

THE AMERICAN WRESTLING ALLIANCE  
PROUDLY PRESENTS...

# TENTH ANNIVERSARY SHOW

★ MARCH 17TH, 2018 ★ NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA ★

## HOUR TWO

## HOUR THREE

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

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

A voiceover.]

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

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[Back to black for a moment...

...and then as the opening notes of a piano version of "For Forever" from the Dear Evan Hansen soundtrack begins to play, we get a stylized "vintage" looking piece of footage.

The opening to the very first Saturday Night Wrestling dated "March 15, 2008." We can hear the sounds of "One More Saturday Night" by the Grateful Dead playing as a large white map of the United States fills the screen. The shot zooms through the map, different states "popping up" into view as we race past them. As we pull back from the map, it no longer is white but rather made up of the Stars and Stripes.

The map goes into a spin, spinning round and round as we zoom all the way into it, dissolving into a few slow motion shots of animated men battling in a red, white, and blue ring. The animation runs through various wrestling moves from an atomic drop to a bodyslam to a piledriver.

And as the blue animaniac applies a clawhold on the white animaniac, we freeze and the AWA logo fills the screen.

After a moment, we fade away from the cheaply done intro to the smiling faces of two men.

They are the men you'd expect to see on the very first broadcast the AWA ever sent into the universe. The epitome of professionalism and a man who is and will forever be the most colorful color man in the business.

The Dean of Professional Wrestling commentary, Gordon Myers, and Mr. Big Bucks himself, Buckthorn P. Wilde... and after all these years, we still don't know what the "P" truly stands for.

They are younger by a decade but still the men we recognize from the biggest moments in AWA history. They've been through it all... together... from then until now. The constants in an ever-changing wrestling world.

They stand in front of a bluish gray television studio set where you can see the AWA logo splashed across the wall above a small television monitor. Wilde lifts his glittering briefcase with a flourish, slapping it down onto a wooden "desk" in front of them as Myers begins to speak.]

GM: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. It is my great honor and privilege to be the first person to utter a word on this, the premiere episode of Saturday Night Wrestling brought to you by the American Wrestling Alliance.

[Myers pauses to let his words sink in.]

GM: And for the first time in well over a decade, professional wrestling... \_real\_ professional wrestling has made its' home in the Lone Star State here in Texas. We

are \_live\_ in Dallas, Texas at the WKIK studios for what promises to be an exciting two hours of action. By my side for the next one hundred and twenty minutes is former Southern Manager of the Year, Bucky Wil-

BW: Good lawd have mercy, Gordo! I can see that the few months we's spent apart from each otha hasn't done you no good. You still the same yappin', borin' son of a gun you evas was.

GM: It's good to see you too, Bucky. And it's great to see these fans!

[As Gordon utters these words, we cut to a panning shot of the WKIK Studios. Smackdab in the center of the studio is your standard wrestling ring... red, white, and blue ropes from top to bottom with the matching turnbuckles in the corner. The hard camera also shows a parade of flags on the back wall... everything from the USA to Canada to Mexico to Japan to the UK to Italy and some points in-between.]

There are sets of bleachers set up on three sides of the ring, raising up about six rows. Not very high but enough to see over the people in front of you. The fourth side of the ring is clear, leaving a direct view for the announcers still standing behind the announce desk we saw earlier.]

GM: It's been a long time since Dallas, Texas has had the peak in pro wrestling in their town, Bucky, and the AWA is honored to be the ones to bring it back to town.

BW: There's a lotta history in pro wrestling in this town, in this state, daddy. And the AWA is proud to be a part of that history startin' right here tonight!

[The footage slows, the audio fading out, the video ticking by until coming to a halt. After a moment, the present day Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde walk into view, standing and looking at themselves from the past.]

BW: Now those are two handsome devils, my friend.

GM: Indeed. But what was with that accent?

BW: Focus groups.

[Gordon smiles... a hint of sadness behind it.]

GM: How is it possible for something to seem like it happened yesterday... and yet truly have been so long ago?

[Bucky shakes his head silently.]

GM: We've come a long way, Buckthorn.

BW: From the WKIK Studios to the New Orleans Superdome... from a small regional TV station to the biggest sports network in history... from-

[Gordon raises his hand with a smile, placing it over his partner's mouth.]

GM: I meant us.

[And then slides his arm around his partner's shoulders. Bucky smiles warmly.]

BW: Yeah, I guess we have. We've been here for... all of it.

[Gordon nods.]

GM: Vasquez and Scott.

BW: Broussard and Houston.

GM: The first WarGames.

BW: The last WarGames!

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: The Southern Syndicate, the Wise Men, the Axis, and Korugun.

BW: Monosso and Carver... Preston and Supernova... Lynch and Lake... Martinez and... Martinez.

GM: Kentucky's Pride!

BW: The Blonde Bombers!

GM: Rough N' Ready!

BW: Violence Unlimited!

GM: The women - Somers and Cannon... Rage and Ricki...

BW: Kurayami and Charisma.

[He nods... with strength... as Bucky nods alongside him, suddenly snapping his fingers.]

BW: Westwego!

GM: North Dakota.

BW: Eternally Extreme.

GM: Rising Sun Showdown.

BW: You didn't even go to that!

[Gordon grins.]

BW: Every single SuperClash.

GM: The Stampede Cups.

BW: Workin' on Black Friday.

GM: Working on Christmas!

[Bucky smirks.]

BW: The Crockett Coliseum.

GM: Summer road trips.

BW: Percy Childes.

[Gordon grimaces.]

GM: Joe Petrow.

[Bucky laughs, patting his partner on the back.]

BW: Meeting new friends.

GM: Saying goodbye to old ones.

[Gordon and Bucky both look up at that one, eyes closed for a moment.]

GM: Yeah, we've been through a lot.

BW: Everything.

[Gordon sighs, looking around.]

GM: Everything. But after tonight...

[Bucky returns the favor from earlier, putting his hand over Gordon's mouth.]

BW: Let's not talk about that. Not yet.

[Bucky slowly lowers his hand to reveal a smirking Gordon.]

GM: How long have you been waiting to do that?

BW: It's taken every bit of willpower in me to not do it every night for ten years, pal.

[The two old friends smile at each other again. Bucky throws a look over his shoulder at the old footage of them still on the screen.]

BW: Whaddya say? One more for old time's sake?

[Gordon looks at the frozen footage as well with a nod.]

GM: I can't think of anything else I'd rather do... anywhere else I'd rather be... and anyone else I'd rather be with.

[With a pat on his partner's back, the duo starts walking towards the camera...]

BW: Hey... do you think Holly Hotbody's here tonight?

[Gordon chuckles, slipping his arm around Bucky's shoulders again as they walk into the darkness, leaving the still frame of their decade old shot on the screen...]

...and we fade to black.

And as we fade up into the massive (and sold out) interior of Mercedes-Benz Superdome of New Orleans where a burst of pyro races towards the sky. The crowd is roaring for the pyro and for the return of AWA action to their fair city.]

GM: On a historic night here in the American Wrestling Alliance, we have returned LIVE here on ESPN to the home of SuperClash VIII - the legendary Superdome of New Orleans - for what promises to be one of the most unforgettable events in AWA history - the Tenth Anniversary Show!

[Another burst of pyro rockets upwards to big cheers!]

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. And on this night, we can see a steel cage hanging over the ring, ready to be lowered into place at some point throughout the night.]

GM: The legacy of professional wrestling in this city stretches back to the mid-80s to events right in this very building - tag team tournaments, World Titles at stake, World Title changes even... to two years ago when we saw Ryan Martinez defeat Juan Vasquez to capture the AWA World Title for the second time... and this will be yet one more significant page in the history books as we celebrate the ten year birthday of the greatest professional wrestling promotion on the planet - the American Wrestling Alliance!

[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 as a second voice interrupts.]

BW: Gordo, you can talk about the Superdome over the past four decades all you want but I want to talk about another old fossil and that's you, buddy boy, because after ten years of you calling AWA action and forty-five years of calling the sport of kings, you're hangin' 'em up and this, my friend, is YOUR night!

[With a blushing Gordon Myers on screen, the crowd breaks out in the appropriate cheer.]

"THANK YOU, GOR-DON!"  
clap clap clapclapclap

"THANK YOU, GOR-DON!"  
clap clap clapclapclap

"THANK YOU, GOR-DON!"  
clap clap clapclapclap

[Myers raises a hand to acknowledge the chant to a big cheer.]

GM: No, no... thank you... thank all of you. And there will be plenty of time to... as the kids say "show the love"... throughout the night, Bucky... but right now, I want to talk about the incredible show we've got in store for us.

BW: We've got title matches like Somers vs Toughill! We've got grudge matches like Donovan vs Osborne in a Street Fight! We've got Battle Royals! We've got brand new champions being crowned for the very first time with the Finals of the Women's World Tag Team Title tournament! We've got a cage match! We've got... well, hell, my friend... I'd say we've got it all!

GM: And don't forget about the wedding bells!

BW: I wish I could!

GM: Fans, it's going to be an incredible night and I invite you to sit back and-

[Over the PA system, we hear the voice of Shakira.]

"Oh oh oh oh oh."

[That signals the start of her song from Zootopia, "Try Everything," and the crowd responds with cheers.]

GM: And it looks like we're starting off with the Women's World Champion, Julie Somers!

[Up on the video screen, we see the word "SPITFIRE" followed by the words "LIVE THE DREAM," interspersed with clips from her matches.

And then the AWA Women's World Champion, "The Spitfire" Julie Somers emerges from the entranceway and stands at the top of the ramp. Somers is dressed in a white T-shirt with the words "LIVE THE DREAM" in pink lettering, along with faded jeans with slits and tears in the legs and tennis shoes. The Women's World Title belt is strapped around her waist.]

GM: The Spitfire is set to face Ricki Toughill later tonight in one of three championship matches that will take place here on the Anniversary Show!

BW: And the question everyone should be asking is whether or not she has joined up with E-Girl Max, Gordo!

GM: I have my doubts about that, though I won't deny that E-Girl Max has been involved in both the business of Somers and Toughill for weeks now.

[Somers stands at the top of the ramp for a moment, her arms pointed upward, diagonally, as she motions with her hands to encourage the crowd's cheers.

She then heads down the ramp and along the aisle, reaching out to slap hands with ringside fans. Upon reaching ringside, she grabs a mic from the announcer's table, then heads up the stairs and ducks between the ropes. The Women's Champion walks to the center of the ring as her music fades.]

JS: Let's wish the AWA a happy anniversary!

[That gets a positive response.]

JS: Ten years... I mean... wow, that's incredible!

But I'm not the only one who is quite impressed with that achievement. There's a few more people I know who have a few things to say about that.

For example, like family.

[And then the next thing you hear is the chanting over the PA system.]

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

[That brings us to the chorus of Fall Out Boy's "Centuries" and the words on the screen that draw another loud crowd response.

"NEXT GEN."]

GM: Oh my! The AWA World Tag Team Champions are about to join us as well!

BW: What, we're opening up with a family reunion? Didn't we already do this a couple of months ago?

GM: We certainly did... now I'll admit I'm curious as to what this is about.

[The members of Next Gen walk out from the entranceway and appear at the top of the ramp. Howie Somers and Daniel Harper each wear a blue T-shirt with the words "NEXT GEN" across the front in white lettering, blue jeans and tennis shoes. They each have an AWA World Tag Team Title belt strapped around the waist. Somers has a mic in his hand.

Harper briefly turns his back to the crowd and gestures to the back of his shirt, which has the words "HISTORY IS BEING MADE."]

BW: Yeah, yeah, tonight history could be made when the Soldiers of Fortune become the next two-time tag team champions!

GM: That could very well happen inside the steel cage tonight, but it could also be Next Gen settling things with the Soldiers, once and for all!

[Somers and Harper then head down the aisle and to the ring, the two slapping hands with ringside fans as well. They arrive at ringside and climb up onto the ring apron. The two duck between the ropes, then raise their arms to the cheering crowd.

Somers then approaches his sister and the two share an embrace, then Harper walks over and hugs Julie. Howie then raises the mic to the lips.]

HS: As we told you tonight, it's ladies first.

[His sister grins.]

HS: But let's talk about tonight's show... here we are in New Orleans for the AWA's Tenth Anniversary, and what better way to celebrate than not only with some of the finest gumbo in the world today...

[That does get the hometown pop.]

HS: And, yeah, I'll admit to having a double helping.

[Harper then playfully nudges his tag team partner with his elbow.]

HS: But we can also celebrate a major milestone for the AWA, complete with a wedding tonight!

[The fans cheer for that.]

HS: Now, I understand my friend here had something to say.

[He then hands over the mic to Harper.]

DH: New Orleans, what do you think?

[Based on the cheers, they seem to be happy.]

DH: I can't tell you how exciting it is to be in front of all these fans in the Superdome tonight!

[He gestures to Julie Somers.]

DH: It's funny, though, that you mentioned family, because I'm not related by blood... but I'm related by bond. And I'm not the only one!



[He turns to the entranceway.]

DH: Isn't that right?

[The horns sound as Nas' "Hero" plays over the PA system. The crowd cheers as the AWA National Champion strides out onto the stage. The women and children get even louder as Ohara pumps his fist and unstraps the National Championship from around his waist. He holds the title high above his head as he strides down the ramp to the ring as the video screen flashes the Phoenix symbol in white against a Carolina blue background. The Phoenix disappears and a white dot of light appears in the centre of the screen. The dot expands to spell 'OHARA' in flaming white letters. The shots intersperse between actions shots of the National Champion, the Phoenix symbol and the expanding name.]

GM: This young man has had an extraordinary career in the AWA since we first saw him. It's amazing how phenomenal his rookie year was and his sophomore year has been even better. Now as he embarks on his third year in the AWA he is searching for history.

BW: I mean... he could just go to a library if that's what he's looking for.

[The National Champion is dressed in powder blue suit with white loafers and an open white shirt. He has his hair twisted into a top knot and he sports a neatly-barbered Van Dyke beard and mustache.]

GM: The crowd is overjoyed at the arrival of our young champion.

BW: Lots of young ladies showing the love for the Phoenix judging by the high-pitched voices I'm hearing. That's okay, but I just don't get what these girls see in these guys. You get past the fancy hair, the whole tall dark and handsome thing and the chiseled muscles ... I mean, what are we even looking at?

GM: The National Champion and an all around good human being?

[Ohara climbs up the steps, ducking through the ropes and sharing handshakes and embraces all around with his fellow champions, his own mic in hand.]

JO: WHAT'S UP, N'AWLINS?!

[A huge cheer goes up as Ohara grins, slinging the title belt over his shoulder.]

JO: That's what I like to hear.

[He holds a hand up to his eyes like he's scanning the massive crowd for someone.]

JO: Wait, wait... before we get going out here... hey...

[He looks over to the other superstars in the ring.]

JO: ...aren't we missing someone out here with us?

[And that's when the lights go out and the video wall lights up with the image of the sun, then we hear a collection of horns playing that makes the crowd louder than ever.

It's the start of Van Halen's "Runnin' With the Devil," and it leads to the strums of the guitar, a red light at the entranceway blinking in time, the image of the sun growing louder.

There's the tapping of the cymbal, fingers running over a keyboard, the guitar riff and the sun image bursts into a sea of red with one word on the video wall in black lettering.

"SUPERNOVA"]

GM: And now it's the AWA World Heavyweight Champion on his way to the ring!

BW: What is this... are we gonna compare title belts to figure out whose is bigger?

GM: Bucky, perhaps if you are patient, we'll find out what this is all about.

[Flaming pyro shoots up alongside the ramp leading to the entranceway and a single spotlight hits said entranceway.]

And out walks the AWA World Heavyweight Champion, Supernova. He wears a black trenchcoat, with the image of a yellow and orange exploding star on the back, over a black T-shirt, blue jeans and sneakers. He also wears a pair of shades and has a mic in his hand. The AWA World Heavyweight Title is strapped around his waist.]

Supernova walks down the ramp, the lights slowly coming back up with each step he takes and the pyro dying down. He heads down the aisle, his hands extended to allow fans to slap them. When he reaches the ring, he climbs the steps, walks along the ring apron and ducks between the ropes, then walks toward the center of the ring and spreads his arms, the World Title belt around his waist for all to see.

The music dies down and he raises up the mic.]

S: New Orleans, Louisiana... I hear you like to do a little chant around these parts.

[That gets a response you might expect from the crowd...

"WHO DAT?"]

S: I figured as much. Well, let's try a little something tonight. Because right now, in the ring with me, are some champions who have engagements later tonight.

[He walks over to Julie Somers, who has a big smile on her face.]

S: Like this young lady right here, who has a date with who she tells me may be the toughest woman she has ever faced in the ring!

[Somers nods, then walks over to Supernova and shares a quick embrace with him. The World Champion then turns to Next Gen.]

S: Or these two gentlemen right here, who go out on the front lines in a match in which there will be no surrender, no retreat... and I'm talking about what the champions are gonna make clear to those basic training washouts!

[Harper cracks a grin, then exchanges a high five with Supernova. Howie Somers gives a quick nod, but appears to be trying to hide a smile, and he bumps fists with the World Champion. Supernova then turns toward Ohara.]

S: And here we have a man who is bringing new meaning to the words "fighting champion," in which there's no telling who he'll face, but whoever it is, he'll do it with honor and pride!

[Ohara smiles, then he and Supernova exchange a quick handshake and brief embrace. The World Champ then turns to the crowd.]

S: So let's say we do a little warm-up for those big title matches tonight, something that goes like this...

Who dat? Who dat? Who dat say dey gonna beat dem champions?

Let's hear it from you, New Orleans!

[He raises the mic to the crowd and that's their cue.

"WHO DAT? WHO DAT? WHO DAT SAY DEY GONNA BEAT DEM CHAMPIONS?"

The fans give a rousing cheer as Supernova lowers the mic.]

S: And now that we've got you warmed up, let's get serious for a minute.

[He then pulls off his shades, revealing his painted eyes.]

S: Everyone who knows me knows how much the AWA means to me. When I first came to the AWA, all the way back in late 2010, I was just this California kid looking to make an impression. And there are so many people who believed in me, encouraged me, and made me realize just how important the AWA was to me.

I've called myself the franchise of the AWA... I've been called the icon... and I make it no secret that I am, and always will be, AWA.

But for everyone in the back who has guided me, given me advice and reminded me to never lose sight of what's important, I'll say this much... if it wasn't for all you people out there who believed me and supported me, I wouldn't be where I'm at today.

[The fans cheer.]

S: That's what really means a lot to me, what makes the AWA so special... the AWA has the greatest fans in the world and has made this the greatest wrestling company in the world today!

So here's to another ten years, all you people out there!

[The fans cheer, then Supernova gestures to Ohara who raises the mic himself.]

JO: I only arrived here in 2015 and I missed the birth of the AWA, but you best believe that I watched it on television the same as all of you. I remember what wrestling was like just before the AWA came to be. It was crazy. Biggest and best sport in the world. All the big names all the big promotions. You couldn't escape wrestling. But then the financial crisis hit and that whole world disappeared.

[Some in the crowd nod in remembrance of those dark times.]

JO: And then... when there wasn't anything else ... Mr. Michaelson, Mr. Taylor and Mr. Stegglet brought forth this promotion out of Dallas and they built the AWA from the ground up. They built a foundation and they did it the right way. The way that it could last.

And now look at the AWA.

[The National Champion looks around, grinning at the massive crowd before them.]

JO: It was all thanks to their vision and their hard work and sacrifice ten years ago that gave rise to all of this. Can you believe we're in the SuperDome, people? The AWA is on fire!

[A big cheer goes up!]

JO: And it is all thanks to you... the fans and the founding families of the AWA that we are ten years deep and we will go on for not one more year... not two more years... not three not four but forever! The AWA is ours now and forever!

[Another huge cheer rings out as Ohara grins, nodding.]

JO: Right, guys?

[Ohara then holds his hand out toward Next Gen. Harper then comes forward and slaps it, then raises the mic in his hand.]

DH: Tag to me, it looks like!

[He chuckles.]

DH: You know, when I first came here to the AWA back in 2015, I was just 19 years old, wrestling for the first time ever! You don't see a lot of guys get to go straight to this company these days... they all start out either in the Combat Corner or somewhere else, before they get their big break.

And maybe I did get that break because of my family history. Maybe I did get my big break because Howie wanted me to be his tag team partner. Maybe I did get too much handed to me too soon.

But even as I got a little frustrated, there was somebody who pulled me aside and gave me advice about what I needed to do better.

That person was Tommy Fierro.

[The fans applaud at the name.]

DH: I don't think enough credit is given to those agents who are in the back... Fierro, Kevin Slater, Adam Rogers, John Shock... there's a lot more back there, who are there to remind all the young talent in the back about what it takes to get better, what it takes to give the fans a performance they'll appreciate.

That's what the AWA means to me... it's those people in the back who don't always get the credit they deserve, but boy, do they deserve it, because they are the ones that ensure the AWA talent gives their best, night after night!

If it wasn't for guys like Fierro, I'm not wearing this belt around my waist. I owe him a lot for that!

[The fans applaud again and Harper hands the mic to his tag team partner, Howie Somers.]

HS: My friend here is right... and that would go the same for me. But when it comes to me, there's somebody else that matters, and that's my uncle, Eric Somers.

And he's just one of many who was here when the AWA was launched... one of many who helped build the company into what it was today.

Yeah, that would include Dave Cooper, even if he isn't on my good side these days... but let's not forget others who were there when the AWA was limited to the WKIK Studios. People like Buddy Lambert... who I STILL can't believe we're going to see wrestle in just a little bit...

[Somers grins as the crowd cheers.]

HS: People like Kolya Sudakov, Vladimir Velikov, Mark Shaw...

[Somers pauses, throwing his hands up.]

HS: ...how about the incredible Marcus Broussard?!

[Another big cheer!]

HS: Calisto Dufresne!

[Another big cheer!]

HS: Clayton Shaw... Tumaffi... Rick Marley... the list goes on.

You go back to that first show the AWA held back in 2008, and it was people like that who laid the foundation that allowed the AWA to grow into what has become now... the greatest company in the world today.

[The fans cheer for that.]

HS: And that's what the AWA means to me... those who were here when this company started, who built it into what it was today. If not for those people, none of us are standing here with these belts around our waists.

[The fans cheer again and Howie now gestures to his sister Julie, who raises the mic to her lips.]

JS: Wow... I don't know how I'm gonna follow up on all of that, but I'm sure going to try.

[She brushes away a loose strand of hair.]

JS: The fans, the founders, the people in the back, the wrestlers who started it all... I mean, who else is there to thank, who else is there to mention about what the AWA means to me.

[She glances around the ring, then her eyes come toward the announcer's table. She walks to the side of the ring.]

BW: Wait a minute, Gordo, she's staring at us.

GM: Indeed she is. I... I don't know if I'm ready for this.

BW: That makes two of us.

[The Women's Champion gestures toward Wilde first.]

JS: Bucky Wilde, you and I may not agree on a lot, but know this: You were also one of those laid the foundation for the AWA, made it possible for the AWA to carry on for ten years and made every show memorable with your insights, no matter what you said.

You took the time to make every moment seem special, even if some people may not have liked what you said. And you always took the time to learn more about everyone who stepped into the ring, no matter what you thought of them. I want to thank you for that.

[The fans cheer and applaud. At ringside, Wilde looks a bit surprised, but he nods his head and we hear him say "Thank you" over his headset.]

JS: And Gordon Myers... you weren't just somebody who came down to ringside and called matches. You took the time to meet with people... people such as me... to learn more about them, their background, their accomplishments, and made it a point to make every wrestler, every match, every show sound important.

I can't thank you enough for what you've done for the AWA... for what you did for the Women's Division, in particular, because I know from my conversations with you how much you believed in it.

And I'm gonna say, Gordon, that I'll miss your presence at ringside. Because you and your broadcast partner are what have made the AWA so special for ten years.

[The fans cheer and applaud again. At ringside, Myers nods and says "Thank you so much, Julie" over his headset. Somers then turns away from the side of the ring and looks at the rest of the champions.]

JS: Now I think we need to let everyone here know how much Gordon and Bucky are appreciated.

[The others nod and Somers turns to the crowd.]

JS: Let's thanks them for everything they've done... let's go one half thanking Gordon...

[She gestures to the left.]

JS: ...and the other thanking Bucky...

[She gestures to the right.]

JS: ...and do it with feeling!

[She raises the mic up to the crowd and the others follow suit. And then it begins, the dueling crowd chant.]

"THANK YOU, GORDON!"

"THANK YOU, BUCKY!"

"THANK YOU, GORDON!"

"THANK YOU, BUCKY!"

"THANK YOU, GORDON!"

"THANK YOU, BUCKY!"

[This goes on for a bit and then Supernova signals for the fans he wants to say something. The fans cheer their own enthusiasm as the World Champion speaks once more.]

S: And now that we've properly recognized the people who deserve that recognition and why we love the greatest wrestling company in the world, there's just one thing left to say.

[Then we see a smile on his face for the first time.]

S: Let's get this party started!

[The champions are all saluting the fans, trading handshakes inside the ring...]

GM: Well... how the heck do we top that, Bucky?

BW: I don't know but I'm definitely gonna try.

GM: Amen to that. A touching scene here for you and I... also the love being shown to the entire AWA - the employees, the fans, the locker room, the founders... those who've paved the way for this night and I-

[With a roaring, distorted F chord, the lights in the arena dim, then cycle through blue, green, and red hues...]

GM: -that's okay... it wasn't like I was just introducing the final show I'll ever call or anything. Just come on out and do-

["Juno" by Tesseract 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.]

GM: -or in this case... say... whatever you want. This guy? Really?

DW: Well, he started this whole thing off, Gordo... so I suppose it's only fitting he gets to be the one to kick off the next decade of AWA action too.

[Inside the ring, the champions have paused. There's an obvious look of disdain on the faces of Ohara and Supernova, conversing heatedly as Daniel Harper, Howie Somers, and Julie Somers step back towards the ring, looking on in disgust as the fans boo the arrival of Kendrick and Hayes... who unfortunately has produced a microphone from somewhere that she hands off to the so-called Self Made Man.]

KK: Cut the damn music.

[And abruptly, said music is cut. The boos are overwhelming as Kendrick and Hayes stand in the aisle, slowly approaching as Kendrick sneers at the booing crowd.]

KK: I knew it was too good to be true, y'know?

[He looks at Hayes who nods in agreement.]

KK: When that fat slob Fierro came to my locker room earlier and told me that I was being honored with the opening spot here tonight, I should've known that the likes of you people just couldn't STAND the idea of Kerry Kendrick, the Self Made Man, finally getting the respect he deserves.

[Hayes points at the ring, shouting "GET OUT OF OUR RING!" to the assembled fan favorites. Supernova's got a hand on Ohara's chest, the Phoenix absolutely fuming as he tries to get closer to the ropes.]

KK: That's right, Supernova. You keep him back before I clip the Phoenix's wings and bring him crashing down to Earth!

[Ohara shouts "TRY IT! GO AHEAD AND TRY IT, KENDRICK!" as Nova continues to try to keep him back.]

KK: I'm so sorry to interrupt all of you and shatter all your illusions but there's not a soul in this building that paid their week's wages to be here... and not a person sitting at home that tuned in to listen to the five of you suck up to the likes of Stegglet, Taylor, and Michaelson...

[The fans jeer loudly that assessment.]

KK: ...to hear you talk about the likes of Mark Shaw and Rick Marley and... Calisto freakin' Dufresne...

[He shakes his head in disgust.]

KK: ...like they meant a damn thing in the overall scheme of things. Ohara, you little Boy Scout out here talking about foundations that this place is built on... I AM THE DAMN FOUNDATION!

[Ohara shakes his head angrily as Kendrick pauses in the aisle, soaking up the jeers as Hayes lovingly puts a hand on his shoulder, trailing her fingers from the other hand across his chest, nodding her head.]

KK: I was the first man to ever be on AWA television inside this ring... and all of you Johnny-come-latelys in there better never forget it! Now, get the hell out of MY ring before I decide to let Buddy Lambert slink back to obscurity and take the titles off one of you instead!

[With much urging from Julie Somers, Next Gen joins her in exiting the ring. The other duo is a little harder to get out of there as Supernova and Ohara seem to be willing to take Kendrick up on his quasi-challenge as he nears the ring, his music playing again. Rebecca Ortiz climbs into the ring, apologizing off-mic to Ohara and Supernova who mutters "we don't want to wreck the show" to the Phoenix who nods before angrily stepping to the outside. Hayes smirks at the departing fan favorites, arrogantly waving bye to them as she trails Kendrick towards the ringsteps.]

GM: Well, a lovely moment spoiled by Kerry Kendrick and Miss Sandra Hayes... I don't know how many times I've said that but if I had a dollar for each time, I could retire today.

BW: You ARE retiring today.

GM: Indeed.

[Ortiz raises the mic as Kendrick looks up at the ring, not scaling the ringsteps quite yet.]

RO: Tonight's opening contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first... accompanied by MISS Sandra Hayes... from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania... weighing 257 pounds...

...THE SELF MADE MAN...



...KERRYYYYYYYYYY... KENNNNNNDRIIIICK!

[Kerry Kendrick 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.]

BW: And you look at the Self Made Man: the first man into the AWA ring. He's grown into the Foundation upon which the AWA stands, Gordo.

GM: Ten years ago, you and I sat in these seats and watched that 18-year-old boy in the dawn of his career – ten years later, he's a man now and never would I ever have guessed that his career trajectory would land him right here in front of us, facing the same opponent.

[Kendrick glowers toward the entranceway, stoically waiting for his opportunity to settle a grudge in his mind. "Living After Midnight" By Judas Priest hits the airwaves!]

RO: Annnnnnd his opponent... hailing from Brentwood, Tennessee... weighing in this evening at 238 pounds...

...the original SPITFIIIIIRE... BUDDYYYYYYY LAMMMMMBERRRT!

[The curtain parts as AWA original Buddy Lambert steps onto the entrance stage to a big reaction from the AWA faithful!]

GM: Now listen to THAT reaction, Bucky!

BW: Pity is a strong motivator, Gordo. They feel sorry for this guy - plain and simple.

[He waves to the crowd, then starts his jog to the ring. Buddy -- clad in long wrestling tights, pads to match, and white boots -- is sure to slap as many hands as possible on the way to the ring. He isn't as lean as he was in 2008, and his hair is now styled in a respectable manner, but he still looks like any opponent of his would be in for a fight.]

GM: And I will reiterate that I am flabbergasted at this turn of events that led history to repeat itself – until two weeks ago, I had heard that Buddy Lambert left the business full-time and would only occasionally grapple at smaller promotions in the Nashville area. But because The Self Made Man is brooding over the results of one match, one of the most improbable comeback stories of all time is about to unfold in a few short minutes.

BW: Ah, Gordo, you're talking history. Some people study history; Miss Hayes and Kerry Kendrick... They're out to MAKE history, daddy!

[Lambert pauses ringside to embrace a family which we can likely assume is his own. There are tears in his eyes as he pulls back, obviously proud of his big comeback moment.]

GM: Buddy Lambert over there greeting his wife and kids... and you know, Bucky, Kerry Kendrick is really putting himself on the line here.

DW: Are you kidding me?

[As Lambert approaches the ring with a deep breath, he grabs the middle rope and hoists himself onto the apron, where he shoots a fist into the air, still appreciated by the fans in attendance. With a sharp intake of breath, Lambert launches himself over the top rope – proof he is still agile. A few fans can be overhead saying, “you still got it, Buddy!” to which he responds with a relieved-looking fistpump.]

GM: If I were Kerry Kendrick, I would have quit ruminating about something that happened a decade ago. Your past doesn’t define your future and I think Buddy Lambert will have a surprise or two in store for Kerry Kendrick.

BW: No, seriously this time... are you kiddin’ me, Gordo? Everything about The King of Spades says that he’s not the same guy he was in 2008, and everything about Buddy here says he’s the one stuck in the past. You see that ring gear of his? You hear that music?

[Buddy then removes his waist length ring jacket, which is a (slightly yellowed) white, sequined with an image of flames coming up from the bottom and has "Spitfire" emblazoned on the collar in red stitching. He hands it to the ring attendant and continues getting loose, ready for the bell.]

BW: Kerry Kendrick is the future of this business, Gordo. He’s tomorrow right now.

GM: “King of Spades”? Has Miss Hayes been feeding you new nicknames?

BW: I may have gotten a memo. Didn’t you?

[Miss Hayes twirls the bat and offers a snarky, “welcome back to the AWA, Buddy,” as “Living After Midnight” fades. Kendrick pops his neck back and forth, brushing a stringy, wet strand of dirty blonde hair out of his face. Lambert looks back at the first man he faced in the AWA, ten years older and with forty pounds of additional muscle mass. He takes a deep breath and steadies his nerves as the referee relays instructions.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: And there it is, the bell sounds on our opening contest. The improbable rematch ten years in the making – the first match in AWA history revisited! The lights may be brighter, the arena may be bigger, the television audience larger... but if you distill it down to the nitty-gritty, it is still Saturday Night WRESTLING; two competitors alone in the ring in athletic competition.

[Kendrick extends his hand to Lambert seconds after the bell, smugly mouthing, “no hard feelings – just business.”]

GM: Strong deja vu, if you fans who joined us ten years ago haven’t been feeling it already.

[Lambert looks out to the fans, who are voicing their disapproval at humoring Kendrick’s insincere handshake. Miss Hayes screeches “SHUT UP!” at the ringside crowd.]

GM: The first episode of Saturday Night Wrestling was uploaded in full on YouTube earlier this week, and many of you saw this exact dirty trick... Trying to pull a fast one on ol’ Buddy Lambert.

[Tentatively, Lambert reciprocates with the handshake to a patronizing chuckle from Kendrick...

...who immediately gets thrown to the canvas with a surprise armdrag from Lambert to a roar of approval!]

BW: Oh, a cheap shot! I knew Buddy Lambert's "good ol' boy" act was a mile wide and an inch deep!

[Kendrick reels on his rear for a second in shock at receiving a decade-old receipt while Buddy Lambert wags his finger and shakes his head. The Self Made Man snarls, "son-of-a..." before leaping to his feet and aggressively engaging Lambert in a collar-and-elbow tie-up.]

GM: So much for "not personal".... this looks QUITE personal as Kendrick drives him back into the corner, the original Spitfire looking for a way out...

[But the power and size edge has Kendrick in control as the referee calls for a break. Kendrick abruptly straightens up, cocking back his right hand...]

GM: ...swing and a miss in the corner!

[...and as Lambert avoids the haymaker, he responds in kind, lighting up a surprised Kendrick with big right hands in the corner!]

GM: Lambert's all over the Self Made Man in the corner - Sandra Hayes is shouting at her man to get out of there but-

[With a spit in his hand, Lambert winds up and CRACKS Kendrick with a big swinging uppercut that sends him up over the ropes, barely missing the apron as he crashes down on the Superdome floor to a big cheer from the AWA faithful!]

GM: -ALL THE WAY OVER AND DOWN TO THE FLOOR GOES KENDRICK!

[A freaking out Hayes sprints around the ring, diving to the floor to kneel alongside her man who looks shell-shocked at the quick start for his fellow AWA Original who is now high-stepping around the ring to cheers, the fans solidly behind him as Kendrick struggles to get off the ringside mats!]

BW: I can't believe what I'm seeing, Gordo! Kerry Kendrick is a former World Television Champion! A former Rumble winner!

GM: Well, there were some definitely shenanigans around that one... but regardless, Kerry Kendrick obviously came into this one taking Buddy Lambert too lightly and right now, he's paying for that decision.

BW: Lambert's acting the fool in there right now though. Instead of taking advantage of the situation, he played to these idiot fans and he's giving Kerry Kendrick valuable time to recover.

GM: On that, we agree, Bucky... but when you're living a dream you thought was dead - wrestling on the sport's grandest stage in front of 75,000 plus screaming fans... it's understandable that you might let your emotions get the best of you.

[Kendrick pulls himself up on the apron as Hayes gives a comforting pat on the lower back.]

GM: Kendrick heading back in... but Lambert's coming to greet him!

[Lambert reaches out towards his opponent...

...who reaches out, stabbing a thumb into the eye of the original Spitfire!]

GM: Ohhh! And Kendrick goes right to the eyes! Cheap shot by the Self Made Man!

[Lambert staggers back, rubbing at his eye as Kendrick comes back through the ropes, angry aggression evident in his movements as he snatches a handful of tights and a handful of hair...]

GM: Kendrick rushing him in, taking him for a ride!

[...but as they near the ropes, Lambert reverses the grip, using his own handful of hair and tights to ROCKET Kendrick over the top rope, sending him crashing down hard to the floor to a HUUUUUUGE reaction!]

GM: LAMBERT SENDS HIM TO THE FLOOR AGAIN!

BW: That should be a disqualification! Instant DQ!

GM: Once upon a time, it might've been - remember the fan poll? The fans were the ones who decided not to make an over-the-top-rope throw an automatic DQ here in the AWA.

BW: They were as dumb then as they are now.

[This time, Kendrick is slow to recover on the outside, hanging onto his shoulder from the crash down on the floor as he grimaces and groans in pain.]

GM: Buddy Lambert looking to shock the world here tonight and knock off a man that many have assumed is at the physical top of his game these days... even if SuperClash didn't go the way he intended.

[Lambert again does a little strutting in the ring, getting big cheers from the Superdome crowd...

...and we cut to a shot of his family in the crowd again, his wife smiling and clapping as his daughters go nuts in the front row, waving their homemade "THAT SPITFIRE IS OUR DADDY!" sign that's covered in glitter.]

GM: You can see Buddy's wife Jennifer down there at ringside with their little girls and... what a moment for them. As much as Buddy never thought he'd see this moment, you know these girls grew up just hearing about it. What a special night for them as-

[But this "special night" is ruined as Miss Sandra Hayes storms into view, red rage in her eyes as she squares up on the family in the front row...]

"YOU! YOU SIT HERE AND CHEER FOR HIM?! AN OLD, FAT, OUT OF SHAPE LOSER!"

[Jennifer Lambert shouts something off-mic at Hayes which makes her laugh.]

"You want me to shut my mouth, honey? Make me!"

[Hayes drops her arms, sticking out her chin as the crowd implores Jennifer Lambert to let her have it...

...but then start booing loudly as Buddy Lambert comes from the ring, shaking his head as he puts himself between Hayes and his girls with a "nah, nah... we ain't doin' that."]

GM: Buddy Lambert trying to protect his family from that she-devil Hayes...

[He raises his hands, shaking his head again.]

"Get away from my family, Miss Hayes. I ain't got a problem with ya but if ya keep harassing my girls, I'll have a big problem with ya."

[Hayes smirks arrogantly.]

"Oh yeah? And what are you gonna do to stop me, Buddy? Huh?! What can a pathetic excuse for a man like you do to stop me? HUH?! HUH?!"

[When Lambert doesn't respond, Hayes decides to MAKE him respond...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES her well-manicured hand across his cheekbone, snapping his head back as Jennifer Lambert clasps her hands to her mouth in shock. The fans jeer loudly as Hayes sneers at the family in front of her...]

GM: Right across the face! Sandra Hayes slaps Buddy Lambert in front of his wife and daughters and-

[...but when Lambert turns back to her, fire in his eyes, Hayes lifts her arms and starts backpedaling away!]

GM: -uh oh! She may have made a big mistake there!

BW: What's he gonna do?! Hit a woman?! It's the AWA Anniversary Show, not the EMWC's!

[Gordon chuckles as a fired up Lambert stalks after Hayes who backpedals a bit further shouting "BUDDY, BE REASONABLE!" before she turns and starts to run in her precariously-high heels...]

GM: Hayes is running for it... and Lambert's right behind her!

[The crowd is cheering as the original Spitfire pursues Hayes, chasing her around the ring. She suddenly rolls under the ropes, Lambert sliding in after her...]

GM: In the ring now and...

[...but as Lambert gets up to run, Hayes ducks down as Kerry Kendrick barrels across and SMASHES a clothesline across the collarbone of Lambert!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: What a brilliant strategy, Gordo! She led him right into a trap!

GM: I'm not sure that was intentional on her part but... it worked for certain and now it's Kerry Kendrick who is viciously stomping Buddy Lambert into the... what in the world?

[The camera shot cuts to the aisleway where we see Smasher Salazar stomping angrily down the aisle, his quite full glass bottle of tobacco juice in hand. He's bellowing towards the ring as he approaches...]

GM: Smasher Salazar is on his way out here... and I can't imagine why.

BW: I can. But you're a married man so...

GM: Oh... oh dear. Well, it seemed from recent events that Miss Sandra Hayes might've hired Salazar to... do something tonight to impact the wedding of her longtime rival Theresa Lynch... but are you saying...?

BW: I'm saying that Smasher's got a little bit of a crush on Miss Hayes, yes.

GM: You have to wonder how Kerry Kendrick feels about that.

[Salazar reaches ringside, putting a somewhat gentle hand on Hayes' shoulder as she catches her breath on the outside. She jerks away, alarm on her face... and then confusion as she looks at him.]

"What are you doing out here?!"

[Salazar's response is less clear but it sounds like he says "you were in trouble."]

"I'm fine! You should be back there! You've got a job to do tonight!"

[Again, we can't hear the response but it seems to agitate Hayes.]

"I can protect myself! I don't need you to do it for me!"

[Back inside the ring, we see Kendrick pull Lambert off the mat, running to the corner to smash his face into the top turnbuckle...]

GM: Kendrick ramming Lambert into the corner...

BW: And I think the great comeback story is about to come to a devastating end, Gordo.

GM: It's certainly possible and you would hope referee Andy Dawson will exercise some great compassion when keeping an eye on Lambert's ability to defend himself in this one as Kendrick works him over in the corner - rights and lefts to the body... now pounding away with right hands between the eyes of the original Spitfire.

[Lambert's arms are looped over the top rope, trying to stay on his feet as Kendrick continues to pummel with closed fists until the referee backs him off.]

GM: Buddy Lambert dreamed of this moment, fans... dreamed of a day when he could wrestle in a major arena like this. He's worked the local armories... the Boys and Girls clubs... the Jewish Community Centers... and yes, even WKIK Studios. But this is his dream come true - the New Orleans Superdome with 75,000 plus on hand and millions watching on television around the world... but could that dream be about to become a nightmare with his friends watching at home and his family out here at ringside?

[Kendrick steps back in, grabbing a limp arm to whip Lambert across the ring, sending him crashing into the buckles where he staggers back out into a well-placed elbow up under the chin, putting him down on the mat again.]

GM: Oh! Right on the jaw and down he goes... and I think Kerry Kendrick may - mercifully - be about to end this before it goes too far.

[Kendrick drops to his knees, aggressively shoving his forearm into the cheekbone of Lambert as he attempts a pin.]

GM: Kendrick covers for one... that's two... and that's... oh, come on!

[The crowd jeers as Kendrick pulls Lambert off the mat, shaking his head with a smirk on his face.]

GM: Kerry Kendrick - I can't say with one hundred percent certainty that he could've won this match right there but I know there's a chance of it and I know that he did that because he intends to hurt this man. What is it about Kerry Kendrick? Why isn't it enough to win? Why must he try to hurt his opponents as well?

BW: Sometimes they have it coming!

GM: What did Buddy Lambert do to him? What did Terry Shane do to him?

BW: Are you kidding me right now? Buddy Lambert beat Kerry Kendrick in his first AWA match... and that loss put Kendrick on a downward spiral that it took YEARS to recover from. Terry Shane? We don't have the kind of time to talk about all the garbage that Shane put Kendrick and Sandra Hayes through!

[Back on his feet, Kendrick stomps the chest of Lambert a few times before driving the point of his elbow down into the throat, causing Lambert to twitch helplessly on the mat.]

GM: Lambert's down and Kendrick is loving this...

[Sandra Hayes claps enthusiastically... and then gives some serious side eye to Smasher Salazar who is clapping along with her, sloshing his bottle of tobacco juice back and forth before making a deposit into it, leaving a trickle of nasty brown fluid running down his chin. She casually sidesteps away from him as Kendrick throws a look at him as well.]

GM: Sandra Hayes looking on, pleased at what she's seeing... and for some reason, Smasher Salazar is still out here as well.

BW: He's trying to protect Sandra from that brute Lambert in there! Who knows what he might try?

[Kendrick uses the toe of his boot to flip Lambert onto his chest, leaning down to grab two hands full of hair...

...and SLAMS his face down into the mat viciously!]

GM: Facefirst into the canvas and... referee, stop this right now!

[The crowd jeers as Kendrick violently drags the face back and forth, rubbing it into the canvas with malicious intent...]

GM: The official trying to get Kendrick to relent... just ring the bell, Andy! That'll show him who's in charge! Can you imagine his reaction if he suddenly found himself down oh-and-two to Buddy?

BW: That... would not be good for anyone.

GM: And again, as Kendrick finally lets up, I think the official needs to take a look at stopping this. I don't know how much Buddy Lambert has left in the tank. It's been a heck of a fight... he gave it his all... he and his family have nothing to be ashamed of but Buddy Lambert is fighting once a month on the local indy show, Kerry Kendrick is a world class competitor - a former and perhaps future champion. There is nothing to be ashamed of in losing to him.

[Kendrick uses a handful of hair to pull him off the mat again, ducking low...]

GM: Big scoop and...

[...and the crowd cheers as a desperate Lambert slips out over the top, wrapping up Kendrick, and SNAPS him back in a side Russian legsweep!]

GM: ...OHOOH! KENDRICK GETS TAKEN DOWN! LAMBERT WITH THE COUNTER OUT OF NOWHERE!

[A weary Lambert rolls to his side, diving across Kendrick's heaving chest as Hayes looks on nervously..]

GM: Lambert gets the cover! Could he get the win?

[...but a two count makes Hayes and Kendrick breathe easier as he escapes the lateral press.]

GM: Kendrick's out the back door at two, kicking out in time... but Lambert's not done!

[A fired up Lambert takes the mount on Kendrick, balling up his fist and raining down right hands to the approval of the New Orleans crowd and the dismay of a screaming Sandra Hayes who is demanding the referee "DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS!"

GM: Lambert's got him down... beating the heck out of him now...

[The referee's four count forces Lambert to let up, rising to his feet, balling up his fists and pumping his arms up and down as the crowd starts to rally behind him once more.]

GM: Buddy Lambert may have a second wind, fans! He may be getting a second wind and if he is, what does that mean for Kerry Kendrick who is down on the mat?! The Spitfire's dream lives and he's got another shot at the happy ending here tonight!

[With fire in his belly, Lambert backs off, waving for Kendrick to get up off the mat... and then starts clapping his hands together, the crowd quickly joining in and chanting in rhythm...]

"BUD-DY!"

"BUD-DY!"

"BUD-DY!"

[A big grin crosses Lambert's face as he nods at the chants right before our camera cuts to show his daughters chanting alongside 75,000+ of AWA faithful...]

GM: Kendrick's trying to get off the mat but when he gets there, he's going to find the entire Superdome behind Buddy Lambert, trying to cheer him across the finish line!

[...and as Kendrick regains his feet, slightly doubled over, Lambert rushes in on him, grabbing his head as he does...]

GM: SWINGING NECKBREAKER CONNECTS!

[Lambert rolls to his knees, diving across, hooking a leg...]

GM: THE UPSET OF THE YEAR ON THE WAY! ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! TH-



"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Ohhhh! KENDRICK \_JUST\_ GETS THE SHOULDER UP IN TIME!

BW: Look at Sandra! Someone needs to comfort her!

[Salazar tries to do just that, sidling up alongside her again and putting a tobacco-stained hand on her lower back. She yelps, jerking away from him as she gestures madly into the ring. Lambert regains his feet, looking out on the roaring and chanting crowd, tears in his eyes again as he points down at Kendrick...]

GM: Lambert's looking to finish him off! Can he do it? Can he... finish the story so to speak?

[The original Spitfire hauls Kendrick off the mat by the arm, whipping him into the corner...]

GM: Whipped into the buckles!

[...and a shrieking Hayes is suddenly on the apron, waving her arms at the official... at Lambert... at Kendrick, a move that draws the ire of the crowd and a puzzled look from Lambert.]

GM: Hayes is on the apron - come on, Andy - get her down from there!

[The official is trying to do just that, arguing with Hayes to get off the apron as Lambert angrily approaches, shouting at the official and Hayes...]

GM: Lambert's over there as well!

[...and Hayes suddenly lashes out, trying to slap him again...]

GM: HE CAUGHT THE SLAP! HE CAUGHT IT!

[...and Lambert catches the offending wrist in his grasp, shaking his head as Hayes tries to jerk her arm away...]

BW: Hey you... get your damn hands off her!

[...and he lets go as she gives a big yank, flying backwards from her own momentum...]

BW: NO!

[...and lands in the waiting arms of Smasher Salazar...]

GM: Nice catch!

[...who, in the process of catching the falling Hayes, accidentally pours the entire contents of his "spit bottle" all over Hayes' head, sending tobacco juice pouring down her face and torso!]

BW: OH MY STARS!

GM: Hey, that's my line!

[Hayes blinks twice in shock... and then SCREAMS a horrific bellow causing Salazar to drop her on her butt on the floor where the camera zooms in to show the brown liquid running down her face to continue streaking down her white dress!]

BW: Gordo, look at her!

GM: Oh, I'm looking! And it's fantastic!

BW: Her hair! Her dress! Her makeup! They ruined it all!

GM: She wasn't supposed to wear white to a wedding anyways!

[As Hayes has a meltdown on the floor, Lambert rushes the corner, leaping up to the middle turnbuckle where he starts hammering away at a stunned Kendrick...]

GM: The match continues inside the ring and... hey, where's she going?!

[The crowd is laughing loudly at the now-filthy Hayes as she gets to her feet, running down the aisle as quickly as she can - Smasher Salazar in pursuit shouting "MISS SANDY, COME BACK!" as he follows...]

GM: She's gone, Bucky! She's out of here!

BW: Can you blame her?! She's humiliated!

[Lambert hops down off the midbuckle, throwing a boot into the gut of the dazed Kendrick...]

GM: And if SHE'S humiliated, Kerry Kendrick might be about to join her! Buddy Lambert's got that front facelock hooked and it's been ten years since we've seen it but we remember what comes next! He's looking for that Leaping DDT, pulling Kendrick out of the corner...

[...and with a whoop, Lambert leaps into the air, Kendrick wrapping his arms around Lambert's torso as he jumps...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and twists his body, falling backwards to drop Lambert throatfirst across the top rope!]

GM: STUN GUN! KENDRICK WITH THE PERFECT COUNTER AT THE PERFECT TIME!

[A furious Kendrick comes back to his feet, adjusting his kneebrace as Lambert struggles to his knees, coughing and gasping violently...]

GM: Kendrick's shifting that kneebrace... this is what he did to Terry Shane! This is-

[...and rushes forward, swinging his knee up into Lambert's skull!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Lambert's head snaps back on impact, limply falling to the canvas in a pile as the fans react in horror... and then jeer loudly as Kendrick stands over the prone Lambert, running his mouth towards him.]

GM: Kendrick just rung his bell with that kneelift! The Liberty Bellringer connects and just like Terry Shane, Buddy Lambert went out like a light!

[Kendrick looks out with disdain at the jeering crowd... and then locks eyes with Jennifer Lambert at ringside...]

...and with a smirk on his face, he drags his thumb across his throat.]

GM: Oh, come on! He's already out, Kendrick! He's already out!

[But Kendrick doesn't care, dragging a limp Lambert into a front facelock, ignoring the cries of the official begging him to stop...]

GM: What's he... oh, no... we've-

[...and he slings Lambert's arm over his neck, dragging him towards the ropes...]

GM: Kendrick's been talking about-

[...and deadlifts Lambert into the air, bringing his legs down on the top rope for extra bounce, springing him back up just above horizontal with the mat...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES Lambert's skull into the canvas with sickening impact!]

GM: OHHH! That's it!

BW: The Self Made DDT connects! And no one... and I mean no one... is getting up from that.

GM: Kendrick covers... one... two... that's it.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Kendrick climbs off the downed Lambert, pumping a fist triumphantly as he avenges a decade old loss, looking around at the jeering crowd...]

GM: Kerry Kendrick picks up the victory, leaving Buddy Lambert laying with that Liberty Bellringer and... what did you call it? The Self Made DDT? Give me a break!

[The Self Made Man looks around the ring, a confused expression landing on his face, muttering "where is she?"]

GM: Look at him. He didn't even realize that Sandra Hayes beat a quick retreat after getting covered in tobacco juice!

