



March 31st, 2018 - Chesapeake Energy Center - Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

HOUR TWO
HOUR THREE

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

#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 with a flash of light, we are ON! THE! AIR! A swirling shot showing off the near 17,000 fans in attendance screaming and shouting, hooting and hollering, waving the homemade sign all in support of their favorite professional wrestlers on the planet - the stars of the American Wrestling Alliance. The music is still playing over the arena's loudspeakers as a burst of pyro races towards the sky. The crowd is roaring for the pyro and for the return of AWA action to their hometown.]

SA: IT'S TIIIIIIIIIME FOR SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING!

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

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

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

SA: Hello everyone and a very pleasant good evening to you wherever you may be... and welcome to what I say - with a tear in my eye - is the greatest professional night of my life. My name is Salvatore Albano but you can call me Big Sal just like my mama always has... and by my side... my partner in crime, my ride or die, the OG Bad Boy For Life... I'm talking about the former EMWC World Champion, Colt Patterson! Colt, welcome to Oklahoma City and welcome to Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Salvatore Albano is clad in a black suit, white dress shirt, and a bright red tie - very professional looking and very stylish despite his... ample... frame. His jet black hair is slicked back as he grins at Colt Patterson who is dressed... colorfully. Patterson has opted for a leather leopard print tanktop to show off the tanned and oiled "guns" hanging off his shoulders. A pair of black leather pants has been chosen to match and to round out the ensemble, he's working with a pair of gold-

tinted sunglasses, some dangling earrings with crescent moons on them, a well-trimmed moustache, and a black beret. He's quite the fashion plate.]

CP: That's EMWC Universal Champion, Albano! Don't make us start out on the wrong foot in our first night in this joint together!

SA: On that note, we'd like to send a very special "happy retirement" to our good friend, Gordon Myers. Gordon, we miss you already and I hope you were able to drag yourself off the beach long enough to see us do you proud tonight. And to our other good friend, Buckthorn P. Wilde, enjoy your vacation, Bucky, and as one of our network bosses might say... we'll see you real soon. Colt, this party here in OKC might not be for us but the lineup is loaded for our first night together on Saturday Night Wrestling.

CP: That's right, Albano - from the home of Barry Switzer and Johnny Bench, Alan Greenberg and Aubrey McClendon, Ron Howard and the Flaming Lips... and even that old fossil Jim Watkins from time to time, the AWA has come to town officially on the road to Hollywood and Memorial Day Mayhem!

SA: We may be on the road to Los Angeles on May 28th in Dodger Stadium, Colt, but we've got some major stops to make along the way - National Wrestling Night is just two weeks away on April 14th - LIVE on ABC as the AWA storms network television like only we can.... and then of course, we've got The Battle of London taking place two weeks later on April 28th featuring the Royal Crown tournament - a tournament where we will see two of the first round matches here tonight after that thrilling Iron Gauntlet matchup a few days ago down in Dallas, Texas. But besides that, Colt, there is one story that has dominated the world of wrestling for the past 14 days since the AWA's Tenth Anniversary Show, and you and I had the displeasure of being ringside to witness it - the Red Wedding.

[Patterson smirks.]

CP: You know, Albano, the rubes are calling it the Red Wedding but to me, it was a Golden Wedding because we finally saw Supreme Wright shake off the shackles of kissing up to these fans and let his true self fly. For years, we've called Supreme Wright the best in-ring competitor on the planet and for years, we've watched him get tied up in personal issues - initiated by those damn Lynches usually - and keep him from his true calling, the AWA World Heavyweight Title. I'm a betting man, Albano, and right now, I've got all my money on Wright setting his eyes squarely on that gold.

SA: We're going to hear from Supreme Wright for the first time since the Red Wedding later tonight but right now-

[And the lights go out.]

CP: Oh, come on... just because Myers and Wilde are gone doesn't mean the whole show's gone to hell already, does it?

SA: Fans, we certainly apologize for this... it's not part of our format for tonight's show and I'm sure we'll be through this technical issue in just a few moments.

CP: Ironical that this is happening in the Chesapeake ENERGY Center, Sal.

SA: Dont'cha think?

[And after a few moments, a loud BOOMING voice is heard over the PA system.]

"After the events of the Tenth Anniversary Show two weeks ago, these is only one story everyone is talking about...

One group that is the focus of the professional wrestling world..."

[Dramatic pause.]

"AWA fans, please welcome..."

[And on cue, the lights come back on full force to reveal...

...the cackling forms of James Lynch, Atlas Armstrong, and Veronica Westerly standing inside the ring to heavy jeers from the OKC crowd!]

SA: Oh brother.

[James Lynch is dressed in street clothes of black slacks with a white polo style shirt with "BLACK SHEEP STREET STYLE" stitched on the chest... oh, and he has the AWA World Title gripped in his hands.

Atlas Armstrong is dressed in black loafers without socks, black slacks and a white sleeveless shirt open to the navel ... sleeves cannot contain Atlas ... oh, and he has the AWA World Title gripped in his hands.

Veronica Westerly has opted for the little black dress with a bright crimson belt around her waist and matching red lipstick... oh, and you guessed it, she has the AWA World Title gripped in her hands.

The belt is being held in front of all three, smirks on their faces as they hold it on display for all to see.

Westerly raises a mic with her free hand, having to shout loudly over the volume of the boos!]

VW: Who were you expecting?!

[She grins as the fans boo even louder, handing the mic over to James Lynch who sneers at the jeering 17,000 strong.]

JL: I believe they were expecting to hear from my... my...

[Lynch pauses and turns to look at Veronica, his voice going a bit lower.]

JL: Did they actually get to the end of the ceremony?

[Westerly shrugs and smirks, the latter reflected in Lynch's face.]

JL: My brother in law. But no matter how much they want to be, they are not the story. And even though dear Veronica loves to see suffering Lynches...

[Westerly clears her throat.]

JL: Well, most of the Lynches suffer. And while it's obvious that dear Lady Veronica has been positively glowing all week...

[She bats her eyelashes at the Black Sheep of the Lynch clan.]

JL: ...it wasn't the embarrassment of that wedding that my naive little sister dragged my family into that has Veronica in a good mood... it's this!

[He gestures to Supernova's stolen World Title belt still resting in their hands as Atlas Armstrong nods with a grin.]

JL: Because this is the story. This is the one that matters - the AWA World Title... rightfully won, I'd remind you... in this very ring two weeks ago in New Orleans at the AWA's Tenth Anniversary Show. It was a big night, a historic night! And while everyone wanted to talk about the beating that Supreme Wright and his merry men laid on my ungrateful family and their hanger-on friends...

[He lifts a hand to stage whisper.]

JL: ...and I guess my invitation got lost in the mail, sis. You're forgiven...

[And then speaks at a normal volume anew.]

JL: ...there was more than that that happened that night. HISTORY was made that night and as usual, the Lynches and House Martinez, tried to make everything all about them. But nothing was more important than what went down with us... with the...

[He smirks.]

JL: ...the Westerly Dynasty...

[Veronica nods happily at the revelation of the group's name as the fans boo louder.]

JL: ...because what happened with us two weeks ago was one of those nights you see in the history books - and Lord knows this company loves its history so that's why I'm stunned that this isn't the ONLY thing we're talking about. Because two weeks ago, we sent the big guy here...

[He slaps a grinning Atlas on the shoulder.]

JL: ...into the ring against the AWA World Champion, Supernova... and because he's the undefeated Almighty Atlas, he did EXACTLY what we expected him to do, people... he BEAT the World Champion.

[The boos rain down as the fans remember the circumstances of that "loss."]

JL: And he didn't just beat him... he PINNED him. This man... the Almighty Atlas Armstrong...

[Armstrong is all smiles at this hype.]

JL: ...PINNED the AWA World Champion, Supernova...

[James gestures at the title belt again.]

JL: ...AND we walked Bourbon Street that night holding the title belt amongst us.

[Lynch nods.]

JL: So, in what world does that NOT mean one UNDENIABLE fact...?

[Lynch lowers his hand again to grab hold of the title belt.]

JL: The AWA World Champion is IN this ring... right... now!

[And on cue, both James Lynch and Atlas Armstrong grab for the belt and give it a tug towards themselves...]

...and then both men slowly look up to stare at one another.]

SA: Uh oh! This could be trouble in paradise, Colt!

CP: Stop trying to cause drama, Albano! They can work this out.

[Armstrong gives it another tug, pulling it closer to him...

...and then Lynch returns the favor, pulling it back towards himself.]

SA: Both of these men seem to think this title belongs to them... and in reality, it doesn't belong to EITHER of them, Colt!

CP: They've got it, don't they? Possession is nine-tenths of the law, ain't it?

SA: Colt, you know very well that neither of these men own that title and-

[James Lynch raises the mic.]

JL: Now, Atlas... big man... listen to me for a second...

[Armstrong shakes his head, pointing a finger.]

AA: No, brother... you listen to ME for a second. Because you're out here talking about how WE walked Bourbon Street with the belt... but the way I see it, I walked Bourbon Street with the belt after beating Supernova and you were my plus one, dude.

[The crowd reacts big to that... to this sudden conflict between the Westerly Dynasty. Westerly immediately goes to work trying to settle the big man down as he shakes his head at her.]

AA: Veronica, I pinned the World Champion two weeks ago... and that means the belt belongs to ME!

[Lynch angrily responds.]

JL: Is that right?! Because you NEVER would've pinned Supernova if it wasn't for ME hitting him in the back with that steel chair! Veronica, tell this kid to show a little more gratitude after we pulled him out of the Power Hour!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JL: If it wasn't for us, Armstrong, you'd be on Showtime waiting to get your ass kicked by Odin Gunn!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Armstrong bristles at that, stepping closer to his ally.]

AA: I don't care for your tone, dude. You want to try to insult Atlas Armstrong? The way it is is that if it wasn't for Veronica dragging you out of the retirement village, you'd still be laid up in your reclining chair waiting for Nurse Ratchet to change your diapers.

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The duo both drop their mics, trading angry words off-mic as Veronica pleads with them to settle down...

...when suddenly, the crowd ROARS as someone is quickly lowered from the ceiling towards the ring...]

SA: IT'S SUPERNOVA! THE CHAMPION IS HEEEEEEERE!

[...where he lands dressed in a black trenchcoat behind the arguing Armstrong and Lynch. Westerly is the first to see him in the ring, her eyes bugging out as the fans continue to lose their minds for his arrival...

...and the World Champion whips a black wooden baseball bat into view, taking aim...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and with Veronica Westerly fleeing the ring, Supernova DRILLS Atlas Armstrong across the small of the back with the bat!]

SA: SUPERNOVA HAS COME FOR HIS TITLE AND HE'S BROUGHT HIS FAVORITE LOUISVILLE SLUGGER TO THE DANCE!

CP: Why do you sound so giddy, Albano?! This is assault! Assault with a deadly weapon by this lunatic! He should be fined! He should be suspended! He should be stripped of the title!

[Armstrong staggers across the ring, collapsing in the corner as James Lynch scoops up the belt, diving from the ring as Supernova swings the bat at his head... JUST missing to the disappointment of the crowd!]

CP: HE TRIED TO HIT JAMES LYNCH IN THE HEAD! ARREST THAT MAN!

[Angrily slamming the bat down on the mat, Supernova approaches the corner, standing across the ring from the hurting Armstrong before charging in after him...]

SA: From corner to corner... and like Martha and the Vandellas, I'm feeling a Heat Wave tonight!

[...and hurls himself skyward, crushing Armstrong against the turnbuckles with his flying corner splash!]

SA: It was a three-on-one and-

CP: Three on one?! What about the bat?!

SA: It was STILL a three-on-one and where were Lynch and Westerly when Armstrong was taking the Heat Wave? Cowering on the floor, that's where!

CP: They wisely sought a safe place from that baseball bat-wielding THUG - that's where they were, Albano!

[Armstrong drops to the mat, promptly rolling under the ropes to the outside as Supernova picks his Louisville Slugger back up, angrily shouting off-mic threats as the trio as he points the bat menacingly down over the ropes towards them as they stand in the aisle.]

SA: Armstrong joining his-

[The powerful Big Sur native gives a hard shove to James Lynch as he approaches with a loud "WHERE THE HELL WERE YOU?!" Armstrong starts angrily stomping up the aisle, Westerly chasing behind him, trying to soothe the big man...

...and a smirking James Lynch looks back up into the ring at Supernova, slinging Nova's title belt over his shoulder as the fans cheer!]

SA: The Westerly Dynasty has escaped with the AWA World Title... Supernova's AWA World Title, I should say... but this is DEFINITELY not the end of this one, fans. You can take one look in the eyes of the World Champion and know that he's coming to reclaim that belt... and he's coming soon!

[Cut to a shot over Supernova's shoulder, showing the baseball bat pointed straight at James Lynch who is slowly backing down the aisle, grinning as he pats the title belt on his shoulder...]

SA: And speaking of coming for the gold, that'll be the situation just two weeks from tonight in Kansas City LIVE on ABC for the very first time when Jordan Ohara puts the National Title on the line against BOTH Sid Osborne AND Robert Donovan in a first fall wins three-way match. We caught up with the veteran Donovan earlier tonight to get his thoughts on that big, big title match - let's take a look!

[...and we fade from the threatening stance of the World Champion.

And back up on a rather large man pacing slowly back and forth in front of an AWA banner. The large man in this instance happens to be Robert Donovan, looking somewhat less than pleased, even moreso than usual.]

RD: You know, before answering Ohara's Open Challenge, I hadn't been in a title match in...well, let's be nice to the old man and say it'd been a hot minute.

[Donovan smirks.]

RD: I oughta be happy it's happening, but I'm not. I wasn't even entirely sure why I wasn't happy...

[Donovan stops pacing, turning to face the camera.]

RD: ...but I can't help but think that I had Ohara the first time, but I didn't finish my plate, and it cost me. And yeah, I ain't gonna stand here and pretend like he didn't beat me, because all it says in the record books is that he got there... and I didn't.

[Donovan shakes his head.]

RD: I was feelin' a little grouchy about it, so when he and Osborne mixed it up, I just wanted to be sure that everything was on the up and up... and, well, y'all saw how that ended up. That little punk Osborne was none too pleased with me, but to his credit, he was willing to fight me on MY terms, with the shot at Ohara on the line.

[Donovan chuckles briefly.]

RD: Suppose if you wanted to put it another way, he poked the old bear and found out that bear's still got claws. Not sure why the hell Ohara was out there, but he poked his nose in our business, got punched in it, then decided that made it okay to take the match I won away from me and now all three of us are fightin' for the title instead.

[After a moment, the big man smiles.]

RD: And maybe it should be me and Donovan straight up... but even if I got a one-on-one with Ohara, Osborne's too sore a loser to let it be, so now we can let all this bad blood out at once and maybe move on with our lives after.

[Donovan slowly rolls his head side to side, producing an audible crack.]

RD: As for me, I KNOW I'll be able to move on after...

[Pause.]

RD: ...after I beat half the life out of both of you, stack you up, pin you both, and walk out the new National Champion.

[With that, Donovan stalks off...

...and after a moment, we fade back to live action in the Chesapeake Energy Center where we find Rebecca Ortiz standing.]

RO: AWA fans, tonight's opening contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit! Introducing first... already in the ring... from Las Vegas, Nevada... weighing 225 pounds... THE HIGHROLLER!

[The crowd politely claps at the competitor in the ring, wearing black boots, black tights with a full house poker hand on the back, and a black sports coat with matching Fedora. He smirks at the camera, before taking the deck of cards in his hand and spraying them out]

SA: The Highroller making his TV debut here, another competitor that's been active on our Live Event circuits and at the Combat Corner.

CP: "Active" sounds like code for someone whose been seeing the lights an awful lot, Sal... but he's a tough guy in there and you never know when everything can change in a hurry. Some who've seen this guy in action say he could have quite the future ahead of him.

SA: And speaking of the future...

[Dramatic pause.]

#Woahhhhhh-a-ohhhhhhhhhh

[And the crowd comes alive as the opening chords of Imagine Dragons' "Radioactive" starts playing through the arena.]

RO: Annnnnnd his opponent... from Brooklyn, New York... weighing in at 265 pounds...

...he is THE FUUUUUTURRRRRRRRE...

...DERRRRRRRIIIICK WILLLLLLLIAMSSSSSS!

[The curtain parts as "The Future" Derrick Williams steps through onto the entrance stage, dressed in his ring attire of white boots with shiny gold trim with matching long white tights with gold and black trim and designs including "FUTURE" up the right thigh along with gold knee pads.

To the ring, he's wearing a long floor length white coat with adoration that can only be described as "over the top", with gold fur and feather trim down along the lapel folds, wrists, and coat edges, "THE FUTURE" written out in gold script on the back, along with gold epaulets on the shoulders with black braids, and rounds out the outfit with a pair of silver framed round mirrored sunglasses.]

SA: Well, Colt...you may think the future of the Highroller is bright... but I'd say that it's dim as dusk in comparison to this man whose future is so bright, he's gotta wear shades! "The Future" Derrick Williams is here and these fans are quite happy to see him!

[Williams speaks toward the camera, pointing at it. Then as his music hits the chorus, he holds out his arms, a laser light show starting up behind him, as the camera, possibly on a drone, circles around, giving us a 360 view of the self-proclaimed "Future of Wrestling".]

SA: I might need my own pair of shades after that one!

[As it finishes the circle, Williams continues toward the ring, nodding at fans as he gets to ringside, then steps up onto the apron, entering the ring and stepping to the middle, timing it once more as the chorus hits and he spreads his arms, the lights in the arena, around the ring, and the video boards in the upper deck flash out various patters, the boards flashing "THE FUTURE" in white and gold.]

SA: A... futuristic entrance so to speak for Derrick Williams and I'd say the Highroller is going to have his hands full in this one.

CP: Maybe, Big Sal... but I gotta say I'm disappointed by Derrick Williams these days.

SA: Disappointed? How? After what he did at SuperClash-

[Colt cuts him off.]

CP: What he did at SuperClash was all well and good and a whole lot of people - myself included - are glad he sent that little worm packing... but putting your differences aside with someone for a common goal is one thing... but the threat is gone. Korugun is outta here. And before he got mixed up in all of that, Williams was putting it all together. He had a mean streak. He was a killer instinct. He was willing to do what it took to get the job done. And now, Vasquez tells him to play nice and he's shaking hands, kissing babies, and is becoming another guy that's friendly with Martinez... and when has that EVER worked out well for anyone?

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: So, what are you trying to say, Colt?

CP: Do you need your ears cleaned out, Albano? Let's make it crystal clear - when I look at Derrick Williams, I see a guy that needs his killer edge back if he's going to make it to the top of this business. Ask Supreme Wright.

[Inside the ring, Williams and the Highroller are engaged in a lockup, jockeying for position in the opening moments of the match...]

SA: Williams trying to push the Highroller back... and you talk about Williams becoming friendly with Ryan Martinez... I don't know that I'd agree with it. What I see when I look at Derrick Williams is a guy who realized he needed someone to watch his back with Masks For Money gunning for him.

CP: But Martinez?! It was just two weeks ago that Ryan Martinez kicked him right in the mouth!

SA: And I'm sure that's an issue that'll be addressed at some point. Martinez DID apologize for it!

CP: Did he? Because what I remember him saying was "can you blame me?"

SA: Well, with Williams' checkered history...

[Sal cuts himself off as Williams, who has a headlock applied, gets shoved off by the Highroller...]

SA: ...and Williams hangs on the side headlock as the Highroller tries to escape. You know, Colt... Williams has made a name for himself with his brawling and striking, but he has a very understated power game.

CP: You don't have to tell me about it, Albano. I was a big Derrick Williams before the rest of you jumped on the bandwagon and...

[Colt trails off as the crowd starts booing.]

SA: And speak of the devils... we were just talking about Masks For Money and...

[The camera cuts to the stage where the two masked men, Golden Grappler and Ultra Commando 3, are standing. Grappler is in a black suit and gold shirt, matching his gold-on-black mask, while UC3 wears a gray suit, his balaclava style mask a matching gray camouflage pattern, and tying the ensemble together, a gray Homburg hat.]

SA: ...and there they are, once again with their eyes on the Future... so to speak.

CP: I guess that's no surprise after Williams pulled a backjump on them last weekend at Showtime. Hey Albano... these guys say they've been gunnin' for Williams and Martinez lately because they're getting paid to do it... and paid pretty well by the looks of them! Check that out - they're masked fashion plates out here! They almost look as good as me!

SA: Well, that's not a high bar to clear... but I'm less concerned about their garments as I am their gameplan - their reason for being out here tonight because you know as well as I do that they're up to no good, Colt.

CP: I don't know that. They could just be scouting Williams because you know there's a match down the road between them with the recent history.

[From inside the ring, Williams is still holding the headlock as he spots the masked men, jawing at them from inside...]

SA: Williams sees them now... letting them know he sees them...

[...and using the distraction, the Highroller slips a n elbow into the gut once... then twice, breaking loose as he shoves Williams off towards the rope.]

SA: The Highroller slips free...

[But Williams runs right over the waiting Highroller with a shoulder tackle, taking him off his feet. The Future turns towards the entranceway, pointing a threatening finger down the aisle at the masked men. The Golden Grappler leans over, whispering something to Ultra Commando 3 before we cut back to the ring where Williams goes to the ropes himself...]

SA: Williams off the far side, looking to...

[The Highroller throws himself at the feet, forcing Williams to hurdle over, rebounding off the other side...]

SA: ...off the ropes again, bouncing back towards the High-ROLL...

"THUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd and Sal react to Williams stopping short on a Highroller leapfrog attempt, catching him, pivoting, and driving him down in a thunderous powerslam!]

SA: Impressive show of strength and body control there by Williams who appeared on the premiere of Showtime last week. You mentioned the attack on Masks For Money but Williams was also a part of that Team Rogers versus Team Slater showdown that ended in a brutal assault on Victoria June... we'll have an update on her later tonight as well.

[Bouncing off the mat, Williams walks right up to the ropes, shouting at the Masks who have slowly started making their way down the ramp towards the ring...]

SA: Uh oh... it looks like the masked men decided they wanted a closer view, Colt.

CP: With the money they've been getting paid, maybe they should've just bought a ringside seat.

SA: Might've been safer for the Future...

[The Commando returns verbal fire at Williams from the aisle as Williams shakes his head.]

SA: ...and with the masked men coming down the aisle, Derrick Williams isn't going anywhere.

CP: Well, he also isn't going anywhere jawing at guys not in the match, Sal.

[Williams takes a step or two back from the ropes, throwing a glance over his shoulder to see the Highroller staggering to his feet off the powerslam. A smirk crosses his face as he looks out at Masks For Money with a "WATCH THIS!"]

SA: Williams telling the masked men to watch...

[Getting a running start, Williams leaps up to the middle rope, blindly springing backwards into a three-quarter nelson on the Highroller...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SWEET SAN ANGELO! A REBOUND FUTURE SHOCK! Williams covers... it could be! It might be! IT IS! Derrick Williams gets the win and... HEEEEERE WEEE GOOO!

[As the three count lands, the Masks For Money duo rush the distance to the ring, sliding in as the bell sounds and Williams quickly gets back up in anticipation of what comes next...]

SA: The Masks are in and- but Williams is up and ready!

[Williams winds and throws, big haymakers landing on the masked skulls of both men, the OKC crowd going wild for the confrontation...]

SA: The fists are flying in Oklahoma City!

CP: But Williams is outnumbered, it's going to catch up to him eventually.

[Ultra Commando 3 makes a grab at Williams from behind but the Future snaps back an elbow to the side of the masked face, spinning the Commando away from him...

...and turns back into a right hand to the jaw from the Golden Grappler!]

SA: Williams is fighting for his life in there! All alone!

[Williams throws a haymaker of his own, trading blows with the golden masked man as the crowd cheers him on...

...but a well-placed right hand rocks the Grappler who falls backwards...]

SA: Williams caught him good there!

[...and another one...]

SA: Williams has got him on the run!

[...and another one!]

SA: Williams rocking and firing, he's got the Grappler in a daze and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[But as Williams winds up again, the Commando steps forward and buries the toe of his boot right between the uprights!]

SA: UC3 GOES LOW!

CP: No, no... kick to the upper thigh!

SA: Yeah, right! That was right to the Spaldings and you know it!

[Williams crumples down to his knees as the crowd jeers mightily.]

SA: Ultra Commando 3 kicked him low right when things were starting to go the Future's way and... uh oh... we know what comes next!

[The Grappler hooks a front facelock as the Commando grabs the legs, lifting them up off the mat onto his shoulder...]

CP: Get ready to buy yourself something pretty because...

[...and the masked men twist to the side, turning it into an elevated swinging neckbreaker...]

CP: ...IT'S PAY DAY!

[The crowd continues to jeer as the masked men regain their feet, the Commando putting his hat back into place as he stands over Williams shouting...]

"THAT WAS FOR LAST WEEK, PUNK!"

[...and gives a hard stomp to the mouth for good measure before giving the Golden Grappler a handshake over the prone Williams.]

SA: Masks For Money lay out Derrick Williams... again...

CP: And AGAIN, Derrick Williams is all alone. Tell me again what a great friend Ryan Martinez is, Albano!

SA: Colt, you know as well as I do that the White Knight isn't here in the building tonight. He's still suffering from the concussion he suffered two weeks ago and he was barred from appearing here tonight because of it.

CP: A likely story. I'd say Williams just needs to find better friends.

[The crowd is jeering as the masked men depart the ring, leaving Williams down on the mat as we cut down to our ringside announcers.]

SA: A victory for the Future but that's not the big story in this one. The big story is yet another attack - another beatdown you might say - at the hands of the Golden Grappler and Ultra Commando 3... and Masks For Money remain on a collision course with the Future, Colt.

CP: Absolutely.

SA: Shifting gears a bit here, let's talk about the talk of the town this past week - the Royal Crown tournament. Last Saturday was Selection Saturday on Showtime as we learned the tournament participants... the first round matches... even the rules of the Finals... and tonight, the tournament begins in a major way with two big matches. Later tonight, we'll see Laura Davis go one-on-one with her hated rival, Lauryn Rage... but before we get to that, we'll see Michelle Bailey take on Shannon Walsh in singles action. And right now, standing by backstage, is one-half of that matchup along with Mark Stegglet! Mark?

[We fade to the backstage area where we find backstage interview Mark Stegglet standing alongside one-third of the unit known as the Peach Pits, Shannon Walsh. On this night, Walsh has foregone her usual Peach Pit attire and looks dressed more for a MMA fight than a wrestling match. The black sports bra style top. Black MMA style trunks with bare feet taped up. Her hair is pulled back in a tight ponytail and she appears to be all business, throwing punches at the air as Stegglet speaks up.]

MS: Thanks, Sal! Shannon Walsh, you are just a short while away from stepping into the ring for what must be the singles match opportunity of your life.

[Walsh gives a curt nod.]

SW: Opportunity is the word of the moment, Stegglet. Two weeks ago, I stepped into that ring out there for the biggest match of my career to date... the biggest opportunity I've ever had as a pro wrestler as I got to fight for championship gold. And when I came out on the losing end of that, Stegglet... I gotta admit that I was proud of our efforts... but it hurt. It stung. Losing that match for the titles made me angry and...

...and when I went to the premiere of Showtime, I was ready to...

[She pauses, seeming to self-censor.]

SW: ...mess some people up. But then I heard my name called by Lisa Drake. The British Bad Girl, Lisa Drake, picked me to be a part of the Royal Crown tournament and suddenly, there was a whole new opportunity in front of me. For the past year or so, I've dedicated my career to tag team wrestling, Stegglet. Every second of every day, I've trained, I've fought, I've sweat and I've bled for the Peach Pits... and make no mistake, I've loved it.

But now? A chance to stand alone and show not what the Peach Pits are capable of... but what I'M capable of... and Michelle Bailey, you don't have to worry. Kelly

Taylor will NOT be out there with me. Your cousin? She won't be there either. It's just you and me with a chance to go to London and continue on in this tournament on the line.

[Stegglet interjects.]

MS: You mention Michelle Bailey, your opponent tonight, who has quite the storied career so far. What do you think about your chances facing her?

[Walsh nods.]

SW: Michelle Bailey has a career the likes of which most of us dream of, Stegglet. I don't need to remind people of her story because we've all seen it now - right here on ESPN. We know the struggles she went through in AND out of the ring. We know the triumph and the tragedy and everything in the middle. And we know that she came here to the AWA for one last run. She's one of those wrestlers who will tell you the end of their career is a whole lot closer than the beginning...

...which makes me wonder how much she wants this, Stegglet. How badly she wants it.

[Walsh nods her head.]

SW: When I look at this tournament, I see the word everyone's been using about it - "opportunity." It is an opportunity for someone like me to climb in there and show the world that I'm not just a tag team wrestler... that I'm not just a former MMA fighter... that I'm not just a girl you can count on to put on a good fight in the opening match.

It's a chance to show that I belong HERE... HERE in the hottest division on the planet.

That I belong in the ring with the likes of Hamilton and Cinder... Somers and Toughill... and yeah, even Michelle Bailey.

[The fighter cracks her knuckles.]

SW: I belong in that ring with you, Bailey, and if you can't tell from the sound of my voice, I want to beat you tonight in the worst possible way. I want to go to London and show everyone that I belong.

And if you step in there tonight thinking it's just another night at the office... if you step in there thinking everyone should lay down for you because you're a damn celebrity... if you step in there thinking like your old buddy that it's the Michelle Bailey Show starring Michelle Bailey...

...I'm gonna break your damn ankle and make sure that step is the last one you make.

[And with that, Walsh stomps off out of view, leaving a shocked Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: Some very serious - and threatening - words from Shannon Walsh right there aimed at Michelle Bailey. Let's go over to Sweet Lou who is with Bailey to get her own thoughts on tonight and the rest of this tournament!

[We cut over to "Sweet" Lou Blackwell, who is standing beside Michelle Bailey. Michelle has on a zip-up hoodie bearing the words "y'all means all" across the front over her ring gear, and her long blonde hair tied in unbraided pigtails. She takes a sip from a beaten up purple Nalgene water bottle covered in old activist stickers,

including an ACT UP Silence = Death sticker, looking at the camera with her two-toned eyes as Blackwell introduces her.]

SLB: Alrighty, Mark... as advertised, I'm here with Michelle Bailey, moments away from her Royal Crown encounter. Michelle, you have quite the determined opponent tonight, don't you?

[Michelle screws the cap back onto the top of the Nalgene, letting it hang from her fingers as she nods.]

MB: I do. I really do, don't I?

[She rubs the back of her head with her free hand as Blackwell nods.]

MB: You know, Lou, she seems to know a lot about me, doesn't she? And yet, all she seems to know are details. It seems as though she doesn't know an actual thing about who I am.

SLB: Do tell.

MB: See, I see Shannon Walsh, and I see a wrestler who has had quite a successful record here in the AWA. You heard her say it herself - two weeks ago, she was a finalist in the tournament to crown the first-ever World Tag Team Champions of the Women's Division. That's an honor that only belongs to four women, Lou, and she's one of them. That's an honor that can't ever be taken away from her. And yet, here she is, saying that she needs to prove she belongs.

[A smirk comes across the face of the "Platinum Princess".]

MB: She needs to prove to all of the world that she belongs, and to do that... gosh, she has to tear through me, doesn't she? And it's not enough that she has to tear through me, she has to tell the world that she's the underdog. She's the one with something to prove. She's the one who has to show the world she belongs, like she hasn't been doing that since the moment she walked in the door.

[Michelle shakes her head.]

MB: And to do that, she has to invent a perception of me, this ideal of who she needs me to be so she can accomplish this mission she's made for herself. This perception that I'm going to overlook her, that I'm going to expect her to wither away into nothing... that I'll just coast right by and go to London. She does that because, deep down, for all her talent, for all her ability?

[A slight shrug.]

MB: She doesn't believe in herself. She has something inside of her telling her she can't do it, and instead of trying to fight the enemy within, she projects that enemy onto someone else. She thinks that nobody believes in her because, deep down, when she looks at herself, in the moments when she thinks nobody else is listening, she whispers these words...

"I can't do it."

[Michelle puts her hand on Lou's shoulder.]

MB: And hey, I know how she feels. I've been there. I mean, before Saturday Night Wrestling aired tonight, the world got to see two hours of me explaining how for years - decades, really - I used to tell myself that very same thing. That I didn't believe in myself. But instead of projecting my internal issues onto others, I projected who I wanted to be out to the world. And I can tell you, Shannon, it gets

a lot easier in life when you address those problems, that internalized self-doubt, and you tackle it head on.

[Michelle unscrews the cap of the Nalgene as Blackwell holds up a finger.]

SLB: Aren't you not supposed to give life advice, according to your ethics board?

[Michelle finishes her sip with a bit of a giggle.]

MB: That wasn't my professional opinion as a therapist, that was my professional opinion as a wrestler.

[She begins to put the cap back on the bottle.]

MB: Because Shannon, here's the truth of the matter. You can talk about my career, but we all know I'm missing a few things from my trophy case. Two weeks ago, you made it to the finals of the tournament for a World Title. The closest I've ever come to that was losing in the first round of a tournament with thirty-two entrants, and that was over fifteen years ago. Ask Adam Rogers about it; he was the one who eliminated me. Have I held a World Title? Sure, but it had "Television" or "Junior Heavyweight" in between "World" and "Title". An accomplishment to be proud of, and proud I am, but it's not the same. I've never even had so much as a shot at a World Title.

[Blackwell looks surprised by that.]

SLB: That can't be true. Not even a single shot?

[Michelle nods, with a frown.]

MB: Sad but true. A lot of regional titles, sure, but never this close. Being ranked #4 to Julie Somers' title is the best run of my career that I've ever been on, and it's only because I finally believe in myself. It's why I was the first one to say I wanted in for the Rumble this year, and why I'm glad Lori Dane is giving me this opportunity to win my way to London, to show the world what has been inside of me all along. But it's not going to be an instant punch of the ticket to London, because Shannon Walsh has never been an easy out.

[Another shrug.]

MB: No matter how much she wants to tell you that to pump herself up.

[Michelle nudges Blackwell.]

MB: If she's this good now, just imagine what she'll be like when she starts believing in herself, huh?

[And with that, she walks away, leaving Blackwell on his own.]

SLB: I'll say. Folks, the Royal Crown tournament is about to kick off, and this is one you're not going to want to miss!

[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 Mark Stegglet standing in the backstage area outside a door clearly marked "INTERIM PRESIDENT ZHARKOV." Stegglet smiles at the camera as it comes up live.]

MS: AWA fans, I'm backstage here at the Chesapeake Energy Center, waiting to speak to the Interim AWA President Maxim Zharkov regarding some of the recent happenings here in the AWA. But while we wait for Mr. Zharkov, let's talk about one of the victims of last week's chaotic brawl during the Red Wedding... and of course, I'm speaking of the AWA's White Knight, Ryan Martinez. The former World Champion suffered a concussion at the hands of his former friend, Supreme Wright, when Wright laid him out with that spinning backfist. We're told that Mr. Martinez wanted to be here tonight but-

[The door swings open as Zharkov emerges from the room, dressed in a black AWA polo and slacks, holding a clipboard in his hand.]

MZ: But I said no, yes?

[Stegglet shrugs sheepishly.]

MS: In so many words, yes. We're told that you personally barred Ryan Martinez from being here tonight. Is that true?

[Zharkov nods.]

MZ: Da.

MS: Any explanation why?

[Zharkov gets a stern expression on his face.]

MZ: Because too many people end up in hospital lately, no?

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: I can't argue that point. So, you barred Ryan for his own protection?

[Zharkov nods.]

MZ: I knew White Knight would not be able to stay safe when Supreme Wright speaks later. He would not stay here.

[He gestures towards the backstage area.]

MZ: No more ambulances, Mr. Stegglet.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: I agree... and speaking of ambulances, it was just last weekend when what was a highly successful premiere of our newest show here on ESPN, Showtime, was marred many would say by serious injuries to Victoria June, Isaiah Carpenter, and Whitiri in brutal assaults. Any thoughts?

[Zharkov bows his head.]

MZ: I... was not able to be there. I should have been.

[Zharkov lifts his head.]

MZ: Next week? I be there.

[Stegglet's eyes go wide.]

MS: Wow! That IS big news! Interim President Zharkov announcing that he will PERSONALLY attend Showtime next weekend in Atlanta to try to prevent what happened last weekend from happening-

[Stegglet is cut off by a loud voice from off-camera.]

"I'M DONE WITH THIS!"

[Coming into view is "The Future" Derrick Williams, obviously heated after what just happened a little earlier after his match.

DW: Max! Max, I'm done.

[Zharkov bristles, raising a hand.]

MZ: Interim Pres-

[Williams angrily interrupts.]

DW: We're beyond that, aren't we?

[Zharkov sighs... then nods, gesturing for Williams to continue.]

DW: I'm done with those goons. At this point, I'm less concerned about the who sent them and just needing to shake them off my back.

So I don't care how, or what, or what stips, or whatever I need to do, but I'm finishing this with them...

[He looks long at Zharkov.]

DW: Officially or not.

[Zharkov nods, raising a hand.]

MZ: Comrade, I advise patience.

[Williams starts to respond but Zharkov talks over him.]

MZ: I agree. This issue...

[He shakes his head.]

MZ: ...needs to end. And I am not alone in thinking so.

[Williams nods.]

DW: Good.

[Zharkov smirks... slightly.]

MZ: That is why... I am just getting off phone before you come here... and while he is barred tonight, he should be medically cleared in two weeks...

[Williams sighs, rolling his eyes.]

DW: You mean...?

[Zharkov nods.]

MZ: Da. In two weeks, National Wrestling Night...

[Williams crosses his arms, not looking happy with what's coming.]

MZ: ...by his request, it will be White Knight Martinez... teaming with you, Future Williams... to face the Masks For Money. You both get chance for revenge with whole world watching.

[Zharkov pauses, glaring at Williams.]

MZ: Good?

[Williams returns the glare for an uncomfortably long time.]

DW: If having to deal with Martinez and all his current baggage is what it takes for me to get about 800 pounds of Masked Gorillas off my back...

[Williams gives it one more thought before nodding.]

DW: ...then fine. I'll do it. In two weeks, we end this.

[Williams reaches out a hand towards Zharkov who throws a look around to see if anyone's looking... and then slips his former partner and friend a fistbump, smirking as Williams strides out of sight and Zharkov looks pleased at the addition to his show lineup in two weeks' time...

...and we fade to another part of backstage where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell standing in front of a locker room door that reads "LYNCH." Lou looks a little anxious.]

SLB: Big news from my counterpart, Mark Stegglet there with Interim President Zharkov, as we'll see Masks For Money versus Ryan Martinez and Derrick Williams two weeks from now in Kansas City!

All things considered, Mark, you may have gotten the easier gig in this one because as much as the man behind this door is a friend of mine...

[Blackwell pauses, shaking his head.]

SLB: ...I really dread having to have this conversation with him. But...

[Lou sighs as he shrugs, rapping on the door. A few moments pass before the door swings open to reveal former National Champion Travis Lynch in a super smedium AWA Showtime t-shirt and black athletic pants.]

TL: Hey Lou.

[Blackwell brightens.]

SLB: Travis, hey... I was... I was expecting... well, I was looking for...

[A familiar voice calls out from inside the room.]

"He's lookin' for me, Trav."

[Travis nods.]

TL: Figured.

SLB: I'd like to get your thoughts too.

[Travis smiles tightly.]

TL: A little later, okay? I'm not sure either of us are in the mood to-

[The voice calls out again.]

"It's okay. Let him in."

[Travis throws an appraising look over his shoulder before nodding, pushing open the door to allow Sweet Lou entry. As the camera follows him in, we see Jack Lynch sitting on a wooden bench, head in his hands as he looks down at the concrete floor. As usual, the Iron Cowboy is dressed in black – he wears a long-sleeved collared shirt, the front three buttons undone with the sleeves pushed up to the elbows as well as a pair of black jeans. The toes on his black cowboy boots are scuffed, and we can see why from the listless way his feet swing back and forth. Lynch's face is unshaven, his facial hair scraggly, while his brown hair is an uneven length, suggesting he needs a haircut. The sides of his hair stand out in spikes, as if he's been running his hands through it repeatedly.]

SLB: Jack... I don't even know where to start.

[After drawing in a long breath, and exhaling it slowly, the elder Lynch looks up at the camera.]

JL: I ain't sure either, Lou.

Y'know, I've been through a lot since I've come to the AWA. I've been there for some shining moments, Sweet Lou. Things that'll live on as long as there's a wrestling business. Highs you can't imagine.

[Blackwell nods.]

JL: I've won tag team gold with not one, but two brothers. I was there when the White Knight brought the Wise Men to their knees and when he smashed the Korugun Corporation.

My hand went high in the air for two of the greatest spectacles ever seen in SuperClash history – the Texas Death Match and the Towel Match.

[Lynch gets a little bit of a sad smile for a moment.]

JL: I was there to pay tribute and say goodbye to the man whose voice has defined the AWA and who could bring a tear even to this old cowboy's eyes.

And I've been there for low moments too.

[The smile fades completely.]

JL: I saw my brother's neck broken by the Bullies. I saw a madman named Rage just about kill my father.

My own brother left me layin' in a pool of our conjoined blood this SuperClash last.

[Lynch shakes his head.]

JL: But with God as my witness, Sweet Lou, I feel like its all been taken away from me. It's like everything was wiped clean... washed away in blood.

And I got no stories to tell, Lou. Ain't no parable I can tell to make any sense of what happened. I feel empty inside, Lou. As Bob Dylan once said...

I offered up my innocence, and I got repaid in scorn.

[Lynch exhales again.]

JL: Supreme Wright... once upon a time, I hated you.

You threatened my child, my baby girl! You said, and you did terrible things to me and to my family!

... and I forgave you.

My baby sister came to me, with tears in her eyes, Wright! And in between those tears, she begged me... got down on her knees and she begged me to forgive you.

And I did, Supreme Wright. But I didn't just forgive you...

... I loved you.

[Lynch is shaking, in rage, but also sorrow.]

JL: YOU WERE MY BROTHER!

There ain't a soul who has ever heard the sound of my voice who doesn't know what family means to me.

Jimmy is one thing... but I chose you. I welcomed you. I let you be my brother!

And this is what I get.

[Lynch leans back, his hand covering his face for a moment.]

JL: I don't even know why. But you took it all from me, Supreme, and I got nothin' left.

I've come up with a dozen things to say or do, and I ain't said a one of 'em aloud, because every single one of 'em... its somethin' that if I do more than just let be it a thought only I have...

... well, I ain't sure its somethin' I want to put out in the world.

So right now, I ain't got no words. I ain't got nothin' except a head full of bad thoughts that make me scared of myself..

[Blackwell gives Jack a moment... and then speaks up.]

SLB: But Jack, I've gotta know-

[There's a knock at the door again. Standing by the door, Travis pushes it open, having a few words off-mic as Lou and Jack look towards the door.]

TL: The champ is here.

[Travis smirks as the door swings open to reveal Supernova who is dressed in his black trenchcoat over a black shirt and blue jeans. Supernova also wears a pair of shades.]

S: Jack.

JL: [slight nod] Nova.

[There's an awkward silence as Lynch and Nova stare across the room at each other... and then Travis clears his throat.]

TL: I'm... gonna go look for Zharkov. You okay?

[Lynch gives a nod, not taking his eyes off Supernova as his brother pushes the door open, walking out of sight.]

S: Hey, I just wanted to make sure you were doing all right.

[There's a sharp exhale that almost sounds like a very bitter laugh.]

JL: I'm about a thousand miles away from doin' all right, Nova.

I wish I could say what "all right" would even look like right now. Or hell, what it'll ever look like again.

So while I appreciate the thought... maybe that ain't the best question to ask me right now.

[There's brief silence, which Supernova breaks.]

S: I just wanted to you know that I regret not being there for you and your family.

[He pulls his shades off -- there's no face paint, just a serious look on Nova's face.]

S: I know you saw what went down between me, your brother and his cohorts and what they did. Now, I'll tell you that I would never have imagined that the wedding would go down the way it did, that Supreme Wright and his thugs would ever pull such a stunt like that.

But I was so caught up in what happened in my match, with the things your brother and Atlas and Veronica pulled off, that all I could think about was getting my title belt back. In fact, your brother is still taking the coward's way out.

[Nova waves a hand before Jack responds.]

S: That's not as important as what happened at the wedding, though. I just want you to know that I'm sorry that I wasn't there. I should have been.

[Lynch eyeballs Supernova for a moment before nodding.]

JL: It ain't your fault, and I don't want you to blame yourself.

Ya got your hands full of Jimmy and Armstrong and Veronica, and those three are enough to make anyone crazy.

And what they did to you?

[Lynch sighs, waving a hand.]

JL: Hell, if our situations were reversed, it'd be me apologizin' to you for bein' "distracted."

So thanks Nova. But this ain't on you, and there ain't no need for to take any kind of blame.

[There's brief silence again. Nova breaks it again.]

S: Thank you... and I know that what James did last year, him impersonating me, wasn't your fault. I know we had our differences about your brother, but what he did, he owns it and he alone.

And I want you to know that, even as I still have issues with your brother, if you ever need me to stand by your side, whether it's about Supreme Wright or anyone else... I'll be there.

[Lynch stands.]

JL: I appreciate that. You're a stand up guy. And Lord knows those are in short supply.

[Lynch extends his hand.]

JL: You and me, we're cool. And just know, the same applies. I may be done fightin' my brother, but if you need some help with an Atlas sized problem... well, you got my number.

[The two then shake hands...]

...and there's another knock at the door. Jack smirks.]

JL: I'm a popular guy tonight, I guess. Yeah?

[The door swings open...

...and in walks AWA production staff in former World Champions Adam Rogers and Kevin Slater.]

JL: Not what I expected. Kev, what's going on?

[Slater grimaces, obviously uncomfortable with what he's there to do.]

KS: Jack, I... first, I want to apologize for-

[Jack holds up a hand.]

JL: It wasn't your fault. Nobody's fault but the man who pulled the trigger, yeah?

[Slater nods.]

JL: So, why are you here?

[Rogers speaks up sternly.]

AR: We're here because we've been asked to have you leave the building.

[Lynch's gaze drifts from Slater to Rogers, a coldness behind his eyes suddenly.]

JL: Once a bully, always a bully, huh?

[Slater speaks up.]

KS: It's not him, Jack... it's-

[Jack interrupts.]

JL: It's Zharkov. Right?

[Slater shakes his head.]

KS: Higher.

[Jack looks back at Slater, a surprised expression on his face.]

JL: Stegglet?

[Slater and Rogers nod as Supernova speaks up.]

S: Jack, let me go to talk to Jon and see-

[Jack waves a hand.]

JL: Nah. I get it. Jon thinks if I'm here when Supreme walks out there to tell his story, I won't leave Oklahoma City until one of us ain't walkin'... that about right?

[Slater nods silently.]

JL: Hm.

[The Iron Cowboy shrugs.]

JL: He's right.

[Lynch steps forward, Rogers taking a reflexive step back.]

JL: Don't worry, Rogers. I'll go quiet. Never let it be said that Jack Lynch ain't a company man.

[Lynch gives Nova a nod.]

JL: You give my brother hell, you hear?

[Nova returns the nod as Lynch starts towards the door...

...and we fade back out to the ringside area where our announcers are seated.]

SA: We are back here in the Chesapeake Energy Center, getting ready for our first Royal Crown tournament match... but before we go to that, Colt, let's talk about what we just saw... first, what about that tag match that Interim President Zharkov set up for National Wrestling Night? Masks For Money taking on Ryan Martinez and Derrick Williams!

CP: It'll be a hell of a match, I'm sure, but I gotta wonder what Derrick Williams is thinking right now. I know he wants his shot at the Grappler and the Commando... but to get it, he's gotta team with a guy whose got a head injury... a guy whose best friend stabbed him in the damn heart two weeks ago... a guy who KICKED WILLIAMS IN THE HEAD two weeks ago! This is the WORST PERIOD PARTNER PERIOD EVER PERIOD! Like I said, this Derrick Williams? This Derrick Williams is a shell of what he was no matter what these fans think.

SA: We're going to have to agree to disagree on that one... but what about what we just saw? Jack Lynch kicked out of the building by AWA management as they try to keep the Iron Cowboy from being here when Supreme Wright arrives tonight.

CP: It's a smart move, Sal. I don't know what Supreme Wright's gonna say tonight... I don't know if anyone does... but what I DO know is whatever he says, it's gonna make Jack Lynch mad... it's gonna make Ryan Martinez mad... it's gonna make a LOT of people mad... so you better get all those guys out of the building if you don't want a brawl to break out.

SA: A fair point... we're told Supreme Wright is on his way to the building right now and as soon as he gets here, he'll be addressing this sold out crowd in Oklahoma City... but right now, let's go to the ring for our next matchup!

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

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit and is a FIRST ROUND match in the Royal Crown Tournament!

[Big cheers go up from the crowd!]

RO: Introducing first...

["Burning Heart" by Survivor plays over the PA system to a good-sized cheer of recognition from where that song is famous.]

RO: ...from San Francisco, California... weighing in at 127 pounds...

...SHANNNNNNNONNNNNN WALLLLLLLLLLSH!

[The curtain parts as Walsh strides out into view dressed as we saw her during her interview. Her face is all focus, swinging her hands back and forth, shadowboxing her way down the aisle to a mixed reaction from the fans.]

SA: Shannon Walsh, someone I think most would call a surprise selection for this tournament, Colt...

CP: No question, Sal. It's one of those things that I think both Walsh and Bailey are BOTH right about it. Because Bailey's right - Shannon Walsh is rapidly becoming a successful and accomplished competitor in the Women's Division - but Walsh is also right. There are some who still look down their noses at her AND the Peach Pits. She DOES feel like she has something to prove tonight and I don't think any amount of psychobabble out of Bailey changes that.

[Walsh is still swinging as she reaches ringside, entering the ring to another mixed cheer.]

SA: The Peach Pits were just as surprised as I think many of us were last weekend when they got cheered on Showtime but there's a growing respect for that team and what they can do, Colt.

CP: But I liked what the Pits had to say about it. Cheer 'em if you want but they're not changing a thing about the way they do business... and that's exactly how I always felt about it too.

[As Walsh settles in, the music fades and Ortiz continues.]

RO: Aaaaand her opponent!

She's from New Orleans, Louisiana... weighing in at 172 pounds... and she is the "Platinum Princess"...

...MICHELLLLLLLLLLLLE BAAAAAAALEYYYYYYYYY!

[The crowd roars as "Stronger" by Britney Spears plays, with Michelle Bailey walking out from the entrance with a big grin on her face. She is dressed in a light pink crop top and black skirt, with the word "VISIBLE" across the chest in white letters with blue trim. Her different colored knee and shinpads are also in use, with the left leg sporting a five-color motif of blue-pink-white-pink-blue, and the right leg in black. Rather than her customary "XOXO", the right leg has the word "TRANS", with each letter following the blue-pink-white-pink-blue motif, and the left leg is unmarked.]

SA: Colt, here's someone who has had quite the busy month, from the premieres of her documentary, media appearances, being by the side of Juan Vasquez on his retirement tour..

CP: She's had a lot on her mind, almost everything aside from wrestling, Albano.

SA: And of course, the national television premiere of "The Lost Girl, Found" was before our telecast tonight. If you missed it, you can catch it on the ESPN app, and it will also be re-ran tomorrow afternoon on ESPN2!

CP: And I get residuals from the ads for each view, so watch it twice. Heck, watch it three times.

[Michelle walks down to the ring, slapping hands with the fans as she walks down, looking rather excited for the opportunity to compete in the Royal Crown. She looks

a little overwhelmed by the positive reaction, and stops when she sees a sign held up by a young woman that reads "I DROVE FOR TWELVE HOURS TO SEE MICHELLE BAILEY!" She stands by the fan so they can take a picture, then gives the fan a hug.]

SA: Michelle Bailey is one of the most popular competitors here in the AWA, and it's only fitting that her match in the Royal Crown be today, or that her documentary premiered on ESPN today. For those who don't know, it's the Trans Day of Visibility!

CP: Yeah, but how many distractions does she have, Albano? She spent the first few weeks of the year on the shelf finishing up that documentary, she's been out doing promotion. She's really only just been getting back into the swing of things in terms of in-ring action.

SA: And her opponent tonight, Shannon Walsh, has been wrestling regularly since the start of the year. Momentum is very critical, you've got a good point, Colt.

CP: The first time you and I ever got to announce one of her matches, she came in with a lot of spotlight on her, a lot of media pressure, and she got beat by Ayako Fujiwara in the process. Shannon Walsh is the kind of competitor that can make history repeat itself, especially if Michelle Bailey's not prepared for her. Just ask her what happened three weeks ago on the last Power Hour!

SA: I'm sure Michelle hasn't forgotten that trios match, or Shannon Walsh pulling out the win for the Peach Pits against that all-star team of Michelle, Harley Hamilton, and Ricki Toughill.

[Michelle climbs into the ring as the music fades, smiling at the referee as she gets checked over...]

SA: We're just about set for this one and I've been looking forward to this all week - not just the start of this tremendous tournament but this match in particular. Considering the combatants, I think it's got a chance to be a sleeper pick for the best first round match, Colt.

CP: I can see that for sure, Sal... and I think what it comes down to is how ready for this match is Bailey... and to Walsh's point, does Bailey want this tournament as badly as Walsh does?

SA: We're about to find out as the referee backs off and...

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: And the first match in our inaugural Royal Crown Tournament is underway! First round action here with the winner advancing to the Finals - that big four way match at The Battle of London coming up on April 28th in the O2 Arena in jolly ol' London, England right here on ESPN - it's gonna be one for the ages, Colt.

CP: I'm lookin' forward to our first international road trip, Sal. Gonna hit a pub or two and show those stuffy Brits how we Americans live life.

SA: Live, laugh, love... three words that always come to mind when I think of Colt Patterson.

CP: No doubt.

[With the two combatants slowly circling one another and the crowd imploring them to action, Shannon Walsh feints high for a tieup and then shifts levels down to snatch a leg, easily taking down Bailey with a single leg...]

SA: Nice takedown by Walsh, showing off that MMA background...

CP: And that's going to be a key element of this match, Big Sal... can the MMA grappling skills of Walsh overpower the pro wrestling mat skills of Bailey who learned from some of the best.

SA: Michelle Bailey trained under the likes of Jeremy Rhodes and Billy Classon - two accomplished mat technicians in their own right... and right away, you can see Walsh trying to secure that leg and foot in her grasp...

CP: She said she would try to break the ankle if Bailey took her too lightly.

[Defending herself, Bailey attempts to kick Walsh off but Walsh is able to shove the kicking leg away, twisting and kneeling down on the already-trapped leg in a kneeling toehold. Bailey immediately sits up, looking to escape but Walsh is ready for her...]

"OHHHHH!"

SA: Walsh with a brutal forearm shot there and Bailey may need to check her smile after that one - she could be missing a tooth or two after the ferocity of that blow.

[Reaching down with both hands at the trapped leg, Walsh grabs the foot, giving the ankle a twist...]

CP: Back to work on the ankle, Walsh has a gameplan here tonight.

[...and Bailey cries out, immediately sitting up again with alarm on her face...]

SA: The pain shooting through that ankle caught Bailey a little by surprise, I think, maybe not expecting a submission hold less than a minute into this...

[...but as Bailey sits up, Walsh releases the ankle, extending her arms to snare Bailey's arms...]

CP: Whoooooa... butterfly lock - we don't see this move too often but if it's applied correctly, it can be an incredibly painful hold as it stretches out the arms, the shoulders, and especially the neck. Not to mention how much it immobilizes the victim in a position like this sitting on the mat.

SA: Shannon Walsh has the striking skills and the submission skills to potentially pull the upset in this one but it's going to take all she's got to put down Michelle Bailey who seems determined to continue working her way up the ladder. Colt, are you surprised that Michelle Bailey says she's never had an opportunity to wear a World Title?

CP: Absolutely, Sal. You always hear the saying that you can't hold down talent... and I'm a believer in that... but the politics and circumstances surrounding Michelle Bailey seem to have done exactly that. She's one of the best in the world at what she does and has been for quite some time so to hear that... that means some people in some offices in this business over the years have failed her miserably.

[Down on the mat, Bailey slips her trapped leg away from Walsh...]

SA: Bailey works the leg free, both legs loose now for her as she tries to get back up to her feet where perhaps she can find a way out of this hold that's really stretching out the limbs and neck as you said, Colt.

CP: Hey, I know what I'm talkin' about. You're not dealing with someone who relies on a catchphrase over here... daddy.

SA: Oh brother... and as Bailey gets to her feet, she's looking for the back door out of this hold...

[But before Bailey can escape, Walsh squares up, lifting her into the air, throwing her down in a double underhook suplex while keep the hold applied...]

SA: ...and very good execution on the suplex by Walsh, hanging on to that hold, continuing to apply pressure to the arms... to the neck...

[...and Walsh rolls through, pushing off the mat with her feet to flip over the downed Bailey, using the butterfly hook to drag her back to her feet again...]

SA: Very impressive right there being able to hang onto that hold - that shows tremendous focus on the part of Shannon Walsh, one-third of the Peach Pits and one-quarter of the final four women who took part in the Women's World Tag Team Title tournament final last weekend in New Orleans.

[...and with both women back up, Walsh lifts Bailey up, taking her over a second time with a spine-jarring slam...]

SA: A second butterfly suplex... rolling butterflies if you will as Walsh continues to hang on like a dog with a bone...

[...before rolling back to her feet a second time, Bailey still trapped in the painful double underhook...]

...but perhaps not for long as she drives forward, smashing Walsh back against the turnbuckles!]

SA: Walsh was looking for a third suplex, I believe, but Bailey puts her back into the corner, looking for her way out to avoid more of those hard slams down on the canvas here in Oklahoma City... we are SOLD OUT here in the Chesapeake Energy Center and these fans are settling in for a hot night in the Cinderella City as Shannon Walsh looks to become a Cinderella story in this tournament.

[Leaning against the corner, Bailey again tries to pull out of the hold but Walsh fiercely hangs on, shaking her head at Platinum Princess' escape efforts...]

SA: Walsh hanging on... Bailey backing up now, pulling Walsh with her...

CP: And this isn't what Bailey had in mind here tonight. She was hoping to run right over Walsh and really have herself a night.

SA: Movie premiere on ESPN. Trans Day of Visibility. A quick win to move on in the Royal Crown tournament - all sounds like a winner of an idea to me but Shannon Walsh disagrees and she's gonna make Bailey fight for this one.

[Back in the middle of the ring, Bailey grunts with effort as she straightens up, lifting Walsh in the air while still trapped in the double underhook, bringing her crashing down in a backdrop that Bailey is actually dragged down to the mat on as well as Walsh won't let go!]

SA: Backdrops her over but Walsh STILL hanging on to that hold, Colt!

CP: She might've been better to let it go there, Sal, because this way, not only did she take the slam but she also got crushed under Bailey's 172 pounds as well.

SA: You've gotta be impressed with the focus and determination of Walsh early on in this one. She went in the buckles... she took the backdrop... and yet, she still

holds on to that double underhook like she belongs in Wilson Phillips and not the Peach Pits.

CP: Wilson Phillips?

SA: Would you prefer En Vogue?

CP: I'd prefer you make a musical reference from this century, Albano. The suits brought us in to be the fresh new voices on this show and you've got us sounding like we're about to rock the mic like a vandal.

SA: Nicely done.

[Still... holding on... Walsh rolls back to her feet in control, clenching her teeth and shaking her head at Bailey's escape efforts...]

SA: Bailey still looking for a way out and... ohh! Kneestrike by Walsh!

[Hanging onto the double underhook, Walsh drives her knee up a few more times, landing in the upper torso of Bailey...]

...and then with a slight lift, she swings Bailey's legs over the middle rope, setting her down half in and half out of the ring...]

SA: What is...?

[...and then lets go of the underhook, pivoting to DRIVE HOME a kneelift that snaps Bailey's head back!]

SA: ...OHHH! KNEELIFT CONNECTS!

CP: Bailey may be out! Shannon Walsh got every single bit of that!

[But Walsh stays right on her, grabbing the arms to pull them back and tuck them over the top rope, fully exposing the torso of Bailey as she's stretched out across the ropes...]

CP: Bailey's wide open here now, Walsh with that striking skill!

"WHAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAP!"

[...and lands three rough slamming forearms to the sternum, earning a shout from the official as Walsh pivots again...]

"WHAAAACK!"

"WHAAAACK!"

"WHAAAACK!"

[...and throws three knife edge chops in combination, leaving Bailey reeling and wincing in pain...]

SA: Impressive combo of striking prowess by the former MMA fighter, leaving Bailey in a bad way about five minutes into this twenty minute time limit!

[And with the referee still reprimanding her, Walsh brushes past to rush to the far ropes, rebounding back...]

SA: OHH! Off the ropes at high velocity and Walsh lands the double knees - the Meteora - right into the chest!

[Bailey stays trapped in the ropes through as Walsh quickly comes back to her feet, stepping through to the apron...]

SA: Walsh to the apron, the referee again letting Walsh have it for not letting Bailey out of the ropes... oh, look at this, Colt!

CP: Grabbing the hair and bending Bailey back over the ropes, bending the spine in a way it is NOT meant to go! This ain't no downward dog, Albano!

[Bailey cries out at the stretch as the referee starts a five count on Walsh who holds until four, letting go to some jeers from the crowd.]

SA: The fans here in OKC giving Walsh some grief for that...

CP: Walsh and Taylor said it on Saturday at Showtime - the fans can cheer them if they want but they're not gonna change their ways and Walsh is proving that right now in spades, Albano.

[Walsh trades words with the official before BURYING a forearm shank into the lower back of Bailey, again causing Bailey to cry out in pain as Walsh unloads with a few more...]

SA: This referee has to SERIOUSLY think about a disqualification, Colt!

CP: For what?!

SA: For what?! Walsh won't let Bailey out of the ropes and the referee has warned her multiple time! Look at this, again stretching her out with two hands full of hair - come on!

[The referee is counting Walsh who lets go at four again...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and then DRILLS Bailey with a vicious elbowstrike to the back of the head, sending Bailey pitching forward through the ropes and down onto the canvas!]

SA: What a shot that was! Knockout power on the part of Shannon Walsh and just as quickly as I was talking about Walsh being disqualified, now the referee needs to check to see if Bailey can continue after that!

[The referee kneels down alongside Bailey, checking to see if she can defend herself as Walsh comes back through the ropes.]

SA: Andy Dawson says the match can go on, happy with what he saw out of Bailey apparently... but Walsh is right there, looking for more punishment and that's a problem for Bailey as she looks for a way to get back into this thing with a trip to London and the Finals of the Royal Crown tournament on the line...

[Walsh leans down, pulling Bailey off the mat by the hair...

...but Bailey grabs the leg on the way up, lifting it as she gets to her feet, using a back heel trip to toss Walsh down to the mat before flipping forward, snapping the leg down as she does!]

SA: Ohhh! Now THAT'S a counter, Colt!

CP: Walsh might've thought Bailey was in worse shape than she was, Sal... kind of a nonchalant approach in there gets the leg picked and then snapped over. Stretching out the hamstring... and now it's Bailey right on it... she's got the leg and... half Crab locked in!

SA: A half Boston Crab applied by the Platinum Princess!

[Bailey leans back, cranking the leg as Walsh cries out, stretching to reach for the ropes that are several feet out of grasp...]

SA: Walsh trying to get to the ropes but she's nowhere close to them right now and could Michelle Bailey force the former MMA fighter into submission here?

CP: Walsh has got a lot of resilience, Sal... it'll take a lot to get a tap out from her.

SA: She's trying to get to the ropes, looking for the break...

[But as Walsh gets closer to the ropes, Bailey transitions out of the half Crab and into an STF to big cheers from the OKC crowd!]

SA: ...but no dice there, Bailey showing off her own submission skills. We talked about her training under the likes of Jeremy Rhodes and Billy Classon... both accomplished submission artists...

[Unable to reach the ropes, Walsh instead wraps her fingers around the clasped hands cranking her head and neck...]

SA: ...Walsh trying to pry the hands off her head, looking for a different way out of the STF...

[...and grabs hold of the thumb of Bailey, bending it backwards as Bailey grimaces in pain, fighting to keep the hold locked in...]

SA: ...small joint manipulation on the part of Walsh!

CP: That's not part of her MMA training but it's very effective, Sal.

SA: It sure is... forcing Bailey to let go of the crossface part of the hold. She's still got the legs...

CP: For now.

SA: For now indeed... what's Walsh doing here?

[Reaching out her arms, Walsh hooks a sort-of headlock on Bailey's twisting with it...]

SA: Look at this, Colt! Walsh twisting the head and neck around... and Bailey has to let go! Bailey lets go of the STF! Very impressive escape on the part of the Peach Pit!

[...and despite Bailey letting go, she's still trapped in a side headlock by Walsh, quickly fighting her way up...]

SA: Both women back on their feet now... Bailey still in that side headlock and-

[But not for long as Bailey shoves Walsh off out of the headlock, sending her into the ropes and then knocks her flat with a shouldertackle!]

SA: -171 pounds of Michelle Bailey knocks Walsh flat with that big tackle!

[With Walsh down on the mat, Bailey runs to the ropes, bouncing back towards the rising Walsh...]

SA: Off the far side... Walsh drops down, Bailey up and over...

[Bailey bounces off the far ropes, coming back towards Walsh who drops down a second time...]

...and Bailey gets the crowd on their feet with a leaping somersault, dropping a leg down on the back of Walsh's head and neck!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: WOW! Michelle Bailey digging deep into the archives for that one, showing the type of aerial maneuver that used to be her bread and butter back in her EMWC days! She DID say she was looking to put on a show here on Trans Day of Visibility... and well, she was definitely visible on that one, Colt!

CP: Definitely... and she'll be a lot more visible when that goes viral later tonight, Sal.

SA: You got that right.

[Walsh rolls to the floor, hanging onto the back of her neck as Bailey regains her feet, walking towards the ropes near Walsh...]

