

SUPER SATURDAY

Saturday, February 3rd, 2018
Target Center
Minneapolis, Minnesota

HOURL TWO

HOURL THREE

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

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

A voiceover.]

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

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[Back to black for a moment...

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

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

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

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

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

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

#All the stars are closer#

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

#All the stars are closer#

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

#All the stars are closer#

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

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

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

#All the stars are closer#

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

#All the stars are closer#

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

#All the stars are closer#

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

#Tell me what you gon' do to me#

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

#Confrontation ain't nothin' new to me#

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

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

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

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

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

#You and all your expectations#

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

#I don't even want your congratulations#

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

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

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

#I hate people that feel entitled#

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

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

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

#Oh, you important?#

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

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

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

#Motherfu- I don't even like you#

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

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

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

#All the stars are closer#

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

#All the stars are closer#

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

#All the stars are closer#

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

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

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

#All the stars are closer#

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

#All the stars are closer#

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

#All the stars are closer#

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

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

GM: It is a brand new era of the American Wrestling Alliance and it begins here TONIGHT in Minneapolis, Minnesota in the Target Center as the flagship show of the AWA comes to you LIVE for the first time on our new network home ESPN! But tonight isn't just any ordinary Saturday Night Wrestling... tonight, is our 2018 Season Premiere known as SUPER SATURDAY!

[A big cheer goes up from the Minneapolis crowd!]

GM: The big game may be tomorrow just down the road but the AWA has come to town to show those tough guys just how it's done inside the squared circle.

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

GM: It promises to be one heck of a night here in Minnesota as the AWA gets ready to show the world what we're all about.

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

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

GM: Hello everybody and welcome to this historic night of action here at Super Saturday. I'm Gordon Myers and by my side, as always, is Bucky Wilde.

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

purple suit from head to toe with a dazzling gold-on-gold tie and dress shirt combo.]

BW: That's right, Gordo, and when you come to Minnesota, it's only right to pay homage to The Purple One... His Royal Badness... the High Priest of Pop...

[And as Bucky twists around, jerking a thumb at the back of his suit jacket, we see a golden bedazzled "symbol" that was once synonymous with the Artist himself.]

BW: Don'tcha just love Prince, Gordo?

GM: Dearly beloved... we are gathered here today... to experience the pinnacle of professional wrestling that is known as the American Wrestling Alliance.

BW: Not bad, daddy... not bad at all. Who needs Albano out here?

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: We have a tremendous show in store for you here tonight in Minneapolis, Minnesota as later tonight, we'll see Kerry Kendrick taking on MAWAGA in a match where the loser must leave the AWA for six months!

BW: Kendrick blames MAWAGA directly for what happened at SuperClash, I bet, Gordo... so you can bet he's looking for payback here tonight.

GM: We also have that huge invitational tag team gauntlet match to determine who will be the final team in the tournament to crown the very first Women's World Tag Team Champions.

BW: I've got a winner to pick in that one, Gordo, 'cause I got the scoop who is in it!

GM: Care to shed a little light on that one?

BW: Patience, my friend. Act your age, daddy, not your shoe size.

GM: And of course, the reason many are here tonight in Minneapolis - Juan Vasquez has requested time here tonight to address his future - not just here in the AWA but in the world of professional wrestling. Rumors have been buzzing about just what the former World Champion and Hall of Famer will say here tonight and... well, tonight, we'll get our answer.

BW: Not even I know that answer.

GM: But what you do know, Bucky, is that later tonight, your presence has been requested in that ring behind us for a very special edition of The Call Of The Wilde where you will be interviewing James Lynch and Bobby O'Connor about their apparent split we learned about at the Tribunals after SuperClash.

BW: I know I'm doing it... but I don't know why, Gordo. They asked for me, I didn't ask for them.

GM: We'll find out more later tonight on that and so much more here as we kick off 2018 as only we can...

[Gordon trails off as we get an aerial shot of the ring and surrounding crowd, buzzing loudly as they wait to see how 2018 begins for the AWA...

...and it begins much as 2017 ended as the tinkling of synths that means the arrival of the AWA's White Knight begins to a TREMENDOUS ROAR from the Minneapolis crowd!

A moment passes and as "Vox Populi" by Thirty Seconds To Mars starts up in earnest, the former World Champion Ryan Martinez emerges from beyond the entrance curtain to an even louder cheer. Martinez grins at the response, nodding his head as he takes center stage for a moment...

...and at the lyric "time to go to war!" Martinez gives an emphatic nod and starts walking down the ramp towards the ring where Mark Stegglet has arrived and is waiting for him.]

GM: The White Knight! The man who lead Team AWA to victory at WarGames and saved us all! Ryan Martinez is coming to the ring to address this sold out crowd here at Super Saturday and I can't think of a better way to kick off 2018 than to hear from this young man right here.

BW: Oh, you're just gushing about him because he did the same to you at the Grapples. You two have a whole mutual admiration society going on.

GM: Well, I suppose we do... and as I look ahead to my final shows with this headset on, Bucky, it does an old man's heart well to know I'm leaving this place with men like Ryan Martinez... like Supernova... like Jack Lynch and Supreme Wright... like Next Gen... and of course women like Julie Somers and Michelle Bailey.

[As Martinez approaches the ring, we see the AWA's White Knight is wearing a short sleeved black polo shirt with the AWA logo emblazoned in the upper left as well as a pair of black dress pants. The former World Champion looks as if he's benefited from the time off. His black hair is cut in an Ivy League style and his face is clean shaven. Despite that, there is a pensive expression on his face as he enters the ring to join Mark Stegglet within. The music fades as Mark raises the mic and begins to speak.]

MS: Mr. Martinez...

[Martinez shakes his head, raising a hand to stop Stegglet cold.]

RM: After all this, I think you can call me Ryan, Mark. You and I, we kind of came up together, didn't we? You and I go all the way back to the days of RyGunn, when we were both the new kids on the block trying to make a name for ourselves.

And without sounding too egotistical, we've done it. So really Mark, it's Ryan, okay?

MS: All right Ryan... still feels weird. But I'll work on it.

[Martinez grins.]

RM: That's all I can ask for... but you... you got me out here to do some asking of your own, right? A whole lot of stuff going on in the AWA these days from the mystery of who took out Johnny Detson... to our new World Champion... to a certain someone getting married...

[Martinez grins.]

RM: ...or I guess we could talk about WarGames and how the people of the AWA - from me to you to Carver and Shadoc Rage and... to all of these people here in Minneapolis and around the world...

[The crowd cheers loudly again as Martinez nods.]

RM: ...chased Javier Castillo - and I hope that's the last time I have to say that name - and his Korugun goons right out of town never to be heard from again!

[Another big cheer as Martinez shrugs.]

RM: Any of that sound like something you want to ask me about, Mark?

[Stegglet smiles.]

MS: Normally, I'd like to ask you about all of that, Mr... Ryan.

[He mouths "sorry" to a chuckling Martinez.]

MS: But... it's funny that you mention your past... funny that you mention RyGunn... because just before we came out here tonight, someone from those days grabbed me and asked for a chance to speak with you...

[Martinez furrows his brow, looking a little puzzled.]

MS: ...so... if you'll indulge me... and him...

[There is a skeptical look on Martinez' face, but he nods his head.]

RM: All right...

[Stegglet motions towards the back.]

MS: That's your cue.

[There's a moment's pause, a buzzing in the air as we wait...

...until "Bad to the Bone" by George Thorogood and the Destroyers plays. The crowd murmurs in disbelief as Ryan shoots Stegglet a disdainful look. Mark mutters something like "it's not what you think" just before out steps a tall, slender, but muscled young figure with long blond hair and three days of dark stubble.]

GM: That's Gunnar Gaines' music! But that's not the Hall of Famer!

[Indeed not, for it's a much younger man in Wranglers, a white T-shirt, a leather vest and leather boots, walking purposefully to the ring.]

BW: That's Justin Gaines! What's HE doing here!?

[Gaines appears displeased about something, but it's not clear what. He reaches the ring quickly and reaches for a microphone, speaking into it hurriedly as soon as it's handed to him.]

JG: Hold on! Please! I said not that music!

[The music is cut off after a few seconds more. Ryan Martinez cocks his head in disbelief at what he's seeing, as Justin turns to face him, with Stegglet looking on.]

RM: Seriously?

[The boyish but full-grown Justin raises his hands, palms towards Martinez in a "give me a second" motion. Martinez looks quizzically at Stegglet for a quick beat — then yields with one hand, signaling the young Gaines to talk, but make it quick.]

JG: Ryan, I apologize for coming out like this, but like Mark said, I just need a second of your time. Please?

[Martinez pauses, still looking surprised at this development.]

RM: You want a second of my time?

[He stops again, considering carefully the young man who played such a major role in the days before he was the White Knight...

...and then slowly gives a nod.]

RM: All right, you can have it. But if you're looking for a match...

[Martinez looks Gaines over.]

RM: ...well, you got that too.

But before you say what you came out here to say, I've got a question of my own for you.

[Martinez takes in a deep breath, exhaling, his expression turning nostalgic.]

RM: How's your dad?

[Gaines narrows his eyes slightly, for just a second, but it turns to a look of resignation.]

JG: How's my dad? That's what you want to know?

[Martinez nods his head.]

RM: I do. Because even though it didn't end well, when I think about Grizz, I think about the good times. I think about the road trips and all the ways that your dad taught me about this business. I was an immature kid and your dad showed me the ropes.

So yeah, I'm wondering how he is.

[Gaines grimaces for a split second before responding.]

JG: Well, funny, but that makes two of us, because I wish I knew.

[The crowd buzzes in response as Martinez' arches an eyebrow but Gaines waves a dismissive hand.]

JG: I didn't come out here to press his agendas, whatever they might be at this point, and I certainly didn't come out here for a rematch with you. I'm a long ways off from that.

[Martinez keeps his eyes on Gaines.]

JG: I came out here to apologize.

[Ryan shoots a look of surprise mixed with skepticism.]

RM: You're here to do what now?

[Justin puts a hand up, as if to say, "Let me explain" — which he proceeds to then do.]

JG: Let's go back. Not just for you and I and Mark here... but for all these people, some of whom might be new to the party and might be wondering who the heck this kid is out here interrupting a former World Champion.

As you know, Ryan, I was in big matches here in the American Wrestling Association when I was here before...

...and I was 18 years old, which doesn't happen for too many people.

And I was in those matches with YOU.

[Martinez nods in recollection.]

JG: But the biggest reason that I was in them, was because of my father, the legendary Gunnar Gaines. The one and only "Grizzly," aka "The Baddest Thang Running."

[Some cheers go up for the Hall of Famer as Justin looks out on the crowd with a nod.]

JG: And he was part of RyGunn with you... until that tag team broke up...

...and I was the reason.

[Martinez looks surprised at the admission. Gaines grimaces, shaking his head.]

JG: I had a front row seat to one of the best tag teams in the industry, and that gave me all the best opportunities to learn about this business I grew up in, that I was born into.

But I wanted more.

I wanted to be in the ring and I wanted it right now... but even that wasn't enough, Ryan. I wanted to be in the ring... at SuperClash.

[The crowd cheers the AWA's big annual event as Justin nods emphatically.]

JG: You ever try something you know is wrong, but you try it anyway? Just to see if it works? Well, that's sort of what I did. I pushed and pouted and engineered that change, and my father sided with me over you, like a good Dad, God bless him, and RyGunn was no more.

And that's how I DID end up in the ring at SuperClash... but it was at the wrong end of facing you and your father, Alex Martinez.

[Gaines chuckles.]

JG: We lost, of course. Deservedly so.

But here's the thing. Here's what I now realize.

I was selfish.

I was foolish.

[He nods.]

JG: I was disrespectful of one of the industry's great young talents that I had access to, until I blew it. And I thought it would all be easy, and it wasn't.

And that's why I'm here, Ryan.

[He pauses, looking at the AWA's White Knight.]

JG: To apologize. To explain you're the better man. You are now, you were then, and I knew it at the time.

Is that easy to admit? No, but it's easy to recognize.

And so that's why I'm here, to set this right.

[Justin offers his hand to Ryan.]

JG: I mean it.

[Ryan looks at him skeptically, then nods. He reaches out and accepts the handshake.]

RM: Thanks... that actually means a lot to me.

I gotta admit I never thought I would hear it. This business surprises me every day.

[Justin nods as Ryan smiles.]

JG: Thanks for understanding, man.

[Justin starts to turn away as Mark Stegglet clears his throat, putting a hand out.]

MS: Before you go, I've gotta ask what's next for you, Justin.

[Gaines pauses, looking at Stegglet... then over to Martinez.]

JG: Well, I don't expect I'll see Ryan here for a while... and if we never crossed paths again, believe me... I'd understand.

I've got my own path to follow now... just like you do... and my path after tonight doesn't involve you.

Like I said, I'm a long ways from another match with you...

[Gaines shakes his head.]

JG: Right now, I don't want big matches like we had. I want small ones. I want to start at the beginning.

I don't want anything because of my name, or the fact I was on pay per view, because I didn't earn that. I want things I did earn. I want to start at the bottom and prove how far I can go. Where that is, I'm not sure, actually. Yet to be determined. But it begins there.

[With a nod, Gaines turns and heads out of the ring. He stops halfway out between the ropes. He turns towards the nearest camera, speaking off-mic into it.]

"I'll see you on the Power Hour."

[Martinez watches as Gaines walks back up the aisle - no music, no fanfare, just a young man looking to start over. He turns back to Stegglet, nodding his head.]

RM: I honestly didn't know what to expect from that, Mark... but that felt good. Thank you.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: You're welcome... but now that I asked him what's next... I gotta ask you the same. In fact...

[He gestures to the sold out crowd.]

MS: ...that seems to be the question on everyone's mind - where does Ryan Martinez go next?

[Martinez nods in understanding, as the pensive expression returns to the White Knight's face.]

RM: That is the question that I've been asking myself since the morning of November 24th. Because for the first time in a long time... the White Knight doesn't have a Crusade

Korugun is gone. And from what I've seen of President Zharkov, despite some... familial issues I have with him, he seems dedicated to playing it fair.

[Martinez shrugs.]

RM: So what do I do?

Do I go after the North American title and become the first man to win all three singles' titles? That would require targeting Jordan Ohara, and I don't want to do that to a friend.

Do I call up my good friend Jack Lynch and ask him to test out the theory that he's the best tag team wrestler in history and we go after tag team gold? Well again... that would put us up against Next Gen, and I don't want take their well deserved time in the spotlight.

Maybe I should try and be the first 3-time World Champion. But that title is securely around the waist of Supernova.

[Big cheers go up for the World Champion as Martinez nods in agreement, clapping his hands a few times.]

RM: Maybe I should try and clear Brian James' name because if he says he's innocent, then he is. But again, even if I do find out who took out Johnny Detson, I'm more likely to give him a medal than anything else.

So where do I go?

[Martinez pauses, shaking his head.]

RM: There is no war to fight, no cause to champion. And I honestly don't remember the last time February had come around where I was both healthy and had nothing to do.

It's weird, Mark.

[The White Knight doesn't seem to have anything more to say as Stegglet pulls the mic back.]

MS: I notice one name left off your list tonight, Ryan.

[Ryan raises an eyebrow at Stegglet.]

MS: What about Derrick Williams?

[Martinez shrugs.]

RM: What about Derrick Williams?

Yeah, he took a cheap shot at me. But if I look at all of WarGames, what I see is a man who stood up and fought by my side.

And that loyalty from bell to bell outweighs a cheap shot.

[There's some applause from the crowd as Martinez nods again.]

RM: But, if Derrick Williams wants a match? Well, the next time someone can say I refused a match with them is the first time anyone will ever say that.

Williams? If you want a match, all you have to do is say so. Any time, any place, and you don't have to jump me from behind to get it.

[The crowd cheers the idea of that encounter as Martinez smiles at their reaction.]

RM: Until then... I'll just keep my eyes peeled for the next war.

[Martinez' music kicks back up as he reaches out to slap Mark Stegglet on the back, turning to wave at the crowd a few times before exiting the ring.]

GM: What a way to start this show... this year... this new era off for the AWA as Justin Gaines has made his AWA return in surprising fashion... and what else is gonna happen here tonight? All bets are off!

BW: I didn't expect to see Justin Gaines, Gordo... nor did I expect to hear Ryan Martinez say that he holds no grudge against Derrick Williams... so I have no idea what's coming up next.

GM: I do! It's time for our opening matchup so let's head up to the ring and our good friend, the lovely Rebecca Ortiz! Rebecca?

[We fade from ringside up into the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is in a glittering red dress, house mic in hand.]

RO: The opening contest for Super Saturday is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit!

[Ortiz lowers the mic as we hear music that is familiar if you saw the recent AWA on ESPN broadcast of the Golden Grapples.]

GM: Oi... this song again. And if you're hearing this song, it should come as no surprise when I tell you that our opening match tonight is... well, Donna Martinelli says it will be her against her cousin, Michelle Bailey, but Bucky, we never got confirmation that Michelle took the match.

BW: It's on our format, isn't it? How disgraceful is it that Michelle Bailey is playing mind games with Donna like this. It's bad enough that she laughed at her at the Golden Grapples like she did.

[Gordon looks exasperated.]

GM: The whole building was laughing at her! Including you!

BW: That's besides the point, Gordo. Michelle should have treated her cousin better. They're family, after all.

[Gordon sighs as Rebecca speaks up again.]

RO: Heading down the aisle... from New York City... weighing in at 145 pounds... she is one-third of the Peach Pits...

DONNNNNNAAAAA MARTINELLLLLLLLLIIIIIIII!

[Martinelli comes bursting through the curtain clad in a pair of super tight peach-colored bicycle shorts and a peach-colored football jersey cut off to reveal her toned midsection. She's wearing matching boots with glittery silver trim and a smirk on her face as she cups a hand to her ear, shouting "I HEAR A HIIIIIT!" while "Peach Pits Rule The World" assail the eardrums of the fans.]

GM: Donna Martinelli making her way down the aisle... and you know, normally I get a chance to speak with our competitors before our events begin so I can get an opportunity to see how they feel, but I wasn't able to speak with Michelle. She's spent most of today with Juan Vasquez, helping him prepare for his announcement later tonight.

BW: So you're saying she ducked you.

GM: I'm saying that all we can go on is what she's said in the past, that she feels uncomfortable with the idea of this match. But I suppose we'll see what happens.

[Stepping up into the ring through the ropes, Martinelli sashays her way across towards Rebecca Ortiz... and promptly snatching the microphone out of her hand, eyes rolling.]

DM: Excuse me, I have something important to say.

[Ortiz glares at her, holding her hand out expectantly for the return of the mic. Donna looks disdainfully at her, dismissively waving a hand.]

DM: Shoo now.

[Ortiz sighs, shaking her head as she walks away, leaving a smirking Donna to turn towards the crowd.]

DM: I've got something I want to say to YOU PEOPLE!

["Those people" boo loudly as expected.]

DM: For a month now, I've had to deal with comments from you people about the humiliation I received at the Golden Grapples... humiliation thanks to Michelle and her inability to keep some mangy cat under control!

[The crowd jeers the insult of the AWA faithful's favorite feline.]

DM: Well, I've been waiting for this moment! I want to show the world who the best wrestler in our family is...

[Martinelli pouts as the crowd boos her and a "BAI-LEY" chant starts up. Donna looks appalled as she tries to plug her ears and ends up whapping herself in the side of the head with the mic before jerking it right back down to berate the crowd some more.]

DM: It's me, you dummies! I'm the best! Not her! Not precious little Kimmy off in Japan! Me! Donna!

And everyone is saying that Michelle didn't want to take the match, but on our rundown, it says plain as day, "Bailey vs. Martinelli". Obviously she took the match and is just too scared to admit it! She knows what I'll do to h-

[The crowd roars as "Stronger" by Britney Spears begins to play, cutting Donna off, as the "Platinum Princess" Michelle Bailey walks from the entrance...

...except she's not in her wrestling gear, instead wearing a purple pullover hoodie and a floor-length black skirt, along with black Doc Marten boots.]

GM: I don't think that's someone who's going to wrestle her cousin tonight, Bucky.

BW: You don't think so, Gordo? How many people have shown up wearing those kind of boots to try and kick people's faces with the steel toes?

GM: Bucky, be serious, Michelle Bailey would never do that.

BW: I wouldn't put it past her.

[Michelle stops at the entrance, motioning for the music to stop and for the crowd to calm down, but before she can even say anything...]

DM: Ha! Look at you, cuzzo! Too scared to fight me, huh? You're going to come out here and forfeit?

[Donna takes a boxing stance, throwing a few awkward punches.]

DM: I got you running, don't I?

[Michelle tilts her head, a smirk on her face, before producing a microphone from the front pocket of her hoodie.]

MB: Donna... what on earth are you talking about?

[The crowd cheers as Donna stops her shadowboxing. Michelle shakes her head.]

MB: Look, I gave this a lot of thought, and I've gotten used to being able to look at myself in the mirror without feeling awful about seeing the reflection I saw back. If I fought you, Donna, I don't know if I'd be able to look in that mirror and like what I saw.

[Donna angrily interjects.]

DM: Yeah! Because I'd mess you up, princess!

[She throws a few more weird-looking punches as Michelle rolls her eyes.]

MB: If it makes you feel better, fine. Tell yourself that. But I wouldn't be able to look in the mirror if I took this match today.

[Michelle looks out to the crowd.]

MB: I'm sorry, everyone.

[Michelle goes to turn around as we can hear Donna laugh. As Michelle's back is to the ring, she raises a finger.]

MB: There is one thing, though...

[The crowd begins to buzz in anticipation.]

MB: ...what did it say on the rundown? It said "Bailey vs. Martinelli", right?

[Martinelli looks agitated.]

DM: What does it matter? You just said you're not taking the match! You lied to the people! You lied to the AWA! YOU LIED TO ME!

[Michelle turns around with a thoughtful look on her face.]

MB: Oh, just thinking aloud... it didn't exactly say "Michelle Bailey vs. Donna Martinelli", it just said "Bailey vs. Martinelli". Right?

[Michelle slaps her forehead with a grin as the crowd buzzes a little louder.]

MB: You know, I think I know where the confusion is here, Donna. I didn't take the match...

[Michelle points back to the entrance.]

MB: She did.

[The crowd murmurs for a moment, then "Only Shallow" by My Bloody Valentine begins to play, as something of a surprise walks through the entrance, causing Donna Martinelli to stare up the aisle in shock.]

GM: Rebecca Ortiz doesn't have her microphone, so I guess we're going to have to say it, Bucky... that's Kimmy Bailey!

BW: What?! I thought she was in Japan!

GM: So did Donna Martinelli! And she's walking with a purpose! The last time we saw Kimmy Bailey, she was wrestling under the pseudonym Maria Spinella, and it was Donna Martinelli that was responsible for Kimmy getting dropped with Laura Davis' screwdriver back at Homecoming last September!

[Kimmy Bailey, a 5'8" mountain of muscle, walks down to the ring, pointing at Martinelli, followed closely by her mother. She's wearing a pair of black shorts with white trim, black kneepads, and black Adidas wrestling shoes. She's also sporting a classic Juan Vasquez T-shirt, sleeves removed to show the muscle definition in her shoulders and arms, and cut down to a crop top so you can see her abdominals. She has long brown hair with chunky blonde highlights, and her hair is in braided pigtails.]

GM: Bucky, remember when you called her a little brat? She's not as little as you remember, huh?

BW: What the heck did they feed her in Japan?!

GM: I don't have a lot of notes on Kimmy, fans, but when I spoke with Michelle at the Golden Grapples about her, she told me that Kimmy was wrestling a schedule not unlike our AWA wrestlers, four or five times a week, plus basically working out, training, and eating.

BW: Did they feed her whole cows?!

GM: Kimmy was 168 pounds when she made her AWA debut at Homecoming, she has to be at least 10-15 pounds heavier now.

BW: And look at Donna, Gordo! She's protesting, as well she should! This isn't the match she signed up for! She should file a formal protest with President Zharkov... do they have those in Russia?

[Gordon chuckles again as - sure enough - Martinelli is shouting at referee Andy Dawson, pointing frantically at Michelle Bailey, saying "it was supposed to be her!". then pointing at Kimmy and waving her hand. Kimmy climbs up onto the apron, then through the ropes, and glares at Donna as the music fades. On the back of the shorts, we can see the words "fix your heart or die", as Kimmy cracks her knuckles one by one while Donna continues to protest.]

GM: Donna Martinelli is having a serious meltdown about this, Bucky! I don't think there's any way she could have been prepared for Kimmy Bailey tonight!

BW: Could anyone have been? For all we knew, she was still overseas!

GM: She had a great run in the 2017 Empress Cup, upsetting two former Empress Cup champions, including Melissa Cannon, before she fell in the quarterfinals to Harley Hamilton, and now she's here in Minnesota on Super Saturday... and I can only assume she's here to join the hottest division in all of pro wrestling - the AWA Women's Division, Bucky.

BW: She's not alone in that. We saw Amber Gold making her long-awaited AWA television debut at the Grapples and she'll be in action later tonight here on Super Saturday. And I hear there are more coming our way for that division.

[Andy Dawson has had enough of Martinelli's protests, signaling for the bell and for the match to begin.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: There's the bell, and whether she wants this one or not, Donna Martinelli is going to get Kimmy Bailey!

BW: And what a bunch of bunk about family from Michelle, huh? Going out here and not giving her cousin time to prepare like this!

GM: After what Donna was responsible for happening to Kimmy at Homecoming, I think turnabout is fair play.

BW: You would, Gordo. You know, I hope whoever they get to replace you in a couple of months sees things more my way.

GM: Highly unlikely, ol' pal.

[Kimmy has a grin on her face as she holds out three fingers, shouting something at Martinelli.]

GM: Looks like she's saying that Donna Martinelli... gets three strikes?

BW: I don't know.

[Martinelli stomps over and...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

[... slaps Kimmy, causing the rookie's head to jerk back. Martinelli points a finger at Kimmy, shouting at her, before Kimmy snaps back and glares, this time shouting loud enough for everyone to hear.]

"THAT'S ONE!"

GM: A big slap from Martinelli, and Kimmy Bailey is saying that's strike one!

BW: What does she think this is, baseball?! Pitchers and catchers don't report for another couple of weeks! This is Super Saturday! Football is tomorrow, ya dummy!

[Martinelli's eyes are wide as she throws a punch that again jerks Kimmy's head back, but Kimmy again snaps back, rubbing her jaw. She holds up two fingers...]

"THAT'S TWO!"

GM: That was a solid punch by Donna Martinelli...

BW: Yeah, this arrogant little jerk might not want to try and absorb shots to the head like that, I don't care who she thinks she is or who her mother is!

GM: Let's see what Donna throws now with the count at oh-and-two...

[Martinelli looks around, slightly in a panic, as she throws another punch...

...that Kimmy ducks under, running off the ropes, and...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS! WHAT A LARIAT BY KIMMY BAILEY! SHE NEARLY TURNED DONNA MARTINELLI INSIDE OUT WITH THAT ONE!

BW: Are you kidding me?! How was that fair? That wasn't even a called strike!

[Kimmy puts her hand over her eyebrows, pointing out in the crowd as though she just knocked one into the upper deck as Martinelli flops on the mat from the strength of 180+ pounds driving at her at full speed.]

BW: They taught this kid how to be a showoff in Japan, huh?

GM: Well, she was trained by Miyuki Ozaki over there...

BW: That explains a LOT.

[Kimmy uses both hands to grab Martinelli, lifting her up into the air...]

"THUDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDD!"

"OHH!"

[...and driving her down with a spinebuster!]

GM: A big spinebuster by Kimmy Bailey, and I think Donna Martinelli might regret ever squealing about what her true identity was to Laura Davis, Bucky.

BW: You know, if she has a problem with having her true identity revealed like that, maybe she shouldn't have wrestled under a false identity to start with! There's no need to put poor Donna Martinelli through this! This is a mismatch as far as size goes anyway!

[Kimmy picks up Donna once again, as Donna is struggling to stand up from the high impact of the lariat and the spinebuster. Michelle Bailey at ringside can be heard shouting "that's enough!", as Kimmy nods her head. Kimmy grabs Donna's leg, as though she's going to give her a backdrop suplex...]

"THUDD!"
"OHH!"

[...but spins her around, dropping her into a power bomb, and stacks Martinelli as she lands into a pinning position!]

GM: What a move by Kimmy Bailey, a back suplex into a power bomb! I believe she calls it "Pegasus Wings"! That gets one, two... and three!

BW: There was no need for that, Gordo! She already tricked Donna into this match, Donna wasn't prepared for Kimmy Bailey! She trained for over a month for Michelle Bailey!

GM: Like Kimmy Bailey prepared for Laura Davis back at Homecoming, right?

BW: That's not right and you know it!

[The bell sounds as Kimmy excitedly gets up, giving a fist pump as Michelle climbs in, checking on Donna. Donna weakly smacks her hand away, as Michelle shrugs and goes over to raise her daughter's hand as the crowd cheers.]

BW: And these people are cheering this deception!

GM: Caterwauling from my colleague aside, Kimmy Bailey has flattened Donna Martinelli here at Super Saturday...

BW: And she didn't even give her the third strike! More deception!

GM: But I'm sure we'll hear from Donna about how she will fare better in a rematch and how this was unfair, et cetera. Let's go down to "Sweet" Lou Blackwell, who is standing by with both Michelle and Kimmy Bailey!

[We cut to ringside, where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing between Michelle and Kimmy Bailey...]

"YEAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...or he was, before Kimmy just excitedly shrieked and went off to go high-five some fans. Michelle gives a sheepish grin to "Sweet" Lou.]

MB: You'll have to pardon her, Lou, she's very excited.

SLB: As well she should be, she really kicked off 2018 with a bang!

[Kimmy walks back into frame, unable to wipe the smile from her face.]

SLB: Kimmy Bailey, don't walk away now, I want to talk with you about that victory, but before I do so, Michelle Bailey... Bucky Wilde was saying that this was deception on your part, and I have to ask, do you feel even the slightest bit guilty for how that just went down?

[Michelle holds her hand out and tilts it side to side.]

MB: A little, Lou. But I was clear that I wasn't sure about this match. Donna pressed the issue, and when we saw that the language in the contract was a little

shaky... well, we had some unsettled business from Homecoming that I think we can consider settled.

[Kimmy grins.]

KB: Yeah, unless you feel like it ain't settled, Donna! Then you can always give it another go, but next time maybe Mama won't be around to tell me to ease up on you!

[Blackwell turns to Kimmy, who is practically bouncing in place with excitement.]

SLB: Young lady, you have spent the better part of the last four months since we saw you last in Japan, but now you're back in the AWA, and obviously a whole lot more prepared for the rigors of the ring. What comes next for you?

[Kimmy shakes her head.]

KB: I don't know, man, I've just had that one buildin' up inside of me for the last few months... it feels so good to finally give Donna Martinelli what she had comin' after what she did to me! But honestly, "Sweet" Lou... I'm just goin' to enjoy the ride. I've been real lucky to have a lot of good folks watchin' out for me, just recently with Ayako Fujiwara givin' me trainin' advice and tips. Now she's workin' with me directly?

[Kimmy whistles.]

KB: All I can do is take on whatever's in front of me and do my best. I figured I wouldn't be at this point in my career for a few years, but here I am.

[Kimmy points to her mother.]

KB: Mama told me that it ain't about when you get to this show, it's that you get here, and I ain't about to bide my time tryin' to figure out the secret recipe that got me here. If I do that, this roster's got a bunch of great wrestlers that would love to try and knock my block off. So what I'm goin' to do? Well...

[Kimmy points at the ring.]

KB: More of THAT, if I can. when I can.

SLB: Well, you've certainly got it right about the hottest division in wrestling, good luck with that. And Michelle... now that I look at this young woman's T-shirt...

[Blackwell leans in closer to Michelle.]

SLB: Any scoops you can share about Juan's announcement?

[Michelle shakes her head.]

MB: Sorry, Lou, people will need to stay tuned and find out.

[Michelle and Kimmy leave, as Blackwell holds up a hand in apology.]

SLB: Well, folks, I tried! That announcement still to come here on Super Saturday, only on ESPN! And while our former AWA President may be gone, one of his favorite innovations remains into 2018 - let's take a look at our first ACCESS 365 clip of 2018 from earlier tonight!

[And with the signature ACCESS 365 graphic, we cut backstage where we find Jordan Ohara as he marches through backstage in a Carolina blue and white

tracksuit. The AWA National Title is draped over his shoulder. Ohara weaves through cameramen and backstage personnel until he reaches the Chimpanzee position. And comes face-to-face with Interim AWA President Maxim Zharkov.]

JO: No office?

[The two acknowledge each other and the history between them. Zharkov's eyes flicker briefly across the National title that was once his. His gaze moves on to settle on the National Champion who can't help but touch the belt protectively.]

MZ: I prefer to walk among those affected by decisions I make.

[Zharkov removes the pencil from behind his ear and prepares to take notes on a nearby clipboard.]

MZ: You would... speak with me?

[Ohara nods, tapping the belt lightly.]

JO: Mr. Zharkov, I'm here because I've got a plan I want to discuss with you.

MZ: Very well.

JO: You know who I am. I won't be satisfied with just being the National Champion. I need to be the best National Champion of all time.

MZ: Ha. I know the hunger.

[Ohara smiles ruefully.]

JO: I know people think that I am arrogant.

[Zharkov snorts.]

MZ: "Once in a Millennium talent?" That is your... how you say... tagline?

[Ohara grins, extending his arms.]

JO: You've been in the ring with me - what do you think?

[Zharkov gives Ohara an appraising look... then a shrug.]

MZ: It is not without merit.

[Ohara's smile gets wider as he points to Zharkov.]

JO: And that's because I never ever ran from a challenge. And I figure that as a champion I am only as good and relevant as the challengers I defeat. This title has been soiled by Jackson Hunter. I want to restore its luster.

[Zharkov darkens at the mention of Hunter's name.]

MZ: And you propose to...?

JO: I want to tell you that I'm not going to duck any challengers. I want to face all comers. All of them. And so tonight, I'm starting the Phoenix Rises Open Challenge.

[Zharkov shakes his head.]

MZ: Do you know... one year ago I attempted something similar. I was National Champion for 222 days, and successfully defended it on 62 occasions. I challenge you...

[Zharkov lowers his gaze with a smirk at his word choice.]

MZ: How you say in America...? I DARE you to do better. Are you certain about this difficult path?

[Ohara pauses... then nods.]

JO: I'm sure. I just want you to let everybody know that if they want this title... all they have to do is be first to the ring when I call.

[Zharkov smiles.]

MZ: I like you, tovarisch. You have some bol'shiye yaichki.

[Ohara frowns.]

JO: What?

MZ: Your... shall we say, brass.

[Ohara smiles.]

JO: Thank you, sir. For everything.

[Zharkov nods, giving a dismissive wave.]

MZ: Be great, Bird man. Go be great.

[Ohara gives the Russian a two finger salute before he walks out. Zharkov chuckles as he watches the kid leave.]

MZ: The belt, it looks heavier than I remember. We shall see how he carries it.

[Zharkov jots something down on his clipboard as we fade to black...]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Now in comes a voiceover.]

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

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

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

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

"The top AWA tag teams."

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

"The managers and announcers."

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

"The legends of the ring."

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

"Even the founders of the AWA."

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

"Plus, look for special inserts."

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

"Along with cards featuring event-used memorabilia."

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

"Autographed cards."

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

"Even dual autographed cards."

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

Cut back to Somers.]

HS: Now that one's a keeper.

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

DH: Cool... Hannibal Carver autographed card!

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

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

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

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

[We fade to black...

...and then back up on footage marked "EARLIER TODAY" from an icy alleyway somewhere in the Twin Cities.]

"Now you got me tilted!"

[Pedro Perez in a hoodie and knitted cap kicks a defenseless aluminum trash can. As is their MO, the Dogs of War are calling their shot from a distance. But this time, something is different.]

PP: The AWA calls us out to this frozen hellhole the weekend of the freakin' Super Bowl to tell us, "Aw, sorry Dogs of War—we don't have anything for you tonight!"

[Perez throws his beanie off in blind rage.]

PP: It wasn't supposed to be this way! It was supposed to be us! We were supposed to be ruling the landscape of pro wrestling!

[Isaiah Carpenter steps in, looking classy as ever in a tweed peacoat, a silk scarf knotted around his collar.]

IC: Pedro, partner. We don't gotta be like this. It doesn't have to be this way. I say we take stock, hit a few VIP lounges tonight and reflect on why we ain't invited to Super Saturday. We could crash their little soiree at the Target Center, but if we do so without taking stock of ourselves, the big man is primed to make another mistake.

"What mistake?"

[The usually reserved Walker in a blue down jacket and wool snapback ballcap looms behind Carpenter.]

IC: What I said, Wade.

WW: What "mistake?"

IC: What I said.

[Carpenter does not back down from his larger teammate.]

IC: Pedro, did Wade not miss a step or two when Frenchy Crawford busted his nose up?

WW: Yeah, and did I miss you surrendering at the Grapples?

[Carpenter gets closer, almost nose to nose at this point.]

IC: Where were you, partner? You're supposed to have our back, partner!

[The emphasis on "partner" has Carpenter stabbing his finger into the chest of a seething Walker.]

WW: You didn't give me the chance to make the save and break Supreme Wright off of you! You waved the white flag.

[Walker stabs his own finger hard into the chest on "you" causing Carpenter to sneer at him.]

IC: You're not there when I needed you! You need to be there!

[Carpenter gives Walker a two-handed shove. Perez, surprisingly, plays the voice of reason.]

PP: Both'a you! A'ight? Both of you knock this off! We are supposed to be there when we need each other! Wade was not there when we needed him...

[Walker scowls a frightening scowl.]

PP: ...but he's gonna be there for us now, right?

Right?

[Perez glances back and forth between the other two Dogs of War, then for the first time, directly at the camera.]

PP: AWA, you can relax now, because tonight... we're not going to go where we're not wanted. Not yet. But get ready for change, and not a moment too soon.

[With that cryptic remark, Perez walks away, leaving Carpenter and Walker behind to ponder what that means...

...and we fade back to live action inside the Target Center where we find a young, muscular blonde striking a double bicep pose to the jeers of the crowd. He sneers at them from behind his mirrored sunglasses.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Beverly Hills, California... weighing in at 261 pounds... SEAN SABRE!

[Sabre strikes another pose with a loud "THAT'S RIGHT, BABY!" aimed at the booing crowd.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent!

[The ripping guitars of AC/DC's "Thunderstruck" kick in to a big reaction from the Minneapolis crowd!]

RO: From Tauranga, New Zealand... weighing in at 255 pounds...

...WHAAAAAAAAIIITRIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII!

[As the vocals join the fray, the crowd gets even louder...]

"THUN-DER!"

"THUN-DER!"

"THUN-DER!"

"THUN-DER!"

[And as the song really kicks in, the blue chip prospect himself - Whaitiri - appears on the ramp to a big reaction!]

GM: Whaitiri is here on Super Saturday! The 2016 Brass Ring Tournament winner! The former World Television Champion! And if he gets his way, Bucky, he'll be wearing that title again in one week's time!

[A graphic comes up on the screen, showing Whaitiri on one side and Odin Gunn with the World Television Title over his shoulder on the other with the Power Hour logo between them.]

GM: That's right - next week on the Power Hour, Whaitiri gets his rematch and he'll meet the ever-dangerous Odin Gunn with championship gold on the line!

[Whaitiri takes a moment to soak up the cheers of the crowd...

...and then breaks into a sprint, charging down the aisle where he dives headfirst under the bottom rope as Sabre rushes to attack.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The super athletic Whaitiri comes to his feet on a run, ducking under Sabre's flailing right hand attempt. He hits the far ropes, rebounding back towards the off-balance opponent...]

GM: Whaitiri on the move - and a leaping clothesline on target, taking Sabre right off his feet!

[Whaitiri pumps his arms in the air, giving a whoop as the crowd cheers loudly. He waits as Sean Sabre gets off the mat, scooping him up in his powerful arms...]

GM: Scoops him up... and slaaaaaams him down!

[The former champion gives a big fistpump with a loud war whoop as he keeps his eyes on Sabre as the Californian struggles to get off the mat...]

GM: Whaitiri won the title back last September at Homecoming and his reign was far too short for these fans - and for Whaitiri... but does he have what it takes to topple the undefeated Odin Gunn and regain that title next weekend on the Power Hour, Bucky?

BW: I haven't seen a single soul yet that made me think they stood a chance against Odin Gunn. That man is a force of nature and no matter how much these fans love Whaitiri... no matter how much the office loves Whaitiri... he's still gotta get it done in the ring.

GM: He's certainly getting it done in the ring right now.

[Whaitiri lifts his right arm, showing off the intricate Maori tribal tattoos on his arm, shoulder, and torso...

...and then swoops in alongside the rising Sabre, lifting him effortlessly into the air...]

GM: So much power in this young man and that's just the beginning of his skill set.

[...and drops Sabre down on the back of his head with a spine-rattling back suplex. He kips up off the mat with ease...]

GM: There's the agility... the athleticism...

[...and then hits the ropes, rebounding back where he leaps high into the air before dropping an elbow down into the heart of Sabre!]

GM: ...the EXPLOSIVENESS! OH MY!

[Whaitiri takes a knee, grinning at the cheering crowd with a nod of his head.]

GM: And I don't know, Bucky... this kid is looking like someone who just might be wearing championship gold again a week from now.

BW: Odin Gunn may not run like Whaitiri. He may not jump like Whaitiri. He may not make the girls swoon like Whaitiri. But if Whaitiri tries to match power... toughness... viciousness... "Curly" Bill's pride and joy will be wearing gold for as long as he wants if you ask me.

GM: These fans are certainly not asking you - they believe in Whaitiri!

[Back on his feet, Whaitiri greets the rising Sabre with a hooking forearm to the side of the head that sends him spinning away and chestfirst into the turnbuckles. He grabs him by the arm, whipping him across the ring...]

GM: Sabre hits the buckles and...

[...where he staggers back into the powerful arms of Whaitiri who lifts him up into the air...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ...SITOUT SPINEBUSTER!

BW: Sabre's gonna need a trip to the chiropractor after that one!

[Whaitiri forgoes the pin attempt, climbing to his feet...

...and then points to the corner to a big cheer!]

GM: And when you talk about a six foot three, 255 pounder, you might be surprised to see this as Whaitiri steps out to the apron and starts to climb...

BW: If this kid has any advantage at all over Odin Gunn, it might be this, Gordo.

GM: And you wonder if that speed... that quickness... that agility...

[As he reaches the top rope, he steadies himself, raising both arms overhead for all to see...]

GM: ...that...

[...he LEAPS high into the air, sailing through the sky and plummeting down... down... down...]

GM: ...IMPACT!

[...and SPLASHES down across the chest of Sabre, whipping his dark hair back as he pushes up into a lateral press...]

GM: Ranginui's Prayer connects! And if he hits that on Odin Gunn, the champion might not have a prayer's chance of keeping the title!

[...where the referee slaps the mat once, twice, three times!]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: Whaitiri picks up the win here on Super Saturday!

[Whaitiri climbs to his feet, a smile on his face as he allows the referee to raise his arm in victory as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

GM: Whaitiri on the winning side at SuperClash... on the winning side tonight... this young man is building up some much needed momentum as he heads into Atlanta next weekend for the biggest match of his young career, Bucky.

BW: I still think Gunn retains but I KNOW I’m not gonna miss it!

GM: Neither will I and as Whaitiri celebrates his victory here tonight, the real party might be seven nights from now in Atlanta on the Power Hour when he looks to regain the World Television Title! Now, let’s go backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing by... Lou?

[And we cut backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing near what appears to be a roll-up door that likely leads out into the parking lot area.]

SLB: Thanks, Gordon... an impressive win for Whaitiri as he looks ahead to Odin Gunn and possibly regaining the World Television Title next weekend on the Power Hour. I’m looking forward to that... but I think we’re all looking forward to the upcoming nuptials of Theresa Lynch and Supreme Wright! We learned about their engagement at the Golden Grapples and now, I’m honored to announce that the wedding will take place on what was already going to be a very special night - March 17th - the AWA’s Tenth Anniversary show.

[Blackwell chuckles.]

SLB: And we thought Jon Stegglet was joking when he told Theresa he’d find a way to market their once-in-a-lifetime moment. But apparently Theresa and Supreme have agreed and that’s going to be a memorable night in the Superdome of New Orleans - the home of SuperClash VIII.

[A loud noise from off-camera grabs Blackwell’s attention as his brow furrows.]

SLB: Oh, for crying out loud...

[The camera pans to reveal the perpetually cranky Jackson Hunter, who places his palm to his forehead in disgust. He looks quite exhausted. He hasn’t trimmed his stubble beard, nor the stubble on his scalp, which further exaggerates his receding hairline atop his head. His poorly-zipped rolling luggage tumbles to the floor and dirty laundry seems to cascade out of it.]

JH: Oh, for the love of– Blackwell, could you give me TWO seconds?!

[Blackwell looks disgusted by Hunter’s mere presence.]

SLB: Jackson Hunter, this is Super Saturday, and you are arriving at the arena late! The show has already started if you hadn’t surmised by now...

JH: Look, I only got up 45 minutes ago, give me a break. I can still taste the toothpaste!

[Blackwell cringes away, giving Hunter a once over.]

SLB: Mr. Hunter, you were never exactly the cover model for Esquire, but since SuperClash, to quote Clark Griswold when he saw Cousin Eddie: you're looking... fit?

[Hunter grimaces, jabbing a finger into the air in front of Blackwell.]

JH: See here, Lord Baldemort: I am wracked with anxiety! The AWA was the last place that would take a chance with me and I've had to rely on luck to stay here. I haven't got any more tricks to pull out of my magic top hat! The rabbits are dead and their heads are rotting off and scaring the children.

SLB: Do you even know you have a match toni-

[Hunter waves a dismissive hand.]

JH: "Oh, Mr. Hunter! A quick word with you, please!" Jackson Hunter is gone! Jackson Hunter has no words for you, because Jackson Hunter left the building months ago! I am a husk! I am a host for what the wrestling business has turned me into.

Well, ya know what? If you think I'm washed up and on my way out, I am going to hold a masterclass in dignity! And I know things! I know where the skeletons are buried. And... I know who did it!

SLB: Did what?

JH: Did IT! And I don't care if the investigator doesn't believe me! I will be vindicated, and you'll all be crawling to me, saying "Jackson Hunter was right!" Say it, Lou! Say, "JACKSON HUNTER WAS RIGHT!"

[Hunter leans forward, grabbing Blackwell abruptly by the lapels, flopping facefirst into the side of Blackwell's head as he noisily whispers to him - "Lou, it was..." before getting quieter. Blackwell listens for a moment... and then shakes his head in annoyance.]

SLB: As my friend, Gordon Myers would say... give me a break, Hunter! Get outta here!

[Hunter throws up his hands, shouting "And I'll prove it! I'll name names! I'll show you! You'll see!" as he stalks out of view. Blackwell shakes his head again.]

SLB: Lies and slander from that one, I tell ya. Fans, we're going to take a quick break and when we come back, it'll be Raphael Rhodes in action so don't you dare go away!

[Blackwell is still shaking his head at Hunter as we fade to black.]

After a moment, the ESPN 30 For 30 logo comes up on the screen with the words "COMING IN EARLY 2018."

We come up on a shot of Lori Dane - a talking head shot.]

LD: They told me repeatedly - "there's no room for women's wrestling in the AWA." It wasn't even up for debate really. I mean... I wasn't surprised. Look at what happened in the E.

[We get a brief still photo publicity photo shot of "Luscious" Lori Dane holding the EMWC Women's Title.]

LD: Yeah, I held the title but for the life of you, could anyone remember who I beat for it? Or if I even defended it on TV? I was a house show gimmick. Someone they could trot out there to get whistled at and make the guys drop money for bikini 8X10s at intermission.

[Cut to a talking head of former AWA competitor Melissa Cannon.]

MC: Most of the talented women's wrestlers in the 80s and 90s were in Japan. There were a handful here but for every Jessica Starbird, you had an "Erotic" Erin. For every Lori Dane, a Satin Sheets. The women in the States were being treated as a sideshow and everyone knew it. The Throbbing Mattress Kittens? Give me a [BLEEPING] break!

[Cut to Laura Davis with a smirk on her face.]

LD: The UWF took it pretty seriously but very few other places did. Even the so-called biggest promotions on the planet didn't give us the time of day. Hell, some of the best women were better in the ring than the top men at times... but you'd never know it by the way they promoted us.

[Back to Dane.]

LD: I was a friggin' co-owner of the company and I still couldn't get it done for a long damn time. But when it changed...

[Dane raises her eyebrows as we fade to a graphic that says "THE BIRTH OF THE AWA WOMEN'S DIVISION."

The "Coming Soon" graphic returns for a moment before we go back to black.

The shot opens back up on a close-up of a cut glass goblet held by well-manicured fingers. A masculine voice speaks with a crisp Estuary English accent.]

"What was I thinking?"

[The hand brings the goblet up to a pair of lips, which takes a sip of the clear liquid in it. The camera pulls back to reveal the handsome, youthful features of one Rory Smythe. He is clean-shaven and his dark brown hair is neatly combed and coiffed. A further pull back of the shot reveals that Smythe is dressed in a sharply-tailored black suit.]

RS: Carnies... nothing more than a pair of carnies.

And just like my so-called partner before this, they're gone. I guess three were two too many for this summit...

[Smythe sneers.]

RS: But I am still here. Her Majesty's Might yet stands.

Well, currently I am back home in England for the holidays, but 2018... 2018 will be the year I prove that I don't need the Summit... not when I am at THE PEAK of my potential.

[As if subconsciously, Smythe straightens up his posture, the suit straining slightly to contain his wide shoulders and puffed up chest.]

RS: I hear the AWA's coming to London in April.

Can't think of a better headliner for when the AWA's in my own backyard than Her Majesty's gift... yours truly, Rory Smythe.

[He holds up the cut glass goblet in front of him, as if proposing a toast.]

RS: I'll be seeing you soon.

[The shot cuts to black. The words "Rory Smythe will return" appears in white lettering...

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

GM: London Calling is coming for the AWA as we head back across the pond to jolly ol' London, England on April 28th... and apparently Rory Smythe has decided to not depart the AWA like his European comrades in The Summit. He's sticking around and you know he'd like to be a part of that big event coming up in the UK, Bucky.

BW: For guys and gals who come to the AWA from other countries, it's always special when they get a chance to go back home. If you don't believe me, you can ask some of the people who got to compete in Toronto at SuperClash how special it was for them...

GM: Or perhaps you can ask the man we're about to see in action how he feels about potentially being a part of London Calling this spring. Back at the Golden Grapples, Dana Kaiser mentioned that Raphael Rhodes had big things in store tonight. We're about to see him compete and see what he has in mind. Rebecca, take it away and let's see what he had planned!

[We transition up to the ring, where Rebecca Ortiz is standing by, a very pale wrestler in quite good shape standing behind her.]

RO: Our next match is set for one fall, with a twenty minute time limit! Introducing first, already in the ring, hailing from St. Paul, Minnesota, and weighing 253 pounds... this is Lucas Holland!

[The crowd cheers for the youngster from the other half of the Twin Cities, who flexes to show off his muscle. He stands about six feet even, and wears plain black trunks, kneepads, and boots, keeping his brown hair closely cropped.]

RO: And his opponent, he is accompanied to the ring by his trainer and advisor, Dana Kaiser...

[A hometown roar comes up from the crowd, cheering for the well-known fitness and nutrition expert.]

RO: ...weighing in tonight at 222 pounds, he resides in Minneapolis, Minnesota...

[And the roar gets louder! Rebecca Ortiz shakes her head.]

RO: This is...

RAPHAELLLLLLLLLL RHOOOOOOOOODESSSSSSSSS!

[A familiar guitar riff kicks over the sound system, followed by the scream of Ronnie James Dio...]

OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH COME ON!

[And the crowd's ovation gets even louder as Raphael Rhodes and Dana Kaiser emerge from the entrance, backed by "The Mob Rules" by Black Sabbath. Rhodes has a smirk on his face, shaking his head as though he can't believe the ovation he's receiving, as Kaiser gives him a reassuring pat on the back as the two walk down to the ring.]

GM: You know, Bucky, I didn't think when this man first set foot in the AWA in 2008, we'd ever hear the audience take to him the way they have!

BW: Gordo, the man lives here! He's probably been out around town shoveling people's walks to get them on his side!

GM: Shoveling their walks... do you know how many people are here tonight?!

BW: Have you seen how much it snows in Minnesota? He probably doesn't need to go to Dana Kaiser's gym throughout the winter! Just out there shoveling the walks!

[You can practically hear the sighing from the broadcast booth as Rhodes walks down to the ring, wearing navy blue trunks with the words "Lux ex tenebris" across the left hip in neon green with white outline. He's also wearing navy blue kneepads with his three lion paw clutching arrow design in neon green and a white outline, and neon green shinpads over navy blue wrestling shoes. Both he and Kaiser are wearing Minnesota Timberwolves hoodies, and Kaiser is sporting navy blue leggings with neon green sneakers, carrying her ever-present white towel and bottle of water.]

Rhodes has his ever-growing hair tied back in a ponytail, and his beard looks a little scruffy with some winter growth. Rhodes gets to the ring, removing his hoodie and popping in a neon green mouthguard, before being checked over by Shari Miranda.]

GM: Raphael Rhodes wearing the home team colors tonight, though this young man he faces isn't from far away as well, St. Paul is just from across the river.

BW: It's fitting that he's wearing the T-Wolves colors, Gordo.

GM: Why do you say that?

BW: He's getting a small taste of success after that hard-hitting win at SuperClash against Sid Osborne, just like how they're doing great right now with Jimmy Butler, but who knows if it'll be a fluke? He has to actually prove it with sustained success, and history hasn't been on his side there.

GM: You know, you used to be one of his biggest boosters.

BW: He used to be a lot more like the kind of wrestler worth boosting, too.

[Rhodes does something we're not familiar with seeing from him... he offers a handshake to Holland, who accepts it. The crowd gives a polite round of applause as Shari Miranda calls for the bell.]

BW: See? The Raphael Rhodes of a few years ago would never have done that.

GM: The Raphael Rhodes of a few years ago also found himself leaving the AWA and feeling like he was a failure, too.

BW: Now who's negative, Gordo?