[Kendrick asks the official the same question and he points to the back. The so-called Foundation throws up his hands in frustration, shaking his head before exiting the ring, striding up the aisle to the jeers of the fans...]

GM: Well, I don't think this was the result most fans were looking for in this one. A sour start to the Tenth Anniversary Show but we've got a lot more still to come.

BW: Including a whole slew of special greetings from people who wanted to say a little something to you, Gordo, that we're going to be watching all night long - roll it!

[Gordon looks quite uncomfortable with that idea as we fade to a still shot of Gordon Myers from the very first Saturday Night Wrestling with the words "GORDON MYERS APPRECIATION NIGHT" underneath the photo...]

...and then fade up on a shot which appears to be backstage somewhere in an arena. A plain white wall is behind our subject, the smiling face of former AWA competitor Melissa Cannon.]

MC: Hey Gordon... I'm SO sorry I couldn't be there in person tonight but they've got me booked pretty solid over here in Japan... but I wanted to make sure that I took a moment to reach out and thank you for all you've done for me over the years and all that you've done for this business.

[Cannon chuckles.]

MC: You know, everyone likes to point out that you were the first voice that anyone ever heard on an AWA broadcast... and deservedly so... and I like to point out that I was the third!

[We fade to a shot of Melissa Cannon on the first Saturday Night Wrestling, serving in her role as ring announcer at the time.]

MC: We were there together for the first night... when the whole place was just a wild pipe dream of a few old wrestlers and announcers with a little extra cash in their pockets. No one knew if we'd be there ten days from now let alone ten years from now. But here we are. Ten years later, the AWA is celebrating a milestone and you... and Bucky, I suppose... are right there celebrating with them.

[We fade back to the footage taped in Japan as she grimaces.]

MC: Now I REALLY wish I was there. Ah well... Gordon, not only were you there to support me as a ring announcer but you were also there to help me never give up on my dreams of getting back inside the ring. A lot of people like to credit me and Julie and Charisma for getting the Women's Division going... but you deserve a lot of credit too. You were backstage with me, talking to Jon and Bobby and Todd... trying to convince them there was a market for it... that there was an audience for what we wanted to do... and now the Women's Division in the AWA is the pride of women's wrestling. So, thank you, my friend.

[Cannon pauses, looking thoughtful.]

MC: I'm trying to imagine what an AWA show is going to be like without hearing your voice... and I just can't do it. I'm sure Sal and Colt are going to do a tremendous job but... some things are meant to last forever even when we all know they can't. So, Gordon... enjoy your retirement... give the family my love... and when I see you in person next time, expect the biggest hug I can manage! I love you, old friend.

[Cannon grins, waving at the camera as we fade to black...

...and then back up on a shot of Ryan Martinez walking down the aisle. From the scenery around him, we can see this slow motion footage is from right before WarGames at SuperClash IX.]

#When you wish..#

[Dissolve to the White Knight throwing knife edge chops at the towering form of Torin The Titan...]

#...upon a star#

[...to Martinez and Derrick Williams working together to use a double clothesline to take the giant off his feet...]

#Makes no difference who you are...#

[...to a closeup of a bloodied Martinez, looking up in shock as a hobbled Shadoe Rage joins him in the cage...]

#Anything your...#

[...to the White Knight driving Vasquez' skull into the canvas with his signature brainbuster...]

#...heart desires will...#

[...to Martinez hooking John Law in a crossface, wrenching back with all his might as Law struggles to hang on...]

#...come to you.#

[...to a crowd shot of a group of young fans holding up a banner that reads "THE WHITE KNIGHT FOREVER!" as a voiceover begins...]

"Ryan Martinez, you and..."

[Cut to a shot of a bloodied but smiling Ryan Martinez standing triumphant with his teammates...]

"...Team AWA just won the Main Event at SuperClash! Now what are you gonna do?"

[...to a regular speed shot of Martinez still in the double cage, looking into the camera's lens with a grin...]

RM: I'm going to Disneyland!

[...and we fade to a shot of the Disneyland logo before fading to black.

And we fade back up to find an engagement photo style shot of Supreme Wright and Theresa Lynch standing on a boardwalk, overlooking the water as we hear a few notes from the Wedding March along with a graphic reading "Messages For The Happy Couple" in a flowery scripty font with an additional "Presented by Disney Fairy Tale Weddings."

And as the graphic disappears, we get the grinning face of "Big" Jim Watkins, former AWA executive and wrestling legend.]

JW: Theresa, I've known you before you were even a twinkle in your daddy's eye... I've been close to your family for decades now and I'm so happy to hear that a little bit of joy is comin' to your mama and pops after some rough times this past year.

[Watkins nods.]

JW: I'm hopin' to make it to New Orleans in person to be there but if not, I want you to know that I wish nothin' but the best for you and... yeah, even for Supreme even though we had our share of differences in the past. He seems to make you happy and if your brother Jack swears by him, I guess it's good enough for me.

[Watkins shrugs.]

JW: Family means everything to me... my little girl will tell you that... and I know your dad feels the same way. So, enjoy your big day... give your pops a slap on the back for me... and I'll see you soon.

[The big Southerner grins as we fade through black...

...and fade back up to live action on the backstage area of the Superdome where we see Interim AWA President Maxim Zharkov talking to a production team member.]

MZ: Yes, yes... that works well.

[Zharkov's eyes drift over off-camera.]

MZ: Ah... Mr. Stegglet... you have something for me?

[AWA backstage reporter Mark Stegglet steps into view, joining the executive as the production team member scampers away.]

MS: President Zharkov...

[Zharkov seems ready to correct him and then waves a hand.]

MS: ...it's a big night here in New Orleans - a truly Pay Per View quality level of matches locked in for this show...

[Zharkov nods.]

MS: ...and then we've got the premiere of Showtime on ESPN next weekend...

[Another nod.]

MS: ...and then the first National Wrestling Night... and the Battle of London... and Memorial Day Mayhem in Los Angeles...

[Zharkov smiles, still nodding.]

MS: ...it's a lot for someone in your position to put together. Did you expect such a hectic pace when you agreed to fill this position?

[Zharkov shrugs.]

MZ: AWA is busy place, no? The most powerful promotion on planet does big shows... signs big talent... goes to other countries... it is... how you say... part of the gig.

[Stegglet smiles, nodding.]

MS: Do you have a match tonight that you're particularly looking forward to?

[Zharkov looks thoughtful.]

MZ: Hmm... Phoenix Ohara has told me his plans for his challenge tonight... and I am eager to see who accepts.

[Stegglet raises an eyebrow.]

MS: Well, I gotta say - now I am as well... one more question for you... as a former competitor, a night like this must really mean get the fires burning of everyone in the locker room wanting to do well on such a big stage. Is it hard for you to stand here in a suit and tie tonight and not be in your gear waiting to compete?

[Zharkov pauses, a slight downturn of the smile we saw earlier on his face... but before he can reply, a voice rings out.]

"Now that's a hell of a question."

[The fans inside the arena ROAR as the seven foot Last American Badass steps into view, joining Stegglet and the man who sent him into retirement. Martinez stares down at Zharkov who suddenly straightens up, seemingly ready for a fight if it's coming.]

AM: Take it easy, Tsar. I ain't here for trouble.

[Zharkov does not seem to "take it easy," still standing up to the towering former World Champion.]

AM: Hey Mark... it's been a while.

MS: Alex, wow... I didn't expect to see you here tonight.

[Martinez grins.]

AM: How could you not? It's the Tenth Anniversary Show! Maybe you've forgotten, Mark... but I was a part of this company for a while... and I like to think I was a big part of it, in fact. Sure, maybe I'm not the first name that comes to mind here like I am for other places... but this company and its fans have a special place in my heart for sure. So, I wanted to be here tonight to say thanks and take it all in.

[Zharkov is still staring at Martinez who hasn't looked at him in a few moments... and then slowly turns to face him.]

AM: It seems like you think I'm here for something else. Didn't your office pass on my message?

[Zharkov slowly nods.]

AM: Okay, great... so why are you staring at me like we're about to go ten rounds in that ring?

[The crowd cheers the idea of that.]

AM: Look, Zharkov... we're probably never going to be the best of buddies but you took me out. That's huge. Not a lot of guys have been able to do that so I got all the respect in the world for what you're capable of inside the ring...

[Martinez raises a hand, gesturing at Zharkov.]

AM: ...and as a matter of fact, I'd sure rather see you in that ring tonight than back here yapping with us. So...

[Martinez gestures to Stegglet.]

AM: ...you should really think about Mark's question. How hard is it for you to stand back here in a suit tonight and not be in that ring?

[And a voice rings out from off-camera.]

"Now that's a hell of a question."

[All eyes turn towards the voice as Martinez mutters "you've gotta be kidding me" and "Hotshot" Stevie Scott strolls in, a beaming grin on his face as the Modern Day Man of Steel, Max Magnum, lurks menacingly behind him, dressed in his ring gear and looking ready to dominate. Scott smirks at Martinez.]

HSS: The Last American Badass...

[Scott jerks a thumb over his shoulder at Magnum.]

HSS: ...until this man came along.

[Martinez bristles at that, glaring at Magnum who does not back away from the gaze.]

HSS: Mr. Martinez, I apologize... we did not intend to interrupt your time here with Steggle and Mr. Zharkov...

[Scott turns towards Zharkov.]

HSS: ...but I believe you owe us a debt, good sir... a match here on this Anniversary Show against a mystery opponent... and my Alpha Beast is here to collect.

[Magnum rolls his neck, his muscled torso rippling as Zharkov glares with annoyance at Scott.]

HSS: Unless...

[Scott turns back towards Martinez, a smirk on his face...]

HSS: ...perhaps the Hall of Famer here would be interested in saddling up one more time to see if he can do the unthinkable... the unimaginable... the unfathomable... and shatter the undefeated streak of the greatest professional athlete in the world today... Max... Maaaaagnum.

[Martinez turns to lock eyes with Magnum who nods confidently.]

AM: I'm retired.

[Scott chuckles.]

HSS: Of course you are, of course you are... but you see, Mr. Martinez, I have learned many things in this world of professional wrestling over my time inside and outside of the ring... and one thing has been made abundantly clear during that time.

Retirement is a state of mind.

[Scott points to Zharkov...]

HSS: And if this man can put you into retirement...

[...and then to Magnum.]

HSS: ...perhaps this man can drag you out of it.

[Martinez keeps his eyes on Magnum who seems ready to throw down at the slightest provocation. The crowd is buzzing inside the arena as Martinez and Magnum stare one another down for several more moments... until Maxim Zharkov clears his throat.]

MZ: Max Magnum already has match tonight.

[That doesn't prevent Magnum from his gaze burning a hole through the big man...

...until Zharkov physically steps in between the two, using his powerful arms to pry them apart. Martinez allows himself to be pushed backwards while Magnum does not...]



MZ: You go. You go to ring now, Max Magnum... I will send your opponent.

[Magnum still hasn't taken his eyes off of Martinez...

...until he suddenly grabs Zharkov's suited arm, giving it a hard yank!]

HSS: Whoa, whoa, whoa!

[Zharkov's eyes burn into Magnum's, glaring at the Alpha Beast as Scott puts a hand on his Alpha Beast's shoulder.]

HSS: Not now, Max... not now.

[A fuming Zharkov jerks his arm out of Magnum's grip, watching as Scott leads Magnum back out of the camera's shot with a "let's get to the ring." There's a moment of just an angry Zharkov staring after Magnum until Martinez leans forward.]

AM: Just make sure they give me a little bit of time out there later to say a few words, yeah?

[Zharkov has no response, practically shaking with anger as Martinez walks out of view...

...and we fade to another part of the backstage area where we find a smirking Mariah Wolfe.]

MW: I am backstage here at the Mercedes-Benz Superdome...

[She jerks a thumb over her shoulder, gesturing to a door that reads "KENDRICK/HAYES" on it.]

MW: ...waiting to see if I can get a word with the so-called Self Made Man, Kerry Kendrick, after his win here tonight or perhaps...

[Loud voices start coming from inside the room where Wolfe is standing, her eyes growing wider. Suddenly, the door swings open...]

MW: ...Miss Sandra Hayes.

[Hayes stands in the doorway in a now-badly stained white dress, horrifically nasty brown streaks running down it. Her hair is drenched, plastered to her head and face... her once-perfect makeup is in ruins... and she's dragging a suitcase on wheels behind her.]

MSH: GET THE [BLEEP] OUT OF MY WAY, MARIAH!

[Wolfe is stunned by the expletive, jumping aside as Hayes storms past her, muttering angrily to herself as she slams the door behind her. Wolfe tries to keep up to little avail, resorting to shouting questions at the rapidly-exiting manager.]

MW: Miss Hayes, can I get a word?

[Hayes throws another shout over her shoulder that gets muted by the censors.]

MW: Jeez! You kiss your mother with that mouth?

[Hayes lets loose another diatribe, this one almost completely muted as Wolfe has to dodge a pair of production team members who nearly knock her flat in an attempt to avoid Hayes who is rapidly walking towards an open door...

...a door that has loud voices coming through it into the building. Wolfe furrows her brow as Hayes slides through the door, throwing a look to her side... and then walking the other way.

Wolfe gestures for the cameraman to follow her as she too ducks through the door. The cameraman first catches a glimpse of Hayes getting into a waiting car, throwing her bag into the trunk before the car races out of sight...

...and then pans to the left to show a sea of AWA officials and security forming a mob. Kevin Slater is visible, arms extended as he shouts "NOT TONIGHT! NOT TONIGHT, BOYS!"

Wolfe again gestures for the camera to follow her and as they draw near, we can see what has caused all the ruckus backstage...]

MW: Oh my God! It's...

[Mariah's words are drowned out by the shocked reaction of recognition coming from inside the arena. We can hear several people yell out the name of the two very familiar, very large men that are trying to fight their way through.]

MW: ...THE BISHOP BOYS?!

[Mariah Wolfe and the crowd are correct as the overall clad boys from Kingsland, Arkansas are standing backstage, ready to throw down with the assembled mob.

The smaller man, if you can call anybody that size "small", is Duane Henry, with his hair looking dirtier and blonder than ever. Towering over him is one of the tallest men you'll ever see, the black-haired, bearded Goliath known as Cletus Lee.]

DHB: Slater, ya ol' yella-bellied runt, git out of our way now! We want in that there inv...invic....er, Battle Royal! People will git hurt!

[Slater, knowing he can't reason with these two, seems to be looking around wildly, searching for something or someone.]

DHB: Naw, there is no more Bo. We handle this business ourselves now. Now are ya movin'?!]

[Slater holds his ground, extending his arms outwards as if he can somehow hold this duo back as the officials and security guards around him get closer, ready for whatever's coming.

From off-camera, we can hear someone shouting something about a suspension which causes Cletus Lee to stare them down. He takes a step towards the now-retreating official as Duane Henry puts a hand up in front of his brother.]

DHB: We'll leave...

[Sighs of relief are heard as Slater gestures for security to step back a little.]

DHB: ...AFTER the Battle Royal. This here's about history, ain't it? We've had tag team titles 'round here twice. Don't deny the ticket buyin' public the whoopin' they deserve to see.

[We hear a couple of bloodthirsty fans inside the Superdome cheer. A small chant of "Let them in!" can be heard. Duane Henry points.]

DHB: They 'member! We want the big fish in that there ring. Don't tell us ya done gone soft, Slater. Ya know what it's like to want somethin' at all costs. Whatta ya say? We in one more time?

[Slater shakes his head.]

KS: No, no, no! Look, you two know the score. You know what you've done here to make those people cheer for you... and you know what you've done to make us stand here to make sure you don't walk through those doors, right?

[The Bishops don't respond, glaring at the former EMWC World Champion.]

KS: You're not alone. A lot of people wanted to be a part of this show... and only a handful got told they weren't welcome.

[Slater shrugs.]

KS: You know you're on that list.

[Cletus Lee again goes to step towards Slater who immediately takes a big step back as Duane Henry swings his arm up into his brother's chest with a "uh uh."]

KS: I'll make you a deal, boys. You stay here... right here...

[He points to the ground.]

KS: ...and don't try to go through those doors...

[He points to the entry doors.]

KS: ...and I'll go talk to Zharkov on your behalf.

[Duane Henry turns to his brother, whispering into his ear.]

KS: We got a deal?

[Cletus Lee's gaze burns a hole through the Wild Thing for a moment...

...and then nods. Slater breathes easier as he nods, gesturing for his security team to stay in place as he turns back towards the entrance to the Superdome...

...and we fade from the chaotic backstage scene to our ringside announce table where Gordon and Bucky look stunned.]

GM: Well, we knew it would be an unpredictable night here in New Orleans, Bucky... but the Bishop Boys?!

BW: We haven't seen them in years!

GM: And rightfully so. The last time they were here, they certainly caused a whole lot of headaches for AWA management... and now they're trying to get into the Superdome to... do what exactly? They're obviously not scheduled to be here. We don't have a match planned for them. They can only be here for one thing - to cause trouble and we don't want any part of that.

BW: They're talking about the Alphonse Green Invitational Battle Royal coming up later... and I just hope they called out the Louisiana National Guard, daddy, 'cause if the Bishops want in, I'm not sure any security can stop 'em.

GM: Let's go to the ring.

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

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first...

[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...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 "Hotshot" Stevie Scott comes into view first, leading the mountain of mass known as Max Magnum into the Superdome. 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: Max Magnum on his way to the ring... just a few minutes after a tense situation backstage between the Modern Day Man of Steel, Interim President Zharkov, and the Last American Badass, Alex Martinez.

BW: What a three way match that'd be. You'd have to buy disaster insurance for the building!

GM: Just a dream match though for the imagination of our fans around the world as Mr. Martinez is happily retired... but Max Magnum is NOT retired... and nor is he happy because he's got a match here tonight but President Zharkov has not revealed who his opponent will be.

BW: Does it really matter? Max Magnum has proven time and time again that you can put absolutely anyone across the ring from him and he will dominate and destroy them. Whoever Zharkov has dragged out for tonight - and it's getting harder and harder to find people willing to face Magnum from what I hear - I imagine the Alpha Beast will make short work of them.

GM: That remains to be see, Bucky.

[Magnum does his trademark pylo jump from the floor to the apron, ducking aggressively through the ropes and stomping across the ring where Rebecca gives him a wide berth. He lets loose a roar, throwing his arms over his head as Stevie Scott looks on with a grin.]

GM: Stevie Scott certainly pleased by the man he brought to the AWA - a man who is still unbeaten, Bucky.

BW: We talk about guys who are unbeaten in the AWA... Trey Carson over on the Power Hour... Atlas Armstrong for sure... but Max Magnum is on a whole other level if you ask me. You look at the list of names this man has beaten... former champions like Dave Bryant... like Travis Lynch... Magnum is an elite level competitor and when I look to his future, I just don't know who can put him down.

GM: And with the Hotshot in his corner, Magnum is sure to face only the right opponent at the right time on their terms. It's a perhaps unstoppable pairing.

[Magnum moves to his corner, shifting from foot to foot, his arms constantly moving as Stevie Scott tries to talk to him while they wait the opposition on this night...]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The crowd buzzes with anticipation.]

BW: Who's it gonna be, Gordo? What kind of a sucker-

[A single deep bass drum beats... BOOM. There are some in the crowd who instantly ERUPT in recognition and other who wait for more...

Then again, a little louder. And again.]

GM: Wait a second! I know who this is!

[With the sound of rain in the background, the drum beats resound throughout the arena, like the approaching footsteps of some terrible monster. Upon their climax, the crackling BOOM of a thunderbolt is heard over the PA, and a single, blindingly-bright, jagged electric flash flares from the wall nearest the arena entrance!]

GM: It is! It is!

BW: No, no, no... this isn't fair! This isn't right! You can't face this guy without warning!

[Max Magnum certainly can as he's stepped angrily out of the corner, brushing past his extremely nervous-looking manager as he glares down the aisle.

As the big screen shows scenic panoramas of an island during a storm, hollow-sounding drumbeats and reedy-toned woodwinds form an ominous tune (amongst the backdrop of the thunderstorm) over the PA... a behemoth form steps into view to an ENORMOUS reaction!]

GM: TUMAFFI IS THE MYSTERY OPPONENT! OH MY STARS!

[The four hundred pound monster is as large as he ever was. A mountain of muscle and fat, the dark-toned Tumaffi has massive shoulders, thick limbs, and a big round gut. His hair is nearly as mountainous as his physique, as he sports a wild black mane that would make a lion envious! His long, cascading hair and beard seem connected in a way that leaves little visible determining point as to where one ends and the other begins. So hairy is the man that it is difficult to make out his brown-eyed, big-nosed face.]

GM: And these two men are no strangers to one another, Bucky.

BW: It was last year at Memorial Day Mayhem in the Rumble that Tumaffi made his return to the AWA after eight years away... and was ELIMINATED by Max Magnum, sending him running from the company with his tail between his legs!

GM: Don't look now, Bucky, but his tail is NOT between his legs tonight!

[Rebecca Ortiz continues.]

RO: On his way down the aisle... from Western Samoa... standing six foot six... weighing in at a colossal 405 pounds...

He is...

[She takes a deep breath.]

RO: ...TUUUUUUUUUUUUUMAAAAAAAFIIIIIIIIIIIII!

[He's in full-length black trunks with metallic copper outlined patterns on it (depicting a beachfront storm), and taped bare feet, Tumaffi sneers at the fans before extending his arms out to his sides in a proud, defiant "what do you think of this?" gesture. Bellowing at the top of his lungs, Tumaffi decrees his defiance of any that would dare oppose him...

...and starts stomping down the ramp towards the ring where the Alpha Beast awaits!]

GM: And fans, don't forget - two weeks ago, Interim President Zharkov told Scott and Magnum that Tumaffi REQUESTED this match! He wanted Magnum here tonight with the entire wrestling world watching New Orleans!

BW: Payback's a you know what and Tumaffi may be looking to extract a little vengeance for his elimination in last year's Rumble.

GM: An elimination that saw Magnum actually lift Tumaffi up and dump him over the ropes in an incredible show of strength!

[Tumaffi scales the ringsteps, his eyes locked on Magnum who looks on the verge of ripping across the ring to attack at any moment...]

BW: To Magnum's credit, he ain't backing down, Gordo! He wants a piece of Tumaffi here tonight!

GM: We've yet to see Max Magnum back down from anyone and I don't expect him to start tonight - although you could hardly blame him if he did. Tumaffi is over 400 pounds! Six and a half feet tall! One of the largest men to ever compete inside an AWA ring. And during those early times here, Bucky, this man was as dominant as anyone!

BW: Absolutely. This will be one heck of a test for Magnum and the undefeated streak is certainly at risk tonight.

[Tumaffi steps through the ropes, striding out to the center of the ring where he stands, arms crossed defiantly, almost daring Magnum to make the first move on the four hundred pounder...

...and as Rebecca Ortiz clears out and Pete “Blue Shoes” Miller tries to establish control, Magnum stomps to mid-ring, going chest to chest with the big man as the crowd buzzes at the staredown!]

BW: And if I was anyone not named Tumaffi and Magnum, I'd get the heck out of there right about now.

GM: What about the referee?

BW: These two are gonna do whatever they want anyways - who needs a ref?!

[Gordon chuckles as Stevie Scott quickly exits the ring, anxiously looking on from the floor as Magnum and Tumaffi silently glare at one another, tension in the air...

...and the hopeless official throws up his arms, signaling for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HERE! WE! GO!

[Magnum wastes no time in opening fire, throwing a haymaker at the massive Samoan's rock hard skull...]

GM: Big right hand!

[...and keeps 'em coming, throwing blow after blow after blow, staggering the 400 pounder as he tries to batter him into submission...]

GM: Magnum's all over him! Coming a million miles a minute for the big man!

[...and with Tumaffi in a daze, the hulking Magnum ducks low...]

GM: HE'S GOING FOR A SLAM!

BW: CAN HE GET HIM UP?!

[He can! Magnum lifts Tumaffi up off the mat...

...but before he can do anything with him, Magnum collapses backwards, 405 pounds crushing him into the canvas!]

GM: HE COULDN'T GET THE SLAM! MAGNUM GOES DOWN! TUMAFFI ON TOP! ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEE! HE GOT HIM! HE GOT HIM! THE STREAK IS-

[But the official leaps up, holding two fingers into the air, a move that shocks the crowd who thought they saw the three count fall!]

GM: Wait... no! That was three! He got three!

BW: The official says no, Gordo! Blue Shoes says it was only two and... look at Stevie Scott!

[Scott is clutching his chest on the floor, panting in panic at the VERY near fall, pointing at the official and gasping as he shouts "TWO! TWO! IT WAS TWO!"]

GM: My stars, Bucky... you can NOT get closer than that. I thought Tumaffi had won and shattered the streak in a single shocking moment here on the Tenth Anniversary Show!

BW: Well, he didn't, alright?! The streak lives!

GM: But look at Magnum! He's hurt... perhaps seriously hurting for the first time in his AWA career... and he's rolling out to the floor. This is a MAJOR problem for Scott and Magnum because he's in serious trouble on the outside.

[Magnum is clutching his ribs, grimacing in pain as the official informs a bellowing Tumaffi of the near fall.]

GM: Tumaffi shouting at our official but the two count will stand... which is more than I can say for Max Magnum who is down on a knee on the outside.

[A frantic Stevie Scott runs to his side, whipping off his suit jacket and using it to fan Magnum madly.]







GM: Tumaffi with another chop! Magnum hanging on for all he's got! Stevie Scott is beside himself on the outside, wondering if this is the night that all his hard work in building this unstoppable force gets flattened by the epitome of an immovable object!

[Grabbing Magnum by his muscular arm, Tumaffi effortlessly whips the near-300 pounder from corner to corner, sending him crashing into the turnbuckles...]

BW: Oh no.

GM: 400 POUNDS ON THE WAY!

[...and comes stampeding across the ring, throwing himself into Magnum in a rib-crushing body splash!]

GM: AVALANCHE IN THE CORNER!

[Tumaffi grabs the back of Magnum's head, tossing him from the corner so that he collapses down on the canvas, the crowd buzzing at how Magnum is being handled by the larger competitor who stands over him, arms crossed defiantly again!]

GM: Magnum is down! Magnum is hurt! And history may be unfolding before our very eyes!

[Tumaffi suddenly breaks to the ropes, bouncing off towards the downed Magnum...]

BW: NO, NO, NOOOOOOO!

[...and leaps up, dropping all 400 plus pounds down in a ring-shaking splash!]

GM: OHHHH MYYYYY STARRRRRS!

BW: That's it. My god, that's it.

[Scott screams out on impact, grabbing the ropes in shocked horror as Tumaffi stays down across the Alpha Beast, the referee diving to the mat to count, the crowd counting along with him!]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-"

GM: KICKOUT! MY STARS, HE KICKED OUT! HE KICKED OUT!

[The crowd is in stunned silence, buzzing slightly at the shocking kickout of the 400 pound splash!]

GM: Tumaffi dropped it all! Dropped 400 pounds plus on the injured ribs and... my stars, Max Magnum STILL kicked out!

BW: The Alpha Beast will NOT be denied!

[Stevie Scott is visibly sweating, using his own tie to swab across his forehead, shaking his head back and forth as he watches a disbelieving Tumaffi push up off Magnum, holding up three fingers to the official who replies with two.]

GM: Blue Shoes letting Tumaffi know it was two... he can't believe it and neither can anyone else.

BW: I thought it was over, Gordo. I thought that unbeaten streak was coming to an end here on the Tenth Anniversary Show... and I think Stevie Scott did too. I've known him a long time, Gordo, just like you... and that look on his face, we don't see it too often. It's doubt. It's concern. It's a nervous man who is looking on in horror.

GM: Magnum survives one splash...

[And as Tumaffi climbs off his knee, he holds up a finger...]

GM: ...but there's no way he survives a second!

BW: Stevie, do something!

GM: Stevie Scott is helpless at ringside - all he can do is watch! Tumaffi to the ropes...

[The crowd is buzzing as the big Samoan rebounds, leaping into the air a second time...]

GM: TUMAFFI SPLAAAAAASH!

[...but this time, Magnum is moving, rolling clear at the last moment before the 400 pounds SLAMS down on the canvas!]

GM: MAGNUM MOVED! TUMAFFI MISSES!

[Stevie Scott throws his arms up in the air in surprised delight!]

GM: Max Magnum just saved himself AND his undefeated streak... but can he find the strength to get himself back into this match?!

BW: Both of them are down now!

[Indeed they are, Buckthorn... and the crowd is stirring loudly, shouting their support for their preferred favorite in this one, trying to root them back to their feet to continue this conflict of beasts.]

GM: Which one can get to their feet first?!

[We can hear Stevie Scott at ringside, one hand wrapped around the middle rope as he shouts "GET UP, MAX! GEEEEET UUUUUUUP!" as Magnum tries to push himself off the mat. Tumaffi is doing the same from a few feet away as the crowd continues to roar and the official lays a ten count on both men.]

GM: We've got both men being counted down... and you just hope one of them can beat the count because no one wants this to end that way. This surprise encounter between two of the most destructive forces in the ten year history of this company.

BW: What a way to go out for us, huh?

GM: You better believe it! We knew the office was pulling out all the stops for this historic night but this is beyond what I expected!

[Magnum struggles to a knee, grimacing as he clutches his ribs while Tumaffi lets loose a bellow behind him, shoving his way up to his feet...]

GM: Tumaffi's up! Tumaffi is the first to rise!

[Slowly, the 400 pounder staggers towards the kneeling Magnum, hoping to take advantage of his downed state...

...which is when Magnum slips his arm up between the legs of Tumaffi, giving a bellow of his own as he surges to his feet, lifting him up off the mat!]

GM: MAGNUM LIFTS! MAGNUM'S GOT HIM UP! MY GOD IN HEAVEN!

[The crowd ROARS as Magnum flips him over and SLAMS him down with enough force to knock the official off his feet!]

GM: HE SLAMMED HIM! HE SLAMMED THE 400 POUNDER! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

[Magnum falls back into the ropes from the effort, grabbing at his ribs as the crowd continues to buzz madly and a wide-eyed Stevie Scott looks on from the floor in shock!]

GM: MAX MAGNUM SLAMMED TUMAFFI!

[The Alpha Beast staggers forward, falling to his knees to apply a lateral press!]

GM: Magnum makes the cover! He's got one! He's got two! He's got-

[But Tumaffi's presses up, sending Magnum flying off him and a few feet away to a ROAR from the crowd!]

BW: Holy...

GM: TUMAFFI POWERS OUT OF IT! WHAT ARE WE SEEING HERE?!

BW: This isn't a wrestling match, Gordo! This is like a superhero movie end battle! They may start throwing cars at each other next, knocking one another through buildings! This is incredible!

[Tumaffi climbs up off the mat as Magnum leans against the ropes again, waving the big man forward...]

GM: They're both up and we're going again!

BW: This is awesome!

[Tumaffi moves towards him as Magnum pushes off the ropes, ducking low, looking to hook a fireman's carry...]

GM: HE'S GOING FOR IT!

[...but Tumaffi rains down elbows, battering his way out of Magnum's grasp to a hushed "ohhhh" from the crowd!]

GM: Tumaffi fights out of it! Magnum was looking for the Bombshell there, I think, but Tumaffi felt it coming and managed to get free!

[Tumaffi stands tall, grabbing Magnum by the hair...

...and BLASTS him with a standing lariat!]

GM: OHHHHHHH!

[The blow staggers Magnum, knocking him back into the ropes!]

GM: What a powerful blow by Tumaffi!

BW: But Magnum kept his feet! It didn't knock him down!

GM: Tumaffi looks shocked by that - I wonder if anyone has been able to withstand that blow from him before!

[Giving his arm a swing, Tumaffi runs to the ropes, looking for more impact...]

GM: Tumaffi coming on strong, looking for the-

[...but Magnum quickly shoots off the ropes himself, ducking low...]

BW: WHAT?!

[...and powers the 400 pounder up onto his shoulders, lifting him in a fireman's carry as the crowd ROARS once more!]

GM: HE GOT HIM UP! ON THE SHOULDERS! AND...

[And with a short turn and more of a shrug than a throw, he sends Tumaffi crashing facefirst down into the canvas!]

GM: ...DOWWWWWWN WITH THE BOMBHELL!

[Magnum drops to his knees, muscling the big man over onto his back, diving across his chest to hook an oak tree of a leg!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: AND MAX MAGNUM GETS THE WIN!

[Magnum shoves the big leg away, pushing up to his knees with a defiant look on his face as Stevie Scott thrusts his arms triumphantly into the air in the background, rolling under the ropes to join his charge inside the ring.]

BW: Unbroken and unbeaten - the Alpha Beast claims yet another victim, daddy! And you can add Tumaffi to the list that has names like Calisto Dufresne... like Dave Bryant... like Travis Lynch... this man is absolutely unstoppable, Gordo.

GM: No one's unstoppable.

BW: Oh yeah? Tell me, Gordo... who's gonna do it? Who's gonna put this man down for a three count? Who's gonna get him to tap out? Who's going to do the unthinkable and break that undefeated streak?

GM: I don't know, Bucky... but I just know that no one's undefeated forever.

BW: That may be changing before our very eyes.

[Back on his feet, Magnum angrily jerks his arm away from the official, glaring down at the barely-moving Tumaffi...]

GM: Magnum picks up the win with a devastating Bombshell and-

BW: And he's not done!

[...and then suddenly lunges down, grabbing Tumaffi by the arm, dragging the super heavyweight up off the mat as the crowd buzzes with confusion...]

GM: Is he...?

[...and the Modern Day Man of Steel muscles the big man up onto his shoulders a second time...]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP! HE'S GOT TUMAFFI UP ON HIS SHOULDERS ANNNNNND...

[...and with a quick spin, he launches Tumaffi off his shoulders a second time, sending him crashing chestfirst down onto the canvas!]

GM: ...A SECOND BOMBSHELL! MAGNUM DROPS HIM AGAIN!

[Tumaffi rolls over onto his back after impact, his chest heaving with exertion as a grinning Stevie Scott looks on, patting his charge on the back as Magnum plants a boot on the chest, lifting his arms into the air with a roar!]

BW: And the mountain that is Tumaffi has been scaled by the Alpha Beast!

[The crowd is jeering Magnum as Scott joins him, raising his arms proudly as Magnum looks out on the Superdome crowd...]

...and we fade backstage to where we find Mariah Wolfe once more.]

MW: An incredibly impressive performance by one of the young superstars that make up the future of this sport, Max Magnum... and speaking of impressive young talents, I'm joined at this time with one of the most impressive young talents in the AWA, who during this run stands undefeated and is starting to turn heads. I'm talking, of course, about the fourth generation superstar, Justin Gaines.

[The camera pans back to show Justin Gaines. The tall, blond youngster, all 6'7" of him, is standing in jeans and a white T-shirt with a black leather vest. He has about three days of dark stubble on his face, as per usual.]

MW: Justin, it's been a noteworthy return to the AWA for you. It all started with your apology to Ryan Martinez which he graciously accepted. That cleared the deck to restart your career. It was followed by three impressive wins for you on the Power Hour. The most recent was against Jayden Jericho. You showed great ring awareness out there and claimed the win in a match that could have gone either way. Very impressive.

[Justin nods.]

JG: Thank you, that's kind of you to say. It really could have been won by either of us. It showed how important it is to respect your opponent and never take anyone for granted. Jayden Jericho absolutely can go, take nothing away from him. If you just look at who his dad is, trust me, you're making a mistake.

[Wolfe continues.]

MW: After that well-fought match, you extended your hand to Jayden in a show of respect. He accepted it. But then, backstage, the American Idols, Chet and Chaz Wallace, had nothing but disrespect for the two of you, leading to a wild backstage brawl with the four of you. We have seen that respect matters to you, Justin, a lot.

JG: Absolutely. Respect is the key attribute for any effective wrestler. You have to know and appreciate what your opponent can do. If you underestimate him, you're giving him an extra advantage and only fooling yourself. Professional wrestling is a competition and the AWA is top level. Everyone here is at least good and many are great. That goes for Chez and Chet Wallace as well, and I'm looking forward to the match with them. I'll be ready. I know Jayden will, too.

[Wolfe smiles.]

MW: Well said. I'm wondering if-

[Mariah stops, noticing a figure has quietly walked in and is standing behind Justin. It is none other than Justin's legendary father, Gunnar "Grizzly" Gaines. He shoots his famous look at the camera, squinting as he flashes his Grizzly Grin at it. Mariah looks surprised to see him, to say the least.]

JG [to Mariah, not realizing Gunnar is behind him yet]: I'm sorry, is something wrong?

[Justin turns, then is taken aback to realize it's his own father standing behind him. He takes a couple steps back so that now Gunnar is in the middle of the shot — Mariah to his left, Justin to his right. Gunnar grabs the microphone and Mariah's hand along with it, pulling it to his own face, as her expression turns to mild annoyance.]

GG: Is something wrong, Justin? Great question. Gee, I don't know. You see, I was invited to attend tonight's Anniversary Show. However, it wasn't my own son who invited me, like one might think, but instead it was the AWA office. So maybe YOU tell ME if something's wrong.

[Justin seems about to respond when his legendary father raises a hand.]

GG: Ah, ah - not now. Maybe later. Nonetheless, I just wanted to come back here and tell you I'm looking forward to seeing you wrestle tonight.

[Gunnar nods, looking at his son expectantly, still holding the mic and Mariah's hand along with it, both of which he then releases. She holds the mic to Justin, who says...]

JG: Well, Dad ... the thing is ... I'm not booked to wrestle tonight, so there's nothing for you to see.

[Gunnar looks at his son, narrows his eyes, and then tilts his head and narrows his eyes further. He just shakes his head, turns, and walks away.]

MW: Hold on! Gunnar!

[But Gunnar doesn't return to the shot, and is instead heard muttering something inaudible under his breath.]

MW: Justin...

[Justin looks dejected. Then he thinks better of that feeling.]

JG: You know, I'm not here to ride my dad's coattails, but I'm not here to disappoint him either. The Showtime Premiere. Chez and Chet. You want to joke about my dad? You want to giggle about fartstains like some middle school kids? Fine, I get it, but here's the thing. He's not your opponent, it's me and Jayden Jericho. And we're gonna show you why that's not a good thing for either of the two of you, lest you get "Idol'd" - permanently.

[Justin walks off, leaving Mariah alone in the shot.]

MW: Justin Gaines, ladies and gentlemen, again out to prove what he can do here in the AWA. We've got to take a quick break but when we come back, it'll be tag team action with Masks For Money taking on the unlikely team of Ryan Martinez and Derrick Williams!

[Wolfe grins as we fade to black...

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

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

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

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

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

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

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

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

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

[FLASH!

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

"I can be a champion too!"

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

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

[Fade to black...

And we fade back up to find an engagement photo style shot of Supreme Wright and Theresa Lynch standing on a boardwalk, overlooking the water as we hear a few notes from the Wedding March along with a graphic reading "Messages For The Happy Couple" in a flowery scripty font with an additional "Presented by Disney Fairy Tale Weddings."

We open to a pair of black loafers. We pan back and see the owner, none other than Bobby O'Connor. O'Connor is dressed in a pair of black dress pants, a black button-up shirt with a clerical collar. To his left and right stand Jason Whittaker and



Dustin Sanderson with their heads bowed, as if caught deep in prayer. O'Connor raises both arms, palms to the sky.]

BOC: I've been asked to give my best wishes to the happy couple. Theresa Lynch and Supreme Wright.

[O'Connor sighs.]

BOC: I'm afraid I can't do that. See, the likes of those two might not know this...

[O'Connor waves a disapproving index finger to the camera.]

BOC: ...but lying is a sin.

[Sanderson stifles a chuckles as Whittaker puts a quieting finger to his own lips.]

BOC: Not because I don't wish them well. I mean... I don't wish them well, but that's besides the point. The second they decided to have what is supposed to be a sacred ceremony during a wrestling card broadcast on television...

[O'Connor clutches his hand into a fist at his chest, as if clutching invisible pearls.]

BOC: If that doesn't prove that the entire Lynch Family, save for their patriarch James Lynch, isn't bound for hell... I don't know what does.

[The two Blackjacks momentarily stop their praying to nod in agreement.]

BOC: So there is no wish of a happy union. Any union involving a Lynch is nothing but the machinations of the Devil himself, meant for nothing less than the ruination of all mankind.

Instead, I offer a gift.

[O'Connor shakes his head.]

BOC: Not for that pair of hellions. Not for anyone revolting and hateful enough to take part in this supposed wedding.

[O'Connor nods towards the camera.]

BOC: But a gift for you, my brothers and sisters. A gift of salvation. A chance to escape the brimstone-stained claws that these two are pushing you towards. The gift of an eternity in blissful paradise.

[O'Connor points both his hands, palms up, towards the camera.]

BOC: Place your hands on that television screen. Let that machine of sinfulness be transformed by my healing hands.

And let us pray.

[Whittaker and Sanderson clasp their hands together in prayer as O'Connor solemnly bows his head...

...and we fade from the pre-recorded footage back to live action where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell standing backstage outside a door marked "INTERIM PRESIDENT ZHARKOV."]

SLB: Hello fans, and welcome back to the Tenth Anniversary Show here in New Orleans! It's already an exciting night down here on Bayou and it promises to only

get more exciting as the night goes on... and I expect we're going to have more than our share of surprises along the way. We already saw one earlier with the arrival of Alex Martinez here and a rather tense confrontation with both Max Magnum and Maxim Zharkov and I wanted to-

[The door swings open and someone steps into view but it is not the AWA's temporary lead on-camera executive... rather it's the sleek and sultry red-headed terror known as Veronica Westerly. Westerly's in a little black dress with her fiery red hair splashing color onto the scene. She gives Blackwell an appraising look.]

VW: Blackwell.

[Sweet Lou throws a surprised look at Westerly.]

SLB: Miss Westerly, I had no idea you were in there.

[Westerly smirks.]

VW: Why would you? The negotiations between a businesswoman like myself and a powerful man like Mr. Zharkov would be far beyond your meager ability to understand so you're on the ultimate need to know basis, Blackwell.

[Blackwell grimaces.]

SLW: Well, was there anything discussed that I - or the people - need to know?

[Westerly tilts her head.]

VW: We were discussing the lack of star power on this show.

[Blackwell's jaw drops.]

SLB: The lack of...? Are you joking? This show is packed from top to bottom! From Martinez and Williams to Vasquez and the Baileys to-

[Westerly raises a hand.]

VW: So much talent on the show... yet no room for either of the superstars in my charge. And that, Blackwell, was the subject of the conversation between myself and Mr. Zharkov - the utter lack of respect shown to James Lynch and Atlas Armstrong by leaving them off this spectacular event.

As a well-informed journalist as yourself knows, Blackwell, Atlas Armstrong is currently ranked the Number Two Contender to the World Television Champion and was ROBBED by that Neptunian twit Omega on the final Power Hour. It should be the Almighty Atlas facing Whitiri next weekend on the premiere of Showtime! It should be the Almighty Atlas a victory away from facing Odin Gunn in a conflict so volatile... so impactful that they'd be using storm shelters to protect the fans from the carnage.

And James Lynch? James Lynch is the Last Lynch Standing. Forget what your eyes tell you, Blackwell, when you see Jack and Travis challenging the Blackjacks later tonight - those are broken men. Jack and Travis Lynch are mere remnants of what they once were because now - the ONLY Lynch that matters is James Lynch - the Number Three Contender to the World Heavyweight Title... and on that note, where IS the World Champion tonight?

[Blackwell interjects.]

SLB: He was in the ring at the start of the-

[Westerly coldly replies.]

VW: Talking. Not fighting. Not getting into the ring as the symbol of this great company. Not fighting on the biggest night of the year so far. Where is Supernova? He's not fighting James Lynch. He's not fighting Atlas Armstrong who survived the Solar Flare two weeks ago in Chicago.

[Blackwell arches an eyebrow.]

SLB: Survived the- Lynch hit the champion with a steel chair! That's how Armstrong "survived" the Solar Flare!

[Westerly waves a dismissive hand.]

VW: Propaganda from the corporate overlords to protect their champion. Propagan-

[Westerly stops... cold.]

VW: You-

[The camera pans around and we see what has stopped the force of nature in her tracks. Or rather, WHO. The long black hair and the goatee are now flecked with silver, but it is unmistakably her estranged husband. The Devil Incarnate. The Father of Truth. The King of the Death Match. Caleb Temple. Her lip curls into a distasteful sneer.]

CT: We ARE going to talk about this, whether you want to or not.

[She snarls at him.]

VW: If I didn't want to talk to you on the phone, I certainly didn't want to see you here.

[His jaw tightens. He looks stressed.]

CT: You've been avoiding me for weeks, Veronica. You know why I'm here.

[Her eyes glint almost as devilishly as his once did.]

VW: I know why you're here. You know why you're here.

[She gestures at the camera.]

VW: Should THEY know why you're here?

[Temple looks extremely concerned, what little color he had now draining from his face. He takes her by the hand, and they walk off camera as she smirks all the while.]

SLB: What in the world is...?

[A loud cackling voice is heard from off-camera, drawing Blackwell's attention the other way.]

SLB: Aren't you two supposed to be on the way to the ring?!

[The camera pulls back a bit to show the arrival of the two imposing masked menaces - Ultra Commando 3 and the Golden Grappler, the duo known as Masks

For Money. The Grappler gives Blackwell a rough slap on the shoulder, causing Blackwell to nearly drop the mic as he winces in pain.]

SLB: Hey, take it easy on the shoulder. You two are just minutes away from facing off with the two men you've been chasing relentlessly the past couple months - Derrick Williams and Ryan Martinez... and gentlemen, this will be a challenge even for you two.

[Commando steps up first, rubbing his hands together]

UC3: Challenge, Lou. This is what we've been after for weeks now. This is what we've been hired to do. Get Williams and Martinez, the saviors of the AWA, in the ring and tear them apart. And for us Lou, it's not totally about Williams and Martinez.

We know that separately they're tough fights. But together is questionable. They don't like each other. We're not some overwhelming force bent on the AWA's destruction. There's no uniting cause to make them get along.

Those two aren't going to have it together against me and Grappler. Because we're still underestimated.

[He nods, pointing presumably towards the entrance to the stage.]

UC3: But this is where we really make our mark. Because us beating two people the caliber of Williams and Martinez is more than a statement, it's a big Pay Day. It puts us square on the map... puts us square into contention for those pretty boys Next Gen and the World Tag Titles.

Lou, we're going to win, and when we do, next week on the first Showtime, we'll be there... and with my share of our payments, I'll be there with a flashy new hat!

[Lou looks puzzled, mouthing "a hat?" as he turns the mic over towards the Golden Grappler who is standing with his arms folded.]

GG: It's a very simple equation, Mr. Blackwell. Like my associate here said, we are a unit. Over the last year, out of sight of most, Commando and I have become a well oiled machine... disciplined in our art, precise in our execution, and focused on our goal.

Derrick Williams, Ryan Martinez, it's no secret they can't stand each other but are forced to unite. And Commando and I aren't mindless monsters led around by simple tricks and nonsense. I've a wealth of experience, and Commando is an eager soldier.

Tonight, we prevail. The Future and the White Knight will fall.

And we... we continue our business and move on.

[He nudges his partner.]

GG: Let's go make some money.

[Grappler walks out of screen, followed by UC3, who takes a moment to yell into Lou's mic]

UC3: NEW HAT, LOU! Live in Atlanta next week!

[Blackwell looks annoyed as he jerks the mic away.]

SLB: Just get to the ring, will ya?

[The interviewer shakes his head as the duo departs.]

SLB: A new hat. For Pete's sake... fans, let's go to the ring.

[We fade from backstage to the hard camera shot of the ring where we see Rebecca Ortiz standing in the center of it all as KMFD's "Money" starts playing in the arena.]

RO: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit. Introducing first... from Parts Unknown... weighing in at 575 pounds... the team of ULTRA COMMANDO 3 and the GOLDEN GRAPPLER...

...MASSSSSSSKS FORRRRRR MONNNNNNEYYYYYYYYYY!

[The boos get louder as the hulking form of Ultra Commando III steps into view first. Standing well north of six foot six inches tall and weighing in just short of 300 pounds, the Commando wears long tights in a dark urban camo pattern with a matching balaclava style mask.

The Golden Grappler follows him into view in a full black bodysuit trimmed in gold with his trademark golden mask up top. The Grappler is full of venom today, barking and shouting at the ringside fans as the dastardly duo make their way down the aisle, Commando jawing at the fans with disdain as they walk]

GM: And here's this duo, Masks for Money. Bucky, they've been making quite the name for themselves in recent weeks, especially since targeting Derrick Williams and Ryan Martinez, for reasons we don't know outside of... well, money

BW: And that's it, Gordo, no one has been able to find out who hired them but they've been efficient as we've seen them... but tonight's a little different. Because tonight, they're graduating to the REAL big time. They're not opening the show at the live events anymore... tonight, they're facing two of the best that the AWA has to offer in the Future and the White Knight.

GM: And speaking of Masks for Money's opponents tonight, they're standing by right now with Mariah Wolfe. Mariah?

[The screen cuts backstage where Mariah Wolfe stands, flanked by "The Future" Derrick Williams, in his usual over the top ring gear and coat, hands on hips, and the AWA's White Knight Ryan Martinez, wearing his usual ring gear.]

MW: Thanks Gordon... and here I am with "The Future" Derrick Williams and "The White Knight" Ryan Martinez, mere seconds from facing Masks for Money in a match that's been brewing for weeks.. and gentlemen, tonight you hope to get a measure of revenge.

[She turns to Williams first.]

DW: I'm tired, Mariah... tired of being chased by those goons, tired of being sidetracked, tired of being chased off course by something not letting me the peace to chase my goals. But, sometimes we gotta do what we don't want to do. Masks, we heard you talking about us not getting along. Yeah, Ryan and I don't see eye to eye, but when we need to handle our business, we handle it. Just ask...

[Williams smirks.]

DW: Well, you can't find that guy anymore to ask him but... tonight, you two are our business. It's time to move on to bigger and better things. First, we deal with you, then find out who's footing your bills and get some answers.

[Wolfe steers the mic over towards the former World Champion.]

RM: Masks for Money, I hope you put in for hazard pay.

Now I know you're the puppets, but that doesn't let you off the hook. You needed to make a much wiser choice about whose money you're taking.

I'm getting the name of whoever hired you tonight. And whoever that is...

[Martinez casts a quick sidelong glance at Williams, before turning back to the camera.]

RM: They're going to regret every penny they spent.

Count on it!

[Martinez storms off, Williams in pursuit as Wolfe grins.]

MW: Let's go back to the ring!

[The screen cuts back to the ring where Masks For Money were watching the end of the interview on the jumbo screen, talking to each other, with Commando laughing...]

#Woahhhhhh-a-ohhhhhhhhhh

[The crowd turns from jeers to loud cheering as the opening chords of Imagine Dragons' "Radioactive" starts playing through the arena.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponents... first, fighting out of Brooklyn, New York and weighing in at 265 pounds...

He is "THE FUTURE"... DERRRRRRRIIIIIICK WILLLLLLLLLLIAMSSSSSSSS!

[The man known as "The Future" steps through the curtain dressed in his ring attire of white boots with shiny gold trim, with matching long white tights with gold and black trim and designs, including "FUTURE" up the right thigh, with gold knee pads. To the ring he's wearing a long floor length white coat with adoration that can only be described as "over the top", with gold fur and feather trim down along the lapel folds, wrists, and coat edges, "THE FUTURE" written out in gold script on the back, along with gold epaulets on the shoulders with black braids, and rounds out the outfit with a pair of silver framed round mirrored sunglasses.]

GM: The always-confident Derrick Williams on his way towards the ring, ready to face his tormentors as of late...

BW: And you've got both Martinez and Williams saying they want to find out - tonight - who is paying the bills for the masked men... and I just don't see that happening. Whoever is paying them is paying them well by all accounts and unless that person wants their name revealed, I don't think it's coming.

GM: Something just occurred to me, Bucky. Derrick Williams mentioned the last mutual enemy that he and Martinez teamed up against during that interview... you don't think...?

BW: He's certainly got the money for it.

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

DW: NEW YEAR, GIVING YOU THE FUTURE OF RING ENTRANCES TOO!

[Williams stops several feet back up the aisle, staring right through the masked men inside the ring as his music fades and is replaced by the light tinkling of synth that slowly grows in intensity, as Thirty Seconds to Mars' "Vox Populi" blares over the loudspeakers.]

RO: And his partner... hailing from Los Angeles, California...