SA: Look out here, fans...

[...and grabs the top rope, giving a nod to the cheering fans before yanking them hard, slingshotting over into a crossbody that wipes out Walsh to big cheers from the Oklahoma City crowd!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...AND BAILEY TAKES TO THE SKY AGAIN!

[Bailey grins at the crowd reaction as she gets to her feet, pumping a fist. The camera gets close enough to hear her say "it's a special day and I'm feeling a little bit flashy!"]

SA: Says she's feeling a little bit flashy and with that somersault legdrop and the slingshot plancha, I can certainly see that... as can these fans here in Oklahoma City who are on their feet.

CP: Well, that's all well and good, Albano, but she's gotta watch herself. All that flash can get the fans going and when it hits, it can be effective... but they don't call it "high risk" for nothing, Big Sal.

SA: Absolutely not... she tosses Walsh back into the ring now, maybe looking to finish this off as we get close to the halfway point-

"TEN MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES REMAIN! TEN MINUTES!"

SA: And almost on cue there, we hear the call - ten minutes remaining in the time limit point of this one. Halfway home as Bailey and Walsh battle it out for the first spot in the Royal Crown finals!

[Walsh pushes up to all fours as Bailey steps in behind her, pulling her up to her feet in a waistlock...]

SA: Uh oh! Bailey maybe looking to take a page out of Ayako Fujiwara's playbook... and hey, Bailey and Ayako have a chance to square off in this tournament again, Colt. Michelle Bailey made her AWA debut against Ayako Fujiwara and the fans - myself included - would love to see that rematch... oh! Walsh with an elbow, trying to fight her way out!

[A second elbow breaks the waistlock, freeing Walsh to run to the ropes...]

SA: Walsh on the rebound!

[...but on the way back, she ends up running right into Bailey wrapping her arms around the torso, flipping Walsh up and over with a Northern Lights suplex...

...and pushes off the mat, rolling right through the bridge to end up back on her feet, pulling Walsh into a seated position as she does...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and CREAMS the seated Walsh with a lunging kneestrike!]

SA: BAILEY ROCKS HER! WALSH GOT KNOCKED FLAT!

[Bailey dives across Walsh, snatching a leg as she rolls into a back press...]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT... NOOOOO! Walsh gets the shoulder off the mat, breaking the count in time!

CP: Ooooh, that was CLOSE, Sal!

SA: It was! It was! Shannon Walsh just barely got the shoulder up and now the Peach Pit is in trouble!

[The veteran Bailey doesn't react to the kickout, instead grabbing the arm that came up off the mat, twisting it as she gets to her feet and drops a leg across the bicep area!]

SA: Bailey staying right on her...

CP: And that's the sign of a true professional, Sal. Too many wrestlers these days get off their game when someone kicks out like that. They complain to the referee, they sulk and hit the mat and bury their face in their hands. Bailey acknowledged the kickout and got right back to it and that's the way I like it.

SA: ...and now right into the short arm scissors, going right back to a submission hold to try and wear down Walsh and get a submission out of her...

[Walsh tries to wriggle free but Bailey hangs onto it, shaking her head defiantly as the referee kneels down to check for a submission...]

SA: Walsh shouting no, refusing to give in to this hold... and again, you have to imagine the MMA grappling skills of Walsh may come to pay off here as she looks for a way out of this old school hold.

CP: Old school is putting it mildly, Sal... I think the last time I saw this hold locked on, Chris Quigley and Dan Kauffman were still putting people down for a nap in Portland.

[Walsh rolls to her hip, stacking up Bailey, her shoulders down on the mat...]

SA: Quick counter gets one! Gets two!

[...but Bailey's shoulder comes up to break the count as she shifts her leg positioning...]

SA: TRIANGLE! Bailey looking for a triangle choke from her back!

[...but before she can fully lock it in, Walsh grabs the legs, flipping through into a double leg cradle!]

SA: ANOTHER COUNTER! ONNNNNE! TWOOOOO! THREEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd breathes a sigh of relief as Bailey's shoulder comes flying off the mat JUST in time, breaking out of the cradle!]

SA: She almost caught her there, Colt!

CP: We almost had a major upset! Shannon Walsh almost pinned the talk of the town, Michelle Bailey, to head to London!

[Walsh scrambles up off the mat, beating Bailey there by a step, coming up swinging with a kneestrike...]

...but Bailey rolls clear, causing Walsh to whiff on the strike, falling off balance until Bailey drags her down!]

SA: SCHOOLGIRL ROLLUP! ONNNNNNE! TWOOOOO! THREEEEE- NOOOO! WALSH KICKS OUT IN TIME!

CP: And that time, it was Bailey who almost had it! What an exchange of near falls by Walsh and Bailey!

[The two competitors scramble up again, Walsh swinging for the fences as she does...]

SA: ELBOW STRI- ducked by Bailey, hooks her up...

[...and Bailey lifts Walsh into the air, dropping her down with a back suplex, rolling into a pin attempt...]

SA: Bailey covers off the suplex... she's got one! She's got two! She's got- no! Walsh kicks out again!

[Bailey throws a glance over at the timekeeper, looking for an indication of how much time is left...]

CP: Bailey is asking how much time... did you hear the answer?

SA: I didn't but by my watch, we're just shy of the fifteen minute mark...

[...and with a nod, she pulls Walsh into a front facelock, powering her up for a vertical suplex...]

SA: ...suplex on the way!

[...but Walsh lands an upside-down kneestrike at the peak of the lift, crowning Bailey on the skull!]

SA: Oh! Walsh caught her with a knee!

CP: And Bailey's dazed!

[Back down on their feet, Walsh leaps up, snatching a guillotine choke!]

SA: CHOKE! CHOKE LOCKED IN!

CP: A totally legal choke too, Albano! This is a blood choke not an air choke!

SA: It's completely legal! Walsh throwing it back to her MMA days, looking to cut off the flow of blood to the brain and force a tapout!

CP: She could get it too - that choke's in DEEP!

SA: Bailey fighting it, desperately looking for a way out of this submission hold and-

[The crowd reacts as Bailey rushes forward, smashing Walsh's back into the turnbuckles!]

SA: -INTO THE CORNER!

[But Walsh shakes her head, refusing to let go as Bailey quickly backs up, still holding onto Walsh...]

SA: Walsh hangs on and- INTO THE BUCKLES A SECOND TIME!

[...and DRIVES Walsh into the turnbuckles again!]

SA: Walsh gets smashed into the corner twice but she won't let go! Bailey's got her up against those buckles!

CP: And Bailey's starting to fade, Sal! Nowhere near as much behind that second slam into the corner!

[Bailey backs off again, about half the distance this time, lunging desperately forward...]

SA: THIRD TIME TO THE CORNER!

[But Walsh shouts "NOOOOO!", cranking even harder on the submission hold as Bailey leans against her...]

CP: This is incredible! Walsh is hanging on for dear life to that chokehold and Bailey can't get loose!

SA: We could be heading towards Tapout City!

CP: Forget Tapout City, I think we're heading to Upset Town!

SA: Bailey's gotta get out - she's fading fast! This chokehold is locked in and Bailey's fading fast!

[Bailey staggers backwards, still hanging onto the elevated Walsh...]

SA: She's gonna do it again but will it be enough?! Will it...?

[...but Bailey goes the other way, HURLING Walsh halfway across the ring, throwing her down with a released belly-to-belly suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BAILEY SENDS HER BOUNCING OFF THE CANVAS! BAILEY WITH THE BIG TIME COUNTER TO SAVE HERSELF!

[Bailey collapses forward as she gets back to her feet, falling into the corner, catching herself on the turnbuckles...]

SA: Bailey trying to earn herself a trip to London and the Finals of the Royal Crown tournament... later tonight, we'll see Laura Davis versus Lauryn Rage in what should be an EXPLOSIVE encounter to see who gets the second spot in the Finals... but right now, we want to see who gets that first spot!

[Bailey tiredly turns around, leaning back against the buckles in a half-crouch...]

SA: Wait, wait, wait!

[...and swings an arm up, beckoning the equally-tired Walsh back to her feet...]

SA: She's calling for it! She's gotta be looking for the Britney Spear! Bailey looking to finish off Walsh and cash her ticket to London!

[Bailey waves an arm up again as Walsh struggles to get up off the mat.]

SA: Walsh trying to get to her feet but she's got no idea what's waiting for her!

CP: Don't do it, Walsh! Stay down, kid!

[But as Walsh regains her feet, she staggers in a circle as Bailey comes stampeding out of the corner...]

SA: BRITNEY SPEEEEEEEEA-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: LEAPING KNEESTRIKE BY WALSH!

CP: WHAT A COUNTER! BAILEY DIDN'T SEE IT COMING!

SA: WALSH WITH THE COVER! BAILEY MAY BE OUT!

[The referee dives to the mat, slapping the canvas once... twice...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AND BAILEY KICKS OUT IN TIME! SWEET SANTA MARIA, HOW CLOSE WAS THAT?!

[And with Bailey dazed and in trouble, Walsh swings a leg over, taking the mount on the prone Bailey...]

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

SA: Five minutes remaining in the time limit! Walsh trying to find a way to get over the finish line and score the biggest upset of her career!

[Walsh starts raining down heavy right hands on Bailey who swings her arms up, trying to defend herself from the skilled striking of the Peach Pit!]

CP: Walsh trying to punch her way to victory but Bailey's got the arms up, absorbing most of them...

SA: And those blows aren't legal, Colt!

CP: They're not but the referee is letting it go, counting her...

[Walsh postures up, leaning back...]

"OHHHHH!"

SA: BIG ELBOW STRIKE! TRYING TO GET THROUGH THE BLOCK!

[Walsh winds up again, swinging down hard and breaking through the block to land a big diving elbowstrike!]

SA: OHHH!

CP: THAT GOT HER!

[With Bailey's arms flapping down to the mat, Walsh reaches over, pinning both wrists down and shouting "COUNT!" from the mount!]

SA: Unusual pin attempt by Walsh!

[A two count follows before Bailey slips the shoulder out again!]

CP: Out at two, she couldn't get enough weight down on the shoulders from that position, Sal.

SA: It sure looked that way...

[Walsh gets up off the mat, dragging Bailey up by the wrist, flinging her towards the corner...]

SA: ...and Bailey gets sent to the corner, crashing into those buckles...

[Walsh backs off, giving herself room to move, and then barrels in towards the stunned Bailey...]

SA: ...RUNNING KNEE!

[...but Bailey dives clear, causing Walsh to SLAM her own knee into the middle buckle!]

SA: She missed! She missed the running knee!

[Walsh hobbles backwards as Bailey pushes up off the mat, looking to take advantage of the miss...]

SA: Bailey's up, coming in behind Walsh...

[...and cradles the injured leg while wrapping the other arm around Walsh's torso...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SPIKES Walsh backwards in a cradled back suplex!]

SA: RIGHT! DOWN! ON THE BACK OF THE HEAD!

[Holding the cradle, Bailey bridges up...]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT... NOOOOOO! WALSH KICKS OUT AGAIN!

CP: Incredible! A star-making performance on the part of Shannon Walsh here tonight! She'll be the talk of the Women's Division after this one and Bailey STILL can't put her away to earn her spot in the Royal Crown finals!

[Bailey looks a little surprised at the official who holds up two fingers but Bailey gives a nod, pushing up off the mat with great effort...]

SA: We've gotta be under four minutes left now - both women giving it their all but knowing they've gotta crank it up just one more gear... maybe pull a Dominic Toretto and hit the NOS.

CP: "Hit the NOS." Give ME a break, Albano.

[Back on her feet, Bailey drags Walsh off the mat to join her, snatching a rear waistlock...]

SA: Hooks her up! Looking for the German!

[...but Walsh throws an elbow back to the side of the head, trying to break loose...]

SA: Elbow connects! A second one lands as well!

[...but this time, Bailey won't be denied, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAP!"

[...and UNLOADS with a series of forearms to the back of the neck...]

SA: BAILEY HOOKS AGAIN!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: GERMAN SUPLEX! WITH THE BRIDGE!

[The referee dives down to count!]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT... OHHHH! KICKOUT! KICKOUT IN TIME!

"THREE MINUTES REMAIN! THREE MINUTES!"

SA: Three minutes left on the clock in this one as Walsh and Bailey continue to battle it out, trying to get the win and the trip to London...

[A weary Bailey battles to her feet, dragging Walsh up by the arm with her...]

SA: Bailey moving a little quicker here, trying to find a way to put an exclamation point on this one and get the win! Irish whi- reverse!

[The reversal sends Bailey flying towards the corner where she leaps up to the middle rope...]

SA: Bailey with a reversal of her own, leaps back!

[...and leaps off, twisting around for a double axehandle...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SUPERKICK! SUPERKICK!

CP: She's pinned Harley Hamilton with that move!

[Walsh dives onto Bailey, grabbing the leg and rolls into a back press!]

SA: ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEE!

[But the referee leaps up, waving it off, holding up two fingers!]

SA: No, no, noooo! Bailey got out at two!

CP: You can't GET any closer than that!

SA: You certainly can't! Shannon Walsh just about shocked the world right there and pinned Michelle Bailey, eliminating her from this tournament as we're under three minutes... creeping down to two minutes...

[Walsh sits up on the mat, burying her face in her hands...]

SA: ...and there's a little of what you talked about earlier, Colt.

CP: Absolutely. The inexperience of Shannon Walsh coming into play - the frustration, the lack of focus... it can cost you when it hurts the most.

[Walsh climbs off the mat, shaking her head in disbelief...]

SA: Walsh still in a state of shock perhaps, arguing with the official now... no point in that... Andy Dawson isn't going to change his mind, Colt.

CP: Sure isn't. All you can do is get back on your opponent and make sure the next one has no doubt about it.

[Walsh turns back to Bailey, grabbing the arm, pulling her up off the mat as the timekeeper calls out..]

"TWO MINUTES REMAIN! TWO MINUTES!"

SA: Two minutes and counting!

CP: What happens if we have a draw, Big Sal?

SA: No idea and I don't want to find out! I want a winner!

[...and whips Walsh across the ring, sending her into the corner...]

SA: With under two minutes to go, Bailey puts Walsh in the corner... charging in after...

[...but as Bailey approaches, Walsh lifts both legs up, hooking a headscissors on Bailey as she rushes in!]

SA: ...TRIANGLE! TRIANGLE!

CP: BAILEY GOT CAUGHT! WALSH WITH THE COUNTER!

SA: And while this match is running out of time, Michelle Bailey may be running out of daylight! It may be night night for the Platinum Princess here in Oklahoma City!

[Bailey grabs the legs of Walsh who is still leaning on the top turnbuckle...

...and with a mighty lift, she picks Walsh up, twisting around towards the ring...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and THROWS her down in a mighty powerbomb!]

SA: POWERBOMB! SHE DRIVES WALSH DOWN!

CP: What is she...?

[...and with Walsh's legs up in the air, Bailey straddles them, stepping through into a cradle as she kneels down on the shoulders in a Gator Clutch!]

SA: TOTAL BUMMER! TOTAL BUMMER!

[And with Walsh trapped in an airtight cradle, the referee dives down...]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT ISSSSSSSSSSSS!

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: SHE GOT HER!

[Bailey lets go of the cradle, falling forward down on the mat as the fans cheer. She pushes up to a knee, a tired grin on her face as the referee points to her, raising her hand as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Your winner... advancing to the Royal Crown final...

..MICHELLLLLLLLE BAILLLLLLLEYYYY!

[Bailey pumps an excited fist as she climbs off the mat to her feet. She plants her hands on her hips, taking several deep breaths as she nods at the cheering fans.]

SA: Bailey picks up the win in one heck of a matchup, Colt. Shannon Walsh gave her a fight for sure but Bailey gets the win on a very special night for her and that means she's headed for London!

CP: We'll save her a seat on the plane, Sal.

SA: Indeed we will.

[Bailey looks down at Walsh, a curious expression on her face for a moment...

...and then extends a hand down towards her to a cheer!]

SA: And would you look at that, Colt? She's offering to shake her opponent's hand!

CP: You act so surprised, Albano. Bailey's a goody two shoes for a long time now. I'm surprised she hasn't offered a hug, an autograph, and to take her out for a post-show dinner.

[Walsh sits up on the mat, a disappointed expression on her face as she looks up at Bailey's offered hand...

...and wearily reaches up, allowing the handshake and the boost back to her feet.]

CP: Oh, well... there's the hug! Big shocker there too.

[Bailey pats Walsh on the back a few times, whispering to her before backing away, pointing at her...

...and then stepping up to the middle rope to salute the cheering fans.]

SA: A great show of sportswomanship here by Michelle Bailey... and now soaking up the love of the fans here in Oklahoma City and... wow. She's moving on to London! She's moving on to the Royal Crown finals and now we'll wait until later tonight to see if it'll be Laura Davis or Lauryn Rage joining her at The Battle of London on April 28th at the O2 Arena!

[And with that, we cut backstage to "Sweet" Lou Blackwell, who is standing in front of the AWA logo. He looks offscreen for a second to confirm his next guests are on their way, then turns back to facing the camera.]

SLB: Michelle Bailey moving on in the Royal Crown tournament! And speaking of that big event, joining me right now are the former AWA World Tag Team Champions, the Soldiers of Fortune. Coming off of a very tough loss in that steel cage match at the Tenth Anniversary Show..

[The Soldiers march onto the scene, with Marty Meekly stepping into the background. All three men have gloomy expressions on their faces. Before Blackwell can continue, Stephens steps forward to immediately cut him off.]

CS: Next Gen.. you got the better of us. We're not here to make any sort of excuses, but rest assured, we WILL be back. We'll do what we've done before, storm through the tag team ranks and once again become the AWA World Tag Team champions!

[Flint's gloomy expression fades and he exchanges a confused look with Blackwell.]

SLB: Excuse me for a second, please. I was about to finish here.

[Stephens waves a hand at Blackwell.]

CS: Whatever.

SLB: I would ask you two about what's next for the Soldiers, but it looks like Karl O'Connor made that decision on Showtime! He personally selected Joe Flint to be one of the participants in the first ever Royal Crown Tournament! You're going to be taking on Smasher Salazar on Showtime in three weeks time in your first round match to see if you can advance to London to take part in the Finals.

[Blackwell holds up a finger.]

SLB: Not only that but I have it on good authority that next week you will see singles action on Showtime to get ready for that matchup! Joe, you-

[Stephens throws a look at Flint for a moment before interrupting again.]

CS: Well, I got an announcement for ya too! The Soldiers of Fortune have an open challenge for National Wrestling Night on ABC the following week!

[Flint looks puzzled at Stephens as does Blackwell.]

SLB: An Open Challenge? This is the first I'm hearing of-

[Stephens interrupts again.]

CS: That's right! You think you've seen the last of the Soldiers of Fortune? Nuh uh! No way, we ain't done yet. We're gonna show the world that the Soldiers of Fortune are still the most feared tag team in wrestling today and-

[Flint, confused, steps forward to interrupt Stephens.]

JF: I... was not made aware of this match, soldier.

SLB: Neither was I! I'm going to have to confirm this once this interview is over.

[Stephens mutters 'go ahead', as Marty Meekly steps in to try to soothe things over with Stephens. Blackwell throws a curious look at the duo, shaking his head before he turns back to Flint.]

SLB: Going back to the Royal Crown Tournament, a victory over Smasher Salazar will send you off to London, England. Not only that, but there's a name in this tournament that should be very familiar to you in Rory Smythe.

[Flint nods his head.]

JF: Heh, I have that man to thank. Without him, there ain't a Soldiers of Fortune. But, let's not look that far into the future. That would be a big mistake, as Smasher Salazar is a guy-

[Once again, Stephens interrupts, as Meekly's attempts to cool off Stephens appears to have failed.]

CS: Why does this matter?!

[Stephens stares a hole through Flint, who is once again taken aback by the interruption.]

CS: We should be looking ahead to getting our tag team titles back! Whatever happened to dustin' ourselves off, bustin' some heads, and gettin' back to the top of the mountain?

[Stephens grabs his head with both hands, gritting his teeth.]

CS: Screw this crap, I'm gonna go bust some heads on my own! This interview is over!

[Stephens storms off as Meekly follows him.]

JF: Soldier! Soldier! Stand down! Stand...

[Flint looks off in the distance, then slowly turns back towards Blackwell, shaking his head.]

JF: He's been like this ever since O'Connor picked me for the Royal Crown tournament.

[Flint grits his teeth.]

JF: But ya know what, Blackwell? This interview ain't over. I understand Charlie's frustration. We're the best damn tag team in the world even if we don't have the belts to show for it. But this whole thing with havin' to pick ourselves up off the ground.. We can do it. It's tough, but soldiers have to deal with setbacks and heartbreaks. There's even been whispers that Next Gen's got our numbers, an' it don't sit well with me one bit.

The moment we hit the locker room followin' the Anniversary Show? Yeah, we had these discussions about lickin' our wounds an' crawlin' our way back to the top. O'Connor pickin' me for this tournament.. it blindsided me, too.

[Blackwell nods his head.]

JF: But.. I gotta do this. I understand WHY people are whisperin' about us after losin' to Next Gen. Whispers backstage about how much I, Joe Flint, actually have left in the tank.

[Flint shakes his head.]

JF: I ain't gettin' younger. I've been in this business over 20 years off and on, whenever I was not servin' my country. I spent so much time cuttin' my teeth in the promotions that never got noticed for little reward. Doesn't mean that they weren't just as hard hittin' as the big name ones, that's for damn sure. All those people also fightin' to get noticed from the big promotions from Los Angeles, to Portland, to Baltimore, to Laredo, to Canada.. an' I feel like sometimes I'm the last one left standin'. Took me all these years to finally get noticed an' to get two accomplishments no one can ever take away from me.. from US: The Stampede Cup... the AWA World Tag Team Championships.

[Flint lets out a grunt and takes a deep breath as he raises his eyebrow.]

JF: Winnin' this Royal Crown tournament won't be nothin' either, that's for damn sure. Karl O'Connor choosin' me for this tournament might be what I needed to figure out my future.

SLB: We might not have seen eye to eye over these last couple of years..

[Flint snorts.]

JF: Got that right.

SLB: But I think you got plenty left in the tank. Just don't ask me to smoke any of your cigars. Now, before we got interrupted, you were going to talk about your first round opponent, Smasher Salazar.

JF: Ya know, there's a damn good reason O'Connor also picked Salazar for this tournament. On the surface, the man don't look like much and sometimes people take him lightly because of it.

Thinkin' about him that way would be a big mistake. It can't be further from the truth. The man helped take apart that Isaiah Carpenter kid for.. what? Weekend grocery money? Imagine what he could do if he got a big payday.

Much like us, he fights for money, an' he's not gonna stop fightin' for every last dime until he runs out of gas. He works for too cheap, though. Curly Bill's known as a damn tightwad... and he helped put a hurtin' on Carpenter to the point where no one knows if he's ever comin' back.

[Flint grimaces.]

JF: Salazar is a man that does not know what he's worth, an' I'm gonna treat him like the extremely dangerous man I know he is. The extra fame, and more importantly, the extra money, is too good to pass up. I hope Salazar is watchin' Showtime next week because I'm gonna show him how dangerous I can be too.

I'm gonna go find Charlie, Blackwell.. At ease.

[Flint turns and marches off screen to try to find Charlie Stephens. Blackwell turns back towards the camera.]

SLB: Oh boy.. a tense situation starting up with the Soldiers of Fortune. The Royal Crown tournament is something that's lighting a spark in Joe Flint, but it appears that Charlie Stephens is finding this to be a distraction. What do you guys think? The AWA on ESPN and Saturday Night Wrestling are trending #1 on Twitter so hop online and join the conversation! Fans, we've got to take another break but we'll be right back with more AWA action right after this!

[We fade out on the grinning Blackwell...

...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 we fade up backstage in the interview area. You hear some cheers in the background from the Chesapeake Energy Center as they see Mark Stegglet standing with Ricki Toughill in a blue flannel shirt, her short silvery hair now growing out into a messy combover. She seems in a great, if thoughtful, mood.]

MS: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling right here on ESPN, fans! My guest at this time, with four weeks to go until the Royal Crown tournament reaches London is one of the eight participants, Ricki Toughill.

[Ricki looks excited to talk about it.]

MS: But right now, we're going to address last Saturday Night Wrestling, because I know that the debacle that took place as we went off the air two weeks ago has been weighing heavily on you. And I have to ask, because we know that you and Theresa Lynch have grown quite close over the past year...

[Ricki interrupts.]

RT: I know what you know, Mark. I've sent a couple of texts to her and haven't heard anything – I know she was getting sick of having me constantly playing "big sis" at one point. I'm not going on the warpath...

[She loudly snaps the bubblegum that she is chomping on.]

RT: ...yet. Because I received and quickly paid a thousand dollar fine that was levied against me for throwing a wine bottle at AJ Martinez's face.

[Stegglet's eyes go wide.]

RT: Oh, don't give me that look, Mark: I missed, okay! I finished half the bottle, so I was a little tipsy and my aim was off. So I can't really afford to... y'know... maim anyone since my savings took a hit after sitting on the bench for a big chunk of last year.

MS: Well, changing the subject to your continuing comeback after facing career oblivion last year: two weeks ago, we saw you in one of the grittiest, most hard fought matches in the history of the division when you challenged Julie Somers for the Women's Championship. Your thoughts on that match?

RT: Y'know, I've never been so happy to be proven wrong – seems to be the Spitfire's real signature move around me, isn't it? Proving me wrong. I was so certain... so so so certain that she sold out to those nattering little girls in E-Girl MAX, that I didn't even count on the possibility that she could be telling the truth the whole time.

[Ricki sighs wistfully, then smirks.]

RT: And yeah... I let that get the better of me, and maybe it cost me in the long run. I got beat fair and square by the Champion. She shook my hand, which is something I'm not so sure I would have had the grace to do for her if I had won. And, yeah I know, it stings seeing Cinder holding gold right now. But, as they say in basketball, I gotta play my way back into the rotation. And that's what the Royal Crown is for, And I know that I'm going to rooting for Lauryn Rage later tonight...
RIGHT HERE IN OKC!

[She clicks her tongue, winks, and shoots some cheesy finger pistols at the camera as the hometown crowd cheers.]

RT: And in three weeks, Mark, I've got to shift focus from Spitfire flying around me in the ring, to me flying around the ring myself when I get suplexed by Ayako Fujiwara on Showtime. Y'know, I've been calling myself the "Queen of Clubs" on and off for years... but I've never been real royalty. I'm a 9-to-5'er. I'm the peasantry.

But maybe if I put in the time, I could head on over to Buckingham, climb over the gates, and maybe sneak a quick smoke and a scone with ol' Liz. If I put in the work, of course. So... Let's do some overtime!

[Ricki shoots the camera a crooked EVG-esque grin before exiting stage right, leaving Stegglet behind.]

MS: Seems like EVERYONE is talking about the Royal Crown tournament, fans! Ricki Toughill has got her sights set on beating Ayako Fujiwara and heading across the pond for a pint and the chance to show the world she's still at the top of this division! And speaking of the top of this division...

[Stegglet sighs.]

MS: ...do I have to?

[Stegglet gets a bit of a pouty face.]

MS: Let's go to the ring and hear from the brand new AWA Women's World Tag Team Champions...

[Stegglet pauses.]

MS: ...who are gonna get their faces stomped when my friend Victoria June is back in action!

[Stegglet grins, satisfied with his ad lib as we fade from backstage...

...where we get a wide establishing shot of the Chesapeake Energy Center for a few moments before the arena erupts into a massive mixed roar of some cheers and mostly boos, as Icona Pop's "I Love It" begins to play over the PA system, announcing the arrival of E-Girl MAX. The boos quickly overwhelm the high-pitched squealing of the teenage girls in the crowd, as we see all four members of E-Girl MAX appear from behind the curtain, accompanied by a group of camera-wielding paparazzi.

Harley Hamilton is dressed in a short-sleeved black lace sheer see-through crop top, a shiny metallic blue skirt adorned with plastic pink butterflies pinned to it, and glitter platform pleaser heels. Cinder is decked out in an oversized black t-shirt with hot pink pentagrams patterned across it, torn leggings, and knee-high Chuck Taylor All-Star boots with red laces, with heavy black eye makeup and lipstick, a sticker-encrusted binder under her arm.. "Charm City Cutie" Casey Cash is in high spirits, wearing a blue swing dress with pink flamingos throughout, belted with a white satin sash tied in a bow around the waist, along with pink wedges with a strap around her ankles. Her heart-shaped sunglasses, resting comfortably atop the crown of her head, have blue, pink, and white frames. Kelly Kowalski, meanwhile, keeps it simple with a black leather jacket, jeans, and Under Armour sneakers.

As they stand there posing and preening for the flashing cameras, we see P*WIN tag team, occasional AWA preliminary wrestlers, and E-Girl MAX proteges, The

Thompson Sisters, appear. The twins, dressed in identical pink and white E-Girl MAX Under Armour tracksuits, their brown hair tied in low pigtails with ribbons and wearing furry wolf ears, literally roll out the red carpet for the quartet. Harley Hamilton and Cinder, then take their championship belts - both the faux AWA World Tag Team titles and their newly won genuine ones - off their shoulders and raise them high into the air, as Casey Cash runs over, holding up her iPhone and takes a selfie with the champions.]

SA: What a sight, Colt. Say what you will about E-Girl MAX, but they certainly know how to make an entrance.

CP: You got that right, Sal. They've got the looks, the attitude, and now, the gold. Seductive & Destructive fulfilled their destiny and won those AWA World Tag Team titles. Not only that, but Cinder still has that Steal the Spotlight contract locked and loaded for a shot at Julie Somers' world title whenever she wants it... they're already standing on top of the Women's Division, but they're just getting started.

SA: Love 'em or hate 'em... and there's certainly plenty out there who hate 'em... you can't deny their impact on the Women's Division.

[Harley and Cinder hand off their four title belts to Casey Cash, who greedily holds them close to her chest, as the tag team champions model and pose for the cameras all the way down to ringside. Trailing behind them is Kelly Kowalski, with Seductive & Destructive's two Golden Grapple awards for Best Female Tag Team gripped in each hand. Among the paparazzi, stands out ace reporter Riley Campbell, in her "PRESS" fedora, taking photos with her digital camera.

As E-Girl MAX finally reaches the ring, Harley, Cinder, Casey and Kelly step through the ropes held open for them by the Thompson Sisters and soak in the adulation and animosity the OKC crowd sends their way. Harley produces a microphone, her voice immediately cutting through the din of the crowd.]

HH: My gosh, we took on the best tag teams the AWA had to offer, overcame all of Comrade Zharkov's BLATANT attempts to sabotage us...

[In the background, we can hear Casey Cash screaming about Zharkov trying to get Victoria June to stab her.]

HH: Right? What the hell, man? And now he's trying to keep Seductive & Destructive out of the Rumble? After he unfairly banned Casey and Kelly from the Iron Gauntlet? Especially when CASEY was the victim of Victoria June's psychotic revenge fantasies!? How is that fair??? I don't understand what that man's problem is!

C: I reckon the actin' President's giant eyebrows are growin' in wrong and impacting his brains.

HH: But forget him, just like the patriarchy... we triumphed over them all! And now, Cindy and I are without a shadow of a doubt, the greatest tag team in the world! And E-Girl MAX are the most dominant force in women's professional wrestling! Can you believe it?

[Harley smirks as the fans jeer in response.]

HH: Of course you can. Because you've been witness to it for months. Oklahoma City, welcome to Day 182 of Seductive & Destructive's forever reign as your undefeated, unpinned, unsubmitted...

[Harley points to Casey Cash, who proudly displays all the championship gold she's holding.]

HH: ... and now, absolutely, positively, undeniably UNDISPUTED AWA World Tag Team champions of...

[Cinder leans in as she and Harley say it in perfect synchronization...]

HH and C: ... THE UNIVERSE!!!

[A loud roar of boos greet this announcement, leaving Harley rolling her eyes.]

HH: Look, you can boo all you want, but as the great philosopher Taylor Swift once said, "Haters gonna' hate, hate, hate, hate, hate... but baby? I'm just gonna' shake, shake, shake, shake, shake... I shake it off."

C: Sheck it off?

[Harley nods in the affirmative. This of course, causes the audience to boo even louder, but Harley stands there undeterred, smirking in triumph.]

HH: But discussing T-Swizzle's brilliance isn't the reason we're out here. We're here to talk about something so much more important than that.

[Cinder jumps in eagerly.]

C: Aye! Takin' Vekki June's numpty head an' given' it a skelpin! And t'quote our close personal mate and future business partner Tay Tay: rather than get down and out about th' liars and dirty cheats of the world, we got down... with a sick, sick beatdoon!

HH: Ah, that was beautiful, wasn't it? But while I'd love to stand here and reminisce about how we gave that horse-faced doofus the beating she so richly deserved-

[Harley puts an arm around Casey's shoulder, drawing her in close.]

HH: -And let THAT be a WARNING to ANYONE who thinks they can touch a single hair on this PERFECT ANGEL from Heaven's head and get away with it -

[She releases Casey.]

HH: - that was a personal matter. This is purely business. You see, for far too long, the AWA's Women's Division was a wasteland, filled with failed champions and front office darlings who did nothing but tarnish its reputation and drag us down with them. But now, finally... FINALLY! you have leaders... no, SAVIORS to make the division proud!

[The fans jeer that assessment.]

SA: Sounds like the OKC crowd feels the same way about that as I do, Colt. This division has been the hottest in wrestling for a while now - and yes, E-Girl MAX is part of the reason for that - but they're hardly alone in that.

[But before Colt has a chance to respond...]

C: Aye! The sun an' the moon! The ir'n fist an' the velvet glove! Th' best thing since peanut butter met chocolate! And now, we are not just your WorldTAGteamCHAMPIONSofttheUNIVERRRRSE...

...but your co-World Champions of the Women's Division!

[Harley and Cinder then strike a pose, as the paparazzi at ringside shower them in a sea of flashbulbs, before they continue on without missing a beat.]

C: Take out your mobiles, open the grams, and hashtag this E-G-M-Cultural-Icon, if ye dunnae mind!

HH: May we rule benevolently for a hundred years!

CC: A thousand!

HH and C: FOREVER!

[This display of egotistical excess has the expected response, as the crowd loudly jeers.]

SA: This is ridiculous, Colt.

CP: What? They're the first ever Women's World Tag Team Champions - they SHOULD be proud!

SA: Of course they should be proud... but they've gone too far! They are NOT the... what did she call them? The co-World Champions of the Women's Division?! That's a slap in the face to-

[The voice of Harley Hamilton interrupts as she cups her hand to her ear.]

HH: What's that? Are some of you seriously trying to tell me Julie Somers is the real champion?

[The crowd cheers LOUDLY at that.]

HH: That fraud? Don't make me laugh!

[Casey walks up to Harley and leans into the microphone to add her two cents.]

CC: You know, Harley, you have to tone it down some. The intelligence level is way, way lower here in Oklahoma City than it is in civilized society, like Baltimore. So to make it easy for them...

[Casey points at Harley's AWA World Tag Team Title.]

CC: One.

[Casey points at Cinder's AWA World Tag Team Title.]

CC: Plus one. Equals two! Two is greater than one! And for the record, "Zootopia" was a terrible movie and the soundtrack was even worse, so really, Julie Somers is more like a zero! Harley and Cinder are your co-World Champions and your math isn't mathing!

[The crowd jeers Casey, who sticks out her tongue at them like the brat she is.]

HH: Eloquently spoken as usual, Casey.

[Casey gives Harley an "Aw shucks." sort of bashful grin.]

C: Aye! An' I NEVER lost to Julie Somers, either. So, technically, I have beaten Julie Somers. She's NEVER won the Empress Cup - I've won the Empress Cup. She's not the first female "Steal the Spotlight" winner - I am. LOGIC. By virtue of EGM bein' a cohesive unit, we all hold four belts, Spitfire only holds one and-

"Oh oh oh oh oh."

[And that's when we hear the music that E-Girl MAX would not want to hear, but the fans mostly certainly do.

"Try Everything" by Shakira, fills the arena, signaling the arrival of "The Spitfire" Julie Somers. The fans erupt with excitement, welcoming their beloved AWA Women's World Champion with thunderous applause!]

SA: And just like all of these fans here in OKC - it looks like "The Spitfire" has heard enough!

CP: What business does she have out here? She got her moment with her brother and friend back on Super Saturday after she won the Women's World Title, and even said she didn't want to steal their moment! Why is she stealing this moment? Why is she stealing E-Girl MAX's moment?!

SA: Are you kidding me right now? With all this co-champion nonsense, they were practically BEGGING for the Spitfire to make her presence known!

["The Spitfire" Julie Somers walks out through the curtain and stands at the entranceway, just in front of the ramp. Somers is dressed in a red T-shirt with the words "LIVE THE DREAM" in white lettering across the front, along with faded blue jeans that have slits and tears in the legs and tennis shoes. Her long, wavy brown hair falls down on her shoulders. Around her waist is the AWA Women's World Title belt. She has a mic in her hands.]

CP: Make her presence known? More like hog the spotlight and make herself the center of attention!

[Somers has a displeased look on her face, but as the fans' cheers carry on, she can't help herself. A smile forms on her face and she raises her arms, waves her hands and encourages those cheers. Or maybe she's doing it to annoy E-Girl MAX, because none of the members look too happy at the moment.]

CP: Well, if she wants to be the center of attention, she oughta head down that aisle... run right down there into a four on one situation and see what happens!

SA: As brave and bold as our World Champion is, I don't think that's her plan, Colt.

[Still grinning at the cheers, Somers waits as the music dies down.

JS: Seems like you went all out to celebrate your accomplishment at AWA10...and you should! It was a hell of an accomplishment - the first Women's World Tag Team Champions!

[Somers claps without a hint of sarcasm.]

JS: Congratulations to you both.

[Somers nods as Hamilton throws a suspicious look at her.]

JS: But I've gotta wonder... even after winning those titles...the REAL titles... you're still out here with those belts off AWAShop.

[Somers smirks.]

JS: At the very least, you could have tossed them over to Casey and Kelly to have something to show off.

[In the ring, Harley Hamilton looks unimpressed at Somers' quip, opening and closing her hand to pantomime that Julie's just all talk.]

JS: You know, I was content to stand back there and let you two have your moment... I really was. But then I heard something that...

[Somers grimaces.]

JS: ...how do they put it down around these parts? Something that really stuck in my craw.

[The OKC fans cheer the colloquial.]

JS: So, I'll keep this in the simplest terms possible...

[She directs her free hand toward the title belt around her waist.]

JS: I am the AWA Women's World Champion!

[As Julie Somers reaffirms her status as the World Champion, Harley and Cinder exchange a nonchalant glance, rolling their eyes in unison, appearing utterly unfazed by her declaration. Cinder flashes her sticker-encrusted binder, the "Steal the Spotlight" contract still active within. Harley smirks, a hint of amusement dancing in her eyes as she leans in to respond.]

HH: Oh, Julie, you really believe your own hype, don't you?

[Julie meets Harley's gaze with steely determination.]

JS: Believe it or not, Harley, the title around my waist says it all.

[Harley chuckles dismissively, waving her hand as if brushing off Julie's words.]

HH: Sweetheart, you seem to forget who's in control here. You think possessing the belt gives you power? Power over us, of all people? That it somehow magically washes away the reality of the situation? It doesn't work that way. Julie. Sweetie, honey, baby...

...we'll take that title from you when we're good and ready.

[The crowd jeers the implied threat as Cinder steps forward, holding up her Steal the Spotlight contract, a smirk playing on her lips.]

JS: Ah... but see, you girls seem to forget who's standing in front of you. I didn't become the champion by sitting back and waiting for things to fall into my lap. And with the laundry list of crap you two... hell, all FOUR of you... have done as of late to this division, I don't think I can sit back and wait any longer...

[Somers pauses.]

JS: Two weeks ago, the AWA had a big party and I celebrated by beating one of the toughest, bravest, strongest women I've ever met to keep this title around my waist...

[Somers smirks.]

JS: ...and now I'm stuck with the likes of you.

[Casey Cash rushes forward to try to cup her hands over Harley Hamilton's ears but the irate Hamilton shrugs them off, nudging Cinder and pointing down the aisle at the champion.]

JS: But here's something the two of you are going to learn in a hurry. When you're a champion, you're always looking ahead to your next challenger..

[Somers pauses, nodding... and then gestures to the ring.]

JS: And right now, I'm looking at mine.

[The crowd reacts positively to that as Cinder laughs loudly, Hamilton sneers, and Kowalski and Cash huddle up to exchange words.]

JS: I don't care which one of you it is... but after what's happened here lately...

[Somers shakes her head in disgust.]

JS: I told you to stay out of my match with Ricki... and you didn't!

I was sitting in my living room last weekend and I saw what you two did to Victoria June...

[Cinder seems especially proud of that one, gloating off-mic.]

JS: ...and while I can't wait to see Kayla get her hands on you, Vicki's my friend too and if I get a chance to make you all pay for what-

[At that, Harley bursts out laughing.]

JS: I'm glad you find all this so funny.

HH: It's damn hilarious, Julie! Weren't you the one who abandoned Victoria June for your own individual glory? While you were busy chasing after your precious title, you left your good ol' pal Vicki vulnerable and alone, with no one to watch her back!

C: Well, shae had Kayla Six-toes.

[Harley blinks.]

HH: Like I said, vulnerable and alone with no one to watch her back!

[In the background, we can see Casey, Kelly and the rest of the E-Girl MAX rat pack trying to suppress their laughter.]

HH: So forgive me if I don't shed any tears for your supposed "concern" now, Julie.

C: Aye. I've been in th' ring with both ye at the same time, an' I knew from the way you two were wrestlin', that ye'd up an leave Vekki as soon as she started holdin' ye back. So kindly stop pointing the finger about us bein' self-involved an' self-centered... because ye've got four pointin' point right back at ya.

HH: And as far as you go, Julie? Abandoning your friends for purely selfish motives and individual glory?

[Harley and Cinder both toss their hair in perfect synchronization.]

HH and C: Couldn't be us!

[Julie's expression twists into one of disgust and disbelief as she listens to Harley's accusations.]

JS: No, Harley... you'd NEVER abandon your friends for individual glory. After all, we've got your...

[Somers shakes her head.]

JS: ..."grand sacrifice" at Steal The Spotlight to prove that, right? And of course, we have the two of you risking fines... suspensions... rushing down there in Atlanta to attack Vicki to avenge Casey there... right?

Or maybe your real motivation for attacking Vicki last weekend wasn't to avenge Casey... but to eliminate a top contender to your new titles.

[The crowd cheers as Hamilton gets an anxious look on her face. Cinder vehemently denies the accusation, shaking her head as Casey Cash shouts something off-mic at Somers.]

JS: And there's another difference between us. Because you two are out trying to eliminate your competition... and I'm here looking mine dead in the eye.

So, who's it going to be? Which one of you are going to step up to the plate and challenge me for the greatest prize in all of women's wrestling?

[She taps a finger on the faceplate of the title. The EGM gang huddles up for a moment, the crowd jeering impatiently.]

SA: Like I said, Julie Somers is as brave and bold as they come, standing out here and issuing a challenge for a member of E-Girl MAX to be her next title challenger, Colt.

CP: Yeah, but who's it gonna be?

[With a loud "BREAK!" from Casey Cash, the foursome comes apart to face down Somers again.]

HH: Pass.

[The crowd jeers as Hamilton smirks at that reaction, Somers shaking her head in disbelief.]

HH: Like I said, Spitfire... we'll take that title off you when we're ready... because E-Girl MAX runs this division which means we do things on OUR terms... on OUR timeline... not yours.

[The crowd is really letting EGM have it now.]

SA: "Pass?!" Who the heck passes on a shot at the Women's World Title, Colt?

CP: It's a power move, Albano.

SA: I don't care what you call it! It's disrespectful! Just like these two back at SuperClash disrespected the entire division... the fans... the company... the whole damn industry with that little game they played at Steal The Spotlight... and now they're playing the same kind of games around the World Title! It's disgusting!

[Somers sighs.]

JS: I tried, Oklahoma City. Well, if you won't step up and challenge me for the title, then I'll make one more offer... and this one, I'm betting you can't refuse... because I'm guessing the idea of E-Girl MAX LIVE on national network television will interest you.

[Hamilton raises an eyebrow... it does indeed seem to interest her.]

JS: In two weeks' time, it will be National Wrestling Night on ABC... E-Girl MAX...

...let's have ourselves a six-woman tag team match.

[Harley glares at Julie, a smirk on her face and malice in her eyes.]

HH: Challenging us to a match? And not only that, but a match in my hometown of Kansas City? Well, well, well... It sure looks like "The Spitfire" put on her big girl pants today! What do you think, Cindy?

[Cinder nods in agreement, her expression filled with amusement.]

C: Aye, I dinnae think ye had it in ye to be hot-headed.

[From seemingly out of nowhere, Cinder produces a lighter. With a flick of her thumb, she ignites a flame, holding it up for a moment before extinguishing it. Her eyes gleam with mischief as she delivers her remark, her tone tinged with a hint of menace.]

C: Let's square up one more time, so your top competition can see how much fire the Spitfire really has, aye?

[Harley's smirk widens as she glances over at Kelly.]

HH: What do you think, Red? Think Julie actually has any friends left to team up with her?

[Kelly shrugs.]

KK: Stranger things have happened, but I ain't gonna' hold my breath.

[Harley chuckles.]

HH: Right? Challenge accepted, Julie. We'll see you in the ring... that is, if you can find anyone dumb enough and brave enough to stand by your side!

[Somers, meanwhile, is shaking her head.]

JS: Oh, you think you have it all figured out, right? Well, don't have to worry about me finding anybody who will join up with me.

[Now we see a smile return to her face... a knowing smile.]

JS: Because I already know exactly who my partners are going to be... and you'll find out in Kansas City... and one more thing, Harley...

[Hamilton shakes her head.]

HH: More? Haven't you said enough? Fierro's in the back losing his mind that the show's running long.

[Somers smirks.]

JS: I'll make it quick. I just wanted you to know that I'm making it my personal mission to beat you... in your own hometown.

[And with that, Somers drops the mic, raising her arms to cheers as the music starts up again. Casey Cash plugs her ears, stomping her feet at the Zootopia song as Somers disappears behind the curtain...

...and we cut back down to ringside to our announce duo.]

SA: How about that? A challenge issued and accepted! Julie Somers and two partners of her choosing to take on Harley Hamilton, Cinder, and Kelly Kowalski in trios action at National Wrestling Night in two weeks' time and that's gonna be a hot one in Kansas City!

CP: The utter gall of Julie Somers to challenge Harley Hamilton in her own hometown! That's Hamilton Graham Country, you know!

SA: Oh, I know. Kansas City is one of professional wrestling's great cities... a lot of history there over the years... and the Spitfire's looking to make a little more two weeks from tonight. Now, during that exchange of words, we heard both sides make reference to what happened to Victoria June on Showtime... now, let's take a quick look back at exactly what happened!

[We fade from live action to footage from the Showtime premiere marked "ONE WEEK AGO..." when Victoria June is competing in the Team Slater vs Team Rogers mixed tag challenge...

...when disaster strikes.]

LD: What the...?!

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

LD: It's Harley Hamilton!

BW: And Cinder! The champs are here!

LD: The champs are here and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

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

LD: HARLEY HAMILTON HIT HER WITH THE BELT!

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

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

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

LD: June's bloody and broken and...

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

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

...and we fade back to live action on Saturday Night Wrestling where the scene opens backstage on a monitor showing the footage we just saw.

There, we see Kayla Cristol is pacing back and forth, stomping around in her bright red cowboy boots. The cowgirl pushes her hat back, storming towards the Chimpanzee position.]

KC: Those girls have gone too far. Attacking Vicki like that... it's unforgivable!

[Cristol makes a move towards the curtain but is immediately stopped by a group of backstage agents, led by former World Champion, Tommy Fierro, a stopwatch hanging around his neck.]

TF: Kayla, I know you're angry but you can't go out there.

[Cristol swings her fist in the air futilely.]

KC: "Can't go out there"!? After what they did to Vicki!? This ain't right! You allow these jackals to get away with any and everything! And then you protect 'em when they're about to get what's coming to them!?

[Fierro shakes his head, hands up to block Cristol's path.]

TF: I know it's hard, but attacking them won't fix what happened to Victoria June. If anything, you'll only make things worse for yourself. Zharkov's made it clear that if you go out there, you'll be fined and possibly suspended.

[Kayla grits her teeth, her fists clenched at her sides. She knows Fierro is right, but her anger still simmers beneath the surface.]

KC: They don't deserve to be in that ring. They're a mockery to everything this sport stands for.

[Fierro nods.]

TF: I know it's frustrating, but trust me, there's other ways to deal with this. Let cooler heads prevail.

[The expression on Kayla's face is a mix of frustration and determination.]

KC: Fine. But E-Girl MAX ain't gonna get away with this.

[As Cristol and Fierro speak, we see Harley Hamilton, stepping through the curtains with the rest of E-Girl MAX in tow. Shushing them, she sneaks up from behind and with a swift motion, she plucks the cowboy hat off Kayla's head.]

"Yoink!"

[Kayla whirls around, her eyes narrowing as she sees Harley holding her stolen hat. Cristol's eyes go cold... as does her voice as she speaks.]

KC: Give it back, Hamilton.

HH: Oh, relax, cowgirl. I'm just borrowing it for a little bit.

[Harley places the hat atop her own head.]

HH: Heck, it probably looks a lot better on me, anyway.

[Casey Cash squeals with delight.]

CC: You look amazing!

[Cristol throws a glare at Cash.]

KC: Oh, you stupid little-

[The fired-up Pistol takes a step forward but Tommy Fierro gets between them.]

TF: Hey, hey! I don't need you causing any more trouble around here, Hamilton! You're on thin ice as it is.

[Harley grins.]

HH: Don't worry about me, Tommy, I can keep things civilized. But I can't say the same about Miss Teen Arkansas 1984.

[Cristol throws herself forward again, forcing Fierro to hold her back with an effort.]

KC: That's right, Hamilton, keep talking. You think you're real funny, don't you? But you won't be laughing when I—

[Hamilton interrupts with a snort of derision.]

HH: When you what? Make more empty threats? I've heard them all before, Cristol. You're all bark and no bite. You remember, right? You challenged me before I even made my AWA debut. You challenged me, so you could defend the good name of your precious Lynch clan and when you finally got me in the ring... I dismantled you piece by pathetic little piece.

[The other members of E-Girl MAX burst out in laughter before walking away, as Harley signals for them to give her and Cristol some privacy. Cristol smacks her hand with her fist in frustration.]

KC: That was a long time ago and I'm not the same wrestler I was then. I guarantee if we stepped into the ring today...

HH: ..._I_ guarantee it'd be the same damn result. You might not be the same, but do you think I'm the same? I was better than you then and I'm still better than you now. Earth to Kayla... I'M A WORLD CHAMPION!

[Cristol's eyes burn into Hamilton's gloating face.]

KC: Not for long.

[Harley rolls her eyes.]

HH: I don't know where you get this confidence, this bravado, this unearned sense that you're on or have ever been on my level, but I suggest you take that bass out of your voice, drop your attitude and understand that the fact you're not in a hospital bed right next to your precious Victoria June is because you weren't dumb enough to attack Casey when she did.

And the ONLY reason we haven't sent you out on a stretcher tonight for putting your hands on her in Dallas, is because I understand how people get when their friends get hurt... but that was your one free shot. Try it again and see where it gets you.

[Kayla shakes her head and turns to Fierro.]

KC: You see? You see what I'm talking about? Rules mean nothing to them. What does trash like her do for this company except flush it down the toilet?

[Hamilton sneers.]

HH: Trash? Big words from the queen of the trailer park trash herself. You better learn your place.

[Cristol again surges forward, this time shoving a threatening finger towards Hamilton's face.]

KC: No, I know my place and it's right here next to Victoria June when we take those AWA World Tag Team titles from you! The titles that you disgrace every day that you wear 'em!

[Harley chuckles.]

HH: Pathetic. You're pathetic! Do you even hear yourself? Are you actually Victoria June's friend or just her sycophantic lapdog? Do you even have a mind of your own at this point? Was the cornbread really that good?

[Cristol glares at Hamilton.]

KC: That's where you're wrong, Hamilton. Our friendship is stronger than you think and Vicki is tougher than you can ever imagine. Y'all did a number on her, but guess what Harley, I been visiting with her and she's had nothing but time to think about what y'all did and she's got revenge on her mind.

[Harley throws up her hands.]

HH: Which is exactly why we ended up putting her in the hospital in the first place. You two just don't ever learn, do you?

[Cristol snorts.]

KC: Oh we learn, child. You're all bluster and bravado, ain't cha? Just a little girl in desperate need of attention trying to live up to her daddy's legacy. If you didn't use the name Hamilton you'd be just another face in the crowd around here.

You started this and we're going to finish it.

[The steel in Cristol's voice seems to give Hamilton a moment's pause.]

KC: Just tell me one thing; what are you going to do when you're face to face with Victoria June in that ri-

[Looking fed up with Cristol, Harley snaps at her.]

HH: SHUT UP! Shut the hell up! Vicki this, Vicki that... blah blah blah. Tell me, Cristol, don't you ever get tired of being the helpless punching bag used to glorify your precious Vicki? If she's so damn great, then why does she even need you? I'm hearing a lot about what Vicki is going to do, but what are you going to do? Continue to be a 138 pounds anchor dragging her down?

[Kayla looks taken aback, her eyes flashing with a mixture of shock, but she remains defiant.]

KC: I'm nobody's punching bag. And I sure as hell won't let anyone, especially you, belittle me or my friendship with Vicki. You can insult us all you want, but mark my words, when we're done with you and your crew, you'll wish you'd never crossed paths with us.

[The two women glare into each others' eyes, neither one willing to back down.]

HH: Really? Then hit me, Kayla.

KC: With pleasure!

[A look of concern forms on Tommy Fierro's face as Kayla Cristol cocks her fist. He tries to calm things down.]

TF: Now ladies, wait just a minute... no one is going to fight here...

[They completely ignore him. It's as if Fierro doesn't exist.]

KC: I'd love to do nothing more than smack that smug look off your face right now.

HH: Then what's stopping you? Zharkov's orders? I'll pay your stupid fine. Show me what you've got. Come on...

...HIT ME!!!

[The Pistol balls up her fist, trembling with rage...]

TF: KAYLA, DON'T!

[...but ultimately restrains herself from striking Harley.]

HH: Hmph. Just as I thought. This Pistol...

[Harley removes the Stetson off her head and places it back on a seething Cristol.]

HH: ...only shoots blanks.

[Cristol shakes her head, ripping the hat off and waving it in Hamilton's direction as she grits her teeth.]

KC: You can pay my fine, but you won't serve my suspension. So I won't hit you ... yet. This pistol shoots real bullets, but I'm not gonna throw away my shot.

You'll see me... real soon...

[Harley smirks.]

HH: Looking forward to it.

[She makes a finger gun with her index and middle fingers extended, pointing it right at Kayla.]

HH: Bang.

[And with that, Harley Hamilton saunters away, leaving Kayla seething..

...and we fade from the backstage antics back out 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 gothic-lettered "Double K" t-shirt and blue jeans. The AWA's favorite trust fund baby is posed just beside him in an oversize sweatshirt and thigh-high boots, 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 I had originally intended the "Think Tank" on the Tenth Anniversary to be my opportunity to slap the smirk off of Calisto Dufresne's face... but when I finally got face-to-face with him... it looks like entropy got to him first.

[The crowd jeers... sort of... the insult aimed at the former AWA World Champion.]

KK: My god, he looked like a leather pancake with a Marilyn Monroe wig that spent the whole afternoon freebasing Gold Bond medicated powder.

And I'll be damned if the last image of me at the Tenth Anniversary is going to be beating up some Oompa-Loompa.

[Kendrick smirks as the fans boo.]

KK: And as happy as I was to get a ten-year old monkey off my back when I proved to the AWA that they bet on the wrong horse in Buddy Lambert, there was an incident that happened during that match that has to be addressed.

[Kendrick drapes his arm over the pouting Miss Hayes, who tries to look as doe-eyed as possible.]

KK: Now, Bubblegum: we talked about this. No more wheeling and dealing with hired guns who will end up disappointing us. No more Rickis, no more Violence Joneses, no more MAWAGAs. And... no more Smasher Salazars. Okay, babydoll?

[Hayes puts on her best pout.]

MSH: But Gumdrops! I wanted to surprise you. It's the least I can do, especially since you told me that you wanted to make my engagement ring bigger than Theresa's wedding ring.

[Kendrick nods.]

KK: And I swear I'm gonna pop the question, but when the time is absolutely right, Bubblegum. But not with this hanging over our heads. We gotta clear the air here.

[Kendrick sneers.]

KK: Although I don't know how clear the air will be with the stench coming off of this guy...

My guest on the "Think Tank"... Smasher... Salazar!

["What a Beautiful Day" by dead horse plays as Smasher Salazar walks out of the entrance, a slight amble to his walk. He has a noose around his neck, a coiled bullwhip around his shoulder, and carries a Dr Pepper bottle covered in tape. He wears a sleeveless black T-shirt with the logo for 96.1 KXY across the chest, getting a recognition pop from the country music fans in the audience. He also has filthy black jeans, and his ratty black hair hangs in his beady eyes.]

SA: Smasher Salazar the special guest on the Think Tank... and I suppose I'm a little surprised by this, Colt.

CP: Why's that?

SA: Well, they vaguely referenced the "incident" that happened during that match with Buddy Lambert when that bottle's contents spilled all over Miss Sandra Hayes, soaking her in... ugh, it turns my stomach to even say it.

CP: That vile, disgusting, nasty tobacco spit!

SA: Yep, that.

CP: If I know Kerry Kendrick - and I think I do - then Smasher Salazar may be in for a rough night at the office at the hands of the Foundation!

[As Salazar reaches the ring, Miss Sandra Hayes protests.]

MSH: No! Leave that bottle out of the ring! After what happened the last time you had that thing around me, I don't want to take any chances!

[Salazar shrugs, muttering "fair 'nuff", leaving it on the ring apron in exchange for a microphone as he climbs into the ring and the music fades.]

SS: Ya wanted me out here, here I am.

[Kendrick sneers.]

KK: First thing's first, Salazar: you better start explaining that little mix-up in your schedule a couple of weeks ago.

[Hayes angrily interjects.]

MSH: Yeah! You can start by how you didn't do a single thing we paid you to do! You-

[On the big screen, a replay of the footage from two weeks ago: as Kerry Kendrick works over Buddy Lambert, the contents of Smasher Salazar's Dr Pepper bottle splash onto Sandra Hayes.]

MSH: NO! Don't show it again!

[Cut back to the ring, where Sandra Hayes looks even more incensed. Kerry Kendrick makes like he is trying to protect Smasher Salazar from the looming threat of Miss Hayes.]

MSH: I'm calm! I'm calm, okay, Buttercup!

[Miss Hayes, about as threatening as said "buttercup," resumes pouting, looking disgusted at Smasher Salazar.]

MSH: First of all, we didn't ask you to get involved in Kerry's match two weeks ago, yet there you were, sticking your nose where it didn't belong. Then, you didn't ruin the wedding like you were supposed to.

[Sandra scoffs.]

MSH: Though it seems like they did a fine enough job of that themselves.

[Hayes points a finger at Salazar.]

MSH: You give me one good reason why I shouldn't have Kerry beat your brains out right now!

[There is a low rumble from the crowd as Kendrick stands a couple of feet from Salazar, fists clenched. Salazar, unmoving, looks over at Kendrick and smirks.]

SS: He got about ten more of him or somethin' that I don't know about? Seems to me that's the only way a pretty boy like him's gonna get that kind of a job done.

[The crowd roars as Kendrick's eyes open wide. Salazar looks back at Hayes.]

SS: Now you lookie here, little girl.

[Hayes gasps.]

MSH: That is MISS SANDRA HAYES. You know damn well who my mother is, too.

[Salazar nods, putting up a hand in forgiveness.]

SS: Yeah, yeah, listen. You wanna act like you're real tough with Mr. GQ Esquire over here, lemme tell you how business operates, 'specially with a man like me, okay? See what you did was, you didn't actually pay me nothin'. You didn't actually put any cash in my hand. You was tellin' me to do a lot of things, but there wasn't no scratch in my hand.

[Salazar shrugs.]

SS: And even if'n you did? All that would've been is a down payment. I told ya, just like I told Reeseey, I work for the highest bidder. Hate to say it... ya got outbid.

[The crowd doesn't seem to know how to react to this level of skullduggery; perhaps cheers, perhaps boos, but there is a murmur as they wait for Salazar to finish up. Salazar leans his head over to Kendrick.]

SS: I came out durin' his match because I saw with the way you was actin', you were gonna get your fool head busted up. Heck, you fell off the apron, and you're lucky you fell on me. You hit the floor, and you ain't gonna be out here squawkin'.

[Salazar takes out an envelope from his back pocket and hands it to Hayes, who seems displeased.]

SS: But that's a finder's fee for what KAMS paid me, and somethin' to make up for that dress. You ever feel like payin' me what I'm worth and you ain't at risk of gettin' outbid, then you call on ol' Smasher again.

[Hayes throws the envelope in Salazar's face.]

MSH: What happened to the guy who wanted to know what kind of shampoo I used, huh?

[Salazar cackles as he picks up the envelope and re-pockets it.]

SS: Lady, do I look like I give a heck about shampoo, or tryin' to impress you? All I care about is work. Now if this ain't about whoever you want me bustin' up, I've got places to be.

[Hayes gasps, unable to believe that Salazar wouldn't be interested in her. Kendrick grabs Salazar by the arm, pulling him so they're face to face.]

KK: WHOA WHOA WHOA. You let us down, you humiliate her, and then you think you can just walk away?

[Salazar smirks.]

SS: I don't just think it, partner.

[Salazar holds up a fist and puts it on Kendrick's cheek.]

SS: I know it. This really a fight you wanna have?

[The two glare at each other for a moment, before Kendrick holds up his hands, backing off. Salazar nods, with a grin.]

SS: Thought so.

[Salazar goes to leave, but Hayes makes quick eye contact with Kendrick, then calls out to Salazar.]

MSH: Wait! Hold on! I have something I want to talk about.

[Salazar turns back around, giving his attention to Hayes.]

MSH: Kerry, let's hear him out. I know you said "no more hired guns," but... there's some detail work. A special assignment for you.

[Salazar's eyebrows lift with interest.]

SS: I'm listenin'.

[As Hayes distracts Salazar, Kendrick goes behind him, grabbing the taped up Dr Pepper bottle from the apron.]

SA: Uh oh!

CP: Kerry's got that bottle!

[The crowd reacts, trying to warn Salazar of what is coming as Kendrick creeps closer..]

...and just as Salazar says he's listening...]

"KRRRRRRSSSSSSSHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

MSH: HOW DOES THAT SOUND, HUH?!

[Salazar falls to the mat, with Kendrick dropping the bottle - broken, but thankfully taped together so glass doesn't scatter - near his body, after breaking it over the back of Salazar's head.]

SA: SWEET SAN LORENZO! Kerry Kendrick just waylaid Smasher Salazar with his own spit bottle!

CP: And it looks like he got lucky in two ways, Albano!

SA: Lucky?! How?!

CP: Well, for one, he tapes that thing up, so in case it breaks, glass doesn't go everywhere. He's lucky that didn't happen. For two, it looks empty, so at least he's not drenched in his own spit.

SA: Oh, that's a disgusting way to think.

[The camera zooms in on the back of Salazar's head, with blood starting to pour out from the gash opened up by the bottle strike. Kendrick and Hayes both laugh as they see the pool starting to form around Salazar's head.]

CP: How about that, Albano, not the kind of red sauce you like to see, huh?

SA: I should say not.

[A beaming Hayes grabs Kendrick by the hand, lifting his arm into the air and pointing at her man to loud jeers from the crowd!]

SA: These two are just SO proud of themselves! Look, we saw the kind of man Smasher Salazar is last weekend on Showtime! He's not exactly what you'd call a Boy Scout so I'm not sure how bad I feel for him getting attacked by Kerry Kendrick... but I don't know if ANYONE deserves to have a glass bottle smashed into their head!

[Kendrick is all grins as he wraps his arm around his main squeeze, looking down at Salazar as he grabs at his own head.]

SA: Luckily, it appears as if Salazar is still conscious although I don't know how that's possible! And tape or not, did you HEAR how hard he hit him with that bottle?! How the heck did that thing not break?!

CP: Do I look like an expert on broken glass?

SA: You worked in Los Angeles!

CP: ...I have no response to that.

[Hayes shouts down off-mic at Salazar, something about "DON'T YOU BLEED ON MY GUCCI SHOES! THEY COST MORE THEN YOU GOT PAID THIS MONTH!" as the fans continue to jeer..

...and suddenly, Kendrick pulls a surprised Hayes close to him, laying one on her to the disgust of the Oklahoma City crowd.]

SA: Oh... oh jeez. Do we have to see this?

CP: Ahhh, young love.

SA: Is that what this is? It's... do we have some way to censor this so we don't have to see it? A blurry circle? One of those big red X's? Something? Please?

CP: You're such a prude, Albano.

[And as the AWA's power couple continues to kiss over Salazar's prone body, Hayes suddenly breaks away with a shriek!]

SA: What's her problem now?

[Hayes is urgently pointing down, backing away frantically, pulling Kendrick with her...

...or trying to as the camera pans down to see the source of Hayes' shrieks - Salazar grasping at Kendrick's ankle!]

SA: WHAT?!

[Kendrick kicks at Salazar's hand, breaking free. He takes a look down like he's going to attack again...

...but the shrieking Hayes has other ideas, dragging Kendrick by the wrist towards the ropes...]

"COME ON! COME ON! LET'S GO!"

[Kendrick gives the bloody Salazar one more look before nodding, joining Hayes in bailing from the ring to the floor. They start heading back up the aisle - quickly - as they hear something over the public address.]