[Rhodes and Holland go into a lockup, and Rhodes immediately seizes control of Holland's wrist, twisting around into a hammerlock, then diving to grab Holland's head. He positions his feet to set his base very low, almost kneeling on the mat.]

GM: Lucas Holland is a relative rookie in the sport and making a bit of a mistake, walking right into the strengths of Raphael Rhodes. Rhodes is one of the most proficient grapplers in our game, and you can see the way he's established his positioning, that makes it very difficult for this young man to break free from the headlock.

BW: Yeah, well, Rhodes is one of the smaller wrestlers in the men's division. He's 5'9" - and while he may have one of the most muscular frames in the men's division, he's still 5'9".

GM: He put on close to five additional pounds of muscle during our break between SuperClash and tonight, coming in tonight at 222 pounds...

[Holland tries to lift Rhodes up for a backdrop suplex, but Rhodes squeezes the headlock, forcing Holland to return Rhodes to the mat.]

GM: And Raphael Rhodes' 222 pounds is very different than most wrestlers' 222 pounds thanks to that height. The man is built like a fireplug!

[Rhodes reaches down to pick Holland's ankle, pulling Holland down to the mat, then quickly maneuvering to Holland's head to turn him onto his stomach.]

GM: And you see he doesn't seem to be lacking for speed in spite of that muscle, Bucky. He moves very quickly in that ring.

BW: Well, he almost has to. He managed to get past Sid Osborne at SuperClash, but if he wants to continue to climb the ladder in today's AWA, he is going to be giving up similar size or greater to the stars in that upper echelon.

GM: And you can hear Dana Kaiser at ringside shouting instructions as Rhodes has that front facelock applied, just in total control of this youngster.

[The camera quickly cuts to Kaiser, slapping the mat and giving encouragement to Rhodes.]

GM: She's really focused him in that ring.

BW: Softened him, you mean. The Raph of 2008, 2009 would've fishhooked this kid by now.

[Rhodes releases his grip on the front facelock, positioning himself onto Holland's back, placing his legs at Holland's waist.]

GM: And now Rhodes with the position on Holland's back, and this young man is in deep trouble, Bucky.

BW: I guess no matter how big as you are, if you let yourself get grappled to the mat like that by Raphael Rhodes, you're in deep trouble.

[Rhodes sees Holland covering his head, so punches at Holland's ribs. Holland drops one of his arms to cover the side of the ribs that got struck, and Rhodes immediately coils an arm on the side that opened up, the crowd roaring with realization...]

GM: Sleeper! Rhodes was working to get the space to apply that sleeper, and Holland gave him the opening! And that's what finally kept Osborne down at SuperClash!

BW: This kid's gotta get out, Gordo, that's one thing that's always been lethal on Rhodes...

[Holland fights for a brief moment, but quickly goes limp. Shari Miranda checks the hold and sees that Holland has gone out, then signals for the bell. Rhodes, hearing the bell, immediately releases the hold.]

GM: And that's that! Raphael Rhodes making quick work of the competition here at Super Saturday!

BW: This kid made a couple of big mistakes, Gordo, first when he went right into a lockup, and you can't give Raph that kind of opening to apply the sleeper.

[Rhodes rolls Holland up and slaps the upper shoulders of Holland to help revive him.]

GM: And fans, I haven't seen that in a while. It used to be when someone won with a sleeper, they were responsible for reviving their opponent, to get the flow of blood going to the brain again. In recent years, it's been the referee's duty. Maybe Raphael Rhodes really has changed recently.

BW: Maybe he's just gotten even softer.

GM: Well, if anyone will ask with that line of questioning, it'll be Colt Patterson, who's standing by with Raphael Rhodes and Dana Kaiser. Colt?

[We cut down to ringside, where Colt Patterson is looking up at the ring with a flummoxed look on his face, hand pointed towards the ring. Raphael Rhodes has the towel over his head, as Dana Kaiser stands between the two, awaiting the question.]

CP: Now hold on a moment, at the Golden Grapples, you two promised there would be big plans. It couldn't have been THAT, could it?

[Rhodes pulls the towel over his eyes as Kaiser shakes her head.]

DK: Mr. Patterson, the night is young. You can appreciate winning a match in an efficient fashion, that is exactly what Raph did.

[Patterson rolls his eyes.]

CP: Look, you may do the talking for him with the other interviewers, but I'm here to get a scoop.

[Patterson points a finger at Rhodes.]

CP: Now you came out here after promising big plans, and you beat some greenhorn who's so far out of your league that it was like the Minnesota Twins playing the St. Paul Saints. Then that little thing at the end, slapping the back? That couldn't have been it.

[Rhodes whips the towel from his head, glaring at Patterson.]

DK: With all due respect, Mr. Patterson-

[Patterson interrupts with a dismissive wave in Kaiser's face.]

CP: With all due respect to you, I wanna hear it from the kid.

[Kaiser stares at Patterson for a second, then steps back and motions Rhodes forward. There is a rumbling from the crowd as Rhodes steps forward, his voice in a calm, yet tense tone.]

RR: She said the night's young, mate. Plenty of show to go. Since when has anyone ever been done after just one appearance?

[Rhodes folds his arms.]

RR: I ain't the kind of man that's goin' to take advantage of some lad out of his depth. Not anymore. But the kind of man I am, Colt?

[Rhodes rolls his eyes.]

RR: ...wait and see. You'll know what kind of man I am later tonight.

[Rhodes storms off, Kaiser following behind him shouting "Raph!" as she follows. Patterson glares, exasperated.]

CP: Hey! What kind of bogus answer is that?! Get back here!

[Patterson looks at the camera and shakes his head.]

CP: I guess you'll have to stay tuned, lord knows I tried. Jeez, what's with that guy? I can't believe-

[Colt is cut off by the sounds of "Vale of Shadows" by Gunship playing through the arena. The former World Champion frowns at the interruption as the entryway is bathed in eerie turquoise and magenta lighting as a lean looking figure in black and silver snakeskin pants appears; evidently he has not bothered with his signature coat.]

GM: Colt Patterson obviously upset by the interruption of Jackson Hunter. Join the club, Colt. I know just how you feel.

BW: Jackson Hunter doesn't need to apologize for what happened to you at the Grapples... for what happened to Colt just now. This is a man who has a lot on his mind and if he needs to speak it, then he deserves that chance.

GM: He had time scheduled later! Heck, he's got a MATCH scheduled later! Does he even know that?

[The look on Hunter's unshaven face betrays his antipathy for the fans, for the crew, and for pretty much everyone in general. He skulks down the aisle, looking like he'd rather be anywhere else.]

GM: Well, in good news, at least he doesn't look like the bottom of a bottle of Kessler's this week.

BW: I told you, nobody drinks that swill!

GM: JW Hardin and Casey James did at SuperClash.

BW: And look where it got them - prison and a hospital bed!

[Gordon chuckles as Hunter uses the ropes to pull himself up to the apron, turning out to face the crowd. He extends his arms upward, flashing a Nixon-ian peace sign with each hand, then sighs, pinching the bridge of his nose and wiping the bugs under his eyes as he steps between the ropes sulkily. With a visible "harrumph," he

waves a hand, demanding a microphone and upon receiving it, he grouchyly shouts into it.]

JH: I—I actually have something to say!

[The crowd jeers loudly as Hunter looks distressed at them.]

GM: Never at a loss for words, is he?

BW: The man has suffered a trauma, Gordo; give him a break.

GM: What's he going to do to embarrass himself this time?

BW: Gordo...

[Hunter angrily shouts again.]

JH: I know what happened! I know what happened at SuperClash to Johnny Detson. And I have something to say about that!

[A rare, malicious smile appears on his face for a second as he leaves the crowd hanging... obviously curious if he really DOES know something.]

JH: On second thought, forget it.

[Hunter bitterly chuckles at finally getting one up for the first time in months. And his chuckle is interrupted by the sound of an artillery shot.]

BW: Oh no! Deja vu!

GM: I never thought I'd be so happy to see this man!

[The "Soviet March" announces the arrival of Interim AWA President Maxim Zharkov in a (mock) athletic turtleneck and track pants. A pencil is behind his ear, and clipboard is under his arm. He remains at the entranceway as "Soviet March" quickly fades.]

MZ: Privet, tovarisch. How nice to see you again.

[The iciness in Zharkov's voice is comparable to a Russian winter. Jackson Hunter has backpedaled into the corner of the ring, as though Zharkov is going to leap the entire length of the aisle to pounce upon him.]

MZ: Per the tribunal at the end of last year, you have not received any official sanction for your many, many, many reprehensible actions.

[The side of Zharkov's lip curls upward.]

MZ: However... the AWA ownership group has permitted me... some margins to work within.

[Zharkov removes the pencil from behind his ear and taps the clipboard in his hand.]

MZ: Such as naming your opponent for tonight. I'm sure you will remember him. He, of course, remembers you.

[Zharkov lowers the mic, a slight smile on his face as Hunter furrows his brow...

...and as the sound of "Radioactive" by Imagine Dragons fills the air, the majority of the crowd cheers and an irate Hunter kicks the bottom rope, his eyes wide as he sees Derrick Williams walk out onto the stage.]

GM: Whoa!

BW: He can't do this... can he?!

GM: Maxim Zharkov is the Interim AWA President! I think he can do pretty much whatever he wants!

[Williams smirks at Hunter's reaction... and then slowly raises an arm towards Zharkov, looking to touch knuckles with his old ally...

...but instead, Zharkov just gives a quick nod, gesturing politely towards the ring. Williams' brow furrows for a moment before he starts down the aisle.]

GM: Well, Derrick Williams didn't quite get the greeting he was looking for but... I would think it wouldn't look great for the new executive to walk around shaking hands and fist bumping his old friends.

BW: Instead, he just gives them surprise matches with his enemies! Real fair!

[Gordon chuckles again as Williams heads down the ramp towards the ring where Hunter is seething as he locks eyes on his former ally who nears the ring, shedding his ring jacket to reveal shiny gold tights going to mid-thigh trimmed in silver. He points a finger at Hunter before diving under the bottom rope...

...which is where the former National Champion seizes his opportunity, throwing himself into an elbowstrike to the back of Williams' neck on the way in!]

GM: Oh! And Hunter attacks him before the bell!

[Hunter stomps and kicks the downed Williams before jerking away from him, shouting at referee Koji Sakai to start the match.]

GM: Good to see referee Sakai back in the stripes after suffering an injury that made him miss the back half of 2017.

[Hunter's loud berating of Sakai sees the official grimace as he turns towards the timekeeper...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[...which is when Hunter turns back towards Williams, a smirk on his face as he approaches him...]

GM: Hunter looking to pull him-

[...but Williams springs up off a knee, snatching a three-quarter nelson, and SPIKES Hunter's head into the canvas!]

GM: FUTURE SHOCK! FUTURE SHOCK!

[Williams flips Hunter onto his back, diving across his chest, holding up his hand to count along with the official...]

BW: Wait! What?!

[...as he slaps the mat once... twice...]

GM: I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Williams pops up off the mat, a huge grin on his face as he throws his arms over his head into the air.]

GM: Derrick Williams has just defeated the former National Champion, Jackson Hunter, in about... what was that? Ten seconds?! Fifteen seconds?! It's close to record time!

BW: This isn't fair! He wasn't ready! We need a restart!

[Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Your winner of the match... IN TWELVE SECONDS...

[HUUUUUUGE ROAR!]

RO: ...DERRRRRRRIIIIIIIICK WILLLLLLLLIAMSSSSSSSS!

[The man known as "The Future" raises his arms over his head again, pumping his fists excitedly a few times as he looks out on the cheering Minneapolis crowd.]

GM: A near record-setting win for Derrick Williams as he pins his old friend-turned-enemy Jackson Hunter in twelve seconds!

BW: This is... this is embarrassing! It's humiliating!

[Hunter rolls from the ring, burying his face in his hands as Williams mockingly waves goodbye to him from the squared circle.]

GM: Derrick Williams pins the former National Champion with the Future Shock in twelve seconds and... well, we heard Ryan Martinez say it earlier... if Williams wants a shot at the White Knight, all he has to do is ask. After this win, he may be asking REAL soon.

[Williams grins, waving at the fleeing Hunter again...]

GM: I truly can't believe that just happened, Bucky... and I guess it just goes to show you just never know what'll happen in-

[But Gordon is interrupted by a familiar howl.]

#LET'S GET READY TO RUMBLE!

[And as Volbeat's "A Warrior's Call" blasts over the loudspeakers, out steps the AWA's Engine of Destruction, the one and only son of the Blackheart, Brian James.]

BW: What is he doing here? Isn't he banned?

GM: I... well, this is obviously unscheduled as we've still got Derrick Williams out here in the ring... we've still got Jackson Hunter headed back up the aisle but aside from the Golden Grapples, AWA management has not banned Brian James from being at AWA events pending the results of the ongoing investigation into who assaulted Johnny Detson in the parking lot area of the Rogers Centre in Toronto at the conclusion of SuperClash IX a couple of months ago.

[James wears a pair of long black workout pants, and over the pants and a bare chest, he wears a red and gold satin robe with the Claw Academy logo emblazoned over his heart. A white towel covers his head as he stomps down the aisle, right past Jackson Hunter who staggers in a circle, throwing a look at James' back as he heads towards the ring.]

GM: Brian James has been the focus of a lot of discussions in recent weeks. We know he was upset at the conclusion of the World Title match-

BW: Upset?! We all heard him threaten Johnny Detson - clear as a bell!

GM: We did... but those words may have been uttered in the heat of the moment and-

BW: Or they could've been the premeditation rantings of a cold blooded beast!

GM: Oh, come on, Bucky... you've known this young man as long as I have. Does a sneak attack from behind strike you as something he'd do?

BW: Not exactly but he was in a rare headspace that night, Gordo, after what happened to his father... after losing his shot at the title... that kind of stuff can have a strange effect on anyone.

[Reaching the ring, James ascends the stairs and steps onto the apron, removing the towel from his head, revealing his dirty blond hair has grown long and is pulled into a ponytail, and now he sports a full beard.]

BW: He's not supposed to be here! Someone get this gorilla out of the ring!

GM: Why don't you lead the way?

BW: I'm needed here, Gordo.

[James eyeballs Derrick Williams for a few moments before Williams grins... "I got no fight with you... not tonight" and exits the ring before a conflict can ensure. James retrieves a mic of his own before stepping into the middle of the ring as his music cuts off.]

BJ: Let's get right down to it.

I do not mourn Johnny Detson. I am not sad for what happened to him. There's no one else who had it coming more than Detson.

[The crowd buzzes at what seems to be an admission of guilt as James slowly raises a lone finger.]

BJ: But, no matter what it looks like, no matter what you believe... it wasn't me.

[A cheer comes up from the crowd.]

BW: You know, Big Sal might call that a "shaggy" defense.

GM: Don't you start, Bucky!

[Bucky is snickering as James continues.]

BJ: Let's get something clear. If I'm gonna lay someone out, then it won't be from behind, and it won't be a mystery.

When I take someone out... I always make the sure the world is watching.

In all the years I've been here... all the things I've done, I've done standing in front of someone and for all the world to see.

Did I say I wanted Detson finished? Hell yeah I did.

[James nods.]

BJ: But the way I was raised... the way I was trained... was that when you're about to end a man, you look him dead in the eyes and you lay him out right here, in the middle of this damn ring, with everyone bearing witness to what it means to cross Brian James.

[The crowd cheers the Engine of Destruction as he nods again.]

BJ: Now, I don't know who did it... and frankly, I've got no problem with someone putting Detson on the shelf.

But what I have a problem with, what I can't abide...

...is that you're trying to pin this on me.

[James pauses, looking around the building.]

BJ: So right now, one of two things is gonna happen. One...

[James raises his index finger into the air.]

BJ: Whoever did it comes out, admits what he did, and I'll give him what's coming to him. Or two...

[James' middle finger raises, next to his index finger.]

BJ: I spent the next hours, days, weeks, months, years... however long it takes to find you. And make no mistake, I will tear this entire place apart and I will put down anyone who gets in my way. And I will find you, and when I do...

You'll be begging for the mercy of a swift end.

So this is it. If you're out there... come on down!

[James lowers the mic, waiting expectantly...]

GM: The moment of truth so to speak.

BW: You really think he didn't do it?

GM: I really do. But I also wonder if-

[The heavy chords of Ten Ton Hammer by Machine Head begin their assault over the PA, and the crowd erupts into a chorus of boos.]

GM: What?!

[On cue, Tiger Claw, arguably the most dangerous man in the sport, appears at the head of the aisle.]

GM: Wait a minute!

BW: TIGER CLAW DID IT?!

GM: I don't...

BW: It can't be!

GM: I'm not sure what's going on here... but it looks like we're about to find out.

[Claw, dressed in black sweats and a Claw Academy hoodie, walks down the aisle ignoring the predominantly negative reaction he's getting from the crowd. Focused as always, he keeps his eye on his student in the ring.]

GM: Of course, Johnny Detson wasn't the only one laid out in a shocking, violent assault at SuperClash on Thanksgiving Night. This man right here, Tiger Claw, stunned the world when he turned on his own partner... his best friend, Casey James, during that Outlaw Rules match. Not only did Claw cost James the match... but after the match, he kept up the assault and laid such a savage beating on the King of the Death Match, James had to be taken to the hospital, Bucky.

BW: He sure did... all while Brian James was watching.

[Almost casually, Claw walks to the timekeeper's table, grabs a microphone, and enters the ring. He stops for a moment, glaring at Brian before speaking...]

TC: Brian... I know you didn't do this to Detson.

[The crowd cheers that statement.]

BW: Because he did it!

GM: Quiet!

[Claw continues.]

TC: And it wasn't me, either.

[The crowd groans, disappointed to still not have an answer.]

TC: I'm here because I need to say this... I know you didn't do this because I know you. I know how I trained you. I know what sort of man you are. I know you wouldn't attack unseen.

I taught you better than that: To look your adversary in the eye as you strike them down.

There's no glory to be had in a sneak attack.

[The crowd jeers Claw as they think about his treacherous assault on his own partner in Toronto.]

TC: If you wanted to destroy Detson, Brian... you would do so face to face... and you would succeed, of course. I have no doubt about that.

[Claw pauses for a moment as Brian James copes with a very rare compliment from his trainer.]

TC: I believe you, Brian.

You've earned that trust from me...

[James nods, mouthing "thank you" to the man he refers to as "Master Claw."]

TC: And now the time has come for me to test the trust I've earned in you.

[James inhales deeply... as if he knew this moment was coming.]

TC: Like you, I came down here for two reasons.

The second reason is that I need to know the issues between me and your father aren't going to jeopardize your training with me. I need to know we're still alright.

I need to know that for what I have planned, I can depend on you being by my side.

[Claw's gaze does not leave James who struggles to keep his eyes locked on his master's as he exhales slowly.]

BJ: I'm going to be honest with you, Master Claw.

The only thing worse than being falsely accused of laying out Detson...

[James raises his eyes, locking them on Claw.]

BJ: ...is knowing what you did to my father.

[The crowd cheers loudly as Claw doesn't react one bit - the very statue of stoicism as James refuses to look away.]

BJ: The whole world knows that me and Casey have a lot of troubles. Starting with the fact that he abandoned me as a child.

And the whole world knows that you and Mr. Lau were there for me in ways he never was.

[James pauses, nodding.]

BJ: Mr. Lau looked out for me, and you trained me. Two things my father never did.

[James reaches up, running a hand over his face up into his hair, shaking his head, his expression showing how emotional this situation is for him.]

BJ: I've barely slept. My thoughts have been jumbled. But I have finally come to a decision.

[James nods, pulling himself up straight again.]

BJ: Master Claw, blood is blood. You taught me that.

You are like a father to me...

[Claw continues to stare emotionlessly at his student.]

BJ: ...and he IS my father.

[The crowd cheers as James shakes his head again.]

BJ: And because of that... I can't be involved.

[Claw's jaw stiffens, his expression hardening even beyond what it was.]

BJ: You might hate me for that. But that's my decision.

I can't be between you two... and I can't pick a side.

[The crowd gives a mixed reaction. Claw pauses for a moment, digesting what he's just heard.]

GM: One can only guess what Tiger Claw might say... or do for that matter... in this situation.

BW: He looks like he's ready to spit nails.

[Slowly, Claw raises the mic and responds with what sounds like very controlled rage.]

TC: Brian...

You're standing here in front of me, turning me down because YOU have decided that I did something you don't agree with?

[Claw's eyes bore down into James.]

TC: Your teacher?

Your mentor?

Your MASTER?

[James flinches at the last word, his gaze slipping away from Claw again.]

TC: You, my student, dare to question my actions? In front of ALL these people?

[Claw makes a sweeping gesture at the crowd with his arm, pulling it right back into the stiff posture he's had for several moments. James on the other hand looks like a deer caught in headlights, almost terrified of what Claw might do.

Claw, however, goes completely calm.]

TC: I respect that.

[The crowd buzzes at that. James' head whips back towards his master, an obvious shocked expression his face. Claw's glare softens as he continues.]

TC: This is not an easy choice for you to make... The conflict you're feeling must be terrible. It takes a lot of courage to be able to stand up to me like this...

[Claw nods as James does likewise.]

TC: Still, I am disappointed.

[Claw pauses for a moment, seeming to come up with an idea on the spot.]

TC: I think... I think you may have grown beyond the role of student, Brian.

[James furrows his brow again as Claw nods.]

TC: This shows me that you can be your own man, standing up for his own values, and not blindly following along with what you're told.

This shows me that you are ready to forge your own path. I think you have the tools right now to wear your own colors...

...and to return the colors I gave you.

[James again looks stricken... seeming to understand before anyone else what his master is saying.]

TC: I think it's time you moved on from the Claw Academy.

[The crowd gives a shocked reaction. Brian stands there, stunned.]

TC: Right now. I've clearly taught everything I can teach you.

Your time with the Academy is at an end.

[James actually drops back a few steps as if stricken by the words of his master. He weakly nods, slowly starting to turn towards the ropes...]

TC: If you don't mind...

[James turns back towards Claw.]

TC: Your robe, please...

[Claw holds his hand out.]

GM: Oh, come on... hasn't he been through enough?

BW: If you ask me, he's getting off easy! Did you even watch what he did to his old man in Toronto?

GM: I saw it. We all saw it. But that doesn't-

[With an audible sigh, Brian James nods his head and speaks.]

BJ: I understand. And if that is your decision... then so be it.

[To gasps from the crowd, Brian James removes his Claw Academy satin robe with a careful deliberateness, and then folds it...]

GM: James removing the robe... look at the respect with how he treats it. Some people would have a very different reaction to this moment but for Brian James, this is... well, this is how he was raised... how he was taught... this Dojo... the words of his Master mean everything to him. They're the foundation for his code... his ethics... his honor...

BW: All of which he tossed away when he shanked Johnny Detson in a parking lot.

GM: BUCKY!

[...before handing it over to Tiger Claw. Claw takes the folded robe from Brian...

...and then extends his hand towards him.]

GM: Well, that's surprising. Perhaps not all is lost for this relationship.

[James looks at the offered hand for a moment and then quickly takes it. Claw shakes his hand...

...and then holds it firmly.]

TC: This means our path together is done, Brian.

From here on, when we meet, we meet as adversaries.

[Claw's grip grows stronger, his fingers digging into James' hand as the son of the Blackheart attempts to withdraw.]

TC: I suggest you do what you can to avoid that meeting.

[With the slightest bit of a thrust of his arm, Claw abruptly breaks the handshake, sending James stumbling back a step. Claw locks his eyes on his now-former student as James, too distressed to speak, musters up a bow...]

GM: Was that a threat?

BW: That was a promise, Gordo. If Brian James crosses Tiger Claw's path again, there will be hell to pay.

[James exits the ring, walking back up the entrance ramp, a swirl of emotions on his face as he heads towards the locker room.]

BW: That's a man without a country, Gordo. We saw him having issues with his friends at SuperClash... his issues with his family are well-noted... and now this? He's all alone - and even if he is innocent - he's got nothing now.

GM: I hate to say it, Bucky, but you are exactly right. It's anyone's guess what the future holds for Brian James. But whatever it is... he'll walk that path alone.

[James continues to walk up the ramp, Tiger Claw staring at his back from the ring, the Claw Academy robe slung over his arm...]

...as we fade to black.

We cut to a gym, where we see Harley Hamilton, Cinder, Kelly Kowalski, and Casey Cash walking side by side through the premises. Their names are displayed underneath their persons, and the term "professional wrestlers" briefly takes over the whole screen. All four are dressed in Under Armour workout attire. We hear Casey on the voiceover as the scene transitions to Cinder scrambling up a rock wall.]

CC: People say Cinder is crazy.

[Cinder makes it up the wall, sitting on top with a big grin on her face, shouting down to a smiling Harley below, as Casey gives a double thumbs up and Kelly stretches out.]

CC: But those who know Cinder know she thrives on not having to live up to the expectations of society.

[Cut to Kelly Kowalski, working over a heavy bag held by Harley and Casey with hard punches.]

CC: They say all Kelly Kowalski can do is brawl.

[Kelly suddenly grabs the bag, throwing knees into the side as Harley and Casey give each other a look, impressed with their friend's power.]

CC: Those who know Kelly Kowalski know that she has plenty of cards left in the deck, waiting for the right moment to play them.

[Cut to Harley Hamilton, giving Casey advice before a sparring session.]

CC: They say Harley Hamilton is selfish, spoiled, arrogant...

[Transition to archive footage of Harley from her time on St. Bonaventure's women's basketball team, with a new voiceover... "fifteen assists for Harley! A new single game record for the Bonnies!"... then back to Harley guiding Casey and Casey's voiceover.]

CC: But anyone who knows Harley knows the real truth about her loyalty.

[Cut to Casey just before her sparring session, taking a deep breath.]

CC: They say I'm just an airheaded rookie, a ditz, a hanger-on...

[And now to Casey taking down her sparring partners with quick armdrags and hip tosses.]

CC: I'll show you what's to come, with some help from my friends.

[We see the four assembling after their workout, drinking from steel Under Armour water bottles.]

CC: They say we're a disgrace to professional wrestling.

[Harley looks up at the camera, ending Casey's voiceover by speaking aloud.]

HH: We say we're changing the sport for the better.

[And with a grin from Kelly and a shouted "YEAHHHH!" from Cinder, we cut to the Under Armour logo, with the words "we will" underneath. Fade to black...

...and then back up on a panning shot of the interior of the Target Center in Minneapolis where the crowd is anxiously awaiting what comes next. We fade from the wide shot to the ring where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing, mic in hand.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome my guest at this time... he is the NEW AWA World Heavyweight Champion...

...SUUUUUUPERNOOOOOOOOVAAAAA!

[A roar goes up from the crowd, which gets louder when the lights go out in the arena. The large video wall lights up with the image of what looks like a sun. We then hear a collections of horns -- the horns that open the Van Halen song "Runnin' With The Devil."

Then you hear the strums of the guitar, with a red light at the entranceway blinking in time with them.

The image of the sun grows larger, turning from yellow to orange to red, as you hear the tapping on the cymbal, the sound of fingers running over a keyboard, and when the guitar riff kicks in, the image burst into a sea of red and one word appears on the video wall in black lettering.

"SUPERNOVA"

The crowd goes wild as flaming pyro shoots up alongside the ramp leading from the entranceway.]

GM: What an ovation for the new AWA World Heavyweight Champion kicking off our second hour here on Super Saturday... and there he is!

[A single spotlight hits the entranceway and the fan favorite known as Supernova walks out. He wears a black trenchcoat, with the image of a yellow and orange, exploding star on the back, over a black singlet with the same image on the front, plus black tights and black wrestling boots. His brown hair hangs just past his ears and he wears a pair of shades. The AWA World Title is strapped around his waist.]

GM: After nearly seven years with this company, the man who has referred to himself as the franchise of the AWA has finally claimed the biggest prize in our sport today!

BW: I'll give the man credit... he overcame Johnny Detson... he overcame Brian James... he held off two of the best men to ever step into the ring to win the World Title at SuperClash... but now is a brand new day and he's no longer the hungry challenger, Gordo... he's the champion with a target on his back.

[Supernova walks down the ramp, the lights slowly coming back on with each step he takes, then the pyro dying down after he walks by. He heads toward the ring at a deliberate pace, his eyes fixed ahead and nowhere else, though he does extend his hands out on occasion, allowing fans along the railing to slap hands with him.]

GM: A target on his back for sure... and since the man I know in that ring is a true fighter, I'm a little bit surprised he doesn't have his first title defense scheduled here tonight in Minneapolis, Bucky.

BW: That's a good point, Gordo. I'm not Supernova's biggest fan, but I know the man isn't one duck to any challenger and... wait, what is he doing?

[Supernova happens to be walking toward the commentator's table, coming to a halt in front of Gordon Myers...

...then extends his hand. Myers seems a little surprised, but stands up and takes the offered hand. The mic then picks up enough to hear what the champ has to say.]

"Gordon, I just wanted to tell you how much I appreciate what you've done and I wish you the best of luck. The AWA won't be the same without you."

[Myers nods.]

GM: Thank you, Supernova... and congratulations to you.

[Supernova then turns to Bucky, who looks a bit surprised. Then the champ offers a hand to Wilde.]

S: Bucky, good to see you. Nice outfit.

[Wilde seems hesitant at first, but accepts the handshake, after which Supernova turns and heads toward the ring steps.]

BW: Okay, that was odd.

GM: What's so odd about the World Champion offering a handshake?

BW: Well, he was wishing you good luck in retirement, but I never said I was going to retire, so... wait, what's gonna happen to me when you're gone?

[Gordon chuckles as Supernova has ascends the steps, walking along the apron before ducking between the ropes, then walks toward the center of the ring. The champion raises his arms to the sides for a moment, the fans cheering as the belt can be seen by all. Supernova then lowers his arms and turns toward Blackwell.]

SLB: First of all, Supernova, congratulations on becoming the new World Champion!

[The fans roar in response. Supernova tilts his head back for a moment.]

S: Sweet Lou, it's been a long road. From winning my first Rumble, to the Tower of Doom match, to facing Calisto Dufresne for the National Title, to dealing with the likes of Craven, Royalty, the Unholy Alliance, an injury that put me on the shelf for months... and then to come back, win the TV title, go through hell and back with Shadoo Rage, team with David Ortiz in a tag match...

[He takes a deep breath.]

S: Sometimes I wondered if I ever would get to the top of the mountain. But now that I've finally reached that point, now that this belt is secured around my waist, you know what I'm thinking right now, Sweet Lou?

SLB: [shrugging] I have no idea, Supernova.

[For the first time in about a year, we see something that hasn't crossed Supernova's face.

A smile.]

S: I'm thinking... man, this feels great!

[The fans cheer in response... but just like that, Supernova's smile is gone.]

SLB: I can imagine not only winning the World Title feels great, but so does the fact that we don't have to deal with Korugun any longer!

[Some of the fans boo at the mention of Korugun.]

S: Sweet Lou, let's not bring that up again. The less I have to hear about that, the better.

But I will say something on a related note.

[He then pulls off the shades, revealing the orange flames painted around his eyes.]

S: Ryan Martinez... I just want to tell you and your team one thing... and, yeah, this even goes to Shadoo Rage...

Good work out there.

[He puts the shades back on and turns back to Blackwell.]

SLB: Well, if we're talking related notes... I do have to ask you if you've had the chance to mend any fences with anybody back in the locker room.

S: I guess you can say I'm getting there. I do appreciate those who congratulated me after SuperClash, but I haven't talked to everyone yet. With time, I'm sure I will.

But I will say that there's a lot of people here, in this arena tonight, who are still with me and never lost their doubts for a moment. To all of you, I want to thank you for that.

[The fans cheer in response.]

S: Still, Sweet Lou, there is one thing that bothers me about tonight.

SLB: What could that be, Supernova?

S: The fact that I was prepared to go into this ring tonight to defend the AWA World Title against the one man who I believe is most deserving of the first shot.

SLB: And who would that be?

S: Who else but Brian James?

[The fans cheer in response -- certainly they approve of this.]

SLB: You are aware, Supernova, that Brian James is under investigation of what happened to Johnny Detson after SuperClash?

[Nova nods.]

S: I am aware of that, Sweet Lou. I'm also aware of the fact that the worst thing you can do is jump to conclusions.

After all, look at everyone who swore that I turned my back on the AWA and teamed up with those who will not be named. You all learned the truth later on.

But some people didn't give me the benefit of the doubt at the time, and believe me, Sweet Lou, it hurt me.

[He shakes his head.]

S: And while Brian James and I aren't exactly friends, I give him the benefit of the doubt. I refuse to believe he had anything to do with that attack on Detson. And I don't think it's right that he isn't booked to compete on this show tonight... for this.

[He slaps the belt around his waist.]

S: And while I have my own opinions on what happened between Brian and Tiger Claw, I won't say a word, because that's between the two of them.

But it does disappoint me that I won't be able to defend the belt against Brian James, because he not only deserves the benefit of the doubt regarding the SuperClash aftermath, he deserves to be facing me in the ring for this belt.

[The fans cheer again.]

SLB: I would imagine that you don't have a match tonight, Supernova, so I have to ask this question: Who do you believe is a worthy challenger for your title?

S: That's a good question, Sweet Lou... I could go on about who in the AWA is worthy to face me. But I'll just say this: Whoever it is that decides to face me in the ring for this belt, I can promise you this...

[He takes his shades off again, an intense look in his eyes.]

S: I'm bringing the fire, so be ready, or you're gonna burn!

[He puts the shades back on and the fans cheer, as Supernova then departs the ring.]

SLB: Supernova, the AWA World Champion, fans! I look forward to that first title defense of his which I'm sure we'll be seeing in the very near future... but right now, let's go backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing by - Mark?

[We cut to backstage where Mark Stegglet is with "less smug than six months ago" Kerry Kendrick, looking like he has freshly doused himself with a bottle of water, and Miss Sandra Hayes, twirling her dark black ponytail, a glittering pink baseball bat on her shoulder.]

MS: Thanks, Lou! Well, Kerry Kendrick, in a few short moments, your next match against MAWAGA could define or derail your career. This - of course - was decided upon by AWA management for your involvement with Korugun - do you have any regrets about that particular choice?

[Kendrick looks towards the questioner.]

KK: What would you do?

[Kendrick just glares at Stegglet, sweeping a wet strand of dirty blonde hair out his stubbled face.]

KK: I'm asking you a question. What... would... YOU... do.

[Kendrick punctuates every word with his index finger tapping into Stegglet's shoulder.]

MS: I just-

KK: Because I know what you did. At SuperClash, you quit, Mark! That's how it goes in today's AWA: when the going gets tough... QUIT!

I'm not you, Mark Stegglet - nephew of Jon Stegglet who let this whole Korugun mess happen in the first place and is now trying to dodge and deflect responsibility. If you quit, fine; you'd have another cushy job lined up for you. I don't have that luxury! I don't have the last name "Stegglet," or "Martinez," or... *ugh* "Lynch" to fall back on!

[Hayes nods and cuddles up closer to Kendrick with a smirking lack of self-awareness.]

KK: What would you have me do? Make some grand gesture like Supernova did? Stand up for myself against some oppressive regime that demanded everyone prove their loyalty? Or was I just supposed to make people think that. NO ONE was getting away from Korugun, Mark! I don't know if you remember the last year, Mark, but it was "Korugun this, Korugun that!" They had "special project managers" and "el generales" and "whatever the heck Veronica Westerly did to earn a paycheck."

I can beat Supernova; I HAVE beaten Supernova, and will beat him again if company leadership ever decides to stop scapegoating everyone but themselves for letting Korugun happen. But I'm not Supernova! If I tried the same stunts Supernova tried, I'd be cut loose to go work that outlaw mudshow on the other channel for pennies on the dollar. And we all know how the smarmy hotshot running the show there now liked to sabotage me back in the day.

[He puts his arm over Hayes' shoulder.]

KK: So I did what I thought was best for me and Miss Hayes, Mark. I went along to get along. I got a World Title shot out of it. I could not give a DAMN about Korugun, which puts me in the majority opinion, I think. And I'm glad they died on their way back to their home planet.

MSH: And do you know what? At the tribunal, they treated us like what we did was an atrocity or something. Well, I think all it would take is a quick Google search to dig up all kinds of dirt on the current ownership of the AWA, Mark. In fact, back in the day there was a little something that Mr. Stegglet did that i think was far far worse than anything-

MS: Okay, we're not talking about that...

KK: Oh, the AWA loves to talk about its history, doesn't it? It's one thing to study history, it's another to make it. And I think it's high time that I started writing my own history by being the last chapter of everyone else's story. And I know Ricki has got to be laughing her pasty can off somewhere back here at this match.

[He turns and looks directly at the camera.]

KK: But MAWAGA? You were a bit player for the Axis and Korugun, who fretted and strut his hour on the stage. But after I defy the AWA ownership and win, it'll be all be sound and fury signifying nothing... but another day at the office for the STILL longest-tenured ACTIVE member of the AWA roster.

[He puts his arm over Miss Hayes' shoulder, who grins up at him as we fade from backstage back out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz begins the introductions for the next match.]

RO: The following contest in the Women's Division is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring, weighing in at 145 pounds...Sheila Rockford!

[A well-built, dark-haired woman wearing a black tights/top/boots combo raises her hand to minimal reaction from the crowd.]

RO: And her opponent...

[The PA system erupts with the opening lyrics to "Party In The USA" by Miley Cyrus...]

RO: ...she hails from Dallas, Texas and weighing in at 112 pounds...

She is... AMERICA'S SWEETHEART...

...AMMMMMMBERRRRRRR GOOOOOOOLLLLLLLLLLD!

[The crowd cheers as expected as AWA newcomer Amber Gold emerges from the back. She's wearing a red and white striped halter top, a pair of blue bottoms, and white wrestling boots with red, white, and blue stars on the side, and her long blond hair hangs loose.]

GM: It's debut time here on Super Saturday as the newest addition to the AWA Women's Division, Amber Gold, is on her way to the ring... and I say it's about time, Bucky!

BW: She's been training for this moment for quite a while now, Gordo, and it's finally here. We've been hearing her name for a long time now and starting tonight, she's gotta prove she's worth all the hype we've heard.

[Nodding along in time with the music, Gold smiles as she moves toward the ring, slapping hands with fans along the way and taking particular care to interact with any of the younger girls in the audience on her way.]

GM: Amber Gold with quite the background - let's run down that resume a little bit. A former Top 10 finisher in the NCAA for gymnastics from her time at Texas A&M... a former Dallas Cowboys cheerleader...

BW: Former Sports Illustrated cover girl... and not just the swimsuit issue.

[Once she's to the apron, Gold enters between the first and second rope, moves to the corner and hops up to the second turnbuckle, and smiles and waves out to the crowd...then backflips off the turnbuckle into the ring.]

GM: Whoa my! Amber Gold causing a stir here in the crowd as she shows off that athletic background we just ran down...

BW: She also caused a stir with that interview we saw on the Golden Grapples, Gordo. The girl hasn't done a single thing in the ring yet - she's debuting tonight - and already she got an ESPN interview?! I haven't even had one of those yet and look at all I've done!

GM: Well, she may have ruffled a few feathers but I think this young lady handled things as well as could be expected under the circumstances, Bucky.

BW: I don't know. I've heard some rumblings in the locker room that no one in that Women's Division is happy about the hype surrounding her before she's even slapped on a hammerlock. She's doing interviews, she's doing backflips before the match. Amber Gold might be in for a rough time of it as some of these women look to bust her down to size.

[With the match about to begin, a smiling Amber Gold offers her hand to Sheila Rockford, who simply stares down at her for a moment...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and then slaps her full across the face just before the bell sounds!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: Rockford lands the first blow across that pretty face but you can bet it won't be the last when this locker room gets their hands on her.

GM: Gold giving up about five inches and thirty pounds to Rockford who...

[Grabbing a fistful of hair, Rockford bullies Gold back against the ropes.]

GM: ...we're told is a local competitor with a martial arts background.

BW: A little bit of Slap Fu on display before the bell but there's more where that came from.

[With Gold on the ropes, Rockford winds up again, this time opting for a knife edge chop across the chest.]

GM: Chop on target for Rockford, trying to spoil the debut of this newcomer who has high hopes for her future here in the AWA.

[A second and third chop land, Gold reeling from the blows.]

GM: Early on, things are definitely not going the way of America's Sweetheart as Rockford continues to lay 'em in.

BW: Let's see the marketing department put together a multi-page spread on this one.

GM: No one ever said making your AWA debut was going to be easy and I'm sure Amber Gold knew that coming in.

[Grabbing the wrist, Rockford shoots Gold into the ropes, ducking over for a backdrop...]

GM: Whips her across... backdrop on the way...

[But as Gold approaches with speed and momentum on her side, she goes up for the backdrop, tucking and twisting through the air...

...and lands perfectly on her feet behind Rockford...]

GM: WHOA!

[...before immediately leaping back up, landing a picture perfect dropkick on the chin of the surprised Rockford!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Wow! Well, hype or not, Bucky... you've gotta be impressed with that!

BW: I am... and as our pal Colt would say, I don't impress easy, daddy.

[Rockford scrambles up, embarrassed and fired up as she charges the waiting Gold who calmly and slickly responds with a hiptoss takeover!]

GM: Up and over and down goes Rockford!

[She pops back up, charging with a shout of "YOU'RE MINE, GLAMOUR GIRL!" before getting taken up and over a second time!]

GM: Another hiptoss takes her down!

[Still angry and fuming, Rockford scrambles up a third time, roaring as she charges into a third hiptoss down into a seated position...

...and the crowd "ooooohs" again as Gold cartwheels alongside Rockford, throwing another dropkick to the chin that puts her down!]

GM: Now how about THAT, Bucky?!

BW: She can flip and fly and tumble a bit, sure... but can she get down and dirty with the women of the hottest division on the planet?

GM: Sheila Rockford would certainly say she can as Rockford bails out to the floor, looking to regroup after a rough start to this one here on Super Saturday. Amber Gold showing off all that potential that so many have claim she has.

BW: You gotta give her credit - that counter to the backdrop that started all that, the twist in mid-air to land on her feet... not many people have the athleticism and body control to pull something like that off.

[Rockford grimaces, pacing the floor a bit as Gold nears the ropes, waving for her to get back in.]

GM: Amber Gold, eager to keep this thing going with momentum on her side right now but Rockford is taking her time on the outside.

BW: As she should. As you said, Gold's got the momentum right now but this is a good way to slow things down.

[Rockford waits for a few more seconds, letting the referee count her before she waves a hand for Gold to back off and rolls back into the ring.]

GM: Rockford back in now, on her feet and looking for a different approach perhaps...

[This time, Rockford rushes into a collar and elbow, easily muscling the under-sized Gold back across the ring into the ropes. The referee calls for a break...

...and gets one as Rockford smashes a right hand into the jaw!]

GM: Oof! Hard shot there on Gold and Rockford takes her right into the side headlock from there.

[Rockford drags Gold away from the ropes, pulling her out to the middle of the ring as the referee reprimands for the right hand.]

GM: Shari Miranda letting the local talent hear it about that punch to the jaw on the break... but Rockford's focused on slowing this down, grinding Gold down into the mat perhaps.

BW: It's a sound strategy if that flip was any sign of the athleticism she's dealing with.

[Rockford twists Gold around away from the referee, smashing a second right hand into the forehead of the former Dallas Cowboys cheerleader.]

GM: Another illegal shot - a closed fist there as the referee tries to get a better view.

[Rockford is pleading innocence to the official when Gold suddenly wraps her arms around the torso, shoving the larger competitor off to the ropes...]

GM: Gold slips out, shoots her in...

[...and dives down to the mat, forcing Rockford to hurdle over her on her rebound...]

GM: ...drops down, up and over goes Rockford to the far side...

[...and pops back up to her feet, leaping into the air in a high jumping split, complete with a toe touch as the crowd "oooohs" once more and Rockford hits the ropes a third time...]

GM: ...did you see that?! Rockford coming back again and-

[...and Gold leaps straight up into the air, swinging out her leg to catch the incoming Rockford across the jaw!]

GM: -OHOO! Leaping leg lariat on the part of America's Sweetheart!

[On her feet still, Gold dashes to the ropes, leaping to the second, springing backwards...]

GM: MOONSAULT!

[...and CRASHES down across Rockford's prone form, Miranda diving down to count and delivering a two before Rockford kicks out!]

GM: Amber Gold is pulling out all the stops in this one and showing this Super Saturday crowd that maybe she IS deserving of all the hype we've heard about since signing with the AWA back in 2016!

BW: She rattles off offensive moves so fast that it's hard to keep up. Even I can only talk so fast!

[Gold is once again in motion, hopping up and then flipping, hitting a standing somersault senton splash on Rockford, who curls up afterward!]

GM: OHHH! Another high impact aerial move out of Gold!

[She stays on Rockford, back pressed into her torso as she leans back blindly to hook a leg.]

GM: Not the best execution on that pin attempt there and- OH!

[The crowd groans as Rockford reaches up and rakes the eyes of Gold, breaking the pin and sending her down into the fetal position, wiping at her eyes.]

BW: Maybe not the martial arts we were promised out of Rockford but that's getting down and dirty and... welcome to the AWA, Amber Gold!

[A sneering Rockford climbs to her feet, burying a pair of stomps into the ribs of the temporarily-blinded Gold before snatching a handful of hair, dragging the NCAA gymnast to her feet...]

GM: Rockford brings her up... ohhh! Hard chop across the chest sends Gold falling back into the ropes. There's your martial arts, Bucky.

BW: Is it? I guess.

[Grabbing the arm again, Rockford whips Gold across the ring, charging in after her...]

...but Gold has other ideas, leaping to the second rope, springing blindly backwards with her legs outstretched...]

GM: Oh! Caught in a wheelbarrow!

[...but Rockford catches her, lifting her up into the air...]

GM: GOLD COUNTERS OUT!

[...and Gold spins out, hooking an arm, and flings Rockford down to the mat with an armdrag!]

GM: Another impressive counter by Amber Gold!

BW: How the heck do you even describe that?!

[Back on her feet, Gold is looking to take advantage as Rockford struggles to get up.]

GM: Gold grabs the arm, shoots her into the corner... trying to live up to that advanced billing here in her debut...

BW: She's so quick in there, I might need to play this whole thing back in slow motion, Gordo. She's a blur in there at times!

[Backing across the ring, Gold strikes a pose with a fist on her hip and a finger pointed up into the air before she starts tumbling across the ring in a trio of back handsprings...]

GM: HANDSPRING... ELLLLBOOOOOOW!

[Rockford gets crushed in the corner under the athletic move, collapsing to the mat as a grinning Gold throws her arms overhead, saluting the cheering crowd.]

GM: And now you can see the personality of Amber Gold shining through as she's starting to feel it here in Minneapolis!

[With Rockford down in the corner, Gold turns back towards her, rushing past to hop to the second rope, looking out on the crowd with a grin...]

GM: And perhaps looking to finish her opponent off and take home the win in her AWA debut as...

[...and then springs from the second rope to the top, dropping down into a splits on the top rope before snapping off a moonsault on her downed opponent!]

GM: ...MOONSAULT!

BW: You can cash her out, Rockford is done!

[A fired up Gold pumps her arm in the air, counting along with the referee as she delivers the one... two... three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Gold springs up off of Rockford, jumping up and down a few times in jubilation.]

GM: Amber Gold picks up the win in her debut and... just look at how excited she is, Bucky.

BW: Of course she's excited. All that time... all that training... the hard falls on the mat... the bruises and cuts and blood, sweat, and tears... it all pays off with your first win.

GM: I sense a "but" coming up here.

BW: ...BUT... let's see how she does against some stiffer competition in the weeks ahead.

GM: I get a feeling this young lady is ready for it, Bucky.

[Gold is on the midbuckle, waving to the crowd who is cheering her debut victory...]

GM: Welcome to the AWA, Amber Gold! Now, let's go backstage where Sweet Lou is standing by... Lou?

[We cut backstage, where Sweet Lou Blackwell can be seen approaching Hannibal Carver, seated on a metal folding chair. Carver cracks open a can of beer as Blackwell nods.]

SLB: Thanks, Gordon! A new day continues here in the AWA, helped in part by this man, Hannibal Carver.

[Carver takes a sip of his beer and smirks.]

HC: Why hell, Blackwell... I don't normally get to chat with yeh until the bar after the show. Sorry to say I don't have the stuff to make a "Sweet Lou Triple" back here.

[Blackwell coughs embarrassedly.]

SLB: I, well... yes. As I was saying, it's a new day here and everyone wants to know... what's next for Hannibal Carver?

[Carver nods.]

HC: Hell, since I've been back it's been a whirlwind. Winning my first gold in the states in well over a decade, but moreso... a war with another scumbag in a suit. A war to keep this place standing.

Seems like that's all I ever do.

[Blackwell fixes Carver with a quizzical look.]

SLB: You almost seem regretful.

[Carver shakes his head.]

HC: Oh hell no, Lou. I'll fight with my last breath to keep people from screwing this place up... hell, from screwing this whole sport up.

But now that the dust is settled, it's time for something new.

[Lou looks a little puzzled.]

SLB: Something new?

[Carver chuckles.]

HC: Yeh. Except, for damn near everybody else here... it's what they do everyday. See, for me... an average day is seeing some dirtbag try to take this damn company over, take money out of everyone's pockets but their own and try to end the career out of anyone that doesn't fall in line. And I do the same thing every time. Run in with guns blazing, fighting tooth and nail until the sorry bastard's run out of town.

But for everyone else, they fight for gold. Fight for their career. Now that it's back to athletes fighting to be the best... that's gonna be my "something new". I've spent too much time focusing on keeping the wheels from falling off this jalopy. Here and now, it's time to get in the hunt. That same hunt every single person in this locker room is on.

The hunt to be the best.

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: I think I speak for everyone when I say I love to hear it. But certainly before you can focus on a hunt for gold... there's the attack you suffered at the hands of Max Magnum.

[Carver holds up a protesting index finger.]

HC: First off, let's get something straight. I didn't suffer any attack by Max.

[Carver shakes his head sternly.]

HC: That was nothing but a knife in my back... a knife held by Stevie Scott and Stevie Scott alone. If yeh get shot, yeh don't blame the gun.

[Carver nods, glaring.]

HC: Yeh blame the gunman. Magnum is a big bastard and someday might be something in this sport. But for now he's a big goof that some sad sack is using to get over the fact that it ain't his name up in big lights anymore.

SLB: That may very well be, but--

[Carver holds that index finger up again, silencing Blackwell.]

HC: And this the part where I throw everything to the wind, and hit Magnum at a million miles an hour. Is that right?

[Blackwell slowly starts nodding his head, stopping when Carver shakes his head in the negative.]

HC: See, that's exactly what I'm talking about. I've had time to sit back and think. Think about where I am now and how I got here.

And it occurred to me, that attacking Hannibal Carver is good for business.

[Carver takes another swig from his beer can.]

HC: People tend to take yeh real seriously all of a sudden. Like yeh did a bunch of work and are suddenly some big damn deal. The office does too. Suddenly yer in line for some big marquee match with the crazy brawler from South Boston.

[Carver scratches his head.]

HC: But for me? It doesn't really work that way anymore. I've been sliced to ribbons, tossed off buildings, set on fire... yeh name it. Now, if Stevie Scott wants to put his name on the dotted line for me to stomp him all over that ring... I'm all ears.

But I see what's going on. And I ain't interested in being the latest tool for Scott to pretend like he means anything in this sport. I'm in the Hannibal Carver business, not the help put every wet behind the ears numbnuts that think they can use my name to make their own name worth something.

So until the big goof beats someone other than some kid in his first match or some vet who shows up once in a great while to remind the people they once held the big gold strap?

[Carver shakes his head.]

HC: I've got more important things to waste my time on. Namely, taking on real names. Names that already made themselves what they are with their own sweat and tears.

Long story short? Yeh can look at those rankings, and if yer name is placed above mine?

[Carver nods.]

HC: Yeh officially just got put on notice.

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: It's a new year, and a new... and more focused Hannibal Carver. Back to you at ringside.

[The camera cuts back to Myers and Wilde at the broadcast position.]

GM: Some pointed words from Hannibal Carver there, Bucky, and interestingly enough, he does not appear to have taken the bait laid out by Stevie Scott and Max Magnum.

BW: I've had my own issues with Carver before, Gordo, you know that...but I've gotta say, he may have just outsmarted one of the smartest minds in the business.

GM: How this plays out down the line remains to..

[Myers pushes a hand against his left ear.]

GM: Hold on, I'm being told we need to cut away to some commotion in the backstage area.

[And we do just that, shifting the shot into a locker room...or what is quickly becoming what's left of a locker room. The shot appears to be from an ACCESS 365 camera although it's happening in real time.

In the right hand of the shot, standing near the corner of the room, is a stunned Stevie Scott. Stunned, and perhaps even a little frightened. Why? Because his prized client, the aforementioned Max Magnum, is trashing the room in anger.]

BW: I don't think Magnum took too kindly to being ignored, Gordo.

[A poor trainer's table near the far wall never stood a chance, as Max easily flips it up, end-over-end multiple times. It crashes to the ground, only long enough for Magnum to kick it away - and toward Stevie - with velocity not intended for those tables.

Next up is a wall near the open door to the bathroom and shower area, which gets a fist shoved right through it. Magnum jerks his arm back out of the wall, leaving a gaping hole behind.

Running out of items to destroy, Magnum spots the monitor where they just watched Carver's promo. He stops his fit of rage for a couple of beats, glaring at the monitor as though he might be replaying Carver's words from moments before. He then yanks the monitor into his hands and hurls it like a frisbee.

In almost-simultaneous timing, Stevie makes a break for the door as the monitor spins toward the camera. A second later, the feed goes black...

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

#When you wish..#

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

#...upon a star#

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

#Makes no difference who you are...#

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

#Anything your...#

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

#...heart desires will...#

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

#...come to you.#

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

"Ryan Martinez, you and..."

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

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

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

RM: I'm going to Disneyland!

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

And then back up to live action where Mariah Wolfe stands by backstage with Margarita Flores. The tall drink of Texas water is dressed in a beige cowboy hat, a black bustier top, and matching shorts under a pair of blue denim chaps. A folded over length of bullrope draped across the back of her neck.]

MW: Margarita, tonight Betty Chang and you will compete in an invitational tag team gauntlet match for a chance to fill the eighth spot of the Women's Tag Team tournament to crown the first ever AWA Women's World Tag Team Champions! Last year, you made overtures towards a shot at the Women's World Champion. Are you now shifting your focus towards the tag titles instead?