[As the song builds, the heavy percussion of drums shakes the arena, the sound replicating the stomping of hundreds of feet.]

RO: ...weighing in at 255 pounds...

[A chorus of singers belts out the opening words of "Vox Populi"]

#This is a call to arms, gather soldiers  
Time to go to war#

RO: The AWA's White Knight...

This is Ryan...

[Once more, the choir of singers unites to repeat the chorus]

#This is a battle song, brothers and sisters  
Time to go to war#

RO: ....MARRRRRRRTIIIIINEZZZZZZZ!!!!

[Ryan Martinez emerges at the top of the entrance ramp, wearing a black hoodie, the hood pulled up over his face. He steps down to the center of the entrance ramp and pauses, throwing his head back, to reveal his face. He pauses, looking out over the crowd. As the crowd cheers him wildly, Ryan gives them a single nod, before striding down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: And here comes the hero of the masses himself... the White Knight... the former World Champion...

BW: And one of your best buddies. It's great how on your way out the door, we're learning all these things about how biased you've been all along.

[His hoodie is unzipped as he walks, tossing it out into the Superdome crowd where a near riot breaks out over the unlikely souvenir. The White Knight wears a pair of short black trunks, black boots with white laces, black knee pads with a white "X" in the center of the knee, and a long, black pad on his right arm that extends from the middle of his forearm to just under his armpit, the elbow portion of it heavily padded. Both wrists are taped with glossy black tape.

He comes to a halt alongside Derrick Williams, exchanging a glance with one another...

...and on an unspoken cue, Martinez and Williams go tearing down the remainder of the aisle, diving headfirst under the ropes as the crowd surges to life!]

GM: HEEEEERE! WEEEEEEE! GOOOOOO!

[Coming to their feet, the White Knight and the Future are greeted by an incoming Ultra Commando 3 and Golden Grappler who intercept them with flying haymakers that the fan favorites respond to in kind!]

BW: We've got a fight on our hands, daddy!

[The fists are flying between the four men as Martinez pairs off with the Commando and Williams goes at it with the Grappler.]

GM: It's a Pier Six brawl down on the Bayou in this one as Martinez and Williams are out to get a little payback for all the recent attacks by Masks For Money at the paid urging of whoever is bankrolling them.

[The fists of the White Knight change to chops as he blasts the Commando across the chest, sending him staggering back as Williams changes to elbowstrikes at the same time, overwhelming the Grappler and sending him back to an opposite corner...]

GM: They're all over Masks For Money, driving them back into the corners...

[The barrage continues once in the buckles, the fans still cheering loudly as the referee throws up his hands and...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Scott Ezra calling for the bell to start this!

BW: Like this?!

GM: Apparently so! Maybe he thinks this is the most control he's likely to get in this grudge match...

[At a shout from Williams, Martinez grabs an arm on UC3 whipping him across the ring as the Grappler does the same, sending the two rulebreakers crashing into one another with impact!]

GM: Ohhh! Big crash in the middle of the ring and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Martinez lets loose a hellacious chop across the chest of the Golden Grappler, sending him stumbling backwards through the ropes, crashing down to the outside!]

GM: The Grappler gets sent to the outside with that chop and-

[Martinez insistently sticks out his arm towards Williams who rolls his eyes before grabbing his partner's wrist, charging forward...]

GM: -DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE TAKES THE COMMANDO TO THE FLOOR AS WELL!

[Martinez peels away, pumping his fists as Williams wipes his hand on his tights, shaking his head as the referee steps in, trying to get some control over the situation.]



GM: The Superdome crowd are on their feet early on in this one as Masks For Money have been sent scurrying to the outside by the unlikely pairing of Williams and Martinez who may not be happy about teaming together but they're working well together so far.

BW: So far. Remember those words.

[On the outside, the scrambling Grappler and Commando huddle up, planning their next strike as the official struggles to keep Martinez and Williams - especially Williams - from going out after them.]

GM: Scott Ezra may be in for a tough night at the office with this one. There's a lot of animosity in this match from Williams and Martinez towards their opponents... and who could blame them, Bucky?

BW: A death mark's not an easy thing to live with.

GM: Well, I don't think anyone's paying them to KILL Williams and Martinez... hopefully.

[After a few moments on the outside, the Golden Grappler pulls himself up on the apron near his corner, waving a hand at Williams and Martinez who are still inside the ring.]

GM: The Grappler looks like he's going to start things off for his squad... and for the other side...?

[Williams and Martinez turn their attention towards one another, arguing loudly over who should stay in the ring.]

BW: You were saying about their stellar teamwork?

GM: Well, I think we always knew these two combustible personalities would collide a bit in this match. The trick will be to keep it down long enough to come out with a win against these two masked mercenaries.

[Martinez points to the Grappler, miming something as Williams shakes his head, planting his fists on his hips. The referee steps in again, trying to play peacemaker as the duo continues to argue.]

GM: Scott Ezra trying to intervene, saying he needs a decision and-

[Suddenly, Williams spins away from the debate, smashing a forearm into the jaw of the Grappler who has stepped into the ring.]

GM: -oh! Williams on the attack!

[Williams keeps on throwing, smashing his forearm into the jaw again, knocking the Grappler back against the turnbuckles. The referee points to the outside, sending a disgruntled Martinez out of the ring.]

BW: That's one way to settle that. Williams just jumped on the Grappler and that was that. Smart move by the kid.

[Williams throws a smirk in Martinez' direction as he winds up again but the wily Grappler slips a knee up into the midsection, cutting off the attack, and spinning Williams' back up against the ropes as he throws hooking right hands to the body!]

GM: The Golden Grappler turning things around, working him over on the ropes with those heavy right hands to the ribs...

[Grabbing the arm, the masked man shoots Williams across the ring into the far ropes, sending him bouncing back...]

GM: ...into the ropes goes the Future, ducks the clothesline...

[...and Williams hits the ropes again, rebounding back, and leaving his feet, arm outstretched!]

GM: ...and a flying clothesline of his own takes the Grappler down!

[Williams comes to his feet, the crowd support getting him a little fired up as he wheels around...]

GM: Ohh! Big shot on the Commando!

[...and knocks the larger masked man off the apron with a hard forearm shot to big cheers! Williams grins even as Scott Ezra is letting him have it, watching as the Grappler regains his feet awkwardly...]

GM: Williams with a boot downstairs... and he shoves him back into the wrong part of town for the masked man.

[...and with the Grappler reeling in the corner, Williams slaps the outstretched hand of the White Knight, tagging him officially into the match for the first time.]

GM: There's the tag and in comes the White Knight!

[Not quite as Martinez raises a boot up on the ropes...

...just as Williams hooks the Grappler's arms, pulling them behind him to open him up...]

BW: Uhhh.

GM: A little confusion on the part of these two.

[Martinez suddenly brings his leg down, ducking through the ropes just as Williams shoves the Grappler away with disgust, firing off a few words for his partner as he exits the ring.]

GM: Well, I think a little miscommunication should be expected between two new - and reluctant - allies like these two, Bucky.

BW: We'll see if it costs them later.

[Martinez is responding in kind to Williams as he moves in on the Grappler who suddenly stabs his arm out, raking across the eyes of the former World Champion!]

GM: And the Grappler with the cheap shot, right to the eyes!

[Martinez stumbles away, swiping at his eyes as he wobbles into the neutral corner where the Grappler hooks a handful of hair, smashing his skull into the turnbuckle!]

GM: The Grappler taking advantage of that miscue by Martinez and Williams... look at this now!

[Hooking a loose side headlock, the Grappler pushes Martinez' face down on the top rope, walking from one corner to the next, raking his skin across the rope covering!]

BW: And that's an easy way to end up with a nasty welt on your face.

GM: The Grappler with some nasty intentions there... and there's our first tag of the match for Masks For Money as the big man, Ultra Commando 3, comes into the mix...

[A clubbing double axehandle between the shoulderblades puts Martinez down on all fours as UC3 joins the Grappler in the ring, raising his massive arms overhead as well...]

GM: ...and now it's Masks For Money working in tandem, driving those big hammer blows down across the back of the White Knight, pounding him down into the canvas!

BW: No miscommunication there, Gordo. These two have been teaming for a while now and are really a well-oiled machine at this point. In fact, if they pick up the win here tonight, I have it on good authority that they may be in line for a shot at the winners of tonight's big cage match between Next Gen and the Soldiers of Fortune for the World Tag Team Titles.

GM: Can you imagine a showdown between Harper and Somers and these two?

BW: I'm thinking more of Flint and Stephens and these two! What a fight that would be!

GM: Of course, we also know that the Gold Standard is waiting in the wings for the champions - whoever they may be after tonight. We know Takeshi Mifune is ready to go as we've seen him take on Daniel Harper and Odin Gunn on the Power Hour in recent weeks... but we're still awaiting word on the condition of Bret Grayson who has been sidelined with an injury since the start of the year.

[The Golden Grappler exits the ring as Martinez tries to regroup down on the canvas... but a hard stomp to the lower back by the Commando prevents him from getting off the mat as Derrick Williams shoots out his arm, shouting for Martinez to make a tag.]

GM: Williams wants a tag but Martinez is nowhere near the corner after that mugging by Masks For Money... these two bounty hunters.

BW: Seems like more guys around lately looking to make some cash by leaving people laying... these two... Smasher Salazar...

GM: Bounty hunters. We don't need their scum.

[A few more stomps from the Commando to the back leaves Martinez writhing in pain on the mat as the masked man glares across at Williams who grimaces, slapping the top turnbuckle in frustration.]

GM: Williams looking a little heated, Bucky.

BW: He's not used to being in a tag team. He's wrestled some tag matches in the past, sure... but he came into this wanting to get a piece of the masked men and now he's stuck on the outside watching his partner get pummeled.

[The masked man hauls Martinez off the mat by the hair, grabbing the wrist to whip him across the ring...

...and drops him back down with a back elbow up under the chin!]

GM: Ohh, Martinez goes down hard! And the Commando drops the big elbow on him as well, here's a cover...

[A two count follows before Martinez kicks out to cheers from the AWA faithful and Williams smashing his hand down repeatedly on the buckle, shouting "COME ON, MARTINEZ!" to his unlikely partner...]

GM: ...the White Knight kicks out at two. It's gonna take more than an elbowdrop to put down the former World Champion, fans.

BW: The Commando and the Grappler HAVE more than an elbowdrop, Gordo. Don't get it twisted as the kids say.

GM: Do the kids say that?

[The Commando drags the White Knight off the mat, pointing a finger at the shouting Williams before ducking down to lift him up...]

GM: Big scoop and...

[...but at the peak of the lift, Martinez slips out the back, landing on his feet behind the masked man!]

GM: ...Martinez slips free!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A big chop lands as the Commando turns around to attack, sending him stumbling a couple feet back. Martinez nods, winding up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Martinez chopping away at the Commando, trying to drive him back...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and a third chop sends the Commando really staggering back now, closing to within a handful of feet from the reaching Derrick Williams!]

GM: Martinez is almost there! He's almost to the corner!

[But the masked man responds, driving the toe of his boot into the gut of Martinez, cutting him off.]

GM: Ohhhh... and just when it looked like the White Knight might get to the corner and make that tag, Ultra Commando 3 goes downstairs and cuts him off!

[The masked man grabs Martinez, swinging him around into a side waistlock, lifting him into the air...]

GM: Atomic dr-

[...but Martinez flips over the top, landing on his feet behind the Commando and immediately throws himself backwards into...]

GM: TAG!

[...and the fans erupt in cheers as Derrick Williams comes through the ropes, raining rights and lefts down on the masked face of UC3, sending him staggering back to the middle of the ring!]

GM: Williams is all over the Commando...

[And with a shout, Williams ducks low, powering the near-300 pound masked man up into the air, slamming him down with a roar of triumph!]

GM: ...BIIIIIG BODY SLAM BY THE FUTURE!

[Williams pumps a fist excitedly... and then slaps the hand of Ryan Martinez who flashes a confused look at his partner who waves him into the ring...]

GM: Another tag? Already?

BW: I think Williams might've let his enthusiasm get the better of him there. Martinez needs some time to recover but Williams just tagged him in and...

[Martinez looks puzzled, shaking his head as he steps back into the ring he just departed, moving towards the ropes where Williams has one arm already.]

GM: Double team on the way, they shoot the big man across...

[And as the masked man bounces back, Williams spins around, throwing his elbow back up under the chin...

...as Martinez makes a grab for an arm that isn't there, standing there awkwardly as Williams puts the masked man down on his back!]

GM: ...another malfunction at the junction and...

[Martinez angrily shouts at Williams who shrugs, gesturing at the downed Commando who is crawling towards his corner as Williams exits the ring.]

GM: ...Martinez and Williams trading words again now.

[Martinez throws up his hands at Williams who is back on the apron, gesturing at the Commando, miming a tag...]

GM: And I think Martinez has a few things on his mind for Williams including the fact that he's already back inside the ring after fighting to get to the corner and make a tag.

BW: And don't look now, Gordo, but...

GM: Tag on the other side! The Grappler is in and Martinez doesn't even- ohhhh! Big knee to the back from behind and down goes the White Knight!

[Williams facepalms in the corner as his partner is dropped down on his chest on the mat, the Grappler promptly stomping the lower back a few times while keeping his eyes on Williams who paces angrily on the apron.]

GM: The Grappler regaining control of this tag team grudge match for Masks For Money... but I have to think Derrick Williams is partly at fault for this shift in momentum, Bucky.

BW: Martinez obviously wasn't ready to get back in the ring... and now he's paying for it as the Grappler stomps him into the mat.

[The Grappler backs off, slapping the offered hand.]

GM: Another tag for the masked men...

[Dragging Martinez off the mat, the duo whips him across the ring, joining hands to flatten him with a double clothesline. The Grappler glares across the ring, shouting "Now THAT'S a tag team!" at a fuming Williams as the Commando settles into a lateral press.]

GM: ...and a two count off the clothesline for these masked mercenaries, looking to put Martinez or Williams or preferably both on the shelf so they can cash in on that big payday.

[Ultra Commando 3 climbs to his feet, pulling Martinez up with him as they stand in mid-ring. The masked man lifts Martinez up in his powerful arms before slamming him down towards the corner where the Golden Grappler looks on, nodding approvingly.]

GM: Scoop slam in the corner... and there's another tag.

BW: And you can dislike these two all you want for their tactics, Gordo... but you can't argue that they're easily outclassing Martinez and Williams when it comes to being a tag team.

[With Martinez down on the mat, the Grappler hops up to the middle rope, taking aim before leaping off, snapping his elbow down into the sternum of Martinez!]

GM: Ohh! Big leaping elbow finds the mark... and now it's the Grappler with a cover! He's got one! He's got two!

[But again, Martinez escapes, avoiding the pin that would end the match for his team. The Grappler glares at the official, miming a quick three count.]

GM: The Grappler not happy with the speed of the count although it looked good to me... and there's yet another tag! This is impressive teamwork for this veteran duo.

[Coming back through the ropes, the Commando lands a heavy stomp to the sternum to put Martinez down on his back...

...and then promptly leaps up, dropping near 300 pounds down in a sitdown splash, crushing the White Knight into the mat!]

GM: ULTRA COMMANDO 3 DROPS IT ALL! That's high impact and it'll knock the wind right out of your sails!

[Sitting on the chest, the Commando reaches back to snatch a leg in his grasping arm...]

GM: He's got one! He's got two! He's got-

[...but Martinez slips out from under him, getting the shoulder up as a relieved Derrick Williams looks on from the corner, stomping his foot on the apron a few times with a "LET'S GO, MARTINEZ! COME ON!" ]

GM: Martinez is down on his hands and knees, trying to crawl across towards his partner who is waiting there eagerly for him...

[Williams has his arm stretched out, waiting for Martinez to get to him as the Commando slowly climbs back to his feet, shaking his head...

...and lunges into a high impact stomp to the back of the head!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: No tag there, Gordo. Masks For Money smell blood in the water... and in this case, blood smells like a big stack of cash!

[Williams shakes his head with disappointment as Martinez being cut off...

...and then gets sent flying off the apron with a well-placed right hand from Ultra Commando 3!]

GM: OH! Cheap shot on Williams!

[The crowd is jeering as the Commando nods in satisfaction...

...and then ROARS as a pissed off Williams slides under the ropes, looking to get a swing at the masked man but the referee jumps in to block his path!]

GM: Williams trying to get in there but Scott Ezra won't have it!

[And with the official distracted, one masked man summons in another as the Golden Grappler comes charging in, helping UC3 drag Martinez back to the middle of the ring before pulling him up...]

GM: We've got a doubleteam behind the referee's back! Williams is trying to stop it and-

[...and a double whip sends Martinez crashing into the turnbuckles just before the Grappler comes charging in, landing a big running clothesline in the corner...]

"OHHHH!"

[...and then the Commando comes charging in with a running boot to the chest...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...sending Martinez stumbling out into the waiting arms of the Commando who lifts him under his arm, spinning around, and bringing him down in a ring-shaking side slam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Martinez laid out, the Commando grabs a leg, leaning back in an awkward pin attempt just as the official gets Williams on the apron...]

GM: UC3 with the cover! ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO! TH-

[...and Williams is on his way back in to break it up when Martinez' shoulder pops up off the mat in time!]

GM: No! No! Just a two count there!

[And now it's the Commando's turn to complain about the count, holding up three fingers to referee Scott Ezra who replies with two. The masked man shakes his cowed head as he gets back to his feet, dragging the White Knight up with him...]

GM: The Commando shoots him in...

[...and fires him into the ropes, sending the former World Champion bouncing back...]

GM: ...clothesline by Commando, ducked by Martinez!

[Martinez hits the ropes again, building up speed as he bounces back...]

GM: Another clothesline ducked!

[And as Martinez hits the ropes, Derrick Williams reaches out and slaps the shoulder...]

GM: Was that a tag?

[...and as Martinez rebounds again, he slides between the legs of the Commando, forcing the bigger man to whip around off-balance to confront him...]

GM: The Commando's eyes are on Martinez but-

[...but before he can strike the downed Martinez, the Commando finds himself whipped around by the arm to the cheers of the AWA faithful as Derrick Williams BLASTS him with an elbowstrike to the temple!]

GM: OHH!

[And a second one sends the Commando wobbling back as Martinez rolls to the outside...]

GM: OHHHHH!

[...and Williams goes into a spin...]

GM: OHHHHHHHHH!

[...and connects with a devastating rolling elbow that sends the masked man down to the mat in a heap!]

GM: ROLLING ELBOW CONNECTS AND-

[With his partner in trouble, the Golden Grappler comes tearing into the ring, ignoring the referee's pleas...

...but Williams is waiting for him, landing one elbow... then a second...]

GM: Williams teeing off on the Grappler now!

[...and lands a second rolling elbow that sends the Grappler sailing through the ropes to the outside!]

GM: And there goes the Grappler! Derrick Williams is heating up, fans...

[As the Commando struggles to his feet, he finds Williams waiting for him to snatch a three-quarter nelson...]

GM: ...FUTURE SHO-

[...but the masked man feels it coming and shoves Williams off towards the ropes...

...where the Golden Grappler yanks down the top rope, sending Williams flipping over the ropes and crashing down HARD on the outside!]



GM: OHHHH!

BW: Brilliant counter by the Commando and a brilliant move by the Grappler to completely stop the momentum of Derrick Williams cold!

[The Grappler starts putting the boots to Williams on the outside, again ignoring the official who is ordering him to back off...]

GM: Come on! He isn't the legal man, ref!

BW: Ezra knows it but what's he gonna do about it?!

[The Grappler lifts Williams up, pressing him into the air before dropping him throatfirst across the steel barricade!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And Williams flops down on the floor, clutching his throat as his legs kick in the air, gasping for as Ryan Martinez comes around the ring, chasing off the Golden Grappler as he kneels to check on his partner...]

GM: The Golden Grappler with a mugging on the outside and Derrick Williams is in a bad, bad way out on the floor...

BW: He got dropped right on his throat and that's an easy way to take someone out... permanently.

GM: Which - we really don't know, Bucky - that might be the contract with their mysterious employer. They may be required to take one or both of these guys out of action for good.

[Martinez gives his partner some encouragement before he's forced to retreat to his corner by the official, allowing Ultra Commando 3 to come out to the floor, winding up a heavy arm and dropping an elbow down into Williams' already-assaulted throat!]

GM: Ohhh! Nearly 300 pounds down in the throat!

[The Commando rolls to his knees, wrapping his hands around the throat of Williams and choking him viciously as the crowd jeers and the referee counts from inside the ring.]

GM: Choking him out on the floor, the Commando looking to finish the job his partner started with that blow to the throat.

[Climbing off his knees, the Commando drags Williams up to his feet, slamming his face down on the ring apron before rolling back in to break the official's count...]

GM: The Commando back inside... hauling Williams up onto the apron...

[...and reaching over the ropes, the big man lifts the Future into the air, throwing him down in a slam on the canvas!]

GM: ...and another big slam down on the mat by the Commando! Derrick Williams is in trouble and his partner is a world away on the ring apron waiting for him.

[The Commando retakes his feet, eyeballing the downed Williams...]

...and with a grunt of effort, he leaps up, dropping his leg down across the throat to groans from the crowd!]

GM: Legdrop connects! The Commando makes the cover!

[Another two count follows before Williams manages a kickout, cheers coming from the crowd for his resilience.]

GM: And this time, it's Williams who kicks out in time... and the White Knight is cheering him on from the corner as this tag team grudge match continues here on the AWA's Tenth Anniversary Show LIVE on ESPN.

BW: It's already been a heck of a night and it's nowhere close to over, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely not. We've got title matches still to come. A tournament final. Even a wedding!

BW: A retirement ceremony.

GM: Speaking of which, I want to take a moment to thank Ryan Martinez - that young man right there on the apron - for all his kind words as of late and really all of his support and friendship over the years. It's been one of the greatest honors of my career watching him grow from a young rookie to the AWA's White Knight and I know he's got years of greatness still ahead of him as well.

[With Williams down on the mat, coughing as he tries to crawl towards his corner and his partner's outstretched hand, the Commando slaps his own partner's hand.]

GM: Another tag there for Masks For Money, bringing the Golden Grappler back into the ring...

[The Grappler gets a running start, leaping to stomp Williams in the back of the head, stopping his effort to get across the ring.]

GM: ...and just as they did to Martinez earlier, now the Commando and the Grappler are using their teamwork to keep Derrick Williams trapped inside the ring.

[The masked mauler stomps Williams a few more times, getting him over near the ropes where he plants his boot on the bottom rope, shoving it down onto Williams' throat as the fans jeer and the referee counts!]

GM: No hiding that choke there by the masked veteran, using every bit of that five count before he lets go.

[Williams again grabs at his throat, coughing and gasping for air as the Grappler takes a warning from the official in stride. He steps across the ring, slapping his partner's hand.]

GM: And again, they make the exchange...

BW: I hope Next Gen and the Soldiers are watching closely, Gordo. This might be their next major challenge!

GM: UC3 coming back in... waving the Grappler into position...

[The Grappler grabs the legs of Williams, dragging him away from the ropes as the Commando gets into position...

...and as the Grappler falls back, he catapults Williams up off the mat and towards his masked partner who drops the Future with a hard clothesline across the throat!]

GM: OHHH! What a doubleteam by the masked men!

[The Grappler rolls out as the Commando drops to his knees, wrapping up the legs...]

GM: Cover for one! For two! For thr- and a diving save by Martinez breaks it up!

[The crowd cheers the save as Martinez claps his hands together a few times, exiting the ring while cheering on his partner. The Commando grabs the back of his head as he gets to his feet, pointing at Martinez as the official warns him for the illegal save.]

GM: A near fall right there - only the dive from the White Knight saved this match for he and Derrick Williams.

BW: For now.

GM: For now indeed... and as the Commando gets up, it looks like he wants to finish this one off...

BW: It may be time for Pay Day, daddy!

[The Commando gestures to his partner who steps through the ropes illegally. The referee moves to confront...]

...but so does Ryan Martinez, drawing the referee's attention towards him instead. The official dives in front of Martinez, loudly protesting his attempt to get into the fray as the Grappler slides into position, grabbing a front facelock as the Commando lifts the legs up to rest on his shoulder...]

GM: Here it comes! You called it, Bucky! They're looking for-

[...but Williams draws his legs in, using them to kick the Commando away HARD to the corner to cheers from the crowd!]

GM: -Williams sends the Commando flying and-

[And while still tangled up with the Grappler, Williams hooks, twists, and SPIKES him skullfirst into the canvas!]

GM: -FUTURE SHOCK! FUTURE SHOCK ON THE GOLDEN GRAPPLER!

[The crowd ROARS for the sudden impact as Williams and the Grappler slam down on the canvas...]

GM: Williams got what he's been looking for... but I don't know if he can take advantage of it, Bucky.

BW: He's been in there too long! He can't make the cover off it!

GM: I'm not sure the Grappler is... no... he's not the legal man anyways! The Grappler rolling to the outside... the referee pointing to the Commando, he's the legal man!

[A dazed Commando looks to take advantage, trying to steady himself in the corner as Williams stretches out an arm overhead, looking towards the White Knight who is reaching out as far as he can...]

GM: Martinez looking for the tag! This is Williams' shot! Can he get there?!

[Williams scoots on his back, sliding closer to the corner as the Commando struggles to steady himself, slowly walking from the corner, wobbling all the while...]

GM: The Commando is out on his feet - he must've hit the corner harder than we thought! He's trying to get there and stop the tag as they've done so many times in this match but I'm not sure if...

[...and Williams rolls over onto his hands and knees, crawling... inching closer to the waiting Martinez who is eager to get in there...]

GM: Williams with a clear path! The Commando is... he's down to a knee! Derrick's got his shot! He's got his-

[But just before Williams can slap the hand of the waiting Martinez, a staggering Grappler reaches up from the floor and YANKS Martinez off the apron, causing Williams to whiff on the tag!]

GM: OH! COME ON!

[The Grappler throws a pair of weak right hands on Martinez who absorbs them before smashing the Grappler with a stiff elbowstrike, grabbing the masked man's cowl...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and ROCKETS him into the steel ringsteps to a huge roar!]

GM: MARTINEZ TAKES OUT THE GRAPPLER! HE TAKES HIM OUT AND-

[Martinez quickly scrambles back up on the apron, sticking out his hand...

...just as the back-on-his-feet Commando grabs the ankle of Williams, dragging him back across the ring to the other corner to jeers!]

GM: So close! So close to getting the tag right there!

[Pulling Williams off the mat, the Commando tosses him bodily into the corner, lowering his shoulder and driving into the midsection once... twice... three times...]

GM: The Commando mauling him in the corner...

[He backs off, swinging his arm around a few times...]

GM: ...charging in!

[...and as the big man attempts a running clothesline, he runs right into a raised boot from the Future!]

GM: BOOT UP! RIGHT IN THE KISSER!

[The masked Commando staggers backwards, his knees buckling from the impact of the shot as Williams grimaces, boosting himself up to stand on the middle rope...]

GM: Williams on the second rope and-

[...and launches himself into the air, smashing a forearm in the jaw of the big man, knocking him off his feet!]

GM: -FLYING FOREARM CONNECTS!

[The crowd ROARS as Williams pushes up off the mat, letting loose a roar of his own as he punches the canvas, crawling... inching... dragging himself across the ring...]

GM: Williams is going for it! Martinez is ready! He's waiting! He's-

BW: TAG!

GM: -IN!

[The crowd EXPLODES as their White Knight comes through the ropes just as the Commando drags himself off the mat, standing on rubbery legs as Martinez winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Chop by Martinez!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ANOTHER!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ANOTHER!

[And with a roar, Martinez switches from chops to open-handed slaps across the jaw of the masked man, snapping them off from both the left and right hand...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[With Ultra Commando 3 staggered, Martinez grabs him by the arm, firing him into the ropes, setting his feet as the big man rebounds...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and uncorks a brutal knife edge chop across the sternum that takes the big man off his feet!]

GM: OHHHH, WHAT A CHOP BY MARTINEZ!

[And that's the cue for the Golden Grappler to come charging in to help his downed partner...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the cue for Martinez to take him off his feet with another brutal chop, sending the Grappler rolling right back out to the floor, rubbing at his chest in pain as Martinez gives a shout, pointing to the downed but rising Commando...]

GM: Martinez takes out the Grappler and he's staying on the Commando, whipped to the corner...

[Martinez steps to the corner, looking out on the roaring crowd, soaking in their cheers, and then with a nod, cuts loose!]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

GM: MACHINE GUN CHOPS!

[Martinez pauses, taking a breath, as the fans chant for more. Ever a man of the people, young Ryan obliges. This time, the barrage of chops is slower, as is the fans' chant.]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

[Martinez steps out, nodding his head to the cheering crowd as he grabs the Commando by the arm, whipping him from corner to corner...]

GM: Shoots him to the corner... HERE HE COMES!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: YAAAAAAAKUUUUUZAAAAAA!

[The crowd ROARS for the big running boot in the corner, a blow that sends the masked Commando staggering from the buckles, barely able to stand...]

...and the Grappler reaches under the ropes, hooking Martinez around the ankle before he can follow up on the signature blow!]

GM: The Grappler from the outside! He's got Martinez by the ankle and-

[The Grappler yanks Martinez off his feet, trying to pull him to the outside...]

...but Martinez draws his legs up, kicking the Grappler off!]

"CLAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL GOES THE GRAPPLER!

[Back on his feet, Martinez turns his attention back towards the staggered Commando who is moving in on him, and buries a boot into his ample midsection!]

GM: Martinez kicks him in the gut... HE'S GOT HIM HOOKED!

[The crowd ROARS as Martinez snatches the front facelock, dragging the Commando out to the middle of the ring, looking around at the sold out Superdome crowd going NUTS for what comes next!]

GM: MARTINEZ IS LOOKING FOR THE BRAINBUSTER!

[But before he can attempt the lift, Martinez spots the Golden Grappler sliding back into the ring, steel chair in hand as he gets to his feet...]

GM: THE GRAPPLER'S GOT A CHAIR AND-

[...and the crowd ROARS once more as Derrick Williams sprints across the ring, throwing himself at the Grappler and knocking him and the steel chair down onto the canvas!]

GM: OHH! WILLIAMS OUT OF NOWHERE TAKES HIM DOWN!

[The referee rushes in as Williams gets up, forcing the fired-up Future back across the ring...]

GM: The referee's right there, ordering Williams to get out of the ring... ordering Williams to-

BW: GORDO!

[...and the crowd begins to buzz as the Grappler gets back up, steel chair back in his grasp...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES Ryan Martinez across the back with the chair, immediately tossing it aside as he swings him around, lifting him up as the Commando grabs the legs...]

GM: PAY DAY!

[...and the Grappler twists to the side, snapping him over in a neckbreaker! The crowd groans as the Grappler departs, leaving the Commando to collapse on top of Martinez as the referee wheels around, having gotten Williams successfully back on the apron...

...and dives to the mat!]

GM: No, no, no! Not like this!

BW: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO!

[Williams spots the pinfall, stepping through and lunging...]

BW: THREEEEEEEEEEEE!

[...just a little too late as he crashes down on the Commando after the three count has come down!]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Well, your precious White Knight just got PINNED on your last night on the mic. How’s that for a storybook ending?

GM: I can’t believe it! Masks For Money... the Grappler with that chair... they stole it, Bucky! They literally stole it!

[A fired-up and pissed-off Williams is making the same argument to the official who waves him off, saying he saw the three count. Williams snatches up the chair off the mat, stalking around the ring as the Grappler drags the Commando under the ropes!]

GM: Masks For Money have won it... and I can’t believe I’m saying that. They beat Ryan Martinez and Derrick Williams here in New Orleans and... Martinez is out, Bucky!

BW: Probably doesn’t have a clue what happened after that chair bounced off his back!

GM: The Grappler with the chair... and then Pay Day by both of them. Martinez gets pinned here in the middle... but there’s nothing clean about this one. Not a damn thing for Masks For Money to feel good about.

BW: Sure there is.

GM: What?

BW: The winner’s share of the purse! This is a HUGE win for them, Gordo! HUGE!

[Williams stands in the ring, chair in hand as he glares angrily at the retreating Commando and Grappler who have their arms raised in victory. The Future shakes his head in disbelief, still pleading his case to the official who can be heard remarking “I didn’t see it! If it happened, I didn’t see it!”]

GM: The referee saying that he didn’t see it.

BW: Could he hear it?

GM: Perhaps... but a referee is only supposed to call what he sees. You can’t blame Scott Ezra for what went down here tonight... that’s all the Grappler and the Commando...

[With the aid of the official, Ryan Martinez gets to a knee, grabbing the back of his neck in pain.]

GM: Martinez slowly getting up, getting a big hand from these fans who appreciate the fight he brought here tonight... even if he and Williams didn’t get the win...

[Martinez straightens up, wincing as he falls back into the corner, looking across the ring as the referee explains that his team lost...

...looking right at Derrick Williams who is turned away from him, shouting at Masks For Money...



...and has a steel chair in his hands.]

GM: Martinez is on his feet, barely able to stand... still trying to piece together what just happened. He got hit with a chair and-

[And without warning, a pissed-off and confused Martinez comes tearing across the ring, leaping into the air as Williams turns, extending his leg...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and with his Excalibur kick, DRIVES the chair back into the face of Williams, knocking him flat as the crowd ERUPTS in a shocked reaction!]

GM: NO! RYAN, NO!

BW: Did that just happen?! Did I really just see the White Knight soil his cloak by kicking his own partner's head off?!

[Martinez takes a knee, the crowd buzzing over what just took place as he glares coldly down at the unmoving Williams.]

GM: Ryan Martinez just used Excalibur to assault his own partner... he doesn't know what happened, Bucky! All he knows is that he got up and saw Williams with a chair... the same chair that was used on him earlier!

BW: Oh, you're buying that? I think Martinez just took his best shot at Williams - a little bit of payback for what happened at SuperClash!

GM: I... no. I don't believe that for a second, Bucky.

BW: Not for a second, huh? I heard that pause, Gordo.

GM: No, Ryan Martinez wouldn't...

[The White Knight climbs to his feet, staring down at Williams who has just started to move a bit on the mat... and with a disgusted wave of his arm, he exits the ring, walking back up the aisle as the crowd continues to buzz at what they just saw.]

GM: The fans here in New Orleans are as stunned as I am, I think... and... well, maybe we can try to get a word with Ryan Martinez a little later to find out what was going through his mind right there. I just don't...

[Gordon pauses as Martinez angrily stomps up the aisle towards the locker room.]

GM: Let's go backstage to... who is it? Mariah? No? Okay, we've got some previously recorded footage thanks to our ACCESS 365 cameras... let's take a look.

[The ACCESS 365 logo flashes across the screen, as we are taken to an empty corridor just outside of the Superdome, where we see the girl more scrumptious than a box of ooey-goey Maryland Berger Cookies, Casey Celina Celeste Cash, is roaming the halls.

She is dressed in a light pink sundress with cherries printed throughout. She looks to be shivering cold, with her arms crossed over her chest. She stops walking as she reaches her destination, where the camera swings over to the girl that's hotter than Georgia asphalt and built twice as hard, Harleen Fionna Eloise Ophelia Graham, otherwise known to the world at large as Harley Hamilton.

We see that Hamilton is laying back on a stack of metal boxes, dressed in an extravagant full-length white fur coat, worn open to reveal the white low-cut and flowy dress she wears underneath. As Casey approaches her, Harley's face lights up.]

HH: There you are! I...

[Harley's smile falters as she notices Casey's shivering.]

HH: Where's your coat?

CC: I left it inside. Isn't this the South? I thought it was always warm here.

[Hamilton sighs, before opening her coat up.]

HH: Here. Climb into my fur.

CC: O-okay!

[Cash stares at Harley for a moment, before dropping in Harley's lap, wrapped in her fur coat.]

HH: Tell me about the flowers again, Celina.

CC: The cherry blossoms, Eloise? Oh my gosh.

[Apparently in their most candid moments, the two E-Girl MAX members refer to each other by their middle names. Odd. Either way, Casey's eyes light up.]

CC: So like... everyone makes this big deal about the cherry blossoms in DC, but we have them in Baltimore too! It's not nearly as crowded either, so when they're in peak bloom, you get such a better experience than having to deal with all those people trying to act like they're the only ones that are important when YOU'RE the only one that's important.

[Harley nods.]

CC: But you know... when there's a gentle breeze and your hair floats around your shoulders, and the blossoms come down from the trees...

[Casey snuggles up a little closer to Harley grabbing her by the wrist and turning to stare at her face.]

CC: It's like you're walking in a dream where you're a princess and the world is laying out a path of petals just for you to walk on, because it knows you're that special!

[Harley blinks.]

HH: It's really like that?

[Casey nods.]

CC: Mm hmm. It's magical, Fionna. Simply magical.

[Harley says "wow" under her breath. A few moments pass, as Casey disengages her grip from Harley's wrist and the two just sit there, snuggled in Harley's fur coat.]

HH: You know, I was thinking-...

[Suddenly, a man in a black T-shirt wearing an all access badge walks up to them.]

"Casey Cash? Zharkov needs to see you."

[The man stands there for a moment, as Casey lets out a little pout.]

CC: You've done a terrible thing, intern. Do you understand that you've ruined a beautiful moment?

[The man shrugs and walks away, as Harley and Casey shake their heads.]

HH: What does that rotten bowl of borscht want now?

CC: No idea. Guess I better go find out.

HH: Ugh... he's always bothering us. He's so annoying.

CC: I'll be right back.

HH: You better.

[Casey walks off, as we stay focused on Harley's disappointed face for a moment, before a pale hand reaches out from off-camera and taps Harley on the nose with their index finger.]

"Boop!"

[Harley is suddenly all smiles once more.]

HH: Cindy!

[And with that, we fade out to a still shot of Gordon Myers from the very first Saturday Night Wrestling with the words "GORDON MYERS APPRECIATION NIGHT" underneath the photo...

...and then up on a shot of Jon Stegglet, Todd Michaelson, and Lori Dane standing backstage.]

JS: Hey Gordon... we just wanted to take a moment - the three of us together - to thank you for all you've done for us both personally and professionally over the years.

[Stegglet grins.]

JS: You know... twenty or so years ago when we were sitting ringside for all those EMWC shows together, I always felt a little bit guilty. Back then, people liked to talk about who the best announcer in wrestling was...

TM: It was obviously me.

[Lori shoulder checks her husband with a shake of her head.]

JS: When the fact was, we all knew that the best announcer in wrestling was a guy that wasn't getting seen on national TV every week.

LD: And that was a damn shame.

JS: It sure was. But Gordon, the whole time we sat out there, you were with us and you didn't even know it...

[Lori holds up a faded yellow sticky note with "WWGD?" written in bold lettering.]

LD: "What would Gordon do?" This was taped to the monitor on every show the three of us called together... it was our guiding light to make sure we were doing the right thing out there on commentary.

[Todd nods.]

TM: And when we started putting the AWA together and discussing announcers... we knew exactly who we wanted as the voice of what we hoped was the future of the business - and that's you, old buddy.

JS: Gordon, it's been a thrill... a joy... and an honor to work with you every week for the past ten years... and an even bigger honor becoming your friend. You meant the world to me when I was coming up in this business and I never would've dreamed you'd mean even more to me now.

LD: And although you'll deny it, I have no doubt that you were the one who went to bat for me to get me this second shot on commentary.

[Lori grins.]

JS: So, we wish you nothing but the best, Gordon... and if you ever feel like stopping by to say hello to all your friends out there around the world, know that we'll always have a headset waiting for you.

LD: We love you, Gordon!

TM: Hey, should we say something nice about Bucky too?

[Jon and Lori and Todd look at one another before responding in unison.]

JS/TM/LD: Naaaaaaah.

[They all laugh as we fade to black...

...and fade back up as the quintessential American family of four walks up and down the snack aisle of Anyplace grocery store in Anytown USA. The father wears khaki dockers and a golf shirt that would make him look like a State Farm agent if it weren't navy. The wife is in jeans and a quilted jacket. Her curly hair drops a little bit. The kids, a daughter and a son, trudge along behind them, seemingly on the verge of a meltdown tantrum. The mother searches the snack aisles, picking up chips, candies, candy bars. She sighs in exasperation.]

M: Kids, I know you're hungry. But none of this stuff is right. It so bland. It isn-

[Suddenly, the racks of candies fly apart and Shadoe Rage bursts onto the scene dressed in fuchsia and gold. He holds up two handful of jerky sticks.]

SR: Wanna feel Sensational? Tired of bland cured meats? Tear into Mr. Berkeley's Turkey Jerky!

[Rage tears a chunk of jerky from the pack in his hand. The sound reverberates through the screen. The family is suddenly transformed and energized into hip looking versions of themselves.]

SR: The signature herbs and spices! The smoky flavor! The lean turkey jerky! It's the perfect snack!

[Rage hands out the packs of jerky.]

SR: Ohhhh man, that's good. When I get my hands on Mr. Berkeley's Turkey Jerky, I feel SENSATIONAL!

[Rage tears into another bite along with the family. Everybody seems even more amped as Rage turns towards the camera.]

SR: And so will you.

So will you!

SO WILL YOU!

TEAR INTO IT!

MR. BERKELEY'S TURKEY JERKY... IT'S SENSATIONAL!

[Rage savages the remaining piece of jerky before he stares straight into the camera, smiling as we fade to black...

...and we fade back up backstage to a concerned-looking Sweet Lou Blackwell.]

SLB: Fans, welcome back to-

[A loud shout is heard from off-camera giving Blackwell a startle as he jumps a bit. His eyes drift to where we find a very fired-up Ryan Martinez pacing in front of Blackwell.]

RM: What did I tell you, Lou?!

[Blackwell looks after Martinez who passes Lou once before circling back to come to a halt. The former World Champion glares at Blackwell and if looks could kill, "Sweet" Lou would be dead on the floor.]

RM: He hasn't changed one bit! Not one bit!

I knew I shouldn't have trusted him. I knew it. I turn my back, and the first chance he gets... well, you saw what happened!

[Blackwell chews at his bottom lip anxiously.]

SLB: Everyone knows not to be in the path of the legendary Martinez temper, but there is something you need to see...

[Martinez' glare somehow gets even harder.]

RM: What could you possibly have to show me that's going to calm me down?

[But before Blackwell can react, in walks Derrick Williams, just as furious as Martinez.]

RM: You got some nerve showing your face...

[Angrily, Williams gives Martinez a hard shove. Martinez staggers back only to lunge forward, but is stopped by Blackwell.]

SLB: Both of you stop this right now!

[Blackwell shakes his head as Martinez tries to reach past him anyways.]

SLB: Ryan, before you say another word, you need to watch this...

[Blackwell points to a backstage monitor that becomes visible as the camera draws back a bit.]

SLB: If you're listening in the truck, go ahead and roll the footage.

[As Martinez watches, we see footage from moments ago...]

GM: MARTINEZ IS LOOKING FOR THE BRAINBUSTER!

[But before he can attempt the lift, Martinez spots the Golden Grappler sliding back into the ring, steel chair in hand as he gets to his feet...]

GM: THE GRAPPLER'S GOT A CHAIR AND-

[...and the crowd ROARS once more as Derrick Williams sprints across the ring, throwing himself at the Grappler and knocking him and the steel chair down onto the canvas!]

GM: OHH! WILLIAMS OUT OF NOWHERE TAKES HIM DOWN!

[The referee rushes in as Williams gets up, forcing the fired-up Future back across the ring...]

GM: The referee's right there, ordering Williams to get out of the ring... ordering Williams to-

BW: GORDO!

[...and the crowd begins to buzz as the Grappler gets back up, steel chair back in his grasp...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES Ryan Martinez across the back with the chair, immediately tossing it aside as he swings him around, lifting him up as the Commando grabs the legs...]

GM: PAY DAY!

[The footage on the monitor fades to black as the camera pans back onto a stunned Martinez looking at the black screen. Williams is looking quite smug as he sees the look on Martinez' face.]

DW: Not feeling so high and mighty now, are ya, White Knight?

[Martinez looks on, shellshocked, shaking his head. Williams, satisfied, shakes his head and walks off.]

SLB: Ryan, I think an apology is in order...

[Martinez exhales.]

RM: Well...

[Martinez offers a weak shrug.]

RM: Can you really blame me? With everything that he's...

[Martinez trails off, shaking his head again.]

RM: You're right. I do have to find a way to make this right...

[And with that, Martinez slinks away, chagrined at what he just saw and knowing what he did in response.]

SLB: Ryan Martinez hoping to find a way to make amends with his partner from earlier tonight... and now... Gordon, Bucky... back to you.

[We fade back to ringside to our announce team - one of whom has a very concerned look on his face and the other looks poised to gloat... we're sure you can tell which one is which.]

GM: Thanks, Lou and... Bucky, a difficult scene backstage there.

BW: Difficult? That's one way to put it.

GM: A terrible mistake made by Ryan Martinez out here a little earlier and-

BW: Are you still buying that?

GM: Did you look at his face? He was obviously surprised by what he saw on that footage!

BW: Or he's a better actor than his father - the star of "Folsom Prison Breakout 4" now available at the Wal-Mart discount bin near you!

GM: Oh, would you stop? Well, you can believe what you want, Bucky... but I believe in Ryan Martinez. And if he says he didn't know what happened out here, I believe that too. And if he says he's going to try to make amends with Derrick Williams, I-

BW: "Believe that too." Of course you do. You know what I should've gotten you for your retirement gift? A reality check. Sheesh.

GM: Fans, coming up nex-

[Suddenly, Rob Halford's voice plays over the loudspeakers.]

#It's all right...

[Needing no more than those words, there is a thunderous pop from the crowd, people standing on their feet, surprise and elation evident in their screams.]

#It's all right...

BW: Listen to these fans, Bucky!

GM: What? I CAN'T HEAR YOU!

#It's all right, I'm just...

GM: It's about to get louder!

[Gordon's right because the fans are about to get...]

#... A LITTLE CRAZY!!!

[Amidst an enormous eruption of fireworks, out from the entranceway steps all seven feet, three hundred fifty pounds of a true icon, The Last American Badass himself...]

GM: ALEX MARTINEZ IS HERE!! ON THE NIGHT OF THE AWA'S TENTH ANNIVERSARY, THE LEGEND HAS RETURNED!

[As the Last American Badass steps out onto the entrance ramp, the camera once more pans around the crowd. People are cheering, jumping up and down, some screaming "oh my god," a few are even in tears.]

GM: He is a five time World Champion. He has wrestled all over the world, from Canada, to Japan, to New York, to Los Angeles. He is a Hall of Famer, and he joins a short list of names like JW Hardin, Brody Thunder, and Juan Vasquez as someone considered the greatest of all time. And I am so proud that I get to be out here one more time to see him step into this ring, even if it's not to compete!

BW: Settle down, Gordo!

[Martinez makes his way to the ring, pausing every few steps to slap hands with the fans or pose for selfies. Dressed in a white t-shirt, blue jeans, black biker boots, his studded black leather jacket and his mirrored sunglasses, Martinez looks the same as he always has.]

GM: We saw him backstage earlier tonight talking to Interim President Zharkov-

BW: The man who retired him. Quite the awkward conversation.

GM: -and we surely hoped we'd get to see him out here in front of all these tens of thousands of fans as well! What a gift this is for the AWA faithful here in New Orleans and around the world!

[Finally, Martinez makes his way into the ring, and microphone in hand, stands in the center, the spotlight on him. It takes a few more moments for the crowd noise to die down enough that he can speak.]

AM: You guys really know how to make an old man feel good.

[Another roar from the crowd.]

AM: Thank you. Thank you. Its been a long time since I've been able to stand in the ring and hear thousands of people goin' crazy, and I'd be lyin' if I said I didn't miss it.

[Before Martinez can continue, a chant begins. A few fans at first, but soon enough, everyone in the arena is chanting the same thing...]

"ONE MORE MATCH!"

"ONE MORE MATCH!"

"ONE MORE MATCH!"

"ONE MORE MATCH!"

"ONE MORE MATCH!"

"ONE MORE MATCH!"



"ONE MORE MATCH!"

[Martinez shakes his head.]

AM: I appreciate that, I really do.

But I made a promise to the people I love, and to my knee surgeon...

[Martinez laughs.]

AM: ...that my last match was just that... my last match.

When I first started wrestlin', workin' for Jack Westerly...

[The crowd begins to boo.]

AM: Yeah, I feel the same way.

[Martinez smirks.]

AM: But when I was just startin' out, wrestlin' was filled with guys long past their prime, holdin' out for glory that had passed them by a long time ago. But they wouldn't let go, they wouldn't get outta the way.

I swore I'd never be like that.

I've been up one side of this world and down the other. I've fought just about everyone who was worth fightin' in my time. I got my glory and I had my time in the spotlight.

And the AWA and wrestlin' don't need me. Not when they got people like Supernova and Omega. And who needs me when ya got someone like Hannibal Carver? And hell, I'm kinda enjoyin' all the hell I see those E-Girl MAX ladies raisin'.

And heck, there's even two guys here with the last name "Martinez," if you're lookin' for that.

But there was no way, and I mean no way, that I was gonna let the ten year anniversary of the AWA go by without me sayin' somethin'.

[Another roar from the crowd.]

AM: Ten years is a long time. And there ain't never been a time when the AWA wasn't at the top of the wrestlin' world, even when it was just gettin' started. From day one, there has never been a better place to be than the AWA.

And I'm proud to have been a part of that ten year legacy.

So here's to you, AWA, and here's to another ten, twenty, thirty years...

[Martinez lifts his hand as if in a toast, as once more the crowd roars its approval.]

AM: And now, it's time for me to-

[But before Martinez can finish his thought, Andrew Lloyd Webber's "Superstar" blares over the loudspeakers.]

GM: What in the...? This can mean nothing but trouble, fans!

BW: What are you talking about, Gordo? It's just about to get good.

[To a loud chorus of boos, the curtain is pulled aside to reveal Veronica Westerly, and one of the members of her new "family," the imposing Atlas Armstrong.]

GM: There's certainly some history here... especially the long and storied history between Ms. Westerly and the Last American Badass. As Alex Martinez alluded to, he began his career working for Veronica Westerly's father.

BW: Yeah, and Veronica picked him outta her dad's garbage heap, cleaned him up and guided him to World Title after World Title, until Alex Martinez let her down and she moved on to greener pastures.

GM: ...well, that's one way of looking what happened. Of course, there was a marriage mixed in there as well.

[Westerly is wearing the same outfit we saw earlier tonight while Armstrong is dressed as formally as possible for him, black wool dress pants that struggle at the seams and he is otherwise shirtless. No collar, sleeves or cuffs can contain Armstrong's Herculean musculature. The pair take their time getting to the ring.]

BW: Will you take one look at Rhoni, Gordo? Can you say "revenge dress"?

GM: I don't think anything is going to make Alex Martinez miss Veronica Westerly.

BW: You sayin' he can keep his hands to himself?

GM: I'm saying Alex Martinez has someone who is good for him.

[Before long, Westerly and Armstrong are both in the ring, the pair of them eyeing the Hall of Famer.]

VW: Alex... long time no see.

[Westerly's every word is dripping with attitude as she sneers in her ex-husband's direction.]

AM: It ain't nearly been long enough.

[The crowd ROARS for the verbal shot across the bow as Westerly seethes.]

AM: And I can't see any reason why you're out here anyway, I paid my last alimony check years ago!

[That gets a roar of laughter from the crowd while the camera cuts to a scowling Westerly.]

VW: Funny as ever, I see. But the truth is, I can't see why YOU are out here.

[Westerly pauses, the boos washing over her.]

VW: I have every right to be out here, Alex... because unlike you, I am an active and integral part of this company's present and future...

...and you're just some has-been that's a distant memory from its past.

[The crowd jeers loudly, letting her know that the Last American Badass means much more than that to them. Martinez grins at the reaction as Westerly shakes her head.]

VW: You're out here talking about people hanging on past their prime... and we all know you're only here to hype up whatever straight to home video, bargain basement piece of crap Asylum movie you've got third billing on!

[The fans jeer again as Martinez shouts "Pacific Rim: Uprising opens next weekend!" and Westerly throws a dismissive wave.]

VW: I knew it! And while I stand out here with the greatest physical specimen in this entire industry... representing TWO top contenders to championship gold... the only things you ever managed to accomplish in the AWA were getting your face smashed by Juan Vasquez, getting retired by Maxim Zharkov, and being too STUPID to recognize William Craven in a lizard costume!

[Martinez looks a little annoyed this time, drawing a grin to Westerly's face as the fans continue to jeer loudly.]