"Hee hee hee... good try, boy."

[Kendrick and Hayes look back up to the ring to see Salazar, blood quickly running down into his eyes, a maniacal grin across his face down on his knees, mic in hand...]

SA: He's... he's trying to stand, Colt!

CP: Hey, I don't like to talk about it but I'm from deep in the heart of Texas so I know all about this Smasher Salazar! I know how tough he is! I know what he's capable of! And slowly but surely, everyone here is learning what he's capable of too!

[He's struggling to stand up, but decides staying on his knees is enough.]

SS: YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO DO A LOT BETTER'N THAT THOUGH! YOU BETTER HIT ME HARDER, BOY, OR I'MMA GONNA DO A WHOLE LOT WORSE!

[Kendrick and Hayes' eyes open wide, as they rapidly back up the aisle.]

SS: RIGHT, RUN BOY! YOU BETTER RUN!

[Salazar tries to stand back up, but falls onto his posterior, cackling again.]

CP: That guy's about a half-dozen sandwiches short of a full picnic basket, Albano.

SA: Let's take a break while we get him some help.

[Salazar slowly slips back to lay on his back in the pool of his own blood, a sick grin on his face as we fade to black...

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

"Feeling left out of the action?"

[The girls look up, nodding.]

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

[The girls nod more emphatically.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[And we cut to a series of shots of video game pro wrestling action: Michelle Bailey delivering a Britney Spear to Kelly Kowalski. Charisma Knight and Skylar Swift trading blows. Harley Hamilton and Cinder making their entrance. The voiceover continues.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

"All in one tremendous game!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

JS: That had to hurt.

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

...and we fade back up to the backstage area where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell, who's flanked by "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett and Harper Hannigan. Hannigan has a

thick steel chain gripped in her left fist, leading to spiked leather dog collar around the neck of The Lost Boy. Blackwell laughs nervously as The Lost Boy sniffs his tie.]

SLB: It's ah... it's Brooks Brothers. I can get you in touch with my tailor... wait a minute.

[Blackwell looks around.]

SLB: Your team has a big test ahead of them tonight, Fawcett. Where's--

[Blackwell is cut off mid-thought by a familiar singing voice. Off-key, but a singing voice nonetheless.]

"How did we get here? Turning our backs because we can't face the truth."

[The off-key cover version of Bridgetta and Jake Scott continues as Porter Crowley steps into view. He continues, transfixed as he stares at his reflection in his trusty shard of mirror glass.]

PC: How did we get here? So out of touch...

[Crowley finally allows his gaze to wander away from his reflection, staring directly at Blackwell.]

PC: ...but I'm right next to you.

[Blackwell tugs on his tie, a bit uncomfortable.]

SLB: Ah, indeed.

PC: It's a fair question. Easily answered, one would think. Yet here I am, night after night staring at a wall. Asking myself how did we get here? It's a like a worm crawling in your ear, making you mad.

SLB: Well, I would think what happened after the bell rang to end your last match would be the exact answer there.

[Crowley nods absentmindedly as he looks at his mirror shard.]

PC: Was it my natural beauty? My rugged good looks? Is that why you continued the carnage, Tony? We had an agreement with--

[Crowley smiles and puts a hand sarcastically over his mouth.]

PC: Oops. Maybe that's some need to know information that your handler didn't think you needed to know.

[Blackwell arches his brows quizzically.]

SLB: Agreement? What's this about?

[Fawcett nods.]

"D"HF: Oh, indeed. You see, Louis... it was no chance meeting when the members of my Family met Donovan and Taylor in the squared circle. Not a random encounter concocted by the office of this fine company whatsoever.

It first sprouted wings in the mind of none other than Tiger Claw.

[Blackwell looks shocked.]

SLB: What?

"D"HF: Indeed. Mister Claw requested a private meeting with me. One that he assured me would be mutually beneficial. His request? A simple one. He wanted my team to put Donovan and Taylor through their paces. Perhaps in doing so, he would use the training sessions leading to the match to cement a hold over them. A hold, as we have all seen by the reactions of the Taylor family here in AWA...

[Fawcett smiles. A smile devoid of humor, yet full of malice.]

"D"HF: ...has been tenuous at best. This was, so far, mutually beneficial as he had alluded to. My team had only just reunited, and they too could use a exhibition to iron out any wrinkles placed by Father Time. This was all fine, until something happened that Mister Claw did not predict.

His team. His precious team with their impressive lineages in this sport.

[Fawcett smiles, quite earnestly this time, as he places a hand on Crowley's shoulder and tussles The Lost Boy's unkempt tri-hawk hair.]

"D"HF: They lost. Unthinkable to many, perhaps. Certainly unthinkable to Mister Claw. That is the moment, when looking back, I see that our business arrangement turned to something much more personal in his mind.

PC: And that's fine. If the deal was that all four of us tear each other to pieces and forget all about the rules and the refs and the bells?

[Crowley nods.]

PC: Those are the shadows where The Lost Boy and I live every second that we aren't chained by the rules. If you think we have a problem tearing the meat from their bones--

[Just then, The Lost Boy's head starts darting around maniacally. He lifts his nose in the air, sniffing voraciously as he gnashes his teeth. Harper Hannigan pulls back on his leash, asserting dominance in an effort to calm him.]

HH: Aw dammit, Porter. You know y'all can't say stuff like "meat" and "bones" around the Boy! His stomach starts rumblin' and it angers up the blood!

[Crowley nods, putting his hand on The Lost Boy's shoulder. The Lost Boy is at least temporarily distracted as the two lock eyes.]

PC: Oh, I know it only too well. Sorry buddy, but tonight we need that anger. We need that hunger. After what they pulled on me, on us...

[Crowley presses his forehead against The Lost Boy's.

PC: Blood. Blood. Blood! BLOOD!!

[The Lost Boy rears his head back and howls. He takes off down the hallway, dragging Harper Hannigan behind him with shouts of "AW DAMMIT!" as Crowley follows close behind. Fawcett grins from ear to ear, facing the camera directly.]

"D"HF: Tonight you will see the difference between the family you are trying to hammer onto existence and a real Family, Mister Claw.

[Fawcett turns to address Blackwell directly.]

"D"HF: Tonight they will know why they are afraid of the dark.

[Fawcett nods.]

"D"HF: Now they will learn why they fear the night.

[Fawcett turns to follow the rest of his Family, as a clearly disturbed Blackwell addresses the camera.]

SLB: Regardless of Tiger Claw's intentions when he got this started, I have to imagine this wasn't what he hoped to achieve. Be careful to not wake a sleeping monster, and in this case that might be absolutely literal. Mariah, I expect your guests right now may be in for a much different night than they expected.

[We fade away from Lou up on another part of the backstage area where we find the former World Tag Team Champions, Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan, dressed for combat flanking Mariah Wolfe.]

MW: Thanks, Lou... and as you can see, The Fawcett Family are not alone in being ready for action here tonight. Gentlemen, you've been tangled up with the Fawcett Family for several weeks now but tonight could be your chance to break free and move forward with your goal of getting back to the World Tag Team Titles.

[Wes Taylor nods.]

WT: Mariah, there's a lot of talk lately about people trying to win championship gold in 2018. You've got Shadoc Rage pledging that he'll do it. You've got Hannibal Carver saying he's going to win gold this year too. Well, if you're looking for a team that's got experience with gold... that knows what it takes to win gold... and knows how to get Harper and Somers down for the count, you're looking at them.

[He gestures to Donovan and himself.]

MW: And does that include with the guidance of Hall of Famer Tiger Claw?

[Taylor grimaces.]

WT: Tony and I have been back and forth on this topic, Mariah... you know that.

TD: And we may never come to the same conclusion but Wes respects that each of us have to have equal say in how this team operates if we're going to be successful. And if I think Tiger Claw will help us get back to our goal, Mariah, then Wes respects that.

[Taylor shakes his head.]

WT: But let's make one thing clear, Mariah... if Claw is going to be out there with us, he's there because Tony wants him there... not because I do. He's there to advise Tony... not me.

[Mariah raises an eyebrow.]

MW: Are you saying that you don't want Tiger Claw's advice?

[Wes nods.]

WT: That's exactly what I'm saying. At one time, we were managed by Brian Lau... and I trust Brian Lau more than anyone outside of the man standing by my side and my own father... and Brian says that Tiger Claw has changed. That he's not the same man that Brian knew for decades.... and I think if you asked Casey James...

and if you asked Brian James, they'd both agree with that. I don't trust Tiger Claw... and my father says I'm right to feel that way and he'd know about as well as anyone, wouldn't he?

[Tony shakes his head as Mariah shrugs.]

TD: But to me, Mariah, Tiger Claw is the same man he's always been. He's a Hall of Famer. He's a former World Champion. He's half of one of the best tag teams of the 90s and 2000s. And that means he knows things.

[Donovan chuckles.]

TD: He's Tiger Claw. He knows things and he hurts people... and that's the kind of guidance that I think we need to get past all the things that dragged us down from being on top. He can make us forget the women...

[Wes smirks, pointing at Tony.]

TD: ...the stupid "bravery" that gets us in spots to get hurt...

[Tony returns the favor, pointing at Wes.]

TD: ...and the bad alliances like with your pal, Johnny Detson.

[Wes' eyes flash for just a moment.]

TD: So, if Wes still thinks Claw's not the guy for us... that's fine. Because right now, he's the guy for me and that's all he's asking to be.

[Mariah shakes her head.]

MW: How is this EVER going to work?

[Wes shrugs.]

TD: It'll work when Wes finally understands what Mr. Claw brings to the table.

[And with a clap on the back, Donovan turns to exit.]

MW: And you? How do you think this is going to work?

[Taylor sighs.]

WT: I don't know, Mariah. I just don't know.

[And as Taylor walks away, we fade out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following taaaaag teeeeeeam contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit! Introducing first...

[Feedback comes over the PA as the distorted bass intro of "Sex Bomb [Generic]" by Flipper begins to play. "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett makes his way out to the top of the entranceway. He turns to face the entrance, holding his hands out.]

RO: From Fawcett Manor... weighing in at a combined 562 pounds... accompanied by "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett and Harper Hannigan...

...PORTER CROWLEY and THE LOST BOY!!

[The curtains fly open as out leaps The Lost Boy. Snarling at the crowd, he's only held back by charging into their midst by the chain attached to his spiked dog collar... a chain held by the insanely cackling Harper Hannigan. Porter Crowley takes his place at their side, admiring himself in a shard of mirror glass.]

#SEX BOMB MAMA, YEAH#

[The quartet makes their way down to the ring, led by Fawcett. Crowley stops admiring himself momentarily, only due to a rowdy group of fans chanting "PRET-TY POR-TER!". Harper steps towards the camera, close enough that their voice can be heard without the aid of a microphone.]

HH: This dog...

[They drop their end of the chain to the floor of the entranceway. Seeing this, The Lost Boy goes tearing down towards the ring.]

HH: ... is off his leash!

[Harper lifts one fist to the air as Crowley races down towards the ring to join his partner. Fawcett whispers something to Harper, who nods and makes their way over to a spot near the apron.

#OH, AH, AH AW!#

#SEX BOMB MAMA, YEAH#

[The Lost Boy grabs the bottom rope and immediately begins gnawing at it. Crowley nods, slapping The Lost Boy on the shoulder as they're joined by Fawcett. The Lost Boy stands up straight, barking at everyone around as their music starts to fade and Fawcett tries to get them inside the ring and ready for action.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponents... at a total combined weight of 503 pounds... they are the FORMER AWA WORRRRRRLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSSSSS... being accompanied to the ring by TIGER CLAW...

...they are WES TAAAAAYLOR AND TOOOOONYYYY DONNNNOVANNN!

[The crunchy guitars of ZZ Top's "Beer Drinkers and Hell Raisers" rings out over the PA system to a mixed reaction from the sold out crowd.]

SA: Former tag team champions indeed but there certainly seems to be some trouble in paradise with this duo as of late, Colt.

CP: Quit trying to stir up trouble! The Kings are FINE!

SA: You will now flash back!

CP: I mean... you know what I mean.

SA: I certainly do... but I don't know if I agree that Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan are fine at all with this Tiger Claw situation.

[The duo comes through the curtain, clad in their ring gear with matching satin jackets over the top with their names written across the back in script. Donovan's singlet is visible underneath his own jacket. Walking behind the duo is Tiger Claw, looking on with a smirk on his face as he stands silent in his very expensive looking suit.]

SA: We are just about set for tag team action here in a rematch from a few weeks ago that'll see the Fawcett Family duo of The Lost Boy and Porter Crowley take on

the former tag team champions, Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan. Colt, Taylor and Donovan dropped that first match... what's it gonna take to come out on top here tonight?

CP: Well, first off... you can't fight the Fawcett Family's style of match. You can't brawl with them because that'll get you nowhere. And second, they gotta be on the same page.

[The former champion reach ringside, climbing up on the apron and going through the ropes into the ring. The Lost Boy attempts to charge at them but Crowley keeps him at bay... for now.]

SA: Which brings us back to this Tiger Claw situation.

CP: Look, I think they're fine! But Donovan's one hundred percent right about that. Tiger Claw's a former World Champion. He's a Hall of Famer. He's a world-renowned trainer. Why WOULDN'T you want him guiding you all the way to the top?

[Speaking of Tiger Claw, Tony Donovan appears set to start the match, kneeling down on the canvas as Claw cups a hand to his ear, speaking to him...]

SA: Claw advising right now apparently... and Wes Taylor seemed concerned that with his new relationship between his partner and Tiger Claw, they may have difficulty making this work, Colt.

CP: Taylor's gotta have faith in his partner and in their team. It's the only way it'll work. Unless he'd just suck it up and listen to Claw too.

[Taylor looks down at his partner conversing with Claw with a disapproving expression and then slides along the apron, calling down to his partner...]

SA: Wes Taylor trying to get a word in with his partner...

[...but Tony Donovan is oblivious to the summons, still talking intently with Claw.]

SA: Taylor again trying to get his partner's attention...

[Donovan finally turns towards his partner with a questioning (and annoyed) look...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[...and at the sound of the bell, Porter Crowley goes charging forward towards the kneeling and distracted Donovan...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and CONNECTS with a running knee to the temple, knocking Donovan flat on his side, hanging between the ropes as the crowd reacts (as does Wes Taylor) with shock and horror!]

SA: KNEE! RUNNING KNEE!

CP: This one may be over right now! It may be a record!

[The referee dives in, forcing Crowley back, waving his arms...]

SA: Referee Koji Sakai trying to keep Crowley from taking advantage of Donovan who is in the ropes! Gutsy call by the official!

CP: I'll say. Crowley's been known to try and gnaw the nose off anyone standing in his way. I've seen it in many a post-show saloon visit.

[With Donovan on the ropes helpless, Claw steps forward, calmly talking to him...

...and strategically pushes down on the bottom rope as he does, causing Donovan's torso to slip from the ring, the former champion falling to the outside.]

SA: Oh! Donovan falls to the outside and... was that intentional, Colt?

CP: Of course it was! I said it myself, Sal - this one could have been over right there... but Claw leans on the ropes, makes it look natural, and gets his guy out of there before someone can ever TRY a three count on him. Brilliant! See?! How can you not want this guy managing you?

[Moving past Sakai, Crowley drops down to the mat, rolling under the ropes to the outside...]

SA: And this is exactly what you said they didn't want to happen, Colt! They're out on the floor already!

CP: They're on the floor, sure, but what choice did they have after that running knee? That completely changes the strategy and being outside is safer than being inside... for the moment.

SA: Seems like a big qualifier there as Crowley pulls Donovan off the floor, dragging him over towards- look out!

[The crowd groans as Crowley smashes Donovan's torso down into the edge of the steel barricade...

...and then pushes his throat down on top of it, choking him violently, moaning and shrieking all the while as Donovan's arms flail helplessly against the railing.]

SA: Donovan being choked on the outside... Tiger Claw looking on... watching intently...

[Pushing Donovan back against the railing, Crowley grabs the arm...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the small of Donovan's back crashes into the edge of the apron!]

SA: The small of the back gets SMASHED into the edge of the ring... that'll leave you limping for sure...

[Donovan staggers away from the apron towards Crowley who SMASHES home a clothesline across the bridge of the nose, sending the third generation grappler down on the floor!]

SA: ...and the clothesline TO THE FACE!

CP: Crowley's a big fan of offense to the face, that clothesline right across the bridge of the nose, and that's an easy way to break a nose, Sal.

[The referee stands by the ropes, shouting down at Crowley who sneers wickedly, leaning against the apron. He grabs the ropes, pulling himself up onto the apron as the referee continues to let him hear it...

...and we cut to the other side of the ring where “Doctor” Harrison Fawcett is smiling, nodding with approval as Harper Hannigan looks on with a sadistic smile of her own.]

SA: The Fawcett Family out here in full force tonight with Harrison Fawcett and Harper Hannigan in the corner...

[We cut back to the other side of the ring where Crowley is measuring Donovan from his spot up on the apron...

...when suddenly Wes Taylor takes a swipe at him, trying to get his attention.]

SA: Taylor with a swing and-

[Crowley spins around, grabbing Taylor by the hair and smashing his skull into Taylor’s knocking him into a seated position on the apron!]

SA: -oh! Crowley takes down Taylor too! Porter Crowley came to fight tonight and that’s exactly what he’s doing!

[Crowley grabs Taylor by the hair, dragging him off the mat, slipping his arm under Taylor’s...]

SA: Uh oh... Crowley’s got him and-

[...and with a mighty toss, Crowley flips Taylor into the air, flinging him off the apron onto a surprised Donovan to a big reaction!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: DONOVAN AND TAYLOR BOTH ARE DOWN AND OUT ON THE FLOOR!

CP: Crowley came to play, Sal! The Fawcett Family is looking to make a big impact on this tag division in 2018 and they’re off to a good start in this one!

SA: Tiger Claw’s not doing his team much good right now...

CP: It’s not his team, Sal. It SHOULD be his team... but it’s not because Wes Taylor is too much of a daddy’s boy to listen to reason!

SA: I’d like to hear you say that to his face... or to Bobby Taylor’s face for that matter. And what happened to them being fine?

CP: Do they look fine right now?!

[The Lost Boy drops down off the apron, barking and snarling as he tries to circle the ring but referee Koji Sakai slides to the outside, cutting him off.]

SA: The referee trying to keep some control out there... The Lost Boy trying to get involved...

[Crowley is still standing on the apron, looking out on the jeering fans who’ve taken up the “PRET-TY POR-TER!” chant that gets Crowley screaming, cupping his hands to his ears.]

SA: ...and the fans getting on Porter Crowley’s case here in Oklahoma City.

CP: “Getting on his case”... they’re taunting him for his looks! Because he’s not out here like supermodel Ohara or soccer mom favorite Martinez! These people are bullying Porter Crowley in front of our very eyes and you’re supporting it, Albano!

SA: I am not! I'm just pointing out the truth... you know, the truth? It's a tough concept for you to handle, I'm sure, Colt.

CP: The only one telling more truth than me these days is Bryson Page.

SA: Bryson Page?! Truth?! Highly unlikely!

[Crowley is still stomping his feet, holding his ears as Tiger Claw kneels next to Donovan, whispering to him...]

SA: Claw trying to get his charge back on his feet and back in this...

[Donovan slips an arm over Taylor's neck, speaking to him as they drag each other back to their feet...]

SA: The former champs are up, heading for the ring and I don't know if Crowley even knows they're standing! He's got his eyes closed, throwing a bit of a tantrum...

[...and together, Donovan and Taylor hook the ankles of Crowley, yanking his legs out from under him in tandem...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Crowley lands awkwardly with the upper part of his back and lower part of his neck jamming into the ring apron!]

SA: ...OHHH! RIGHT DOWN ON THE CERVICAL SPINE REGION!

CP: The what?

SA: The cervical spine! The neck area of the spine!

[Crowley rolls to the floor, clutching the back of his neck, groaning in pain as the former tag champs attempt to regroup on the outside...]

SA: These three have been on the outside for quite a while - almost since the opening bell but Koji Sakai has been letting a lot slide here, giving them plenty of latitude to get through this one without the disqualification or countout.

[Claw looks satisfied as the former champs pull Crowley off the floor, each grabbing an arm...]

SA: They've got Crowley on his feet and...

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...WHIPPED INTO THE STEEL! SPINE MEETS STEEL!

[And The Lost Boy comes storming past the official, rushing into the fray to smash a right hand into Donovan's face!]

SA: And whatever control that Koji Sakai had over this may have just gone away! The Lost Boy's in the fight!

[The Lost Boy pivots and slams his fist into Wes Taylor's face as well, sending him staggering away from Crowley... and with a bark and a snarl, the wild-eyed Lost Boy storms after him!]

CP: It's broken down... and I think Sakai oughta look at throwing this one out, Sal. They haven't even gotten into the ring yet!

SA: I have to agree with you, Colt. This isn't no countout. It isn't no disqualification. This isn't 'Nam, there are rules here in this one!

[Taylor and The Lost Boy are trading big shots, bouncing off the railing surrounding the ringside area to the cheers of the crowd!]

SA: The fans in OKC are loving this fight! They're with Sakai on this one! Let 'em fight!

[With their partners tangled up, Donovan tosses Crowley under the ropes into the ring, rolling in after him...]

SA: And now, finally - at long last - we've got the action back in the ring as Donovan comes in after Crowley, perhaps looking to put him down after that hard fall on the apron...

[...and dragging Crowley off the mat, Donovan hoists him into the air, dumping him on the back of the neck a second time!]

SA: Ohhh! Right on the neck again! Donovan drawing a bullseye there - quick cover!

[A two count follows before Crowley pops a shoulder off the mat. Donovan pushes up to his knees, immediately looking over to the corner where Tiger Claw is giving instructions. Donovan gives a nod, climbing off his feet...]

SA: Tony Donovan seems to be listening very carefully to the advice of Tiger Claw...

[As Crowley struggles to get to his feet, Donovan pulls him by the hair into a clinch...]

SA: ...ohh! Kneestrikes!

CP: Donovan going Tiger Claw Fighting Style on Crowley!

[...and uses Muay Thai style knees to drive Crowley back into the corner, grabbing his arm as they get there...]

SA: Donovan with the whip, sends him in!

[Out on the floor, we cut in time to see Wes Taylor lower his shoulder into the midsection, driving The Lost Boy back into the barricade to groans from the crowd around ringside!]

SA: Ohh! Taylor showing a little of the Outlaw in him on the outside!

[Back in the ring, we see Donovan storm across the ring towards Crowley...

...who leans back and raises the leg, causing Donovan to run into the lifted boot!]

CP: Crowley got 'im in the mouth! Donovan may be spittin' teeth after that one!

[Donovan staggers backwards as Crowley stumbles out of the corner, lifting him around the torso...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DROPS him facefirst on the top turnbuckle!]

SA: Donovan rolls a snake eyes and down he goes... Crowley on top! He's got one! He's got two! He's got-

[Donovan kicks out, breaking the pin as Wes Taylor climbs up on the apron, stretching out his arm, calling for his partner to get to him...]

SA: Taylor's back up on the apron, calling for the tag... and for the first time in this match, it resembles an actual tag team match.

[Donovan is crawling towards his corner on his hands and knees, looking to get to his partner as Crowley tries to recover on the mat. Taylor extends his arm, shouting to his partner...]

SA: The former champions looking to make the exchange... looking to-

[...and the crowd reacts as The Lost Boy staggers over to Taylor, yanking him down off the apron again!]

SA: Oh! The Lost Boy pulls him down and-

CP: Here we go again!

[A quick exchange of blows goes down before The Lost Boy lowers his shoulder, shoving Taylor backwards...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and sends his back into the steel steps!]

SA: OHH! The Lost Boy seizes the opportunity and puts Taylor back into the steel staircase!

[The Lost Boy rolls into the ring, ignoring the protesting official as he puts his heavy boots into the skull of Donovan once... twice... three times as Crowley drags himself off the mat...]

CP: So much for the "actual tag team match," huh, Albano?

SA: The fight is on again... and you're right, Colt. This has been a fight since the opening bell. Some bad blood between these two teams over recent weeks and it's all spilled over here in the closing minutes of Hour One on Saturday Night Wrestling on ESPN here in Oklahoma City!

[Dragging Donovan off the mat, the Fawcett Family tosses him into the ropes...

...and puts him down with a thunderous double clothesline!]

SA: Donovan goes down hard again!

[Crowley clenches his fist, holding it up above his head...

...and then lowers it down, driving it between the eyes of the downed Donovan whose legs kick up helplessly into the air!]

SA: FISTDROP CONNECTS!

CP: Crowley oughta cover him, see if he can win this thing while Taylor's still down on the floor!

[And suddenly, The Lost Boy leaps into the air, driving his skull down between the eyes of the prone Donovan!]

SA: HEADBUTT!

CP: And with nothing rattling around in there, it's like he hit him in the head with a solid rock!

[Still down on his knees, The Lost Boy leans over and sinks his teeth into the forehead of Donovan who thrashes and flails on the mat, screaming in pain!]

CP: It's snack time for The Lost Boy!

[The referee's shouts finally get The Lost Boy to peel off, saliva dripping from his mouth as he kneels on the mat. Crowley points him out of the ring, The Lost Boy crawling on his hands and knees towards Harper Hannigan who slaps the mat repeatedly, waving him forward...]

SA: Finally... FINALLY... they get The Lost Boy out of there again... and Tony Donovan's going to need all the managerial skills that Tiger Claw can.. heh... manage... to get back into this.

CP: I'll tolerate the pop culture references and human wrestling encyclopedia, Albano, but if you turn into The Punster on me, I'm gonna punch you right in the mouth.

[Crowley drags the dazed Donovan off the mat, muscling him up onto his shoulders...]

SA: And this could be it right here! Crowley's looking for Damaged Goods I have no doubt and-

[...but Donovan wisely slips out, landing on his feet behind Crowley, reaching out with his arms as the crowd cheers in recognition!]

SA: -is that...?

CP: IT IS! KATA HA JIME! THE JUDO CHOKE! TIGER CLAW LAID OUT PEOPLE FROM PORTLAND TO LOS ANGELES AND ALL STEPS IN BETWEEN WITH THIS VERY HOLD!

[But Donovan doesn't have it fully applied, allowing Crowley to push off, driving Donovan backwards into the turnbuckles!]

SA: OHH! INTO THE NEUTRAL CORNER!

[Grabbing Donovan by the arm, Crowley whips him across the ring, sending the third generation star crashing into the corner before he slumps down into a seated position in the corner...]

...and Crowley - with a bellow - goes barreling across the ring...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: RUNNING KNEE CONNECTS AGAIN!

[Donovan's head snaps back from the impact, allowing Crowley to drag him from the corner by the foot, falling into a lateral press sans leg hook...]

SA: It could be! IT MIGHT BE! IT-

[...and Donovan's shoulder pops up off the mat JUST in time to a mixed reaction from the OKC crowd!]

SA: Donovan escapes in time! We are approaching the ten minute mark of your Hour One Main Event here on Saturday Night Wrestling LIVE on ESPN and Tony Donovan narrowly gets the shoulder off the mat!

[With a wild-eyed glare at the official and a screech of frustration, Crowley climbs on top of Donovan, grabbing the young man by the hair, smashing his fist down into the face of Donovan!]

SA: The son of Robert Donovan... the blood of professional wrestling flowing through his veins with uncles Matt and Adam in the business... his legendary grandfather, "Tough" Tony Donovan as well... his namesake and a member of the Beale Street Bullies.

[Donovan rolls to his chest, trying to drag himself from the ring as Crowley slips in behind, using a handful of hair to yank him to his knees...]

SA: Crowley's keeping Donovan in the ring and... ahhhhh! Ripping and tearing at the face!

[With his fingers deep in the mouth of Donovan, Crowley tugs in a brutal-looking fish hook, screeching madly as drool drips from his mouth...]

CP: Smile for the camera, Tony!

[Letting loose of the illegal hold, Crowley pulls Donovan off the mat, whipping him to the ropes...]

...and just as Crowley dips his head for a backdrop, Tiger Claw shouts "NOW!" and Donovan abruptly pulls up on the rebound, burying a front kick between the eyes of the animalistic Crowley!]

SA: OH! Popped him good!

[Donovan steps back, takes aim..]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DROPS Crowley with a superkick to the chest!]

SA: BOOM GOES THE CANNON!

[Donovan collapses to all fours as Crowley goes falling back into the ropes - the crowd cheering the wild scene as Donovan starts crawling to the corner where Wes Taylor is waiting once more...]

"TEN MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

SA: Donovan's crawling! Donovan's on the move! Halfway home to the time limit in this one as Wes Taylor waits... waits...

[Crowley pushes off the ropes, staggering towards his own corner...]

SA: Crowley makes the tag to The Lost Boy!

[The wild-eyed Lost Boy storms through the ropes, throwing his hands up over his head in an axehandle, charging madly across the ring...]

SA: TAG!

[...and Wes Taylor tags in, diving through the ropes to come up quickly, snapping a jab into the howling mouth of The Lost Boy!]

SA: Right hand! Right hand! Right hand!

[The Lost Boy falls back under the jabbing punch...]

"WHAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Taylor throws a hard uppercut, sending him staggering backwards, falling into the neutral corner!]

SA: The Lost Boy back to the corner... Taylor staying on him...

[Claw looks on with interest as Taylor grabs the top rope with both hands, swinging a boot up into the midsection once... twice... three times... and keeps on kicking, driving The Lost Boy into a seated position in the corner...]

...and then switches to stomps!]

CP: Taylor's out of control! Where is the referee?!

SA: He's right there counting, Colt!

[Taylor plants his boot on the throat, pushing down on the windpipe as Taylor hangs from the ropes for leverage...]

SA: Taylor choking him with that boot right on the throat! The referee shouting at him, telling him to back off!

[...and at the count of four, Taylor lets go of the choke, walking away with his hands raised...]

...and then turns angrily at the sound of fists pounding the apron with a snarling "STAY ON HIM!"

SA: Uh oh.

[Taylor points a finger at the angry Claw.]

"YOU DON'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO!"

[Taylor takes a step towards Claw who shakes his head in disgust...]

...and then turns back in time to have The Lost Boy charge, leaping into the air to topple Taylor with a Fierro Press!]

SA: OH!

CP: You see?! Claw told him to stay on the... wild animal... and Taylor got hot about it, turned to yell at Claw, and it cost him! If he'd listened, he'd still be in control and not have that slobbering mess on top of him!

[Grabbing Taylor by the hair, The Lost Boy draws back his head...]

SA: HEADBUTTS!

[...and smashes his skull down into Taylor's head over and over again!]

SA: Mounted headbutts by The Lost Boy - that's a new one for sure!

[Climbing off the mat, The Lost Boy drags Taylor up by the wrist, twisting the arm around...]

...and SINKS HIS TEETH into Taylor's shoulder!]

SA: AHHH! AHHHH! HE'S BITING HIM! HE'S BITING HIM, COLT!

CP: Fawcett must've held him out of catering again.

[Fawcett looks on with a grin as The Lost Boy gnaws on his opponent's flesh. The referee leaps into action again, forcing a break as Taylor falls back into the ropes, grimacing as he checks his arm for blood.]

SA: The Lost Boy hooks him... not done yet...

[With a single underhook throw, the powerful Lost Boy flings Taylor across the ring and down to the canvas...]

SA: ...and throws him down to the mat. Nice suplex of sorts there by the Lost Boy... and he's on the move!

[Down on all fours, The Lost Boy surges forward, smashing his skull into Taylor's ribs...]

...his back...

...his stomach...

...the back of his head...

...and finally right on the temple, forcing Taylor to roll from the ring to the floor!]

SA: Wes Taylor gets driven to the outside by The Lost Boy... and we're right back on the floor, Colt.

CP: These four are almost magnetically drawn to the outside.

[The Lost Boy rolls out to the apron after Taylor as the crowd stirs again, waiting to see what happens next as Tiger Claw stands, arms crossed, watching the action unfold.]

SA: The Lost Boy out on the apron, keeping an eye on Taylor...

[Wes Taylor struggles to get up off the floor as The Lost Boy keeps an eye on him...]

SA: Taylor on his feet!

[...and the Lost Boy goes lumbering down the apron, throwing his 302 pound body into the air...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: FLYING TACKLE! RIGHT OFF THE APRON!

[On his knees, The Lost Boy throws back his head, howling into the OKC sky as the fans react with a mix of cheers and boos...]

SA: The Lost Boy knocked Taylor flat with that flying tackle and that’s an impressive move for a guy of his size...

CP: ...and limited intellect.

SA: Colt! That’s not very nice.

CP: The guy’s out here on the ground howling like a wolf, Albano. Whaddya want me to say? He’s a Rhodes Scholar?

[Sal chuckles as The Lost Boy drags Taylor off the ringside mats by the hair, smashing his face down into the nearby timekeeper’s table!]

SA: Taylor gets his face driven into the table!

[Shoving Taylor backwards so that he’s laying across the table, The Lost Boy grabs him by the throat with both hands, throttling him madly...]

SA: Two-handed choke on the outside! The referee counting from inside the ring and...

[...and The Lost Boy abruptly breaks his own choke, pulling Taylor to him by the wrist, scooping him up...]

SA: ...what in the world?

[...and DROPS him facefirst across the ring apron!]

CP: Whoooooa! And Taylor gets a mouthful of mat on the outside, Sal... and he’s in a bad way. If only-

SA: If only he’d listened to Tiger Claw, yes... I get it. You’ve made your feelings on that matter quite clear, Colt Patterson.

[The Lost Boy shoves the dazed Taylor under the ropes, crawling in after him as “Doctor” Harrison Fawcett orders him to do so.]

SA: Fawcett trying to avoid the countout... oh, hey now! Keep an eye on this one!

[Fawcett turns away from the ring...

...and finds himself in a staredown with Tiger Claw.]

SA: We heard what Fawcett had to say... what he ADMITTED before this match... that Tiger Claw ASKED for the original match with the Fawcett Family... that Claw was trying to use it to get Taylor and Donovan on the same page against them and presumably on his side!

CP: That’s just smart managing! Iron sharpens iron... even if that iron is rusted and covered with bloodstains!

SA: Whatever agreement Claw and Fawcett had at one point, it's obvious they no longer are on the same page and-

[Inside the ring, The Lost Boy pulls Taylor off the mat by the hair..

...and HURLS him over the ropes out the other side of the ring to a smattering of boos!]

SA: -IN ONE SIDE AND OUT THE OTHER!

[The Lost Boy again throws his head back, howling madly as the referee gets up in his face to reprimand him...

...and The Lost Boy suddenly drops to his knees, reaching out for Koji Sakai's leg...]

SA: What is he...?

CP: He's got a little Mississippi leg hound in him! Just let him finish, Koji!

SA: While I appreciate the reference, Colt, I- OH! HE'S BITING HIM! HE'S BITING THE LEG!

CP: Naaaah, it's just a little play biting. It's fine!

[And while Sakai tries to extract his leg, it gives the Homicidal Hillbilly, Harper Hannigan, a chance to pull Taylor up off the ringside mat...]

SA: Wait, wait!

[...and SLAMS him down on the barely-padded floor with a bodyslam!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts in awe at first... awe that turns to jeers for the outside-the-ring action as Hannigan pulls Taylor right back up, shoving him back under the ropes at the feet... paws?... of the Lost Boy.]

SA: Harper Hannigan with the illegal assist... and a big one with that slam on the floor! Taylor took the floor full force and he's in some serious jeopardy right now as The Lost Boy may be on the verge of ending this thing.

[The Lost Boy jerks back towards the action, grabbing his own head, wailing in pain for a moment...]

SA: What is he...?

[...and then suddenly breaks for the ropes, rebounding back towards Taylor as Claw grabs the bottom rope shouting "NOW! NOW!"

SA: HEADBUTT!

[But as The Lost Boy plummets down for a leaping headbutt, Taylor rolls clear!]

SA: SKULL MEETS CANVAS AS TAYLOR ROLLS OUT OF THE WAY!

CP: Did Taylor just take advice from Tiger Claw?! Finally?!

SA: I don't... it might just be a coincidence, Colt!

"FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!"

[Pushing up to his knees, The Lost Boy blinks repeatedly, looking around in a daze as Porter Crowley extends his hand, waiting for a tag. Down on the canvas, Wes Taylor is crawling towards his corner where Tony Donovan is waiting for him...]

SA: Five minutes left in this tag team showdown as Taylor with a timely counter and he cracks open the door just a little bit... a chance to get back into this... make that tag and bring his partner, Tony Donovan, back into this...

CP: And with Donovan listening to Claw, that might be the missing link to a win for the former champs!

[With Taylor crawling, the dazed Lost Boy slaps the offered hand as Crowley comes lumbering across the ring, driving a stomp down between the shoulderblades of Taylor!]

SA: Crowley cuts him off!

CP: You hear that sound, Big Sal? That was Crowley slamming that door closed!

[Crowley bounces off the stomp to DRILL Tony Donovan with a right hand, knocking him off the apron...]

SA: Donovan goes flying! Crowley takes him out of the picture!

[...and then staggers backwards, swinging his arms around as Donovan angrily tries to get into the ring, being cut off by Koji Sakai!]

SA: Donovan's trying to get in but-

CP: Lost Boy's in!

[A double whip sends Taylor across the ring, the hands joined as they drop Taylor with a double clothesline!]

SA: Taylor goes down again!

[As the Lost Boy goes out, Crowley goes down into a lateral press...]

SA: Crowley's got one! Crowley's got two! Crowley's got- noooo! Taylor gets the shoulder!

[The fans react with a mix of cheers and boos for the kickout as Crowley looks at the official in disbelief.]

SA: Two count only off the double clothesline... and we've got about four minutes left in this one as these two teams do battle, trying to get into that tag team title picture.

CP: That scene is wide open right now, Albano. The Number One Contenders got knocked off two weeks ago and that means it's a wide open scene to see who gets the next shot at Next Gen and the gold!

SA: We'll be hearing from Howie Somers and Daniel Harper a little later tonight so we may learn more of their intentions... but a win here could go a long way to cementing one of these teams as a future challenger. Taylor and Donovan are ranked Number Four in that contender list but a win here might shoot them a little higher up the list...

[Angrily dragging Taylor up by the hair, Crowley pastes him with a right hand, sending Taylor falling back into the ropes, dropping down to his knees...]

SA: Heavy handed blow from Porter Crowley puts Taylor back down...

[Turning Taylor towards the ropes, Crowley pushes his throat down over the middle rope...]

SA: Shin on the neck, choking Taylor over the ropes!

[...and the referee is right there again, warning Crowley, forcing him to back off and as the referee is talking to Crowley, Tiger Claw rushes forward, whispering right into the ear of Wes Taylor.]

SA: What's... Claw is talking to Taylor!

[Claw is talking and he's talking fast as the referee warns Crowley for the choke on the ropes...]

SA: Tiger Claw trying to advise Wes Taylor apparently despite his wishes and-

[Crowley stomps in, grabbing Taylor by the hair, turning him around...

...and Taylor lashes out, driving his fist upwards...]

SA: OH! UPPERCUT TO THE THROAT!

[Crowley's eyes go wide, stumbling back a step away as Taylor reaches out, yanking Crowley towards him...]

CP: An illegal strike to the throat but the referee was shielded! He couldn't see it!

SA: I think it was accidental! I think he was aiming for the chin but-

[...and into a front facelock where he reaches out, snatching the tights, lifting Crowley off the mat...]

SA: -CATTLE BUSTER!

[...and DRIVES Crowley's skull into the canvas with one of professional wrestling's most infamous moves!]

SA: HE GOT ALL OF THAT!

[Taylor flips Crowley over, diving across as the referee drops down to count. Tony Donovan comes in strong, throwing himself at the legs of the incoming Lost Boy to tackle him down...]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! Nope, foot on the ropes, fans!

[...but just as quickly as Crowley shows off his resilience by getting his foot on the bottom rope, the nearby Tiger Claw shoves it right off before the referee can see it!]

SA: Wait! What?!

"DING! DING! DING!"

CP: They got 'em! What a win for the former champs LED by Tiger Claw!

SA: I don't know about that... it did seem that Wes Taylor... he might have taken some advice from Claw there at the end.

CP: Of course he did... and that led RIGHT to the victory! If this doesn't show Wes Taylor that Tiger Claw is the key to their future success, I don't know what will!

[Donovan rushes into the ring, pulling his partner to his feet into a big embrace as the fans mostly cheer the outcome.]

SA: The fans here in Oklahoma City showing the love... sort of... there are definitely some boos in there for how that went down. I'm not sure... can we see the replay on this?

[As Donovan and Taylor celebrate, we cut to a slow motion shot that shows Taylor draped over the ropes being choked by Crowley...]

CP: Alright, at this point, it was all Crowley, choking him on the ropes... and here it comes... right here, Big Sal...

[...and when Crowley gets forced back by the referee, Tiger Claw rushes forward to whisper into the ear of Wes Taylor...]

SA: I see it... right there it is.

CP: That's Tiger Claw giving some tremendous advice in slow motion or regular speed!

[...and then as Crowley moves back in, Taylor pops him in the throat with an uppercut...]

CP: Taylor catches him in the throat!

SA: Illegal...

CP: ...but effective. Crowley's gasping for air, Taylor gets up... boot downstairs...

[And as we see the slow motion shot of Taylor hitting one of pro wrestling's most infamous moves...]

CP: ...WHAMMO! CATTLE BUSTER! Crowley's skull gets smashed like a melon and Taylor gets the one... two... and three. Your winners, the former champs Taylor and Donovan with the brilliant Tiger Claw by their sides!

[We come back out of the replay to where Donovan is on the ropes celebrating as Taylor looks a little more subdued...]

...and glares down at Tiger Claw who looks on smugly with his arms crossed.]

SA: Uhhh... huh. I got a feeling there's more to this story than meets the eye, Colt. Let's go backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing by!

[We fade to the backstage area where we find Mark Stegglet standing.]

MS: A big win for the former tag champs there... and that's gotta put them on the track back towards a shot at regaining those titles. But right now, I'm back here to talk to Interim President Zharkov to discuss...

[Stegglet trails off as he comes upon the aforementioned Zharkov... and finds him in the midst of what appears to be a very intense conversation with Veronica Westerly. As the camera gets closer, we can hear some of their discussion.]

VW: ...so I think you can see, Mr. President, that this is the absolute best solution for everyone involved... and it truly will make Memorial Day Mayhem a memorable event.

[Zharkov gives Westerly an appraising look... and a nod. Westerly grins.]

VW: I'm glad you agree. So... we have a deal?

[Westerly slinkily extends her hand towards the Interim President who eyeballs the offered limb... and then nods again, giving the hand a quick shake.]

MZ: I believe we do, Ms. Westerly.

[The conversation is interrupted by the arrival of Damian DeVille. 'The Bad Seed' has his jet black hair tied back, and is wearing a sleeveless Darkthrone t-shirt which shows the ever-increasing amount of tattoos on each arm.

He glares at Veronica, who backs off a little, but neither of them are willing to back down from the staredown. He simply smirks as he turns his attention to the Interim President and Miss Westerly makes her exit.]

DD: Mister President.

[Zharkov eyeballs DeVille.]

MZ: Mr. DeVille. You are here for me?

[DeVille grins a little lopsided grin and stretches to audibly crack his neck.]

DD: Well, as a matter of fact, yes.

[He throws a look over his shoulder to where Veronica was standing... and then back at the boss.]

DD: I want a match. Tonight.

[Zharkov furrows his brow, consulting his trusty clipboard.]

MZ: Tonight? I do not think-

[DeVille raises a finger and wags it.]

DD: Shh. I'm not finished speaking.

[The crowd inside the arena "ooooohs" as Zharkov glares a hole through the young man. If only... if only. Zharkov reaches up to rub at the back of his neck.]

DD: I want a match. And I want the VERY best that you've got.

[Zharkov gives DeVille another look... more of an appraising look this time.]

MZ: Impressive. I respect your courage and ambition.

[Zharkov shakes his head.]

MZ: But I think that is a VERY bad idea.

[DeVile steps closer, staring hard at the former National Champion.]

DD: And with all due respect, Mr. Interim President, I don't give a damn what you think. This isn't a request. This is...

[He thinks for a second and then grins again.]

DD: ...let's call it a declaration of intent, shall we?

You're going to give me a match.

You're going to give me the best that you've got...

[His dark eyes glint as his smirk disappears.]

DD: ...or I'll go take it myself.

[Zharkov again bristles at the very insistent nature of the brash young man. He takes a few moments, returning the stare...

...and then slowly nods.]

MZ: It is yours.

[DeVile smiles, nodding as he turns away from the Interim President who stares hard after him 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 Shadoc Rage joins him in the cage...]

#Anything your...#

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

#...heart desires will...#

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

#...come to you.#

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

"Ryan Martinez, you and..."

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

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

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

RM: I'm going to Disneyland!

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

...and then fade back up backstage where Mariah Wolfe stands next to the AWA Women's World champion "The Spitfire" Julie Somers. The women's champ is dressed in a red shirt with the words "LIVE THE DREAM" across the front in white lettering, faded jeans with tears and slits in the legs and tennis shoes. Her long, wavy brown hair falls down on her shoulders. The AWA Women's World title belt is fastened around her waist.]

MW: We are back LIVE from Oklahoma City with Saturday Night Wrestling on ESPN... and Julie Somers, you made the challenge to E-Girl MAX earlier tonight and, as I understand it, the match is now OFFICIAL for National Wrestling Night on ABC with you and two mystery partners taking on Kelly Kowalski and the Women's World Tag Team Champions, Seductive and Destructive!

[Somers nods excitedly.]

JS: That's correct, Mariah. Now, I really wanted it to be me defending this title belt, whether it was tonight in Oklahoma City or in two weeks' time in Kansas City. Needless to say, I'm disappointed that none of E-Girl MAX would step forward to face me for the belt but I can't say I'm surprised, either.

[She puts her hands on her hips.]

JS: After all, these are the same girls that pulled off that stunt at Steal the Spotlight, making a mockery of it all, and keep looking for any way to duck and dodge those who want to present them with a challenge. Just look at Casey Cash, who's still 0 and 2 against Betty Chang, all because she's afraid of a little karate.

Meanwhile, it's women such as myself, Betty, Ricki Toughill and a host of others who are willing to take on any challenge that comes before them. In fact, Ricki gave me yet another tough match two weeks ago at AWA10. I gained even more respect for her and, from what she said earlier, I can tell she has more for me.

So I want to say real quick to Ricki... thank you.

[She then sighs.]

JS: Still, I was at least hoping one of E-Girl MAX would at least say, because they haven't been entered into the Memorial Day Rumble, that they'd want the shot at me at Memorial Day Mayhem. In fact, maybe President Zharkov is hoping one of them will step forward and say she wants the shot.

Instead, all I get is the silly games they play -- or some would call it cowardice. I'll leave that for everyone to decide what it is.

[Somers grins.]

JS: And I suppose the reason why they accepted my challenge for the six-woman tag is because they think that's the way they'll get the better of me. Why bother coming at me one on one when you can come at me in a pack, which seems to be how they go about their business all the time.

But I can promise you one thing, Mariah... I know I'll have partners who will have my back, who I can trust, and who will have the same thing in mind as I have, and that's to knock E-Girl MAX off their pedestals.

MW: Any thoughts about who those partners might be?

[Somers smirks.]

JS: Now, Mariah, you know I like you, but you also know I said I'd reveal who they are in Kansas City.

[Wolfe grins.]

MW: Well, fair enough. But perhaps we can talk a little more about Memorial Day Mayhem.

JS: Sure, Mariah. I will say that I was serious about facing any member of E-Girl MAX, but since none of them are willing to step up to face me, whether it's arrogance or cowardice, then I'll have to find somebody else worthy of the challenge.

[Wolfe raises an eyebrow.]

MW: Do you have somebody in mind?

[Somers is quiet for a moment... then a grin forms across her face.]

JS: Maybe I do.

[With that, Somers walks off the set.]

MW: Julie Somers is quite the woman of mystery here tonight. Mystery partners in Kansas City and... even more of a mystery surrounding her heading into Memorial Day Mayhem! Sal, Colt... back to you at ringside!

[We fade from the smiling Mariah Wolfe back to ringside to our announce team.]

SA: Thanks for that, Mariah. From mysteries yet to be resolved to hopefully a big one getting some light shed on it right about now, Colt... because we've reached the point in the show where we're told that Supreme Wright is going to walk down that aisle - to deafening boos I'd imagine - and tell the world why he did what he did two weeks ago in New Orleans.

CP: Sal, when they asked us to run commentary during a wrestling wedding two weeks ago, I expected a little wackiness... maybe someone not able to hold their peace... maybe someone going into a cake... what I didn't expect is for us to be eyewitnesses to one of the most shocking moments in AWA history.

SA: This so-called Red Wedding has gone viral for days now... all over the Internet everyone has seen the interruption of Brian James, revealing that Supreme Wright

was behind the brutal assault on former World Champion Johnny Detson last fall at SuperClash... and then the attack to follow... Supreme Wright joined by other allies in laying waste to everyone in sight. And after all of that, one question has stood head and shoulders above all others - "why?" Why did Supreme Wright do this? Why now? Why? Why? Why?

[The arena darkens as a hush falls over the crowd, anticipation palpable in the air.]

CP: Looks like we're about to get the answer, Big Sal.

[Suddenly, the opening chords of "Kaze Ni Nare" by Ayumi Nakamura blast over the PA system, igniting a chorus of boos from the Oklahoma City crowd. The stage lights flicker to life, casting an ominous glow on the entrance ramp.

Amidst the jeers and catcalls, the imposing figure of Takeshi Mifune emerges from behind the curtain, his presence commanding attention. Mifune is dressed in a black cargo jacket, a blue denim shirt underneath and a stylish Panama hat atop his head.

He is followed closely by the other members of Mifune-gun: Bret Grayson, dressed in a blue dress shirt, white khakis and his injured arm in a sling. Cain Jackson and AJ Martinez are both dressed in black leather blazers, black leather pants and boots. Finally, Paris Crawford, wearing a black leather jumpsuit zipped halfway up their torso, with long black hair and piercing blue eyes, follows closely behind Jackson and Martinez. With their stiletto heels, they still barely come up to the shoulders of their monstrous associates.]

SA: Well... it's no Supreme Wright but here are his allies, I suppose we'll call them. Mifune-gun making their way out here... and their role in that horrific attack is a bit of a mystery as well. We know Supreme Wright has a history with Cain Jackson... a history with Takeshi Mifune, the Shadow Wolf... even a history with Bret Grayson... but nothing like this.

[As they make their way down the ramp, the hostility from the crowd only intensifies, drowning out the music with a cacophony of boos and insults. Undeterred, Mifune and his comrades continue their march towards the ring with an air of arrogance and defiance. Their booing is so intense and focused, when Nakamura's famous shout of "KAZE NI NAREEE!" plays, few, if any of the crowd shout along with it like they usually do. Mifune-gun reaches the ringside area, but they do not enter the ring, turning their attention back up the rampway.]

SA: Mifune-gun down here with us at ringside now... looking back up the aisle and all eyes are on the entrance, awaiting the arrival of the former World Champion Supreme Wright who you have to imagine is the mastermind of all that has gone down since SuperClash.

[The crowd quiets for a moment, as they too, turn their attention back towards the entrance, awaiting the entrance of Supreme Wright. "Kaze Ni Nare" fades into silence, heightening the crowd's anticipation. However, instead of the familiar opening beats of Kanye West's "Black Skinhead," an unexpected track fills the arena - "Power Slam" by Paradelous.

The change in music catches everyone off guard, eliciting a collective gasp from the crowd. A moment of confusion hangs in the air before the curtains part...

...and Supreme Wright steps into view.]

SA: Enter the kingdom but watch who you bring home... prophetic words from the man responsible for this man's FORMER entrance music to herald his arrival. But

even without Kanye West, there is no mistaking the man who just stepped out onto the entrance stage... and these fans recognize him as well.

[Instantly, a deafening roar of boos erupts from the crowd, drowning out the music and filling the arena with an uneasy sense of outrage and hostility. Undeterred and indifferent to the crowd's reaction, Wright strides forward with purpose, his cold expression a mask of confidence amidst the sea of disapproval.]

SA: Supreme Wright has never been what you'd consider a warm and outgoing individual... but to see the look upon his face here tonight, this is a different Supreme Wright than we've seen for the past couple of years here in the AWA, Colt.

CP: I don't know, Sal. I think this is the same Supreme Wright that's lived inside that man all along. The last two years? That was just a disguise for the man underneath the mask.

[Wright is dressed in a flawlessly tailored maroon three-piece tweed suit with an intricately detailed floral patterned waistcoat, matching maroon trousers, paired with polished leather oxford shoes. As Wright makes his way down the ramp, the intensity of the boos only seems to grow louder. As Wright approaches the ring, his every step is met with disdain from the unforgiving crowd.]

CP: And I can barely hear myself think right now in OKC, Big Sal.

SA: It's not surprising to hear this reaction to this man and his misdeeds, Colt. If you can - for just a moment - forget about the last couple of years of fraud... of deception... and focus on what happened here two weeks ago when Supreme Wright and his Mifune-gun allies brutally took out the AWA's White Knight, Ryan Martinez... they brutally took out the Lynch family... and they broke the heart of one of the nicest people I've ever met in my life, Theresa Lynch! It's taking every single bit of journalistic integrity in my body to not join these Okies in letting Wright hear it!

[As Wright nears the ring, Mifune-gun, parts like the Red Sea, clearing a path for him as he approaches the ring steps. As Wright reaches the ropes, he pauses for a moment and surveys the crowd with cold, dead eyes, his expressionless mask oblivious to the crowd's disdain and contempt. Wright then steps through the ropes and into the ring, as Mifune-gun follows, Crawford sitting on the ropes with their legs crossed to hold them open for the rest of the group. The crowd's boos reach a fever pitch, but amidst the chaos, Wright remains a portrait of icy composure, his demeanor unyielding and unbending as he prepares to address the audience.]

SW: I'm ready to speak.

[As Wright's words ring out across the arena, the crowd's voracious booing climbs to a deafening peak, before it eerily fades into near complete silence, everyone poised and ready to listen to whatever Supreme has to say.]

SW: I will not offer an apology because there is nothing to apologize for.

I will not beg for forgiveness because I have not done anything that needs to be forgiven.

But what I can give you... is an explanation.

[Wright pauses.]

SW: Ryan Martinez asked me:

"What have you done?"

[He contemplates those words.]

SW: What. Have. You. Done.

[A pause.]

SW: What you didn't have the strength, will or courage to do, Ryan Martinez. But I suppose it's far simpler to show you, than to tell you.

[And with that, Supreme turns his attention to the big screen. For a moment there is nothing and then... the screen is black. The sound of walking and two voices discussing dinner plans can be heard. One voice is the unmistakable booming bass of Cain Jackson, the other Supreme Wright.]

Voice 1: "So, where are we going?"

Voice 2: "There's that new Persian place downtown we could try."

Voice 1: "Persian? Don't know about that."

Voice 2: "Try the Saffron rice first- Wait. Look. There he is."

[The scene fades in, revealing a camera recording in a parking lot. Suddenly, we see Paris Crawford skipping ahead of the pack and approaching a figure in the distance, who we immediately recognize as former AWA World Champion Johnny Detson. Detson is loading the trunk of his rental car. We can't hear what is said, but Detson and Crawford begin to engage in conversation. Suddenly, Detson notices that he's being recorded and he shoves Crawford forcefully.]

Voice 1: "Should we help them?"

[The person holding the camera, presumably AJ Martinez, can be heard murmuring, "Big mistake."]

Voice 2: "Not yet... let's see where this goes."

[We see an angry Detson yelling and poking Crawford in the chest, as the tension mounts. Crawford suddenly lashes out, aiming a fist right at Detson. The video abruptly cuts out just before the blow lands, leaving the audience in the arena groaning.]

SW: There really is no need to see the violence that unfolded after this. Johnny Detson's injuries speak for themselves. Would you like to say anything for yourself, Mx. Crawford?

[Wright holds the microphone towards Crawford without looking back towards them. Paris casually looks at their nails as they offer their response.]

PC: It is not the first time someone lacked the endurance to keep up with me.

[Wright turns to Crawford and the two share a quick smirk, before Supreme turns his attention back to the crowd.]

SW: As you can see, it was a textbook case of self-defense. Johnny Detson's aggressive actions warranted a necessary response from Mx. Crawford to protect themselves. The investigators agreed.

[A beat.]

SW: Justice has been served.

[His words are met with a chorus of boos from the audience, their disbelief and outrage palpable. Crawford offers no emotion other than a firm nod.]

SA: Are you kidding me? Can you believe that load of nonsense from Supreme Wright? "Self-defense"? "Justice has been served"?

CP: If the investigation concluded that it was self-defense, who are we to argue?

SA: Oh, come on, Colt! You can't honestly believe that what happened to Johnny Detson was justified.

CP: Hey, I'm just calling it like I see it. If the authorities say it was self-defense, then who are we to question it?

[As Sal sighs with exasperation, Wright continues to speak.]

SW: I want you all to understand that this was not a calculated scheme or a premeditated act. This was divine intervention. This was serendipity. Johnny Detson's demise was orchestrated by the hands of destiny itself.

[The crowd is incredulous, refusing to buy into Wright's narrative as they begin to loudly boo once more.]

SW: I know what you're all thinking: I'm a coward. I'm a coward because I didn't face Johnny Detson inside a wrestling ring. But you all know that's a lie. Because the truth is, if I ever faced Johnny Detson inside a wrestling ring, he would've received every single injury he has now and more. It doesn't matter the time, place or circumstance... the result would always have been the same.

Your winner and new AWA World Champion... Supreme Wright.

[The jeers only grow at those words, but the expression on Wright's face shows that this isn't bravado, just a statement of mere fact.]

SW: But I never did get that opportunity because it was such an obvious and inevitable result, that the likes of Emerson Gellar and Javier Castillo, fought tooth and nail to prevent it. It was so obvious, that I was deliberately kept away from him and MY World Title for YEARS. Not one rematch. Not one opportunity to regain MY title.

I was forced to watch MY World Title go from the most prestigious honor the sport had ever seen to becoming a [BLEEP!]damn joke defended on the first hour of Saturday Night Wrestling.

[The boos intensify even more as Wright's unusual show of emotion gets a brief muting from the powers that be.]

SW: And it all happened under Ryan Martinez's watch.

So I was forced to do what Ryan couldn't.

[Supreme steps behind Paris Crawford and places a hand on their shoulder, smirking.]

SW: Or rather... my weapon did.

SA: His “weapon”? Did Supreme Wright just refer to Paris Crawford as his “weapon”? Is he openly admitting to using Crawford as a pawn to achieve his goals?

CP: If that footage is to be believed, Paris Crawford took on a two-time AWA World Champion and put him in the ICU. Why wouldn't he use them? If Paris doesn't have a problem with it, who are we to judge?

SA: If you ask me, being used like that by Supreme Wright is no way to live.

[In the background, Cain Jackson can be heard protesting, “Hey, she didn't do all the work... we helped too!” as Supreme gives him a nod of acknowledgement. Again, Paris remains resolute as Supreme speaks.]

SW: “What have I done?”, Ryan Martinez?

Something you have failed at doing at every turn. I have PURGED the AWA of Johnny Detson.

I have given the AWA hope for a brighter future; a future untainted by the shadows of its past.

[A beat.]

SW: As is expected... of its true White Knight.

[As the crowd realizes what Wright just said, their rejection of his narrative gives way to outright disbelief that he would usurp the “White Knight” moniker from Ryan Martinez. Boos and jeers rain down upon Wright, a chorus of dissent echoing through the arena.]

SA: Did you hear that, Colt? Supreme Wright has the audacity to call himself the 'White Knight' of the AWA!

CP: Maybe he's onto something.

SA: Are you serious? After everything he's done, you're actually considering buying into this load of garbage?

CP: Hey, I'm just saying, Wright's cleaned up some messes that no one else could. Maybe he's exactly what the AWA needs right now.

SA: I can't believe I'm hearing this, Colt. Wright's nothing more than a manipulative opportunist, and you know it.

CP: Let's agree to disagree, Sal.

[The crowd continues to boo, but once again, Wright finds the correct words to silence them.]

SW: And now... let's talk about my wedding.

[Wright's head drops, his tone almost remorseful.]

SW: What happened in New Orleans was... unfortunate...

[The crowd does not approve of that understatement whatsoever. Wright raises his head, his voice once again becoming cold steel.]

SW: ...but ultimately inevitable.

[The mask slightly falters, as Wright lets the faintest hint of anger cross his face.]

SW: Jack Lynch... you called me "brother"? You welcomed me into your family? You chose me?

[There is an absolute, resolute, chilling coldness in the next thing Supreme says.]

SW: Bull[BLEEP!]

[Boos, jeers and sheer disbelief erupt from the Oklahoma City, who weren't prepared for that to come out of Supreme Wright's mouth.]

SA: Folks, please excuse the language.

CP: I sure didn't have that happening on my bingo card tonight.

[Wright continues.]

SW: No matter how much I could love Theresa, no matter what I ever did to redeem myself in your family's eyes, deep down, I knew the truth. I would never truly be a Lynch. I came to you, asked you for help, and you chose James over me.

"Jimmy".

[He spits the name with disgust.]

SW: It was never clearer than in that moment, that no matter what I did, blood would always be thicker than water. You cast me aside and chose to protect the very man that betrayed and tore apart the very family you claim to hold so dear to your heart. You chose the memory of a man that no longer exists over the man you said you called "brother". But even then... even then... I could have swallowed my pride, kept the peace and lived a lie

... for Theresa.

But it was not meant to be.

[Supreme closes his eyes, trying his best to hold back the rage within him from boiling to the surface. He maintains control... his mask doesn't fall.]

SW: Brian James. Thank you. Thank you for forcing me to choose. Thank you for ruining the happiest moment of my life. Rest assured, you will be rewarded.

[He pauses for a split second, letting that threat hang in the air, before continuing on.]

SW: I was forced to make a choice in that moment, Jack Lynch, and when it came right down to it, it wasn't a difficult one to make at all.

I chose family.

MY family.

[Supreme gestures to Mifune-gun, standing behind him, as the crowd erupts with boos. He then walks over to Takeshi Mifune, placing a hand on the Japanese warrior's shoulder.]

SW: Takeshi Mifune. The man who has been like a father to me. As a wedding gift, he bestowed upon me a gift beyond measure. To Supreme Wright, the man he

considers the son that he never had... he transferred the leadership of Mifune-gun to me.

[Wright's expression remains stoic, as Mifune gives an unsettling grin, nodding his head. The crowd reacts with a mixture of shock and outrage as they realize the magnitude of Supreme's announcement.]

CP: Did you hear that? Mifune-gun is under Supreme's control now? That's a game-changer!

SA: Sweet San Lorenzo! This could spell trouble for everyone in the AWA.

[As the announcers speculate on the implications of Supreme's new alliance, Wright continues on.]

SW: And as of today, Mifune-gun is no more...

[A beat.]

SW: ...because TEAM SUPREME has been reborn!

[The crowd's disbelief grows as Supreme's words hang heavy in the air.]

SA: Are you kidding me? Team Supreme!? Team Supreme is back???

CP: You heard that right, Big Sal! Team Supreme is back!

[With the crowd buzzing at the news, Supreme once again finds the words to quiet them down. One simple word, actually.]

SW: Theresa.

[The crowd, reeling by Supreme's revelations, falls into an uneasy silence, their anticipation hanging thick in the air.]

SW: I don't know where you are right now, but I know you're watching... and I miss you.

[The booing returns, the crowd not buying what Supreme's selling.]

SW: When I vowed to cherish and protect you, I meant it. When I said that I would love you always, those were the truest words I have ever spoken.

[Supreme's demeanor turns cold, his tone becoming slightly more sinister.]

SW: You can't hide in the shadows forever. You can't hide from me.

[The crowd's disdain for Supreme's callousness is palpable.]

SW: I stand here today, with Team Supreme - my family - by my side. I've made my choice, Theresa. And darling? It's time to make yours.

[A beat.]

SW: I hope you choose wisely.

[Supreme's parting words are met with a wave of anger from the crowd, as he drops the microphone and begins to exit the ring, as "Power Slam" begins to play over the PA system once more. The rest of the former Mifune-gun, now Team

Supreme, follow him out of the ring as the audience continues to express their displeasure.]

SA: You have to wonder what Theresa Lynch is thinking right now. She's been silent since the incident at the wedding. How will she respond to Supreme Wright's... well, this madman's threat!

CP: I don't know, but this is getting juicier by the minute, Sal! Will Theresa Lynch emerge from hiding to confront Supreme? Will anyone confront Team Supreme for what happened at the wedding? I can't wait to find o-

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!"

[Before Colt can finish his sentence, chaos suddenly erupts, as a huge man leaps over the guardrail and tackles Supreme Wright to the ground, sending them both tumbling! He gains the mount and begins to attack Wright with a flurry of flying fists!]

SA: WAIT A MINUTE- THAT'S JACKSON HAYNES!

CP: Why the heck is that backwoods yokel here!?

[Cain Jackson and AJ Martinez are quick to descend upon Haynes, trying to get him off Wright with heavy clubbing blows across the Tennessee native's back, while Paris Crawford kicks away at him. However, the crowd once again erupts, when another familiar face makes his presence known!]

SA: DANNY MORTON! DANNY MORTON IS HERE! VIOLENCE UNLIMITED ARE HERE AND TAKING IT TO TEAM SUPREME!

[Morton leaps over the guardrail and immediately bowls over Cain Jackson with a clothesline, before quickly getting into a furious exchange of punches with AJ Martinez, as the crowd goes wild!]

SA: It's a free-for-all here at ringside!

[Takeshi Mifune joins the fray, unleashing a barrage of strikes against Danny Morton, only to have The American Murder Machine stun Mifune with a headbutt. Paris Crawford leaps onto his back, digging their fingers into Morton's eyes, but the Oklahoma native grabs a hold of Crawford and swings them over his shoulder, throwing them into Mifune!]

