and their visit to the Shriners Hospital down in Tampa earlier today. Stephens is losing what little mind he has left.

BW: Stephens is showing Next Gen what they're going to have to do in two weeks in order to stop the Soldiers. Sure, it was a sweet visit to uplift the spirits of the children, but Next Gen is gonna have to be anything but sweet in two weeks if they're going to keep the Tag Team titles.

GM: That's absolutely true, Stephens knows what he's doing to get under their skin, and this might be something he's doing to get in the head of Daniel Harper.

BW: Harper seemed a little bit rattled in that interview, and Stephens knows it.

GM: Stephens has Adams right now, it looks like he's going for a reverse DDT, but instead he's squeezing that wind pipe. Ezra needs to get in there to make sure that Stephens isn't choking Adams.

[Sure enough, that's what Stephens is doing, and Ezra sees that Stephens has his arm wrapped around Adams's throat in a choke. He lays down a count before Stephens releases the hold. Stephens yells "I GOT TILL FIVE, REF," as he makes his way back to the corner to tag Flint back in. Meanwhile Crimson is standing back on the apron, catching his breath.]

GM: Flint back in now, picking up Adams. Irish whip to the corner, where Crimson has finally gotten back to his feet. Flint follows in, bulldozing Adams with that dangerous Howitzer lariat, and he's looking like he's not done by any means!

[Flint backs off for a moment, then rushes right back in with a second Howitzer, and a third. Adams crumples to the mat as Crimson reaches over to slap Adams' shoulder to tag into the match. Crimson steps into the ring, as Flint backs up, beckoning the young challenger, who has fire in his eyes after getting stomped to bits earlier in the match.]

BW: Now's not the time to be impressed, Crimson.

[Crimson, seemingly hearing Bucky's words, tries to rush in and throws some rights to Flint's chin. However, Flint just shrugs them off, his powerful chin avoiding the wild blows. He blocks one of Crimson's punches, then grabs Crimson by the arm and sends him in for a short-armed Howitzer!]

GM: My god! He nearly took his head off. We saw Flint use a rip-cord version of that Howitzer a few weeks ago to get the Soldiers the title shot, and that short arm version might just be as deadly as that.

[Instead of going for the pin, Flint decides to give Crimson a little more punishment. He picks up Crimson, and quickly drops Crimson's stomach across his knee!]

GM: Flint with that Bunker Buster, maybe trying to finish Crimson off out of mercy here. Flint goes for a cover.. and only gets two. Crimson's not giving up yet.

[Flint seems a little surprised that Crimson kicked out. However, this gives him an idea. He raises Crimson up to a seated position, and raises his hand in the air. He then balls his hand into a fist, before driving it into the temple of Crimson.]

BW: Ah, we haven't seen this in a while, Gordo... you know what that Bunker Buster leads to... THE ATOMIC NOOGIE!

[Flint buries his knuckles into Crimson's temple to try to get him to submit. Crimson's screaming, but trying not to give up. Stephens, looking on, shouts out instructions.]

CS: C'mon, Joe, let's end this! I wanna get back to the base to see the Blackhawks lose, again!

[The Chicago crowd lets Stephens have it.]

CS: The Blackhawks suck, go Sabres!

[Flint, realizing that Crimson isn't going to quit somehow, looks over at Stephens and nods his head. He releases the Atomic Noogie, and picks up Crimson by the mullet.]

GM: Really? The Sabres are one of the worst teams in the league this year, they don't play each other tonight, and they're in different conferences!

BW: Maybe so, but the Soldiers are one of the best teams in the AWA, and Flint seems to agree that it's time to finish this match right now!

[Flint, with Crimson's big red mullet in his hands, tags Stephens in. Stephens steps into the ring as Flint picks Crimson up in a tight bear hug. Stephens leans on the ropes before taking off in a run.]

GM: Stephens off the opposite ropes.. Flint lowers Crimson.. and there's the Tactical Strike!

[Stephens leaps in the air, kicking his legs forward to take Crimson with the necktie clothesline now named the Tactical Strike. Stephens then lays lazily on Crimson as the ref makes the three count. The bell sounds as Stephens rolls off the prone Crimson.]

BW: That's the move that won them the AWA World Tag Team Titles..

GM: Yeah, thanks to help from Marty Meekly. Let's get the official word from Rebecca Ortiz.

RO: The winners of the match.. the SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE!!!!

[The crowd boos as Stephens marches around the ring, mocking the crowd.]

GM: The Soldiers of Fortune picking up a win here tonight over some overmatched competition to build momentum for their match for the AWA World Tag Team Titles in two weeks time.

BW: A warm up's a warm up, Gordo. This might be the final opportunity the Soldiers get at Next Gen, they've been battling for a long time now. They want as much momentum as possible even if it's against two kids wrestling in front of a crowd bigger than every single crowd they've wrestled in front of combined.

GM: If this is the last match for the Soldiers and Next Gen for a long time, it's sure to be a war where both teams could potentially never be the same again. Fans, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, it'll be tag team action between the Shot Callers and The Band! Don't go away!

[We fade to black...

...and then back up. We see two young kids - a boy and a girl - standing at the barricade at an AWA live event. They are on their feet, screaming and shouting for

the action in the ring. We can hear a bell and soon, Travis Lynch is standing in front of them, giving them both a high five with the AWA National Title belt hanging over his shoulder. The young man turns towards the camera.]

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

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

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

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

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

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

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

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

[FLASH!

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

"I can be a champion too!"

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

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

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to pre-recorded footage on a street corner, in front of a storefront with a wooden sign hanging above the double doors that reads "GUNNAR'S MEATS". As we approach the doors, we see a bright yellow with red trim sticker sign pasted on the left door that excitedly exclaiming "FRESH KILLED".

The doors open, as shabbily dressed thin man with greasy shoulder length hair and a prominent birthmark on his face wheels out a very old man in a wheelchair. The camera stays on the old man's face for a moment, as it seems to have more in common with a rubber mask than human flesh. The view pans back towards the store, when the silence is interrupted by the sound of someone clearing their throat.]

"He said there'd be cameras today. Come on in, this is my place."

[Holding the door open is a very large man with gray but mostly white hair in a mullet. He also has a beard that reaches the neckline of his black and white flannel shirt. Over his shirt is a butcher's apron, which he hastily wipes his bearpaw-like hands on before waving the camera inside his establishment. A quick pan around the room shows a few customers looking over a display case of wrapped chicken breast, back rib and other assorted cuts of meat. Our host, "Gunnar" walks back

behind a counter and raises a meat cleaver in his right hand before a bell sounds. He looks towards the door and smiles.]

G: We got the dog food all wrapped up for you.

[We pan to the entrance doors to see "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett. He is wearing his usual white suit where the only dashes of color are a blood red tie and handkerchief tucked into the left breast pocket. He nods, smiling.]

"D"HF: Excellent. I'm afraid the Boy is quite famished after his travels home. Are they...

[Both men look towards a doorway at the rear of the room.]

G: Oh yeah. They're just about finished.

[Fawcett nods, pleased. He finally turns his attention to the camera.]

"D"HF: My deepest thanks to you, for meeting me here. The reclamation of my home combined with getting my Family settled therein have found me quite busy. I know there have been many questions posed by staff and fans alike since last I graced these airwaves. I would have waited until my next live appearance for the answers everyone seeks... but the regularity of these queries made it seem vital that I bid you welcome to this fine establishment today.

What made Porter Crowley leave his comfortable island life to return to my mansion? Where has The Lost Boy been all this time?

[Fawcett begins walking towards the aforementioned doorway at the back of the shop. He pauses before walking through, turning his gaze to the camera.]

D"HF: For one. I'd like to give Porter the opportunity to answer that burning missive himself. I envy each and every one of you for the dazzling wit and fascinating candor that will doubtlessly be present in such a statement.

[Fawcett steps through the doorway. The camera follows, revealing what appears to be a heavy metal door of what appears to be a walk-in freezer at the end of the hallway.]

D"HF: As for The Lost Boy, well...

[Fawcett smirks as he places a hand on the door handle of the walk-in.]

D"HF: ... I'm afraid some things will have to remain a mystery. What is the phrase? "Dog will hunt"?

The question I've received the most, however, is a repeating refrain.

[Fawcett slowly waves his free hand in the air, as if pantomiming a marquee sign.]

D"HF: Who is my next monster? Who, in the tradition of such names as Muteesa and Oni, will I release on an unsuspecting world? More simply...

[Fawcett slowly opens the door to the walk-in. Freezing air rushes out, enveloping him in a cloud.]

"D"HF: ... who was that monster of a man in my Manor, wielding a chainsaw.

[Fawcett chuckles.]

"D"HF: A question that only can be answered with a question of my own.

Why to be a monster, must one also be a man?

[Fawcett steps aside as the cloud slowly dissipates. In the walk-in, amidst what we can only assume are hanging racks of meat, stands a vaguely feminine figure with their back to us. They are wearing severely worn black jeans that have been torn to tatters below the knee. As the camera focuses on this, we also see they are barefoot with feet that can charitably be deemed as filthy. Like the proprietor of the shop, they appear to be wearing a butcher's apron over a black tank top. Their black hair is long and messy, shaved into a mohawk.

And gripped in their left hand, is a chainsaw.

A second passes, and they emit a low growl.

A growl that quickly transitions into maniacal cackling. They turn around, whipping their hair back to reveal a wildly sneering face. She tugs on her right ear, an ear that is horribly scarred.]

"I heard that. This ear might not look so pretty but I heard that!"

[The chainsaw-wielder steps forward.]

"And that's right I ain't no man! At the same time, don't let me hear nobody call me a girl or you'll all be needing a drop cloth for the mess I'll make.

I ain't neither of those. I'm Harper Hannigan, and to every damn thing on two feet that gets in my way..."

[Hannigan menacingly raises the chainsaw, the blade dangerously close to the camera.]

HH: ... I'm gonna identify... as a problem!

[Hannigan pulls on the pull cord of the chainsaw, bringing it to ear splitting life as Fawcett beams proudly next to them as we cut...

...back to live action, we find ourselves looking at the ring where we can see The Band is already in the squared circle, chatting up Rebecca Ortiz. We can also hear the sound of "Keep Your Eye On The Money" by Motley Crue blasting over the PA system.]

GM: We are back here in Chicago and just about set for tag team action. These two teams got into it a little bit backstage earlier tonight, Bucky, which set the stage for this match to be added to tonight's show.

BW: And it's a big one for the Shot Callers. Sawyer and Kingsley are the Number Two Contenders for the World Tag Team Titles... right behind the Soldiers of Fortune. The Soldiers are getting their rematch in two weeks at the Anniversary Show and these two are going to be waiting in the wings for the winners of that one.

GM: They absolutely are - now, Bucky... you're the man with the answers... with the scoops... before there was a Sweet Lou Blackwell with all the news that's fit to print, you, my friend, were the one with the big surprises.

BW: Flattery will get you everywhere, Gordo.

GM: I certainly hope so because I want the scoop! Who in the world is the mystery advisor for these two?

BW: Oho! There are some secrets that even I can't tell, daddy.

GM: Hmpf. Well, you can see Sawyer and Kingsley climbing up into the ring now - outside of that four way tag match two weeks ago when they couldn't quite get the win, they've been on quite the hot streak as of late... so you know they'll be on top of their game here tonight.

[The hot-tempered Curt Sawyer has a few words for Jimi Jam Jester from across the ring as he climbs inside the ring. Laredo Morrison steps in front of his lead singer, crossing his arms and daring Sawyer to come for him. Kingsley puts a hand on the shoulder of Sawyer, guiding him back to the corner as referee Koji Sakai steps in the middle, trying to keep the teams apart.]

GM: Some tempers flaring before the bell in this one.

[Jester grins at Sawyer's emotional state as both teams separate, moving to their corners. Kingsley insists that Sawyer step out as Morrison does the same on the other side of the ring.]

GM: It looks like it'll be Alexander Kingsley starting things off with Laredo Morrison in this one, fans, and I'm looking forward to seeing this.

[Jester flips his hair out on the apron, shouting "OH MY GAWD, LOOK AT ME! LOOK AT ME!" to the front row who cheer on the flamboyant front man. He grins, doing a high-stepping strut down the apron as big Laredo Morrison turns back to the ring, shouting "LET'S DO THIS!" at the official who signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we-

[Morrison tears across the ring with a bellow, throwing himself upwards and lashing out with a right hand to the ear of Kingsley, sending him spiraling back into his corner...

...where a fired-up Curt Sawyer slaps the shoulder, tagging himself in.]

GM: Well, so much for that... Sawyer's already in and-

BW: This looks like something we'd see at the Spur, daddy!

[Sawyer and Morrison immediately break into a bar room brawl, swinging fists as fast as they can manage. The official shouts at both men to open up their hands as Morrison and Sawyer get tangled up, bouncing off the ropes while still trying to slip the fists in...]

GM: These two are all over each other!

[...and the six foot eight Morrison swings a knee up into the midsection, cutting off Sawyer's offense.]

GM: Morrison going downstairs with that big knee...

[He claps his hands a few times, rallying the fans as he grabs Sawyer by the back of the head, driving his face into the neutral corner.]

GM: Into the corner goes Sawyer... ohh! Big back elbow up to the jaw!

[A second one lands... and a third before the official gets there to call for a break.]

GM: Morrison backing off...

[The big man pumps his arms a few times, shouting "COME ON! LEMME HEAR IT!" to a few cheers before he charges back in, turning for another back elbow but Sawyer pulls himself clear and Morrison drives himself back into the corner!]

GM: ...ohh! Morrison misses the elbow!

[Sawyer twists around and fires a right hand between the eyes of the stunned Morrison. A few more fists fly, connecting on the skull of the big man as the former barkeep does some damage. He backs off, throwing his hands up, shouting at the referee who is ordering him out of the corner...]

GM: Curt Sawyer certainly seems in a bad mood tonight and-

[The crowd's volume and intensity level changes dramatically as someone comes storming through the crowd, hurdling the barricade with ease, diving under the bottom rope...]

GM: -who the heck?!

BW: MAGNUM!

[...and with a rip of his t-shirt to reveal his powerful frame, the Alpha Beast strikes. He lets loose a roar as Curt Sawyer turns to confront him, confusion on his face...]

BW: Get out of there, Sawyer!

[...and a frustrated looking Sawyer drops to the mat, rolling to the outside before Magnum can come for him.]

GM: Magnum's got his eyes on-

[The unbeaten big man charges the corner, crushing Morrison with a mighty clothesline as Kingsley drops to the floor, moving to his partner's side as the bell sounds.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: -MORRISON! GOOD GRIEF!

[Morrison staggers out of the corner as Magnum pumps his powerful arms, watching Morrison stumble towards him...]

...and then hooks his arms around the 312 pound Morrison, popping his hips as he HURLS Morrison overhead, sending him bouncing off the canvas several feet away!]

GM: OVERHEAD BELLY TO BELLY ON A THREE HUNDRED POUND MAN!

[Morrison comes off the mat, letting loose a roar as he swings his powerful arms in front of him...]

BW: Oh no... don't do it, Jimi Jam! Don't do it, buddy!

[...which means he doesn't see the lanky but determined Jimi Jam Jester lurking behind him, swinging his arms around with a flourish...]

GM: What is he...?

[...and as Magnum turns, that flourish turns into a "HIIIII-YAAAA!" and a Mongolian chop crashing down on the thick neck of the big man!]

GM: CHOPS!

[But Magnum doesn't even react to that. Jester looks puzzled before swinging his arms around again...]

"HIIIIIII-YAAAAA!"

[...and this time, it's a big punch to the sternum that again doesn't move the Alpha Beast.]

GM: No effect!

[Jester looks confused as he suddenly breaks to the ropes, rebounding back, leaping into the air...]

GM: PUMP KICK!

[...but his gatorskin boots come up empty as Magnum sidesteps a moment before boosting him up onto his mighty shoulders.]

GM: He's got him up!

[Sawyer looks like he's about to get in the ring but Kingsley grabs him by the arm, shaking his head as Magnum goes around and around in an airplane spin...]

GM: Magnum getting ready to send him up...

[...and shoves Jagger skyward, sending him spinning through the air before crashing down in a heap on the canvas!]

GM: ...BOMBSHELL!

[Magnum promptly gets back to his feet, giving an assessing look around the ring and surrounding area. He eyeballs Sawyer and Kingsley in the aisle, the latter of which is casually nudging his partner back up the ramp as Magnum glares menacingly at them.]

GM: Well, so much for that one, Bucky.

BW: I guess it's a double DQ... no contest... something like that.

GM: It's a damn wholesale slaughter is what it is. We've got bodies laid out in the ring and Max Magnum continues to be perhaps the most dangerous competitor in the AWA locker room, fans.

BW: Undefeated. Unbeaten. Unbroken. Undeniable.

GM: Let's go backstage to Mariah!

[We fade into a shot backstage, where we see Mariah Wolfe, standing in front of an AWA backdrop along with the team of Harley Hamilton and Cinder, otherwise known as Seductive & Destructive and their stablemate, Casey Cash.

Harley is dressed in a metallic purple ring jacket with one yellow sleeve and one black sleeve and a metallic rainbow patched across the front over her wrestling gear, which tonight is a transparent crop halter top covered in pastel green, purple, orange and blue flowers, a "barely there" skirt bottom similarly covered in pastel

flowers over pastel purple wrestling trunks, and white boots covered in a floral pattern.

Cinder is dressed similarly, only the flowers of her ring attire are blood red and black to match her gothic aesthetic and her boots are simply black and devoid of any flowers. Noticeably, there is a large trophy half her size, standing beside her. To the knowledgeable wrestling fan, they would immediately recognize that it is the Empress Cup.

Casey is wearing a long-sleeved pastel blue hoodie with a purple and pink Under Armour logo, along with pastel blue leggings with purple and pink leopard spots. Her long brown hair hangs loosely down to her shoulders, and she has heart-shaped sunglasses with pastel pink frames resting on the crown of her head. Over both her shoulders, she carries Seductive & Destructive's controversial and best-selling "World Tag Team Champions of the Universe" title belts.]

MW: Hey there folks, we're back with my guests at this time... a team looking to make the Finals of the AWA Women's World Tag Team Title tournament mere moments from now - the team of Harley Hamilton and Cinder.. Seductive & Destructive!

[Hamilton and Cinder are unusually subdued at the introduction, with Hamilton merely nodding in acknowledgement and Cinder scowling.]

MW: I can't help but notice that one of your friends isn't with you tonight.

HH: Oh... Kelly had to take care of a personal matter.

[Behind her, Casey makes a "drinking" motion with her hand while Cinder mimes being asleep.]

MW: Well, Harley, Cinder.. tonight you two take on The Country Punks, in the semifinals of the AWA Women's World Tag Team title tournament. Your thoughts?

C: Aye, ah have few notions off th' top 'bout one o' th' peely-wally members of Coun-tree Punks to get right roon ya, Mariah!

MW: Well yes, you and Victoria June do have a bit of history together.

C: A bit? A wee bit? Oh, she did more than rip mah knittin'; you an' I, we are talkin' trauma, aye?

[Harley strokes Cinder's hair, trying to calm her down.]

HH: Keep it together, Cindy. It's going to be alright.

[Harley turns her attention to Mariah.]

HH: Mariah, one week ago, we saw Victoria June and Kayla Cristol, come out here and declare to the world that they have the single greatest, most perfect fairy tale of a friendship that ever existed because... they shared cornbread?

[She rolls her eyes.]

HH: Well, that's just lovely, isn't it? The strength and validity of a bond is now measured in the sharing of baked goods. I mean, no friendship can possibly compare to that!

C: Aye, like beyond non-fat unicorn frappucinos—which we created, copyright an' all rights reserved an' all that bytheway—we're right skint in the department of

chemistry! Ah, they have everything we have plus one, Harley! They beat the impossible odds. After all, they listen to different genres of music! Just complete oil an' water.

HH: Right. Unlike the privileged, American-born daughter of the greatest wrestling world champion that ever existed and a feral, nomadic Scottish wolf child from the wrong side of the tracks... we have WAY too much in common. There were no barriers to overcome here! No sirree! Our friendship is absolute trash in comparison.

[Casey gasps.]

CC: False! I made crab cakes for the both of you!

HH: Well, I guess that settles it. Based on the VJ/Pistol sharing of baked goods scale of friendship, we actually have the strongest bond in existence!

CC: Crab cakes are love. Cornbread is just dry and gross!

[Casey makes a gagging motion.]

MW: You can't be serious.

[Harley's expression turns serious.]

HH: Actually, I'm not, Mariah. What I'm trying to do, is make a point. Because the fact is, she can tell you all the hokey, colorful, beautiful stories about what a nice, decent girl she is, but when it comes right down to it, Victoria June, is a terrible, horrible, abhorrent person... and she deserves everything that's coming to her tonight.