VW: The fact of the matter is, I found you when you were nothing, and the moment I left you, you went right back to being nothing.

Now, get out of the ring and go back to your little Mickey Mouse club girlfriend.

[An "ohhhhhh" rings out from the fans as Martinez actually chuckles.]

AM: Because someone relevant, someone better than you, someone that I am going to take further than I ever could take you, needs the valuable airtime you're sucking up.

[Martinez chuckles, raising the mic.]

AM: And you wonder why I don't invite ya to Thanksgiving.

[The crowd laughs again as Westerly throws a mocking smirk at her ex.]

AM: I'll go, but before I do, lemme just ask ya one thing...

[Martinez smirks.]

AM: How're your kids?

[The camera cuts to a red faced Veronica, so angry she can't even form words. Martinez seems about to follow up when Atlas Armstrong gently takes the mic from his manager, putting a calming hand on her shoulder as he steps closer to the seven foot Martinez.]

AA: Alex, old friend... what are you even doing out here tonight?

[Martinez' face shifts slightly as he turns to look at Armstrong.]

AA: I would think you'd be too busy to show up here in New Orleans... you've got a movie out next week, yeah?

[Martinez nods as Atlas slow claps it.]

AA: Pacific Rim: Uprising, right? So, you walk off the Hollywood set where you're looking at CGI monsters...

[Armstrong steps closer again.]

AA: ...and into MY world where you're face-to-face with a REAL genetic monster.

[The Almighty Atlas curls those arms up into an admittedly impressive double bicep pose as Martinez smirks.]

AM: Clever. That's clever, kid. See...

[But Atlas interrupts.]

AA: I would think you'd be on the set of Entertainment Tonight... or off with Jimmy Kimmel... or doing an interview for Variety to promote the new movie...

...or has everybody figured out that without Atlas Armstrong as your stunt double, you're just a broken old creep with a famous girlfriend.

[Martinez seethes at another mention of his girlfriend as Armstrong grins, obviously realizing he's struck a nerve.]

AA: See, the Last American Badass is yesterday's news. A nostalgia act holding on for dear life to the audience that made him relevant.

Old man, I'll be honest... you look good...

[He pauses.]

AA: ...for someone as broken down as you are. Remember, I saw you before your time in the makeup trailer... I know what you look like before they cover up the age lines and the scars...

But you look good, Alex...

[Armstrong smirks again.]

AA: ...but not as good as Atlas Armstrong.

[Another pose follows as the fans jeer again.]

AA: You don't look as good as the Almighty Atlas, Alex... and you never did! You're still out here calling yourself the Last American Badass... but you know deep down that Atlas Armstrong is THE biggest badass in the business today!

[The crowd really hates that one as Armstrong grins, Westerly nodding as she places a hand on her man's back with a "that's right!" Martinez finally responds, raising the mic.]

AM: Well, you got big muscles, kid... I'll give ya that.

Ya know, just like I gave you your big break!

[That draws "ooo's" from the crowd, many of whom know this particular piece of trivia but there are also many fans buzzing at this "breaking news" from the desk of Alex Martinez.]

AM: You're forgettin' that YOU were the one the beggin' ME for help gettin' your foot in the door.

[Armstrong grimaces, shaking his head.]

AM: You're forgettin' that YOU wouldn't have nothin' if I hadn't put my neck and my name on the line for ya.

[Another shake of Atlas' head, shouting "THEY WERE BEGGING FOR ME!" Martinez ignores him and keeps talking.]

AM: And Armstrong, if I had known this is how it woulda turned out?

I never would've bothered!

[Atlas' eyes bulge as he pushes himself nose to nose with the seven footer.]

AA: You really think it's a wise move to talk reckless to your genetic superior, old man?! You just said your knee surgeon wanted you out of wrestling... what will your chiropractor think when I get a hold of that back of yours and break it...

[He snaps his fingers.]

AA: ...just like that?!

Then you won't fit to be a movie star just like you're not fit to be a wrestler.

[Armstrong steps back, smirking again.]

AA: You won't even be fit to be a man.

And when your cradle-robbing body is trapped in a wheelchair and Selena is all alone spoon-feeding you...

...you let her know she can give me a call...

[The crowd "ooooohs"...]

AA: ...again.

[Armstrong steps back again, giving a little pelvic swivel towards Martinez who nods his head...]

AM: Ya know what? You ARE big and bad, and I AM just an old man.

So, I'm gonna do what I shoulda done the moment I saw you two...

[Martinez steps back, waving a dismissive hand at the duo as he turns away, dropping the mic. Atlas and Westerly smirk at one another...

...a smile that quickly fades as Martinez comes rushing in, his hand balled into a fist!]

GM: BIG RIGHT HAND FROM MARTINEZ AND ATLAS IS ROCKED!

BW: Cheap shot! Cheap shot!

[Two more right hands follow, causing Armstrong to stumble backwards into the ropes as Westerly backs off into the corner, alarm on her face as she turns towards the locker room area...

...and Armstrong suddenly rushes forward from the corner, leaping into the air...]

GM: SUPERMAN PUN-

[...but Martinez swings his arms up, catching a flying Armstrong around the throat with both hands to the ROAR of the New Orleans crowd!]

GM: DOUBLE CHOKE! DOUBLE CHOKE!

BW: We've seen this many, many times before, Gordo! We know what comes next!

GM: THE FIREBOMB IS ON ITS WAY! ARMSTRONG GOES UP!

[But as the Almighty Atlas is lifted into the air and before Martinez can finish what he started, the crowd ERUPTS in boos at the sight of the Demon Cowboy, James Lynch, sprinting down the aisle, diving under the bottom rope...]

GM: LYNCH! LYNCH IS IN! LYNCH IS-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DIVES at the legs of Martinez, driving a shoulder into his vulnerably and oft-injured left knee! The Hall of Famer collapses immediately to the mat, Armstrong escaping towards the ropes with a cough and a gasp!]

BW: Lynch saves the day! Bet ya never expected I'd say that in a happy tone, did ya?

GM: This is terrible!

[With Martinez down on the mat, Armstrong pushes off the ropes to join his ally in stomping the former World Champion into the canvas!]

GM: Alex Martinez came out here to say thanks to the fans... to pay tribute to the AWA and this is- for crying out loud, this man's a legend! And on top of that, he's retired!

BW: He'll be even MORE retired in a few minutes, Gordo!

[Lynch grabs the ankle of Martinez, extending the leg as Armstrong takes aim on it...

...and suddenly, the crowd ROARS at the sight of someone in the aisle that just might be able to help!]

GM: Hold on... you'd figure that...

[And it's not the man Myers may have expected.]

GM: Wait, it's Supernova!

BW: What?!

[The World Heavyweight Champion is dressed in his trench coat over a black T-shirt, blue jeans and tennis shoes. He sprints down the aisle and slides underneath the ropes, grabbing James Lynch.]

GM: The World Champion is taking the fight to James Lynch!

BW: Why is even here?! What business is this of his?

[Supernova decks Lynch with a hard right hand that floors Lynch.]

GM: Down goes the Demon Cowboy!

[The Almighty Atlas turns away from Martinez, grabbing Supernova and spinning him around for a haymaker that the World Champion blocks before throwing a right of his own... and another... and another, the crowd getting louder for every blow landed!]

GM: Supernova's got Armstrong rocked! Backing him towards the ropes!

[And with Armstrong reeling, Supernova backs off and then charges back in, connecting with a clothesline...]

GM: OVER THE TOP TO THE FLOOR GOES ARMSTRONG!

[Supernova shouts over the ropes down at Armstrong as James Lynch regains his feet behind him, putting the World Champion dead in his sights...]

GM: Behind you, champ! Behind-

[But Gordon isn't the only one who sees James Lynch coming.]

GM: Uh oh... the Last American Badass has his eyes on Lynch!

BW: Get out of there, James!

[Seeing no point in fighting the World Champion and the Last American Badass, James Lynch quickly bails from the ring, diving to the outside where he regroups with Veronica Westerly and Atlas Armstrong who is back on his feet, shouting up at the World Champion.]

GM: Supernova has cleaned house and he has saved the day for Alex Martinez who is back up...

[Martinez limps a little, grimacing as he moves to stand beside Supernova, planting a large hand on his shoulder with a "thanks for the assist." Supernova nods, turning to shake Martinez' hand as Nova looks out on Armstrong who tries to get back into the ring before Lynch and Westerly talk him down. With a shake of his head, Supernova picks up the fallen mic...]

S: Two weeks ago, Supreme Wright and I had the two of you in this ring to teach you a lesson but it looks like it didn't take!

So I'll get right to the point... because Supreme has his own obligations tonight, but I don't have anything scheduled, let's do this.

Either you [gestures to Lynch] or you [gestures to Armstrong] will get back in this ring to face me... TONIGHT!

[The crowd roars in approval of that idea.]

GM: OH MY! The AWA World Champion has laid out the challenge!

BW: Hey... now what does he want?

[Alex Martinez steps forward, gesturing for the World Champion to hand him the microphone.]

AM: Now, I said I ain't wrestlin' no more, and I mean it.

But I never said I wouldn't have someone's back.

[The crowd cheers at the implication.]

AM: So when whichever of you two cowards decides to step up and take on 'Nova, just know that I'm gonna be in the champ's corner, watchin' his back. I want a front row ticket to see one of you two idiots get...

[Martinez pauses, letting the crowd join him as he shouts.]

AM: ...BURNED!

[The fans are on their feet cheering for this news]

GM: Well, would you listen to that?!

BW: That isn't fair! He doesn't have any right to be at ringside!

GM: I seem to remember a SuperClash where Alex Martinez was a special ring enforcer, I'd be willing to bet that his license is still active!

BW: Are you serious right now?! His license?! This is completely irregular and out of bounds! People are making up the rules as they go! Zharkov should NOT let this happen! Not tonight... not ANY night!

GM: Oh, come on... you mean to tell me you don't want to see Supernova take on one of these two with the Last American Badass in his corner on our last night on the job?!

BW: Well... when you put it that way...

[With Supernova and Alex Martinez standing side by side, an irate Westerly, Armstrong, and Lynch choose the better part of valor and make their exit as we cut down to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: A wild scene out here potentially leading to an even wilder match later tonight. Supernova has thrown down the challenge. He wants either Lynch or Armstrong in this ring later tonight... and Alex Martinez wants to be in his corner! We'll have to wait and see what Interim President Zharkov thinks about that idea, fans. But shifting gears right now from one legend to another, Juan Vasquez' retirement tour has seen him honored in every city the AWA has stopped in so far, and New Orleans was no different! Last time, we saw Juan joined by his daughter Kimmy Bailey, in Chicago. But this time, the duo were joined by a very special guest for this week in the Big Easy.

[The sweet sounds of a jazz trumpet band can be heard as "Do You Know What it Means To Miss New Orleans?" begins to play as we see Juan Vasquez, standing triumphantly in the oldest neighborhood in New Orleans, the French Quarter. He is soon joined by Kimmy Bailey, who leaps onto her daddy's back with a powerful hug around his neck, knocking him off balance. As father and daughter stumble off-camera, we zoom in on a new face to these travelogues... Michelle Bailey, who shakes her head at the two.]

GM: That's right, Juan and Kimmy were joined by Michelle Bailey, who was born right here in New Orleans!

["When You're Smiling" by Louis Armstrong, begins to play as we see the trio walking through the lush gardens and antebellum era mansions of the Garden District. We then cut to Kimmy and Juan, jumping into the middle of a wedding parade as a jazz band marches behind them. Michelle is standing on the sidewalk watching them, when suddenly Juan pulls her into the parade as well! Kimmy hands Michelle a parasol as Juan encourages Michelle to start dancing, which she does so, begrudgingly. This scene then ends with a shot of Michelle, Juan, and Kimmy with



bibs on, sitting at a table with a huge pile of crawfish in front of them. There's an apprehensive look on Juan's face as Michelle peels the crawfish and sucks the head.]

GM: The trio then attended the premiere of Michelle's "30 for 30" documentary at the Prytania Theatre.

[The cut to a shot of Juan, Kimmy, Michelle and her paramour, actress Natalie Morales on the red carpet. Juan is dressed formally in a blue suit, Michelle is wearing a salmon pantsuit, with her blazer buttoned over a white scoopneck top, along with white kitten heels. Morales is dressed in a similar cut of pantsuit, although hers is colored light blue. Beside them is Kimmy, wearing a black knee-length dress with daisies on the hips that double as pockets. The four pose for the cameras as flashbulbs go off all around them.]

GM: The week didn't end there, as the happy family took in a New Orleans Pelicans game at the Smoothie King Center.

[Once again, we see Juan standing at the half-court line holding a basketball, but shockingly, he hands it to Michelle! Michelle is in complete shock, insisting she doesn't want to take the shot, but Kimmy makes several motions, trying to show her mama how to throw the ball. We then cut to Michelle taking the shot, making an awkward run up towards the half-court line and then doing an overhead soccer throw-in pass towards the basket... which falls about twenty feet short. Kimmy throws up her hands at Michelle as Juan laughs wildly in the background. Meanwhile, Michelle can be seen pleading, "I did my best!" ]

GM: And to top the week off, Michelle Bailey and Juan Vasquez were honored by the Greater New Orleans Sports Hall of Fame for their achievements in athletics in this proud city!

[We see a crowd cheer loudly as we see Juan and Michelle standing on a stage, where they are both presented with plaques by members of the athletic commission and New Orleans city council. Kimmy is seen filming it all on her phone, as we cut back to Gordon and Bucky.]

BW: The Great New Orleans Sports Hall of Fame? Michelle, I understand... but Juan ain't even from New Orleans!

GM: From my understanding, he's being recognized for the many great matches he's had here throughout his career. In fact, he's credited with selling out the Superdome four times. Including tonight.

BW: Seriously? He ain't the one marrying Theresa Lynch!

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: Now that we've seen how their week has gone... let's see how their night is going as these three superstars get ready to do battle in one heck of a mixed trios match coming up in just a few moments.

[The ACCESS 365 logo flashes across the screen, and we're in a locker room to see Kimmy Bailey seated in a chair, taking a bite out of a fried shrimp and oyster po' boy. Half of her hair is in a braided pigtail, and we see a hairbrush working through the other half. As we pan back a little, we see that the person working the hairbrush is none other than the most famous wrestler in the world and everyone's amigo... Juan Vasquez! As Juan runs the brush through Kimmy's hair, Michelle Bailey, wearing an oversized New Orleans Pelicans hoodie, steps into frame.]

MB: This has been quite a week, huh?

JV: Yeah, it has...

[Juan hits a snag in Kimmy's hair, causing him to frown as he tries to pry her hair from the brush.]

KB: Ow!

JV: Lo siento, chica.

KB: You're makin' me drop my shrimp everywhere!

[He shakes his head as Kimmy goes back to work on her po' boy.]

JV: But yeah, Michelle, thanks for tagging along for it. I know you had a lot going on, with the premiere and everything.

MB: Don't even mention it. You two looked like you had so much fun in Chicago, and it's been forever since I've been able to spend some quality time back home. Who better to spend it with than some of my favorite people?

[Michelle looks at the sandwich.]

MB: Bailey, where did you get that? I didn't see po' boys in catering.

[Kimmy looks at her mother, wiping her mouth on the sleeve of her sweatshirt.]

KB: Daddy let me use his Postmates account.

MB: But they have so much in catering!

KB: Yeah, but I was cravin' this. Gotta fuel the engine before I pound an otter through the dang ring.

[Michelle looks at Juan.]

MB: You spoil her, corazón.

[He shrugs.]

JV: Do you think Juan Vasquez would just let one of his children starve to death? Who do you think I am, Alex Martinez?

MB: I really doubt Ryan was ever actually on the verge of dying from starvation.

JV: Look, that's beside the point. The point is... a growing girl can't live off of quinoa salad and alkaline water like you.

KB [mouth stuffed with bread and seafood]: Yeah!

MB: Please don't speak with your mouth full.

[Michelle shakes her head, smiling, as Juan starts to braid the other half of Kimmy's hair.]

MB: Where did you learn how to do that, anyway?

JV: I've always known. I grew up in a house full of little sisters and then Lorena and Mari came along and now it's like breathing to me.

[Michelle narrows her eyes.]

MB: You never braided my hair.

JV: You... never asked?

MB: Mmm hmm. All those years spent riding together on the road and you never once so much as offered to brush my hair.

[Juan quickly tries to change the subject as Michelle puts her hands on her hips.]

JV: So, Bailey... remind me again why I'm fighting a bear?

[Kimmy's eyes light up, and she starts to talk with her mouth full once again.]

KB [muffled]: It's cause of this dang squirrel-

MB: Ah ah ah. What'd I just say? Wait until you've finished chewing, baby.

[Kimmy rolls her eyes as Juan finishes with the last of the braiding work. Kimmy finishes chewing and takes off speaking a mile a minute once again.]

KB: Lemme tell ya, Daddy, that dang squirrel came out there and sassed me! I was just tryin' to help Ayako and the kitty cat!

JV: So I'm fighting a bear, because a squirrel was being disrespectful?

[Michelle nods.]

MB: I would say La Ardilla is a very fussy squirrel.

KB: She could start an argument with an empty house!

[Kimmy lets out an exasperated sigh.]

KB: But y'know, I thought about what you two were talkin' about a couple of weeks ago, about how you wanted all of us to team together. And I saw there was the dang squirrel, the ghost otter, and the bear, and I thought... well Daddy sure could whoop a bear, and Mama and me could handle them other two.

[Juan looks at Michelle and whispers "ghost otter?"]

KB: Yeah Daddy! A ghost otter! It don't make no dang sense to me neither, but I got us a chance to team up. Just like ya wanted!

[Michelle smiles.]

MB: Well, we can't fault her for initiative, can we, corazón?

JV: I...

MB: She sure thinks a lot of her father if she thinks he can... what was it you said, baby?

KB: Whoop a bear! You can totally whoop a bear, right Daddy?

[Kimmy looks at Juan with stars in her eyes.]

JV: Don't you know who I am? I'm Juan Vasquez! Of course I can whoop a bear! Hell, I can whoop two bears!

[Kimmy looks positively giddy at this news.]

KB: Want me to see if she's got another bear for you to whoop?

JV: Let's not overdo it. One bear is enough.

[Kimmy's expression becomes a little deflated.]

KB: Okayyyyyyy.

[Michelle shakes her head and puts her hand on Juan's shoulder.]

MB: I guess you could say she's got your drive, huh.

KB: Hey! You know what we should do? We should all do City of Angels at the same time! Just smash 'em up real good!

[Juan rubs his chin in thought.]

JV: Well... how big is this bear? I don't wanna pull something trying to lift him up. Are we talkin' Winnie the Pooh, here, or the whole Country Bear Jamboree?

MB: Pretty big. Probably well over three hundred pounds.

KB: Come on, Daddy, he's a BEAR. Of course he's big.

JV: Of course. Forgive me for being a silly old man.

KB: You're forgiven. Now let's go!

[Kimmy grabs Juan by the wrist and starts to pull him towards the door.]

KB: Let's whoop some evil animals!

[Juan looks helplessly at Michelle as he is pulled by his daughter out the door. Michelle calls out to him...]

MB: At least she just wants to whoop the evil ones!

[Michelle shakes her head again.]

MB: What a life.

[And she walks out the door, following the two...

...and with a flash of the ACCESS logo, we end up back at ringside, where we see Raphael Rhodes and Dana Kaiser sitting near the commentary area.]

GM: As you can see, fans, in the last few moments we've been joined at ringside by a couple of guests.

BW: No surprise there, Gordo. Over the last few weeks, any time Vasquez has been in the ring, Rhodes has been right there watching.

GM: You have to admit, this is a different Raphael Rhodes from the last time they fought in 2009, when he was fighting practically on instinct.

BW: Yeah, but will it pay off for him? He had Juan Vasquez beat in the cage, you know. He's been kicking himself for nine years about pulling Vasquez up from Nothing Fancy.

GM: We don't know that for sure, but I guess we'll know at Memorial Day Mayhem when they meet up one last time in Juan Vasquez's retirement match.

BW: Hey, what was in that bag Dana Kaiser gave you?

[We hear some slight clinking in the background, and then we cut over to Gordon and Bucky, where Gordon takes out two bottles from a gift bag.]

GM: Oh, Dana gave a retirement gift from the two of them. She said that in the Rhodes family, when someone leaves their boots in the ring, they're given a bottle of 30 year old whiskey.

BW: But she gave you two?

GM: She said one was for the liquor cabinet at home, one was for us to share after our broadcast.

[A smile comes across Bucky's face.]

BW: You know, maybe I've been a little harsh about Dana's influence on ol' Raph.

GM: Of course, we'll see Raphael Rhodes as part of the Southern Syndicate reunion later tonight, but now, let's go up to Rebecca Ortiz for the introductions of why he's out here right now.

[We cut to the ring, where Rebecca Ortiz stands in the center of the ring, and Andy Dawson can be seen in the background behind her.]

RO: The following contest is a MIXED TRIOS MATCH set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit! Introducing first...

From The Forest of the Unknown, weighing 333 pounds... he is the "Masked Military Mauler"... MAJOR URSA!

From Matsuyama, in the prefecture of Ehime in Japan, weighing 137 pounds... she is "the Otter Onryo of Ehime"... LA LUTRA NIPPON!

From Ciudad Juárez, Chihuahua, weighing in at 129 pounds... she is "La Roedor más Siniestra"... LA ARDILLA!

Together, they are... THE MENAGERIE!

["Bloodstains" by Agent Orange starts to pulse through the Superdome's sound system, as the now-three known members of the Menagerie walk through the entrance, booed loudly - at least by the kids in the audience, displeased with the masked animal menaces that have been harassing their favorite kitty. With La Ardilla walking out first, followed very closely behind by La Lutra Nippon, who is cuddling a large rock. Major Ursa walks closely behind, head on a swivel as he looks out for potential threats by his employer.]

GM: When we went to Mexico, I thought the matter between La Ardilla and Molly Bell was settled, but a few weeks ago on the Power Hour, La Ardilla somehow resurfaced to wreak more havoc into the life of the AWA's Top Cat.

BW: And somehow it's gotten even stranger, Gordo. Now she's enlisted, and I can't believe these notes from Albano, a "ghost otter" in La Lutra Nippon and this bodyguard, Major Ursa, who is described here as...

[We hear papers rustling.]

BW: A "military bear".

GM: It was La Lutra Nippon who injured Molly and forced Molly's withdrawal from the Women's Tag Team Title tournament, fans, a withdrawal that resulted in Ayako Fujiwara and Kimmy Bailey forming the Lariatos.

BW: A real ripple effect from an otter smashing a cat with a rock, huh?

[La Ardilla, dressed in a leather jacket over a black leotard and her squirrel mask, is the first to enter the ring, soaking in the boos from the audience. She's followed by La Lutra Nippon, wearing a tan outfit thickly coated in powder, as well as an otter mask. The gigantic Major Ursa, standing 6'8", steps over the top rope, wearing a bear mask and military fatigues. As the music fades, La Ardilla plucks the microphone from Rebecca Ortiz's hand, as Rebecca says "hey!" in response to the theft.]

LA: Gracias. I have things to say, and I will not be denied by the censorship of this company! This company, which seeks to silence helpless animals! This company, which sanctions contests featuring much larger women against smaller squirrels and otters! It is a disgrace!

[The crowd jeers at La Ardilla's words, but the squirrel shakes her head.]

GM: Now wait one second, didn't she offer this match to Kimmy Bailey and whoever would team with her?

BW: There's no way she could have imagined that brat would've picked who she picked, though.

GM: Well, she must not have much of an imagination.

BW: Gordo! I can't believe your anti-squirrel prejudice! All of our squirrel friends out there, I apologize for my partner's unbelievable comments. It's a good thing you're retiring, Gordo - you might get canceled after that.

[If her face wasn't covered by a mask, you'd see La Ardilla sneer.]

LA: Tonight, I understand that there is a homecoming! That the mother of the tyrant I challenged will step into the ring, in her hometown, to defend her daughter. I also understand that tonight is a farewell, that the father of the tyrant I challenged will step into the ring in this city for the final time!

[La Ardilla points out to the crowd.]

LA: Tonight, you will be filled to the brim with disappointment! Not only will La Lutra Nippon and I handle the bodybuilding tyrant and her pop star mother... but Major Ursa shall destroy her father before he reaches his retirement! I know that you, sitting out there, you think we are simply to be crushed, simply here to represent a faceless enemy to be annihilated for a feelgood moment for the returning heroine or the departing hero!

[La Ardilla slashes the air with her hand.]

LA: The Menagerie shall have all your dreams of happiness for tonight's journey become nightmares!

[La Ardilla flips the microphone back to Rebecca Ortiz, who barely catches it and fumbles with it. She takes a deep breath, then moves along as Andy Dawson tries to encourage La Lutra Nippon to part with her rock in the background.]

RO: And their opponents...

First, from Pinehurst, North Carolina, she weighs 184 pounds... KIMMY BAILEY!

Her partner, from Los Angeles, California, he weighs 238 pounds... JUAN VASQUEZ!

And their partner...

[Rebecca grins.]

RO: She's from New Orleans, Louisiana!

[And that's about all we'll be able to hear from Rebecca, who keeps going through the introduction as the crowd in the Superdome comes mighty close to blowing the roof off when the opening horns to "They Reminisce Over You" by Pete Rock and CL Smooth, begins to play over the PA system. The cheers grow even louder when we see Kimmy Bailey stepping through the curtains, giving her dear ol' daddy, Juan Vasquez a piggyback ride!]

GM: A very unique entrance from Juan Vasquez and Kimmy Bailey.

BW: What kind of man makes his daughter carry him to the ring?

GM: She looks happy as a pig in mud doing it, honestly.

BW: She's too young to know better!

[And yes, as the AWA's resident Muscle Mommy turned Muscle Daughter parades her Hall of Fame daddy around from one end of the stage to the other, Juan suddenly stops her, asking to be put down. He looks around in confusion.]

JV: "Hey, where's your mom?"

KB: "I dunno, she was right behind us."

[Suddenly, "They Reminisce Over You" cuts out, replaced by one of the most iconic and in this narrator's opinion, the GREATEST theme song in the history of professional wrestling~! If you're gonna guess it's something by the Rolling Stones, then I'm going to suggest you not even watch this entrance, weirdo, because it is the song that defined an entire era, group and generation...

The Hives' "Hate to Say I Told You So"!

And right on cue, we see Michelle Bailey stepping out from behind the curtains and seizing the destiny that was denied to her so many years ago in the land of Extreme as she is wearing a cutoff Ego MAX t-shirt over her wrestling attire. Juan's eyes grow almost as large as his UWF contract, as he sees Michelle walking right up to him and holding up her fist as the two exchange the super-secret, absolutely exclusive Ego MAX fistbump~! Meanwhile, Kimmy is squealing in delight at the sight of her parents indulging in some mighty fine nostalgia.]

BW: We saw this revealed a few days ago at the premiere of her "30 for 30", Gordo, and it made the rounds on social media. How she was supposed to be part

of an all-new Ego MAX with Vasquez back in the day, but EMWC closed its doors before she had a chance to reveal herself. Well, this six-person tag is turning into the stuff dreams are made of, 'cause look at her now!

GM: Indeed, Bucky. Michelle Bailey wanted to wrestle a match together with Juan Vasquez and Kimmy Bailey as a family and she got it. She was denied her chance to be a part of Ego MAX but it looks like she got that too. I wonder what she wants for her third wish.

BW: Maybe she can hook us up with tonight's Powerball numbers!

[We can hear Gordon chuckling as the happy family makes their way down the aisle. As they enter the ring, Michelle Bailey takes off her Ego MAX shirt and tosses it into the crowd as a sea of humanity fight over it. We see that she is wearing a black halter crop top with a single column of blue flame running down vertically on the left side of her chest, black leather shorts with blue flames on them and black arm sleeves that run from her wrist to her upper biceps. She also has her trademark mismatched kneepads, with one blue and one black.

Juan makes it a matching pair, wearing his trademark black tights with blue flames running up and down the legs.

And Kimmy, well... she's wearing a black sleeveless Ego MAX crop top, along with black shorts with blue flames on the sides. She's wearing mismatched kneepads to go along with her mama, and black Adidas amateur wrestling shoes.

As the referee gives his final instructions, we hear an enthusiastic teenage girl in the crowd giving a high-pitched scream as Juan gives a quick look towards the crowd and just as quickly looks away, looking slightly mortified.]

GM: So here we go fans! Andy Dawson draws the assignment, as he's finally gotten the rock away from that maniac in the otter mask.

BW: And this is happening under mixed tag rules, right? Not intergender?

GM: That's right. The women can only mix it up with the women, and Juan Vasquez can only go against Major Ursa. That could lead to some interesting strategies, Bucky. Michelle and Kimmy Bailey, as well as La Ardilla and La Lutra Nippon, can tag in and out, but once they tag either Juan or Major Ursa, that forces a tag on the other side.

BW: And you know, Gordo, I don't know if that's going to benefit the Menagerie or not. Michelle Bailey spent over a decade wrestling men, and Kimmy Bailey is as big as some of the men on the roster. Maybe they should've asked if they could risk it and make this match intergender rules to get Major Ursa in there against those two, even if it means having to draw Juan Vasquez into the ring.

GM: I don't think that would've ever been sanctioned, Bucky. What happened at SuperClash will likely be a one-time thing. The Menagerie will just have to use their speed and quickness, and whatever cunning La Ardilla claims to have, to their advantage.

BW: Wow, I never thought you'd be such a squirrel hater. What have you got against La Ardilla?

GM: There are a lot of things I respect about the noble tradition of lucha libre, but trying to injure our friend Molly Bell on multiple occasions is not one of them.



[Andy Dawson asks for one member of each team to stay in and for the rest to step out, as the Menagerie waits for Juan Vasquez and the Baileys to make their pick before they make their own choice.]

GM: Referee Andy Dawson trying to get this match started, as the Menagerie are waiting to field based on the choice by Juan Vasquez, Michelle Bailey, and their daughter Kimmy Bailey.

BW: You know, all these years we've known Juan Vasquez, he never mentioned Kimmy Bailey being his daughter.

GM: He never mentioned his other daughters, either. And for that matter, Michelle Bailey never mentioned Kimmy. Maybe they wanted to allow their children to have private lives until they could make that choice for themselves.

BW: What's the fun in that?

[We see Kimmy gently push her mother and father towards the corner.]

GM: Looks like Kimmy is saying she wants to start. Fitting, since this match is due to La Ardilla taunting her for helping Molly Bell.

BW: Yeah, but who are the Menagerie going to send? Their biggest female member is that ghost otter, and the kid's got at least 50 pounds on her.

[The Menagerie breaks their huddle, and the crowd murmurs as it appears La Ardilla is going to start.]

GM: And that's a surprise! La Ardilla will call her own number for the Menagerie!

BW: Gordo, do we know if that squirrel is actually the leader of this gang of misfits?

GM: She's certainly the mouthpiece, so unless a leader actually wants to step forward and take credit for this, I'm going to assume she's the leader.

BW: You and your leaping to assumptions.

[A big colorful sign can be seen in the background, proclaiming "I SKIPPED A TRIP TO ARUBA TO SEE MY SISTER WRESTLE", being waved wildly as Andy Dawson calls for the bell.]

GM: There's the bell, and we're underway in this most unusual matchup here on the AWA Tenth Anniversary Show!

[Kimmy gets a couple of encouraging words from her mother, nodding her head, as she looks out at the sign in the crowd. She winks and points at the holder of the sign - Lorena Vasquez - before catching a dropkick right to the face from a charging squirrel!]

BW: The brat got caught napping! A dropkick right to the mush by La Ardilla!

GM: As much potential as Kimmy Bailey has, we have to remember, she's only been wrestling since July of 2017! She's going to be prone to rookie mistakes!

BW: Especially as arrogant as she is! She's got time to point to that fan's sign but she's not gonna pay attention to her opponent?

GM: Actually, I think that's one of Juan Vasquez's other daughters, Lorena. Speaking of arrogant, don't you think it's a little bold of La Ardilla to dropkick Kimmy Bailey in her own corner?

BW: She's the boldest squirrel I know, Gordo.

[As Juan Vasquez shakes his head, Michelle Bailey tags her daughter's free hand and steps into the ring, grabbing La Ardilla by the waist and lifting her into the air, dropping her onto the mat face-first and maintaining the waistlock!]

GM: First tag of the match, and I think it's safe to say that was a tactical error by La Ardilla.

BW: Is it? Maybe Michelle Bailey has tagged in and has La Ardilla taken down to the mat, but take a look at the kid out on the apron. She's more steamed than that shrimp you had last night! One thing we know for sure about her, she's got a temper! If you've got someone with a temper and prone to making rookie mistakes, maybe it's worth sacrificing yourself for a few moments against a veteran to get in her head.

[We get a shot of Kimmy Bailey being talked to by Juan Vasquez, her cheeks flushed and her brow furrowed as she glares at La Ardilla trying to free herself from Michelle Bailey's grasp a few feet away.]

GM: Well, she's definitely not in the best of moods, but when you've got Juan Vasquez out there to try and calm you down, there are very few better in the world to get you in the right headspace.

[Michelle tries to slip into a front guillotine, when suddenly we hear her shriek and La Ardilla rolls from her grasp, skittering to her corner. Michelle holds her forearm with a pained expression on her face as Andy Dawson inspects, keeping an eye and signaling a confirmed tag as La Lutra Nippon steps into the ring.]

GM: What just happened here?

BW: I think the squirrel bit her, Gordo!

GM: I guess if you don't have much in terms of technical expertise, and we've seen La Ardilla in the past basically has high-flying and cheating as her only methods of attack, you have to resort to the latter against someone with Michelle Bailey's skill.

[Dawson warns La Ardilla, who holds her hands up in the universal sign of "I'm innocent, I swear" while Major Ursa roars threateningly at the official, who jumps back a step. Meanwhile, La Lutra Nippon tilts her head at Michelle, a mysterious powder wafting from her outfit.]

BW: Did Albano tell us what's with the weird powder on the otter's outfit?

[We hear Gordon hesitate.]

GM: He said it was "powderized ectoplasm", from the realm in which she came, representing the otters killed by humans in her home prefecture.

BW: We're sure going out on a high note, eh Gordo?

GM: I don't know, we did call that one match with a mummy in 1994.

BW: At least King Khartoum was pretty straightforward. People understand mummies.

[Michelle shakes off her forearm and goes to lock up with La Lutra Nippon, powder flying off the otter and into the air. Michelle shakes her head and dips around La

Lutra Nippon, stepping on the back of her knee to force her to a kneeling position, and applying a chinlock.]

GM: If it was indeed La Ardilla's plan to try and throw either of the Baileys off their gameplan with that attack earlier, or with that bite a moment ago, I'm not quite sure it's working. Michelle Bailey is using that veteran knowledge to get her daughter's temperature back down below boiling.

BW: Besides, she's probably used to being bit.

[Gordon clears his throat.]

BW: Kimmy's a wildcat! She probably bit Michelle all the time!

GM: Thank you for clarifying.

[Michelle guides La Lutra Nippon to the corner, offering a hand and tagging in Kimmy. Michelle maintains eye contact with her daughter, mouthing the words "you've got this!" as Kimmy steps into the ring, planting a boot into La Lutra Nippon's ribs.]

GM: Some encouragement here as Kimmy Bailey now back in... oh and driving a forearm right across La Lutra Nippon's shoulder blades!

BW: You hear that wail from the otter? We're gonna get investigated for this one.

[Kimmy grasps La Lutra Nippon and holds her up, making sure La Ardilla can see what's happening. She shouts "THIS SHOULD BE YOU, COWARD!", leaving enough of an opening for La Lutra Nippon to kick Kimmy in the thigh, breaking Kimmy's grip as she cries out in pain.]

BW: Another mistake by the kid, Gordo.

GM: And La Lutra Nippon runs to her corner... and La Ardilla doesn't want the tag! She's directed La Lutra Nippon to tag Major Ursa!

BW: Why not? Let the squirrel and otter strategize while the bear goes after Juan Vasquez!

GM: Rethinking their strategy might not be a bad idea, because the one they have isn't working the way they want.

[Major Ursa tags, as Andy Dawson waves Juan Vasquez into the ring. There's just one problem, recognized by the crowd as their cheering gets louder...]

BW: Hey, I thought you said this wasn't intergender! Doesn't Kimmy Bailey have to get out of the ring?

GM: She does, Bucky! But you tell her to get out!

[The crowd roars as Major Ursa gets into the ring, and Kimmy Bailey - a foot shorter and 150 pounds lighter - gets as close to in his face as she can! Major Ursa glares down at the younger Bailey as Andy Dawson tells her she has to leave the ring, while Juan Vasquez stands off to the side, a smirk on his face.]

BW: Father of the Year here, he's gonna let his kid fight a bear!

GM: The referee is telling her she's got to leave the ring, but Kimmy Bailey is insistent that she wants to go up against Major Ursa!

[Dawson looks over to Vasquez, pleading with him to help get Kimmy from the ring as Kimmy points and shouts at Major Ursa, but Vasquez simply shrugs with a smirk and says "She survived six months with Miyuki Ozaki; she can handle a bear!"]

BW: I'll tell you what, Gordo, the bear should just outright wallop this punk kid!

GM: If he does that, though, I believe he'd be disqualified!

BW: Why? For what? She won't leave the ring, she's the one threatening him! If she wants a fight, and he gives her one, HE'S the one that would be disqualified?!

GM: That's usually the rules of a mixed tag match, though!

[As Dawson tries to step in between the masked military bear and the feisty second generation rookie, finally Vasquez walks over to Kimmy and pats her on the shoulder, saying "I got this." That seems to be enough for Kimmy, who shouts "YOU'RE IN FOR IT NOW, MY DADDY'S GONNA THRASH YOU!"]

GM: Kimmy Bailey was very fortunate that Andy Dawson was lenient there, he could have issued a five-count and disqualified her. I believe he did not issue the count there because it wasn't Kimmy that made the tag, it was La Lutra Nippon.

BW: He better keep an eye on that hothead, though.

[As Bucky says that, Major Ursa sees an opening and rushes across the ring, but his roar alerts the Hall of Famer to his presence!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

GM: Major Ursa tried for the sneak attack as Vasquez had his back turned, but Juan heard the bear coming! Major Ursa just hit the turnbuckles hard!

BW: That's the second time someone from the Menagerie just tried to jump someone from the opposing team in their own corner! Gotta give them credit for aggressiveness!

GM: Not if it's getting Major Ursa peppered with punches, like Juan is hitting him with now!

[Vasquez catches Major Ursa in the jaw with several jabs, as the military bear slumps back into the corner. Vasquez switches up from jabs, then pulls back for a haymaker, only for Major Ursa to surge forward, dropping him with a clothesline!]

GM: Whoa!

BW: How about that, a bear playing possum!

GM: This is possibly the deepest water someone can swim in, going against Juan Vasquez in your AWA debut.

BW: Yeah, but we don't know anything about Major Ursa, Gordo! For all we know, they could have swapped in a different 6'8", 330 plus pound guy once this match was made!

GM: How many men like that are out there and able to compete at this level?

BW: With as many people that Juan Vasquez has irritated over his career? We probably could have had a bus full of 'em.

[We cut to an over-the-shoulder camera angle of Raphael Rhodes and Dana Kaiser at ringside, observing closely as Major Ursa drives a boot into Juan Vasquez's jaw.]

GM: And there we see Raphael Rhodes watching closely.

BW: How much do you think he could take from this? He's nowhere near Major Ursa's size.

GM: Someone like Rhodes is always looking to see how a wrestler like Vasquez will respond in any situation and turn it to his advantage, even if he can't personally do what Major Ursa is doing.

[Major Ursa kicks and punches at Juan Vasquez, only for Vasquez to take an opening and dive at Ursa's leg, taking the big man bear down to the mat with relative ease.]

GM: Well, one thing's for sure about Major Ursa, he doesn't seem to have a great takedown defense. Juan Vasquez scoring with that single-leg takedown with relative ease.

BW: He won't be able to do that when he gets to Dodger Stadium in a couple of months, that's for sure.

GM: Juan Vasquez has seen them all through his career, all shapes and sizes, so really it's just a matter of finding the opening against Major Ursa and prying it open, as he's attempting to do now.

[Vasquez steps on one of Major Ursa's ankles, then grabs the other leg and pushes it as far as it will go as the bear screams on the mat.]

GM: The Hall of Famer applying a wishbone split here, not something we see a lot out of him, but based on the noise that Major Ursa is making, it's definitely effective.

BW: You think he's going to spend most of the match trying to keep the big guy from standing?

GM: It's certainly the best strategy with an unknown commodity like Major Ursa. If all you know is that he's big, put him on the ground and see what he can do before you move onto something else, and Juan Vasquez is smart enough to switch strategies on the fly if that doesn't work.

[Vasquez, seeing Major Ursa trying to pull himself towards the ropes, kicks at the back of Ursa's knee, then quickly tries to lift it over into a half crab!]

GM: Vasquez trying to take care of the hamstrings there, trying to- HEY! Get that squirrel off the ropes!

[La Ardilla puts her feet on the bottom rope, pushing the rope into the ring and just into the grasp of Major Ursa. As Andy Dawson looks over, La Ardilla returns to a standing position and Dawson sees Major Ursa holding the rope, then calls for the break.]

GM: If it wasn't obvious before, it sure is now, the Menagerie's only real strategy is to cheat!

BW: Cheat how? Grabbing the rope is legal!

GM: But Major Ursa wouldn't have grabbed the ropes if La Ardilla hadn't pushed the rope towards him! That's not legal!

BW: Details. Semantics. Other words that don't matter.

[Vasquez releases the hold, and Major Ursa again uses his height advantage to lunge to his corner and tag out, bringing in La Ardilla. Vasquez rolls his eyes and puts his hands on his hips as the squirrel steps into the ring, hopping up and down.]

GM: Well, a tag was made, and La Ardilla sure seems excited to get in now.

BW: She's a good leader, of course she's excited.

GM: Vasquez is going to have to step out...

[The crowd roars as Kimmy Bailey steps into the ring, a smile on her face, as she points at La Ardilla. Michelle Bailey stands on the middle rope, motioning for the crowd to make noise as La Ardilla backs off towards her corner. Suddenly, La Ardilla points towards the Vasquez/Baileys corner.]

"GET HER OUT OF HERE!!"

[As Andy Dawson turns towards the corner to look at a confused Michelle Bailey, still standing on the middle rope...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Oh come on!

BW: Ha! I love it, Gordo!

GM: That damned otter threw some of that "ectoplasm" right into the eyes of Kimmy Bailey! Kimmy's been blinded by that powder!

[Kimmy, blinded, swings wildly as Dawson looks back confused.]

GM: Come on, Andy! Look at the powder and disqualify them!

BW: How's this for irony? Dawson didn't see it, so he can't DQ them, and now Kimmy Bailey can't see either!

[La Ardilla cackles as, for good measure, she scratches at Kimmy's eyes, then waves La Lutra Nippon into the ring to double-team the 184-pound rookie.]

GM: That was blatant! First the powder, now a deliberate eye gouge!

BW: Hey, the referee only saw the eye gouge! He can't disqualify for a first offense!

GM: Oh come on, there's this "ectoplasm" all over the ring! Where does he think it came from?

[La Lutra Nippon holds Kimmy in place as La Ardilla hops up to the midpoint of the top rope, then jumps off, connecting with an enzuigiri to the back of Kimmy's head! Kimmy falls to the mat and La Ardilla quickly covers!]

GM: La Ardilla with the first cover of the night, as she gets one...

[The crowd cheers as Kimmy shoves La Ardilla a few feet into the air, and we get a shot of the wide-eyed La Ardilla after landing, in shock at Kimmy's strength.]

GM: Oh ho! It's going to take more than that to put the kid down!

BW: Yeah, but she still can't see, Gordo!

[Kimmy tries to wipe her eyes as La Ardilla drives an elbow into the side of her head. Juan Vasquez slaps the top turnbuckle as Michelle Bailey shouts encouragement to her daughter.]

GM: She's going to have to make the tag and get her eyes cleaned out.

BW: The Menagerie has a clear advantage now! Kimmy Bailey might be powerful, but if she can't see the hits coming, she won't be able to defend against them.

[As Bucky mentioned, La Ardilla tags out and La Lutra Nippon jumps into the ring, springboarding off and catching Kimmy with a springboard clothesline that takes the rookie down. The ghost otter quickly covers, but Andy Dawson can't even get into position before Kimmy shoves her off.]

GM: And look at that, Kimmy's not even allowing a count!

BW: You always think about hearing the count and the cadence of the ref, but if you can't see that hand coming down, you never know for sure. I wonder if Vasquez taught her that.

[Kimmy gets back on all fours, and as La Lutra Nippon drives a forearm into her back, suddenly Kimmy grabs La Lutra Nippon by the legs, hoisting her into the air and rushing into the family corner!]

GM: Kimmy found the corner with her parents!

BW: How was that even possible?

GM: She must have heard Juan and Michelle from the corner!

[The crowd comes unglued as Kimmy reaches up, and the hometown girl tags in!]

GM: And here's Michelle Bailey!

BW: What?! I can't hear you!

[Michelle grabs La Lutra Nippon by her mask and pops her with a European uppercut, sending the otter to the mat!]

BW: I wonder if it was a mistake to tag in Michelle, though! If Kimmy Bailey is blinded, it's two on one in terms of who can tag in! She should tag Vasquez in and freeze out the squirrel and otter!

GM: I hate to say it, but you might be right! As good as Michelle Bailey is, the numbers aren't going to be on her side until her daughter can get her vision restored.

[La Ardilla comes into the ring and drives a double axehandle into Michelle's back, as she motions for La Lutra Nippon to grab one of Michelle's arms.]

GM: And some blatant double-teaming here, as the official starts to lay the count down. The Menagerie sends Michelle off, looking for a double clothesline on the rebound...

[The hard camera shakes a little, though, as Michelle manages to break up the double clothesline attempt by planting her hands on the mat and cartwheeling through the clothesline, breaking the link between the Menagerie's paws!]

BW: Whaaaaat?!

[Michelle manages to catch both members of the Menagerie with a dropkick, one foot catching each of the evil duo, before springing back up to her feet and tossing her hair!]

GM: Shades of the younger Michelle, perhaps inspired by being in her hometown! We haven't seen her move like this in her comeback!

[Michelle looks over to her corner, where her daughter is being tended to by her Lariatos partner Ayako Fujiwara, who has come to ringside with Molly Bell with a bottle of water and a towel in an attempt to wash the powder out of Kimmy's eyes. Juan Vasquez is knelt down in the corner, making sure Kimmy is okay. As she turns around, though, she catches a knee to the stomach by La Lutra Nippon!]

GM: And that brief distraction was all the Menagerie needed to get an opening!

BW: Another strategic advantage by the refugees from the zoo over here. For all Michelle, and Juan for that matter, have done, neither of them have balanced having to wrestle while being concerned for your child, who's right there at ringside and you can see being treated.

GM: La Lutra Nippon with the tag to La Ardilla, and now a choke against the ropes by the luchadora.

[We cut to ringside where Lorena Vasquez can be seen in the background, holding several signs, as Kimmy Bailey continues to try and wash out her eyes as Ayako Fujiwara gives advice and Molly Bell paws at Juan Vasquez's boot. Lorena holds up a glittery sign that simply says "LARIATOS!" ]

GM: Some help out here from Kimmy's mentor, Ayako Fujiwara.

BW: That cat's not much help. She started this whole mess.

GM: She did not! It was La Ardilla who was behind all this, and on top of that, we thought this whole mess was over back in September in Mexico!

[The Menagerie continues to double-team and choke at Michelle, as Major Ursa roars at her in the corner. Juan Vasquez protests to the referee, but Andy Dawson just shrugs and says that the Menagerie are complying with the count.]

GM: La Ardilla is the legal wrestler in the ring now, she and La Lutra Nippon have done a great job of double-teaming Michelle Bailey here, and they're doing so again as they connect with a double bodyslam.

BW: Too bad for them they can't cover at the same time.

[Suddenly, we hear a rumble from the crowd, drowning out the attempts to warn by Major Ursa. Rising up behind the gloating Menagerie is a powder-covered, red-faced (and red-eyed) Kimmy Bailey!]

BW: Watch out!

GM: The Menagerie turns around...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: Right into a big double lariat by Kimmy Bailey! Juan Vasquez is in the corner cheering her on!



[Kimmy grabs La Lutra Nippon and throws her from the ring, as Michelle rises to her feet, pulling La Ardilla up.]

GM: We've got havoc breaking loose here!

[Kimmy throws La Lutra Nippon into the railing near Lorena Vasquez, who is holding a sign that says "KIMMY - USE MY SIGN!" Kimmy grabs the sign from Lorena, swinging it... ]

"THWAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[But it doesn't have the desired effect, as La Lutra Nippon looks stunned but not terribly injured. Kimmy rips the sign in half, confused, then looks at Lorena, who shouts... ]

"Security confiscated the stop sign!"

[This gets the attention of Juan Vasquez on the apron, who shouts down at his younger daughter.]

"I told you to stop doing that!"

[La Ardilla drives a forearm into Michelle's stomach as Kimmy, at ringside, throws La Lutra Nippon into the ringpost. La Ardilla grabs Michelle by the waistband of her attire, pulling her into the turnbuckles, then slaps Major Ursa on the chest as Andy Dawson signals that a tag was made.]

GM: Kimmy Bailey has gone wild at ringside, and La Ardilla has tagged in Major Ursa!

BW: Can you blame her? She wants no part of a situation where Kimmy can be legal, and the only way that's possible is to bring in the bear!

[Major Ursa steps into the ring, pointing at Juan Vasquez, who chuckles. La Ardilla steps out of the ring, only to see Kimmy Bailey charging at her, and a chase is on at ringside!]

BW: This sure has broken down, huh?

GM: Juan Vasquez and Major Ursa are now legal, and... WHOA!

[Kimmy runs past Raphael Rhodes and Dana Kaiser, with Dana noticeably chuckling, then past the announcer table as she is chasing La Ardilla, until La Ardilla catches up to a woozy La Lutra Nippon, and she shouts out one simple word... ]

"RETREAT!"

[And then La Ardilla puts her hand on La Lutra Nippon's back, pushing her up the aisle of the Superdome as Kimmy, along with Ayako Fujiwara and Molly Bell, continue to follow! Michelle Bailey, jaw slightly dropped, watches from inside the ring, as Andy Dawson reminds her that she needs to step out of the ring. She gives him a confused look, then says "oh!" and apologizes and steps out.]

BW: Hey Gordo, don't we have a bit of a problem here? The Menagerie have abandoned their bear!

GM: Major Ursa still seems to want to fight, so this match is going to continue. I guess it just means that Michelle and Kimmy Bailey aren't going to be able to tag in because there's no opponents for them to wrestle.

BW: Maybe Dawson should let them wrestle the bear too. Assuming Kimmy Bailey comes back, anyway.

GM: I don't know if that's wise. Whoever's under that mask, he definitely knows he has a star-making opportunity here to face Juan Vasquez, and I don't think he wants to give it up because La Ardilla and La Lutra Nippon ran away.

[A loud roar from Major Ursa causes Vasquez to tilt his head and grin, as he cracks his knuckles.]

GM: And I guess we're down to a singles match, as Michelle Bailey is essentially now a manager able to be up on the apron for the time being.

[Ursa and Vasquez go to lock up, and Ursa immediately scoops up Vasquez and slams him hard to the mat, causing Vasquez to flinch in pain.]

GM: Big slam from close to seven feet up. You know, Vasquez has mentioned a couple of weeks ago that his back has been causing him issues.

BW: I think everyone who's been wrestling for as long as he has could fill a book with their injuries, and that's without jumping off the Woodshed.

GM: Major Ursa now lifting up Vasquez, going for another slam...

[Vasquez, though, is crafty as ever, letting out a guttural yell as he grabs Ursa by both legs and drives him into his corner, then starts throwing blows at the vulnerable bear's head as Michelle cheers him on!]

GM: Vasquez takes the bear into the corner and now he's going to town!

BW: You heard that noise he made as he lifted that bear into the corner though, right? Can he keep lifting 330 plus pounds?

GM: He may not need to with punches like this! Andy Dawson warns Vasquez to back out of the corner, but Major Ursa has been knocked down to his hide...

[Vasquez takes a few steps back and asks Michelle to back away, and she does so. Suddenly, he runs towards the corner...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[... and drives a knee into Major Ursa's face!]

GM: Vasquez with a big knee, right into the face of one big bear! Vasquez pulls Ursa away from the ropes...