MF: Mariah, I don't know why, but I seem to have developed a reputation as a bit of a lone wolf... La rosa negra is more than capable of dealing with her problems on her own. Whether it's Xenia Sonova, or Betty Chang, or the members of my Steal The Spotlight team at SuperClash, I've shown I can play well with...

[Flores trails off. Her gaze drifts from Wolfe to something else off-camera.]

MF: Speaking of friends... Sorry, Mariah, but there's someone I have to catch up with. Hey, Xenia, hold up!

[Flores lopes out of shot. With a shake of her head, Mariah motions to the camera operator to follow. We get a bit of camera shake, as if it were being picked up, as it turns and tries to keep up with Flores' long strides down a hallway. She catches up with Xenia Sonova, who is dressed in a one-shoulder black dress, with an asymmetrical hem, and a pair of knee high stiletto boots.]

MF: It's been a minute and a half. I've been trying to get a hold of you since November. How are you holding up?

[Flores stands awkwardly, waiting for a reply from her friend. Sonova betrays no emotions at first, but very quickly breaks into a smile. She holds her arms out, inviting Flores in for an embrace. They share a hug.]

XS: I've been... I've been well. I was in London for the holidays... With, um, with family-

MF: The thing with Tony... How are you? I can't believe I had to hear it from Martinelli at the Grapples.

XS: I'm fine. Really. Sonovan was never really a thing, despite whatever head canon the fans came up with. Sorry I was uncontactable for a bit. It wasn't just London, you know? We were out at sea, too, and just lost track of the days...

MF: We?

[Sonova looks anxious for a moment and then keeps going.]

XS: Anyway, I'm back. And, yes, you know I would be honored to be in a team with you, but I also know Betty's been working real hard and you two gel so well. I'll be cheering you guys on tonight and I hope you get that number eight spot in the tournament. But, right now, I believe there's a new man in charge around these parts that I need to discuss business with. I promise, I'll fill you in on what's up as soon as I can. Good luck tonight; so great to see you, so nice to be back!

[With a touch of her hand on Flores' shoulder, Sonova walks away. She turns the corner and is quickly out of shot, leaving Flores to look on none the wiser..]

...and we fade from the backstage area to a panning shot of the massive Target Center crowd, waiting to see what's coming next.

First there's silence, then you hear a little chanting.]

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

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

"NEXT GEN"

The fans get to their feet as the two-time AWA World Tag Team Champions, Daniel Harper and Howie Somers, walk out from the entranceway. Each one is dressed in a blue T-shirt with the words "NEXT GEN" printed across the front in white lettering, along with blue jeans and sneakers. The AWA World Tag Team Title belts are strapped around their waists.]

GM: Howie Somers and Daniel Harper, Next Gen, have done what just three other tag teams have done in the AWA -- they are two-time World Tag Team Champions!

BW: The Lights Out Express, Air Strike, Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan were those teams. And don't forget The Bishop Boys, who won the National Tag Team Titles on two separate occasions.

GM: That is indeed select company, particularly after Next Gen prevailed in the Boot Camp match, a match we won't soon forget!

[Harper and Somers stand at the top of the entrance ramp and look out to the crowd for a moment. The two exchange a high five, then walk down the ramp and to the ring, slapping hands with ringside fans.]

GM: The question now to ask is who will be waiting to challenge the new champions.

BW: You can bet the Soldiers of Fortune want another shot at the gold. And rumor has it that the Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad wants a shot after they defeated The Dogs of War -- and that's another match we won't soon forget, Gordo!

[Harper and Somers reach the ring, climb up the steps and duck between the ropes. Harper hops up to the second rope and raises his arms, then gestures to the belt around his waist. Somers, meanwhile, has a mic in his hand. He walks over to Harper and taps him on the back.

Harper hops down from the buckles and nods as Somers raises the mic to his lips.]

HS: First of all, there's one more person we need out here. You know who you are and why you need to be out here.

[He lowers the mic.]

BW: Who could he be talking about, Gordo?

[Then you hear the voice of Shakira over the PA system.]

"Oh oh oh oh oh"

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

"SPITFIRE"

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

"LIVE THE DREAM"

And that brings a roar from the crowd as the woman in question walks out from the entranceway.]

GM: That's who he's talking about, Bucky! His sister, Julie Somers, the new AWA Women's World Champion!

["The Spitfire" Julie Somers is dressed in a white T-shirt with the words "LIVE THE DREAM" across the front in red lettering. She also wears faded blue jeans with slits and tears along the legs and sneakers. The AWA Women's World Title belt is around her waist.]

GM: And what an ovation for the new Women's World Champion!

BW: So we're getting a family celebration? And I thought it was bad when the Lynches did this! Please tell me we aren't gonna learn they have four more siblings!

GM: Will you stop?

[Somers stands at the top of the entranceway, her hands pointed upward, diagonally, and motions with her hands to encourage the fans' cheers.]

GM: Somers with a hard-fought match against Kurayami at SuperClash, prevailing to finally realize her dream of becoming the champion.

BW: And in a match in which Kurayami had her down after the powerbomb, don't forget that!

GM: But as we saw, Bucky, Kurayami wasn't satisfied with that and it cost her. And The Spitfire showed her resiliency by coming back to get the win!

[The Spitfire now heads down the aisle, slapping hands with ringside fans. When she reaches the ring, she climbs the steps and approaches her brother, the two sharing an embrace.]

GM: Let's note as well that this may be the first time a brother and sister have worn the gold at the same time!

[Julie then pulls away from her brother and shares a quick hug with Harper. Howie then looks out to the crowd as Julie's music fades.]

HS: Now, would you mind repeating what you told me earlier?

[He directs the mic toward his sister.]

JS: I didn't want to steal your moment.

[Howie then looks at Harper, who shakes his head, then motions to Howie to give him the mic.]

DH: You aren't stealing anyone's moment! Because the truth is this moment isn't just mine... or just Howie's... or just mine and Howie's. Heck, it's not just yours, Julie.

This is OUR moment! Together!

[He gestures out to the crowd, encouraging their cheers.]

DH: Let's not forget that, three years ago, it was the three of us who came to the AWA for the first time. Howie and I teamed together for the first time... heck, I was about to be wrestling my first match ever, for crying out loud!

And then there was you, Julie... you were simply our manager. Heck, you knew the AWA had tried so many times to get a Women's Division going, but never got that ball rolling!

But look at how far we've come!

[The fans cheer as Harper grins. Julie grins back at her friend, while Howie simply nods.]

DH: And do you forget what Howie said at the Golden Grapples? People backstage kept telling us you've got to bring the fire! Because if you don't, you aren't gonna make it in this business!

Well, anybody who watched the Boot Camp match saw exactly what happens when we bring that fire into the ring!

[He gestures to the tag team belt around his waist.]

DH: No matter what the Soldiers of Fortune threw at us that night, we took it, came back and won the war!

And then there was you, Julie... up there in Canada, winning a war of your own! And you know that Howie and I couldn't be more happy for you!

[Julie smiles and then motions to Harper for the mic. He hands it over to her.]

JS: Well, if this is OUR moment, as you say, then maybe you need to not hog the spotlight!

[Harper gives a look as if to say "who me?" Somers again just nods, though you can tell he's trying to hide a grin.]

JS: But you're right, Daniel. You brought up what happened three years ago, when I showed up with the two of you but there was no women's wrestling division.

That is, until a friend of mine said she had enough of the women being overlooked and it was time for action!

[That draws a cheer.]

JS: By the way, thank you, Melissa.

[Another cheer.]

JS: Because you were the one that made me realize how right you were. You made me realize I shouldn't just be satisfied with managing my brother and my friend. You made me remember why I got into wrestling in the first place!

And it wasn't long after that, that you and I made sure that dream would become a reality!

[She gestures to the belt around her waist.]

JS: And it led to this... the proof that the biggest dreams can come true, and the reason why I tell every young girl out there to always live the dream! Because the more you work at it, the more you can realize those dreams!

[The fans cheer at that remark.]

JS: As for what's next, I had hoped for the challengers to come forward, but it seems like many of them are preoccupied with the Women's Tag Team Title belts. Not that I can blame them, but I do wonder what the field of challengers is going to look like.

But let me say how proud I am to see the Women's Division continue to grow, when three years ago it seemed that such a division was a lost cause!

[More cheers for that.]

JS: And as far as the AWA Women's World Title goes, I look forward to whoever makes the first challenge. And I'll promise you this -- just as Kurayami learned that I wasn't going to be denied the chance to win this belt, every challenger is going to learn that I'm not about to give this belt up any time soon!

[She then hands the mic over to her brother, who has a slight smile on his face.]

HS: Live the dream... I like it.

[He gives another nod as Julie grins. Howie then turns to the crowd, the smile now gone and a serious look on his face.]

HS: As far as the World Tag Team Titles go, let me say the same holds true for Daniel and I. But when it comes to challengers, we do have something to address.

[Harper puts his hands on his hips and nods at his partner.]

HS: We do want to thank Bret Grayson for being in our corner for the Boot Camp match. And some of you noticed that I told Grayson not to worry, that we'd keep our end of the bargain.

So let's cut to the chase.

Daniel and I made a promise to Bret that, in exchange for him being in our corner for the Boot Camp match, that no matter the result, The Gold Standard would get the first shot at the tag team champions.

And we are keeping our word. We already talked to Maxim Zharkov and he has set the match between Next Gen and The Gold Standard for the World Tag Team Titles in the not-too-distant future.

[That draws cheers from the crowd.]

HS: But it's like Julie said... every challenger to our tag team titles is going to find out we're not about to give up the tag team gold. We worked our tails off to beat System Shock, and after the way we lost these belts to the Soldiers, once Daniel recovered from injury, he and I promised one another we wouldn't let something like that happen again.

Now, Bret Grayson and Takeshi Mifune, we respect both of you. But let's make it clear: You two will be in for the fight of your lifetime when you face Next Gen in the ring.

Because Daniel and I aren't just satisfied with being two-time tag team champions. We want to leave no doubt in anyone's minds that Next Gen will go down as the greatest tag team the AWA has ever seen.

[Julie beams at her brother while Harper can be heard saying "You're damn right we will!"]

HS: Some will say that's quite an ambition, but for anybody who thinks otherwise, then the only thing I can tell you is this...

Prove otherwise.

[With that, Somers lowers the mic as "Centuries" starts up again to a big cheer!]

GM: New champions abound here in the AWA as we kick off 2018 and these new champions, Bucky, they're looking to make history!

BW: You buried the lede there, Gordo - Somers and Harper are gonna defend the titles against Grayson and Mifune! That's going to be one hell of a matchup and Next Gen may find themselves FORMER champions before the belts even have time to warm up their waists!

[Harper and the Somers siblings have each taken a turnbuckle at this point, saluting the cheering crowd...]

GM: And what's up for Julie Somers? Perhaps we'll find out more as the night goes on... or maybe even right now as Sweet Lou is standing by with another very special guest! Lou?

[We fade backstage where Sweet Lou is holding court with a microphone in his hand.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome my guest at this time... He is the Interim President of the American Wrestling Alliance... Maxim Zharkov!

[Zharkov merely nods to Blackwell, tucking his clipboard under his arm and his pencil behind his ear.]

SLB: President Zharkov...

MZ: [insistently] "Interim"... President Zharkov, if you please.

SLB: Interim President Zharkov... We've already seen the impact your time in office has made. Scuttlebutt in the locker room has a whole slew of changes incoming, but one question everyone's mind is: Do we know more about the status of the former AWA World Champion? What exactly happened to Johnny Detson in Toronto last year?

[Zharkov grimaces... and then gestures off-camera. A middle-aged man steps in wearing a suit that you might associate with middle management.]

SLB: Who the heck are you?

[The man shoves his horn-rimmed glasses up the bridge of his nose.]

?: Mr. Blackwell, my name is Alex Davis and I represent the firm hired by the American Wrestling Alliance to investigate the events of what happened in Toronto to Mr. John Detson.

[Blackwell arches an eyebrow.]

SLB: We'd all heard rumors that a private company - a third party - had been brought in to run the investigation but... here you are.

[Davis nods.]

AD: That is correct, sir. Tonight, my duty is to provide you - and by way of this broadcast, the AWA fanbase - an update on that investigation.

SLB: I see. Well, I can't wait to hear it.

[Davis clears his throat, pulling a document into view.]

AD: Before I begin, sir... there will be no questions at the end of my statement as you must understand this is highly irregular to be commenting on an investigation in progress. However, this whole...

[He waves a hand in the air.]

AD: ...thing is highly irregular so I understand the need for accommodations to be made.

[Blackwell scowls.]

SLB: Well, we're so grateful for your understanding. If you will...

[He gestures to the document and Davis nods.]

AD: Of course.

On behalf of the American Wrestling Alliance and the firm of Crosby Consultants, I am hereby authorized to make the following statement.

[He clears his throat again and begins to read.]

AD: "On November 23rd, 2017, an AWA employee named John Detson was discovered in the parking area of the Rogers Centre in Toronto, Ontario, Canada by Misters Grant Carter and Yoshi Fujiwara. Mr. Detson was found to be in serious physical distress and after a brief attempt to provide medical attention on site, he was quickly transported to the nearest hospital for further evaluation.

That evaluation resulted in the following injuries being diagnosed for Mr. Detson: a severe concussion, a sprained neck, a cracked sternum, several broken ribs, an undetermined spinal trauma, a fractured orbital bone, and broken cheekbone."

[Blackwell cringes.]

AD: "Mr. Detson spent several days in the hospital before being released to his own medical team back in Hollywood, California where he continues to recuperate.

While violence is at the core of the AWA business, the nature of this assault showed the intent to severely injure Mr. Detson - perhaps going even further than that. Considering Mr. Detson's status as a now-former AWA employee, the AWA retained Crosby Consultants to investigate this matter alongside the Toronto police department.

In-depth interviews have been conducted with both Carter and Fujiwara as well as the others on the scene.

Mr. Brian James has been named a person of interest due to his history with Mr. Detson and a piece of physical evidence that was found at the scene of the crime - a black leather studded glove that Mr. James and Mr. Detson both have a history with."

[Blackwell interrupts.]

SLB: What about Jackson Hunter? Hunter says he's-

[A wilting glare from Davis stops Blackwell.]

AD: "Mr. Jackson Hunter has also been interviewed by our investigative team and Mr. Hunter has made some very concerning claims that continue to be looked into.

However, Mr. Hunter's claims have been called into doubt by a second piece of physical evidence discovered at the scene... a footprint that carried through Mr. Detson's blood on the ground of the parking structure and into the surrounding area - a trail that ended at the vehicle of one, Jackson Hunter..."

[Blackwell's jaw drops.]

AD: "...and onto the very shoe he was wearing that night when confronted.

Misters Hunter and James continue to be investigated as the AWA and Crosby Consultants hopes to come to a conclusion on this tragic scenario in the very near future."

[Davis lowers the piece of paper, looking at Blackwell.]

AD: And as I mentioned, Mr. Blackwell... there will be no further questions.

[Davis nods to Blackwell... then to Zharkov before exiting. Blackwell shakes his head at him, looking at Zharkov.]

SLB: That guy's a real peach.

[Zharkov chuckles.]

SLB: Well, from all that, I'd imagine you have nothing you can add.

[Zharkov nods.]

MZ: I have been advised to no comment anything involving that situation until the investigation is complete.

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: Very well then... Although from what we've seen tonight, the fallout is already far-reaching. But onto matters within your oversight: I understand you wish to announce a new system of contendership.

MZ: Correct. As you know, the AWA has five major championships, with a sixth on the way. Comrade Ohara has already declared his intentions for determining challengers. Comrades Harper, Somers and Supernova wait for a list of contenders in short order. And we intend to announce Miss Somers' first major defense within a few days.

But the Television Championship... we would like to conduct an experiment. Comrade Gunn will resume his duties in defending the AWA Television Championship, but as a means of determining his list of contenders, we will look to the rankings, as we always have.

And we will do so in a gauntlet. After tonight's event, the new TV Title rankings will be announced. This coming week on Power Hour, our number 5 ranked contender shall face number 4. The winner of that match shall face number 3 at a later time, and so on, until a final contender is named for a chance to challenge for the AWA Television Championship. If our viewers deem this experiment successful, we shall "Run the Rankings" on other championship contender ladders as we see...

[Zharkov trails off as his gaze drifts to the side. Blackwell's eyes follow... and then the camera does the same to reveal the Suited Savage, MAWAGA, standing with his arms crossed. He's dressed in a black suit with matching undershirt and tie along with dark sunglasses that cover his eyes.]

SLB: MAWAGA... excuse me, Mr. Zharkov...

[Zharkov takes a long look at his former ally... and then gives a nod as he turns to walk away.]

SLB: ...MAWAGA, you're just moments away from heading to the ring for this Loser Leaves Town match with Kerry Kendrick - your punishment for your actions on behalf of Korugun last year. Your thoughts?

[MAWAGA doesn't respond, arms still crossed.]

SLB: Okay... well, you must have something to say about the possibility of having to leave this company that has been your home for the past couple of years, right?

[MAWAGA doesn't respond, arms still crossed.]

SLB: Hrm. What about your opponent tonight, Kerry Kendrick? After all he's done. After everything he did to Terry Shane...

[MAWAGA doesn't respond, arms still crossed.]

SLB: ...Theresa Lynch...

[MAWAGA doesn't respond, arms still crossed.]

SLB: ...Ricki Toughill...

[MAWAGA responds, arms coming down as he slowly pulls off his sunglasses, revealing his angry eyes and a dark expression to match. A guttural growl escapes the Suited Savage as Blackwell looks around anxiously...

...and MAWAGA turns, stalking angrily away as Blackwell looks on in disbelief.]

SLB: A man of few words right there, for sure... hey, put that down!

[Blackwell rushes off-camera as we fade out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first...

[With the sounds of tortured electronics, the lights in the arena dim, then cycle through blue, green, and red hues...]

GM: And here is a young man that seems to have been condemned, despite his attempted justifications for his actions.

["The Business of Emotion" by Big Data blares to life over the PA system as a young man emerges in a pool of light, lit from beneath. He has a toned, muscular physique with stringy dirty blonde hair to just past his shoulders and a stubble beard. He wears black and midnight green trunks with a silver, mirrored "double K" logo in gothic font on the front and back, thick black kneepads (one of which is allegedly loaded,) and white boots. The man who calls himself "The Foundation" sips from a plastic water bottle. Beside him, Miss Sandra Hayes looks smugly at her man, hand on her hip.]

RO: ...accompanied by MISS Sandra Hayes... From Philadelphia, Pennsylvania... weighing 257 pounds... THE SELF MADE MAN... KERRY... KENDRICK!

GM: Now at long last, it's "put up or shut up" time for this blue-eyed, black-hearted young man. If he loses, he is out of the AWA until the end of summer, which has traditionally been when match purses are the highest. If he wins - and that is a longshot knowing his opponent - every action he took last year against the current ownership group will be absolved.

[Kerry Kendrick reaches the end of the aisle and looks on into the ring, a serious look on his face. He turns to Hayes, and they softly plant a kiss on each other's lips. Kendrick ascends the steps, dumping the contents of the water bottle over his head. The Self Made Man turns to face the fans from the ring apron. He faces out to the audience, and spreads his arms overhead, glistening in the high-angled stage lighting before stepping through the ropes.]

GM: You have to think that young lady there is already planning for her next move if The Self Made Man fails to execute against our former president's heavy.

BW: It's love, Gordo! You've seen these two - they're crazy about each other.

GM: I seem to remember you said that about Sandra Hayes and someone else less than five years ago. Kerry Kendrick, former AWA Television Champion... on paper he was last year's Rumble winner... challenger for the World Championship last year and some would say World Champion in waiting... but a match like this could derail his plans completely, especially against what might be his most daunting opponent to date... Let's take it back up to Rebecca Ortiz.

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The stereotypical sounds of "jungle" drums ring out over the PA system to a good-sized reaction as Kendrick looks on with disdain from the ring.]

RO: ...from the Isle of Tonga... at weight unknown... MAAAWAAAAAGAAAAAAA!

[And the cheers get louder as the Suited Savage himself strides through the entrance curtain standing on the stage. He's dressed as we saw him moments ago, no change at all from his formal attire to some type of ring attire. Even the sunglasses are still in place as the former bodyguard walks down the ramp towards the ring where a date with the Self Made Man awaits.]

GM: And much like Kerry Kendrick, MAWAGA is hoping to wipe away the misdeeds he committed under the last rule... at least in the eyes of management. MAWAGA is a man of few words...

BW: Has he EVER spoken?

GM: ...so we don't know his true level of remorse but we know that when Javier Castillo needed him the most, MAWAGA chose to stand down.

BW: Which means we might never have gotten my screensaver of Castillo going through that table if it wasn't for MAWAGA.

[Gordon chuckles as MAWAGA nears the ring, stepping up on the apron...]

GM: The loser of this one will be gone for six months and... quite frankly, Bucky, there's a chance they could be gone for longer than that.

BW: Absolutely. Loser Leaves Town matches aren't as common in 2018 as they were back in our Southern glory days, Gordo, when if you lost one, you were just as likely to seek employment somewhere else and never come back.

GM: There are other companies out there who would love to feature someone who was recently on our airwaves so that could be a very real option for the loser of this one.

[MAWAGA steps through the ropes...

...which is when Kerry Kendrick rushes forward, shoving the official hard into the ropes...]

“OHHHHHHH-”

[...and attempts to take out MAWAGA with a running (allegedly loaded) kneelift...]

GM: HE CAUGHT THE LEG! HE CAUGHT THE LEG! Kendrick was trying to do to MAWAGA what he did to Terry Shane at SuperClash but MAWAGA had it well-scouted and he was ready for it!

BW: Brilliant move on the part of MAWAGA!

GM: We STILL haven't heard if Terry Shane will be back in action anytime soon thanks to that head-rattling kneelift he got hit with but for now - at least - MAWAGA doesn't have to worry about it.

[Holding the leg as a desperate Kendrick takes swings at him, MAWAGA walks him away from the ropes out to the middle of the ring as the referee signals for the bell.]

GM: The bell has sounded at the signal of Scott Ezra and-

[MAWAGA does a little spin move, using the back of his leg to sweep out Kendrick's hopping leg, putting him down on the mat where MAWAGA immediately attacks, swinging a leg up...]

GM: BIG STOMP MISSES!

[...and stomps down HARD on the empty mat as Kendrick rolls for his life.]

GM: A second stomp misses as well... and there goes Kendrick right out to the floor!

[A concerned Sandra Hayes rushes to Kendrick's side as the crowd jeers.]

GM: And here comes Sandra Hayes, incredibly nervous for her-

BW: Love of her life?

GM: I was going to say “meal ticket.” Come on, Bucky - you know as well as I do that if Kendrick loses this match, Hayes will be in the locker room or on the phone or on the Internet looking for her next competitor to leech onto before Kendrick's even out of the shower.

BW: I know no such thing! How dare you disparage true love like that?!

GM: “True love”... give me a break!

[With Hayes and Kendrick huddled up on the outside and the referee's count ongoing, MAWAGA decides he's seen enough, stepping out to the apron, and dropping down to the floor. A yelp from Hayes sends her scurrying away as MAWAGA spins Kendrick around...

...and drops him with a stiff-fingered thrust to the throat!]

GM: Ohhh! Down goes Kendrick off that shot!

BW: An illegal strike to the throat mind you - something both you and this nitwit Ezra seem to care nothing about.

[MAWAGA grabs Kendrick by the hair, hauling him off the ringside mat to his feet where he tosses him back into the ring.]

GM: MAWAGA wasting no time tonight... he wants this in the ring where he can finish off Kerry Kendrick and start thinking about his future.

BW: It could be that or it could be that MAWAGA has the ring stamina of a gnat. How often have we actually seen him in the ring, Gordo? He spent most of 2017 standing behind a guy in an office!

GM: I'll concede that point, Bucky. MAWAGA might not be in the best ring shape of his career as we kick off 2018 but that could change in a hurry if he beats Kerry Kendrick - a former World Television Champion and alleged Rumble winner - here tonight.

BW: "Alleged Rumble winner"... listen to you and your anti-Kendrick propaganda.

GM: It fits, Bucky. Supernova won the Rumble in 2017... we all saw it clear as day.

BW: We did not! We saw some dude in a mask win it... who knows who he was or is... it was only right to disqualify him and give it to the REAL winner, Kerry Kendrick... who - since you mentioned his TV Title reign - BEAT the new World Champion Supernova to win that title! Yet I don't hear anyone talking about the Self Made Man being next in line for a shot at him!

GM: MAWAGA back inside the ring now as well, stalking Kendrick across the ring as Kendrick tries to get away, begging for mercy now...

[MAWAGA draws closer and closer, looking to attack Kendrick...

...who lunges forward and stabs a thumb into the Suited Savage's eye!]

GM: Oh! Thumb to the eye! MAWAGA took off those sunglasses for safety reasons before he got inside the ring and... well, he paid the price for that decision right there, Bucky.

BW: And now Kerry's gotta take advantage of it and do some damage.

[Grabbing MAWAGA by the back of the head, Kendrick SLAMS his head down into the top turnbuckle...]

GM: Not sure that's the best idea.

[...and MAWAGA snaps his head back up, staring at Kendrick as the crowd cheers...]

BW: Kerry, do it again!

[Kendrick attempts to do just that, smashing MAWAGA's head into the buckle a second time...]

GM: Again to the turnbuckle...

[...and MAWAGA snaps his head back, glaring at Kendrick to cheers!]

GM: ...and again, no effect!

[MAWAGA grabs the top rope with both hands, smashing his own head down into the buckle once... twice... three times to the roar of the Minneapolis crowd as a wide-eyed Kendrick backpedals away, shaking his head in disbelief...]

GM: And it looks like the Self Made Man might not have done his homework on that one, Bucky!

BW: Everyone knows MAWAGA's got a skull as hard as a rock... and as thick as one too! Come on, Kerry! Think!

[Kendrick looks out with concern towards Hayes who is looking even more concerned as her charge is searching for an answer.]

GM: And again, MAWAGA methodically stalking across the ring towards his prey, the former World Television Champion.

BW: Kerry's gotta think of something else. What do you do to a guy who doesn't even feel it when you whap him in the melon?!

[As MAWAGA nears him, Kendrick suddenly lunges forward, ducking low...]

GM: Kendrick going downstairs... jerks the legs out in a takedown...

[...and stacks up the legs in a jackknife cradle, leaning on him with all his weight...]

GM: We've got one!

[...and then slips his feet up onto the middle rope behind him for leverage!]

GM: He's got his feet on the ropes, ref! He's got-

[And just before the two count falls, Scott Ezra gets up, shaking his head and pointing out the feet on the ropes!]

BW: I think he heard you, Gordo! Stay out of this! You're on borrowed time, daddy!

GM: Well, I might as well make the most of the time I've got left!

[Kendrick angrily gets to his feet, first glaring at the referee... then turning his attention on Gordon Myers.]

"YOU GOT A PROBLEM WITH ME, OLD MAN?!"

[The crowd is REALLY letting Kendrick have it now as he verbally assaults the fan favorite announcer.]

"WE DON'T HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL THE ANNIVERSARY SHOW! I'LL END YOUR CAREER RIGHT NOW!"

GM: Big man threatening the announcer who-

BW: Behind you!

[And as a fuming Kendrick turns around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HOOK KICK! RIGHT ON THE CHIN!

[Kendrick goes down like a rock, MAWAGA diving across him.]

GM: WE'VE GOT ONE! WE'VE GOT TWO! WE'VE GOT-

[The crowd groans as Kendrick's shoulder comes FLYING up off the canvas just before the three count falls.]

GM: MAWAGA almost got him there!

BW: Thanks to you! I hope you're proud of yourself! You almost RUINED 2018 for Kerry Kendrick and Miss Sandra Hayes!

[The camera cuts on cue to Hayes who is clutching a hand to her chest, heaving breaths escaping as she anxiously looks on.]

BW: Look at her, Gordo! She looks like she's having some kind of attack! If Kendrick loses this thing, she may be in need of comfort!

GM: I'm sure you'll be right in line offering your services too.

BW: I think Kerry would want it that way.

[Kendrick again rolls to the outside as MAWAGA climbs to his feet, looking out to survey the scene as the crowd urges him to finish off the so-called Self Made Man.]

GM: And again, MAWAGA heading to the outside after him.

[Kendrick sees him coming this time, quickly moving to avoid him.]

GM: Kendrick's getting his track shoes on, running away from the mighty MAWAGA who is in pursuit.

BW: But this is one area where Kendrick's got the edge for sure, Gordo. He's a whole lot quicker than MAWAGA who is just plodding around out there after him.

[Kendrick circles the ringpost, rolling back inside the ring as MAWAGA is at least a dozen steps behind, giving Kendrick lots of time to prepare...

...so when MAWAGA comes under the ropes, Kendrick drops an elbow down on the back of the head!]

GM: Kendrick catches him coming in for his first major piece of offense in this match!

[Kendrick gets to his feet in a scramble, raining down shoe leather on the back of MAWAGA's head and neck.]

GM: He's stomping him down into the mat now, trying to take advantage of this opening.

BW: This is it, Gordo! I can smell it! MAWAGA's gonna be on his way out the door in just a little while now.

GM: That remains to be seen. Kendrick pulls him up by the arm, whips him in- no, reversed!

[And the reversal sends Kendrick bouncing off the ropes as MAWAGA lowers his head for a backdrop...]

GM: Backdrop on the way and- ohh!

[The crowd echoes the reaction as Kendrick pulls up short, burying a boot between the eyes of MAWAGA, snapping his head back...]

...where he stares at Kendrick...]

GM: NO EFFECT!

[...and sticks out his tongue, throwing back his arms as Kendrick panics, rushing forward...]

GM: CLOTHESLINE BY MAWAGA!

[Kendrick scrambles up, looking for another quick strike...]

GM: Make it two!

[...and gets knocked right back down to the mat where he stays this time as MAWAGA whips his arms around in some kind of wild kata before swinging his leg up high in the air...]

GM: STOMP! RIGHT DOWN ON THE STERNUM!

BW: It's almost like an axe kick with the height he gets behind that stomp... and I hate to say it, Gordo, but Kerry Kendrick is in trouble!

GM: He's been in trouble since this match was announced!

[MAWAGA swings his leg high in the air a second time...]

GM: And a second stomp to the chest! Kendrick is in bad shape and MAWAGA just keeps on coming like a monster out of a horror movie!

[MAWAGA takes a few steps away from the downed Kendrick, throwing his arms out to the side...]

...and swandives forward, smashing his hard skull into Kendrick's!]

GM: FALLING HEADBUTT! RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES!

[MAWAGA shoves himself into a lateral press, pushing his arms up to full extension as he presses Kendrick down into the mat.]

GM: Could this be it?! Could Kendrick be about to pack his bags?!

[But a two count follows before Kendrick's shoulder pops up off the mat again!]

GM: Another near fall for MAWAGA and Kerry Kendrick's just BARELY hanging on at this point in the match!

[MAWAGA pushes up to his knees, throwing a glare at the official as he rises to his feet.]

GM: MAWAGA up on his feet now... showing a little bit of emotion at the count there of Scott Ezra. Rare emotion, I might add.

BW: He looked at him, Gordo.

GM: Well, it was a stern look... and for a guy who doesn't talk, that's a lot of emotion.

[MAWAGA looks down at the still-prone Kendrick... and slowly raises both arms over his head, moving them up, up, up until they're at full extension...]

GM: MAWAGA setting up for something here...

[...and brings them down rapidly, smashing his palms into the chest of Kendrick!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOOOOD GRIEF!

[Kendrick cries out, rolling to his hips as the certain-to-be-coming red palm prints start to form on his chest...]

GM: A mighty chop by MAWAGA and Kendrick is certainly feeling the effects of that one... and don't look now, Bucky, but MAWAGA's exiting the ring... and he's gonna climb the ropes!

BW: He's what?!

GM: MAWAGA on the outside... slowly climbing... and these fans are on their feet in Minneapolis! We haven't seen this often - if at all - and he may be looking to put an exclamation point on this win as Kendrick is STILL down on the mat!

[MAWAGA steps to the second rope, the crowd getting louder as he does. Miss Sandra Hayes is shrieking to Kendrick from her spot on the floor, trying to get his attention as Kendrick rolls to a knee, grabbing at his chest in pain as the official tries to get him to stand up.]

GM: MAWAGA puts one foot up top... looking down on Kendrick... looking down at-

[Kendrick suddenly pushes up, grabbing the official by the shirt...]

GM: -HEY! WHAT IS HE-?!

BW: Kendrick's got the ref! He's got Ezra by the shirt! I think he was trying to get up and he lost his balance and-

GM: HE DID NOT! He jumped up and grabbed the referee intentionally and-

[And as MAWAGA steps to the top, we see why...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HAYES! HAYES! THAT SHE-DEVIL JUST PUSHED MAWAGA OFF THE TOP!

[The crowd is jeering loudly as Hayes jumps back to the floor, leaving MAWAGA crotched up on the top turnbuckle, an obvious - and rare - look of pain on his face...]

BW: His head might be able to take a shot to the buckle but his coconuts are cracked, daddy!

GM: BUCKY!

[...and with MAWAGA in trouble for the first time in the match, Kendrick surges to his feet, rushing across the ring, snatching MAWAGA by the hair and pulling him down so his body is parallel with the mat, his feet draped over the top rope...]

GM: What is Kendrick doing now?! He's got a front facelock applied and-

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: -HANGING DDT! A HANGING DDT!

BW: Right out of the playbook of Tex Violence... heck, Violence Jacobs too for that matter! The Modified DDT that both of those two have used to great impact over the years!

GM: And it had a great impact here as well as MAWAGA's skull was SPIKED into the canvas!

[Kendrick urgently flips MAWAGA to his back, diving across and wrapping up both legs as he rolls into a side press...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! I can't believe it!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: YESSSS! KENDRICK WINS! KENDRICK WINS!

GM: Would you sit down?! Kerry Kendrick - with the aid of Sandra Hayes - has cheated his way to victory tonight in Minneapolis... and in doing so, he has EXILED MAWAGA from the AWA for SIX MONTHS!

[Kendrick rolls under the ropes to the outside, Hayes rushing to embrace him as he raises a weary arm.]

GM: It looked almost certain that Kendrick would be spending six months looking for a new job but... that damn Sandra Hayes got involved and pushed MAWAGA off the ropes and... this is unbelievable.

BW: Open your eyes, Gordo, because seeing is believing and I believe that Kerry Kendrick is gonna have one HELL of a 2018! Oh yeah!

[Kendrick is waving goodbye to the still-downed MAWAGA as the referee breaks the bad news to the Suited Savage and Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

BW: Take a good long look, MAWAGA fans... all three of you! Because this dude is out of here until August at least! We may NEVER see him again!

GM: I can't stand the sight of this. Fans, I'm being told we have Sweet Lou standing by with Stevie Scott backstage...let's hear what he's got to say about what went down earlier with Max Magnum's outburst.

[The shot cuts in front of a closed door with a sheet of paper taped to it that simply reads "MAGNUM." Standing in front of said door are Stevie Scott and Sweet Lou Blackwell.]

SLB: Thank you, Gordon. I am indeed here with Stevie Scott, and let's cut right to the chase...Stevie, what happened earlier tonight, and do you have your client calmed down?

[Stevie pauses, a blank look on his face, trying to find the words to say.]

HSS: I...look, Lou, you saw what happened. There is no getting past the fact that Max Magnum is angry. Angrier than I have ever seen him, which is a problem for a lot of people. It's a problem for you, Hannibal Carver, no matter if you want to duck him or not.

But it's also a problem for me. Because I made a mistake in my own calculations.

[Stevie looks over his shoulder at the closed locker room door.]

HSS: People want to know why we turned on Team AWA. Was it about money? Was it about glory? Was it about attention?

SLB: Yes, many of us would like to know why you stabbed your company...this company you claim to care about so much...in the back.

HSS: It's deep and it's complicated, Lou, but all I will say now...for me...if you ask Jon Stegglet to think about it hard enough, he'll be able to tell you why.

But for Max, it was different. Max was tired of the has-beens and never-weres that Castillo kept feeding us. He wanted a challenge. He wanted to knock down a pillar of the AWA.

He wanted Carver.

[Stevie shakes his head.]

HSS: It was my job to deliver him Carver, Lou. I just didn't realize that the fearless Hannibal Carver, the guy who once made a living on some of the most brutal matches in the business...

I had no idea that he would run in fear of Max Magnum.

I miscalculated, and I failed to deliver for the Alpha Beast.

[Just then, the locker room door flings open, and from it emerges the hulking, scowling frame and face of Max Magnum. Lou and Stevie immediately freeze; Magnum looks at Blackwell but then shifts his very displeased gaze to Stevie.]

MM: I...WANT...A MATCH.

[Lou's jaw drops at finally hearing Magnum speak.]

SLB: Did you just say something?!

[Magnum turns his glare on Blackwell, stopping him silent... and then turns back towards his manager. It takes a moment for Stevie to respond but he does...stammering.]

HSS: Y- you want a match? Tonight?!

[Magnum nods.]

MM: You heard me, Scott. You're the alleged brains behind this operation. Make it happen.

[Magnum leans down and in, putting his nose an inch from Stevie's.]

MM: Am...I...clear?

[Stevie gulps very visibly.]

HSS: Cr- crystal, Max.

[Magnum waits a few beats, then removes himself from Stevie's personal space, turning back towards Blackwell where he aggressively grabs Lou's arm prompting a choked-off "HEY!" as he yanks the mic towards himself.]

MM: Someone's gonna die tonight. And if I don't get an opponent...

[And now we're back in the personal space.]

MM: Then it'll just have to be whoever is in my orbit.

[Magnum slaps Stevie on the arm with enough force that the Hotshot is knocked off balance before stomping out of the frame, leaving Stevie stunned and speechless.]

SLB: Wow, quite the development here tonight! Max Magnum has spoken... and he wants a match in this very arena. But with a full lineup, that might be a difficult order, Stevie.

[The Hotshot goes from stunned to annoyed as he sneers at Sweet Lou.]

HSS: Shut up, Blackwell.

[And with that, Stevie scrambles out of the frame opposite of the direction Magnum left...

...and we fade back out to ringside where we find Gordon Myers standing alone.]

GM: Wow! Super Saturday has already been noteworthy but... Max Magnum speaks! For the very first time! And he's made it clear to his manager - Stevie Scott - that he wants a match right here TONIGHT! That's going to be a tall order for the Hotshot to accomplish... but after Magnum's implied threat there, Stevie's better move heaven and earth to get it done.

[Gordon takes a quick look over his shoulder.]

GM: Alright, fans... coming into tonight, we knew some of the things we'd be seeing and one of the things announced that surprised many of us was that James Lynch and Bobby O'Connor had requested time to address the AWA faithful... and what more, they had requested a very specific announcer to handle the interview. Ladies and gentlemen... The Call of the Wilde!

[We fade from Gordon at ringside to find the ring slightly altered as a rug has been put down over much of the canvas. A trio of folding "director's chairs" have been set up in the ring and a puzzled Bucky Wilde is standing in the middle of it all.]

BW: I really don't know what I'm doing here.

[The crowd buzzes as Bucky shakes his head.]

BW: Yes, I know I'm here for the long-awaited return of The Call of The Wilde... but what I don't know is why my guests tonight picked me to be here.

Of course, my guests tonight are James Lynch and Bobby O'Connor who apparently specifically requested me to do this interview...

...and I haven't the slightest clue why.

[Bucky shrugs.]

BW: Look, it's no secret that I've never been the biggest fan of Bobby O'Connor... although his recent attitude adjustment is certainly more to my liking than the baby-kissin' punk that ran these ropes for years.

And... the whole world knows that I've hated the Lynches for more years than I can... scratch that, more years than Travis can count.

[Bucky smirks as the crowd jeers the jab at Travis' intellect.]

BW: But still... here I am. And just to make this whole thing even weirder, we found out back at SuperClash that these two were going their separate ways... we found out at the Golden Grapples a little bit of info why... but after all that, they've still got more to say about it.

So...

[Bucky looks around.]

BW: I guess the only thing left to do is let them come out here and talk about it. So, boys... come on down...

[Bucky lowers the mic and steps back as "Meth Lab Zoso Sticker" by 7Horse blares over the loudspeakers and the moment it does, the arena erupts in boos. Emerging in the entranceway is the Demon Cowboy himself, James Lynch. Tonight, James Lynch is mostly in black – a long black leather duster that is open to reveal a black t-shirt with the words "Last Lynch Standing" written in gold across the chest. Covering the lower half of his face is a black bandana with a red skull on the front. Over his black jeans, he has on black chaps with red-orange fringe to simulate flames, and black cowboy boots with metal studs over the toes. The mostly black ensemble contrasts with the white Stetson hat he wears over his dirty blond hair.]

GM: And there he is, fans... the so-called Last Lynch Standing... the man who took his own brother into the bowels of hell Thanksgiving Night in a barbed wire match that none of us are likely to forget anytime soon... and emerged the victor against the man who many proudly called Mr. SuperClash. I've made no secret of my disdain for what this man has put his family through over the past year but I will do my level best to keep that disdain from affecting my job.

[Lynch walks about halfway down the aisle before he stops and turns around, his music cutting off as he motions to the entranceway.]

Just then, the blinding thrash of "The Wrath To Come" by Vengeance Rising as the crowd seems to be on the verge of letting loose with boos... which they do the second Bobby O'Connor makes his way out to the entranceway. O'Connor is likewise mostly in black, the only white visible being a clerical collar he wears despite not being a member of clergy. He nods sympathetically at the booing fans as he makes his way down the entranceway.]

GM: And speaking of no good turncoats. Bobby O'Connor betrayed his best friend, Jack Lynch, late last year... and seemed to take far too much enjoyment in doing it. And when James Lynch tried to extend a hand to his brother at SuperClash, O'Connor almost seemed put off by the whole thing. Many have wondered - could that be the reason for this parting of the two Benedict Arnolds? I suppose we're about to find out.]

[The two men nod, and continue towards the ringside area side by side. After both men enter the ring, they stride forward, flanking Bucky, Lynch on the right and

O'Connor on the left.]

BW: So I suppose you two have something to say...

[Lynch takes the microphone and sits down in one of the chairs, pulling the handkerchief down to reveal his mouth.]

JL: First thing I need to do is apologize. And I need to apologize to your partner...

[Lynch turns towards the broadcast booth, looking across the crowd at Gordon Myers.]

JL: At the Golden Grapples, I dismissed your call for unity and reconciliation on my family. And I'm sorry I did that, Gordon. I truly am.

So in the spirit of our soon to be departed senior broadcaster, this message is to every member of MY family. And I want you to listen close.

As of right now, I'm announcing a general amnesty. Every one of you can be forgiven, and start off with a clean slate...

All you have to do is come apologize.

[Lynch smirks as O'Connor nods in agreement.]

JL: Come to me, tell me you were wrong, and it's a clean slate. Now that I am running this family, I am going to run it the right way. You all deserve a second chance, and I'm giving it to you!

[The crowd is letting James Lynch have it as he nods at their response.]

GM: You jerk! That is not what I meant!

[James lets the boos die down for a moment before he continues.]

JL: And that includes you Blackjack, and of course, our dear mother. As my good friend here says, confess and you will be forgiven.

[O'Connor holds his right hand up in a vain attempt to quiet the booing crowd.]

BOC: There was a time that I would've thrown myself in front of a speeding bus for the Lynches. I can assure you all, that James is the only member of his family that shares those values.

[Bucky finally interrupts, shaking his head.]

BW: Wait, wait... I don't understand. So you two are friends? People have been speculating at some rift after you two parted ways after SuperClash.

[James nods at Wilde.]

JL: Friendship, Bucky, true friendship, not the false opportunism that is practiced by my brother, does not end. It endures.

I will always be Bobby's friend.

But Bobby and I have different goals, and those goals mean that, here in the AWA, we are on separate paths. I am done with Jack Lynch. I have taken his blood and broken his spirit. I proved myself against him.

And I am the Last Lynch Standing.

And now, Bucky, I have a family to run.

[Boos rain down on Lynch.]

JL: And while I'm sure that this arena full of "every other weekend" fathers won't understand this... running a family is hard work. So much so that I need help managing my career. I need someone who can oversee my business affairs.

[The crowd buzzes as James continues.]

JL: Now that my wrestling career has surpassed that of Jack Lynch... now, I need someone who can see my career to the next level.

And that is why I wanted to come out tonight. To introduce the person who will pave the way to my ascension.

A person who will sign the contracts, make the deals, and ensure that I get everything I want and all I deserve.

Ladies and gentleman... my manager...

[Lynch rises from his chair]

JL: ...Veronica Westerly!

[Bucky's jaw drops as all eyes turn towards the entrance.]

GM: What?! You can't be serious!

[To a torrent of boos, down the aisle strides the Mother of Dragons herself, Veronica (Martinez/Temple) Westerly. Tonight, the stunning redhead is wearing a form fitting black slip dress, with her long red hair cascading down her shoulders in waves.]

GM: After everything she did late last year to earn the... respect of the AWA faithful... to earn the gratitude of us all... this is what she does with it?! She partners up with this... this serpent?! Well, I suppose that shouldn't come as a surprise because this one's got a long history lying with serpents!

[Westerly sneers at the crowd's confused (and angry) reaction as she enters the ring confidently, casting a glare at Bucky before taking the microphone, smirking as she looks out over the crowd and soaks in their boos.]

VW: Who else would it be?

[The boos get louder as James moves to stand behind her, his arms crossed as Westerly raises the mic again, O'Connor standing off to the side and applauding this new union.]

VW: For a very long time, each and every person in this crowd had not only written James Lynch off, but forgotten him. The moment he wasn't there to protect his weakling brother... you all cast him off.

Just like his family.

[Again, the boos intensify as Lynch nods confidently behind the smirking Westerly.]

VW: But I never forgot James Lynch. And when he was ready to make his return and have his vengeance, I made certain that there was an AWA contract waiting for

him. And I made certain that he was in the right position, at the right time, to shock the world.

[Bucky steps forward, interrupting.]

BW: Hang on now... Veronica, you were the one who handed him off to O'Connor last year!

[Westerly nods.]

VW: Bobby O'Connor was his spiritual advisor. But I was always the devil's advocate. And that is what I will continue to do.

[Westerly smiles at the continued heated reaction from the Super Saturday crowd.]

VW: Because this man who stands before you isn't only the Last Lynch Standing. He is the man to lead AWA into the next era.

The man who ended Jack Lynch's SuperClash streak.

The true Supernova.

And your next World Heavyweight Champion.

[More boos as Lynch grins, doing the belt gesture for one and all to see.]

VW: And to that end, James...

[She turns towards her new charge, placing a hand on his shoulder.]

VW: Mr. Lynch, I have some ideas I would like to run past you.

[She looks around at the crowd.]

VW: But not here. Not in front of them.

So if you would not mind?

[Lynch nods.]

JL: Lead the way.

[And with that, both Westerly and Lynch depart, leaving Bucky alone in the ring with O'Connor as the former Bunkhouse continues to clap. Bucky shakes his head at what has just gone down as the duo make their way back up the aisle towards the locker room.]

GM: Unbelievable. So, James Lynch and Bobby O'Connor part ways only to see Lynch sign with Veronica Westerly?! There's a whole lot of history between the Lynches and the Westerly clan and... well, as a longtime part of this business, I can hardly imagine those two together after the Texas wrestling wars over the years but apparently they've found a way to make it work and-

[Gordon is cut off as Bucky speaks again.]

BW: James Lynch had quite a lot to say. But what about you? You wanted to be out here too... have you got anything to say for yourself?

[O'Connor grins, nodding his head.]

BOC: Oh so much more, Buckthorn. And while you may have not always liked me, to you and every person here...

[O'Connor smiles.]

BOC: ...I have always been your brother.

[O'Connor's eyes widen in mock surprise as the crowd really lets him have it.]

BOC: Yes, James and I have always been and always been friends. And sometimes, friends can disagree. James feels the work is done with his brother Jack.

[O'Connor nods sadly.]

BOC: But when it comes to the sinful and evil Jack Lynch continuing to walk under his own power...

...the work, that good work, can never be finished.

[Before O'Connor can continue, a buzz begins to arise from the crowd. The camera whirls around the entrance area to see what's caught their attention, and there stands the Iron Cowboy, Jack Lynch. He's dressed in a white t-shirt and blue jeans, and he looks as if he hasn't slept in days.]

GM: Oho! How about this now? The King of the Cowboys himself, Jack Lynch, is here in Minneapolis and it looks like he might have something to address with his former friend and tag team partner!

[Lynch, without music, strides down the aisle, and ascends the stairs, before entering the ring.]

BW: Now, hang on... it's bad enough I had to be out here with one Lynch but-

[He marches over to Bucky and yanks the microphone from his hand as Bucky exclaims.]

JL: I know ya ain't happy to see me, Bucky, and frankly, I don't care!

[The crowd ROARS at that as Lynch stabs a finger at Wilde who holds up his hands, backing away slowly from the angry Texan.]

JL: Y'all keep sayin' my name like I ain't around no more, and I'm gettin' sick of it.

Now look... Jimmy beat me at SuperClash. It happened... it's done. Ain't no sense in cryin' over somethin' that's happened. Does it eat at me? Hell yeah it does.

[Lynch grimaces, shaking his head.]

JL: But it happened, it's over, and the best thing I can do is move the hell on. I ain't puttin' my family through me fightin' with my brother again.

Hell, I ain't gonna do that to Gordo again.

[We cut to ringside where Gordon Myers looks on, a solemn expression on his face...

...and then cut back up to the ring where Jack shrugs.]

JL: So Jimmy wants to go his own way... that's fine. I'm goin' my own way too.

And that brings me to you.

[Lynch turns to O'Connor who has stood there through it all with a massive grin on his face.]

JL: Get that damn smile off your face.

[O'Connor's grin fades instantly, his eyes burning into Lynch who shakes his head.]

JL: I dunno what the hell has gotten into ya, Bobby. There was a time you were as close as my brother. So for the love I used to have for you. I'm comin' out here to tell ya.

Be like Jimmy, and stay the hell outta my way.

Ya do that... and we can all just do our own thing.

It can be over, right now.

[O'Connor nods, raising the mic.]

BOC: You see, Jack... that is just one of the many things where you and I disagree. Brother James has other goals. Goals like the AWA World Championship.

[O'Connor shakes his head disapprovingly as the crowd boos the very idea of James being champion.]

BOC: A goal I once shared, a goal I may one day pursue again.

[O'Connor scowls, glaring at Jack.]

BOC: But not as long as the repulsive cancer that is Jack Lynch is still free to spread his filth. That is my only goal these days. My one sacrifice. To put my own dreams on the shelf...

... until you are gone from this sport forever.

[Lynch exhales.]

JL: Well, before God and Gordon Myers... I tried to let this go. But I can see ya ain't gonna let it go.

And if that's the case...

Why don't we just end this right here, right now! We can end this, and I'll end you.

[The crowd roars its approval as O'Connor smirks, reaching up to lightly run his fingers across his arm.]

BOC: Alas, that isn't possible. As you know as well as I do, I'm still not cleared from all the injuries I've suffered over the years. Injuries I suffered putting my career and my life on the line for you. My "brother."

[O'Connor shakes his head with disgust.]

BOC: Don't worry, though. A day will come that I'll visit that divine judgement upon you. But, until that day...

[The crowd rumbles with a cry of concern for a moment, causing Jack Lynch to sense trouble and whip around...]

...in time to be rushed by two men in black trunks, black boots, and bad attitudes as they swarm the Iron Cowboy with a flurry of fists and kicks to the former World Champion!]

GM: Who in the...?!

[With Jack trying to fight back, he nails the smaller man with a right hand, sending him staggering backwards. He turns towards the larger one and gets a knee pulled up into the gut.]

GM: Wait a second... I think I know these guys...

[The smaller man rejoins the attack, grabbing Lynch by the arm as they use a double whip to shoot him across the ring...

...and a running double clothesline to take the Iron Cowboy down onto the mat!]

GM: Ohhh! Double clothesline and-

[The duo starts stomping Lynch viciously, the crowd booing loudly as they do.]

GM: These two are all over Jack Lynch! A sneak attack from behind here on Super Saturday and they're working over the former World Champion!

[A gleeful O'Connor joins in, stomping his former partner alongside the two attackers...]

GM: And now that I get a closer look, I KNOW I know these two - the bigger one there is Jason Whittaker and the smaller is Dustin Sanderson... and can you believe it? These two are from down in Combat Corner Wrestling where they compete as The Blackjacks for crying out loud! They were discovered by Blackjack Lynch - hell, he even helped TRAIN them! Everything these two have in their career is thanks to Blackjack Lynch and now they're assaulting his son alongside this treacherous snake O'Connor!

[The stomps continue to rain down on Lynch for a few more moments before O'Connor peels off, waving for them to pick his old friend up. The Blackjacks quickly oblige, each holding an arm as O'Connor slaps his elbow a few times, backing off to give himself some room...]

GM: We saw this at SuperClash when he hit Lynch with that elbowstrike from behind and-

[The crowd suddenly ERUPTS in cheers!]

GM: HERE WE GO! YOU WANNA FIGHT, LET'S FIGHT!

[In near record time, Ryan Martinez and Supreme Wright come tearing down the aisle towards the ring in street clothes...

...and just as quickly, Bobby O'Connor bails from the ring, calling both Whittaker and Sanderson to join him on the outside!]

GM: Oh, not so tough now that the odds are even, huh?!

[O'Connor places a hand on the chest of a fired-up Whittaker who wants back inside the ring. Martinez glares out at his former friend who shrugs in the White Knight's direction, leading the two men towards the aisle as Wright tends to Lynch down on the canvas.]

GM: Jack Lynch was taking a hell of a beating from the Blackjacks and Bobby O'Connor... and I'm just grateful that Ryan Martinez and Supreme Wright were here when he needed them... here comes Travis now as well, joining them in the ring...

[A confused Travis Lynch rushes to his brother's side, his hair wet and a towel over his shoulder as he kneels beside him, asking Wright what happened. Wright points a threatening finger to the outside as an angry Travis gets up, shouting out at O'Connor who grins, continuing to back his newfound allies up the aisle...]

GM: Well, we haven't heard the last one of this - I can assure you of that. Fans, we've gotta get some control over this situation... we'll be right back with more action here on Super Saturday.

[And as O'Connor smirks at the angry words of Travis Lynch, we fade to black...

And fade back up on a sepia shot of an empty Center Stage Studios, slowly panning across the bleacher seats with the flags of nations around the world hanging behind them....