CC: YEAH! She's gonna-

[Harley cuts Casey off, looking far more serious than before.]

HH: Not tonight, Casey. This is important.

[Agreeing wordlessly, Casey quickly nods and shrinks into the background. Mariah gives a puzzled look, as Harley turns her attention back to her.]

HH: Do you know what this is, Mariah?

[Harley motions to the large trophy standing between them. Thirty-six inches tall, forged from marble and brass, with a golden figurine of a goddess captured in a dynamic and triumphant pose standing atop it.]

MW: Of course I do... that's the Empress Cup.

C[Coldly]: A replacement.

HH: And you understand the history and prestige behind it, don't you?

MW: Who wouldn't?

HH: Right. Why don't you remind us what Victoria June did to your original Empress Cup, Cindy.

C: Aye. Aye. Before the Empress Cup, I had nothin'. Lost mah home, lost my first shot in the AWA. Then the Empress Cup happened, an' I had a purpose again. I had some right, proper gallas for the first time in a dog's age! And when the AWA took

me in, an' gave me a home, an' I wanted to show the world the Empress Cup and tell 'em what a peach it was tae me... that munter Vekki Joon took a funny-looking cricket bat to it, and shattered it into a trillion pieces... an' she shattered my soul into a trillion billion pieces...

[Harley places a reassuring hand on Cinder's shoulder.]

HH: The Empress Cup isn't just a trophy. My mentor, Miyuki Ozaki, created it to be a source of inspiration for female wrestlers all over the world. It's a symbol of the greatness that women can aspire to and achieve in this sport.

And Victoria June destroyed it without a second thought.

[The two members of Seductive & Destructive now both have an angry expression on their faces.]

HH: When Victoria June destroyed the Empress Cup, she wasn't just traumatizing Cindy... she was spitting in the face of me, Cindy, Casey, Kelly and every single woman who ever poured their blood, sweat and tears into becoming a professional wrestler.

SHE WAS SLAPPING EVERY SINGLE ONE OF US IN THE FACE!

[Now it's Cinder who places a calming hand on Harley's shoulder. She raises her hands, as if to say she's alright.]

HH: I didn't know Cindy then, but I knew one thing for sure... I did not like Victoria June.

But I digress.

Let's move forward. Let's talk about the time Victoria June and Ricki Toughill plotted together to shatter the heart of a teenage girl into a million pieces.

MW: That's not how I remembered it happening.

C: Ohhhh, are sayin' I dinnae get a doin'?! YOU CALLIN' ME A LIAR?!

[Cinder is literally trembling with rage.]

C: Ricki gave me a doin'. That was abuse; pure, simple abuse. I needed that mentor figure, and when I needed that support th' most... she "done a bunk," as we say, and abandoned me. And what's she oop tae, bytheway? Oh, lucky her; that reprobate is challenging for the World Title, is she? And Vekki June? What's she on about? When she put me in th' gutter, she was the height of smugness... then and only then could she defeat me! And The Pistol... she's the very same! Can only defeat Cindy when she's down and out! I... I'm scunnered at the whole mishmash! I'm right vexed! I'm...

[Harley places her hand on the back of Cinder's neck and gently massages it, calming her down.]

C: Ye thought it was over? That you could just give us a doin' an' walk away like nothin' ever happened, aye? I never forgot.

[Harley corrects her bestie.]

HH: WE never forgot.

[Harley stares into the camera.]

HH: Victoria June, you truly are detestable. And despite this hatred I feel for you, Victoria June, despite the fact you are a terrible, horrible, abhorrent person... I still must thank you. That's right, I THANK you! Because if you and Ricki Toughill, did not conspire to betray and break Cindy's heart...

[Harley suddenly holds up her hand, pinky outstretched. Cinder links her pinky with Harley's without hesitation.]

HH: ... she would never have found ME.

[Harley turns to Mariah.]

HH: Have you ever been in love, Mariah?

[A deep blush crosses Mariah's cheeks as she fumbles for an answer, caught off-guard by the question.]

MW: Well, I- um...

[Harley dismisses her with a wave.]

HH: True love is something exceedingly rare in this world. Whether it's romantic or platonic, it's something uncontrollable and passionate and overwhelming. And it is BEAUTIFUL.

[A beat.]

HH: I love Cindy.

I would do anything for her.

I met her at her lowest, but I saved her. She met me at a time when I was lost and alone... and saved me. Our friendship saved each other. And it is something I'm willing to fight to the absolute bitter end for.

Would the Pistol do the same for Victoria June? Can you say with absolute certainty that she would?

[Harley lets the silence answer the question for her.]

HH: I know Victoria June would lie to your face and say "Of course she would!" but actions speak a hell of a lot louder than words and our actions...

[Cinder holds up her sticker-covered binder containing the Steal the Spotlight contract.]

HH: ... have been a deafening roar.

I'm not Ricki Toughill. I will never abandon Cindy. I will never turn my back on her. I will always stand by her side.

[Cinder rests her head on Harley's shoulder, softly singing.]

C: # Dahlin DAHLIN... stand by meeee #

[Harley puts her arm around Cinder's shoulder.]

HH: For one night, the titles can wait. For one night, we can set aside our ambition and focus on something far more important than personal glory. Tonight, Victoria

June, Kayla Cristol... you two are going to find out that revenge is a dish best served cold and shared...

[Harley looks down at Cinder, head resting on her shoulder. She looks to her side, where Casey Cash has enveloped her in a hug. She looks up with a smirk.]

HH: ... with friends.

[And then she says something that may trigger a sense of deja vu in more than one past Ego MAX fan.]

HH: Ain't that a bitch?

[And we fade from one Semifinal team to the other as backstage in the locker room area, the Country Punks are getting ready to try to make history. Kayla Cristol is working out with a resistance band, getting her shoulders and arms that pop needed to compete in the ring. Victoria June is doing her own thing to get loose, throwing herself back first up against the wall repeatedly. She laughs wildly as she bounces back off the wall. She sports a set of big headphones and wild Sex Pistols "I Wanna Be Me" blares through the speakers. It is into this scene that Sweet Lou Blackwell finds himself inserted. He shakes his head, staring at June's pre-match routine.]

SLB: My goodness, what is going on here?

KC: (stopping her band work and regarding her friend) Oh that's just Vicky. She's just getting loose.

SLB: Weirdest way to get loose I've ever seen. That's got to hurt. Who would do something like that before a big match?

KC: (pointing her thumb towards June) She's a free spirit. That's why I like her. That's why we're good together. Don't worry, Lou. She might be different, but she knows what time it is. You see her snatch that inside cradle on Kimmy Bailey on Power Hour? She's been waitin' on that one for over a year. She wanted to get Molly Bell with it but Kimmy was good enough. Whatever you do to her, she'll remember. Whatever kindness you do, she remembers. Whatever trick you pull on her, she remembers.

SLB: If you suplex her on her head like Ayako Fujiwara did, will she remember that?

[Cristol laughs.]

KC: I mean. Maybe not that. I don't know if anybody remembers what happened to them after an Ayako German suplex. One second your feet are on the ground then you just kinda see lights, I reckon. Your spine feels like the vertebrae are all gonna crack open. I spent two hours with my chiropractor trying to get my back right after Ayako's suplexes. They hurt. They hurt real bad. Hey, Vicky!

[Cristol waves to get Victoria June's attention. The freckle-faced Afro Punk throws herself backfirst into the wall and then lands in 'rocking out' pose as she throws up the Devil horns and bangs her head three times before she hops to her feet and saunters over to Blackwell and Cristol. June is dressed in ripped fishnet stockings, her beat up Doc Marten boots and a black leather corset top and beat up motor cycle jacket above her shredded and frayed denim shorts.]

VJ: What's good, Sweet Lou, Kayla?

KC: Sweet Lou wanted to know if you remember what it's like after getting suplexed by Ayako Fujiwara.

VJ: (laughing wildly) Remember? Of course I remember. That's a wild ride with a crazy landing. Man, it's like you're on the world's worst thrill ride at Disneyland or sumthin'. You feel these powerful arms wrap around your belly and then you just go boom and you're flying backwards and all you see is the lights and your feet and then the world goes black for a few seconds as you hit the mat. They can stun you or flat knock you out.

[June starts laughing wildly as she recalls the pain. She covers her mouth, biting the web between her thumb and index finger before she regains control.]

VJ: Sorry. You wanna know something crazy, Sweet Lou ... the first few hurt so bad ah kinda started to like 'em. The pain kept me goin', you know what ah mean?

[Sweet Lou blinks at Victoria June in disbelief.]

SLB: No, I have no idea what you're talking about. Who would like the kind of pain you're describing?

VJ: Maybe it's just me? Ah just love the feelin' of contact.

[She grins her horsey gap-toothed grin. Cristol shrugs over at Sweet Lou and does the finger swirling 'crazy' gesture to say 'see, I told you.']

SLB: And what about Kimmy Bailey, if you loved Ayako's suplexes you must have loved Kimmy's power. She hits like a brick wall, right?

VJ: More like two feet of concrete wall. Man, she's gonna be a star around here. Sweet Lou, beating the Lariatos was a moment that legitimized the Country Punks in the eyes of the fans.

KC: We just beat the most physical team in our bracket. Now we've got to beat the craftiest.

SLB: You're talking about E-Girl MAX's Seductive and Destructive. They promise to be a tough out. For months they've been telling everybody that they are the tag team champions and they've even been wearing their own custom championship belts. And we saw what they did with the Steal the Spotlight mockery.

[Cristol nods.]

KC: The way we look at it, Sweet Lou, is we're one match away from the finals. Yeah, Seductive and Destructive are a different kind of challenge compared to the Lariatos. The Lariatos were hard-hitting and physical. We knew we were going to be beat up. But we knew we would get a fair fight. Seductive and Destructive will do anything to cheat their way to a win. They want to be the first AWA Women's World Tag Team Champions as much as we do. They're also willing to cheat to do it because that's their brand. But us? We're TOO determined. We're going to the finals.

SLB: So what are you going to do, knowing your opponent will resort to underhanded tactics to get the proverbial 'W'?

VJ: Sweet Lou, Seductive and Destructive ain't winnin'. That's it. They ain't disgracing another piece of the Women's Division's history. Nah, the Women's Division is the hottest division in the AWA, right? The future is female. Ain't that what they're sayin', Sweet Lou.

SLB: I believe so.

VJ: So ain't nobody disrespectin' this division again. Seductive and Destructive, y'all ruined one special moment with that ridiculous nose boop o' doom. You ruined the first ever women's Steal The Spotlight. Yeah, you never even thought about what it meant for the rest of us. You never cared about the masses. You never cared about the people. You're just a bunch of selfish jerks. You want a nose boop? Ah got one for you! It's gonna be ...

"WHAM!"

[June headbutts her hands.]

VJ: That's what mah nose boop feels like Seductive and Destructive.

KC: E-Girl Max, you just waltzed into the division and embarrassed everybody, including yourselves. It wouldn't be right for y'all to become the first Women's World Tag Team Champions. It'd be another black eye on the division. And we aren't going to let the division have another black eye.

SLB: But it might be four against two. Are you ready to be at a numbers disadvantage?

KC: Yes sir, we're prepared for it. We know it's four against two. Harley and Cinder have been tagging together for a good long while, but don't think we haven't been working together because we have. We watched what they did to get past the Serpentes. We saw that they outsmarted them and outlasted them. We know they could pull the rug out from under us if we aren't careful. But we're going to be. Harley Hamilton is a blue blood in this sport. Her act ain't foolin' us. That's Hamilton Graham's daughter right there. She's going to be tough. She's going to be ruthless and she grew up in this environment. It's in her DNA. But we're just as good. We're just as determined. We're just as valid even if we didn't have the luck of being born into the sport like she was.

VJ: (bursting in) Ah ain't gonna let nobody disrespect the women's tag team titles. We worked too hard to get equality around here. Ah've worked too hard to make it in the AWA to give up mah shot at winning mah first gold in the AWA to some arrogant children who don't give a damn about nobody else's sacrifices. The Women's Tag Team titles need somebody who will represent all women out there. That's us. Not you Harley and Cinder. We're the everyday working women's champions. And we're gonna be the AWA Women's World Tag Team Champions!

KC: The very first AWA Women's World Tag Team champions. We've been fighting so long to get this going, Sweet Lou. We had to fight to get a Women's Division and it might be the hottest division in the promotion. Now we have to fought to get the tag team titles and they're almost here. We're two wins away from strapping them around our waist and showing the AWA what real friends can do when they put their minds to it and what a real tag team can do. Vicky and I, we've been through so much together. This would be the greatest way to make a statement to the world that we're here! Sweet Lou, gals like Hamilton were kicking my tail when I came in because they already knew what I had to work hard to learn about being on the big stage. Hamilton knows how to get under your skin. She knows how to psych you out. And now that she's got Cash, Kowalski and Cinder? She might be the most dangerous woman in the division.

SLB: That is true and speaking of Hamilton's allies ... Victoria, I know you are very familiar with her tag team partner, Cinder. How do you feel about matching up with an old rival?

[June's pale freckled face darkens. Her brow furrows and her mouth becomes a tight, cruel line. June unconsciously touches her afro where Cinder cut her hair. Lou Blackwell looks on, moving the microphone closer for June's comment.]

VJ: Cinder, you think ah forgot? Grrrrr... ah ain't forgot sh-

SLB: (startled) Language!

KC: (Quickly stepping between them) She'll be fine. Listen, Cinder, you're going to get what's coming to you. We know you attached yourself to Harley to get even more attention. But Vicky put you down once. And the Country Punks are going to do it again. Alright, Sweet Lou. That's about enough. Come on, Vick, let's get you cooled off, okay?

[Cristol pulls June out of the shot.]

SLB: The Country Punks as the inaugural AWA Women's World Champions certainly has a nice ring to it. But can they overcome Seductive and Destructive? I guess we'll have to see. Let's go to the ring!

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

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit... and is a Semifinal match in the AWA Women's World Tag Team Title tournament!

[The crowd ROARS in excitement!]

RO: Introducing first...

["E.V.O.L" by Marina and The Diamonds plays as an initial burst of high-pitched cheers from young girls in the crowd are quickly drowned out by deeper pitched boos at the appearance of Harley Hamilton and Cinder, with Casey Cash in tow.]

GM: Here they come, Bucky...

BW: Just one win away from another shot at making history.

[The duo now known as "Seductive and Destructive" are dressed in what we saw them previously earlier: Harley Hamilton and Cinder are dressed in matching metallic purple ring jackets with one yellow sleeve and one black sleeve over their wrestling gear, which are identical crop halter tops and skirts covered in flowers, with Hamilton's flowers colored in pastels and Cinder's flowers colored blood red and black.

Trailing behind them, wearing both of the duo's self-proclaimed "AWA World Tag Team Title of the Universe" title belts around her waist and carrying the massive Empress Cup, is the always adorable Casey Cash.

Standing at the entrance way, Harley Hamilton holds up her hand, pinky finger outstretched. Cinder then proceeds to link her pinky with Harley's and the two raise their locked pinkies into the air in a show of their "unbreakable" bond as the crowd boos them. Behind them, Casey Cash has placed the Empress Cup down and unfastened the fake title belts, raising them into the air behind them.]

RO: Introducing now, they weigh in at a combined weight of 264 pounds... the team of HARLEY HAMILTON AND CINDER...

SEDUCTIVE AND DESTRUCTIVE!!!

[The trio proceed to make their way down to ringside with uncharacteristic focus on their faces. Cinder slides into the ring and slithers to a neutral corner, while Harley Hamilton grabs onto the top rope and leaps over in a display of athleticism. The

duo then turn their attention to the entrance way, arms crossed over their chests and stern expressions on their faces. The two look ready for a war.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponents...

[The sounds of the Ramones' punk classic "Blitzkrieg Bop" begins to ring out over the PA system to a HUGE CHEER from the AWA faithful.]

TG: ...at a total combined weight of 315 pounds...

KAYLA "THE PISTOL" CRISTOL!

THE AFRO PUNK, VICTORIA JUNE!

THE COUNTRY PUNNNNNNNNNKS!

[And with the punk music still in the air, June and Cristol come trotting out onto the entrance stage to another cheer. June's got those devil horns in the air, bangin' her head in a fashion that would make Quiet Riot proud. Cristol's got the finger guns firing, giving a whoop now and again...

...when she suddenly stops, putting a hand on her partner's shoulder, cupping the other hand to her ear.

And as the Ramones turns off, the sounds of "Blood On The Bluegrass" come up instead, bringing a grin to both teammates' faces - a frenetic mix of banjos, steel guitars, and fiddles. The duo continues their walk towards the ring now, slapping all the offered hands as they head towards the squared circle.]

GM: The Country Punks have the Chicago fans solidly behind them here tonight as they look to take one step closer to making history two weeks from tonight in New Orleans!

BW: But to get there, they gotta go through the team that a whole lotta people think are the odds-on favorites to win this whole thing, Gordo.

GM: Including you.

BW: Including me. You may not like them, the people may not like them, heck, I might not even like 'em at times... but none of us can deny that Hamilton and Cinder are the favorites to win this match, this tournament, and those titles.

[Reaching the ring, June comes in first, freezing in her tracks to glare across the ring at Cinder who returns the gaze. Kayla Cristol slides in as well, putting a hand on her partner and friend's shoulder, trying to talk her down from charging across the ring before the match even gets started.]

GM: Some history here... some bad feelings... a lot of tension.

[The referee gives some final instructions to both teams, turning to signal for the bell as Cristol and June have a last second conversation...

...which is Cinder and Hamilton's cue to rush their opponents, throwing bombs as they do!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HERE WE GO! The second Semifinal match in the AWA Women's World Tag Team Title tournament is underway! The winning team will move on to face The Peach Pits in the Finals two weeks from tonight in New Orleans!

[The barrage of blows from Hamilton and Cinder has June trading shots with Hamilton as Cinder catches a feisty Cristol with a devastating headbutt, her hair whipping as she smashes her skull into the Pistol!]

GM: Ohh! Headbutt by Cinder on Cristol and- ohh! Through the ropes she goes, right out HARD on the floor!

[And with Cristol out of the picture, Cinder rushes Victoria June from the blindside as June hammers Harley Hamilton with haymakers in the corner, leaping up to bury a knee between the shoulderblades, knocking June into Hamilton!]

GM: Cinder from behind! And now we've got a numbers game on Victoria June and this is what the Country Punks need to be careful about! Hamilton and Cinder have a teamwork advantage... an advantage in working together... and when you add Casey Cash to the mix, they've got a literal numbers edge!

[With June being showered with fists and feet, she quickly gets knocked back into the corner where Hamilton and Cinder square up, taking turns throwing kicks into the midsection of the Afro Punk as the Chicago crowd boos loudly!]

GM: Come on, referee! Get some control in there!

BW: The match just got started, Gordo! If it's already out of control now, what do you think it'll look like ten minutes from now!

GM: Referee Shari Miranda doing her best to get this locked down... ohh! Big chop. by Hamilton!

[Cinder follows up with a chop of her own, the duo going back and forth with big chops in the corner, leaving June hanging on for dear life to the ropes as Seductive & Destructive work her over...]

GM: Victoria June's getting pounded in the corner! This is a ridiculous start to a very important match! Why are they getting away with this?!

[...and with June reeling, Hamilton gives a signal and each grab an arm...]

GM: Double whip out of the corner, June hits the buckles and...

[...and as the Afro Punk hits the corner, she bounces back out, running towards an advancing Hamilton and Cinder!]

GM: ...OH! FLYING TACKLE TAKES THEM BOTH DOWN!

[June pops up to her feet, throwing her arms back with a roar as the crowd echoes the roar in support of her!]

GM: Victoria June trying to get her team back into this... waiting for them to get back off the mat...

[And as Hamilton and Cinder regain their feet near the ropes, June rushes forward again...]

GM: ...DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE! TO THE FLOOR GOES E-GIRL MAX!

[With a squeak, Casey Cash rushes around the ringpost to go check on Hamilton and Cinder who are down on the floor...]

GM: Casey Cash over to her allies... and June is waving them back in.

BW: She wants more of Seductive & Destructive! June wants another piece of Cinder... and if she can get a piece of Harley Hamilton in the meantime, that's okay too.

GM: A lot of history between June and Cinder and...

BW: Look at this, Gordo!

[With Cash, Hamilton, and Cinder huddled up on the floor, Kayla Cristol makes her way back up on the apron, quickly scaling the turnbuckles...]

GM: Cristol climbing! Cristol heading to the top!