BW: Look at him cringe though!

[At ringside, we get a shot of Raphael Rhodes and Dana Kaiser conferring, with Rhodes motioning towards the back.]

BW: And look who's noticed.

GM: Vasquez with the cover, will that be a knockout shot?

[Andy Dawson slaps the mat once, and twice, but Major Ursa gets the shoulder out at two.]

GM: Major Ursa able to kick out after that knee to the face, as now Vasquez guiding him to his feet.

[Vasquez bounces on the balls of his feet for a moment, bracing himself on the now-standing Ursa, then leaps into the air, managing to get all the way up to Ursa's shoulders in position for a rana!]

GM: Juan Vasquez managed to get up onto this big bear's shoulders! I don't believe it!

BW: I don't think he believes it!

[Vasquez waves his arms around, trying to balance himself as he shouts "WHOA WHOA WHOA!". He finally gets steady, then slowly falls backward and brings Ursa over with him, managing to bundle the bear up!]

GM: Rana, held for the pin! He's got one! He's got two!

[The crowd groans, as Ursa kicks out.]

GM: But only two.

BW: What on earth was he thinking? In his condition, he easily could have been powerbombed... or worse!

[Bucky's not alone in thinking that, as Michelle stands on the bottom rope, leaning over and shouting "YOU'RE NOT 21 ANYMORE!" Juan looks over at her, rolls his eyes, and yells back "I'M FOREVER 21, CHICA!" as the crowd laughs.]

GM: Michelle Bailey seems to agree with you about the theatrics, Bucky.

BW: We don't know what this guy can do, Juan should just put him away!

[Juan looks over at Lorena at ringside and shouts "You got a move you wanna see?"]

"YEAH! PHOENIX SPLASH!"

[Michelle holds a finger up to her lips, shushing Lorena, as Juan smirks.]

"A Tommy Stephens-style senton? Coming right up!"

[Lorena shouts "That's not what I said!" as Vasquez boots Ursa to flatten him out, then runs off the ropes, jumping onto the prone Ursa... ]

GM: And a Tommy Stephens-style senton!

BW: Juan's never been one to fulfill things exactly as requested.

[Vasquez opts not to cover, sitting next to Major Ursa as he looks up the aisle. The crowd cheers as Kimmy Bailey, followed by her Lariatos partner Ayako Fujiwara and Molly Bell, can be seen making their way back to ringside.]

BW: Oh jeez, what did those three do to La Ardilla and La Lutra Nippon if they think they can come back here?

GM: I'm not sure, we didn't get word that they caught up with those members of the Menagerie.

[Kimmy climbs onto the apron, as Michelle asks what happened, and a solemn “They got away” from her daughter is all Kimmy will answer. Meanwhile, in the ring, Vasquez twirls his fingers and points to the turnbuckles.]

GM: Whatever happened to the rest of the Menagerie, I suppose we’ll find out later, as Juan Vasquez is now signaling that he wants to go up top!

BW: Is he crazy? After that rana, he’s going to try this too?!

[Vasquez sees Kimmy back, rustling his daughter’s hair, then climbs up the ropes in his team’s corner. As Major Ursa starts to get to his feet, Vasquez perches on the top rope and Kimmy silently pumps her fist, not wanting to tip Major Ursa off.]

BW: He’s out of his mind, Gordo.

GM: Maybe, but the Hall of Famer is about to take flight!

[Phone cameras flash throughout the Superdome as the legendary Juan Vasquez jumps from off the top rope, soaring through the air at the 6’8”, 333 pound man in a bear mask...]

GM: CAUGHT! MAJOR URSA CAUGHT HIM!

[Vasquez looks around in a panic, shouting “THIS WAS A BAD IDEA!” But the panic doesn’t last long, though, as the crowd rumbles when Michelle Bailey scales the turnbuckles, unbeknownst to the bear...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: A MISSILE DROPKICK! MICHELLE BAILEY OFF THE TOP WITH A MISSILE DROPKICK TO JUAN VASQUEZ, AND THAT KNOCKS DOWN MAJOR URSA!

BW: Where did she get these high-flying skills again?!

GM: Juan landed on top! The referee is down to count! That’s one! That’s two!

[The crowd groans as again, Major Ursa powers out.]

BW: That’s one resilient bear!

[Vasquez cringes, looking up at Michelle.]

“Did you have to hit me in the back!?!?”

[Michelle shakes her head and frowns, saying “I’m sorry, I aimed for the shoulders!”]

GM: The best intentions had consequences, I guess you could say!

[Vasquez guides Major Ursa back to his feet and goes to lift for a bodyslam, but cringes and backs away.]

GM: It looked like he was going for a bodyslam there, but at 333 pounds, that’s just too much bear to slam.

BW: Well, now what?

[Vasquez thinks for a moment, then looks at his downtrodden daughter...

...and waves her into the ring.]



[Vasquez and Dawson have a chat, with Dawson holding up five fingers again and nodding.]

GM: It seems like Andy Dawson has made a judgment call here, to allow Michelle and Kimmy Bailey into the match as long as they don't break the count of five?

BW: What kind of bogus decision is that?! It's three on one! And what happens if the bear snatches up one of the Baileys and seriously hurts them!

GM: I have to wonder if that's a decision he'll come to regret, but he's made his call and he's going to stick with it!

[As Major Ursa slowly rises to his feet, Vasquez motions to Michelle, who nods, then whispers to Kimmy. The two step into the ring as Ursa gets to a standing position, as once again, the referee starts his count.]

GM: Juan Vasquez getting Major Ursa turned around, as both Baileys are in the ring... and they're charging!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

GM: A DOUBLE BRITNEY SPEAR! A COMBINED 355 POUNDS OF MOTHER/DAUGHTER BRITNEY SPEAR HAS TAKEN DOWN MAJOR URSA!

[Michelle and Kimmy don't bask in the double Britney Spear as the crowd roars, instead scrambling out of the ring so they don't violate the five-count. Raphael Rhodes can be seen shaking his head at ringside, with Dana Kaiser whispering in his ear.]

BW: I've never seen anything like this, Gordo, not in all our years together.

GM: And the night is still young, too! Vasquez has put Major Ursa close to the corner, what could this be...

[Vasquez twirls his fingers once more, then jumps onto the bottom rope, leaping backwards... ]

GM: MOONSAULT! BOTTOM ROPE MOONSAULT!

[The fans cheer in recognition as Vasquez rolls to his knees, then points to Michelle on the apron.]

GM: Normally we've seen Juan Vasquez do a moonsault from the bottom rope, then the middle, then the top, it's called the Moonsault Trilogy...

[Michelle scales the ropes, stepping to the middle... then she jumps off!]

GM: ANOTHER MOONSAULT! MICHELLE BAILEY WITH THE MIDDLE ROPE MOONSAULT!

BW: You've gotta be kidding me. She's been back for a year and barely touches the turnbuckles, now she's doing cartwheels and missile dropkicks and middle rope moonsaults?

GM: She said she was inspired by the home cooking.

BW: Crawfish etouffee doesn't make you do a moonsault, Gordo.

[Michelle makes it out of the ring before the count of five, then Vasquez points at Kimmy...

... then to the top rope!]

BW: No way. No way!

GM: And father wants daughter to go up top to complete the trilogy!

BW: She can't possibly be thinking of doing this, can she?

[The crowd's cheers get even louder as, sure enough, Kimmy Bailey starts to climb the ropes! Ayako Fujiwara has a concerned look on her face as Molly Bell jumps up and down at ringside in excitement.]

BW: No way. Not a chance.

GM: Kimmy Bailey says she'll try anything once, why not this? She's up top... SHE'S GONNA FLYYYYYYYYYY!

[And Kimmy Bailey leaps off, not nearly as picturesque as her mother or father's, barely rounding through the air, but still managing to complete one of the most crooked moonsaults you ever did see, crashing down onto the chest of Major Ursa! Kimmy, looking mildly horrified, sits up and rolls onto the apron into her mother's loving arms as Vasquez goes for the cover!]

GM: The trilogy is complete, and Vasquez with the cover! One! Two! Three! The family wins here in New Orleans!

[The bell sounds as Michelle guides Kimmy to her feet, with Kimmy saying "I ain't ever doin' that again!" The two climb into the ring, with Ayako Fujiwara and Molly Bell joining them.]

BW: I can't believe what I just saw.

GM: We've seen some wild things, partner, and I don't think any of us would have expected that! A family-style Moonsault Trilogy, a mother/daughter Britney Spear...

BW: And none of it should have been allowed! Once La Ardilla and La Lutra Nippon retreated, it should've just been a singles match!

GM: I'm sure the Menagerie can appeal to Interim President Zharkov if they feel it was unfair.

[Security lets Lorena Vasquez up into the ring, as she tells Kimmy that her moonsault was "BEEEE-YOOOO-TEEEEE-FULLLLL!" Kimmy shakes her head in disbelief as Michelle puts her arm around her daughter's shoulder. Molly Bell, meanwhile, bonks Juan Vasquez's hand with her head, and a chant breaks out from the crowd.]

"PET THE CAT!"

"PET THE CAT!"

"PET THE CAT!"

"PET THE CAT!"

"PET THE CAT!"

[Juan looks around, then points at Molly as the crowd cheers loudly. Molly playfully swats at Juan's finger, and he shouts "Watch the claws, kitten!" before reaching over and giving her a vigorous ear scratch to a loud ovation from the audience. We cut away from the ring, where we see Raphael Rhodes shaking his head as he and Dana Kaiser walk up the entrance aisle and back to the locker room.]

BW: Can't imagine he got much information for their Memorial Day Mayhem encounter, Gordo, outside of the information about Vasquez's back.

GM: I'm sure that somersault legdrop Juan has been doing lately is something he should be on the lookout for.

BW: That was one of the most ridiculous things I've ever seen, Gordo! And this is the same promotion that employed The Rave! There's no way a master of the ring like Raph will ever be caught by something like that.

[As Bucky argues about the validity of the "Westside!" somersault legdrop, a smiling Juan Vasquez walks past the announcer's table and yells, "See you in Cancun in July, right, Gordo?" as he and the rest of the family make their way to the back.]

BW: Already made plans for post-wrestling life?

GM: I may have made a few.

BW: Gordo, you sly dog.

[Gordon clears his throat.]

GM: On that note... and I hate to cut away from this heartwarming family celebration... but we've got bills to pay, AWA fans... and when we come back for our second hour of our Tenth Anniversary Show, we'll see the Lynches versus the Blackjacks, the Phoenix Rises Open Challenge, the Alphonse Green Invitational Battle Royal, and so much more so stick around, won't you please?

[We hold on a shot of the "heartwarming family celebration" in the aisle as we fade to an engagement photo style shot of Supreme Wright and Theresa Lynch in the doorway of a building, gazing into each other's eyes as we hear a few notes from the Wedding March along with a graphic reading "Messages For The Happy Couple" in a flowery scripty font with an additional "Presented by Disney Fairy Tale Weddings."

We cut to the AWA World Champion Supernova, who is dressed in a black shirt and blue jeans. He wears a pair of shades.]

S: Supreme Wright, it was my honor to stand by your side two weeks ago in Chicago. You have always had my respect and I am truly happy that you have found the love of your life.

Theresa Lynch, let me just say that you are truly lucky to have Wright by your side later tonight. How wonderful it is that you'll celebrate one of the most special occasions in the world on the AWA's Tenth Anniversary.

[Supernova raises an arm, hand extended.]

S: I wish the two of you all the best and many happy years together. Nothing is more beautiful than the love shared by two people who have decided they will commit to one another until, as they say, death do us part.

[He gives a quick nod as we fade to black...

...and then back up on a shot of two boys sitting in front of a TV playing video games. The shot is over the TV so we can see the living room behind them. The boys are very into the action on the screen which we cannot see but we can hear the explosions and gunfire of the latest hot first person shooter type game. The



girls sitting behind them look bored to tears as the boys trade jabs like "GOT YOU!" "YOU'RE TOAST!" and "GRENADES FOR DAYS, FRIENDO!" A voiceover begins.]

"Feeling left out of the action?"

[The girls look up, nodding.]

"Looking for your next video game to trade bullets for bodyslams?"

[The girls nod more emphatically.]

"Tired of just another boring shoot 'em up?"

[The girls get up from their seats on the couch now, looking eagerly at the screen.]

"Wish there was someone who looked like YOU that you could control?!"

[A white light shines down from the living room ceiling on the two girls...

...and with a burst of shattering glass, the room fills with light.

As the light dies down, we find the grinning form of "Spitfire" Julie Somers in wrestling gear standing in front of the now-smoking television set.]

JS: Step aside, boys... it's Ladies Night.

[And we cut to a series of shots of video game pro wrestling action: Michelle Bailey delivering a Britney Spear to Kelly Kowalski. Charisma Knight and Skylar Swift trading blows. Harley Hamilton and Cinder making their entrance. The voiceover continues.]

"It's AWA 2K17 coming your way just in time for the holiday season. Play as your favorite wrestlers..."

[Victoria June drops Xenia Sonova with a front powerslam.]

"...create your own shows in our new El Presidente mode..."

[A digital Castillo is on stage making a match.]

"...take your created superstar from rookie to SuperClash Main Event!"

[A face we don't know is trading blows center ring with Trish Wallace before hoisting her into a Jackhammer suplex.]

"All in one tremendous game!"

[Cut scene of the digital Julie Somers standing on the turnbuckles, flipping off onto a prone Kurayami...

...and then to a shot of the real Julie Somers.]

JS: Now that's what I like to see.

[Somers looks over at the boys now huddled in the corner of the room.]

JS: Aww, we didn't forget about you two.

[Somers snaps her fingers as we get a barrage of shots from other characters - Supreme Wright using Fat Tuesday on Jeff Matthews. Jack Lynch applying an Iron

Claw on Muteesa. Hannibal Carver using a Blackout on Derrick Williams. And finally, Ryan Martinez causing Johnny Detson to pinwheel through the air with an Excalibur. The voiceover continues.]

“Get AWA 2K17 at game shops, retail stores, and online! Available for your favorite gaming system and on PC!”

[Back to a shot of all four kids playing excitedly now, a tag team match on screen pitting Julie Somers and Victoria June against Ayako Fujiwara and Molly Bell. The on-screen Somers takes a German Suplex from Fujiwara as real life Somers grimaces, grabbing at her neck.]

JS: That had to hurt.

[And with that, we cut to a graphic promoting AWA 2K17 as we fade to black...

...and we fade back up to the backstage area where we find Mark Stegglet standing alongside Interim President Zharkov who is actually smiling.]

MS: Welcome back to the sold out Mercedes-Benz Superdome here in New Orleans for the Tenth Anniversary Show here on ESPN. It’s been an exciting night of action already here tonight, Mr. Zharkov... and I understand you’ve got an announcement to make that’s going to make it even MORE exciting.

[Zharkov nods a few times.]

MZ: The AWA World Champion Supernova has made a challenge.

[He jerks a thumb at himself.]

MZ: So, my office has authorized the match! Tonight, Supernova meets Atlas Armstrong...

[The crowd inside the sold out stadium cheers.]

MZ: ...in a non-title match.

[There are some boos for that as Zharkov shrugs.]

MZ: Atlas Armstrong is not a ranked contender to the World Title. We have upcoming live events where Supernova is defending the title against ranked competitors – I prefer Mr. Armstrong not face accusations of... how you say... “queue-jumping.”

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: Understood. And I’m assuming that Veronica Westerly and James Lynch will be in his corner?

[Zharkov nods.]

MZ: It is... good guess.

[Stegglet arches an eyebrow.]

MS: But does that mean...?

[Zharkov grins again, nodding.]

MZ: Mr. Martinez will be in Supernova’s corner? Da.

[The crowd inside the stadium cheers again!]

MS: What an announcement, fans! You heard it right there from the Interim President - Supernova meets Atlas Armstrong in a non-title match later tonight and Alex Martinez will be in the corner of the champion! That's going to-

[Stegglet stops short as we hear a sharp "A-HEM!" from offscreen. As Zharkov looks offscreen, we pan back to see "Charm City Cutie" Casey Cash, who has put an Under Armour zip-up hoodie on over her sundress.]

MS: Casey Cash? What are you doing here?

[Zharkov nods.]

MZ: Is there reason for you to be here during such important announcement?

[Casey puts her hands on her hips, mouth slightly agape.]

CC: A reason? Of course there's a reason! You asked for me to be here!

[Zharkov thinks for a moment.]

MZ: Perhaps you have received wrong information.

[Casey tilts her head.]

CC: Nooooo, no I didn't. You sent one of your interns to interrupt a lovely moment.

[Casey leans in, as Zharkov takes a step back. Undeterred, Casey presses on.]

CC: Is it about my match next week on Showtime?

[Zharkov looks at his clipboard, lifting a few papers up.]

MZ: Ah. Betty Chang. Our office received a request for... karate to be illegal based on an old rulebook...?

[Zharkov gives Casey a steely look.]

MZ: Request denied, I am afraid.

[Casey's jaw drops, but she quickly composes herself, her eyes narrowing in frustration.]

CC: You interrupted me for THAT?! You could've, like, texted me to break my heart!

[Zharkov pinches the bridge of his nose.]

MZ: Bozhe moi... I did not call for you. I must return to my duties. Do not interrupt again, tovarisch.

[And Zharkov walks out of frame with Casey pouting.]

CC: Well THAT was rude. Hmph. But that intern said...

[We see a gloved hand tap Casey on the shoulder.]

CC: Not now! I'm trying to solve a mystery!

[Casey puts her hand on her chin, thinking about how there could be such a mixup. The hand reaches out and taps her on the shoulder again, but Casey absentmindedly swats away at it as Mark Stegglet's eyes go wide.]

CC: I'm BUSY! Jeez.

[The hand reaches out insistently, grasping Casey's shoulder and yanking her around. The camera pans with them...

...to see a seething Victoria June. In her other hand, she menacingly grasps the piece of the Empress Cup that broke off after Casey smashed it over her head two weeks ago. Casey takes a moment to process this, then, well... screams.]

CC: AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[As Casey shrieks, Victoria June swings with the piece of the Cup, but the swing is too wild, just barely grazing Casey's sweatshirt at the arm and gashing the sleeve. The force of the swing causes Victoria to lose her grip on Casey, who immediately runs away, screaming for help from security, or agents, or whoever might be able to get there in time. Mark Stegglet wisely leaps backwards out of the way of the running Cash who goes sprinting past. The Afro Punk seems about to do the same when she suddenly finds a large arm looped around her waist, cutting the chase short.]

MZ: Perhaps there is a better time and place for this... one not directly in front of company management?

[June struggles to get free, grimacing as she pries at the arm.]

VJ: Leggo of me, Zharkov! Ah'm a make sure she gets what's comin'!

[Zharkov shakes his head.]

MZ: I will have you removed.

[June strains against Zharkov's iron grip. Realizing the fight is futile she stops struggling but she is still hot under the collar, glaring off-screen at where Casey Cash fled as Zharkov lets go, allowing her to stand on her own feet.]

VJ: (pointing after the long gone Casey Cash) She screwed me out of the Women's Tag Team championship Final! They made a mockery of this division again! You threaten me but what are you gonna do about them?

[June glares at Zharkov.]

VJ: Nothin' like usual?

[Zharkov gives June a considering glance... and then nods.]

MZ: Correct. Nothing.

[Zharkov smiles.]

MZ: Perhaps I should leave the matter to you.

[June starts to calm down as Zharkov raises a heavy eyebrow. June stares off screen with a ragged smile.]

VJ: You got it, Mr. President.

[And Zharkov turns to exit, leaving a much-happier Victoria June to rub her hands together threateningly, nodding her head in the direction Casey Cash exited stage right...

...and we fade back out to our announce team at ringside.]

BW: What the heck was THAT about, Gordo?!

GM: What do you mean?

BW: I'm talkin' about ol' Looney Toon June luring sweet, innocent Casey Cash into a trap back there!

GM: Well, first off... I don't know that there's anything either sweet OR innocent about Casey Cash who was directly responsible for Victoria June and Kayla Cristol being eliminated from the Women's World Tag Team Title tournament two weeks ago, Bucky. Can you really blame the Afro Punk for being mad at her?!

BW: Of course not! But get her in the ring like a civilized human being! Who would even think of setting a trap like that?

GM: Heh. To me, it's E-Girl MAX finally getting a taste of their own medicine.

BW: At least Casey seemed to be physically okay after that brutal and heinous attack on her person... but she was obviously traumatized and may need the rest of the night off.

GM: Oh, I'd expect we'll see her out here later tonight to try and help her friends win the tag titles against the Peach Pits. But that's later. And why in the world am I still talking about Casey Cash when we just heard that huge feature match announcement with the World Champion, Supernova, meeting Atlas Armstrong in a non-title match... with Alex Martinez in his corner!

BW: I'll give you that one, Gordo. That's a huge match to be added to an already huge lineup here tonight and... Zharkov said he didn't make it a title match because Atlas isn't a ranked contender for the World Title... but if he beats Supernova here tonight, you better believe he WILL be.

GM: That seems like a given... and earlier tonight, we talked about the mighty Tumaffi trying to shatter the undefeated streak of Max Magnum... and now it'll be the World Champion himself trying to end the undefeated streak of Atlas Armstrong! We didn't know it was coming but-

[The Chieftains' "Brian Boru's March" is met with a surprised reaction!]

BW: Ho-oh! You recognize that tune, don't you, Gordo?

GM: And speaking of not knowing something was coming! Wow! I certainly do know that music, Bucky... and it can mean the arrival of only one man, a longtime competitor here in the AWA...

[The curtain parts as the Armbar Assassin himself - Callum Mahoney - steps out onto the entrance stage in the Superdome to a mix of cheers and boos. The sandy-haired Fighting Irishman with lightly-tanned skin is dressed in a black studded leather jacket with metallic spikes covering the shoulders and lapels of the jacket, over a black singlet, with the image of a brown bear, standing on its hind legs, across the front, black knee pads and black boots.]

GM: ...Callum Mahoney is unexpectedly here on the Tenth Anniversary Show!

[Mahoney stands with his hands on his hips and a sneer on his lips that quickly breaks into a smile at the sound of some cheers from the AWA faithful.]

GM: But the question is - why is the Fighting Irishman... the former World Television Champion... here tonight?

BW: I'll do you one better, Gordo. Why is he dressed for a fight?

GM: An excellent point. AWA fans are aware that Mahoney alongside his cousin made their exit from the company late last year but all bets are off here tonight. We've already seen Tumaffi... Gunnar Gaines... Alex Martinez and so many others and we're not even halfway through this tremendous night of action and surprises here in the Superdome.

[Mahoney holds his arms up aloft and the cheers win out, surprising even the Armbar Assassin who takes a moment to compose himself before making his way down the aisle...]

GM: Callum Mahoney heading to the ring...

BW: And with purpose, Gordo. He's dressed for a fight and the look on his face says his clothes aren't the only thing that makes him ready for one.

GM: Mahoney's never been a man to back down from a fight when the opportunity knocked and... well... knock knock, I suppose.

[Reaching the ring, Mahoney steps through the ropes before he shrugs off the jacket, walks over to the corner and drops it to the outside. As the music fades, he gestures for the mic, which is quickly handed to him.]

CM: I'm back-

[Mahoney is interrupted by an eruption of cheers from the AWA faithful but he raises a hand, shaking his head.]

CM: -for one night only... so let's not waste any mo-

[Again, Mahoney seems surprised by the positive welcome from the fans.]

CM: Alright, alright, it's the Anniversary Show, I get it, we're all hyped!

[More cheers as if to prove Mahoney's point. Mahoney lets loose a light chuckle, shaking his head as the crowd starts to quiet down to let him speak.]

CM: Right about five years ago, on your Independence Day, this nobody from Ireland's Rebel County walked into the Russ Chandler Stadium in Atlanta and tried to make an impression in the AWA...

[The longtime AWA fans cheer the memory of that night.]

GM: Speaking of Opportunity Knocks, Callum Mahoney referencing the event of that same name back in July of 2013.

[Mahoney nods at the cheers before speaking again.]

CM: And there to witness that attempt were these two gentlemen sitting right there... Buckthorn Wilde and Mister Gordon Myers...

[The crowd cheers again as we cut to show our announcers.]

BW: What? That's Mister Wilde to you, young man!

[Cut back to a grinning Mahoney.]

CM: Heh. Sorry, Mister Wilde, you'll always be Gordon and Bucky to me, and, as a fellow professional on his way out, Gordon, let me join in the chorus of appreciation and thank you for your service to this company, to this sport ...

Thank you for all the moments and the great calls-

[Mahoney is interrupted again, this time by the fans chanting "THANK YOU, GORDON!" We cut to show Gordon again, shaking his head with flushed cheeks as Bucky pats him on the shoulder. Gordon again mouths "thank you" up towards the ring as we cut back to a nodding Mahoney patting his chest with a closed fist.]

CM: I wish you the best of luck, the best of health and I hope you enjoy your much-deserved retirement.

Now, when I crashed the party five years ago, it was to lay out a little challenge to anyone in the arena – last five minutes in the ring with me and win five hundred of my own hard-earned dollars.

[Mahoney grins.]

CM: And after five years of being a part of this company, wrestling the best in the world, winning the World Television Title...

[Another cheer goes up!]

CM: ...I'm proud to say that I've got a little more in the bank these days.

So, now that I'm crashing the AWA's Anniversary party... I'm feeling a little nostalgic.

[Mahoney grins as the crowd reacts, catching on to what he's hinting at.]

CM: So, if any of the boys in the back want to get in this ring... right now...

[Mahoney pauses, the crowd getting louder...]

CM: ...and if they can last... hell, I'm feeling generous tonight... let's say THREE minutes without getting pinned or submitted... then this time, they're not putting five hundred dollars in their pocket...

[Mahoney smirks.]

CM: This time, they'll put TEN THOUSAND DOLL-

[But Mahoney's big announcement is cut off by the arena being plunged into darkness.]

GM: Ahh, one more time for the road.

BW: Gotta love when the lights go out because you just never know-

[A single spotlight shines down upon the stage, casting a sharp circle of light on the backdrop, as the horns introducing Garbage's "The World is Not Enough" starts to play. A figure walks in, casting a silhouette on the circle, which splits – another circle follows the silhouette to the center of the stage. The spotlight beam splits

again, a third circle moves across to the left side of the stage, falling upon a feminine silhouette.]

BW: We've heard this song before, Gordo.

GM: I believe it heralds the arrival of none other than Callum Mahoney's former associate in The Summit...

[The lights around the stage return to reveal Rory Smythe, who has golden tanned skin, hazel eyes and wavy, dark brown hair, closely-cropped around the sides and back. His muscular physique fills a black suit, over a white shirt and black tie.

The feminine silhouette is revealed to belong to Xenia Sonova, her dark brown hair falling in waves behind her, past her shoulders. She is dressed tonight in a sleeveless black dress.

Also emerging from the back is Smythe's former trainer and Lynch family friend "Prince" Colin Hayden, dressed in a black three-piece suit and tie, over a white shirt.]

GM: ...and so it is. Rory Smythe is here in New Orleans at the Tenth Anniversary Show and it appears as though he's got something to say to his former teammate.

BW: That's probably right. Ten thousand dollars is pocket change to Smythe and Sonova so I don't think he's here for that... and how about that ol' fossil Colin Hayden here too?

GM: I saw Colin before the show tonight and he was invited to be here for the wedding. Of course, Colin's a longtime friend of the Lynch family so he wanted to be here for Theresa and the rest of the family... and he's also the former manager and trainer of Rory Smythe from when Smythe first arrived here in the AWA.

[Smythe leads the way towards the ring, followed by Hayden and Sonova, who mouths the words sung by Shirley Manson.]

# I KNOW HOW TO HURT #

# I KNOW HOW TO HEAL #

# I KNOW WHAT TO SHOW AND WHAT TO CONCEAL #

[As they make their way down the aisle, Smythe appears to ignore the crowd, focused instead on the former leader of The Summit standing in the ring.]

# I KNOW WHEN TO TALK #

# AND I KNOW WHEN TO TOUCH #

# NO ONE EVER DIED FROM WANTING TOO MUCH #

[Reaching the ring, Smythe climbs the steps, onto the ring apron, wiping the soles of his boots on the canvas before stepping through the ropes. He holds the ropes open, to make it easier for Sonova to enter the ring. Smythe steps up to Mahoney in the center of the ring, and Hayden and Sonova take up positions slightly behind on either side of him. The latter has procured a microphone, which she hands to her client. The eyes of Mahoney and Hayden meet and the two exchange a respectful nod.]

RS: You're looking good, my friend. And you have not lost a step, I'm guessing?

[Mahoney grins.]

CM: I might have showed you some tricks, fella, while you were a part of The Summit...



[Mahoney spreads his arms.]

CM: ...but I didn't teach you everything. And since you're out here, I'm guessing you want to put it to the test?

[Smythe shakes his head, backing up a step with a wave of his arms.]

RS: No, no, not at all, old friend. I heard what you had to say to Gordon earlier, and I just wanted to come out here and echo those sentiments.

[Smythe turns to give a slight bow of respect to Gordon Myers at ringside before turning back to the Fighting Irishman.]

RS: And since this might be your last Stateside appearance for a while, I also wanted to thank you, Callum.

Thank you for the opportunity to be a part of The Summit. Thank you for, as you put it, teaching me some tricks – besides "Prince" here, you're probably the next person I would call a mentor.

So, no, I don't want to fight you, Callum... I just want to, well, thank you...

[Smythe extends a hand towards Mahoney. Mahoney looks at it, then at Hayden, who nods assuringly. The crowd cheers as Mahoney takes the proffered hand and shakes it, before pulling Smythe into an embrace.]

GM: Look at that, Bucky! I guess I'm not the only one getting a nice send-off and a show of appreciation here tonight.

BW: Another feel-good moment on the Anniversary Show, which I'm sure will not be the last...

[Letting go of the embrace, Smythe takes hold of Mahoney's wrist and raises his arm triumphantly, while pointing at the Irishman with his free hand.]

GM: A nice moment here between two former partners. You know, there's been rumors that Callum Mahoney may be joining the AWA front office as a European talent scout and-

[Suddenly, Smythe jerks Mahoney towards him, and picks him up across his powerful shoulders in a fireman's carry before quickly falling backwards, driving his former partner into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: SAMOAN DROP!

GM: Why?! Why would he do that?!

BW: Maybe not everything is as feel good as it seems, daddy!

GM: Mahoney let his guard down and paid for it, getting the wind knocked out of him with that Samoan Drop!

[Smythe quickly regains his feet, unbuttoning his suit jacket and the cuffs of his shirt as Colin Hayden looks on in shock, trying to reason with Smythe as Her Majesty's Might grabs his own suit lapels, giving a mighty yank to rip the suit and shirt apart to reveal his bare torso.]

BW: And now Smythe is getting down to serious business.

[Smythe grabs the waistband of his dress slacks, tearing them away as well to leave him in a pair of black trunks with matching kneepads and boots... boots that he proceeds to lay into the ribcage of the downed Mahoney.]

BW: Her Majesty's Might is not letting up on the Armbar Assassin! Smythe looks like he's determined to stomp the life out of Mahoney!

[Enter "Prince" Colin Hayden, striding over towards Rory Smythe and trying to pull him away...]

GM: Hayden couldn't reason with him but maybe he can-

[...and Smythe suddenly spins around, his arm cocked!]

GM: Whoa, whoa, whoa! Watch out!

[Smythe stops short, glaring at his mentor and former manager.]

GM: Smythe looked like he was gonna drop his mentor right there and then but...

BW: Hayden, I'm sure, can still handle himself in a fight, but I don't think that was a good idea trying to stop a beast of an athlete like Rory Smythe when he's seeing red!

[Smythe relaxes the cocked arm, unfurling his fist. He puts both hands on Hayden's chest, smoothing out his outfit. We hear Smythe saying, "...don't want to mess up your suit before the wedding."]

GM: Well... at least he held up from that. I thought for sure...

[Gordon trails off as the crowd spies Callum Mahoney regaining his feet, cradling his ribcage as he gets there, watching as Smythe pushes Hayden away firmly but gently...]

BW: Smythe's got no clue Mahoney's behind him!

[...and as Smythe turns around, Mahoney grabs the wrist, leaping up to scissor the arm between his legs, trying to leverage his former partner down to the canvas to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: He's got him! He's got him hooked!

BW: He's got the cross armbreaker on him - but he's not down yet! Smythe is fighting it and if he can stay on his feet, he'll neutralize a lot of what that hold can do!

[With his hands wrapped firmly around Smythe's wrist, Smythe's arm scissored between his legs, Mahoney leans back, trying to drag Her Majesty's Might down to the canvas, so he can fully stretch out the arm. Smythe flails his free arm about, trying to steady himself.]

GM: Mahoney's using his body weight to drag Smythe down. He's jerking and pulling... he's got Smythe down to one knee!

[Smythe grimaces, trying to pull himself free as a nervous-looking Xenia Sonova shouts encouragement from the floor...]

BW: Mahoney might pull the arm right out of the shoulder socket, Gordo. But he's not quite in the right position – he wants Smythe on his back, so he can hyperextend the elbow and shoulder.

[Indeed, Mahoney appears to have lost some leverage, since he is now on the mat. He continues to strain and pull, but Smythe has his free arm and one knee propping himself up.]

GM: He can't get him down yet... he needs to try a different approach perhaps and-

[Mahoney lets up a bit, letting go of the arm scissors to try to kick Smythe's arm out from under him.]

GM: -there you go. Trying to kick that arm free and-

[Instead, the brief let up allows Smythe to power himself back to his feet...

...and in a show of strength, he uses the scissored arm to lift Mahoney, steadying him with the free arm!]

GM: He's got him up - powers him right up while still in that ho- OHHHH!

[The crowd echoes the response as Smythe DRIVES Mahoney's back into the turnbuckles!]

GM: TO THE CORNER GOES MAHONEY!

BW: That's one way to break the armbar... and a pretty impressive way at that!

[Mahoney stumbles from the corner as Smythe powers him up onto his shoulders a second time, stepping out to the middle of the ring, a smirk on his face as he looks at the camera...

...and with Colin Hayden shouting at Smythe, begging him to stop, Her Majesty's Might powers Mahoney up into the air, throwing him down in a brutal slam!]

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

BW: THE HAYDEN HOIST!

[Smythe stands over the downed Mahoney, soaking up the jeers of the AWA faithful as Xenia Sonova looks on proudly, clapping her hands.]

GM: Rory Smythe flattens Callum Mahoney with the Hayden Hoist, leaving him a wrecked heap on the canvas...

[And our camera is close enough to listen in as Smythe turns towards "Prince" Colin Hayden, who looks on incredulously, "That one's for you, 'Prince'. This one's for me."]

GM: What's this now?

BW: He's not done yet, Gordo!

[The crowd's jeering buzz grows louder as Smythe pulls Mahoney back to his feet on wobbly legs.]

GM: Somebody oughta stop this.

BW: I'm not sure anyone's stopping this young man from doing whatever he wants to do these days, Gordo.

GM: Certainly not Colin Hayden, who looks on with consternation, but I think he understood Smythe's implied threat perfectly well... Smythe has Mahoney up on one shoulder now...

[Smythe steps towards the corner, effortlessly holding Mahoney aloft...

...and then comes stampeding out, leaping into the air before DRIVING Mahoney down into the canvas!]

GM: Running powerslam! From one corner to the next and Smythe just flattened Callum Mahoney a second time!

BW: Shades of Danny Morton right there, Gordo.

GM: It sure was. A little less ferocity than Professor Pain but with a lot more finesse as well.

[Climbing back to his feet, Smythe looks down at the barely-moving Callum Mahoney. Nodding, he breaks into a suave smile and we see his mouth the words "thank you" before Xenia Sonova steps in, putting an arm on Smythe's to usher him towards the ropes as the crowd continues to jeer the sneak attack on his former mentor.]

GM: Well, it looks like Smythe and Sonova are out of here... but maybe not Colin Hayden.

[As Garbage's "The World is Not Enough" starts to play, Smythe turns around in the aisle to look at "Prince" Colin Hayden once more, who returns his gaze with a mix of consternation and, perhaps, pride. Smythe holds his arms up aloft, while Xenia looks on approvingly, leaving Hayden to check on his friend-sometimes-foe.]

GM: Perhaps a rift in the relationship between Smythe and Hayden after this... and who could blame Hayden for that.

BW: He may have lost a friend, Gordo, but it looks to me like Smythe has gained the killer instinct that just might take him to the top of this company... maybe starting at the Royal Crown tournament at the Battle of London coming up next month.

GM: I understand we're going to have more information on that event and that tournament later tonight but right now, we're going backstage to Sweet Lou Blackwell who has some information on a different major event coming soon to the AWA - Memorial Day Mayhem! Lou?

[We cut to the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell has set up shop in front of a television monitor with the MDM logo on it.]

SLB: Thanks, Gordon... so many big events on the horizon for the American Wrestling Alliance here in 2018 but perhaps none bigger at the moment than Memorial Day Mayhem. May 28th... Dodger Stadium in Los Angeles... it's going to be a happening for sure. We already know the big one - Juan Vasquez taking on Raphael Rhodes in a rematch nine years in the making... in the legend's retirement match as well. That's going to be one for the ages.

[A graphic comes up showing Vasquez and Rhodes squaring off in a publicity photo with the words "ONE MORE TIME" written underneath.]

SLB: We also already know that this year's Memorial Day Mayhem will see the return of the annual Rumble and this year, it belongs to the ladies. In recent weeks, we've announced that Michelle Bailey and Margarita Flores will be participating in the match... and we've now learned that as a reward for making the Semifinals of the Women's World Tag Team Title tournament, all four competitors - that's Trish Wallace, that's Carolina Colton, that's Victoria June, and that's Kayla Cristol - have been added to the list. Six women in, twenty-four to go... and on the line, a guaranteed shot at the Women's World Champion - whoever it may be - this summer at Girls To The Front in New York City.

[The graphic fades to go back to the regular MDM logo.]

SLB: Memorial Day Mayhem - the biggest event of the summer - is coming and it'll be hotter than ev...

[Blackwell trails off as his eyes shift to the side, his face twisting into a disgruntled look.]

"That's your problem, Blackwell."

[And in walks the source of Blackwell's ire, Sid Osborne. Osborne is dressed in his customary black singlet with red trim, with a black and white college letterman jacket over it. He walks up to Blackwell, sneering.]

SO: Always looking past what's staring you in your face.

SLB: I'm just telling the great fans of the AWA what they can look forward-

[Osborne puts his hand in front of Blackwell's face. Blackwell sighs after a moment.]

SO: Still, it beats everything else around here today. It beats the entire point of today.

Looking back. A whole event dedicated to the AWA's favorite pastime.

[Osborne looks down at his singlet.]

SO: Staring at their own belly button, and thinking it's the center of the universe.

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: I'm sorry... what?

[Osborne rolls his eyes.]

SO: Oh, give me a break, Blackwell. This company never misses a chance to pat itself on the back. To tell everyone "remember how great we were back then?".

SLB: I don't think there's anything wrong--

[Osborne glares at Blackwell.]

SO: Oh, I'm sorry, barfly... but I was speaking.

[Blackwell mutters under his breath.]

SO: In fact, they love staring longingly in the rear view mirror so much they do it for other companies. Other companies that are long in the ground. Instead of putting the spotlight on the talent of today, they waste an entire night on propping

up a bunch of geriatric slobs whose big achievement was hitting each other in the head with steel chairs.

SLB: You're referring of course to Eternally Ext-

[Osborne jabs a threatening index finger at Blackwell.]

SO: Don't you dare say it. Those fossils steal enough of my television time as it is.

SLB: I assume you're lumping your opponent tonight in that group?

[Osborne sarcastically golf claps inches from Blackwell's face.]

SO: Congrats on that huge logic leap, Captain Obvious. Although, I have to be honest here.

Donovan is actually a step down from all of them. They may have hit their talent peak at hitting people with chairs...

[Osborne smirks.]

SO: ... his talent laid more in being the one getting hit in his misshapen head with chairs.

[Osborne shakes his head with disgust.]

SO: That is, until he found his true life's calling.

Being the boss's drinking buddy. And I've got to give it to him, he's an Olympic level talent there. If kissing up to the brass to keep his job was a sport, he'd be draped in gold by now.

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: For someone that criticized me for looking past the present day, you certainly seem to be looking past your match tonight.

SO: Wrong again, bozo. Just because I'm not afraid to state facts doesn't mean I think anytime I step in that ring is a walk in the park. I'm man enough to admit when I've got a battle ahead of me. I'm not out here saying that me getting my hand raised is a foregone conclusion. I do know one thing, though.

[Osborne points his finger directly at the camera.]

SO: That when I left that slob laid out on the floor with a chair in my hand? That was just the beginning. Because if not for you sticking your nose in my business, Donovan... I'd be champion right now. So this isn't about my win/loss column. I'll climb back up the ranks, but that isn't what tonight is about.

[Osborne nods.]

SO: It's about cracking that goofy head open so you never even think about getting in my way again. It's about sending a message that the world will never forget. It's about putting you where you should've stayed all these years.

[Osborne points to the floor.]

SO: Buried down deep in the earth, with the rest of the dinosaurs.

[Osborne scowls at Blackwell, stalking away.]

SLB: I treasure these moments together.

[Blackwell's sarcasm is clear as he shakes his head.]

SLB: Let's go back to Gordon and Bucky.

[And with that, we fade from backstage out to our announce duo.]

GM: Thanks, Lou... and Sid Osborne is certainly filled with confidence heading into his Bourbon Street Fight later tonight against big Robert Donovan... and is that confidence justified when we're talking about the former AWA Longhorn Heritage Champion?

BW: One way to find out!

GM: Like I said, that's coming up a little later but-

[The opening guitar riff to "The Fall" by Place of Skulls begins to play. The drums kick in, the curtains fly open, and out walk the black clad cowboys themselves. They each hold a side of the curtains open, as out walks Bobby O'Connor. O'Connor walks slightly ahead, only to turn around and point at both men.]

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

GM: And without a bit of warning, it looks like Bobby O'Connor and his henchman have something on their minds.

BW: Hey, they've got a match tonight! They're entitled!

GM: Debatable.

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

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

[The Blackjacks climb up onto opposing corners of the apron. O'Connor follows them, slowly climbing the ring steps. O'Connor points to both corners as the two men climb up to the second turnbuckles, raising their arms. O'Connor enters the ring, taking a microphone from ringside.]

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

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

BOC: ... let us pray.

[The crowd responds, predictably, with a chorus of boos. Whittaker and Sanderson try in vein to quiet them as O'Connor nods patiently.]

BOC: Oh, believe me. I understand your anger. It's not everyday the very institution of marriage is dragged through the mud. But...

[O'Connor shakes his head sadly.]

BOC: ... that is exactly the sort of thing a Lynch takes pride in.

[The boos only increase in volume, as O'Connor nods.]

BOC: I share your pain. But thankfully for all of us, thankfully for the blessed sacrament itself, these two men?

[O'Connor nods at a scowling Whittaker and a darkly smirking Sanderson.]

BOC: They share your anger. And what a righteous anger it is. The likes of which haven't been seen since the very planet we live on was covered in crushing waves, washing away sinner and saint alike.

[O'Connor bows his head.]

BOC: Thank you lord, for this example of what good men can do to wash away the filth of corruption.

For tonight, such a tidal wave will come through this very building. Thankfully for all of you however...

[O'Connor gestures at the booing crowd.]

BOC: ... only the sinful scum that are Jack and Travis Lynch will be washed away. Leaving the rest of their family--

[And in a sound not heard in the AWA in months...

Static.

The New Orleans crowd ERUPTS in a huge reaction for the simple sound as all eyes turn towards the entranceway... including those of the Blackjacks and Bobby O'Connor, the latter of whom looks both surprised and agitated at the interruption.]

GM: Wait a second, fans! On this very special night of surprises here in New Orleans, could we be about to get another one?

["Dance of the Knights" by Sergei Prokofiev plays over the Superdome PA system to an even larger reaction as we wait...]

BW: Well, the music's certainly right for another surprise... and I don't think we're the only ones surprised based on Bobby O'Connor's face right now, Gordo.

[...and as the curtain parts, the cheers get even louder at the sight of a man whom we have not seen since SuperClash IX.]

GM: Terry Shane has arrived at the Tenth Anniversary Show!

[Shane smiles at the reaction, dressed in street clothes of black slacks and a white dress shirt unbuttoned a few notches. He slowly starts to make his way down the aisle as the fans salute his return.]

GM: We haven't seen Terry Shane since SuperClash last fall when he suffered a serious concussion at the hands of Kerry Kendrick-



BW: At the knee of Kerry Kendrick actually, Gordo.

GM: Well, yes... of course. The former World Television Champion has been out of action since then but it's great to see him here tonight!

[Shane slaps a few offered hands along the aisle, keeping his eyes on the ring where O'Connor is now whispering to Whittaker and Sanderson.]

GM: But I have to wonder if this is a good idea for him. From what I know, he's still not medically cleared to compete and the doctors don't even have an estimate on when he might be.

BW: And if he takes another blow to the head tonight, he might be done for good!

GM: Let's hope it doesn't come to that.

[Shane reaches ringside, again taking a long look at his friend before climbing the steps, ducking through the ropes with a mic in hand.]

TS: Thank you, New Orleans.

[The crowd cheers again as the music fades and Shane looks out on them.]

TS: There are a few suits in the back and a certain angry doctor that are less than pleased that I'm out here tonight but...

[Shane shakes his head.]

TS: There are a lot of things I'm missing with this concussion that Kendrick gave me at SuperClash... but I'll be DAMNED if this night was gonna be one of them!

[Another big cheer as Shane nods with a grin.]

TS: Of course I was going to be here on the night when the AWA celebrated its Ten Year Anniversary. Of course I was going to be here on a night when we've got 'em hangin' from the rafters in the Superdome!

[The crowd ROARS again causing Shane to chuckle softly.]

TS: And of course I was going to be here on the night when my tag team partner back at SuperClash, Theresa Lynch, tied the knot to Supreme Wright...

[Shane pauses, letting the fans cheer that upcoming union as well...

...and then slowly turns to face Bobby O'Connor.]

TS: ...and I suppose that brings me to you, my friend.

[O'Connor sneers at Shane.]

TS: What... what are you even doing, man?

[Shane shakes his head, extending an arm.]

TS: This isn't you. This isn't you at all. Hanging around with these thugs... what you did to Jack at SuperClash... what you did to your family!

The O'Connors and the Shanes have a history... a long, tangled history... but once upon a time, we were as close as brothers, Bobby... and I refuse to believe that the man standing in front of me right now is the same man I grew up with.

[Shane pauses as O'Connor smirks with a "it's me, Terry!"]

TS: No... no, this isn't you. I don't know how we got here but this isn't the real you, Bobby. The real you is the man who showed up at my door when I was at my absolute lowest... when I had lost everything... when I had nowhere to go... when my own family didn't want to talk to me... when no one wanted anything to do with me...

...you did.

[The crowd cheers the memory of that.]

TS: You dragged me out of the darkness. You stuck your hand down into that pit of despair and pulled me out of it.

When I was at my lowest point, you were there to help me, brother.

[Shane's voice is almost pleading now.]

TS: And tonight, when I saw what you said earlier about the Lynches... and what you said just now... tonight, I knew that you were at YOUR lowest point.

And I knew I had to help.

[Shane extends a hand to his friend.]

TS: Come on, Bobby. Take my hand. Let me pull you out of this.

[O'Connor stares at the offered hand.]

TS: Come on. Of all people, I know it's never too late to fix what's broken. We can do this... together.

[O'Connor continues to stare at the extended hand of Terry Shane. Finally, he looks at Shane squarely in the eyes.]

BOC: It is good to see you on your feet, Terry. I know how it is transitioning to a new career after a serious injury. I should know, after all I stepped away from the competition to become the true and very real Manager Of The Year.

[The crowd boos this bold faced lie.]

GM: Not that I even need to say this, but that is completely untrue.

BW: I dunno Gordo, that's a holy man saying it. Maybe it is true and we remembered it wrong!

GM: Good grief.

BOC: But I have to confess, I really had no idea your post-wrestling career...

[O'Connor shakes his head as Shane, getting the hint, lowers his hand.]

BOC: ... was stand-up comedy.

Because everything you just said... that's got to be a joke, right?

[Now it's Shane's turn to shake his head.]

BOC: Because if you believe everything you just said...

[O'Connor looks to the Blackjacks, smirking.]

BOC: ... then I guess Kerry Kendrick rattled your brain around your skull even more than anyone thought.

[Shane's eyes go wild for a moment, before forcing himself to calm down.]

BOC: What I've done to my family? Terry, anyone can see all I've done is finally stand up for my family. For more years than either of us can count all of our families have taken a back seat to the Lynches. Despite that... both of our fathers... my grandfather...

[O'Connor scowls.]

BOC: ... were world class athletes compared to that back-biting money-grubbing slob.

[Shane sighs as the boos of the crowd increase in volume.]

BOC: I'm doing this for all of us. I'm righting a wrong that's gone on unchecked for decades. There's only one way this ends.

I make sure every last Lynch is wiped off the face of the wrestling map.

[O'Connor smiles.]

BOC: Except for the only decent person in that family, James Lynch.

[The crowd REALLY lets him have it for that one.]

BOC: But, I have to admit it. You were right about one thing. I did come to you at your lowest. When nobody in your family or on this entire sport wanted a thing to do with you. I lifted you out of the muck and mire.

[O'Connor puts a hand to his chin.]

BOC: Which makes it a little odd, that when I was truly at my lowest... when I was laid up with an injury that left me wondering what the rest of my life would even be...

[O'Connor points an accusing index finger at Shane.]

BOC: ... my phone didn't ring once. Not a call from Jack, the slithering snake that put me there. Because believe me, Supreme Wright may have done the damage...

[O'Connor sneers.]

BOC: ... but it was Jack Lynch who pulled the trigger. Manipulating everyone to get me, the only real talent of the TexMo Connection, off the playing field.

Thou shalt not covet your tag team partner's incredible talent.

[Shane slaps his palm to his forehead at this latest delusion.]

BOC: And not a single call from my childhood friend, Terry Shane.

[The Blackjacks take a threatening step forward. Shane looks around for a possible exit before standing his ground. O'Connor chuckles before putting a hand on Whittaker's shoulder.]

BOC: But hey, to err is human.

[O'Connor smiles, placing a hand to his heart.]

BOC: To forgive, divine.

There's a simple way to pay for your sins, Terry.

[O'Connor steps forward, now nearly nose to nose with Shane.]

BOC: Because if you had a shred of decency, you'd call up The Yard and ensure that every single student was thrown at Jack Lynch and his perverted brother like an avenging rain from heaven.

You'd drag that deranged brother from whatever stinking saloon he's sitting in and have them cut their throats.

[O'Connor, face red with rage, points a finger an inch away from Shane's eye.]

BOC: And you'd lace up your boots and risk your own life to join me in destroying that scum once and for all.

[Shane stares unblinking at O'Connor, not moving away from the threatening finger.]

TS: Maybe you're right, Bobby. Maybe I didn't do enough for you... maybe the Lynches didn't do enough for you when you were on the shelf.

But I'll tell you something you're wrong about.

If I'm able...

[He pauses, shaking his head.]

TS: WHEN I'm able to lace up my boots again, it's not Jack Lynch that I'm coming for...

[Shane raises his own finger, sticking into O'Connor's face.]

TS: ...it's YOU!

[O'Connor's jaw drops at the threat as he steps back and shouts "NOW!" and the Blackjacks surge forward, each grabbing an arm on a struggling Shane who tries to get loose...]

GM: LET GO OF HIM!

BW: Terry Shane couldn't help himself! He's got a history of running his mouth to his detriment and this could be the final straw! If the Blackjacks put the kind of beating on him that they're capable of, Terry Shane may NEVER wrestle again!

[Shane tries to pull his arm free as O'Connor tosses the mic aside.]

"Your vile tongue is your undoing!"

[O'Connor grimaces as he lifts his arm, slapping a point between his forearm and his elbow a few times. Shane tries to get free even harder now but Whittaker and Sanderson aren't about to let go.]

GM: O'Connor's been telling everyone since he came back that he's too hurt to compete... too injured to compete... he doesn't look injured now, Bucky! He looks like a man who is about to-

[And the crowd ERUPTS in boisterous cheers at the sight of Jack and Travis Lynch tearing down the aisle towards the ring...]

GM: Here they come! Here come the Lynches!

BW: Oh joy.