...up onto the elevated stage where an announce table and an interview podium are set up...

...and then down onto the ring... all in silence until...]

#I've got the power#

[Snap's "The Power" begins to play as the footage instantly colorizes as we pop into a jam-packed Center Stage Studios where the fans are shouting and waving their arms...]

#Like the crack of the whip, I "Snap!" attack#

[...to footage from a Power Hour show of Atlas Armstrong pressing a helpless foe overhead before tossing them down to the mat...]

#Front to back, in this thing called rap#

[...to Omega diving off the top rope to the floor with a crossbody...]

#Dig it like a cymbal, rhyme devil on the heavenly level#

[...to Alexander Kingsley and Curt Sawyer putting the boots to a victim...]

#Bang the bass, turn up the treble#

[...to Victoria June planting an opponent with her front powerslam...]

#Radical mind, day and night all the time#

[...to Whitiri wrecking someone with a running spear...]

#7:14 a.m., wise, divine#

[...to Odin Gunn planting someone with a reverse chokeslam...]

#Maniac brainiac, winnin' the game#

[...to the Peach Pits posing on the ramp...]

#I'm the lyrical Jesse James#

[....to Sandra Hayes shoving Theresa Lynch off the elevated stage...]

#Oh-oh-oh-oh, oh-oh-oh, yeah, yeah, yeah-eah#

[...to Molly Bell swiping at a cameraman...]

#Oh-oh-oh-oh, oh-oh-oh, yeah, getting kinda heavy#

[...to a wide shot of the stage with the AWA Power Hour logo spinning on the television monitors...]

#I've got the power (power, power)#

[...and as the final lyric echoes out, the footage is replaced by the same logo on the screen, promoting the Power Hour on your TV screen every other Saturday night on ESPN...]

We fade to black...

...and with a chyron marking "MOMENTS AGO," we cut backstage, just beyond the curtain that leads to the entranceway. Bobby O'Connor walks through, flanked by Jason Whittaker and Dustin Sanderson. All three men seem to be very pleased with themselves as Sweet Lou Blackwell rushes in, microphone at the ready.]

SLB: Bobby O'Connor, you have a lot to answer for. Leading James Lynch into attacking his own brother was bad enough, but now the Blackjacks?! They're the very namesake of Jack Lynch's father!

[O'Connor smiles, nodding patiently as Whittaker gets right in Blackwell's face.]

JW: You might wanna cool your jets and show some respect, Lou! You've got it backwards--

[O'Connor places a halting hand on Whittaker's shoulder.]

BOC: It's fine, Jason. It's like I always say... forgive them, for they know not what they do.

[Whittaker begrudgingly takes a step back as Sanderson nods. O'Connor turns his attention to Blackwell.]

BOC: I understand your confusion. Jack Lynch has thrown a smokescreen on everyone for so long that he can rob a bank and everyone sees it as charity. So when he tried to bully a gravely injured man...

[O'Connor winces, gingerly laying his hand on his right shoulder.]

BOC: ... nobody thinks twice about it. But that's where these men come in. I have advised them on the evils of that family. A family that claimed they could use the name "Blackjacks" to further their career... when really it was so that nobody would stop talking about their conniving huckster of a father. But much like how I let the world know that James is the only true Lynch?

[O'Connor looks at Whittaker and Sanderson.]

BOC: When the dust settles and we put Jack in his proper place, the world will only say Whittaker and Sanderson when they hear the name Blackjack.

[Whittaker and Sanderson nod, just as they've nodded at O'Connor's every word in an almost cult-like manner. O'Connor points to the left, and Sanderson slaps the microphone out of Blackwell's hand as the three depart. Blackwell shouts "what's the big idea?" as we fade from the pre-recorded footage...

...and come up to live action where we find Mariah Wolfe backstage standing next to Bret Grayson and Takeshi Mifune. Grayson is dressed in a gray hoodie with the image of a faded, vertical American flag on the front and the words "Honor. Loyalty. Respect." underneath it. He is grinning from ear to ear. In contrast, Mifune looks stern and unimpressed, wearing a black t-shirt with a black and white image of him kicking Noboru Fujimoto's face off, a black scarf that reads "MIFUNE-GUN" in big white block letters and a white Panama hat.]

MW: Bret Grayson, Mifune-san, you two heard the news moments ago - Next Gen have granted you two a shot at the AWA World Tag Team titles! How are you feeling?

BG: "Feeling?!" I'm feeling freakin' fantastic, Mariah! As a matter of fact, I'm feeling so hyped up right now, I could run right through that wall!

[He points to somewhere off-screen. Mariah frowns slightly.]

MW: You don't have to do that. We don't want you hurting yourself before you even get your title shot! I think we all understand how excited you are.

[Grayson chuckles.]

BG: I'll admit it, Next Gen is a tough and talented team, Mariah. We helped train them for their match against The Soldiers of Fortune at SuperClash, so we know exactly what they're made of. They took the hardest training me and the old man could dish out and they just kept asking for more. So, while I might respect them for their hard work and dedication, I'm not going to let that get in the way of our goal. Me and Mifune are coming for those tag team titles.

[Mariah turns to Mifune.]

MW: Well, we've heard Bret's reaction to the news, but what are your thoughts, Mifune-san?

Mifune: I do not care about their hard work or dedication. It is irrelevant. They are simply prey to be conquered in the ring.

[Mariah is a bit taken aback by Mifune's rude demeanor, but continues on.]

MW: While a date hasn't been set for your showdown, when can we expect to see you and Bret going after the titles?

Mifune: I am always prepared for battle. A warrior must always be prepared to die.

[She seems a bit shocked by his answer.]

MW: So... does that mean you will fight them soon?

[Grayson laughs.]

BG: Ha! Don't mind him. That's the old man for ya'... he's always ready for a fight. It's all that he lives for! But he's right. The time or place doesn't matter. What matters is that we can't look at them as friends or allies once we step into the ring. They're just two more opponents waiting to be tapped, snapped or napped!

Mifune: I will believe it when I see it, Grayson. They have defeated you before due to your weakness.

[Grayson gets a determined look on his face.]

BG: They got me by surprise at The Stampede Cup, but I'll never underestimate them again. This time, there's no holding back! Next Gen better be prepared for the fight of their lives, because there's no way in hell we're leaving that ring without those titles.

[Mifune grunts and nods his head.]

Mifune: Remember that well, Grayson. We will not be stopped, we CANNOT be stopped, because Mifune-Gun... is ichiban.

[And with that, Mifune walks off camera, his face filled with focus on the battle to come. Grayson nods and follows Mifune off camera.]

MW: There you have it, folks. Bret Grayson and Takeshi Mifune are fired up and ready for their shot at the AWA World Tag Team titles. Back to you guys!

[We fade from backstage out to the friendly confines of the Target Center once more as the crowd eagerly looks on, anticipating what might come next when...]

"ALL MY LIFE I WANTED TO BE SOMEBODY AND NOW HERE I AM!"

[The roar of Suzi Quatro brings the arena to life. A tomboyish-looking woman bursts her way through the curtain exuberantly. Ricki Toughill makes her way down the aisle, pumping her fist up in salute over her head to "The Wild One (Single Version)."]

GM: And guess who's back! Mister and Mrs. Toughill's Little Princess is a free woman in the AWA!

[Ricki Toughill rolls into the ring under the ropes, and props herself up on the middle rope. She looks like a wayward schoolgirl: a tattered dress shirt and loose necktie cover a plaid kilt with a corseted tank top, with ripped black fishnets and a pair of well-loved Converse high tops. A backwards ballcap covers most of the bright purple combover on her head. Most prominent among her half-dozen tattoos is the large octopus occupying her right shoulder. She climbs partway up the corner buckles, one foot on the bottom rope, one on the middle. Cut to a fan in the crowd holding up a sign that reads, "MORE RICKI".]

BW: Gordo, I'm perplexed. At one time that woman was the scariest man, woman, or beast walking in the AWA and yet here she is right out in front of us, cracking wise like she's got three glasses of Baby Duck in her.

GM: Our fans have grown to love her, Bucky.

BW: Our fans used to FEAR her, Gordo.

[Toughill calls for a microphone as the music fades; the fans' ovation maintains for a few seconds longer.]

GM: If anyone has earned the right to be in the AWA, it would have to be this young woman, who put herself through the wringer and came out the other side.

[Ricki takes a deep breath and takes a long look out to the crowd, a crooked grin on her face. She raises her hand.]

RT: Well... It's been a minute, hasn't it? I want to thank Theresa Lynch for having my back at SuperClash... Terry Shane who I know is watching at home and we hope to see him back in the ring some day... And thank you, Minneapolis for that warm welcome!

I know that with 15,000 fans here watching me, and millions more at home on ESPN, that I should be all smiles and celebrations that I have a new lease on life, but...

[She pauses for a moment.]

RT: There's something that has been nagging at me and has... left me with a bitter taste in my mouth for a few weeks now.

See, the first match back for my big return to the ring after finally wiping the slate clean and starting all over again was at a little event some of you may know as the Empress Cup – and the Empress Cup is an event that I hold near and dear to me, even if Miyuki Ozaki and I have never seen eye-to-eye professionally. Winning the "Angels & Amazons" event back in the day brought me to prominence, but it was the Empress Cup that made sure I stayed there. And when Miyuki said, "Erica-san, you are welcome to join us, and we have a special opponent lined up for an exhibition match. I think you have met last year's Cup winner...

...Cinder."

[Toughill chuckles portentously.]

RT: ...You know I had to jump at that. Because Cinder... was a bit of a sore spot for me. I don't have any children and I think after spending months with her I don't think I want any children, because that's what I imagine having a four-year-old is like.

[A cheer of recognition from the fans.]

RT: A four-year-old with a lighter in one hand and a pair of scissors in the other, after a full can of Red Bull.

[Ricki bounces up and down hyperactively.]

RT: "MUMMY-MUMMY-MUMMY-MUMMY-MUMMY-WATCHME-WATCHME-MUMMY-MUMMY." Gawd! But that was the monster that I made! That was the monster I enabled. And I felt a responsibility to send that brat to her room without any supper. I was going to powerbomb the living daylight out of that nattering Scot as a means of giving her a time out. But instead...

[She sighs and removes the cap, scratching her head ruefully.]

RT: Well, if you haven't seen the Empress Cup, it would be easier to show you, if I could ask the gang in the truck to roll it...

[We cut to footage from the Empress Cup, with a graphic on the upper left side. Instead of the typical "courtesy of BATTLE♥DREAM" as one would expect from the hosts of the tournament, instead, it says "PLEASE THANK MIYUKI!". We can hear the voices of Theresa Lynch and Shane Destiny, who were commissioned to be the American announcers on the stream, as Ricki has Cinder splayed out on the mat at her feet. Harley Hamilton is laying on the ring apron, having been speared by Ricki a few moments prior.]

TL: Cinder has collapsed in exhaustion...

SD: No kidding. They fought for ten minutes before the bell even rang!

TL: And it looks like Ricki's going to finish her off, to end this violent encounter, perhaps with a power bomb?

[The crowd at the Osaka EDION Arena rumbles as Casey Cash has jumped onto the ring apron, just as Ricki has Cinder into a standing headscissors, distracting referee Chiyo Uchiyama.]

TL: Get Casey Cash down from the apron!

SD: There hasn't been much interference during this match, Theresa. Harley Hamilton even stopped Cinder from using the scissors earlier, telling her Ricki wasn't worth it! Ricki speared Harley just for encouraging Cinder to get back up, Harley hadn't physically gotten involved yet!

TL: That's all out the window now- KOWALSKI!

[The crowd roars as Kelly Kowalski rushes into the ring. Ricki, about to lift Cinder into the power bomb, doesn't see Kowalski coming...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OOOOOOWAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[... and Kowalski decks Toughill with a brutal right hook, flooring Ricki!]

TL: Right hook by Kowalski! And the referee didn't see a thing!

SD: And that's not all that Chiyo's about to miss, Theresa!

[As Cash continues to squawk at Chiyo Uchiyama, Hamilton rises to her feet, and PLANTS a running boot to the side of the rising Toughill's head!]

TL: Come on! This is three on one now!

SD: I don't know where Casey Cash learned how to distract the referee like this, we certainly never covered it when she was training with Misaki and myself...

TL: And now Kelly Kowalski pulling Ricki Toughill to her feet, Harley Hamilton getting Cinder up...

"THHHHHHUDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDD!"
"OOOOOOOOOOOOOWAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

TL: WHAT A JUMPING DDT BY CINDER!

SD: She landed right on top of her head, Theresa! She took two huge shots to the head from Kowalski and Hamilton, then got dropped with that DDT!

[Hamilton and Kowalski quickly arrange so Cinder is covering Toughill, then scatter from the ring as Cash drops off apron, releasing Chiyo Uchiyama from her distraction.]

TL: Aw no, come on! Don't count this! Not like this!

[But three slaps of the mat later, the bell sounds, and we hear
"CIIINDERRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR"
announced as the winner by ring announcer Yuka Ryusaki. Ricki, realizing what happened as she comes to, wraps her hands around Cinder's throat as a gaggle of young women in BATTLE♥DREAM tracksuits rush the ring to separate everyone and

Harley, Kelly, and Casey help Cinder from the ring. Harley and Casey lift Cinder onto their shoulders once outside the ring to give her a victory departure, and Kelly makes a rude gesture at Ricki.]

TL: This was a mugging! Casey Cash had referee Chiyo Uchiyama distracted as Harley Hamilton and Kelly Kowalski basically ruined this one! They won this one for Cinder!

SD: You know, Theresa, coming into tonight, there was a lot of talk on social media about how these four women were reminding fans a lot about a group I used to be in fifteen years ago, a group with Juan Vasquez, Luke Kinsey, and Tommy Stephens. We even solidified our groups with someone attacking Michelle Bailey. As I sit here and watch Harley, Cinder, Kelly, and Casey tonight... I can't help but feel like history is repeating itself more and more.

[We can hear Destiny sighing.]

SD: And to be honest, I can't help but wonder if they'll end up surpassing us. If they do? Then God help the AWA Women's Division.

[Back to live action, and Ricki looks quite bitter about seeing the footage again.]

RT: I guess I shouldn't have expected anything better from Cinder. Like I said, that was the monster I made. That's the choice I would have made once in my life, and I have to live with that being who I was. I have to live with that cycle being perpetuated.

And I guess I have to expect that from Harley Hamilton. I've met Hamilton Graham. I know he's a legend. I know he's renowned for his toughness; I also know he's not a very nice guy. He didn't get anywhere in this business by being nice. I learned that lesson myself. I was the biggest schoolyard bully in the AWA at one point. And so this is probably just desserts for me. I accept that I may be paying back karma for the rest of my career, however long that may be. So guess I should have expected that from the offspring of one of the most ruthless men who ever stepped into the ring.

[She waggles a hand dismissively.]

RT: And don't fault Casey Cash, either. Because I know what it's like when you start out and you can't get your feet underneath you. You get tired of suffering and feeling like you're getting nowhere real fast. I know Jackson Hunter aired my dirty laundry out back at the Golden Grapples, but it's true. Being named "Worst Wrestler" year after year really hurt. It really hurt. And when he said to me, "hey I'm putting together this group, do you want in so that you'll be the one inflicting the suffering..." Of course I said, "Yes!" Of course Casey Cash wants in on that! Of course she wants to be on a winning team!

[She pauses.]

RT: But Kowalski? Kowalski?

Kelly, when you first introduced your knuckles to my cheekbone last year, I felt something that I'd never felt in an AWA ring before. Everyone else I'd ever stepped in the ring with, I felt they were trying to survive me. Even to the point where Julie Somers sent me fifteen feet in the air – she beat me by surviving me. Not you, Kowalski. You brought the fight. I felt alive for the first time in months when I finally had someone who hit back like I hit them. And when I felt the walls closing in around me and that Black Friday would finally catch up with me and claim me, I wanted what I thought would be my last AWA matches to be with you, so I could walk away with my chin up.

And now to see you running around with a bunch of squawking peacocks? Snapchatting and drinking Starbucks? What? Ya know what? I'm glad I'm returning to the AWA Women's Division. Have fun in the AWA Teen Girl Squad Division!

[Just then, "I Love It" by Icona Pop (feat. Charli XCX) begins to play over the PA system, as the excited high-pitched shrieks of some of the younger female fans in the crowd are quickly drowned out by the roar of fifteen thousand voices or more, booing their hearts out at the sight of the four young women that emerge from the entrance way: Harley Hamilton, Cinder, Casey Cash, and Kelly Kowalski.]

GM: And there they are, the group of young ladies that came together at SuperClash and literally stole, Steal the Spotlight, in one of the more disgusting displays of bad sportsmanship I've ever seen.

BW: The internet's calling them "E-girl MAX", after the old EMWC group. But those are some mighty big shoes to fill, Gordo. Ego MAX had the likes of Juan Vasquez, Luke Kinsey, and Shane Destiny all before they ever became superstars, World Champions, and Hall of Famers in this sport.

GM: Whatever they're called, these delinquents have a long way to go before they ever come close to matching the legacy of those men.

[Harley Hamilton is dressed in an oversized pink sweatshirt with a black and white image of a crazed Cinder, smiling while holding a pair of scissors in a stabbing motion on it and a red bar covering her eyes with "♡ Waifu Material ♡" stenciled over it. Her rose gold hair is done up in two cute space buns and she carries her half of the faux AWA World Tag Team Champion of the Universe title belts over her left shoulder. She is a picture of calm next to her bestie Cinder, who is practically foaming at the mouth with rage.

Under her unkempt flame-red mop of hair, Cinder's wild eyes are circled by inky black eyeliner, and her dark red lips are pursed down in an angry scowl directed at her former mentor in the ring. Her half of the Tag Team Champion of the Universe belts is fastened under one arm and over her right shoulder, and she wears a black and white striped long-sleeved shirt and black cargo pants with countless superfluous grommets, zippers, and buckles. Cinder looks like she was bitten by a radioactive Hot Topic employee. A sticker-covered binder that presumably holds her prize for Stealing the Spotlight is clutched jealously in her fists.

Casey Cash, brown hair kept neatly in a tightly-wound bun on top of her head, is wearing a black skirt with a pink flamingo print, flaring out from her hips, along with black fishnets and boots. She's also wearing an oversized neon pink sweatshirt with a black Under Armour logo, and the sleeves drape halfway over her hands. Resting on the crown of her head, against her bun, is a pair of pink heart-shaped sunglasses. She points up at the ring and screams "YOU ARE NOTHING LIKE ME, YOU WEIRD LOSER!" at Ricki, who rolls her eyes.

Kelly Kowalski wears a black leather jacket, the shoulders and front covered in metal studs. Her jacket is open to reveal a black t-shirt underneath, with a logo that resembles the classic Ramones logo. Instead of "Ramones" written in white across the top, it says, in capital letters "E-GIRL MAX." In a circle are written four names – Hamilton, Cinder, Kowalski, Cash. Inside the circle, instead of an eagle, is a flamingo. There are two word balloons beside the flamingo's mouth, on the left it says "Pink hair" and on the right "Don't care!" One of the flamingo's feet holds a lighter, while there's a beer bottle held by the other foot. Kowalski also wears black leather pants that lace up in the front, and a pair of black Under Armour Tactical Boots. Over her eyes are a pair of oval lens sunglasses, red in color. Her trademark red hair is worn loose.

Kowalski gestures for her teammates to hang back. Casey Cash and Harley Hamilton can barely restrain the babbling and shrieking Cinder, who looks like she wants to rip the face off Ricki Toughill. Cinder is so agitated she starts gnawing on the cover of her "Steal the Spotlight" Trapper Keeper.

The Jersey Devil enters the ring, gesturing again for her teammates to hang back a moment.]

KK: Ricki... relax. We ain't out here to jump ya, all right? And yeah, it's true that Cinder is lookin' to tear your eyes and tongue out and stick 'em where the other used to be. And after all the terrible things ya said about her, I can't say I blame her. But don't worry, Toughill, we're just here to talk.

'Cuz I got some stuff I need to get off my chest.

[Ricki nods.]

RT: Good... 'cause I didn't plan for another four-on-one beatdown.

[Kowalski sneers in response.]

KK: Let's understand each other right now. In my entire life... I'll never, ever need someone's help to lay you, or anyone else out.

But Ricki, I heard what ya said... and I got a real problem with it.

If I fought you, and afterwards, ya felt alive? Then I definitely did somethin' wrong. If I fought you, and the thought ever wantin' to get back in the ring with me again was runnin' through your skull...

Then I didn't do my job.

[The crowd jeers as Kowalski looks out on the fans who once cheered her on, shaking her head.]

KK: And if you think that your last match against me is gonna involve you walkin' away under your own power, much less with your chin up.

Then sooner, rather than later, I'm gonna have to yank ya outta whatever fantasy la-la-land you currently find yourself livin' in.

[Ricki chuckles at the implied threat, waving a hand at Kowalski who ignores the challenge.]

KK: Now for what the rest of what ya said.

[Kowalski moves in closer to Toughill, who stands her ground. There's a buzz in the crowd. There isn't anyone watching right now who doesn't want to see these two throw down.]

KK: It's the same song I been hearin' since SuperClash.

"Oh Kelly, you changed. Oh Kelly, what happened to the girl we used to know?" Well, let me tell ya what happened...

She opened her eyes.

I'm gonna say this one, to you, and to the whole world – I didn't do a damn thing wrong. I gave Michelle Bailey exactly what she deserved. And if you, her "MuscleMaxine Barbie" daughter, or anyone else has a problem with it?

I don't care.

See, just before SuperClash, I realized who my true friend was, and she's standin' right there.

[Kowalski points to Hamilton.]

KK: Because, it wasn't Pinkie who brought in her psycho best friend to lay me out with a fire extinguisher...

[Kowalski smirks.]

KK: No offense, Cindy.

And it wasn't Harley who went and cried to a crooked referee and stole a match from me. And it wasn't Harley who felt the need to jam me into some costume from twenty years ago so I could stand in the background as one of her mini-Me's.

I did what I did for me. And for my friend. My real friend. Who didn't ask me to do anything. And who never said anything to me except that maybe I oughta try seein' things for what they were.

[The crowd continues to jeer as Kowalski glares at them.]

KK: Things have changed. I got friends now. Real friends. And I know that ain't somethin' ya understand, so lemme make it real simple for you.

There's a reason why when I look over my shoulder, I see three badass chicks ready to back any play I make. And when I look over your shoulder...

There ain't nothin' but dead air.

As for the rest of what you said. That all I'm doin' is snap-chattin' and drinkin' Starbucks, well Ricki, lemme ask ya this.

Do ya think this...

[Kowalski removes her leather jacket, and we can see from the tight fit of her t-shirt, that she has put on about fifteen pounds of muscle, and the newly ripped Kowalski is suddenly more intimidating.]

KK: ...came from drinkin' PSL's?

You tell me the time and place, and we'll throw down, and you'll eat every single word you said about me and my friends.

[Ricki seems inclined to say that the time is now and the place is Minneapolis, Minnesota...

...but Kowalski raises a finger... no, not that one.]

KK: But first... there's some ladies that have some things to say.

[Kowalski gestures to the other three women, who enter the ring. With a smirk, Kowalski hands the microphone to Hamilton. Harley looks Ricki up and down and makes a face.]

HH: So this is the infamous Ricki Toughill.

Even if you're well-acquainted to the taste of the bottom of my wrestling boot, I don't think we've ever had the pleasure of actually exchanging words until now.

[Hamilton steps closer.]

HH: Lucky you.

Because I sure as hell have a lot to say to you, "Mummy."

[Cinder protests, "SHE'S NOT MY MUMMY! SHE'S NOT ANYTHING!" Harley merely pats Cinder on the head and strokes her hair, calming her bestie down.]

HH: Who are YOU to judge us?

[Harley looks around the arena, raising her voice a few decibels.]

HH: Who are ANY of you to judge us???

[The crowd jeers, but Harley looks absolutely fed up..]

HH: For the last three months, I've had to listen to people like you and countless out of touch old MEN scream at the top of their lungs that Cindy and I made a mockery out of professional wrestling! And why? Because I refused to beat the hell out of my best friend to satisfy their bloodlust! And that makes me a JOKE, Mister Gordon Myers? That makes me less than a competitive athlete of the highest order, Mister Colt Patterson? No, my friendships are the most important things in my life and not something to be ridiculed!

"OH MY STARS AND GARTERS, THE TWO LYNCH FAIL-SONS ARE FORCED TO FIGHT EACH OTHER, THIS IS A TRAGEDY!" But you put two girls together that are like THIS...

[Harley crosses her fingers.]

HH: ...who for SIXTY-FIVE MINUTES, outfought, outplanned, and outwitted ten other women and suddenly it's a crime against humanity that we chose not to tear each other apart!? Suddenly, the fact I'm not a complete and total scumbag like Travis Lynch, is a negative!? Well, I say to hell with The Lynches! The next week that goes by without one of those nepo-babies stabbing another one in the back will be the first one!

[The crowd is booing, but Casey's cry of "You tell'em, Harley!" seems to energize her.]

HH: It's really ironic. For years and years, I've had to sit here and listen to Gordon Myers whine and complain... "OH BUCKY, THE AWA NEEDS A HERO! WON'T SOMEONE PLEASE THINK OF THE CHILDREN!"

[The camera cuts to ringside where Gordon Myers is shaking his head with disgust at Hamilton's mocking words and tone...

...and then back up to Hamilton who... continues with the mocking words and tone.]

HH: Well, the moment WE make ourselves the heroes that so many little girls out there need, this old man says we make him sick to his stomach! If two FRIENDS refusing to beat the hell of each other angers you so much, if THAT is what drove you over the edge and decide to quit, then go ahead and retire, old man! Walk out that door! Don't turn around now, you're not welcome anymore!

[There's a deafening roar of boos and some chants of "GOR-DON!" in support of the long-time AWA announcer, but Harley seems somehow even more amped by the applause of her stablemates.]

BW: Wow, she really let you have it, Gordo.

GM: I... I'm not even going to dignify those statements.

[Harley then turns her attention back to Toughill.]

HH: And that brings us back to YOU, Ricki. Because for months... for MONTHS, I've had to listen to you whine and complain and lie... yes LIE to the world. You tell them that Cindy is a monster. You tell them she is a menace. You tell them she is a beast that you created. Listen up, Richard Toughill of Rochester, New York...

[In the ring, Ricki makes a confused face and mouths the word "Richard?"]

HH: ... CINDY IS A PERFECT ANGEL FROM HEAVEN!

[Harley wraps an arm around Cinder's shoulder as Cinder turns to Ricki and sticks her tongue out at her. Casey punctuates Harley's statement with a cry of "Absolutely perfect in every way!" Cinder leans in to Hamilton and begins bantering belligerently in Glaswegian.]

C: THAT'S TOLD YOU, MUMMY! Ah'm a perfect Angel from Heaven! An' ye needn't think that I'll ever need ye look oot fer me, again, bytheway! I got me some really deal-y mates, here! An' they're Pure... Dead... Brilliant! They ain't oot tae just use me like ye did, dolly! That's why ye got a doin' at the Empress Cup. An' I s'pose we just found out that yer not quite the Empress Cup winner ye claim tae be, aye? Ye well and truly discovered that Our Kelly is handy with her fists, didn'cha?

[Cinder playfully bites the Steal the Spotlight binder again with an evil grin.]

C: An' we got this, aye? Gies 'nother sticker, Casey!

[Casey Cash turns to Hamilton, confused about what Cinder is asking her. Harley replies with a muted, "the stickers," and Casey springs into action, producing a sticker book from under her pink sweatshirt and carefully peels off a unicorn sticker, applying it to the growing collage of stickers on the binder. Cinder desperately tries to suppress a squeal of malicious delight before continuing.]

C: Oh, the fun we'll have with this, aye? The stipulations we could exploit! The hierarchies we could disrupt. This... The rules of this? I dunnae even have to be in the match that I make. It could be for any of us. Although I do have to be asked e'ery so often to not make a match with Chris Hemsworth...

RT: What happened to Chris Pine?

[Cinder suddenly snaps back explosively.]

C: AH'VE MOVED ON, RICHARD! AH SUGGEST YE DO TH' SAME!

[Harley gives Ricki a smug smirk.]

HH: You know what the world is calling us? I mean the rest of the world, not what they're calling us through the corporate-filtered lens of AWA television. It's sure as hell not a "teen girl squad".

It's "E-girl MAX".

As in Ego MAX. As in the greatest, most influential wrestling group of the last twenty years. And they're sure as hell not calling us that because we're a joke. They're calling us that because the world is smart enough to recognize what Kelly, Cindy, Casey and I represent.

We represent change. We represent a revolution. We represent the FUTURE and I sure as heck don't mean some buzzword slapped on the front of the name of Juan Vasquez' latest protege.

[Harley pauses to admire her own cleverness.]

HH: And I'll be damned, if I let a disaster of a human being like you, someone who has ruined every human interaction she has ever had, someone dressed up like "Golden" Grant Carter's fetish doll...

[There's an "Ooooh!" from the crowd as Ricki looks down at her outfit and back at Hamilton, shaking her head.]

HH: ...tell the world any different!

[Toughill bites her bottom lip impatiently, having heard just about enough.]

RT: Well you've certainly told off this old hag; you got anything you wanna say in conclusion?

[Hamilton nods emphatically.]

HH: Actually, Ricki... yes we do. Remember when Kelly said that we just wanted to talk?

[Hamilton smirks.]

HH: She lied.

[The foursome starts advancing across the ring toward Toughill. Toughill holds her hand out to delay them and starts fishing in her pocket.]

RT: That's pretty funny because... when I said I didn't plan for another four-on-one beatdown...

[Toughill pulls her hand out of her jacket pocket and a short length of bike chain unfurls and grazes across the mat to a chorus of supportive cheering.]

RT: ...I lied too!

[The crowd is ROARING as Toughill starts to wrap the chain around her fist.]

GM: Oh my! Ricki Toughill came ready for a fight and a fight she just might be about to bring!

[Toughill smirks as the chain dangles, nodding her head.]

RT: Which means that while I may be in for another beating, the one who takes the first shot is going to find themselves a whole lot less pretty on the morning of the big game tomorrow!

[Cinder's nattering taunts continue, although she makes sure that Kelly Kowalski is between her and her estranged mentor.]

GM: Oh... Oh dear... Ricki Toughill may be one of the toughest and most resilient people to have ever stepped into the ring, but... four-on-one, she's over her head...

[Toughill's eyes dart back and forth, daring one of the foursome to make the first move, when Harley Hamilton suddenly smirks at Ricki.]

HH: Oh, Ricki, you silly goose, don't you know your wrestling history? Don't you realize that Ego MAX had FIVE members?

[A confused look forms on Ricki's face, before her eyes open wide in realization.]

HH: GET HER, JULIE!

[Hamilton points behind Toughill, causing Ricki to look over her shoulder...

...and Harley proceeds to use the misdirection as the perfect distraction for her and the rest of "E-girl MAX" quickly dogpile Toughill!]

GM: Oh no! Oh, come on!

BW: She fell for it, Gordo! Like they'd ever let Somers in their group!

[Toughill finds herself down on the mat, Hamilton and Cinder viciously stomping her as Casey Cash urgently tries to get the bike chain from around Ricki's fist, unwrapping it as Kelly Kowalski drops to a knee, smashing her fist down into the back of Toughill's skull!]

GM: This is a damn mugging! And if I thought these four were a disgrace back at SuperClash, I double down on that for SURE right now! They can trend on Twitter all they want, I know this business and I know a damn mockery of it when I see it and that's exactly what these four are!

BW: Gordo, you're just mad they called you out and used Gloria Gaynor to do it! I've seen you karaoke the heck out of that song some nights and they just took it from you!

GM: Bucky, this isn't funny... this isn't funny at all. Ricki Toughill is getting assaulted in a four-on-one and-

[However, there's a huge roar from the crowd when Julie Somers sprints down the aisle, the AWA Women's Championship in her hand! Trailing a few steps behind her is Michelle Bailey, a worried look in her eyes.]

GM: -AND HERE COMES THE CAVALRY!

BW: You haven't said that in ages!

GM: We're going old school tonight and the World Champ and the Platinum Princess are heading down the aisle to get this pack of jackals off of Ricki Toughill!

[Casey Cash is the first to notice, and she alerts Harley Hamilton, who shouts "GET HER, CASEY!". As Somers slides under the ropes into the ring, Cash wildly charges her, but her looping punch misses Somers by a mile...]

GM: Swing and a miss by Cash and-

[...and Somers grabs Cash by the bun on top of her head and tosses her from the ring!]

GM: Oh yeah! Casey Cash gets shown the exit by the champion!

BW: Ricki's got that chain again!

[Toughill uses the distraction to take a wild swing with the bike chain, barely missing Kelly Kowalski, who is pulled from the ring by Cinder as the champion stares at E-girl MAX.]

GM: And there goes the AWA's resident Mean Girls, fleeing out to the floor as the odds start to even up!

[Cinder, Hamilton, Cash and Kowalski all scatter and regroup in the aisle, shouting back up at the ring where Somers, Bailey, and Somers are standing.]

GM: It's a chaotic scene here in Minneapolis as-

[Toughill's back remains turned, swiveling around to try to locate where her would-be assailants escaped to as Michelle tries to reach out to her and help her regain her bearings, but Toughill's frantic motions prevent Michelle from calming her down.]

GM: Look out in there! Toughill wants another piece of... what are they calling themselves? E-girl MAX? Give me a break!

[Julie Somers holds the belt aloft like Toughill wielded the bike chain, ready to take on her top contenders, waving them back into the ring.]

GM: The Spitfire wants a piece of these four as well! It looks like Hamilton's big mouth and conniving spirit just earned her and her little pals a REAL fight.

[Cinder eagerly points at her sticker-covered binder with a sick grin on her face, reminding Somers of the contract she boasts. Casey, a pout on her face, asks Kelly if she's okay and if she was hit by that chain, as her hair slowly unravels from the bun it was kept in. Harley and Julie continue to exchange words as "E-girl MAX" slowly back away.]

GM: And like I said, they want no part of this now that the odds are even and...

[Toughill, finally breathing a sigh of relief, backs off from the ropes, unaware she was even rescued. At that moment, Harley Hamilton spots Ricki rising to her feet and suddenly shouts "WE HAD A DEAL, JULIE!!!" at Somers, causing the champion to make a confused face and mutter "What!?" However, Ricki hears Hamilton and suddenly grabs Somers by the shoulder, spinning her around.]

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU HAD A DEAL!?"

[Ricki rears back with the bike chain and Somers holds up the AWA Women's Championship like a shield in reaction. Michelle shouts "DON'T!", trying to get them to see sense. They take a long second to glare at each other, while occasionally glancing up the aisle at the powerful quartet of rivals...]

GM: I don't know what that's all about but... there's no shortage of history between Somers and Toughill who - despite apparently being on the same side right now - went to war just two years ago at SuperClash VIII in that Falls Count Anywhere match that was truly remarkable.

BW: Maybe time doesn't heal quite ALL wounds, Gordo.

GM: Maybe not.

[...but Somers and Toughill seem to be remembering the bad blood that went down between them and continue to stare each other down as Michelle Bailey continues to try to keep everyone calm.]

GM: Michelle Bailey trying to play peacemaker out here but... well, Toughill and Somers continue to keep an eye on one another thanks to... what did she say, Bucky?

BW: Harley said "we had a deal" to Somers and...

GM: That can't be right. That's gotta be Hamilton trying to manipulate these two into fighting each other. That's gotta be some other plot or ploy these four have worked out just like what we saw at SuperClash.

[We continue to hold the camera shot on our in-ring standoff for a few more moments before we fade to the backstage area where we find Mark Stegglet standing backstage with a special guest.]

MS: A chaotic scene out there in the ring. As Super Saturday rolls on here in Minneapolis, I'm currently joined by a man who had a big night at SuperClash and is looking ahead to a big year in 2018 after a pretty rough one in 2017 - of course, I'm talking about the longest reigning National Champion in AWA history, Travis Lynch. Travis, welcome to Super Saturday.

[Travis, decked in a pair of blue jeans and his signature smedium t-shirt nods with a grin.]

TL: Been a heck of a night already, huh, Mark?

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: It sure has. Before we talk about your 2018 plans though, can you comment on the condition of your brother, Jack, after what we saw earlier tonight?

[Travis grimaces.]

TL: You know, my family has been through a lot in the past year or so, Mark... some of it thanks to me... but a whole lot more of it caused by people who turned their backs on the family like my brother Jimmy and that no good turncoat O'Connor. O'Connor, we took you in as one of our own! You were like blood to us! And now to see this...

[He shakes his head.]

TL: ...and then you get those Blackjacks on your side too? After all my dad did for them? I don't get it. I don't get any of it. But you, O'Connor... you're gonna get it when you get these knuckles upside your head the first chance I get. I thank the good lord above that Supreme and Ryan got out there to get you and your snakes there off of Jack before it was too late. To answer your question, Mark... Jack's a little beat up, yeah... but he's hotter than a damn pistol right now and he'll be just fine when he gets his hands on O'Connor and those... I don't even want to call 'em that, you know? That's my dad's name and they ain't deservin' of it if you ask me.

[Stegglet nods again.]

MS: That's certainly understandable... so let's shift gears for a moment. Your struggles in 2017 are well-documented but after beating Rufus Harris at SuperClash, you've gotta be optimistic for what comes ahead.

[Travis nods, the smile returning to his face.]

TL: I am, I am...

[Travis' gaze drifts off-camera.]

TL: In fact... HEY BOSS MAN!

[Stegglet turns to look in the same direction and after a few moments, Interim AWA President Maxim Zharkov steps into view, giving Lynch a once-over.]

MZ: Lynch.

TL: Zharkov.

[The tension is evident between the two as Lynch clenches and unclenches his fist.]

TL: Look... you and I got history... that ain't no secret. Just like it ain't no secret that I'm lookin' to get back everything I lost before... including that National Title you took from me.

[Zharkov nods.]

MZ: I suggest you take it up with Ohara. Answer his open challenge.

[Travis shakes his head, waving a hand.]

TL: No, no... I don't want it to be some impromptu surprise thing. I want Jordan to know I'm coming for that title... and I want you to put the match on the books so that he's ready for me.

[Zharkov tilts his head, giving Lynch an appraising look.]

MZ: Nyet.

[Lynch steps closer.]

TL: Say that again.

[Zharkov doesn't back down from the hot-headed Texan, staring him down.]

MZ: That would be, "no." You emerged victorious at SuperClash... but not against a ranked contender. Our championship committee wishes to emphasize the importance of rankings.

[Zharkov snorts.]

MZ: That does not make you a challenger.

[Zharkov turns to exit when another voice calls out from off-camera, catching his attention.

Suddenly, the tension is broken by an enthusiastic off-camera voice.]

?: HEY! HOLD ON THERE!

[And racing into the shot is "Hotshot" Stevie Scott, almost out of breath from sprinting over to the discussion.]

HSS: I couldn't help overhearing this little conversation. It sounds like, President Zharkov, you believe that Mr. Lynch here needs... an opportunity to prove himself worthy of being considered a contender for the National Title.

[Stevie cuts a glance at Travis.]

HSS: That's the title that _I_ made, by the way.

[And back to Zharkov.]

HSS: But if that is the case, Mr. President, I offer you a solution to this quandary.

[He points at Travis.]

HSS: Him... against Max Magnum. Tonight.

[A cheer erupts from the arena crowd.]

HSS: I can think of no better opportunity for Travis to prove himself to you than by going toe-to-toe with the undefeated Alpha Beast.

[Stevie pauses, raising his eyebrows to further sell his idea.]

MZ: Hmpf.

[Zharkov looks at Scott for a few moments and then nods, turning to point to Travis Lynch who is still standing there.]

MZ: Problem?

[And then points to Scott.]

MZ: Solution.

[And then turns to walk away, leaving Lynch and Scott glaring at each other.]

MS: Unless something was lost in translation, I think President Zharkov just announced Travis Lynch taking on Max Magnum... tonight!

[The staredown continues until we fade back out into the arena where the crowd is roaring over what they just heard.]

GM: Did you hear that, Bucky?! Max Magnum versus Travis Lynch tonight!

BW: Oh, Christmas is comin' late for ol' Buckthorn! I get to see Travis Lynch turned into a greasy spot in the middle of the ring on Super Saturday at the hands of the undefeated Max Magnum?! I love my job!

GM: The longest reigning National Champion, Travis Lynch, versus the undefeated Max Magnum right here tonight on Super Saturday! What a huge addition to an already-loaded show and...

[The air raid sirens scream as Nas' "Hero" blares over the PA system.]

GM: ...and don't look now but it's apparently time for the Phoenix Rises Open Challenge!

[The crowd erupts in cheers as the National Champion, the "Phoenix" Jordan Ohara steps out from backstage. He pumps his fist in time with the beat as he heads towards the ring.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is for the AWA NATIONAL TITLE!

[BIG CHEER!]

RO: Introducing first... from Charlotte, North Carolina... weighing in at 225 pounds...

The Once In A Millennium Talent...

The Phoenix...

...and the two-time and reigning AWA NATIONAL CHAMMMMPIONNNNNN...

...JORRRRRRRDAAAAAAAAAN OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHAAAAAARAAAAAAA!

[For the fans that haven't seen Ohara since SuperClash, the Phoenix is continuing to evolve. His body looks a little more muscular, a little more tanned. His hair is longer, tied into a Samurai-style top knot and he sports a Van Dyke beard now instead of being the usual clean shaven babyface to which the AWA Galaxy is accustomed. He still wears his shiny blue $\frac{3}{4}$ tights with the white Phoenix logo, his custom Air Jordan 11s and the National Title gleams around his waist. He wears a swallow tailed hussar jacket (think Jimi Hendrix) in Carolina blue sequins. Despite the more free wheeling look, Ohara is still a man of the people. He slaps hands with all the fans as he walks towards the ring.]

GM: Jordan Ohara, now holding the National Title for the second time after knocking off Jackson Hunter at SuperClash to regain the title, told the world earlier tonight that he intends to be a fighting champion - declaring the Phoenix Rises Open Challenge to begin right here tonight on Super Saturday as he is willing to take on any and all comers for that National Title around his waist.

BW: I gotta respect the guts to throw down an Open Challenge but question the brains behind it, Gordo. If the wrong man comes through that curtain tonight, Ohara might have a second title reign barely longer than the first.

GM: The champion's getting in the ring and I think we're about to find out just who will answer the challenge here tonight as the AWA kicks off 2018 in a big way on Super Saturday.

[As Ohara climbs into the ring, a ring attendant brings him a microphone.]

JO: AWA Galaxy... thank you!

[The fans cheer as Ohara continues.]

JO: I have to tell you it feels so good to be National Champion again.

[He rests a hand on his title, his smile fading a little.]

JO: I've been in a dark place since I first lost this title.

I spent months dedicating myself to defeating our new president when he was the unstoppable Last Son of the Soviet Union... and in my greatest moment of triumph, Jackson Hunter snatched it all from me and I only had a title reign of fifteen minutes.

[The crowd jeers as Ohara nods in response.]

JO: I was humiliated. I couldn't speak to you... the fans who've supported me through everything since I got here. I couldn't speak to my peers. I could barely look myself in the mirror.

Something inside me cracked and I felt broken. I hadn't had a successful title defense.

I was a failure.

[Jordan Ohara's voice chokes up and he takes a deep breath as he knuckles his temple.]

JO: It really, really messed with me. This was worse than never winning at SuperClash. This was worse than being betrayed by Derrick Williams.

This was the worst moment in my career.

I didn't feel worthy. I felt like an imposter. And then Jackson Hunter came whispering and I was tempted. I was so tempted to take the shortcut.

[He blows out a deep breath, shaking his head.]

JO: Thank God I didn't. Thank God I stayed true to myself.

Because I got my title back.

[He grins as the crowd cheers.]

JO: I got my SuperClash win and I can look myself in the mirror with pride.

[Another big cheer goes up as Ohara nods, the grin growing wider.]

JO: I am the future of the AWA.

And I don't mean that in any arrogant way, but I have been one of the young people who have put in the work to be the next generation to inherit the AWA when the time comes.

I think I've earned that.

[He nods.]

JO: But I'm not going to run away and hide because I didn't really get a first reign with the National Title. So I'm going to make sure that the second one is the greatest ever.

So tonight Minneapolis... tonight begins the Phoenix Rises National Title Open challenge.

[Another big cheer goes up as Ohara raps his knuckles on the belt.]

JO: So I don't care if you're KING Oni or BC Da Masta MC... if you want a shot at greatness and this title then all you have to do is step through those curtains and face me!

[Ohara unstraps the National Title and thrusts it towards the entranceway.]

JO: Come on! Who's it going to be?!

[There's a moment of pregnant pause as everyone waits to see "who it's going to be?"

Suddenly, an unexpected voice rings out.]

"The future of the AWA, huh?"

[Ohara looks puzzled at first, not recognizing the voice...

...and the crowd reacts with a mix of surprise and excitement as out walks none other than Robert Donovan, dressed to fight, mic in hand.]

RD: Call me a skeptic, a doubter, a grouchy old man... but I ain't sure I buy it, kid.

[Donovan begins a very slow walk towards the ring as Ohara nods, slapping the title belt a few times.]

RD: I've been kickin' around this business for a long time, as I'm sure you're just itchin' to remind me. I've been everywhere, seen damn near everything, and that sure as hell includes any number o' young folk like yourself proclaimin' themselves the future.

[Donovan chuckles.]

RD: I sure as hell ain't that... if anything, a lot of y'all probably look at me and see nothin' but an old relic, or if you're feelin' complimentary, maybe you see an old gunslinger just out to win one last duel before ridin' off into the sunset.

[Donovan pauses briefly.]

RD: Just remember a few things about this relic. Just remember that there was a time a man called Nenshou was an unstoppable buzzsaw, cuttin' through everybody in sight until he met ol' Rob Donovan.

Just remember that me and a couple of friends of mine damn near put James Lynch on the shelf for good until he popped his scrawny busted up neck back up last year.

[Donovan shakes his head.]

RD: But most of all remember that THIS old man fought for THIS company in South Philadelphia last year... while you, Ohara?

[Donovan resumes walking, a little less slowly now.]

RD: You could've stood up for this place, for these people, for everybody in that locker room, but instead... you fought for you an' nothin' else.

[Ohara glares at the approaching Donovan now.]

RD: So I'll be damned if I let some selfish punk like you pretend he's gonna lead this company into the promised land.

[Donovan tosses the mic aside as he reaches the ring, climbing up on the apron, swinging a leg over the top rope to get inside. He points at Ohara... then at the title in Ohara's hands...]

"I'M HERE FOR THAT!"

[...and a nodding Ohara hands the title belt off to referee Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller, waving his hand to call for the bell.]

GM: Jordan Ohara against Robert Donovan who - as he mentioned - defeated Nenshou many years ago to win the Longhorn Heritage Title, the championship that would ultimately become the World Television Title so the big seven footer is no stranger to AWA championship gold, Bucky.

BW: This is an interesting matchup. Donovan's got the size... the strength... the experience... but Ohara's got the speed, the quickness, the athleticism... it's the ultimate clash of styles here in Minneapolis.

[The referee holds up the title belt for all to see to another big cheer..

...and then waves for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And here we go - one fall, thirty minute time limit for the AWA National Title!

[Donovan stares down at the fired-up Ohara who is talking a mile a minute to the big man who simply smirks in response...

...and then Ohara lunges forward into a collar and elbow tieup with Donovan who doesn't budge an inch with his 332 pound frame holding steady.]

GM: The big man not moving at all - Ohara for all his deceptive strength can't budge the seven foot two, 332 pound Robert Donovan!

[Donovan on the other hand simply walks Ohara back, powering him with ease across the ring to put him into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Back to the corner they go and... will we get a clean break?

[We get a relatively clean break as Donovan lets go...

...and then piefaces Ohara backwards into the buckles to a smattering of jeers from the AWA faithful.]

GM: Donovan pushing Ohara back, showing him a little disrespect there. Of course, Robert Donovan's career has been built on disrespect. You take a look at that man there - someone who has battled a Who's Who of this sport over the years from names like Casey James to Tex Violence to Bishop and seemingly everyone else in between. A second generation competitor in his own right, the son of "Tough" Tony Donovan who made his name in the Southern territories... in places like Mid-South Wrestling as a member of the Beale Street Bullies.

BW: And if that sounds familiar to you, fans, it's because it's the same name Donovan too alongside Adam Rogers and Dick Wyatt a few years back when they fought the Lynches in some of the damndest things the AWA has ever seen.

[An agitated Ohara comes quickly out of the corner, moving into another collar and elbow...

...which ends when Donovan shifts his weight, swinging Ohara around to toss him down on the canvas!]

GM: Wow! Sheer strength and size and knowing how to use both of those things as Ohara bounces down off the canvas again.

BW: He's gotta watch himself. The Phoenix has a bit of a temper and he's letting it get the better of him. He's got the speed, the quickness, the agility... use that and don't let Donovan tie you up.

[Ohara gets back to his feet, biting at his lower lip as he stares across at the imposing Donovan who waves for Ohara to "bring it" again.]

GM: Donovan wants more of the champion, looking to make history here tonight in Minneapolis...

BW: Gordo, I just had someone look it up - Robert Donovan won the Longhorn Heritage Title on September 3rd, 2011 from Nenshou... and went on to hold it for 176 days. Almost seven years later, he's challenging for the National Title here tonight.

[Ohara makes a lunge at Donovan again... but this time ducks under the tieup attempt, circling around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Big chop by Ohara!

[The blow stuns Donovan, knocking him a step or two back as Ohara winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Another hard chop - Ohara busting out some of the best chops in the business these days as Donovan staggers back again!

[Ohara pumps an arm to the crowd, getting cheers as he winds up a third time...]

GM: CHO- CAUGHT!

[...and sends his own arm right into the grasp of Donovan who holds tightly as he blocks the blow from connecting!]

BW: He caught the arm! He caught the arm of Ohara! Look at the strength!

[The Pensacola, Florida native uses the grip on the arm to fling Ohara into the turnbuckles before lumbering in after him to smash a knee into the ribcage.]

GM: Donovan goes downstairs with that heavy knee... and when you see Robert Donovan out here, it does make you think of his longtime rival Casey James who was put on the shelf back at SuperClash. It's been very quiet in getting news on the Blackheart's condition from anyone involved but-

[Donovan swings Ohara out of the corner by the hair before DRIVING a clothesline across the back of the neck, pitching him facefirst down on the canvas!]

GM: Goodness!

BW: It's like getting hit with a baseball bat in the back of the head!

[Donovan stands over the downed Ohara, shouting at him...]

"Get up, goldenboy! Show me what the future looks like!"

[...and as Ohara starts to stir off the mat, Donovan grabs a handful of hair to drag him the rest of the way to his feet...]

GM: Donovan tosses him back into the corner... big elbow...

[Donovan smashes a back elbow into the side of Ohara's jaw once... twice... three times before he pauses, leaning all his weight on the champion's torso.]

GM: Ohara's gotta find a way to get out from under Donovan. Donovan's just overwhelming him with his size and power right now.

[Stepping out, Donovan grabs Ohara by the wrist with one hand...]

GM: One-armed whip across and-

[...and as Ohara approaches the far corner, he leaps up to the second rope, springing off, twisting around...]

GM: CROSSBODY!

[...and ends up trapped in the massive arms of the seven footer!]

GM: CAUGHT!

[Donovan holds Ohara aloft for all to see...

...and then PLANTS him with a front powerslam!]

BW: GET THE MOP! WE GOT A CLEANUP ON AISLE FIVE!

[Donovan emphatically plants his palms in the chest of Ohara, snarling at the camera as the referee counts once... twice...]

GM: And Ohara slips out just in time to save the title!

BW: We're just a few minutes into this thing, Gordo, and the power of Robert Donovan has completely thrown Ohara off his game. This is the problem with the Open Challenge. You don't know what you're gonna get, Gump! In this case, you got a seven footer stronger than an elephant who can toss you around at will!

[Donovan slowly gets up off the mat, looking down on Ohara who rolls to a hip, cradling his lower back in pain...

...and he delivers the toe of his boot into Ohara's kidneys!]

GM: Ohh! Hard kick to the lower back as Donovan looks to do more damage to the back he just drove down into the canvas!

[The seven footer reaches down, dragging Ohara back to his feet again...

...and then shoves him towards the ropes where Ohara bounces chestfirst into them, staggering back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and BURIES a forearm shank in the lower back, causing Ohara to crumple down to his knees on the mat...]

GM: Absolutely brutal right there.

[Donovan shakes his head at the downed Ohara who tries to crawl away, reaching down to hook the back of his tights, yanking him right up to his feet and right into Donovan's powerful arms...]

GM: BELLY TO BACK!

[...but with a little too much oomph on the lift, Ohara is able to fully rotate over, landing on his feet behind Donovan...]

...where he immediately leaves his feet, striking out with a dropkick to the back of Donovan's knee, taking him down to one knee!]

GM: Ohh! Ohara took the leg out from under the big man!

[With Donovan down on a knee, Ohara swings around him, opening up once more...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and lands a trio of skin-blistering chops that has Donovan reeling but still kneeling...]

BW: He can't knock him down, Gordo!

GM: It's not for lack of trying though!

[Ohara winds up again, some frustration showing on his face...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Three more chops - each harder than the one before it...

BW: But he's still on a knee! Donovan refuses to go down!

[Ohara shakes his head in disbelief, backing away and ducking through the ropes to the apron...]

GM: And the Phoenix is rising now, rising all the way up the ropes...

[...and climbs the turnbuckles quickly, ending up on the top rope, arms over his head as the crowd cheers loudly...]

GM: ...and he's gonna fly!

[...and HURLS himself skyward, fully extending his right arm...]

GM: FLYING TOMAHAWK!

[...and SMASHES the overhead chop down between the eyes of Donovan who flops down onto his back, Ohara throwing himself across his massive torso, wrapping up a leg...]

GM: HE'S GOT ONE! HE'S GOT TWO! HE'S GOT-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: The powerful seven footer kicks out, shoving Ohara off him!

[Ohara scrambles to his feet, looking down at Donovan who has already rolled over onto all fours...]

GM: Donovan's trying to get back to his feet where all that size and all that strength can truly help him... Ohara is giving up over a foot of height in this one and just over 100 pounds. Badly outsized for one of the first times in his AWA career but he's starting to string some offense together... starting to use that speed and quickness to his advantage...