[....and with one foot on the top rope and her partner pointing to her, "The Pistol" gives a big kamikaze shout, hurling herself off the top rope...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the crowd ERUPTS at the Arkansas native wiping out E-Girl MAX at ringside with a crossbody!]

GM: CRISTOL TAKES TO THE SKY, PISTOLS BLAZING, AND FLATTENS ALL THREE MEMBERS OF E-GIRL MAX! OH MY!

[Cristol comes off the mat, all smiles as she fires off her finger pistols in the air, rolling under the ropes into the ring. She strides across the ring, diving into an embrace with the Afro Punk that gets the crowd cheering big again!]

GM: Cristol and June celebrating inside the ring! The Country Punks trying to get their spot in the Finals of this tournament to face the Peach Pits for the titles in New Orleans!

[June and Cristol come apart, squaring up and looking to the outside where E-Girl MAX tries to recover from the big dive onto them!]

GM: Hamilton's down! Cinder's down! Heck, even Casey Cash is down for good measure! And Cristol and June are ready for a fight!

[Fists balled up, the Pistol and the Afro Punk are ready to go, waving them back into the ring...]

GM: Shari Miranda taking this time to try and get involved again, trying to get them apart...

[After a few more words, Victoria June nods to Miranda, exiting the ring to the apron. Cristol stays in the ring, watching as their foes regain their feet. There's another brief huddle... and I mean brief as Cinder breaks away, rolling under the ropes and angrily getting to her feet, stabbing at the air with her finger as she shouts at Cristol...]

GM: Cinder looks like she's about to blow a fuse... or maybe already has and- what's this now?

[The crowd buzzes as Cinder turns away from Cristol, pointing at Victoria June instead...]

BW: Oh ho... she doesn't want Cristol, Gordo. She wants the Afro Punk!

GM: Well, we said that those two have history so I suppose that should come as no surprise.

[June glares coldly at Cinder and then shoves her hand out as Cristol looks a little anxious about letting her partner back in against an old rival...

...but obliges, slapping the hand to bring her in.]

GM: There's the tag and now it'll be Victoria June squaring off against Cinder... and this takes me back to almost a year ago. It was Fight Night last June in the Main Event with Cinder taking on Victoria June in a Hair versus Hair match where Ricki Toughill's hair was on the line against June's. That was the culmination of a very bitter rivalry and on that night, it ended with June forcing Cinder to submit to the Scorpion Crosslock. If the same thing happens here tonight, it'll be June and Cristol in the Finals of this tournament.

BW: Yeah, but on that night, Cinder had a treacherous Ricki Toughill in her corner. Tonight is a very different story.

GM: Think what you want about E-Girl MAX... and boy oh boy, do I have some opinions about that group but I don't know if anyone can doubt their loyalty towards each other... for now at least.

BW: You still think they're all about to turn on each other?

GM: I still think Harley Hamilton is a manipulator who has engineered a group to take her to the top - no matter what it takes, yes.

[June strides to the middle of the ring where Cinder awaits her, the former rivals now face to face glaring at one another as the crowd buzzes with anticipation over what comes next...]

GM: We've got Cinder and June squaring off! We know the bad blood is there! We know the bad feelings are there! And you need only take one look at both of these women to know that this situation that we thought was over between them...

BW: It ain't over, Gordo.

GM: It would certainly appear that way, Bucky.

[Cinder starts angrily shouting at June, again stabbing the air with her finger, bellowing in her usual harsh tones at the Afro Punk who stoically stares her down, an unusual coldness in her gaze...

...which is when Cinder swings her knee up, catching an unsuspecting June in the midsection!]

GM: Oh! Cinder goes downstairs on here!

[Grabbing a handful of afro, Cinder winds up, driving the point of her elbow down on the back of the head... once... twice... thrice... four... five... six...]

GM: Cinder's got some of the most dangerous elbows in the game and she's putting them to good work right now on June!

[...and then grabs the hair with both hands, using the grip to swing June back and forth, promising to "RIP E'RY SINGLE HAIR OUT YER MELON!"]

GM: The referee admonishing her for the hairpull and-

[Getting a bit of a spin going, Cinder actually lifts June off the mat by the hair, flinging her across the ring with a spinning hair mare to groans from the crowd!]

BW: Whooo daddy! Remember ol' Spider Lady Sanchez using that hair mare on Wendy Simms back in '87 in Atlanta? That was as old school as it gets, daddy!

[A cackling Cinder watches June get up to her knees before lunging back in, raining down 12 to 6 elbows between the eyes!]

GM: We've heard stories of how sharp the elbows are of Cinder - how she can use elbows like this to cut an opponent and bust them open - perhaps looking to do that right here.

[But after a half dozen elbows land, she drags June up by the hair again, madness in her eyes as she lets loose a shriek, shoving June back into the neutral corner where she grabs the top rope and starts throwing kicks at the exposed ribs of her rival!]

GM: Cinder's all over her in the corner, putting the boots to June, driving her down to a knee in the buckles...

[And with another shriek, Cinder swings her leg up, planting her shin on the throat of June, grabbing and pulling the ropes to get more leverage as she tries to choke the life out of the Afro Punk!]

GM: ...and that's a choke in the corner, using her shin to force the air out of June!

[Cristol shouts a complaint from the other corner as the referee warns Cinder, laying a count on her...]

GM: Cinder backs off at four and change... using every bit of that count she can to wear down her opponent. And she's gotta be careful, Bucky. This is a match where a DQ could be more costly than most.

BW: A DQ sends the Punks to the Finals. And I'm sure Harley Hamilton's gameplanned this out for them. She knows how much Miranda will let them get away with.

GM: Every referee's got a breaking point... let's hope Cinder and Hamilton... and Cash for that matter... can stay on the right side of it here in this very important Semifinal match in the tournament to crown the very first AWA Women's World Tag Team Champions.

[Cinder argues with the referee for a few moments, allowing June to struggle back to her feet as the Mad Scot moves back in on her...]

GM: Cinder coming back in - five foot four, 119 pounds out of Kilmarnock, Scotland... you know she's looking forward to being back in the United Kingdom in just a couple of months and-

[The crowd cheers as June blasts her with a right hand!]

GM: June caught her on the way in, sending the 20 year old Cinder reeling backwards from that hard shot!

[June steps from the corner, winding up again...]

GM: A second right hand has Cinder really reeling now!

[...and again...]

GM: And make it three! Cinder's on her heels, stumbling back across the ring...

[But as June moves in, Cinder suddenly throws her entire upper body forward, swinging her head at the Afro Punk...

...who brings her hands up, blocking the headbutt attempt!]

GM: OH! June knew it was coming and was ready for it!

[June grabs the hair of Cinder, leaping up to smash her own skull into her rival's, putting her down on the canvas!]

GM: AND DOWN GOES CINDER WITH THE HEADBUTT!

[With Cinder down on the mat, June drops down onto all fours, surging forward to drive her head into Cinder's as Cinder tries to push up off the mat!]

GM: June with those headbutts from down on the mat, sending Cinder rolling right out of the ring to the outside!

[Cinder falls to her knees on the floor, grabbing at her head as Casey Cash charges over to be at her side, trying to help her back up...

...which is when June rushes forward!]

GM: OHHH! BASEBALL SLIDE CONNECTS!

BW: Yeah but she hit Cash - not Cinder!

[June finds herself on the floor, having kicked Casey Cash away from the ring...

...which allows Cinder to throw herself at June, rapidly smashing sloppy rights and lefts into her rival's head and shoulders!]

GM: Cinder's all over her! She's snapped again!

[But June isn't one to back down from a fight, throwing right hands as quickly as she can, fighting her way out from under Cinder's assault!]

GM: And June's fighting back! Trying to fight off this wild attack!

[With Cinder staggered, June hooks her under the arm...]

GM: Wait, wait, WAAAAAAIT!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the crowd reacts as June HURLS Cinder through the air, flipping her over and dumping her down on the base of the entrance ramp!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY! SPINE MEETS STEEL!

[June nods confidently as the crowd buzzes at the hard fall by Cinder. The camera catches Harley Hamilton on the apron, a hand over her mouth as she looks on in shock at her partner!]

BW: It was last year when they met in that Hair versus Hair match when Cinder delivered a hiptoss into the steel steps, slashing June's back up and putting her in a

bad, bad way for the remainder of that match! What do you want to bet that biel throw there was June getting a little of payback?

GM: We've seen Victoria June dip into a darker side of herself in the past - we all remember the buildup to SuperClash and the match with Charisma Knight. And I believe that Hamilton and Cinder do NOT want to face that Victoria June here tonight, Bucky.

[Cristol shouts some words to her partner who seems to snap out of a bit of a deep gaze at the downed Cinder. She gives a nod and wave to Cristol before pulling the hurting Scot off the floor where she's hanging onto her back, a bright red welt forming on her pale white skin.]

GM: You can see the souvenir of that brutal fall on the steel ramp... and June shoves Cinder back into the ring. This is a good opportunity for the Country Punks to press the advantage and try to finish this one off.

[June slides back into the ring, coming to her feet. Harley Hamilton shouts at June who returns verbal fire before backing up, swinging her right arm around... and around... and around...]

GM: June's got her eyes on Cinder, looking to deliver a clothesline...

[...and then dashes to the ropes as Cinder regains her feet, looking to strike hard...]

GM: ...off the ropes...

[...but as June hits the ropes, Harley Hamilton slips down the apron, viciously kicking the back of June's knee!]

GM: ...OH! Kick to the-

[And Cinder completes the combo, lashing out with a dropkick to the kneecap of June, sending her flipping forward through the air before crashing down on the canvas!]

GM: -OH! MY STARS!

[June immediately rolls to her back, grimacing as she cradles her leg to her body, grabbing at her knee that Seductive & Destructive just went after.]

GM: Hamilton with the kick to the knee from the outside and Cinder picks up where she left off with a dropkick right to the knee on the inside of the ring! A great - but illegal - doubleteam!

BW: Who cares if it was illegal?! It was great! Just like you said! And with one quick strike, Hamilton and Cinder just turned this entire thing around, daddy!

GM: You may be right about that... and the referee's got some words for Harley Hamilton for the illegal attack from the outside... and Hamilton tags in, waving Miranda back...

[Stepping into the ring, Hamilton swiftly grabs the foot of June, giving it a hard yank before kicking the knee once... twice... three... driving her foot into the knee area a half dozen times as the referee tries to get her to back off.]

GM: ...and now there's a bullseye on that knee, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. Harley Hamilton and Cinder are two of the most vicious competitors in this division and they know blood in the water when they smell it. Victoria June is hurting and it's time to pour it on!

[Hamilton twists the knee around in a spinning toehold...

...and then drops down, driving her knee down into June's knee!]

GM: OHHH! A violent attack right there, really doing damage to the leg and-

[June sits up on the mat, trying to grab at Hamilton's hair to look for a way out of this punishing hold but Hamilton DRILLS her with a forearm in the mush in response, knocking her right back down to the mat!]

GM: Oof! What a shot by Hamilton! Seductive and Destructive came into this tournament as perhaps the favorite in the eyes of many. The 2017 Women's Tag Team of the Year.

BW: The final two in the Steal The Spotlight.

GM: Don't remind me. But these two are a well-oiled machine and Victoria June cannot allow them to get going in there or it's going to be a long, rough night at the office for her.

[Hamilton gets to her feet, stomping the knee a few times, causing June to cry out in pain as the crowd jeers. The second generation star glares out at the crowd, a sneer on her face as she looks over to the corner...]

GM: Hamilton with a quick tag, bringing Cinder right back in... professional wrestling in the blood of both of these women and their legendary families. Harley Hamilton, of course, the daughter of the former World Champion, Hamilton Graham. Cinder, a member of the infamous Castle clan coming out of Scotland. They were born and bred for this business from Day One and tonight, they want to show the world that they were also born and bred to be champions by earning their spot in the Finals two weeks from tonight.

[With Cinder in the ring, each grabs a foot on June, throwing a look at one another before doing a double somersault, violently stretching out the hamstrings on the Afro Punk who flails about on the canvas in pain as the crowd jeers!]

GM: A brutal but effective doubleteam there by Hamilton and Cinder, working over the legs of Victoria June and... oh, come on!

[The crowd gets louder as Cinder and Hamilton get right up, ignoring the referee's calls to depart the ring as they start stomping the injured knee of June!]

GM: Get her out of there, ref!

BW: Hey, they've got a five count to get in and out, Gordo. They've got every right to use every single second of it.

[But Kayla Cristol has seen enough, rushing through the ropes and into the ring where she SMASHES Cinder with a right hand, knocking her away from June.]

GM: Cristol's in! The Pistol is hot under the collar and-

[She turns to do the same to Hamilton when the referee steps in, ordering Cristol out of the ring...]

GM: -and Shari Miranda is right there to get her out of the ring, trying to maintain control of this one...

BW: An excellent call by the referee! Get her out of there now!

GM: And while the official gets Cristol out of the ring, it allows Seductive and Destructive to drag June back to their corner.

[Hamilton ducks out but quickly slaps Cinder's hand to tag back in.]

GM: Hamilton back in, pulling June to her feet... oh! Hard forearm, right up under the chin!

[Cinder promptly lifts the injured leg, wrapping the knee around the middle rope and starts kicking the knee...]

GM: And right back to the knee goes Cinder, using that five count like you said...

[The Mad Scot reaches four and change before she backs off, smirking as she exits the ring, leaving Hamilton to drive her own knee into June's trapped limb, the Afro Punk crying out with each blow landed!]

GM: ...and now it's Hamilton picking up where Cinder left off!

[The referee steps in again, warning Hamilton and making her back off...

...which is when Casey Cash joins in, grabbing June's ankle and pulling down hard on the leg, stretching out the ligaments and tendons as June tries to swat at Cash, trying to drive her away!]

GM: Casey Cash getting involved now as well! The referee is trying to keep control of this but-

[Kayla Cristol drops off the apron, smashing her hands down on the apron as she runs around the ring to get to Casey Cash...

...but the official cuts her off, waving her arms and ordering her back to the corner to jeers from the crowd as a smirking Casey Cash walks away, dusting off her hands as June slips out of the ropes, slumping down on the canvas...]

GM: Shari Miranda trying to get Cristol back to her corner... what's Cinder doing now?!

[The crowd jeers as Cinder drops off the apron, pulling June's legs under the ropes to the outside. She lifts June's leg up...

...and SLAMS it down on the apron, the back of the knee jamming into the edge of the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And again.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And again.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The referee whips around, spotting Cinder attacking from the floor. Shari Miranda gets up in Cinder's face, backing her off as Hamilton grabs the hands of June inside the ring, dragging her up by the hair...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and drills her with a knife edge chop, sending June collapsing back into the corner, arms hooking over the top rope.]

GM: What a shot by Hamilton! June goes falling back into the neutral corner... barely able to stay on her feet...

[Hamilton nods approvingly as she steps closer to the corner, winding up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and connects with another big chop, keeping June in the corner as she leans heavily against the turnbuckles.]

GM: Hamilton with some of the hardest chops in the Women's Division, lighting up the Afro Punk in the corner... and we can see just how badly Victoria June needs to get to her corner and make a tag, Bucky.

BW: It's an interesting switch in gameplan for Hamilton and Cinder, Gordo. A lot of teams have identified Kayla Cristol as the so-called weak link for the Country Punks... if you go by singles win-loss records alone, that would certainly be true... but it looks like they've decided to focus their attacks on Victoria June.

GM: Hamilton on the attack again...

[But this time, as Hamilton winds up, June surges out of the corner with a forearm shot to the jaw that stuns her, getting the crowd going!]

GM: ...big forearm by June!

[June steadies herself, barely putting weight on the sore limb as she winds up again...]

GM: She drills her again! Hamilton's stunned! She didn't see this coming and-

[...but the crowd groans as Hamilton lashes out, kicking the knee of June, causing her to immediately collapse down on all fours.]

GM: -and Hamilton goes right back to the knee, taking her down!

[Hamilton grabs the leg, flipping June over onto her back as she slips the leg under her arm, flipping June over into a half Boston Crab!]

GM: And into the half Crab! Going right after the knee!

BW: This could do it, Gordo. I don't know how long June can hang on in something like this.

GM: We know that Victoria June is a fighter. A fighter to her very core!

[Hamilton sinks back, dropping down into a high elevation Crab, her shin pushing down on the back of June as her face gets pushed into the mat and the leg gets torqued beyond belief!]

GM: Look at the torque on that hold, bending the leg of the Afro Punk! Bending the spine! The neck!

[The referee kneels down, checking on June to see if she wants to submit...]

GM: Shari Miranda is right there - does Victoria June want to give it up and eliminate her team from title contention? Only one win away from the Finals, one win away to fighting for the chance to become the first duo to wear those titles... but the question right now is - can she hang on? Can she fight her way through this agonizing submission hold locked in?

BW: She's practically bent in half, Gordo!

GM: June refusing to give in so far, trying to reach out towards the ropes but she's not there yet!

[Kayla Cristol shouts encouragement from the outside, cheering on her partner as June stretches her arm out, reaching for the ropes...]

GM: June trying to get to those ropes - that's her way out if she can get there!

[Hamilton leans back further, shouting "GIVE IT UP, JUNE! IT'S OVER!"]

GM: Harley Hamilton telling Victoria June that it's over but the Afro Punk doesn't agree - not yet at least! June stretching out, reaching for those ropes but she's still several inches away!

BW: And there's not a whole lot of leverage to get any closer with the angle Hamilton's got her bent at!

GM: Stretching, reaching, grasping, inching closer with every movement...

[And with the Chicago crowd cheering her on, June hooks her hand around the bottom rope, causing the referee to leap up, calling for the break as the fans breathe a sigh of relief.]

GM: June makes it to the ropes! Victoria June gets to the ropes and forces the break!

BW: She hasn't forced a break yet!

[The referee shouts at the stubborn Hamilton who shakes her head, refusing to break the painful hold despite June getting to the ropes!]

GM: Hamilton won't let go! Ring the bell, ref! Disqualify her!

BW: She's got a five count, daddy!

[The official lays that count on her, reaching four and change before Hamilton lets go, allowing June's body to slump down on the canvas as the fans let Hamilton have it for the extra time she held the submission hold.]

GM: That half Crab did tremendous damage, you have to believe... Victoria June made it to the ropes, she forced the break but was too much damage done right there?

[June pulls on the ropes, rolling to the outside of the ring as Hamilton takes a verbal beating from the official for her disregard for the rules.]

GM: June is on the outside now, trying to regroup... trying to recover as Hamilton argues with Shari Miranda on the inside...

[The distraction of the official allows Casey Cash to slowly work her way towards June who is still on the floor.]

GM: Watch out now. June's on the outside but so is Casey Cash and I don't know if that's a good place for the Afro Punk to be right now, Bucky.

BW: Casey's just an interested observer, Gordo. No need to worry.

GM: Oh, I do worry. I worry about what kind of shenanigans ALL of E-Girl MAX could get into. For that matter, where the heck is Kelly Kowalski? We know she's in the building. We saw her earlier tonight. Why isn't she out here with her allies?

BW: Maybe she left. Chicago's a hot town and Kelly enjoys a lively bar as much as the next one.

GM: I'll believe that when I see it as-

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

GM: You hear the time call there. Halfway through the time limit in this one and now I think you'll see these two squads increase the tempo... increase their intensity if that's possible. They need to get the job done in the next fifteen minutes or the Peach Pits are the champions!

[Hearing the call of the time remaining, June grabs the apron, dragging herself back to her feet on the outside as Hamilton and Miranda are still conversing heatedly...

...which is when Cinder comes charging in from the blind side, going low and driving her shoulder into the back of June's knee, clipping the leg and taking her right back down on the ringside mats with a shout of pain!]

GM: OHH! CINDER CLIPPED HER FROM BEHIND!

[June writhes in pain on the floor, grabbing her knee as Cinder looks ready to add more to her attack... when the official wheels around and shouts "HEY! YOU, BACK OFF!" to Cinder who raises her hands, smirking as she backs away from the downed June on the outside.]

GM: Cinder got caught... backing off now... and where the heck is Hamilton going?!

BW: You said it yourself, Gordo. They gotta pick up the pace to finish the Country Punks off and cash their ticket to the Finals in New Orleans!

[Hamilton drops to the outside, moving swiftly towards the prone June, snatching a handful of afro to drag her up to her feet. She pulls June along the apron towards the steps where she grabs the leg...]

GM: What is she...? Oh no! NO!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHINBREAKER ON THE STEPS! RIGHT DOWN ON THOSE DAMN METAL STEPS!

[June is howling in pain on the floor, hugging her knee close to her body as Hamilton sneers down at her. The referee - hearing the metal clang - rushes over to confront Hamilton, shouting at her..]