SA: SWEET SAN LORENZO!

[However, the momentary distraction allows Cain Jackson to charge in, BLASTING Morton across the jaw with his trademark Big Boot!]

"CRAAAAAAACCCKK!"

"OOOOOOOOHHHHHH!"

SA: BOOM GOES THE CANNON! A BIG BOOT FROM CAIN JACKSON!

CP: Watch out, Sal!

[Jackson Haynes has dragged Supreme Wright over to the announcer's table, where he proceeds to slam Wright's head against the hard surface with brutal force not once, twice, but three times!]

SA: This is pure brutality!

[However, with a sudden burst of energy, Supreme Wright catches Haynes by surprise with a massive elbow to the jaw, before grabbing Haynes by the hair and driving him headfirst into the ringpost!]

SA: Unbelievable! Supreme Wright is back in control!

CP: But that crazy redneck Haynes is firing back! What is he made of!?

[As the confrontation intensifies, security rushes in, finally managing to separate the warring factions and restore some semblance of order as the crowd roars with boos, angry that the fight has been ended before there was a decisive winner.]

SA: Here comes security! They're trying to restore order, but it's like herding cattle out here!

[Amidst the chaos, Jackson Haynes seizes the opportunity to grab a microphone, his voice booming over the roar of the crowd.]

JH: SUPREME WRIGHT! LISTEN UP, YOU ROTTEN SON OF A BITCH!

[The crowd ROARS for that one.]

JH: Theresa wasn't the only Lynch sister that was a victim at your cursed weddin'. Ya' see, Samantha Lynch, got caught up in your damn games and ended up gettin' hurt real bad. And now you're gonna' wind up gettin' hurt real bad...

... 'cause Samantha Lynch is my wife!

[Haynes' face is red with anger, his eyes open wide and his expression half-crazed.]

JH: That's right, my wife got injured at that damn wedding and I've had enough of your stupid games. Ya' see, I called up an old friend who lives right here in Oklahoma City and asked him if he wanted to kick some ass with me tonight. And brother, you better believe he was ready to bust some heads. I think you know his name...

[Haynes points to the man standing at his side.]

JH: ... Danny Morton!

[The crowd erupts at the introduction of their hometown boy. Morton pounds his chest, before shooting both hands into the air with a single finger pointing up and his tongue sticking out.]

DM: Violence Unlimited is back! And we don't just want a piece of you, Wright, we want the whole damn thing!

[A big cheer!]

JH: Find yourself a partner! Hell, find yourself as many friends as you want, 'cause we don't give a single solitary damn if you're Mifune-gun or Ka-roo-gun or Team Supreme or a damn supreme pizza! Bring all your bootlickers down here into the ring and have them prepared to eat some leather! 'Cause the fact is, we're going to make sure none of you exist past tonight!

[Haynes lets loose a roar, throwing the microphone angrily aside as the crowd ROARS!]

SA: Is... is that a challenge?!

CP: Sure sounded like one!

SA: Are you telling me, Colt, that on the night that Supreme Wright has showed the world his true colors and reunited his little pack of vultures that the former National Tag Team Champions, the former two-time Stampede Cup winners, and the former AWA World Tag Team Champions, Violence Unlimited, want them a piece of Supreme Wright's no-good treacherous carcass?!

CP: Well, I wouldn't put it like that but-

SA: Oh yeah! If you thought what we've seen here tonight already was wild, we are JUST getting started, fans! We've gotta take a quick break but when we come back, it's Shadoc Rage in action against Alexander Kingsley so don't go away!

[With Haynes and Morton still shouting threats at Team Supreme from behind the wall of security, 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 Shadoc Rage joins him in the cage...]

#Anything your...#

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

#...heart desires will...#

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

#...come to you.#

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

"Ryan Martinez, you and..."

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

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

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

RM: I'm going to Disneyland!

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

We fade back up on a solid red brick wall. We hear voices of people walking and talking in the distance. We hear cars driving by.

What we see, however, is a man with his back to us. He's wearing a black hooded sweatshirt with the hood pulled up over his head. Over that is a black college letter jacket with "LAS VEGAS STRAIGHT EDGE" embroidered across the back in a bold white collegiate block font.]

"Hype the match. Something quick. Make it pop."

[He turns around, and we're face to face with the scowling visage of Sid Osborne. He's loudly chewing gum, which he spits on the ground with a sneer.]

SO: They want something quick? Sure. No problem. How about this?

Why?

[Osborne nods.]

SO: As in, why is this match even happening? Why am I still bothering myself with this used car salesman holding MY belt? The one I beat him for fair and square before some also-ran from the land that time forgot cried to the ref?

[We hear the muffled voice of the cameraman, which Osborne reacts to with yet more rage.]

SO: First of all, how about some professional courtesy? They hire you to hold a camera and keep your mouth shut! When you get hired to do what I do, then you can spout off at the mouth. Until then, point and shoot.

And yeah, I did say fair and square. Because if the ref didn't see it, it didn't happen. So Donovan is the world's oldest newborn, crying because he still hasn't figured out how to change his own diaper.

[Osborne shakes his head.]

SO: And that's fine. I don't care about him or his stupid career. I don't care about Ohara and the cute Boy Scout uniform his mom laid out for him today. I care about one thing. One fact.

I am the undefeated and uncrowned National Heavyweight Champion. After it's all said and done, that'll be rightfully corrected to being the crowned champion.

[Osborne walks closer to the camera, as if telling a secret.]

SO: And I can tell you this. Once I am?

[Osborne nods.]

SO: Neither of those chuds are getting within a mile of a title shot. Bank on it.

[Osborne backs up, looking to the left and right.]

SO: Now get lost. It's time for one of my favorite things.

Namely, not talking to any of you.

[We fade away from the intensity of Osborne...

...and then up on a live shot backstage in Oklahoma City where we see Sweet Lou Blackwell standing alongside Shadoe Rage who is already seemingly in full promo mode even though we haven't picked up the sound. The bishonen brawler stands to the left of the screen, looking over Blackwell who stands in the center of the image. Rage is draped in a black monkscloth wrap, bare-chested and wearing yellow trunks with hot pink stars adorning them. He's got his fists up in the air in classic old timey boxer stance as he mutters at someone off screen. Blackwell looks confused as he looks to see who Rage might be threatening, but given that he can't seem to find anybody, he simply shrugs and tries to start the interview.]

SLB: Shadoe Rage, I can certainly see that you're ready to fight tonight! You already tangled with one half of the Shot Callers in Curt Sawyer and now you face the other half in Alexander Kingsley.

SR: Last time I only got a piece of them, Sweet Lou. Tonight, I get the full taste. Oh yeah, Alexander Kingsley, you should have just stayed on the outside.

[Rage turns towards the camera and pulls off his glasses, revealing that crazed charcoal stare of his.]

SR: Because before that, the Shot Callers weren't anything to me except competition. Silly me for thinking that. Silly me, Sweet Lou. I said shame on me!

SLB: Well, Curt Sawyer did give you a fight for sure, didn't he? I mean... you had trouble getting out of the blocks.

SR: Yeah, he turned the tables on me. My mistake, I took a look at him and didn't think he was one for a fast start. But Sweet Lou, I'm not a man that makes the same mistake twice. So tonight, I'm taking the fight straight to the Shot Callers. You want some competition, gentlemen? You got it.

SLB: But wait a minute, this is a one-on-one match not a handicap match! The odds are certainly NOT in your favor taking on two men!

[Rage turns around on Blackwell, leaving the audience to study his incredibly defined back.]

SR: I've been fighting the odds all my life. I shouldn't be here, Sweet Lou. But I beat the odds time and time again! So don't tell me the odds aren't in my favor, Sweet Lou, because they NEVER are!

And don't tell me that I can't handle Curt Sawyer and Alexander Kingsley because I can. I'm too Black, too strong, too fast, too cold in that ring.

I will bring those men down to their knees and then it's time for them to say goodnight because I'm calling the shots and I'm putting their heads to bed! Dig it?

[Blackwell nods with a grin.]

SLB: I dig it. Brave words from the Sensational One, but I've got to ask you, Shadoe, about what happened at the end of the match on Showtime. The Shot Callers jumped you and you were saved by none other than Jackson Hunter! That has to be a surprise to you! Is he going to be in your corner tonight?

[Rage turns in a circle as he pulls at his dreadlocks.]

SR: See, Sweet Lou, you're trying to play with my head. Jackson Hunter has nothing to do with me and I've got nothing to do with him! Why he keeps showing up, I don't know but if he shows his face tonight he will get these hands.

[Rage raises fists threateningly as Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: But I've got to say, he seems sincere!

SR: Sincere? You're a fool, Blackwell. Do you want these hands? Keep talking about Jackson Hunter and not Shadoe Rage and my vow to wear gold in 2018.

[Blackwell raises a hand to signal he's backing off that line of questioning.]

SLB: Well, now that you mention it, how is that quest going? We're at the first quarter mark of the year. Have you zeroed in on a title, yet?

[Rage nods.]

SR: I've got my eye on everything and everyone from Odin Gunn to Supernova right back to Jordan Ohara and NEXT GEN. Hell, I'm even keeping my eyes on E-Girl MAX and Julie Somers because you never ever know when opportunity comes knocking.

[Sweet Lou seems baffled.]

SLB: You can't be serious...

[He regards Rage's expression.]

SLB: ...oh, you got me. You really had me going for a moment there.

SR: See how easy it is to believe what a wrestler tells you? I don't put any faith in another man's words. I put faith in their actions, Sweet Lou. And tonight my actions speak louder than words. I'm going to knock out Alexander Kingsley and Curt Sawyer and closing time will come early for the Shot Callers! YEAH!

[With that, the hyper-animated Rage exits stage left, posing for the camera, flicking his tongue and shouting threats in the air.]

SLB: "Sensational" Shadoe Rage heading towards the ring and you have to wonder if Alexander Kingsley can derail the Shadoe Rage Title Quest 2018 or will he simply be another obstacle on Rage's road to championship gold! Let's go to the ring to Rebecca Ortiz and find out!

[We fade from Blackwell backstage out to the ring where Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... he is accompanied by his tag team partner Curt Sawyer... representing the Shot Callers... he hails from Malibu, California and weighs in at 250 pounds...

...ALEXANDER KIIIIINGSLEYYYYY!

[The wealthy grappler glares disdainfully out at the jeering crowd as Sawyer advises "don't worry about 'em, AK... keep your eyes on the prize." Kingsley gives a nod, tugging the ropes to stay loose as...]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The signature sound of Rage Against The Machine starts up as "Testify" rocks the PA and the former World Television Champion erupts through the curtain to a huge ROAR from the OKC crowd!]

RO: ...from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada... weighing in at 240 pounds... he is a former AWA WORRRRRRLD TELEVISION CHAMPION...

...he is SENNNNNNSAAAAAATIONALLLLL...

...SHAAAAAADOOOOOOE RAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[Rage comes stomping down the ramp in the same attire we saw him in backstage moments ago, pointing out to the cheering Oklahoma crowd by going into a spin to make sure he points at everyone.]

SA: And there he is, fans... the man many have deemed the Savior of the AWA following his actions at SuperClash when he selflessly inserted himself into the hellscape battlefield known as WarGames when Max Magnum abandoned us all.

CP: Yeah, but what has he done for me lately?

SA: What are you...?

CP: Look, I used to be as big of a Shadoe Rage fan as anyone. Hell, I liked Shadoe Rage before liking Shadoe Rage was cool, Albano... but I liked the Shadoe Rage willing to dive off a scaffold to send an opponent to hell. I liked the Shadoe Rage willing to fight his own flesh and blood in an exploding ring. This guy who shakes hands and kisses babies? This ain't no Shadoe Rage I know.

SA: This is a man adored by the fans - truly adored - for perhaps the first time in his career... and he seems genuinely happy about it, Colt! Why would you deny him happiness?

CP: Because he's a 43 year old man out here on bum knees telling everyone he's gonna win championship gold in 2018 and if I was a betting man - which I am - my money's on the under!

[Rage scrambles up on the apron, slingshotting over the top to land on his feet, immediately pointing a threatening finger at Kingsley as the referee steps in to prevent a... oh well...]

SA: Kingsley on the attack!

[The referee dives out of the way, signaling for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd cheers as the incredibly quick Shadoe Rage dodges out of the way of the oncoming Kingsley who crashes chestfirst into the corner buckle!]

CP: Curt Sawyer got the jump on Shadoe Rage the last time he faced off against the Shot Callers but Shadoe Rage wasn't falling for the same trick twice.

SA: Changing your tune already?

CP: Don't blow things out of proportion, Albano. I'm not going for all this Savior crap. I just know that Shadoe Rage at his heart is a vicious competitor and I hate seeing him pander to these fans.

[Rage grabs Kingsley by his well-coifed hair and spins him around to deliver a hard elbow right between the eyes.]

SA: Big bopper of an elbow comes crashing down, sending Kingsley back into the corner... you can hear Curt Sawyer shouting to his partner, trying to give him a little guidance as Rage traps him there...

[Rage peppers the Shot Caller with a series of alternating jabs until he delivers a hard overhand right that floors Kingsley and sends him rolling out of the ring to fervent applause from the audience.]

CP: Well, now Sawyer can give that guidance up close and personal on the outside...

SA: Blistering offense by the former World Television Champion... and now Kingsley's calling for a timeout on the outside.

CP: Rage should respect that and give it to him if he's this great sportsman now.

SA: Oh, come on, Colt. We both know there are no timeouts in the world of professional wrestling...

[Rage shakes his head, denying the request... and then walks to the ropes away from the huddled-up Shot Callers, using them to vault over the top and out to the outside.]

SA: Rage on the outside... what's this now?

[Dropping down low in a crouch, Rage moves unseen around the ring as a puzzled Kingsley and Sawyer look around...]

SA: The Shot Callers took their eyes off the ball and...

[Rage swings around the corner, rushing up behind Kingsley as Sawyer shouts "BEHIND YOU!" too late.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Rage leaps up, grabbing the shoulders of Kingsley and tucking his knees into the back as they fall back to the floor!]

SA: BIG SHOT ACROSS THE BOW FROM THE HUMAN TORNADO!

CP: Rage's knees are deadly weapons. That lungblower will knock the wind clean out of you. And maybe force you to get your spine realigned by a chiropractor.

SA: Shadoo Rage wasting no time getting Kingsley back in the ring.

[Climbing back up on the apron, Rage looks to get back into the ring... but spies Curt Sawyer approaching and throws a warning kick in his direction that Sawyer narrowly avoids...]

CP: This is a mistake, Sal. Don't let yourself get distracted by the man outside! Curt Sawyer hasn't done anything in this match to deserve such poor treatment.

SA: Yet!

CP: Exactly.

[A shouted warning sends Sawyer backing away too as Rage points a finger to the sky, looking out on the cheering crowd with a nod...]

...which serves as enough of a distraction to allow Kingsley to land a running right hand to the ear of Rage, snatching his hair to prevent him from falling back to the floor. The crowd jeers as Kingsley uses the grip on the hair to pull Rage back through the ropes partway, his torso exposed with his feet still on the apron.]

SA: Kingsley's got Rage in a bad spot here... you were right, Colt.

CP: Naturally.

[Kingsley lands a few hard forearms before a running kneelift rocks Rage's world, putting him down on the mat where the rulebreaker covers.]

SA: Kingsley's got one! Got two! But Rage gets the shoulder up!

[Grabbing the hair with both hands, Kingsley smashes the back of Rage's head down into the mat once... twice... three times as the fans jeer and the referee warns Kingsley about the rule-bending assault.]

CP: And this is what I'm talking about, Sal. Rage just lost all the advantage he had because he lost focus so he could wave to these fans!

SA: Perhaps he thought he had Kingsley in worse shape than he did. Colt, it's amazing to me how quickly these AWA wrestlers can recover from moves that would put normal human beings in the hospital but these are NOT normal human beings we're watching in there.

CP: Professional wrestlers are the best athletes in the world. They are the toughest and most resilient around... and I'll put them up against the best in any other sport any day of the week.

[As if to prove the point, Kingsley drags Rage up by a handful of dreadlocks and takes aim with a short straight left to the face...

...and Rage responds immediately with a shot to the gut.]

SA: Rage trying to fight back, get back on track here... ohhh! Big former uppercut by Kingsley rocks the former TV Champion!

[But Rage lowers the shoulder, wraps up Kingsley, and drives him back into the corner before he spins and cracks Kingsley with a mean-spirited back elbow!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: I think I might have seen a tooth fly out, Albano!

[With his back pressed against Kingsley's chest, Rage throws three more elbows back into the jaw...]

SA: Dental work aside, Shadoc Rage is working over Kingsley with those big elbows - one of Rage's favorite weapons in any match he competes in... and listen to these fans!

[As Rage throws the elbow back, the crowd starts chanting his name in time with every elbow smash.]

"SHA-DOE RAGE!"

"SHA-DOE RAGE!"

[The referee is protesting loudly as Rage soaks up the adoration of the OKC fans.]

SA: The fans are solidly behind Shadoe Rage - a big change from not that long ago when he would easily top the Most Hated list.

CP: Oh yeah, Rage and these fans are having a whole little lovefest out here... in the meantime, he's breaking the rules! Referee, get the man out of the corner! Do your job in there and count the man at least!

SA: It took a moment for the ref to get in there but now he's laying down the count.

CP: Sure but how many illegal elbows did Rage get in before then?

[Rage delivers a last elbow before he releases Kingsley from the corner, allowing him to stagger out with glassy eyes and wobbly knees...

...and then throws him back, shoving him up to lie across the top and middle ropes.]

SA: What in the world is this now? Rage has him wedged in the corner...

[Leaping up, Rage buries his knees in the midsection of Kingsley, driving him all the way down to the mat to a thunderous cheer from the crowd!]

SA: ...and DOWN GOES KINGSLEY LIKE A BROKEN ELEVATOR!

CP: Sal, the Shot Callers are one of the top teams in the division right now but in singles action tonight, Alexander Kingsley is having a rough go of it.

SA: I agree. He's had a really hard time getting on track. He's been stuck in first gear like a '78 Gremlin!

CP: You still drive one of those, don't you, Albano?

SA: They were a fine automobile for a time!

[Rage strides around the ring, saluting the cheering fans as Curt Sawyer encourages his partner from the floor, watching as Kingsley uses the ropes to struggle up off the mat...]

SA: Kingsley trying to get up...

CP: And there's Rage again, wasting time by playing to the crowd instead of going for the kill!

[...but as Kingsley gets up, Rage sprints across the ring, connecting with a clothesline that flips him over the ropes, knocking him to the outside!]

SA: CLOTHESLINE SENDS HIM TO THE FLOOR! You were saying, Colt?

CP: That's what I like to see! That's the Shadoe Rage I know and love! Now, he should go up top and...

SA: You got an earpiece on him tonight?

[The crowd reacts as Rage indeed is heading for the corner, climbing up the turnbuckles as Kingsley is down on the floor trying to regroup...]

SA: Shadoe Rage taking some advice from the esteemed former World Champion by my side out here, heading to the high risk district! He's movin' on up like George Jefferson, ready to take flight!

[Rage stands atop the ropes, arms extended over his head as the crowd cheers him on...]

SA: Kingsley battling up but he's not gonna like what's waiting for him there!

[...and with Kingsley in range, Rage leaps off the top rope, clasping his hands together...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: DEATH FROM ABOVE ON THE OUTSIDE!

[The double axehandle wipes out Kingsley on the floor, the crowd roaring as Rage pulls himself up, looking out on them with a nod.]

SA: The fans like what they're seeing tonight... and now it looks like Shadoe Rage may be moving in for the kill like you wanted, Colt. Pulling Kingsley up, tosses him back inside...

[Once inside, Kingsley grabs the leg of the nearby official, drawing his attention...

...which allows Curt Sawyer to SMASH a forearm into the back of Shadoe Rage as Rage gets up on the apron!]

SA: Ohhh! Sawyer looking for a little payback from last weekend!

[With Rage stunned, Sawyer grabs an ankle and gives a mighty yank, pulling Rage's leg out from under him. The former TV Champion flies backwards, coming down hard with his chin hitting the ring apron and his knee smashing into the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: A brutal assault on the outside by Curt Sawyer on Shadoe Rage and the Shot Callers' teamwork is paying dividends now, Colt!

CP: Absolutely. A brilliant move there by Kingsley, drawing the referee's focus onto him and allowing his partner to lower the boom on him. Sawyer pulls Rage up now, shoving him back in... and all that happened with the referee completely missing it. Excellent teamwork by the Shot Callers.

SA: And that completely turns the tide in this one. It looked like Shadoe Rage was about to finish off Kingsley and now the shoe is certainly on the other foot as Kingsley is up and putting the boots to the Sensational One.

[The crowd is groaning as Kingsley aggressively stomps on the injured knee, Rage crying out with the blows!]

SA: Kingsley going after the knee that hit the floor, Colt.

CP: Which is exactly what you'd expect him to do. Rage's offense is based around his speed, his quickness, his explosiveness... and taking out that knee will do a lot to take all those weapons away from him. Kingsley is a brilliant tactician - I think a lot of people underrate his talents in there but this guy can pick you apart limb by limb and that's what he's doing right now.

SA: Very well trained for the ring.

CP: The best training money can buy, they say.

SA: His daddy's money anyways.

[Pinning the ankle to the mat, Kingsley drops an elbow down on the knee, causing Rage to howl in pain.]

CP: Perfect execution - continuing to do damage to the knee... and that'll nullify Rage's speed advantage for sure. Kingsley's bigger than Rage, taller than Rage... if you take out the wheels, suddenly this is a whole different ballgame and if he can keep this match on the mat, he'll be the one at the plate with a chance to win the game, Sal.

SA: A timely call with Major League Baseball's Opening Day kicking off just a couple of days ago now. How are your Astros doing this week, Colt?

CP: You mean the 2017 World Champion Astros? Fantastic! Well on our way to repeat!

SA: I gotta imagine you won't be making too many friends in Dodger Stadium when we're there for Memorial Day Mayhem.

CP: I didn't back in October so I'm guessing this won't be any different.

[Lifting the leg, Kingsley drops another elbow down into the knee to jeers.]

SA: The leg taking a beating now, the knee likely starting to give Rage some mobility issues.

CP: Rage limped through a lot of last year with a knee injury... smart strategy by Kingsley to go back and test those knees. After coming off that super-sized cage last year, I can't imagine Rage's will ever be one hundred percent again so this is exactly what Kingsley's gameplan shoulda been from the outset of this one.

[Lifting Rage off the mat, Kingsley tucks the leg up, lifting him into the air...]

SA: Look out here and... DOWWWWWN with the shinbreaker!

[Rage is down on his back, rolling back and forth clutching his leg in pain as Kingsley sneers down at him and Sawyer applauds proudly on the outside.]

SA: Curt Sawyer certainly likes what he see- and Kingsley with the cover!

[A two count follows before Rage slips out again.]

SA: Another two count for Kingsley... and you can hear the anxiety of this crowd coming to the forefront. They're very nervous with what they're seeing right now, Colt.

CP: They should be. Their hero is laid out on the mat and can barely walk right now.

[Rage rolls onto his chest, trying to drag himself across the mat to the ropes...]

...but Kingsley grabs the foot, putting his own foot down in the crook of the knee as he lifts Rage up...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HE STOMPS THE KNEECAP INTO THE CANVAS!

[Rage is howling in pain again as Kingsley stands over him, looking out with disdain on the jeering fans...]

SA: Shadoe Rage - you can hear the pain in his voice right there.

CP: You know something, Albano, I gotta give it to Kingsley. He's marched into this match and weathered the storm. Now he's firmly in control with a chance to win this thing.

SA: A very good chance... pulling him off the mat again, perhaps looking for the kill...

[Hooking a front facelock, Kingsley lifts Rage off the mat, bouncing his knees off the top rope for momentum...]

SA: ...ohhh! Slingshot suplex connects, driving Rage down!

[The crowd exhales in sympathy as Rage cringes on the mat.]

SA: But no cover there by Kingsley... perhaps looking to put on more punishment onto Rage...

CP: And just like Rage made a mistake earlier, this could be a mistake by Kingsley. He's got the man down, he's got him hurt - he oughta try to finish him off in my book, Sal.

SA: A bit of a back and forth affair in this one as Alexander Kingsley looks to avenge the loss handed to his partner last weekend on Showtime... and Kingsley dragging Rage off the mat, shoving him back into the corner...

[Kingsley grabs Rage's injured leg, wrapping it around the ropes as he starts kicking the limb repeatedly...]

SA: ...and continues to work that leg, trying to do even more damage as he looks to score what I'd consider an upset, Colt.

CP: I'd have to agree with you there, Sal. Kingsley's a heck of a competitor but these days, he's mostly known for his skills in the tag team ranks.

SA: And you have to start thinking about Shadoe Rage's Royal Crown opportunity. We're a few weeks away from his first round match against Sid Osborne but you know the Sin City Savior is backstage looking on with interest.

CP: Absolutely. This tournament is a chance for some guys to really break through into the spotlight and if Rage wants to earn himself a shot at an AWA championship, winning the Royal Crown could be the ticket to get himself there.

[Kingsley backs off at the referee's instructions, hands raised as Rage extracts his leg from the ropes, hobbling on one leg as he leans on the ropes for support.]

SA: Kingsley moving back in on Rage, ignoring the official as we're approaching the ten minute mark of this one - almost halfway home in this twenty minute time limit.

[Pushing off the ropes, Rage makes a big swing but Kingsley ducks under it, snatching a waistlock as Rage goes by...]

SA: Uh oh! Kingsley's got him hooked!

[...and the technician lifts him with ease as Rage sails up, throwing his hands over the back of his head as he hits the mat with a hard crunch!]

CP: That folded Rage like an accordion!

SA: Kingsley holding the bridge!

[The referee drops down to count, slapping the mat once.. twice...]

SA: And Rage kicks out at two!

[Rage clutches the back of his head on the mat as the crowd cheers the kickout and Kingsley reprimands the official for a perceived slow count. He slaps his hands together really fast.]

CP: Kingsley might have a point there, Albano. That count looked a little slow to me.

SA: Referee Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller insisting it was a two count... and the count looked fine to me.

CP: That's 'cause you and ol' Blue Shoes are all wrapped up in this Savior baloney!

[Kingsley angrily turns back towards Rage who has rolled onto all fours, trying to get up off the mat...

...and Kingsley grabs the leg again, lifting it up...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SLAMS the knee down into the mat a second time!]

SA: The knee being smashed into the mat... Rage is in a lot of trouble here... and look at this now, Kingsley tying up that leg...

[Kingsley sprawls out over Rage, wrapping him up in a STF!]

SA: ...STF! The submission hold applied!

CP: And this might do it, Albano - right here!

SA: Shadoe Rage may be about to change addresses from Halifax to Tapout City as he struggles against this hold - the step over toehold with the crossface expertly applied by Kingsley, wrenching the neck of Rage... and that might be a chokehold, Colt!

CP: It is not! It's a perfectly legal hold!

[Rage struggles ineptly in the hold as he reaches helplessly for the ropes. Kingsley cinches the hold in tighter as he wrenches back on the modified crossface.]

SA: How can you say that isn't a choke? Rage is turning purple!

[Rage is indeed darkening as flecks of foam and spit around his lips as he struggles for breath, trying to fight out of the hold.]

CP: There's no choke there. That is right on the chin. And even Miller can see that. But Rage is starting to fade - that much we agree on!

[The Sensational One grits his teeth, stretching out to full extension as Kingsley shakes his head. The crowd is roaring in their support for Rage as he reaches... and stretches... annnnnnd...]

SA: He got there! He got to the ropes!

[The referee starts a five count, forcing Kingsley to break at four and change as he gets to his feet.]

SA: Kingsley lets go of the hold but not before a few extra seconds of damage... and now he's got Shadoo Rage right where he wants him as Rage could find no way out of that hold but grabbing the ropes.

CP: Listen, all the flips and death-defying leaps in the world are amazing but Shadoo Rage has never been terribly fundamental on the mat. He's learning in real time what a mat technician can do.

SA: The Rage family produced some skilled technical wrestlers like Dalbello Rage, Medusa Rage and even the banished Derek Rage, but Shadoo takes after his father, Adrian, a wild man looking for a fight.

CP: That was almost poetry, Albano.

[Pulling Rage away from the ropes, Kingsley buries a boot in the midsection, doubling him over, and then snatches a front facelock...]

SA: Setting for a suplex here...

[But as Kingsley lifts him up, Rage's lower half kicks and Kingsley sets him back down...]

SA: ...blocked...

[...and Rage reverses, taking Kingsley over with a vertical suplex of his own!]

SA: ...and reversed! Shadoo Rage reverses the suplex and both men are down now!

[With the crowd cheering him on, a hobbled Rage gets to his feet, extending his arm overhead, twirling a finger in the sky...]

SA: And the Sensational One is on his feet, looking to strike!

[Rage pulls Kingsley off the mat, smashing an elbow down between the eyes that stuns Kingsley, knocking him back into the far ropes. Rage points to him before giving his injured knee a few slaps...]

SA: Rage trying to get the blood flowing in that leg again...

[Clenching his jaw in pain, Rage throws himself back towards the ropes...]

...and suddenly, he goes flying up and over to the floor as Curt Sawyer yanks down the top rope. The Haligonian Hooligan crashes to the thinly padded floor in a heap.]

SA: Sweet Santa Maria! That was Curt Sawyer's doing! Curt Sawyer pulled down the ropes, Colt - even YOU had to see that one!

CP: I saw it, you saw it, these people in OKC saw it - but the referee did NOT see it, Albano... and you know as well as I do that the referee can NOT call what he didn't see!

SA: The referee was distracted again by Alexander Kingsley and... that was a terrible landing on the outside. The referee is out to check on the former World Television Champion who looks like he was in a car wreck on the outside! Fans, we're going to take a quick break but we'll be right back with the conclusion of this one - the tape machines are rolling!

CP: Tape machines?

[And with the official kneeling next to Shadoe Rage, we fade to black...

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

RT: Oh hey.

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

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

"ONE!"

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

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

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

C: Wow, she knows your order?

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

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

RT: Mind if I take a seat?

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

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

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

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

[And we fade through black back to the ring where we see Alexander Kingsley putting the boots to Shadoe Rage who is in the corner reeling.]

SA: Welcome back, fans, and as you can see, it's been all Alexander Kingsley since that hard fall to the outside - thanks to Curt Sawyer - before the break.

[Cut to the outside where a smirking Sawyer is looking on approvingly as Kingsley uses a back suplex to drop Rage on the back of his head in the ring.]

SA: Ohhh... and speaking of hard falls, that's another hard fall inside the ring thanks to Alexander Kingsley who covers!

[Another two count follows before Rage slips a shoulder up.]

SA: Shadoo Rage showing great heart and resiliency here... that fighting spirit we hear so much about... as he tries to work his way back into this one.

CP: This has been a clinic put on by Alexander Kingsley. The Shot Callers are proving to be forces to reckoned with here in the AWA - both in singles and in the tag team division where I think they've got what it takes to be future World Tag Team Champions!

SA: They certainly have that potential as Kingsley sets for another suplex...

[But before Kingsley can get Rage up for it, Rage buries a right hand into the exposed ribcage...]

SA: Oh! Hard shot there - Rage trying to get out of the suplex attempt before Kingsley can get him up for it!

[...and a second...]

SA: Rage battling back, these fans loving every second of this hard-fought battle for the former TV Champion!

[...and a third one sends Kingsley spiraling away, clutching at his abdomen...]

SA: Rage gets loose! He fought his way out of that one...

CP: But can he take advantage of it? He's taken a lot of punishment, especially to that knee...

[...and when Kingsley spins back towards him, Rage ducks low, muscling him up in a fireman's carry...]

SA: He's got him up! He's got him up!

[Stumbling to the center of the ring, he begins to swing Kingsley around..

...and around...

...and around...]

SA: AIRPLANE SPIN!

[...andaroundandaroundandaroundandaroundandaround...]

CP: I think I'm going to be sick!

SA: Rage with a classic!

[Rage gets to fifteen rotations before he sets Kingsley down on his feet but both men show sign of dizziness as they stagger and stumble, trying to get their bearings...]

CP: I don't know who took the worst of that one, Big Sal!

"FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!"

SA: You heard it there - five minutes to go in this one...

[...and at the call of the time, Kingsley makes a lunge at Rage who gets a few feet sprint before leaping up...]

SA: OHHHH!

CP: Well, I know who got the worst of that one! Shadoe Rage takes him down with a bulldog lariat!

SA: But as you said, Shadoe Rage has taken a lot of punishment in this one - does he have enough left in the tank to take advantage of this situation as he struggles to get back to his feet?

CP: Kingsley's gotta get out of there and regroup, I think... he needs to get to the outside to his partner and-

[The crowd cheers as Rage drops an elbow down into the chest of Kingsley...]

SA: Rage strikes DOWN with the elbowdrop, right to the heart of Kingsley!

[...and struggles, pulling himself back up to drop another...]

SA: We've seen this before, Colt!

CP: We sure have!

[...and again... and again... and again...]

SA: How in the world is he doing this?! Shadoe Rage on one good leg continues to drag himself to his feet and drop that big elbow down into the chest... the crowd here in OKC keeping score!

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

[Rage struggles back up again, looking out on the cheering crowd with a nod...

...and then leaps high into the air - maybe not quite as high as usual with the bad knee but still high - and BURIES a kneedrop in the sternum of Kingsley to big cheers!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Kneedrop connects! And now it's Rage with the cover! He's got one! He's got two! He's got-

[This time, it's Kingsley who kicks out, breaking the lateral press in time!]

SA: Two count only there for Shadoe Rage... we're under four minutes left in the time limit for this one as Rage fights his way vertical once again...

[And the crowd ERUPTS as Rage points to the corner.]

SA: ...and don't look now but the Sensational One is heading up top once again!

CP: This is bad news for Kingsley... and it could be for Rage too with that bum knee!

SA: Rage out on the apron, climbing the ropes a little slower than usual. Shadoe Rage is typically one of the quickest in our sport up the ropes but not right now, fighting for every inch up the corner..

[Reaching the top rope, Rage struggles to catch his balance, standing tall as he stares down at the helpless and supine Alexander Kingsley with wild eyes as he stretches both arms to the heavens.]

SA: Shadoe Rage has the fans on their feet! We could be looking at that flying elbow!

[But before Rage can hurl himself from his perch, Curt Sawyer pulls himself up on the apron, shouting in his direction as the fans ERUPT in jeers!]

SA: Get him down from there! He's got no business being up there!

CP: Sure he does!

[And as Rage halts his attack to shout at Sawyer, pointing him out to referee Pete Miller who is already en route to confront the former Rusty Spur barkeep...]

SA: Sawyer's on the apron! Rage is shouting for him to get down and-

[...all of which gives Alexander Kingsley to get up off the mat, stumbling towards the corner where he throws himself into the ropes!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: OH NOOOOOO! Shadoe Rage goes down, down, down in a very bad, bad, bad way on that top turnbuckle!

CP: He's gonna be singin' soprano in the Rage Family Choir for a while!

SA: Sawyer finally gets down... oh, he's so happy with himself! These Shot Callers are certainly using the numbers advantage TO their advantage here tonight, Colt.

CP: What's the use in having an advantage if you don't use it, Albano?

"THREE MINUTES REMAIN!"

SA: Three minutes and counting left in the twenty minute time limit for this thrilling singles showdown... and look at Kingsley now. Kingsley is pulling Rage forward on the ropes, trying to get him into position...

[With Kingsley standing on the middle rope, he drags Rage into a standing position, hooking him in a front facelock again...]

SA: Looking for the superplex! After that hard fall on the top rope, Kingsley is trying to finish him off with the time ticking down!

[...but as Kingsley attempts to lift, Rage hooks the ropes with his legs, blocking the pick up...]

SA: No! Rage is hanging on for dear life!

CP: He knows that superplex might be the end!

SA: Rage hanging on with all he's got and-

[...and instead, he lifts Kingsley up slightly, shoving him outwards to land face-first on the canvas to a big cheer!]

SA: -HE DROPS HIM ON THE MAT! WHAT A REVERSAL!

[Rage slips his legs over the ropes, stepping down on the middle rope, wincing as he puts weight on the injured knee, watching as Kingsley struggles to push up off the mat...]

SA: Rage on the second rope... barely able to stand, Kingsley trying to get up before he can strike!

[...but as it turns out, Rage is actually waiting for Kingsley to get up before he strikes...]

SA: Kingsley's on his feet and-

[...leaping off the middle rope, grabbing Kingsley by the back of the head as he drives his knees up into Kingsley's jaw, hanging on as they both fall hard to the canvas!]

SA: -OHHHHH! WHAT A MOVE! WHAT A MOVE OUT OF SHADOE RAGE!

CP: HE HITS THAT SKULLBUSTER OFF THE MIDDLE ROPE OUTTA NOWHERE!

[A weary Shadoe Rage flips over, throwing an arm across the chest as Sawyer frantically slaps the mat, shouting at his partner to get up!]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT ISSSSSSSSS!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ERUPTS for the win as Shadoe Rage rolls off, a grin on his face as he cradles the injured leg...]

SA: Shadoe Rage picks up the win with that second rope version of the Skullbuster and... wow! What a win it was, Colt!

CP: A heckuva match... a hard battle for both these guys and...]I gotta give it to Rage. That beating he took would put most wrestlers down. But he took it and he fought back valiantly to outlast a game Alex Kingsley tonight.

[Rage struggles to get to his feet, allowing the referee to raise his hand in triumph...

...which is when Curt Sawyer hits him from the blindside!]

SA: OH! COME ON!

[The crowd jeers as Sawyer picks up where Kingsley left off, stomping and kicking the downed Rage in the middle of the ring!]

CP: Shadoe Rage may have won the match but the Shot Callers may be about to win the war, Albano.

SA: What war?! There's no war! This is a back-jumping mugging - pure and simple!

[Sawyer lands a well-placed kick to the ribs that causes Rage to roll onto his back where the former barkeep puts the boots down on the knee of Rage who is grimacing with every blow landed...]

SA: Sawyer going right back to work on the knee!

[...and he pauses for a moment to pull his partner off the mat, shaking him a few times as he shouts "LET'S FINISH THIS PUNK OFF!" Kingsley gives a weak nod as he joins his ally in stomping the downed Rage.]

SA: This is ridiculous! We've got a two on one here on Shadoe Rage - and like they said on Showtime, it's not like the locker room is overflowing with friends of Shadoe Rage, Colt!

CP: Not at all... and we know Ryan Martinez ain't here tonight so...

SA: Oh no... look at this now...

[Sawyer muscles the hurting Rage up into a reverse bearhug, holding him as Kingsley shakes the cobwebs, leaning back into the ropes...]

SA: ...they call this the Tequila Sunset as Sawyer holds him up, Kingsley measuring his man... somebody needs to put a stop to this, Colt!

CP: You want to be the Savior of the AWA? Looks like you're going to have to save yourself, Shadoe Rage. They don't seem to appreciate your efforts now do they, Jack.

[And suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS into a raucous cheer!]

SA: JACKSON HUNTER! JACKSON HUNTER IS HERE!

[And the former National Champion did not arrive unarmed, wielding a steel chair as he winds up approaching ringside...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and delivers a thunderous chairshot across the back of Alexander Kingsley, putting him down on the canvas!]

SA: OHHH! HUNTER PUTS KINGSLEY DOWN WITH THAT CHAIR!

[Hunter slides the chair under the ropes, rolling in after it. He gets up, scooping up the chair as Sawyer shoves Rage out of the lifted waistlock, swinging around to take aim at their attacker...]

SA: Sawyer's got Hunter in his sights but-

[...and Hunter slams the edge of the seatback into Sawyer's midsection, doubling him over. The fired up Hunter looks out at the cheering crowd, a surprised look on his face as he raises the chair over his head...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES the spine of Sawyer with the chair, flattening him out on the canvas. Hunter lifts the chair overhead with a "YAAAAAAAAAAAAH!" towards the cheering fans while Kingsley grabs his partner's hands, dragging him under the ropes to the outside!]

SA: -and the Shot Callers certainly know last call when they hear it! They're out of here thanks to that steel chair.. and Jackson Hunter?!

CP: And if you still think it's weird when Shadoe Rage gets cheered, try listening to these people roaring for Jackson freakin' Hunter, Albano! This guy's been hated by every person he's encountered... since birth really! Even his own family can't stand him! But... you can just listen to these people in Oklahoma City going nuts for him and believe your own ears!

[The Shot Callers regroup in the aisle, backing away from the ring as Hunter stands guard over Rage's battered body for a few more moments. Eventually, he tosses the chair aside, taking a knee next to Rage...]

SA: Jackson Hunter's out here, helping Shadoe Rage once again... and Shadoe Rage said before the match that they had nothing to do with one another but... he helped him again, Colt!

CP: Right. But can you really blame him for not trusting Jackson Hunter? Calling him the Benedict Arnold of the AWA is an insult to Benedict Arnold, Albano.

[Hunter seems to be trying to get an idea if Rage is okay but Rage sits up on his own, turning his head away from the former National Champion who climbs to his feet, looking down on Rage with an expression resembling... hope?]

SA: Hunter offering his hand, offering to help Rage to his feet...

[But Rage is having none of it, using the ropes to pull himself up off the mat with great effort. A grunt of exertion is heard as Rage leans against the ropes, looking across at Jackson Hunter who looks at him, his hand still extended in Rage's direction.]

SA: ...Rage gets up on his own... Shadoe Rage stands alone once again, looking dead in the eyes of Jackson Hunter... maybe trying to get an idea of what's going on in that man's head... in his soul...

[Hunter's hand is still extended to Rage who looks from Hunter.. and then around at the crowd who are cheering loudly, surprisingly imploring Rage to accept the offered hand...]

SA: ...and you're right, Colt. These fans HAVE seemingly turned a corner on Jackson Hunter. The man who led the Axis. The man who betrayed so many of his friends and family not just in the AWA but long before he stepped foot inside a ring here. They may not know what's brought all this on... but they seem to be behind him, telling Shadoe Rage to accept that hand... to accept the help that Hunter is offering!

[Hunter looks at Rage, sticking his hand out with a little more urgency with a "Do you trust me now"]

SA: Hunter asking if Rage trusts him now... after putting his own body on the line to save Rage yet again...

[Rage looks at Hunter.. then to the fans...]

SA: The fans want to see it! They're telling Rage to do it! To shake his hand!

[Rage's fingers are wiggling at his side, his arm coming up slightly...

...and then he suddenly drops to his back, rolling under the ropes to the outside with a shake of his head. The crowd jeers loudly as Hunter stares at his offered hand before throwing up both hands with a loud "WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO?!" to no answer as Rage angrily stomps up the aisle, leaving Hunter alone in the ring.]

SA: Shadoe Rage says no. Shadoe Rage walks away from Jackson Hunter again and... well, you can hear the disappointment from these fans, booing the decision of Shadoe Rage as he walks right out of here. We've got Sweet Lou backstage and I'm told Lou is going to try to get an answer from Rage about what just happened. Lou, can you hear me?

[We abruptly cut backstage to the Chimpanzee Position where we find Blackwell nodding.]

SLB: Absolutely, Sal... I can hear you a-okay... and I can also hear the fans here in Oklahoma City from back here and they are NOT happy with the decision of the former World Television Champion, Shadoe Rage, as he has refused the handshake of HIS savior, Jackson Hunter, yet again. We're hoping to get a word as soon as he...

[Blackwell trails off as a sweat and limping Shadoe Rage pushes through the curtains into the backstage area.]

SLB: ...Shadoe! Shadoe, over here!

[Rage throws an annoyed look in Blackwell's direction, looking around as if he's trying to find another way through the backstage area.]

SLB: Come on, Shadoe - a quick word!

[Resigned to his fate, Rage walks towards Blackwell.]

SLB: Congratulations on a hard-fought win that's sure to keep you in the conversation for a future title shot as you continue towards your goal to win a title here in 2018... but Shadoe, I've gotta say... even YOU have to admit that things could've gone very wrong out there tonight if it weren't for the intervention of Jackson Hunter!

[Rage glares at him, conflicted.]

SLB: I've got to ask you, Shadoe, the crowd wanted you to shake Jackson's hand. But you didn't. What's it going to take for you to trust Jackson Hunter?

[Rage turns to look at the camera. His conflict is evident.]

SR: Jackson Hunter... I thank you... but trust you?

[Rage shakes his head as Blackwell looks a little nervous.]

SLB: Shadoe, I may be putting my own health on the line here but... aren't you being a little...

[Blackwell looks ready to duck.]

SLB: ...hypocritical?

[Rage's head snaps towards him, his eyes burning into Blackwell who cringes.]

SLB: I just... I mean... Ryan Martinez took a chance on you last year and now so many people consider you the Savior of the AWA!

[Rage pauses, biting at his lip.]

SLB: Why can't Jackson Hunter have the same benefit of the doubt? Doesn't everyone deserve a second chance?

[Sweet Lou's arguments seem to score with Rage. He tugs at his hair, spinning in circles.]

SR: Sweet Lou, you're right-

[But a voice from off-camera cuts him off.]

"No, he isn't."

[Blackwell looks startled as the source of the voice steps into view and Marissa Monet stands in the shot, dressed in jeans and a motorcycle jacket.]

MM: Don't ever try to compare the two, Sweet Lou.

[Blackwell is obviously surprised at this appearance.]

SLB: Marissa Monet! I didn't know you were here tonight!

[Monet doesn't respond, putting a hand on her man's arm.]

SLB: What do you mean don't compare the two?

[Monet steps closer to Shadoe, draping an arm over his shoulders.]

MM: Shadoe has ALWAYS had a code. You may not have respected it but he followed it always.

[Rage nods slightly.]

MM: Shadoe NEVER turned on his friends.

Jackson Hunter? He turned on them all... even his own family. And for no reason other than his own glorification.

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: Yes, but-

[Monet interrupts.]

MM: There is no "yes but," Lou. Hunter has left a trail of betrayal from Calgary to Dallas and everywhere in between. Ask any Colton, ask Derrick Williams, Juan Vasquez, Interim President Zharkov.

You can never trust Jackson Hunter because there's always a game. You just don't see it yet.

[Rage looks at his partner long and hard... and then nods.]

SR: Yeah, that's right. Listen close, Lou, 'cause I won't say it again...

I will NEVER trust Jackson Hunter! NEVER!

[Rage glares into the camera.]

SR: Come on, Marissa. Let's get out of here.

[With that, Rage leads Monet off camera. Blackwell stares after them.]

SLB: Marissa Monet seems very convinced that Jackson Hunter cannot change his evil ways.

[Blackwell pauses.]

SLB: I get it. I do. But I've got a feeling... and... I don't know. Maybe I'm getting soft in my old age.

[Blackwell grins.]

SLB: We'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling.

[Fade to black.]

We fade in to a snowy mountain, as we see a woman skiing down the slopes. As she does so, we hear the voice of AWA wrestler - and E-Girl MAX member - "Charm City Cutie" Casey Cash.]

CC: Whether it's conquering the most dangerous of terrains...

[The woman comes to a stop in front of the camera, removing her protective helmet. A name graphic identifies her... 2010 Olympic Gold Medalist, and Under Armour Athlete Lindsay Vonn.]

LV: I will.

[We cut to a man dodging through much larger competitors on the basketball court, before pulling up behind the three-point line.]

CC: Going up against the fiercest rivals on the hardwood...

[The man first off a shot, which swishes through the net. He turns around, and his name graphic identifies him... it's 2015 and 2017 NBA Champion, and Under Armour Athlete Stephen Curry!]

SC: I will.

[Now we cut to a football field as a man avoids a tackle, scrambling out of the pocket.]

CC: When the game is on the line, and the pressure is on?

[He throws a pass, hitting his teammate in the end zone. In celebration, he takes off his helmet, looking at the camera. His name graphic shows that it's multi-time Super Bowl Champion, and of course, Under Armour Athlete Tom Brady.]

TB: I will.

[We now cut to a wrestling ring, where two women can be seen dominating their opponents.]

CC: When you need to prove that you are a champion?

[We see the women holding up their glittering gold belts, showing them off to the camera, and their name graphic identifies them... AWA Women's World Tag Team Champions and Under Armour Athletes Harley Hamilton and Cinder!]

HH/C [together]: I will!

[We cut to all five performing incredible feats of athleticism in rapid succession.]

CC: There's only one brand you can trust to have your back.

[And now, all five are facing the camera at their location, with their voices in sync.]

"Under Armour - I Will."

[The screen displays an Under Armour logo, then fades.

And we fade back up to a piece of footage with "EARLIER TONIGHT" flashing across the screen as we open to a close-up of a television on a table. On the screen we can see the end of the statement given by Supreme Wright coming to an end.

We pan back, and see watching the television intently as Bobby O'Connor and the Blackjacks. O'Connor is glaring at the screen, frowning as his team look at him to try to read his reaction.

After a beat, O'Connor looks up... noticing the cameraman filming them. He shakes his head slowly, the negative expression on his face never dropping. Sanderson rushes at the camera, we can't see what he does... but can only assume he just shoved the cameraman back out into the hallway.

We focus again on O'Connor, still staring at the television screen as the door is slammed shut by Whittaker...

...and we fade once more to another part of the locker room area as we pan down a row of lockers, a bench in the center of the floor unattended as everyone is in the middle of preparing for a match or decompressing from the action they've already seen...]

"I may no longer possess the Eye..."

[When we come across a dark crimson curtain hung from the row of lockers to the left and the right. The hand of the cameraman is seen parting the curtain with trepidation, revealing a section of the locker room only lit with a circle of candles. Sitting cross legged on the floor in the middle of the circle, is "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett. He looks up and flashes his customary unsettling grin.]

"D"HF: ... but that does not mean I cannot see you. Welcome.

[Fawcett gets to his feet, nodding at the candles at his feet.]

"D"HF: It is not the finest of accommodations, but we make do when we are faced with difficulties.

[Fawcett waves at the cameraman, causing the view to back up out of the curtained off area. We are back to staring at the curtain, but only for a moment as Fawcett glides like a serpent out into the main part of the locker room.]

"D"HF: Quite a thrilling evening thus far, yes? Every single member of the roster jockeying for position. Each one striving to be noticed.

[Fawcett raises an index finger.]

"D"HF: It could be argued, such a person that stole everyone's notice as soon as they appeared here is Harper Hannigan. Many of those who maintain their employment by reporting on this sport have in fact noticed them long before the moment that everyone at home laid their eyes on Harper. But me?

[Fawcett nods knowingly.]

"D"HF: For me, Harper Hannigan is a talent I've longed to unleash long before I even appeared here in the AWA. They have been a real asset to me in keeping the Boy under control...

[Fawcett shrugs.]

"D"HF: ...for those brief moments when I need him to be in control. Which especially after tonight, will be more and more seldom. Which means one thing.

[Fawcett nods.]

"D"HF: The violence you've seen Harper unleash so far is only the very beginning. We both have such sights to show you, each one bathed in blood.

[Fawcett chuckles.]

"D"HF: But truly, a new world since I was a true friend to all and helped usher the former power structure into the revolting recuse where they belong.

Particularly in the tag team ranks. Truly, a new world has sprung forth. Stagnant waters have had the breath of new life. The battle my two men, Porter Crowley and The Lost Boy had tonight truly represents that. It was a symbol of what's to come. For my men have been long starved, and only championship hold will sate their ravenous appetites. True, it was not the outcome any of us had hoped for...

[Fawcett nods sadly, before that grin returns.]

"D"HF: ...but the violence and pain unleashed by my men was exactly...

[Fawcett trails off, as something outside of our view takes his attention. The target of his attention is revealed, however, when Tiger Claw walks into view.]

TC: It's over now.

[Fawcett smiles insincerely.]

"D"HF: Oh? Is that so?

TC: Both teams are stronger than they were last month. We both walk away from this with what we wanted.

[Fawcett nods thoughtfully.]

"D"HF: It is hard to argue that point. However, just because I believe that and you believe that...

[Fawcett gestures to a door.]

"D"HF: ... doesn't mean that my Family will believe. Or agree.

[Claw smirks.]

TC: No need to insult my intelligence, Fawcett. As long as you believe, that's all that matters. We both know your Family does exactly what you say.

[Fawcett returns the smirk in kind.]

"D"HF: Well, not always. As you've seen yourself.

[Claw starts to respond, and then glances at the camera and reconsiders. He looks back at Fawcett.]

TC: ... I'll be in touch.

[Claw stares at the camera as he walks out of the shot. Fawcett smiles, watching him exit. He nods.]

"D"HF: Oh yes, my friend. I can almost guarantee it.

[Without even looking back at the camera, Fawcett turns to face the curtain. He parts it, walking through as we fade again...

...this time back out to the ring where we find Rebecca Ortiz waiting.]

RO: The following contest is a six man tag team match set for one fall with a 15 minute time limit! Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from right here in Oklahoma... they are THE TULSA KID! THE WICHITA FALLS WARRIOR! AND BRONCO MAXWELLLLLL!

[Three young men with long feathered hair, dressed in matching thunder blue ring jackets with orange tassels on the arms, raise their arms into the air to the cheering crowd.]

SA: These three men are well known in the Oklahoma wrestling scene and are making their national broadcast television debuts tonight!

CP: I hope they savor this moment, Sal, because once their opponents get out here, things are gonna go downhill fast.

SA: It is a daunting task, but...

CP: No need to sugarcoat it, Sal... it's gonna be a slaughter!

[Ortiz continues.]

RO: And their opponents... at a total combined weight of 806 pounds... they are accompanied to the ring by "Curly" Bill Webb...

THE TEXAS RANGER...

PEDRO PEREZ...

AND THE AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPION ODIN GUNN...

THEY ARE...

THE DESPERADOOOOOOOOOOOOOEEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSS

[The crowd's cheering quickly dissipates, as the haunting opening to "Man with a Harmonica" by Ennio Marricone begins to play over the PA system. The crowd then roars with boos as we the mustachioed Curly Bill, stepping through the curtains

accompanied by his motley crew of mercenaries and "killers". There is the masked Texas Ranger, the unhinged madman Pedro Perez and finally, the hulking mass of humanity we call the AWA Television Champion, Odin Gunn.]

SA: Listen to this reaction from the Oklahoma City crowd. The Desperadoes are absolutely despised!

CP: And feared, Sal. And FEARED. They annihilated two of their biggest enemies in one night on Showtime. It's probably going to be a long, long time before we ever see Isaiah Carpenter or Whaitiri in an AWA wrestling ring again... if ever.

[The Texas Ranger and Pedro Perez slide into the ring, before they both ascend opposite turnbuckles, raising their arms at the jeering crowd. Meanwhile, on the outside of the ring, Odin Gunn removes his personal effects and hands the Television Title belt off to Curly Bill, before stepping through the ropes. He then begins to run back and forth across the ring, bouncing hard off the ropes with startling speed for a man his size, before coming to a dead stop and getting right into the faces of his opponents, who quickly take a step back from the Samoan cowboy.]

SA: Whoa! Odin Gunn was looking to start the action before the bell right there.

CP: That's pure intimidation. Did you see how all three of them took a step back?

SA: Gunn is certainly a dangerous man... but the same can be said about all The Desperadoes.

[The referee orders Gunn to back away from his opponents, but the Television Champion doesn't seem to be listening, as he remains standing there, staring a hole straight through the three Oklahomans. He finally steps away, when Curly Bill barks some orders at him. The referee gets four men out and two men in, before he signals for the match to begin.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: There's the bell and we're going to start things off with Pedro Perez against The Tulsa Kid.

CP: I wouldn't bother learning the names of these guys. There probably won't be enough of them left to be a memory by the time this match is over.

[Perez and The Tulsa Kid lock up in a collar and elbow, but the former Dog of War quickly spins behind and grabs a rear waistlock, before lifting The Tulsa Kid up into the air and slamming him down face-first into the canvas with an amateur wrestling takedown.]

SA: Nice takedown by Perez... oh come on!

[The crowd roars with boos, as Perez disrespectfully begins to slap The Tulsa kid in the back of the head as he's down on the mat. He then grabs handfuls of The Tulsa Kid's hair and rubs his face back and forth across the canvas!]

SA: Break it up, ref!

[Perez quickly holds his hands up in the air, pleading innocence... before giving The Tulsa Kid another slap in the back of the head, drawing more boos from the crowd, as the referee drags him away to admonish him.]

SA: This is ridiculous. Ever since he joined up with The Desperadoes, Pedro Perez seems to have gone off the deep end... and it wasn't like he was playing with a full deck to begin with.

CP: I call it confidence, Sal. Being in a past-their-prime group of losers like The Dogs of War was breaking this man's spirit, but now that he's around a group of men that he knows he can count on, he's got his mojo back. He's like a brand new man!

[The Tulsa Kid gets back to his feet, trying to shake off the cobwebs from Perez's roughhouse tactics, but is quickly doubled over by a boot to the gut. Perez drags him over to his own corner by the hair and slams his head into the turnbuckle, before slapping the outstretched hand of The Texas Ranger.]

SA: The tag is made and in comes The Texas Ranger!

[Pedro Perez pulls The Tulsa Kid out of the corner, lifting him up for a back suplex. As he falls back, The Texas Ranger comes in through the ropes and leaps up into the air, grabbing The Tulsa Kid by the head as the duo complete a back suplex/jumping neckbreaker combination!]

"THHHHHUUUUUDDDD!"

SA: SWEET SAN LORENZO! That could be it! The Texas Ranger makes the cover...

[However, before the referee can complete his count, The Texas Ranger pulls The Tulsa Kid's head off the canvas, wagging a finger at the booing crowd.]

SA: The Texas Ranger breaks his own pin! Why?

CP: That would've been too easy, Sal. The Desperadoes might be the most sadistic, bloodthirsty group of lowlifes in the entire AWA and you think they'd be satisfied if that was all the punishment they inflicted?

[The Texas Ranger drags The Tulsa Kid to his feet, whipping him into the far corner. He charges in, slamming The Tulsa Kid across the chest with a stiff clothesline, before quickly spinning around, grabbing The Kid in a side headlock and charging out with a Bulldog...]

"THHHHHUUUUUDDDD!"

SA: A massive Bulldog Headlock by The Texas Ranger drives The Tulsa Kid facefirst into the canvas!

CP: Did you notice how he changed up that move? It was so simple and effective, I want to cry, Sal. He moves his arm up right before he lands the Bulldog and it drives the point of his elbow right into the back of his opponent's head. Beautiful work.

SA: If I didn't know any better, you sound envious, Colt.

CP: I still have my pride as a professional wrestler, Sal... and I can't believe I didn't think of doing it first!

[The Texas Ranger pulls a dazed Tulsa Kid back to his feet and twists his arm back into a hammerlock, before throwing him hard into his own corner shoulderfirst. He simply hangs back, as Bronco Maxwell tags in.]

SA: The Texas Ranger very deliberately allowing that tag to be made.

CP: The Tulsa Kid was done, Sal. This is fresh meat.

[Bronco Maxwell is eager to step into the ring, rushing right at The Texas Ranger and aiming a dropkick at him, which the masked man easily side steps.]

SA: Bronco Maxwell a bit too excited to get into the action there.

CP: He telegraphed that dropkick all the way from the panhandle. There was no way it was ever going to land.

[The Texas Ranger points and laughs at Maxwell, before pulling him to his feet and backs him up with a forearm shot to the jaw, sending him falling back into a neutral corner.]

SA: The Texas Ranger whips Bronco Maxwell across the ring... he charges in... OHHH! Maxwell gets his knees up!

[With The Texas Ranger stunned, Bronco Maxwell charges out of the corner and bowls over the masked man with a leaping shoulderblock!]

SA: BRONCO BOWLS HIM OVER WITH THE FLYING TACKLE!

CP: Hope springs eternal here in OKC but not for long, I suspect!

[As The Texas Ranger gets back to his feet, he's taken down by a standing dropkick from Maxwell and then a quick scoop slam.]

SA: BRONCO MAXWELL WITH A SUDDEN FLURRY OF OFFENSE AND HE'S GOT THAT MASKED MAN REELING!

[Maxwell then runs towards the ropes and leaps up onto the second rope, before twisting off with a spinning legdrop...]

"THHHHHUUUUUDDDD!"

"OOOOOOOOHHHHHHH!"

[...that comes up completely empty, as The Texas Ranger rolls out of the way.]

SA: But that big legdrop misses!

[The Texas Ranger keeps rolling, making it to his corner and tagging in Odin Gunn, as the crowd groans with dread, anticipating the chaos and destruction the Samoan cowboy is about to bring to the ring.]

SA: Odin Gunn is in!

CP: And this match is over. Just sit back and enjoy the fireworks, Sal.

[Bronco Maxwell is back to his feet, realizing that he's now in the ring with Gunn. He hesitates for a moment, before running straight at Gunn, attacking him with a flurry of forearms.]

CP: You gotta admire his spirit.

[However, Gunn quickly cuffs him in the side of the head with a clubbing forearm that drops Maxwell to a knee...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: So much for spirit.

SA: Bronco Maxwell had a good showing there for a moment but...

[The Television Champion pulls Maxwell up to his feet and catches him in the side of the head with another clubbing forearm that once again drops him to a knee.]

SA: ...those clubbing blows are rocking Bronco Maxwell!

[Gunn then whips Maxwell into the ropes, before lifting the Oklahoman high into the air...]

"THHHHHUUUUUDDDD!"

[...and driving him into the canvas with a ring-rattling spinebuster!]

SA: Boom goes the cannon! Odin Gunn almost put Maxwell through the ring with that one!

[From outside the ring, Curly Bill yells some instructions at Gunn, who grimly nods and pulls Maxwell into a standing headscissors.]

SA: We saw this on Showtime... Curly Bill ordered Odin Gunn to hit multiple powerbombs on Isaiah Carpenter until Isaiah Carpenter was left an injured mess and I think he's telling him to do the same to Bronco Maxwell!

CP: I always did love a good powerbomb.

SA: Now's not the time for dark humor.

CP: Who's making jokes? A perfect powerbomb might be the most beautiful sight I've ever seen in a wrestling ring. My ol' running buddy Scott Pain used to say that when he hit his, it was better than-

[Gunn is set to lift Maxwell into the air, when suddenly, The Tulsa Kid and The Wichita Falls Warrior charge into the ring, trying to break it up.]

SA: Maxwell's partners trying to help him out here!

[However, The Texas Ranger and Pedro Perez are there to meet them, pummeling the overmatched Oklahoma wrestlers. Tossing Maxwell aside for the moment, Gunn joins his teammates in the fight...

...first grabbing The Tulsa Kid from behind and PLANTING him into the canvas with a release German suplex that dumps him on his head and neck...]

"THHHHHUUUUUDDDD!"

"OOOOOOOOHHHHHHH!"

SA: AAAAABUUUUUNAAAAAI!

[... and then having Pedro Perez shove The Wichita Falls Warrior towards him, before he darn near rips The Warrior's head off with a standing lariat, followed by crushing him underneath him with a jumping splash!]

SA: This is devastation. Complete devastation.

[Turning his attention back to Maxwell, Gunn drags him back to his feet and places him into a standing headscissors. However, this time Curly Bill barks some more orders and Pedro Perez ascends to the top rope.]

SA: Wait, what's this?

[Gunn muscles up Maxwell into the air, before slamming him back down a massive powerbomb!]

"THHHHHHHHHUUUUUUUDDDD!!!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[However, just Maxwell's back hits the canvas, Perez leaps off his perch on the top rope and DRIVES his two feet into the Oklahoman's chest with a diving double stomp!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

SA: It's... that's got to be it. Wow.

[Gunn places both hands on Maxwell's chest as the referee counts to three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

RO: YOUR WINNERS OF THE MATCH... THE DESPER-

[Before Rebecca Ortiz can complete her announcement, she has her microphone taken away by Curly Bill, who tips his hat to her.]

CBW: Pardon me, ma'am... but the folks already know we've won and I have important matters to discuss.

[Webb enters the ring, as Perez and The Texas Ranger clear out their opponents, who are helped to the back by the medical crew. The Desperadoes stand triumphant, as the crowd boos them mercilessly.]

CBW: Ladies and gentlemen, we just gave you the privilege of witnessing another glorious slaughter by my Desperadoes!

[Boos. Bill chuckles at the crowd's hostile reaction.]

CBW: Now, the AWA's seen their share of powerful groups. And they were good. Real dang good. But lemme tell you something... the AWA's never seen anything like this! I told you my Desperadoes were the greatest group of cut-throat, bloodthirsty killers the AWA had to offer and the results speak for themselves.

Isaiah Carpenter. Gone.

Whaitiri. Gone.

[He chuckles.]

CBW: Both eliminated just... like... THAT!

[He snaps his fingers and cackles loudly. Pedro Perez steps forward and takes the microphone from Bill.]

PP: And that's where Curly Bill and I beg to differ, partner...

[Webb looks puzzled.]

PP: Because what looked like something that happened like THAT...

[He snaps his fingers.]

PP: ...is actually something that's been brewing right here...

[The Puerto Rican taps his temple with a sneer.]

PP: ...for a long, long time. The Dogs of War went from being the talk of the industry, the... top dogs if you will... to an afterthought... a joke... to...

[Perez snarls.]

PP: To having our jobs hung over our damn heads by the office. After all the money we put in their sweaty little hands, they had the stones to threaten to toss me out?

[He shakes his head with disgust.]

PP: Not gonna happen. I fought too hard... for too long... to get right here with blood on my hands and bodies at my damn feet and none of you moneygrubbing WHORES in the office are gonna take that away from me, ya hear?

[The crowd jeers Perez' words directed at management.]

PP: You can boo all your want, OKC... it don't change the facts that I'm spittin' in your direction! Carpenter got soft! He was jeopardizing the money that puts food on my family's table! And he had to be eliminated because of it.

[Perez sneers, a cold stare in his eyes as he looks out over the crowd.]

PP: The Dogs of War are dead! They've been taken out behind the shed and had two...

[He extends his fingers into a pistol-like shape, holding them out in front of himself...]

PP: ...put right in the skull.

[...and then he "pulls the trigger" to even louder jeers.]