[O'Connor frantically spins around, spotting the incoming Lynches. He gives a shout to his charges who let go of Shane who falls to the mat, rolling under the ropes to the outside...]

GM: The Blackjacks let go of Shane... and O'Connor's running for it too!

["Bunkhouse" Bobby clears out, leaving the Blackjacks behind as the Lynches slide under the ropes into the ring...]

GM: And here we go! Bucky, this is the final Lynches match we'll call together - did you think about that?

BW: I've been counting down the minutes, Gordo. Free at last, free at last...

GM: You're too much.

[Inside the ring, Dustin Sanderson and Jason Whittaker are "too much" for the former World Tag Team Champions, driving Jack and Travis Lynch back to two opposing corners with some angry haymakers.]

GM: Bobby O'Connor looking on as his dastardly duo he calls the Blackjacks-

BW: A name they EARNED by the way.

GM: -are going to work on Jack and Travis Lynch in front of a sold out crowd here in the Mercedes-Benz Superdome in New Orleans. Whittaker on Travis, Sanderson on Jack...

[The fists continue to fly as Jack and Travis are overwhelmed by the ferocity of the rulebreaking pair, O'Connor cheering them on as they each grab an arm on the fan favorites...]

GM: Double whip out... reversed!

[...and the fans ROAR as Whittaker and Sanderson crash together mid-ring, staggering back from the collision!]

GM: The Blackjacks get stunned there and... dropkick by Travis sends Whittaker down...

[Whittaker promptly rolls to the outside as Jack storms across and drops Sanderson with a clothesline, sending him out to join his partner on the outside!]

BW: And in the AWA, your luck can change just like that, Gordo. The Blackjacks had everything under control but these stinkin' Stenches turned it all around in a heartbeat... unfortunately.

[O'Connor quickly calls his charges to his side, huddling up as they try to regroup from the Lynch turnaround.]

GM: Jack and Travis have seen enough of this little strategy session and here they come to the outside!

[Pulling the huddle apart, the Iron Cowboy cracks Sanderson with a gloved haymaker on the jaw as Travis drills Whittaker with a left hand of his own!]

GM: We've got a fight out here on the outside - look at O'Connor running away like a thief in the night!

[The brawl continues on the outside, spilling apart as Travis grabs Whittaker by the hair and SMASHES his face down into the ring apron to cheers!]

BW: Look at these dirty tactics on the floor by these Lynches - just like their daddy taught 'em!

[The camera cuts to show Jack and Sanderson trading right hands before Jack grabs him by the head and SMASHES his face down on the ring apron as well!]

GM: The Blackjacks started this fight and tonight, the Lynches are looking to finish it just an hour and change before their sister gets married! I'm sure this wasn't how they planned on spending their night but that's how it's going right about now!

BW: What the-?!

[Bucky gets cut off as Sanderson's head comes flying down, bouncing off the announcer table right in front of him. The colorful color man nearly falls out of his chair as he stumbles away...]

BW: What kind of garbage are you trying to pull, Lynch?!

[Bucky stabs an accusing finger at the Iron Cowboy who smirks before shoving Sanderson back under the ropes into the ring. Jack tips an imaginary hat at Gordon... and then flashes a middle finger at Bucky to a HUGE ROAR from the Superdome crowd!]

GM: Well, uhh... a little bit of sign language directed at my broadcast partner. A parting gift so to speak from-

BW: HOW DARE HE DO THAT TO ME?! Does he even know who he's messing with, Gordo?!

GM: I'm pretty sure he-

BW: With a snap of my fingers, I could put together an army that would dedicate every waking moment to putting this piece of trash on the shelf FOR GOOD! Why I oughta...

[Bucky is absolutely fuming as Jack Lynch rolls in after Dustin Sanderson, leaving an angry color man at his back. And with both Lynch and Sanderson back in the ring, referee Koji Sakai signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The bell sounds and NOW this one is official as Dustin Sanderson is on the run, trying to create some space between he and- ohhh! Big clothesline in the corner by the lanky Texan! Former World Champion, former World Tag Team Champion, Stampede Cup winner... you name it, Jack Lynch has done it here in the AWA over his time here...

[Looping his arm around Sanderson's head, giving a sweep of his arm as he signals for a bulldog headlock to cheers...

...which is when Jason Whittaker tries to crawl under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Whittaker trying to get in... no! Travis Lynch drags him back out!

[The referee steps over towards the ropes, shouting at Travis and Whittaker to get back to their respective corners...

...which allows Bobby O'Connor to slip an arm under the ropes, hooking the ankle of his former partner!]

GM: Look at that! O'Connor blatantly getting involved in this one, hanging onto the ankle and-

[Lynch jerks away, spinning around to kick at the grasping arm but O'Connor slips away with a satisfied smirk as the directed Lynch gets DRILLED with a forearm to the back of the head by Sanderson, sending him falling through the ropes to the outside of the ring!]

BW: Ha! Take that, you smug piece of...

GM: Take it easy there, partner. You don't want to get fired on your last night.

BW: It might be worth it if I could take these Lynches with me.

[With his foe on the floor, Sanderson ignores the referee's protests as he steps through the ropes to the outside, dropping down off the apron to pursue the Iron Cowboy who struggles off the floor to his feet...]

GM: Back out on the floor now - the ring unable to contain this rivalry so far in this one as Sanderson looks to take advantage of... ohh! Facefirst off the ring apron goes the Iron Cowboy!

[The blow sends Lynch stumbling along the apron, moving towards the announce table...]

BW: I'm gettin' out of here, Gordo.

GM: Not a bad decision, I think... Sanderson on the move and-

[The crowd jeers as Sanderson smashes Lynch's face down onto the announce table.]

BW: Yeah! Get him! Put him down! Put him down!

GM: At least we've abandoned all efforts at impartiality on our last night.

BW: Oh yeah? Feel like telling me again how great Ryan Martinez is?

[Sanderson smashes Lynch's face down a second time as a gleeful Bucky Wilde looks on.]

GM: Dustin Sanderson doing some damage out here thanks to our announce table, dragging Lynch off now and-

[The crowd cheers as Lynch sneaks in a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Big right hand by the lanky Texan!

[The cheers pick up as Lynch batters Sanderson backwards with another right... and another has him really retreating...]

GM: Lynch fighting back, putting Sanderson on his heels and-

[...until Sanderson reaches out and rakes his fingers across the eyes, causing Lynch to stumble backwards, rubbing vigorously at his eyes.]

GM: -to the eyes goes Sanderson! A cheap shot right out here by us and...

[The crowd jeers loudly as Sanderson lifts the blinded Lynch into the air, slamming him down emphatically on the barely-padded Superdome floor!]

GM: ...BODYSLAM ON THE FLOOR! MY STARS!

[Lynch writhes in pain on the floor, rolling to his hip as he grabs at his lower back. Across the ring, Travis Lynch hops down off the apron, marching over to the aid of his brother...

...but referee Sakai slides to the outside, cutting him off before he can intervene. They argue on the floor as a smirking Sanderson rolls the Iron Cowboy back in, crawling after him to cover.]

GM: We've got our first cover of the match here... and Sakai is still on the outside so-

BW: Get in there and count, ref! Do your job!

[A delayed two count from Sakai follows, earning a tongue-lashing from Bobby O'Connor on the outside.]

GM: You say your prayers with that mouth, O'Connor?!

[Back on his feet, Sanderson stomps Lynch's lower back a few times, leaving him grimacing in pain as he slaps the outstretched hand of his partner.]

GM: The tag is made for the Blackjacks, bringing big Jason Whittaker into the match... six foot six, 272 pounds...

[Sanderson grabs a front facelock on Lynch, holding him in place as Whittaker delivers a clubbing hammer blow across the small of the back, knocking Lynch back down to his hands and knees as Sanderson departs the ring.]

GM: Simple but effective on the doubleteam there. These Blackjacks, of course, were discovered and trained by the legendary Blackjack Lynch who is less than thrilled with how they've turned out.

BW: That's an understatement. I hear the old man is so mad, he lost his head and accidentally paid the housekeeper her full pay this week.

GM: Would you stop?



[Pulling Lynch up by the hair, Whittaker lifts him up off the mat, holding him up under his arm before dropping Lynch down across a bent knee...]

GM: Ohh! Backbreaker by Whittaker, staying right on the back that Sanderson initially damaged with that slam on the floor earlier... and Whittaker lifts him right back up... SIDE SLAM!

[Staying down on the mat, Whittaker leans back, pulling a leg with him... and earns a two count before Lynch gets the shoulder up.]

GM: Two count there... not enough to keep the Iron Cowboy down yet.

[Travis shouts some encouragement to his brother as Whittaker climbs off the mat, eyeballing the King of the Cowboys for a moment before reaching down to grab his legs...]

GM: Look at this now...

[The crowd buzzes as Whittaker attempts to lock in a Boston Crab but Lynch is struggling against it, trying to kick him off or wriggle free before it gets secured...]

GM: Lynch is fighting it! Trying to stay out of the-

BW: Yes!

[Bucky's cheer comes as Whittaker turns Lynch over onto his stomach, leaning back in the painful submission hold!]

BW: Oh, please Lord... if I've ever done anything right in my life, give me this... give me Jack Lynch screaming "I QUIT!" on the last match of his I'll probably ever call!

[Lynch claws at the mat, grimacing as he tries to slip his arms underneath him.]

GM: Jack Lynch is nowhere near his corner right now - almost in the corner of the Blackjacks so if he plans on escaping this, he's going to need to find another way out of this punishing hold.

BW: He could quit! If he gives up, they'll let go of the hold.

GM: I'm not so sure about that... and even if I was, I still don't think they'll force a submission out of the Iron Cowboy, Bucky.

[Travis is shouting to his brother, encouraging his escape from the hold as Jack again tries to wriggle his arms into position...]

GM: Lynch looks like he's going to try to power his way out of this...

[...and flattens his hands on the canvas in a push-up position.]

GM: Here it is! Here's his chance!

[Lynch lets loose a cry of effort as he pushes up off the mat, lifting his torso off the canvas as he tries to force his way free...]

...which is Bobby O'Connor's cue to take a swipe at the leg of Travis Lynch, causing the former National Champion to shout at him...]

GM: What's O'Connor up to now?

[...which in turns causes the official to check on that situation, leaving Dustin Sanderson able to stretch his six foot six frame off the top rope, planting his palm on the middle of his partner's forehead as he pushes backwards, driving Lynch right back down on the mat!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Beautiful teamwork by the Blackjacks - the kind of teamwork ol' Scumbag and his brother can only dream of!

GM: An illegal assist from the outside! The referee missing the whole thing! Turn around, ref!

[The official does exactly that... a moment after Sanderson's withdrawn the help from the outside, leaving Jason Whittaker still holding the Boston Crab for a moment before he lets go, slapping Sanderson's offered hand before stomping Lynch's lower back viciously, keeping him down on the mat as Sanderson ducks back in.]

GM: Another tag, the Blackjacks are working quite well together as you said, Bucky, despite my feelings about their illegal actions.

[Whittaker pulls Lynch off the ropes as Sanderson joins him.]

GM: They shoot Lynch across...

[Ducking down in unison, the two six foot six youngsters LAUNCH Lynch skyward, sending him flipping through the air before crashing down hard on the canvas!]

GM: HIIIIIGH BACK BODY DROP BY THE BLACKJACKS! And with that one move, I think the King of the Cowboys is in serious, serious trouble.

BW: This is the best day of my life, Gordo.

GM: You know your wife is watching... all of your exes too for that matter.

BW: I know.

[Sanderson drops to his knees, hooking a leg to get a two count as Lynch lifts the shoulder.]

GM: Two count again... the Blackjacks trying to isolate Jack Lynch... Travis Lynch has not even been in the ring for the majority of this match so far and we're about five minutes into this thing.

BW: And as much as I'd love to see Scumbag Travis left lying on my last night on commentary, there's no thorn in my side bigger than the Tinfoil Cowboy there writhing in pain on the mat.

GM: Bucky, you're as giddy as a schoolgirl right now.

[Sanderson drags Lynch off the mat, slinging the arm over his neck as O'Connor nods approvingly. The Blackjack muscles the Iron Cowboy into the air for a vertical suplex...

...but then shifts his footing, throwing Lynch down in a bodyslam instead!]

GM: Ohh! Innovative offense by Dustin Sanderson... and another cover gets one! He gets two! But Lynch gets out again!

BW: No, no, no! Finish him off, Sanderson!

[Lynch rolls off his shoulders to his hip as Sanderson glares at the official... and then while holding Lynch in place on his side, Sanderson DRIVES a knee into the kidneys...]

GM: Ohh! Vicious kneestrike - a MMA style knee strike to the body... and another one as well!

[Lynch rolls onto his stomach, grabbing at his back as the sadistic Sanderson gets to his feet...

...and drops his 237 pound frame into the back of Lynch with a kneedrop that makes the former World Champion howl in pain as Travis looks on with a grimace of his own!]

GM: Sanderson all over the lower back of Jack Lynch, tormenting him here on the Tenth Anniversary Show and forcing Travis Lynch to watch his big brother be physically punished so far in this one!

[Sanderson regains his footing, pointing to the corner to a huge smile from Bobby O'Connor who shouts "YES! YES! DELIVER UNTO HIM!" Sanderson nods, hopping up on the middle rope, standing tall for a moment...]

GM: Sanderson's set to- off the second rope!

[...and DRIVES his knee down into the back again! Lynch cries out in agony as the crowd groans for one of their favorites, looking on as Sanderson promptly flips him over, diving across...]

GM: This could do it, fans! Sanderson's got one! He's got two! He's got-

[But as we spy Travis Lynch about to step into the ring in the background, Jack Lynch's arm comes flying up off the mat to cheers from the New Orleans crowd!]

GM: No, no! That's all! Just a two count there for the Blackjacks!

BW: Oh, but it won't be long now, daddy. I can feel it in my bones!

[Sanderson angrily climbs off the mat, shouting at the official who holds up two fingers as O'Connor shouts "Forget about him! Stay on him, Brother Dustin!" Sanderson glares at the referee one more time as he grabs a handful of hair, hauling Lynch to his feet and delivering a kick to the midsection that sends the big Texan falling back into the corner.]

GM: Dustin Sanderson's got him back in the neutral corner now... looking to finish this one perhaps...

[The Dallas native leans down, boosting Jack Lynch up to sit on the top turnbuckle...]

BW: Shield your eyes, Gordo! I'm not sure your bleeding heart can take this one!

GM: My heart's just fine, Bucky... and so is Jack Lynch's who continues to fight his way out of every predicament we've ever seen him in. The battles over the years with the likes of Violence Unlimited... Demetrius Lake... Supreme Wright... Johnny Detson... the Syndicate... and yes, even his own brother last year at SuperClash.

BW: He didn't fight his way out of that one!

[Sanderson steps up to the middle rope, slinging Lynch's arm over his neck again...]

GM: And it looks like Sanderson's looking for a superplex off the top there! If he hits this, it may be over for the Iron Cowboy and his brother.

[Sanderson reaches down for a handful of trunks for leverage... and gets a fist pistoned into his ribcage in response...]

GM: Oh! Jack caught him good with that shot to the body!

[A second one breaks Sanderson's grasp as he straightens up, still standing on the middle rope...]

GM: Jack rocks and fires! Right hand after right hand after right hand between the eyes of Dustin Sanderson!

[A panicked O'Connor waves his arms wildly on the outside, shouting at his charge who goes flying backwards from a well-placed blow to the jaw!]

GM: Lynch sends him down! He fights out of it!

[Lynch stands on the middle rope himself, steadying his footing as he watches Sanderson scramble up to his feet...]

GM: Lynch on the second annnnd...

[...and the crowd ROARS as the former World Champion propels himself into the air, slamming a knee up under the chin of Sanderson, sending him flying backwards and crashing down onto the mat!]

GM: FLYING KNEE CONNECTS! LYNCH GOES BIG RIGHT THERE AND FLIPS THIS MATCH ON ITS HEAD!

[Lynch sprawls onto his chest after the flying knee, breathing heavily as Sanderson's eyelids flutter. The crowd is cheering on the Iron Cowboy, Travis doing the same as O'Connor and Whittaker are pleading with Sanderson to get up and make the tag on his side of the ring.]

GM: Both men are down... both men NEED to make that tag after this one. Jack Lynch... look at the will of this young man, Bucky! Crawling on his belly, dragging himself towards his corner...

BW: Like a snake.

GM: Would you stop?!

[Lynch pulls himself closer as Travis slaps the top turnbuckle a few times, sticking out his hand and shouting "COME ON, JACK!"]

GM: Travis Lynch urging his brother to get to the corner - the longest reigning National Champion in AWA history looking for that all-important tag!

[The Iron Cowboy pushes up on all fours, pulling himself closer to the corner...]

GM: Sanderson tags!

[Jason Whittaker comes storming into the ring, charging hard across the ring, leaping high into the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: 272 POUNDS ON THE SPINE OF JACK LYNCH! OH MY!

[...and drops butt-first on the lower back, driving Jack onto his belly again. The crowd jeers as the tag to Travis never comes... and jeers louder as Whittaker yanks his head back with a handful of hair, hooking his hands under the chin and cranking back.]

GM: A modified form of the Camel Clutch here, stretching out that neck and spine...

BW: He doesn't have the arms looped over his leg to really crank up the pressure. Wouldn't be the worst idea. He might even get a submission and I don't know if I could handle the joy in that one.

[Travis stretches over the top rope, trying to get to his big brother but he's out of reach as Whittaker mockingly shakes his head at him.]

GM: Whittaker's got him on the wrong part of the ring... perhaps a rookie error by this young man... but he's just out of reach for Travis Lynch who wants that tag in the worst way.

[Whittaker shakes his head again at Travis who continues to stretch... and suddenly finds himself a little bit closer as Jack uses his free arms to pull himself along the mat!]

GM: Look at that! Lynch not only dragging himself towards the corner but he's pulling Whittaker with him!

[Whittaker looks alarmed as suddenly Jack is a little bit closer again, the crowd getting louder as the Iron Cowboy gets closer...

...and then suddenly, the six foot six Whittaker erupts out of the hold, pasting Travis with a hooking right hand that knocks him off the apron to the floor!]

GM: Oh, what a right hand! Cheap shot on Travis Lynch sends him to the floor and...

[Whittaker steps back from the ropes as Travis throws himself under them, trying to get into the ring as the referee moves to block him...]

GM: Travis is right back up and right back in, trying to get ahold of Whittaker and-

BW: Look at this! Look at this!

[With Travis occupying the referee, Dustin Sanderson rushes in to grab one ankle on Jack as Whittaker grabs the other, dragging him back across the ring towards their corner...

...where Sanderson slaps his hands together high and hard, grinning as Whittaker exits.]

GM: Referee, that wasn't a tag at all!

BW: He sure heard one!

GM: He didn't see one though! He can't call it if he didn't see it!

[Sakai turns back around, waving for the match to continue to boos from the crowd.]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me! This is a travesty! A miscarriage of justice!

[Sanderson stomps the back once... twice... three times as O'Connor pats Whittaker on the back on the apron, showing his approval for what he's witnessing so far.]

BW: You're just jealous because Sanderson and Whittaker are showing what a REAL tag team looks like instead of these Lynches thinking blood is enough to make a good team.

GM: Travis and Jack Lynch are former World Tag Team Champions, Bucky!

BW: They held the straps for 13 days, Gordo! It's like a bad stomach flu!

GM: Are you...?

BW: It sure made me throw up when they had the titles.

GM: You're unbelievable!

BW: You're gonna miss this, pal.

[Sanderson pulls the hurting Lynch off the mat, slapping the offered hand of his partner...]

GM: And just like that, Jason Whittaker tags back in...

[...and together, they whip Lynch across the ring.]

GM: ...double team here, double shot downstairs!

[The double boot to the gut folds over Lynch as they each grab an arm, getting him into position...]

GM: And again, simple but effective with a spine-shaking double suplex by the Blackjacks!

[With Jack writhing in pain on the mat, Whittaker slowly walks around him, soaking up the jeers from the crowd and mocking Travis who is trying to cheer his brother on.]

GM: Jason Whittaker wasting valuable time here in my book... a definite rookie mistake.

[Whittaker turns his focus back on Lynch, pulling him off the mat...]

GM: We're just shy of the ten minute mark in this one as Whittaker muscles Jack up... holding him across his chest... another slam perhaps?

[But instead, Whittaker DRIVES Lynch down across a bent knee in a backbreaker...]

"OHHHHH!"

[...and lifts him back up, still holding...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A second backbreaker by the powerful Whittaker! Look at this now... curling him like a barbell!

[The crowd is jeering the show of strength by Whittaker as he holds Lynch again...

...and then falls back, tossing him halfway across the ring in a fallaway slam!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Rolling to all fours, Whittaker quickly crawls over, diving across...]

GM: Whittaker’s got him down for one! That’s two! That’s- OHH! So close right there for Whittaker and the Blackjacks before Lynch gets that shoulder up!

[An anxious Travis breathes deeply in the corner, shaking his head at the near fall as the referee confirms the two count to all involved.]

GM: Only a two count...

BW: But how close was that? We’re almost there! Stay on target!

GM: It’s just-

BW: STAY ON TARGET!

[Whittaker angrily retakes his feet, waving his arms apart in a “it’s over!” gesture as he pulls Lynch off the mat, tugging him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: He’s got him in position - a powerbomb perhaps?!

BW: FINISH HIM!

[...and points both arms at a miserable Travis Lynch who is pleading with his brother to get to the corner and make the tag...]

GM: Whittaker hooks him, looking to end it!

[...but before Whittaker can lift him up, Lynch stands up straight!]

GM: BACKDROP! HE BACKDROPS OUT OF IT!

[Lynch sinks to his knees on the mat, grimacing and holding on his lower back as he slumps down to all fours!]

GM: He got out of the powerbomb but at what cost?! How much did it hurt his back to lift him up like that?!

[Lynch clenches his jaw, pushing back to his knees with a roar as he looks across the ring...

...right at Dustin Sanderson!]

GM: He’s facing the wrong way! Jack Lynch is trying to get to his corner but right now, he’s in the wrong part of town!

[A dazed Lynch extends his arm towards Sanderson, the crowd shouting at him to get back the other way. Travis adds his voice to the chorus, trying to get his brother going the right direction before he wastes too much time!]

GM: Jack... he’s coming around now! He’s going the right way now!

BW: Wasted valuable time though.

GM: Jack Lynch heading towards his brother's voice! Crawling on his hands and knees towards his brother's voice!

[Down on the mat, Whittaker is crawling towards his own corner where Dustin Sanderson awaits him, Bobby O'Connor shouting at both his charges to stop Jack Lynch before it's too late!]

GM: Sanderson's trying to stretch that long arm over, reaching down towards his partner annnnnd...

[The crowd jeers as Sanderson and Whittaker slap hands, making the exchange official...]

GM: The Blackjacks make the tag! In comes Dustin Sanderson and-

[...and then ROAR as Jack Lynch makes a diving lunge, slapping his brother's offered hand!]

GM: TAG! WE GOT THE TAG ON THE OTHER SIDE AS WELL!

[Grabbing the top rope, Travis slingshots over, landing on his feet to greet the incoming Sanderson with a left hand to the jaw... and again... and again...]

GM: Travis is lighting up Sanderson with those shots to the head!

[A whip sends Sanderson into the ropes where a clothesline puts him down!]

GM: Clothesline on Sanderson sends him down to the mat!

[A dazed Whittaker comes rushing in to try to help his partner... and a scoop slam sends him down as well!]

GM: Slam on Whittaker! Travis Lynch is fighting off BOTH Blackjacks right now...

[And as Sanderson regains his feet, a dropkick sends him flying through the ropes to the outside!]

GM: To the floor goes Sanderson!

[With Sanderson on the outside, Whittaker regains his feet, falling back into the neutral corner as Travis advances on him, leaping up to the middle rope...]

GM: Travis Lynch has got Whittaker cornered!

BW: He's not even the legal man!

GM: I'm not sure Koji Sakai is aware of that right now and...

[The crowd ROARS as Lynch starts raining down right hands, the fans counting along with the blows...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"



“TEN!”

[...and with Whittaker in a daze, Travis grabs him by the hair, leaping off the middle rope to SLAM his face down into the mat!]

GM: FACESLAM BY TRAVIS LYNCH!

[Climbing back to his feet, Lynch gets the crowd on its feet as he thrusts his left hand up into the air in a familiar form...]

GM: He's calling for the Claw! Travis Lynch is calling for the Iron Claw!

[The longest-reigning National Champion lies in wait as Whittaker struggles to get up off the canvas...]

...at which point Bobby O'Connor pulls himself up on the apron into Lynch's eyeline!]

GM: O'Connor's on the apron! Somebody's gotta get him down right NOW!

[And Travis attempts to do exactly that, lunging at the man who betrayed his flesh and blood, arms outstretched towards him...]

...and the crowd deflates as O'Connor jumps right back down, a panicked expression on his face from how close Travis was to grabbing him!]

GM: He almost got him! He just missed getting his hands on that low down snake in the gra-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[But the momentary distraction is all that's needed for Jason Whittaker to get back up and lower the boom on Travis Lynch from behind, sending him through the ropes and onto the apron with a well-placed forearm smash to the back of the head!]

GM: Shot from the blind side by Whittaker... again, turning this thing back around thanks to the machinations of Bobby O'Connor!

[The crowd ROARS as Jack Lynch drops off the apron, angrily stomping around the ring towards Bobby O'Connor who backpedals, hands raised as he begs for mercy from his former friend and tag team partner!]

GM: Get him, Jack!

[Inside the ring, Whittaker is trying to position Travis Lynch for a suplex to bring him back into the ring. And we can finally hear Koji Sakai trying to get him out of the ring, pointing out that Sanderson - who is still on the outside - is the legal man.]

GM: The referee admonishing Whittaker, telling him he's not legal!

BW: Who cares at this point?!

[Whittaker ignores the official, muscling Travis up for a suplex back into the ring...]

...which is when Jack Lynch snakes his arms in, yanking Whittaker's legs out from under him to a big cheer!]

GM: Lynch trips him from the outside!

[Travis lands on top of Whittaker's torso, staying on top as the crowd bellows for a count... but the official waves it off, again pointing to Sanderson on the outside!]

BW: No count! Whittaker's not legal!

GM: You said it didn't matter!

BW: Me?! I'd never say that about the rules of this fine company!

[Travis is arguing with the official from his knees as Jack advances on O'Connor again, pointing a threatening finger at him as O'Connor continues to backpedal away...]

GM: Travis has had enough! Right hands! Down on the mat!

[...and the crowd roars as Lynch pummels the downed Whittaker with blows to the skull!]

GM: Travis mauling Whittaker on the inside and on the outside-

[Suddenly, O'Connor goes falling backwards down onto his rear end, crying out as he does...

...and then rolls into the fetal position, screaming like a wounded animal...]

"HE'S TRYING TO KILL ME! HE'S TRYING TO KILL ME! MY NECK! MY BACK! MY NECK AND MY BACK!"

[A puzzled Jack Lynch stands over him, fists at the ready as the official slides out to the floor to confront him to jeers from the crowd...]

"I didn't even touch him!"

[...but the referee doesn't buy Lynch's excuses, shouting at him to back off as Travis Lynch pulls Jason Whittaker to his feet...

...and wastes no time in sinking his fingers into the head of the Blackjack!]

GM: TRAVIS HOOKS THE CLAW! HE'S GOT THE CLAW ON WHITTAKER!

[But as the official is tied up with Jack and O'Connor, he doesn't see the Claw...

...nor does he see Dustin Sanderson slide back into the ring, rushing up behind Travis...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE KICKED HIM! HE KICKED HIM LOW!

BW: RIGHT IN THOSE HOCKED LYNCH FAMILY JEWELS!

[Travis immediately lets go of the hold, clutching at his groin as Sanderson jerks him around, snatching a side headlock, stepping up on the middle rope for extra impact as he springs off...

...and DRIVES Lynch facefirst into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Whittaker rolls to the outside, smashing Jack Lynch with a right hand to knock him flat...

...and the referee just happens to notice Sanderson on top of Travis, diving under the ropes!]

GM: No, no! Not like this!

[The referee slaps the mat once... then twice...]

GM: Not on tonight of all nights!

[...and one final time before rolling to his side to signal for the bell.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: Ah, come on!

BW: The Lynches lose! The Lynches lose! Glory be, the Lynches lose!

GM: The numbers advantage paying off again for the Blackjacks as O’Connor’s there to get involved... and Sanderson with an attack from the outside - the low blow as well... it was just too much for the Lynches to overcome.

[Back on his feet, O’Connor angrily gestures at the downed Travis...]

“END HIM!”

[...and a still fired-up Sanderson drags Lynch off the mat, throwing him into the corner before barreling in with a running clothesline!]

GM: Ohhh! And this isn’t over yet! The fight is still going!

[Grabbing the ropes, Sanderson repeatedly puts the boots into Travis’ ribcage, driving him down to a knee as Jason Whittaker joins him inside the ring.]

GM: And now we’ve got BOTH Blackjacks in there!

[Whittaker storms into the corner with a clothesline of his own as Sanderson sidesteps clear, causing the kneeling Lynch to slump all the way down prone on the mat where Sanderson immediately starts stomping him again.]

GM: We’ve got a two on one on Travis Lynch!

[Dragging Travis out of the corner, Whittaker pulls him up. He gestures to Sanderson who gives a nod, stepping towards the ropes...

...when suddenly the Iron Cowboy is back in, fists flying as he rushes Whittaker.]

GM: Jack Lynch back in! The former World Champion coming to even the odds!

[The gloved fist of Lynch bounces repeatedly off Whittaker’s head...

...until a clubbing double axehandle between the shoulderblades by Sanderson knocks the King of the Cowboys down to his knees.]

GM: And now it’s Jack Lynch taking a pounding by this young duo!

[Whittaker grabs Jack by the hair, pulling him off his knees and throwing him into the ropes where O'Connor hooks an ankle from the outside, keeping Jack in place as Sanderson and Whittaker grab the arms...]

GM: What in the...?

BW: They're tying him up in the ropes! They're trapping his arms between the ropes!

[Lynch struggles to get free but to no avail as the dastardly trio finish wrapping his arms in the ropes, keeping him in place so Whittaker can DRILL him with a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Oh! Hard right hand by Whittaker for good measure... and now Jack Lynch is trapped in the ropes, making Travis all alone in there with Whittaker and Sanderson!

[Sanderson gestures to Travis, ducking through the ropes as Whittaker pulls Travis to his feet, ducking down behind him...]

GM: Wait, wait... we've seen this before, fans!

[Whittaker stands, lifting Travis in an electric chair as Sanderson scales the ropes, looking to strike...]

GM: Sanderson's up top! Sanderson's going to-

[...and he leaps into the air, snatching a side headlock on the trapped and lifted Travis...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES Travis facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: BULLDOG OFF THE TOP!

[Jack cries out, trying to yank clear of the ropes to help his brother to no avail as Travis is laid out on the mat.]

GM: The Blackjacks just laid out Travis Lynch and all Jack could do is watch! This is terrible, Bucky!

BW: OR is it the greatest thing EVER?!

GM: NO! IT'S NOT! IT'S TERRIBLE!

BW: AND it's not over!

[O'Connor shouts "AGAIN! AGAIN!" at his allies as Sanderson gives a nod, turning to Travis again...]

GM: O'Connor - that backstabbing gutter snake - he wants to see it again and it looks like the Blackjacks are going to oblige!

[Whittaker pulls Travis off the mat again, the former National Champion barely able to stand as Whittaker ducks low, lifting him back up into the electric chair...]

GM: Whittaker's got him up... Sanderson to the outside and...

[Suddenly, the crowd buzzes at the sight of someone in a suit coming over the railing. A pair of security guards rush to stop him but the man shoves past them, sliding under the ropes...]

GM: We've got a fan in-

BW: That's no fan!

[...and comes to his feet, driving a trio of right hands into the jaw of Jason Whittaker, sending him stumbling backwards as he drops Travis Lynch who slumps down to the mat. The camera zooms in as a roar of recognition rings out throughout the Superdome.]

GM: You're right, Bucky! That's Larry Wallace!

[With Whittaker reeling, the Flawless One whips around, spotting Sanderson leaping into the air to attack...

...and Wallace leaps into the air as well, extending his legs as he does in a picture perfect...]

GM: DROPKICK! IN A SUIT! OH MY!

[Sanderson goes down hard after being knocked out of the air, promptly rolling to the outside as Wallace scampers up...

...just in time to see a suddenly-free Jack Lynch uncorking angry right hands to the jaw of Whittaker, backing him to the ropes as O'Connor shouts angrily from the outside...]

GM: Jack Lynch is loose and he's had enough of these two!

[...and lands a standing clothesline that flips Whittaker over the top rope to the outside to big cheers!]

GM: AND THERE GOES WHITTAKER AS WELL!

[A pissed-off Lynch shouts down at O'Connor who quickly moves to his allies' side while the Iron Cowboy rushes to his brother's side, taking a knee as he checks on him. Yanking off his suit jacket, Wallace throws it down on the mat, shouting at his former tag team partner on the outside also.]

GM: There's some history there between Bobby O'Connor and Larry Wallace... and right now, Wallace is daring O'Connor to bring he and his Blackjacks back into the ring when the odds are even... and as you'd expect, O'Connor, Sanderson, and Whittaker are cowering on out of the Superdome.

[The Iron Cowboy reaches up, shaking Wallace's hand with a "thank you" as Wallace nods, looking down on a slowly-recovering Travis who grabs his head as Jack helps him sit up on the mat.]

GM: The Blackjacks may have picked up the surprising win here tonight, fans, but you'd better believe this one's far from over... far from over.

[And from the scene inside the ring, we fade backstage where the same scene is being watching by someone with a vested interest in the action, Blackjack Lynch. The Father of the Bride is already dressed in his black tux, trademark "dressy" Stetson resting on his head as he shakes his head with disgust over what he watched. A moment passes before a voice calls out.]

"Mr. Lynch?"

[Blackjack turns and spots the approaching Mark Stegglet, waving him forward.]

BJL: Yeah, Mark... come on in here.

[Stegglet takes a spot next to the legend, mic in hand.]

MS: Well, first off... congratulations on the big night here in New Orleans for your family.

[Blackjack smiles... a rare sight indeed.]

BJL: Much appreciated, Mark. It's a big night for all of us associated with the AWA and it's an honor the office decided to share this night with my family... with my baby girl most of all.

[But even as Blackjack expresses some positive sentiment, a grimace crosses his face as he looks towards the now-blank monitor.]

MS: Mr. Lynch, I can't help but notice that you seem a little upset by what just transpired out there.

[Blackjack snorts.]

BJL: "A little upset." You know, Henrietta told me that I seemed "a little upset" that time Travis was six and spilled the fruit punch all over the new living room carpet. I bet if you ask Travis about that, he'll tell you "a little upset" from ol' Blackjack is worse than ragin' mad for a lot of people.

[Stegglet smiles.]

MS: It's gotta be tough watching your sons go down in defeat like that... tonight of all nights.

[Blackjack shakes his head.]

BJL: Losin' don't bother me, Mark.

[Stegglet arches an eyebrow and Blackjack chuckles.]

BJL: Ya caught me, kid. Losin' bothers me a whole lot... but what bothers me more is knowing that what happened out there is at least partly my fault. Yeah, it's that twisted little snake O'Connor's fault more, warping those kids minds... but it's at least a little my fault 'cause I went out and discovered those kids... I trained those kids. They were big and tough when I found 'em but I turned 'em into killers... men worthy of carrying the Blackjacks name...

[Lynch sneers.]

BJL: ...at least that's what I thought. But if I'd known that this is where that would lead up, kid... ain't no chance I woulda gotten involved with them from the start.

And don't even get me started on that O'Connor kid. Mark, when I think about all the times I welcomed that kid and his family into my home... for holidays... for barbecues... and you know how serious I take a family barbecue.

[Stegglet smiles.]

MS: Indeed I do, sir.

[Lynch nods.]

BJL: Makes me sick. The whole lot of 'em. And you know what else makes me sick, Mark? My kids having to fight my battles. This thing with Whittaker and Sanderson... ain't got a damn thing to do with Jack and Travis but there they are, fightin' my battles for me when they should be fightin' for gold. Travis was the longest reigning National Champ this place has ever seen... ya don't think I'd rather see him getting another shot at that gold? Ya don't think that Jack Lynch and Supernova on the marquee would sell out a few houses?

But no... they can't do that, 'cause they gotta deal with this... for me.

[A voice calls out from off-camera, a grizzled and familiar voice to AWA fans.]

"Maybe not."

[The camera pulls back and the fans inside the Superdome ROAR at the sight of former AWA executive and wrestling legend "Big" Jim Watkins who grins at the sight of his old friend. Watkins gives Lynch a big, hand-breaking handshake as Lynch slaps his old friend on the shoulder with great impact.]

BJL: I didn't know if you were gonna make it tonight.

[Watkins nods.]

JW: Me neither... but I wouldn't miss it for the world.

[Lynch gestures with his head towards the blank monitor.]

BJL: You see that garbage?

[Watkins nods.]

JW: Yup. And I think I've got an idea.

[Lynch arches an eyebrow, a rare smirk crossing his face.]

BJL: Put our boots on and go take care of business ourselves?

[Watkins chuckles, shaking his head.]

JW: Now, you know Henrietta would kill you before they even hit our music... and Betty would be less than thrilled watching her REALLY old man climbing in there again. No, I think our days are done in there, old friend... but...

[Watkins grins again.]

JW: You've got a little time before this wedding gets going, right?

[Lynch nods.]

JW: Alright, let's go grab one of Carver's six packs and I'll tell you what I'm thinking.

[And with a little slap on the back for Stegglet, Watkins leads his friend out of sight, leaving a puzzled Stegglet behind.]

MS: I wonder what that's all about. Fans, we'll be right back with more of the AWA's Tenth Anniversary Show on ESPN after this break!

[Fade to black...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Now in comes a voiceover.]

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

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

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

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

"The top AWA tag teams."

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

"The managers and announcers."

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

"The legends of the ring."

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

"Even the founders of the AWA."

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

"Plus, look for special inserts."

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

"Along with cards featuring event-used memorabilia."



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

"Autographed cards."

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

"Even dual autographed cards."

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

Cut back to Somers.]

HS: Now that one's a keeper.

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

DH: Cool... Hannibal Carver autographed card!

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

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

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

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

[We fade to black...

...and then to a still shot of Gordon Myers from the very first Saturday Night Wrestling with the words "GORDON MYERS APPRECIATION NIGHT" underneath the photo...

We cut to the members of Next Gen, Howie Somers and Daniel Harper. They are each dressed in a blue T-shirt with the words "NEXT GEN" across the front in white lettering and blue jeans. The AWA World tag team titles are strapped around their waists.]

DH: So, Gordon Myers, this is it, huh? Wow, I can't believe you've been doing this for 10 years and, now, we're not gonna have you at ringside for AWA any longer.

[Howie nudges his partner.]

HS: What was it about him that made him so good at his job, Daniel?

DH: Gosh, I guess it would be how he just gets so enthused about the matches. I mean, the way he talks up every move, every moment, everything that happens, it's like that kid inside him just comes out.

[Somers nods.]

HS: Well, what I always appreciated is his knowledge of the business. You and I, when we first came here, I don't know how much AWA fans knew about us. But he always did the research, talked with everyone who came here, got to know them and wanted to share those insights with the fans.

DH: Oh yeah, that was great, too. And then how he talked up our title win at SuperClash IX, the emotions he imagined we were feeling. I can't put it into words how much that meant.

HS: He's going to be a tough act to follow, that's for sure.

[Harper nods.]

DH: Well, I'm sure Sal will give it a go, but you're right. Gordon called the action and brought the insight like nobody else. I just hope he knows how much he's appreciated.

HS: I'm sure he does.

DH and HS: [together] Thanks for everything, Gordon! Enjoy retirement!

[And we fade from the shot of the World Tag Team Champions to...

...a panning shot of the sold out Superdome where AWA fans are still buzzing about the action they've already seen tonight and the promise of what's still to come.

The sirens sound as Nas' "Hero" signals the return of the AWA National Champion. The fans cheer like crazy as the camera shot zooms in on the entrance way as Jordan Ohara steps out onto stage. He throws his arms out, stretching out the wings on his ring jacket.]

GM: Oh my! It's the National Champion, Jordan Ohara, here on the Bayou... and if I understand correctly, he's got a special surprise right here tonight for the Phoenix Rises Open Challenge!

BW: Is it you? Are you challenging for the title in your last night on the headset?

[Gordon chuckles as Ohara looks down at the AWA National Championship strapped around his waist. He rubs the title affectionately and then points to the fans, nodding as he bounces down to the ring, excited for the moment.]

GM: It most certainly is NOT me but as this night has already proved, I think one thing's for sure - it could be just about ANYONE accepting that challenge tonight.

BW: Maybe Ohara's already got someone in mind.

[Ohara climbs into the ring, stepping up onto the second and top rope of the ringpost. He waves his arms up and down to the fans who wave back before he hops down to the mat, shrugging off his winged jacket. He gestures for a microphone from a ring attendant.]

JO: New Orleans! We're back out here again!

[Ohara grins as the crowd cheers for him.]

JO: It's time for the latest edition of the Phoenix Rises Open Challenge!

[Another big cheer goes up as Ohara nods.]

JO: And since this is the Tenth Anniversary of the AWA, I feel like doing something a little different tonight.

[Ohara gets a big grin on his face.]

JO: I feel like doing something special.

I feel like doing something historic.

[He pats the faceplate of the National Championship title.]

JO: This title right here is the very first AWA championship ever!

That means ten years ago when this promotion began... this was the title everybody was gunning for.

[Ohara nods as the fans cheer again.]

JO: And no disrespect to Supernova and his World Heavyweight Championship, but I want this title to still be the one everyone is gunning for.

[The Superdome fans cheer that statement.]

JO: That's why... week in and week out, I've been coming out here and giving people an opportunity. Legends like Robert Donovan. Up and comers like Sid Osborne. Even guys you think of as tag team wrestlers like Howie Somers. I want to face the best in the world now...

...and then.

[Ohara grins as the crowd starts to buzz, sensing what's coming.]

JO: This building tonight is overflowing with some of the best to ever do it. And what I want is one of them.

Tonight, this Phoenix Rises Open Challenge is open to the legends of the AWA.

Because I know... I KNOW... that one of them is watching that monitor thinking that they want the chance to wear this...

[He holds up the National Title to the camera.]

JO: ...around their waists.

[Ohara grins again as the fans cheer this idea.]

JO: So, for all those legends watching... tonight is your night.

You want this title?

[Ohara slaps the title back over his shoulder, giving it a pat.]

JO: Come out and take it from me!

[The Phoenix lowers the mic, waving a beckoning hand towards the locker room area, shouting "LET'S DO THIS!"]

GM: Well, that's a challenge! Jordan Ohara inviting the legends of the AWA here tonight for this Anniversary Show to walk that aisle... to come on down here and face him for the National Title.

BW: Gordo, you and I were back there earlier... we walked that locker room and saw a whole lot of old friends... and we know the kind of people who are back there who could come out here and-

[The opening keys of Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" begin to reverberate through the arena as the fans start to cheer in remembrance.]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

[Ohara tilts his head slightly out of curiosity when a tree trunk-sized arm emerges from the curtain cloaked in a black sleeve.]

The curtains part...

...and the crowd ERUPTS as the silhouette of a man who once held the title on Jordan Ohara's shoulder walks into view.]

GM: I can't believe I'm about to say this but... RON HOUSTON IS ANSWERING THE CHALLENGE!

[The Athens, Georgia Madman walks into full illumination now, looking down the aisle towards the ring. His steel blue eyes dart back and forth, an unbridled rage brimming to the surface as he digs his boots into the ground and scrapes them back, as if he's about to charge like a bull. Instead, he softens, his lips curling up into a smile through his stubbled blonde beard. He raises his arms above his head and soaks in the nostalgic cheers filling up the moment.]

GM: The New Orleans crowd can't believe their eyes and... wow! The second man to hold the AWA National Title is heading down that aisle towards the ring looking to wear that title once again!

[Houston produces a mic as he gets about halfway down the aisle, slowing his pace a little bit as he begins to speak.]

RH: Ya know... it's been awhile.

[The fans give the former National Champion a cheer of respect as he looks around wistfully, maybe thinking about old times.]

RH: Probably a bit too long.

[He nods to himself, drawing closer to the ring.]

RH: But... ah just so happened ta be in the area tonight.

[Houston chuckles.]

RH: Ah, who am ah kiddin'... wouldn't have missed this for the world.

[The crowd cheers again as Houston nods.]

RH: Ah was back there visitin' old friends and meetin' new ones... and ah happened ta be listenin' in the back a few moments ago..

[Houston's eyes drop from Ohara's to the National Championship draped over his shoulder as he nears the ring, starting to climb the ringsteps. He reaches the apron, looking over the ropes at a grinning Ohara.]

RH: Ya know, there was a time when ah was willing to - and DID - everything in mah power to get whatcha got there, kid.

Ah was the first person to ever get a crack at it. Me and Marcus, all those years ago.

Ah was the first man to TAKE IT from another man.

[He ducks through the ropes, nothing between he and the current champion now but empty space.]

His eyes narrow, crow's feet forming, a small reminder of how much time has passed]

RH: Carried it with pride, was mah pride and joy until.. circumstances crept in that took me from doing what ah love.

[He jabs a meaty index finger in the direction of Ohara's shoulder]

RH: Took me from THAT. Took me from mah place on the AWA's Mount Rushmore. And took me from all you good people here tonight.

[The crowd cheers the love being shown to them.]

RH: Ah know ah ain't got much left in the tank. There's a reason ah ain't out here anymore and ah'll be the first to admit that there's twenty guys in the back that could put mah shoulders to the mat for three seconds ninety nine out of a hundred nights.

Ah ain't stupid.

BUT.

[Houston steps closer to Ohara, stirring a reaction with his obvious intent.]

RH: On any given night...

[Houston grins as Ohara looks eager to get this going.]

RH: ...ah can still Fade any of ya.

[Houston looks around.]

RH: So.. Jordan. Ah accept your challenge. Maybe there's still a night in me to change my legacy.

[With that, the second ever National Champion drops the mic.]

GM: Wow! How about that, fans?! We've got ourselves a match! We've got ourselves a title match! Ron Houston versus Jordan Ohara for the AWA National Title... and yes, if you just tuned in, you heard me one hundred percent right - that's the second man to wear that title, Ron Houston, against the man who won the title for the second time at SuperClash, Jordan Ohara... and now these two will clash with the oldest AWA title at stake. I just can't believe it.

[We see Houston stretching his arms and chest, standing in blue jeans, cowboy boots as he yanks off a classic AWA logo t-shirt, tossing it aside as the Phoenix nods to the official now in the ring...]

GM: It's going to be one heck of a-

[...and suddenly, another song starts up over the PA system, causing the crowd to ROAR in excitement!

It's "Super Bon Bon" by Soul Coughing.

Which means the only man to hold the National Title before Ron Houston is coming.]

GM: WHAT?!

BW: I love this night.

[All eyes turn in the cheering crowd towards the entrance... even the surprised face of Jordan Ohara and the grinning face of Ron Houston... and the very first AWA National Champion, Marcus Broussard, walks into view to a thunderous reaction!]

GM: The first AWA National Champion! The San Jose Shark! The Head Trainer at the Combat Corner! Marcus Broussard has arrived here in New Orleans and...

[Wearing a pair of black athletic pants with a white vertical stripe and a "PROPERTY OF COMBAT CORNER" black and white camo t-shirt, a smirking Broussard pauses on the entrance ramp, spreading his arms to soak up the cheers of the crowd. The camera closes on him as he grins towards it.]

"It's good to be home."

[And with that, Broussard starts to make his way down the aisle as Ohara looks questioningly in his direction.]

GM: Marcus Broussard - we knew the Shark was here tonight as an AWA employee but I didn't expect to see him on camera but here he is and he's heading to the ring. One of the first men to sign with the AWA over ten years ago has arrived here at the Superdome to celebrate this big night of action.

[Reaching the ring, Broussard walks up the ringsteps, wiping off his shoes on the ring apron before ducking through the ropes...

...and insistently sticking out a hand towards Ron Houston who chuckles before handing over the mic he was using.]

MB: Ron Houston...

[The crowd cheers at Houston looking across the ring at Broussard.]

MB: ...I always knew someday you'd come walking back through my door.

[There's a chuckle of recognition throughout the crowd.]

MB: But seriously... this is a big moment. The first two men to wear the AWA National Title in the ring together... it's like a class reunion...

[Broussard looks around.]

MB: Anyone got a camera?

[Broussard waves Houston over, standing in fighting poses alongside one another as a ringside cameraman gets a few shots in. With a nod, Broussard waves a hand as Houston steps away.]

MB: The AWA's Tenth Anniversary Show!

[The crowd cheers!]

MB: A popular question around New Orleans this week for all us old-timers has been... "did you ever think we'd be here tonight celebrating ten years of AWA action?"

My answer is different than the others.

"Yes, I always knew we'd be here."

[Broussard smiles at the crowd cheering that.]

MB: And "I thought I'd be in the Main Event fighting for the title."

[Broussard's smile fades, looking a little sad.]

MB: I was the man the AWA was designed to be built around.

Not Stevie Scott. Not Juan Vasquez. Not Ryan Martinez or Supreme Wright.

Me.

Marcus Broussard.

The San Jose Shark.

The man who was the first National Champion.

[Broussard nods as the crowd cheers.]

MB: Now, as someone once said, this sport of ours... it ain't ballet.

It's a tough business... and as two of the men in this ring tonight can tell you, injuries happen... and sometimes it's a tweak of an ankle that takes you out for a few shows... and sometimes it's a bad arm that takes you from National Champion to a punchline and a guy who gets tagged as injury prone...

[Broussard points to Houston who reflexively grabs at his sleeved arm.]

MB: ...and sometimes it's a piledriver in the hands of a ruthless son of a bitch that busts up your neck and makes you never the same man in this ring again.

This sport gave me my life... and this sport took it away from me... and...

[He gestures to his shirt.]

MB: ...and gave me a new one.

[The crowd cheers as Broussard nods.]

MB: But I'm not here to cry about what could have been...

[Broussard slowly grins.]

MB: ...I'm here to talk about what could still be.

[And on cue, he slowly turns towards Jordan Ohara.]

MB: Oh, Jordan... I apologize... I forgot you were there.

[Ohara smirks, shaking his head.]

MB: But don't go anywhere, pal... because this next part involves you.

[Broussard steps closer to the Phoenix.]

MB: Because as much as I know that the 80,000+ people in this stadium tonight want to see Jordan Ohara versus Ron Houston for the National Title... and I know that the millions of people at home tonight watching want to see Jordan Ohara versus Ron Houston for the National Title...

[Broussard steps a little closer to within arm's reach now.]

MB: ...I know something they want to see just a little bit more.

[The crowd ROARS as they know what comes next.]

MB: That's right. You hear that, Phoenix? The match that these people REALLY want to see right here... right now with the whole world watching...

...is Ron Houston...

[He points to his former rival to a big cheer.]

MB: ...versus Jordan Ohara...

[He taps a finger on the chest of the Phoenix.]

MB: ...versus MARCUS BROUSSARD...

[The crowd EXPLODES in cheers again!]

MB: ...FOR THAT!

[And he stabs the finger into the title belt he once held ten years prior for emphasis. Ohara grins, nodding his head.]

MB: Well, how about that, junior? From that grin on your face, I think you might want to see it too.

[Ohara holds up the title shouting "HELL YES!" Broussard grins, tossing the mic aside as he yanks off the Combat Corner t-shirt, tossing it aside and taking his own corner as the referee steps to the middle of the ring.]

GM: Well, this is an unexpected surprise and if we're going out tonight, Bucky, now at least we're going out with two competitors we've known a long, long time as Ron Houston and Marcus Broussard get their shot to regain the National Title they held so long ago.

BW: Never thought you'd say that again, did you?

GM: Absolutely not. And we're being told now by Interim President Zharkov that this match will be conducted under Sudden Death rules. Much like we saw back at SuperClash, it'll be the first fall wins in this one as well and that puts added pressure on Jordan Ohara to defend his crown.

BW: He's a three count away from losing the gold and he doesn't even have to be the one getting pinned. The risk to his reign has never been greater than it is right now in this one, Gordo.

[As referee Andy Dawson signals for the bell...]



"DING! DING! DING!"

[...a grinning Jordan Ohara steps back to a corner, gesturing for Houston and Broussard to come together. The crowd ROARS at the idea of the long-awaited rematch as Ohara takes a seat on the top turnbuckle, looking on like one of the fans in the crowd.]