GM: Are they even trying to win this match or is this just about injuring this young woman, Bucky?!

BW: Why can't they do both? Victoria June - you know she's been on Cinder's mind for almost a year now. If they can hurt June... injure June, stick her on the shelf... and still win their shot at the titles two weeks from tonight, that's exactly what they're going to do, daddy!

[With June still moaning in pain, Hamilton drags her off the floor, ignoring the official as she shoves the Afro Punk back inside the ring. Hamilton rolls in after her, making a pin attempt that gets two before June's shoulder pops up.]

GM: Two count there...

BW: And did you notice that was all upper body, Gordo? She got the shoulder up, pushing her way out... no kickout there. The leg may have nothing left.

GM: If it doesn't, it won't take long for Cinder and Hamilton to discover that and exploit it.

[Hamilton climbs to her feet, looking down with disgust at June before slapping her partner's offered hand...]

GM: Another tag by Seductive and Destructive...

[...and each woman grabs a leg on June as she rolls to her chest, trying to crawl across the ring...]

GM: ...a double team on the way!

[...and lift her by the legs, SLAMMING her knees down into the canvas to a howl of pain from the Afro Punk!]

GM: Another devastating attack on the legs of Victoria June... and-

[They lift her a second time, driving her down to roaring jeers and a shout from the official who is counting the doubleteam...]

GM: Again! June's knees driven down into the mat a second time and- oh, come on!

[...and a third knee slam lands as well, leaving June rolling onto her back as the referee threatens to disqualify the dastardly duo as Casey Cash cheers her allies on. Hamilton smirks, ducking through the ropes as a cackling Cinder dives on top of June for a cover!]

GM: The Steal The Spotlight winner with the cover!

[The official slaps the mat once... twice...]

GM: And out at two! June slips out at two, saving the match and the chance to become the first AWA Women's World Tag Team Champions for her and her partner!

[Cinder climbs to her feet, getting right up in Shari Miranda's face, complaining loudly about a slow count as June rolls back to her chest, dragging herself across the canvas as Kayla Cristol cheers her on, waving her to the corner...]

GM: Cinder's shouting at the referee... all over her about the count...

BW: She might have a point, Gordo. The count looked a little sluggish to me.

GM: Looked fine to me... but look at this, Bucky! Look at Victoria June!

[The crowd is getting louder as June drags herself a few feet away from Cinder, making progress in getting to her corner!]

GM: June can't even stand right now, literally dragging herself across the ring! Pulling herself towards the Pistol who is red hot to get in there and mix it up with these two! We've over fifteen minutes into this Semifinal battle and time is ticking for the Country Punks to get themselves back into this match, fans!

BW: If June can make the tag, that'll help!

GM: She's trying, Bucky! Getting closer! Getting closer!

[But a shout from Casey Cash gets Cinder to whip around, spotting June crawling across the ring...

...and then charges after her, running right past the Afro Punk to SMASH an elbow into the jaw of Kayla Cristol, earning boos as the Pistol goes falling off the apron to the floor!]

GM: Cinder knocks Cristol off the apron!

BW: So much for that tag.

[Shari Miranda shouts at Cinder, warning her again as Cinder backs off, hands raised...]

GM: Cinder backing off... here comes the Pistol!

[A fired-up Kayla Cristol comes under the ropes into the ring, charging at Cinder, shouting and waving her arms angrily as Shari Miranda throws herself in front of Cristol with a "NO! NO! BACK TO YOUR CORNER, KAYLA!"]

GM: Shari Miranda keeping Kayla Cristol at bay... the fans letting Shari have it, they want to see Kayla in there mixing it up - and of course! Here comes Hamilton again!

[With the referee's back turned, Hamilton joins Cinder in the ring, grabbing June by the legs to drag her back to their half of the ring as Kayla Cristol sees it, trying to get past the referee to intervene!]

GM: This is the doubleteaming we were worried about earlier for the Punks. Hamilton and Cinder coming in and out - legally or illegally - seemingly at will right now.

[Cinder slaps her hands together over her head, giggling madly as she ducks back to the apron and Harley Hamilton stays behind.]

GM: Oh, come on! You didn't see that tag, ref!

BW: No, but she sure heard one! You gotta love that, Gordo!

GM: I most certainly do not...

[Hamilton is all grins as she approaches the downed June, rolling her over onto her back...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Oh, come on! Slapped her right across the face! There's no call for that, Bucky!

[Hamilton looks down at the prone June, winding up again...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and paintbrushes her back the other way...]

"Show me your dark side, Vicki! Lemme see it!"

[She grins at the jeering crowd, wiggling her fingers in a spooky-type fashion before leaning down again...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: This is ridiculous! Slapping her repeatedly across the f-

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: COME ON!

[June's eyes flash as she lays on the mat, shaking her head...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and then she sits straight up, glaring at Hamilton, puffing her cheeks in and out as she glares up at her, fire in her eyes!]

GM: Uh oh! Hamilton may have gone too far!

[Hamilton looks around anxiously, throwing a nervous look towards her corner where Cinder mimes hitting June again...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and Hamilton obliges, going upside the head again!]

GM: Hamilton slaps her across the face again and-

[The crowd ROARS as June rises to her knees, pumping her fists as she looks to get up off the mat...]

GM: June's trying to get up! June's trying to fight back! Victoria June bringing up all that heart... all those guts... everything these fans love her for and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the crowd groans as Hamilton viciously boots the kneeling June in the mouth, knocking her flat on the canvas!]

GM: OHH! And just like that, the comeback is brought to a stunning stop by the second generation superstar, Harley Hamilton!

[Hamilton sneers at the jeering crowd, pointing to the downed June.]

"She's done! She's finished! Did you really think a FREAK like that would end up a champion?! Not on our watch!"

GM: Hamilton adding insult to injury... and now perhaps looking to go for the kill as-

[But Hamilton stops halfway over to pulling June back up as the crowd starts to defiantly chant...]

"HEY! HO! LET'S GO!"

"HEY! HO! LET'S GO!"

"HEY! HO! LET'S GO!"

GM: The fans of Chi-Town channeling their inner Joey Ramone, saluting the Afro Punk as she tries to get back into this thing.

BW: It's gonna take more than these fans chanting song lyrics to get-

[...and as an irate Hamilton leans down to pull June up, June surges upwards, hooking Hamilton around the head in a mirror of what we saw one week ago!]

GM: INSIDE CRADLE! INSIDE CRADLE!

[The crowd counts along with the count!]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEEEEEEE-"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHE ALMOST GOT HER! SHE ALMOST WON IT FOR HER TEAM!

[Hamilton rolls to a seated position, one hand clutching her chest in shock as she holds up two fingers to the official.]

GM: Hamilton checking with Shari Miranda, making sure she kicked out in time and the referee's telling her that she did.

BW: Just barely, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely. We almost saw Victoria June pull a rabbit out of the hat and take the win in this one... and look at her! She's gotta be running on fumes yet she's crawling... dragging herself across the ring again! Trying to get to her corner! Trying to make that tag!

[An enthusiastic Cristol is leaning over the ropes, stretching out her arm, shouting "COME ON!" to her crawling partner as Hamilton gets up off the mat, still trying to compose herself on the VERY near fall.]

GM: And the timekeeper letting us know that we're around ten minutes remaining in this one. Ten minutes and change to determine who will move on to face the Peach Pits in the Finals of this tournament with championship gold and history on the line!

[Hamilton is muttering something to Cinder who is trying to calm her down as June is making serious headway in getting to her corner, the crowd getting louder as she does...]

GM: She's almost there! She's almost-

[...but a shriek and point from Casey Cash alerts Cinder and Hamilton to that fact, sending Hamilton into motion, charging across the ring...]

GM: -Hamilton trying to get there in- OHHH!

[...and the crowd ROARS as June sidesteps, shoving Hamilton chestfirst into the corner where she not only crashes into the turnbuckles but into a leaping right hand by Kayla Cristol!]

GM: CRISTOL GOT HER FROM THE OUTSIDE! PAYBACK'S A YOU KNOW WHAT!

[Hamilton staggers backwards, turning in a circle towards a dazed and hurting Victoria June who catches her under the arm, lifting her in a hiptoss, and crashing down on top of her in a makeshift powerslam!]

GM: HIPTOSS POWERSLAM! SHE PLANTS HER DOWN!

[The crowd ERUPTS for the flurry of offense from the Country Punks as June rolls to her back, clutching her knee...]

GM: So close, kid! Just reach up and you're there!

[Cristol is saying the same, stretching out her arm again, screaming "I'M RIGHT HERE, SISTER! RIGHT HERE!" to her partner who is in agony cradling her leg...]

GM: June's right-

BW: In comes Cinder!

[The 2017 Steal The Spotlight winner comes through the ropes, trying to stop the tag from happening...]

GM: Miranda's got her! Miranda holding her back!

[The crowd cheers as the official keeps Cinder from intervening as June suddenly shakes the cobwebs enough to roll to her knees...

...and collapses forward, slapping her partner's offered hand!]

GM: THE TAG IS MADE!

[The Chi-Town fans ERUPT at the tag finally being made as Cristol pumps her fists, ducking through the ropes as Hamilton climbs off the mat!]

GM: The Pistol's in and she's firing away!

[Cristol rocks the rising Hamilton with rights and lefts, the crowd seemingly getting louder with every blow landed. She grabs her by the hair, smashing her head into the top turnbuckle a few times before turning her around in the corner, stepping up to the midbuckle!]

GM: Cristol's got her trapped in the corner!

BW: Cinder's about to lose her mind across the ring, screaming at the referee as-

[Cristol holds up a fist and starts raining down right hands as the crowd counts along.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

[Cinder's finally seen enough, rushing past the referee to get into the ring, charging the exposed back of Cristol...]

...who surprises the Mad Scot by leaping from the middle rope, twisting around and catches the incoming Cinder with a crossbody!]

GM: CRISTOL TAKES HER DOWWWWWN!

[Cristol stays on top of Cinder, pummeling her with right hands down on the canvas, the AWA faithful getting louder and louder...]

GM: We're under ten minutes for sure now and Kayla Cristol is getting her team back into this match after that big tag and...

[Gordon trails off as Cristol gets up... and finds referee Shari Miranda up in her face, shouting "NO! OUT TO THE APRON!"]

GM: ...what?!

BW: She didn't see the tag! Shari Miranda's saying she didn't see the tag!

[Cristol blows her top at the referee, shouting at her, pointing to June on the mat in the corner... but the referee waves it off, threatening a disqualification if the Pistol doesn't exit the ring. The crowd is ROARING with jeers for the official as Cristol grabs her own hair in disbelief...]

...which is Harley Hamilton's cue to grab June, waving Cinder off the mat and over to help, dragging the Afro Punk out of the Country Punks' corner and back across the ring towards their own.]

GM: I can't believe this! A potentially match-changing decision by Shari Miranda there! She disallowed the tag and-

[But Cristol has seen enough of the illegal doubleteaming, brushing past the official, charging across the ring, leaping into the air...]

GM: -OHH! SPLIT-LEGGED DROPKICK BY THE PISTOL!

BW: It's breaking down now!

[The blow sends Hamilton spilling through the ropes to the floor, Cristol in pursuit as Cinder tries to regroup on the canvas...]

GM: Cristol and Hamilton on the outside, trading right hands on the floor out here by us!

BW: I knew we should've negotiated hazard pay for our last few shows! They're trying to take us out early, daddy!

[Inside the ring, Cinder regains her feet, looking out in shock at Cristol and Hamilton brawling on the outside...

...and suddenly, she loses her feet as a desperate Victoria June throws herself at the back of Cinder's legs, tripping her up and taking her down to the mat!]

GM: JUNE TAKES HER DOWN FROM BEHIND!

BW: Cheap shot by the Afro Punk!

GM: June running on instinct, trapped in that ring as she tries to save this match and their chance to be champions! We're hearing about eight minutes left in the time limit for this one... and look at June! Look at June!

[The crowd is ROARING now as June wraps up the legs of her long-time rival...]

GM: She's going for the Scorpion Crosslock! This is how she beat her last summer!

[...and with a roar of anguish, she muscles Cinder up off the mat, trapped in the painful submission hold!]

GM: SHE'S GOT IT ON! SHE'S GOT IT ON!

[Cinder cries out in pain, trying to get free as the official waves her arms...]

GM: Miranda says Cinder isn't legal! Is that right?!

BW: I think so but who the heck knows at this point!

GM: The referee's saying it's- ohhh! June drops her down! June couldn't hang on, collapsing down to the mat...

[June is down on her knees, leaning forward with her head on the mat, clutching her leg in pain as Cinder rolls to the outside, cradling her lower back...]

...and Hamilton rolls back in, promptly grabbing June by the afro, hauling her up to her feet as Kayla Cristol retakes her spot across the ring in the corner...]

GM: Hamilton's back in, Cristol back in her corner... ohh! Hard forearm to the jaw by Hamilton!

[A dazed and hurting June throws a weak kick in response but Hamilton catches it, shaking her head with a sneer on her face...]

GM: Hamilton caught the kick... caught that injured leg in her hands...

[Hamilton taunts the crowd... then shifts to taunting June who throws a haymaker that Hamilton easily avoids, again shaking her head...]

GM: Swing and a miss by June...

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: ...OH, COME ON! Hamilton slapping June across the face again!

[June bounces on one foot, trying to steady her footing as Hamilton smirks at her, winding up for another slap...

...but the Afro Punk leaps up instead, swinging her good leg...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and pops her foot off the back of Harley Hamilton's skull with a makeshift enzuigiri!]

GM: SHE GOT HER! SHE GOT HER!

[Hamilton goes down like a rock as June lands hard on the mat, immediately grabbing at her knee again...

...but at the roar of the crowd and the encouraging shouts of her partner, June starts crawling!]

GM: Hamilton's down! Cinder's down! And Victoria June's got a clear path to her partner! You gotta do it now, kid! Now's the time!

[The crowd is getting louder and louder as June drags herself across the ring, Cristol jumping up and down with barely-contained excitement...]

GM: Cristol's ready and waiting! June's showing incredible heart and fighting spirit, pulling herself towards her partner with all she's got - literally dragging herself across the mat as she battles down the pain shooting through that leg!

[...and as she pushes up to her knees, June looks towards her corner with glassy eyes...]

GM: June can barely even mov-

BW: Harley's up!

[...and speaking of glassy eyes, Hamilton seems quite dazed as she gets up to her feet, trying to steady herself as she looks across the ring...]

GM: She's almost there! Just another foot or so! The hand stretched out and-

[...and as Hamilton breaks into a sprint, desperate to cut off the tag...]

GM: TAG! TAG! SHE GOT THERE!

[...June collapses forward into a tag to her eager partner, the Chicago fans letting out a thunderous ROAR!]

GM: THE TAG IS MADE AND IN COMES THE PISTOL!

[Hamilton comes to an abrupt halt, her eyes going wide as she backs off, arms up to plead her case... but a fired-up Cristol is having none of it, pointing her finger right at Hamilton who is trying to backpedal away...]

GM: Hamilton wants no part of the Pistol right now but that's not her call! Cause here comes... trouble!

[...and Cristol throws her first haymaker on "trouble," the crowd roaring as follows up with a left... and a right... and a left, rocking Hamilton with the heavy blows.]

GM: A flurry of fists by the Pistol... kick downstairs!

[A running kneelift follows, snapping Hamilton's head and torso backwards as she falls back to the canvas...]

GM: Down goes Hamilton!

BW: Gordo, by my watch, I've got about six minutes left!

GM: These two teams with just about six minutes left in their championship dreams. For one team, they're moving on to the Finals... for the other, a heartbreaking loss to get oh-so-close but yet so far.

[With Hamilton down, Cinder comes rushing in to confront Cristol and gets greeted again with rights and lefts from the fiery fan favorite!]

GM: And now Cristol's getting a mouthful of knuckles from the Pistol! To the ropes...

[Cristol leaves her feet, smashing a flying forearm to the jaw of Cinder, putting her down on the mat where she promptly rolls to the outside...

...which brings Casey Cash up on the apron, shouting at the on-a-roll Cristol who has the crowd eating out of her hand...

...especially when she throws a dropkick to knock Miss Baltimore Crabs off the apron!]

GM: DOWN GOES CASH! CRISTOL'S ON FIRE AND SHE'S TAKING IT OUT ON EVERY E-GIRL MAX MEMBER IN SIGHT!

[Cristol swings around, spotting Hamilton getting back to her feet and promptly charges her, lowering her shoulder into the midsection, driving her back into the corner...]

GM: Cristol puts her in the corner!

[With a whoop, she stands tall, holding up her arm...]

GM: CLOTHESLINES IN THE CORNER!

[...and the crowd cheers as Cristol throws standing clothesline after clothesline on Hamilton, a half dozen landing before Cristol backs off, pushing Hamilton backwards to make sure she stays standing and wobbly in the buckles!]

GM: Hamilton's on Dream Street... and I think Cristol's looking to keep her there, ducking through to the apron and we all know what comes next!

[The crowd is ROARING as Cristol steps up to the middle rope, nodding her head at the cheering Chicago crowd...]

GM: She's looking for the Boggy Creek Buster, her version of Jack Lynch's Calf Branding that she learned from the Lynch family during her early days training with them...

"FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!"

GM: ...and you heard it, fans! Five minutes to go! Five minutes left in this Semifinal clash of potential champions! Who's gonna do it? Who's gonna pull it out and send their team on to face the Peach Pits in two weeks in New Orleans with the titles on the line?!

[Cristol steps to the top, sliding her leg over to press against Hamilton...]

BW: If she hits this, it could be over, Gordo!

GM: It sure could! Hamilton struggling to get loose! Hamilton fighting for her championship life!

[Cristol is fighting to stay on the top rope as Hamilton yanks and pulls at her, trying to get loose...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Cristol fails to keep her balance, plummeting off the top, her throat snapping off the top before collapsing down on the canvas to the disappointment of the AWA faithful!]

GM: HAMILTON PULLS HER OFF! HAMILTON JUST SAVES HERSELF AND THEIR SHOT AT THE TITLES!

[And collapses to the mat at the same time, leaving both Cristol and Hamilton down on the mat as the seconds continue to tick off the clock...]

GM: Both women down... their partners in their respective corners...

BW: And as much of a bad idea as it would be to tag Victoria June right now, I'm not sure Kayla Cristol's got a choice, Gordo!

GM: You're absolutely right about that. Cristol's down and hurting after that fall into the ropes... and even with all the pain going through the leg of Victoria June, she might be in better condition to keep going at the moment.

[The camera pulls back, showing both women down on the mat, both trying to get to their respective corners as June and Cinder await tags. The crowd is cheering, rooting on their favorites to make the exchange as time continues to keep on slippin' into the future.]

GM: And now we've got ourselves a race, fans! Both women down! Both women trying to get to the corner and make that oh-so-important tag! Who's gonna get there first?

[Cinder grabs at her throat, coughing as she crawls on her hands and knees along the ropes. Hamilton is dragging herself the other direction towards a stomping Cinder and a cheering Casey Cash.]

GM: We're down to four minutes and change, fans! Four minutes left in this clash to determine the second finalist in this historic tournament! Four minutes left to-

BW: Harley's almost there! If she gets the tag first, I think they pull it off!

GM: Hamilton is very close now, reaching up annnnnnnnd...

[The crowd jeers as Hamilton slaps the extended hand of Cinder who ducks through the ropes, coming in quickly...]

GM: Cinder in for her team and-

[...and the crowd ROARS as Cristol makes a dive, slapping the Afro Punk's hand!]

GM: -and Victoria June in for hers!

[June comes through the ropes a little slower, noticeably hobbling on the bad wheel as she catches the incoming Cinder with a hammer blow across the sternum!]

GM: Big hammer by June!

[She winces, bouncing on one foot towards mid-ring, waving a hand for Cinder to come for her again. The Mad Scot scrambles up, charging in again...]

GM: And a clothesline drops her this time! Victoria June - even on one bad wheel - may be too much for Cinder to handle!

[June lets loose a war cry, pumping her arms as she watches Cinder struggle to get up off the mat to her feet...]

GM: Cinder trying to get up, June's right there waiting for her...

[Indeed she is, Gordon. And as Cinder regains her feet, June scoops her up, holding her across her chest to a DEAFENING ROAR!]

GM: ...she's going for the powerslam! We've seen her win countless matches with this move, Bucky!

BW: Cinder's gotta get out! She's gotta-

[Feeling the same way, Cinder rakes her fingers across the eyes of June, causing June to stumble back, Cinder slipping from her grasp. A bit of panic in her face, Cinder swings an arm towards Casey Cash...

...who gives a nod, snatching up one of the duo's replica title belts and tossing it into the ring in clear view of the official as June staggers back into the ropes, wiping at her blinded eyes!]