PP: Which means that you when you put my name in your mouth moving forward, partner... you can call me... THE... Dog of War.

[Perez smirks as the crowd jeers loudly.]

CP: I tell ya, Albano... Who is going to stand a chance against these Desperadoes? They got no weaknesses!

SA: The strategic smarts of Curly Bill, the unhinged sadism of Pedro Perez, and right there, the undefeated AWA World Television Champion... the sheer destructive force- what is...?

[Sal Albano tails off as he sees someone in the crowd, roughly the same time as the ringside fans notice him as well. A well-built, severely annoyed NFL prospect-sized man with a steely ominous gaze hops the barricade...]

CP: ...that's Wade Walker!

[The fans begin to cheer as the Desperadoes finally have challenging opposition approaching them.]

SA: Wade Walker's over the railing and-

[Curly Bill notices the presence of the OTHER remaining Dog of War, and tries to get the attention of the rest of the Desperadoes as Walker stalks ringside.]

SA: The Dreadnought of the Dogs!

CP: But he's out here alone, Albano! Two weeks ago, they had to put twenty staples into his scalp to close that cut from that beatdown! This is a major miscalculation!

[Without fear or hesitation, the powerhouse of the former trio dives under the bottom rope, coming to his feet as the masked Texas Ranger comes quickly, looking to jump him before he can...]

SA: SPEAR! The Ranger goes flying!

[The crowd ROARS for the devastating spear tackle that lays out the masked man as Walker resets, looking around the ring for more prey as Curly Bill decides discretion is the better part of valor and rolls out of the ring and scampers up the aisle.]

SA: Curly Bill's making a run for it!

CP: But not Perez!

[Perez rushes his former ally, looking to do big time damage but...]

SA: SPEAR TO PEREZ! Wade Walker with what must be the most cathartic Spear he's ever delivered!

[Walker gets up with a roar, pumping a triumphant fist as he stands over Perez, shouting down to him.]

"LESS THAN YOU DESERVE, YOU WEASEL!"

SA: And look at this! Look at this!

[The fans begin buzzing as Wade Walker and the TV Champ are the only two men left standing in the ring, staring each other down.]

CP: Like two, big, mean mountain goats sizing each other up, Albano!

[Odin Gunn cracks his knuckles.]

SA: The undefeated World Television Champion!

[Wade Walker peels off his t-shirt- looks like he's had some new ink done, as there is a large, stylized sun tattoo that covers most of his back.]

SA: The biggest Dog of War on the block!

[They both stare at each other from across the ring.]

SA: And these fans in OKC are LOSING IT! They want to see this go down in the worst way possible!

[With the AWA faithful on their feet and roaring, Odin Gunn squats down, ready to spring forward. Walker goes into a three-point stance instinctively.]

SA: There is not one set of eyes in this arena that is not on the ring right now! What's going to happen when these two freight trains collide?

[Walker is about to pounce...]

SA: What the-!?

[...but he finds a prone Pedro Perez has his arms wrapped around his ankle.]

SA: It's Perez! Perez hooks the ankle, Walker's gotta get loose!

[Distracted by only a moment, Odin Gunn charges in and crushes Walker to the nearby turnbuckles with a massive avalanche!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Walker falling victim to the numbers game!

[Walker collapses to the canvas as Gunn stands over him, staring down with merciless eyes upon him...]

CP: The numbers game! The Dogs always used that to their advantage, now the shoe's on the other foot, Albano!

[With Walker laid out on the mat, Curly Bill begins shouting to his charges - Perez and the Ranger who quickly roll to the outside and start grabbing chairs...]

SA: Oh no... no, no, no... if you watched Showtime last week, you saw what this band of snakes did to Whaitiri...

CP: And it's looking pretty familiar right about now, jack!

SA: The Ranger and Perez on the outside, setting up steel chairs...

[But as they do that, Gunn leans down, grabbing Walker by his long hair, dragging him up to stare dead in his eyes...]

SA: Odin Gunn glaring at Walker, perhaps looking to REALLY end the legend of the Dogs of War once and for all!

[...and powers Walker up across his shoulder in a fireman's carry, stepping out to the middle of the ring as the crowd buzzes with anticipation...]

SA: Walker's in trouble, Colt! Right out in the middle of the ring in the grasp of a madman annnnnnnnd...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...DOWWWWWWN WITH THE DEATH VALLEY DRIIIIVERRRR!

[Gunn rolls up to a knee, a motionless Wade Walker beside him as Pedro Perez slides back in, steel chair in hand, perhaps looking to finish the job right here and now...]

SA: Gunn's laid out Walker but I don't think the Desperadoes are done, Colt!

CP: Let's face facts, Big Sal - the Desperadoes ain't gonna be done 'til Curly Bill SAYS they're done! This is the same kind of thing that Webb's crew has always pulled off... the names may have changed but the violence stays the same as Curly Bill is bringing the carnage to the AWA, Texas-style!

[Perez looks to advance on the downed Walker with the steel chair as suddenly we get a whole crew of referees and AWA officials in the ring. Adam Rogers and John Shock are leading the charge, both men shouting at Webb to call off his men.]

SA: And thank goodness we finally have some officials out here, otherwise we might have seen Wade Walker go the way of his Dogs squad-mate Isaiah Carpenter.

[Curly Bill Webb has also re-emerged from the shadows, carrying the AWA World Television Championship belt, which he hands to Odin Gunn. Gunn stands astride the laid-out Wade Walker and hoists the belt high overhead...

...and we fade to the backstage area where we find the same image on a television monitor in a production area. As the shot pulls back, we find Interim AWA President Maxim Zharkov standing, clipboard in hand and a furious expression on his face.]

MZ: Hmpf.

[Zharkov shakes his head as a production assistant approaches.]

PA: You wanted to see Stevie Scott?

[Zharkov nods.]

MZ: Thank you. Now go get Webb.

[He gestures to the monitor as the production assistant goes pale before nodding and scampering off camera...

...which is when former AWA National Champion "Hotshot" Stevie Scott saunters into view, a smirk on his face.]

HSS: Seems like you've got your hands full lately, Prez.

[Zharkov turns slightly, glaring at Scott.]

MZ: Interim President please.

[Stevie rolls his eyes hard.]

HSS: You wanted to see me?

[Zharkov nods.]

MZ: I have something for you and for Max Magnum.

[Scott's eyebrows raise.]

HSS: Is that right? Well, I tell ya right now, Max... it better be a good one because after what happened two weeks ago at the Tenth Anniversary Show, the Modern Day Man of Steel Max Magnum is primed and ready to destroy each and every single person in this locker room to make sure he ends up in prime position at Memorial Day Mayhem - do you understand me?

[Scott points a finger at Zharkov who looks almost amused.]

HSS: He can't have Vasquez, I get it. He can't have Rhodes, I get that too. But the Alpha Beast wants a high profile spot in Los Angeles...

[Scott steps closer, edging near the Tsar.]

HSS: ...and if you don't deliver it to him...

[And closer, his finger touching Zharkov's chest.]

HSS: ...he's going to come looking for you.

[The obvious threat causes Zharkov's eyes to flash for a moment.]

MZ: A... tempting offer, Mr. Hotshot.

[He gestures at his neck.]

MZ: But one I cannot take... yet.

[Zharkov smirks slightly, reaching up to stroke his chin.]

MS: But I think you will be just as tempted by my offer. If... you do something for me.

[Scott looks curious.]

HSS: I'm listening.

[Zharkov pauses... and then looks directly at the camera.]

MZ: So are they. Come.

[Zharkov leads Scott away from the camera, leaving it in the foreground as we see Zharkov speaking to the Hotshot out of earshot as we fade to black.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Now in comes a voiceover.]

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

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

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

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

"The top AWA tag teams."

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

"The managers and announcers."

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

"The legends of the ring."

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

"Even the founders of the AWA."

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

"Plus, look for special inserts."

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

"Along with cards featuring event-used memorabilia."

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

"Autographed cards."

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

"Even dual autographed cards."

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

Cut back to Somers.]

HS: Now that one's a keeper.

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

DH: Cool... Hannibal Carver autographed card!

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

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

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

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

[We fade to black...]

...and fade back up on the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing between two grinning individuals.]

MS: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling where I am with two men victorious in tag team action earlier tonight - Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan. Gentlemen, congratulations on the victory!

[Donovan claps Stegglet on the back... hard... almost causing Stegglet to drop the mic.]

TD: Thanks, Mark... thanks so much! Man, that feels good! Last year... let's face it, Mark, last year was kind of trash for us between the injuries and Korugun and the problems with Detson and Brian and... so we were pretty glad to turn the page into 2018 and so far, things are looking up... WAY up!

[Stegglet nods, turning towards Wes Taylor who seems a little more subdued.]

MS: And you, Wes Taylor... I assume you agree with your partner's sentiments?

[Taylor nods... slowly.]

WT: Of course. A win's always a good thing, right?

MS: No matter how you got it?

[Taylor grimaces as Donovan steers the mic back towards him.]

TD: What are you talking about? Wes hit the Cattle Buster on that twisted little freak Crowley and got the one-two-three!

MS: AFTER what appeared to be some well-timed advice from Tiger Claw.

[Donovan shakes his head.]

TD: And?! I told you... I told all of you that Tiger Claw was the secret weapon in this team getting back to the top and he just proved it out there! So why WOULDN'T we be happy?

[Stegglet turns to Taylor again.]

MS: Care to answer your partner?

[Taylor sighs, putting a hand on Donovan's shoulder.]

WT: Look... I AM glad we won... I am, I promise you that... but...

[Taylor pauses... which is just enough time for his famous father to come storming into view. Bobby Taylor has gone formal tonight... the black jeans with a dark polo, cowboy boots, and his signature Stetson... and right now, a pissed-off attitude to round it out.]

BT: What the hell happened out there?!

[Donovan turns to look at the Outlaw.]

TD: What are you talk-

[The elder Taylor pushes past Donovan.]

BT: I'm talking to YOU!

[He nudges his son who was trying to avoid his father's stare.]

BT: You heard what Crowley said earlier, right? What Fawcett said?

[Donovan throws up his hands.]

TD: Now we're listening to THOSE two and believing a word out of their mouths?!

[The Outlaw turns towards Donovan with a glare...]

BT: This is family business. Stay out of it, kid.

[...and then back to his son.]

BT: I asked you a question, Wes. What the hell happened out there?!

[Wes Taylor finally raises his eyes to meet his father's... and then shrugs.]

WT: We won.

[And with that, Wes nudges his partner and together, Taylor and Donovan exit leaving a stunned Bobby Taylor behind as we fade to another part of the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing in front of an AWA backdrop.]

SLB: To say there's a lot of controversy in the AWA these days would be an understatement. And one of those controversies surrounds the AWA World Title belt -- with that in mind, Supernova, come on over here.

[Supernova walks into view, dressed in his black trenchcoat over a black shirt and blue jeans. He also wears a pair of shades. The AWA World Champion's title belt is conspicuous by its absence.]

SLB: On the AWA's Tenth Anniversary show, James Lynch and Atlas Armstrong made off with your championship belt. I know you tried to get it back earlier tonight, and while you got your shots in against Armstrong, the title belt remains in the possession of James Lynch. In fact, I believe Veronica Westerly and her men have since left the building and who knows where they're headed.

[Supernova shakes his head.]

S: Sweet Lou, as the saying goes, I've had just about all I can take! From what happened at what they call the Red Wedding, to Westerly and those two cowards she leads around, I've got a lot on my mind right now! But while there's a lot I could say about the wedding, I'm going to leave that for Jack Lynch and his family to address, while I address other matters.

And that starts with you, Atlas Armstrong!

[He whips off his shades. There's no face paint -- all that's there is his eyes, as wide as we've ever seen before.]

S: You may have gone down in the books as the winner, but earlier tonight, you found out exactly what happens when you step into the big leagues -- you get to face the heavy hitters! Be thankful you got out of there when you did, Atlas, because I was still in the mood to swing for the fences!

And then there's Veronica Westerly -- I actually admired you when you tossed that fireball into a certain former president's face. But now that you've decided to pull

the strings on two men and have them get on my bad side, let me make one thing clear: You're not dealing with some front office narcissist who's all talk -- you're dealing with the franchise of the AWA who's gonna bring fire of his own and make you burn!

SLB: Whoa... that's a pretty strong statement from you, Supernova!

S: Well, if you think that's strong, then let's talk about the man who deserves my fury the most. I'm talking about you, James Lynch!

You came back into the ring, but pretended to be me, dragged my name through the mud and acted like it was all fun and games! And just when I think I repaired all that damage you did, here you are, still tempting fate -- and that's particularly with your decision to steal my title belt at AWA10!

As some Texans might say, you're nothing but a yellow-bellied coward, Jimmy, and you have proven to me that you deserve no sympathy, no respect and especially no mercy from me! Ever!

[He then raises his arm and points a finger to the camera.]

S: So let's say, Jimmy, that you and Armstrong get back in the ring with me! In two weeks on ABC at National Wrestling Night in Kansas City! I'll find a partner -- certainly not Supreme Wright this time, for reasons I need not elaborate -- and Jimmy, you better bring that title belt with you, because you better believe I want it back!

[He lowers his arm and takes a deep breath.]

SLB: I've gotta ask you, Supernova... who do you intend to have for a partner?

[Supernova is quiet for a moment.]

S: Sweet Lou, I'll figure that out in due time, but I'll promise you that I won't be coming alone!

[He walks off the set, leaving Sweet Lou Blackwell behind.]

SLB: National Wrestling Night is becoming a night of mysteries, fans, as Supernova lays down a challenge for a tag match with a partner to be named later and I can't wait to find out if the Westerly Dynasty accepts that challenge! Sal, Colt... back to you!

[And we fade back out to ringside to our announce team.]

SA: A big challenge laid down there by the World Champion, Supernova, Colt... but here in the AWA, it's not just the top dogs laying down the big challenges, right?

CP: Absolutely not. You want to be a star in the biggest pro wrestling promotion on the planet, you gotta be willing to step up to the plate against the best in the world on any given night.

SA: And that's exactly what we're going to see in our next match as Damian DeVille boldly confronted Interim President Zharkov moments ago and told him he wanted a match tonight... and he wanted it against the best that the Interim President could provide.

CP: You call it "bold"... I call it a little crazy.

SA: You just got done saying you have to be willing to step up to the plate against the best in the world!

CP: That's right - but it helps if you know who you're facing. All I know is that that locker room is overflowing with competitors who would eat this guy's lunch... and if he gets the wrong one tonight, his promising career may be over before it even got going.

SA: Well, it's just about time to find out who it is. Damian DeVille, the young rookie, is already in the ring... waiting to see who Interim President Zharkov has found for him. Rebecca, take it away!

[We cut to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is on the mic as Damian DeVille paces anxiously across the ring in front of her.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... weighing in at 213 pounds from Black River Falls, Wisconsin...

...he is the BAAAAAAD SEEEEEED...

...DAMIANNNNNNN DEVILLLLLLLLLLLLLLLE!

[DeVille doesn't even acknowledge the introduction nor the crowd's reaction to it as he throws a pair of punches at the air followed by a stepping side kick.]

SA: DeVille is very focused from all appearances, Colt.

CP: He'd better be.

[Ortiz continues.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[She lowers the mic with a shrug.]

SA: Looks like even Rebecca doesn't know who it is. Apparently the Tsar is keeping this one to himself as we wait to see who-

[The heavy opening guitar and drumbeat of KISS's "God of Thunder" reverberates off the walls of the arena along with a THUNDEROUS ROAR from the crowd!]

SA: Oh, holy...

[Rebecca picks up the cue as she excitedly raises the mic.]

RO: Hailing from Mountain Iron, Minnesota... weighing in at 295 pounds... accompanied by his advisor, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott...he is...

...THE ALPHA BEAST... THE MODERN DAY MAN OF STEEL...

...MAAAAAAX MAAAAAAGNUUUUUUUUM!

[Coming out first, it's the manager, the AWA legend, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott as we saw him moments ago in a deep blue suit over a white shirt and a charcoal gray tie. His long dirty blond hair is pulled neatly back into a ponytail as he smirks down the aisle at the ring.

As usual, Max Magnum emerges a few steps behind Stevie clad simply in black trunks and a black t-shirt with "SPLX BCHS" in a white block font on the front. The

massive physical specimen is intense but emotionless as he takes his place beside his manager and pauses at the top of the ramp, Magnum hopping side-to-side. The edited song skips the first few lines and cuts directly into Gene Simmons' strikingly accurate description of Magnum 40 years prior.]

I WAS BORN ON OLYMPUS
TO MY FATHER, A SON
I WAS RAISED BY THE DEMONS
TRAINED TO REIGN AS THE ONE

[The duo wastes little time in stepping toward the ring side-by-side.]

CP: I don't care how confident he is... how calm he looks right now, I'm tellin' ya, Big Sal - there ain't no way that Damian DeVille expected THIS monster to come walking through the curtain.

SA: He wanted the best! He asked for the best! And he got the best! The undefeated Max Magnum is on the way down the aisle with his manager "Hotshot" Stevie Scott... and by the looks on their faces, it's feeding time for the Alpha Beast!

[Magnum almost looks amused - a rare expression for us to see on the Modern Day Man of Steel's face as he strides the aisle towards the ring, smirking at DeVille throwing punches and kicks at the air to get ready for what's to come.]

SA: Stevie Scott... I don't know what kind of deal he struck with Interim President Zharkov. Zharkov told him if they took this match tonight, he had a match for Magnum at Memorial Day Mayhem that he thought they'd be most pleased with... but that's a story for another time. The story for right now is this young kid... this rookie, Damian DeVille's mouth have just wrote a check that his body cannot cover, Colt.

CP: Max Magnum has run off one of the most impressed undefeated streaks since arriving here in the AWA. We know the list. He's beaten former World Champions like Dave Bryant and Calisto Dufresne. He's beaten monstrously massive men like Tumaffi. Every single person who has been put in his path has been put down. And this kid isn't going to be any different.

[As Magnum deadleaps from the floor to the apron, he locks his eyes on DeVille who is still frantically shadowboxing in his corner as the crowd buzzes with concern for what the undefeated Magnum might be about to do.]

SA: Max Magnum stepping into the ring... and this Oklahoma City crowd is near silent, Colt.

CP: Well, that's what you do at a funeral, Sal.

SA: We know that DeVille is an accomplished striker... he's got that kickboxing background... but what will that get him against Max Magnum?

CP: An even harder beating if he makes him mad. And speaking of being mad, how mad must Damian DeVille be at Zharkov right now, Big Sal?

SA: He ASKED for a challenge, Colt! He said he wanted the best!

CP: I guarantee you he didn't mean this.

[The camera cuts to DeVille who throws a roundhouse at the air, hopping up and down, swinging his arms in front of him...]

SA: No fear in the eyes of DeVille.

CP: Maybe he's too stupid to know what's coming. That's the ONLY way he's not afraid.

[The referee walks to the corner, speaking to DeVille who gives a nod.]

CP: "Have you notified your next of kin?"

SA: Oh, come on, Colt! Damian DeVille may be a rookie but he's no slouch in there. In the words of Warren G and Nate Dogg, he can't be any geek off the street if he wants to be a part of the American Wrestling Alliance.

CP: The hype is real. The best in the world are here... and that includes this rookie... but even amongst the best, there's a pecking order and the Alpha Beast is at the top of the food chain. It's dinner time for Max Magnum.

[Almost reluctantly, referee Scott Ezra winds up... and calls for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: The bell sounds in this one and... DeVille immediately strikes a fighting stance, ready to go...

[With DeVille in a kickboxing stance, Magnum looks across with a smirk, throwing a hand to gesture at him. Stevie Scott is all smiles on the outside, muttering something to Magnum and laughing hard afterwards as Magnum grins as well.]

CP: Look at this... they're literally laughing at this kid.

SA: Max Magnum is nothing but a big bully, Colt, and...

[Seeing the laughter sparks a fire in Damian DeVille who charges across the ring, catching Magnum by surprising with a series of straight punches to the chest, alternating hands before stepping back to throw a kick to the left side of the ribcage...]

SA: DeVille coming in hot!

[...and one to the side of the left thigh that has Magnum step back a foot.]

SA: A flurry of strikes by DeVille!

[Reaching up to grab Magnum by the back of the head, DeVille uncorks one elbowstrike...]

SA: ELBOWS!

[...and a second elbowstrike lands as well before Magnum reaches up with both arms, grabbing DeVille around the head and neck, and just shoves him backwards and down to the mat to groans from the AWA faithful!]

SA: DeVille gets shoved down by the Alpha Beast... we saw Damian DeVille make his debut against the National Champion Jordan Ohara several weeks ago and made a pretty good showing before falling in defeat to the Phoenix. Since then, we've seen him excel against lesser competition on both TV and the live event loop... but this is a whole other category of opponent.

CP: Max Magnum is a former NCAA wrestling champion and arguably the greatest physical specimen to ever come out of the Combat Corner. Oh, and by the way,

he's got one of the greatest wrestling minds in our sport in his corner. Yeah, I'd say he's a different level of competition for the kid for sure.

[DeVille climbs back up off the mat, striking that fighting pose once again to chuckles from Stevie Scott who is looking on with amusement.]

SA: Here we go again! In comes DeVille, rights and lefts and-

[And this time, Magnum wastes not a second in grabbing him around the head and neck, twisting to throw him down to the mat behind him!]

SA: -and down goes DeVille again! The striking came quick and strong but not as strong as the Alpha Beast!

[With DeVille down on the mat near the ropes, Stevie Scott takes the chance to get into his head...]

"You're nothing, kid! Nothing to Max Magnum! Nothing to the Alpha Beast! You're a fly buzzing around him! A tiny little moth flying too close to the flame! Stay down before you're PUT down!"

[...and Scott trails off with laughter as DeVille clenches his jaw, climbing back up off the mat...]

SA: Stevie Scott telling the kid to stay down but Damian DeVille will NOT oblige, getting right back up off the mat. You've gotta admire the heart, Colt.

CP: Oh, definitely. I admire anyone willing to climb inside the ring to compete with the likes of the Alpha Beast... I just don't admire his brain because obviously he's out of his mind to do this.

[Magnum looks across at DeVille, a little bit of surprise on his face as DeVille strikes that kickboxing stance again. The Alpha Beast gives a shake of his head, before muttering a rare mid-match outburst of "you just won't quit, huh?" towards his young opponent who does not respond but stays ready to fight.]

SA: Max Magnum showing some surprise at the fighting spirit so to speak of Damian DeVille...

[Magnum takes his turn on the attack, charging in on DeVille who ducks under the outstretched arms looking for a lockup...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DeVille lands a high kick to the side of the head, stunning Magnum who falls back a few feet before steadying himself, earning a big cheer from the OKC crowd!]

SA: DeVille caught him good there, Colt!

CP: He did... but look at the rookie mistake. He lands the big kick, Magnum is stunned for the moment... but DeVille didn't follow up on it. He just stood there in that stance and allowed Magnum to recover.

SA: Maybe he wanted the big man to think about-

[Sal is cut off by a much more serious - and much angrier - Magnum rushing in on DeVille, lifting him around the torso with a roar, stampeding across the ring and driving him back into the turnbuckles!]

CP: Back into the corner... this isn't where DeVille wants to be with the big man!

[Grabbing the middle rope, Magnum lays in a big tackle to the midsection... and again... and again... as Stevie Scott shouts "you got him! You got him now, Max!" from the corner.]

SA: DeVille's trying to get out but... ohh! Magnum pops him with a forearm to the jaw and now it's DeVille who is stunned!

[Magnum power whips DeVille across the ring, sending the former kickboxer crashing into the turnbuckles...]

SA: What a whip! Magnum putting all of that 295 pounds behind that whip and DeVille is hanging onto the ropes, trying to stay vertical as the Alpha Beast comes charging in!

[...and again, with Magnum's arms coming high, DeVille tucks his body, front rolling out of the corner under the grasping arms, causing the Alpha Beast's own momentum to send him crashing chestfirst into the corner!]

"OHHHHHHH!"

SA: He missed! Magnum missed the charge in the buckles!

[Magnum staggers a few feet out of the corner as DeVille charges past him, leaping to the second rope, spring back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SPRINGBOARD KICK! AND THAT COULD BE DISASTER FOR THE ALPHA BEAST!

[Magnum stumbles even further back out of the corner as DeVille looks around in a bit of a panic, perhaps not sure what his next move should be...]

CP: The rookie's hesitating in there, Sal... big mistake.

SA: He who hesitates is lost perhaps but he snaps out of it, grabbing Magnum in a Thai clinch!

[With Magnum trapped in his clutches, DeVille goes back to his martial arts roots with a hard knee up into the torso...]

SA: KNEESTRIKES!

[...and a second one to the sternum... a third to the collarbone... and a fourth that catches Magnum right in the face!]

SA: MAGNUM'S IN TROUB-

[The latter of which seems to snap Magnum out of his defensive posture, breaking the Muay Thai clinch with ease, wrapping his arms around DeVille's torso...]

SA: -OHHHH! OVERHEAD BELLY TO BELLY THROWS DEVILLE THREE QUARTERS OF THE WAY ACROSS THE RING!

[Magnum lets loose a few words towards the downed DeVille that earn us a few moments of silence thanks to the ever-ready censor in the truck.]

CP: Whooooa.

SA: We, uh... apologize for that, fans. Max Magnum obviously feeling a little bit frustrated by the striking of Damian DeVille.

[On his feet, Magnum runs a hand over his face, checking his nose for blood as DeVille struggles to get off the mat on the other side of the ring, using the ropes for assistance...]

SA: DeVille trying to get up... hanging onto the ropes...

[...and as he does, Magnum comes tearing across the ring, connecting with a clothesline that flips DeVille over the top rope, unceremoniously dumping him out on the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...and that clothesline sends him out to a HARD fall on the floor here in the Chesapeake Energy Center! The fans here in OKC are looking on with great interest at this one and... Colt, you have to wonder if this is the beginning of the end for Damian DeVille.

CP: The BEGINNING of the end? I think it's the end period! DeVille just took a big suplex, a huge clothesline, and a fall to the outside... it's all over but the counting.

[Magnum takes a step towards the ropes to pursue but the referee cuts him off, warning him...

...which allows Stevie Scott to swoop in, pulling DeVille up off the ringside mats...]

SA: What's this now? The Hotshot picks him up and-

[...and the crowd JEERS loudly as Scott smashes him with a right hand to the mouth, knocking him back against the ring apron! The dastardly manager turns towards the camera, shouting into it...]

"HOW YA LIKE THAT ONE, BAILEY?!"

[...and with a shake of his hand, Scott walks away from the reeling DeVille as Magnum pushes past the official, heading to the ropes...]

SA: Uh oh... and now the Alpha Beast is coming to the outside, looking to do even more damage to this young rookie out of Black River Falls, Wisconsin.

[On the floor, Magnum grabs the arm of DeVille who is collapsed over the apron, trying to stay on his feet...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: INTO THE STE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SWEET SAN ANGELO! FROM THE STEEEEEEEEL TO THE APRON! The back of Damian DeVille taking a pounding on the outside from the monstrous Magnum and it's only a matter of time and mercy now.

CP: Mercy? From the Alpha Beast? Keep dreaming, Albano.

[Magnum snatches the hurting DeVille away from the apron, wrapping his powerful arms around his body again...]

SA: No, no... not on the floor! Not on the-

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as DeVille goes BOUNCING off the barely-padded concrete floor courtesy of another overhead belly to belly throw!]

SA: Max Magnum with his supreme suplexing skills has put Damian DeVille down on the outside... and this young rookie's gotta be regretting asking for this right about now.

CP: Hey, Zharkov told him it was a bad idea.

SA: He certainly did... but you must remember what it was like to be a young rookie like him, Colt? Down in Texas? Down working for SCW after a time, fighting "Big" Jim Watkins when you had no right to be in the same ring with him at that point?

CP: I was born and bred for this business, Albano. My old man was one of the greatest to ever lace 'em... the ORIGINAL Blackjack in this sport... don't you tell me who I had a right to be in there with.

SA: My apologies... but I only meant that when you're young... when you're a rookie... sometimes you think you can beat everyone and I'm sure Damian DeVille felt that way... before now.

[Magnum rolls back into the ring, taking a verbal beating from the official who has started a ten count on the downed DeVille...]

CP: Maybe he felt that way before, Albano... but right about now, he oughta be feeling his way towards staying down and taking the countout.

SA: While that might be the best decision for his physical wellbeing, Colt, it might crush his confidence and that can be even worse for a competitor of his young age.

[The referee's count hits three as DeVille rolls onto a hip on the outside.]

CP: Signs of life on the floor out of DeVille who I think still oughta consider staying down and calling it a night. Maybe next time, he can convince Zharkov to give him the Allen Allens of the world.

SA: Come on, Colt... he may be down but this kid's put up a solid effort against the Alpha Beast.

CP: A "solid effort" isn't enough against Max Magnum. It's the kind of thing that gets you sent to the hospital.

[The count hits six as DeVille pushes up onto all fours to some cheers from the ringside fans who can see him...]

SA: Look at this though... the young man is NOT staying down, Colt. The rookie is getting back up!

CP: He's trying to... and you can decide if that's courage or insanity.

SA: It's courage in my book! Bold courage on the part of this young man who said he wanted the best that President Zharkov could give him and did not back down in the face of seeing it was the monstrous Magnum who awaited him.

[Scott Ezra calls out "EIGHT!" as DeVille gets to his knees, breathing heavily with a wince on his face as he looks up at the ring where Max Magnum is throwing a curious look in his direction...]

SA: This count is at eight! DeVille on his knees on the outside, fighting to get back up... fighting to get to his feet...

"NINE!"

SA: Nine! It's at nine! It's at-

[And with the official about to count him out, DeVille surges to his feet, throwing himself under the ropes to some cheers from the OKC crowd!]

SA: DeVille beats the count! He just barely got in there before the ten count but that means this match will continue... and these fans like what they're seeing out of young Damian DeVille tonight!

[Magnum shakes his head as he looks down at DeVille, stepping towards the prone rookie...]

CP: And Magnum's not wasting any time, he's going right in for him!

[...and pulls DeVille to a knee, bringing him to his feet...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but as he does, DeVille leaps into the air, snapping Magnum's head back with a kneestrike to the jaw!]

SA: LEAPING KNEE CONNECTS! DEVILLE CAUGHT HIM!

[The crowd ROARS for the sudden burst of offense as Magnum falls back into the ropes, the proverbial birds flying around his head as Stevie Scott races towards him, alarm in his eyes!]

SA: MAGNUM'S ROCKED! DAMIAN DEVILLE HAS ROCKED MAX MAGNUM!

CP: What the hell just happened?!

SA: The leaping knee found the mark and...

[On his feet but also dazed, DeVille nods his head as he moves in on the stunned Magnum who is clinging to the top rope...]

SA: ...here comes DeVille!

[With the crowd oohing and aahing on every shot, DeVille unloads with three stiff elbowstrikes to the temple of Magnum...]

SA: The elbows find the mark, Magnum's clinging to the ropes! He's in trouble, Colt!

CP: I gotta admit that he is... and I can't believe I'm seeing OR SAYING it!

[...and then switches to knees, battering Magnum's torso with alternating knees to the left and right sides of the body...]

SA: The referee's trying to get DeVille to back off but this is his shot! He's gotta take advantage of it!

[...and then steps back, throwing sweeping roundhouse kicks to the sternum over and over...]

"WHAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAACK!"

[...and finally, the official forces him to step back, threatening him with a disqualification as the OKC crowd starts to get behind the kid, rooting him on for the biggest upset in AWA history!]

SA: DeVille right back on him, grabs the arm...

[But an attempted whip is reversed by Magnum, shooting DeVille across the ring instead, rebounding back...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Magnum UNLOADS with a devastating clothesline that flips DeVille inside out, dumping him dangerously on the canvas on the back of his head!]

SA: ...BOOM GOES THE CANNON! Max Magnum - with one shot - completely turns this back in his favor!

CP: That's the power - the explosiveness - of the Alpha Beast, Albano! One second, you're talking about DeVille's big shot... we're all thinking about being witness to the biggest upset any of us have ever seen... and with one single blow, Max Magnum completely turns all of that - including DeVille - on its head!

SA: DeVille is down, Magnum is up... and the big man is RED HOT! You can practically see smoke coming out of his ears right now and...

[Snatching a waistlock on the downed DeVille, Magnum powers him up off the mat, throwing him down in a brutal released German Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: This kid tried to embarrass Max Magnum... and now he's gonna pay for it!

SA: Embarrass him?! He wasn't trying to embarrass him - he was trying to win a match, Colt!

CP: How'd that turn out for him?

SA: Magnum covers... he's got one... he's got two... he's got-

[And the crowd ROARS as DeVille's arm shoots up off the mat, his shoulder breaking free of the canvas!]

SA: He kicks out! He kicks out! Damian DeVille lives!

[But from the barely contained fury on the face of Max Magnum, one has to wonder for how much longer will DeVille "live."]

SA: Magnum can't believe it... he's in shock!

CP: Is that shock or is it a burning rage that's gonna incinerate this rookie?

[Magnum climbs to his feet, dragging DeVille up with him. He hooks him under the arms, hoisting him into the air and throwing him back into the corner...]

SA: Back into the corner again... ohhh! And Magnum with another big tackle to the ribcage! Punishing the body of this young man!

[...and as Magnum straightens up, he grabs his own version of a Thai clinch, powering his knee up into the ribcage once... twice... three times...

...and then HURLS DeVille across the ring again, sending him bouncing off the mat with a released Northern Lights Suplex!]

SA: Throw Mama from the train, that's ALL impact right there! Max Magnum tossing this young man around like a sack of garbage...

[But this time, Magnum does not look to finish off his opponent, standing over him with a dangerous expression...]

CP: And that right there is a man I would NOT want to miss with, Albano.

SA: I thought you weren't afraid of anyone, Colt.

CP: There's a difference between fear and sanity. You gotta be crazy to want to take on Magnum when he's in this mood.

[...and push kicks him in the face as DeVille struggles to get up.]

SA: Oh! Magnum just taunting him now... and that's how you know he's gotten under Magnum's skin a little, Colt.

CP: We agree on that. Max Magnum is usually all business in there... but right now, he's taunting this kid... tormenting him a little. Embarrassing him even.

[Grabbing DeVille by the hair, Magnum drags him to his feet...

...which DeVille suddenly swings an arm up, slapping the grasping hand away before leaping into the air, SNAPPING his foot off the side of Magnum's head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: GAMENGIRI! GAMENGIRI BY DEVILLE!

[Magnum's eyelids flutter from the impact of the kick, sinking to a knee on the mat as DeVille scrambles up, backing away, taking aim...]

SA: MAGNUM IS HURT AND DEVILLE'S LOOKING TO FINISH HIM OFF! THE UNDEFEATED STREAK AT STAKE! THE UNBEATABLE BEAST LOOKING QUITE BEATABLE AT THE MOMENT!

[...and DeVille goes charging back in towards the kneeling Magnum!]

SA: DEVILLE ON THE MOVE! VICTORY IN SIGHT!

[But as DeVille looks to uncork the Shining Wizard kneestrike he calls The Omen, Magnum surges upwards, catching DeVille across his shoulders in a fireman's carry...]

SA: WHAT?! WHAT?! MAGNUM'S GOT HIM UP ANNNNNNNND...

[...and Magnum goes into a spin, twisting DeVille around at high velocity before HURLING him off his shoulders, watching the rookie helicopter around before CRASHING facefirst down on the canvas!]

SA: ...DOWWWWWWN WITH THE BOMBSHELL!

CP: So much for looking beatable, Albano!

SA: Magnum with the cover - no one's kicking out of this! It could be. It might be. It-

[The crowd "OHHHHHHHs" and then starts jeering as a malicious Magnum yanks DeVille off the mat by the hair at 2.9...]

SA: -he picked him up! Colt Patterson, can you believe it?!

CP: Damn right I can believe it! This kid tried to get one over on the Alpha Beast tonight and now he's gotta pay the price!

SA: Get one over?! He tried to win a match, Colt!

CP: And to an undefeated monster, that's trying to get one over, Albano!

SA: Magnum dragging this kid to his feet... DeVille can't even stand... can't even defend himself at all...

[And once back on his feet, Magnum muscles the limp from DeVille onto his shoulders a second time...]

SA: He's got him up again... don't do it, Magnum! Don't-

[...and sends him helicoptering off again, crashing violently down on the mat.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BACK TO BACK BOMBSHELLS!

CP: You can count to a hundred now, Albano!

[Magnum looks down on DeVille, using his boot to flip him onto his back...

...and then arrogantly plants a foot in the chest, lifting his arms over his head as the crowd jeers louder and the official goes down to count.]

SA: One. Two. That's it.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Magnum throws one more look down at DeVille as he takes his foot off the chest... disdain? Respect? Surprise? The Alpha Beast steps away, arms raised over his head as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Your winner of the match...

[Stevie Scott steps in, berating Ortiz as he does. She sighs, giving a nod...]

RO: ...and STILL undefeated...

[The crowd jeers as the Hotshot nods proudly.]

RO: ...MAAAAAAAAAAX MAAAAAAAAAAGNUM!

[Stevie Scott steps closer to his charge, holding his arms up as well shouting "THAT'S RIGHT! STILL UNDEFEATED! STILL THE BEST! STILL THE BADDEST MAN WALKING GOD'S GREEN!"]

SA: Stevie Scott letting the world know that his man, Max Magnum, is still undefeated... and Colt, as each victory gets notched in his win column...

[Magnum looks out on the jeering crowd as Stevie Scott continues to hype him up off-mic. The referee kneels down next to the laid out DeVille, checking the physical condition of the rookie...]

SA: Damian DeVille put up a heck of a fight... lasting a little over ten minutes in there with the Alpha Beast which is more than I think any of us expected... even Max Magnum...

CP: Give him his participation trophy and send him on his way, Albano. Yeah, he fought hard... yeah, he did better than we thought... but he still lost. He still lost.

[Magnum walks towards the ropes, stepping through to the apron as Stevie Scott points to him, clapping proudly as he shouts into the camera...]

"WE'RE COMING TO LA! WE'RE COMING TO MEMORIAL DAY MAYHEM!"

SA: Well, whatever Interim President Zharkov promised Stevie Scott and Max Magnum for taking this match seems to have the Hotshot pretty pleased.

CP: What could it be, Sal?

SA: I have no idea but I'm sure we'll find out soon enough as-

[A strained voice cuts off Albano mid-sentence.]

"HEY!"

SA: -we get closer to May 28th in Los Angeles, California where-

"HEY!"

[Sal goes silent this time as we see that Damian DeVille has dragged himself across the mat towards the timekeeper's table where he's asked for and received a house microphone.]

DD: Max... Magnum...

[We cut to the aisle where Magnum has come to a halt at the sound of his name, turning to look back with a puzzled expression.]

DD: ...I... came... close.

[DeVille exhales hard, breathing heavily as the crowd cheers and Magnum shakes his head. Stevie Scott is visibly laughing, throwing a look at his Alpha Beast and shouting off-mic "YOU BEAT HIM SO BAD, HE'S DELUSIONAL, MAX!"]

DD: Real... close.

[The crowd cheers again as DeVille struggles to get the words out. Stevie Scott laughs again, shaking his head and gesturing for Magnum to leave with him but Magnum holds up a hand, watching as DeVille raises the mic again.]

DD: I... want...

[There's a pregnant pause as Magnum waits for DeVille to gather himself enough to speak.]

DD: ...a rematch!

[The crowd ROARS as Magnum's jaw drops.]

SA: Did... did I just hear that right?! Did Damian DeVille just ask for a rematch against the Modern Day Man of Steel?!

CP: You heard it right... and Sal, I gotta say... the kid may be crazier than Norman Bates but I kinda like it!

SA: What courage on the part of DeVille to take a beating at the hands of Max Magnum and say "thank you, sir... may I have another!" Damian DeVille wants a rematch... and I think I want to see it too! Fans, we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling action!

[The crowd is cheering loudly as Magnum throws a dismissive wave at the ring, stomping angrily back up the ramp as we fade to black...

And then 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."

Fade to black.

And we fade back up to the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing.]

SLB: Welcome back to the Chesapeake Energy Center right here in Oklahoma City where Saturday Night Wrestling on ESPN is in full swing, fans! We've had a tremendous night of action and we've got a whole lot more still to come including... and this is breaking news right here... it's official, it'll be Violence Unlimited taking on Supreme Wright and a Team Supreme member of his choice in tonight's Main Event! I can't wait to see-

[A voice calls out to cut off Lou.]

"I believe... I am owed..."

[Enter Jackson Hunter from off-camera left, in a black denim jacket with a sherpa wool collar.]

JH: ...a... massive...groveling... apology! After being treated like a persona non grata for four months, because Supreme Wright decided to pass off his sloppy handiwork as my and Brian James' doing... I've been humiliated on a damn near weekly basis!

Don't you dare stick your bottom lip out at me, Lou! C'mon, Mr. Hotline! I've been sitting on the truth of what happened that night in Toronto last year, and not once- NOT ONCE-did you try to dig the truth out of me to monetize it! Not once did you ask me! Not once, Lou!

[Blackwell's jaw drops at the accusation.]

SLB: You never tried to tell me anything! Usually when Jackson Hunter says, "let me tell you something, Sweet Lou," whoever is being told something has to put up with five solid minutes of verbal abuse. So you'll forgive me for being a little reticent in my dealings with you.

JH: Ahhh, that's just foreplay. It's how we used to do things in the locker room back in the day.

SLB: But you did try to tell Shadoe Rage- why exactly are you so obsessed with getting him on your side, anyway?

[Hunter points to the camera.]

JH: Because the enemy of my enemy is my friend? We've fought the same battles, clawed our way up the same cliffs, feel the same aches and pains. I thought that of all the people who were on the wrong side of the in-crowd of the AWA, he might be the one who would get where I'm coming from.

[Hunter chuckles bitterly to himself.]

JH: I don't know why I'm even trying to get people on my side any more. Must be some devious plan that my subconsciousness cooked up that the rest of my mind hasn't caught up with. Must be that, because the alternative motive is much worse.

SLB: What alternative?

[Hunter mutters in an odd, thoughtful tone.]

JH: The alternative motive is that this is for real. That I've looked back at the damage I've done because of my insatiable hunger to do harm and wreak havoc so that I always come out on top. And that maybe I realized how incredibly hollow and cold I'm left feeling, and I'm so tired of being a pariah.

SLB: Is that the—

[Hunter scowls back at Blackwell to cut him off.]

JH: That's the trouble with hope. It's hard to resist.

[Hunter then gets distracted by something off-screen.]

JH: As if this year wasn't bad enough too...

["Sweet" Lou looks over his shoulder as Brian James looms beside him, staring down Jackson Hunter. The Engine of Destruction is dressed all in black - black tank top stretched across his muscular torso to reveal his bared and tattooed arms, and a pair of black workout pants. A resigned Hunter sighs, unbuttoning his denim jacket...]

SLB: What in the...?

[...exposing a plain white t-shirt. He draws a circle on it with his finger, and looks away ruefully, awaiting a Blackheart Punch. James shakes his head.]

BJ: I appreciate that, but...

[Brian James smirks.]

BJ: That ain't why I'm here. Now, let's get clear on two things. First, I don't trust you. And I don't mean I don't trust you as far as I could throw you, because I could probably throw your scrawny butt pretty far..

...but I don't trust you at all.

And second? I don't like you, not one bit. Hell, its fair to say that I despise you, you miserable little rat.

But....

[James takes a breath and expels it slowly, looking Hunter right in the eyes.]

BJ: There haven't been a lot of people in my life who've done me favors. And those that have?

Well, I never forget them.

So I may not like you, Hunter, and I may not trust you. But I do owe you. And one of these days? I'm gonna pay you back.

Until then...

[To Hunter and "Sweet" Lou's surprise, James extends his hand to Hunter. Hunter looks somewhat bemused at the unexpected gesture.]

JH: I... uh... don't know if I'm the type that shakes hands—

BJ: That wasn't a request.

[James grabs Hunter's hand and gives it a quick, formal shake, then just as abruptly exits off camera.]

JH: Owwww...

[Hunter holds on to his right shoulder, as though Brian James tried to pull his arm from his socket.]

"What a shame, to have one's masculinity threatened like that."

[Blackwell flinches as Paris Crawford moves into the scene, a bit of a whimsical smirk on their face. They tilt their head, taking on an apologetic posture.]

PC: A pity, no? You have been seeking your own personal redemption, and you find it in someone unaware of his own physical strength. Your shoulder may not withstand your newfound allies.

[Hunter's demeanor has abruptly shifted from morose to bitchy, like he's been spoiling for a fight.]

JH: Ahhh, my warmest greetings to Team "Sequel-preme." Paris, please attend carefully... Ah, désolé... I don't speak a lot of French but I picked up a bit of Montreal Joul when I was paired with Jackie Bourassa...

Paris, s'il vous plaît, attendez avec soin! I've crossed Ryan Martinez before. I've crossed the Lynches. I masterminded the Axis, bet on Korugun, and even did a little consulting for the Wise Men on the sly.

Paris, be a dear and pass on to Supreme that I'm going to savor the schadenfreude of watching the AWA establishment take the wind out of someone else's grand plan for a change.

[Hunter sneers.]

JH: Do that instead of showing off what shade of nail polish you've chosen this week – which, by the way, is WAAAAAY too loud for your outfit.

[Paris looks at their nails with a slight pout.]

PC: Too loud. Do you think so?

JH: Yeah. Too loud! I'm getting tinnitus over here!

[Paris looks back up at Hunter, a glare in their eyes.]

PC: Peut-être que si vous y regardiez de plus près, ce serait bénéfique.

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Paris drills Hunter across the jaw with a slap, hard enough to make him buckle at the knees. They grab Hunter by the collar and pull him close.]

PC: You witnessed what happened to Johnny Detson, and you did not feel that was enough to keep your mouth shut? Perhaps I shall visit your old friend Zharkov, oui? He has one of those contracts with your name on it, and a blank space beside it. Tonight would be lovely, n'est-ce pas?

[Paris leans in closer, whispering into Hunter's ear.]

PC: Nous avons un rendez-vous ce soir. Ne me laisse pas attendre.

[They release Hunter's collar, running a finger underneath Blackwell's chin as they practically glide out of the scene.]

SLB: What in the world was THAT all about?

[Hunter looks at Blackwell.]

JH: How the HELL should I know?! I JUST TOLD THEM I DON'T SPEAK FRENCH!

[Hunter throws up his hands, stomping out of view as Blackwell looks on in disbelief.]

SLB: I gotta get back on Duolingo.

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: Let's go to the Control Center!

[Fade up on the bank of television monitors that can only mean a return to the Control Center... but just in case...]

"Coming to you from Memorial Day Mayhem Control Center... Mark Stegglet!"

[...and we cut again to reveal a different bank of television monitors with a grinning Mark Stegglet standing before them.]

MS: Hello everyone, and welcome to the Memorial Day Mayhem Control Center as we run down all the happenings surrounding the annual AWA kickoff of summer known as Memorial Day Mayhem. I'm Mark Stegglet and we are officially 58 days and counting til we are coming to you LIVE from Dodger Stadium in sunny Los Angeles, California for what promises to be not only one of the biggest nights of the summer but likely one of the biggest nights of the entire year. Now, don't forget, we will be coming to you LIVE on Pay Per View for this one so if you haven't already done so, check with your television provider RIGHT NOW and tell them you want to be a part of the action! We've been SOLD OUT for weeks so the only way to be a part of it is from your living room LIVE on Pay Per View and believe me, you will not want to miss this one... let's run down what we know so far!

[A graphic comes up showing the determined faces of Juan Vasquez and Raphael Rhodes on either side of the screen.]

MS: One more time, one last match... it'll be no escape for these two - pun intended - as they collide in the City of Angels in the final match in Juan Vasquez' legendary career. Vasquez, a former World Champion... a former National Champion... a 2013 inductee into the Professional Wrestling Hall of Fame... climbs inside the squared circle in his hometown for the last time to take on one of his greatest rivals, Raphael Rhodes. Believe me - you do NOT want to miss the action in this one as these two collide one final time.

[The graphic disappears to show the Rumble and the announced participants.]

MS: And then you have our other match that's official for this night in Los Angeles, the annual over-the-top-rope Rumble showdown and this year, it's for the ladies! That's right! Thirty of the best female competitors from all over the globe will climb inside that ring with one goal - to win the match and the future World Title shot at Girls To The Front coming up later this year. It's going to be a night for dreams to

come true in the shadow of Hollywood for one of these lucky ladies... and let's take a look at who has been announced to compete so far!

[We get a closer look one...]

MS: The woman of the hour fresh off victory earlier tonight... fresh off the ESPN premiere of her documentary earlier tonight as well... a former champion in her own right, MICHELLE BAILEY is in the Rumble...

[...by one...]

MS: The tall drink of Texas water who has had a bit of a chip on her shoulder and it's as big as a boulder of late... I'm talking about MARGARITA FLORES! Flores will likely be one of the biggest - if not THE biggest - women in the Rumble this year and that makes her a serious threat to win the whole thing.

[...by one...well, three...]

MS: The leader of the Slam Sorority and the #1 Athlete herself, LAURA DAVIS, is in the Rumble... and don't forget she'll be backed by her Slam Sorority cohorts - TRISH WALLACE and CAROLINA COLTON! They're in this thing as well and that makes the odds solidly on the side of the Sorority as they look to host their own little Rush Week by "rushing" twenty-seven other competitors over the top rope to elimination!

[...by two...]

MS: Both members of the Country Punks are in this one as well... VICTORIA JUNE and KAYLA CRISTOL... however, keep in mind that the Afro Punk is on the injured list after the brutal assault by the brand new Women's World Tag Team Champions, Seductive and Destructive, last weekend on Showtime. It's already cost June her Royal Crown tournament spot... could it also cost her her shot in the Rumble? We'll find out as we get closer to Los Angeles.

[...by two...]

MS: And speaking of injuries, DONNA MARTINELLI is also nursing that arm injury suffered at the hands of her former mentor Laura Davis AND exacerbated by Hamilton and Cinder during the tournament finals... but if she's off the injured list by May 28th, she's in this thing as well alongside her fellow tournament finalist, SHANNON WALSH, who put up one heck of a fight earlier tonight against Michelle Bailey as part of the Royal Crown tournament!

[...by one...]

MS: And finally, don't forget about the Ricky Vaughn of the AWA herself... our own personal little Wild Thing, RICKI TOUGHILL, who is fresh off a stiff challenge to Julie Somers and the World Title two weeks ago in New Orleans at the AWA's Tenth Anniversary Show! She'll be in the Rumble as well and this is a match right up her alley as she attempts to earn herself another shot at the big, big gold.

[Back to Stegglet.]

MS: That's who has been announced to compete so far... now, let's take a look at who has been added right here tonight!

[Cut to a graphic showing the intimidating face of...]

MS: HARPER HANNIGAN has been added to the Rumble after an impressive debut last weekend on Showtime! They more than held their own in that big mixed tag match and could be a sleeper pick in your Rumble pools. And that's not all...

[...and then to one more graphic, this time of...]

MS: ...how about this addition? The very first woman to wear championship gold here in the AWA, the first Women's World Champion herself... LAURYN RAGE... has made the field of 30... and when you consider that she became the first champion in a Rumble like this, that HAS to make her one of the odds on favorite to go the distance and earn herself a future title shot at whoever the champion is when Girls To The Front rolls around later this year!

[...and back to Stegglet.]

MS: Two big matches announced, a whole lot more still to come, I'm sure... but make sure you tune in each and every week to Showtime... to Saturday Night Wrestling... to National Wrestling Night in two weeks... keep your eyes right here on the Control Center for all the happenings as we get ready for Memorial Day Mayhem... and we're not the only ones getting ready for the big event.

[Stegglet grins.]

MS: Take a look...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[He points down towards the field.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

...the shot fades back up to the night sky where the Memorial Day Mayhem graphic appears with all the show info and the words "58 DAYS REMAIN."

We cut to the backstage area. Immediately behind the curtain that the AWA talent emerges from to make their way to the ring, to be exact. Waiting for his music to begin playing stands Hannibal Carver. To his left is Sweet Lou Blackwell.]

SLB: Memorial Day Mayhem is creeping closer by the day... and Hannibal, you're moments away from facing Colin "Bomber" Harris. The big news, however, was your reaction to what many are calling the "Red Wedding". It's well known your close friendship to Jack Lynch and the Lynch family as a whole. Your thoughts before heading to the ring?

[Carver shakes his head, fuming.]

HC: Yeh, I know it got to the papers. I saw it on a TV screen just like everyone at home. If I was in the same building when it went down... who the hell knows what I would've done. Like I say, up here is a whole lot of bad wiring.

[Carver taps his index finger to his temple.]

HC: But, I wasn't there. I'm gonna have to live with that for a long time. Because yer damn right. Jack is one of the best friends I have in this world. And hell yeh I'm close to the family. Blackjack Lynch on top of being a legend in this sport has helped me out in ways that are...

[Carver nods at Blackwell.]

HC: ... not any of yer or anyone else's damn business, if I'm honest. So yeh, I'd like nothing better than to carve up the whole lot of those jackals for what they did.

[Carver shakes his head.]

HC: But Jack knows I'm trying to make a run at some gold here. He knows I'm trying to keep my eyes on that prize. And because the whole thing is so personal...

[Carver hangs his head.]

HC: ... he's asked me not to get involved. Hell, he asked me the same when Bobby's brain went around the bend. And I respect the hell out of Jack Lynch, so no matter how much I might hate it...

[Carver nods.]

HC: That's exactly what I'm going to do.

[Carver looks forward towards the curtain as a siren, followed by the roar of the crowd is heard.]

HC: And look at that. I dunno if this kid out there owes yeh money...

[Carver cracks his knuckles.]

HC: ... but yeh sure as hell just gave me a reason to put a hurt on the sorry bastid.

[And with that, Carver walks through the curtain...

...our cameraman following behind him as we hear the sirens leading into Dropkick Murphys' "Gonna Be A Blackout Tonight" as the crowd ROARS.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit!
Introducing first, already in the ring...

[But the rest of the introduction never comes as Carver goes barreling down the ramp at high speed, diving under the bottom rope as the cameraman runs after him, trying to keep up. The music is still playing as Carver comes up swing, cracking Colin "Bomber" Harris with a right hand on the jaw as the referee signals for the bell!]

SA: We're off and running in this one... literally as Carver sprinted down the ramp and this is guy in a VERY bad mood!

[Carver overwhelms Harris, pounding him back into the corner, driving him down into a seated position where Carver switches to stomps, smashing boot leather down into chest of his opponent...]

SA: We heard what he had to say backstage to Sweet Lou, Colt... he is NOT someone to be messed with after the Red Wedding two weeks ago!

CP: We've all heard the stories... and I've seen the police report... Carver was in a local bar down on Bourbon Street when he heard the news, busted the place up, and had to be physically restrained... in the back of a squad car, I'm guessing... to keep from coming back to the Superdome.

[...and steps up to the middle rope, pushing off to swing his knees down into the chest of the downed Harris to a sympathetic groan from the crowd!]

SA: Hannibal Carver doesn't have a lot of friends here in the world of pro wrestling as he delivers that Boston Beatdown in the corner... but Jack Lynch is one of them and after what the newly-reformed Team Supreme did to the Lynch family last week, you better bet that if Carver crosses paths with them, there's gonna be a Blackout THAT night!

[Carver grabs Harris by the ankle, dragging him out of the corner, and drops an elbow down across the chest, earning a two count as he does.

CP: I thought it was interesting though, Big Sal... two count there... Carver made it clear that he's not getting involved in this. He's said ever since SuperClash that he's focused on championship gold... and he's not about to get tied up in some blood feud again. He even gave Max Magnum a pass for turning on Team AWA back in WarGames.

[Down on the mat, Carver takes the mount, raining down right hands on the skull of Harris as the crowd cheers him on. He grabs a handful of hair, dragging Harris up as the referee warns him...

...and then charges across the ring, smashing Harris' head into the top turnbuckle!]

SA: Facefirst into the corner, smashing his face down into the buckles... and Hannibal Carver seems to be a man on a mission here tonight in OKC, fans.

[Carver grabs the staggered Harris in a full nelson, jerking him back out of the corner as he lifts him up, swinging him back and forth as Harris cries out in agony...]

CP: Oh, check that out, Big Sal - a swinging full nelson, really cranking on those arms and the neck... not something we see a lot out of Carver and you forget that while he does most of his workouts with 12 ounce curls, he's got a lot of power in that upper body.

SA: Not as much as you though, right?

CP: You gotta set the bar lower than that, Albano, or no one's gonna clear it, jack!

[Pulling a struggling Harris a little further away from the ropes, Carver proves Colt's point by muscling him into the air, sitting out and driving Harris' tailbone down into the canvas!]

SA: OHHH - THE DORCHESTER DROP REALIGNS THE SPINE OF HARRIS!

[Harris twitches and flails on the mat as Carver gets up to his feet, murderous intent on his face as he backs away, looking down on him. He slaps his forehead twice, one with each hand before throwing his arms out to the side...

...and swandives forward, smashing his skull down into Harris'!]

SA: FALLING HEADBUTT CONNECTS!

[Carver crawls on top of Harris, driving his forearm down into the cheekbone with malicious movement as he does...]

SA: Covers for one! He's got two!

[...but Harris weakly lifts his shoulder as Carver is getting up, making it look like Carver had every intent of letting him kick out.]

SA: Harris is out the back door... but he may not even know whose yard he's in at the moment.

[Carver climbs off the mat, giving his forearm a slap as he circles the downed but rising Harris...]

SA: And you get the sense that it's only a matter of time now...

[Carver crouches low, waving a hand to call Harris back to his feet as the overwhelmed opponent tries to do exactly that...

...which is when Carver goes into a spin, lashing out with a devastating rolling elbow to the back of the head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...MIIIIIND ERAAASERRRRR!

[Carver stands tall, looking down at a now-motionless Harris.]

SA: This one's over, Colt.

CP: Is it? Carver don't look done to me.

[The referee implores Carver to make the cover but Carver's having no part of that instruction, giving a look that would leave the official laid out if looks could kill...

...and then slowly leans down, grabbing Harris by the hair to haul his limp body back to his feet...]

SA: Carver pulls him up... three-quarter nelson!

[...and then SPIKES him facefirst with the Blackout to a huge cheer!]

SA: And DOWN with the Blackout! Now it's over!

[Carver rolls Harris onto his back, securing an easy three count.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Carver gets up off the mat, a smirk on his face as he allows the official to raise his hand and Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

SA: A dominant victory here in Oklahoma City on Saturday Night Wrestling for former National Champion Hannibal Carver... and when Carver talks about chasing gold, you have to believe that's in his immediate future... but which title will it be? Will he be gunning for Jordan Ohara and the National Title? Or are his sights set a little higher, Colt?

CP: Hey, this is a former two-time SuperClash Main Eventer we're talking about. He's been at the big dance fighting for the World Title before so if I'm Supernova, I've got my eyes open on this guy... I've got-

SA: Colt, Colt! Hang on... what's this now?

[Carver is celebrating his win as we see three men suddenly standing in street clothes on the ring apron looking at him...]

SA: That's... it's Jayden Jericho and... the American Idols? What's going on here?

CP: For our fans who were watching the premiere of Showtime last weekend, we saw these three men come together in... I guess an alliance of sorts. They were having a match one moment and the next, they were shaking hands and...

[Jericho is delivering a mouthful of venom towards Carver who looks around puzzled...]

SA: Wait! It wasn't three men, it was-

[...and on cue, Justin Gaines comes out of the crowd, sliding into the ring behind Carver and despite the warning roar of the crowd, Gaines LEVELS Carver with a clothesline to the back of the head!]

SA: -FOUR! IT WAS FOUR! JUSTIN GAINES FROM THE BLINDSIDE!

[And with Carver laid out at their feet, the American Idols climb through the ropes, the Wallace twins cackling madly as they join Gaines in putting the boots to the downed Carver as the fans jeer loudly!]

SA: What in the world is going on here?!

CP: I don't know but Carver... I don't think he's got a friend left in the building! Jack Lynch got shown the door! Martinez ain't even here! Hannibal Carver is a man all alone as these four are laying it down on him!

SA: Well, three so far... Jayden Jericho is out on the apron still for some reason. What's he waiting for?

[Jericho gives a shout to his allies, the Idols obliging as they pull a struggling Carver up by the arms, holding them as Jericho slingshots over the top rope in a somersault, landing on his feet...

...and promptly THROWING HIMSELF into a high impact spear on the torso of the Boston Brawler, taking him back down to the mat in pain!]

SA: OHH! Jericho with some sort of a slingshot spear! And Carver's in serious trouble here, fans! As Colt said, he's all alone and...

[An AWA official comes up on the apron, looking to loudly protest...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and a Chaz Wallace superkick silences him, knocking him back down to the floor!]

CP: Whoooooa... that'll cost him a nickel or two.

SA: He attacked an AWA official! He should be fined! He should be suspended!

CP: Oh, let's not get carried away... it's not even one of the officials we know.

[Wallace is all smirks as his allies continue stomping and kicking Carver into the mat. Chet Wallace drags Carver off the mat, whipping him into the corner. He backs off, taking aim...

...and then charges in, throwing a high impact dropkick to the jaw!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And his brother comes tearing in behind him with a second dropkick!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Climbing off the mat, Chaz Wallace shoves Carver bodily out of the corner towards Justin Gaines who delivers a boot into the gut, doubling over the Boston Brawler...

...who gets yanked into a standing headscissors!]

SA: Wait, wait, wait! Don't do this, kid!

[Gaines powers Carver up with ease, lifting him into a crucifix powerbomb position, walking out to the middle of the ring as the crowd buzzes with concern...]

CP: Oh, he told me all about this one! And he calls it...

[...and then Gaines drops Carver down, catching him on the way down to deliver a devastating reverse neckbreaker!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: ...THE DENALI DEATH DROP!

[Carver turtles up on the mat, clutching the back of his neck as Gaines climbs back to his feet, looking down at the battered Boston Brawler alongside Jericho and the Idols, one of whom procures a microphone to the disdain of the already jeering crowd. Chaz Wallace taps the top of the mic a few times obnoxiously.]

CHAZ: Is this thing on? Oh, it better be... because I don't want you Okies to miss a single second of what we've got to say!

[The crowd jeers loudly again as Chaz Wallace sneers.]

CHAZ: What you just witnessed is the opening statement in the case that is the world of professional wrestling versus Generation Lost!

[More boos pour down!]

CHAZ: There has been a crime committed against the four of us by this business for far too long... and now that we've come together as a unit, it's time for justice to be done though the heavens fall!

[Chaz hands off the mic to Chet.]

CHET: That's right! Hannibal Carver, you've done nothing to us personally... except take up valuable TV time... take up valuable promo time... take up valuable ring time making everyone watch your aged ass while the four of us hung out in catering or in Japan or Mexico! But starting here and now... all that changes...

[Chet hands off the mic to Jayden Jericho who smirks as the crowd continues to jeer.]

JERICH0: What? You don't find this funny? No one laughing now?

[Jayden sneers.]

JERICH0: These two guys did me a favor last week and they opened my eyes because they know the score. Justin knows it too and I sure as hell know it now! You see for a long time everyone wanted to try and figure out the problem with Jayden Jericho, with the Idols, with Justin. Well, we know now... the PROBLEM IS ALL OF YOU OUT THERE!

[Jericho points at the crowd.]

JERICH0: And all the people LIKE HIM!

[The second generation star points down at Carver.]

JERICH0: People like him grasping at straws and paychecks and holding up our turn in line. Starting today, we're not waiting, we're cutting in line and we're taking what's ours. Tell them, big man...

[Jayden hands the mic off to Justin Gaines who tilts his head in thought as the boos of the crowd start to rise up...]

GAINES: You know, we've talked about our fathers, our families. The truth is, my dad would do anything to win. Absolutely anything. And he often did. His reputation still hasn't recovered from it. I've heard about it all my life. Everywhere I go, another reminder.

But here's the thing.

[Looking down, Gaines sees Carver trying to drag himself off the canvas...

...and with a wave of his hand, Gaines calls in Jericho who delivers a sharp shuffling side kick to the chin, snapping Carver's head back and putting him back down on the mat to an "OHHHHHH!" from the crowd. Gaines nods approvingly, raising the mic again...]

GAINES: Yes, dear old Dad would do anything to win, but he wouldn't do anything for ME to win.

It was always about him. Even a few weeks ago, he shows up backstage during my interview, expecting me to win on a day I'm not even fighting and never said I was. Then he acts like I'm some disappointment, like I inconvenienced him. Just another person disrespecting me. Et tu, Daddy?

[He laughs, shaking his head at the illogic of that.]

GAINES: You know something? I do have ears. I've spent the last several weeks talking about respect, while people in that locker room, people with cobwebs up their ass, like Hannibal Carver...

[Gaines gestures to the laid out Boston Brawler at his feet.]

GAINES: ...well, they pointed and laughed behind my back. We all know why. I've been outrunning a past that wasn't mine. And realizing that, I know slates are never clean and respect is never given. It's taken. My dad taught me that, without intending to. And likewise, he also taught me respect is fleeting. I have to speak louder than whispers. Louder than rumors. Louder than screams and jeers.

You can say what you want. Action does the talking.

[He gestures to his allies in the ring.]

GAINES: That's why Generation Lost... these are my boys. This is our gang. That's why we're together. We're serving notice. Get in our way? Get out of our way? We don't care. And it doesn't matter.

See, if you haven't been paying attention, I'm undefeated since coming back here.

I can send you to the surgeon in one move.

[He holds up one finger.]

GAINES: And you know what? These boys are just as hungry, tough and hard-nosed as me. We're tired of listening, hearing, tolerating the abuse that we get, so it's time to give it back.

Tonight was the beginning. We're not done. We go where we want, do what we want, and like Jayden said, we're not waiting in any line, we're jumping it — and you. No one's immune.

[The group gathers around as Justin points at each of them.]