GM: And we're wasting no time here. Jordan Ohara wants to see these two AWA legends square off and so do these fans...

BW: Me too if we're being honest.

GM: Count me in, old friend.

[Broussard and Houston look around at the roaring crowd, nodding their heads in appreciation.]

GM: Remember, both these men with a history of injuries that you'd imagine no time away from the ring will ever truly heal. We know that's true in the case of the San Jose Shark who suffered that piledriver at the hands of "Hotshot" Stevie Scott back in the day that effectively ended Broussard's career except for a few one-offs over the years. Even if he wins the title here tonight, Bucky, I'm not sure he could get medically cleared to defend it on a regular basis.

BW: Well, that's a problem for tomorrow and one you don't have to worry about 'cause you're outta here, old timer!

[Gordon chuckles as Broussard and Houston step to the middle of the ring, squaring off with the Superdome crowd going wild.]

GM: One more time, it's the San Jose Shark and the Madman from Athens, Georgia with the AWA National Title hanging in the balance!

[There's a little bit of talking going on off-mic, Broussard with a smirk on his face as he initiates it. Houston nods, taking it all in stride until he suddenly lashes out with a right hand that the San Jose Shark was anticipating, ducking under and snatching a rear waistlock on his old rival...]

BW: Was it something he said?

GM: Time has taken something from both of these men but you'd never know it with the speed in which Broussard gets that waistlock... Houston looking for a way out of it...

[But Broussard suddenly lets go and leans down, hooking the ankles and tripping Houston, putting him facefirst down on the mat to cheers.]

GM: Nice takedown by the San Jose Shark - the first man by the way to wear that National Title currently around the waist of the Phoenix, Jordan Ohara. Broussard won that title on May 24th, 2008 by defeating Mark Shaw in the finals of a tournament at the first Memorial Day Mayhem in Ft. Worth, Texas...

[Broussard slithers up the back of the downed Georgian, snatching a side headlock on him on the canvas.]

GM: ...and he'd hold the title for just about two months before Ron Houston took it off him on July 19th of the same year on Saturday Night Wrestling in the WKIK Studios in Dallas, Texas...

[Houston struggles to escape the hold as Broussard cranks it on him.]

GM: ...and after Houston dropped the title to Kolya Sudakov that October, neither of these men would ever wear AWA championship gold again.

[Battling up to his feet still hooked in the headlock, Houston wraps his arms around the torso of his old rival as he backs him into the ropes, shoving him off across the ring...]

GM: Houston gets free, tossing the Shark across the ring...

[A big clothesline comes swinging for Broussard but the wily veteran ducks underneath it, hitting the far ropes...

...and runs headlong into a big shoulder tackle from Houston that knocks him off his feet to cheers from the crowd... and from Jordan Ohara who claps enthusiastically from his better-than-front-row seat on the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Down goes the San Jose Shark off that tackle... and both these fans and Jordan Ohara enjoyed that.

BW: A smart move from Ohara here. Getting these two to beat the heck out of each other while he stands back and watches.

GM: You have to wonder how long that'll last... and as Ron Houston turns to glare at Ohara, I have to imagine not very long.

[Houston raises an arm, pointing at Ohara and welcoming him into the mix as Broussard tries to recover down on the mat. With a grin, Ohara hops high into the air, landing on his feet as he looks across at a waiting Ron Houston.]

GM: And as big of a fan of professional wrestling as Jordan Ohara is, you know he's excited for this, Bucky.

BW: He'd better get that goofy grin off his face before Houston knocks it off.

[Ohara points to Houston, looking to the fans who cheer the former AWA National Champion as Ohara claps again, turning his back to urge them to get louder...

...which is when the ever-crafty San Jose Shark scoops Houston into a schoolboy rollup, pinning his shoulders to the canvas!]

GM: ROLLUP FROM BEHIND! ONE! TWO! TH-

[A diving Ohara throws himself onto the pile in a fit of desperation, breaking up the cover JUST in time!]

GM: He saved the title!

BW: Barely!

GM: Broussard was always known for top notch cradles and pinning situations and right there, that skill almost won him the National Title nearly ten years after he held it the first time.

[Broussard rolls to a knee, a huge grin on his face as he holds his fingers up an inch apart - "that close, Phoenix... that close." Ohara somehow smiles as well, nodding his head as he gets back to his feet with the San Jose Shark who gestures to his waist, making the universal "belt gesture."]

GM: Broussard letting Ohara know how close he came to taking the title right there... and it strikes me, Bucky, that Marcus Broussard may not have the level of ring rust that Ron Houston does. Broussard is still Head Trainer down at the Combat Corner so he spends time every week in the ring competing with the best young talent on the planet. Ron Houston on the other hand is essentially in retirement with occasionally working a big indy show for a payday and sometimes an international tour. He's likely to be a little more rusty and out of ring shape than the San Jose Shark is.

BW: It's a good point, Gordo... but we know Houston's got some powerful weapons in his arsenal and even one of them landing could spell the end of either guy's night in a hurry.

GM: And a good point right back at you, my friend, as it now looks like it'll be Ohara squaring off with Broussard... and this should be an interesting showdown of technical skills.

[Broussard and Ohara circle for a few moments before coming together in a lockup in the middle of the ring, fighting for an edge as Houston recovers on the outside from the near miss.]

GM: Back and forth with this tieup, who is going to get the advantage?

[Ohara deftly snatches the wrist of Broussard, twisting it around into an armwringer...]

GM: And it's the Phoenix - who was the 13th man to wear that title that he now holds for the second time, defeating Maxim Zharkov on July 4th, 2017... but only holding it for mere moments before Jackson Hunter cashed in Steal The Spotlight and stole the gold - who gets the edge, cranking on that arm...

[...but the San Jose Shark quickly front rolls through the pressure, twisting the arm around into an armwringer of his own...]

GM: ...and Broussard reverses the hold! The sweet science of the San Jose Shark pays off there, reversing that hold like it's 2008 and he's the biggest star in wrestling.

[Ohara grimaces, grabbing at his shoulder as Broussard torques the limb a little bit more...]

GM: Broussard working the arm - a strategy that Ohara often uses in his own matches...

[...and then echoes Broussard's own escape, rolling out of the pressure and reversing the hold.]

GM: ...and now it's Ohara who returns the favor, retaking the advantage, twisting that arm... whoa! Broussard quickly with another revers- oh my! Ohara with another one of his own!

[The crowd is cheering the rapid exchange of reversals as Ohara ends up holding the wristlock, cranking the arm as Broussard grimaces in pain...]

...and then points to Ron Houston on the apron, shouting "LOOK OUT!" as the official wheels around to spot to Athens, Georgia Madman...]

GM: Houston on the apron and-

[...and with a handful of hair, Broussard yanks the National Champion off his feet and down to the mat. The crowd actually cheers the (mild) rulebreaking as Broussard grins and Ohara grimaces down on the mat.]

GM: Well, some things never change, I suppose.

[Bucky can be heard chuckling as Broussard grins at Ohara who actually gets a slight smile of his own as he starts to get to a knee...

...which is when Broussard finds himself swung around by the shoulder and POPPED on the jaw with a looping haymaker from Ron Houston!]

GM: Big right hand by Houston! Make it two!

[A third blow sends Broussard staggering back against the ropes as Houston winds up again, spitting on his hand as he does...

...but as he throws this one, Broussard goes down, tugging the top rope down with him, sending Houston tumbling over the ropes to the outside!]

GM: Ohh! Houston goes over the top to the outside, leaving Ohara and Broussard in there and-

[Ohara rushes forward, snatching Broussard around the waist, bumping him into the ropes as he rolls backwards into a rolling reverse cradle...]

GM: Ohara with a rollup of his own gets one! He gets two! He gets th- ohhh! And this time, it's Broussard who just barely gets out of that pin attempt in time!

[Broussard scrambles to his knee as Ohara retakes his feet and holds up his fingers an inch apart... "that close, Shark" as Broussard looks up at him to cheers from the AWA faithful.]

GM: It was indeed that close, Bucky.

BW: Sure was. Ohara almost caught him with own weapon.

[Ohara is grinning as Broussard climbs to his feet, a smirk on his face, looking across at his opponent. The first National Champion steps closer, staring into the eyes of Ohara...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE SLAPPED HIM!

[Ohara falls backwards, grabbing at his own face...

...and then suddenly lunges towards him as Broussard sidesteps, shoving Ohara into the ropes, sending him bouncing back...]

GM: Ohara off the ropes and-

[The Phoenix leaps into the air, knocking Broussard flat with a crossbody.]

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

[Broussard kicks out, sending Ohara flying off, scrambling back to his feet and dashing to the ropes...]

GM: Ohara picking up the pace, this is the style of match that works well for him.  
Coming off the ropes... up and over Broussard...

[...and hits the far ropes, bouncing back towards the San Jose Shark who comes up with his arms outstretched, hooking a bodylock on the champion!]

GM: BELLY TO-

[The crowd groans as Ohara wriggles free from Broussard's belly-to-belly suplex attempt and then bails to the outside for a moment, looking a little startled. Broussard grins, doing the "that close" gesture again...

...which gets cut short as Ron Houston comes up behind the Shark again, swinging him around and up into a fireman's carry!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP! HOUSTON LOOKING TO END IT NOW!

[But Broussard slips out the back door, ending up on his feet behind Houston who he promptly wraps up in a waistlock...]

GM: Broussard avoids the Fade To Black and is looking for a German!

[...but the San Jose Shark struggles to get the larger opponent off the mat and over his head. Houston holds his ground, blocking the lift before swinging an arm back, his elbow smacking into the side of Broussard's head once... twice... and as a third one breaks the hold, Houston lumbers into the ropes...]

GM: Houston breaks free... to the ropes!

[...and bounces back with a thunderous clothesline that puts Broussard down on the mat where he promptly rolls under the ropes to the outside, grabbing at his neck!]

BW: Uh oh... he's favoring the neck, Gordo... that's what put him on the injured list for good!

GM: Broussard looking for a breather on the outside but Ron Houston wants no part of that and he's going out after him!

[Out on the floor, Houston grabs the rising Broussard by the hair, smashing his face down into the ring apron!]

GM: Driving his old rival's face into the apron!

[Broussard leans against the apron, still grabbing the back of his neck as Houston snatches a grip on his arm, sending him towards the railing...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"  
"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

GM: WHIPPED INTO THE STEEL!

BW: And if anyone thought these two might take it a little easy out there because it's been a decade since they were regularly in the ring, you'd be very, very wrong! No punches pulled in this one!

[Houston goes rushing after Broussard and connects with a big clothesline, slamming into the San Jose Shark with enough force that both men go tumbling over the railing into the front row of ringside, sending New Orleans fans scrambling out of the way!]

GM: INTO THE CROWD?! ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

[With the two former National Champions laid out in the front row and the fans roaring for the action so far, we see Jordan Ohara slide back into the ring on the far side, leaning against the ropes...]

GM: Ohara's back in - no countouts in this one though so he's gotta get one of them back in to finish them off and keep his title.

[...and as Houston regains his feet, pulling Broussard up with him, Jordan Ohara goes charging across the ring, leaping up to the top rope...]

GM: OHHHHHH MYYYYY STARRRRRRRS!

[...and HURLS himself into the air with a breathtaking crossbody that sends Ohara over the ringside railing and down onto both Houston and Broussard in the crowd! The crowd ERUPTS for the death-defying dive!]

GM: JORDAN OHARA PUTTING IT ALL ON THE LINE TONIGHT!

[Ohara climbs to his feet, throwing his arms into the air to a HUUUUUGE ROAR from the AWA faithful as the Phoenix celebrates his highlight reel dive to the outside. He leans down, pulling Houston off the floor and tossing him back over the railing into the ringside area.]

GM: The National Champion looking to take advantage, rolling Houston back in...

[And with Houston back inside the ring, Ohara climbs up on the apron and starts to climb...]

GM: ...and he's going up top again! The Phoenix is looking to fly!

[Ohara quickly gets to the top rope, standing tall as he sees Houston struggling to get to his feet...]

GM: Houston's trying to get up, Ohara's there waiting for him!

[...and the Phoenix leaps into the air for a crossbody!]

GM: PHOENIX FLAME.. CAUGHT!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of the powerful Houston catching Ohara in mid-attack, holding him across his chest...]

...and then pops him up, catching him on his shoulders...]

GM: OH MY! HOUSTON'S GOT HIM UP! HE'S GOT HIM-

[...and with a quick spin, Houston HURLS Ohara into the air, sending him spinning before crashing facefirst down to the mat!]

GM: -FADE TO BLACK! HOUSTON DROPS HIM! HOUSTON COVERS! HOUSTON FOR THE TITLE!

[With Ohara down, Houston hooks a leg as the official drops down to count.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Marcus Broussard hurls himself across the ring, smashing down on Houston's back to break up the pin!]

GM: AND BROUSSARD SAVES OHARA'S TITLE!

BW: Gordo, it's 2018 and we were a HEARTBEAT away from Ron Houston being the National Champion! This is wild!

[Broussard quickly regains his feet, pulling Houston up with him and tossing his old rival through the ropes to the outside.]

GM: Houston tossed to the outside - and now Broussard's going to try to pick the bones!

[The San Jose Shark pulls Ohara off the mat, tossing him to the corner, charging in after him with a running back elbow...]

GM: Ohhh! Big elbow in the corner!

[...and hooks the back of Ohara's head, delivering European uppercut after uppercut to the jaw of the National Champion, snapping his head back over and over again!]

GM: Broussard's got him in trouble! Ohara's still reeling from that Fade To Black that Houston hit him with and this could be the San Jose Shark's moment! Looking to regain that title nearly ten years after he won it!

[A snap mare flips Ohara out of the corner, putting him down in a seated position where the former champion flips over him in a somersault, snapping the neck of Ohara down!]

GM: Rolling neck snap! Broussard with a cover!

[The count slaps down once... then twice... before Ohara kicks out.]

GM: The Phoenix survives, two count only!

[Broussard quickly gets up, throwing a look to see where Houston is standing. Seeing him on the outside, the Shark moves back in on Ohara, dragging him to his feet and quickly hooking a waistlock...]

GM: Broussard hooks him!

[...but a desperate Ohara starts snapping his elbow back into the side of the head, trying to get free...]

GM: Ohara trying to fight his way out of this!

[...and Broussard shifts his attack, hammering his forearm down into the back of Ohara's neck repeatedly...]

GM: Broussard clubbing away, softening up the neck!

[...and reapplying the waistlock, Broussard rushes forward, smashing his foe into the turnbuckles, looking to roll him back out but Ohara hooks the turnbuckles, staying in the corner...]

GM: Ohara catches himself in the corner, leaps to the middle rope!

[...and blindly leaps backwards, twisting around...]

GM: CROSSBODY!

[...but as Ohara connects, Broussard rolls through, using Ohara's own momentum to roll him into a cradle on the canvas!]

GM: ONNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO! THREEEEEE-

[The crowd "ooooohs" as Ohara narrowly escapes again!]

GM: Another near fall for the champion, desperately trying to hang onto his title in this special Phoenix Rises Open Challenge here on the Anniversary Show!

BW: You have to wonder if Ohara thought maybe this would be just a fun nostalgia moment for the fans but now he's in a fight, Gordo!

GM: He sure is. Battling two of the earliest AWA superstars in a desperate attempt to keep the title around his waist!

[The two men scramble up, each trying to get the advantage first. Ohara goes into a spin, throwing a roundhouse kick...]

GM: Spinning kick and-

[...but Broussard catches the leg, hooking it under his arm, leaping up to drag Ohara down to the canvas!]

GM: SOCAL CLUTCH! THE HEEL HOOK LOCKED IN!

[Ohara cries out, grimacing in pain as Broussard tries to force a submission to regain the original AWA championship...]

GM: Broussard's got this hold sunk in deep! Ohara's in trouble, fans! The National Title is in trouble! Could we be seeing one of the most unlikely results in AWA history here?! Could Marcus Broussard make history and set the mother of all records for the amount of time between title wins?!

[The referee is right there as Ohara screams in pain, lifting his right hand...]

GM: He's gonna tap! Ohara's gonna tap!

BW: WE GOIN' SIZZLAH!?

[...and then bites his own hand, grunting in pain as he tries to hang on!]

GM: Ohara's hanging on, fighting the pain! He knows he's in trouble!

[But before Ohara can give up the title, Ron Houston saves him the choice by dropping a leg down across the chest of Broussard, forcing the San Jose Shark to break the hold!]

GM: And now it's Houston saving Ohara! Saving the title for himself!

[Houston quickly regains his feet, watching Ohara drag himself to the side of the ring, grabbing at his leg as the Athens, Georgia Madman grabs Broussard, dragging him off the mat...]

GM: Houston's focusing on Broussard, seeing if he can finish off his old rival...

[The six foot seven inch Houston ducks low, muscling the San Jose Shark up across his shoulders in a fireman's carry...]



GM: ...and he's got him up! Out in the middle of the ring! Can he do it?! Can he hit the Fade To Black and regain the National Title?!

[...but Broussard slips out again, delivering a two-handed shove into the back of Houston, sending him pitching forward...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

[...into a recovering Ohara who ROCKS him with a spinning roundhouse, sinking to his knee as he cries out in pain, clutching his own leg as Houston staggers back into a Broussard waistlock...]

GM: GERMAN! GERMAN! COULD WE HAVE A NEW CHAMPION?!

[The crowd counts along with the official!]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEEE-"

[But the count is broken up by a leaping Ohara, driving both feet down into the chest of Broussard, knocking down his bridge!]

GM: DOUBLE STOMMMMP!

[Ohara again falls to the mat, grabbing at his ankle in pain!]

GM: Ohara grabbing the leg... what kind of damage was done by the San Jose Shark with one of his signature submission holds?

[Ohara grits his teeth, throwing himself across the prone Broussard, wrapping up a leg...]

GM: COVER FOR ONE! FOR TWO! FOR TH-

[...and the crowd ROARS again as a diving Ron Houston breaks up the pin this time!]

GM: NOOOO! HOUSTON WITH THE DIVING SAVE! The title hanging in the balance and right now, I've got no idea which way this one is going, Bucky!

BW: I hear ya, Gordo! I don't know if we're getting a glimpse of the future or a blast from the past!

[Houston grabs Ohara by the hair, hurling him through the ropes to the outside of the ring before turning back to the downed Broussard...]

GM: Houston clears out Ohara, looking to finish this!

[...and hoists him up onto his shoulders again!]

GM: He's got him up! He's got Broussard up!

[But Ohara comes back in, limping towards Houston...]

...who ducks down and somehow manages to get Ohara up on his shoulders as well!]

BW: WHAT?! WHAT?!

[The crowd is ROARING on their feet as Houston steps to center ring, holding both of his opponents aloft, looking out on the sold out Superdome!]

GM: HOUSTON'S GOT 'EM BOTH UP!

[Houston shifts slightly, not able to get a full spin in before shoving them off his shoulders...

...and down facefirst to the mat with a double Fade To Black!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE PUTS 'EM BOTH DOWN! A DOUBLE FADE TO BLACK!

[Dropping to his knees, Houston dives across the prone Ohara, hooking a leg...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THR-

[...and Ohara fires a shoulder up off the mat in the nick of time!]

GM: NO! OUT AT TWO!

[A shocked Houston does a doubletake at the resilient Ohara...

...and then pivots to dive across Broussard, shouting "COUNT HIM!" at the official who obliges...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

[...and Broussard's shoulder shoots up off the mat as well!]

GM: NOOOOO! TWO COUNT ONLY!

BW: He hit 'em BOTH with Fade To Black but he STILL can't get it done. Kickout from Ohara, kickout from Broussard... and the match continues with the National Title hanging in the balance!

GM: Sudden Death rules... first fall wins... and Ron Houston's looking for it to be him.

[The big man pulls Broussard off the canvas, grabbing the San Jose Shark by the arm and tucking it behind his head...]

GM: And if the Fade To Black won't get the job done, perhaps that Pulse Killer heart punch will! Houston rears back and-

[...but as Houston throws the heart punch aimed at Broussard's chest, the first National Champion sidesteps to avoid it, catching the arm as it goes by...]

GM: Broussard is-

[The crowd ROARS!]

GM: FUJIWARA! FUJIWARA! BROUSSARD DRAGS HIM DOWN!

[The fans in New Orleans are on their feet once more as Broussard cranks back on the arm, Houston screaming in pain!]

GM: Ron Houston's got a history of arm injuries and you better believe that Marcus Broussard knows that! Trying to wrench a submission out of Houston and put that title around his waist!

BW: Ohara's gotta get back in this!

GM: The title is at risk and he doesn't have to be involved in the decision to lose it!

[Ohara pushes up to all fours, grimacing as he shakes out his leg, looking across where Broussard is cranking back on Houston's trapped arm!]

GM: The hold taught to Broussard by the master of it - the Hall of Famer, Jeff Matthews who is on the shelf here in the AWA due to injuries suffered at the hands of Odysseus Allah... our best wishes to the Madfox... but his hold is being put to expert use by the very first National Champion!

[Broussard plants his feet, bridging up for even more pressure as Houston screams in pain, his free arm in the air...]

GM: He's gonna tap! He's gonna give it up!

[...but a diving Ohara grabs the arm of Houston before crashing on top of Broussard to break up the hold! The crowd buzzes at the near submission as Ohara grimaces down on the mat from the effort involved!]

GM: Ohara saves his title! Oh my... this one is wearing me out and I'm not even in there, Bucky.

BW: What a way to go out, huh?

GM: It's been a tremendous night of action and we're nowhere near the end as the AWA celebrates its Ten Year Anniversary here in the sold out Superdome with the whole world watching on ESPN - a far cry from where we started a decade ago in the WKIK Studios in downtown Dallas.

[Wincing as he retakes his feet, Ohara pulls Broussard up with him, lashing out with a knife edge chop... and another... and another that sends Broussard staggering back into the corner...]

GM: Ohara chops him to the corner, you can see him favoring that ankle as he tries to follow him in...

[With a grunt of pain, Ohara steps up on the middle rope, lashing out with downward chops to the head of the San Jose Shark as the crowd counts along...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

[And Ron Houston rises off the mat in the background, grimacing as he rubs his oft-injured arm that Broussard just tortured in the Fujiwara.]

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

[And a big clubbing blow across the back sends Ohara pitching forward, grabbing the ropes to prevent a fall to the floor.]

GM: Whoa, whoa! Look out!

[With Ohara dangling over the ropes, Houston grabs Broussard by the hair, guiding him from the corner to the middle of the ring. He ducks down again, lifting his longtime rival up into a fireman's carry...

...and cries out, grabbing his arm as he's forced to let Broussard slip off his shoulders behind him...]

GM: He couldn't get him there!

[...and Broussard swings Houston around by the injured arm, reaching out to secure a bodylock...]

GM: HE HOOKS HIM!

[...lifting and twisting, Broussard gets Houston into the air before DRIVING him down with his signature belly-to-belly suplex!]

GM: HE GOT HIM! HE GOT HIM! GOING FOR THE TITLE!

[And as Broussard hooks a leg, the referee dives to the mat to count...

...and Jordan Ohara steadies himself, stepping to the top rope, delicately balanced...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO!

[...and LEAPS from his perch, pumping his arms and legs...]

GM: THREEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and CRASHES down on the exposed back of Broussard with the Phoenix Flame!]

GM: PHOENIX FLAME CONNECTS!

[He shoves Broussard off of Houston, sending him rolling away before diving back down on top of the Athens, Georgia Madman!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: OHARA GETS THE WIN!

[A weary Ohara rolls to the side, throwing a triumphant arm into the air - a definite look of relief on his face as the ring announcer makes it official.]

RO: Your winner of the match and STILL AWA National Champion...

....JORRRRRRRDAAAAAN OOOOOOOHAAAARAAAAA!

[The crowd cheers for the victory as Ohara sits up on the mat, breathing heavily as the referee hands the title over to him. He accepts it, taking a long look at it before planting a kiss on the face of it.]

GM: A very special win there for the Phoenix who took on the past of the AWA, defeating the first two men to wear that cherished championship... and cementing himself as both the present and the future of this company and this industry!

[Ohara grimaces as he regains his feet, holding the title belt aloft to cheers from the 80,000+ in the Superdome. He throws a look over at Marcus Broussard who has propped himself up on an elbow, looking over at the defeated Houston with a disappointed look on his face.]

GM: Both of these legends of the AWA - Marcus Broussard and Ron Houston - came forward tonight in unexpected fashion and gave it their all... their very all... but in the end, the Phoenix was just a little better on this night. Jordan Ohara retains the National Title in the latest of his Phoenix Rises Open Challenge and... wow. What a moment for us all, Bucky.

BW: I wanted to go to Sizzler.

GM: Maybe the Phoenix will take you.

[Ohara steps across the ring, first to the downed Broussard and extends a hand. The San Jose Shark looks up at him, unmoving for a few moments... and then accepts the hand up, getting lifted to his feet and into an embrace with the National Champion.]

GM: A great show of sportsmanship there between the first man to wear that National Title and the current man to wear it.

[Together, Ohara and Broussard walk over to Houston who is still shaken up from the Phoenix Flame. They each lower a hand to him, helping the big man back to his feet and into another embrace - first with Ohara and then with his former rival. Ohara steps back, setting the title belt down on the mat for a moment as he lifts both men's arms over their heads, standing between them as the Superdome crowd rises into a standing ovation for the trio.]

GM: A tremendous match. A tremendous moment... and this is the kind of memory that will never fade for me, Bucky.

BW: I'm right there with you, Gordo. I'm not the biggest Jordan Ohara fan but this was a great thing to be a part of.

GM: Ohara takes the win over two legends of the AWA, fans... and his effort to be the greatest National Champion of all time continues right here on ESPN.

[As the crowd salutes the trio in the ring, we fade...

...and with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we cut to a shot of the AWA World Heavyweight Champion Supernova. He is now dressed in his wrestling attire -- a black singlet with the image of a yellow and orange, exploding star on the front and

black tights. He is sitting in a chair lacing up his black wrestling boots. His trenchcoat, shades and the AWA World Title belt rest on another chair nearby.

As he finishes lacing his boots, somebody's voice is heard.]

"Hey, Supernova, you got a minute?"

[Supernova looks up, then gets to his feet as "The White Knight" Ryan Martinez approaches him.]

RM: I just want to say thank you.

I didn't see it when it happened, but I caught footage of you helping my father out there. I really appreciate it.

So again, thank you.

[Nova looks up with a nod.]

S: Hey, no problem. You know I always respected Alex. Besides, I wasn't going to watch the likes of James Lynch and Atlas Armstrong gang up on anybody, especially after what went down the last time I crossed paths with those two.

RM: You're right. And I should've been there.

I was just dealing with...

[Martinez waves in the direction of off camera and rolls his eyes.]

RM: ...other stuff.

[Nova rises, nodding again.]

S: I get it, Ryan. Believe me, there was a time when I wasn't sure who I could trust. I might have done the same thing. But I trust you'll get things straightened out with Derrick. After all, you and I weren't exactly sure what to think of each other after that whole fiasco that James Lynch orchestrated. But you eventually realized you'd been fooled and I eventually realized that I was hard on a lot of people I considered friends. I mean, we're here right now, talking to each other and know that we'll have each other's backs when the situation calls for that.

[Martinez smiles.]

RM: That means a lot.

And despite everything else, if you need me out there tonight, I'll be there, all you have to do is ask.

[Nova reaches out, putting a hand on the White Knight's shoulder.]

S: Hey, Ryan, don't worry about it. Your father might not be as young as he used to be, but he can still kick ass and take names. I trust him to have my back tonight, to make sure Westerly's men don't take advantage of anything. You go ahead and take care of whatever it is you need to address. Alex and I will be ready for James, Atlas or anyone else.

[Ryan nods.]

RM: That sounds good. I know you both can take care of yourself. So thanks, I owe you one.

[Nova slaps him on the shoulder.]

S: [slight smile] I appreciate that. And after all that you did for the AWA the past year, I owe you the same.

[He extends his hand to Martinez, who firmly grasps it.]

RM: Good luck out there, champ.

[Supernova gives a nod as we get another flash of the ACCESS logo before 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...

And we fade back up to find an engagement photo style shot of Supreme Wright and Theresa Lynch standing on a boardwalk, overlooking the water as we hear a few notes from the Wedding March along with a graphic reading "Messages For The Happy Couple" in a flowery scripty font with an additional "Presented by Disney Fairy Tale Weddings."

And as the graphic disappears... fade to vertical video shot at arm's length – Ricki Toughill is on the road somewhere and sending in a message taped presumably earlier in the day.]

RT: Uhhhh, hey! Ricki here. Again, sorry I'm not able to join the wedding party, Theresa. By the time this airs, you and I are probably going to both be the most anxious we've ever been in our lives, getting ready for what could be the happiest, most triumphant moments in our lives.

[She brightens up, showing off her slightly broken front teeth.]

RT: But! I do promise to still make a spectacle of myself at the reception later. And I promise I will not make it as awkward as I made your stagette.

[Her eyes shift back and forth guiltily.]

RT: I, uh... realize in retrospect that the crowd you run with may not have been into shotgunning PBRs, so I'm sorry about the mess. And I'm really sorry that I offended your high school friend Madison with the joke about the penguin and the mechanic. But... I was just trying to get her to be less... uptight? I guess? Anyway...

[She kisses her fingertips and waves them at the camera.]

RT: Love ya, lady! I'll see ya at the dance!

[And with that, we fade away from the greeting to the happy couple...

...and go to a live shot backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing at the ready.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, what a show this has been! My goodness, if you're just tuning in I suggest you watch the full show tomorrow on Hulu! Already we've seen the return of Alex Martinez and his confrontation with Veronica Westerly, Atlas Armstrong and James Lynch. We've seen chaos between Ryan Martinez and "The Future" Derrick Williams. We saw a rematch of the very first AWA televised match ever as Kerry Kendrick took on Buddy Lambert... an actual matchup between Jordan Ohara, Ron Houston, and Marcus Broussard... Tumaffi versus Max Magnum... and so much more.

My guest this week was here live when it all started. And he is still here as we look to the future and beyond. He is the Sensational One... Shadoe Rage!

[Shadoe Rage emerges stage left with his back to the camera. He has a duffel bag slung over his shoulder. He is garbed in his hooded cape, muscular arms exposed. His thick mane of dreadlocks are left wild and free. Rage hits a rear double biceps pose before he turns to face the camera. His eyes are hidden behind fuchsia tortoise shell sunglasses. Rage leans in close to Sweet Lou Blackwell, his tongue flickering back and forth.]

SLB: Shadoe Rage, can you believe it's been ten years since you first walked through the doors of the AWA?

SR: Unbelievable! Unbelievably unbelievable! Things have certainly changed since I started running around here challenging any and everybody to a match with money on the line!

SLB: I wasn't here then but I was shocked nobody took you up on that offer.

[Rage shrugs his muscular shoulders.]



SR: Different times and I was a different man. I admit, I didn't have what it took for the AWA then. I had a cup of coffee in what was going to be the new big time. Thankfully, they saw fit let me come back and it's been nothing but up ever since for the career of Shadoc Rage!

[Blackwell smiles with a nod.]

SLB: It certainly has been an upward trajectory for you. I might conjecture that without your help the AWA might not be celebrating this Tenth Anniversary here tonight...not in anything resembling this show anyways... if it weren't for your actions back at SuperClash.

[Rage grunts, shaking his head in exaggerated fashion.]

SR: No way! No way was I going to let something like that happen! Yeah, I understand that Shadoc Rage is a confusing man and people don't understand who or what I am most times.

SLB: Can you blame them?

SR: Some times I even confuse me. But that's neither here nor there! Forget all that! Tonight it's all about the AWA. Ten glorious years! A decade of dominance and here's to ten more!

SLB: Well, you certainly made a pledge. You've been telling everybody who would listen that in 2018, you will wear gold.

[Rage nods emphatically.]

SR: And I will. I will wear gold in 2018! But I'm finding the right time. I'm finding the right opportunity. When it comes I will be ready.

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: In some ways, this Tenth Anniversary Show tonight is the end of an era of AWA action - what do you have to say about the departure of the long time voices of the AWA - Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde?

SR: What do I have to say? Bucky, you used to make fun of my age and my looks and Gordon took a long while to understand my moves in the ring. They always put me down no matter what but they were the soundtrack to my career. They motivated me to prove everybody wrong that Shadoc Rage was not just some rabid lunatic. Shadoc Rage was a winner. Shadoc Rage was a man who marched to his own beat and marched to the top of the wrestling world!

Nobody pushed me anywhere. I wasn't ever supposed to end up where I am... just like the AWA, I suppose.

Bucky, Gordon, you called my rise. So to that, I say 'Thank you.'

[Blackwell looks a little surprised.]

SLB: That's unexpectedly gracious of you. I would have expect-

[Sweet Lou Blackwell jumps back as Jackson Hunter unexpectedly comes falling into the shot looking quite worse for wear. There's the definite start of a black eye and a badly bruised cheek. His lip has been bloodied. His shirt is torn in a few spots and he looks about to fall over as he grabs hold of Blackwell for balance.]

SLB: For the love of- HUNTER! What is wrong with you?! Have you been drinking again?!

[Hunter groans as he falls back against the wall, Shadoe Rage looking on with a raised eyebrow as Hunter delivers a light shove to Blackwell.]

JH: The only one... drinkin'... here... is you, Lou.

[Blackwell grimaces, turning to look at the camera for a moment.]

SLB: We're live, pal! What the heck has gotten into-

[Hunter angrily responds, slapping an open hand against the wall behind him.]

JH: I GOT MY ASS KICKED, LOU!

[Blackwell's jaw drops as Hunter groans in pain again, grabbing his ribs.]

JH: Got my ass kicked... in the... damn parking lot. Just like Detson at SuperClash.

[Blackwell's surprise turns to alarm.]

SLB: Like Detson?! I don't...

[Hunter nearly pitches over to the side when Shadoe Rage sticks out an arm to hold him up, shaking his head.]

SLB: What does Brian James have against-

[Hunter screams, a wordless mess of volume and intensity signifying nothing.]

JH: BRIAN JAMES?! BRIAN JAAAAAMES?! Have NONE of you been listening to me?!

[Hunter moans in pain as he turns his head towards Rage like he's going to be violently ill. Rage grabs him with the other arm, boosting him up against the wall again.]

SR: Easy, man... take it easy.

[Hunter shakes his head, looking up as if he's seeing Rage for the first time.]

SR: What?

[Hunter nods.]

JH: You. I need you... your help.

[Rage's brow furrows.]

JH: I think... no, no... I KNOW who did this.

[He nods emphatically.]

JH: And I can prove it this time. But I need... you.

[Hunter puts a hand on Rage's chest who looks at him for a moment...

...and then slaps the hand away, shaking his head.]

SR: Nah, nah, nah... not a chance, man. You and I? Not happening.

[Hunter groans as he falls back against the wall again, weakly muttering.]

JH: Why?

[Rage snorts.]

SR: Why? I don't like you.

[He counts the reasons off on his fingers.]

SR: I don't trust you.

[He glares at Hunter.]

SR: And I'm damn sure not about you help you. Dig it?

[Rage doesn't wait for the response, turning angrily and leaving Hunter to clutch the walls to stay on his feet. His face sags as he sinks down against the wall, ending up sitting against it before uttering a dejected...]

JH: I guess I "dig."

[Hunter buries his bruised and battered face in his hands as Blackwell looks on in disbelief... and slowly lowers a hand to place it on Hunter's shoulder.]

SLB: Come on. Let's get you to the Doc.

[Hunter doesn't respond as we slowly 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...

A quick flash of the ACCESS logo brings us to Dave and Brett Bryant, both clad in clean-looking grey and blue suits, respectively. For some reason, they're also both standing in front of a chalkboard.]

BB: Dad, I know you said we need to go back to the drawing board, but did you have to be this literal about it?

DB: Look, props help me think sometimes, all right? Besides, this might be one of the first times anyone sees a chalkboard during a wrestling event that isn't immediately used to try to crack someone's skull.

[Dave pauses.]

DB: I'm gonna do a quick rundown of our past few months, just so we're on the same page.

[Brett sighs, then nods.]

DB: First of all, you watched me get mulched by one of the most dangerous men either of us has or will ever meet, and you decided that the best course of action was to also get mulched by that man.

BB: Hey, I did okay!

DB: ...yeah, you did, but there's a real short list of people who can stand up to Max Magnum, and right now our names aren't on it. Secondly, you watched me get smacked around by an equally dangerous man, one fueled by alcohol and irritation, and decided that you also wanted a piece of that action too.

BB: And I did well there, too!

[Dave sighs.]

DB: The worst part is I can't even disagree with you. Carver's the kind of guy whose respect you can't earn even a little of unless you punch him in the mouth, and you went toe-to-toe with him -- for a little while, at least. All this to say that we need to find the reset button, get ourselves back on track. For me, that's getting it through my thick, old, egotistical skull that I'm not quite the man I used to be, and while I'm not ready to hang 'em up yet, that day's certainly sooner than it is later.

[Dave taps the chalkboard with one knuckle.]

DB: Now, for you? For you, it's making sure you don't run headlong into too many buzzsaws before your feet are properly set beneath you. You've got all the potential in the world, and there's a whole lot of us that want to see it realized before we all have to ride off into the sunset.

[Brett looks ready to protest, but just nods.]

BB: So what do we do?

[Both Dave and Brett reach up, tapping their chins in an amusingly identical fashion, then suddenly, snap their fingers.]

DB/BB: I've got an idea!

[And with another flash of the ACCESS logo, we end up back on a panning shot of the Superdome crowd, waiting to see what could possibly come next on this wild night of surprises and action to celebrate their favorite professional wrestling's promotion's decade of dominance...

...and then we fade to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall and is our BOURBON STREET FIGHT!

[The crowd ROARS for that announcement!]

RO: This match has NO COUNTOUTS and NO DISQUALIFICATIONS! ANYTHING GOES!

[Another big ROAR goes up from the fans!]

RO: Introducing first...

[The driving bassline to "Chip On My Shoulder" by Slapshot begins to play as two red slashes appear on the video screen, forming an X. The guitar kicks in as on either side of the X, in collegiate block letters "SID OSBORNE" flashes on the screen to loud boos from the crowd.]

RO: ...from Sin City, Las Vegas, Nevada... weighing in at 260 pounds... he is the SINNNNN CITY SAAAAAAVIORRRRRR...

...SIIIIIIIIIIID OSSSSSSSSBORRRRRRRNE!

[The song kicks into high gear as Sid Osborne makes his way out to the top of the metal entrance ramp. His head is bowed, the hood of his sweatshirt further obscuring his head and face as he walks out with his hands outstretched. He pauses, putting a hand to the hood. After a moment, he pulls it down, revealing a

black ski mask. There's a large X between the eyes of the mask, going from slightly above the forehead to the jawline.]

GM: The Sin City Savior entering unfamiliar territory here tonight in New Orleans as he ventures into a Bourbon Street Fight.

BW: It's a bold move, Gordo. Donovan's the one who is known for hardcore wrestling so Osborne is definitely stepping into the realm of the enemy tonight.

[Osborne stomps down the ramp towards the ring, stopping at the end of the ramp. He looks around at the assembled crowd before cutting his thumb across his throat and rolling under the ropes into the ring. He comes to his feet, climbing the turnbuckles and throwing an arm into the air as the fans jeer the outspoken rebel. He hops down as the music fades.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The opening notes of the Metallica cover of "Turn the Page" hit the PA...and a few moments later, the looming figure of Robert Donovan steps into the aisle.]

RO: ...coming down the aisle... he hails from Pensacola, Florida... standing seven feet two inches tall and weighing in at 332 pounds...

...ROOOOOOOBERRRRRT DONNNNNNNNOVAAAAAAN!

[Donovan is wearing a pair of loose leather pants with stylized griffins running up the outside of each leg, a dark red double-strapped singlet with the word "Heritage" scrawled across his abdomen, and black boots.]

GM: The big seven footer is ready for war and on his way to do battle... and with some very high stakes at that. Joining us right now at the announce desk, fresh off retaining his title earlier tonight is the National Champion, Jordan Ohara.

[We cut to a ringside shot where Ohara, his hair slicked back and a towel hanging around his neck, is seated by Bucky and Gordon. He's wearing a plain black t-shirt and athletic pants with the National Title over his shoulder. He grins, waving at the camera to cheers from the fans.]

JO: I'm not sure I'd use the word "fresh" right now, Mr. Myers. Marcus and Ron took me to the limit... in fact, I wasn't even sure I'd make it out here but I wanted a front row seat for this one since the winner is getting the next shot at me and this title.

GM: That's official?

JO: That's official.

[We cut back to Donovan as he pauses halfway up the aisle to adjust the heavy brace on his left elbow, then makes his way up the aisle, stepping slowly up the ringsteps and pausing on the apron briefly before stepping over the top rope into the ring.]

GM: Robert Donovan coming over the top and-

[Upon coming over the ropes, the experienced Robert Donovan comes lumbering towards his smaller and younger foe, barreling right into him with a barrage of haymakers that Osborne meets with his own.]

GM: And this Bourbon Street Fight is underway without a hint of warning here in the Superdome! No countouts, no disqualifications... anything goes and Donovan's

wasting no time in putting those rules - or lack thereof - to good use with those clenched right hands overwhelming Osborne and putting him back into the corner!

[Osborne tries to cover up as Donovan keeps throwing, switching from blows to the head to hooking blows to the ribcage of the Sin City Savior who frantically tries to defend himself from the early onslaught as referee Ricky Longfellow signals for the bell.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

JO: And NOW it’s underway officially, Gordon.

BW: Pop the top on your bottle and let this one live up to its name, daddy!

[With Donovan still hammering the ribcage, Osborne reaches up and desperately rakes extended fingers across the eyes!]

GM: Ohh! Osborne goes to the eyes early in this one!

BW: One hundred percent legal!

GM: It absolutely is... and Donovan backs off, trying to clear his vision...

JO: Unfortunately, that is a legal maneuver in this match, but Sid Osborne doesn’t need to resort to such tactics. I feel for Mr. Donovan - it’s never an easy time in there when you can’t see what you’re doing.

[But with the blinded Donovan near him, Osborne grabs the back of the head, smashing the seven footer’s skull down into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Into the corner goes Donovan now... and look at the ferocity of Osborne as he lays in some shots of his own to the ribs of the seven footer...

[Grabbing the doubled-over Donovan in a loose side headlock, Osborne presses his face down into the top rope and walks slowly down the length of it, causing Donovan to cry out as the rope covering burns into the flesh of his face!]

GM: ...and Osborne continues to be grateful for the lack of rules, raking the skin and eyes of Donovan down the rope...

[As Osborne lets go, Donovan stumbles back, a red mark on his face as he rubs at his eyes, trying to clear his vision...

...which allows Osborne to lash out with a cross-armed thrust to the throat, sending a coughing and gasping seven footer down to a knee!]

GM: A lot of people thought that the lax rules of this one played to the benefit of Robert Donovan who made his bones in this business in places like South Laredo and Los Angeles where a match like this was an easy night at the office compared to some of the things we’d see in those places.

BW: Just because the chairs and tables and whatever else aren’t in play yet, it doesn’t mean it won’t be before this one’s all said and done, Gordo.

GM: A fair point as Osborne continues to pound away on Donovan, big right hands right between the eyes as Donovan kneels on the mat, trying to get back to his feet...

[From a kneeling position, Donovan lands a big right hand to the ribs that sends a loud “WHACK!” through the Superdome!]

JO: OH! Did you hear that?!

BW: How could I not? You looking forward to another one of those if Donovan wins this thing and gets another shot at the title?

JO: I'm always looking forward to competing and defending my title, Mr. Wilde... no matter how tough of a night it'll be... and make no mistake, Robert Donovan is a tough night at the office. There's a reason he's been in this business as long as he has and been as successful as he has.

[Osborne crumples back, wincing in pain as Donovan winds up and throws another haymaker, this one right into the abdomen!]

GM: A pair of shots downstairs gives the seven footer a chance to get back to his feet...

[But as he does, Osborne lashes out again, raking the eyes a second time!]

GM: ...and right back to the eyes! Come on!

BW: "Come on" nothin', Gordo! Totally legal!

[Donovan falls back into the ropes, leaning over them to hold himself up as he tries to clear his vision again. Osborne slides in alongside him, pushing Donovan's throat down over the top rope, leaning all his weight onto the back of the big man's neck!]

GM: And Osborne keeps on breaking every non-existent rule in this one, choking the former AWA Longhorn Heritage Champion now!

BW: This is brilliant, Gordo. There's no rules and Osborne's taking advantage of that. Some guys get in a match like this and want to be a tough guy. Osborne knows a straight up fight with a seven footer that's well over 300 pounds is a losing battle for him so he's gonna lie, cheat, and steal his way to victory in this one.

JO: Which makes it no different than any other match for him, does it? Osborne's not exactly a guy who lives on the right side of the law.

BW: Sounds like someone's worried about their title reign.

JO: I want to face the best in the world with this title on the line... and if that's Sid Osborne when this one's over, then I'm looking forward to it... again.

[Osborne lets up, allowing Donovan to stagger his way into the corner, leaning against the turnbuckles as the Sin City Savior follows him in...]

GM: Osborne stepping on the middle rope... big right hand... another, hammering away on Donovan...

[Osborne pauses in his pummeling to look down on the National Champion, smirking as he makes the belt gesture in his direction.]

GM: ...and a little message there for you, champ.

JO: He can talk all he wants, Mr. Myers, but if he wants this title, he's gotta get it done in the ring.

GM: Can he do it?



JO: Osborne's a hell of a competitor... we saw that against Raphael Rhodes at SuperClash and against me a few weeks ago... but do I think he can beat me to win the National Title? Absolutely not.

[Hopping down off the middle rope, Osborne grabs Donovan by the arm, looking for an Irish whip...]

GM: Osborne fires him- no, reversed!

[...and the whip reversal sends Osborne crashing into the turnbuckles before he staggers back and gets launched over nine feet into the air with a sky high backdrop that sends him crashing down hard on the mat!]

GM: BIIIIIIIG BACK BODYDROP BY DONOVAN!

JO: I could feel that one in my spine down here.

GM: Donovan waving an arm, calling for Osborne to get back up...

[And as the Sin City Savior regains his feet, Donovan steamrolls right over him with a clothesline, knocking Osborne flat once again!]

GM: ...and a clothesline takes him right back down! The big man building up some momentum... we all remember the controversy surrounding your match with him back at Super Saturday, Jordan...

JO: I pinned him one-two-three in the middle... but I'll give you that. There was a little bit of referee confusion that a lot of people are still talking about. Next time, we'll make sure there's no doubt who the winner is.

[With Osborne on his feet and up against the ropes, the big man surges forward again, swinging a leg up and driving his boot up under the chin, flipping Osborne over the top rope where his face SMACKS down on the apron before dumping him on the floor to cheers from the AWA faithful!]

GM: OVER THE TOP GOES OSBORNE!

[Donovan leans on the ropes, the grizzled veteran taking a breather from the early offense of his young opponent as he looks down on him on the barely-padded floor.]

GM: A hard fall to the outside there for Osborne... both men taking a moment to try and recover from the early part of this matchup... and Jordan Ohara, what do you think about what we're seeing so far?

JO: It's exactly what I'd expect to see, Gordon. Both guys fighting hard. Both guys bringing their best. And Donovan might be in control right now but never count out Sid Osborne. There's a reason he was the 2017 Golden Grapple winner for Best Newcomer, right?

GM: Absolutely. The young man had quite the impressive year last year and looks to make it an even bigger 2018 by perhaps wrapping the title around your waist around his own, Jordan.

JO: He's welcome to try.

GM: In the meantime, Robert Donovan has decided to go out after the Las Vegas native, stepping over the top to the apron...

[Donovan gingerly eases himself down to the floor, moving towards the rising Osborne with malice in his eyes...]

GM: ...and now he's grabbed a hold of Osborne's tights...

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ...AND SENDS HIM INTO THE STEEL STEPS!

[Osborne writhes in pain on the floor as the seven footer looks down at him, satisfied at the damage caused...]

...and then turns away from him, setting his sights on the announce table where Jordan Ohara is seated. He points a finger at the Phoenix, striding in his direction.]

GM: Hang on now... we don't need any of this...

[As Donovan draws near, Ohara slowly rises from his seat, setting the belt down on the table as he prepares himself for whatever comes next.]

GM: .... Jordan, please... let's keep some control here.

JO: I'm under control, Mr. Myers. Let's see if the big man is.

[Donovan steps closer, muttering something to Ohara off-mic. Ohara nods, waving him forward.]

JO: You beat him and you get your shot, big man! I'll give you all you can handle!

[Donovan has more words for Ohara who now has Gordon Myers' hand on his shoulder as the retiring announcer rises beside him.]

GM: Jordan, I have to remind you that AWA Interim President Zharkov warned you against getting physically involved in this match tonight. If you do, there could be a fine involved... there could be...

JO: A suspension. I know. And Zharkov knows all about me losing my cool. I'm not here to start anything, Mr. Myers, but if Donovan's coming for me, I'm not gonna back down either!

[The crowd is buzzing over the ringside confrontation between the National Champion and one of his potential challengers...]

...and as a shout from Ricky Longfellow seems to get Donovan's attention, the seven footer slowly turns away to...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND OSBORNE HITS HIM WITH THE STAIRS!

[The steel steps go clattering down to the floor as Osborne lets go after the big crash. Osborne grins, leaning against the apron from the exertion as Donovan down to his back on the outside.]

GM: Sid Osborne took advantage of that situation between you and Robert Donovan, Mr. Ohara, and...

JO: You want some too?!

[Osborne waves a dismissive hand at Ohara before he shifts the steps into a new position, leaning down to grab Donovan off the floor...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ...and Osborne puts him facefirst into the steel! Mr. Ohara... please... take your seat.

[Ohara glares at Osborne as he lowers himself into the ringside chair, keeping his eyes on the action.]

BW: Boy, you're a real troublemaker, kid.

JO: I didn't start any of that, Bucky... and you know it... but if they keep this up, I just might finish it.

[Osborne lifts Donovan's head up off the steel steps...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and bounces his head off the staircase a second time!]

GM: Osborne doing damage with the aid of the steel ringsteps on the outside...

BW: And thanks to the distraction by Jordan Ohara.

JO: That wasn't my fault!

BW: I'm sure you'll be able to convince Robert Donovan of that.

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A third smash into the steps leaves Donovan's torso deposited across the staircase as Osborne steps back, leaning against the ring apron with a sadistic grin.]

GM: The Sin City Savior has used those steel steps to completely turn this thing around and now it's Robert Donovan who is in trouble about five minutes into this Bourbon Street Fight.

[Grabbing the ropes, Osborne hauls himself up on the ring apron, walking down it as he trashtalks the New Orleans fans to jeers...]

GM: Sid Osborne on the apron, perhaps looking to do even more damage to the opposition in this one...

[The Sin City Savior takes aim, leaning against the ringpost for a moment, taking a few deep breaths...

...and then runs down the apron, leaping high and hard into the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and lands backfirst across Donovan's draped carcass, smashing him down into the steel again!]

GM: SENTON OFF THE APRON! HE CRUSHES DONOVAN BENEATH HIM!

JO: Nicely done. Osborne can go in that ring when he's not taking short cuts.

BW: Gordo, I'm so proud. All these years later and you know it's a senton and not a running backsplash or some such. Look, fans... you CAN teach an old dog some new tricks after all.

[Osborne grimaces as he gets to his feet, pulling the seven footer towards the ring where he boosts him up on the apron and rolls him under...

...and then swings around with his attention on the National Champion.]

JO: You've gotta be kidding me.

GM: And now it's Osborne with some words for you, champ, and you've certainly caused a stir in this Bourbon Street Fight here coming to you live from the Mercedes-Benz Superdome in New Orleans.

JO: I'm not your opponent tonight! Don't worry about me!

[Osborne has a few more words directed at the Phoenix before turning away and climbing back up on the apron as Donovan attempts to push himself up off the canvas.]

GM: Osborne on the apron and looking to climb! Perhaps thinking about that big Stage Dive splash that could finish this one if he connects.

[The Vegas native has something more to say towards Jordan Ohara though as he starts to climb the corner buckles...]

GM: Looks like he's not done with you yet, champ.

JO: I guess not. Well, he's known for having a big mouth and he's living up to that reputation tonight.