GM: Casey Cash just threw one of those replica belts into the ring!

BW: We saw this go down on the Power Hour when they beat the Serpentes!

[Cash snatches up the other title belt, rushing around the ring as Shari Miranda angrily goes to remove the first belt from in the ring...]

GM: Cash is on the apron! Cash is on the apron with that other title belt - the referee's back turned and-

[Cinder extends her arms, waiting for the catch as Cash tosses it in...

...and the temporarily-blinded June steps in the way, catching it in her intercepting arms to a THUNDEROUS ROAR!]

GM: JUNE'S GOT THE BELT! SHE'S GOT THE BELT! CASH TRIED TO TOSS IT IN AND-

[But the official wheels around, pointing at June holding the title...]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: Was that a plan?! Are they trying to get June disqualified?!

[...and June is suddenly having to plead her case, shaking her head at Miranda while pointing at a grinning Casey Cash who is down on the outside!]

GM: The Afro Punk is telling Shari that Cash tossed it in! It was Casey Cash and Cinder trying to pull a fast one here in Chi-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Cinder rushes the exposed back of June, leaping into a high knee to the back that sends the Afro Punk crashing into Shari Miranda, knocking the official flat on the canvas!]

GM: Oh no! Miranda goes down! The referee goes down thanks to Cinder!

BW: We've got about two minutes left, Gordo! Two more minutes and they're BOTH out and the Peach Pits win the gold!

[June tosses the title belt aside, looking down with concern at Shari Miranda who is laid out a few feet away from her...]

"GET HER, CASEY!"

[...and the shouted order from Harley Hamilton sends Casey Cash sliding under the bottom rope, making a beeline towards the distracted Afro Punk!]

GM: CASH IS IN! CASH IS...

[But Cash runs right into June's waiting arms who powers her up, grimacing as she tries to hold her aloft on one foot...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ...DOWWWWWWN! POWERSLAM BY JUNE!

[The signature front powerslam drives Cash into the mat where she promptly rolls back under the ropes to the outside.

Harley Hamilton comes through the ropes, looking to attack June...

...but a charging Kayla Cristol catches her by the ropes, connecting with a massive running clothesline that sends both Hamilton and Cristol flipping over the ropes, crashing down to the floor in a heap!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CRISTOL TAKES OUT HAMILTON! IT'S ONE ON ONE WITH THE FINALS AT STAKE!

BW: But the referee's down! The referee is-

[The AWA faithful ERUPTS in shock and horror as someone comes hurdling over the barricade, sliding into the ring to nail a rising Victoria June with a clubbing blow to the back of the head, knocking her down to a knee...]

GM: That's Kowalski! Kelly Kowalski! We wondered why she wasn't out here and now we know! She was lying in wait for some damn shenanigans!

[Kowalski grabs a handful of afro, yanking June up, swinging her around for a boot in the gut...]

GM: She hooks her! She's going for the Broken Skull DDT!

BW: We saw this earlier tonight and-

[...and suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS at the sight of two more individuals making their presence known, sprinting at top speed down the ramp towards the ring!]

GM: Wait a second! It's not over yet!

[The fans ROAR as they slide under the bottom rope one by one...]

GM: RICKI TOUGHILL!

[...who comes up swinging, drilling an incoming Cinder with a right hand as Kowalski shoves June aside for the moment...]

GM: MICHELLE BAILEY!

[...and Bailey comes tearing across at Kowalski, throwing herself off her feet...]

GM: SPEAR! SPEAR! SPEEEEEEAR! BRITNEY SPEAR ON KOWALSKI!

[Kowalski collapses to the mat, rolling promptly from the ring clutching her ribs as Ricki Toughill gives a fistpump, celebrating clearing out E-Girl MAX as Bailey kneels down next to the official, trying to revive her. Cinder is back in the corner, looking on with shock...]

"ONE MINUTE REMAINS! ONE MINUTE!"

GM: SIXTY SECONDS ON THE CLOCK!

[With Shari Miranda showing signs of life, Michelle Bailey and Ricki Toughill exit the ring, pursuing a now-fleeing Kelly Kowalski up the ramp towards the back, leaving Cinder and Victoria June alone in the ring as a grateful June throws up a Devil's horns towards her allies...]

...and then turns her attention towards the cornered Cinder...]

GM: Uh oh! June's running out of time! She's gotta finish this!

[...and Cinder suddenly rushes towards June, knowing time is running out for Seductive and Destructive as well!]

GM: CINDER CHARGING AND-

[But June takes her off her feet with a drop toehold, sending Cinder bouncing off the canvas...]

GM: JUNE TAKES HER DOWN! FIGHTING THROUGH THE PAIN! HOOKING THE LEGS... SHE'S GONNA DO IT!

BW: If she's gonna do it, she's gotta do it right now!

GM: June hooks the legs, wrapping her up...

[...and with a deafening roar of effort and anguish, June powers her up off the mat, trapping her in the Scorpion Crosslock!]

GM: ...SHE'S GOT IT! SHE LOCKS IT IN!

BW: Can she keep it on though?! The last time, she collapsed to the mat and-

GM: She's got to! If she doesn't, the Peach Pits are the champions!

[From the outside, a desperate and barely-standing Harley Hamilton throws herself through the ropes, trying to get to her partner to break up the hold as Cinder screams in pain...]

GM: CINDER TRYING TO HANG ON! JUNE TRYING TO GET THE SUBMISSION!
HAMILTON TRYING TO INTERVENE! CRISTOL TRYING TO KEEP HER BACK!

[Hamilton is frantically trying to wriggle free from the clutching arms of Kayla Cristol who is hanging onto her legs to prevent her from breaking the hold!]

GM: We're under thirty seconds! Can Cinder hang on?! Can June keep the hold on?!

BW: It's the Country Punks to the Finals or the Peach Pits striking gold! Seductive and Destructive are trying to play spoilers now! Trying to get in there and break that hold! Trying to-

[Cinder seems on the verge of tapping out when she sees a determined Hamilton still trying to break loose... and she grits her teeth, shaking her head and screaming "NOOOOOO!" even though the official hasn't recovered enough to check yet...]

GM: CINDER WON'T QUIT! CINDER WON'T GIVE UP!

[But her arms are slowing... her eyelids are drooping...]

GM: She might be about to pass out from the pain! She might be- WHAT THE HELL?!

[...and the Chicago faithful echoes that response as Casey Cash rolls back in, a giant trophy gripped in her hands...]

GM: She's got- THE EMPRESS CUP?!

[...and SMASHES the trophy against the back of Victoria June's head, knocking her motionless to the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHE HIT HER WITH THE TROPHY! SHE HIT-

[Cash bails out of the ring, Cup in hands as Shari Miranda pushes up to all fours, crawling over as she tries to shake the cobwebs...]

GM: CINDER FLIPS HER OVER! CINDER WITH A COVER!

[...and Kayla Cristol lets go of Hamilton, trying to get into the ring to make the save...]

GM: NOT LIKE THIS! NOT LIKE THIS!

[...and Hamilton hangs onto the Pistol for dear life as the referee counts one...]

GM: NOT LIKE THIS, DAMN IT!

[...two...]

GM: I can't-

[...three!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Son of a... damn it.

[Gordon sighs heavily into the mic as Cinder rolls off June, flopping onto her back as Hamilton gives a shout, diving under the ropes and diving on top of her partner to celebrate as Casey Cash gives a squeal of joy from the outside, diving into the ring to join the dogpile!]

GM: These three... four if you count Kowalski... I just can't believe it.

BW: They got 'em, Gordo! They're going to the Finals!

GM: They beat the time limit... just barely... they... I guess you can say they beat the Country Punks-

BW: The record book sure will!

GM: Absolutely disgusting. This match was... you said yourself, Bucky... with just seconds to go, that match was the Country Punks' to win. The Scorpion Crosslock was on... Cinder was fading... it was the Punks versus the clock and if they got the submission, it was them heading to the Finals... if they didn't, the Peach Pits would win it because of the draw and... if it wasn't for Casey Cash and that damn Empress Cup... whoever's listening in the truck, get us out of here 'cause I'm done talking about these jackals.

[The camera holds on the celebration in the ring for a few more awkwardly silent moments before 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 Shadoc Rage.]

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

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

"The top AWA tag teams."

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

"The managers and announcers."

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

"The legends of the ring."

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

"Even the founders of the AWA."

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

"Plus, look for special inserts."

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

"Along with cards featuring event-used memorabilia."

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

"Autographed cards."

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

"Even dual autographed cards."

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

Cut back to Somers.]

HS: Now that one's a keeper.

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

DH: Cool... Hannibal Carver autographed card!

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

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

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

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

[We fade to black...

...and as we fade back up, we find Mark Stegglet standing backstage.]

MS: Welcome back to Chicago and Saturday Night Wrestling on ESPN. It's already been a big night of AWA action and there's more still to come... but right now, I want to talk about two weeks from tonight in New Orleans, Louisiana - the site of SuperClash VIII - in the sold out Superdome for what will be a very special night. Of course, I'm talking about the Tenth Anniversary Show. The guest list is longer than my arm and it's truly going to be a night to remember. Of course, we all know about the wedding of my good friend Theresa Lynch to Supreme Wright... we all know about the final night of Gordon Myers' legendary broadcast career... but let's run down the matches we already know about.

[Stegglet pauses.]

MS: The Dogs of War will be back at full force as Pedro Perez' suspension comes to an end... and that means that they'll be in trios action against the squad made up of Omega, Pemos, and Whaitiri!

[The shot changes to show a graphic promoting that match then changes to...]

MS: How about this one? We saw the brawl earlier... we heard the challenge issued... and now it's locked in as Robert Donovan takes on Sid Osborne in a Bourbon Street Brawl! No countouts! No disqualifications! Anything goes in the Superdome for that one.

[...and then...]

MS: Another match we learned about earlier tonight - it's gonna be the former World Tag Team Champions, Jack and Travis Lynch taking on the Blackjacks with Bobby O'Connor in their corner.

[...and then...]

MS: It'll be a SuperClash IX rematch for the ages when Next Gen puts the World Tag Team Titles on the line against the former champions, the Soldiers of Fortune, and this time it'll be in the confines of a STEEL CAGE! These two teams have been at each other's throats since the summer of 2017 and it may finally come to an end two weeks from tonight.

[...and then...]

MS: And in a SuperClash VIII rematch, we'll see the new Women's World Champion, Julie Somers, put the gold on the line against Ricki Toughill. There's been a lot of controversy swirling around these two and E-Girl MAX in recent weeks and it'll all come to a head two weeks from tonight.

[...and then...]

MS: Plus, we'll have the Finals of the Women's World Tag Team Title tournament when The Peach Pits meets Seductive & Destructive with the gold on the line! All of that and so much more as-

[Stegglet pauses, looking off to the side... and then gives a gesture to the cameraman who follows him. As the shot changes, we see the Interim President of the AWA, deeply concentrated on his clipboard, precisely writing with a pencil.]

MS: President Zharkov, a word?

[Zharkov looks up questioningly.]

MZ: Mmm? Comrade Stegglet, you need to ask...?

[Zharkov trails off as both men are suddenly interrupted by the arriving presence of "Hotshot" Stevie Scott and Max Magnum, neither of whom look overly pleased. Stegglet abruptly falls to the side as the massive left arm of Magnum "gently" shoves him back.]

HSS: Can it, Stegglet, there is business that must be addressed with Comrade Interim President here.

[Zharkov looks up from his notes politely, and calmly tucks his clipboard under his arm.]

HSS: Perhaps there is a language barrier between us, Mr. Zharkov, but I thought that the last time we spoke, we made it abundantly clear that your job included the responsibility of finding opponents worthy of facing Max Magnum.

[Zharkov nods.]

MZ: That is true. My office did receive... an informal correspondence to that effect.

[Scott raises an eyebrow.]

HSS: Then I must admit some confusion here, Mr. Zharkov. As we heard nothing in response, it seemed to me that the approval of such request was understood.

[An inkling of a smile crosses the Russian's face.]

MZ: Ah, Comrade Hotshot. Not only do I know that you harbor a grudge against my associate Comrade Vasquez, you also remind me so much of another former associate of mine. He was my advisor, to my regret. I see you share his particular brand of... wit.

[Scott furrows his brow.]

HSS: Really? Your former advisor also carried the AWA on his back for years? I don't think you know me all that well if you think I am comparable to... him. But...since it seems you have not taken our request seriously, perhaps I can offer an alternative.

I seem to recall that, not too long ago, you were considered to be the...shall we say, alpha beast...of the AWA. So if you can't seem to find a worthy opponent for Max here...

...maybe YOU can step up and fill that role.

[A loud roar of excitement is heard out in the arena as Max Magnum steps nose to nose with Maxim Zharkov. Zharkov's eyes go wide as a rare look of amazed amusement crosses his face.]

MZ: Bozhe moi, tovarisch! Do you dare suggest such a thing? As glorious as that would be, I am not, as you say, 100%.

[Zharkov slowly reaches a hand back, touching the back of his neck as he locks eyes with the Alpha Beast.]

MZ: Your man bluffs. I see the look in your eyes, Comrade Magnum.

I see the capitalist in you says, "I will fight you, but only when the time and the money is right." And for the Alpha Beast to fight The Tsar, you would not be sated

by the taste of mere champagne. A glorious test of will like that would have a prize that would make you rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

[Stevie chuckles in response.]

HSS: That's a whole lot of fancy words to get to the point, Mr. Zharkov. You could've saved us all some time by simply saying you're scared.

[Zharkov keeps his eyes on Magnum but his words seem aimed at Scott.]

MZ: I have a more... intriguing proposition for you. My office was contacted earlier this week about Max Magnum's demand for elite opposition; someone has been lined up for you for the Tenth Anniversary in two weeks.

[Scott smirks, nodding.]

HSS: Well now, I'm glad to hear you've taken some action despite an obvious lack of communication from your office. We'll be obliged to know who this is so we can begin our preparations for another notch in the win column for Max Magnum.

[Zharkov's eyes are still on Zharkov.]

MZ: You are well traveled in this sport, Comrade Hotshot. You will know them.

And they specifically asked for a match with Max Magnum.

[Magnum raises his eyebrows while Stevie rubs his chin thoughtfully.]

HSS: So someone has a death wish, huh?

[And a shrug.]

HSS: No matter. But let me make this clear, Mr. Zharkov.

Our time... Max Magnum's time... will not be wasted with any more has-beens looking to cash one more check or with being part of any more nepotism arrangements. Castillo stupidly did everything he could to keep Max Magnum under lock and key, but rest assured, sir... this time, Max Magnum will not be chained.

And if this challenge of yours proves to be yet another waste of our time and our energy? Max might be inclined to expend some of that excess energy on those who attempt to keep the chains locked on.

[Zharkov still hasn't broken his gaze on Magnum.]

MZ: Comrade Hotshot, you wound me. I thought after SuperClash last year that you two loved a surprise. Kto ni riskuyet, tot ni pyot shampanskava. I would suggest Mr. Magnum trains for a contest in New Orleans.

[The cold staredown continues as Scott wedges a hand between them, sliding it up onto Magnum's shoulder and trying to nudge him backwards from the man once known as The Tsar. Magnum backs off, holding his gaze the entire time as Zharkov refuses to look away...]

We fade from backstage out to the ring where we see our colorful color man has departed the announce desk and has taken control of the house mic inside the ring.]

BW: CHICAGO, YOU ARE IN THE PRESENCE OF GREATNESS!

YOU ARE HEARING... THE CALL OF THE WILDE!

[The crowd cheers as Bucky grins.]

BW: You know... everyone is talking about this ten year Anniversary Show coming up two weeks from tonight in the Superdome in New Orleans - the fans, the press, online, offline... heck, even I've been talkin' about it. It's gonna be a special night for a lot of reasons...

[Bucky gestures out to ringside where his friend smiles.]

BW: ...and when I sit there with Gordon and I think about the last decade together...

[Bucky pauses, shaking his head, blinking his eyes a few times as the fans cheer.]

BW: Is it possible for something to feel like forever while also feeling like it passed in the blink of an eye? Boy, I tell ya...

[He pauses again, looking up to the upper levels of the United Center.]

BW: From that little dusty studio in Dallas that was either scorching hot or freezing cold and never in between... to a place like this...

[He gestures around him as the Chicago fans cheer.]

BW: ...and the Superdome two weeks from tonight. It's hard to believe it's the same place, ya know? Hard to believe that the people who showed up to see guys like the Masked Menace... like Vladimir Velikov...

[He grimaces.]

BW: ...like Tin Can Rust...

[The fans cheer!]

BW: ...like Kevin Slater and Marcus Broussard and...

[The cheers get louder.]

BW: ...are the same people who will be in New Orleans two weeks from now to see Supernova... and Ryan Martinez... and the Soldiers of Fortune... and the Dogs of War... and...

[He grins.]

BW: ...Julie Somers and Ricki Toughill...

[Another big cheer!]

BW: ...to see a damn wedding!

[The crowd laughs, cheering again as Bucky chuckles.]

BW: And of course, to see my good friend... my BEST friend... hang up his headset.

[Gordon smiles again, nodding and mouthing "thank you" to Bucky.]

BW: And I know... I know... you don't want the mushy stuff at all really but you definitely don't want it tonight. Fine. We'll hold off on that. But tonight, I was asked to come out here to do something really special...

[Bucky pauses with a smirk.]

BW: ...but you'll just have to hold your horses, Jon Boy... because I've got one more scoop for the road...

[Bucky chuckles.]

BW: Earlier tonight, I said I had a scoop for you people... and boy oh boy, do I have one. I read a list of people who are going to be here two weeks from tonight on ESPN but that's just the tip of the iceberg. I've seen the guest list. I know who's comin' to New Orleans and it's gonna knock your socks off.

But I also know one that I know Steggy and his pals wanted to keep a surprise...

[Bucky grins, tapping his chin.]

BW: ...but since I've got nothin' left to lose, I'm gonna spoil it for them and remind you people of why Buckthorn P. Wilde is then, now, and forever the man who breaks the big news on AWA TV, daddy!

[Another cheer goes up!]

BW: So, I'm here to tell ya that in two weeks in New Orleans...

[Dramatic pause.]

BW: ...THE biggest stable in AWA history is gonna be in the house... together... in this ring... for the first time in a long, long time...

[The crowd buzzes...]

BW: ...that's right! The Southern Syndicate is comin' to the Superdome!

[...and on cue, a HUUUUUUGE ROAR goes up from the AWA faithful!]

GM: Wow! You talk about a surprise - my old friend wasn't kidding! The Southern Syndicate is coming to the Tenth Anniversary Show?! All of 'em?!

[Bucky grins, soaking up the surprised reaction.]

BW: That's right! The Southern Syndicate rides again!

[Bucky is all smiles as the crowd cheers. He reaches up, grabbing his earpiece with a chuckle.]

BW: And if that angry voice shouting obscenities in my ear is any indication, it looks like it's time to move on with our regularly scheduled programming.

Ladies and gentlemen... my very special guest here on The Call of the Wilde...

One of the owners of this company...

...JON STEGGLET!

[Big cheers goes up for the former play-by-play man as he steps out onto stage, a bemused look on his face as he shakes his head at his employee standing in the ring. Bucky throws a big shrug as Stegglet starts walking down the aisle, a rolled-up stack of paper in his hand as he heads towards the ring.]

GM: Well, fans... while those of you at home may be a little puzzled why Jon Stegglet, one of the owners of this company, is on his way down the aisle to the ring, on this occasion, I actually DO know why he's here. And while many who work for this company wanted to just put this out in a press release, I fought hard to make sure this happened here... in the ring in Chicago... for the entire world to see.

[Reaching ringside, Stegglet jogs up the ringsteps, taking a mic from a ringside attendant before ducking through the ropes.]

BW: Hey boss, how's it goin'?

[Stegglet smirks, shaking his head again.]

JS: What is with you people breaking all my news for me lately?!

[Stegglet chuckles as Bucky grins, waving his hands at the cheering crowd who gets louder, chanting "BUC-KY! BUC-KY! BUC-KY!"]

JS: Alright, alright... Buckthorn, if you're done agitating the crowd here in Chi-Town, can we get down to the reason I asked you to host this segment tonight?

[Bucky nods.]

BW: Sure, sure.

[Bucky pauses, looking around with a puzzled expression.]

BW: I don't even know how to do this. I... to be honest, I was going to do this in New Orleans but...

[The color man looks out at Gordon Myers with a smile.]

BW: ...but that's Gordon's night and I didn't want to step on it.

[Gordon furrows his brow, looking up at the ring.]

BW: So, uhh... I decided to do it here... in Chi-Town.