[As Donovan gets to his feet, Ohara swings around behind him...]

GM: Waistlock!

BW: No way. Absolutely no way.

GM: Ohara's deceptively strong but I don't know if he's THIS strong.

[Ohara grimaces as he tries to lift the 332 pounder off the mat but Donovan is holding his ground...]

...and then swings an elbow back, catching Ohara on the temple, breaking the waistlock with ease...]

GM: So much for that idea.

[And with Ohara reeling, Donovan throws himself into the ropes, bouncing off with momentum...]

GM: Donovan to the ropes this time, coming back and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUPERKICK!

[The kick catches Donovan FLUSH under the chin, halting him in his tracks and causing his eyelids to flutter...]

BW: He caught him good!

[Ohara steps back, taking aim again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A SECOND ONE! RIGHT ON THE BUTTON!

[Donovan stumbles back a few steps, his knees nearly buckling in the process...]

GM: Ohara's striking hard but he can't take him down yet!

[Ohara steps back, leaning down and slapping the mat with both hands, letting loose a triumphant roar...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUUUUUUPERRRRKIIIIIIICK!

[...and this one does the job, sending Donovan falling backwards, his right arm catching the top rope to prevent him from collapsing to the canvas!]

GM: Donovan caught himself on the ropes but Ohara's got him in trouble now! The National Champion needs to press the action and look for a way to finish off the big man!

[Moving in on Donovan, Ohara winds up...]

GM: Big overhead chop, right down between the eyes!

[Holding onto Donovan's hair, Ohara rocks and fires, throwing brutal karate thrusts into the head of Donovan over and over as the referee protests...]

GM: The referee is trying to get Ohara to let Donovan out of the ropes!

BW: And so much for good sportsmanship, Gordo - he won't back off!

[A few more thrusts land before Ohara backs away, raising his arms as the official warns him for the illegal attacks on the ropes...]

...but Ohara moves right back in!]

GM: Ohara's fired up, looking for a way to end this!

BW: Right now, it looks like he's just looking for a way to punish the big man!

[A few more thrusts connect before the official backs him off a second time, warning the Phoenix...]

GM: Ohara's temper might be getting the better of him here as it has in the past... he wants more of Donovan... he wants more of the big man...

[Ohara steps back in again, winding up...]

...but this time, Donovan is ready for him, swinging a right hand into the ribcage of the National Champion!]

GM: Ohh! Donovan caught him downstairs, right in the ribs... and a kneelift right there as well!

[And with Ohara doubled over, Donovan reaches out, wrapping his arms around the torso...]

GM: Wait, wait! We've seen this before! We've seen-

[...and the seven foot two inch Donovan wastes no time in hoisting Ohara into the air, flipping him over as he does...]

...and THROWS him down in a mighty ring-shaking powerbomb!]

GM: GUTWRENCH POWERBOMB! GUTWRENCH POWERBOMB!

BW: This is how he beat Nenshou for the title!

[Donovan collapses to his knees, throwing his massive body across Ohara's prone form!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: HE DID IT! HE DID IT! DONOVAN WON THE TITLE!

GM: Unbelievable! The first night of the Phoenix Rises Open Challenge has come to a shocking - and devastating for Jordan Ohara - conclusion! We've got a new National Champion in Robert Donovan!

[The referee is on his feet, pointing to the victorious Donovan as the crowd buzzes in shock at what they just witnessed...

...and as Donovan lumbers to his feet, that look of shock crosses the official's face as well.]

GM: Wait, wait, wait! We couldn't see it from our camera angle but... look! Look at the foot!

[The camera zooms in to show Ohara's foot clearly draped over the bottom rope.]

BW: His foot's on the rope but the referee didn't see it! The referee didn't know his foot was on the rope! Donovan's body was shielding it from his view, our view, half the building's view!

[But the fans at ringside on that side of the ring are clearly pointing out to the official. Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller grabs his head in disbelief, looking at the foot... then over to Donovan who has his hands raised over his head in victory...]

GM: What's he gonna do, Bucky?

BW: What CAN he do?! He counted the pin! Donovan's the new champion! Ohara rolled the dice and it came up snake eyes, daddy!

[Miller takes one more look...

...and then marches over to Donovan, jerking his arm down from the air.]

BW: What's he doing?!

[Miller points to the foot, showing Donovan who shouts "SO WHAT?!" Miller shakes his head, pointing to the foot again...]

GM: I think ol' Blue Shoes is... he's talking to Donovan and...

[Miller steps over to Rebecca Ortiz who nods while listening.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... referee Pete Miller says that Jordan Ohara's foot was ON THE ROPES during the three count...

[The crowd goes from shocked to buzzing at this development...]

RO: ...therefore he is RESTARTING the match!

[The fans ERUPT in a roar for the decision as Miller waves for the match to continue.]

GM: Good call! Good, gutsy call by the referee right there!

BW: Are you kidding me?! We all saw the three count! Who the heck even knows if Ohara had his foot on there during the pin or if he got it up there right AFTER the pin?! Who knows?! This is horrible! Robert Donovan just got robbed!

[Donovan seems to agree, angrily shouting at the official who is waving for the match to continue...]

GM: Donovan is beside himself and I can't blame him! He thought he was the new National Champion...

BW: So did I, so did you, so did everyone else... so did the damn referee!

GM: The match goes on! The referee has restarted it... and Donovan's REALLY hot now!

[The furious challenger stomps over towards the downed Ohara, grabbing him by the hair, pulling him off the mat...

...and gets plucked into the tightest of small packages imaginable as the referee dives to the mat!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: Oh, I can't believe this one!

[Ohara lets loose of the cradle as Donovan sits up, fire in his eyes as he shouts something that mercifully is muted by our seven second button man but lip readers definitely got an eyeful.]

GM: Ohara wins! Ohara retains the title!

BW: This is a travesty, Gordo! Donovan just got robbed by an official who ignored the rulebook and took the rules into his own hands right there! This match should've been over a minute ago and Robert Donovan should be celebrating his biggest victory in YEARS!

GM: This is definitely going to go down as a controversial ending in this one but Jordan Ohara survives his first Phoenix Rises Open Challenge and he retains the title here at Super Saturday!

[Out on the floor, a grateful Ohara takes the title belt, clutching it to his chest as Donovan rises in the ring, shouting angrily at the official who bails out to the floor as well.]

BW: Donovan is HOT, Gordo! He looks like he might take out the whole building right now!

GM: It's hard to blame him for being upset but the facts are the facts and-

BW: Get this replay up right now... I want to see this...

[As Donovan berates the official, we spiral wipe to a slow motion replay where we see Robert Donovan lifting Ohara into the air...]

BW: Alright... so Donovan got him up, flips him over, drives him down with the gutwrench powerbomb... the same move he beat Nenshou with to win the Longhorn Heritage Title back in 2011. The referee's down...

GM: Get that other angle up.

BW: We've got one... we've got two...

[And as we cut to the other angle that Gordon requests, we see Ohara's foot on the ropes well before the three count comes down.]

GM: Look! There it is... there it was, Bucky... his foot on the rope as clear as day...

BW: Well, okay... maybe. But the referee didn't see it! He's got no business overturning it if he doesn't see it!

GM: It certainly was a controversial case of referee's discretion as we said before...

[We cut to Donovan looking to pull Ohara up to his feet...]

GM: ...and this is right after the restart. Donovan pulling Ohara up... and Ohara pulls him down...

BW: Probably had the tights or something.

GM: ...clean as a whistle for the one... two... and there's the three. Jordan Ohara is your winner and STILL your National Champion!

[Cut back to live action where Ohara is backing down the ramp, holding the title over his head as Donovan glares at him from inside the ring...]

GM: The second hour of Super Saturday was a hot one, fans... but stay tuned because we've got one more hour to go featuring the likes of Shadoc Rage in action... Travis Lynch taking on Max Magnum, that's gonna be a wild one... and our big invitational tag team gauntlet for the final spot in the Women's World Tag Team Title tournament! Don't you dare go away - we'll be right back!

BW: Miscarriage of justice! All the way!

[And with Ohara grinning at the cheering crowd, 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 then back up to what appears to be a very thick forest.

Cut to a closeup of a very intimidating looking spider.

Then to a snake slithering across a rock.

A voice begins - a heavy Australian accent affecting it.]

"Out here in the Outback is a dangerous place..."

[Cut to a shot of a nasty middle claw of a cassowary.]

"A place where every single moment, your body is in danger."

[To a shot of a crocodile with its teeth-filled mouth opened wide.]

"A place where only the strong survive."

[To a shot of a thick bit of brush, shaking and shuffling madly...

...when suddenly two men in dressed in camouflage tanktops and leather hats burst from the greenery into view. The first to speak is a young, tall blonde man with a thick beard and mustache.]

"Oi, I'm Mac..."

[The other goes next - possibly familiar to long-time AWA fans - as he stands with brown hair and a big grin.]

"...and I'm Zack!"

[They smash forearms together and speak in unison.]

M/Z: And we're the Outbackers!

[Zack points at the camera.]

Z: And the only place I know that's more dangerous than here in the bush of Australia... is inside the ring of the American Wrestling Alliance! The last time I took a walkabout around America with the AWA, I didn't stand a Buckley's Chance... but with my ol' cobber Mac by my side this time, it's time to bring a little ol' Australian toughness to the AWA!

M: And it's about bloody time, mate!

Z: We'll see ya soon!

[They slowly sink back into the greenery as a graphic comes up that reads "THE OUTBACKERS. COMING SOON TO THE AWA." And we fade to...

...live action backstage at the AWA interview area where Mariah Wolfe is standing by with Jordan Ohara who is fresh off his first successful defense of the National Title in his Phoenix Rises Open Challenge. The Phoenix is tired and sweaty but there is a fire in his eyes and the National Title is cinched firmly around his waist.]

MW: We are back live on Super Saturday... and Jordan, I know you must be tired and sore after that battle with Robert Donovan so thank you for agreeing to speak with me after such a grueling match.

JO: (looking back and off camera) Yeah, Robert Donovan is a big strong man and as tough as they come. He put my body through Hell out there tonight, Ms. Wolfe, and I loved it.

[Mariah looks surprised at the declaration.]

MW: You loved it?

[Ohara nods with a grin.]

JO: I loved it. He is exactly the kind of challenger I'm looking for in these Open Challenges... he was bigger, stronger and more experienced. He forced me to dig deep to successfully defend my title and I appreciate that.

[Wolfe nods.]

MW: Well, that win was certainly not without its controversy. I'm sure you haven't seen it yet but the Twittersverse is blowing up about the "three count that wasn't." There are even some going so far as to say that perhaps Robert Donovan is the rightful champion right now. What do you have to say to that?

[The champion slaps the belt around his waist.]

JO: Well, what I have to say is-

[A voice calls out from off-camera.]

"Yeah, it's a damn shame that plucky rookie Robert Donovan didn't get his first shot at the big time tonight."

[Ohara looks puzzled at this interruption as Sid Osborne walks into view. He rubs his chin as he continues.]

SO: It's pretty funny, everyone here keeps talking about 2018. How it's a clean slate, how it's the time for the future of the sport to take the spotlight. How Zharkov is going to be a breath of fresh air after Castillo.

[Osborne shakes his head.]

SO: But what happens? The National Champion says he wants to stake his claim as the best the title's ever seen.

Not long later, a former champ and an undefeated monster both step up to the plate to take a swing at the belt.

So the time comes for the big title defense and we get... Robert Donovan?

[Osborne scratches his head.]

SO: A locker room full of hungry young lions, and THAT'S who gets the shot? In case you needed a reminder, Phoenix...

[Osborne points at himself, and then to Ohara.]

SO: Those young lions include me and you. Not some guy who had his best days decades ago. Not some guy who gets it because of his last name and the fact that his best friend owns this place.

[Ohara shakes his head, waving a hand.]

JO: Now wait a minute... Robert Donovan is a legit challenger. Seven foot two... three hundred thirty two pounds. He isn't some pushover. I know because I just wrestled the man. He put on a performance. He gave me a run for my money. And if he hadn't hit that powerbomb close enough that I got a foot on the ropes, he might be standing here the new champion right now instead of me.

[Osborne smirks.]

SO: Well... that says a hell of a lot more about you than him.

[Ohara bristles at that comment.]

JO: I assume you're here for a reason?

[Osborne nods.]

SO: You're the champ. That carries along with it a lot of stroke. And as the guy with that around your waist...

[Osborne gestures towards the National Championship belt.]

SO: Us young lions are counting on you to stand up for all of us. To make a stand and say that now is the time for the future, and not the past.

[A beat... as Ohara silently considers this.]

SO: And along those lines, if you're really serious about being the best ever...

[Osborne takes a step forward, extending his hand for a shake.]

SO: ...then you'll face me in two weeks with that strap on the line. And we make a statement not just for us, but for the future.

[Ohara pauses, giving Osborne an appraising look.]

JO: They liked to call me a line jumper. They liked to say I'm arrogant.

But they never could say that I was a coward.

[Osborne grins.]

JO: In two weeks, you want to see if you can beat the Phoenix? Run it!

[Ohara slaps his hand aggressively against Sid Osborne's. The two young lions shake vigorously never breaking eye contact.]

MW: You heard it here first, fans! Jordan Ohara puts the National Title on the line in two weeks' time against Sid Osborne and I can't wait to see that one! How do ya like that scoop, Sweet Lou?

[Wolfe flashes a smirk at the camera as we fade from backstage back to the interior of the Target Center with the crowd cheering, waving their arms and homemade signs, eager to get on camera for their friends and family at home to see.]

GM: Ohara versus Osborne for the National Title two weeks from tonight in Milwaukee and I can't wait to see that one either, Mariah. It's been an exciting night of action here in Minneapolis for Super Saturday, fans... and while the big game may be going down tomorrow, we've had plenty of big action here tonight with more still to come including that big gauntlet match, Lynch versus Magnum, and much more... and don't forget about the big one, the announcement of Juan Vasquez' future in the world of professional wrestling.

BW: You and I haven't talked about it much off-air, Gordo... what are your thoughts on that? What should he do?

GM: I think...

[Gordon pauses for a moment.]

GM: I think he should do what feels right for him. It's a difficult question to answer, Bucky. If you'd asked me a few months ago, I would've hoped for him to retire and leave us all in peace after all the chaos and heartbreak he caused over the past couple of years with the Axis and then with Korugun... but in WarGames, we got a hint of the man who helped build this company.

BW: Your hero.

GM: We've joked about that a lot over the years... but yes... at a time when the AWA was facing an onslaught of evil, Juan Vasquez stepped up and answered the call. Juan Vasquez was the hero we needed at a time we needed him most... and then turned into the villain that nearly brought the whole thing down around us. Were there extenuating circumstances? If you believe in... certain superstitions and-

BW: You still don't believe in the power of the Eye?

GM: I... I don't know, Bucky. And that's also part of what makes all of this so hard. Juan Vasquez says he wasn't in control to do some of the things he did over the past couple of years and... if that's true, it certainly adds some context to the situation but...

[Gordon sighs.]

GM: I just don't know. But I know the man... or at least I think I do... did. And I think-

[Without warning, the crowd breaks into a frenetic buzz that seems to only get louder by the moment. Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde both have puzzled looks on their faces as they look around...

...and then our camera shot cuts to the aisleway where we see the well-dressed but quite emotional-looking Hall of Fame manager Brian Lau stomping angrily down the ramp towards the ring.]

GM: Hold on a second now... this was not on our formats for tonight but that's Brian Lau making his way down the ring.

BW: What the heck is he doing here?

GM: I have no idea. The only manager in the Hall of Fame has guided the careers of a virtual who's who of this industry at one time or another - everyone from Casey James and Tiger Claw to Serge Annis to Brody Thunder to Johnny Detson, Brian James... the list goes on. We saw him at the Golden Grapples recently but-

[Lau reaches ringside, snatching up a microphone before climbing into the ring where the buzzing crowd gets even louder. Lau taps the mic a few times before settling in.]

BW: I think we're about to find out why he's here, Gordo.

GM: I believe you're right.

[Lau pauses a moment, shaking his head...]

BL: Tiger Claw!

[The crowd gets louder as they realize the reason for Lau's mental state.]

BL: Tiger Claw, my old friend... they tell me you've already left the building tonight but I know someone will stooge this off to you so... buddy... pal... listen closely.

I want answers!

[Lau nods his head emphatically.]

BL: I want answers about why you did what you did to Casey at SuperClash. I want answers about why you did what you to Brian here tonight.

And since you've obviously decided over the past few months that taking my phone calls wasn't worth your time, I'm gonna get these answers publicly!

[The crowd cheers that idea as Lau nods again.]

BL: Two weeks from tonight, the AWA rolls into the Bradley Center in Milwaukee... and since I've gotten a hint of your plans for your AWA future from some sources, I've got a pretty good feeling you're going to roll in there right alongside the rest of the locker room.

I just want you to know, Claw... I'll be there too.

[Another cheer goes up.]

BL: And when I get there, I'm coming straight to this ring... and I'm calling... you... out!

[Lau angrily tosses the mic aside as the crowd surprisingly cheers even louder. The esteemed manager steps from the ring as a quick-witted sound guy pops on "Who's The King?" by Dog Eat Dog and Lau pops his collar at hearing his old entrance music, striding up the aisle...

...and we cut back to a shocked Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Out of nowhere, Brian Lau has made his presence known here tonight at Super Saturday and he says in two weeks time in Milwaukee, he's going to... call out Tiger Claw?!

BW: That doesn't seem like the best of plans for someone's physical health.

GM: I have to agree with you there. Lau and Claw have been allies for the better part of two decades but...

BW: But so were Casey James and Claw.

GM: Exactly. Well, I'm sure Tiger Claw will be informed of this as Lau said and that confrontation should be a very interesting one coming up in a couple of weeks' time. Speaking of coming up, we're just about set for more in-ring action here on Super Saturday with the savior of the AWA, Shadoe Rage! Rebecca, take it away!

[We fade up to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing, a grin on her face.]

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... from Minneapolis, Minnesota... already in the ring weighing 230 pounds... KIRK JONES!

[Jones is a bald African-American. He makes mad faces at the camera. Jones is notable for his wall eye. Otherwise his gear and appearance is pretty nondescript.]

RO: And his opponent...

[The house lights go down and the entrance ramp starts to fill with smoke. The crowd rumbles in confusion as the harsh, weary and unrelenting bass and guitar of Jon Spencer Blues Explosion's "Greyhound Part 2" blare through the Target Center.]

GM: What is this? I don't recognise this music at all!

BW: It's the first show after SuperClash, Gordo. You know everything is always up in the air.

[As the entranceway is totally filled with smoke a cloaked figure emerges at the top of the ramp. The figure is completely obscured. Behind the figure, the video wall lights up with a name in gold and fuchsia bolts of energy: SHADOE RAGE.]

RO: From Halifax, Nova Scotia... weighing 240 pounds...

He is SENNNNNNSAAAAATIONALLLL...

...SHAAAAAAAAADOOOOOOOOOOOE RAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[The crowd loses it with cheers as Rage steps through the wall of smoke. He is wrapped in a monk's cloth serape and his dreadlocks are tied up in a high bun held back by a headband. Rage stares down at his gold-booted feet before he raises his head and points high to the sky towards the fans who cheer for him.]

GM: I can't believe I'm hearing this reaction. Bucky, could you ever imagine a day when the crowd would be this accepting of Shadoe Rage?

BW: No one can ever tell what is going through this guy's mind. He's been one of the most dangerous and unpredictable opponents in the AWA. He helped cost Ryan Martinez the World Television title. He tried to kill Donnie White on a scaffold. He engaged in a blood feud with his own brother where they blew each other up. He tried to emasculate Blackjack Lynch, hallelujah for that! Hell, he stowed away on a flight from Mexico! And just when we thought he couldn't get any wilder... he came full circle and teamed with Ryan Martinez and Team AWA to save the company! So these fans cheering him is pretty crazy but that's right on brand!

[As his new theme blares, the world weary warrior marches down towards the ring.]

GM: A former World Television Champion - in fact, he is the longest reigning World Television Champion of all time... a former Tag Team Champion in other companies... many believe that someday he'll find himself in the Hall of Fame as well... but he says he's not done quite yet, Bucky.

BW: His mind might not be but his body has taken a serious pounding over the last few years and all those brutal wars earlier in his career in places like Los Angeles and Portland may be catching up with him. He says his knees are good to go but we both know that can't be true. Not after the abuse he put them through late last year.

[Rage steps through the ring ropes, shrugging off the scrape to reveal his fuchsia tights and matching knee pads, black sleeve and single black glove on his right hand as he gives a nod to the official who wheels around and signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And we're underway... Shadoe Rage against local talent Kirk Jones.

BW: We've seen Rage change his attitude and the fans have changed their attitude towards him. I wonder if he's changed anything about his ring style

[Rage and Jones lock up center of the ring as they jockey for position. They grunt and strain as Rage suddenly shifts his footwork, tossing Jones to the mat with a hip lock.]

GM: Nice hip toss takeover by Rage and...

[Jones scrambles off the mat as Rage rushes towards him, leaping up, hooking him around the neck with a clothesline and dragging him down to the mat with it!]

GM: ...BULLDOG LARIAT TO FOLLOW!

BW: Quick offense. Erratic gameplan. Nah, I'd say this is the Shadoe Rage of old inside the ring.

GM: Rage out of the blocks quickly. I don't think Jones was prepared for Rage's speed, quickness and agility. He's highly underrated in those categories+

BW: Rage has speed and agility in spades. And it looks like he's at the lightest weight of his career at 240 pounds. That will certainly take some pressure off his knees and maybe even make him faster than before.

[Proving Bucky's point, Rage is on his feet in the blink of an eye, pausing over the supine Jones before he drops an elbow onto Jones' chest.]

GM: Big elbowdrop - one of the signature weapons of the former TV Champion right there...

[Rage surges up, dropping a second elbow into the sternum...]

GM: Make it two!

BW: Or...?

[Rage is up to drop a third... and a fourth, the crowd counting along now.]

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

[Rage gets to his feet, twirling his arm around as the crowd cheers him on. He points skyward before leaping high...]

"TEN!"

[...and PLANTS a knee down across the battered sternum!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What a flurry of offense from Shadoe Rage!

BW: Now he's standing there, posing over this kid and the crowd is actually cheering for it!

[To the shock of many long-time AWA fans, the Minneapolis crowd is roaring for Rage as he does a pirouette in the center of the ring, pointing out at the crowd as referee Koji Sakai checks on Jones, asking if he wants to continue.]

GM: Sakai making sure can go on.

BW: Can he? Probably. Does he want to at this point? Of course not!

[Rage bellows at Sakai to clear out as he slips through the ropes, heading to the top rope, scaling the ropes in two quick steps. The crowd gets louder as he balances, pulling himself to full height, raising both index fingers to the sky...]

BW: Stay down, Jones! Just tell 'em you pulled something!

[It's too bad that Jones can't really hear Bucky. Because he does stagger to his feet, clutching his chest. Jones scans the ring, looking for Rage. He can't find him until he looks up at the top rope too late to duck as 240 pounds of fury drops on him from above, smashing a double axehandle across the crown of his skull!]

GM: My goodness gracious! What a headshot!

BW: When Shadoe Rage comes off the top like that, he just doesn't miss! Jones is on Dream Street - and I'm not surprised in the least. We all recall last fall when Shadoe Rage knocked out Torin the Titan with that double axehandle off the top. What would the impact do to a normal athlete like Jones?

GM: Well, it may have had the same result since Jones sure isn't moving after that one.

[But Rage is slow to move as well, still down, grabbing at a knee as he tries to get up off the mat.]

GM: Shadoe Rage seems to have hurt himself there. Perhaps those knees - as you mentioned, Bucky - aren't quite as good as Rage has let on in recent weeks. At one point, surgery was discussed but Rage opted against it and you have to wonder if that was the right decision.

BW: It may not be the right decision, Gordo... but it might be the only decision.

GM: What do you mean?

BW: I mean that Shadoe Rage is no spring chicken. He's gonna turn 44 years old later this year and that's a tough gig for ANY pro wrestler - let alone someone who works the style that he does. And a surgery at 44? That's months of downtime recovering... plus rehab... and who knows how much time he's actually got left in there. Why waste it on the sidelines unless you absolutely have to?

[With a grimace, Rage pushes himself to his feet.]

GM: With bad wheels, dropping ten feet out of the air on a nightly basis might not be the best strategy, Bucky.

BW: No one ever accused Shadoe Rage of making the best decisions.

[With Rage on his feet and Jones still prone on the mat, Rage gives a nod, signaling to the fans as he points to the corner again...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me! He's going up again?!

BW: This man has no regard for human life! Including his own! This lunatic will jump off anything!

[Rage moves a little slower this time as he approaches the corner, hauling himself to the top rope in four steps this time. With an anxious loo on his face, he pulls himself to full height, steadying himself with a nerve-wracking sway...]

GM: Whooooa... careful there...

BW: Some people just don't understand how dangerous it is up there. Anything can go wrong and if you fall off it's a long way down.

[With Rage's target in sight, he takes a deep breath as he throws his head back and lets out a guttural roar. He throws himself high into the air and a sea of flashes go off as Rage hits the peak of his leap and drops down, elbow extended to crash into Jones' chest with the Angel of Death Drop. The impact against the mat sounds like an explosion and the crowd goes wild!]

GM: ANGEL OF DEATH! THE ELBOW OFF THE TOP!

[Rage wraps up the legs, a grimace on his face again.]

GM: He's got one! There's two! And that's three!

"DING! DING! DING!"

["Greyhound Part 2" blares as Rage struggles to his feet.]

RO: Here is your winner... SHAAAAADOOOOOOOE RAAAAAAGE!

[Rage nods at the cheering crowd, waving a hand at Rebecca Ortiz, requesting she hand over the house mic.]

GM: Looks like the former TV champion has something to say and is going to address this crowd here in Minneapolis.

[Receiving the mic, Rage gives it a rap with his knuckles as a sound check before raising it up...]

SR: Minneapolis, Minnesota... LET'S GO CRAZY!

[The crowd cheers the Prince reference!]

SR: LET'S GET NUTS! 2018 and Shadoc Rage stands here a new man! And damn it feels good! It feels good to me! Does it feel good to you?

[The crowd roars in the affirmative as Rage gives a nod and a smile.]

SR: Thank you, fans! You really made my day!

[The crowd cheers again.]

SR: We're in the twilight zone... Shadoc Rage helped save the AWA!

[There's a really loud roar for that one as Rage soaks it all in, nodding his head.]

SR: Shadoc Rage helped save the AWA! Shadoc Rage stood side by side with Ryan Martinez. You can't tell me you ever saw that coming.

[Rage grins as a ripple of laughter goes over the crowd.]

SR: I didn't either but it felt really really good! A lot better than my knees feel right now.

[He grimaces, shaking out his knee a little.]

SR: And a lot of people wonder why I did it. Why not sell out to Korugun?

[The crowd jeers the idea of that and what that decision might have cost the AWA if it had happened.]

SR: Why not? Because I may be insane but I'm not crazy!

[Another cheer goes up!]

SR: Castillo and crew were always bad for business and they were always going to be bad for business. They had to go! They had to go! They had to go! So when I saw my chance, I took it. It didn't matter how much it hurt... it didn't matter how weird it felt. I had to stand by my brothers... the wrestlers who make this sport what it is! Not an ego in a suit that thinks he's bigger than boy ... bigger than the business!

[Rage waves a hand.]

SR: But that's last year's news... it's a brand new year, a brand new day and...

[Rage points up at the rafters.]

SR: I've been thinkin'... see, there used to be a banner of me hanging up there for one whole year... the AWA's World Television Champion!

But now I look up and I don't see anything.

[Rage taps his temple.]

SR: And I think it's time that changed.

It's time Shadoe Rage celebrates his AWA career with one more title run! How does that sound?

[The Minneapolis fans cheer the idea of that.]

SR: I don't care if I gotta chop down Odin Gunn, cut the wings out from under Jordan Ohara or reacquaint myself with Supernova. I don't care if I have to get a partner and take down Next Gen!

2018 is my year!

And right here right now, I declare that I will wear gold... for me... for my family... for you!

[Another big cheer of support!]

SR: And when I win, Minneapolis, I'm coming right back here in a little red corvette and we're gonna party like it's 1999!

SHOUT OUT TO THE LEGEND OF PRINCE ROGERS NELSON! SHOUT OUT TO THE PEOPLE OF MINNESOTA! SHADOE RAGE WILL BE A CHAMPION IN 2018!

[The wild-as-always Rage spikes the mic, throwing an arm up into the air as the fans cheer!]

GM: Well, how about that, Bucky? You and Shadoe Rage have something in common there as you're both big fans of Prince.

BW: That and a need to breathe oxygen might be the ONLY things I have in common with that guy, Gordo.

[Gordon chuckles as we fade backstage where we find Mark Stegglet standing alongside Travis Lynch who is dressed for action.]

MS: Shadoe Rage may be on the hunt for gold in 2018 but he's not alone in that as the man standing by my side, Travis Lynch, made it quite clear earlier tonight that he's looking to regain the National Title. But Travis, your road to the gold just got a whole lot bumpier as tonight you will take on the undefeated Alpha Beast, Max Magnum!

[Travis solemnly nods.]

TL: Mark, from the day you start trainin' for the ring, it's drivin' into your head - always bring your gear 'cause you never know when you'll get a match.

[Travis gestures to himself.]

TL: I knew I didn't have a match tonight but I brought my gear because as a pro wrestler, I'm always ready for a match... and as a Lynch, I'm always ready for a

fight! And tonight, that's what I'm gonna get 'cause to get to the top - to get back to MY title - I gotta go through a man that ain't nobody's been able to get through before. Nobody's pinned the man. Nobody's made him submit. Hell, half the locker room don't even know if he IS a man, Mark.

[The former National Champion raises a finger.]

TL: But I know he is. Max Magnum ain't a monster. He damn sure ain't a god. He ain't a machine neither. He's a man. And if he's a man, that means he can be hurt. If he's a man, that means he can bleed! And if he can be hurt... and if he can bleed... that means he can be beat!

So tonight, I'm gettin' inside that ring to make him hurt... to make him bleed... and to hang the "and one" on the end of his record.

[A soft clapping is heard from off-camera. Travis pauses, a puzzled look on his face... that quickly turns to an annoyed look as Veronica Westerly trailed by James Lynch step onto the scene. Westerly is the one leading the applause but James is participating, a big grin on his face.]

JL: Big talk, little brother.

[Travis shakes his head.]

TL: You and I ain't got a thing to discuss, Jimmy. I told you over Christmas... just like Jack did... I don't want a thing to do with ya until you apologize to Mom and Dad. What you did to Jack? That was bad enough. But what you did to them... that ain't something I can overlook until you make it right.

[James spreads his arms in a conciliatory gesture.]

JL: You got it all wrong, Travis... 'cause that's exactly what I'm here to do. Make it right.

[Travis looks puzzled.]

JL: I'm here to make it right... not to the old man and Mom... definitely not to Jack... but to you. You got caught up in the whole thing and that wasn't right... but I can make it right... right here... tonight.

[Travis arches an eyebrow.]

TL: What the heck are you talkin' about?

[James gestures to Veronica who steps closer.]

VW: He's talking about me, Travis. Our new Interim President has done you dirty, my friend. He's put you in a match that every single person would look at on paper and say it's unwinnable for you. You will not hurt Max Magnum. You will not make him bleed. And you will not beat him...

[She smirks a devilish grin.]

VW: ...or will you?

Travis, I did many duties on behalf of Korugun last year but one that not many people know about is that I was put in charge of a very special project. You see, that company's representative here... Javier Castillo... was a very paranoid man. He saw things lurking in every shadow and he saw traitors in every face.

My job was to be prepared for that. To find and develop the ultimate gameplan... the plan to defeat any and all who would dare oppose him.

[James interrupts.]

JL: Even me?

[Westerly grins.]

VW: Even you.

[Westerly pauses.]

VW: In other words, dear Travis... I have the gameplan that will defeat Max Magnum.

[Travis looks startled by this as does Mark Stegglet. But James is simply grinning.]

JL: Trav, you're my brother... my blood... my family... and just because I need the world to understand who Jack is... who our father is... it doesn't mean that has to be a problem for the two of us.

I lead this family now... but I can take you with me.

[James extends his arms again, offering an embrace to his brother who looks at Veronica... then at James...

...and then shakes his head emphatically.]

TL: No. Hell no, Jimmy. We may be blood... we may be family... but until you make things right with our parents, I want nothin' to do with you...

[He glares at Veronica.]

TL: ...and I damn sure want nothin' to do with her.

Now, I got a match to win.

[Travis storms out of view, leaving Veronica and James Lynch behind.]

JL: I was afraid of this.

[Veronica's gaze stays on the departing Travis.]

VW: As my husband might say... "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us."

[She turns to look at James.]

VW: The truth is not in your brother, James, because he believes himself to be better than you. He thinks he is above you.

[James turns, staring off into the distance with a burning intensity.]

JL: No one is above me.

[Veronica grins wickedly, nodding her head as James continues to stare away...

...and we fade to black.

And fade back up as the quintessential American family of four walks up and down the snack aisle of Anyplace grocery store in Anytown USA. The father wears khaki dockers and a golf shirt that would make him look like a State Farm agent if it weren't navy. The wife is in jeans and a quilted jacket. Her curly hair drops a little bit. The kids, a daughter and a son, trudge along behind them, seemingly on the verge of a meltdown tantrum. The mother searches the snack aisles, picking up chips, candies, candy bars. She sighs in exasperation.]

M: Kids, I know you're hungry. But none of this stuff is right. It so bland. It isn-

[Suddenly, the racks of candies fly apart and Shadoe Rage bursts onto the scene dressed in fuchsia and gold. He holds up two handful of jerky sticks.]

SR: Wanna feel Sensational? Tired of bland cured meats? Tear into Mr. Berkeley's Turkey Jerky!

[Rage tears a chunk of jerky from the pack in his hand. The sound reverberates through the screen. The family is suddenly transformed and energized into hip looking versions of themselves.]

SR: The signature herbs and spices! The smoky flavor! The lean turkey jerky! It's the perfect snack!

[Rage hands out the packs of jerky.]

SR: Ohhhh man, that's good. When I get my hands on Mr. Berkeley's Turkey Jerky, I feel SENSATIONAL!

[Rage tears into another bite along with the family. Everybody seems even more amped as Rage turns towards the camera.]

SR: And so will you.

So will you!

SO WILL YOU!

TEAR INTO IT!

MR. BERKELEY'S TURKEY JERKY... IT'S SENSATIONAL!

[Rage savages the remaining piece of jerky before he stares straight into the camera, smiling as we fade to black...

...and we fade up to pre-recorded footage from the Shinjuku ward of Tokyo, Japan on a sunny February morning, with thousands of people walking through the scene. We are near the Kabukicho Ichiban-gai gate, the entrance to the Kabukicho district. We see young men in Mifune-gun tracksuits clearing an area near the gate, a hurried expression on their faces. They speak in hushed, nervous Japanese as they are soon greeted by a fantasy.

Paris Crawford approaches them, wearing a grey faux fur coat with neon yellow and black leopard spots, the length of which falls to their knees, worn closed and wrapped on this chilly day to keep them warm. They have long black hair worn loosely past their shoulders, and their lips are painted a ruby red. Their eyes are covered with sunglasses, and they are surrounded by more Mifune-gun trainees, preventing people from reaching out to the member of the Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad and Mifune-gun. Paris removes their sunglasses, revealing that their eyes are a crystal blue, and a smile crosses their lips as they look at the camera.]

PC: Bonjour à tous, adorables amis. You have missed me, oui? I have not been present since SuperClash IX. Missed the Golden Grapples... quel dommage.

[Paris shakes their head.]

PC: Please accept my sincere apologies for missing such a wonderful occasion, but unfortunately I had previously scheduled matters in which to attend. The curse of being in demand, you see, is that my schedule book is quite full. Pre-arranged appearances, gatherings...

[Paris sighs.]

PC: Such a life. And what good am I if I do not fulfill my obligations? Je ne serais utile à personne. It is why Cain Jackson and AJ Martinez put such trust in me...

[A small smile returns to Paris' face.]

PC: ... when I make a commitment, they know I fulfill it. This is why I send this message to you, AWA fans. You send me messages, telling me you are intrigued by me. Telling me that you wish to see more. Telling me, please do not let SuperClash be a limited engagement.

[Paris firmly nods their head.]

PC: And I shall not let you down. I shall come back to the AWA, back to the side of Cain Jackson and AJ Martinez, faithfully beside them in combat as needed. Je serai le fantôme de millions de personnes, si elles le souhaitent.

[Paris holds up but one dainty index finger.]

PC: But only when my business is concluded here, in Japan. Please wait for me. I know it hurts your heart, but it shall only be a couple of weeks.

[Paris grins, putting their sunglasses back on.]

PC: I promise you... je mérite d'être attendu. Boys?

[Paris motions off-camera, as the Mifune-gun trainees guide them out of frame, shouting at passersby to avert their gaze. We fade through black...

...and end up backstage in the Target Center where we find Mark Stegglet standing near the Chimpanzee Position in a shot marked "MOMENTS AGO." The camera is on Stegglet but he doesn't appear to be looking at it.]

MS: So, we're going to set up right here... make sure you white balance before we...

[Stegglet looks off to the side and spots Interim President Zharkov looking on, eyeballing the television monitor as he speaks with Adam Rogers and Tommy Fierro.]

MS: Heckuva show so far, Mr. President.

[Zharkov looks up at Stegglet, a little bit of stress evident on his face as he steers his inaugural show towards the finish line. He gives a little wave before a voice calls out.]

"Hey hey hey... yo yo yo, my man!"

[A young figure comes pushing through the crowd towards him, ignoring the conversation that the newly-minted executive finds himself in. It's Odysseus Allah.

The brash young wrestler is dressed in a white track suit as he shoves his way through the camera crews and backstage personnel. He waves and shouts at the Interim President who has yet to acknowledge his presence.]

OA: Yo Zharkov, lemme get a minute right quick.

[The mock turtlenecked Interim President stiffens at the casual use of his name. He slowly turns to face Allah, his eyes piercing the young wrestler and slowing him in his tracks.]

MZ: I take it you are addressing me as the Interim President of the AWA and not as the man who boasted a two year winning streak in the AWA

[Allah frowns. He rubs his temples and breathes slowly, waving a dismissive hand in the executive's direction.]

OA: Okay, whatever, Interim Prez Zharkov. I'm not on the card! What's up with that?

[Zharkov eyeballs Allah for a moment, the hint of a smile on his face.]

MZ: And you are?

[Allah's jaw drops a bit.]

OA: You kiddin' right? I'm Odysseus Allah! I won the Battle Royal at SuperClash!

[Zharkov appraises Allah again for a few moments before giving a slight nod of recognition. He studies the clipboard in his hand a moment before peeking over the edge to peer at Allah.]

[Zharkov shrugs non-committally. He studies his clipboard before peaking over the edge of the board to peer at Allah.]

MZ: It is a full show. I shall slot your first match on Power Hour.

[Allah explodes with a hard wild throw of his arms.]

OA: Oh Hell naw, I ain't debutin' on no Power Hour. No B-show. I'm a A show performer and you know it. You'd be crazy not to give me a match tonight.

[Zharkov gives himself a long moment before he responds with an eerie calm.]

MZ: "Crazy"? Perhaps. Your choice is Power Hour or fourteen days from now in Milwaukee. But tonight... no. S vashego pozvoleniya...

[Zharkov turns his back on Allah. Allah's eyes bulge at the disrespect.]

OA: Yo God, you just gonna dismiss me like that?

[Zharkov responds without turning.]

MZ: (over his shoulder) What manner would you prefer I dismiss you?

[Allah draws a deep breath. He chews his lip as he considers his next move carefully.]

OA: All right, bet. But you're gonna regret this... "Interim" president.

[Allah storms off, muttering as the cameras follow him.]

OA: (shouting back over his shoulder) I'm tired of you old cripples wrestlers jamming me up. Trust me, the A star is right here and you're gonna be begging me to be on your show.

[Allah is still running his mouth when he runs smack into Shadoo Rage who is coming back from the ring. Rage is still dressed in his ring gear and smiles gleefully as he sees the young Allah.]

SR: Odysseus, just who I wanted to see.

[Odysseus Allah very deliberately looks away, kissing his teeth long and loud.]

SR: Kid, I've been trying to get a hold of you.

[Allah forces himself to look into Rage's eyes.]

OA: And?

[Rage shakes his head in confusion at the kid's attitude.]

SR: I'm trying to look out for you, kid. What's up with the attitude, man?

[Allah waves a dismissive hand.]

OA: Whatever. Look out for yourself, old man. Get out my way.

[Rage puts a hand on Allah's shoulder. Allah swipes the hand away.]

OA: Leave me alone, old man. Go handle your biz. I'll handle my own.

[And with that, Allah storms off, leaving a puzzled Rage behind...

...and we fade from the pre-recorded footage out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit!
Introducing first...

[Ortiz lowers the mic, waiting a moment...

...and as Rush's classic "Tom Sawyer" comes ripping over the PA system to a huge cheer from the Minneapolis crowd!]

RO: ...from Dallas, Texas... weighing in at 252 pounds... he is the longest reigning National Champion in AWA history...

...the Texas Heartthrob...

...TRAAAAAAVISSSSSSS LYNNNNNNNNNCH!

[The crowd gets louder as Lynch emerges into view, dressed as we saw him in his pre-match interview earlier. Lynch is all smiles at the AWA faithful's reaction, making his way alongside the barricade to slap as many hands and accept as many hugs and kisses on the cheek as offered.]

GM: Here he comes, the Texas Heartthrob himself, Travis Lynch... and earlier tonight, we saw Travis approach Maxim Zharkov - our new Interim AWA President - and request a shot at Jordan Ohara and the National Title, a goal that Lynch has set

for himself here in 2018... and despite his victory at SuperClash, Zharkov declared that Lynch isn't a top contender for the gold.

BW: He didn't make that decision, Gordo - the Championship Committee did. You heard Zharkov say it earlier tonight - the Committee wants to put a brand new emphasis on the rankings of title contenders and when I look at that list, I see names like Hunter, Carver, and Rage... I even see the man who will get a shot at the title two weeks from tonight in Milwaukee, Sid Osborne. But Travis Lynch - he ain't nowhere to be seen, daddy.

GM: Well, that may be true right now but if Travis Lynch can do the unthinkable and end the undefeated streak of the Alpha Beast, Max Magnum, here tonight, that could change in a hurry.

[Lynch climbs through the ropes, throwing up a muscular arm to cheers from the crowd as Lynch gives a nod, moving to the corner to settle in and await the arrival of his intimidating opponent.]

RO: Annnnnnd his opponent...

[The heavy opening guitar and drumbeat of KISS's "God of Thunder" reverberates off the walls of the arena. You know what that means.]

RO: ...from Mountain Iron, Minnesota...

[There's a pretty decent reaction for the home state powerhouse.]

RO: ...he is accompanied to the ring by his manager, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott... he stands six feet four inches tall... he weighs in at 295 pounds...

...he is the ALPHA BEAST...

...he is... MAAAAAAAAAAX MAAAAAAAAAGNUMMMMMMMM!

[The curtain parts as an anxious-looking "Hotshot" Stevie Scott comes into view first, leading the mountain of mass known as Max Magnum into the Target Center. Magnum's got an angry... yet determined... look on his face as he walks the aisle in black trunks. He brushes aggressively past Scott, forcing his manager to rush to keep up with him.]

GM: Stevie Scott leading... well, he WAS leading his man down the aisle... and if you've known Stevie Scott as long as I have, you recognize that his usual look of confidence has been replaced by something else entirely, fans. This is a nervous Stevie Scott. This is an anxious Stevie Scott. This is a Stevie Scott who had his world turned on its head here tonight and he got forced into doing something he did NOT want to do.

BW: What do you know about it, Gordo?! Stevie Scott is out here with the Alpha Beast... the Modern Day Man of Steel! Max Magnum is undefeated! UN-DE-FEAT-ED!

GM: He is... but he's also in there against the longest reigning National Champion in AWA history. This is the biggest threat to that undefeated streak that Max Magnum has faced so far. And up until now, Max Magnum has done things Stevie Scott's way. Stevie Scott has taken a very calculated approach with Magnum's career. He fought when Scott wanted him to and who Scott wanted him to fight.

BW: You make it sound like the Hotshot's lined up a bunch of tomato cans for him, Gordo. Max Magnum has defeated TWO former World Champions in Calisto Dufresne and Dave Bryant! He physically dominated Juan Vasquez and Raphael

Rhodes in South Philly! Any single person who has stepped up to Max Magnum have been put DOWN by Max Magnum and if you ask me, Travis Lynch isn't about to be the exception to that rule, daddy.

GM: We're about to find out as Magnum-

[Foregoing his usual pylo jump from the floor to the apron, Magnum dives under the bottom rope, coming quickly to his feet...]

...and sprints across the ring, catching Lynch around the torso as he approaches, lifting him off the mat with ease and DRIVING him back into the turnbuckles!]

GM: HERE WE GO! NO REST! NO WAITING! NOTHING BUT VIOLENCE!

[The referee signals for the bell as Magnum grabs the middle rope, driving his shoulder into the ribcage of Lynch aggressively once... twice... and three times.]

GM: Ohhh! Magnum's all over him, trying to take the ribs out of the longest reigning National Champion ever!

[The shouts of the official force Magnum to stand up, grabbing the arm of Lynch...]

GM: Magnum with the cross-corner whi- OHH!

[...but Magnum whips Lynch so hard, he ends up smashing chestfirst into the turnbuckles, staggering backwards...]

BW: He hits the corner chestfirst! Usually, you try and twist around on that, take some of the impact across the back to absorb the impact on your shoulders... your back... but Magnum whipped him so hard, Lynch didn't have a second to turn around and took it all right on the sternum!

[...right into Magnum's waiting and powerful arms...]

GM: WAISTLOCK!

[...who LAUNCHES Lynch through the air, throwing him down on the back of his head and neck with a released German Suplex!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RIGHT DOWN ON THE BACK OF THE HEAD!

[The impact of the blow stuns Lynch who quickly starts rolling after impact, rolling right off the apron, dropping down to the outside of the ring as the crowd buzzes at Magnum's lightning-fast start. Magnum gets to his feet, a cold-blooded killing expression on his face as Stevie Scott looks on in awe, barely reacting as Magnum steps out to the apron...]

GM: And it looks like Max Magnum is going outside now, going after Lynch on the outside...

[Magnum storms around the ring on the outside, moving in on Lynch who is still down on the ringside mats.]

GM: ...and pulls him right up off the floor...

[He wraps his arms around Lynch's torso again, driving his lower back into the edge of the apron, a move that has Lynch crying out in pain as he crumples backwards against the ring.]

GM: And with this aggression from Magnum here tonight, you gotta wonder how much of this is Magnum's reacting to Hannibal Carver's dismissive words about him earlier tonight. He says he's sick of letting other people try to make their names off him. He's not interested in fighting Magnum... not yet at least.

[Magnum pulls Lynch's body off the apron...

...and SLAMS his lower back into the edge of the ring a second time!]

BW: Sheer power! Unbridled brutality! Max Magnum bringing that Alpha Beast Mode into Minneapolis in front of this crowd!

[Magnum lifts Lynch up a third time, driving the small of his back into the apron and letting loose a roar as he backs away, twisting around to glare at the jeering fans at ringside.]

GM: Max Magnum is completely overwhelming Travis Lynch at this point of the contest, Bucky.

BW: We're only a minute or so in but it's everything I dreamed it could be, Gordo.

[Magnum steps towards the railing, quieting many of the fans who were on his case a moment prior.]

BW: And look at that face... would you mess with this guy, Gordo?

GM: Absolutely not.

[The Modern Day Man of Steel turns away from the railing, walking back towards Lynch who was dumped into a sitting position on the apron from the impact of the last tackle.]

GM: Magnum's not done with the Texas Heartthrob... not yet....

[But as Magnum draws near, Lynch swings a leg up, booting him in the mouth to cheers from the Minneapolis crowd!]

GM: ...and Travis sneaks one past the goalie, a boot to the mush of the big man!

[Magnum recoils backwards, instinctively reaching up to check his mouth for blood...

...and then LUNGES forward with a right hand to the jaw that sends Lynch flopping backwards through the ropes!]

GM: GOOD GR-

BW: He knocked him into the middle of next week with one single punch!

[And an irate Magnum grabs the laid out Lynch by the ankles, giving a powerful yank...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...that sees the back of Lynch's skull bounce off the ringside mats!]

BW: Did you hear that?! It sounded like when you accidentally knock a package of ground beef off the kitchen counter! That sick splat sound! Can someone get that for my ringtone?! Please?

[Magnum peels the dazed Lynch off the ringside mats by the hair, fire in his eyes as he presses him straight up overhead with ease...]

GM: Look at the power! 250-260 pounds pressed overhead like it's nothing... and he chucks him back through the ropes into the ring.

[We cut to a shot of Stevie Scott who looks on, nodding his head approvingly.]

GM: And the Hotshot's gotta like what he's seeing at this point, Bucky.

BW: I'm sure he does... but there's a piece of him who is a little concerned no doubt, wondering what happens if he can't get Max Magnum back on the leash. If this is the new power dynamic in this duo and Magnum is calling his own shots, what does that mean for Stevie Scott? This is a man who is used to be in control, Gordo. Think back to his days running the Southern Syndicate... Waterson was there but Stevie was always the boss.

[Cut back to the action where Magnum is climbing up on the apron as the dazed and hurting former National Champion is using the ropes, trying to get to his feet before Magnum can get back in...]

GM: A little bit of a footrace here as these two battle to be on their feet and in the- oh! Left hand by Lynch! The southpaw caught Magnum while he was still out on the apron... and another left... and another! Lynch has him reeling a little and needs to take advantage of it!

[Grabbing the back of Magnum's head, Lynch runs down the length of the ropes towards the corner...]

GM: To the buck- no! Blocked by Magnum! He got the foot up!

[...and a well-placed elbow cracks Lynch in the cheekbone, sending him staggering in a circle away from the Alpha Beast who steps right through the ropes, moving in after Lynch as he stumbles away from him...]

GM: Lynch got rocked and Magnum's back in the ring now! Turn around, Travis!

[Lynch leans against the ropes for support as Magnum approaches, reaching out his powerful arms again...]

GM: Waistlock!

[The crowd starts buzzing in anticipation of a second German Suplex but this time, Lynch wraps his arms around the ropes, blocking the lift... for the moment at least.]

GM: Travis hanging on for dear life! He does NOT want to go for another rough ride with that suplex!

[Magnum angrily pulls and yanks, trying to get Travis free from the ropes but the former champion hangs on until Magnum breaks away, frustration evident on his face...]

“WHAAAAAAAAP!”

[...and smashes a heavy clubbing forearm down across the shoulderblades!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The onslaught of clubbing by Magnum drives Lynch down to all fours near the ropes, the grip on the ropes broken now...]

GM: The referee giving Magnum a hard time for attacking Lynch when he was in the ropes...

[Magnum brushes the official aside, leaning down...]

GM: Are you...?

BW: WAISTLOCK!

[...and the crowd buzzes as Magnum locks in the powerful waistlock on Lynch who is on his hands and knees...]

...and slowly but effortlessly lifts Lynch off the mat, holding him tightly against his torso in the waistlock...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ANOTHER GERMAN SUPLEX!

BW: And if by some chance you weren't impressed with the power of Max Magnum before, you damn sure are now, daddy!

GM: Travis Lynch tossed down on the back of his head and neck a second time... Magnum is dominating early on in this one... and if Travis Lynch wants to get back into this and have a chance to become the first man to put down Max Magnum and end this undefeated streak, he's going to need to find a way to turn this around and quickly.

BW: On his belly like a dog... crawling like an animal... sweet dreams are made of these!

GM: The former National Champion - the longest reigning National Champion for that matter - is indeed on his hands and knees, crawling to get away from Magnum - looking for a moment's respite to recover and regroup from the onslaught he's been enduring over the last five minutes.

[Getting near the corner, Lynch reaches out to grab at the ropes, trying to pull himself up before Magnum can reach him...]

GM: Travis in the corner now, desperately trying to get up...

[...but before he can get up, Magnum gets there, grabbing a handful of hair and yanks him the rest of the way up...]

GM: Travis getting an assist up by Magnum who-

[The crowd cheers as Lynch scores a surprise back elbow up under the chin, snapping Magnum's head back and sending him stumbling backwards!]

GM: And Travis scores with the elbow! Is it enough? Is it enough to buy him an opportunity to get back into this thing?

[Lynch throws a look over his shoulder before he hops up to the second rope...]

GM: Rare aerial attack from Lynch incoming!

[...and leaps off, twisting around with his arms outstretched overhead and hands clasped together...]

GM: AXEHANDLE!

[...right into the powerful waiting arms of Magnum who catches him in mid-air with ease...]

GM: CAUGHT! MAGNUM CATCHES LYNCH!

[...and HURLS him overhead, rocketing him three-quarters of the way across the ring where Lynch bounces painfully off the canvas before skidding to a halt near the corner!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: Max Magnum is a monster walking in a man's world! And if you want to talk about rankings and poor lil' Travis not earning a spot back in the rankings by beating a MMA guy at SuperClash - let's talk about the sheer criminality in Max Magnum going undefeated for almost an entire year, defeating former World Champions in Dufresne and Bryant and STILL not getting ranked! That's the real crime! Max and Stevie, they're the REAL victims, daddy!

[Magnum climbs off the mat, stalking across the ring to where Lynch is again trying to get to his feet before Magnum can get to him. A silent Stevie Scott is simply looking on in awe of his own client.]

GM: It just seems like Max Magnum has shifted into a different gear here tonight. The spurning of Hannibal Carver... the realization that he's still not ranked... the machinations of Stevie Scott... something has lit a fire under Max Magnum here tonight and it's all bad news for the AWA locker room.

BW: If what we saw for an entire year was an UNMOTIVATED Max Magnum, what kind of damage can one who is fired up do?

[Magnum gets to Lynch who is struggling to get to a knee, lifting him the rest of the way to his feet where he shoves the former champion back into the corner...]

GM: Lynch in the wrong part of town here as Magnum moves in on him...

[Shifting his footing, Magnum winds up the massive right arm...]

GM: CLOTHESLINE!

[...and from a standing position, proceeds to unleash hell on a dazed Lynch...]

GM: ANOTHER ONE! A THIRD!