GAINES: Me, Jayden, Chet and Chaz. We are Generation Lost. We're making our mark, and?

[Jericho leans over the mic.]

JERICHO: We're doing it right in the middle of your face.

[Chaz and Chet join in.]

CHAZ and CHET: YEAH!

[Gaines lets the mic drop as music plays and the foursome soaks up the jeers of the AWA faithful.]

SA: A bold declaration from the group apparently now known as Generation Lost - the American Idols, Jayden Jericho, and Justin Gaines... a group of very talented young individuals looking to escape the shadows of their legendary fathers.

CP: And it's more than their words that was "bold," Sal... because we just saw these four hungry young men looking to make an impact... by laying out Hannibal Carver! Now THAT'S bold, Sal.

SA: It certainly is... and we've got AWA medical in there tending to Hannibal Carver now and... fans, we'll be right back with more action after this. Don't go away.

[The camera holds on Carver being worked on by Dr. Bob Ponavitch as we fade to black.

We fade up from black onto black and white footage of an empty arena - likely the Crockett Coliseum from the looks of things - with deserted chairs and a wrestling ring with no one in it.

We see Karl O'Connor walking up a set of steps with the aid of a cane, moving slowly and deliberately, putting much of his weight on the cane. He slowly takes a seat, looking down onto the ring as the camera cuts to a closeup of him and we hear his voice.]

"I can still hear the echoes chanting my name."

[A closeup on his eyes, wrinkles showing the years and the mileage on his body.

Cut to a shot of "Big" Jim Watkins standing in a locker room dressed in an old brown ring jacket, running his finger down the trim as we hear his recognizable voice.]

"Time has not silenced the crowd."

[We get a trio of old pieces of footage - Brett Bryant in his younger days with his arms raised over his head, Cameron O'Connor applying a spinning toehold on an unknown foe, and Blackjack Lynch raising his black glove-covered hand into the air as his gravelly voice is heard.]

"I never did a moonsault..."

[Cut to a modern day closeup shot of Blackjack Lynch's eyes, a notable scar over one of them...

...and then a shot of Terry Shane Jr. in a suit looking out over the empty arena with his voiceover.]

"...or walked the top rope."

[Oliver Strickland sits on a locker room bench, his eyes drifting across the vacant room as he speaks.]

"There were no pyrotechnics..."

[And onto Ivan Kostovich who runs a hand over the links of his old Russian chain now hanging from a hook on a door as we hear his heavy accented words.]

"...no fancy, flashing lights."

[Cut to a series of modern shots of current day AWA superstars in action - Jordan Ohara diving off the top rope with a crossbody to the floor... Julie Somers using a moonsault from the top onto a standing opponent on the outside... and we hear Karl O'Connor's voice again.]

"We never flew through the air."

[Cut to O'Connor sitting in the Crockett, cane in hand as he looks at the empty ring...

...and then old footage of a defiant Blackjack Patterson shaking his head, refusing to submit to a painful hold as we hear Jim Watkins.]

"We were men of courage.."

[Closeup on Watkins' eyes in present day before cutting to Blackjack Lynch wrapping his hand around a foe's head as his voice is heard.]

"...men of steel."

[And then back to modern day shots of Juan Vasquez leaping off the top of the Woodshed, plummeting down... to Shadoe Rage hurling himself off the top of a super-sized steel cage... to a blood-covered Hannibal Carver wielding a steel chair as we hear Terry Shane Jr's voice.]

"They were men without fear."

[Cut to a shot of Blackjack Lynch standing in the ring, raising a hand in the air as if saluting the crowd as we hear his voice. We can actually see a ghost-like vision of cheering fans around him...]

"I can still hear the echoes cheering my name."

[...but when we cut to the opposite angle, we can see he's all alone in the ring.

And we cut again, this time showing the legendary Hamilton Graham standing outside the ring, a hand draped over the rope, a hungry look upon his face, wishing for one more moment of glory as we hear his familiar voice.]

"Today... I cheer for them."

[And as we fade to black, a graphic comes up promoting "AWA LEGACY" before we fade all the way out...

...and we fade back up to the backstage area where we see Interim President Maxim Zharkov is speaking to Tommy Fierro.]

MZ: Talk to...

[Zharkov snorts.]

MZ: ...Generation Lost and find out who will accept challenge from The Aces In The Hole on Showtime, yes?

[Fierro nods and turns to exit. As he does, he nudges Zharkov and points behind him. After a moment, the Tsar slowly turns and finds a beaming Curly Bill Webb waiting for him.]

CBW: Ask and ye shall receive, boss. Ya' wanted to talk business?

[Zharkov nods slowly as Bill begins to ramble.]

CBW: Well, the way I see it, between that dang Westerly Dynasty and Team Supreme, you've got a world of troubles ahead of ya'. And don't even get me started on that pack of snot-nosed punks that just gave Carver a hiding! But for the right price, me and my Desperadoes, might be able help control a few of those problems before they become BIG problems! Just tell me the job ya' want us to do and I'll see if we can figure out the right price-

[Zharkov cuts him off.]

MZ: You misunderstand me. That is not the business I wished to speak about.

CBW: Eh?

MZ: You and your crew were not punished for Showtime.

[The smile has faded away from Curly Bill's face, replaced by a scowl.]

MZ: That was perhaps a mistake, that needs to be rectified.

CBW: What?

[His demeanor becomes hostile almost immediately, as he whips off his cowboy hat and gets red in the face.]

CBW: What're you talkin' about?! Just what kinda' game are you tryin' to play here? Just 'cause you can't do anything about that Lynch brat stealing your World Title and you can't do anything about Bobby Taylor getting kicked into a wedding cake, you're gonna' take it out on us? Are you sayin' you're gonna' punish us now!? Are ya' kidding me!? You can't do that! You can't-

[Zharkov raises a hand to silence Webb.]

MZ: No. I cannot. But your Desperadoes are out of control and if you cannot control them, I must.

CBW: I disagree, Mr. Zharkov. They're plenty controlled. They follow my directions perfectly! Ha ha ha!

[Webb begins to cackle, but a fierce glare from Zharkov quickly quiets him down. He bites his tongue, looking anxiously at the Interim President, waiting to hear where he's going with this.]

MZ: Omega. Carpenter. Whitiri. All injured at their hands. All out of action.

[Webb tries to balance a solemn look with a way-too-proud look and fails miserably.]

MZ: Top contenders to your man's title? Injured.

[Zharkov shakes his head.]

MZ: Many say Desperadoes may be unstoppable.

CBW: Well, they'd be right!

[Webb is back to beaming proudly now.]

MZ: I say no.

[The smile on his face falters.]

MZ: I can think of one man who can... how you say... put them in check, yes? Next weekend on Showtime, Odin Gunn will defend the World Television Title...

[Bill leans in with anticipation.]

MZ: ...against Wade Walker.

[The crowd inside the arena ROARS as Webb's eyes go wide as he crushes his hat in his hands, before whipping it down at Zharkov's feet, spitting and frothing at the Interim President as he reads him the riot act.]

CBW: WADE WALKER!?! Is this some kinda' joke??? That ain't right, Mr. Zharkov! That ain't right at all! Who has Wade Walker beat?! Why's he getting a shot?! He doesn't deserve it! He don't have a-

[Zharkov raises the hand again, silencing a seething Webb.]

MZ: You're dismissed.

[Webb's jaw drops as the crowd "oooooohs" inside the building. Webb pauses, like he's about to say something he might regret... and then thinks better of it, shaking his head as he walks away, leaving the Interim President behind as we fade back out to ringside where Sal and Colt are seated.]

SA: Wow! Big announcement there regarding the World Television Title, Colt!

CP: Absolutely. Curly Bill may be regretting some of his gang's latest actions with Wade Walker getting a shot at the gold because of it.

SA: Speaking of a gang's latest actions... when we talk about the newly-reformed Team Supreme, you immediately think of the Red Wedding... you may even think of their heinous assault we caught a glimpse of earlier against Johnny Detson back at SuperClash... but we've got something to show you in regards to yet another attack perpetrated by them. We take you back now two weeks ago to the AWA's Tenth Anniversary Show in New Orleans as we look at what Jackson Hunter went through that night...

[Sal points to the camera as we fade to black and a graphic reading "AWA10" - as we come back up, we find Sweet Lou Blackwell in the midst of interviewing Shadoe Rage two weeks ago when suddenly...]

SLB: That's unexpectedly gracious of you. I would have expect-

[Sweet Lou Blackwell jumps back as Jackson Hunter unexpectedly comes falling into the shot looking quite worse for wear. There's the definite start of a black eye and a badly bruised cheek. His lip has been bloodied. His shirt is torn in a few spots and he looks about to fall over as he grabs hold of Blackwell for balance.]

SLB: For the love of- HUNTER! What is wrong with you?! Have you been drinking again?!

[Hunter groans as he falls back against the wall, Shadoe Rage looking on with a raised eyebrow as Hunter delivers a light shove to Blackwell.]

JH: The only one... drinkin'... here... is you, Lou.

[Blackwell grimaces, turning to look at the camera for a moment.]

SLB: We're live, pal! What the heck has gotten into-

[Hunter angrily responds, slapping an open hand against the wall behind him.]

JH: I GOT MY ASS KICKED, LOU!

[Blackwell's jaw drops as Hunter groans in pain again, grabbing his ribs.]

JH: Got my ass kicked... in the... damn parking lot. Just like Detson at SuperClash.

[Blackwell's surprise turns to alarm.]

SLB: Like Detson?! I don't...

[Hunter nearly pitches over to the side when Shadoe Rage sticks out an arm to hold him up, shaking his head.]

SLB: What does Brian James have against-

[Hunter screams, a wordless mess of volume and intensity signifying nothing.]

JH: BRIAN JAMES?! BRIAN JAAAAAMES?! Have NONE of you been listening to me?!

[Hunter moans in pain as he turns his head towards Rage like he's going to be violently ill. Rage grabs him with the other arm, boosting him up against the wall again.]

SR: Easy, man... take it easy.

[Hunter shakes his head, looking up as if he's seeing Rage for the first time.]

SR: What?

[Hunter nods.]

JH: You. I need you... your help.

[Rage's brow furrows.]

JH: I think... no, no... I KNOW who did this.

[He nods emphatically.]

JH: And I can prove it this time. But I need... you.

[Hunter puts a hand on Rage's chest who looks at him for a moment...

...and then slaps the hand away, shaking his head.]

SR: Nah, nah, nah... not a chance, man. You and I? Not happening.

[And we fade to footage from later in the night when Jackson Hunter is storming out into the arena's parking lot area and Mariah Wolfe and her trusty camera operator are following him unseen.]

Hunter is walking towards a large truck with Ryan Martinez and Julie Somers' faces on the side of it. Hunter doesn't even seem to notice the large faces looking down on him as he pushes the door open, storming inside.]

MW: The production truck? What's he doing in there?

[Wolfe follows up the steps, nudging the door open and waving for the cameraman to stick the lens covertly through the door where we see Hunter is addressing the entirety of the crew in the truck. We pick up his words in mid-sentence.]

JH: -NOT PLAYING AROUND! Ever since Castillo installed those damn cameras everywhere, the AWA's loved having all that Access garbage... all that footage. You guys only use a piece of what you record every night, right?

[No answer. Hunter reaches out and grabs someone by the dress shirt, yanking them closer.]

JH: RIGHT?!

[The production guy nods his head.]

PG: Yes, yes... that's right.

[Hunter shoves him away.]

JH: Alright... then I know you have what I want. The parking lots leading into the building - the wrestler lots... they've got cameras in them, eh?

[Silence. Hunter goes to grab the same production guy who backs off, red-faced as he responds.]

PH: Yes, okay... fine! Yes, there are cameras in the parking lot.

[Hunter nods.]

JH: Show me.

[The production guy looks around nervously at his colleagues - none of whom seem in a rush to help him.]

PH: Show you wh-

[Hunter angrily interrupts.]

JH: SHOW ME THE DAMN FOOTAGE OF ME GETTING MY ASS KICKED IN THE PARKING LOT, IDIOT!

[We cut ahead in the scene to where Hunter is sitting at a desk. From our angle, we can't see the monitor he's viewing, his eyes wide as he watches.]

JH: Not for everyone. Just for me.

[He watches with great interest for several moments in silence...

...and then SLAMS his fist down on the desk.]

JH: I knew it. I gotta let him-

[Abruptly the feed goes to color bars...

...and then we get - for the first time - the footage that he was watching as we see Hunter in the parking lot of the New Orleans Superdome, the trunk of his rental car

open as he pulls a rolling suitcase into view, setting it down on the ground. He shakes his head, leaning in to grab a second item...

...which is when we see Paris Crawford scramble up over the roof of the car, grabbing the metal trunk in both hands and SLAMMING it down across the back of the former National Champion who cries out from inside the car.

A moment later, AJ Martinez appears, lifting the hood up and swinging it down a second time, smashing it into Hunter's exposed ribcage... and again... and again... and again...

...and then Cain Jackson appears in the frame, carrying what appears to be a piece of lumber snatched up somewhere in his hands. He gestures to Martinez who pulls the trunk up, allowing Hunter to spill out onto his knees, facing away from his attackers as Jackson winds up and CLUBS Hunter across the back of the head, sending his face into the back of the car before he flattens out in a heap on the asphalt of the Superdome parking lot.

Jackson swings the board over his shoulder, a smirk on his face.]

"All in a day's work, huh?"

[Martinez nudges him.]

AM: Come on. We've got a wedding to get ready for.

[And with Crawford jumping off the car in a twisting pirouette, they pause to blow a kiss at the downed Hunter before running to catch up with Martinez and Jackson as the duo stride out of sight...

...and we fade back to Sal and Colt, the former of which is shaking his head.]

SA: Well?

CP: Well what?

SA: You've talked a big game all night about these Team Supreme members acting in self defense. That was NOT self defense, Colt.

CP: How do you know? Maybe Hunter had threatened them earlier or-

SA: Or maybe it was a blatant attempt to shut him up! He'd been threatening to tell the world what he knew about SuperClash for weeks now... and he'd obviously already told Brian James! That could've been an attempt to take him out before he told anyone else!

CP: Some big accusations to make with no proof, Albano.

SA: No proof? I think that video was all the proof that we needed - it was certainly more than the investigators into the Johnny Detson situation had to work with. Supreme Wright might like to claim they ruled it self defense but my sources tell me that unlike with Brian James, they had no motive to go on... no witnesses... nothing. The case against Brian James looked solid... but a case against Supreme Wright and the rest of Team Supreme? Not so much. That's why they're walking free and clear, Colt! That's why they didn't get suspended!

CP: Can we get back to business, Albano? We've got a match coming up here and now and that takes priority over your Sherlock Holmes imitation.

SA: It's all elementary, my dear Patterson. But fine... you're right about one thing. This match is set to go down and for now, that's more important. For now. Rebecca, take it away...

[Fade to the ring where Rebecca is standing.]

RO: Our next contest on Saturday Night Wrestling is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first, they represent Team Supreme...

[There is a loud chorus of boos just at the mention of the name, as Rebecca Ortiz looks over her card with a shake of her head.]

RO: Claiming to hail from "the Hysterical Realm", and stating to weigh, and I quote, "the combined sorrow of the Lynch family"...

[This is not popular in Oklahoma City, to say the least, as fans gasp in disbelief, then roar with disapproval. Several pieces of trash get thrown at the ring, as the referee steps over to shield Rebecca.]

RO: They are... PARISSSSSSSSSS CRAWWWWWWWWWFORRRRRRRRD!

[Unfamiliar music, "Elegia" by New Order, starts to play over the public address as the lights drop to a near blackout. A spotlight hits the entrance as the mournful song plays, and the weapon of Team Supreme calmly walks to the ring amidst the barrage of garbage thrown at them.]

SA: What a completely different reaction from just a few weeks ago, Colt.

CP: What a disrespectful show by these yokels, Albano.

SA: Disrespectful?! After what they did to Johnny Detson? After what Team Supreme did to the Lynch family? Paris Crawford was rapidly becoming a fan favorite here in the AWA, and they threw it all away to join a group of jackals!

CP: They threw away nothing! Heck, they probably wouldn't even be in the AWA if it wasn't for those "jackals", as you call them. They were protecting themselves against Detson, just like I'm sure they were protecting themselves at the Red Wedding! Look, when you look like Paris Crawford looks, when you carry yourself like they do, you have to know how to protect yourself in all circumstances.

SA: I can't believe you're sticking up for them.

CP: Pretty's gotta look out for pretty, Albano, and they're ALMOST as pretty as me, if you can believe that.

[As Albano sighs in exasperation, Crawford ignores the reaction from the fans as they slowly climbs into the ring, removing their now-antiquated Mifune-gun tracksuit top. They are wearing an all-black ensemble of tank top (with their personal KAMS logo, with the A replaced by an upside down broken heart), leather shorts, kneepads, shinpads, and boots, along with fishnet stockings. They have tied their long black hair for this week into a ponytail, and once they enter the ring, they spin on a heel to stare back towards the entrance. The lights come back up as the music fades, and Crawford remains unmoved, glaring.]

SA: It's hard to believe this is the same person, Colt. They look like they have ice water running through their veins.

CP: Hey, like I said, Albano, you gotta do what you gotta do to get by out there. They seem to know what that means.

SA: And I suppose we don't have to like it.

CP: You better believe it, jack.

[After a few moments, the entryway is bathed in eerie turquoise and magenta lighting as "Vale of Shadows" by Gunship plays through the arena. A lean looking figure in a floor-length high-collared suede coat the color of charcoal appears.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponent... fighting out of the Broken Arrow Ranch, Saskatchewan... weighing in at 220 pounds...

...JAAAACKSON... HUNNNTERRR!

[The former National Champion appears to be all business as he strides down the aisle towards the ring, his face not betraying at all his feelings about the solidly split reaction he's getting from the crowd. He shrugs out of the trenchcoat about halfway down the aisle, a sterner expression coming into play as he points a threatening finger at Crawford who stifles a yawn before examining their fingernails.]

SA: Jackson Hunter - after the footage we just saw - it's no surprise he's out for payback here tonight, Colt.

CP: I'm sure he is... but I'm also sure that where one Team Supreme member is standing, the rest aren't too far away. Hunter better watch himself.

[Standing in a sleeveless black and grey rash guard and baggy black and silver snakeskin pants, Hunter breaks into a charge, diving under the ropes into the ring. He comes up quick and he comes up swinging as referee Shari Miranda leaps back, signaling for a bell...]

"DING! DING! DING!

[...and Hunter storms a somewhat-surprised Crawford who falls back in a defensive posture as Hunter overwhelms them with wild rights and lefts, shouting loudly as he does!]

SA: Jackson Hunter off to quick and wild start here, showing no control over his emotions right now... which is unusual for someone as calculating as he is.

[Grabbing an arm, Hunter whips Crawford across the ring... or attempts to as Crawford reverses, shooting Hunter towards the corner where the veteran manages to pull off a somersault as he draws near, flipping over the ropes to the outside of the ring...]

SA: Whoa ho! Impressive move by Jackson Hunter...

[Crawford rushes the ropes, throwing a clothesline that Hunter ducks under to avoid it...

...and then flattens Crawford with a clothesline of his own!]

SA: Ohhh! Hunter drops Crawford in the opening moments of this one and-

[Hunter dives through the ropes, dropping an elbow down onto Crawford as he gets clear of the ropes...

...and then takes the mount, raining down right hands as the crowd goes wild!]

SA: And just like that, Jackson Hunter's bringing the fight here in OKC to Paris Crawford!

[The referee's warning and count forces Hunter to get up, hands raised innocently as he converses with the official...]

SA: Hunter pleading his case to referee-

[...which is when Crawford spins on the mat, swinging a foot into the back of Hunter's left knee, taking him down!]

SA: -OH! Crawford sweeps the legs, taking him down...

[And from their back, Crawford snaps off a pair of upkicks to the cheekbone of Hunter, causing him to fall backwards from his knee down onto his back on the canvas!]

SA: ...and a pair of kicks finds the mark as well and just like that, it's Paris Crawford who is in control!

[Crawford shows off their agility by kipping up off the mat...

...and then shows their brutality with a well-aimed diving elbow with the point of the elbow smashing into Hunter's exposed throat!]

SA: OH! COME ON!

CP: Perfectly legal blow!

SA: The point of the elbow right into the throat! Hunter can't even... he can't breathe, Colt! Jackson Hunter coughing violently down on the mat, grabbing at his neck...

CP: Crawford should stay on him and...

[The crowd suddenly ERUPTS in jeers as Crawford backs off, a smirk on their face as we see Cain Jackson and AJ Martinez lumbering down the aisle towards the ring.]

CP: ...and maybe not! Here comes KAMS!

SA: The Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad has arrived on the scene and this can't be good news for Jackson Hunter!

CP: We may be about to see a live version of what we saw on that tape earlier.

[Despite the protesting official, Jackson and Martinez dive under the ropes into the ring. Martinez pulls a gasping Hunter off the mat, wrapping a big paw around the throat...]

SA: This near seven foot monster grabs hold of Hunter annnnnnd...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...CHOOOOOOKESLAAAAAAAM!

[The body of the former leader of the Axis BOUNCES off the canvas at the ferocious power of the near seven footer, leaving him in a pile on the canvas as Cain Jackson

stares down at him from a perch on the top rope and the referee signals for the bell...]

“DING! DING! DING!”

SA: Martinez puts down Hunter... and now Cain Jackson's up top, all 285 pounds of him! This one's going to be a disqualification win for Hunter but at what cost?!

[...and leaps off, pumping his arms and legs as he SLAMS down onto the unmoving Hunter to jeers from the crowd!]

SA: HARD RAIN! The rain is coming down in OKC with that frog splash and Jackson Hunter had no umbrella to protect him!

[Jackson pops up off the mat, looking around the ring and finds Paris Crawford sitting on the top turnbuckle, looking bored...

...until Jackson points at them with a loud “YOUR TURN!” at which point Crawford gleefully claps before spinning on the buckle to stand up top, watching as Jackson and Martinez kneel down on the mat, holding Hunter down and his head back to fully expose his throat...]

SA: Wait a second now... what is this?

CP: We saw this back at SuperClash, Sal!

SA: This is how they beat the Dogs of War!

CP: Yeah, but at SuperClash they landed that flying forearm on the chest... and if I'm reading this right, Big Sal... they're taking aim at Hunter's throat this time!

SA: Somebody's gotta stop this! A blow like that to the throat will do... there's no telling what kind of damage it'll do!

[Crawford stands tall, swinging their arm around as Jackson and Martinez hold Hunter in position, imploring Crawford to pluck the thorn from their side...

...which is when the AWA faithful goes WILD!]

SA: JAMES! BRIAN JAMES IS HERE!

[The Engine of Destruction makes short work of the run down the aisle, diving headfirst under the ropes...

...where he finds that Crawford has already warned their allies, who have now pulled back from the ring in a retreat as a fired-up Brian James shouts down at them from inside the ring, standing over a laid out Hunter.]

SA: And look at those cowards run for it! Even with a three on one advantage, they still wanted no part of Brian James.

CP: You call it cowardice, I call it strategy 'cause to me it looked like they wanted Hunter tonight - not Brian James.

[From the outside, Cain Jackson returns verbal fire with a shout of “YOUR TIME IS COMING, JAMES!” as they back down the aisle.]

CP: See, right there... Cain Jackson just said it himself... trust me, Sal - they've got plans for the Son of the Blackheart...

SA: Speaking of whom, James is asking for a mic so apparently he's got something to say to this band of jackals!

[Microphone in hand, the Son of the Blackheart stares straight ahead at the three members of KAMS.]

BJ: I want the three of you to take a message to your boss...

[There's a roar of approval from the crowd.]

BJ: When this all began, when your boss set me up, I said one thing. Do you remember?

I said that everyone should've known it wasn't me who laid out Detson, because when I lay someone out? I don't do in the dark, and I don't do it from behind.

And your boss? He's about to find out how true those words were.

[James turns to points directly into the camera.]

BJ: Because I'm coming for you, Wright. You're in my crosshairs, and when I take my shot? Well, I haven't missed yet.

Years ago, Wright, you almost ruined my hand? You remember? And do you remember what came of that?

Do you remember Boston? Do you remember when I choked you out? That was nothing... NOTHING compared to what I've got planned for you.

You tried to ruin my name, you tried to steal my career. But you made a mistake, Wright. Same mistake you made all those years ago with this hand...

[James holds his right hand up.]

BJ: You didn't put an end to me. And now you gotta pay the price. I said you were in my crosshairs...

And that target?

[James curls his hand into a fist.]

BJ: It's painted right on your heart.

But you're not first...

[James stares at the members of KAMS, zeroing in on AJ Martinez. His half brother.]

BJ: I'm not what they call a strategist, but I know that so long as a single member of Team Supreme is breathing, I'm not gonna be able to get to the boss. But that's fine.

Hurting a lot of people has never been a problem for you.

So this is for you, Junior... and all the people you've surrounded yourself with. I'm going to take each and every one of you down. Cain, Mifune... Crawford. I'll go through you all. You decide the order, because I don't really give a damn who it is, you're all marked, and none of you has a future that could be called "promising."

And as for you...

[James turns to look at the revived, though still somewhat dazed Hunter.]

BJ: I told you I owed you, and here's how I'll pay you back – you stand with me, and we take them out together.

And I'll give you the revenge you deserve.

You good with that?

[Hunter looks a little uneasy to even be having this discussion.]

JH: An excellent plan, with one drawback... I think I've been reminded since my return to active competition that I'm highly allergic to pain, and so for medical reasons...

[Brian James chuckles, but it isn't a happy or mirthful noise.]

BJ: Oh, you thought I was asking you.

[James shakes his head.]

BJ: Remember what I said earlier? This isn't a request, Hunter. You're in this, I'm in this, and that means we're in this together.

Now...

[James narrows his eyes.]

BJ: You good with that?

[Hunter gulps, then eyeballs Team Supreme up the aisle.]

JH: I think...

[He tilts his head slightly, seeing something only he can perceive in Crawford, Martinez and Jackson.]

JH: ...I may already have a scheme in mind.

[Hunter gives James a sly look.]

JH: Going my way, Blackheart?

[And with that, James actually grins as he extends his hand to Hunter who gives a sigh before taking it.]

SA: Wow! Like it or not... and Jackson Hunter certainly seems unsure about that... Jackson Hunter and Brian James have formed an alliance before our very eyes here tonight in Oklahoma City! And look out Team Supreme because that may be a pair that no number of thugs can hold back!

CP: I don't know about that. Team Supreme seems united and dangerous and this team of James and Hunter seems unlikely and overmatched to me, Albano.

SA: That remains to be seen... and they're not the ONLY ones who've got issues with Team Supreme as of late because right now, we're going backstage to Sweet Lou who is standing by with the World Tag Team Champions! Lou?

[We cut to backstage where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell with the members of Next Gen. Howie Somers is to Blackwell's right and is dressed in a black polo shirt and

khakis. Daniel Harper is to Blackwell's left and is dressed in a white San Antonio Spurs T-shirt and blue jeans. Each member of Next Gen has a World Tag Team Title strapped around his waist.]

SLB: Thanks, Big Sal! I am indeed here with Next Gen, who is coming off a successful title defense inside the steel cage at AWA10. Howie and Daniel, one might say that the match was proof that war is hell.

[Somers takes a deep breath as Harper nods at his partner. Somers, for his part, looks rather peeved about something.]

HS: War, Sweet Lou... I thought after that steel cage match, after what you call war, that we could settle down and enjoy some beautiful moments for a change.

Don't get me wrong... Daniel and I were happy to have successfully defended these belts, to pay our respects to Gordon Myers and to see him get a wonderful send-off with his family to share in it. And then we thought we'd get to enjoy another beautiful moment, perhaps the most beautiful moment one could ever experience in a lifetime.

[He shakes his head.]

HS: You know, when I told everyone at the Golden Grapples that I had proposed to the love of my life, I had no idea Supreme Wright had done the same. Part of me wondered if I had stolen his thunder. But I knew how happy I was when the love of my life said yes, so I was truly happy that he had found the person he wanted to spend the rest of his life with.

[Somers' face twists into something quite different.]

HS: But you said something about war being hell, Sweet Lou... well, what was supposed to be a beautiful moment turned into a night of hell.

And I heard what Supreme Wright had to say earlier tonight. He wants to blame Brian James for ruining his moment, blame Jack Lynch for making him live a lie.

[His gaze narrows and he points a finger at the camera.]

HS: No, Supreme Wright... you ruined the moment! You used the whole affair to set up an entire family! You turned what was supposed to be a wonderful occasion into a night of hell!

So help me God, if anybody were to do that at my wedding, I...

[His voice trails off and he lets loose another deep breath. Harper, at that point, gestures toward him.]

DH: Hey, take it easy, my friend... I'll take it from here.

[He then turns to Blackwell.]

DH: You want to know what I think about this whole thing, Sweet Lou?

SLB: [shrugs] You tell me, Daniel.

DH: I think there's a lot more to it than Supreme Wright is letting on. All you have to do is look at Takeshi Mifune... how he seemed to be enjoying himself in hitting any Lynch family member in his sights!

[He turns to the camera, a fiery look in his eyes.]

DH: Mifune, I still haven't forgotten about went down on Power Hour a few weeks back! Now maybe I deserved a little of that, and maybe I was wrong about referring to your age.

But what I saw go down at AWA10, I saw somebody who was just manipulating events, maybe even manipulating Supreme Wright himself, just waiting for his moment to strike and prove to everybody just how truly sadistic he is!

You make me sick to my stomach, Mifune! You take pleasure in causing pain and suffering during what is supposed to bring happiness and joy to a family... well, this is no longer about Power Hour, but about you answering to the two of us for putting Theresa Lynch through hell!

And then... Bret Grayson...

[His voice trails off and, now, you can see a hint of frustration on Harper's face.]

DH: You know, we were proud that you agreed to have our backs at SuperClash. And we were proud to hold up our end of the bargain and grant you and, yeah, Mifune a shot at the belts around our waists.

But I would never... I mean, NEVER... expect that you would willingly take part in ruining such a sacred moment!

[He then points to the camera.]

DH: But if that's how you're going to play it, Bret... fine! Howie and I are still men of our word, and we're still going to give you and Mifune a shot at the belts we wear! But let me leave you and your partner with this message.

If you thought that the steel cage match we had with the Soldiers of Fortune was hell, believe me... you haven't even seen what hell we can really bring!

[He turns away and shakes his head in disgust. After a moment, he turns back around and gestures to Somers, who has stood there in silence.]

DH: You got anything else?

[Somers is quiet for a moment.]

HS: Just one thing... Violence Unlimited, kick some ass tonight! Now, Daniel, we've got a match to keep an eye on.

[He gestures for Harper to follow him. The tag team champions then depart the set.]

SLB: Worth asking if Team Supreme may be getting more than they bargained for after that Red Wedding. Fans, we've got to take a quick break but when we come back, it'll be Raphael Rhodes in action so don't you dare go away!

[We fade out on the grinning Blackwell...

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

#When you wish..#

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

#...upon a star#

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

#Makes no difference who you are...#

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

#Anything your...#

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

#...heart desires will...#

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

#...come to you.#

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

"Ryan Martinez, you and..."

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

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

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

RM: I'm going to Disneyland!

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

And we fade back on the back of the AWA National Champion Jordan Ohara. He is dressed in a plain white T-shirt with a Phoenix symbol on the back and skinny jeans. He turns around to show the front of the shirt. "The Phoenix Jordan Ohara" is written across the front in Carolina blue channe font. Ohara's hair is in a Samurai topknot and his Van Dyke beard has grown in completely. He has the National Title in his hand. He lifts it to drape over his shoulder, patting the title faceplate.]

JO: The stage is set! National Wrestling Night on ABC! In one corner ... the seven foot giant, Rob Donovan. In the other corner, the Sin City Savior Sid Osborne and across the ring in the champion's corner ... the Once in a Millennium Talent Jordan Ohara ... the AWA National champion ... JORDAN OHARA!

[A bright smile spreads across the young champion's lips.]

JO: I've always dreamt it would be like this! Me, the National Champion, challenging myself with the greatest matches. I love it!

[Ohara looks into the camera.]

JO: I seem to be the only one of the three of us who does, though. Sid Osborne is mad because he thinks he should already be the champion. Rob Donovan is mad because he thinks it should be me and him. But both men have a legitimate claim to challenge me.

Rob Donovan and I have unfinished business. We fought and he thought he could have won, but he didn't. Not by the rules. I did. Sid Osborne and I fought. He thought he won, but he didn't. Not by the rules. I did.

And neither Sid nor Rob like each because they pointed out to the referees that the other didn't win according to the rules. I did.

Now we three men have an issue. And I want to settle it like men.

[Ohara pauses. He smirks sardonically.]

JO: I know what you're thinking. What's my issue with these two men? You beat them both. Why are you involved in this? Why did you make it a triple threat match? Why? Because I didn't beat them clean. I didn't prove to the world that I am the better man. So I haven't done right by my National Title. And I will always do right by my title. I don't care if you call me a kid. I don't care if you call me a boy scout.

I care that you call me a good champion.

I care that you call me the greatest champion.

[Ohara regards the camera seriously. He has revealed his essence to the viewer.]

JO: A champion can never run and hide. A champion has to fight. A champion has to prove himself each and every time he steps in that ring. That's what my father instilled in me. That's what my mother preached. Even Mifune-sensei drilled that into me as he was chopping the skin off my chest in Japan. You must fight. You must prove that you are the champion every time you face an opponent. You must honor your title. And right now two men can dispute my claim to this title. There is no honor in being a champion with an asterisk next to your name. There is no certainty when two men can lay an arguable claim to the championship as well.

I don't want the people to think I'm only champion because I got lucky. I am not a fluke champion. I am not a joke champion. I felt that humiliation the first time I won the National Championship. I slayed the dragon and defeated Maxim Zharkov and then I got humiliated by Jackson Hunter and my championship reign was reduced to a joke. I swore that I would never let that happen to me again.

[Ohara is dejected at the memory.]

JO: So Osborne and Donovan think they have a claim to my title, I respectfully disagree and I'm going to prove that I'm right and that I am the National champion.

National Wrestling Night on ABC ... network television ... the Phoenix is going to fly and take on two men at one time ... one a giant, the other a killer in the ring. And I am going to beat them both and hold my championship high.

And there will be no doubt as to who the National Champion is. I promise you all that.

[Ohara nods confidently as he places a possessive hand over the title belt once more...

...and we cut to a different part of the backstage area where Interim President Zharkov is deep in conversation with Adam Rogers and Kevin Slater.]

MZ: Hmm. Yes. I have spoken with him and he says he'll also be at Showtime next weekend.

[Slater nods.]

KS: Sounds like another great show... and this time, it's without us on camera.

[Slater smirks as he punches Rogers in the arm. Rogers shakes his head.]

AR: Can't take this guy anywhere. You need anything else from us tonight?

[Zharkov seems about to respond when his gaze drifts past Rogers, a curious look on his face...

...and as the camera pulls back a little further, it reveals the former National Champion Travis Lynch standing near.]

MZ: No... you can go.

[Rogers gives Slater a questioning look and gets a very subtle head shake in response as the Natural shrugs and exits, leaving Zharkov behind with Lynch.]

MZ: Mr. Lynch, it has been a while.

[Travis nods.]

TL: We may be on good enough terms that we don't rip each other's head off at the sight of each other but I figured why push it, right?

[Zharkov smiles, giving a nod.]

MZ: I am to assume you are here about Supreme Wright.

[Lynch pauses... then shakes his head.]

TL: No. I guess I should be though. I should be lining up to take my shot too at that piece of trash after what he did to Theresa... hell, after what he did to my whole family!

[Zharkov nods.]

TL: But I promised Jack...

[Travis sighs.]

TL: I told Jack that since he was closest to him, he gets first crack... but if the opportunity comes up, Zharkov...

[Zharkov raises a hand.]

MZ: I will... keep you in mind, yes?

[Travis calms down a little, sighing again.]

TL: Thanks. And sorry. I just can't even believe that went down with him that way. I can't believe he got the jump on all of us... and you know, I just have to wonder if maybe I was thinking with a clearer head the last couple of years, maybe I would have seen something or... understood something... or been able to see the wicked heart behind those cold eyes... I don't know, Max.

[Travis leans against a production case, obviously having a rough time processing his world as of late.]

TL: And then you add in all the stuff with Bobby... and the Blackjacks. You know the only higher power I believe in is the man upstairs, Max, but... I don't know. Sometimes I just feel like my whole family's been cursed for a long damn time now.

[Lynch sits in silence for a few awkward moments as Zharkov looks upon his former rival with something resembling pity in his eyes.]

TL: Jeez... sorry... again. I came here on business and... well, I just can't believe everything that's been happening for...

[He pauses, waving a hand.]

TL: ...seems like forever. But the reason I came here, Max, is to find out what's going with Larry Wallace. You know, the Wallaces and the Lynches are as old school as it gets. My dad loves to tell stories about him and Battlin' Burt beating the heck out of each other all over Texas and Minnesota and... well, pretty much everywhere that would book 'em and that was a ton of places... and so we've known each other's family for a long time. Now, we ain't always seen eye to eye...

[Travis smirks at Zharkov.]

TL: But neither have you and I, right? But Larry? Larry's been there for me in the past and he was there for me and Jack two weeks ago too. He got a raw deal when Castillo took over and I know he was trying to get his job back after what happened in New Orleans. You got any news for me?

[Zharkov nods his head, giving Travis a long once over before speaking.]

MZ: Da. I have news. But before I say it...

[Zharkov pauses again.]

MZ: Travis, your family has been through much... as you say.

[Travis nods.]

MZ: And I... feel pain for you, yes?

[Travis grins.]

TL: Not exactly but I get what you're saying.

[Zharkov shakes his head.]

MZ: Larry Wallace... he is... was... Team Supreme.

[Travis pauses, looking surprised.]

TL: Yeah... actually, yeah... he was. But that was a long time ago.

[Zharkov nods.]

MZ: Just like Cain Jackson... long time ago.

TL: Right but...

[Travis pauses, running a hand through his hair.]

TL: You don't think he'd-

[Zharkov raises his hands.]

MZ: I do not know. But... before I make decision, I wanted you to remember who you are dealing with.

[Travis chews his lower lip thoughtfully for a moment.]

TL: Yeah... but Larry's not like that anymore. I want him back.

[Zharkov nods his head.]

MZ: Consider it complete. Mr. Wallace has new contract effective tomorrow.

[There are cheers from inside the arena as Travis smiles.]

TL: Thanks, man... I appreciate that. And the warning too.

[Travis extends a hand towards his former rival who gives it a few seconds study before reaching out to accept to more cheers inside the arena as we fade once again, this time to some pre-taped footage thanks to the graphic marking "EARLIER TODAY" as, from left to right, we see Raphael Rhodes, Dana Kaiser, and "Sweet" Lou Blackwell. Rhodes has the hood on his sweatshirt up, and his eyes fixed to the floor as he rests his hands on his hips.]

SLB: Before we get down to brass tacks about tonight's action, Raphael Rhodes, Dana Kaiser, I'd like to bend your ears about something that happened two weeks ago. The two of you were in attendance for the Red Wedding, yet we did not see this man involved in the fray physically.

[Blackwell points at Rhodes.]

SLB: What the fans did not see, and unfortunately our cameras were not able to capture, was that the two of you were assisting people with vacating the premises when that whole terrible ordeal started. How did that come about?

DK: I don't think that either of us deserves recognition for that, Mr. Blackwell. We were there to see a joyous occasion, and considering what happened, the least we could have done was help out, and in that moment, we decided it was for the best to help get as many to safety as we could.

SLB: You know, out of the corner of my eye, I saw Juan Vasquez doing much the same.

[Rhodes removes his hood, a glare in his eyes.]

RR: What are you sayin', Blackwell?

[Blackwell puts up a hand.]

SLB: I don't mean to offend, of course, it's just... considering how different the two of you are, for you to have done the same thing during that horrible occasion, it was interesting.

[Kaiser puts her hand on Rhodes' shoulder, as Rhodes puts the hood of his sweatshirt back up.]

DK: Consider it a coincidence, nothing more.

[Blackwell holds up a hand, half in apology, half to change the subject.]

SLB: Speaking of coincidences, before the whole ordeal took place, we saw Raphael chatting with Paris Crawford. Of course, fate brings those two together on Showtime next week, as those two will meet in the Royal Crown.

DK: Fate is cruel, isn't it, Mr. Blackwell? I'm sure there will be a lot of things to be said in the coming week about that matchup, especially with the recent revelation of Mx. Crawford and their teammates in Mifune-gun being reassembled as Team Supreme, but that analysis shall have to wait. We have tonight's matchup in front of us, and no opponent can be overlooked.

SLB: That's right. I understand that you spoke with Interim President Zharkov to request an opponent for tonight?

DK: I did. With such a unique opponent next week in Paris Crawford, as well as Memorial Day Mayhem and a match that Raph has been waiting years for on the horizon, not just any opponent is suitable. I made a request of Mr. Zharkov, and he saw it fit to grant that request.

SLB: And I understand that Raphael does not know who he is facing?

DK: Correct, by design. Little is known about Paris Crawford's true skill, but for them to be recruited into Team Supreme says much about them. Takeshi Mifune and Supreme Wright don't sit back and keep mascots arounds because they are cute little flukes. Raphael must be prepared to face the unknown, because the unknown must be very capable. And of course, as we have discussed in the past, there are many ways that Juan Vasquez can defeat you.

[Kaiser smirks.]

DK: But to face someone who knows much about Raphael, as Juan Vasquez would know, that would be quite a test of his preparation, and that is what I have arranged tonight.

[Underneath the hood, Rhodes' eyebrow arches, and he starts to crack his knuckles.]

SLB: Well, preparation is something we certainly can't fault you for. Best of luck tonight.

DK: Thank you, Mr. Blackwell.

[Rhodes storms off as Kaiser nods. We cut back to Rebecca Ortiz, standing in the center of the ring.]

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 RHOOOOOOOOODESSSSSSSS!

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

OHHHHHHHHHHHHH 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.]

SA: In all my years of following this great sport, Colt, there hasn't been anyone quite with the same intensity as this Englishman!

CP: He's up there, Albano, but for all his intensity, he got a long way to go to put his name in that upper echelon of true greats. Memorial Day Mayhem will mark a year since he came back to the AWA, and he's wanted that shot at Juan Vasquez. He's gonna get it, but I got a question for him... what's he gonna do if he loses this one?

SA: The way he's been training and preparing, I dare not think about how he'll respond. I'm sure you'll agree, though, that he's never been more focused than he's been since it's been confirmed that he'll be the final opponent at the end of Juan Vasquez's legendary career.

CP: Yeah, we'll see if he can keep it. I don't think he will. Too many days left to keep it at this level.

[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 lime green trunks with the phrase "Lux ex tenebris" across the left hip in white writing, along with lime green kneepads featuring the three lion paw clutching arrows design in white outlined by navy blue, as well as lime green shinpads over white wrestling shoes. Kaiser is wearing a lime green hoodie along with navy blue leggings and white sneakers, and has her white towel over her shoulder. Rhodes shadowboxes in the corner as his music fades, while Kaiser conferences with Ortiz.]

SA: There we see Dana Kaiser, having a chat with Rebecca Ortiz...

CP: What's up with this, Albano, she cut some kind of a sweetheart deal with that Ruskie Zharkov? Trying to give her man a cakewalk to Vasquez?

SA: I doubt that very much, Colt. If anything, she's made the path as hard as possible.

[Kaiser finishes talking with Ortiz, who nods at the trainer vigorously. Kaiser goes back over to Rhodes, and husband and wife's eyes meet as she tells him to stay focused.]

RO: Aaaaaand his opponent...

[The crowd murmurs for a brief moment as Rebecca lets the tension build.]

RO: He is from Dansville, New York, and he weighs 198 pounds... BILLYYYYYYYYYY CLAAAAAAAASSONNNNNNNNN!

[The crowd reacts with surprise and confusion as "The Crowning of Atlantis" by Therion begins to play, and, well... let's let Big Sal do what he does best.]

SA: No way! You've got to be kidding me! Fans, you've heard me mention this name in passing lots of times in the past, including earlier tonight during Michelle Bailey's match! That man trained her... heck, he helped train this man in the ring!

CP: So I was right! Dana Kaiser did set up a cakewalk for Raphael Rhodes tonight! Ain't no way that a trainer's not gonna take it easy on his own student!

SA: Oh Colt, if you only knew how wrong your words were.

CP: I take offense to that remark, Albano.

[From the entrance walks an older man, with greying sandy blond hair and a bushy beard, dressed in a faded "Rhodes-Classon Wrestling Academy" T-shirt. He is also wearing black Nike gym shorts, black kneepads, and black leather shinpads with no shoes. He climbs into the ring, removing his shirt, still looking in good athletic shape for his age.]

CP: How old is this guy, Albano?

SA: Late-40s, early-50s.

CP: Remarkably non-specific.

SA: How was I supposed to know he was going to be here?! Look, here's what I know about him. You know all those guys you complained about as being "tape trader wonders"?

CP: Yeah?

SA: This guy is the hero of those guys. For years, people lauded him as "your favorite wrestler's favorite wrestler".

CP: Oh jeez.

SA: You've heard me mention, along with Jeremy Rhodes, Billy Classon trained Michelle Bailey and Shane Destiny, and about a hundred other people. He's a black belt in four different martial arts, including jiu-jitsu and judo. He's a technical wizard on the mat... a tape of an hour draw he wrestled back in 2002 was such a hot commodity on the scene that he got an EMWC World Title match against Chris Courtade.

CP: Wait. He's THAT guy?

SA: Yes, Colt, he's THAT guy.

CP: Well, isn't that great. Tell me something, Albano, what's he going to do now?

SA: I suppose we're going to find out. Sweet San Angelo, someone pinch me, I can't believe this is real.

CP: I ain't pinchin' you, Albano.

[The bell sounds as we see a grinning Raphael Rhodes looking at a glaring Billy Classon. The two face each other in the center of the ring as referee Scott Ezra instructs them to wrestle. Classon holds a fist towards a palm and bows slightly towards Rhodes, keeping his eyes on his former student.]

SA: Typical show of respect there by the teacher.

CP: So I can see where Michelle Bailey got that goody-two-shoes streak of hers from.

[Rhodes starts to return the favor, but with one crucial difference.

He doesn't keep his eyes on Classon.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: Ha! Maybe I'm wrong!

SA: Billy Classon kicked Raphael Rhodes right between the eyes! What was that all about?

[Rhodes staggers back a little, as Classon glares at Rhodes, shouting "WHAT DID I TEACH YOU?! NEVER TAKE YOUR EYES OFF AN OPPONENT!", then follows up with a hellacious shin kick to the back of Rhodes' head, sending him to the mat!]

SA: Did you hear that, Colt? Rhodes took his eyes off his trainer, and his trainer made him pay!

CP: I sure did, Albano, and he's right! I'm really surprised Rhodes would make that kind of mistake, even if it was against his trainer.

SA: From what I understand, this is the first time Billy Classon has wrestled - and I mean whatsoever - since 2014. He hasn't had any kind of a full-time schedule for close to a decade. If Raphael Rhodes thought this was going to be an easy out based on inactivity, Billy Classon just reminded him of who he is.

[Classon remains in a fighting stance waiting for Rhodes to stand as Kaiser shouts for Rhodes to stay focused and not take his opponent lightly. Rhodes looks up at his trainer with a smirk, mouthing "it's like that, is it?"...

...then dives at Classon's leg!]

SA: Rhodes going for a single leg takedown, but Classon with a sprawl to defend!

CP: How many times have those two done this exact thing over the years, Albano?

SA: It has to have been hundreds. Classon was business partners with Raphael Rhodes' uncle Jeremy dating all the way back to 1997, he's known this man since he was a kid. In fact, when I was speaking with Michelle Bailey about her early career, she told me that one of the first times she met Raphael Rhodes, it was when he was all of 14 years old and visiting his uncle Jeremy during the summer. Even then, he was training.

CP: That whole family has wrestling in their blood, so that one of them was training at 14 is possibly the least surprising thing you could have told me.

[Rhodes continues to try and take Classon down, eventually rising up to get better leverage, then tripping Classon's plant leg to put him on his back. Rhodes tries to pass into side control, but Classon throws a palm strike right at the side of Rhodes' head, staggering him a little and causing Rhodes to back off.]

SA: Classon able to catch Rhodes there, and now both men back to a standing position.

CP: Not often you see one of those palm strikes from the ground like that, right?

SA: You won't see Classon throw many punches anyway. He was a proponent of throwing palm strikes and slaps, because with the ferocity in which he strikes, you can more easily break a knuckle with a punch.

CP: They must not throw those punches right, then.

SA: You ever heard Raphael Rhodes' slap?

CP: Yeah, what of it?

SA: Guess where he learned it from.

[Rhodes gives Classon space to get back to his feet, then puts his hands up. Classon gives Rhodes a nod, and Rhodes throws a slap at Classon's head, which Classon ducks under. Classon grabs at Rhodes' wrist, but Rhodes drives a knee directly into Classon's sternum.]

SA: Big knee right into the sternum, and Rhodes now dipping behind Classon, looking for a rear waistlock perhaps?

[Classon nods his head and immediately switches around to his own rear waistlock, then hoists his former student into the air. He thrusts a leg underneath Rhodes' hip, slamming him down to the mat face-first. Classon quickly spins on Rhodes' back into a north-south position, then aims a knee into Rhodes' head, but Rhodes just barely gets a hand up to absorb some of the blow.]

CP: Rhodes has got to get his head in the game, Albano, or this guy's gonna knock that head right off.

SA: Classon looking for a second knee, trying to drive it in, and Rhodes again with the hand up... oh wait! Look at this! Just as Classon goes for the knee, Rhodes dove forward at the other leg!

[Rhodes manages to sweep Classon's legs underneath him, trying to find an advantageous position. He throws a hard forearm at Classon's head, but Classon manages to block most of the impact by getting his hand up. We hear Dana Kaiser at ringside shouting for Rhodes to stay aggressive, and Rhodes throws another forearm that Classon similarly absorbs most of the impact with his arms.]

SA: A combination of grappling and striking on the ground, a hallmark of both of these competitors.

CP: Hey Albano, every time Juan Vasquez is wrestling, we see Rhodes and Kaiser out there, taking notes and discussing. We never see Vasquez out here when Rhodes is wrestling.

SA: You know, Colt, you're right. Why do you think that is?

CP: If I had to guess, it's because Vasquez holds all the cards against Rhodes. Those two may not like each other a single bit, but Vasquez has had the edge over Rhodes in every single encounter. He probably doesn't think he needs to know anything else about Rhodes to beat him, and it's hard to argue against his record.

SA: And you don't think the fact that they haven't fought each other in close to a decade might change his attitude?

CP: Well, he's sure not gonna be so stupid as to telegraph it! He didn't become world-famous by showing everyone his cards before putting his chips in. Rhodes is the one who's got the most to prove at Memorial Day Mayhem, so of course he's going to show everyone that he's keeping his eyes on the prize.

[Rhodes continues to grapple his former trainer and mentor, looking for an opening, but Classon throws a strike up at Rhodes' head, resulting in a slap that reverberates through the Chesapeake Energy Center. Rhodes grits his teeth and absorbs the strike, throwing a slap of his own...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Mother of Mary, what a strike by Rhodes!

CP: Scott Ezra's lookin' in close, too.

SA: He certainly is. With as hard as these two hit, you never know when a knockout shot may come.

[Rhodes looks to throw another strike, but suddenly, Classon's legs wrap around his arm!]

SA: Ohhhh Colt, this could be trouble! Billy Classon used armbars throughout his career! He was one of the most frequent users of the flying armbar in the early-2000s!

CP: So you're saying if Rhodes doesn't get his arm loose, this could be over?

SA: Absolutely! Keep an eye on Classon's hips! If he can twist his hips and hyperextend Rhodes' elbow, this is over!

[Rhodes remains calm as Kaiser slams her hands on the mat, Classon ramming his calf muscle against Rhodes' bicep. Rhodes links his hands together, then pushes his shoulder against the back of Classon's knees.]

SA: Rhodes defending against the armbar in a couple of ways there... Scott Ezra counting down Classon's shoulders! That's one! That's two!

[Classon calmly lifts his shoulder blade off the mat, as Ezra stops the count and Rhodes continues to push against the back of Classon's knees.]

CP: How about that, Albano? Just a sneaky little raise of the shoulder blade off the mat!

SA: That's about as much as one can do to maintain their position while keeping their shoulder off the mat, Colt. Rhodes is trying to put all of his weight onto the back of Classon's legs, to force a stack and a pin, and Classon keeping his shoulder off the mat while also trying to work and get that armbar.

[Classon continues to push the calf muscle against Rhodes' bicep, but Rhodes suddenly hoists his mentor into the air...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: That's one way to loosen a grip!

SA: Rhodes lifts Classon up and slams him onto the mat!

[Rhodes feels Classon's grip loosen just slightly, and steps in between Classon's legs. He steps down on Classon's arm, breaking Classon's grip, then immediately spins around, applying his legs like a vice around Classon's right leg. As he does so, he grabs hold of Classon's foot and wrenches the ankle!]

SA: Look at that! An escape and an immediate transition into a hold of his own!

[Classon lunges for the ropes, but Rhodes twists the ankle further, causing Classon to shout out and tap the mat! Scott Ezra steps in, and as Rhodes feels the tap, he releases the hold, with the bell sounding.]

SA: And just that quickly, Colt! Raphael Rhodes escaped the armbar, created a bit of distance, and latches on that anklelock with the leg scissors to get the submission!

CP: Wait a second, how did it happen that quickly? Show it again!

SA: Take another look at the replay, Colt!

[And the shot on screen changes to show the mentioned replay.]

CP: Show me how this works.

SA: You can see, Rhodes had a small window to pry open, and the slam on the mat did just that! Then from there, he twists around to wrench the leg and create space for the leg scissors, while also twisting the ankle in the ankle lock!

CP: And he did that in what, two seconds? Three seconds?

SA: About that long, yes.

[The replay fades as Rhodes helps Classon up to his feet and Dana Kaiser steps into the ring. Classon offers a hand, and we hear "you got me, good work" from the veteran to his former student. Rhodes shakes Classon's hand, and Classon slaps him on the shoulder...

...and we cut down to ringside to Sal and Colt.]

SA: Raphael Rhodes with a quick win here over his mentor, Billy Classon, and Colt, that goes to show that if Rhodes gets an opening, he's going to take it.

CP: Okay, but I think you can agree with me that there's a pretty major difference between beating someone like Billy Classon and beating someone like Juan Vasquez.

SA: They are very different competitors, and yes, Juan Vasquez is much closer to his prime. But if Raphael Rhodes gets an opening like that at Memorial Day Mayhem, Colt, it might be an unhappy ending to the historic career of Juan Vasquez.

CP: That remains to be seen, Albano. Classon left what, a two or three second opening. Good luck even getting one second against Juan Vasquez.

SA: And as we speak of legendary competitors... what's coming up next is something I'd call a very unusual situation as we're about to see another legendary competitor - former EMWC competitor, former AWA competitor for that matter... but perhaps best known for his days in the mighty IIWF - Dirt Dog Unique Allah who we saw in action two weeks ago. Earlier this week, he sat down for a very special interview... with his own son, Odysseus Allah.

[Sal shakes his head, pointing at the screen.]

SA: Take a look...

[We fade from the ring to a darkened studio with a spotlight on two leather chairs angled to face each other. Odysseus Allah and his father, "Dirt Dog" Unique Allah cross paths to take seats on their chairs. Dirt Dog settles into the left chair, wearing an oversized striped Polo polo shirt and baggy jeans over tan Wallabee Clark shoes. His hair is styled in picky braids and he wears a set gold-rimmed glasses.]

Odysseus sits to the right in a linen T-shirt and a comfortable ivory cable-knit cardigan over short burgundy and gold patterned shorts and white Nike Cortez sneakers. His undercut dreadlocks are left free and he wears glasses that match his father's. Dirt Dog settles into his chair, pulling out a set of cue cards from his pocket. He smiles a big smile as he looks through, showing a mouth full of gold and diamond fronts.]

DDUA: Yo yo yo, what up, AWA. It's the DIIIIIRT DOG, Unique Allah in the house and it's my honor and my pleasure to bring you a bangin' interview with a wrestler who's something, special ... who's something unique ... who's something insane! MY SEED Odysseus Allah. Waddup, boy?

[Allah reaches out his hand to dap up his son. Odysseus leans forward to slap his father's hand and nestles back into his seat, smug.]

OA: That was kinda fire, low key. I liked that.

[Dirt Dog looks his son up and down.]

DDUA: I gotta say, I'm proud of you, son. Continuing the family business. Getting in with the biggest dogs in the business at such a young age. I get to watch my son go in that ring. It makes me feel good. Like I did that.

[Odysseus snorts.]

OA: Yeah, don't forget mom. She has a lot to do with it, too. You know, when you was on the road and what not.

[Unique seems embarrassed by that.]

DDUA: Yeah, that's fair. Let's not talk about those days, aight. I'm sure you doin' better on the road than me.

OA: I think so. I'm keeping my head straight. Staying out of the bars and away from that liquor. And I don't have any temptations riding shotgun with me.

[Unique nods soberly.]

DDUA: Fair.

[He looks down at the cards for lack of something better to do, fiddling with the small squares of paper.]

DDUA: All right, lemme see what they want me to ask you. Some nonsense I suppose. Uh

OA: Hey pops. Look up for a minute.

[Unique looks up sheepishly.]

OA: You don't gotta hide from me. Man, I made peace with who you were years ago. I been peeping you. I seen you change. That's why we're here. I'm proud to

be an Allah. I get what it's like out here on the road. I get it. That's why I got you with me, you know?

[Unique sits up straighter. He seems to forget about the cards.]

DDUA: It wasn't easy, but I'm working on myself.

OA: I know. I see the work.

DDUA: But yo, this ain't about me. This is about you. You made a big splash to start your career. Pulled the wool over the eyes of the AWA and the crowd wrestling as OD Brown. Won the AWA Battle Royal at SuperClash in Toronto, revealed yourself to the world, earned a World Television Title shot, \$50,000 dollars and took out the "Madfox" Jeff Matthews. That was beautiful.

[Odysseus smirks, scratching his hairline.]

OA: Yeah, it's been a nice little start to this here career. I hope you been enjoying it. You know this first part has all been for you, right? This is my tribute to your legacy.

DDUA: Naw, I peeped it. You pulled off the plan like I couldn't.

OA: Play fool to catch the wise. I got me the whole damn scouting report on damn near everybody in the AWA while doing it. I got to be in the ring and take their best and they were being stupid showing me all their tricks.

[Odysseus Allah taps his forehead.]

OA: Caught 'em all slippin'.

[Unique laughs.]

DDUA: You did it the smart way, playing OD Brown. The fans didn't get too attached to the idea of you. And you was in an arena that stayed around for a while so you got to play it out fully. Me, everybody was laughing and loving me and then the show would shut down. Then it was time to move on and my next bosses only remembered what they saw of the clown. So that got stuck and that was my reputation.

OA: Yeah, it wasn't a lot of fun going to school and having to deal with people teasing me about you like that, pops. They used to mock you and imitate you and goof around doing stupid stuff and then ask me if I was gonna be just like you. They wanted me to do all the hijinks in school. I had to smooth some of them out on that. Let 'em know I ain't no clown.

DDUA: Shoot, they paid to see me, son. And that means they paid you. We don't give a damn about what they think, boy. Those fools put the clothes on your back and food in your mouth.

OA: Indeed. But I had to catch fade with a lot of them.

DDUA: They got those hands, though.

OA: Yes they did. You know I'm nice with it. I ain't no square.

DDUA: You did 'em just like that Jeff Matthews. Damn, why you have to go and do ol' boy like that?

[Dirt Dog chortles and stomps his feet.]

OA: Some of these old dudes gotta move around, Pops. They gotta make way. Yo, the thing I can't stand most about this business is the nepotism and the nostalgia. All these old guys come back looking for paydays and if they can't get 'em then they get spots for their kids. And then talented or not these kids get all the camera time and all the press. Jeff Matthews was a joke in the 90s. What's he's doing here taking up space in 2018? So naw, he gotta go. And gone he is. And he ain't the last of these old dudes I want to move out the spotlight, neither.

DDUA: Watch it now. I'm a old dude, too.

OA: But you ain't stay too long. You ain't hold none of the young folks down, feel me? And you my dad, so you know I'mma take care of you.

DDUA: Shoot, I mighta stayed around too if somebody threw a check at me like that.

OA: Naw, you always knew when to get in and get out. Cept maybe that time with Jericho Kai an' 'em.

DDUA: Boy, you was about to hit college.

[Odysseus chuckles.]

OA: Appreciate you.

DDUA: But for real man, look, I see you you got some of my moves, you got my theme playing and you got my name.

OA: Yup.

DDUA: Make it yours, though. Don't do it for me. You made me proud. You did me already by making mu gimmick work. Now go tell your own stories in the ring.

OA: Appreciate you. I feel you, but you know I had kind of a thing that I always wanted to do. I always wanted to wrestle with you, too.

DDUA: You mean like a tag team?

OA: At least once. Father and son. See, we don't get to be like the Lynches were. We don't get the golden spoon like the million Martinez boys.

DDUA: That A-Mart was wilder on the road than me.

OA: And it shows. You can't spit around here without hitting a Martinez. I'm over these old dudes trying to keep getting paydays for their kids. Let them be good on they own, but the nostalgia ... man it's bad.

DDUA: Well, do something about it.

OA: Trust me, I will be. I'll be getting busy forging my path to the top. I been grinding all my life.

DDUA: Just like the song, huh?

OA: You know it.

[Dirt Dog aimlessly shuffles the cards in his hands.]

DDUA: These fools wanted me to ask you a bunch of questions. I don't wanna do this ish here.

[Dirt Dog tosses the cars over his shoulders.]

DDUA: Boy, lissen, you go out and show 'em who you are. One match at a time. One win at a time. You show em exactly who you are and I'll be right there. I missed a lot of time with you on the road, but we can be in this bish together. Go be the best, boy. Do you!

[Odysseus makes a finger gun and points it at his father. He clicks his teeth and winks.]

OA: You betcha.

DDUA: Yo, cut the cameras off. And don't get me to do this ish again, man.

[Dirt Dog tosses the cards at the camera.]

DDUA: You want to know my seed... yo watch him work.

[We abruptly cut out as father and son laugh together...

...and we fade back up on Sal and Colt sitting ringside.]

SA: Well, uhh... Colt, your thoughts?

CP: I think Odysseus Allah is a heck of a talent. I think Dirt Dog Unique Allah wasted a lot of physical gifts on his own demons. And I think... I think we're ready for our next match, Sal.

[Sal looks up at the ring.]

SA: I think you're right. Rebecca, take it away.

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

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... from Tulsa, Oklahoma... weighing in at 275 pounds... MIKE BERG!

[Berg is a big man with generic tribal tattoos. He's got his rat brown hair tied in a man bun. He wears beige and navy trunks, navy boots and gold and orange knee and elbow pads. He raises a muscular arm in the air and throws a series of punches and kicks to applause from the local crowd.]

RO: And his opponent... from Brooklyn, New York, weighing in at 225 pounds... accompanied by the "Dirt Dog" Unique Allah... ODYSSEUS ALLAH!

[The video wall lights up with an image of a cobra striking the screen. Shots of Odysseus intermingle with shots of different snakes as Ol' Dirty Bastard's "Snakes" plays over the PA system. Odysseus Allah steps out onto the stage garbed in a shearling-lined denim trucker, camouflage combat pants and combat boots. He stares at the crowd, chewing his lip in disgust. He flashes a manic smile as he rubs his hands together gleefully before slashing his finger against his throat and then stalking towards the ring.

Behind him comes his father, Unique Allah, dressed in his old wrestling gear, butter Timbs, jean shorts and an undershirt that has seen better days. He hisses at the fans through his gold and diamond fangs as he sways towards ringside.

Odysseus Allah sprints up the three steps before slipping through the ropes. He shrugs off his trucker jacket and then sits on the top turnbuckle, watching everything carefully.]

SA: Mike Berg is from up the road. I understand he's pretty skilled in ground and pound matwork and striking. He looks like a tough challenge for Odysseus Allah.

CP: He's a monster, all right, but Allah is as strategic as they come. And he's got the Dirt Dog out here at ringside with him. He's set for the battle.

SA: Koji Sakai in charge of this one. And we're underway. This promises to be a style clash between the power of Mike Berg and the speed of Odysseus Allah.

[Odysseus leans down to get some last minute advice from his father before he nods his head and gets ready for combat. He nods at Berg.]

"C'mon! Come get some!"

[Allah raises his hands into a boxer's stance as he shuffles forward towards Berg. His head moves rhythmically like a snake as he measures the distance with a slow jab that Berg tries to brush aside.]

CP: Maybe some boxing background out of the kid?

SA: I know he spent a lot of time in his youth watching video - fights from boxers like Ali and Tyson but...

[Allah quickly yanks his arm back, dips and rushes forward, ending up on Berg's right side. He pounds Berg's ribs with a left hook before he peppers the bigger man with four quick jabs, ending the combination with a right hook to the body. He dances away before Berg can even register what hit him.]

CP: Whoa, I heard that the kid had hands, but that speed is amazing, Albano.

SA: Odysseus Allah has got reflexes like a cat. Can Berg even catch him? I don't know that that combination hurt Berg so much as made him mad.

[Berg lumbers forward, grimacing and stretching his face to work off the sting of Allah's combination. Berg throws his hands wildly, trying to hit Allah. Allah dodges them all, ducks under a looping hook and steps behind Berg.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OOOOOOOHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts sharply to the slap to the back of the head.]

SA: ALLAH WITH THE MOLLY WOP! And that is bound to get Berg riled up!

CP: Slapping a man would get ANYONE riled up.

[Berg is enraged by the slap, lunging forward with wild swings at Allah who manages to dodge every blow.]

CP: Look at the quickness there, Sal. This kid's showing he's got the goods.