[The Chicago crowd cheers again.]

BW: When the AWA put that ink on the deal with ESPN, I think we all knew change was in the air. And I think Gordon was gone no matter what but me... ? Well, Jon here and I have had a lot of conversations lately about what was next for me.

[He pauses.]

BW: Unlike Gordon there, I ain't ready to hang 'em up and sit on a beach somewhere. Not quite yet.

[The crowd cheers as Bucky nods.]

BW: And thank ya for that, Chicago. But at the same time, I couldn't bear the idea of not sitting out there with my partner... my friend... week after week. So, in two weeks from tonight in New Orleans...

...I'm hangin' up my headset too.

[The crowd reacts with shock as Bucky grins, shrugging at Gordon Myers who says something to his friend from the outside.]

BW: No, I didn't tell ya, Gordo... 'cause I knew you'd try to talk me out of it. But my mind's made up. Now, I ain't retiring... and I ain't going to be out there at ringside anymore... so what AM I gonna do?

I'm gonna be right here...

[He points to the ring.]

BW: I'm gonna make The Call of The Wilde a regular thing! I'm gonna do interviews and special reports when they're needed! You people won't miss me one bit because you'll get sick of seeing my face!

[Bucky pauses.]

BW: So, yeah... I think the Tenth Anniversary Show just got a little more special because Gordo, you and I started this ride in that little studio together.. and in two weeks, we're going out together in the Superdome.

[Bucky lowers his mic as Gordon scales the ringsteps, joining his friend in the ring... and quickly embraces him as the crowd cheers and Jon Stegglet tucks the mic under his arm, clapping for the scene in the ring which he lets go on for several moments.

Bucky abruptly pulls away, a quick swipe at his eye as he does.]

BW: That's enough of that now. I'm still the guy who waffled Sweet Daddy Williams with a beer bottle in Greenville and I'd do it again, damn it!

[The crowd laughs as Bucky puts a hand on his friend's shoulder.]

JS: So... uhh... if Gordon's out... and Bucky's relocating... I suppose you might be wondering right about now, who in the world WILL be at that desk moving forward.

[Stegglet grins.]

JS: As it turns out, it's Moving Day for a lot of the AWA announce team so let's see how things will look in a few weeks.

[Stegglet pauses.]

JS: But before we talk about the new teams... one more piece of news...

[Stegglet gestures to the video wall which lights up...

...and we get our own screens overtaken with the same shot, showing a jammed Center Stage Studios from a recent edition of the Power Hour. The crowd is cheering... the video wall is lit up with the Power Hour logo... Snap's "The Power" is playing over the PA system. The voice of Dylan Westerly is heard.]

"Big Sal, Hotlanta has never been hotter! Every two weeks, we come down here to Center Stage Studios and put on one heck of a show and I'm tellin' you..."

[The sound of Westerly's voice trails off.

Then the crowd disappears, leaving an empty Center Stage Studios behind.

The music fades out, leaving a silent studio with the Power Hour logo still on the video screen.

And with the sound of a master electrical switch being turned off, the logo disappears as well, leaving total darkness.

And so it stays for several moments...

...before a single spotlight lashes through the darkened studio, lighting up the canvas of the ring which is adorned with a brand new logo that reads:

“SHOWTIME”

The lights come back on, the crowd re-appears...

...and we cut to black with a graphic that reads:

“SHOWTIME ON ESPN

THE CURTAIN RISES
MARCH 24th, 2018”

[As the graphic fades, we return to our shot of the ring where Jon Stegglet and Bucky Wilde are standing. Stegglet acknowledges the cheering Chicago fans with a nod and a grin before continuing.]

JS: With ESPN recently asking us to make the Power Hour permanently a two hour broadcast, we felt a name change was in order. Now, the AWA has always been about honoring our past while building our future... with past events saluting some of the roots of our business in South Laredo, in Los Angeles, even up in Canada... so we decided we wanted to take this opportunity to pay tribute to a name that’s very special to myself, Todd, Bobby... and so many others involved with this company.

On March 24th, three weeks from tonight... it’s Showtime!

[The crowd cheers for that as a “SHOWTIME” logo gets flashed up on the big screen as Stegglet gesture to it with a grin.]

JS: Now, a new show name also meant we wanted to try some new things to freshen up that broadcast. While Theresa Lynch will remain the host of the show - and she can’t come out here right now since she’s backstage hard at work - we decided to add an old friend as her co-host... and I want to bring him out here right now.

[Stegglet lowers the mic as all eyes turn towards the entrance stage...

...and Chi-Town ERUPTS in cheers at the sound of “WHO WAN’ SIT ON SWEET DADDY’S LAP TANIIIIIIGHT?!” rings out over the PA system!

The AWA original, Sweet Daddy Williams, comes out through the curtain to his self-written and performed “I’m Gonna Be Your Sweet Daddy” with a shimmy and a shake. The round mound of oh-so-sweet sound points to the crowd, a huge smile on his face as he stands in a pair of black dress pants, a dress shirt struggling to contain his girth, and a very snazzy deep crimson jacket with “SWEET DADDY” in silver script across the back.

Oh, and Bucky Wilde looks fit to be tied at this announcement, angrily kicking at the bottom rope on the far side of the ring as Williams makes his way down the ramp to cheers, leaning out to slap the hands of the fans along the aisle.

He climbs up the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes to another cheer as he holds his arms up over his head and everyone except Bucky claps for him inside the ring.]

JS: Sweet Daddy Williams, welcome to the team, old friend!

[Williams nods, leaning over the mic with a grin.]

SDW: The Sweetest of AWA ambassadors is on the scene, baaaaybeeeee! And while my ol' pal Theresa is holdin' it down, ya know adding Sweet Daddy to the mix is like sprinklin' a little sugar in the best cup of coffee you've ever had, ain't that right, Buckthorn?

[Bucky sneers across at Williams who chuckles in response.]

SDW: You behave yourself now, boy, or ol' Sweet Daddy just might be comin' for your job next!

[The crowd cheers as Bucky's eyes go wide, shouting "OVER MY DEAD BODY!"]

SDW: Don't tempt me with a good time, baby.

[More laughter from the crowd as even Gordon Myers seems to be stifling a chuckle as his friend goes wilde... pun intended.]

JS: So, Theresa and ol' Sweet Daddy here at the podium - but who's calling the action? We decided it was time for a whole new team on Showtime. Our good friend Dylan Westerly will be moving into a backstage interviewer role as well as handling some special assignments for us. And Big Sal... well, we'll get to that in a little bit.

[Stegglet grins as the crowd gives a knowing cheer.]

JS: And all that juggling meant that the Showtime announce team was wide open. And I'll tell you this wasn't an easy decision to make. A whole lot of very good candidates were available to us and we gave them all strong consideration. But at the end of the day, a new show felt like it needed a new sound... a fresh sound... and so we decided to go with a team that has never worked together for us... a team of fresh voices and takes but one with strong ties to the AWA and to the history of this business.

Ladies and gentlemen... your color commentator for Showtime on ESPN...

[Dramatic pause.]

JS: ...the Agent To The Stars... BEN WATERSON!

[The crowd buzzes as the former manager of the Southern Syndicate steps from the backstage area. Waterson is impeccably dressed as always in a custom-tailored suit and a smirk on his face as he strides down the aisle towards the ring. He has some words for some aisleside fans giving him a hard time as he heads towards the ring. Waterson climbs up the steps, ducking through the ropes to some jeers from the AWA faithful as he goes into a spin, his arms spread wide with a sneer on his face. He marches over to Stegglet, snatching his boss by the wrist to pull the mic towards him.]

ATTSBW: I'M BAAAAAACK!

[More boos pour down on the former rulebreaking manager.]

ATTSBW: You call it Showtime if you want, Jon Stegglet, but we all know it's the Ben Waterson Showcase! For years now, I've been in exile from the company that I helped BUILD! When I started here, we were running some rat-infested television studio and American Legion Halls... and when I left, we were on top of the world

and it only got bigger! And yet, I sat in Dallas at the Combat Corner! I sat in Dallas helping groom the future of this business - men like Max Magnum... like Sid Osborne... women like Harley Hamilton... and still there was no room at the inn for Ben Waterson. No room at the top for the maker of millions and the Agent to the Stars!

So, I bided my time... I waited for my moment... and this is it.

[Waterson nods.]

ATTSBW: It's my time now! Back on TV... LIVE and UNCENSORED on ESPN... I can say what I want, I can do what I want... and what I say and do is real... oh so real. You got that, Jonny?

[Stegglet chuckles, shaking his head.]

JS: Oh, I got it. I hope you don't make me regret this, Ben.

[Waterson smirks as he backs away, shaking the offered hand of Bucky Wilde.]

JS: And now... the play by play person that we've saddled with having to deal with Ben Waterson every two weeks... and this gives me the greatest of pleasures to announce...

[Stegglet pauses with a smile.]

JS: ...one of my best friends and former broadcast partners... former Women's World Champion... LORI DANE!

[The crowd ERUPTS with cheers as Lori Dane emerges from the locker room with a huge grin on her face. Dane is wearing black slacks with a white tank top style blouse. A gold chain hangs around her neck as she points to the fans, mouthing "thank you" to the reaction she's getting. She heads down the ramp towards the ring as some scattered "LO-RI!" chants break out. Upon reaching the ring, she steps up the stairs to the apron, taking a deep breath, looking around at the roaring crowd with a disbelieving shake of the head before climbing it. She immediately steps to Gordon Myers, shaking the veteran's hand before moving to embrace one of her oldest friends in Jon Stegglet...

...and then turns to look at the cheering crowd again.]

LD: My god. I'm speechless.

[Stegglet smirks.]

JS: Not exactly what you like to hear from your new announcer, Lori.

[Lori grins.]

LD: I'll be fine in a few weeks, Jon... and you know I'm never lacking in having something to say. First, I want to thank the AWA... ESPN... and my good friend, Jon Stegglet, here for the opportunity. It's been a long time... a long road back to the announce booth for me. And the first time around... while I wouldn't trade it for anything... was a very different experience than what I imagine you'll see and hear in a few weeks.

[Lori smiles as the crowd cheers again.]

JS: And you won't have Todd sitting next to you to slap every once in a while.

[Lori chuckles.]

LD: That's what we hired Waterson for, right?

[Waterson glares at his new colleague.]

LD: Joking, joking. And while I'm sure there are some people on the Internet pulling up Lori Dane's greatest hits from our old announce days to tell everyone how horrible this is going to be... I can promise you, this is a new Lori Dane on commentary. You have my word on that. And I'm going to do the best I can to follow in the footsteps of the greatest broadcasters in our industry... and luckily, I'm standing in the ring with the Top 2 right now.

[She gestures to a blushing Jon Stegglet and then to Gordon Myers again.]

LD: You two are such great inspirations to me as I step back behind the desk, on the headset... and I can't wait to make you both proud.

[Stegglet again embraces his friend to one more cheer from the crowd before Dane moves to stand beside as wary Waterson who throws a serious case of side-eye at her.]

JS: Well, that takes care of Showtime... again debuting three weeks from tonight. So, let's talk about the AWA's flagship show - Saturday Night Wrestling.

[The Chicago crowd cheers.]

JS: And as much as we love surprises here in the AWA, I'm pretty sure what I'm about to say is going to come as absolutely no surprise at all. When Gordon first informed me of his plans to retire, we talked a lot about this... and we discussed who he'd like to see follow in his footsteps. And when Bucky decided to shift his direction, we talked about the same.

[Stegglet pauses.]

JS: You heard them call the action for part of SuperClash... and you know how proud we all are of the job they did that night... and with Gordon and Bucky's blessing, we know how proud we're going to be of everything they do moving forward as well.

[Gordon nods, putting a hand on Bucky's shoulder.]

JS: Ladies and gentlemen... your new commentary team for Saturday Night Wrestling...

[Dramatic pause.]

JS: ...SALVATORE ALBANO AND COLT PATTERSON!

[The Chicago crowd ROARS for the not-too-surprising announcement as the now-former Power Hour PBP man and the former EMWC color commentator stride out together onto the stage. Albano grins as Patterson grabs him by the wrist, yanking his arm up as Albano winces, pointing to his new partner. The cheers are louder as the duo start down the aisle, Albano in a simple black suit and Patterson in an anything-but-simple set of violet leather pants with strategic slashes on the thighs, a black tanktop covered by a leopard-print leather jacket, gold dangling earrings in both ears, gold chains hanging around his neck, and a gold doo-rag over his thinning hair. They take the ring where Patterson pumps his arms, pointing out to the crowd. He steps over to Jon Stegglet with a huge grin.]

CP: Steggy, I haven't heard Chi-Town this loud since yours truly won the EMWC Universal Championship at the Rumble In The Windy City, jack!

[Stegglet chuckles.]

JS: That's a long time ago, old friend. Are you ready for the latest chapter of your career?

CP: I don't know, Stegg-o-rama... I'm so jacked right now, I might come out of retirement and slap the makeup off Supernova in the Main Event and take that World Title to add to my collection!

[The crowd actually cheers Patterson's ego as he sheds his leather jacket to strike a pose.]

CP: Ooooh... look at the arms!

[Stegglet chuckles as Patterson wanders off to pose for the fans and Salvatore Albano shuffles over to join him.]

JS: Big Sal, welcome to the flagship!

[Albano shakes his head in disbelief, looking out at the roaring crowd.]

SA: Jon, my friend... can I ask you a favor?

[Stegglet looks on with a raised eyebrow.]

SA: Could you pinch me please? Because I've gotta be dreaming.

[Stegglet grins.]

JS: This is reality, my friend. You're here in Chicago. You're here on Saturday Night Wrestling. And pretty soon, you'll be right down there at ringside at that table...

[He points to Gordon.]

JS: ...wearing that man's headset.

[Albano pauses, taking that in... and seems to get emotional for a moment, bowing his head and turning away from the camera. A smiling Gordon Myers walks over to him, placing a hand on his back, whispering to him off-mic for a few moments. When Albano turns back around, it's hard to not see the red in his eyes as he swipes a hand across them real quick.]

SA: Jon, it is the dream and honor of a lifetime to take this job. As Lori said, you and Gordon here are the two best to ever do it... and I can only dream that someday my work is held with the same esteem as yours.

JS: Well, you have some enormous shoes to fill as Gordon heads off into retirement but as I said, you were his choice to follow him at that desk.

[Albano looks emotional again as he looks over to Gordon who smiles, patting him on the back again.]

SA: I may have just lied to you, Jon. THAT might be the biggest honor of a lifetime. It's hard to imagine that some snot-nosed street kid from Brooklyn by way of a family straight out of Sicily would be here now living the dream he had as a kid

when he'd watch the matches on an old hand-me-down TV, calling the matches for the family because the TV speakers were broken.

[Albano shakes his head.]

SA: I am shaken to the core by this honor... and I won't let you...

[He puts a hand on Gordon's shoulder.]

SA: ...or any of you...

[He looks around at the talent in the ring.]

SA: ...down. I swear.

JS: I know... we know... you won't.

[Stegglet pauses, stepping back...]

JS: Ladies and gentlemen... the new AWA broadcast team!

[The crowd roars once more for the group in the ring, all standing and looking on with appreciation for the response. The shot holds for several moments, drifting over everyone in the ring...

...and then fades backstage where we find three people standing in front of an AWA banner. On the right is the powerhouse Atlas Armstrong. On the left is the Demon Cowboy, James Lynch. And between them is the one who brought them together, Veronica Westerly.]

VW: It is a cliché in this business to say that these men need no introduction, but they don't. However, for the sake of the yokels at home and the peons in the crowd, I am going to introduce them and tell you exactly why you are seeing the AWA's future right now.

It begins well over twenty years ago...

[Westerly smirks.]

VW: My father, as everyone knew, was Jack Westerly. And don't let anyone ever tell you otherwise, he was the greatest promoter in the history of Texas wrestling. And he told me the secret to his success. So simple, but also so true.

Pick the best talent.

It was true then, and it's true now. And just over twenty years ago, I proved that I was the Westerly with the best eye for talent. Because I was the one who picked out the tall rookie in the opening match and knew he was destined for greatness. That man, as you all know, was Alex Martinez.

And you all know how far he went under my guidance.

And here we are in 2018, and here I am ready to show that I've never lost my eye for talent. I came to the AWA to show the world that I am not JUST a promoter's daughter. I am not JUST a wife. I am not JUST a mother.

In the AWA, I'm the one with the vision. My eye is the most powerful eye.

I told you that I would choose the ones. That I would pick the very best and guide them to the very top. And everyone thought that I would choose one, or both of my sons. But they were not the ones.

[Westerly spreads an arm, grinning as she gestures to the people by her sides.]

VW: These men are.

You have here Atlas Armstrong. The man who carries the earth on his back and the world in his hand.

And you have James Lynch. Not the black sheep, but the head of the pack. The last Lynch standing.

These are the men I chose. This is my Devil's Duo. It begins tonight. It begins with the fall of Supernova and Supreme Wright.

Now big man, why don't tell them what's what.

[Armstrong smirks as he pushes back his long black hair.]

AA: Wow, I actually get to talk.

[He winks at Westerly.]

AA: You're already way better than that other guy.

[Westerly nods confidently as Atlas becomes serious, turning to face the camera.]

AA: Supreme Wright. Supernova. Welcome to your nightmare. You have the Last Lynch standing and the Almighty across the ring from you. What are you going to do when we trample all over you?

Supernova, you're in my spot. You stole my path to greatness and the AWA World Heavyweight championship. You made something out of yourself but you are not six feet eight three hundred pounds of pure muscle, Godlike strength and the power to crack open the world in your right hand. In other words, you are not Atlas Armstrong.

And Supreme Wright? They say you can take any man's limb and twist them into submission. I dare you to come against me. I dare you to try to twist these arms.

[He flexes a double biceps. Both Westerly and Lynch admire his musculature.]

AA: I dare you to try to twist these legs.

[He flexes a quadriceps that leaps out from his leg in high relief.]

AA: I dare you to come against me. Test me and you won't make it down that aisle. I'm the Almighty Atlas Armstrong. I will take my rightful place... and my time is now.

[Atlas Armstrong hits a most muscular crunch, his muscles jumping as he flexes.]

AA: I will break you.

[Satisfied he has said what he wants to say, Armstrong hands off the microphone to James Lynch.]

JL: Wrestling, like life, is the crossroads of destinies.

Every man and every woman comes to the ring at the culmination of what has thus far been their life's journey.

Fate puts us together. And when those fates collide, some rise... and some fall.

[A faint smirk shows on the face of the otherwise dead-eyed Lynch.]

JL: All of us believe that our fate, our destiny, is to be the best. We all believe that we are chosen. But some of us are chosen only to be a sentence in another man's story.

Supreme Wright, they say you are the greatest wrestler alive. And perhaps you are. And you believe that your destiny is gold and greatness. You believe that you are meant to marry into a great family and intertwine two great destinies.

You are wrong.

You've risen this high so that you can be pulled back down to earth. Your greatness exists as nothing more than a trophy for myself and Atlas to claim as our own.

[Veronica nods enthusiastically.]

JL: And Supernova... icon. World Champion. Hero to the masses. You believe that your life of being cheered and being beloved is your reward for a life well lived. You believe you earned that gold belt around your waist.

You are wrong too.

Everything you have, you were given so that it can be taken from you. You are no icon, you are no hero.

You are a cautionary tale.

You are the story that will be told about the man who soared too high and then fell too hard. You are part of our story, mine and Atlas'.

And you, like Supreme Wright, have come this far, because when we destroy you, it will light the rest of the way for how far Atlas and I will go.

[Westerly grins, retaking the mic...]

VW: Get ready boys. Because tonight is our beginning.

[...and looks menacingly into the camera.]

VW: And your end.

[Westerly laughs as we fade to another part of backstage where we find Mark Steggle with Supreme Wright and the AWA World Champion Supernova.

Wright is dressed in a black, ankle-length trenchcoat over his usual wrestling attire, consisting of red wrestling trunks with three white stars on the front.

Supernova is dressed in his wrestling attire, consisting of a black singlet with a yellow and orange, exploding star on the front, black tights and black wrestling boots. He also wears a black trenchcoat, a pair of shades, and the AWA World Title belt is around his waist.]

MS: For the first time ever, these two men will team up to face James Lynch and Atlas Armstrong, both of whom are now under the guidance of Veronica Westerly. Two weeks ago, some wondered if Supreme Wright even had a partner for this match, but Supernova, you left no doubt he had one lined up.

S: You know, Mark, it wasn't that long ago that Supreme's grandfather was offering wrestling lessons to David Ortiz when he was my partner. Some might be wondering if I've owed Supreme a favor for that. Some might even wonder if this is a wedding gift for the groom in New Orleans. Eyes above the equator by the way, friend.