[...by rattling off a half dozen standing clotheslines in the corner, Lynch barely able to hang onto the ropes to prevent himself from collapsing to the canvas!]

GM: Lynch may be out on his feet already, Bucky. He's having a hard time standing after those brutal blows across the collarbone...

[Grabbing the arm, Magnum again rockets Lynch across the ring, this time with a little less force as Lynch is able to turn and smash into the buckles backfirst. Magnum pumps his mighty right arm a few times, drawing jeers from the residents of his home state...]

GM: Here he comes! Magnum on the way and-

[...but a desperate Travis Lynch lunges aside, causing Magnum to SLAM chestfirst into the corner to a big cheer!]

GM: He missed! He missed! And now Lynch REALLY needs to take advantage of this moment and get himself back into this match!

[Twisting Magnum around in the corner, Lynch winds up...]

GM: Left hand to the jaw! And another! Lynch rocking and firing, keeping Magnum back in the buckles!

[The referee steps in, warning Lynch against the illegal closed fists. Lynch backs off, opening up his hand...]

...but just for a moment as he steps back in, climbing to the midbuckle, holding his closed left hand aloft...]

GM: Travis looking to let him have it with these fans cheering him on!

[...and starts raining down blows as the crowd counts them off!]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

GM: The ten blows to the skull land on Magnum, leaving his ears ringing no double and the stars in his eyes spinning!

[The referee again warns Lynch as the Texas Heartthrob grabs Magnum by his powerful arm, whipping him across the ring as the former champion goes charging in after him...]

GM: CLOTHESLINE IN THE CORNER!

[...and then grabs the arm again, sending Magnum back the other way, running across after him...]

GM: ANOTHER ONE! LYNCH BUILDING MOMENTUM AGAINST THE UNDEFEATED MAGNUM!

[...and fires him across a third time, giving a war whoop before pursuing this time...]

GM: MAKE IT THR- OHHH!

[...and runs right into a raised boot to the jaw!]

GM: MAGNUM GOT THE FOOT UP! LYNCH GOT ROCKED!

[And as Lynch staggers back out to the center of the ring, Magnum comes barreling out of the corner, throwing himself into an impactful lariat that ends with the Alpha Beast on his knees and a wrecked Lynch beside him!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: WHAT A CLOTHESLINE! LYNCH GOT DESTROYED!

GM: Magnum with a cover!

[The referee dives down, counting once... twice...]

GM: Ohhh! And Lynch kicks out at two, slipping out the backdoor!

[Magnum slams his hands down on the mat, glaring at the official as Stevie Scott grabs the middle rope, shouting at the referee as well - his first time speaking since emerging from the back.]

GM: And finally, we hear a little chirping out of Stevie Scott in this one. He's been silent until now.

BW: But you notice those words are for the referee - not for Magnum. Scott hasn't said a word to his charge since they came out here tonight and after the way Magnum talked to him backstage tonight, Stevie might be scared to say anything at all.

GM: Magnum getting to his feet... you can see the unleashed anger in his every movement tonight... every expression on his face. This is a different Max Magnum that we're seeing and I'm a little horrified by it.

[Magnum leans down, dragging Lynch off the mat by the hair again...

...and then suddenly shifts down, looking to lift Lynch into the fireman's carry...]

GM: Magnum looking for the Bombshell!

[...but the resilient former National Champion stops him, driving the point of his elbow down into the back of Magnum's neck!]

GM: Travis blocks it! Elbows raining down on the Alpha Beast!

BW: I hate giving Lynch credit for anything but the way this match started, I didn't think for a second that he'd survive ten minutes with Max Magnum but we're about to hit the ten minute mark and he's still fighting.

GM: Halfway to the time limit in this one as Lynch continues to battle. We know he wants that National Title back around his waist, wants to redeem himself for the way that story ended for him last time... but he's got one heck of a roadblock here tonight in Max Magnum!

[Magnum stumbles away as Lynch battles free...

...and the desperate Texan snatches a handful of trunks, taking aim...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LYNCH PUTS HIM INTO THE POST! SHOULDERFIRST INTO THE STEEL RINGPOST!

BW: And that could be a gamechanger, daddy!

[Stevie Scott looks alarmed as Magnum stays against the post, his shoulder having been driven into the unforgiving steel...]

GM: And this... this right here is the moment for Travis Lynch! If he's going to get back into this match, it's gotta be right here and now!

[Pulling Magnum out by the trunks, he turns him around, pushing Magnum back into the corner as he winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: Knife edge chop by the former champion!

[Lynch winds up again and again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and then switches to closed fists, raining down a barrage of left-handed blows to the skull of the Alpha Beast!]

GM: Lynch hammering away on Magnum, pummeling him in the corner...

[The referee warns the Texas again as the crowd cheers him on. He breaks away from the punches, hooking side headlock on the bigger opponent...]

GM: ...Lynch out of the corner... BULLDOG!

[After planting Magnum facefirst on the mat, Lynch rolls him over on his back, Stevie Scott suddenly finding his courage as he shouts to Magnum to get free as the referee drops down to count.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! Magnum's out at two!

BW: Out EASILY at two! Lynch is giving it all he's got but he's still nowhere close to beating the Alpha Beast!

GM: Travis Lynch telling us before this match that he would hurt Magnum... that he would make Magnum bleed... and that he would BEAT Magnum.

BW: We'll see about that.

GM: Well, the first part may be true... Magnum obviously favoring that shoulder that was driven into the post, hanging onto it as he struggles to get back to his- no! Travis shoves him back down and-

[The crowd reacts as a fired up Texas Heartthrob takes the mount on Magnum, stopping him from getting off the mat as he rains down blows on the skull of the former NCAA champion!]

GM: -and Lynch letting the heavy artillery fly here on Super Saturday, fighting to get himself back into the title picture as those heavy hands come dropping down over and over and over on Magnum!

[As the official forces the break due to the clenched fists, Lynch gets up with a frustrated shout as Stevie Scott, gripping the middle rope, looks on with obvious concern.]

GM: Stevie Scott looking in a state unlike we've seen him in a Max Magnum match before. Stevie Scott looks like a man who senses that his client's historic undefeated streak could be in jeopardy here tonight in Minneapolis. This is NOT a match that Scott wanted... this is a match that Max Magnum DEMANDED!

BW: No time to prepare. No time to strategize. This isn't the Stevie Scott way of doing business for Max Magnum that we've seen over the past year. But sometimes as a manager, you gotta do what the client wants and not necessarily what you think is best.

GM: And now it's Lynch pulling Magnum off the mat... Magnum looking to be in more trouble than I believe we've seen him to date against the likes of Calisto Dufresne and Dave Bryant, two former World Champions bested by the Modern Day Man of Steel!

[Approaching the corner, Lynch pulls Magnum's head back and then smashes it down on the top turnbuckle repeatedly as the crowd again counts along...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[As Lynch lets go, Magnum staggers backwards out of the corner towards the middle of the ring, the crowd cheering every move now as they too sense the Alpha Beast in jeopardy...]

GM: Magnum's in a daze... Lynch moving in...

[...and the muscular Texas shows off his power, lifting the near 300 pounder into the air and slamming him down to a thunderous ROAR from the Target Center crowd!]

GM: A slam! Big slam by Lynch puts down the big man!

[With Magnum laid out in the center of the ring, Lynch races to the ropes, rebounding back, leaping high into the air...]

GM: ELBOW! RIGHT ON THE MARK!

[...and having scored with the elbowdrop, Lynch rolls into a lateral press, reaching back for a powerful leg...]

GM: ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO!

[But again Magnum powers out, shoving Lynch aside and breaking free from the pin attempt!]

BW: Incredible! Look, Gordo... you can cheerlead all you want, these fans can clap and hoot and holler all they want, and Travis can believe all he wants... but those of

us with eyes know that despite everything Travis Lynch has done to Magnum over the past couple of minutes, the Alpha Beast still reigns!

GM: Travis Lynch with a frustrated expression on his face, wondering what it takes to keep Max Magnum down on the canvas... and he's going to let him have it again!

[Again, the crowd cheers and the referee protests as Lynch takes the mount, raining down the heavy left hands on the skull of the Minnesota native whose downfall is being cheered for in his own home state!]

GM: Lynch is all over him! The referee calling for a break again as Magnum tries to cover up and defend himself from those big shots to the noggin!

[A few more blows land before Lynch peels off, taking a verbal pounding from the official for his disregard for the rules as Magnum gets back to his feet, in a bit of a daze as he stumbles over near the ropes...]

GM: Magnum's on his feet but in a state unlike we've seen often from him... over near the ropes, looking to recover a bit...

[...and with a loud shout, Lynch barrels across the ring, throwing his left arm out to clash with the chest of Magnum!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG CLOTHESLINE BY THE FORMER CHAMPION SENDS MAGNUM TO THE OUTSIDE! OH MY!

[Stevie Scott slams his hands down on the ring apron, shouting up to the referee who implores Lynch to keep the action in the ring.]

GM: Travis Lynch with momentum on his side as he steps out to the apron, looking to take advantage of this situation and to find a way to topple the Alpha Beast right here on Super Saturday!

BW: And after all that, Gordo - Max Magnum is already up to a knee! This guy is so impressive - so resilient! Not only can he deliver a butt-kicking of world class proportions - he can take one and keep coming too!

[Magnum is on his knee on the floor as Lynch measures him, waving a hand to call Magnum back to his feet...]

GM: Lynch wants him up! The longest reigning National Champion in this company's history senses his opportunity to get back into the title mix right here tonight by doing the unthinkable - stopping Max Magnum!

BW: There's a reason it's unthinkable, Gordo... and it's because Max Magnum is UNSTOPPABLE!

GM: Travis Lynch thinks otherwise and as Magnum gets up, Lynch is... HE LEAPS!

[With a running start, Lynch hurls himself into a crossbody off the apron, aiming at the rising Alpha Beast...]

BW: CAUGHT!

[...who staggers under the impact but holds his footing, keeping Lynch trapped against his torso. A defiant Magnum shifts his footing, shaking his head.]

GM: Magnum refuses to stay down! Refuses to allow Lynch to-

[The powerful Magnum suddenly drops back, HURLING Lynch over his head...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and delivers a fallaway slam on the outside with Lynch's body SLAMMING violently down on the ramp leading to and from the ring!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

BW: He's done! He's done right there, Gordo! Travis Lynch is finished!

[Magnum sits up on the floor, his chest heaving with exertion but with that same fire in his eyes as the crowd groans in sympathy for Lynch who is laid out across the ramp while Stevie Scott grins at ringside.]

GM: Travis thought he had the Alpha Beast right where he wanted him but Magnum caught him, tossed him, and laid him out in devastating fashion here on Super Saturday!

BW: And I'd say the end is near for good ol' Scumbag Travis, daddy!

[Magnum climbs to his feet, looking to finish the job.]

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

GM: You hear the call there - fifteen minutes gone by which means five minutes remain in the time limit of this one as Max Magnum shifts back to the offense and looks to finish off the longest reigning National Champion in AWA history... looking to add one king-sized notch to his record book.

[Magnum pulls a limp Travis Lynch off the canvas, hoisting and swinging him up across a powerful shoulder...]

GM: Magnum's got him up, lifting him with ease...

[...and with a shout, Magnum goes barreling forward...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES Lynch's skull into the steel ringpost!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Magnum lets go, sending Lynch flopping down on the floor as Magnum stands over him, glaring down at the Texan as the Minnesota crowd lets him have it.]

GM: Magnum viciously and brutally driving Lynch's skull into the ringpost... this should be over right here. Travis Lynch might have a concussion. He could have a cracked skull. He could... oh no...

[The crowd buzzes as Lynch rolls onto his back, revealing a splash of crimson leaking down the forehead of the Texan.]

GM: ...and Travis Lynch has been busted open, fans. Max Magnum has split Travis Lynch wide open here in Minneapolis on Super Saturday.

[Magnum pulls him off the mat, tossing him under the ropes.]

GM: The blood is flowing here in Minneapolis and Max Magnum climbing back in, looking to end this...

[Magnum takes a knee next to the bloodied Lynch, grabbing him by the hair, lifting his head off the mat...]

"YOU'RE GOING TO HURT ME?!"

[...and SMASHES his heavy fist into the cut forehead once... twice... three times...]

"YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE ME BLEED?!"

[...four times... five times... six times...]

"YOU'RE GOING TO BEAT ME?!"

[...and a handful more blows land, the blood of Lynch starting to spatter onto the hands and torso of the Alpha Beast.]

GM: Come on! This is too much! You've gone too far!

[Magnum reaches out, swiping his hand through the bloody forehead of the Texan...

...and as he rises to his feet, allowing Lynch to slump back down on the mat, Magnum swipes the same hand across his own chest, leaving a bloody swath across his torso.]

GM: Disgusting. Wearing the blood of Travis Lynch like some kind of badge of honor or something... but there's no honor in it, I'll tell you that.

[Magnum looks out on the angry crowd, nodding his head with satisfaction...

...and then jerks Lynch off the mat by the hair, muscling him up into the fireman's carry...]

GM: Oh no... not this too! Not this! Get him down from there!

[...and goes into a quick airplane spin, going around and around and around...]

GM: Get him down!

BW: He's gonna get down in just a second! Hold on!

GM: That's not what I-

[Gordon is cut off by Magnum shoving Lynch into the air, sending him spinning through the sky before crashing violently down on the canvas!]

GM: -OHHHH! BOMBSHELL CONNECTS!

[Magnum uses the toe of his boot to roll Lynch to his back, dropping to his knees and covering the former champion...]

GM: That's gotta be it... one... two... and three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[With a pump of his fist, Stevie Scott ascends the ringsteps, joining his charge in the ring as Magnum climbs to his feet, glaring down at the motionless and bloodied Travis Lynch.]

GM: Max Magnum with a huge victory here tonight in Minneapolis as he defeats the former National Champion...

BW: Oh, don't play down the hype now, daddy! Travis Lynch is the longest reigning National Champion in AWA history and he just got beat - undeniably BEAT - by Max Magnum! The Alpha Beast reigns here on Super Saturday!

[Scott applauds his man who gives his manager a nod before allowing Scott to raise his hand as the ring announcer makes it official.]

RO: Your winner of the match... MAAAAAAX MAAAAAAGNUM!

[Magnum nods again, pointing to the prone Lynch as the fans jeer loudly]

GM: Magnum with an impressive victory... and as you said, Bucky, he adds the longest reigning National Champion to the two former World Champions already on the list of those he's defeated. And I don't know if that's enough for the Championship Committee to rank him but-

[The camera pulls closer as Magnum grabs Scott by the wrist, pointing to the bloodied Lynch...]

"Two weeks from now? Milwaukee? I want more."

[...and then pushes a surprised Scott away.]

GM: Wow. Well, there's no mistaking those words, I suppose. Max Magnum just told his manager "Hotshot" Stevie Scott that in Milwaukee two weeks from tonight, he wants more. He wants more competition, Bucky.

BW: And the AWA may forever regret the day that Hannibal Carver turned this loose on them.

GM: Fans, coming up next, we've got one of the teams in our Women's World Tag Team Title tournament in action so don't you dare go away!

[The camera holds on the triumphant Magnum, Stevie Scott looking on anxiously behind him as we fade to black.]

Cut to some random guy sitting in a recliner. He's got the remote in one hand, a burger in the other. You know the type of man we're talking about.]

RG: Nothing like sitting back to watch Saturday Night Wrestling.

[As he is about to take a bite out of the burger, that's when "The All-Around Athlete" Laura Davis enters the picture. She is dressed in her red and blue track suit and points to the random guy.]

LD: Excuse me?

RG: [looks confused] Uh, Laura Davis... what are you doing in my living room?

LD: Better question... what are you doing eating another burger?

RG: How did you even get in here?

LD: How did you even decide to eat the same old burger every night? Aren't you tired of that?

[Random guy stares at the burger, then back at Davis, who shakes her head.]

LD: Do we women have to teach you everything?

[We then cut to footage of delicious sandwiches being prepared, like the roasted chicken breast, the meatball marinara and the steak and cheese. Rock music plays and words flash on the screen.]

"Skip the same old burger. Get a sandwich that's different."

[More footage of sandwiches, then these words:]

"MAKE IT WHAT YOU WANT."

[The Subway logo then appears, along with the reminder that they now deliver...

...and as we fade back up, we get a "MOMENTS AGO" chyron, coming up on the backstage area. It's a shot of the Chimpanzee position, a bustling scene of activity following the match we just saw...

...and after a moment, the curtain rips open as a frustrated and upset Travis Lynch stalks into view, a bloody white towel pressed to his forehead as a member of the medical team trails close behind. He angrily slaps a hand down on an equipment case, drawing the attention of everyone around as he shouts "DAMN IT!" A moment passes before Sweet Lou Blackwell creeps into view.]

SLB: Travis... a word?

[Travis shakes his head.]

TL: Not... no... not now, Lou.

[Travis throws a dismissive wave at the interviewer.]

SLB: I know you're upset over your loss. It's gotta feel like you're going back to the bottom of the ladder now and-

[Travis angrily glares at Lou.]

TL: YOU DON'T THINK I KNOW THAT?! For months, Lou... for MONTHS... I sat around the ranch in Texas thinkin' about tonight. The night that I'd get back in the ring and show the world that the Travis Lynch who held the National Title longer than ANYONE else was back! The night where I'd show Jordan Ohara and Zharkov and whoever the heck else that I belonged right back at the top of this company...

...and now...?

[He trails off softly, shaking his head...

...when a voice calls out from off-camera.]

"And now you've proven to be just as big of an embarrassment to this family as the rest of them."

[The camera pulls back a little to reveal James Lynch on the scene, a disappointed look on his face.]

SLB: Mr. Lynch, I hardly think now is the time to-

[James angrily interrupts.]

JL: Now's EXACTLY the time, Lou! Because I came to my brother tonight... my blood...

[He slaps his own arm near the crook of the elbow.]

JL: ...and I offered to make him whole again! The very thing he's standing here and telling you he dreamed of... I offered him. Didn't I, Trav? I offered to make all your dreams come true standing side by side with me... your brother! The only brother who gives a damn about YOUR career!

[Travis won't even meet James' eyes at this point, looking away from him.]

JL: I walked out of SuperClash as the Last Lynch Standing... yeah, you beat that clown from another sport but at the end of the night, everyone was talking about me! About what I'd done! About what I'd accomplished! Not you! Not Jack! ME!

And I took it upon myself to take the Lynch name that been dragged through the mud by you... by our father... by our sister cavorting with that piece of trash Wright... and to restore it to what it rightfully should be - the name of wrestling's one and only royal family!

[James shakes his head angrily.]

JL: But no... Jack won't help me do it... you won't help me do it... the old man definitely won't help me do it...

It's all... up... to me!

[James glares at his brother in silence for a long moment.]

JL: We're done.

[And with that, James turns on his heel to exit, leaving an emotional Travis Lynch standing alongside Sweet Lou in silence as we fade from backstage out to the ringside area where we find Gordon and Bucky waiting.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling... and isn't it just fitting that at his brother's low point, James Lynch is there to rub salt in the wounds!

BW: James Lynch is speaking truth to everyone around him and I kinda like it, Gordo... and with Veronica Westerly by his side, there may be no limit to what the only worthwhile member of the Lynch family can achieve.

GM: Bucky Wilde saying nice things about a Lynch. I never thought I'd see the day. Speaking of days long awaited, fans... later tonight, we begin the much-awaited trek to crown the first Women's World Tag Team Champions when we see that invitational gauntlet match for the final spot in the tournament. The tournament itself will start two weeks from tonight in Milwaukee and will run throughout the months of February and March before it comes to a head at our Tenth Anniversary Show in New Orleans on March 17th. Now, later tonight, we'll find out who the last member of the tournament will be... but right now, we're going to see one of the teams already announced for the tournament in action. But before we do, let's go to some pre-recorded footage and hear what they have to say before this tuneup match.

[We get a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo as the camera opens backstage to reveal Victoria June sitting on a pile of crates, Beats headphones on her ears. Her straw blonde afro jumps as she bangs her head in time with music we can't hear. She's decked out in street clothes: torn up fishnets, untied combat boots, a tartan skirt festooned with giant safety pins and a single-sleeved sweater torn in half in big black and pink stripes.]

She seems to be having a great time as she tears into a strip of Berkeley's Turkey Jerky (see, the sponsorship is paying off already.) She uses another strip as a drumstick, pounding out a beat on her thigh. Kayla Cristol comes into frame, dressed in her western cowgirl finery, jean shorts, red cowboy boots and a white ringer T-shirt. Her blonde hair is pulled back in a ponytail and she wears a cowboy hat tilted back on her skull.]

KC: Vicky...

[No response. Cristol frowns.]

KC: Vicky?

[Still no response. Cristol sighs.]

KC: Girl, what the dadblame are ya listenin' to?

[June is oblivious. She just keeps banging her head as Cristol waves her hand in front of her face, finally getting her attention. June pulls off her headphones, a sheepish grin on her face.]

VJ: Sorry, sista... listenin' to that new Rico Nasty! This jam slaps! You should listen, girl.

[She offers the headphones to Cristol. A hard mix of rap and punk music can be heard coming out of the headphones as a woman shrieks angry lyrics. Cristol begs off.]

KC: That's all you, girl. Ya know ah like me some Carrie Underwood and Faith Hill.

VJ: We gonna hit that Cry Pretty Tour this summer, right?

KC: Ya know it!

[The two friends - together again - share a high five as June puts the headphones down, nodding her head.]

VJ: Kayla, last night ah had a dream about us. It was a big dream like Martin Luther King. And we can make it come true.

[Cristol grins, waiting expectantly as June's eyes kinda glaze over, staring off in the distance.]

VJ: Ah had a dream that we were dancing between the moon and the stars as the first AWA Women's World Tag Team Champions! Ah had a dream that all the little girls and all the little boys of all races and religions were cheering us on! It was so real ah could taste it!

[Cristol chuckles, giving her partner a soft punch in the shoulder.]

KC: Ah like the sound of that, partner.

[June nods.]

VJ: And ah like the sound of that! "Partner!" We're gonna win those titles... then we'll get our own commercials! You know those opposites attract kinda commercials, right? And maybe even be Disney Princesses and get a movie and a direct to streaming sequel!

[Cristol chuckles.]

KC: Victoria, you've been bangin' yer head too hard.

[June breaks into her horsey laugh. She tears into another bite of that jerky stick.]

VJ : Dream with me for a minute. Ah know we gon win this doggone tournament, Kayla. Look, no other tag-team has what we have. They aren't close like sisters. They aren't there for each other like we are. They aren't really close like that when there aren't cameras. We got this in the bag.

KC: Ah love where yer head is at. Ya sound like ya got it back together again.

[June pauses. Her freckle spattered face gets a little serious.]

VJ: Back together again?

[Cristol pauses, looking away for a moment, a splash of regret on her face.]

KC: Well... uhh... look, Vicky... ya know ya weren't yerself when ya were fightin' Charisma and White and... and all that. They brought out the worst in ya!

[June looks down, slowly nodding.]

KC: And... ya know, what happened at SuperClash... ah felt like ah didn't recognize ya at all! Ah was lookin' at a complete stranger!

[June winces at the word "stranger" before looking back up, shaking her head.]

VJ: Ah mighta blacked out out there, ah guess, but ah'm good, Kayla.

[Cristol looks unsure as June pleads her case.]

VJ: Them hurting you kinda broke me but now you're okay. You're back. That's what's important to me. Now that that nasty Charisma is behind us ah'm the same ol' Victoria June you met at the cafeteria.

[Cristol slowly nods, accepting her friend's word.]

VJ: So let's get back to dreaming about the moon and the stars. We can start planning our future. World Tag Team champions. Movie stars. Disney Princesses. Besties forever!

[Cristol smiles brightly and shakes her head at her crazy partner's thoughts. She takes in June closely, however, her eyes narrowing.]

KC: Is that mah sweater?

[June plucks at the tattered and scissored garment.]

VJ: You let me borrow it!

KC: But it had a bottom half and two sleeves when ah gave it ta you!

VJ: Ah reckon. Don't it look cooler like this, though?

[Cristol shakes her head.]

KC: You'd look cooler in ring gear. We'll show them what the Country Punks are all about!

[June hops off the crates, banging her head as she replaces her headphones. She pauses.]

VJ: Wait a minute, did we have a different team name before? Ah don't really remember.

[Cristol shrugs.]

KC: Probably, but we're the Country Punks now.

[June looks around, confused, but shrugs and follows after her friend. Rico Nasty blares through her headphones as we get another flash of the ACCESS logo and end up back to live footage in the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... at a total combined weight of 326 pounds... they are Nubia and Askari... THE AGOJIE WARRIORS!

[The cameras focus on the two women in the ring. Both women are dressed in scarlet red spandex tops with navy tights and gold wrestling boots. They are both African women with shaved heads. The taller, leaner woman, Askari, has a shaved head. Her slightly shorter partner, Nubia, is more muscular and has a big afro held back by a headband.]

GM: We're just about set for women's tag team action here with this pair who are fresh from the Combat Corner, looking for that big win that might propel them to a spot here on the main roster as the Women's tag team scene prepares to explode.

BW: Seem to be fresh out the Disney lot, too. I guess they have been inspired by the upcoming Black Panther... which opens next week in theaters... see, I can play nice with our corporate partners too, Gordo.

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: Let's see what they've learned in the Combat Corner.

BW: Hopefully it's more than cosplay.

[And back to Rebecca.]

RO: And their opponents... at a total combined weight of 315 pounds... the team of "THE PISTOL" KAYLA CRISTOL... "THE AFRO PUNK" VICTORIA JUNE...

[Rebecca consults her card with a grin.]

RO: ...THE COUNTRYYYYYYY PUNNNNNNNKSSSSS!

[The strum of steel guitars, fiddles and banjos fill the airwaves as the Legendary Shack Shakers "Blood On The Bluegrass" fills the PA system. The cowpunk anthem signals the arrival of Kayla "the Pistol" Cristol and Victoria June as they emerge from the locker room area onto the stage to a good-sized reaction.]

GM: The Country Punks as they're now calling themselves are here in Minneapolis... and from the crowd's reaction, we can easily say they're one of the most popular teams in this new division, Bucky.

BW: Cheers don't mean wins though, Gordo, and there's some tough, tough competition in this tournament.

GM: Cristol and June looking for a tuneup match here tonight as they get ready to face the likes of Hamilton and Cinder, Wallace and Swift, the Serpentine's, and more... including the winner of tonight's gauntlet match coming up in our Main Event.

[Both teammates wear denim shorts and checked shirts tied up over spandex bras. June's shorts and shirt are scissored and torn and unlike Cristol's turquoise cowboy boots she wears Doc Martens. Cristol is firing away with finger pistols into the air, encouraging June to do the same. June shakes her head then does some head banging before urging her partner to mimic her. Cristol just laughs, throwing an arm around her friend's shoulders as they head down the aisle together.]

GM: It was a tough 2017 for these two with Cristol dealing with some injuries and June dealing with a very difficult struggle with the team known as The Asylum... but they've come through closer than ever and looking to make a big impact in this tournament and beyond.]

[The duo hit the ring, both scrambling up on the apron, turning to face the cheering fans before ducking through the ropes. June looks over her opponents approvingly. She throws one fist in the air before crossing her arms over her chest. "The Revolution will be live!" she screams. The Agojie warriors return her cross-armed salute.]

GM: A show of respect between both teams here to start off, I guess.

BW: I guess they're all going to the movies together after the match? I never know what to think whenever I see Victoria June come to the ring.

GM: She is admittedly different.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: No time wasted here as we get the bell right away and it'll be Kayla Cristol looking to shake off any ring rust before this tournament gets fully underway two weeks from tonight in Milwaukee... and she'll be starting this off with... I believe that's Askari of the Agojie Warriors. We don't know a lot about the Warriors but I'm looking forward to see what they bring to the table against this duo of friends.

[Askari and Cristol lock up in the middle of the ring after exchanging a slap of hands.]

GM: Another show of good sportsmanship right off the bat as these two jockey for position, trying to push and shove the other back... and they end up right up against the ropes, the referee calling for the break here.

[Cristol obeys Shari Miranda's commands, stepping back to the middle of the ring. Askari crosses her arms in salute as a grinning Cristol "fires off" a couple rounds from her fingers.]

GM: And again, these teams showing some respect for one another.

BW: I hate when the competitors are too friendly, Gordo. Where's the eye gouging and hair pulling?

[Meeting in the middle, another tieup ensues with Askari quickly securing a side headlock on Cristol who starts looking for a way out.]

GM: Cristol, as you may recall, is a former trainee of the Lynch family... and I know her heart goes out to the family after all the drama they've been through in recent months.

[Cristol backs into the ropes, using the momentum to bounce Asakai off to the far side.]

GM: Cristol shoves her off, drops down... up and over goes Askari... off the side side...

[Cristol goes down a second time, allowing Askari to build more speed as she hits the ropes a second time...]

GM: ...and Askari is really moving now as she- ohhh! High cross body off the ropes takes Cristol down to the mat...

[Askari immediately snatches the arm, hooking a wristlock as June slaps the turnbuckle with a "Come on, Kayla!" from the outside.]

BW: This Asakari is long and quick in there and Cristol just found that out the hard way as she's hooked in this wristlock, being brought up to her feet...

[Askari wrenches the arm with an armwringer, Cristol crying out as she gives the arm a yank.]

GM: Controlling the arm... keeping the athletic Cristol close to her...

[She twists the arm a second time before backing to the corner.]

GM: ...and there's a tag, bringing in the other half of her team - Nubia.

[Grabbing the top rope, Nubia slingshots herself over the ropes, bringing a double axehandle down across the twisted arm. Cristol grimaces, falling to her knees as Nubia grabs her own grip on the limb.]

GM: A nice doubleteam and these Warriors are working that arm early on in this one, trying to show the AWA front office that perhaps they belong her on the main roster - as part of this new division.

BW: And see, I like this, Gordo. They were all salutes and handslaps early on but look at Nubia cranking that arm, trying to rip that limb right out of its socket... she's trying to take Kayla's pistol arm home with her.

GM: Kayla Cristol, if you'd done your research, is right handed, Bucky.

BW: She's gonna have to be, Gordo. Nubia is going to rip the other one right out of the socket!

[Nubia pulls Cristol towards the ropes, wrapping the limb around the middle rope before jumping up and kicking the arm a few times.]

GM: Nubia really working that limb... and this tune-up match for the Country Punks has become a very dangerous situation for them because the last thing you want going into this tournament is to deal with an injury.

[Cristol pulls away from the ropes, looking to crawl towards her corner but Nubia cuts her off, grabbing the arm again, pulling Cristol to her feet...]

GM: Nubia looking for another armwringer and-

[...where Cristol buries a boot in the gut of Nubia, stunning her attacker!]

GM: Cristol trying to fight back! These fans solidly behind her!

[And with her good arm, she smashes an elbow down across the back of the head, sending Nubia stumbling backwards towards the corner as Cristol makes a lunge.]

GM: And Victoria June tags in for the first time... here comes Nubia!

[The incoming Nubia gets scooped up into the air, twisted around and slammed down hard on the canvas...]

GM: Big scoop and a slam by Victoria June!

BW: Cristol gettin' the heck out of Dodge, Gordo, and letting the Afro Punk take over in this one.

[June pulls the rising Nubia up by the hair, whipping her into the ropes...

...and then slaps the hand of a surprised Kayla Cristol who has to get right back in.]

GM: A little unusual strategy there from June... drops down...

[And as Nubia hurdles over June, Cristol takes her out of the sky with a perfectly-placed dropkick on the chin!]

GM: ...and a very nice doubleteam by the Country Punks!

[Cristol gets back to her feet as June exits, giving her arm a shake as she looks down at Nubia...]

GM: I might take issue with the strategy, Bucky, but I certainly can't argue with the result. These two have some great tag team continuity and if you were a betting man, I think while you might get better odds with some of the other teams in this tournament, June and Cristol just might be a choice to consider.

BW: They claim to be a real team unlike the others. They might be right. Chemistry is so important in tag team wrestling, Gordo. I just wonder if these two can match the craftiness of a team like Seductive and Destructive.

GM: Do they need to? Maybe Seductive and Destructive need to match the teamwork of the Country Punks.

BW: Oh Gordo, you're so precious!

[While our announcers bicker, Cristol is working over Nubia's well-developed midsection with a series of forearm shots to the gut before tossing her back with a crash into the Punks' corner where she follows her in with a leaping forearm to the jaw!]

GM: Nice series of forearms by Cristol, showing no signs of the ring rust we were concerned with earlier... and there's a tag to bring Victoria June back into the ring.

[June steps in, grabbing the arm of Nubia and moving her out on the ropes where Cristol grabs the other one, whipping her across in tandem...]

GM: Double whip by the punks...

[...where Cristol drops to a knee, bringing an elbow back into the midsection of Nubia to double her up...]

GM: ...elbow by Cristol...

[...and June wraps up the combo with a running kneelift that sends Nubia flying backwards and down to the canvas!]

GM: ...and June with the big knee as well!

[June drops into a lateral press, earning a two count as Cristol exits the ring.]

GM: Two count there for the Country Punks, looking good so far...

BW: June's staying on her too, pulling her right up by the wrist...

[...and with a mighty yank, June pulls Nubia into a short-arm clothesline!]

GM: Ohhh! Down goes Nubia again... and June's not done!

[June maintains her grip as she steps over and pulls Nubia to her feet and drives her back down to the mat again with a second clothesline!]

GM: June laying in heavy blows on Nubia, really softening her up for whatever comes next...

[And what comes next is a third short-arm clothesline, leaving Nubia in a pile on the mat as a fired-up June marches to the neutral corner, hopping up on the middle rope, shouting to the crowd...]

"HEY! HO!"

[...and the fans reply with "LET'S GO!" and big cheers to the grinning Afro Punk.]

BW: Look who finally learned the lyrics to her own song.

GM: You never let anything go, do you, Bucky?

BW: Never been my style.

[June's celebration with the crowd though allows Nubia to roll to her corner, making the tag...]

GM: June perhaps with a bit of a mistake there...

[...and as Askari comes back in, she goes into a cartwheel, clipping June with her heels as June comes down off the middle rope...]

GM: ...ohh! Askari caught her with a kick there, knocking June back against the ropes.

[The referee calls for a break but Askari is thinking otherwise, launching into a series of stiff roundhouse kicks to the body finished up with a hooking palm strike to the temple that spins June around and down on her knees, leaning over the middle rope as the crowd oohs at the speed and precision of the strikes.]

GM: What a flurry of offense from Askari!

BW: She's been on the outside for a while, resting up for this moment... she moves quickly for someone of her size...

[Grabbing June's wrist, Askari pulls her up off the mat, looking to pull her into an Irish whip...

...but June has other ideas, pulling Askari back towards her into a headbutt!]

GM: Ohh! Nice counter by the Afro Punk!

[Askari collapses to the mat, clutching her head with both hands as June hits the ropes, leaping into the air...]

GM: HEADBUTT TO THE MIDSECTION!

[...and Askari sits up, grabbing at her ribcage as June kneels on the mat...

...and just kinda lunges at Askari, smashing her head into the Agojie Warrior's head again!]

GM: Three big headbutts puts June right back in control of this!

BW: I'm wondering if June's head shouldn't be considered an illegal weapon. It may be full of rocks!

GM: Would you stop?! Victoria June showing her strength both physically and mentally. She went through an exhausting battle with Charisma Knight and Leah White... in both ways.

BW: Strength? June went into SuperClash an absolute wreck mentally... and I don't know if she got any better after that match with Charisma where it looked at times like she wanted to end her career, Gordo. What happens if THAT Victoria June gets unleashed in this tournament?

GM: I don't know but I'd imagine it'd be trouble for the opposition... but right now, this is the Victoria June we all know and love taking the fight to this new duo out of the Combat Corner...

[Pulling Askari off the mat, she whips her to the corner, charging across the ring...]

GM: Leaping splash in the corner... a little nod to our World Champion, Supernova right there...

BW: Kayla Cristol tagged herself in. Did June even know?

[With Askari in the corner, June watches as Cristol ascends the ropes, quickly getting into position to plant a knee into the back of Askari's head...

...and leaps off, riding her down to drive her facefirst into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BOGGY CREEK BUSTER CONNECTS!

[Cristol flips Askari onto her back, June standing guard as the referee counts once... twice...]

GM: They got 'em!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[“Blood On The Bluegrass” starts up again as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official and June pulls her partner to her feet, gathering her in a big bearhug as the Minneapolis crowd cheers loudly.]

GM: And a tough fight for the Country Punks turns into a nice win for them as they get ready for the Women’s World Tag Team Title tournament which will begin right here in two weeks’ time... and don’t forget, in tonight’s Main Event, we will round out the field of eight to discover the final team who will be participating in that tournament!

[June breaks off from Cristol and pulls Askari to her feet. She pulls her into a rough hug, too. Cristol fires off her pistol salute to Nubia.]

GM: And what a show of respect from the Country Punks. That’s the kind of sportsmanship you love to see.

BW: Uh... speak for yourself, Gordo.

GM: I will! Fans, let’s go backstage to our own Mark Stegglet! Mark?

[We cut to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing alongside a beaming Veronica Westerly.]

MS: Thanks, guys... and as you can see, I’ve been joined by someone who had a major surprise to drop on us here tonight. Veronica Westerly, you’ve been a very busy woman since the beginning of December - not only have you gotten your AWA manager’s license but you have signed as your client, James Lynch!

[Veronica raises a finger, showing off a well-manicured fingernail.]

VW: My FIRST client, James Lynch.

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: First client?! Are you saying you’ve signed someone else?

[Westerly grins again.]

VW: Mr. Stegglet, what I am saying is that tonight in Minneapolis, you witnessed the birth of a brand new beginning for me in this sport. I was born into this sport - a woman in a man’s world - at the knee of my father who was one of the greatest promoters this sport has ever seen! I’ve been in this business my whole life... but always on the sideline. Someone’s daughter... someone’s wife... someone’s mother... someone’s assistant.

Now? The world is mine. James Lynch is just the beginning, Mark... the foundation for my dynasty. But there will be more... and sooner than you might think.

[Veronica suddenly looks off-camera, a surprised expression on her face.]

VW: Truth... baby... what are you-

[Truth Marie, her pale cheeks showing signs of red, steps into the frame and interrupts.]

TMT: Did Dad know?

[Veronica bristles at the question, looking to the camera and then back at her daughter.]

VW: Your father knows that I considered my time in the AWA unfinished business. SuperClash and the fall of Korugun was not the end for me, Truth... it was just the beginning.

[Truth Marie pauses, nodding her head.]

TMT: You're a strong, independent woman, Mother... and I support you in whatever you want to do... but if Dad didn't know...

[She trails off.]

TMT: ...he's going to be disappointed.

[Truth Marie leans in, embracing her mother for a moment, and then withdraws, exiting the scene as Veronica anxiously chews her bottom lip, staring into the camera...

...and we fade to black.

And with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we get a shot of "The Future" Derrick Williams sitting in an abandoned locker room, wearing track pants and an AWA t-shirt fresh off his victory earlier in the night. He's packing a bag that's on the bench in front of him when he suddenly stops.]

DW: What do you want?

[With a slight smile on his face, Williams' original trainer and current AWA backstage official "Wild Thing" Kevin Slater steps into the camera's frame.]

KS: How did you know it was me?

[Williams turns to face his former trainer.]

DW: The smell of judgment and disappointment in the air.

[Slater nods.]

KS: Yeah, I guess I deserve that.

[Williams holds his glare.]

DW: I asked you a question.

[Slater sighs, gesturing at Williams.]

KS: I've seen that look before.

[Williams looks away.]

DW: Don't know what you're talking about.

[Slater nods again.]

KS: Yeah, you do... that look right there. That one that telegraphs that you're thinking about taking the shortcut again - instant gratification and all that. Saw that one... what was it, six years ago?

[Williams responds angrily.]

DW: When I cut on a streak you couldn't deny and gave me a title shot, that I WON.

[Slater waves a hand.]

KS: Yeah yeah, then did enough of a tear that I got Todd to look at you, got you here, then you promptly got small fish in a big pond-ed. Then floundered and almost got released.

[Williams leans back against the locker, putting his foot up on the wooden bench.]

DW: You got a point, Kev? Or just litigating my decisions over the years?

[Slater shrugs.]

KS: Can't we do both?

[Williams starts to speak but Slater waves a hand again.]

KS: I've got a point. Look, I let you do your own thing here over the past couple of years because you need to learn from your mistakes. Lord knows I've made plenty.

[Slater pauses, looking pensive a moment.]

KS: Some of them I regret... some of them... well, my career and life would've turned out differently, but that's life and you take the hand you got. You've sank and swam based on what you've chosen.

Listen, we know what's happening tonight, and I know there's going to be a moment that you can make a choice of the shortcut or see the bigger picture.

[The former World Champion takes a step closer towards his student.]

KS: You don't need the shortcut, kid... you never did. You just need the patience to get there. Success doesn't happen overnight. Jumping tiers in the business doesn't happen overnight.

You got the same mentality now that you had when you walked into my gym ten years ago - all the potential in the world but none of the patience.

And a deep need for validation.

[Williams sighs and rolls his eyes.]

KS: Am I wrong?

Where would you be if you didn't tell the Korugun to stick it and went with them? An outcast, begging for your job, working for Blue with him lording it over you that he's doing you a favor, and trust me, that's the LAST thing you want him have.

No, you took the hard path, swallowed your pride, and were in the Main Event at SuperClash - something I never did - and won.

Back in 2016, you talked about needing the shortcuts, then went out and beat Ohara straight up. You didn't need it... you don't need it... and it's just a waste of potential and everyone here that's backed you up sees that... be it me, Carver, or even Vasquez - even if his mind was a bit scrambled.

[Williams visibly sighs at that again.]

DW: So, what you're suggesting is that I be good and play nice, even when my history proves otherwise.

[Slater nods.]

KS: Well, when playing the bad guy nets you an actual title defense, that might hold water. Racking up gold belts doesn't validate you - holding them and the respect that comes with it does.

I got three World Titles to my name - 0 defenses.

Only ring I got is a Wedding band.

[He holds up his hand to show that ring.]

KS: You're 29 years old... you got the time and you're almost there. You have the match you want in your back pocket - all you got to do is ask.

You don't need to antagonize and the validation is already there.

[Williams stares at his former teacher.]

KS: You heard it at SuperClash, you heard it earlier, and you'll probably hear it later.

[Slater pauses, waiting to hear a response... but hearing none...]

KS: Just... think about it, kid.

[Slater pats Williams on the back and heads out while Williams watches, looking down at the locker room floor as we fade from the pre-recorded footage out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest here on Super Saturday is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from St. Paul, Minnesota... weighing in at 209 pounds... Devon Moss!

[Moss waves an arm to the home state fans who might recognizing him from the local indy scene as he stands in a double-strapped red singlet.]

RO: Annnnnd his oppon-

[But Rebecca doesn't get the second introduction out as "Slim" Jim Colt comes barreling across the ring, smashing a fist into the ear of the grinning Moss!]

GM: Ohh! Come on!

[Grabbing the top rope with both hands for support, Colt starts raining down stomps on the ear of Moss as a protesting Scott Ezra reluctantly signals for the bell!]

GM: We've got a sneak attack before the bell... and I don't agree with starting this match in this situation at all! Scott Ezra should NOT have started this match in my opinion as this young rookie from right here in the Twin Cities is getting pounded into the mat by "Slim" Jim Colt who I'm told has quite the chip on his shoulder from how his 2017 went.

[Colt ignores the protests of the official as he drags Moss off the mat into a side headlock...]

...and then methodically turns his back, shielding the official as he jabs an extended thumb up into the windpipe!]

GM: Ohh! That was illegal! Right in the throat!

BW: But did you see the way Colt turned his back, making sure the referee couldn't see it because if you can't see it, you can't call it, daddy!

[Colt denies any malfeasance as he goes back to stomping on Moss, driving the young man under the ropes to the outside...]

GM: Colt sending him out to the floor... and he's going after him out there too.

[The veteran steps through the ropes, dropping off the apron where he again puts the shoe leather down on Moss before dragging him to his feet...]

...where he SMASHES his face down on the ring apron!]

GM: An out-and-out assault from before the bell leading right into this mauling by "Slim" Jim and- look out here!

[The crowd groans as Colt pushes Moss up in a slam, lifting him slightly overhead before dropping his face down on the apron, a whiplash-effect taking the local talent down on the floor.]

GM: Goodness! That could cause serious damage to the man's neck but Colt doesn't care one bit. Colt wants to show the world - and especially the Championship Committee - that he's a guy that should be reckoned with. Maybe he's looking to get himself a spot in the Top 5 so that he can Run The Rankings for the World Television Title.

BW: That would be a huge opportunity for a guy like Colt who has been around the AWA for several years but just can't seem to get a break to the next level.

GM: Colt putting Moss back inside the ring now...

[Colt climbs up on the apron, turning to shout at the ringside fans...]

...who begin to buzz unexpectedly.]

GM: What's this about now?

[The camera shot cuts to the aisle where we can see an agitated Odysseus Allah making his way down the ramp towards the ring.]

GM: Well, I don't know what he's doing out here but Odysseus Allah - the man who won the Battle Royal at SuperClash IX - is heading down the aisle. We've seen him interact backstage with Shadoc Rage tonight as well as Interim President Zharkov who informed Allah that he could get his singles debut match... well, you can put that in quotes as we've seen O.D. Brown in action a few times over the past several months.... but he said he could compete on the Power Hour and this brash young rookie insulted that show, calling it the B-Show.

BW: It's certainly got the B-Team of announcers.

GM: Would you stop?!

[Allah reaches ringside, glowering up at the ring where Jim Colt has stepped back inside, lifting Moss into the air and slamming him down on the mat...

...and then catches a glimpse of Allah, turning towards him, hands on his hips.]

"YA GOT SOMETHING ON YER MIND, SON?!"

[Allah instantly bristles at the word "son" before hurling himself under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: What the..?! Allah's in the ring!

[A surprised Colt doesn't get a chance to react before Allah throws himself at him, smashing him with a leaping forearm to the jaw that sends Colt staggering backwards into the ropes as the referee promptly signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: What in the...?!

[Allah throws himself at Colt again, swarming him with a series of stinging palm strikes, all over the head and torso of the still-shocked Colt who is trying to defend himself...

...when suddenly, Allah steps back, clasping his hands behind his back and shouting...]

"COME ON, OLD MAN! SHOW ME SOMETHING!"

[Colt comes lumbering off the ropes, full of piss and vinegar...]

GM: Allah's got his hands behind him, leaving himself open for...

[Gordon trails off as Colt throws a hooking right hand that Allah ducks under, shaking his head defiantly... "nothin', old timer!" Colt throws himself at him again, lunging with a left that Allah dances to the side of, busting out a spin move for good measure...]

"You can't even touch me!"

[With a shout, Colt throws himself forward, trying to wrap his hands around Allah's throat but Allah snaps off a no-handed backflip, his foot catching the incoming Colt on the chin, snapping his head back...]

"Too fast! Too quick! Too good!"

[...and then promptly leaps up, hands still held behind him to snap a foot off the back of Colt's head!]

GM: OHHH! ENZUIGIRI!

[The big leaping kick takes Colt down to his knees on the mat as Allah busts out a no-handed kip up, nodding to the impressed crowd...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and then snaps off a no look superkick under the chin of Devon Moss, sending him flying through the ropes to the outside which turns the impressed buzz of the Minneapolis crowd to full-throated boos!]

GM: What in the world - this guy is hitting everyone that moves!

BW: Ezra better get out of there! Heck, do you think we're safe out here?!

[With Colt down on his knees, Allah backs off, measuring him...]

"Say good night!"

[...and then charges back in, pumping his leg...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and delivers a devastating pump kick to the jaw of the stunned Colt!]

GM: WOW!

BW: He just laid out Jim Colt with his own move, Gordo! Jim Colt's been using that pump kick for years and Allah just snapped one off that's... heck, that might be as good as ANY I've seen Colt use!

GM: Kicked his block off... Colt's down and I'd imagine it'll be quite a while before he gets up from that.

[Allah stands mid-ring, taking on the jeers of the crowd onto his shoulders with a defiant nod...]

...and then waves towards the cameraman, calling him closer...]

"Know me now, boss man?"

[Allah sneers into the camera as he waves a dismissive hand at it, grabbing the top rope to slingshot over the ropes, landing on the floor and slamming his arms down on the apron. He stalks back up the aisle, ignoring the jeering fans.]

GM: Well... we're being told Jim Colt won this thing by disqualification.

BW: Sure don't look like it.

GM: Allah laid out Colt AND Moss... and... I guess that was him sending a message, Bucky.

BW: A message to the Interim AWA President... and to the entire locker room, daddy. This kid is for real.

[As Allah continues his walk up the ramp, we fade to black.

Black screen. White text appears. "Claws of Life" by Last Rites. Copyright 2015 Nocturnal Records. Text fades.

A staccato black metal guitar riff with a slow drum beat plays, invoking images of bleak, frostbitten landscapes. We fade in on the band playing the song. The singer is a young man who looks to be in his late teens or early twenties. His hair is shaved at the sides, long on top but tied back. His face is adorned with black and white "corpse paint" makeup. His anguished screams are subtitled.]

The Father gives the Child the choice to die

[As the music continues, we cut to another shot of the band playing onstage. The young singer is involved in a scuffle with an over-enthusiastic stage diving fan and

appears to headbutt him square in the nose, sending blood spattering everywhere. He puts his hand to the fan's bloodied face, and then slaps it to his own bare chest, leaving a smeared, bloody handprint.]

Either do as I say or live an eternal lie

[We cut to a montage of clips as the song continues. The young singer being led handcuffed to the back of a police car. A shot of him training in some form of kickboxing art, launching a series of quick, high kicks at a heavy bag. A clip of him stumbling out of a club and into the back of a waiting car.]

Now I scream your name into the winter sky

[A video taken from a cellphone of the young man, obviously wasted and nodding out. A screenshot from TMZ reading "DeVille Kicked Out of Last Rites!". Tabloid shots of him in cuffs again. A video of him being led into a rehab clinic.]

Abandoned at the claws of life

[The young man sits alone in a darkened room, his head in his hands. He looks to be in poor health. He looks up. His skin is pale. There are dark circles under his eyes. As we fade to black, we hear his natural voice as he makes a phone call.]

"I have nobody left to turn to. I need your help... I need... just... help me. Please."

[Caption: "The Bad Seed. Damian DeVille"]

And we fade through black up to a panning shot of the Target Center crowd for a few moments, showing some young fans in "Spitfire" Julie Somers t-shirts, waving a sign that reads "DAD PAID HIS HARD-EARNED MONEY SO WE COULD SEE JULIE!" Dad stands behind them with a grin, pointing to the sign...

...and suddenly, the crowd erupts with cheers as "Black Skinhead" by Kanye West begins to play, signifying the entrance of the two-time AWA World Heavyweight Champion, Supreme Wright! As always, Wright is dressed immaculately. He wears a checker plum-colored three-piece tweed suit with a dark violet vest and a plaid, gray and navy blue necktie.]

GM: The crowd here in Minneapolis letting Supreme Wright hear the love here tonight!

BW: Oh, I'm gonna be sick.

GM: Supreme Wright fresh off a huge victory over Jeff Matthews at SuperClash, getting that particular monkey off his back... then got to sit back and watch Korugun go down... then won a six man tag at the Grapples alongside his best friends... oh, and somewhere in there, he found the time to get engaged! Yes, I'd say it was a very good last few months of 2017 for the former World Champion, Bucky.

BW: But you know he's looking for an even better 2018, Gordo, 'cause he wants that World Title back around his waist and after beating Matthews at SuperClash, he's in a great opportunity to get a shot at it.

[Wright walks with purpose to the ring with microphone in hand. Stepping through the ropes, he fixes his tie and stares out towards the crowd, acknowledging their cheers, before he begins to speak.]

SW: SuperClash wasn't just the end of a long and dark period for the AWA... it was the dawn of a brand new day for all of us. For the wrestlers, for the fans, and for

anyone else shrouded in the darkness of Korugun's rule. I know I may not exactly be the sort of person known for wearing their heart on their sleeve, but I have to admit, for the first time in a long time, my heart is full of hope and I am truly, undeniably, happy.

[Is that a smile on Wright's face? Not a devious smile or a sadistic one, but a smile of pure joy. It's a bit of an unusual sight.]

SW: For the first time in a long time, the AWA isn't in desperate need of saving and the future is brighter than the damn sun!

[The crowd cheers.]

SW: And as of today, February 3rd in the year of our lord 2018, SUPREME WRIGHT, is your Number One Contender to the AWA World Heavyweight Title!

[The crowd really roars for that one.]

SW: It's been three years. Three long years, since I've held the AWA World Heavyweight Title. Three years of blood, sweat and tears, have brought me back within a hair's breadth of finally getting a chance at regaining the title. And when I do get my chance - Supernova better be prepared for the fight of his damn life.

[The crowd cheers the idea of that showdown.]

SW: But... that's not exactly the reason why I'm so happy.

[Wright smirks.]

SW: Now, I know what you must be thinking. "If the World Title isn't the reason why Supreme Wright is happy, then it must be something amazing."

You better believe it.

I don't ever reveal much about my private life, but the reason why I'm on top of the world probably isn't much of a secret to any of you. It's because I'm engaged to the woman I love...

[A big cheer erupts from the crowd for that one. Supreme smirks.]

SW: ...yeah, Theresa had the same reaction when I popped the question.

[Some laughter. Supreme Wright making jokes? Who is this man?]

SW: And on March 17th, in New Orleans, in my home state of Louisiana, in front of God, country and the world... Theresa and I will-

[Not so fast, with the opening jangly guitar of 7Horse's "Meth Lab Zoso Sticker" blaring over the loudspeakers, the arena erupts in boos as the man who is officially AWA's most hated makes his way down the aisle. James Lynch, the Demon Cowboy, is here, and he's focused on the two time World Heavyweight Champion.]

GM: What's this about now?! He's got no business out here!

BW: No? Supreme Wright's talking about marrying his sister.. and I'm betting James Lynch has plenty to say on that subject, Gordo.

[Lynch enters the ring and stares a hole into Supreme Wright.]

JL: Congratulations, Mr. Wright.

[To the shock of the crowd, Lynch extends his hand to Wright, but before Wright can react, Lynch pulls his hand away and continues speaking.]

JL: That's what I'd say if I had taken leave of all of my senses. But I'm not here to praise Caesar...

I'm here to bury him.

[Wright stares coldly at the man in front of him.]