[Allah smirks as he beckons Berg forward, slipping his hands behind his back.]

SA: We've seen this out of Allah before, hands behind his back and...

[Berg comes in hard and swinging again, Allah ducking a wild right, spinning past a left, front rolling away from a clothesline attempt...]

SA: ...and break out the puffy pants because Berg can't touch this!

[...and a body punch attempt from Berg ends with Allah trapping the arm between his own arm and his body, spinning out and dropping down to the mat...]

CP: Whoooooa! Was that an arm drag?!

SA: Sweet Santa Maria, it was! A no-handed arm drag?! I've NEVER seen that!

CP: He's embarrassing the big man from Tulsa out here tonight. What a move from someone who is obviously a brilliant technical wrestler.

[Allah scrambles to his feet and leans against the ropes in his corner. He smiles down at his father and then hugs himself, shivering. Dirt Dog laughs and imitates the gesture.]

"You sick wit it! You sick wit it!"

SA: What are they doing?

CP: Shivering. Come on, Albano. Allah is saying he's cold in that ring.

SA: Well, he's feeling the heat from these fans. They aren't liking this showboating at all.

CP: And Unique Allah is letting these fans have it. He's giving some fan in the front row an earful. Wait, is that Steven Adams?

[The camera hones in on the giant New Zealander center for the Oklahoma City Thunder as he smiles bemusedly at Allah Senior.]

SA: A member of the NBA's Oklahoma City Thunder... Steven Adams trying to be cool. But Allah won't let up!

CP: Didn't the Thunder just lose to the Nuggets last night, Albano?

SA: By one! In overtime!

CP: They're still losers.

[With his father agitating a NBA player at ringside, Odysseus turns his attention back to the angry Berg. He ducks under another wild right, snapping off a kick to the back of the thigh...]

SA: Not a lot behind that kick... perhaps trying to annoy Berg more than assault.

[Allah cracks a devilish grin as he jerks his head back, calling Berg on...

...and with a roar, Berg shoots in on Allah, looking for a double leg takedown but Allah leaps over him, double stomping down between the shoulderblades before bouncing off to land behind him.]

SA: Ohhh! He avoids the takedown and dishes out a little punishment to boots.

[Allah bows to the crowd, finally removing his hands from behind his back to tap at his forehead.]

SA: Allah letting these people know just how smart he thinks he is.

CP: Hard to argue at this point of the match, Sal.

SA: Berg back up... FROM BEHIND!

[But as Berg rushes him, Allah drops back, flipping his legs up...]

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: PELE KICK CONNECTS! ODYSSEUS ROCKS MIKE BERG!

CP: Caught him right between the eyes! He felt the footsteps coming and he made Berg pay for his own aggression! The kid is slick in there, Sal, no doubt about it!

[Rolling through the kick to stand over Berg, Allah taps his fists together, smiling evilly as he leaps up to drop a knee on the chest, staying there...]

"What you got, big man? Huh, you ready for this?"

[...and with a smirk, he pats Berg on the head before pulling away, turning to play to the jeering OKC crowd!]

SA: Odysseus Allah toying with his opponent here tonight... and we haven't seen a ton of Allah here on Saturday Night Wrestling, Colt, but he's been making quite the reputation for himself both on our live events and on Showtime. And of course, he won that Battle Royal back at SuperClash IX, earning himself a future World Television Title match in the process.

[Climbing up off the mat is Berg as Allah slowly circles back to him, an arrogant smirk on his face...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AND BERG RETURNS THE FAVOR! HE SLAPPED THE TASTE RIGHT OUT OF HIS MOUTH!

CP: How disrespectful! I thought he was better than that!

SA: Disrespectful?! Patting someone on the head isn't disrespectful?! Fighting someone with your hands behind your back isn't disrespectful?! Allah provoked ALL of this, Colt!

CP: So you say. Maybe Berg said some distasteful things about ol' Dirt Dog out here on the floor.

SA: Like what?

CP: The man based his career off being a drunk and a cult member... seems like he'd be a pretty easy target.

[Allah reels away from the slap, pushing at his jaw. Berg tries to take advantage, coming on strong with another wild right hand but Allah instinctively steps under it, still rubbing his jaw, registering what just happened...]

SA: Odysseus Allah with a wild look in his eye.

CP: That slap just made him mad.

[Spinning back around, Berg throws a heavy clothesline that the speedy Allah avoids again...

...and then with a roar, he launches forward, using the whole of his body mass to shove Berg back into the corner!]

SA: Whoa! Back hard into the buckles! And Allah's tearing into him now - right and lefts, body blows in the corner... some palm strikes to the jaw now as well...

[The referee is warning Allah but he doesn't let up, snapping off a right hook... a left uppercut... and a right cross that snaps Berg's head to the side...]

SA: ...my oh my, what a series of haymakers there! Berg might be on Dream Street!

CP: Some berserker rage in the corner right there, showing he can scrap as well as duck and dodge...

[...and Berg slumps forward into the waiting arms of Allah who lifts in a bodylock, twisting around with great technique to drive the larger man into the mat with a belly-to-belly suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Allah front rolls into a handspring back to his feet, wagging a finger at the downed Oklahoman to jeers as Allah spits on the mat by his head.]

"Muscles for nothing!"

SA: There's no call for that! And Koji Sakai reading him the riot act!

CP: Oh, it's professional wrestling. Emotions get charged in that ring!

[Allah shoves Sakai aside as he raises the sole of his boot...]

SA: Allah with a stomp to the left arm!

[...and keeps working his way down the body...]

SA: Left leg!

[...and across...]

SA: Right knee!

[...and back up...]

SA: Right arm! 'Round the world stomps on the part of Odysseus Rage, taking a page out of the Hannibal Carver playbook...

[...and finally, a vicious stomp to the head!]

SA: ...and Sweet Santa Maria, right between the eyes!

"WHAT'S THAT SPELL?"

SA: What is Unique Allah yelling on the outside? What's that spell?

CP: See, if you were smart like me, Albano, you'd get it. He stomped the arm, the leg, the leg, the arm and then the head.

SA: Huh?

CP: Arm, leg, leg, arm, head. A. L. L. A. H! He just signed this match with his name!

SA: ...what ego on the part of this young man.

[Allah cups his hands to his mouth, shouting out at the crowd... one member in particular...]

"What's my name?"

[...who responds, Dirt Dog bellowing back...]

"ALLAH!"

[Odysseus grins, shouting again...]

"WHAT'S MY NAME?"

[...and again, the "unique" second responds.]

"ALLAH!"

[The fans jeer as Odysseus turns his attention back to Berg, grabbing his left leg under the knee, leveraging him over onto his stomach with a stepover...]

SA: Potential submission move coming here...

[...and kneels down on the hamstring, cradling the leg with his left arm before looping his right hand under the chin and yanking backwards!]

CP: Looks like a modified Constrictor hold... oh, look at this... he's trying to lock his hands together!

SA: Is that even possible on a man this size?!

CP: He seems to think so!

[Allah keeps wrenching back on Berg who struggles in the submission. Allah stretches out his fingers, trying to lock them together. Berg's back starts to bend back ridiculously as he frantically slaps the mat...]

SA: He didn't even have to get all the way there and this one's over! Berg taps out and Odysseus Allah sends him on with a one way ticket to Tapout City!

[The bell sounds as the ring announcer makes it official.]

RO: Your winner by submission... ODYSSEUS... ALLLLLLLLAAAAAAAH!

SA: An impressive win for Odysseus Allah, perhaps showing the world what he can do to a larger opponent... something he'd have to do to Odin Gunn, the World Television Champion, when he finally cashes in that title shot that he's owed. Personally, I don't know what he's waiting for, Colt.

CP: No? Have you SEEN Odin Gunn?

[Sal chuckles as Allah celebrates his victory in the ring with his father.]

SA: I have... and what I'd like to see right now is a replay of that submission hold. Let's take another look.

[The shot is overtaken with a replay that shows the agony on Berg's face in close up as Allah attempts to force his own hands together to complete the modified Constrictor hold.]

SA: No idea what Odysseus Allah calls that particular move but-

CP: You know what I call that, Albano?

SA: What?

CP: I call that Checkmate!

[Allah suddenly lunges forward, stomping the back of Berg's head as the referee tries to tend to him...]

SA: Oh, come on! Totally unnecessary!

[Allah stomps and stomps and stomps the head and neck as the referee loudly protests...]

SA: This is uncalled for!

CP: You see Allah's eyes! I don't think he's home right now!

[Allah's eyes seem far away and lost in a trance as Sakai is forced to lay a count on him.]

"He's at four, boy!"

[Unique's voice seems to cut through Odysseus' haze and he suddenly stops, backing away with his hands raised as the referee tries to shield Berg from any further attack as "Snakes" begins to play over the PA again...]

SA: It's the final hour of action here on this week's Saturday Night Wrestling as we creep closer to tonight's Main Event featuring the Team Supreme duo of Cain Jackson and Supreme Wright against former champions Violence Unlimited. Plus, we've got the Royal Crown first round battle between Lauryn Rage and Laura Davis still to come as well! So, you better stay right there because we've got a lot more still up after this commercial break!

[The Allahs are celebrating anew as we fade to black...

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

"Feeling left out of the action?"

[The girls look up, nodding.]

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

[The girls nod more emphatically.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[And we cut to a series of shots of video game pro wrestling action: Michelle Bailey delivering a Britney Spear to Kelly Kowalski. Charisma Knight and Skylar Swift trading blows. Harley Hamilton and Cinder making their entrance. The voiceover continues.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

"All in one tremendous game!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

JS: That had to hurt.

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

We fade back up on what appears to be a cell phone captured piece of footage in full on selfie mode as we get an extreme closeup of Veronica Westerly's cheek before we see a normal shot.]

VW: Supernova! You've got a lot of nerve, champ. After what we did to you two weeks ago in New Orleans... after we PUT! YOU! DOWN! and this man, right here, Atlas Armstrong...

[She slaps Atlas' muscular chest.]

VW: ...pinned you for the one... two... three... what makes you think the next time will turn out any different, huh? Tell 'em, big man!

AA: Supernova, last time I just gave you a little taste of my power.

[Armstrong flexes, his trapezius muscles popping around his neck.]

AA: Next time you will feel all the power of the _Almighty_ Atlas Armstrong. I will drop the Heavens on you, puny man.

[The camera cuts to James Lynch, the Demon Cowboy has a smirk on his lips, which never seems to touch his dead eyes.]

JL: Supernova... you just talked yourself into a very bad situation. You want to take on the two of us? Well, let me ask you this?

Who you got as a partner?

Because no matter how much my brother might have pumped you up, there's one simple truth you can't get around...

Jack won't be there in Kansas City.

[Lynch cackles madly.]

JL: After SuperClash, my brother will never fight me again. So I hope you've got a Plan B. Because you trying to take us both on at the same time?

That's bad news for you.

Why don't you tell him, Ms. Westerly?

[Veronica nods.]

VW: So, as you can see, Supernova... the Westerly Dynasty does NOT fear you. The only thing we fear is that after we're through with you and whoever is foolish enough to be your partner in Kansas City, there won't be enough of you left for us to take this title...

[She holds up Supernova's stolen World Title belt.]

VW: ...permanently.

[She chuckles darkly as James Lynch and Atlas Armstrong join in...

...and we fade to the silhouette of a figure with their back turned to the camera. The lighting is dim, casting shadows over the screen. A weathered black leather hoodie is pulled up over the figure's head and the camera pulls back to show a distressed leather vest with the words: "DA KID" seemingly scratched into it in sharp fuchsia and gold letters.

The figure turns to the camera and raises her head until Lauryn Rage's serious face is regarding the viewer. Her lips are tight. Her jaw is set. She slowly chews gum. It seems like an effort, in fact, given the tense nature of her face. Lauryn stares coldly into the lens with remorseless hazel eyes.]

LR: Laura Davis, it's time for a reckoning.

[She pauses.]

LR: It's time for a little tete-a-tete.

[She pauses.]

LR: It's time for you to come to Jesus.

[Rage flips down her hoodie, revealing the dark shadow of stubble of her low-shaven head. The movement makes her biceps and shoulders swell and strain the seams of her black long-sleeved wrestling singlet.]

LR: You and me, we have some business to settle, don't we? You've been pissing me off ever since SuperClash. Hell, even before SuperClash I didn't like you. But now I really I don't like you. I REALLY don't like you at all. And I really don't like your Slam Sorority either. You think you're the best wrestler on this roster? Well, I disagree. I disagree entirely. You think that because you have the Slam Sorority behind you that your crap don't stink? You think you're untouchable? You think because you beat Ayako Fujiwara that you're the cock of the walk around here? You think you're going to run over Da Kid? I say Hell no to all of that mess.

[Lauryn folds her arms across her chest. She cocks her head at the camera, chewing deliberately.]

LR: You decided to try to make a moment at SuperClash by turning your back on me. You wanted smoke with me?

[Lauryn sniffs.]

LR: Okay, now you got it. But I promise you don't want no smoke with me. You're a damn asthmatic. You can't handle all this. I know you're a great technical wrestler. I know you know every inch of that ring. I know you can bend nearly any woman around the ring into a pretzel, but do you know who I am?

I'm Lauryn Rage, dammit.

The first AWA Women's World champion. The winner of the first women's Rumble. The first AWA Women's superstar to debut on Power Hour. The first woman to defend her title successfully at SuperClash. The Iron Gauntlet winner.

[Her eyes narrow harshly.]

LR: The first woman to be stabbed in the back by her teammates not only once ... but twice.

[She lets those words simmer.]

LR: I am the premier woman in this promotion and it doesn't matter what anybody says different. I have that greatness y'all lack. It's in my DNA. I am wrestling royalty.

And you, you're just jealous because you don't got it like that.

The way I see it, you're so jealous that you stole opportunity from me not once but twice. You stole the chance for me to win the first Women's Steal the Spotlight match and thanks to you the whole division got embarrassed with the nose boop of crap. And you could have left well enough alone but no you had to talk trash about me and then steal my opportunity to be the first AWA Women's World Tag Team champion. That's two more bits of history that you prevented me from adding to my resume. And for that?

[Lauryn chuckles bitterly, her head looking down at the floor.]

LR: Oh, you got to go for that. You got to pay for that.

[Lauryn rubs her hands together eagerly as she laughs raucously.]

LR: So since you took away my chance to make more history, I'm going to take away your chance at the Royal Crown. That was my motivation through the whole Gauntlet. Get to Laura Davis and get her outta here. And tonight, I'm going to get you outta here.

I don't care about your technical skills. I don't care that you call yourself the "All-Around Athlete." Bring your heel hook. Bring your best moves. Bring your Slam Sorority.

I don't give a damn.

[The camera locks in on Lauryn's ice cold eyes.]

LRL You're going to get your ass kicked. I'm gonna knock you out and give you the Snakebite and put you down for the one two three. Tonight, I'm done with you, Davis. I'm crossing your name off my list. And it's like that because that's the way it is.

[Lauryn pulls the hood up over her head. She glares at the camera with a hard glint in her eye. She spits her gum out to the side of the screen.]

LR: You feel me?

[And we fade away from the first Women's World Champion...

...and up to another part of backstage where we find Mark Stegglet standing next to "The All-Around Athlete" Laura Davis. She is dressed in her red, white and blue track suit and her long brown hair is pulled back behind her head.]

MS: Laura Davis, you are set for the opening round of the Royal Crown tournament after Victoria June had to pull out because of an injury. Instead, you will face Lauryn Rage and, after what went down at the first episode of Showtime, it's clear that tensions between you and her are at an all-time high!

[Davis rolls her eyes and then casts a glare at Stegglet.]

LD: How observant of you, Stegglet. But let's talk about the Royal Crown tournament for just a minute... this is the opportunity that the Slam Sorority has been waiting for, to prove who exactly is the dominant faction in the AWA! I expect

Trish Wallace not to disappoint when her match arrives and I certainly don't plan on disappointing tonight.

[She then turns to the camera, the glare still on her face.]

LD: But that brings me to you, Lauryn Rage. First of all, Lauryn, how does it feel? How does it feel to know you that you couldn't even get your own sister to choose you to be part of the Royal Crown tournament in the first place? Meanwhile, it didn't take long for Melissa Cannon to make a wise decision and select me.

But back to you, Lauryn... once again, you manage to slip yourself into something in which nobody wanted you to be part of to begin with! The only problem, Lauryn, is now you have to contend with me!

[She gets a slight smile on her face.]

LD: You kept tell me how you were coming, Lauryn, and now, you get your chance. But you better believe me when I say that I'm waiting for you and I'm going to make you wish you were going instead of coming!

Now, the last time you put your nose where it didn't belong, maybe a little bit of it was on me. Maybe I was showing too much mercy toward my protege Donna Martinelli, when I should have been focused on getting the win, then the Slam Sorority might be holding the tag team gold.

But that was one match, Lauryn... and then, on Showtime, when I was about to show the world why I am the greatest women's athlete in the world today, you decide to jump me! You cost me another match!

Well, I'll be damned if you cost me another match again! Especially when it's a chance to go to London and prove to everyone who is the best in the world! To prove to everyone the superiority of the Slam Sorority!

And tonight, I'm going to take great pleasure in not just making sure you don't move on in a tournament you don't deserve to be part of, but making sure you don't make it to the Memorial Day Rumble in one piece!

[She gets a slight smile on her face at that remark.]

MS: I guess I should ask you this: What of Carolina Colton, who is set to face Lauryn Rage on National Wrestling Night?

LD: Hey, just because I said I'm going to make sure Lauryn Rage doesn't make it to the Memorial Day Rumble in one piece, doesn't mean it's going to happen all in one night. [Shakes her head] Oh no, the Slam Sorority is going to do it, week by week, and make sure Lauryn knows what it really means to cross the most dominant faction in women's wrestling today.

[She then turns to Stegglet and smirks.]

LD: And with that, Stegglet, your time with an all-time great is at its end!

[She waves a dismissive hand at him and walks off the set.]

MS: And I thought E-Girl MAX had big egos... let's go back to ringside!

[We fade back to Colt and Sal sitting at ringside.]

SA: Thanks, Mark... and those are two very determined competitors, Colt.

CP: The Royal Crown is where it's at. We saw Bailey and Walsh go to war for a spot in the Finals earlier... and they didn't even have a grudge with each other. With these two, it's business AND personal and that's a dangerous combination.

SA: One of those two women will be moving on to London to join Michelle Bailey in the Royal Crown finals and we're about to find out who it will be. Let's go up to Rebecca for the introductions!

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

RO: The following contest is a first round match in the ROYAL CROWN tournament set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit! Introducing first...

[There's a moment's pause before Kendrick Lamar's "DNA" pumps through the arena to a big reaction from the crowd!]

#I got, I got, I got, I got
Loyalty, got royalty
Inside my DNA#

RO: ...from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada... weighing in at 160 pounds... she is a former AWA Women's World Champion...

...LAURRRRRRYNNNNNN RAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[The spotlight hits the entranceway as Lauryn Rage steps out on the stage. She wears a black leather biker's jacket over a hoodie. She pauses for a moment, head down, arms crossed over her groin before she reaches up and throws the hood back to reveal her face and shaven head. Lauryn throws her arms out to the crowd and does her turntable twirl.]

SA: The very first woman to hold AWA championship gold is on her way down the aisle looking to make a giant leap into the Royal Crown finals and lock down her path back to the top of the mountain that is the AWA Women's Division!

CP: But to climb that mountain, she's going to have also get over a really big hill in Laura Davis!

[As Kendrick Lamar pumps through the arena, Rage strides towards the ring, face intense. She steps up onto the ring, wiping her feet on the apron before she ducks between the middle and top rope. Rage climbs the turnbuckles, throwing both fists in the air as she jaws with the crowd. She continues this routine at all three remaining turnbuckles before she steps down, shedding her leather jacket and hoodie to reveal her ring gear underneath. She wears a provocatively short cut black spandex long-sleeved leotard with gold and fuchsia whorls inset along the seams and her black fingerless glove on her right hand. She completes her ring attire with short gold boots and a black brace on her right knee. The youngest Rage looks as rough and tough as two afro puffs, spoiling for a fight.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd her opponent...

[The lights dim and the opening chords of Jorge Quintero's "300 Violin Orchestra" play over the PA system. Up on the video screens, a scrambled image comes up and, as the violins reach the crescendo, the image forms words that simply read:

"DAVIS #1"

Then, as the orchestral music starts up again, two spotlights hit the entranceway and, standing there is Laura Davis. She has her back toward the crowd, her arms

spread to the sides. She is wearing a red, white and blue track suit, and on the back on her jacket in blue lettering are the same letters on the video screens.

"DAVIS #1"]

RO: ...from Indianapolis, Indiana... weighing in at 150 pounds and being accompanied down the aisle by the Slam Sorority... she is the All-Around Athlete...

...LAUUUUURRRRAAAAA DAAAAAAAAAVISSSS!

[The burly forms of Trish Wallace and Carolina Colton step out to take up flanking positions on either side of Davis as the trio starts to walk down the aisle towards the ring where Lauryn Rage is anxiously pacing the ring, ready to take the long-awaited fight to Davis.]

SA: And I suppose it comes as no surprise that Colton and Wallace are out here as well, Colt.

CP: If it does, it shouldn't. Where one member of a sorority goes, you can expect others to follow. Besides, Lauryn Rage is totally unhinged! Who knows what kinda stuff she'll try and pull out here!

[The trio approaches the ring, Davis waving her allies over for a quick strategy session as the impatient Rage bellows down at them from inside the ring.]

SA: Rage is ready to go, Colt.

CP: She is... and I'm sure Laura Davis is too... but you want to make an opponent who is all worked up like Rage is wrestle your match, Albano. Davis doesn't want to wrestle Rage's style of match.

SA: A logical assessment, my friend, as Davis finally climbs up the steps, getting inside the ring... where the referee immediately has to step in front of Lauryn Rage to keep her from rushing Davis before the bell even sounds.

CP: Referee Koji Sakai is going to have his hands full in this one... that's for sure.

SA: It might go a little easier for him if he gave the Slam Sorority the boot before the bell!

CP: For what? They haven't done anything. You don't just get to make rules up as you go along, Albano.

SA: That's a shame... because the numbers edge definitely changes the game for Lauryn Rage as she gets set for battle. The referee talking to both of these competitors now... also making sure Wallace and Colton are in Davis' corner on the outside and not too close to Rage...

[And as the music fades, Sakai turns to call for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[And at the sound of the bell, Laura Davis immediately bails from the ring, diving out through the ropes to the safety of the floor...]

SA: Oh, brother...

CP: What's your problem already, Albano?

SA: My problem is Laura Davis antagonizing Lauryn Rage for weeks, telling everyone who will listen that she wants this match... and as soon as she gets it, she's ducking and hiding on the outside.

[The boos continue as Davis takes a leisurely stroll around the ring, ignoring the referee's requests to get back inside... and then also ignoring the ensuing count as Lauryn Rage glares at her from the corner.]

SA: The first Women's World Champion standing there, trying to keep her emotions under control and that can't be easy. This all goes back to SuperClash and Steal The Spotlight when Rage was betrayed by her own team. She's pledged to get payback on all of them and Laura Davis is on top of that list.

[Davis continues her walk around the ring, jawing with the ringside fans as Rage lets loose a "GET IN HERE!" which brings a smirk to Davis' face as she continues her slow pace.]

SA: The referee's count up to five... a little quicker than usual as he just wants to get this going. Referee Koji Sakai in the middle of this one, trying to get this twenty minute time limit Royal Crown tournament match going.

CP: Time is ticking for sure, Sal.

[As the count lands at eight, Davis turns towards the ring, hands on her hips as the referee quickly goes to nine...]

SA: Is she gonna take the countout? Does she want to avoid Lauryn Rage THAT badly?

[...and then hops up on the apron, putting a foot through the ropes as the referee breaks his count...]

SA: Okay, looks like she's getting back in there and-

[...which brings Lauryn Rage rushing over to engage but Davis withdraws, dropping back off the apron and pointing at Rage with a loud "GET HER BACK, REF!" Carolina Colton and Trish Wallace join in, echoing their leader's cries as the referee shakes his head, waving for Davis to get back in.]

SA: -and right back out she goes! Can you believe this, Colt?

CP: Of course I can believe it! There are people who would say that Laura Davis is THE top in-ring competitor in this division, Sal. She's a master technician! She's a brilliant strategist! And if you think she's going to play Lauryn Rage's game in this one, you're out of your mind.

[The referee tries to keep Lauryn Rage back, the fuming former champion glaring out at Davis who continues to smirk up at her as she goes on another stroll, the Oklahoma City fans letting her hear it as well.]

SA: This is ridiculous if you ask me... and Lauryn Rage can barely be contained inside that ring right now and who can blame her! She wants to get her hands on Laura Davis and the rest of the Slam Sorority for that matter in the worst possible way.

CP: Well, she'll get the chance to get her hands on Carolina Colton in two weeks in Kansas City on National Wrestling Night on ABC, Big Sal.

SA: She sure will... but will she be on her way to the Royal Crown tournament finals or will she be out on her rear end?

[And again, as the count grows, Davis pauses to look up at the ring with her hands on her hips, nodding along with the count until it reaches eight...

...and then pulls herself back up on the apron, grinning at everyone's negative reaction to her early match strategy.]

SA: Finally back up there... and will she get back in this time?

CP: If she thinks it's the right thing to do.

SA: Rage watching her... the referee trying to keep Rage back...

[Suddenly, the audio is briefly muted as Lauryn Rage swim moves past the official, charging across the ring at Davis who quickly jumps off the apron again, wagging a finger at Rage...

...and then Davis' eyes flash with alarm as Rage steps out to the apron, coming out after her as the All-Around Athlete breaks into a dash away from the former champion!]

SA: Da Kid is on the move! She's hunting wabbit... and in this case, the "wabbit" is Laura Davis!

[The crowd is ROARING as a frustrated Rage pursues Davis around the ring, trying to get her hands on her...]

SA: We've got ourselves a footrace now, Colt!

CP: My money's on the All-Around Athlete then!

SA: Davis moving as quickly as she can, Rage hot on her heels!

[Rounding the ringpost, Davis swings herself up on the apron, rolling under the ropes, getting to her feet...]

SA: Davis back in... Rage right behind her!

[...but as Rage extends her body under the bottom rope, Davis drops down, burying her knee across the shoulderblades and stopping Da Kid cold!]

"OHHHHHH!"

SA: Davis caught her coming in... and of course, upon seeing that you have to wonder if that was Davis' plan all along!

CP: Of course it was! She's a ring general and is always three steps ahead of the other... maybe more when it comes to someone like Rage who fights more on emotion than logic.

SA: Look at this now, Davis rolling back to the outside...

[With Rage's legs perfectly placed on the apron, Davis snatches Rage's leg, lifting it up off the apron...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SLAMS the knee down on the ring apron!]

SA: ...and RIGHT DOWN ON THAT SURGICALLY-REPAIRED KNEE! Lauryn Rage missed the majority of 2017 on the shelf dealing with that knee injury and even she'll admit she wasn't the same when she came back last fall just in time for SuperClash.

[Davis lifts the leg a second time...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and repeats the smash into the apron!]

SA: Right down on the hardest part of the ring and make no mistake, Colt, this is a deliberate assault on a known weakness on the part of Laura Davis.

CP: A deliberate- of course it's deliberate! Whaddya think, she fell into it?! Laura Davis knows every weakness of every opponent she faces. So you better believe she's going after that knee - Lauryn Rage better have her surgeon on speed dial!

[Grabbing the leg again, Davis gives a yank to pull Rage from the ring and out to the floor on her feet... for a moment before the All-Around Athlete boots Rage in the back of the knee, kicking her leg out from under her!]

SA: Ohhh... and down goes the first woman to wear championship gold in the AWA. As she's been pointing out lately, Lauryn Rage is a woman of a lot of firsts here in the AWA - the first Women's Rumble winner, the first AWA Women's World Champion, the first woman to defend that title at SuperClash, and now the first Iron Gauntlet winner... and you know she wants to add the first Royal Crown winner to that resume, Colt.

CP: There's a whole lot of chatter online... in the locker room... in the crowd... lots of people talking about that tournament and what it could mean for the career of the winner. Julie Somers is out here talking about her next challenger... maybe it'll be whoever wins that tournament.

SA: Supernova... Jordan Ohara... even Odin Gunn - all looking for their next title defenses as well and the Royal Crown winner could step up to the plate against any or all of them.

CP: The last time there was a tournament like this was the Battle of Boston and think about what that did for the career of Brian James, skyrocketing him to the top of the wrestling world and someone who people look at as an almost lock to be a future World Champion... now that he's not suspended anyways.

[Sal chuckles as Davis stomps the knee down on the outside, the OKC fans letting her have it.]

SA: Davis continuing to target the knee, drawing a bullseye on it with her masterful ring skills...

[Davis backs off as the referee gives her an earful from the inside. She shakes her head, rolling back in...]

...and draws the referee towards her, turning his back from ringside as Rage struggles back to her feet, testing how much weight she can put on the attacked limb...]

SA: The referee and Davis conversing pretty heatedly in there and- OHHH! COME ON!

[The crowd groans then jeers loudly as Carolina Colton throws herself into a clip, driving her shoulder into the back of Rage's knee and putting her right back down on the floor. The former champ writhes in pain on the ringside mats, grabbing at her leg as the referee turns around with a questioning look...]

SA: Carolina Colton perhaps thinking ahead to her own match with Lauryn Rage coming up two weeks from tonight with the world watching on ABC as she clips the leg of Rage, doing even more damage...

[The referee approaches the ropes, pointing down at Colton who raises her hands innocently, backing away from the downed Rage as the crowd informs the official what went down...]

SA: The crowd saw it... but the official did not, Colt.

CP: And that's the only thing that matters. You can't call what you didn't see, Sakai, so get 'em back in there and let 'em fight it out!

[With Colton backed off, Laura Davis rolls back out to the floor to the official's dismay as he gives a weak "Come on, Davis! Keep it in the ring!"]

SA: Laura Davis continues to ignore the referee as she gets right back on the outside with Lauryn Rage, likely looking to do even more damage to that beaten-up knee.

[Davis grabs Rage by the hair, hauling her up off the ringside mats...

...which is when Rage slaps the grasping hand again, swinging for the fences with a big right hand!]

SA: Big swing and a big miss by Rage!

[Rage nearly topples over off-balance from the effort behind the punch and quickly has Davis kicking her leg out from under her again, a dastardly smirk on her face as she does.]

CP: She almost fell down on that miss and Davis helps her out the rest of the way, putting her on the mats out here by us.

[We can indeed see Colt and Sal in the shot as Davis grabs the apron, stomping the knee a few more times before dragging Rage up, shoving her back inside the ring. She looks up at the official and shouts "happy now, Sakai?" before rolling back inside the ring.]

SA: Davis puts her back in... both women back in the ring now... and maybe now we'll get something resembling a wrestling match rather than a mugging out on the floor.

[Taking aim, Davis lunges forward with an elbow driven into the throat, causing Rage's lower half to kick up off the mat before Davis applies a lateral press.]

SA: Davis gets one... and two... but that's all as Rage kicks out.

[Davis grimaces as she pushes up off the mat, giving a shake of her head as she leans over to grab Rage by the hair, earning a "BREAK THAT LEG!" from a fired-up Trish Wallace.]

SA: Trish Wallace with a piece of strategy... well thought out, that one.

[Davis whips Rage across the ring towards the corner but Rage only gets a handful of steps before collapsing down to the mat, crying out as she grabs at her surgically-repaired knee.]

SA: Down goes Rage... she couldn't even get across the ring on that banged-up knee, Colt.

CP: She can't put any weight on it... and that could be the key to this match, Sal. If Rage can't stand on that leg, she can't get power behind her punches... she can't hit some of her high impact offense... and she might not even be able to hit that Snakebite.

[With Rage back on the mat grimacing in pain, Davis pulls the leg up by the foot, holding it before dropping her elbow down into the side of the knee!]

SA: And Davis continues to go after that knee, doing damage with every blow she lands.

[Back on her feet, Davis winds up and drops a second elbow to the knee...]

SA: Again with the elbow, putting all of her weight - all 150 pounds down on the knee by the All-Around Athlete!

[...and up on her feet, she goes one more time, dropping the weight down on the side of the knee before wrapping the leg around, stretching the knee ligaments out.]

SA: Submission hold applied, stretching out the knee... targeting the hard work of Rage's surgeon from last year...

CP: And more than that, it's also getting inside of Rage's head, Sal. Remember last year when Rage admitted that she'd had confidence issues because of that leg... that she was tentative at times worrying she would re-injure it. Imagine all that going through her head right now combined with the pressure of the Royal Crown tournament AND trying to get her payback from SuperClash! She might not even be able to think straight right now, Big Sal.

[Rage is clawing at the mat, screaming in pain as Davis continues to stretch the knee at an awkward angle...]

SA: Referee Koji Sakai is right there, checking for a submission but Rage won't give in... not yet at least.

CP: I got a feeling it'll take a lot to get a submission out of Da Kid, Sal.

SA: Everybody's got their breaking point. You just hope in this day and age, someone is willing to submit before serious injury. It's not 1997 with all these macho men refusing to give up even if their arm is broken.

CP: I might resemble that remark, Sal.

SA: You certainly might.

[Breaking the hold and climbing to her feet, Davis hangs onto the foot as she flips over, stretching out the hamstring in severe fashion!]

SA: And Davis isn't just staying on the knee - working the hamstring there as well. Really weakening the entire leg and forcing Rage to essentially fight this match on one good leg.

CP: You know what they say about a one legged woman in an ass kicking contest.

SA: I sure do.

[Pulling Rage up off the mat, Davis delivers a knife edge chop that sends the former champion falling back to the corner...]

SA: Back into the corner... Lauryn Rage, the first Women's World Champion here in the AWA. She won that title in a 20 woman Rumble in Madison Square Garden... and we're just weeks away from a 30 woman Rumble going down at Memorial Day Mayhem... and just a few months away from our MSG return for Girls To The Front in August. But right now, Lauryn Rage isn't thinking about any of that, Colt...

CP: Not at all. Right now, she's thinking about survival against Laura Davis to try to earn her spot in the Royal Crown tournament Finals in London.

[Grabbing the leg, Davis wraps it around the middle rope and promptly starts viciously kicking it!]

SA: Again going to work on the leg... and again, the referee is right there to warn her for the illegal tactics. Colt, while we've certainly seen Laura Davis bend the rules during her time here in the AWA, this might be the most flagrant disregard for the rules I've seen out of her.

CP: Hey, Lauryn Rage has been threatening her for WEEKS, Albano! Lauryn's Coming! Lauryn's Coming! Every time she turned around, Lauryn's Coming! Now they're in the same ring together and Davis is going to show her that it doesn't matter if Lauryn's coming because Laura Davis is here!

[The referee's count reaches four and change before Davis backs off again, hands raised as the official gets in her face about the repeated breaking of rules...

...which allows Trish Wallace to slip in and hammer home a trio of powerful double axehandles to the trapped leg!]

SA: Trish Wallace behind the referee's back! The Slam Sorority helping their den mother out!

[The referee whips around at the crowd's jeering and ALMOST catches Trish Wallace in the act, pointing an accusatory finger at her as Wallace backs off with her own hands raised...]

SA: The referee giving Wallace a warning this time. Both Colton and Wallace have gotten their own warnings now but so far they've gotten away with interfering behind the referee's back.

[Davis steps back in, dragging Rage out of the corner by the hair into a front facelock before immediately taking her over with a snap suplex!]

SA: Nice suplex... and Davis floats over, into a cover...

[A two count follows before Rage escapes the pin.]

SA: ...and Rage is out at two again, slipping the shoulder up.

CP: But no kickout, Sal... did you notice that? She does not have the lower body strength right now with that bad leg to kick out of a pin attempt and that puts her in a bad way to try to win this matchup.

[Davis angrily gets off the mat, barking first at the official and then down at Rage before violently stomping the kneecap once... twice... three times...]

SA: My... oh my... you can hear Lauryn Rage crying out in pain and... pinfall or not, submission or not, the referee may need to take a look at stopping this thing as we draw near the halfway point in this twenty minute time limit, Colt.

CP: If Rage is injured, they should call it for her. She should not be risking permanent injury to keep fighting in this one.

SA: The referee's down on a knee talking to her now, trying to find out if she wants to continue...

CP: It may not matter if she wants to continue or not, Sal.

"TEN MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

SA: And there's that ten minute call - halfway home in this one... remember, this is a first round tournament match so if we go the distance... if we go to a draw, BOTH competitors are out of this tournament and...

CP: What happens then? Is the Finals a three way match?

SA: That's an excellent question, Colt. I don't have that answer for you but we'll try to find out.

[With Rage in the middle of the ring, Davis grabs the foot, twisting the leg around...]

SA: Looking for the figure four leglock here and-

[...but as she turns, Rage plants her good foot on the rear, shoving off and sending Davis sprawling down on the mat to cheers!]

SA: -RAGE KICKS HER OFF!

CP: She heard the time call too. She knows she's got ten minutes left to get back into this thing and figure out a way to get the win and move on to The Battle of London and the tournament final. She fought the field in the Iron Gauntlet to get here and now she's gotta find a way to dig a little deeper, choke down the pain shooting through her leg, and see if she can make this happen.

SA: Rage crawling to the ropes, using those ropes to try and drag herself up off the mat as the time continues to tick away...

[The All-Around Athlete moves back in on Rage, looking to strike as the former champion regains her feet...]

SA: RIGHT HAND! RAGE LANDS THE RIGHT HAND!

[Davis goes stumbling backwards from the impact of the big haymaker out of Lauryn Rage!]

SA: The boxing skills being put to good use - and there's another right hand!

[Davis staggers back again as Rage pushes off the ropes, winding up her right hand...]

SA: BOOM! A big haymaker finds the mark!

[Davis goes falling backwards but catches her footing as the crowd ROARS for the flurry of fists out of Rage!]

SA: Davis is barely on her feet still and-

[But Davis lashes out with a kick to the kneecap, causing Rage to cry out and fall right back down on the mat!]

SA: -ohhhh... and just like that, Laura Davis turns this right back around. Just when it looked like Lauryn Rage was stringing a comeback together, Davis hits the knee and put her right back down!

[Davis grabs the foot again, twisting the leg around...]

SA: Spinning toehold! Spinning toehold locked in by Davis!

[...and Rage cries out, trying to sit up, clawing at the canvas as Davis cranks on the injured limb!]

SA: The submission hold locked in by an out-and-out submission expert! Laura Davis taking aim at the surgically-repaired knee of Lauryn Rage, perhaps looking to not just win the match but to take her out as well!

[Davis screams "ASK HER!" at the official who obliges...]

SA: Davis wanting Sakai to check for a submission but Lauryn Rage.... well, you heard it, fans - screaming no at the top of her lungs!

CP: She's gotta give it up, Sal. This is getting dangerous for her career now.

SA: I'm not sure she cares, Colt. Lauryn Rage is a very proud woman... she might be willing to risk serious injury to herself to not allow Davis to beat her like that. Davis isn't letting go of this hold though... again, telling the referee to ask... and again, she gets a no!

[A frustrated Davis torques the leg again, nodding as Wallace and Colton attempt to start a "TAP! OUT!" chant on the outside but get nothing but boos from the AWA faithful in response!]

SA: The Slam Sorority wants the submission but Lauryn Rage refuses!

[Rage cries out in pain as Davis torques the hold again...

...and then leaps up, crushing the trapped leg underneath her!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Rage flattens out on the mat, trying to grab at her leg as Davis regains her feet, sneering at the official who kneels down to check to see if Rage can continue again.]

SA: Koji Sakai doing an excellent job out here, checking on Lauryn Rage again to make sure she can continue...

[Davis drags Rage off the mat, not allowing her to respond to Sakai before she pulls her into a front facelock again...]

SA: Davis looking for another suplex and-

[The crowd cheers as Rage lands a right hand to the exposed ribs... and again... and again...]

SA: Rage is trying to fight his way free, hammering the ribcage with those dangerous punches!

[...and Davis abandons the suplex attempt, staggering away as Rage straightens up, a wince on her face as she nods to the cheering crowd...]

SA: Davis is stunned off those blows to the body... Rage trying to gather herself...

[...and as Davis stumbles back in on Rage, the former champion lashes out with a boot to the gut...]

SA: SHE GOES DOWNSTAIRS!

[...and with the OKC crowd roaring, Rage turns, hooking the head and tucking Davis' chin against her shoulder...]

SA: SNAKEBI-

[...but before Rage can drop down in a likely match-ending move, Davis delivers a powerful shove, sending Rage flying forward, crashing into the turnbuckles!]

SA: OH! Davis gets loose! She avoids the Snakebite and... look at this now, Colt!

[With Rage staggered, Davis yanks her backwards out of the corner by the hair, hooking the injured leg...]

SA: Lifts her up and... SHINBREAKER!

[...and as she lands, she bounces her right back, dumping her down in a high angle back suplex, holding the bridge...]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT... NOOOOOO! RAGE POPS THAT SHOULDER UP IN TIME!

[...and Davis again rolls off the mat to her feet, throwing words at the official who holds up two fingers.]

SA: Laura Davis showing a little bit of frustration here as well - also unlike her, Colt.

CP: Can you blame her, Albano? Rage has been working to get under her skin for a while now and all Davis wants is to beat her, put her in the rear view, and take aim at Julie Somers and the World Title.

SA: I don't know if that's "all Davis wants" - right now it looks like she's just as concerned with injuring Lauryn Rage as she is with beating her... and whatever way you cut it, Rage is putting up one heck of a fight, showing tremendous heart and resilience here tonight in Oklahoma City in this first round Royal Crown tournament matchup.

[On her feet, Davis grabs two hands full of hair to drag Rage to a knee on the mat...

...where Rage lunges forward, smashing her head into Davis' midsection to cheers!]

SA: Oh! And there it is again, Colt! Rage REFUSING to stay down! REFUSING to give in! REFUSING to stop fighting!

[From her knee, Rage CRACKS the doubled-up Davis with a right uppercut that snaps her head back, sending her falling to the canvas...]

CP: Da Kid's got guts, I'll give her that! That uppercut dropped Davis like a bad habit and now she's... she's right on top!

[...where Rage throws her hobbled body into the mount, promptly raining down rights and lefts to the roars of the crowd!]

SA: Lauryn Rage is finally getting her chance to get her pound of flesh on Laura Davis!

[The four count comes quickly though, forcing Rage to abandon her assault and gingerly regain her feet, very obviously trying to avoid putting weight on the targeted knee.]

SA: Rage is on her feet... well, foot.

[Rage grabs Davis by the hair, pulling her up off the mat, dragging her awkwardly to the corner where she promptly RAMS Davis' head into the top turnbuckle to cheers...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

SA: Simple but effective offense out of the first Women's World Champion leaves Davis in a daze!

[Staggering out of the corner, Davis takes a big swing at nothing but air, faceplanting on the canvas to laughter and cheers from the AWA faithful. Rage leans hard on the turnbuckles, grimacing as she waves Davis back to her feet.]

SA: Look at her, Colt! Lauryn Rage can barely even stand and yet she's still in this match, still fighting, still looking for a way to end it!

[Davis slowly pushes up off the mat as Rage waves her up a second time.]

SA: We've gotta be close to the five minute mark, time continuing to slip... slip... slip into the future as Davis gets to her feet.

[With the crowd solidly behind her, Rage goes to strike...

...but finds herself immobilized thanks to Carolina Colton hooking her ankle from the outside!]

SA: Colton's got the ankle! Colton's got the ankle!

[Rage shouts in response, trying to shake free...

...and that allows referee Koji Sakai to turn and spot Colton's actions!]

SA: She got caught! Colton got caught with her hand in the cookie jar!

[Colton quickly withdraws her hands, shaking her head as Sakai accuses her...

...and then EJECTS her!]

SA: Colton's outta here! She got tossed from this one for the outside interference!

CP: Well, she's lucky Davis didn't get disqualified, I guess.

SA: She sure is... and these OKC fans are on their feet! They're loving this!

[Trish Wallace confronts her partner in the aisle, shouting at her as Colton angrily stomps up the aisle. On her feet, Laura Davis nears the ropes, also angrily shouting at Colton...

...before Rage drags her down in a rollup!]

SA: SCHOOLGIRL ROLLUP! RAGE PULLS HER DOWN FOR ONNNNNNNNE!
TWOOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SHE ALMOST HAD HER! SHE ALMOST PINNED DAVIS ON ONE BAD LEG!

"FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!"

SA: Five minutes left on the clock and it's nervous time for these two warriors trying to earn their spot in the Royal Crown tournament Finals!

CP: Time to pick up the pace, maybe take a chance...

[Both women attempt to scramble off the mat to get to their feet first but the knee slows down Rage enough that Davis beats her to standing, burying a boot in the midsection...]

SA: Davis goes downstairs, hooks her up...

[...and takes her off in a picture perfect cradle suplex!]

SA: FISHERMAN SUPLEX CONNECTS! BRIDGE!

[The official dives down to count anew.]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT... NOOOOOOOO! SHE GOT THE SHOULDER UP!
I DON'T KNOW HOW BUT RAGE GETS THE SHOULDER UP IN TIME!

[Davis lets loose a loud shout of frustration as she sits up on the mat, glaring over at the official who again holds up two fingers, earning some angry shouts from Trish Wallace now alone on the outside.]

SA: Laura Davis thought she had it won right there-

CP: Looked like a slow count to me. You sure this Sakai is a licensed official?

SA: A licensed... yes, of course he is! Koji Sakai doing a fine job in this one despite the beliefs of Colt Patterson and Laura Davis!

CP: I call 'em like I see 'em... unlike this crook Sakai.

SA: Colt, I can't believe you. Laura Davis continuing to berate the official... she's lost her grip on this one! Davis continues to show that Lauryn Rage is living rent free in that one square foot of real estate atop her shoulders as we've never seen Davis this out of control in a match... look at this now!

[The crowd jeers as Davis takes the mount on Rage, battering her with right hands to the head...]

SA: Just pummeling her, pounding her into the mat as we're under four minutes remaining...

[Wallace shouts something about the time to Davis, snapping her out of her rage... get it? The All-Around Athlete retakes her feet, bringing Rage with her as she drives her back into the buckles.]

SA: Back in the corner... Davis perhaps looking for something big here to finish off Da Kid here in OKC!

[Davis looks to boost Rage up to sit on the top turnbuckle but again Rage starts hammering the exposed ribs as she does!]

SA: Davis trying to get her up top but Rage is having none of that, punishing those ribs with punches!

[The All-Around Athlete postures up, grabbing her ribs as Rage snatches her by the hair, driving her own skull into Davis'!]

SA: OHHH! HEADBUTT BY RAGE!

[And with Davis staggered, it's now Rage who lifts Davis up over her shoulder with a loud grunt of effort...]

SA: Rage has got her up! Looking for something big of her own perhaps!

[...and with a determined look in her eyes, Rage begins running from the corner, looking for the running sitout spinebuster...]

SA: SPINEBUSTER ON THE WAAAAAY...

[...but midway across the ring, Rage's knee buckles and Davis is able to turn the spinebuster attempt into a small package!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SHOULDER UP! SHOULDER UP! BY THE SKIN OF HER DAMN TEETH, LAURYN RAGE GETS THE SHOULDER UP AND SAVES THIS MATCH AND HER SPOT IN THE ROYAL CROWN TOURNAMENT FINALS!

CP: Whoooooa... it don't get much closer than that, Sal.

SA: It sure doesn't. Lauryn Rage was just a split second away from elimination and Laura Davis was the same split second away from moving on to the tournament finals in London! Wow! What a battle between two of the best this Women's Division has to offer!

[The crowd is buzzing over the near fall, cheering for the action they've seen as both men struggle to get back up off the mat...]

"THREE MINUTES REMAIN! THREE TO GO!"

SA: You hear the call from Rebecca Ortiz - only three minutes left in this battle to see who is advancing in the Royal Crown tournament and that's how badly these women want it, Colt!

CP: They're both giving it everything they've got in there and then some, Sal. Tremendous first round matchup in what looks like to be an outstanding tournament on paper.

[Back on her feet, Davis immediately tears into the official again, backing him across the ring into the corner...]

CP: This is an unusual mistake by Davis, wasting valuable time in going after the official...

SA: You can even hear Trish Wallace on the outside telling her to stay on Rage. An uncharacteristic chip in the armor of Laura Davis as she's-

[Davis turns her ire onto Wallace, shouting at her from the ring.]

SA: Wow! Now she's yelling at her own partner!

CP: She's losing her cool and she's gotta find it back quick or this one's gonna be over!

[Shaking her head, Davis turns back towards Rage who has fought back to a knee again and as Davis approaches, Rage buries a right hand into the midsection!]

SA: Rage goes downstairs and Davis is rocked!

[The crowd is cheering as Rage climbs to her feet, throwing another right hand downstairs!]

SA: Another one to the midsection, rocking the breadbasket of the All-Around Athlete!

[Davis straightens up with a gasp, holding her gut as Rage squares up, throwing a quick jab-jab-hook combo that sends Davis staggering backwards, falling into the ropes as Koji Sakai warns Rage for the closed fists!]

SA: Da Kid falling back on those boxing skills and she's got Davis rocked!

CP: But with just over two minutes left, Sal, does she have enough time?

SA: We're about to find out!

[With Davis on the ropes wide open, Rage balls up her fist again and smashes it into the gut once... twice... three times...

...and then pops her with a left hook that spins Davis around, dropping her down onto her back on the mat!]

SA: OHHH! WHAT A SHOT BY RAGE!

CP: She might've knocked her out cold, Sal!

SA: Rage looking out on these cheering fans but-

CP: She oughta be looking to cover!

[Rage starts to advance on the downed Davis who proves she's not quite out of it yet, lashing out with an extended leg to drive her foot RIGHT into the kneecap of Rage!]

"OHHHHHHHH!"

[Rage again collapses to the mat, screaming out as she grabs her leg...

...which is when Davis quickly hooks the injured limb, dropping down to the mat herself!]

SA: KNEEBAR! KNEEBAR APPLIED ON LAURYN RAGE!

CP: This is it!

SA: Laura Davis - an expert in submissions...

"TWO MINUTES! TWO MINUTES!"

SA: ...trying to force Rage to submit with two minutes left in this twenty minute time limit! What a war between these two tremendous competitors!

[Davis shouts, wrenching the leg, trying to hyperextended the already-hurt knee as Rage claws at the canvas, searching desperately for a way out...]

SA: Rage is looking for an escape but she's too far from the ropes! She's out of reach for now at least!

[...and uses her free leg to smash her heel down into the torso of Davis over and over as the crowd ROARS!]

SA: Rage trying to kick her way out! The referee is right there to check for a submission but Rage refuses to give up! Refuses to give up her shot of heading to the Royal Crown finals in London!

[Davis screams madly, torquing the leg as Sakai continues to check for a submission. Rage buries her hands in her own hair, pulling wildly at it to try and distract from the pain shooting through her surgically-repaired knee!]

SA: Can she do it, Colt?! Can she find a way out?!

CP: Davis won't let go! She landed a few hard shots with those kicks but Davis refuses to let go!

[Rage rolls to her side, stretching out towards the ropes as the crowd urges her on...]

SA: Still out of reach! Not by much but she can't get there yet!

CP: Trish Wallace pounding the mat, screaming at her to tap out!

[Davis echoes those demands as she rocks back and forth, trying to rip and tear the knee to shreds...]

SA: Rage wriggling towards the ropes, stretching out again...

[Rage is just fingertips away as Davis leans back, shouting as she rocks back and forth, screaming "QUIT! QUIT, DAMN IT!" at her also-screaming opponent!]

SA: ...she's not there yet! She's not close enough! She's not-

[And with another shout of effort, Rage throws herself towards the ropes...

...and just barely wraps a finger around one!]

SA: She got there! She made it to the ropes!

[The referee leaps up, shouting "BREAK! IN THE ROPES!"]

SA: Rage made it to the ropes but Davis won't let go! Laura Davis not letting go of that kneebar!

[Davis defiantly shakes her head, cranking the hold even tighter as the referee frantically starts counting...]

CP: She's trying to put her back on a surgeon's table, Albano!

SA: That's EXACTLY what she's trying to do! Rage clinging to the ropes but Davis doesn't give a damn! We're-

"ONE MINUTE REMAINS! SIXTY SECONDS!"

SA: We're under a minute to go but Davis- I think she's snapped! I think she doesn't give a damn right now! She couldn't put Lauryn Rage away in this one... Rage kept coming back and I think it finally drove Davis over the edge, Colt!

CP: You might be right about that, Big Sal - the referee's count is at three... four...

[Trish Wallace is shouting at Davis from the floor, begging her to let go as the referee looks conflicted...

...and with a blood-curdling shout from Rage cried out, official Koji Sakai shouts "FIVE! FIVE! BREAK IT, DAVIS! ONE MORE CHANCE!" But Davis shakes her head, screaming "NOOOOOO!" at the official who suddenly finds himself with no choice but...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: Koji Sakai calls for the bell! He just stopped the match, Colt!

CP: Yeah, but what's the decision here?

[Davis - upon hearing the bell - suddenly snaps out of her bloody rage, letting go of the hold and rolling away with her hands raised in the air over her head as the fans jeer madly!]

SA: Davis... I don't know if she truly thinks she won here or...?

CP: Maybe she did.

SA: The referee conferring with Rebecca Ortiz over here by us... there was under a minute to go in this one when referee Koji Sakai called for the bell... we're waiting to get an official decision now.

[Inside the ring, Trish Wallace is looking puzzled at her ally, shouting "WHAT DID YOU DO?!" at Davis who looks puzzled at Wallace, muttering "I don't know" as she shakes her head...

...and suddenly, we hear the voice of Rebecca Ortiz.]

RO: AWA fans, referee Koji Sakai has stopped this match... due to Laura Davis' failure to obey his commands and break in the ropes. Therefore, your winner of the match...

...as a result of a DISQUALIFICATION...

[The crowd ROARS, knowing what's coming next.]

RO: ...advancing to London and the ROYAL CROWN TOURNAMENT FINALS...

...LAURRRRRRYNNNNNNNN RAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[Davis' face betrays her shock at the outcome, looking first at the official with fury in her eyes...

...and then back down at Lauryn Rage who still has been unable to get up off the mat.]

SA: Lauryn Rage wins by disqualification... she's moving on to the Finals... and I think Laura Davis got so mad... so frustrated... she was seeing red, Colt, plain and simple... and I think she didn't even realize that she lost until right now.

[Davis' gaze goes cold as she glares at Rage, ignoring the official trying to get her to leave the ring...

...and she pounces on Rage again, stomping the knee twice before reapplying the kneebar!]

SA: She locks it in again! Davis again with the kneebar and-

[Rage is screaming in pain, clawing at the mat as the official tries to get Davis to break the hold...]

SA: Sakai is shouting at Davis, ordering her to let go but-

CP: Good luck with that! Laura Davis just realized she's out of this tournament and she's going to try to take Rage out of it too!

[Davis cranks the leg, trying to hyper-extend the knee as Sakai implores Trish Wallace to help... but Wallace simply shrugs, looking on as Rage slams her arms down into the mat, flailing in pain...]

SA: Lauryn Rage is in a bad way here and-

[The crowd cheers - quietly at first as AWA officials come jogging into view... and then much louder as a handful of the Women's Division hits the ring.]

SA: -finally, we're getting some help out here...

[Seeing the incoming cavalry, Trish Wallace finally urges Davis to break the hold - first verbally and then physically dragging her out of the kneebar, pulling her from the ring as the squared circle fills up.]

SA: Trish Wallace pulling Davis out of there... so she escapes but... Lauryn Rage is in trouble, Colt.

CP: You're telling me. Two weeks from tonight, she's gotta get in the ring in Kansas City against Carolina Colton who you know will be under strict orders to take out

Rage after what happened here tonight. Her Royal Crown final spot is DEFINITELY in jeopardy, Sal.

SA: No doubt about that. We can see Dr. Bob Ponavitch making his way down here, obvious concern on his face... and for Lauryn Rage, lying on the mat with pain shooting through her right knee... this has to feel like a bit of déjà vu, Colt.

CP: I never want to see anyone injured, Sal... so you gotta hope she can get that knee right before National Wrestling Night.

SA: Absolutely... and as the medical team works to get Rage out of the ring...

[The shot cuts to ringside to a concerned-looking Sal and a less-worried Colt.]

SA: ...we're going to drastically shift gears, I suppose.

[Sal shrugs.]

CP: The show must go on, jack.

SA: We'll work to get an update on Rage's condition before we go off the air tonight but if not, make sure you stay tuned in to AWA social media - YouTube, Twitter, etc. for all the late-breaking news tonight and the rest of the weekend. And while Lauryn Rage has to suddenly be worried about another major injury cutting her career short, we're here to talk about someone else's career that is coming to an end... and that, of course, is Juan Vasquez. But his career is coming to an end on his own choice, Colt.

CP: Must be nice.

SA: As we walk the road to Dodger Stadium... to Memorial Day Mayhem and the retirement match for Juan Vasquez against his longtime rival, Raphael Rhodes, we know that Vasquez has been given a hero's welcome in every city we've been to this year... and I'm telling you right now, Oklahoma City has been no different. Let's take a look...

[The camera cuts to Hank Thompson's "Oklahoma Hills" playing, as we see Juan Vasquez, and his daughters Kimmy Bailey and Lorena Vasquez, exploring the city. We see them taking selfies in front of the Oklahoma City National Memorial & Museum, riding the Bricktown Water Taxi, and tasting local delicacies.]

SA: The Vasquez family is really soaking in everything OKC has to offer.

CP: Who cares about sightseeing? Let's see some action!

[The scene then transitions to Juan and Kimmy participating in a basketball skills competition during halftime at an Oklahoma City Thunder game. Kimmy effortlessly dribbles the ball through a line of traffic cones and scores a winning layup, while Juan stumbles over one of the cones trying to catch up to Kimmy and falls flat on his face, much to the amusement of Russell Westbrook and Paul George.]

SA: Would you look at that! Kimmy Bailey showing off her basketball skills, while poor Juan takes a tumble!

CP: Ha ha ha! No wonder he's retiring!

[The camera captures Juan laughing off his fall as he gets back on his feet and high-fives Kimmy.]

SA: Despite the mishap, it's all smiles for the Vasquez family. And speaking of honors, our journey isn't over yet!

[The scene transitions to the city council chamber, where Juan stands proudly in front of the council members as they present him with a plaque of appreciation.]

SA: And here we are, folks, at the climax of Juan's OKC adventure. The city council recognizing him for his contributions to the community and the world of wrestling.

[Juan humbly accepts the plaque, thanking the council and the people of Oklahoma City for their hospitality.]

SA: There you have it, folks. From tourist attractions to basketball blunders, Juan Vasquez's journey through OKC has been nothing short of unforgettable.

CP: Love him or hate him, you can't deny the impact Juan has had, both inside and outside the ring.

SA: That's right, Colt. And who knows where his next adventure will take him?

[The segment ends with a shot of Juan, Kimmy, and Lorena waving to the cheering crowd, as the camera fades back to inside the arena, where we see Rebecca Ortiz in an empty ring.]

RO: AWA fans... JUAAAAAAAAAN VAAAAAASSSSQUUUUUEEEEZZZ!!!

["They Reminisce Over You" by Pete Rock and CL Smooth begins to play over the PA system as the crowd erupts with cheers! The cheers only get louder as they see Juan Vasquez emerging from the entrance way. The former champion is dressed in sky blue tights with red, white and gold flames running up the legs and white boots with sky blue 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 all the fans there, before stopping at Kimmy Bailey and Lorena Vasquez, who grab their dear old dad in an enormous hug.]

SA: And there's Juan's daughters, with the best seats in the house.

CP: The best seats in the house besides the ones we're sitting in you mean.

SA: Of course!

[Getting into the ring, Juan grabs a microphone to address the crowd.]

JV: Oklahoma City!

[Juan is greeted with a huge roar for telling the fans the name of the city they're currently in.]

JV: You know, I've had my fair share of classic battles in this city over the years. And tonight, instead of waiting for someone to step up and accept my challenge, I decided to do things a little differently.

[The crowd murmurs with anticipation, intrigued by Vasquez's words.]

JV: Tonight, I handpicked my opponent. About eight years ago, I gave a young man named Eric Preston...

[HUGE roar at the mention of the former AWA star.]

JV: ...a similar opportunity and he knocked it right out of the park. Well, tonight I chose a young man who I believe has the potential to be something special in this sport and I expect him to make a similar, if not even bigger impact in the AWA. And that man is none other than... Yoshi Fujiwara!

[A metal cover of "Bloody Tears" from the Castlevania video game series begins to play, as the crowd erupts with applause and cheers, as we can hear a shocked Kimmy Bailey very audibly shouting, "YOU CHOSE BROWN EYES!?".]

JV: Tonight, it's not just about me. It's about giving an opportunity to someone who deserves it. And trust me when I say, Yoshi, tonight, you're going to show the world what you're made of! So, Rebecca... let's remix this business.

[Vasquez hands off the mic with a bow of the head to the AWA ring announcer who grins, lifting the mic...]

RO: Annnnnnd his opponent... from Fujinomiya, Japan... he weighs in at 186 pounds...

...YOOOOOOSHI FUJIWARRRRRRRA!!!

[Yoshi Fujiwara steps out from behind the curtains, pumping his fists in the air as the crowd's cheers grow louder. Fujiwara is dressed in a sukajan bomber jacket embroidered with golden dragons over his wrestling gear. He wears a pair of wrestling tights with one red leg and one white leg, with matching boots. He has a chiseled physique with well-defined muscles. Despite his impressive physique, Yoshi is still growing into his body, giving him a thin, almost lanky look.]

SA: And here comes the man of the hour, Yoshi Fujiwara, making his way to the ring! He's shown off some impressive skills since coming to the AWA.

CP: This kid's got a lot to prove tonight, Sal. Maybe he's got a few impressive tricks up his sleeve, but let's see if he can handle the pressure of facing a legend like Juan Vasquez. Let's see if he can back up all the hype once he steps foot in that ring.

[When he reaches the ring, Yoshi leaps up onto the apron and vaults over the top rope with a flip, landing squarely in the center of the ring. He poses for a moment, looking out at the crowd, before walking to his corner and stretching, ready to do battle.]

"HEY BROWN EYES, YOU BETTER NOT HURT MY DADDY, OR I'LL HURT YOU!"

SA: A very stern warning from Kimmy Bailey towards her... friend?, Yoshi Fujiwara.

CP: I don't even want to begin speculating what the nature of their relationship is. Kimmy, Yoshi, Betty, Ayako, Molly Bell... they're all a bunch of weirdos, if you ask me!

[Both men walk towards the center of the ring. Vasquez has a look of absolute confidence on his face, while Fujiwara is the epitome of anxiety. Vasquez chuckles to himself and can be heard saying, "Don't worry kid, this is only the most

important match of your life." during their staredown, a statement that does nothing to quell Fujiwara's fears.]

SA: It can be difficult to comment on the state of a wrestler's mind going into a match, but it's quite obvious that Yoshi Fujiwara is scared out of his mind.

CP: You'd expect a guy that's wrestled all around the world to be able to handle the pressure. Fujiwara needs to toughen up and focus. Maybe this is the biggest match of his life, but so what? Now's not the time to be starstruck!

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: Tie-up in the center of the ring... Vasquez backs Fujiwara into the corner and rather easily.

CP: He's got almost fifty pounds on Fujiwara. If Fujiwara is going to win this match, it's not going to be from overpowering him.

[Vasquez cleanly breaks from the tie and holds up his hands as he backs away.]

SA: Clean break by Vasquez, and he walks back to the middle of the ring. Back to the collar and elbow tie-up again, both men jockeying for position... Vasquez backs into Fujiwara into the corner again...

[But this time, there is no clean break.]

"SMAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Boomshakalaka! An open handed slap right across the chest of Yoshi Fujiwara!

[Fujiwara clutches his chest in pain, but Vasquez straightens him up and cuts right into him, this time blasting him with a knife edge chop!]

"SMAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: And a chop right across the pectorals has Fujiwara in a world of hurt!

"SMAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: And another! Yoshi Fujiwara's chest is bright red from these chops!

CP: Between the retirement tour and this family man act he's been playing, I think we forget just how much of a ruthless bastard Juan Vasquez can be.

SA: I highly doubt he's pretending that he loves his family, Colt. They're the reason he's walking away from this sport.

CP: Oh, I don't doubt that he loves them. I mean more that it's distracting us from the fact this is the same guy that terrorized the AWA for the last two years. You think that guy isn't still lurking somewhere beneath the surface?

SA: Well, I certainly hope he isn't.

[A cry of "Don't hurt him too badly, daddy! He's fragile!" can be heard from Kimmy Bailey, as Juan turns to his daughter and laughs, shouting "I can't really promise you that!" Meanwhile, Lorena Vasquez comes in crystal clear on her megaphone...]

PSSST "DROP HIM ON HIS HEAD, PAPI!"

[Laughter can be heard from the audience as Juan shakes his head in disbelief, before getting back to the task at hand.]

SA: Juan's daughters certainly seem to be conflicted. Kimmy's pleading for mercy, while Lorena doesn't want him to show Yoshi any mercy at all.

CP: The little one's got some pretty good killer instinct. She'd probably make a great wrestler some day.

SA: I hear she's interested in becoming a manager.

CP: Oh brother. Thank God for child labor laws.

[Vasquez hooks Fujiwara's arm and launches him high into the air, throwing him onto the canvas with his patented hip toss to a big roar from the crowd!]

SA: There's Juan Vasquez's world famous hip toss! We haven't seen that one in awhile!

[Fujiwara is quickly back up to his feet, only to taken off his feet yet again as Juan twists him down to the canvas with a highly aggressive side headlock takeover. He tussles Fujiwara's hair with his free hand as he tightens the screws on the side headlock.]

CP: Vasquez is really having his way with Fujiwara in there. This kid might have all the potential in the world, but Vasquez is really showing the difference between a man that was once the absolute pinnacle of our sport and an unpolished diamond in the rough.