[Supernova catches Wright eyeing the AWA World Title around his waist. Wright shrugs.]

SW: Old habits die hard.

[He chuckles.]

SW: But you're right, Nova. This is one heck of a gift. It sure beats getting an air fryer.

[Supernova smirks before turning his attention back to Stegglet.]

S: What this is really about though, is one of the men who we'll be facing tonight! Because while Jack Lynch may say he's done with one of those men, I'm not done with that man at all!

[He pulls off his shades, revealing his eyes with the flames painted around them.]

S: James Lynch, I still owe you a lot of payback for how much you dragged my name through the mud this past year! You thought it was cute to pretend to be me, making everyone wonder if I sold my soul to the devil himself. And believe me, Jimmy...

[His gaze narrows.]

S: I haven't forgotten about that! So when Supreme Wright needed a partner for tonight's match, he didn't have to come to me. I came straight to him and told him, you don't need to ask me, because I'm in!

And as far as Atlas Armstrong is concerned, you are indeed one impressive individual. However, now you're no longer facing up and comers on the Power Hour. You're now stepping into the ring with the greatest submission wrestler in the world today, along with the icon, the franchise of the AWA...

[He then slaps the World Title belt around his waist.]

S: And the man who just happens to be the AWA World Champion! If you were looking for a bigger opportunity, Atlas, you certainly got it! But as the saying goes, sometimes you should be careful what you wish for, because look what you just got!

[He puts his shades back on.]

MS: And Supreme Wright, your thoughts on tonight?

SW: The issue between James Lynch and I, goes a lot deeper than a stolen identity. Here's a man who had the audacity to believe he could control my life and his sister's. Here's a man who had the audacity to believe he could tell me who I'm allowed to marry. Here's a man...

[Supreme narrows his eyes and his voice hardens.]

SW: ...who didn't even have the courtesy to send back the RSVP we sent to him for the wedding.

[Supernova and Stegglet stare at Supreme in disbelief. Did he just make a joke?]

SW: Don't act so shocked. I'm full of surprises.

[He smirks.]

SW: But the fact is - James Lynch is a man that relishes being in control and what Supernova and I, have done is take away that control. He thought that by aligning himself with Veronica Westerly and Atlas Armstrong, it would make him king. But with Supernova on my side, all it did was reveal that the emperor has no clothes.

MS: What do you mean by that?

SW: Because what James Lynch fails to realize is that now, he's not facing men who refuse fight him. He's not facing men holding onto the image of little "Jimmy" in their minds; of the friend they once knew and the brother they've always had. No, what he's facing now, are men who hold no sentiment for the man he once was. What he's facing now are men with no attachment to the person he used to be. What he's facing now, are the AWA World Champion and the world's most dangerous man...

[Wright stares right into the camera.]

SW: ...and two men who give absolutely no regard to your surgically repaired broken neck.

[Mark Stegglet blinks in shock at Wright's words. Supreme ignores his reaction and continues on.]

SW: You can call me a "lowdown, psychopathic piece of trash" or a "soulless sociopath" but there's one inescapable truth you'll have to come to terms with eventually and that's the fact in two weeks, after I marry your dear, sweet, innocent baby sister, you'll be calling me...

... "brother".

[A smirk, almost as if Wright knows how much that thought bothers James Lynch.]

SW: And as someone around here who we're not allowed to talk about right now, once said, "Sometimes... brothers have to fight."

[A beat.]

SW: I'll see you in the ring... "Jimmy".

[And with that, Supreme Wright and Supernova exit, leaving Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: Now that's hype achieved. Let's go to the ring for our Main Event!

[We fade from Stegglet grinning and shaking his head out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit! Introducing first...

[Ortiz lowers the mic until we hear the sound of some unknown instrumental music - dark, brooding, haunting - over the PA system.]

RO: ...being accompanied to the ring by their manager, Veronica Westerly... at a total combined weight of 529 pounds... the team of...

JAMES LYNCH...

...and the ALMIGHTY... ATLAS ARMSTRONNNNNNG!

[The trio makes their way into view, accepting and almost welcoming the jeers of the AWA faithful in the sold out United Center as they make their way down the aisle.]

GM: And what a force Veronica Westerly has assembled within a matter of weeks, cementing herself as a major player here on the scene in the AWA.

BW: Korugun and Javier Castillo may have opened the door for her to arrive in the AWA but she has earned her spot with her actions since then and now, Gordo, she's perhaps the most powerful manager in the entire company!

GM: That's a hard point to argue, Bucky... but they're in for one heck of a first test against - as Supreme Wright put it - the AWA World Champion and the world's most dangerous man.

[The trio reaches the ring, Westerly staying on the outside as Lynch and Armstrong take their spots inside the ring. They settle in, discussing strategy as Ortiz continues.]

RO: Annnnnnd their opponents...

[The lights in the United Center die down for a moment and then we hear a collection of horns playing, drawing a loud cheer from the Chicago crowd!]

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"]

RO: ...at a total combined weight of 485 pounds... the team of the two-time former World Champion SUPREME WRIGHT... and the AWA WORRRRRRLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONNNNNN... SUUUUUUPERRRRRRNOOOOOOVAAAAAA!

[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.

Right behind him comes Supreme Wright, dressed for battle as we saw him moments ago. His eyes are on the ring... and occasionally on his partner's back or maybe more likely the belt strapped around his waist.]

GM: What an all-star team this is, Bucky! The two-time former World Champion and the man many consider the best in-ring professional wrestler in the world today and the current reigning World Champion who reached the top after such a long, hard climb!

BW: Two of the best in the business for sure... but their opponents aren't gonna be a walk in the park either, daddy.

GM: Absolutely not. James Lynch - the dastardly James Lynch - with all the momentum in the world after defeated his brother Jack at SuperClash and Atlas Armstrong who nearly won that Battle Royal at SuperClash and still stands undefeated in an AWA ring so far.

[The fan favorite duo reaches the ring, Supernova climbing the steps in front of Wright as James Lynch shouts at both men from across the ring.]

GM: The tempers are running hot in this one as Nova and Supreme both want to get their hands on James Lynch... it remains to be seen if the feeling is truly mutual, Bucky.

BW: Of course it is! James Lynch is gonna show the world why he's the last Lynch standing... and if he can pin the World Champion to do it or bust up Supreme so the wedding gets canceled, even better.

GM: And... it looks like it's going to be the former two-time World Champion Supreme Wright starting things off for his team. You know there's gotta be a lot on that young man's mind tonight, Bucky... just two weeks from his wedding day and he's gotta face the bride's brother in a tag team match. A whole lot different than the days leading up to my wedding day.

BW: Eh... pretty similar to mine actually.

GM: ...you'll never cease to surprise me, my friend.

[Wright points a determined finger at James Lynch who smirks at his challenging opponent...

...and with a dismissive wave, he steps out to the apron, leaving Atlas Armstrong in the ring with Wright.]

GM: Well, James Lynch apparently wants no part of starting this one off... but he's plenty happy to let his new ally, Atlas Armstrong, do it.

[The powerful Armstrong grins at Wright, clasping his hands together, showing off his muscles as the referee gives a few final words to both teams before waving for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And we're off and running here on Saturday Night Wrestling, Bucky, with Main Event tag team action!

BW: The second-to-last Main Event we'll ever call, Gordo.

GM: Don't get all mushy on me now, Buckthorn... we got a match to call!

[Wright wastes no time in moving in on the muscleman from Big Sur, California, moving right into a collar and elbow.]

GM: Right into a tieup, trying to jockey for position against the much-larger competitor...

[Wright shifts his grip, twisting around to snatch a waistlock on Armstrong.]

GM: ...and Wright moving smoothly into a waistlock now...

[The former World Champion gives a yank, trying to get Armstrong up off his feet but Armstrong defies the lift, smirking at the effort...

...and then reaches down to grab the wrists of Wright with his powerful grip strength...]

GM: Look at this!

[...and yanks the arms apart, twisting one of them around to take an overhand wristlock on Wright!]

GM: And look at that! Armstrong not only escapes the waistlock but he gets a wristlock of his own, pushing down on that arm with all that power... all that strength...

[Wright is fighting against it, trying to resist being thrown down to the mat...]

GM: ...but Wright's got the technique advantage, his mat skills second to none in this sport...

[...but a mighty shout and shove from Armstrong flings Wright down to the canvas to jeers from the Chicago crowd!]

BW: And that's power, Gordo! Overwhelming power on the part of the Almighty Atlas Armstrong! He just threw Wright down to the mat like a small child.

[Armstrong strikes a pose, lifting the mighty arms up in a double bicep pose to even louder jeers as Wright gets up off the mat, kneeling as he looks up at Armstrong standing a few feet away, gloating over his powerful knockdown.]

GM: Armstrong taking some time to pose... could be valuable time being wasted when he should've stayed on Wright.

BW: I'm as big of a fan of mindgames as anyone... but you could be right, Gordo. Atlas Armstrong got Supreme Wright down and he didn't take advantage of it. That could be a mistake... and you can hear Veronica shouting "stay on him" now... this is the kind of thing that I believe Veronica Westerly will pay big dividends for Armstrong as he shifts his alliance from Mickey Cherry to her.

GM: Well, she already got him in a Main Event on their first show together so... there definitely seems to be potential in this new alliance.

[Wright comes off the mat as Armstrong gives a nod to Westerly, moving towards the former champion as James Lynch shouts "LET'S DO THIS, BIG MAN!"]

GM: James Lynch cheering his new ally on as well... and right back into another tieup we go...

[This time, Wright moves quickly to grab the wrist, twisting out of the lockup into an armwringer...]

GM: ...and Wright wrenching the arm, twisting it around, maybe looking to take some of the power away from the big man...

[Armstrong grimaces, slapping at his trapped limb as Wright looks ready to twist it a second time...

...but with a big shout, Armstrong swings the free hand, catching Wright on the chin, knocking him flat and escaping the hold!]

GM: Oh! Big right hand by Armstrong and he's right on out of that armwringer!

[Grabbing his jaw, Wright slides back to the neutral corner, working his jaw around and around as he winces in pain. Armstrong stands over him, mocking him with some air punches...]

GM: Wright took a big shot there, feeling the effects of it in the corner...

BW: And it'd be a real shame if Armstrong broke his jaw and Wright had to mime his vows in two weeks!

GM: So, I suppose we can add you to the long list of people hoping to see Theresa's wedding day ruined.

BW: What's her last name, Gordo?

[Gordon sighs as Wright works his way up off the mat, the referee stopping Armstrong from pursuing into the corner...]

GM: The referee checking on Wright, making sure he can continue... his partner, Supernova, asking the same from the outside...

[...and Wright gives the official a nod, shoving past and aggressively throwing himself into another tieup...]

GM: ...I guess that's a yes!

[Wright's momentum gets Armstrong backpedaling a little, trying to dig into his heels to stop himself...

...and then Wright shifts his footing, dropping down to scissor the ankle as Armstrong's momentum lunges forward against the ducking Wright who uses a drop toehold to take him down, bouncing Atlas' face off the mat!]

GM: OHH!

[Wright comes right back up, arm cocked but referee Ricky Longfellow steps back in, holding his arms to prevent Wright from a diving elbowstrike to the back of the head...

...and the crowd cheers as Armstrong pushes up off the mat, grabbing at his nose.]

GM: And Supreme Wright with that drop toehold turns it around...

BW: He might've broken the man's nose!

GM: Payback for Armstrong trying to break his jaw.

[Wright brushes past Longfellow as Armstrong pushes up to his knees, taking aim...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS him in the sternum with a rounding kick to the chest!]

GM: Wright putting those powerful kicks to use!

[Wright winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and lands a second kick to the chest as Armstrong nearly slumps down, grabbing at his chest...]

GM: Another big kick... and look at Wright now!

[Wright steps back, measuring his man...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES home a roundhouse to the side of the head, causing Armstrong to slump down on his chest on the canvas!]

GM: HEAD KICK CONNECTS! WRIGHT WITH THE COVER!

[A one count lands before Wright finds himself flung out of the lateral press, flying through the air before landing down on the mat...]

GM: Whoa! What a kickout!

[...and a look of alarm crosses Wright's face for a moment as he gets to his feet, looking down at Armstrong who is trying to get back to his feet. Wright throws a look to his corner, spotting Supernova's hand outstretched, and obliges.]

GM: And there's the tag, bringing the World Champion into the match for the first time in this one!

[The crowd cheers for Supernova as he comes swiftly through the ropes, diving out the standing Armstrong for a tieup but Armstrong turns it around, shoving him right back into the neutral corner...]

GM: Atlas Armstrong has faced the best the Power Hour has to offer but tonight, he in there with the World Champion and the two-time former World Champion!

[With Supernova in the corner, Armstrong rears back, looking to lay in a heavy forearm...]

GM: Swing and a miss by Armstrong!

[...and the crowd cheers as Supernova suddenly has Armstrong cornered, working the body with rights and lefts to the ribcage!]

GM: Nova's all over him! The champ's all over him!

[Supernova is tearing into the powerful youngster as he works him over in the corner... but Armstrong reaches out, grabbing Nova's by the head and tosses him back into the corner...]

GM: Armstrong reverses and now it's the World Champion in the corner!

[Armstrong shoves his hand into the facepaint of the champion, pushing his head back while winding up...]

"WHAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAACK!"

[...and lays in three brutal clubbing blows to the chest!]

GM: What an opportunity for Atlas Armstrong in here in this one.

BW: Just imagine the boost to his career if he manages to pick up a win over one of these two across the ring from him.

GM: Armstrong still unpinned and unsubmitted in his time here in the AWA... much like Max Magnum who we saw earlier tonight... grabbing the arm now, big whip across...

[With a mighty bellow, Armstrong goes charging in after Supernova who leans back, raising the leg...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Armstrong runs right into a mouthful of boot leather!]

GM: The champ gets the boot up!

[Armstrong stumbles backwards to the middle of the ring as Supernova pumps a powerful arm of his own, charging out after him...]

GM: CLOTHESLINE ON ARMSTRONG!

[...and connects with a clothesline that sends Atlas Armstrong staggering a step or two backwards but holding his footing!]

BW: No effect!

GM: He felt it but it didn't bring him down!

[Supernova looks a little surprised at the still-standing Armstrong before dashing to the ropes, bouncing off with momentum...]

GM: Another one!

BW: But Armstrong's still standing! Can you believe it?!

GM: The Almighty Atlas stays on his feet and Supernova's in shock!

[Supernova shakes his head in disbelief before dashing to the ropes a second time, rebounding back, arm outstretched...]

...but Armstrong twists around, lifting Supernova up under his arm, giving a spin, and DRIVES him down in a ring-shaking side slam!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Armstrong pushes up to his knees, looking at the downed World Champion for a moment before slapping the offered hand of James Lynch.]

GM: The tag is made and in comes the turncoat of the Lynch family, James Lynch...

[James Lynch rushes into the ring, stomping Supernova... kicking Supernova... putting the boots to the World Champion as the Chicago fans jeer loudly...]

GM: James Lynch is all over the World Champion!

[...and with two hands full of hair, Lynch hauls Nova up off the mat, ramming him headfirst into the top turnbuckle of the Westerly duo. Veronica nods approvingly, clapping as Lynch drives some hard kicks into the midsection of the World Champion.]

GM: Lynch working the ribs with those kicks, softening up the midsection of the champion...

BW: That'll make that Heat Wave hard to deliver, Gordo.

GM: It certainly will and... the referee stepping in, forcing James Lynch to back out of there and-

[The crowd jeers loudly as Armstrong loops the tag rope around the throat of the World Champion, yanking it across his windpipe!]

GM: -a blatant choke behind the referee's back! He's got that rope around the neck and...

[Armstrong lets go, allowing the gasping Supernova to stagger out of the corner towards James Lynch who buries another kick to the midsection before scooping the champion up, slamming him down on the canvas...]

GM: ...big scoop and a big slam by the black sheep of the Lynch family!

[Lynch drops to his knees, covering Supernova...]

GM: We've got one! We've got- Supernova kicks out with ease. It's gonna take more than a choke and a slam to put down the World Champion who fought so hard to get to the top of the mountain, Bucky.

BW: And this had to turn out better than even James Lynch imagined, Gordo.

GM: What do you mean by that?

BW: James Lynch wanted to build off the momentum of what he did at SuperClash, beating his twisted and evil brother... and so he came after Supreme Wright... and now he gets the World Champion too! We talk about what it might do for Atlas' career to pin one of those two... imagine what it does for James Lynch if he pins the World Champion here tonight! He's gotta be next in line for a shot at the big gold if it happens.

GM: Perish the thought of that.

BW: It'd be the best wedding gift for Theresa - much better than that salad spinner you got her!

GM: BUCKY!

[Back on his feet, James Lynch drags Supernova to his feet, drilling him with a right hand, sending him falling back into the ropes.]

GM: Lynch grabs the arm, shoots him across...

[And as Supernova rebounds back, he leapfrogs over a backdrop attempt from Lynch, slamming on the brakes and when James turns around...]

GM: ...standing dropkick by the World Champion!

[Lynch goes flying backwards, crashing down on the mat for a moment before he scrambles up, staggering near the ropes...]

GM: Supernova on the MOOOOVE!

[...and the World Champion connects with a running clothesline that flips James Lynch over the top rope, sending him crashing down to the barely-padded concrete floor just a few feet away from a nervous-looking Veronica Westerly!]

GM: Look out, Veronica! Supernova sends James Lynch to the outside and... Veronica Westerly's confidence has gotta be shaken early on in this one, Bucky. Her new charges are in trouble against an all-star team of competitors here on Saturday Night Wrestling on ESPN!

[Supernova paces inside the ring, pumping his arms up and down, fire in his eyes as he approaches the ropes where James Lynch is trying to regain his feet, grabbing the top rope with both hands...]

GM: TO THE FLOOR!

[...but before the champion can slingshot over into a crossbody on the risen James Lynch, the dastardly Lynch grabs his own manager, yanking her in front of him as she yelps with surprise!]

GM: Oh, come on! Give me a break, Bucky!

BW: What?!

GM: He pulled Veronica in front of him! He's using her as a human shield!

BW: It worked, didn't it?! She's getting very well paid to do things just like that!

[Supernova shakes his head with disgust, turning away from James Lynch and stepping away as the referee starts a count on Lynch who is still on the floor.]

GM: Supernova looks absolutely shocked at that... but after all the garbage James Lynch has done over the past year or so, I don't know why ANY of us are surprised by anything he does! And I certainly hope Theresa and Supreme have security on high alert two weeks from tonight because if someone was going to try and ruin their day - and there are a lot of people who seem eager to do so - it's this guy right here that I'd put at the top of the list!

[Smirking up at the World Champion, James grabs the ropes, pulling himself up on the apron as Supernova rushes him...

...and gets taped fingers raked across his eyes for it!]

GM: Ohh! James Lynch goes to the eyes!

[Looping his hands around the blinded Supernova's neck, Lynch drops off the apron, snapping the champion's throat off the top!]

GM: Oh! And another shortcut from James Lynch puts Supernova down!

[Lynch scrambles through the ropes, rushing to dive into a lateral press...]

GM: Lynch covers the champion for one! For two!

[...but Supernova kicks out, breaking the pin attempt... which earns an angry response from Lynch as he throws a leg over the champion, taking a loose mount as he hammers home a fist into the skull of the Venice Beach native!]

GM: Lynch raining down right hands on Supernova, pounding away at him...

[The referee warns Lynch, calling for a break as the Texas climbs off the mat, bringing Supernova up with him who he tosses back into the corner.]

GM: Right back into the wrong part of town goes the World Champion... ohh! Another hard kick to the ribs! And another! Really doing a number on the core of the champion...

[Lynch grabs the stunned Supernova, lifting him up into a fireman's carry, stepping out of the corner...]

...and then muscles him up and over, dropping him gutfirst across a bent knee to jeers!]

GM: Gutbuster!

BW: And a little bit of a shot aimed at Supreme Wright who uses that Fat Tuesday gutbuster himself.

GM: Well, Lynch didn't deliver anything like Fat Tuesday... but he does seem to be gloating at Wright. I suppose he thinks it was close enough.

[Lynch walks towards the other corner, shouting "YOU'RE NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR HER! I DON'T WANT YOU IN MY FAMILY!" at Wright who glowers at his future brother-in-law...]

GM: James Lynch letting Wright hear how he feels about him...

[...and then as he circles back, he finds Supernova crawling towards the corner, the crowd urging him on...]

GM: Nova's making a move to the corner as we cross the ten minute mark of this thirty minute time limit!

[...and Lynch grabs the ankle of the World Champion, shaking his head as he drags Nova backwards away from the outstretched hand of Supreme Wright...]