JL: The last thing my brother actually did that brought honor to his family was to name his first-born child Jamie Christina Lynch. I assume you know where the name Jamie comes from, but just in case you don't...

...he named that child after me.

And it wasn't that many years ago that you, Supreme Wright, threatened to harm that innocent little baby, was it?

[Lynch's words draw boos from the crowd.]

JL: If there is one thing I know, Supreme Wright, it's that people don't change. I don't care how many years you've spent teaching Ryan Martinez how to kick someone in the face and I don't care how many has-beens you and my brother took on at SuperClash.

You were a snake then, and you're a snake now.

And Supreme Wright? I'll be damned if I allow my little baby sister to marry a low down, psychopathic piece of trash like you.

[That draws a loud roar of boos. Wright just continues to stare at Lynch, taking in his words, his face refusing to reveal any sort of emotion.]

JL: And no... don't bother to deny it. See Wright, I know. I know about the shadows that lurk in a man's soul. I see them every time I look at myself in the mirror. And when I look you in the eyes...

It's like I'm looking at myself.

[Wright's face finally breaks that cold stare as a smirk forms on his lips. Lynch seems slightly distracted by it for a split-second, but continues on.]

JL: Now, my idiot brother went and told the whole world that he considered you family. I didn't agree with it then, and I don't agree with it now. But just for tonight, I told my family that I was going to offer them amnesty. All they had to do was promise to follow me, and all would be forgiven.

So I'm going to give you the same offer, Wright.

[The crowd buzzes with surprise at that.]

JL: Right here, right now, you tell the world that the engagement is over. You swear to have nothing to do with my sister and you stay away from her for the rest of your lives. You do that and all is forgiven.

[Boos rain down from the AWA faithful as Wright's expression gives no hint of his reaction.]

JL: And right now, I know you're wondering, "Well, what if I refuse?" And Wright, listen to me when I tell you this.

That's not an "if" you want to bring into your life.

[More boos come down at Lynch's implied threat.]

JL: So what will it be? You going to do the right thing and walk away? Are you going to realize that a soulless sociopath like you has nothing to offer Theresa?

[Pause.]

JL: Or are we going to have a problem?

[The smirk melts away from Wright's face, as he lowers his head and brings his microphone up to his lips.]

SW: What goes on in my relationship with Theresa has nothing to do with you...

... "Jimmy."

[Lynch glares at Wright, annoyed at that subtle jab of disrespect.]

SW: And it's really amusing that you think it does. If you knew anything about your sister and I'm sure you do, she'd slap you across the face right now for every damn stupid word that just came out of your mouth.

[The crowd whoops and hollers for that one.]

SW: But that's the thing about family, isn't it? You can love them. You can cherish them. You can protect them. But the one thing you can't do... is control them.

You can fool them. You can manipulate them. You can terrorize and lie to them and tell them that all the horrible things you've done to them was done out of love... but no matter what... you can't control them. And that's really what this is about, isn't it?

You want control. You had no control or say when your career came to a screeching halt in the prime of your life. You can't control Jack, no matter how much you made him bleed. You have no control over who your dear baby sister decides to marry. But somehow, you believe... you desperately believe that you can control...

...me?

[Supreme stares Lynch right in the eyes, cold dead eyes meeting a soulless glare.]

SW: Listen and listen well: Theresa WILL be marrying this "lowdown, psychopathic piece of trash" because I am the man she loves and there's nothing... absolutely NOTHING, you can do about it.

[That draws a huge roar from the crowd.]

SW: So do we have a problem, "Jimmy"?

[James lowers his head and shakes it in disbelief.]

JL: If that's the way you want it, then so be it. But before I leave, I just have one question about the wedding.

[Wright looks at Lynch quizzically.]

JL: How are you going to pose for the pictures with a black eye?

[The Demon Cowboy suddenly takes a wild swing at the former AWA World Champion, driving his fist into Wright's face!]

GM: OH! Cheap shot by James Lynch! He caught Wright off-guard and-

[The blow staggers Wright, but he comes back ferociously, battering Lynch with a series of elbows that send him sprawling backwards and into the ropes.]

GM: -and Wright's fighting right back! He's not backing down and now it's Lynch who finds himself trying to get away!

[However, as Wright approaches him, James grabs him by the front of his belt and yanks him forward, sending the former champion through the ropes and crashing outside of the ring!]

GM: OHH! Lynch takes advantage of Wright's aggression right there, pulling him right out to the floor!

BW: And that was no soft landing out there, Gordo.

GM: It certainly wasn't - a hard spill out on the barely-protected concrete floor and...

[Wright hits hard on the floor, as Lynch rolls out after him.]

GM: ...Lynch going after him on the outside, Wright trying to get up off the mats before Lynch can do any more damage...

[As Supreme Wright rises, Lynch suddenly rushes forward...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[...a doubles him over with a kick right below the belt!]

BW: There goes the honeymoon!

GM: BUCKY! A low blow by James Lynch and... Supreme Wright is down and down hard from that. James Lynch knew he was in some trouble but that leverage move followed by the low blow has completely turned this situation around for him.

[The crowd boos loudly, as Lynch sneers at them. He looks down and gives Wright one last disrespectful stomp to the midsection, before he walks away, serenaded by boos.]

GM: One more for the road out of James Lynch... and with Wright laid out on the mat, he's just walking away thankfully.

[Before he leaves, James shouts down at him...]

"Where are they, Wright?! Where are they when you need 'em most?!"

[With a chuckle, James turns and takes his leave as the camera lingers on Wright, crawling on the ground, trying to hide his pain as best he can, as he angrily watches Lynch walk up the aisle as we fade to black.]

And fade back up on a sepia shot of an empty Center Stage Studios, slowly panning across the bleacher seats with the flags of nations around the world hanging behind them....

...up onto the elevated stage where an announce table and an interview podium are set up...

...and then down onto the ring... all in silence until...]

#I've got the power#

[Snap's "The Power" begins to play as the footage instantly colorizes as we pop into a jam-packed Center Stage Studios where the fans are shouting and waving their arms...]

#Like the crack of the whip, I "Snap!" attack#

[...to footage from a Power Hour show of Atlas Armstrong pressing a helpless foe overhead before tossing them down to the mat...]

#Front to back, in this thing called rap#

[...to Omega diving off the top rope to the floor with a crossbody...]

#Dig it like a cymbal, rhyme devil on the heavenly level#

[...to Alexander Kingsley and Curt Sawyer putting the boots to a victim...]

#Bang the bass, turn up the treble#

[...to Victoria June planting an opponent with her front powerslam...]

#Radical mind, day and night all the time#

[...to Whaitiri wrecking someone with a running spear...]

#7:14 a.m., wise, divine#

[...to Odin Gunn planting someone with a reverse chokeslam...]

#Maniac brainiac, winnin' the game#

[...to the Peach Pits posing on the ramp...]

#I'm the lyrical Jesse James#

[....to Sandra Hayes shoving Theresa Lynch off the elevated stage...]

#Oh-oh-oh-oh, oh-oh-oh, yeah, yeah, yeah-eah#

[...to Molly Bell swiping at a cameraman...]

#Oh-oh-oh-oh, oh-oh-oh, yeah, getting kinda heavy#

[...to a wide shot of the stage with the AWA Power Hour logo spinning on the television monitors...]

#I've got the power (power, power)#

[...and as the final lyric echoes out, the footage is replaced by the same logo on the screen, promoting the Power Hour on your TV screen every other Saturday night on ESPN...

We fade to black...

...and then back up to live action on Mark Stegglet standing patiently outside a locker room door.]

MS: We are back here on Super Saturday rapidly approaching the finish line here tonight with our featured matchup of the Invitational Gauntlet match to determine the final entrant into the Women's World Tag Team Title tournament which will begin in full here two weeks from tonight in Milwaukee as well as the highly-anticipated appearance here tonight of former AWA World Champion and Hall of Famer, Juan Vasquez, as he will reveal to the world what his future in the world of professional wrestling will be...

[Suddenly, the door opens as AWA newcomer Amber Gold emerges from the locker room wearing a red, white, and blue sweatsuit with "America's Sweetheart" in a swirly glittery font on the back that loops around to the front where it "bursts" into glittery pyro on her chest. She actually seems to try to get past Stegglet at first, moving swiftly as she pulls her damp hair back into a ponytail.]

MS: ...and speaking of highly-anticipated! Amber Gold, can I get a quick word?

[Amber blinks. She clearly hadn't been expecting to do an interview, but immediately puts on a smile and looks from Mark to the camera.]

MS: Now that you've got an impressive win behind you, what are your impressions of the competition here in the AWA?

[Gold looks a little uneasy with the question, waving a hand.]

AG: I'll be honest, I'm just grateful for the opportunity to go out there and show all of these fans what sort of competitor I can be. If I can inspire one little girl to follow her dreams - just like our great champion Julie Somers or the Olympic gold medalist Ayako Fujiwara or... all the other great competitors... then that's a win for me.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: Sure, of course. But you got your first televised win here tonight against Sheila Rockford! You've gotta be feeling on top of the world.

[Gold smiles, giving a shrug.]

AG: It felt great.

[A voice calls out from off-camera]

"Just keep lobbing those softballs for the princess."

[Stegglet frowns as the camera pulls back to reveal Donna Martinelli, Shannon Walsh, and Kelly Taylor approaching. The Peach Pits look from Stegglet to Gold. Martinelli smirks, shaking her head.]

MS: Hang on now... Donna Martinelli, I know you're stinging from what happened earlier with Kimmy Ba-

[Donna angrily interrupts.]

DM: Don't even say that little twerp's name, do you understand me?! This has NOTHING... NOTHING to do with her! This has everything, Markus... to do...

[She slowly spins her finger around, twirling it up and stabbing it towards Amber Gold.]

DM: ...with her.

[Shannon Walsh nudges her partner aside.]

SW: This one's mine.

[Donna throws her hands up with a smirk, stepping aside as Walsh gets up in Gold's face.]

SW: Tell us, little princess... tell us how good it feels to be out here in an AWA ring, taking up valuable air time. Maybe tell us a little more about how honored you are to be here on ESPN... giving your first interview on Sportscenter... getting your first match on Super Saturday while someone like me... who has been in this business for YEARS... who has fought and crawled and bled and...

[Walsh is getting worked up now and trails off for just a moment as Gold speaks up, a fire in her eyes.]

AG: I have worked, trained, and suffered just as much as anyone to get where I am.

[Walsh scoffs loudly.]

SW: Stegglet here as worked harder and suffered more than you. You think you've suffered because you got put through the wringer by Michaelson and Broussard? Because you got a little banged up being a cheerleader? That's crap and you know it, little princess. While the rest of us sacrificed our whole lives to get to this spot, your life was set on Easy mode from Day One. You're nothing more than a plastic Barbie doll being handed her shot on a golden platter...

[Gold seems a little overwhelmed by the anger coming from Walsh, her eyes shifting anxiously as she notices Martinelli and Taylor slinking in behind her to trap her between the three of them.]

SW: ...with your cute little face, your pretty blond hair... your...

[Walsh looks her up and down.]

SW: ...other assets that opened more than a few doors, I'm sure.

[Gold goes to protest but Walsh runs right over her.]

SW: Nah, nah... this isn't your time anymore. This is mine. My mic time, Stegglet, you hear me?

[Stegglet sighs, nodding as he keeps the mic on Walsh.]

SW: Yeah, I can see why marketing loves you. I can see why the front office loves you. And now you know why this locker room...

[She points to the door that Gold just came out of.]

SW: ...can't wait to get you inside that ring and make you hurt for the shortcuts you've taken to get here.

[Amber's brows knit as she takes a deep breath as Donna reaches out and flips her ponytail.]

AG: Look, I know you...all three of you...haven't gotten what you wanted out of your careers. That has nothing to do with me or anything I've done or will do. I graduated from Combat Corner, an' we all know that's not a charm school.

[Martinelli steps closer.]

DM: Graduated? Pfft. More like-

AG: NO!

[Donna blinked and stepped back half a step as Amber turns and steps up to her.]

AG: I let you all say your piece, now you get to listen to mine.

I have pushed back on every bit of special attention that's been given to me. I have turned down interview requests, photo shoots, commercials, public appearances. You name it. I've done all of that because I'm here to be a wrestler. Not arm candy. Not a manager. A wrestler.

[Gold glares at Martinelli... then turns to put the same gaze on Walsh.]

AG: I don't know how good I can be, but no one else knows that when they're first starting out either. I'm gonna go out there every night, and I'm gonna give it my all...and if you have a problem with that? That's on you.

[Walsh steps closer than before... real close now.]

MS: Okay, I think that's enough. Let's get some security over here.

[Walsh jabs a finger at Gold, sticking it into her chest.]

SW: You'll never be anything more than a pinup girl pretending she's a wrestler.

[Amber holds her ground, glaring at Walsh as AWA security shows up to head off any altercation]

AG: I'm not pretending anything. I'm here, and if that hurts your feelings, that's just too bad. I'm not here for you. I'm here for those kids that need someone they can relate to. For kids looking for someone. Looking for a hero, and there's NOTHING you can do that'll stop me from being there for them.

[Security begins pushing the Peach Pits away as Walsh shouts back.]

SW: Nothing? Bet on it! You just wrote a check your body can't cash.

[Stegglet waves a dismissive hand.]

MS: Get them out of here!

[He turns back to Gold who looks more determined than we've seen so far.]

MS: Well, that escalated quickly. It seems like your presence here has rubbed some of the ladies' locker room the wrong way.

[Gold nods.]

AG: They'll see, Mr. Stegglet. I'll keep doing the next right thing, and I'll be the hero that AWA deserves.

[And with that, an angry Gold stomps the other way out of view, leaving Stegglet behind.]

MS: A combustible scene back here in the backstage area between Amber Gold and the Peach Pits, fans. Gordon, Bucky... back to you.

[We fade from the backstage area back to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Thanks, Mark... and for all of our fans, welcome back to Super Saturday and - for our viewers who might be joining us for the very first time here on ESPN, we wanted to thank you for giving the AWA an opportunity and hope that we'll see you back here in one week's time for the AWA's other show known as the Power Hour. And what a stacked Power Hour we've got next week in Atlanta, Bucky.

[The Power Hour logo comes up on screen as the announcers continue speaking.]

BW: That's right, Gordo - we've got lots of big hoss action in store for you including the man who nearly won the National Title here tonight, Robert Donovan... the Big Man on Campus, Trey Carson... the almighty Atlas Armstrong and a whole lot more.

GM: We know that Justin Gaines will be in attendance in Atlanta as well and we're told he'll be having his return match one week from tonight. Plus, the Dogs of War will be in action against the American Idols in tag team competition... and our Main Event will see Odin Gunn put the World Television Title on the line against the former champion Whaitiri in a match you do NOT want to miss.

[The Power Hour logo changes to an image advertising the next Saturday Night Wrestling in Milwaukee.]

GM: And then of course, two weeks from tonight, we'll be back on the air in Milwaukee for Saturday Night Wrestling. Earlier tonight, we learned that Brian Lau will be in attendance to call out Tiger Claw... I can't wait to see that. Jordan Ohara will once again defend the AWA National Title... and now it's official, his opponent will be the Sin City Savior himself, Sid Osborne!

BW: What a match that's gonna be - but I'm looking forward to the start of the Women's World Tag Team Title tournament two weeks from tonight in Milwaukee!

GM: It's gonna be a hot one in the Cream City for sure so we hope to see you right back here on ESPN for all the action! And speaking of that tag title tournament, let's go backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing by with one of the mysterious entries in this matchup - Mark?

[We cut to Mark Stegglet, who is standing beside a young woman wearing a black hoodie worn zipped up, along with leg-length red tights, black kneepads, and black leather shinpads. Her brown hair is tied into a braid hanging over her shoulder. Behind the two, pacing back and forth, is an older woman dressed identical to the younger, with her hair cut into a bob.]

MS: Thank you Gordon, and yes, I am here with a team not only representing England, but a team representing a name quite familiar to AWA fans. Beside me is the "Snakepit Sweetheart" Sophie Rhodes, and behind us is the "Wigan Wildcat" Cassie Rhodes, together compromising the Rhodes Dynasty.

[Sophie gives a smile and wave as Cassie stops to sneer, then resumes her pacing.]

MS: And you are obviously related to Raphael Rhodes.

SR: Right, he's my uncle.

[Sophie motions her head to Cassie.]

SR: And he's her brother.

MS: So... that makes her your mother.

[Sophie looks at Stegglet with mock surprise, then back to Cassie for a moment.]

SR: Look at the big brain on this one, Mum! Figured out the family tree and everything! Right smart, he is.

[Sophie looks back at Stegglet.]

SR: You goin' to piece together that she's fourth-generation next? Or that I'm fifth-generation? Or that my family's been doin' this for near a century? You're real smart, I figure you can tell me what we're goin' to do before we go out there.

[Sophie looks at Stegglet with a grin as Cassie stops pacing to glare at Stegglet.]

MS: I was just trying to confirm for the people at home that may be unfamiliar with you.

[Sophie nods.]

SR: Right, right. You got your job, yeah? Let me tell you what our job's goin' to be then.

[Sophie turns to the camera.]

SR: It don't matter what order we come out to the ring, it don't matter how many other teams we got to go through. We don't care all that much about the other entrants. We know there's that big Margarita Flores and her little teeny-tiny sidekick Betty Chang, but the rest has been kept from us, and you know what?

[Cassie interrupts her daughter.]

CR: We like surprises, lovelies!

[Cassie storms off, as Sophie chuckles to herself.]

SR: Right. Ain't nothin' we like more than openin' up a little prezzie and seeing what's inside. We get to find out exactly how to take some of the best teams from around the world and break them down to nothin' but their desire to survive. We got to earn our way into this tournament by goin' in and fightin' for our lives against who knows how many teams, and who knows how many will be left when we get in there. And you know, from my uncle, what it's like when a Rhodes is fightin' for their life, right?

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: If you and your mother are anything like your uncle, I believe I do.

SR: So you really can tell me what we're goin' to do, can't you, bright eyes?

[Sophie winks and walks away, as Steggle shakes his head and looks back at the camera.]

MS: A very confident Sophie Rhodes on behalf of herself and Cassie Rhodes, in the Invitational Gauntlet tonight... and now, let's go out to Mariah Wolfe who is getting set to talk to two competitors with a vested interest in the outcome of this gauntlet match tonight!

[We cut out to Mariah Wolfe in the crowd, surrounded by cheering young people in maroon and gold athletic wear.]

MW: Thanks, Mark... we, of course, have had a great time here in Minneapolis... and joining us from the University of Minnesota is one of their alums...

[Beside Wolfe appears Trish Wallace and Skylar Swift in maroon U of M tank tops.]

MW: Trish Wallace, you've invited the U of M's Kinesiology department to the show, and it looks like you and your partner Skylar Swift are having a great time tonight. You and Skylar are about to start scouting talent in the Women's Tag Title tournament... who do you have your eyes on?

TW: Well, I've been wanting to get my hands on Harley Hamilton again for a long time, and I know... I know that if the Dream Girl and I get her in a solid two-on-two situation we can be ready for them. And Ayako and I have some unfinished business too, come to think of it.

MW: Skylar, we know that you were fighting through some nagging injuries as we closed out last year; I take it you're ready to go in time for the Tournament.

SS: I am so stoked to be a part of this with T-Bone; we've been talking about this for months and now the time has come to get ready for it we're-

"Hold up, Skylar, I wanted to talk you about this."

["The All-Around Athlete" Laura Davis swaggers up beside Skylar Swift.]

LD: Because I've been thinking about this tag team tournament myself. And what I need is a partner. Now, back at SuperClash, I'll admit I didn't expect much from my opponents, but I have to say, your performance and grit really impressed me.

[Davis puts her arm around the incredulous Swift's shoulders.]

SS: We've been teaming for months, Laura; of course we've got grit.

[Davis throws a dismissive wave in Wallace's direction.]

LD: Now, Skylar, this is about your future and I see good things for you moving forward. But let's get to the point: I want you to be my partner. I want you to be part of my team.

[A shocked Swift shakes her head.]

SS: I have a team. With Trish.

[We can see a steaming mad Wallace looking on as Davis continues to talk to Swift, ignoring Wallace completely.]

LD: I'm not talking about Trish. I know everything there is to know about her. But I'm asking you to be my partner. And considering the tournament is on a tight schedule, I think should strongly consider my offer. Are you willing to take it or not?

[Swift smirks in Davis' direction.]

SS: Look, Laura, if you're asking me to drop Trish because you think you I've got a better shot at the tag titles with you...

[Swift purses her lips and pulls Laura Davis' arm off her shoulder, and puts her arm over Trish Wallace's broad shoulders.]

SS: I hate to tell you that I'm "sorry-not-sorry," but I have a team, thank you very much.

[The crowd cheers as Wallace nods with a "that's right!" off-mic. Davis glares at the duo.]

LD: [her gaze narrows] You mean you are telling me "no"?

SS: I'm telling you, "no."

[Davis shakes her head.]

LD: Well, that's unfortunate. But I had to make the offer.

[Abruptly, Laura Davis turns away and leaves Swift and T-Bone with Mariah Wolfe.]

MW: A tense scene out here in the crowd for this one and... I'll leave you two to your scouting. Good luck in the tournament.

TW: [growling] We don't need luck, Mariah.

[Wolfe nods as Wallace glares after the departing Davis as Swift pats her on the shoulder, trying to settle her down...

...and we fade back to ringside to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: A tense scene indeed, Mariah... Laura Davis making a last minute appeal for Skylar Swift to dump her partner, Trish Wallace, and join up with her instead. Who does something like that?!

BW: The All Around Athlete, daddy. Laura Davis is in this tournament too... and she needs a partner.

GM: Well, she's not getting one named Skylar Swift after that encounter, that's for sure. But you're right... Davis DOES need a partner and she needs one quickly as the tournament is set to begin two weeks from tonight in Milwaukee with some first round action. In fact, at the conclusion of this match, we will know all eight teams that will be competing in this tournament... and on the Power Hour, we will announce the bracket for the tournament itself. Just one more reason to tune into what promises to be a jam-packed night in Atlanta for the Season Premiere of the Power Hour! And with Skylar Swift, Trish Wallace, and Laura Davis all out here scouting this very important Main Event, let's go up to Rebecca Ortiz for the introductions!

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

RO: The following contest is your MAIN EVENT of the evening!

[Big cheer!]

RO: It is our Invitational Tag Team Gauntlet Match!

[Another big cheer!]

RO: The participants in this match have all drawn a number. In just a moment, the teams that drew #1 and #2 will enter this ring to compete in a match. The team that loses is eliminated from the match. The team that wins will move on to face the team that drew #3! The match will continue until all teams have entered and the last team standing will be your winner and will be the eighth team in the Women's World Tag Team Title tournament that will begin two weeks from tonight in Milwaukee on Saturday Night Wrestling!

[The crowd continues to cheer as Ortiz grins.]

RO: And now... the team that drew #1!

[Ortiz lowers the mic and after a moment, "False Peace" by Petrol Girls begins to play.]

RO: At a total combined weight of 271 pounds, both hailing from Wigan, Greater Manchester, England...

"THE WIGAN WILDCAT" CASSIE RHODES!

"THE SNAKEPIT SWEETHEART" SOPHIE RHODES!

They are... THE RHOOOOOOOOOOODES DYYYYYYYYYYNASTY!

[We cut to the entrance, where Cassie Rhodes bursts through, powerwalking down to the ring. Sophie Rhodes follows behind her quickly, proclaiming her general greatness while trying to keep up with her mother.]

BW: The unluckiest team in the building, drawing number one!

GM: I'll say! A mother/daughter team entering the gauntlet, but from what we've heard about them, they're not exactly the most heartwarming duo.

BW: Yeah, you remember how Raphael Rhodes used to be, way back when he first got to the AWA? Cassie Rhodes sure wrestles and acts a lot like how her brother was! And Sophie Rhodes, from what I've been told, is one of the most vicious strikers in the sport today!

GM: And she's all of 18 years old, from what I understand. She couldn't even wrestle in the United States until a couple of months ago due to the age requirements for licensing in most states!

BW: Yeah, but Gordo, she's already got two years of experience because Europe is a little more lax about that, so it's not like she's this wet behind the ears rookie!

[Cassie and Sophie discard their hoodies at ringside, revealing a red halter for Sophie and a sleeveless black T-shirt for Cassie, as they slide into the ring and get ready to go to work.]

GM: So, the AWA has kept most of the details of this match under wraps - not only do we not know what teams are participating in this match but we don't even know how MANY teams. It could be three... four... five... a dozen... all bets are off in this one but we DO know that coming in in the leadoff spot is a bad draw, Bucky.

BW: It is... but based on reputation and attitude alone, I gotta think if any team can go the distance, it might be these two.

GM: That remains to be seen... and we're just about set to see who they will be squaring off with here in the opening moments of this very important gauntlet showdown.

[As the Rhodes clan prepares for battle, Ortiz raises the mic once more.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponents...

[The crowd waits, listening and watching...]

BW: Who's it gonna be?

[...and then Seal's cover of "Fly Like An Eagle" starts to play over the PA system.]

GM: That's familiar music but I can't quite place it.

[Up on the video wall, you see a blue sky, with clouds that form two words that draw a recognition cheer from some of the fans.

"AIR WAVES"]

BW: Does that ring a bell, Gordo?

GM: I believe it does!

[Out from the entranceway comes a familiar woman with a lean build, shoulder-length light brown hair and brown eyes. She's dressed in a sky blue singlet with the letters "AIR WAVES" on the front in white, cloud-like lettering. She also wears sky blue kneepads and sky blue wrestling boots.

And Myers recognizes her.]

GM: That's "Lady Lightning" Lori Wilson!

[Wilson stands at the top of the ramp, a smile on her face as she takes in the crowd's cheers. She then turns toward the entranceway and motions with her hand.

And out comes another woman, with a similar build to Wilson, but she has wavy blonde hair that comes just past her ears and blue eyes. She wears wrestling attire exactly like Wilson's.]

GM: And I believe that's "The Blonde Bomber" Jennifer Rowe! Lori's former tag team partner!

BW: And I'm guessing they were called The Air Waves?

GM: You are correct, Bucky. And while Lori was in the AWA just a couple of years ago, I don't believe Jennifer Rowe has wrestled in almost 10 years!

BW: In other words, she's somebody you'll be playing shuffleboard against in the near future?

GM: Will you stop, Bucky?

[Rowe stands beside her partner and friend, a big smile on her face, and she gives a wave to the cheering fans. She turns to Wilson, high fives her, then the two head down the aisle, both slapping hands with the fans.]

BW: So what exactly has brought these two back together?

GM: Your guess is as good as mine. I do know that the two teamed together in the NWCI... that's where the likes of Dave Cooper and Stephanie Harper first got their start in the business... and I believe the Air Waves won multiple women's tag team titles. What a surprise to have them here at Super Saturday!

[Rowe and Wilson reach the ring and climb between the ropes. They stand in the ring for several moments, soaking in the cheers from the fans, those who recognize the duo and those simply caught up in the moment.]

GM: Well, since this match was announced, we wondered just who the AWA would be bringing in for this battle with the high stakes of a spot in the tournament on the line... and now we've got a partial answer at least. The Rhodes Dynasty taking on Air Waves to kick off this gauntlet match... with at least Betty Chang and Margarita Flores and who knows who else waiting in the wings behind them!

BW: And what a tough spot for Air Waves to come in at. A lengthy time away from the ring for Rowe and her big comeback means she's gotta fight through at least two teams - probably more - if she wants to get into this tournament.

GM: Anything can happen in this one for sure but the odds definitely seem to be stacked against her as we get set for the bell to kick off our Main Event here on Super Saturday.

[The two teams quickly huddle up, making their last moment decisions as referee Shari Miranda encourages one member of each team to exit.]

GM: It looks like it'll be Sophie Rhodes starting off for her team and... Lori Wilson, Lady Lightning herself, starting out for Air Waves. And fans, many of you might remember Wilson from her time as part of the Women's Division - these days, she works as a trainer down at the Combat Corner but tonight, she laces 'em up once again to try and get into this tournament to crown the first Women's Tag Team Champions.

[As Rowe exits the ring, she throws a concerned look down to ringside where she spots Laura Davis has taken a seat near the timekeeper's table.]

GM: The All Around Athlete making her presence known. Any idea what she's doing out here?

BW: What? You don't ask why Swift and Wallace are out here!

GM: They're sitting in the crowd, Bucky. Davis is right out here at ringside near us.

BW: Well, thanks to that ungrateful brat, Skylar Swift, Laura Davis now has to find herself a partner for this tournament. Why not take a look at some of the competitors - most of which whom will soon be out on the outside looking in?

GM: You make it sound like Swift backed out of teaming with Davis!

BW: I'm sure that's the way Davis would say it went down. But if you ask me, Laura Davis caught a break there because who in their right mind would actually turn down the chance to team with her in favor of Trish Wallace?!

GM: You're truly unbelievable.

[With Rowe and Cassie out on the apron, Miranda signals for the bell to start the match.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Off we go in this Invitational Gauntlet match and... you know, Bucky, when I see the Rhodes Dynasty out here, I can't help but think about our trip to London coming up in a couple of months for that big London Calling event. How excited would the fans of the UK be to see the Rhodes Dynasty come home with the Women's World Tag Team Titles around their waists?

BW: They'd be over the moon. And just how excited would the fans of Jennifer Rowe be if she came home to... where's she from anyways?

GM: It says here she's from Little Rock, Arkansas.

BW: Little Rock, Arkansas. How excited would the fans of Little Rock be to see Jennifer Rowe actually came home instead of telling everyone she lives in Beverly Hills and disavowing that pile of pig manure even exists?

GM: Bucky!

BW: There's a reason we haven't run a major show - or even taped TV - in Arkansas in over five years, Gordo. It's okay to admit it.

[With the announcers bickering, Wilson and Sophie Rhodes tieup for a few moments before Wilson takes her down with an armdrag, tossing Sophie across the ring with it.]

GM: Back to the action here as Wilson scores with that armdrag...

[Sophie Rhodes has a scowl on her face as she rises to a knee, shaking out the arm that Wilson threw her with.]

GM: Sophie Rhodes slowly to her feet, eyeballing Wilson all the while...

[The duo come together again but Rhodes wastes no time in slipping in a forearm shot to the cheekbone, stunning Wilson and knocking her backwards a few steps.]

GM: Rhodes caught her good there... knee downstairs now to follow...

[Grabbing an arm, Sophie Rhodes tries to whip Wilson across the ring but Lady Lightning reverses it, sending the young lady across the ring...]

GM: Whip reversed by Wilson...

[A leapfrog sends Rhodes underneath, bouncing back towards center ring...

...which is where Wilson takes to the sky, lashing out with a dropkick that sends Sophie Rhodes back down on the canvas.]

GM: Nice dropkick by the veteran!

[Fuming mad already, Cassie Rhodes ducks through the ropes, ignoring Shari Miranda as she barrels across towards the rising Wilson...

...who rises again, catching Cassie with a dropkick on the chin as well!]

GM: And Lori Wilson's got the Rhodes Dynasty reeling early on in this one!

[A fired up Wilson walks around the ring, waving her arms up and getting the crowd even louder as she grabs the recovering Sophie by the head with one hand... and then her mother with the other...]

BW: This isn't the kind of mother-daughter bonding they were looking for, Gordo!

GM: WHAAAAAAM! A MEETING OF THE MINDS HERE IN MINNEAPOLIS!

[The clashing of the skulls with a double noggin knocker sends both to the mat, rolling to the outside to regroup as Wilson gives a shout and slaps her partner's hand....]

GM: There's the tag, bringing in "The Blonde Bomber" Jennifer Rowe into this one...

BW: No relation to the former AWA tag champion Blonde Bombers.

GM: No, not at all... but where is Rowe going?

[With the roaring crowd giving her lift, Rowe marches down the apron, stepping to the middle rope... then to the top...]

GM: Jennifer Rowe is up top! The Rhodes family on the outside annnnnnd...

[...and to another big cheer, Rowe hurls herself off the top, wiping out both opponents with a diving body press off the ropes!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ...DOWN ON THE RHODES DYNASTY WITH THAT CROSSBODY OFF THE TOP!
OH MY!

BW: The 41 year old Rowe looking like she's 18 years old, fresh out of training school, and with no fear at all!

[The lean blonde climbs to her feet, giving a whoop to the crowd as she looks out on them with a grin.]

GM: And how good must that feel for her, Bucky? To be back in front of a live crowd after such a long time on the living room couch, feeling that adrenaline rushing through her body...

BW: There's nothing like it in the world, daddy.

[Pulling Sophie Rhodes off the floor, Rowe tosses her back into the ring.]

GM: And Rowe with the presence of mind to put Sophie, the legal member of her team, back into the ring... and now that Blonde Bomber is climbing up on the apron, looking to strike yet again...

[As Sophie starts to get to her feet inside the ring, Rowe grabs the top rope, looking to slingshot into the ring...

...which is when Cassie Rhodes grabs her ankle on the outside, hanging on tight as the referee and Lori Wilson loudly protest!]

GM: Cassie Rhodes getting involved on the floor, keeping Rowe from executing whatever she had in- OHHH!

[Gordon reacts as Sophie Rhodes gets a running start, smashing a forearm into the ear that sends Rowe flying off the apron, crashing down in a heap on the floor to jeers from the crowd!]

GM: A cheap shot by the eighteen year old and with her mother's help from the outside, Sophie Rhodes may have just completely turned this match on its head, Bucky.

BW: A smart move by Cassie to slow down Rowe and then a big move by Sophie to lower the boom on her. I like these Rhodes gals, Gordo... they got spirit.

GM: They certainly have... oh, come on!

[On the outside, with the referee shouting, Cassie Rhodes pulls Rowe off the floor by the hair, flinging her backwards into the ringside barricade...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL GOES ROWE! COME ON!

[The referee jumps out to the floor, Shari Miranda reading Cassie Rhodes the riot act and trying to keep Lori Wilson from engaging with her as Jennifer Rowe stumbles across the ringside area, ending up leaning on the ring apron...]

GM: We've got a bit of a chaotic scene out here. Shari Miranda is trying to get Cassie Rhodes to back off, to get back to her corner... Rhodes is trying to get another shot in on Rowe... Lori Wilson's trying to get at Cassie...

BW: And while all that's going on, Sophie Rhodes is looking to take advantage of what her mother did.

[Pulling Rowe up on the apron by the hair, Rhodes twists her around, tucking her arms in over the top rope to completely expose her chest... well, no... not like... you know what I mean...]

GM: Sophie Rhodes pulling her arms back and...

"WHAAAAAAP!"

GM: ...ohhh! Big clubbing forearm across the sternum!

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

[Back in the ring, Shari Miranda orders Rhodes to back off... which she surprisingly does, raising her arms as Miranda unhooks Rowe from the ropes, allowing her to slump down on the apron grabbing at her chest.]

GM: Rhodes really taking it to Jennifer Rowe right there...

BW: And Rowe may be regretting putting down the remote control and getting back in the ring right about now.

GM: She definitely might. This is a tough test for the reunited Air Waves to get through... and again, remember... even if they get past the Rhodes Dynasty, we know there's at least one more team waiting for them here tonight in Betty Chang and Margarita Flores.

[Rhodes steps back in as Rowe rolls through the ropes back inside the ring...

...and promptly soccer kicks her in the ribs, sneering down at her as Rowe cries out.]

GM: Well, if you thought that Raphael Rhodes had the mean streak in his family, I'd say you were wrong.

BW: Looks like that bad attitude is a family trait.

GM: It certainly does... and now it looks like we may get a peek at what Cassie Rhodes brings to the table in this team - Raphael's sister - as Sophie drags Rowe to the corner in a front facelock...

[With a slap of the hand, Cassie Rhodes is legally brought into the match, stepping through to quickly boot Rowe in the ribs... then smash a forearm across the back... then grabs two hands full of hair, dropping to her knees to smash Rowe's face into the mat!]

GM: Good grief! Cassie Rhodes is a whirling tornado of fury in there, putting Rowe down and- oh, come on! Another illegal activity by these Rhodes girls as Cassie rubs Rowe's face back and forth on the canvas.

[Cassie gets to her feet, making a show of dusting her hands off as she looks across at Lori Wilson who looks on with a concerned expression.]

GM: And there may be some history there, Gordo. Both of these women are twenty year veterans of this sport so you'd have to imagine their paths may have crossed at some point.

[Cassie throws a mocking wave at Wilson as Rowe tries to turn herself into the right direction to crawl towards her corner..

...but Cassie will have none of that, kicking Rowe's arm out from under her, causing her to flop facefirst down on the mat.]

GM: That mean streak is shining through for Cassie Rhodes, now pulling Rowe up by the hair.

[She tosses Rowe back into the corner, slapping the offered-up hand of her daughter.]

GM: Nice quick tag there by the Rhodes Dynasty which brings Sophie back in.

[Sophie and Cassie square up, each throwing a boot into the gut of Rowe before diving the short distance into the corner with an impactful pair of back elbows!]

GM: Oof! Hard shot to the jaw of Rowe there and-

[The crowd groans as Cassie snaps off a hard jab to the reeling Rowe's chin before ducking out, earning another referee's reprimand as she moves to the apron with a sadistic smirk on her face.]

GM: Cassie Rhodes showing no respect for the official in this one, doing whatever she pleases in AND out of the ring.

[Sophie uses a snapmare to take Rowe out of the corner, sitting her up as she winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and lays in a heavy-handed overhead chop between the shoulderblades that makes Rowe cringe, pulling her arms back and wincing in pain.]

GM: Sophie Rhodes showing the same level of hard-hitting that her uncle does night in and night out for the AWA...

[With Rowe still sitting up, Rhodes stalks around to the other side of her, taking aim...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS her in the temple with a devastating head kick!]

GM: HEAD KICK CONNECTS! ROWE GOES DOWN!

[And Sophie settles into a lateral press, shoving her forearm into the jaw of Rowe and grinding down with it as the referee counts once... twice...]

GM: And Rowe gets the shoulder up before three!

BW: We're about seven and a half minutes into the comeback of Jennifer Rowe and she almost got handed a "L" by the Rhodes Dynasty right there.

[Wilson shouts "COME ON!" to her partner as Sophie Rhodes climbs off the mat, shooting a glare in Wilson's direction as she slaps her mother's hand.]

GM: Another exchange for the Rhodes Dynasty, showing that teamwork off...

[Cassie steps back into the ring, promptly dropping a knee down in the sternum of Rowe before she can get off the mat, applying her own cover for a two count.]

GM: Two count again, the Blonde Bomber hanging on as-

[Grabbing a fistful of hair, Cassie Rhodes violently smashes a hammerfist down between the eyes once, twice, and three times before she climbs off the mat, keeping the grip on the hair to bring Rowe up to her feet.]

GM: Cassie Rhodes... I would say she was showing signs of frustration there but that may just be her day-to-day temperament.

[Cassie shoves Rowe back against the ropes, pressing her forearm up under the chin, bending her neck back as the referee again calls for a break.]

GM: Miranda wants a break...

BW: So does Cassie... but I think they differ on what kind.

[Grabbing the right arm, Cassie shoots Rowe into the ropes, ducking down and forcing Rowe to hurdle over her...]

GM: Up and over goes Rowe, building up speed...

[...and as Cassie comes back up, she draws back her arm, looking for a fist to the mouth...]

GM: ROWE WITH THE SLIDE!

[...but Rowe drops into a baseball slide between the legs, popping up behind a surprised Rhodes and dropkicks her right in the back, sending her pitching forward into the ropes!]

GM: OH! Dropkick from behind! And this is Rowe's chance to get to her corner and get her partner in there instead!

[Rowe flips to her chest, bellycrawling her way towards a waiting Lori Wilson, Lady Lightning eagerly looking for a tag to get back into the ring with the Rhodes family.]

GM: Wilson's waiting and Rowe is on the move!

[Cassie Rhodes shakes off the effects of the dropkick, racing across the ring to cut off Rowe...

...and leaps right over her, smashing a fist into the jaw of Lori Wilson, sending her down to the floor!]

GM: OH! Cassie Rhodes duped us into thinking she was trying to stop the tag and-

BW: Well, she DID stop the tag.

GM: She did, I suppose... but that's not what I thought she'd do.

[Wilson climbs back up on the apron, trying to get through the ropes as the referee rushes over to block her...

...which allows Sophie Rhodes to come back in, joining her mother in dragging Rowe back across the ring towards the other corner. Jeers rain down from the Super Saturday crowd as Cassie Rhodes drops a knee down into the kidneys of Rowe, knocking the struggle out of her as the official turns around.]

GM: More illegal activities from the Rhodes Dynasty... and I thought Raphael Rhodes had a knack for bending and breaking the rules when he first arrived in the AWA, his sister may have him beat on that front, Bucky.

BW: She's certainly got a talent for causing chaos and taking advantage of it.

[Cassie Rhodes, still kneeling on Rowe's back, reaches up and slaps her daughter's offered hand.]

GM: There's another tag, bringing Sophie Rhodes back in...

[As Cassie gets up, she joins her daughter in stomping the lower back of Rowe a few times.]

GM: Nothing fancy about that... pun surely intended.

BW: But it's definitely effective as Jennifer Rowe is in a bad, bad way at this point of this gauntlet match as we're getting closer to the ten minute mark of this one... and these teams need to try to wrap this one up. We don't know how many more teams are coming but the longer they're in there in the first match of the... match... the harder it'll be later on.

[Sophie Rhodes pulls Rowe off the mat by the hair, shoving her back into the neutral corner where she smashes a series of hard palm strikes into the ribcage, followed by a trio of knees to the same spot...]

GM: Rowe is reeling in the corner now... Sophie Rhodes looking to take advantage of it.

[Grabbing the arm, Sophie whips her opponent from corner to corner, charging after her...

...but the desperate Rowe takes a chance, leaping up to the second rope as she nears the corner...]

GM: Rowe to the middle rope... LEAPS BACKWARDS!

[...and with a blind leap backwards, she catches Sophie across the face with a back elbow to big cheers from the crowd!]

GM: AND DOWN GOES SOPHIE RHODES!

BW: That's going to open up a HUGE chance for Air Waves if Rowe can make that tag, Gordo!

GM: She knows it too! Jennifer Rowe on her hands and knees, crawling towards Lady Lightning... needing that tag...

[Sophie Rhodes grabs the bridge of her nose, wincing in pain as Cassie points her towards the other corner, shouting for her to stop the crawling Rowe...

...and is about to do it herself when Shari Miranda throws one heck a block in her direction, squaring up to hold her back while getting a clear view of the other side of the ring where...]

GM: Shari Miranda's had enough of Cassie Rhodes' illegal activities and- TAG!

[The crowd ROARS as Lori Wilson ducks through the ropes, rushing in to pepper the rising Sophie Rhodes with a trio of forearm strikes to the jaw before grabbing her arm...]

GM: Wilson shoots her in... and TAKES HER DOWN with a clothesline!

[With Miranda back in the middle of the ring, Cassie Rhodes comes charging into the mix, sprinting towards Wilson who turns to face her...]

GM: SCOOPS UP CASSIE! AND SLAMS HER DOWN AS WELL!

[Lori Wilson pumps a fist as Sophie Rhodes comes up off the mat in a bit of a daze....

...and Wilson scoops her up in her arms as well, twisting around with her...]

GM: Scoops up Sophie for a matching slam and- OHHHH!

[The crowd reacts as Wilson slams Sophie down on top of her own mother!]

GM: Cassie Rhodes took the brunt of that - all 137 pounds down across her chest!

[A grimacing Cassie rolls under the ropes to the outside as Wilson pulls Sophie back to her feet, shoving her back into the neutral corner...]

GM: Lady Lightning's got momentum on her side and now she needs to find a way to turn that momentum into a victory for Air Waves to move on in this gauntlet match and get one step closer to earning the final spot in this Women's World Tag Team Title tournament!

[Squaring up, Wilson fires off a series of boots to the midsection of a stunned Sophie Rhodes before whipping her from corner to corner, sending her slamming violently into the far turnbuckles, stumbling out towards the waiting veteran...]

GM: Rhodes hits the corner hard and...

[...who snatches a bodylock, lifting and twisting into a high speed belly to belly suplex, smashing Rhodes down under Wilson's own bodyweight on the canvas!]

GM: ...BELLY TO BELLY DRIVES HER DOWN! COULD THAT BE IT?!

[Miranda dives to the mat, looking to count...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Shoulder up! Sophie Rhodes just BARELY slips that shoulder off the canvas to save the match for her and her mother as the Rhodes Dynasty hangs on...

[Wilson climbs off the mat, pointing down at Rhodes... and then STOMPS her foot down on the canvas to cheers...]

GM: ...but for how long because I believe Lori Wilson is looking for that Lightning Strike superkick!

[Wilson backs off towards the ropes, giving Sophie Rhodes room to struggle back up off the mat as Wilson nods her head, lying in wait for the Wigan native as she tries to get on her feet...]

GM: Rhodes is trying to get up! Wilson's waiting for her to do so! The Minneapolis crowd is on their feet here for Super Saturday as they've seen one heck of a night of action to kick off 2018 for the AWA and we're not done yet!

[...and as Sophie Rhodes stumbles up to a standing position, Cassie Rhodes makes a lunge from the outside, snatching the ankle of Wilson from her spot on the floor!]

GM: WHAAAT?! LET HER GO!

[The crowd jeers loudly as Lori Wilson's superkick attempt is stifled by Cassie Rhodes' blatant interference on the outside of the ring!]

BW: Absolutely brilliant! Wilson thought she had this one won but Cassie Rhodes says, "I don't think so, guv'nah!"

[Wilson turns, kicking at the ropes with her free leg, trying to get Cassie Rhodes off of her...]

...when suddenly Jennifer Rowe comes tearing down the apron, throwing herself into a front flip!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ROWE WIPES OUT CASSIE RHODES ON THE OUTSIDE!

[Wilson gives her downed partner a grin as the crowd goes wild for the big dive, twisting around to point at a stunned Sophie Rhodes...]

GM: LIGHTNING STRIKE!

[...but the crowd groans as Sophie sidesteps the superkick attempt, ducking low to yank the legs out from under the off-balance Wilson...]

GM: DOUBLE LEG TAKEDO-

[...and immediately leaps up, driving her feet down into the abdomen of Wilson!]

GM: -OOOOOOHHHHHH! DOUBLE STOMP! DOUBLE STOMP!

[Sophie drops to her knees, pushing them onto Wilson's shoulders while reaching back to hook a leg in a makeshift cradle...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: NEAR FALL! SOPHIE RHODES WAS A HEARTBEAT AWAY FROM SENDING HER AND HER MOTHER ON IN THIS MATCH!

[Sophie gives an angry shout, pounding her fist into the mat before pointing an accusing finger at Shari Miranda who backs away, holding up two fingers.]

GM: It was incredibly close but Lori Wilson slipped out in time and Air Waves continues their attempt at a reunion return here tonight in Minneapolis!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as they see Cassie Rhodes HURL Jennifer Rowe headfirst into the ringpost, sending her crashing down to the ringside mats!]

GM: CASSIE RHODES SENDS ROWE INTO THE POST! GOOD GRIEF!

[Cassie throws a wave of a weary arm at her daughter who nods her head, dragging Lori Wilson up off the mat.]

GM: Cassie's telling Sophie to stay on their opponent! Sophie with a forearm... another... another! Wilson's in a daze!

[With Wilson barely on her feet, Rhodes drops back, hitting the ropes to rebound back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LIGHTNING STRIKE! THE SUPERKICK CONNECTS!

[The devastating shot sends Rhodes flying backwards, collapsing to the canvas as Wilson falls to her knees!]

GM: She's gotta cover! She hit her shot and she's gotta take advantage of it!

[Wilson crawls across the canvas, wasting valuable time before throwing herself across Sophie Rhodes!]

GM: WILSON COVERS! WE'VE GOT ONE! WE'VE GOT TWO!! WE'VE GOT THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Shari Miranda leaps up, pointing to Rhodes' foot draped over the bottom rope!]

GM: So close! So close! Lori Wilson hit the Lightning Strike but Sophie Rhodes by good fortune for her, ended up right next to the ropes so when Wilson got the cover, Rhodes was able to get her foot on the bottom rope to break the pin!

[Wilson pushes up to her knees, burying her face in her hands as Rhodes starts rolling, right under the ropes out to the ring apron where she tries to recover.]

BW: Sophie trying to escape, trying to get out... Wilson needs to stay on her.

GM: She's trying, Bucky. Lori Wilson's up on her feet... reaching over the ropes...

[Wilson snatches Sophie by the hair, dragging her up on her feet...]

GM: Wilson hooks her... looking for the suplex...

[...and lifts her up into the air, bringing her over the top...]

GM: ...bringing her in the hard way...

[...which is when Cassie Rhodes strikes again, yanking Wilson's ankle out from under her, bringing Lady Lightning crashing down with Rhodes on top of her!]

GM: ...WHAT THE...?!

BW: Wilson lost her balance!

GM: CASSIE TRIPPED HER! SHE TRIPPED-

[The referee - not seeing the trip nor Cassie now hanging off the ankle, pulling all her weight down - starts a count...]

GM: SHE'S HOLDING THE ANKLE, REF!

[...and finishes it to the dismay of the AWA faithful!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Gaaaaaah... I can't believe it!

[Cassie immediately lets go, slinking down to her knees out of the official's view as the ring announcer makes it official.]

RO: AIR WAVES HAVE BEEN ELIMINATED! THE RHODES DYNASTY ADVANCES IN THE GAUNTLET MATCH!

[Sophie rolls to the middle of the ring, pushing up to her knees and raising her arm overhead.]

GM: Well, you heard Rebecca Ortiz. The Rhodes Dynasty advances in the gauntlet match but I don't think there's a single person here in Minneapolis who likes the way it happened.

[Cut to the outside where a grinning Cassie Rhodes is leaning against the ring apron.]

BW: You were saying?

GM: Cassie Rhodes is quite proud of herself I'm sure... and now we wait to see who's next to come to-

[The sounds of Santana's "Warrior" kicks in to a ROAR from the AWA faithful!]

GM: Oh yeah! You hear the music and we know what that means!

[Rebecca Ortiz fills us in.]

RO: The next team to enter the gauntlet... at a total combined weight of 286 pounds... the team of BETTY CHANG AND MARGARIIIIIIITAAAA FLOOOORESSSS!

[Margarita Flores walks out through the entranceway, a folded over length of bullrope draped across the back of her neck. She is also dressed in a beige cowboy hat, a black bustier top, matching shorts under a pair of blue denim chaps and black boots. With the cowbell in her right hand, Flores winds her arm up and raises it in the air, yelling "YEEEEAAH!!!" as she does.

A grinning Betty Chang is in hot pursuit of her partner, first clapping madly for her friend... and then going into a quick karate kata, throwing a few strikes at the air. Betty's lean, athletic frame is clad in a bright red t-shirt with a green pixelated dragon blowing smoke out of his nostrils alongside a dazzling bright white pair of spandex trunks with red slashes across the thighs.]

GM: And what a duo this should be in action here tonight. You know, Bucky... a lot of people have wondered why Flores and Chang didn't automatically get the eighth spot in the tournament. Why are they competing for it here tonight?

BW: Competition is everything, Gordo. Have we seen Flores and Chang in action together before? Yes. Are they an impressive team? Sure. But after seeing the Rhodes Dynasty in action, are you really gonna tell me they should've just given Cowgirl and Robin their own spot in the tournament instead of making them earn it tonight?

GM: I suppose that's a fair point, Bucky... and the Rhodes Dynasty, who just battled for over ten minutes, now find themselves against fresh competition in Betty Chang and Margarita Flores... and we're being told that Chang and Flores are NOT the final members of this gauntlet match so there's still at least one more to come.

[Reaching ringside, Flores removes her hat, placing it on the apron near one of the ring posts. She rolls under the ropes and quickly pops up to her feet, once more throwing up her right arm, cowbell in hand. Chang scrambles up on the apron, using a slingshot to somersault herself over the top, coming down in a karate fighting stance as Cassie Rhodes is restrained from charging the opposition by Sophie Rhodes.]

GM: Chang and Flores are in... the Rhodes family is in... and let's hook 'em up again and see who moves on!

[Cassie Rhodes exits the ring after whispering some final advice to her daughter who nods. Across the ring, Betty Chang exits as Margarita Flores stays in.]

GM: Oho... and this just got real interesting, Bucky. Sophie Rhodes - all five foot five, 137 pounds of her - is going to start the second phase of this gauntlet match in there with the six foot one, 176 pound Tall Drink of Texas water!

BW: Tall Drink of Texas water? You ever drank Texas water, Gordo?

GM: Of course.

BW: I did too once. Worst weekend of my life, babydolls.

GM: Oh brother.

[The referee signals for the bell as Sophie Rhodes wastes no time in changing levels, making a lunge at the lanky legs of Flores.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Rhodes grabs a leg, looking for a single leg takedown here...

[And while Flores doesn't have the mat wrestling skills to stuff a takedown attempt, she does have the overwhelming power to wrap her arms around Rhodes' torso, lifting her into the air and flinging her to the side, spinning like a frisbee before crashing down on the canvas!]

GM: ...goodness! Flores bringing the power right there!

BW: We've said it before, Gordo. Margarita Flores is right at the top of the list of the most powerful competitors in this Women's Division and Sophie Rhodes can't even dream of matching power with her.

[Sophie kneels on the canvas as a grinning Flores waves her to her feet, calling for her to take another shot...]

GM: Flores wants more... she wants Sophie Rhodes to take another shot at it.

[Rhodes gets up off the mat, sneering in Flores' direction, and then takes a lunge at her, quickly tying up in a collar and elbow...

...that lasts all of three seconds before Flores HURLS her backwards and down to the mat with a mighty shove!]

GM: And down goes Sophie Rhodes again!

[Flores strikes a double bicep pose, grinning at the crowd's reaction as Sophie Rhodes rolls to her corner, coming to her feet with fire in her eyes. Cassie Rhodes reaches over the ropes, pulling her daughter towards her, speaking directly into her ear.]

GM: Perhaps a little change of strategy here.

BW: This is the only team we knew for sure was going to be in this match going into it, Gordo. This should be the one team that everyone's scouted and is ready for.

GM: Time to find out if the Rhodes family did their homework.

[Sophie nods a few times before edging out of the corner towards a waiting Margarita Flores who beckons her forward with a grin...]

GM: Rhodes coming for her again... hopefully with a different gameplan in mind...

[Rhodes feigns a tieup this time, quickly moving behind Flores, snatching a rear waistlock.]