[As Vasquez works Fujiwara over on the mat, the crowd buzzes, as we see Raphael Rhodes stepping through the curtains, to once again observe a Juan Vasquez match up close.]

SA: And there's Raphael Rhodes, who has become a familiar sight in Juan Vasquez matches as of late.

CP: Hey, we were talking earlier about how this is the most important match of Fujiwara's life, but Rhodes is going to be facing Vasquez in the most important match of HIS life on Memorial Day!

SA: You've got that right. But going back to the action in the ring, I think Yoshi Fujiwara can still turn this around, but he needs to get on that fast. He fights back up to his feet and throws an elbow to the ribcage... and another... he gets his hands around Vasquez and lifts...

"THHHUUUUD!"

[Fujiwara drops Vasquez with a backdrop suplex. However, the crowd begins to applaud once they realize...]

SA: Vasquez still has that headlock on!

CP: If you thought Yoshi Fujiwara was a bundle of nerves before, just imagine what that had to do to his confidence. You suplex a man and he's still got you in a side headlock? That's got to be messing with his head.

[Tightening up on that side headlock as Yoshi forces them both back up to a vertical base, Juan looks up the aisle and notices Rhodes watching. A big grin forms on his face as he turns to Lorena]

"Hey chica! What move do you wanna see next?"

PSSST "THE PHOENIX SPLASH!"

"NO!"

[There's some laughter in the crowd at the banter between Lorena and Juan, but the loss in focus has Fujiwara once again lifting Vasquez into the air for a back suplex. However, this time Juan flips out of it, landing on his feet behind Yoshi. He grabs Fujiwara from behind with a waistlock, before throwing him through the air with a release German suplex...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Suplex... but Fujiwara lands on his feet!

[Fujiwara is quick to run into the ropes...]

SA: OH! A spinning heel kick takes Juan Vasquez down!

[As Juan gets to his feet, Fujiwara sprints into the far ropes. He rolls over Vasquez's back and hooks his arm as he goes over, tossing Juan across the ring with an armdrag takedown that sends him across the ring!]

SA: A floatover into an armdrag!

[The momentum causes Vasquez to slide to the outside as Fujiwara takes off for the far ropes again, charging at Juan, who spots Yoshi coming from a mile away and ducks onto the floor, just as the Japanese native adjusts and handsprings into the ropes, before harmlessly landing back onto his feet.]

SA: How about that, Colt? A little bit of athletic mindgames on the part of Fujiwara there and... look at this!

[As Juan get back to his feet, he doesn't notice Fujiwara until it's too late, a split second before he slingshots himself over the top rope, landing onto the second rope on the outside of the ring and using the momentum to springboard off into a somersault plancha onto Vasquez!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SWEET SAN LORENZO! I don't think I've ever seen a somersault plancha done like that!

CP: What the heck did I just watch?

[As Kimmy Bailey can be heard yelling, "You better have not hurt my daddy, Brown Eyes!", Yoshi Fujiwara grabs Juan and quickly tosses the former AWA World Champion back under the ropes and back into the ring. He is quick to get back up onto the apron and slingshot himself up onto the top rope, before tightrope walking to the center...]

SA: Hugh Jackman better watch out, because it looks like Yoshi Fujiwara is coming for his title of greatest showman!

[...and diving off, crashing onto Vasquez with a flying elbowdrop that hits dead center and straight to his heart!]

SA: A HUGE SPRINGBOARD ELBOWDROP AND HERE'S THE PIN! IT COULD BE... IT MIGHT BE... NO! JUAN VASQUEZ KICKS OUT!

[Fujiwara slams his hands down on the canvas in frustration at Vasquez's kickout, as the camera cuts to shots of Raphael Rhodes looking on with a bemused expression on his face, Kimmy Bailey holding her head in disbelief and Lorena Vasquez with her hands covering her face, one eye peeking through her fingers.]

CP: That was as close as it gets, Sal! Was that the kid's best shot?

SA: I don't know, but he's going back up top!

[Climbing to the top rope, Fujiwara rises to his feet as Vasquez stands back to his. As the Hall Of Famer spins around, the former Olympic hopeful launches off with a mile high crossbody block, slamming into Vasquez's chest and taking him off his feet. However, the momentum takes the two over, leading to Juan getting back to his knees with Yoshi still in his arms!]

SA: No way!

CP: Juan Vasquez isn't really known for his power, but this is pure strength on display!

[With a guttural roar, Vasquez straightens up while Yoshi flails helplessly in his arms. He then adjusts his arm, placing Fujiwara into a front facelock and uses his other arm to throw Yoshi's legs into the air, before he holds him in place for a vertical suplex!]

SA: SWEET SAN ANTONIO! Juan Vasquez is digging deep into his bag of tricks!

CP: I swear, I've been watching this guy for twenty years and I don't think I've ever seen him do stuff like this. This is something you expect from a powerhouse like Atlas Armstrong or Max Magnum, not two months away from retirement Juan Vasquez!

[Vasquez holds Fujiwara upside-down for a few seconds, before walking to the center of the ring and planting him into the canvas with a textbook suplex. As he does so, he rolls up to his knees and spreads his arms out wide, before he, Kimmy, Lorena and some astute fans in the crowd all shout in unison...]

"NOTHING FANCY!!!"

[The camera cuts to an annoyed Raphael Rhodes shaking his head slowly and mouthing some words that the censor would rather you not hear.]

SA: Juan Vasquez taunting Raphael Rhodes yet again, using a normal vertical suplex and insisting on calling it the name of Rhodes' signature superplex.

CP: You have to appreciate the level of pettiness. Vasquez is in one heck of a battle with Yoshi Fujiwara and he still finds the time to wind up Raphael Rhodes.

[Vasquez grabs a stunned Fujiwara by the wrist and whips him to the far ropes...]

SA: Powerslam! Juan Vasquez just planted Yoshi Fujiwara with that powerslam and you know what comes next!

CP: That stupid "WESTSIDE!" thing he does?

[Indeed Colt, Juan is in fact planning on doing that. However, as he bounces off the ropes and struts his way to Fujiwara's body before coming to a complete stop and going for a somersault legdrop...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

SA: Close, but no donut! Fujiwara rolls out of the way!

[With Juan stunned by landing hard on his tailbone, Yoshi gets to his feet runs into the ropes, before sprinting back at full speed and planting both feet into the former AWA World Champion's face with a seated dropkick.]

SA: What a dropkick!

[Wasting no time, Fujiwara is a blur in motion, quickly following up with a standing moonsault...]

SA: OH!

[...a senton backsplash...]

SA: OH!

[...and then a springboard moonsault off the second rope!]

SA: OHHHHHHHHHHHHH! What a series of moves by Yoshi Fujiwara and here's the pin! It could be... it MIGHT be... NOOOOOO! Juan Vasquez gets the shoulder up!

CP: Fujiwara's been showing me something here tonight, Sal. I always thought he was kind of a flake, but it's almost like the harder Vasquez pushes him, the higher he goes.

[Fujiwara pulls Vasquez to his feet. He goes to whip Vasquez into the ropes, but it's reversed. As he rebounds, Vasquez spins him through the air, crashing him back-first across his knee with a...]

SA: Tilt-a-whirl backbreaker! But Juan Vasquez is down! Yoshi Fujiwara is down!

[Suddenly, the crowd roars!]

SA: NO! Juan Vasquez with the kip-up!

CP: I thought this man had a back problem?

[Right on cue, Juan grabs his back in pain.]

CP: Yep, he's going to feel that in the morning.

[Fighting through the pain, a suddenly rejuvenated Juan looks to one side of the arena... drawing cheers... and then to the other, drawing even louder cheers, before he backs himself into the ropes and bounces off, once again approaching the prone body of Yoshi Fujiwara before coming to a complete stop and crushing his throat with a somersault legdrop, before immediately bouncing to his feet and rushing to the ropes, where he throws up the "W" along with most of the arena and tens of thousands of voices cry out...]

"WEST-SIIIIIDDE!!!"

CP: I really can't believe this thing is catching on.

SA: I don't think it's that bad.

CP: We're in Oklahoma City, Sal! We're thousands of miles away from the west coast! Why is anyone not from that part of the country doing this!?

SA: Because it's fun?

CP: It's geographically dishonest!

[As Juan revels in the adoration from the crowd, he spots Lorena holding up a "CITY OF ANGELS" sign.]

PSSST "FINISH BROWN EYES OFF, PAPI!"

SA: I think Lorena Vasquez is calling for the end, Colt.

CP: Juan Vasquez is supposed to be one of, if not THE greatest wrestler this sport has ever seen and in the twilight of his career, he's taking advice from his fourteen year old daughter. I'm starting to think maybe this retirement can't come a moment too soon.

[Juan gives Lorena a nod, but then turns his head up the aisle at Raph. Suddenly, he yells out towards his rival...]

"HEY RAPH! I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO SCOUT!"

SA: Wait, what does he mean by that?

[Vasquez then drags Fujiwara to the corner, picking him up and sitting him on the top rope. Yoshi is seated on the top turnbuckle, as Vasquez climbs up to join him. From there, Juan lifts Yoshi over his shoulder, as the crowd suddenly roars, understanding what he's attempting to do.]

SA: You've got to be kidding me... a City of Angels from up there?

CP: Woah woah woah! Vasquez isn't planning to do a City of Angels from that height, is he? I know he wants to send a message to Rhodes, but sometimes less is more in this business.

SA: This could be dangerous for the both of them!

[The crowd rises in anticipation, as Juan prepares to leap off, but Fujiwara begins to kick his legs, fighting against the move.]

SA: No! Yoshi Fujiwara is trying to fight it off!

CP: He has no choice!

[Suddenly, Fujiwara breaks free, his feet landing back onto the canvas, as he holds onto Juan's legs.]

SA: Fujiwara escapes!

[With a powerful pull, Fujiwara yanks Juan away from the turnbuckles, and steps away from the corner, holding him up in a powerbomb position. Before the crowd even has a moment to process what just happened, Yoshi suddenly runs forward...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUDDDDDD!!!"

SA: A RUNNING POWERBOMB! Yoshi Fujiwara with an absolutely brutal powerbomb on Juan Vasquez!

CP: But look at him, Sal, he's not going for the cover! I think he knows he needs more than that to beat Juan Vasquez!

[Dragging himself to his feet, Fujiwara makes a frantic rush to climb up to the top turnbuckle. With his back turned to the ring, he suddenly launches himself off the top with a twisting moonsault...]

"OOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...that hits nothing but Juan Vasquez's knees.]

SA: Yoshi Fujiwara's gambit fails!

[Vasquez pulls himself to his feet, quickly scooping up Fujiwara for a City of Angels. However, he adjusts the move, first dropping Fujiwara neck-first across his knee...]

"OOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: A City of Angels across the knee!

CP: No, he's not done!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUDDDDDD!!!"

[...and then driving him into the canvas with a regular City of Angels!

SA: And another City of Angels! He spiked him right in the center of the ring! It could be... it might be... IT IS!

[The bell rings as the crowd roars. We see Raphael Rhodes shaking his head as Vasquez's hand is raised in victory and he walks back through the curtains.]

RO: YOUR WINNER OF THE MATCH... JUAN VASQUUUUUUEEEZZZ!!!

SA: What a match we've witnessed tonight! Yoshi Fujiwara may not have come out on top, but he certainly gave it his all against Juan Vasquez.

CP: I gotta hand it to Fujiwara, Sal. The kid showed some serious skill out there. He may have lost the battle, but he's definitely earned the respect of a lot of doubters in this arena tonight.

SA: Even you, Colt?

CP: Eh... he still has a ways to go before he gets that stamp of approval. This is one legend that isn't as easy to impress.

[Sal chuckles, as we cut back to the ring, we see Juan helping a woozy Yoshi Fujiwara back to his feet, raising the young man's hand into the air as well, as the crowd applauds his effort in defeat.]

SA: The Juan Vasquez Retirement Road Show continues here in Oklahoma City... and you can only wonder what he'll have up his sleeve two weeks from tonight with the whole world watching on ABC, fans. We'll be right back with our Main Event after this quick break so don't you dare go away!

[Vasquez gives the crowd a bow, a grin on his face as he mouths "thank you" to them and we fade to black...]

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

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

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

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

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

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

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

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

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

[FLASH!

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

"I can be a champion too!"

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

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

[Fade to black...

...and as we fade back up, we find Mark Stegglet standing in the backstage area in front of an AWA backdrop with a grin on his face and joy in his heart.]

MS: Saturday Night Wrestling LIVE from OKC here on ESPN is in full swing and we are moments away from tonight's Main Event pitting Violence Unlimited against the reunited Team Supreme! But right now, I'm here to talk about the next two weeks of AWA action coming your way... and to help me do that... come on in here...

[A wrestler steps into view - a well tanned white man with short brown hair tied up at the top in a small man bun. He's dressed more casually than we've seen him before - though his slacks do look both expensive and perfectly pressed, he's also in a light grey sleeveless t-shirt with big block letters on the front that read "Stack Plates, Get Dates".]

MS: Ricky Heartbreaker, we've only seen you in action once so far here in the AWA, and that was a rather controversial decision where you actually threatened legal action to get a disqualification win. I'm told you have a challenge to lay down for

the next episode of Showtime... Are we going to see more of those kind of shenanigans?

[Ricky winces slightly at the concise description of his debut win, but waits patiently for Stegglet to hold out the microphone for him.]

RH: I don't apologize for the contract clause I negotiated to prevent any strikes to my face. I understand how it sounds, but I was the Bachelor! My looks are a key part of my livelihood.

BUT... I do think that match maybe leaves a bad taste in some fans' mouths. That's why I've arranged to compete in a handicap match on Showtime.

[Stegglet clearly wasn't expecting that, as his eyes go wide in reaction.]

MS: Whoa, two-on-one, that's certainly upping the ante from your first match! Can you share who your opponents are going to be? Is it names we're familiar with?

[Heartbreaker chuckles, but in a jovial and not mocking way.]

RH: I've got to keep something to reveal later! Just be sure, my team and I have looked long and hard to put this match together. I think it's going to be a fun one.

MS: Well, there you have it. On Showtime, Ricky Heartbreaker is laying down the handicap match challenge to two men. We'll have to see how that goes... and now, let's take a look at the rest of the lineup for next weekend in Atlanta!

[A graphic comes up showing two competitors.]

MS: These two have been going back and forth for weeks now and this weekend, they'll finally collide OFFICIALLY in a one-on-one match when "Golden" Grant Carter takes on the Big Man On Campus, the undefeated Trey Carson! Can Carter score the upset or will Carson continue his winning ways?

[Another graphic comes up.]

MS: It'll be tag team action in Center Stage Studios when the Aces In The Hole take on two of the four members of Generation Lost who did a number on Hannibal Carver earlier tonight. Which two will it be? We'll all find out together next weekend!

[And yet another.]

MS: The Royal Crown Tournament is in full swing and next weekend, we'll see three huge first round matches when Raphael Rhodes meets Paris Crawford, Tony Donovan collides with Rory Smythe, and Trish Wallace takes on Kimmy Bailey! Who will advance to London in these big, big matches?

[And one more...]

MS: And we heard this one made official by Interim President Zharkov just a short while ago as the Tsar has declared that Odin Gunn will defend the World Television Title next weekend in Atlanta against the powerhouse of the former Dogs of War, Wade Walker! What a battle that's likely to be!

[We cut back to Stegglet.]

MS: Showtime is off to a hot start and it promises to be just as hot next weekend in Hotlanta! Now, let's look ahead two weeks from tonight to another major happening on the AWA calendar - our first broadcast on ABC - National Wrestling

Night! The eyes of the world will be on the AWA two weeks from tonight so you can expect the entire locker room to be looking to make a big impression from Kansas City!

[We get a new graphic.]

MS: It'll be trios tag team action when the team of E-Girl MAX - Casey Cash and the new Women's World Tag Team Champions Harley Hamilton and Cinder - take on the AWA Women's World Champion Julie Somers and two partners of her choice. No word on who the Spitfire has in mind but she'll need to bring the very best to survive the shenanigans around EGM.

[And again.]

MS: After what went down earlier tonight, tensions between Lauryn Rage and the Slam Sorority are already at a fever pitch... and it's not likely to get any better when the former champion meets Carolina Colton in one-on-one action two weeks from tonight... IF she's medically cleared.

[A crowded graphic on screen.]

MS: How about this one? For weeks now, we've seen the unlikely duo of Ryan Martinez and Derrick Williams face attacks by Masks For Money... and now - in Kansas City - Martinez and Williams look to settle this issue once and for all... but what kind of mental AND physical state will the AWA's true White Knight be in after recent events?

[Hey, look - a graphic with a title belt on it.]

MS: This one's been brewing all year long and it finally comes to a head on network television when Jordan Ohara defends the AWA National Title in a three way battle against Robert Donovan and Sid Osborne! We've heard from both champion and challengers all night long and they are ready for action in Kansas City!

[And one more.]

MS: The challenge was issued and it has been accepted as the Westerly Dynasty duo of James Lynch and Atlas Armstrong will team up to face the AWA World Champion Supernova and a partner still to be announced. The champ did not seem to know who his partner will be quite yet... but he'll be ready for this big showdown in Kansas City. It's National Wrestling Night! It's network television welcoming the AWA for the first time to ABC! And it all goes down two weeks from tonight... but fans, it's time to head up to the ring for tonight's Main Event!

[We fade away from Mark Stegglet to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is your MAIN EVENT of the evening! It is a tag team match set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit. Introducing first... representing Team Supreme...

[The lights in the arena then go out, as the opening hook to "The Baddest Man Alive" by The Black Keys and RZA begins to play.]

#I could take the pitchfork from the devil
#Keep a super suit like I'm incredible
#From the deep, blue sea to the dark blue sky
#I'm the baddest man alive

[The crowd roars with boos, when they see Cain Jackson stepping through the curtains.]

#I'd grab a crocodile by his tail
#Handcuff the judge, and put the cops in jail
#Make the meanest woman break down and cry
#I'm the baddest man alive
#I'm the baddest man alive

RO: ...he hails from Goose Creek, South Carolina... weighing 286 pounds...he is...

"THE BEAST"

CAAAAAAIIIIINNNNN JAAAAACCCCCKKKKKSSSSSOOOOONNNN!!!

[Dressed in sleek leather pants and a sharp blazer, Cain Jackson exudes confidence and power as he strides purposefully toward the ring. Jackson is a large African-American male with a heavy beard and dreadlocks tied back into a high ponytail.]

SA: Well, this is a little surprising. A new unit formed tonight... and they don't even enter together?

CP: They just formed like... an hour ago. Give 'em some time to pick new music.

SA: Does that take a long time?

CP: Sure, you gotta find the right song... then you gotta practice entering to it in the hallway of your house...

SA: Are you...? Never mind.

[Cain Jackson stops, just before entering the ring as "The Baddest Man Alive" fades out and the crowd immediately begins to roar with boos, awaiting the arrival of Supreme Wright.]

SA: The most notorious man in professional wrestling in 2018 so far... the mastermind behind the Red Wedding... behind everything that happened to former World Champion Johnny Detson... to what happened to Jackson Hunter and Brian James...

CP: That little Lynch brat too.

SA: Colt, come on... there was ABSOLUTELY nothing funny about what happened to young Diego Lynch at the hands of Team Supreme two weeks ago. Nothing.

CP: Speak for yourself, Albano. He was flopping like a fish in there!

[Sal breathes a sigh of disgust as "Power Slam" by Paradelous blares through the arena speakers, the lights dim, and an array of white lasers fills the arena, swirling and dancing in sync with the music. They converge at a single point on the entrance ramp, where Supreme Wright emerges from behind the curtain, his white attire glistening under the dazzling lights. The crowd erupts into a chorus of boos as he strides confidently down the ramp, his gaze fixed on the ring with unparalleled focus.]

RO: And his partner, making his way to the ring, weighing in at 228 pounds... hailing from Sherwood Forest, Baton Rouge, Louisiana... he is...

[Rebecca hesitates for a moment, before saying the next line.]

RO: ... "The White Knight" ...

[Massive boos!]

RO: ...SUPREEEEEEEEMMMMMEEEEEE WRIIIIGGGGGHHHHHHTTTTT!!!

[The crowd's disdain for Supreme is palpable as they continue to shower him with boos. As the lights return, we see that Wright is decked out now in white full length tights, with white elbowpads, kneepads and boots. Sal Albano at the announcer's table can barely conceal his disgust at the sight of Supreme's grand entrance, shaking his head in disapproval.]

SA: "The White Knight"? Are you kidding me. There's I guess, the new Supreme Wright. I can't stand the sight of him, Colt. His arrogance and callousness knows no bounds.

CP: But you gotta give the man credit, he sure knows how to make an entrance!

[With Wright and Jackson in the ring, the music fades but the boos do not as Rebecca Ortiz speaks again.]

RO: Annnnnnd their opponents...

[The OKC crowd ERUPTS at the opening chords of Motley Crue's "Shout At The Devil" rock out over the PA system.]

SA: And there's no mistaking who is about to be on the scene when you hear that music, Colt!

CP: Absolutely not - you talk about announcing your presence with authority and-

SA: HERE THEY COME! HERE THEY COME!

[With Motley Crue still blasting over the PA system, Oklahoma's favorite son, Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes come barreling the length of the aisle, diving into a slide under the ropes into the ring, coming to their feet ready to fight as Rebecca Ortiz rapidly scrambles from the ring!]

SA: AND WE'VE GOT A RUMBLE IN OKLAHOMA CITY!

[Morton is throwing bombs at Cain Jackson who is returning the favor in kind!]

SA: Morton and Jackson!

[Haynes' haymakers are sending Wright staggering backwards towards the ropes as the crowd goes wild!]

SA: Haynes getting his pound of flesh on the man he came here to fight tonight! The man who injured his wife two weeks ago in New Orleans!

[Wright slips a knee up into the ribs of the aggressive Haynes, swinging him around into the corner as Jackson goes to the eyes on Morton to cut him off, each man across in opposite corners...]

SA: Double whip's a-comin'!

[...but as they whip Morton and Hayes, the former World Tag Team Champions reverse it, sending Wright and Jackson crashing into each other in the middle of the ring!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AND DOWWWWWN GOOOOOOOES TEAM SUPREEEEEEME!

[The crowd is all sorts of fired up to see the AWA's newest dastardly duo get their just desserts.]

SA: It was June of 2015... June 6th to be exact... in Kansas City, Missouri when Haynes and Morton defeated the Lights Out Express to become the AWA World Tag Team Champions. They would go on to hold those titles for 174 days before dropping them to Air Strike at SuperClash VII in Houston, Texas. But tonight is not about gold... it's about sweet, sweet vengeance!

[Jackson is the first one up...

...and a running beefy clothesline from the 285 pounder from Tulsa sends Jackson falling over the ropes to the outside!]

SA: THE AMERICAN MURDER MACHINE STRIKES! That clothesline connects and down goes Cain Jackson to the outside!

[The crowd cheers for Jackson's unceremonious exit from the ring...

...and then gets louder as they see former World Champion Supreme Wright getting to his feet, trapped between the wild-eyed and determined Morton and Haynes!]

SA: Uh oh!

CP: He's gotta get out of there, Albano! There's no telling what these two maniacs will do to him!

[Wright throws a look one way... then another... and then rushes at Haynes, swinging his right arm back to deliver a forearm that's absorbed and countered as Haynes starts raining down haymakers on Wright!]

SA: Haynes and Wright! Haynes and Wright!

CP: From behind!

[Never one to turn down an opportunity to double team, Morton rushes in behind and buries a stiff forearm into the small of Wright's back, cutting off any attempt at offense as Haynes and Morton start throwing big bombs all over Wright who is struggling to defend himself!]

SA: Wright's got a BIG problem here tonight!

[The defense quickly crumbles as does Wright, falling down to his hands and knees between the powerful duo as they switch from fists to clubbing forearms, battering Wright flat on the mat...

...which is where he remains until Cain Jackson hooks an ankle, dragging Wright under the ropes to the safety of the floor as the fans jeer the exit!]

SA: Ohhh... and Cain Jackson gets him out of the ring!

[Referee Davis Warren throws himself into the mix, waving his arms, and ordering Violence Unlimited to stay in the ring...]

SA: One of the AWA's top officials Davis Warren getting involved now, trying to keep this from spilling any more out of control... and Colt, if I'm not mistaken, all of that happened BEFORE the bell even rang! This match hasn't even started yet!

CP: You're absolutely right, Big Sal... and that just shows what Supreme Wright and Cain Jackson are going to have to deal with in this tag team Main Event. Violence Unlimited didn't come here to just win a match tonight... they came to get some payback. Never mess with another man's wife... in more ways than one.

SA: Of course, we learned earlier tonight that Jackson Haynes' wife, one of the Lynches herself - Samantha Lynch - was injured during that chaotic scene two weeks ago at the Tenth Anniversary Show... and we've seen in the past just how important family is for Jackson Haynes.

CP: Important enough that the last time we saw him, he went to war with Shadoe Rage to defend old man Lynch. Not so important that he didn't beat Jack and Jimmy bloody a few years ago over the National Tag Titles.

[The referee orders both teams to get one member in and one out before waving for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: It looks like Warren has settled things down for the moment... and it looks like Danny Morton will start things off for his squad - the hometown boy himself.

CP: Might be a good idea to get Haynes out to calm down a little.

SA: And on the other side, it'll be Cain Jackson starting things off for the reformed Team Supreme.

CP: And how many years has it been since we've seen Jackson and Wright team together?

[As Sal and Colt converse, we see Cain Jackson and Danny Morton circling one another inside the ring...]

SA: If my memory serves me well, it's been almost two years exactly since Supreme Wright ended the group known as Team Supreme. Tonight, that group was reborn even stronger than it was then, Colt.

CP: The AWA's had some powerful factions over the years - the Southern Syndicate, the Wise Men's army, the Unholy Alliance, the Axis to name a few - but Team Supreme's gotta be considered right at the top of that list as well. And with their rebirth tonight, that's gotta put a big lingering threat right over this entire locker room.

[...and then locking up, shoving one another back and forth to try to get an edge when Jackson quickly pulls Morton into a side headlock.]

SA: Danny Morton trapped in a vise-like grip by big Cain Jackson... and with the except of Supreme Wright, we've got three big and bad men in that ring tonight in Jackson, Morton, and Haynes.

[Morton pushes back against the ropes, looking to toss Jackson off... but the big man from Goose Creek, South Carolina hangs on, shaking his head defiantly.]

SA: And there's a perfect example of that power, Colt.

CP: Absolutely. Refusing to let Morton escape the side headlock, continuing to crank on that hold, wrenching the neck of one of the most accomplished tag team wrestlers in this sport.

SA: Danny Morton a multiple time tag champion both here and abroad... also a former Stampede Cup winner on two occasions - 2010 and 2014.

[Morton struggles against Jackson's strength, forcing him back towards the ropes again...]

SA: Looks like Morton's going back to the well, trying to slip out of this headlock in the early moments of this one...

[...and again attempts to shove him off only to have Jackson hang on again, sliding to a knee this time to keep his grip.]

SA: Twice, Morton looks to power out and twice, Jackson is able to hang on... dragging Morton up in that headlock now... and this time, it's Jackson pushing Morton up against the ropes...

[The referee steps in, calling for a break...

...and gets one as the six foot eight inch Jackson rapidly steps back and then SLAMS his forearm into the jaw of Morton to jeers!]

SA: Oh! Cheap shot on the break by Jackson!

[But Danny Morton barely registers it before he surges angrily off the ropes, snatching a rear waistlock...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...lifting Jackson high in the air, twisting and throwing the 285 pounder down to the mat with ease!]

SA: WAISTLOCK TAKEDOWN! PURE POWER ON THE PART OF DANNY MORTON!

[The crowd is roaring for the shocking show of strength as Morton gets back up, pounding his fists into his chest excitedly as Jackson comes up off the mat, looking to strike...

...and gets run right down with a clothesline from Professor Pain!]

SA: OHH! CLOTHESLINE KNOCKS HIM OFF HIS FEET!

[Jackson gets right back up though... only to get flattened a second time!]

SA: Morton is fired up in front of his hometown fans here in Oklahoma!

[Morton is indeed fired up, pumping his arms up and down, roaring at the cheering crowd as Jackson gets up a little slower this time...]

SA: Cain Jackson though, getting right back up on his feet... but perhaps not for long!

[The crowd ROARS as Morton muscles the big man up like he's going to backdrop him and then drops backwards, smashing Jackson under Morton's large frame to a big cheer...

...and Jackson promptly rolls under the ropes to the outside as Morton does a big double bicep pose to brag about his power.]

SA: How do you like Danny Morton's muscles, Colt?

CP: No definition at all. He's strong, don't get me wrong... but he ain't Colt Patterson ripped!

SA: Well, who is!

[With Sal and Colt jabbing at each other, Cain Jackson goes for a little walk on the outside, looking up at Morton who waves him back in.]

SA: This has to be a little unusual for Cain Jackson, Colt. For the last couple of years - since departing the AWA - he's been a pretty regular partner of AJ Martinez... who has a very different skill set than Supreme Wright.

CP: No doubt about that. Even though Wright and Jackson are old allies and partners, in my book, you gotta give the teamwork edge to Violence Unlimited who have been partners on a pretty regular basis for a decade now. Maybe even longer.

[Jackson finally comes back up on the apron, climbing inside the ring where instead of engaging with Morton again, he slaps the offered hand of Supreme Wright who gets DEAFENING jeers from the AWA faithful.]

SA: Well, for those visually impaired members of our audience, I think you don't have to see the screen to know that Supreme Wright has tagged in. You talk about going from one of the most popular men in the company to one of the most hated, that's what Supreme Wright did two weeks ago.

CP: Ask him if he cares, Albano.

SA: Oh, I know he doesn't care. Not one bit. In fact, I'd imagine he didn't care all along. This is the Supreme Wright that the AWA first got to know way back when... the same guy who once aligned himself with the Wise Men to steal the World Title from Dave Bryant... the guy who tormented the Lynches long before there was every a glimmer of a Supreme Wright/Theresa Lynch relationship.

CP: You mean the guy who is a two-time AWA World Champion who got shoved aside and ignored so that he could take part in the Lynches' blood feuds?

SA: I see you're buying into this whole thing.

CP: Supreme Wright hasn't given me any reason to think he's not telling the truth.

SA: No reason to- Colt, how about the fact he LIED to everyone for years now?! How about that?! How about the fact he was perfectly willing to let Brian James' career be RUINED by lying about what he and his little gang did to Johnny Detson at SuperClash?! How about the-

CP: Shhh... the maestro is about to start working.

[As Supreme Wright stands across from an eager Danny Morton, Jackson Haynes bellows to his partner and sticks out his massive paw...]

SA: Jackson Haynes wants the tag... he wants to get his hands on Supreme Wright... and who can blame him?

[Morton gives a disappointed look at Wright and then turns towards his partner with a nod...]

...which is when Wright lunges forward, grabbing Morton by the shoulder, swinging him around...]

SA: OH!

[...but Morton is ready for the underhanded tactic, ducking low, and using his amateur background to rip Wright's leg out from under him in a single leg, twisting around to slap Haynes' hand!]

SA: OH YEAH! And unlike what one might've said in 1990... the AWA faithful here in OKC are screaming, "Please Hammer... HURT 'EM!"

[Haynes comes tearing into the ring, promptly dropping an elbow down into the black heart of Supreme Wright as Morton continues to hold the leg.]

SA: Big elbow! 310 pounds down into the chest!

[Haynes scrambles back up, dropping a second elbow as Morton exits the ring.]

SA: A second one... and he's not done yet!

[Haynes gets up, ready to drop another... but this time, Wright rolls aside and Haynes crashes down hard on the mat!]

SA: Haynes might've been a little TOO aggressive there and it cost him... both men down but both men getting up in a hurry...

CP: Can't stay down in there with either of these guys. They just know too many ways to hurt you on the mat. For Haynes, it's moves like that big elbow... for Wright, it could be any number of submission holds.

[Back on their feet, they quickly lockup aggressively, pushing and shoving each other around the ring as the crowd cheers the intensity. Haynes' power is too much for Wright though, shoving him back into a neutral corner where the referee quickly arrives to call for a break.]

SA: Ref telling Haynes to back off... good luck with that one...

[And as Haynes steps back, he punches Wright RIGHT in the mouth, knocking him down to a seated position against the buckles!]

SA: ...oh, what a shot! Haynes puts him down and that's where he wants him right now!

[Grabbing the top rope, the big Tennessee native starts viciously stomping Wright over and over and over...

...and then angrily plants his boot on the throat of Wright, using the ropes for leverage as he chokes the former World Champion!]

SA: Jackson Haynes will NOT be denied his pound of flesh here tonight as the referee counts him!

CP: He's gotta be careful in there - the count's up to four!

[Haynes just BARELY breaks before five as the crowd cheers the show of violence from the big man.]

SA: Jackson Haynes is one of the toughest and most violent men in wrestling. If you need further proof of that, go back to last year's Memorial Day Mayhem and that wild Ring of Iron match with Shadoc Rage. And Supreme Wright may have messed with the wrong man, Colt.

CP: Wright's got a lot of enemies gunning for him now but I'm not sure he was ready for this one.

[Pulling Wright off the mat, Haynes whips him across the ring to the opposite neutral corner, charging madly in after him...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Wright got the boot up! Caught Haynes right under the chin with itj!

[A little bit of fire in his own belly, Wright snatches Haynes by the head, smashing a short elbowstrike into the jaw... and another... and another, sending Haynes staggering backwards to the middle of the ring where Wright goes into a full spin...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ROLLING ELBOW ON THE MONEY!

[The blow sends Haynes falling back towards the ropes...]

...and Wright instantly goes into a front flip, catching Haynes with the heel of the boot and driving him through the ropes to the outside of the ring!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AND THE KOPPO KICK SENDS HAYNES TO THE OUTSIDE!

[Wright gets up off the mat, glaring down at Haynes who is sprawled across the ringside mats. The former World Champion looks out on the jeering crowd as if suddenly noticing them for the first time... and calmly swipes his hands together like he's dusting them off to even louder jeers!]

SA: Supreme Wright's got this crowd in OKC at a fever pitch!

CP: And it's a good thing ol' "Riotstarter" Ryan Martinez took the night off or we might REALLY be in for it, Big Sal.

[Climbing off the ringside mats, Haynes looks up into the ring and sees Wright standing in the center, waiting for him. The wild-eyed Haynes waves him to the outside.]

SA: It looks like Jackson Haynes is looking for a fight on the floor!

CP: He might be looking for it but he ain't gonna get it. That is NOT Supreme Wright's game and they both know it, Sal.

[Wright shakes his head, throwing a dismissive gesture and ordering the referee to start his ten count...]

...which only makes Haynes madder as he dives under the ropes, coming up into a lunging lockup that Wright uses the momentum of to spin, steering Haynes back into the Team Supreme corner.]

CP: Wrong part of town for Haynes, letting his emotions get the better of him... and there's a tag to big Cain Jackson!

[Jackson steps into the ring, promptly hammering home a trio of big haymakers on the jaw, rocking Haynes against the buckles as Wright departs.]

SA: Wright's out and Jackson's in... pulling Haynes out of the corner now...

[Jackson grabs the wrist, twisting the arm around as Wright looks on approvingly...]

SA: Oh! Haynes with a right hand! And another!

[...but as Haynes tries to punch his way out of the hold, Jackson swings a knee up into the midsection before cranking the hold and twisting the arm around a second time, cutting Haynes off in his tracks.]

SA: Jackson going right back to the arm, stopping Haynes short... and look at Wright there in the corner, giving instructions to Jackson on how he wants that hold applied.

CP: Once a Team Supreme member, always a Team Supreme member, right?

SA: I don't know. I guess we'd need to ask Tony Donovan and Larry Wallace that question.

CP: I'd be asking it fast if I was Wes Taylor or Travis Lynch.

[Jackson nods to Wright, looking to wring the arm a third time...

...but before he can, Haynes lunges forward, driving his skull into Jackson's!]

SA: OHH! HEADBUTT!

[Jackson staggers backwards on impact but manages to hang onto the wrist, preventing Haynes' escape for now.]

SA: Jackson's trying to hang on and-

[But a second headbutt follows the first, equal in ferocity and force, breaking the grip on his wrist as Jackson falls back into the neutral corner. Haynes reaches up, swiping a hand across his forehead to look for blood as he uses the other hand to signal Danny Morton...]

SA: Morton gets the knee up... and Haynes DRIVES Jackson into the knee!

CP: That's an example of that long-standing teamwork. Morton was lifting the leg before Haynes even finished his signal... he knew exactly what his partner was looking for.

[Haynes slaps the outstretched hand, bringing Morton into the ring as the duo each grab an arm...]

SA: And another doubleteam on the way, shoots him in...

[...and the duo comes tearing across the ring with a double three point stance tackle, making the 285 pound Jackson take flight before crashing down on the mat to a ROAR from the OKC crowd!]

SA: ...WHAT A DOUBLE TACKLE BY VIOLENCE UNLIMITED!

CP: You know how hard you gotta hit someone - a 285 pound someone - to make 'em leave their feet like that?! Incredible power from Haynes and Morton, showing why they've dominated every tag team division they've ever been in.

SA: We said it a little bit earlier but it's definitely worth mentioning again. Former AWA World Tag Team Champions, former AWA National Tag Team Champions, former tag team champions in Japan and across Europe, two-time Stampede Cup

winners. When the phrase "first ballot Hall of Famers" is mentioned, these two gotta be on that list, Colt.

CP: Absolutely. They're the most dominant tag team force of the past ten years or so.

[Morton walks around the ring, looking out on the cheering hometown fans before circling back towards the rising Jackson, shoving him back into the neutral corner.]

SA: Jackson finds himself in the corner... Morton backing away...

[Raising a powerful fist overhead, Morton plants it on the mat in front of him...]

SA: ...and that former college football background shining through, back into the three point stance...

[...and Morton goes barreling across the ring, leaping into the air for a flying tackle...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but Cain Jackson pulls himself clear, avoiding the charge as Morton SLAMS violently into the turnbuckles!]

SA: Sweet San Angelo - what a crash into the corner!

[Jackson is right in on him, turning him around to push his back into the buckles as Jackson postures up...]

"OHHHH!"

[...and hits a big standing clothesline to the collarbone...]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: There's no steel cell around us but Cain Jackson is taking Danny Morton to the woodshed right about now!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and when the third clothesline connects, Jackson steps back and allows Morton to stagger out of the corner, falling down to his hands and knees on the mat. Jackson promptly boots him in the ribs, flipping him onto his back where the Beast makes a cover.]

SA: Cain Jackson with a cover on Morton...

[But Morton powers out at two, his shoulder popping clear of the canvas.]

SA: ...but a two count only there for the big man. Lots of big, big men in this match... Cain Jackson at six foot eight, 285 pounds... Morton at six foot two, 285... Haynes at six six and 310 pounds.

CP: And all three are as rough and tough as they come, Sal.

SA: Ain't no doubt about that one, Colt... and look at this now, Cain Jackson taking out some frustrations on Morton, pounding him down with those fists from the mount.

CP: This ain't the way Team Supreme wanted this night to go. A big celebration, a big reunion, taking the world by storm... all busted up by Haynes and Morton looking for a fight.

[The referee's count gets to four as Jackson rises, raising his hands as the referee warns him. On the mat, Danny Morton rolls to the outside, looking for a breather as Supreme Wright gestures at him.]

SA: Oh, how about this now? When it was Jackson Haynes on the outside, Supreme Wright wanted no part of a scuffle on the floor. With Cain Jackson in there though, he's sending him right out into the lion's den.

[As Jackson nears the ropes, Morton snakes his arms underneath, yanking the legs out from under the big man and dragging him to the outside to cheers from the fans!]

SA: They're both on the outside and- ohh! Morton swinging for the fences as we near the ten minute mark in this half hour time limit... and Jackson returns the favor!

[The crowd is "oooooh"ing and "aaaaah"ing as Cain Jackson and Danny Morton trade heavy blows on the outside, rocking one another with haymakers from their heels...]

SA: Who's gonna get the edge in this slugfest on the outside?

[...when Jackson suddenly lifts Morton off his feet, twisting...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and throws him so that his spine is JAMMED into the edge of the ring apron in a standing spinebuster of sorts!]

SA: What in the world?! I don't even know what to call that!

CP: Call it a belly-to-belly... call it a spinebuster... call it a trip to the chiropractor! Cain Jackson just turned the momentum in this match on its head with a single devastating maneuver!

[Jackson shoves Morton under the ropes, crawling in after him into another lateral press.]

SA: Morton down for one... make it two... annnnnd...

[The crowd cheers as Morton's shoulder pops up again off the mat.]

SA: ...out at two!

[Jackson gets up, throwing a look to the corner where Wright shakes his head, pointing down at Morton...]

SA: Supreme Wright directing traffic in there... Cain Jackson winds up... ohh, big elbow down across the lower back!

[Jackson scrambles up off the mat, leaping up slightly to BURY a knee into the lower back as well!]

SA: Kneedrop on target... look at this now...

[Keeping the knee in the back, Jackson snatches Morton by the hair, pulling back hard to bend Morton's spine in an awkward position...]

SA: ...a submission move of sorts but the referee immediately orders a break because of the hair pull.

[Jackson holds until four and change though before letting go, allowing Morton to slump forward on the mat.]

SA: Cain Jackson climbing to his feet, looking out on these jeering fans... we saw Cain Jackson, AJ Martinez, and Paris Crawford try to take out Jackson Hunter earlier tonight - could Jackson be having the same idea about Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes?

CP: If I'm Morton and Haynes, I'm wondering if the rest of Team Supreme is lurking to get involved too. We now know what they're capable of - what they did to Johnny Detson - we don't know if we'll EVER see him again... what they did to Jackson Hunter two weeks ago... this is a group capable of taking someone out for good on any given night, Albano.

[Jackson drags Morton off the mat by the arm, flinging him into the ropes. As Morton rebounds, Jackson lifts him up under his arm, slowly spinning around, and drops down in a side slam!]

SA: Right down on the back again... and the gameplan of Team Supreme becomes abundantly clear as they plan to target the back of Danny Morton... and if possible, keep Jackson Haynes from getting his hands on Supreme Wright any more than he already has.

[An emotional and anxious Jackson Haynes paces on the apron, looking for a chance to get into the ring as Jackson drags his partner towards the Team Supreme corner, slapping the hand of the former World Champion.]

SA: There's a tag to bring Supreme Wright back in... Supreme Wright making it very clear tonight that he's gunning for the World Title once again.

CP: And as the Number One Contender to the title, it shouldn't be long before he gets a shot at it... unless that surf bum Supernova is ducking him!

SA: I don't think Supernova would EVER duck a challenge, Colt... just look at him getting ready to face James Lynch and Atlas Armstrong in tag team action two weeks from tonight in Kansas City.

[As Wright steps in, the duo hook up Morton in a double front facelock, taking him up and over with a spine-shaking suplex!]

SA: Double suplex on the money... and Danny Morton continues to feel the punishment of Team Supreme...

[Driving his forearm into the cheekbone of Morton, Wright pushes down into a cover, earning another two count before Morton slips free again.]

SA: ...and again, Danny Morton is out at two.

[Wright climbs to his feet, watching as a determined Morton sits up on the mat, looking towards his corner where Jackson Haynes shoves a hand out towards him...

...and Wright promptly jams his knee into the spine of Morton, cupping his hands to yank back in a tightly-cinched chinlock!]

SA: Wright with his first submission hold of the match, working that spine... that neck... bending Morton back in a painful position.

CP: It's a basic hold but in the hands of someone like Supreme Wright, even a basic hold can be so punishing.

SA: Danny Morton though, looking out... pumping those arms... looking for the strength to get back on his feet...

[And after a few more moments, that's exactly where Morton is, standing up as Wright pulls him into a chinlock to try to keep him under control...

...but Morton jams an elbow back into the ribcage!]

SA: Morton trying to fight his way out!

[A second elbow lands, causing Wright to let go as Morton lowers his head, dashing to the ropes...]

CP: He shoulda gone for the tag!

[...and on the rebound, the rampaging Morton is sidestepped by the ever-slick Wright who shoves Morton chestfirst into the ropes, sending him stumbling back into a short forearm to the lower back!]

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Shanked him right in the kidney area, Morton is hurting for sure...

[Wright lifts the 285 pounder into the air, bringing him down with a perfectly-executed back suplex. He doesn't hold the bridge, floating into a lateral press.]

SA: ...and there's another cover which gets one... it gets two... it gets-

[The crowd cheers as Morton's shoulder pops up off the mat, breaking the pin!]

SA: Another two count for Team Supreme as they try to find a way to finish off perhaps the most decorated tag team of this century, Colt.

CP: It's going to take a lot - we know that much. Morton and Haynes dish out a lot of punishment but they can take a lot too.

[Pulling Morton to his feet by his powerful arm, Wright whips him into the Team Supreme corner, following him in with a running forearm smash to the jaw before tagging his partner.]

SA: Cain Jackson on his way back in... and now it's Jackson directing traffic a bit, Colt.

CP: While Supreme Wright is arguably the best in-ring competitor on the planet, you gotta believe Cain Jackson's got more experience in the tag team ranks and that's what he's showing here as it looks like a doubleteam is on the way.

[Wright and Jackson whip Morton across the ring, doubling over as he rebounds back...]

SA: Double backdrop sends him over, right down on the back they've been working on for some minutes now...

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

SA: ...and speaking of minutes, we hear the call right there - fifteen minutes gone by and fifteen minutes remaining in the time limit of this one.

[As Wright departs, Cain Jackson stops an attempt by Morton to crawl to his corner where an impatient Jackson Haynes is shouting to his partner to get the tag.]

SA: Ohhh! Another big elbow down across the back of Morton!

CP: And here we go now... Team Supreme falling back into their old ways, a quick tag bringing Wright back in...

SA: Jackson's got him up... annnnnd DOWN across the knee in a backbreaker!

[With Jackson holding Morton across the knee, Wright leaps in the air to deliver a knee drop across the collarbone of Morton!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Wright with the cover - he's got one! He's got two! He's got- nooooo! Two count and change but not enough for three.

CP: Jackson Haynes wasn't too sure about that, Sal... he was heading in there.

[Haynes backs off through the ropes as the referee reprimands him. Wright climbs to his feet, throwing a cautionary glance over at The Hammer who has retreated to the apron. He points a finger at him, instructing the referee to "keep him on the apron."]

SA: And now it's Supreme Wright with some words for Jackson Haynes too. They definitely want to keep him on the outside.

CP: Of course they do. They've got Morton in a bad way, working him over like a good tag team would... and Haynes is a loose cannon out there with a grudge towards Supreme Wright! There's no telling what he'll do - part of me can't even believe Zharkov sanctioned this one! He threw Jack Lynch out of the building, told Ryan Martinez to stay home... why let this lunatic compete?!

[Wright turns his attention back to Morton, pulling him off the mat while still talking at Haynes...

...which gives Morton an opening to smash a jab into the jaw of Wright that snaps his head back to cheers!]

SA: Morton slips in the big right hand!

[A second jab follows... and a third leaves Wright on wobbly legs...]

SA: Morton's fighting his way out of this, Haynes shouting for the tag!

[...a fourth sinks Wright to a knee for an instant before he comes back up, giving Morton a chance to roar to the rafters of the Chesapeake Energy Center...

...which is when Wright DRILLS him with a stiff elbowstrike to the jaw...]

"OHHH!"

[...followed by a rolling sole butt to double him up...]

"OHHHHHH!"

[...and a fierce looking elbow driven into the small of the back that puts Morton down on his hands and knees...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and finally, a devastating ax kick to the lower back that flattens Morton and allows Wright to go for another pin!]

SA: Lethal combination of strikes by Supreme Wright gets one! Gets two! Gets-

[The OK crowd cheers as Morton’s shoulder flies up off the mat again.]

SA: -and again, Morton escapes the three count!

[Climbing to his feet with the slightest of annoyance on his face, Wright whips Morton into the Team Supreme corner before walking in after to make the tag.]

SA: And yet another Team Supreme tag - truly working as a unit like you said, Colt.

CP: They’re doing all the hallmarks of tag team wrestling - cutting the ring in half, keeping one opponent in and one out, making quick tags to keep the fresh man in. It’s a sight to see, Sal, I mean a sight to see.

[As Jackson steps in, he muscled the 285 pounder up in a double leg lift, walking him out of the corner and THROWS him down hard in center ring!]

SA: Ohhh! And if you’re a longtime AWA fans, you might recall Cain Jackson picking up that move from former AWA National Champion Kolya Sudakov back in the day!

[Jackson climbs off the mat, dragging Morton up with him into another double leg lift, slamming him down a second time!]

SA: Two of those big double leg slams, driving the injured back down into the mat, and Danny Morton’s gotta be seeing stars after the impact behind those, Colt.

CP: Simple move but devastating in the right hands.

[But Jackson doesn’t attempt a cover this time, pulling Morton right back up by the arm, and shoots him into the neutral corner...]

SA: Morton goes CRASHING into the corner there... grabbing at his lower back...

[...and rushing in after him, looking to strike...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: MORTON MOVED! MORTON MOVES AND JACKSON HITS THE CORNER!

[Jackson staggers back towards Morton who grabs at his lower back before hooking a waistlock...]

CP:: There’s no way!

[...but Colt’s correct as Morton cries out, grimacing and grabbing at his back again after failing on a German Suplex attempt!]

SA: You’re right, Colt - the back wouldn’t hold up and he couldn’t get him up!

CP: He had an opening there to go for the tag but he didn't take it. He wanted to get in that suplex first and it cost him!

[Morton staggers towards his corner, arm outstretched towards his partner...

...when Cain Jackson lowers the boom with a big double axehandle across the small of the back, swinging it like a hammer to the spine as Morton crumples down to his knees...]

SA: Ohhh! Hammer strike to the back... and he's not done!

[...where Jackson drags him back up, whipping him into the ropes...]

SA: Morton off the far side...

[...and in a tremendous show of strength, Cain Jackson not only lifts the near-300 pounder up but tilt-a-whirls him around before DRIVING him down with a thunderous powerslam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...and THAT might do it! Jackson with the cover!

[The referee dives to count.]

SA: It could be! It MIGHT be! IT-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: -AND JACKSON HAYNES WITH THE DIVING SAVE ON HIS PARTNER!

[Supreme Wright points a threatening finger from the apron as Haynes gets up... and promptly gives Wright a threatening finger of his own that gets the crowd ROARING.]

SA: Uh huh... a little sign language there letting Supreme Wright that Jackson Haynes too thinks he's number one.

[As Haynes departs under a shower of shouting from the referee, Cain Jackson pulls Morton off the mat, muscling him up over his shoulder again...

...and DRIVES his spine back into the Team Supreme corner, causing Morton to shout in pain as he hits the corner.]

SA: Into the buckles they go... and there's another tag to Supreme Wright.

[The former World Champion steps in, glaring across at Haynes, pointing at him again... "This is on you"]

SA: What's he... OH! Hard elbow to the jaw!

[Holding Morton up by the hair, Wright tees off with vicious elbowstrikes, battering Morton's skull over and over and over...

...and then switches to kicks, burying his foot into the ribcage repeatedly, chopping down Morton who is trying to cover up to protect himself...]

SA: Get him out of the corner, ref!

[The official is trying to do exactly that as a seemingly-incensed Wright snaps off a rolling sole butt, burying the kick in the abdomen before spinning back the other way with an elbow to the temple that knocks Morton off his feet, putting him down on the mat...]

SA: A brutal onslaught by Supreme Wright directed at Danny Morton...

CP: From the look he's giving Haynes right now, I think it might've been directed at the big man from Tennessee instead, Big Sal.

SA: You could be right - a little message to the Lynch family.

[Haynes is dying to get in the ring now, slapping the top turnbuckle repeatedly, begging his partner to get to him...]

SA: The fans are behind VU, trying to urge Morton to get to the corner.. but that doesn't matter right now because Morton is a long ways away from his corner.

[Wright grabs Morton by the wrist, dragging him up off the mat where he promptly smashes a trio of forearms into the lower back...

...and then ducks down, attempting to muscle Haynes up across his shoulders...]

SA: He's trying to get him up! Perhaps looking for Reign Supreme here!

[...and to a surprised reaction from the crowd, Wright gets Morton up across his shoulders in a torture rack, stepping out to the middle of the ring..]

SA: He's going for it! He's going for that modified backbreaker!

[...but as Wright turns to stare in the eyes of Jackson Haynes before delivering a potential match-ending blow, Morton manages to shake and wriggle himself free, landing on his feet behind Wright...]

SA: WAISTLOCK!

[...and LAUNCHES the former World Champion overhead, throwing him down with a sudden crash on the back of the head and neck!]

SA: GERMAN SUPLEX! MORTON PLANTS HIM!

CP: And this might be his last shot to make the tag, Sal - he's gotta get there!

[Down on all fours, Morton is crawling across the ring as Wright lies sprawled out on the canvas...]

"TEN MINUTES REMAIN! TEN MINUTES!"

SA: Ten minutes left in the time limit for this one but if Jackson Haynes gets in there with a stunned Supreme Wright, we might not need anywhere close to that, Colt!

CP: He's getting close! Haynes is like a tied up animal looking to break his chains!

[And with a tired collapse to the corner, Morton slaps the outstretched hand...]

SA: TAG!

[...and the OKC crowd goes NUTS as Jackson Haynes comes tearing through the ropes into the ring, running straight at Supreme Wright, hooking him around the body and driving him back into a neutral corner with great impact!]

SA: And this is what Jackson Haynes has been waiting two weeks for!

[With Wright trapped in the corner, Haynes unloads with heavy right hands, rocking and firing them into the skull of the former World Champion...]

SA: Haynes letting the fists fly on Wright!

[...and then grabs the arm of Wright, whipping him across the ring where he comes barreling in after him to land a big running clothesline!]

“OHHHHHHHHH!”

[Haynes promptly whips him back across...]

SA: He sends him back the way he came annnnnd... ANOTHER CLOTHESLINE ON TARGET!

[Haynes steps back, all sorts of fired up as Wright crumbles out of the corner, falling towards him and right into a boot to the midsection...]

SA: Haynes goes downstairs and... uh oh!

[...where Haynes pulls him into powerbomb position, nodding to the ROARING AWA faithful!]

SA: The fans in Oklahoma City are on their feet as Haynes LIIIIIIIFTS...

[Haynes powers Wright up into a powerbomb position...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: ...BUCKLE BOMMMMMMB!

[Wright collapses out of the corner, Haynes flipping him over as he dives across him...]

SA: HAYNES COVERS! ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! TH-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: SHOULDER UP AT TWO! WRIGHT ESCAPES BUT... NOT FOR LONG!

[The cheers continue to echo as Haynes takes the mount, hammering his fist down into the skull of Wright with glee!]

SA: “THE HAMMER” IS LIVING UP TO HIS NAME HERE ON SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING!

[The referee’s count forces Haynes to abandon his pummeling, getting to his feet where he proudly stomps around the ring, the fans solidly behind him as he looks out at them...]

SA: And if the election were tomorrow, I think Jackson Haynes might win the popular vote to become Mayor of Oklahoma City! Listen to these fans!

CP: It just goes to show you how quickly these peasants have turned on Supreme Wright after adoring him for years now!

[Wright struggles to get up off the mat as Haynes circles back towards him, ready to strike again...]

SA: Big jab by Haynes, right on the jaw! Another! A third right hand leaves Wright staggered!

[...and grabbing the hair, Haynes winds up with a big measured left, smashing it home between the eyes, sending Wright falling back into the ropes!]

SA: Wright's barely on his feet, clinging to the ropes to stay there...

[And with a shout, Haynes rushes towards Wright, arm outstretched...]

SA: ...CLOOOOTHESLIIIIINE!

[...and the crowd ROARS as the impact of the Haynes running attack sends both Haynes and Wright tumbling over the ropes, crashing down on the barely-padded floor of the Chesapeake Energy Arena!]

SA: Hard fall to the outside for both men!

CP: That took a lot out of 'em both, Sal. They might not be getting up from that!

SA: I sure hope they do... after such a tremendous battle, I'd hate to see this one end that way. The referee peering over the ropes, checking to see if both men can continue before starting his ten count...

[But only a few counts are heard before Jackson Haynes pulls himself to his feet with the aid of the apron...]

SA: Haynes back up, leaning down to grab Wright...

[...and with both men up, Haynes buries a right hand between the eyes of Wright who stumbles back and responds with a stiff forearm shot to the jaw!]

SA: ...OH! Quite the exchange there on the outside!

[Haynes lands a second haymaker... and Wright responds with a forearm shot once more!]

SA: The fists of Jackson Haynes! The forearms of Supreme Wright!

[And with a shout, Haynes smashes his head into Wright's cheekbone before grabbing him, still shouting as he rams Wright's face into the ring apron...]

"OHHH!"

"OHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and then grabs the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and shoots Wright into the ringside railing!]

SA: SPINE MEETS STEEL ON THE OUTSIDE!

[Haynes stomps towards the stunned Wright, reaching out to shove aside a cameraman in his path, knocking the camera shot out of whack...]

SA: Whoa, look out out there! It's getting dangerous out here at ringside, Colt!

CP: If they come near us, I'm ready for 'em.

SA: What about me?

CP: You're on your own.

[Haynes snatches up the slack of the camera's cable, looping it around the throat of Wright on the outside!]

CP: Now, hold on here, Albano! This ain't no DQ! There are rules here and that's a flagrant violation in my book!

SA: The referee giving them some latitude for sure.

CP: This is more than latitude - he's strangling the guy with a camera cord!

[With the crowd going wild on the outside, Cain Jackson comes down off the apron, rushing around to try to break up the choke...]

...which brings Danny Morton into the mix as well!]

SA: And now we've got all four fighting on the outside! This is breaking down, Colt!

CP: The referee's losing control of this - I don't like it, but he may have to toss out the whole match.

[Yanking the cable free, Haynes pursues a choking and gasping Wright across the ringside area near the timekeeper's table...]

SA: Look out!

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and BOUNCES Wright's skull off the wooden table as well!]

SA: Off the table! Off the railing! Off the apron! This is a wild scene in OKC!

[Haynes shoves the dazed Wright back inside the ring, crawling in behind him...]

...and to the ROAR of the crowd, Haynes raises his right arm into the air, holding up his extended taped thumb for all to see!]

SA: And it may be time to go down for the night for Supreme Wright because he's got a Whiskey Lullaby heading his way!

[Haynes circles around, watching as Wright struggles to get up off the mat...]

...and the crowd begins jeering LOUDLY!]

SA: What in the...?!

[The shot cuts to the aisle where we see Paris Crawford in a full-fledged SPRINT from the backstage area, rushing down the ramp to the ring where they leap up onto the apron, waving and shouting at Haynes!]

SA: It's Paris Crawford! Crawford looking to get involved in this one, perhaps trying to save Supreme Wright's skin right here!

[Haynes turns towards the new threat, shouting in Crawford's direction as Wright surges up off the mat...]

SA: Haynes is up... he's got Crawford! He's got-

[The crowd is cheering as Haynes seems about to throttle the former flagbearer..

...until Wright HAMMERS "The Hammer" from behind with a vicious roundhouse kick across the shoulderblades!]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[The big kick sends Haynes staggering backwards in a circle where Wright boosts him up into a fireman's carry, turning out to the middle of the ring...]

SA: Break out the beads because it's...

[...and shoves Haynes over his head, bringing him gutfirst down across a pair of bent knees!]

SA: ...FAT TUESDAAAAAY!

[Wright flips Haynes over, diving across his torso!]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BEEEEEE! IT...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And the crowd delivers an EARSPLITTING ROAR as Haynes' shoulder POPS UP off the mat in the nick of time!]

SA: ...HE KICKED OUT! HE KICKED OUT IN TIME! SWEET SANTA MARIA, WHAT A BATTLE!

[Supreme Wright pushes up to his knees, a look of shock on his face as he looks up at the official who holds two fingers a couple of inches apart.]

SA: That's how close it was, Colt! That's how close we came to a win right there for Team Supreme in their first night back! Reunited and it almost felt SO good here in OKC!

CP: It was close but no cigar and now Wright's gotta dig deep and find something else in his massive arsenal that CAN get the job done. He's climbing off his knees, looking down on Haynes...

[And you have to look close but there's the slightest of smirks there as Wright gives his leg a slap, backing off to a corner...]

SA: Oh, now... wait a second, Colt...

CP: Oh, I like this! This is NASTY, Sal, and I like it! This is Supreme Wright letting the whole world know that what happened two weeks ago at the Red Wedding

wasn't a one night thing... he means business in there and he's going to show the whole world who the REAL White Knight is right now.

SA: Supreme Wright... and you can hear these fans, they've picked up on it too... he's going for the Excalibur!

CP: And why shouldn't he?! He taught the damn thing to Martinez to begin with! And now he's taking it back!

SA: I hope Ryan Martinez is somewhere in Los Angeles at home watching this and I hope he remembers this for when he finally gets his hands on this man!

[As Haynes struggles up off the mat, clutching his midsection, Wright comes tearing out of the corner, leaping into the air, extending one leg...

...and DRIVES his foot into the jaw of Haynes, flipping him backwards onto the back of his head in a rough landing!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: He got ALL of that! The Excalibur connects and... COVER!

[The referee dives down to count!]

SA: There's no kicking out of this one! There's one! There's two! There's thr-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: DANNY MORTON WITH THE DIVING SAVE! THE HOMETOWN FIGHTER SAVES THE MATCH FOR HIS TEAM!

[And on that note, the timekeeper calls it out...]

"FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!"

SA: Five minutes left in the time limit of this tremendous battle after Danny Morton saved this match for Violence Unlimited!

CP: Haynes wasn't kicking out of that!

SA: I have to agree with you there... but with Haynes laid out and- OHH! Wright just HURLED Morton out to the floor! My oh my! A hard fall there for Oklahoma's favorite son!

[Wright quickly and aggressively moves across the ring, slapping the hand of Cain Jackson and pointing at Haynes as Jackson rapidly starts climbing...]

SA: Six foot eight! 285 pounds! The 27 year old Cain Jackson scaling the ropes from the outside and we know what's coming next for him as well!

CP: We saw it earlier on Jackson Hunter!

SA: Haynes is still down! Jackson on the second rope... one foot on the top and-

[And suddenly, the crowd ROARS!]

SA: What is... ?

[We cut to the top of the aisle where Brian James has emerged and seems determined to get past a sea of officials and security trying to prevent him from storming the ring!]

SA: BRIAN JAMES! BRIAN JAMES IS COMING FOR BLOOD!

[A shocked Supreme Wright points down the aisle as Cain Jackson stops his climbing cold...

...and then Jackson shouts to Paris Crawford, gesturing down the aisle!]

SA: Brian James is being stopped by all this security so far and...

CP: But Crawford's not! Crawford's running right into the middle of all this on orders from Cain Jackson!

[The referee is staring down the aisle at the chaotic scene as Crawford rushes towards the conflict...

...and suddenly, the crowd starts ROARING again!]

SA: What in the world...?

[The camera quick cuts to ringside where we see Jackson Hunter leaping over the railing, rushing up the ringsteps behind the Team Supreme corner...

...and before a distracted Supreme Wright can react, Hunter SHOVES Cain Jackson off the top rope, sending him flying through the air before CRASHING down on the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: JACKSON HUNTER! HUNTER FROM THE BLIND SIDE!

CP: What kind of CRAP is this, Albano?! What's the referee doing?!

[Hunter dives off the steps, avoiding a grab from Wright who looks stunned at Hunter beating a retreat, hurdling the railing again...]

CP: And that SNAKE Jackson Hunter is out of here just as quickly as he got here!

[...and with Crawford tied up with James and security at the top of the aisle, the referee whips around, looking shocked at the downed Jackson. Wright is pointing into the crowd but Hunter's gone with no evidence he'd ever been there... other than the laid out Cain Jackson!]

SA: The referee didn't see it! He's waving for the match to continue!

[And with Jackson down, Haynes is crawling towards his corner where there's one fired up Oklahoman waiting for him...]

SA: TAAAAAAG!

[...and in comes Danny Morton to one of the loudest reactions of the night, rushing across the ring to DRILL Supreme Wright with a running clothesline that sends the former World Champion FLYING off the apron, crashing into the ringside barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: WRIGHT'S DOWN! WRIGHT'S OUT!

[Morton is pumping his powerful arms to the Oklahoma crowd, nodding his head as he watches Cain Jackson struggle to get up off the mat...

...and then lifts the six foot eight, near 300 pounder up like a small child, tossing him over his shoulder into powerslam position!]

SA: MORTON'S GOT HIM UP!

CP: You know what comes next!

SA: We sure do!

[Morton rushes forward, smashing Jackson's spine into the turnbuckles...]

SA: INTO THE CORNER...

[...and then twists around, charging out to the middle of the ring, leaping into the air...]

SA: ...AND DOWWWWWWWWN WITH THE OKLAHOMA STAMPPEEEEEDE!

[Morton stays on Jackson, tightly hooking the leg as the official drops down!]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT ISSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ERUPTS in a massive cheer, people literally jumping for joy in the seats as Morton pushes off Jackson, a huge grin on his face. Jackson Haynes comes in, physically yanking his partner off the mat and into a massive hug as the crowd ROARS!]

SA: What a win! Violence Unlimited picks up the win here tonight, pinning Cain Jackson in the middle of the ring-

CP: You say that like it was clean as a whistle!

SA: Aren't you the one who always says "it doesn't matter how you play the game, it matters if you win or lose?"

CP: Never quote me to me, Albano.

SA: Supreme Wright is down! Cain Jackson is down! And on a night where Team Supreme announced its return to the world, Violence Unlimited has shown Team Supreme that the road to the top of this business is gonna be a rocky one for them! We've gotta go! We're out of time!

[Cut to the top of the aisle where Brian James is grinning, Jackson Hunter having joined him. James slaps Hunter hard on the back, nearly knocking his ally over as James says "I love it when a plan comes together" to Hunter who taps his temple...

...and we fade to black.]