GM: Lynch preventing the tag... and then making one of his own...

[Armstrong comes in, winding up his muscular right arm...]

GM: ...and Armstrong DROPS THE ELBOW on the spine of the World Champion!

[With Lynch still holding the ankle, Armstrong scrambles up to drop a second elbow...]

GM: Ohhh! Armstrong's near three hundred pound frame dropped across the back again and...

BW: He's not done yet!

"OHHHHHHH!"

GM: ...AGAIN!

[As Lynch departs, Armstrong muscles Nova over onto his back, leaning across in a lateral press...]

GM: Armstrong's got him down for one! He's got two!

[...but again Supernova kicks out at two, breaking up the pin!]

GM: Two count only! Armstrong can't keep him down any longer..

[Armstrong regains his feet, looking across the ring at Supreme Wright who stretches out his arm again, looking for a tag that's nowhere close to coming. The powerful Armstrong leans over, hauling Supernova up off the mat...

...and slings him over his shoulder with ease, charging across the ring to DRIVE Nova's spine into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohhh! INTO THE CORNER GOES THE CHAMPION OF THE WORLD!

BW: He may be regretting sticking his nose in this business right about now, Gordo. What's Supreme Wright ever done for him?

GM: Supernova knows what it's like to have the odds stacked against you and he wasn't about to allow that to happen Supreme Wright here tonight in Chi-Town!

[Leaning over, Armstrong grabs the middle rope to slam his shoulder into the ribcage once... twice... three times...]

GM: Armstrong working him over in the corner, all that power and weight being driven into the body!

[...and as Armstrong straightens up, he grabs Nova by the head, leaning him from the corner where he shoves him backwards into the ropes. Supernova bounces helplessly back towards the big man who shoves him skyward...]

GM: POP UP...

[...and then lets him crash facefirst down on the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ...AND FACE FIRST DOWN TO THE CANVAS!

BW: And more importantly, Gordo - RIBS first! The ribs and back have been beaten by Armstrong and Lynch at will in this one and the World Champion's in a bad way, daddy!

GM: He certainly is... and at some point, you have to wonder if this could affect his future title defenses as well. We saw him defeat AJ Martinez two weeks ago in his first defense of that crown but you know that Supernova is going to be embarking on an ambitious title defense schedule in the near future much like we've seen out of Jordan Ohara. Could the title be at risk the longer this match goes on?

[Armstrong turns back towards Supreme Wright again, striking another pose as the crowd jeers. Wright ignores the taunting, focusing on Supernova who is desperately trying to drag himself across the canvas...]

GM: Supernova trying to get out of there... he knows he needs that tag...

BW: But so does Atlas Armstrong and he's right there to stop him.

[Armstrong reaches down, snatching Supernova by the back of the tights, hauling his dead weight off the mat up to his feet, pulling him right into a side waistlock...]

GM: He hooks him!

[...and lifts him up into the air over his shoulder, possibly for his devastating atomic drop...]

GM: He's got him up and... OVER THE TOP GOES SUPERNOVA!

[...but the World Champion flips free, landing on his knees behind him...]

GM: He goes over!

[...where he promptly crawls through the legs of Armstrong as he turns around off-balance...]

GM: He goes under!

[...and dives towards his corner!]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd ROARS as Supreme Wright comes quickly through the ropes, swinging his arm as quick as he can, smashing his elbow into the side of Armstrong's head repeatedly...]

GM: ELBOW AFTER ELBOW BY WRIGHT!

[...to which Armstrong responds with a wild and sloppy haymaker that comes up empty as Wright ducks underneath...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICK TO THE CHEST!

[...and Wright keeps on throwing them, bouncing off the sternum of the big man...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...leaving Armstrong wobbly as he tries to throw another off-balance right hand that sails over the head of the ducking Wright who twists around, swinging his leg at the back of Armstrong's knee!]

GM: OH! HE SWEEPS THE LEG! DOWN GOES ARMSTRONG!

[Wright promptly leaps into the air, driving his knee down into the sternum of Armstrong!]

GM: OHH! KNEEDROP! COV-

[But before Wright can cover, the two-time World Champion comes to his feet as he spots James Lynch coming through the ropes into the ring, rushing at him...]

GM: Lynch is in - big right hand - blocked!

[The blocked haymaker stops Lynch cold as Wright winds up with his other arm...]

"OHHH!"

"OHHH!"

"OHHH!"

[...and snaps off a set of elbowstrikes to the jaw of the black sheep of the Lynch clan...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...before a rolling koppo kick catches Lynch on the face, sending him spilling back through the ropes to the outside!]

GM: Wright sends him out to the floor!

[But with Wright's back turned, Armstrong comes lumbering towards him, hands clasped together for a double axehandle...]

GM: From the blind side!

[...but Wright senses it coming, ducking and spinning, ending up behind Armstrong with a waistlock applied...]

BW: We've seen this before, Gordo!

[...and Armstrong reaches down to grab the wrists as he did earlier in the match, looking to pull them apart...]

GM: Armstrong trying to power out and-

[...but Wright keeps his grip this time, muscling the near-300 pounder up into the air...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GERMAN! GERMAN SUPLEX! WITH THE BRIDGE!

[The referee dives down to count!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO!

[But Armstrong's shoulder comes flying off the mat in time, breaking down the bridge as the crowd buzzes for the pin attempt!]

GM: Chi-Town is rockin' and rollin' here tonight with the AWA on ESPN, fans! Check out AWA.com, find out when we're going to be in a city near you because I promise you want to be a part of this! Two weeks from tonight in New Orleans... Oklahoma City... Kansas City... London, England... Las Vegas, Nevada! You want to be there!

[With Armstrong down and trying to recover, Wright regains his feet...

...and spots James Lynch up on the apron again, looking to get involved!]

GM: Lynch is right back up and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: -AND RIGHT BACK DOWWWWWN! WHAT A HEAD KICK BY THE TWO-TIME CHAMPION OF THE WORRRRRRLD!

[An irate Veronica Westerly pulls herself up on the apron, ranting and raving and carrying on to draw the referee towards her...]

GM: The official tied up with Westerly now!

[Wright turns to glare at her, hands on his hips for a few moments. He turns to take a look at Armstrong getting to his feet, rushing to the ropes behind him...

...where a barely-standing James Lynch hooks the ankle, tripping up Wright behind the official's back...]

GM: Oh, come on!

[...and then drags him under the ropes to the outside, grabbing the arm and throwing him backwards...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE RAILING GOES SUPREME WRIGHT! MY STARS!

[A fuming Lynch batters Wright against the railing with hard right hands to the face, smashing his fist into his future brother-in-law repeatedly!]

GM: Lynch is all over him on the outside, pounding away!

BW: Bustin' up that face so he looks like garbage in those once-in-a-lifetime photos!

GM: I wouldn't put it past him at all!

[The official jerks around at the sound of the smash into the railing, shouting down at Lynch who shoves Wright back inside the ring before backing off with his hands raised.]

GM: The official didn't see it so he isn't calling it but he's letting James Lynch have it for what he HEARD happened!

[Back inside the ring, Armstrong retrieves the banged-up Wright off the canvas, lifting him off the mat in a gorilla press!]

GM: Look at the power on Armstrong! He's got Wright way up high and-

[Armstrong steps out from under him, causing Wright to crash facefirst down on the canvas!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: ...FACEFIRST - HE BOUNCES OFF THE MAT!

[Armstrong drops to his knees, flipping Wright onto his back, leaning across in a lateral press...]

GM: He’s got one! He’s got two! He’s- no! Wright’s out at two!

[The crowd cheers the knockout as Armstrong glowers at the official.]

“FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!”

GM: Fifteen minutes on the call there. We’ve reached the halfway point in the time limit in this one!

[Armstrong climbs off the mat, listening to some shouted instructions from Veronica Westerly with a nod. He leans down, dragging a banged-up Wright off the mat...]

GM: Armstrong pulling him back to his feet, trying to finish off Supreme Wright right here in the middle of the ring in Chicago!

[...and presses him overhead a second time!]

GM: He’s got him up again! He’s got him waaaaaay up over his head again!

[But this time, a wriggling Wright escapes, slipping free to land on his feet behind the powerful Armstrong...]

GM: Wright slips out! WAISTLOCK!

[...but before the former World Champion can toss him across the ring with another suplex, Armstrong plants his feet, driving backwards to crush Wright against the turnbuckles in the neutral corner!]

GM: Ohhh! 300+ pounds in the corner! Wright gets smashed back into the turnbuckles...

[Turning around, Armstrong grabs Wright around the head and under the arm...]

GM: ...and HURLED ACROSS THE RING! OH MY STARS!

[The crowd ROARS for the highlight reel big throw that sends Wright sailing three-quarters of the way across the ring before crashing down hard on the canvas!]

BW: FEEEEEEEL THE POWER, DADDY!

[And with a mighty shout, Armstrong points to the jeering crowd...

...and with a STOMP of his foot, he turns to face Wright, raising his hand overhead, his fingers wiggling as they form a fist...

...that he SLAMS down into the mat!]

GM: THREE POINT STANCE!

BW: He's looking to end it here! We've seen him take some people out out of this stance, daddy!

GM: Wright's coming back to his feet! Armstrong's ready for him!

[And as a dazed Wright regains his footing, Armstrong charges across the ring, leaping into the air, cocking his arm back...]

GM: SUPERMAN PUNCH!

[...but Wright ducks, dives, and rolls under the flying punch, clearing a big chunk of the ring before lunging!]

GM: TAAAAAG!

[Supernova grabs the top rope, slingshotting over the ropes into the ring where he goes right after the California powerhouse!]

GM: Right hand! Left hand! Right hand! Left hand!

[Supernova twists his body, snapping off quick backhand blows to the side of the stunned Armstrong's face!]

GM: The World Champion's taking the fight to Atlas Armstrong!

[Backing Armstrong into the ropes, Supernova grabs him by his muscular arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[The reversal shoots Supernova across as Armstrong winds up his right hand again...]

GM: Big right- through the legs goes Supernova!

[...and the sliding Nova pops back up, dropping back into the ropes...]

GM: CLOTHESLINE!

[...and lands a big clothesline that seems to wobble Armstrong but does not bring him down!]

BW: No effect!

[Supernova shakes his head, pumping his right arm a few times before dropping back into the ropes again...]

GM: CLOTHESLINE AGAIN!

BW: NO EFFECT!

[That doesn't quite appear to be the case as Armstrong stumbles back a few steps this time but still keeps his footing...]

GM: He still can't bring him down! He's gonna try it again!

[With the crowd roaring, Supernova drops back into the ropes...

...and runs past Armstrong, hitting the ropes a second time...]

GM: Building up speed!

[...and then past him again, bouncing off a third time!]

GM: SHEER SPEED AND... BOOM!

[And the third clothesline connects with enough impact and momentum to bring Armstrong down, knocking the Big Sur native down on the canvas to a HUUUUUGE ROAR from the Chicago crowd!]

GM: DOWN GOES ARMSTRONG! DOWN GOES ARMSTRONG!

[A fired-up Supernova dances around, full of energy and enthusiasm as he hits the ropes again, leaping into the air on the bounceback...]

GM: BIG SPLASH! HE GOT ALL OF THAT! HOOKS THE LEG!

[The referee drops down to count, the crowd counting along with him!]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THRRRRRRRRRR-"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd deflates at the big kickout from Armstrong, keeping the Main Event going as Supernova smashes a fist down on the mat in frustration.]

GM: The World Champion thought had him but not quite enough there...

[Climbing to his feet, Supernova grabs Armstrong by the arm, hauling him off the mat to join him...]

GM: We talked about Armstrong facing a different level of competition tonight... and we also see him drifting into the deep water of this one as we near the twenty minute mark of this match! I don't have it official but I gotta imagine that's near if not over the longest match we've seen Atlas Armstrong in since debuting with the AWA, Bucky.

BW: I think you're right... and he looks to be sucking wind a bit right now too.

[A series of right hands backs Armstrong across the ring, putting him in the neutral corner...]

GM: Supernova's got him in the corner!

[...and grabs the top rope, laying in heavy boots to the ribs, targeting the same area that Armstrong and Lynch were working on him. He grimaces after a final kick, grabbing at his ribs before grabbing the Almighty Atlas by the arm...]

GM: Whips him across!

[...and drops back into the corner, steadying himself...]

GM: He's looking for the Heat Wav- get her down from there!

[The crowd jeers loudly as Veronica Westerly gets back up on the apron, shouting and drawing the official's attention...]

GM: Westerly and Longfellow arguing! Supernova will not be denied though and-

[The Chicago fans ERUPT in even louder jeers as James Lynch - on the floor - hooks Supernova's ankle, preventing him from running across the ring towards Lynch's partner!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: You were saying?!

GM: James Lynch hooks the ankle! Supernova's trying to get loose and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ROARS as Supreme Wright comes charging down the apron out of nowhere, delivering a punt kick that sends Lynch snapping backwards, falling down on the floor as a now-free Supernova charges across the ring, leaping into the air...]

GM: HEAT WAAAAAAAAAAAAAVE!

[...but Atlas Armstrong has other ideas, stepping out enough to reach up, catching the flying Nova in his powerful arms...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES him down to the canvas with a thunderous uranage slam!]

GM: ARMSTRONG SLAMS HIM DOWN! THAT MIGHT DO IT!

[Armstrong drops down to his knees, diving across the prone World Champion as Veronica Westerly shouts "COUNT! COUNT!" at the official who dives down to the mat to oblige...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! THE CHAMPION KICKS OUT IN TIME!

[The United Center crowd buzzes with concern for the near fall as Armstrong lets loose a shout of frustration!]

GM: Atlas Armstrong thought had him and he wasn't alone in that, Bucky.

BW: Not at all. I thought he'd just pinned the World Champion one-two-three in the middle of the ring!

GM: It's not over yet... Armstrong climbing to his feet... looking out to Westerly...

[Westerly makes a hand gesture like breaking a stick and Armstrong gives a nod, reaching up with his muscular arms and jerking down a few times to signal to the crowd before leaning down and tiredly pulling the champion off the mat...]

GM: Armstrong pulls him up... he's calling for the Rack!

[...and turns Supernova slightly, ducking down to muscle him up across his broad shoulders with a mighty lift...

...but puts a little too much oomph on the lift, propelling Supernova up enough for the World Champion to slip out of the rack, landing behind him safely!]

GM: Supernova slips out - SCHOOLBOY! HE ROLLS HIM UP!

[The crowd counts along with the official!]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEE-"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And this time, it's Armstrong who kicks out in time! Oh my! We've passed the twenty minute mark in this one and what a battle it's been, fans! The final Saturday Night Wrestling Main Event before our big Anniversary Show two weeks from tonight and these four men are leaving it all out on the field!

[As Supernova scrambles to his feet, he throws a glance at the slower-moving Armstrong, waiting just a moment for him to get on his feet...

...and then leaps up, snatching a handful of Armstrong's locks!]

GM: OHHHH! FACESLAM! NOVA PUTS HIM DOWN!

[The World Champion rolls to his knees, pumping his arms a few times as the crowd cheers him on.]

GM: Nova not going for a cover here though, pulling the big man up and backing him to the corner...

[Grabbing the arm, Nova fires Armstrong across the ring, sending him crashing into the buckles...]

GM: He hits the corner... HERE COMES NOOOOOVAAAAA!

[...and the crowd ERUPTS for the flying Heat Wave splash in the corner!]

GM: THE CHAMPION CONNECTS! AND THE WORLD KNOWS WHAT COMES NEXT!

[Supernova gives a little shove to the back, tossing him out of the corner and down to the canvas. He pumps his arms again, the crowd excitedly getting behind him as he leans down, flipping Armstrong onto his back, crossing the powerful legs...]

GM: HE'S GOT IT! SOLAR FLARE LOCKED IN!

BW: This is how he won the World Title, daddy!

GM: Supernova's looking to become the first man to pin or submit the Almighty Atlas in the center of the ring here in Chicago! Can he do it?! Leaning back, wrenching the back!

BW: And I don't care how many muscles you've got, this is a punishing hold, Gordo!

GM: Atlas trying to hang on! Trying to-

[And Veronica again comes up on the apron, shouting angrily at the official who moves to confront...]

BW: The referee trying to get Westerly down!

GM: Armstrong's - did he just give up?! Did he just quit?!

BW: I don't think-

[Bucky gets cut off as James Lynch slides into the ring, steel chair in hand...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the official - who turned away from Westerly JUST before the blow lands - points at Lynch who drops the chair, pleading with the referee as Supernova slumps to the mat from the blow across the back!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Oh! The match is over, Bucky! The referee just called for the bell!

[James Lynch shouts at the official who bails out of the ring as the black sheep of the Lynch family paces angrily around the squared circle, getting booed by the crowd!]

GM: James Lynch uses that steel chair on the World Champion and this one is all over but the shouting!

[Speaking of shouting, the crowd is quite loud now as Supreme Wright comes through the ropes, yanking Lynch around by the shoulder..]

GM: ELBOW! ELBOW! ELBOW!

[...and batters Lynch with stiff elbowstrikes to the head before switching to palm strikes to the chest...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and a brutal open-handed blow across the ear spins the dazed Lynch around as Wright ducks down...]

GM: Wright's got him up! A rack of his own!

BW: He's gonna REIGN...

[...but as Wright turns around with Lynch on his shoulders...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...he eats a bicycle kick to the mouth from the on-his-feet Armstrong, a blow that knocks Lynch right off Wright's shoulders as Wright goes down like a rock!]

GM: DOWN GOES SUPREME WRIGHT! OH MY STARS, WHAT A KICK TO THE JAW!

[With Supernova down on the floor clutching his back, Armstrong angrily grabs Wright, dragging him to his knees, holding his arms as James Lynch gets to his feet, pointing menacingly at the two-time World Champion...]

GM: Lynch hammering away on Wright as Armstrong holds him... pounding the face of Wright!

BW: So much for the wedding pictures!

GM: The Chicago crowd is letting these two hear it - three if you count Westerly who seems to be loving every second of this!

[Lynch peels away from Wright, snatching up the steel chair he used on Supernova earlier, and plants it down on the mat in front of Wright. He gestures to Armstrong who shoves Wright down, putting his face down on the metal weapon...]

GM: What is this now?!

BW: They're going to break his face and ruin the wedding!

GM: What?! Why?! What kind of piece of garbage does this do to his own sister for crying out loud?! What poison has gotten into James Lynch and twisted the man we once all knew and respected?!

[Lynch gestures to Armstrong, miming him hitting the ropes and crashing down on Wright. The big man nods, grinning...]

GM: He's gonna splash his face into the chair! He's gonna drive 300 pounds right down on Wright and put his face through that damn chair! This is terrible! This is absolutely-

[...and drops back to the ropes, ready to drop it all...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and slumps to his knees after the World Champion delivers a chairshot to the back of his own from the outside!]

GM: DOWN GOES ARMSTRONG! SUPERNOVA STRIKES FROM THE OUTSIDE!

BW: He hit the guy in the back! What kind of champion does that?!

GM: Oh, give me a break, Bucky!

[Lynch looks on in shock at the champion, chair in hand, sliding into the ring. He drops back into the ropes, charging towards Supernova...

...who JAMS the edge of the chair back into the midsection, doubling up the Texan...]

GM: Yeah! Do it, Supernova!

[...and with Lynch doubled up, Supernova does a quick look around, surveying the crowd before winding up with the chair...]

BW: NO!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and down goes Lynch from the blow, collapsing to the mat where he promptly starts rolling, sliding under the ropes to the outside where Veronica Westerly rushes to check on him!]

GM: Supernova with that mighty blow sends Lynch out... Armstrong going out to the floor as well now and...

[Supernova helps Supreme Wright up off the mat, holding the chair in one hand still as he brings Wright up to his feet...

...and Wright suddenly shoves the champion away, rushing forward...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and the crowd ROARS as Wright hurls himself between the ropes, smashing an elbow into the jaw of James Lynch, knocking his future brother-in-law down on the ringside mats as Westerly looks on in shocked horror!]

GM: WRIGHT WITH THE DIIIIIIIVE!

[Wright stays on top of Lynch, aggressively smashing his elbow down into Lynch’s head over and over as Armstrong gets back to his feet, looking to help his ally...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and the crowd ERUPTS as Supernova gets a running start, leaping over the top rope to wipe out the Almighty Atlas with a crossbody!]

GM: ARMSTRONG’S DOWN AS WELL! WE’VE GOT BODIES ALL OVER RINGSIDE! THE WINDY CITY IS GOING WILLLLLLLLD! WE’VE GOTTA GO! WE’LL SEE YOU IN THE SUPERDOME!

[And with the crowd going wild, we fade to black.]