GM: ...well, that's certainly a different gameplan.

BW: Rhodes trying to take her down but... no dice so far.

[Flores holds her ground as Rhodes tries to lift her off the mat, shaking her head with an amused look on her face.]

GM: Rhodes trying for a waistlock takedown but that's not happening.

[Rhodes tries again... and again...

...and then ends up getting sandwiched between Flores and the turnbuckles as the six foot one La FERIA, Texas native puts her back into the neutral corner!]

GM: Ohhh! That's one way out of the waistlock.

[Flores leans on Rhodes for a moment, listening to Shari Miranda's call for a break...

...and break she does, stepping out and swinging an elbow back into the side of Rhodes' face!]

GM: Big elbow by Flores... make it a pair of 'em now.

[Turning around, Flores grabs by the arm, whipping Rhodes across into the far turnbuckles.]

GM: Rhodes hits the corner...

[Flores steps closer, arm cocked and at the ready to throw a potentially match-ending lariat...

...which is when Rhodes dives to the mat, rolling under the ropes out to the floor.]

GM: And there goes Sophie Rhodes to the outside. She wants no part of that lariat.

BW: Can't blame her for that. We've seen enough of Flores and that lariat to know that if she hits that, it's likely all over.

[We cut to a shot of Trish Wallace and Skylar Swift sitting in the crowd. Wallace gestures at the ring before leaning in, whispering to Swift who nods attentively.]

GM: There's one of the teams already in this thing... waiting to see who the final team to join them will be...

[And we cut then to Laura Davis looking on with interest.]

GM: ...and there's Laura Davis, also a part of the tournament but it remains to be seen who will be her partner when the tournament begins two weeks from tonight in Milwaukee. Perhaps it will be one of the women in this match, Bucky.

BW: I could see Davis teaming with either one of the Rhodes Dynasty if they don't make it through this thing.

GM: They have the kind of attitude she'd probably like.

BW: Hey, what about Laura Davis and Margarita Flores - what kind of team would that be?

GM: A dangerous and impressive one for sure.

[Sophie Rhodes paces anxiously on the outside, allowing the referee's count to build up to seven before she grabs the ropes, pulling herself up on the apron. She points a finger at Betty Chang threatening to "feed you the back of my hand!" Chang shouts a response as Flores looks on, waiting for Rhodes to get back inside the ring.]

GM: Sophie Rhodes back in now... throwing a look at her mother... maybe a tag?

[But Sophie heads back in on Flores, locking up with her again as Flores simply pushing strong and hard, driving Rhodes right back across the ring, Rhodes giving a pull to drag her into the Dynasty corner...]

BW: Oh, I think she lured her in there.

[...and reaches up to slap the hand of her mother who steps in behind Flores, smashing a forearm shot to the kidneys... a right hand to the ribcage... a kick to the back of the knee... and a headbutt to the small of the back!]

GM: Good grief - Cassie Rhodes strikes so hard and so quickly, driving Flores down to her knees...

[Cassie grabs the long arms of Flores, holding them back as Sophie Rhodes unleashes a series of stiff kicks to the sternum, each blow echoing throughout the Target Center.]

GM: ...and now that's an illegal double team.

BW: They've got a five count to get in and out... and I didn't even hear Miranda counting at all.

[The official gives a few words to Sophie Rhodes as she ducks back out on the apron, leaving her mother inside the ring with Flores who is down on all fours.]

GM: Flores has been chopped down into a position where the Rhodes gals might take advantage of it.

[Cassie straddles Flores' large back, reaching around to snag her fingers into the nostrils of Flores, yanking her neck back at a severe angle.]

GM: Come on, ref! Get her out of that!

[The referee gets to four before Rhodes lets go, allowing Flores to flop facefirst down on the mat...

...and with a disgusted expression on her face, Rhodes wipes her fingers on Shari Miranda's shirt!]

GM: Disgusting.

BW: Absolutely. With that dry Texas air, who knows what Flores is keeping up those nose of hers.

GM: Bucky!

BW: You know, they say everything is bigger in Texas.

GM: BUCKY!

[Miranda warns Cassie Rhodes who leaps up, stomping down on the lower back of Flores once... twice... three times....

...and then slaps her daughter's outstretched hand.]

GM: The tag is made, Sophie Rhodes back in now...

[Sophie slips through the ropes, smashing the point of her elbow down into the small of Flores' back with a lunging elbowdrop. She shoves the big Texan over onto her back, diving across her chest...]

GM: We've got one... and two... and... no way. Flores kicks out with plenty of time there.

[Sophie is quickly back up, throwing a look at her mother who waves a hand down at Flores.]

GM: Sophie bringing the six footer up off the mat... not sure that's a good idea.

[Sophie shoves Flores back into the Rhodes Dynasty's corner, smashing her fist down into the midsection before slapping her mother's hand.]

GM: And that'll bring Cassie right back in as well...

[Cassie and Sophie each grab an arm, pulling her out of the corner...

...and throwing her right back in, jolting the spine of the big Texan!]

GM: You know what surprises me about this gameplan, Bucky? Going into this, I think everyone assumed the Rhodes gals would put their focus on Betty Chang, the smaller and more inexperienced competitor... but they're going full bore after Flores and it's working out well for them so far.

[Cassie gestures to her daughter as they pull Flores out, throwing her back into the buckles a second time before Sophie steps out, leaving Cassie to deal with the Tall Drink of Texas Water.]

GM: The Rhodes Dynasty working well together on Flores, pulling her out of the corner now...

[Snatching a cravate, Cassie cranks the neck of Flores, smashing her knee up between the eyes once... twice... three times...

...and the powerful Flores delivers a two-handed shove, knocking Cassie keister over kettle across the ring!]

GM: Whoa! Flores just shoves her way out!

[Flores stumbles towards the outstretched hand of Betty Chang...

...but Cassie Rhodes stretches her legs out, scissoring the ankle of Flores to slow her progress...]

BW: Nice move by Rhodes, keeping Flores out of the corner...

[Chang squeals, jumping up and down and stretching out her arm towards a reaching Flores...

...but Cassie Rhodes reaches up, pulling back of Flores' shorts to send the off-balance Texan falling back into a schoolgirl rollup.]

GM: Rhodes pulls her down... two count only though as Flores kicks out with authority...

BW: But she's gotta get out of there and make a tag. She's been in the entire match, over five minutes at this point.

[Flores gets to a knee, stretching out an arm towards Chang again but the quicker Rhodes is up in a hurry, grabbing that stretched-out arm and hooking it in an armbar, standing behind Flores as she cranks back on the limb.]

GM: No tag there... and now Cassie Rhodes is wrenching the arm of Flores, dragging her to her feet...

[Flores reaches out with the free arm, trying to get to her corner...

...which is Cassie's cue to grab a handful of hair, yanking it to drag Flores back across the ring as the referee protests and the crowd cheers.]

GM: Blatant hairpull there, pulling right back - and another tag for the Rhodes Dynasty!

[Sophie slips quickly through the ropes, squaring up on one side of Flores as Cassie moves to the other...

...and they unleash hell with a barrage of blows to the six foot one inch Texas, Cassie throwing haymakers as Sophie throws chops... then Sophie driving down elbows on the neck as Cassie throws short kicks to the face...]

GM: They're all over Flores!

[...then Sophie smashing repeated headbutts to the ear as Cassie wildly starts kicking the back of Flores' knee over and over, chopping her down to a knee!]

GM: Wow! Intensity mixed with brutality out of the Rhodes Dynasty!

[Cassie nudges her daughter, gesturing to the ropes as the duo dashes to the ropes in tandem, rebounding back...

...into a ROARING Flores who surges to her feet, connecting with a double shoulder tackle that sends both Rhodes flying into the air, flipping and spinning before crashing down on the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TOO MUCH SIZE AND STRENGTH!

[And with Cassie Rhodes rolling out and Sophie staying in, Flores stomps across the ring and slaps the offered hand...]

GM: The tag is made and in comes Betty Chang!

[Chang slingshots over the top rope with a "KIIIIII-YAAAAA!" as Sophie Rhodes scrambles up to her feet, walking right into a hard front kick... a pair of palm strikes to the sternum... and a spinning back kick to the midsection that doubles Rhodes over!]

GM: And the martial arts skills of Betty Chang getting put to immediate use in this one!

[Grabbing Rhodes by the arm, Chang whips her into the ropes, sending her rebounding back...]

GM: Rhodes off the far side... ducks a backhand chop by Chang...

[...and bounces off with more speed...

...and runs right into Chang leaping straight up into the air, scissoring the head, and snapping her off into a hurricanrana complete with a tight double leg cradle!]

GM: CHANG TAKES HER OVER!! ONNNNNNE! TWOOOOO!

[But Sophie breaks free before we get too close to a three count. Chang is almost immediately back on her feet and on the move, running to the ropes...]

GM: Chang's got the speed advantage for sure... and now she ducks a clothesline from Rhodes...

[The ducking Chang leaps up to the second rope, springing back off, snatching the arm of Rhodes, and yanking her down to the mat with an armdrag!]

GM: Whooooa! We know that Betty Chang has been hard at work over the past few months, trying to improve her growing skillset and it sure seems like it may be paying dividends in this one.

[A staggered Sophie climbs off the mat, falling back into the neutral corner where Chang advances, leaping up to the second rope with a shout. She looks out on the cheering crowd, nodding her head...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

[But as she leans down to deliver an eighth blow, Cassie Rhodes jumps on the second rope, grabbing Chang by the hair...]

GM: What is she...?!

[...and then leaps to the side, pulling Chang with her, and SNAPPING Chang's throat down across the top rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Ring the bell! Ring the bell right now! She oughta be disqualified for that!

[Shari Miranda is berating Cassie Rhodes from inside the ring... which allows Sophie Rhodes to stumble out, collapsing on top of Betty Chang. Cassie points it out and Miranda turns, grimacing as she drops to her knees...]

BW: She's letting it go! Cassie's got the cover!

[...but Chang kicks out at two, breaking out of the pin attempt.]

GM: Two count only there for Sophie Rhodes on Betty Chang and...

[The crowd begins to jeer loudly without warning as we can spot some fans turning to look up the aisle...]

GM: What's this about now?

[...and as our cameras cut to the aisle, we see why.]

GM: Oh, come on!

[The boos pick up as we see the unit referring to themselves as E-Girl MAX walking into view, looking down the aisle towards the ring...]

BW: Hey, they've got every right to be out here!

GM: How do you figure?!

BW: Wallace and Swift are out here! Laura Davis is out here! Why shouldn't Seductive and Destructive to be out here to do some scouting too?

GM: Because I think we all know that "scouting" isn't their goal in this one. Harley Hamilton and Cinder have an extensive history with Margarita Flores...

BW: That all ended back at Fright Night last fall. This is about the World Tag Team Title tournament.

GM: I believe that's true... it's about trying to keep their competition to a minimum in this tournament. I bet you Hamilton and Cinder have no desire to meet Chang and Flores in action in this tournament.

[The quartet stops in the aisle about halfway down, eyes on the ring. Cinder loops an arm around Casey Cash's shoulders, pointing up at the ring as Cash nods with a giggle.]

GM: Some plotting going on there no doubt.

[Back inside the ring, we see Sophie Rhodes working over Betty Chang in the corner with forearm shots before slapping her mother's hand.]

GM: In the meantime, the Rhodes Dynasty have taken control of this one as well...

BW: Which is impressive in its own right, Gordo, as Sophie and Cassie have been in that ring for close to a half hour now.

[Cassie twists Chang around, using a cravate on Chang to pull her throat down on the top rope, choking her viciously as the crowd jeers.]

GM: That's a choke right there - the referee on the spot to call for a break...

[Cassie lets go at the four count, watching a coughing Chang try to walk down the ropes towards her partner...

...but hooks her by the back of the tights, yanking her back into her waiting arms...]

GM: BELLY TO BAAAAA- NO! CHANG FLIPS OVER!

[Rhodes whips around, throwing a backhand chop that Chang ducks under, popping up with an elbow uppercut that stuns Cassie, putting her down on her rear end with a flop!]

GM: OHHH! CHANG DROPS HER! CHANG CLEARS A PATH!

[And diving over the seated Cassie Rhodes, Chang slaps the hand of her partner.]

GM: TAG!

[Margarita Flores comes through the ropes, swinging that big right arm of hers as she dashes to the ropes, rebounding back as Cassie Rhodes regains her feet in a daze...

...and CRACKS her with the devastating lariat!]

GM: LAAAAARIAAAATOOOOOO!

[The big clothesline puts Cassie Rhodes down as Flores drops to her knees, leaning across...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: DIVING DOUBLE STOMP OFF THE TOP BY SOPHIE RHODES! BREAKING UP THE PIN JUST IN TIME!

[Flores rolls off of Cassie, grabbing the back of her head as Sophie drags her mother to the corner, slapping her hand...]

GM: Sophie Rhodes tags herself in...

[Rhodes stomps to center ring, leaning down to slap the canvas with both hands as Flores tries to get up off the canvas...]

GM: ...HIGH KICK!

[But as Rhodes tries to kick a kneeling Flores in the temple, the big powerhouse catches the leg on her shoulder...]

GM: CAUGHT! CAUGHT!!

[...and GETS UP, lifting Sophie all the way up so that both legs are on the shoulders of the six foot one inch Flores...]

GM: SHE’S GOT HER UP ANNNNNNNND...

[...and DRIVES her down to the canvas with a massive powerbomb!]

GM: ...DOWWWWWWN WITH THE POWERBOMB!

[Flores stacks up the legs, putting her considerable weight on them to push Sophie down into the canvas...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Flores pushes out of the cradle, throwing an arm up in the air as Betty Chang moves in to join the celebration as Harley Hamilton glares down the aisle, fuming with anger as she calls over Casey Cash, whispering to her, pointing down at the ring...]

GM: Chang and Flores advance! It was one heck of a performance out of the Rhodes Dynasty but Chang and Flores are moving on to the next stage of this gauntlet match, trying to become the last team standing to walk out of Super Saturday as the final team in the tag team tournament!

[Flores lifts Chang off the mat in a hug as smiles abound for the fan favorite duo...

A hip-hop beat starts and a young woman shouts over the microphone.]

"WORD..."

"...UP!"

[Rebecca Ortiz? Please help.]

RO: The next entry into this tag team gauntlet match... at a total combined weight of 255 pounds... JAZMYN SPICE... "SUGABEATZ" STEPHANIE CRUZ...

...SUGA'N'SPIIIIIICE!

[The crowd has little initial reaction as two women in yellow and pink wrestling attire jog onto the stage. The eternally hyped Jazmyn Spice in a yellow singlet with the sides cut out, and her partner "Sugabeatz" Stephanie Cruz in yellow tights with a glittery black and gold basketball jersey - a bling-heavy microphone in her hand.]

"S"SC: Suga'n'Spice doin' Suga Spiced thangs
Give your girls some flowers when we step in the ring
This is a stick up: need ya hands where I see `um
We're so disrespectful and this here the anthem

[The fans seem to be getting into it a little bit now, a handful with their hands in their air, wavin' like they just don't care.]

"S"SC: Yo, Cruz and Jazmyn here to dominate the ring
Watch the opposition fold like their name was "The Vikings"

[Well, there goes any good will they were earning as the crowd jeers at that particular open wound. Jazmyn Spice's hand flies to her mouth in mock shock at what she just heard from her partner. But Cruz is not done yet...]

"S"SC: Serpentes think that this is their time to shine?
Their "win/loss" is recedin' like Mamba's hairline.

[Spice puts her hand on her forehead mockingly. Halfway down the aisle, they throw a glance at E-Girl MAX, looking on with puzzlement.]

"S"SC: Hamilton and Cinder think they're fresh but they're beatin' a dead horse,
Sugabeatz and Jazmyn Spice will disagree with force.

[Jazmyn Spice does a few skips up and down the aisle in a parody. Cinder makes a lunge at the duo but Kelly Kowalski manages to hold her back as they slip on by towards the ring...

...ending up within view of Laura Davis.]

"S"SC: Hey, in case ya didn't know, "Subway" sponsored this song
That's the closest Laura Davis is gonna get to a "footlong."

[Jazmyn Spice adjusts the waistband of her cut-out singlet with a wink to camera as Laura Davis shouts something unheard at the camera. A smirking Stephanie Cruz turns towards the crowd, looking out on Trish Wallace and Skylar Swift.]

"S"SC: "Dream Girl" and "T-Bone," man, that's a funny joke
Better practice your Heimlich, 'cause all you do is choke!

[Jazmyn Spice clasps her hands to her throat and crosses her expressive eyes.]

"S"SC: Suga'n'Spice like a twister in the dark,
Gonna tear up June and Cristol's little trailer park!

[Spice leans into the camera tracking them down the aisle and makes a big, fake "bucktooth" expression.]

"S"SC: And how am I supposed to believe Ayako can get gritty?
All she ever seems to wanna do is play with her kitty!

[Jazmyn Spice nods smugly, then takes the microphone from "Sugabeatz" Stephanie Cruz. She leans against the ring apron, and with shocking volume for such a petite woman...]

JS: TWIIIIIIIIIN CITIEEEEEEEEEEEEEES!

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

ARE GETTING...

NIIIIIIIIIIICE!

MOUNT UP!

[The duo slides into the ring...

...and Cruz promptly DRILLS Margarita Flores with a koppo kick, catching Flores flush and sending her falling through the ropes to the outside as the crowd reacts with surprise...

...and Jazmyn Spice rushes a shocked Betty Chang, overwhelming her with a flurry forearms to the side of the head, knocking her back against the ropes as the official signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: We've got a fight on our hands with... Suga' N' Spice? Is that what I heard?

BW: And we know one of these women, Gordo. The one who rapped their way to the ring - that's Stephanie Cruz! She's been on Saturday Night Wrestling a couple of times... she competed in Combat Corner Wrestling... and... well, she got fired by Korugun last year.

GM: That doesn't seem to have stopped her after that entertaining - and controversial - introduction.

[Cruz and Spice each grab an arm on Chang, whipping her across the ring...]

GM: Double whip shoots Chang in...

[...and a double clothesline attempt comes up empty as Chang drops into a slide, avoiding the attack.]

GM: ...swing and a miss by the newest team in this match!

[Chang comes right up to her feet, throwing some lightning quick jabbing punches into the chest of Cruz... and snaps off a crescent kick to the chest of Spice, sending her flopping down on the canvas...]

...and then into a backhand strike to the cheekbone of Cruz, staggering the young lady from San Antonio, Texas...]

GM: Look at Betty Chang go!

[With a shout, Chang slaps the canvas, throwing a high roundhouse aimed at the temple of Cruz who ducks down...

...which causes Chang to drill the rising Spice instead, sending her flying through the ropes to the outside, leaving Cruz and Chang alone in the squared circle!]

GM: Ohhh! Down goes Jazmyn Spice!

[Cruz throws herself at the back of Chang's head, knocking her down to all fours with a forearm to the neck!]

GM: Cruz drops her down with that shot...

[Cruz slips in behind Chang, grabbing a waistlock, lifting her up to her feet, spinning her around into a left forearm strike... a right forearm strike... and a really quick fireman's carry lift, driving back into a Samoan Drop!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Cruz kips up to her feet, throwing her arms out, looking for a reaction from the crowd...]

GM: This team showing some skills early on in this one, Bucky.

BW: They're impressive for sure. If these two can get into the tournament, they could have a major impact on the whole thing!

GM: We're just over a half hour into this gauntlet match to determine the final member of this tournament... and we've been told that there is one team left. Whoever wins this one has one team left to defeat and they'll lock in their spot in the World Tag Team Title tournament that begins two weeks from tonight in Milwaukee.

[With Chang slowly getting back to her feet, Cruz catches her on the way up with a pair of side kicks to the chest that send her falling back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Betty Chang being driven back into the corner.. Cruz showing Chang some striking prowess of her own...

[With Chang in the corner, Jazmyn Spice regains her spot on the apron, slapping the hand of her partner...]

GM: There's the tag and this is Jazmyn Spice now...

BW: She looks kinda familiar too, Gordo.

GM: I can't place the face but...

[As Spice comes in, Cruz rushes the corner, throwing herself into a back elbow to the chin...

...and then tosses Chang out of the buckles towards Spice delivering a discus knife edge chop that takes Chang off her feet.]

GM: Spice with the cover, looking to advance!

[A two count follows before Chang kicks out. Spice claps her hands together as she gets to her feet, leaning down to drag Chang up... and noticeably taking a look outside to make sure Margarita Flores is still out of the picture for the moment.]

GM: Spice shoots her in... follows after... ohhh! Running kneelift to the midsection!

[Spice backs off, a little shimmy in her backpedal...

...and then runs back in, smashing a second knee into the gut of Chang who grunts, doubling over on impact.]

GM: Jazmyn Spice trying to end this gauntlet match for Chang and Flores... trying to take them out of this tournament before it even gets going...

[Spice pulls Chang out of the corner, scooping her up and slamming her down on the mat.]

GM: Scoop and a slam and a tag to Cruz once more...

[Cruz climbs into the ring, watching as Spice grabs Chang by the legs, dropping back into a catapult that bounces Chang's chest off the ropes, sending her falling back onto Spice's raised knees...]

GM: Ohhh!

[...right before Cruz races to the ropes, leaping into the air, twisting around...]

GM: OHHHHH!

[...and crashes down on a seated senton on Chang, driving her back into Spice's raised knees again!]

GM: What a doubleteam out of Suga'N'Spice here in this one!

[Spice rolls out as Cruz stays seated, reaching back for a leg...]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! Ohhh! A lunging save by Margarita Flores to bail out her partner!

[Cut to the aisle where Harley Hamilton shouts something at the official... and we notice the quartet slinking closer to the ring...]

GM: I don't like the looks of this at all as those four spoiled little brats are inching closer and closer to getting involved with this match.

[We cut back to the ring where the referee is trying to get Flores out of the ring as Cruz gets up, slapping Spice's hand...]

GM: Another exchange by Suga'N'Spice...

[Cruz pulls Chang up, each grabbing an arm on the spunky fan favorite as they draw her back to the ropes, shooting her across the ring...]

GM: ...they send Chang to the far side...

[But Betty goes into a handspring, hitting the ropes with enough force to be propelled backwards, leaping into the air...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ...HANDSPRING ENZUIGIRI TAKES DOWN SPICE!

[Cruz looks shocked at this development as the referee rushes over, forcing herself in between Cruz and Chang, forcing Cruz to back away as Chang starts crawling towards the corner to her much-larger partner!]

GM: Flores trying to get the tag, Chang trying to get to her!

[Chang is dragging herself along the mat as Cruz shouts at Spice to "GET UP, JAZ!" from the outside...]

GM: Both women down... both looking for a tag now!

[...and with a dive!]

GM: TAG! IN COMES BIG MARGARITA!

[The Tall Drink of Texas Water comes storming into the ring, throwing big haymakers at the rising Jazmyn Spice, hammering her back against the ropes...]

GM: Flores has got Spice reeling!

[With a whip, Flores shoots Spice across the ring, knocking her flat with a big boot up under the chin!]

GM: OHHH! THE BOOT PUTS SPICE DOWN!

[Cruz ducks through the ropes, charging at Flores who catches her on the way in, twisting her through the air...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: POWERSLAM ON CRUZ! CRUZ TRIED TO SNEAK ONE IN AND FLORES MADE HER PAY FOR IT!

[Flores climbs to her feet, giving a whoop...

...and then turning to glare down the aisle as she spies E-Girl MAX creeping ever so closer to the ring...]

GM: And now Flores has got her eyes on these four interlopers at ringside!

[She points a warning finger at Hamilton who suddenly is trying to restrain Cinder from climbing into the ring. Flores balls up her fists, leaning over, inviting Cinder to get in there with her...]

GM: Flores is ready for a fight! She's ready for-

[But she's not ready for the combined force of Cruz and Spice attacking her from behind, flattening her with a pair of hard forearms to the back of the head in tandem!]

GM: OHH! SUGA'N'SPICE TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE DISTRACTION AND DOWN GOES FLORES!

[The crowd jeers the gloating E-Girl MAX AND the gloating Suga'N'Spice as Flores tries to get up off the mat.]

GM: Flores starting to stir... and now Suga'N'Spice is throwing all semblance of rules out the window!

[The jeers get louder as Spice and Cruz just hammer Flores relentlessly, Hamilton loudly taunting her from ringside.]

GM: Come on, referee! Get some control of this!

[A double whip on Flores sends her into the ropes by E-Girl MAX... where Cinder takes a swipe at her to no avail. Cruz and Spice are waiting with a double clothesline attempt...

...but Flores barrels right through it, breaking up the effort, hitting the ropes...]

BW: I think Betty Chang just tagged herself in!

[...and then bounces right back, running over Cruz and Spice with a double clothesline of her own!]

GM: OHHHH! AND THEY BOTH GO DOWN ON THAT ONE!

[Flores ends up leaning on the ropes near E-Girl MAX...

...when Cinder takes another swipe at Flores, this one getting a little TOO close as a pissed-off Flores steps out on the apron, jumping down into the mix where she dishes out a right hand to Cinder... then one to Hamilton!

The referee rushes over, shouting at Flores to get back inside the ring as Chang looks on anxiously from inside the ring...]

GM: Betty Chang is the legal competitor and-

BW: BEHIND!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd GROANS as Casey Cash dishes out a huge steel chair shot across the back of Chang, knocking her flat. Cash looks absolutely giddy at her handiwork...

...for a moment at least before she runs for the ropes, diving to the outside with the chair in hand...]

GM: Chang just got laid out! Casey Cash just laid out Betty Chang with that steel chair and-

[Back on her feet, Jazmyn Spice can't believe her good fortune as she pulls a limp Chang off the mat, lifting her into a fireman's carry...]

GM: Spice trying to take advantage of this - airplane spin!

[...and after several rotations, Spice hurls herself backwards in a high impact Samoan Drop!]

GM: OHHHH! Chang gets DRIVEN down into the mat!

[Spice flips over, hooking both legs on the smaller competitor!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[A shocked Flores whips around, spotting Spice with the pin on Chang...

...and angrily slams her hands down on the mat, turning with great fury towards E-Girl MAX who are backpedaling away, Casey Cash gloating loudest of all now as Hamilton and Cinder pat her on the back enthusiastically!]

GM: E-Girl MAX is running for it! And... my stars, they just cost Margarita Flores and Betty Chang a spot in the tournament!

BW: Exactly as they intended!

GM: Unbelievable.

[Flores is fuming mad and seems torn between going after the quartet and checking on her partner as Suga'N'Spice celebrate their win on the outside, wanting no part of the angry Flores.]

GM: Flores back in now, checking on her partner who took a vile-looking chairshot from that little brat Casey Cash!

[Flores grimaces as she puts a hand on Chang's shoulder, helping her sit up on the mat. A disappointed Chang looks up at her partner, questioning what happened as the referee urges them to exit the ring.]

GM: Betty Chang looks like she doesn't even have a clue how she ended up getting pinned, Bucky.

BW: A steel chair to the back will do that to ya, Gordo.

GM: I suppose it will. Flores helping her to her feet now... a big ovation from this crowd who may be just as disappointed as they are.

BW: I highly doubt that.

GM: So, as our tag team gauntlet continues, the eighth participant in the Women's World Tag Team Title tournament will either be Suga'N'Spice who are finally getting back in the ring as Flores and Chang exit... or it'll be...

[Gordon trails off.... waiting... waiting...]

BW: You really thought that was going to work, didn't you?

GM: I don't know. Things have a way of happening on cue around-

[And suddenly, the sound of Kendrick Lamar's "DNA" kicks to life over the PA system to a huge shocked reaction from the Minneapolis crowd...

...and we cut to Laura Davis, a stunned expression on her face as she rises out of her seat!]

GM: Wait a second! That's Lauryn Rage's music! The former Women's World Champion is in the gauntlet match?!

BW: Look at Laura Davis!

GM: Davis took a jab at her at the Golden Grapples and said Lauryn would never be a part of this tournament because she wouldn't be able to find anyone to team with her!

BW: Who DID she find to team with her?!

[Davis seems eager to get the same answer as she cranes her neck, trying to get a peek at the entranceway...

...and we cut back to the stage where the spotlight hits as 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 throws the hood back and throws her arms out to the crowd and does her turntable twirl to a big reaction!]

GM: And there she is!

BW: Alone!

GM: Well, that's a fair point actually. Lauryn Rage is out on the stage... but where is her partner?

[With "DNA" pumping through the arena, Rage starts to step down to the ramp...

...when suddenly Tommy Fierro and a pair of unknown AWA officials come jogging into view. Fierro puts himself in front of Rage, shaking his head.]

GM: Former World Champion and current backstage employee Tommy Fierro out here and...

[Fierro points to Rage, shrugging his shoulders as the camera gets closer.]

"Come on, Lauryn... we told you that you HAVE to have a partner."

[Rage shakes her head, trying to get around him.]

"Nah, I got this!"

[Fierro sidesteps, blocking her again.]

"Zharkov's rules, Lauryn, not mine. If you don't have a partner, you can't be in the match."

[Rage pauses, sticking her fists on her hips, glaring past Fierro down at the ring where Laura Davis is now standing at the base of the ramp, a smirk on her face as she waves up at the first AWA Women's World Champion.]

GM: She doesn't have a partner?

BW: You act so surprised, Gordo. Of course she doesn't have a partner! She's out of control! Who's gonna team with her?!

GM: I'm not sure but...

[Gordon trails off as Rage throws up a hand at Fierro.]

"Hang on... hold up one sec, Tommy..."

[Rage turns on her heels, striding back through the entrance to the confused buzz of the Minneapolis crowd...]

GM: What is she...? Is she leaving?

BW: Reality check! She's got no partner, she can't be in the match, and that means Suga'N'Spice is heading to the tournament!

[Spice and Cruz seem to think that's true, giddily embracing in the middle of the ring.]

GM: I don't know.

[A few more moments of confusion pass as Fierro talks to the other officials out there with him, shaking his head...]

BW: She's done! Ring the bell! Suga'N'Spice are heading into the tournament! They're moving on to-

[...and suddenly, the crowd ROARS with a shocked reaction as Lauryn Rage emerges from the back again, this time physically dragging someone by the hand through the curtain!]

GM: What in the...? Who the heck is that?!

[The "who" in question is a slender young lady dressed in a one piece singlet that is powder pink in color to match her puffed-up afro hairdo that's the same color.]

BW: I have no idea.

[The "who" is also arguing with Lauryn Rage, shaking her head, trying to pull back the other way to go back through the curtain but the former World Champion keeps yanking and tugging...]

GM: It looks like... whoever this is... Lauryn Rage is trying to FORCE her to go to the ring with her!

BW: Is this her partner?! Is this even a wrestler or did she just grab a fan or something?

GM: She's wearing wrestling gear, Bucky! She's gotta be a wrestler!

[We can hear the "who" now saying things like... "no, no, no! I'm not going out there! I'm not supposed to be on camera! I should go back!" as Rage continues to pull her out towards the edge of the stage where Tommy Fierro is looking on, hands on hips...]

GM: Tommy Fierro looks like he hasn't got a clue what's going on either.

[Rage points to the "who" as Fierro questions her...

...and then with a shrug, he points to the ring to a big cheer from the AWA faithful!]

GM: Fierro's letting 'em go! He says they're in!

BW: Who's in?! We don't even know who this is!

[Laura Davis seems to be saying the same thing, angrily pointing at the duo as Rage tries to convince her new partner to get going...

...and then gets sick of waiting, ducking down and lifting up her partner in a fireman's carry, striding down the aisle with her to a huge cheer as her partner tries to wriggle free, a panicked look on her face...]

GM: Well, whether she likes it or not, it looks like this young lady is about to be a part of this gauntlet match as Lauryn Rage's partner!

[Davis is screaming at the referee who shrugs with a "What do you want ME to do about it?!" as Rage approaches the ring with her loudly protesting partner who shouts "PUT ME DOWN! LET ME GO!" as Rage nears the ring...

...and put her down she does as she dumps her on the apron, forcibly shoving her under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: She's in! She's in the ring!

[Miranda shrugs again, throws up her hands...

...and calls for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HERE WE GO!

[Jazmyn Spice angrily stomps across the ring, dragging the still-protesting wrestler to her feet, throwing a quick pair of forearms to the jaw before whipping her across the ring, doubling over for a backdrop...]

GM: Spice with the backdr-

[...but the incoming "who" turns her back, using Spice's back to propel herself into a backflip to avoid the move, landing on her feet behind Spice!]

GM: Whoa!

BW: Where the heck did THAT come from?!

[Spice seems to be wondering the same as she jerks around, glaring at the unknown wrestler...

...who ducks under a right hook by Spice...

...who drops into a splits to avoid a left hook by Spice...

...and then crawls through her legs to the other side...]

GM: I can't believe what I'm seeing!

[The unknown wrestler does a front somersault on the mat, winding up back on her feet as Spice swings around again with a "WHO ARE YOU?!" The "you" in question simply shrugs as Spice sprints towards her...

...and as the "you" does a back bridge to avoid her, Spice keeps on falling towards the ropes...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: PERFECT PUNCH! PERFECT PUNCH FROM THE OUTSIDE!

[And Spice spirals back the other way, staggering out and collapsing facefirst on the mat...

...and with a sudden rush of courage the unknown wrestler goes quickly across the ring ducking through the ropes, looking out at the roaring crowd as she whips around, grabbing the top rope...]

BW: WHAT IS SHE DOING!? WHAT IS SHE DOING OUT THERE?!

[...and suddenly leaps into the air, springing off the second rope to the top, then launching herself skyward, flipping backwards while sailing forward...]

GM: SHOOTING STARRRRRRR...

[...and CRASHES down across Spice's torso to a HUUUUUUGE IMPACT and equally huge roar from the Minneapolis crowd!]

GM: ...PRESS! SHE HITS IT ALL!

[Stephanie Cruz ducks through the ropes, looking to intervene as the unknown wrestler stays atop her partner...

...but she's intercepted by Lauryn Rage who catches her with a boot to the midsection...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!

[...Rage twisting around to hook Cruz in a three-quarter nelson...]

GM: TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[...and drops to her tailbone, jamming Cruz' jaw down into her shoulder!]

BW: SNAKEBITE!

GM: THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ERUPTS as Rage climbs off the mat, a smirk on her face as she looks over at her newly-discovered partner who looks like she's in shock as she kneels on the canvas...]

GM: THEY DID IT! THEY DID IT! RAGE AND... AND... AND THIS OTHER PERSON HAVE WON THE GAUNTLET!

BW: THEY'RE IN THE TOURNAMENT?!

GM: THEY SURE ARE!

[...and Rage slowly turns, locking eyes with a shocked Laura Davis who is on the outside still. The former World Champion raises an arm, pointing a finger at Davis...]

"Lauryn's coming!"

[Davis looks around in disbelief as Rage holds the gaze a few moments, nodding her head...

...and then marches over across the ring, jerking her new partner to her feet by her hand, and then lifts her arm overhead, pointing to her as the crowd continues to cheer as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Here are your winners, moving on the Women's World Tag Team Title tournament - the team of LAURYN RAGE AND... AND...

[Ortiz shoves the mic in front of the shocked grappler with a "what's your name, sweetie?" The pink-afro bobs up and down as she looks on wide-eyed, staring at the crowd... then the mic...]

"P... Pi...P..."

[Ortiz looks on anxiously.]

"Pink... Cashmere!"

[The crowd ROARS at the name being revealed as Rage smirks, nodding her head and patting her new partner on the back.]

GM: Pink Cashmere?! Well, we started this night with Bucky paying tribute to Prince and so it's only fitting that an unknown competitor named after one of Prince's songs!

[Rage raises her partner's hand again, turning to look at Laura Davis who is now backpedaling down the aisle...]

GM: Can you believe it?! Lauryn Rage with a partner that we didn't even know... still don't know anything about her really.

BW: Other than she must love Prince and that was one heck of a finish she had.

GM: That springboard Shooting Star Press was nothing but impact and... wow! Well, Rage and Pink Cashmere are the final member of our tournament that starts two weeks from tonight in Milwaukee! Let's take a look at the final list of teams!

[A graphic comes up with "WOMEN'S WORLD TAG TEAM TITLE TOURNAMENT" on the screen with a list of the eight team participating:

Harley Hamilton & Cinder
The Serpentes
The Peach Pits
Skylar Swift & Trish Wallace
Laura Davis & TBA
Ayako Fujiwara & Molly Bell
The Country Punks
Lauryn Rage & Pink Cashmere

The graphic stays up for a moment as the announcers discuss.]

GM: Now, we'll learn the bracketing for the tournament on the Power Hour next weekend but Bucky, this is a heck of a lineup.

BW: Some great teams on that list... some teams that are a little more of an unknown quality... but it's gonna be a tough hill to climb for whatever team survives this tournament to walk out of New Orleans next month as the first ever Women's World Tag Team Champions.

[The graphic fades away as we see Rage and a still-stunned Pink Cashmere still standing in the ring.]

GM: The tournament is set! The teams are in! And I can't wait for two weeks from tonight in Milwaukee when this tournament gets underway! Fans, don't go away because when we come back, we've got the special announcement from former World Champion and Hall of Famer, Juan Vasquez!

[Fade to black...

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

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

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

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

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

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

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

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

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

[FLASH!

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

"I can be a champion too!"

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

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

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to live action, down at ringside where Gordon and Bucky are standing.]

GM: Welcome back to Super Saturday, fans, and if you're tuning in to ESPN for tonight's broadcast of the Professional Bull Riding event, we ask that you bear with us for just a little longer as our new friends at ESPN get used to a little bit of AWA Overtime.

[Bucky smirks.]

GM: But on this special night, we have one more very special event about to unfold - the announcement of the future of Juan Vasquez in the world of professional wrestling. Juan Vasquez has been an integral part of the American Wrestling Alliance from almost the very beginning of it all... he's been a champion... a hero... a villain... a pillar... a franchise player... whatever you want to call him... we call him... iconic. And tonight, after what went down over the past two years with Juan, we wait to see just what the future holds for this former World Champion... this Hall of Famer... this living legend of the professional wrestling business.

[We then cut to a shot backstage, where we see a large crowd has gathered around a monitor to witness Juan Vasquez' announcement. We see wrestlers such as Ayako Fujiwara, Molly Bell, Betty Chang, Grant Carter, Yoshi Fujiwara, The Gold Standard, Cain Jackson and AJ Martinez standing in the foreground. And standing all the way in the back, away from the crowd and observing silently is the AWA World Heavyweight Champion, Supernova.]

GM: As you can see, everyone is waiting and watching with great interest. And now, we take it to the ring for the big announcement.

[The camera opens to a shot of Juan Vasquez, already standing inside the ring. Juan is dressed in a tailored navy blue suit with a crisp white dress shirt, sans necktie. He is surrounded by many familiar faces, wrestlers and people who have been important in his career and life. Standing at the forefront are such familiar faces as Ryan Martinez, Kimmy and Michelle Bailey, Derrick Williams, Maxim Zharkov, Supreme Wright and for the first-time ever on AWA television, Vasquez' wife Marisol and his two daughters, Lorena and Mari.]

JV: You know, before I walked out here, someone told me that "E-girl MAX" was trending #1 on Twitter.

"E-girl MAX", huh?

[He chuckles.]

JV: "Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery" and all that, but sorry girls... they call Saturday Night Wrestling, "The Juan Vasquez Show starring Juan Vasquez" for a reason. And I'm pretty sure by the time I'm done talking, there's gonna be a new #1 trend worldwide.

[He turns to the crowd.]

JV: I'm out here to make an announcement about my future, but I'm pretty sure you've all figured out what it's gonna be. After all, Juan Vasquez ain't gonna drag his gorgeous wife and beautiful children out here if it ain't gonna be a big deal.

[A beat. Juan turns to Marisol.]

JV: By the way, we've been having trouble with protecting Oscar-winners around here lately, so you better watch your back, babe.

[Everyone inside the ring laughs in disbelief. We hear some laughter and then some mocking boos from the crowd. Juan shrugs and asks, "A little too soon?", as Marisol disapprovingly bonks him on the head. Michelle Bailey puts her arm around Marisol and gives Vasquez a stern glare, shaking her head.]

JV: No, but seriously... there ain't a safer place in the world than being inside this ring right now, surrounded by the strongest, bravest, toughest people I know. But enough messing around. I ain't gonna drag this announcement out any longer. **EVERYONE!**

Effective immediately...

[Dramatic pause.]

J V:...I am retired from professional wrestling.

[There's a huge gasp from the crowd, almost as if they were expecting, but still didn't actually expect to hear those words coming from Vasquez.]

GM: Well... there it is. I think many of us were expecting to hear those words here tonight but it doesn't make them any easier to hear, Bucky.

BW: No it doesn't. And I've had my disagreements over the years with the way Vasquez does his business but even I will admit this is a huge blow... not only to the AWA but to the world of professional wrestling at whole. He... well, he'll be missed, Gordo.

GM: He certainly will. The fans here in Minneapolis in a bit of shock... witnessing professional wrestling history here tonight...

[However, the shock soon gives way to acceptance of Juan's decision, and the crowd of fifteen thousand get out of their seats and begin to applaud as the realization sets in that one of the greatest wrestlers to ever step into the ring will no longer be competing.

The camera scans the crowd, where we see tears streaming down the faces of some fans, as the applause builds to a thunderous crescendo. And finally, their voices echo throughout the arena as the fans chant his name.]

"JUAN! JUAN! JUAN!"

"JUAN! JUAN! JUAN!"

"JUAN! JUAN! JUAN!"

"JUAN! JUAN! JUAN!"

"JUAN! JUAN! JUAN!"

"JUAN! JUAN! JUAN!"

[Vasquez can't help but crack a small smile as he takes it all in. As the applause begins to die down, Juan takes in a deep breath, his eyes watering slightly.]

JV: Aw, come on guys, you're making me blush.

[He blinks and wipes away whatever tears were forming.]

JV: I never thought this would be how my career would end, but Korugun cost me two years of my life... two years that I can never get back. I never thought anything could ever replace wrestling in my heart, but I realized there's things far bigger than wrestling. I need to make up for that lost time with my family. I need to be there for my wife and my girls.

[Juan reaches out, giving the aforementioned family an embrace. As the crowd respectfully applauds, Juan turns to Ryan Martinez.]

JV: Ryan, I know we haven't always had the greatest relationship, even before all the crap that went down over the last two years, but I owe you my life. Without your help, I'd still be under the control of the Eye of Tyr and Korugun. You saved me from the darkness. You truly are the White Knight and protector of the AWA. I know that I'm leaving the AWA in good hands.

[Ryan nods and pats Juan on the back as the fans cheer. Juan then turns to Derrick Williams.]

JV: Derrick, there's no doubt in my mind that you're the future of professional wrestling. I'm sorry I couldn't keep my promise to you and to Maxim...

[He briefly gives a look to Zharkov, who gives Juan a nod of acknowledgment.]

JV: ...but I know that someday you will be a World Champion.

[Derrick nods and smiles. Juan then turns to Kimmy Bailey.]

JV: Bailey. I'm so proud of you, little one; for following in my footsteps and your mother's. You're my legacy in this sport and I'll always be there for you if you need it. I know you'll become a great wrestler someday. I'm just sorry I won't be around to see it.

[Kimmy nods her head, mouthing "I still love you, Daddy", as Michelle squeezes her hand and Lorena comes over to nudge Kimmy's sizable shoulder. Kimmy puts her arm around Lorena as Juan then turns to Michelle.]

JV: Michelle, I'm glad you never gave up on me, just like I never gave up on you. Without you, no one would have ever known the truth about the Eye of Tyr. You aren't just my muse, you're my guardian angel.

[Michelle goes to wipe her eyes, overwhelmed by the compliment, as Juan reaches into his pocket and produces a handkerchief. Michelle shakes her head, saying "of course you have that" as the two friends share a smile, and Michelle gently dabs at her two-toned eyes. Juan then turns to Marisol.]

JV: And last but not least, Marisol...

[There's a massive roar of cheers for the award-winning star of stage, screen and television. Everyone, including Juan seem a bit surprised by the reaction. Marisol shyly waves to her adoring public as he chuckles.]

JV: Yeah, yeah... everybody watch her in the "Kingdom Hearts" movie... out this summer! And you're welcome for the free plug, Disney. Can we get back to my retirement ceremony now?

[Marisol playfully punches Juan in the shoulder.]

JV: Ow! Settle down, mami... my fighting days are over.

[Juan rubs the spot where Marisol punched him.]

JV: Mi amor. The love of my life. You've supported me through thick and thin, and I'm sorry for the time we lost during my two-year haze. But now, it's just gonna be us and the girls, forever and ever. I know I'm going to love doing laundry and taxes with you for the rest of my life.

[Marisol nods and hugs Juan. Juan puts an arm around her as he turns to the fans.]

JV: And to you, the fans. Thank you! Thank you for cheering me, booing me, loving me, hating me, and supporting me throughout my career. These last twenty-two years wouldn't have been the same without you!

[The crowd roars with applause once again. Juan laughs.]

JV: I don't know when we'll see each other again, but-

[Suddenly, there is a rumble of anticipation from the crowd as we cut to a shot of Raphael Rhodes walking down the aisle, along with Dana Kaiser. Rhodes has a scowl on his face, and is dressed in a well-worn black leather jacket, black T-shirt, along with ripped jeans and construction boots. Kaiser is wearing a houndstooth peacoat and jeans, along with boots. The pair is being followed by Jon Stegglet, who is pleading with the duo to return to the locker room, as well as a few members of security who are trying to follow orders from their boss to get Rhodes to stop his march to the ring and failing miserably.]

BW: Oh, here we go. This is about to get ugly.

GM: Earlier in the night, Raphael Rhodes said he had bigger plans for tonight... I guess it's obvious now what he meant.

BW: You think? We should've called this one, Gordo. These two men have hated each other for close to a decade.

GM: You're right, Bucky. We should have known that when Raph said he had plans for tonight, this is what he was aiming to do.

[As Rhodes approaches the ring, Stegglet motions for security to swarm, and they surround him, when Vasquez simply holds up a hand.]

JV: Hold on, Jon. He's just as much a part of my history as anyone else here. Let him in.

[Stegglet looks incredulously at Vasquez, before shrugging and calling off security as Rhodes glares at the assemblage. Rhodes is handed a microphone and steps into the ring, with Kaiser following, waiting for a moment for the roar to die down as he looks directly into Vasquez's eyes. Vasquez breaks the silence with a smirk.]

JV: Well?

[Rhodes smiles back at his long-time adversary.]

RR: I was just wonderin' if this was it, mate.

[The crowd murmurs in confusion.]

RR: I mean, you bring out your friends and family, you talk about how you're goin' to miss everyone...

[Rhodes points to Kimmy Bailey.]

RR: You're tellin' this one "I ain't goin' to be here to see you wrestle"? Really? Christ, it's like you're goin' off and dyin' and we're havin' your bleedin' funeral before you do it.

[Vasquez does not look amused. Neither does Rhodes.]

RR: Look, mate, I said right after SuperClash that I didn't believe in fairy stories about the Eye of Tyr, but Dana here told me to believe you, because Michelle believed you. And I remember lookin' into your eyes a few months back and thinkin' somethin' about you was off, that you weren't the man that I fought all those years ago. But now I look in your eyes and I see that man again, so you know what?

[Rhodes nods his head.]

RR: Got to say, mate, I believe it now...

[The crowd cheers as Vasquez nods.]

RR: ...which is why I ain't buyin' this nonsense about you packin' it up and goin' home and we ain't ever goin' to see you again. The Juan Vasquez I knew? Nah.

[Rhodes rubs the back of his head.]

RR: Look, mate, I came from a family full of wrestlers. You saw my sister's here tonight, yeah? I talked with her last night about how much we missed our father when he'd go tour Europe or Japan for months at a time, so this whole thing about how Korugun stole two years from you, and you want to go home and make up for lost time? I appreciate that. I can understand where you're comin' from there. Hell, I remember back in, what, 2010? When I first heard about how you was practically adoptin' this one as one of your own...

[Rhodes points at Kimmy Bailey again, who is now staring a hole through Raph.]

RR: ... because we all knew the truth about Michelle, and that meant this one wasn't goin' to have a father, and you was steppin' up for her. I know how much family means to you. So I get it. But I also know, Juan, you ain't the kind of man to have done what Korugun did to you and let that be the end of it. All those years I spent with Shane Destiny on the bus in Japan... you remember that talk I had with him at SuperClash? Four and a half hours on a bus from Tokyo to Nagoya means you was bound to come up at least a time or two over five years. Maybe the situation's different, maybe you got more money than most countries, maybe your wife gets paid more for a movie than you make in five years...

[Rhodes smirks as the crowd roars yet again for Marisol Vasquez.]

RR: But you can't tell me that you're goin' to be happy lettin' the last moments of your career be "Javier Castillo brainwashed me and stole two years from my life". I ain't buyin' it.

JV: I'm not selling it.

RR: Right. I just said I wasn't buyin' it anyway.

[Vasquez glares at Rhodes.]

RR: So you seriously think you gettin' out of that mess is enough to satisfy you? Maybe it's good enough now, but one day, you're goin' to feel that itch. Probably when this one...

[Rhodes points at Kimmy again.]

RR: ... says "I got a big match, please be there for me", and you show up and realize you ain't satisfied with how your story ended. The Juan Vasquez I knew ain't the kind of man who will take "was under someone else's thumb for two years and broke free from the help of a friend" as the conclusion to his story. You know how I know this? When this company was runnin' TV studios and community college gyms, a guy makin' a couple of million dollars a year came to fight a punk British kid when he didn't have to, even after that kid gave him a concussion that could have ended his career.

[Rhodes points a finger at Vasquez.]

RR: A man like you ain't the kind of man that's goin' to have the last chapter written about him be that someone else controlled him for two years, and he had to get saved by his guardian angel and a White Knight before he was lost forever. Nah.

A man like you is the kind of man whose last chapter is a battle where, win or lose, at least there ain't no other factors in play. A man like you goes out with the damnedest fight he's ever seen.

[Rhodes shrugs and turns away from Vasquez.]

RR: Unless I was wrong. Was I wrong about you, mate? Are you the kind of man who wants to let the last memory of him be "under Javier Castillo's thumb", to be brainwashed by some crystal, to need to be saved?

[The crowd roars as Vasquez shakes with frustration.]

RR: Well, are you?

[A beat. Suddenly, Vasquez breaks away from Marisol grasp and walks right up to Rhodes, inches away from him.]

JV: NO, I'M NOT!

[There's a HUGE roar from the crowd for that. Rhodes turns around, a grin on his face.]

RR: So let me make you an offer, then. You want to go home, right? If I'm right about you, you want that last match to be against someone who ain't goin' to hold back, who ain't goin' to care about your reputation. Someone who's goin' to give you the fight you deserve for one last match.

[Rhodes points at Ryan Martinez.]

RR: That means it ain't goin' to be him, he got too much integrity. He may be able to beat you when the company's on the line, but knowin' it's the last match you'll ever have? He'll go easy on you.

[Then at Derrick Williams.]

RR: It ain't goin' to be him, he owes you too much for what you've done for him. He won't be able to put you away when it matters.

[Rhodes gestures to the back.]

RR: It ain't goin' to be anyone back there, or anyone else you may dig up.

[Rhodes smirks.]

RR: So here's my proposal. You and me, mate? We've got unfinished business. One more time. One last match. Juan Vasquez... against Raphael Rhodes.

[The crowd cheers as Rhodes puts the microphone down, holding his arms to his sides, waiting for Vasquez's answer.]

JV: You know...

[Juan points to Stegglet.]

JV: ...he's supposed to go on SportsCenter on Monday with a big announcement.

[Stegglet's eyes suddenly open wide as he realizes what Juan is about to say. He shouts, "NO, JUAN!"]

JV: He's going to announce to the world that this year's Memorial Day Mayhem is at Dodger Stadium.

[There's huge cheer from the crowd at that bit of news. Stegglet shouts from the floor, obviously angry at Juan for spoiling the big surprise. Vasquez tilts his head.]

JV: And yeah, that's a major announcement, but here's an even bigger one. Because if I'm going to give you one last match, my FINAL match... I sure as hell ain't gonna have it take place two weeks from now. I ain't gonna have it take place on some random show in March. No, we're gonna hype this thing up and make it the biggest event of the year! After all, the last time we fought, they named the whole damn show after us...

RR[Bitterly]: ... and we didn't even main event it.

[Juan nods.]

JV: Yeah. We didn't even main event it. But not this time, Rhodes. I'm not giving them the option of taking the spotlight away from me. How does this sound? Memorial Day Mayhem. In Los Angeles. At Dodger Stadium. Juan Vasquez goin' home for one last match... against Raphael Rhodes.

[The crowd roars. Rhodes chuckles.]

RR: Should've known you'd do that. But I ain't complainin'. Two weeks from now... two months from now, it doesn't matter. All that matters is that if your career's ending, I'm the one that sent you off with a proper beating.

JV: I didn't hear a "Yes" in all that.

RR[Impatiently]: YES, damnit!

[Juan laughs, before a serious expression forms on his face and he and Rhodes stare each other down. Michelle Bailey tries to diffuse the situation between her two friends, asking them, "Now shake on it? Please?"]

RR: That's really asking a lot, ain't it?

JV: Shake hands with him? I'd come back with three fingers.

[The two give each other one last look of disdain, before Rhodes exits the ring with Dana Kaiser. Juan then turns his attention back to the people in the ring with him.]

JV: Well, now I feel kind of foolish dragging all of you out here. Sorry guys, I guess you're stuck with me a little longer.

[A furious Marisol Vasquez hits Juan with her purse and shouts "You idiot!" as he mumbles an apology. Kimmy Bailey immediately envelopes Juan in a hug as his other two daughters do the same. The other wrestlers walk up to him, not looking too upset at the news, patting him on the back as the crowd cheers and a chant of "JUAN!" once again fills the air.]

GM: Well, if we're headed to Los Angeles for Memorial Day Mayhem, it's only fitting for this night to have a Hollywood ending! We thought it was going to be a walk into the sunset for El Cholo but as it turns out... you gotta have a sequel! Rhodes/Vasquez! One more time! One last match! Memorial Day Mayhem at Dodger Stadium and fans, you do NOT want to miss that! We're out of time! We've gotta go! We'll see you next weekend on the Power Hour and then right back here in two weeks for Saturday Night Wrestling in Milwaukee!

[Vasquez stares down the aisle at the exiting Rhodes, a determined expression on both of their faces...

...and we fade to black.]