GM: The Tenth Anniversary Show well in stride here tonight but we've still got so much more to come including the non-title match between Atlas Armstrong and Supernova... the Women's World Title at stake between Julie Somers and Ricki Toughill... your friends Next Gen meeting the Soldiers of Fortune inside a cage for the tag titles... all of that plus much more including a wedding!

JO: And a retirement ceremony. Don't forget that.

BW: That's right. For once, Gordo... can you put yourself over for Pete's sake?!

GM: I will not and shall not, Buckthorn... but I appreciate all the thanks from everyone including yourself, Supernova, Miss Somers, and Next Gen earlier tonight, Jordan.

JO: It was our honor and pleasure, Mr. Myers.

[Osborne steps one foot up on the top rope, still running his mouth at Ohara...

...which is when Robert Donovan rises to his feet, lumbering towards the corner with a big cheer from the crowd!]

GM: Annnnd... caught! Osborne gets caught in the corner by Donovan!

[A momentary look of alarm on the face of Osborne quickly vanishes as he digs his fingers into Donovan's eyes yet again!]

GM: And right back to the eyes! Osborne rakes the eyes to get away from Donovan!

[Donovan staggers backwards, crying out as he rubs at his eyes as Osborne finishes his climb, sets his feet, and throws himself off his perch, arm outstretched!]

GM: CLOTHESLINE OFF THE TOP! OH MY!

JO: When you look at Osborne's physical makeup, you wouldn't think the top rope would be in his gameplan but he's surprisingly comfortable up there - something I'll need to keep in mind if he earns a rematch against me.

GM: Osborne crawls and covers!

[A two count follows before the veteran powers out, his arm flying up off the mat to break the count.]

GM: Two count only off that flying clothesline from the top rope... and Robert Donovan's in trouble though.

[Osborne angrily loops his arm around Donovan's neck, holding his head in place as he batters it with quick short right hands to the skull!]

GM: Osborne pounding away down on the mat, trying to wear down Donovan even more as we work towards the ten minute mark in this one. Remember, no time limit in this one either - it'll go as long as it needs to to find a winner.

[Climbing to his feet, Osborne grabs Donovan by the wrist, dragging him across the ring towards the corner. He leans him up against the buckles in a slouched seated position...]

GM: Osborne moving his opponent around on the mat... oh, back to a choke! Using his boot to choke the life out of the seven foot Donovan here in New Orleans!

[With Donovan coughing and gasping on the mat, Osborne backs away to the far corner, taking aim...]

GM: From one corner toooooo... DOUBLE KNEES! A pair of running double knees to the upper body of Donovan connects!

[Grabbing the ankle, Osborne drags Donovan out of the corner, diving across him again...]

GM: Osborne covers for one! He's got two! But that's all. Donovan escapes again... and are you surprised to see that, Jordan?

JO: Not a chance. I'm a student of the game, Gordon. I know what Robert Donovan's capable of. I've gone back and watched him compete against some of the toughest that our sport has ever produced. He may be a little older now but he's still as tough as ever.

[With Donovan down on the mat, Osborne ducks through the ropes to the outside, dropping down to the floor...]

GM: And it looks like Sid Osborne has decided to level up the violence in this one, fans!

[The crowd reacts - many cheering for the "level up" - as Osborne pulls a Singapore cane into view, holding it high over his head for the reaction.]

GM: Sid Osborne digging that Singapore cane - that kendo stick - out from under the apron, tossing it over the ropes into the ring...

[Osborne rolls back inside, climbing to his feet and walking towards the Singapore cane he tossed in...]

GM: ...and now Osborne looking to use that weapon here in this Bourbon Street Fight.

[...but Donovan scoops it up from his knees, rearing back as Osborne nears...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES the cane across the exposed ribs of the Sin City Savior, sending him spiraling away, grabbing his torso in pain.]

GM: Donovan with a big swing across the body!

BW: Spring Training's in full swing for Major League Baseball and it looks like Donovan might be trying out to be a Designated Hitter for some team this season!

GM: Speaking of Major League Baseball, it's just two months and change away when the American Wrestling Alliance invades Dodger Stadium in Los Angeles - one of the stadium that hosted last year's World Series... Jordan, you've gotta be looking forward to that.

JO: Absolutely. Memorial Day Mayhem is always one of the biggest nights of the year and any night when we're going to say goodbye to a legend like Juan Vasquez is a big night already. The Women's Rumble too? That's already a loaded lineup and the office is just getting started. You know I'm gonna be there!

GM: I'm sure you'd love to be defending the National Title that night... but you'll have to get through one of these two men to-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as the standing Donovan unloads with the wooden cane, snapping it in half across the back of Osborne. Donovan tosses aside the splintered wreckage as Osborne pitches forward chestfirst into the corner, a red welt forming across his shoulderblades as he turns himself around to face his incoming opponent...

...who lumbers into the corner with a big running clothesline!]

GM: OHHH! A shattered Singapore cane and a clothesline to boot! And just like that, it's Osborne reeling as this battle continue to go back and forth as these two battle for pride and another shot at Jordan Ohara and the National Title. Speaking of the National Title, Jordan... it must've been a real honor for you to be out here tonight defending against the likes of Ron Houston and Marcus Broussard.

JO: I'm not sure words can properly express it, Gordon. I may be a Once In A Millennium talent but those guys paved the path for all of us. We talk about pillars holding the company up... well, those guys are the foundation! They helped build this place from the ground floor and we all owe them so much... so yeah, it was an

honor... it was a thrill... and as you saw, it was a tough match! They both may be retired these days but they've still got game!

[Jordan chuckles as Donovan pushes Osborne's face back, rearing back...]

"WHAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAP!"

[...and unloads with a barrage of battering blows to the chest of Osborne, leaving him reeling in the corner as Donovan backs off...]

GM: Donovan's laying waste to the chest of Sid Osborne in the corner and now...

[...and as Osborne pushes out of the corner, stumbling forward, he ends up with the seven footer's hands wrapped around his throat, lifting him up off the mat!]

GM: ...a double choke by Donovan! Perhaps a sneak preview of what we might see later tonight when former World Champion and Hall of Famer Alex Martinez stands in the corner of Supernova when he meets Atlas Armstrong later tonight!

[Donovan hurls Osborne down to the mat from the standing position, sending him crashing down to the canvas where he quickly rolls under the ropes to the outside.]

GM: And Osborne making a run for it... perhaps needing a breather after that...

JO: Good luck with that. Donovan's comin' for him!

[Donovan does indeed step over the ropes again, looking to pursue his fallen foe on the outside of the ring...]

GM: Donovan to the outside, perhaps looking to level up the violence himself this time.

[But as Donovan drops off to the floor, he looks down and spots Sid Osborne trying to crawl under the ring apron...]

GM: Osborne's trying to get under the ring! Trying to flee from the big man!

JO: Not quick enough though. Donovan saw him and now he's gonna get him!

[Leaning over, the big man grabs the fleeing Osborne by the ankle, pulling hard to drag him back out from under the ring...]

GM: He's pulling him back! Osborne being pulled back into the waiting arms of-

[...but as soon as he's clear from the apron, Osborne flings a handful of white powder into the air, hitting Donovan square in the face!]

GM: OHHH! POWDER TO THE EYES!

[Donovan staggers backwards, swinging angrily at the air but coming nowhere near the smirking Osborne as he regains his feet. He steps over to the timekeeper's table, threatening to backhand the timekeeper who bails out of his seat, leaving a metal folding chair for Osborne to scoop up, folding quickly...]

GM: And now Osborne's got a chair!

[With a wicked gleam in his eye, Osborne turns back towards the blinded Donovan...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES the chair across the back, taking the seven footer down to all fours as Osborne stands over him with the weapon...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and CLUBS it down across the spine a second time, knocking Donovan flat on his belly on the floor to jeers from the AWA faithful!]

GM: Two sickening blows with that steel chair on the outside and Robert Donovan is down and hurt on the barely-padded floor here in the Superdome... and could Sid Osborne be on the verge of defeated a master of the world of hardcore wrestling at his own game here tonight on the Tenth Anniversary Show?

[A grinning Osborne holds the chair over his head for all to see, earning louder jeers as he steps away from Donovan...]

...and walks towards Ohara again.]

GM: Uh oh. We don't want any trouble here!

[Osborne lowers the chair into his gripped hands, glaring at Ohara who rises from his seat again, ready to defend himself as needed...]

JO: This isn't the time, Osborne! Finish your match and I'll be waiting for you!

[With a slight nod, Osborne wheels away to toss the chair over the ropes into the ring before making his way back towards Donovan who is trying to push back up onto all fours.]

GM: The seven footer showing great resilience, trying to get back up after those blows from the steel chair but Sid Osborne is right there waiting for him, pulling him up and shoving him back inside where he's hoping to finish him off in this Bourbon Street Fight.

[Osborne rolls himself back in, moving quickly to retrieve the chair.]

JO: Osborne learning his lesson this time. Last time, he took too long to get the Singapore Cane and Donovan used it on him instead. This time, he grabs that chair right away...

GM: But what's he gonna do with it?

BW: Whatever it is, it's not gonna be good news for Donovan, I promise ya that!

[Osborne backs off, holding the chair at the ready, watching eagerly as the seven footer pushes off the mat into a sitting position...]

GM: Donovan starting to stir and...



[...and the Sin City Savior dashes to the ropes, building momentum on the rebound back...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: ...SLIDING CLOTHESLINE USING THE CHAIR! OH MY STARS!

[Osborne tosses the chair aside, diving across again, reaching back to hook a mammoth leg...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! TH-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: DONOVAN KICKS OUT!

JO: The old timer’s got a lot of fight left in him, Gordon. This is still the same guy who had wars with the likes of Casey James and Bobby Taylor and Tex Violence... Bishop... so many others. It’s gonna take a lot to put him down.

GM: You would know.

JO: Sure would.

[An angry Osborne is back on his feet, again hauling Donovan by the wrists towards the corner where he tosses him limply into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Osborne staying on him... not letting his frustration get the better of him as he puts Donovan back into position for something...

[Grabbing the ropes, Osborne starts raining down stomps on the upper body of Donovan before planting his boot on the throat again, hanging off the ropes for leverage!]

GM: ...and again, Osborne chokes him in the corner, making sure that Donovan stays down for whatever he’s got up his sleeve next.

[Osborne lets up, leaving a coughing Donovan down in the corner... and then retrieves the chair, placing it on the big man’s chest and face...]

BW: I think we’re about to find out what he’s got up his sleeve, Gordo.

GM: I believe you’re right. Osborne backing off, keeping Donovan in his sights all the while...

[Osborne backs until his shoulders touch the turnbuckle and then sprints back across the ring...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: CANNONBALL IN THE CORNER! ON THE CHAIR!

JO: That might do it!

[Osborne flops around on the mat, grabbing his back in pain as Donovan slumps motionless down onto the canvas alongside him!]

GM: It hurt Osborne...

JO: But it hurt Donovan more, Gordon.

BW: Osborne took a big chance and I'm betting it paid off if he can get that cover!

[The Vegas native grimaces as he dives across Donovan, unable to hook a leg this time as the referee counts...]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! We've got- nooooo! Out at two!

JO: I think Bucky's right though. I think he might've had him there if he could've hooked the leg. There just wasn't enough leverage and body weight to keep Donovan down with that cover.

[Osborne winces as he climbs off the mat, grabbing his lower back in pain before stomping the sternum of Donovan, putting the big man back down on the mat.]

JO: If I'm Osborne here, I go up top and try to finish this with the Stage Dive.

GM: Similar to your own Phoenix Flame.

JO: Similar. We'll see whose splash is more effective. I think it's the Phoenix Flame and I'm itching to show the world.

[Osborne retrieves the chair off the mat, holding it parallel to the mat before throwing it down on the chest of the downed Donovan!]

GM: Ohh! The chair just bounces off the chest!

[With Donovan down, Osborne grabs at his lower back as he hobbles towards the ropes, ducking through them...]

GM: And I think he might be taking your strategy here, Jordan.

JO: He'd be smart to.

[...and approaches the corner near the timekeeper's table, pointing out at Ohara.]

"You want to see a real splash off the top, Millennium Man?!"

JO: Show me something!

[Osborne nods, stepping one foot up on the bottom rope, pain obvious on his face as he tries to climb...]

GM: Sid Osborne again trading words with the National Champion as he tries to get up those ropes in some obvious discomfort.

JO: He's taking too long. You hear me, Sid?! You're too slow!

[Osborne fires off a few words unheard as he pushes himself up onto the second rope, grunting as he grabs at his lower back again...]

JO: He hurt his back on the cannonball and now he's paying for it. There's a reason we call it high risk offense, gentlemen. Osborne's finding that out the hard way right now.

GM: Osborne with one foot up on the top...

[He shouts down at Ohara again, his words muted by a quick-fingered censor in the production truck.]

JO: Son of a...

GM: Easy, Jordan. Don't let him get to you.

[The crowd is cheering as Osborne sneers and turns back to the ring...

...only to find Robert Donovan on his feet, steel chair in hand...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and WAFFLES Osborne with the steel chair across the shoulder, a blow that knocks the already-unsteady Osborne to the side, blasting his balance away from him...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the crowd ROARS as Osborne goes sailing off the top rope to the side, crashing down on the barely-padded Superdome floor!]

GM: OSBORNE GETS KNOCKED TO THE FLOOR!

JO: I've always wanted to do this... OHHHH MY STARRRRRS!

GM: Not bad, kid.

BW: I'm gonna be sick.

[Donovan collapses to a knee inside the ring, leaning heavily on the chair as he uses it to keep himself from falling all the way to the floor.]

GM: Donovan with a steel chair blow to the upper body of Osborne that would make Serge Annis, Steve Spector, and Bishop tremble in their boots! And with that one blow, Robert Donovan has put himself in a strong position to mount a comeback to win this thing! But he's gotta find a way to take advantage of that shot! We're about fifteen minutes into this battle and I don't know how much more Robert Donovan's got left in the tank, fans.

[On the outside, Osborne has rolled onto his chest, breathing heavily as he grabs at his lower back...]

GM: For our vantage point, I couldn't tell how the Sin City Savior hit the floor but it looked like he was headed for a rough landing on his shoulder.

JO: I'll keep that in mind if he pulls this off.

GM: Osborne on his belly, dragging himself our way right now... trying to get himself back in the ring. There's no countouts in this one, fans... so Osborne doesn't have to worry about that.

BW: No, but he's gotta worry about the seven footer trying to get up to his feet inside the ring that has deadly intent in his eyes!

GM: This isn't the South Laredo Rodeogrounds but Robert Donovan may be reliving his glory days tonight in New Orleans as he climbs to his feet one more time, looking to finish off the Sin City Savior and earn himself a rematch with our guest - Jordan Ohara - with the National Title on the line.

[Outside the ring, Osborne is dragging himself on his stomach towards the ring as Donovan climbs to his feet, still holding the chair in hand.]

GM: Donovan's up, waiting to see if Osborne can recover from... well, Osborne's grabbing hold of our table right here by me, trying to get himself to his feet, pulling himself up with-

[And as Osborne gets to his feet, he suddenly lunges forward, nearly knocking Gordon out of his chair as he grabs Jordan Ohara by the hair, smashing his face down into the announce table!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[The audio cuts out momentarily as Osborne shoves Myers aside, grabbing the hair again and smashing Ohara's face down a second time... then a third... and then starts pummeling him with right hands to the face, battering with enough force to knock the chair backwards, dumping Ohara down on the floor with Osborne pounding away on him and the fans jeering loudly!]

BW: Gordon, are you okay?!

[Osborne climbs off of Ohara, sneering at the nearby Gordon Myers who has lost his headset in the kerfuffle and is berating Osborne for his actions, pointing at the ring.]

BW: There's still a match going on!

[Osborne nods at Bucky, backing up to the ring, rolling backwards through the ropes inside as Ohara tries to gather himself off the floor and Gordon Myers grabs his fallen headset.]

GM: This is... can anyone even hear me?

BW: We got you, pal. You alright?

GM: I'm fine but... can we get some help for Jordan out... no? You're okay?

[We see Ohara nod up at Myers, his cheeks flushed with emotion...

...and then cut back to the ring where we see Osborne get to his feet, mockingly waving at Ohara before turning around...]

GM: CAUGHT!

[...and getting Donovan's extended fingers shoved into his mouth!]

GM: Donovan's got him in the mandible claw which is the longtime setup for...

[Donovan pulls Osborne out to the middle of the ring, looking around at the roaring crowd. He gives them a nod, moving his free hand behind Osborne for lifting support...

...which is when a furious Jordan Ohara comes sliding under the bottom rope, throwing himself into a spear tackle that knocks Osborne out of Donovan's grip and down to the canvas!]

GM: OH! OHARA'S IN! OHARA'S GOING AFTER OSBORNE!

[The referee seems poised to call for the bell and then suddenly pulls up, grabbing at his own head and shaking it back and forth.]

BW: It's no disqualification! This is all legal!

[Ohara is down on the mat on top of Osborne, pounding away with clenched fists on the Sin City Savior to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: The fans are loving this!

BW: But I know someone who isn't!

[A furious-looking Robert Donovan is standing over the brawling duo, hands on his hips in annoyance...

...and then suddenly reaches down, yanking Ohara off of Osborne and back to his feet where he delivers a huge shove to the chest, sending the smaller Ohara staggering backwards!]

GM: Oh!

BW: Oh, this is getting good now! Robert Donovan is NOT happy with Jordan Ohara after what he just pulled when Donovan seemingly had Osborne dead to rights and ready for Vengeance!

[Blinded by emotion, Ohara returns fire with a shove of his own that surprises Donovan but doesn't budge the big man...

...who retaliates with a quick boot to the midsection, doubling over the National Champion...]

GM: DONOVAN BOOTS HIM IN THE GUT... HOOKS HIM!

[...and wasting no time, the seven footer muscles Ohara up into a gutwrench, flipping him over and DRIVING him down in a ring-shaking powerbomb!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: POWERRRRRBOMMMMMMB!

[Donovan stands over Ohara, laying the badmouth angrily down onto him as Osborne climbs to his feet behind him...

...and snatches up the steel chair again, ready to strike...]

GM: Osborne's got the chair! Donovan has no idea and-

[...but as Donovan turns around and spots Osborne, he instinctively swings his leg up to boot the chair into Osborne's own face!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Osborne drops the chair on the canvas, stumbling towards Donovan who shoves his fingers into the mouth again...]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM HOOKED!

[...and with a mighty lift, Donovan sends Osborne skyward...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: VENGEANCE CONNECTS! RIGHT ON THE STEEL CHAIR!

[And with Osborne laid out on the mat, Donovan sinks to his knees, covering and hooking a leg as the crowd counts along with the referee...]

“ONNNNNNNNNNNNE!”

“TWOOOOOOOOOOOO!”

“THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!”

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: Donovan takes the win!

[The seven footer pushes up off Osborne, a smirk on his face as the referee raises his hand and the ring announcer makes it official.]

RO: Here is your winner... ROOOOOBERRRRRT DONNNNNNOVAANNNNN!

[Donovan climbs off the mat, arms raised over his head as Osborne writhes in pain on the canvas.]

GM: A big win for the big man... and just like that, we're looking at the guy who is next in line for a shot at the National Title with that victory, Bucky!

BW: Donovan versus Ohara Part 2 coming to a squared circle near you.

[Donovan glares down at the hurting Osborne... then over at the slowly-moving Ohara...

...and with a dismissive wave, he walks to the ropes, stepping over the top to exit the ring.]

GM: And speaking of that upcoming title match, we've dispatched our own Sweet Lou Blackwell to ringside to try and get a comment from tonight's winner on that shot coming his way. Lou?

[We cut to a ringside shot where Blackwell is standing in the aisle, his back to the ring as Donovan inches towards him, moving with all the speed that you'd expect from a man with his years and mileage that had gone through what he just went through.]

SLB: Thanks, Gordon... and as you can see, the big winner Robert Donovan is making his way over towards...

[Lou trails off as a big paw of a left hand comes down on his shoulder with some heft. Lou grimaces, catching his balance as Donovan chuckles.]

RD: Sorry about that, Lou.

[Blackwell waves a hand.]

SLB: No problem at all, big man. Congratulations on the big win and... you've just earned yourself another chance at the National Title in the very near future! After the controversial way...

[As Lou continues to speak, the AWA faithful starts to buzz... loudly.]

SLB: ...that your last shot at the title ended, I'm sure you're looking forward to this one having a more conclusive ending.

[Donovan nods.]

RD: And all that is the long way to say that I got screwed last time... and this time, I'm gonna make sure that I-

[And the buzzing crowd reaches a fever pitch as the camera pulls back to reveal Jordan Ohara standing on the top rope where he raises his arms overhead. The crowd volume finally tips off Lou to an incoming problem and he scampers clear as the Phoenix HURLS himself from his perch...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and WIPES OUT the seven footer down on the floor with a death-defying crossbody from the top rope!]

GM: MY STARS! OHARA FROM THE TOP ONTO DONOVAN!

[Blackwell looks on, his eyes wide as the New Orleans crowd is going nuts for the big dive!

After a few moments, Ohara drags himself out of the tangle of limbs that is he and Robert Donovan. Ohara is breathing raggedly as he stares wildly at Donovan and then at Osborne before glaring in Lou's direction.]

"GIMME A MIC!"

[Blackwell hands it over without question.]

BW: Whoa, Ohara is feeling super-aggressive right now!

GM: He is definitely in a fiery mood after what went down during this one and-

[Ohara cuts off Gordon with mic in hand.]

JO: SID OSBORNE. ROB DONOVAN. The two of you make me sick!

[There are some cheers for that as Ohara grabs at his ribcage, grimacing as he looks between the two men again.]

JO: But I'm not done... WITH EITHER OF YOU! But I'm going to be!

[Ohara nods, looking out on the cheering crowd and into the ringside camera.]

JO: I'm going to be finished with the two of you in Kansas City on ABC.

Right there in prime time on the very first National Wrestling Night...

...I'm going to defend the AWA National Title...

[There's a dramatic pause as Ohara grimaces, clutching his ribs again.]

JO: ...IN A THREE WAY MATCH!

[Ohara throws the mic down on Donovan's abdomen. He stares out at the cheering fans and throws his arms in the air, waving them up and down as "Hero" blares over the PA system.]

GM: Wow! The Phoenix has drawn a line in the sand and made it official that National Wrestling Night, he wants BOTH of these men to challenge him for the title!

BW: We saw him beat two men earlier tonight to keep his title... now he's gotta do the same in Kansas City in about a month's time if he wants to keep it then.

GM: Fans, we're going backstage to Mariah who has a special look at next weekend's big premiere of our newest show - Showtime!

[We fade from the aisle where Ohara is angrily walking back, title slung over his shoulder, shouting off-mic at his two future opponents...

...to Mariah Wolfe standing backstage, a mic in hand and a grin on her face.]

MW: A big win for Robert Donovan... but ultimately, it ends up that BOTH men will get a shot at Jordan Ohara and the National Title coming up at our very first broadcast television event on ABC - National Wrestling Night - on April 14th in Kansas City... a three way matchup for the National Title and I can't wait to see it... just like I can't wait for one week from tonight - seven days and counting - for the premiere of Showtime on ESPN! It's a loaded lineup so let's take a look at just some of what you'll be seeing if you join us next weekend in Atlanta...

[A graphic overtakes the screen with Mariah's voice in the background, showing the words "RUN THE RANKINGS FINAL STAGE" with a shot of Omega and Whitiri taking up most of the screen.]

MW: Partners tonight, opponents next weekend when former World Television Champion Whitiri takes on Omega with the winner moving on to face the unbeaten Odin Gunn for the World Television Title. Gunn is at 169 days and counting in what has been a dominant reign as the champion - he passed Dave Bryant's second reign as champion last weekend and now sets his sights on the 248 day reign of Supernova with that title... but one of either Omega or Whitiri will step into his path in the very near future in an attempt to end both the reign and the undefeated streak.

[The graphic changes.]

MW: How about this one? Tony Donovan will take on Porter Crowley with "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett in a rematch of sorts from the final Power Hour where Crowley and The Lost Boy picked up a win over the former tag champions Donovan and Taylor.

[The graphic changes again.]

MW: It'll be a rematch in the Women's Division when Casey Cash of E-Girl MAX takes on Betty Chang. We heard Interim President Zharkov refuse Cash's request to... ban karate...

[Mariah rolls her eyes.]

MW: ...from this match earlier so Cash will face Chang at full strength next weekend.

[Another switch.]

MW: More Women's Division action when former Women's World Champion Lauryn Rage takes on her former partner, Pink Cashmere, in one-on-one action.

[And again.]

MW: And in tag team action, we'll see the duo of the American Idols take on the two men they assaulted last weekend, Justin Gaines and Jayden Jericho.



[The graphic fades to go back to Mariah.]

MW: We'll have all of that plus so much more when the AWA goes Showtime for the very first time and you will not want to miss that! Now, let's go back down to the ring for a very... and I do mean VERY... special surprise guest.

[Wolfe winks at the camera as we fade...

...and as we fade back up from the backstage area, we find ourselves in a darkened Superdome... and I do mean dark. The building is almost pitch black, sprinkled by an occasional flash firing or the like.

And then we hear Rebecca Ortiz' voice cutting through the puzzled buzz of the AWA faithful.]

RO: AWA fans... please welcome a very special guest to the ring...

[Dramatic pause.]

RO: He is the very first man to wear the AWA World Heavyweight Title...

[The crowd ROARS at that!]

RO: ...JAMES MONOSSO!

[And with that, the sound of John Carpenter's theme to "Halloween" begins to play for several haunting moments before the lights come on...

...and reveal the very first AWA World Heavyweight Champion inside the ring, dressed in what looks to be a simple black hoodie and a pair of slacks.

Sitting in a wheelchair.

The crowd's cheers dampen a bit at the sight of Monosso in said wheelchair as the music starts to fade and he raises a mic that's resting in his lap.]

JM: What's wrong? Never seen someone in a wheelchair before?

[Monosso spreads his arms, inviting everyone to get a good look.]

JM: I don't know why you're all so surprised! It's not like I didn't warn you this was coming! Hell, the entire time I was the World Champion, we all knew I was one bad fall away from this.

I beat a lot of people in my career... and I look around that locker room now and I see a bunch of guys telling everyone they're undefeated. Magnum. Armstrong. Gunn.

The hell with that. The only one who stays undefeated is Father Time.

[Monosso nods.]

JM: And that's who put me in this chair. Father Time lays down for no one and in the end, we all gotta put him over.

Speaking of time... they tell me it's the AWA Tenth Anniversary.

[The crowd cheers as the first World Champion nods.]

JM: Hard to believe, ain't it? It's hard to believe that ten years ago tonight, a bunch of guys climbed into this ring in a dusty, filthy, smelly TV studio in downtown Dallas and decided they were going to change the business.

[Another big cheer.]

JM: I wasn't there that night. I didn't come along for another year or so after... but I was watching. And I knew that's where I needed to be.

You heard the girl say it right there... the first AWA World Champion.

[Monosso actually smiles.]

JM: Nobody would've ever took that bet. When you think back and look at the list of people they brought in for that tournament... former champions, Hall of Famers, people who hadn't been seen in years...

And then there was me. Physically broken, mentally scarred, struggling for one more run... one more big payday to take care of me and mine after my body had failed me.

But I won.

[The crowd cheers and Monosso smiles again.]

JM: Against all odds and against doctor's orders, I fought and and I won.

I was the World Champion in the biggest promotion in the world.

[He closes his eyes, breathing deeply.]

JM: I did a lot of bad things along the way. I hurt a lot of people to get to that spot. I hurt myself too... did a lot of damage that put me in this chair quicker than I thought.

But if you ask me... "would you do it all over again?"

[Monosso pauses, looking around at the sold-out Superdome crowd.]

JM: Hell yes.

[The crowd ROARS for that proclamation as Monosso sits in the chair, nodding to the fans...

...until a voice is heard off-mic, booming out across the PA system.]

"All of it?"

[The roar of the crowd is interrupted by that familiar voice...

...and then increased tenfold at the equally familiar siren.]

GM: Oh my!

BW: Oh no!

"GONNA BE A BLACKOUT!!"

[The curtains part, and the crowd becomes unglued as Hannibal Carver walks out. He's dressed in a pair of black combat boots, black jeans and a black "HOIST 'EM

ALL" t-shirt. Nowhere to be seen, however, are his usual six pack of beer and boisterous attitude. He makes his way towards the ring, staring a hole through James Monosso.]

GM: Maybe you had it right with that "oh no", Bucky!

BW: Carver never met a face he didn't want to stomp, Gordo!

[Carver makes it down to ringside, grabbing a microphone before climbing up onto the ring apron. He points an accusing finger at Monosso.]

HC: Don't regret a damn thing yeh did, eh? Sure about that?

[Monosso cocks his head to the side, staring quizzically at Carver.]

HC: Don't get me wrong. This ain't got a damn thing to do with you and me. That ain't why I'm out here. Sure, I was one of them yeh mentioned. The ones yeh went up against on yer way to being the first one to hold the strap.

[Carver steps through the ropes, walking to the middle of the ring.]

HC: I gave yeh everything I had that night. And I took everything yeh had to give. Yeh dropped me on my head more times than I can remember. It's what it took to keep me down for that count of three.

[Monosso nods coolly.]

HC: That night, yeh were the better man. I'll never hold that against yeh for as long as I live. Hell, I'll never hold against any of the work yeh put in to be the first World Heavyweight Champion.

[Carver nods... until he holds one finger up.]

HC: Except for one thing. One man.

[Carver takes a step closer to Monosso. Crouching down and leaning forward until he's nose to nose with the former champ. He glares for an intense moment of silence before speaking again.]

HC: Eric Preston.

[A hush falls over the crowd as soon as Preston's name is uttered.]

HC: What happened to Eric... what you helped do to him...

[Carver's eyes go wild with anger. He stands up straight again, pointing at Monosso once more.]

HC: If that's something yer proud of...

If that's something yeh would do all over again...

[Carver snarls, shaking his head.]

HC: ...then yeh won't be the first sorry bastid in a wheelchair that I stomp all the way to the damn emergency room.

[The crowd reacts to that - but it's not the overwhelmingly positive reaction you might expect for Carver threatening to pummel someone into traction. It's a bit

mixed as if... well, maybe not everyone is keen on even one of their favorites beating the crap out of a guy in a wheelchair.]

GM: This is a very tense situation and... well, I'm not in charge of this place or anything...

BW: But if wishing made it so...

GM: ...but perhaps it's a good time to get some security down here to get involved before this gets very, very bad for us all.

[Carver's glare is cold and telling - this man is speaking the truth. He will not hesitate to bodily assault a man in a wheelchair.]

Monosso looks up at him for a few moments, a thoughtful expression on his face.]

JM: What does it feel like?

[Carver looks at him questioningly.]

JM: Looking into a mirror.

[The crowd "ooohs" as Carver smirks at him.]

JM: It's gotta be how it feels to you. You come out here all blustery and pissed off over something that happened between me and a friend of yours years ago and tell the world how you're such a badass that you're gonna kick the crap out of a guy in a wheelchair.

But I gotta wonder if the real reason you're mad I'm here is because it hits too close to home for you.

[Monosso looks pensive.]

JM: You look at me and you see a guy who spent his glory days mangling his body for the pay day... for the busted open skull... for the broken tables and twisted steel chairs... sometimes for the cheers or the boos of these people...

[He gestures to the fans who cheer in response.]

JM: And then you realize that you've done the exact same thing in your career. You realize that the ride's getting close to an end for you just like it did for him... and you may not have a choice but to remain seated like me.

[He gestures to the chair.]

JM: Funny thing about this though?

[Monosso sneers...

...and then rises to his feet shakily, the wheelchair now sitting empty underneath him.]

JM: As it turns out, I need it sometimes but not all the time.

[Monosso steps away from the chair causing Carver to take a surprised step back as the first AWA World Champion stares him dead in the eye.]

JM: But before we do...

[He shrugs.]

JM: ...whatever it is we're gonna do... you asked me a question and I think you deserve an answer.

[Carver nods.]

JM: Do I regret what I did to Eric Preston - to help snuff out a young, promising talent's career before it barely got started?

[Monosso pauses, glaring at Carver who is now shaking with anger, fists clenched at his side.]

JM: Despite what our ol' friends Gordon and Bucky over there said so many times over the years, I'm no monster. Not anymore at least.

And sitting in that chair a good chunk of my days, I've had plenty of time to relive everything I did in my career... to me... and to everyone else... and most of all to Eric.

The chairs. The tables. The ringposts. The steps. All of it.

[Carver winces, remembering the same things that happened to his young friend.]

JM: Am I proud of it? No. No, Carver, I'm not. But do I regret it?

[Monosso pauses, his eyes closing for a moment before opening back up, still locked on Carver's.]

JM: That's a more complicated question.

[Carver's brow furrows, his fists still clinched...

...when suddenly "Slither" by Velvet Revolver begins to play over the PA system to an ENORMOUS ROAR from the AWA faithful.]

GM: WHAT?! CAN IT BE...?!

[All eyes turn towards the entrance - even a surprised Hannibal Carver and James Monosso...

...and the Superdome fans ERUPT in a earsplitting exclamation for the arrival of the former young superstar, Eric Preston. The 32 year old Preston stands on the top of the stage with a smile on his face. His jet black hair and dark features are older - the hair streaked with gray and the skin showing signs of aging - but the light in his eyes is unmistakable and unforgettable. He stands in tan slacks and a dark blue polo with the Combat Corner logo stitched in the corner. Preston salutes the cheering fans with a slow raise of the arm before he starts walking down the aisle.]

GM: One of the greatest "what if" stories in our business - Eric Preston is a man who had the entire world in his hands during his early days in the AWA... a future brighter than any star... the fans behind him, the support of men with names like Vasquez... Martinez... and Carver... he was the epitome of a blue chip prospect, a man with the words "Future World Champion" stamped on him the moment he graduated from the Combat Corner.

[Preston is walking down the aisle, looking into the ring where James Monosso has lowered his head, his eyes down towards the mat.]

GM: Until he met that man - James Monosso. Monosso and Preston had one of the most violent feuds in AWA history... a war of attrition that saw both men incur serious injuries... and it was the total sum of those injuries that ultimately saw Eric Preston forced into early retirement. That day was a sad day... a tragic day... for pro wrestling fans all over the world and since then, Preston has avoided the spotlight of his former profession for the most part. He has made the occasional appearance outside of the ring... but the world of pro wrestling is no longer the home of Eric Preston who has made peace with that.

BW: Then why is he here tonight, Gordon?

GM: It's a fine question... and one hopefully he'll answer for us right now.

[Preston climbs the ringsteps, taking an offered mic before climbing through the ropes to a thunderous response. He smiles brightly, mouthing "thank you" and bowing his head a few times. The former AWA superstars turns slightly from the camera, reaching a hand up to swipe at his eyes before turning back to the ring where both Monosso and Carver are still standing. Carver's eyes are shockingly warm as he looks at his friend with a smile on his face. Monosso's are still down at the mat. Preston looks at them both for several long moments as the music fades but the cheers remain.]

"WEL-COME BACK!"

"WEL-COME BACK!"

"WEL-COME BACK!"

[Preston pauses to acknowledge the fans once more before turning towards the middle of the ring to two men who greatly impacted his career - and life - in very different ways. He approaches the middle of the ring...

...and steps past his friend, Hannibal Carver, to James Monosso, wrapping his arms around the torso of his most bitter rival to a shocked reaction from the crowd.]

GM: I... I am stunned, fans. We are witnessing Eric Preston embracing the man who directly contributed to the end of his career... to the shocking and abrupt change in his life's dreams and vision...

[Preston reaches a hand up, grasping the back of Monosso's head, whispering directly into his ear for several moments... and then he breaks apart, both men with tears in their eyes as Preston turns towards a shocked Carver.]

EP: I've missed you, old friend.

[Preston steps forward, wrapping Carver in a big hug as well as Monosso looks on, his eyes now on Preston. A few moments pass before Preston steps back, standing between the two men.]

EP: Hannibal, you know I love you, right?

[Carver shrugs with a nod.]

EP: You know I respect you and everything you've done for me.

[It's not a question this time but Carver nods again.]

EP: Then please do me the same respect when I beg you... don't do this.

[The crowd buzzes as Carver tilts his head, obvious confusion on his face.]

EP: I live my life these days with an...

[Preston smirks, throwing up some finger quotes.]

EP: ...“attitude of gratitude” so to speak. I try to be grateful for what I have and just as grateful for what I had.

So, Hannibal... I am grateful to have a friend like you who would come out here, years after my retirement, and try to avenge my honor.

[Preston bows his head to a still-confused Carver.]

EP: I am grateful for the career I had... and the life I have today.

[He turns to repeat the bowing gesture towards the cheering fans...

...and then turns towards James Monosso, looking at his longtime enemy.]

EP: And I am grateful for our shared experience, James... both the bad times... and the good.

[Monosso returns the bowing gesture, saying “thank you, Eric” off-mic.]

EP: Hannibal, I wouldn’t expect you to know this because in my time away from the business that I loved so much... I’ve become a very private person. But leaving pro wrestling was the hardest thing I ever did. Walking away from this ring...

[He gestures to the ring he’s standing in.]

EP: ...these people...

[He gestures to the cheering fans with a smile.]

EP: ...and yeah, even the two of you...

[He chuckles at the duo in the ring.]

EP: ...to say that it nearly ended me would not be an understatement.

[Preston pauses, letting the heavy words sink in.]

EP: But I got better. I got healthy... up here.

[He taps his temple.]

EP: And part of the process of doing that was to sit down with James who was going through his own... separation anxiety... and talk about it. It wasn’t easy. We had a lot of unresolved bad feelings towards each other.

But it was necessary...

...and in the end, it was healing. Cathartic even.

[Preston shakes his head a bit.]

EP: We made peace with one another, Hannibal. This sport breeds conflict. It’s why these fans paid money to be here tonight, to see people in conflict... and sometimes that conflict gets personal... gets bitter... and crosses lines beyond the realm of competitive sports.

[Preston slowly nods, Monosso slightly nodding alongside him as Carver stares at his friend.]

EP: We did everything humanly possible to hurt each other... and even dabbled in a few things you'd call inhumane.

[Preston puts a hand on Carver's shoulder.]

EP: Know anyone else who might fit that description?

[Preston chuckles as he pats Carver's back.]

EP: James and I aren't the best of friends... and never will be. But we're two people who shared an experience together in and out of this ring that made us the people that we are today. For better or worse.

So, when you ask James if he regrets what he did to me... he doesn't, Hannibal.

[Carver's cold gaze turns onto Monosso again but Preston puts a hand on his friend's chest.]

EP: But that's okay. Because if he were to regret what he did to me, he would be regretting part of life's journey that took him to where he is now. He's not proud of what he did... he doesn't wear it as a badge of honor.

But he did it. And he accepts that. And if he hadn't done it, his life... my life... all of our lives would be greatly different from what they are.

[Preston shrugs.]

EP: For better or worse. That's not my judgment to make.

And it's not yours either. Okay?

[Carver pauses for a moment before nodding slowly. Preston smiles.]

EP: I know it's hard to see now. But someday you'll be on the other side of all of this... and maybe then it'll be more clear.

I hope it's not for a long, long time, friend.... and I hope you stand out here looking at me and James and it teaches you... something... anything... about the path you've been on and the path you'll spend the rest of your career on...

[Preston nods, sticking out his hand. Carver happily takes it, nodding as he pulls his friend into an embrace again. The fans are cheering the moment... even James Monosso looks happy...

...until...]

GM: Oh, hell.

[...the sound of Calvin Harris' "This Is What You Came For" rings out over the PA system as the house lights start to flash in rhythm to the music creating a dance party atmosphere... where no one is partying at all except the two men coming through the curtain right about now.]

GM: This is a very emotional moment for the men inside this ring and these two goofs are coming out here to spoil it!



BW: You don't know that. Don't judge them, Gordo! They may be big fans of these guys and coming out to let them know that.

GM: Highly unlikely, Bucky.

[The Wallaces spring through the curtain in a pair of golden full-length tights with tassles lining the legs, black vests with a golden statue on the back, and matching sparkly headbands, trading a leaping high five before heading down the aisle towards the ring. They taunt the occasional fan with a crotch chop or insulting comment as they head to the ring.]

GM: The Wallace twins... the American Idols will be in action next weekend right here on ESPN when they meet the unlikely team of Justin Gaines and Jayden Jericho... but right now, we didn't expect them to be out here... nor do we really WANT them out here!

BW: Speak for yourself. I'm always up for being Idolized!

[The Idols reach the ring, pausing on the floor as they look up at a pissed-off Hannibal Carver who has a few off-color words that get silenced before they're heard. The Wallace twins smirk, fanning their ears with a "Whoo, brother!" Chaz grabs a mic from ringside before he climbs up on the apron.]

Chaz: There ain't no party like an Idols party, baaaaaaybeeeeee!

[The fans jeer the Idols who are totally oblivious to their reaction, nodding proudly.]

Chaz: But there's something amiss right about now... ain't that right, Chet?

[Chet pulls himself up on the apron to stand alongside his brother, leaning over their now-shared mic.]

Chet: That's right, Chaz. You see, we must've gotten the wrong week's TV Guide featuring ABC's hit show Modern Family.

[Chet winks at the camera.]

Chet: Because according to our TV Guide, this show is supposed to be the AWA's Tenth Anniversary Show... not General Hospital!

[Chaz giggles madly.]

Chaz: That's right. If we wanted to see all this sappy melodrama out here, we'd tune into the daily activities of Sonny Corinthos and the Cassadines... not you three!

[Chet holds up a hand.]

Chet: But it's okay... it's okay... because all you fans out there who were frantically reaching for the remote control with a speed and intensity you haven't felt since Jericho Kai was on your TV can pause... because the Idols are here...

...to save... this... show.

[Chet smirks at the fans... then at the ring... and then gets an Hannibal Carver elbowstrike in the mouth for his efforts, sending him flying off the apron to the floor to a HUGE REACTION!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Chaz looks panicked... then mad... and then leaps over the top rope, dropping down to duck a second Carver forearm strike...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and catches Carver right under the chin with a superkick, snapping his head back and putting him into the corner!]

GM: Superkick on Carver!

[Chaz whips back around, striking quickly as he swings his leg up again, aimed at the jaw of Eric Preston...]

GM: NO!

[...but Preston's instincts take over, catching the foot to a HUGE ROAR from the AWA faithful!]

GM: That twisted little... Chaz Wallace tried to superkick a man who had to retire due to head injury issues! What kind of worm would do such a thing?!

[Preston holds the foot, watching Chaz hop up and down trying to keep his balance...]

...which is when James Monosso shoves his wheelchair forward, taking Chaz' leg out from under him, causing him to sit down in the chair.]

GM: Oh! Have a seat, Chaz Wallace!

[But Monosso quickly dumps Chaz back out of the chair, sending him stumbling into a boot to the gut by Preston who grins as the crowd ROARS!]

GM: What in...?

[Preston backs off, taking aim...]

GM: I never thought I'd see this again!

[...and runs back in, popping his knee up into the chin of Chaz Wallace, snapping his head backwards as the crowd roars again!]

GM: DREAM MACHINE KNEELIFT BY ERIC PRESTON!

[The blow sends Chaz flying backwards into the chest of James Monosso who grabs him by the hair, glaring coldly down at him...]

GM: And Chaz Wallace may have made the biggest mistake of his life!

[Kicking the wheelchair aside, Monosso grimaces as he puts one hand around the throat of Wallace and reaches down with the other...]

GM: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

[...pressing Chaz Wallace over his head for a moment before surging forward, stomping towards the ropes, the crowd screaming along with what comes next!]

"GET OUT OF HERE!"

[Monosso HURLS Chaz over the top rope, throwing him out onto a rising Chet Wallace who looks stunned as his brother's body knocks him right back down to the floor as the crowd ERUPTS in cheers for the move not seen in a long, long while!]

GM: MONOSSO TOSSES HIM OUT!

[Monosso stumbles as he reaches the ropes, grabbing hold of them for support as Hannibal Carver steps towards him, grasping an arm...

...and after a tense moment, Carver slips his arm under Monosso's, holding him up as Preston grins, moving to Monosso's other side to keep him steady.]

GM: And just like that, Hannibal Carver, Eric Preston, and James Monosso have cleared the ring tonight here on the Tenth Anniversary Show! What a moment! What a night!

[Preston grins as he slides between Carver and Monosso, raising both their hands to a big cheer from the Superdome crowd.]

GM: And considering the injury history of two of these men, this may be the last time we see James Monosso and Eric Preston inside an AWA ring... and if it is, I'm so glad... so proud that I was here to witness it. Thank you to you both for all you gave to this company over the years.

[Carver steps back, clapping as Preston and Monosso share a quick embrace before raising their arms to the cheering crowd again...

...and we fade to black.

And then back up to a shot of a darkened room, a filtered spotlight shining down in the middle of it. We can hear footsteps in the background.

Thump.

Thump.

Thump.

The steps are drawing closer it seems.

Thump.

Thump.

Thump.

And they come to a stop revealing the face of Ryan Martinez, still battle-weathered from his bloody war at SuperClash IX.]

"They call me the White Knight."

[A quick shot of Martinez delivering brutal chops to the chest of the King of the Death Match, Caleb Temple.]

"The son of a Hall of Famer."

[A shot of House Martinez - father and son - standing in the ring with Gunnar Gaines.]

"The former two-time World Champion."

[A shot of Martinez standing over Juan Vasquez with the World Title in his grasp.]

"And I am AWA."

[We get an almost identical shot in the darkened room but this time with Supreme Wright standing center stage.]

"The greatest professional wrestler on the planet."

[Cut to footage of Wright cranking on the arm of Casey James.]

"A two-time World Champion"

[Wright holds the title overhead with a defeated Dave Bryant in the background.]

"I am AWA."

[Wright is replaced by Julie Somers.]

"The Spitfire."

[A shot of Somers flipping off the top rope, crashing down on top of Kurayami with the moonsault.]

"The Women's World Champion."

[To SuperClash IX and Somers holding the title over her head.]

"The heart and soul of the Women's Division."

[Somers trading blows with Lauryn Rage inside a steel cage.]

"And I am AWA."

[Somers is replaced by Jordan Ohara, the National Title slung over his shoulder.]

"The Phoenix."

[Ohara dives off the top rope, smashing down with a Phoenix Flame splash.]

"The National Champion."

[Ohara stands on the midbuckle, holding the title up over his head.]

"A once in a millennium talent."

[A series of quick chops lighting up Juan Vasquez.]

"I am AWA."

[The champion is replaced by a grinning Michelle Bailey.]

"The Platinum Princess."

[Bailey tears across the ring, smashing home a Britney Spear on Laura Davis.]

"Former EMWC champion."

[A quick still photo comes up of Bailey holding a championship title aloft.]

"The heart and soul of the- Julie said that?! Grr!

[A playful Bailey plants her fists on her hips, striking a pose.]

"And I am AWA."

[Bailey is replaced by the face-painted Supernova, the World Title secured around his waist.]

"The icon."

[We get footage of Supernova way back in the day, trading blows with Mark Langseth.]

"The franchise player."

[Supernova using the Heat Wave splash on Shadoe Rage.]

"The World. Heavyweight. Champion."

"And I... AM... AWA."

[We get quick shots now, individual shots...

Jack Lynch.]

"I am AWA."

[Shadoe Rage.]

"I am AWA."

[Hannibal Carver.]

"I am AWA."

[Howie Somers.]

"I am AWA."

[Daniel Harper.]

"I am AWA."

[Harley Hamilton.]

"I am AWA."

[They come quicker and quicker, all repeating the tagline - James Lynch, Victoria June, Cinder, Kerry Kendrick, Ayako Fujiwara...

...and this time, each time they say it, they stay on screen, the framed shot getting smaller as more people are added to it...

Laura Davis. Jackson Hunter. Bret Grayson. Ricki Toughill. And on. And on. And on.

And the photos all disappear, leaving just the tagline behind...]

"I am AWA."

[The graphic fades and is replaced with more text - "The American Wrestling Alliance. Every Saturday Night. ESPN."

Fade to black.

And then back up to find an engagement photo style shot of Supreme Wright and Theresa Lynch sitting on a colorful blanket in a meadow filled with flowers as we hear a few notes from the Wedding March along with a graphic reading "Messages For The Happy Couple" in a flowery scripty font with an additional "Presented by Disney Fairy Tale Weddings."

We fade to "The Spitfire" Julie Somers, who is dressed in a white T-shirt with the words "LIVE THE DREAM" in pink lettering, plus blue jeans with slits and tears in the legs.]

JS: Oh my gosh, can you believe there's gonna be a wedding tonight? Wow, that's just so exciting and I couldn't be happier for Theresa Lynch and Supreme Wright.

Theresa, I just wanted to say that I couldn't be happier for you. I appreciated those chats we've had just about life in general and I was so thrilled to hear the news that Supreme Wright proposed to you and that you accepted.

I always talk about how important it is to live your dream, and there's no better dream to live out than to find that person you want to spend the rest of your life with. I just want you how happy I am for you and I sure hope you find all the happiness in the world in your relationship.

[Somers smiles.]

JS: And Supreme Wright... you be good to her, all right? [winks] All the best to both of you.

[And we fade to the ring where we find Rebecca Ortiz already standing, mic in hand as she's surrounded by wrestlers with the sound of John Barry's "Overture" from "The Black Hole" playing over the PA system.]

GM: We're just about set for six man tag team action here on the Tenth Anniversary Show. You can see one of our teams is already in the ring and let's go down to Rebecca to find out all the details!

[Rebecca raises the mic.]

RO: The following six man tag team match is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first... in the ring at this time... the team of POLEMOS, OMEGA, and WHAIIITIRIIIIII!

[The fan favorite trio raise their arms as they're introduced, soaking up the cheers of the crowd.]

RO: Annnnnnnd their opponents...

[The lights in the Superdome drop to black, causing an "oooooh" to wash over the crowd before midnight blue spotlights begin swirling around the massive arena. The sound of snarling and snapping dogs are next before the opening notes to KISS' anthemic "War Machine" rings out to a heavily mixed response from the AWA faithful!]

RO: ...they are the team of PEDRO PEREZ, ISAIAH CARPENTER, and WADE WALKER...

...the DOGS... OOOOOOOOF... WAAAAAAAARRRRRRR!

[And on cue, three of the midnight blue spotlights lance out into the massive crowd to illuminate the aforementioned Perez, Carpenter, and Walker - all three in separate areas of the Superdome crowd as they start making their way down towards the ring through the fans.]

GM: Reunited and they HOPE it feels so good here tonight as Pedro Perez returns from suspension to rejoin his allies in a six man tag team match that may have major implications for this unit, Bucky.

BW: The Dogs have been on a serious downward spiral since about the middle of 2017... and we heard what was said back at the Tribunals after SuperClash. Their contracts are up soon... and the bosses don't like what they've been seeing as of late. Tonight, the Dogs of War have a chance to show the world that they're still a unit to be feared... that they're still the most dominant trio in AWA history... and that they're still deserving to be on this loaded roster that has people get turned away on a daily basis that want to be a part of it.

GM: All three men making their way down towards the ring in that signature midnight blue riot gear style attire that they're so well known for. Of course, the Dogs of War arrived in the AWA during the Wise Men Saga several years ago as the hired guns of former AWA mastermind manager, Percy Childes. They went on a run the likes of which is rarely seen in modern pro wrestling but as of late, the bloom has been off the rose... but tonight, they could change all of that.

[Reaching ringside, the trio come over the barricade almost in unison, briefly taking up positions surrounding the ring as Rebecca Ortiz makes a quick exit...

...and then the referee frantically calls for the bell as Carpenter, Walker, and the returning Perez dive under the bottom rope, coming to their feet and swarming the fan favorites inside the ring...]

GM: Here comes trouble! The Dogs of War are looking for the hot start in this one after a cold start to 2018 for the trio so far!

[Perez and Carpenter use their early assault to drive Omega and Whaitiri respectively from the ring, leaving Walker and Polemos to trade heavy shots in the middle of the squared circle to the roar of the New Orleans fans...

...a roar that only gets louder when Perez and Carpenter go dashing from opposite sides of the ring, each launching themselves into tope dives through the ropes that send the opposition crashing back into the ringside barricades!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Polemos reeling, Wade Walker turns to pump his powerful arms triumphantly at his partners' offense...]

BW: Look out behind you, big man!

[...and turns right around into a grasping gloved hand wrapped around his throat by the mighty Polemos!]

GM: He's got him! He hooks the Dogs' powerhouse! Pulling him out to the middle of the ring, setting for that chokesla-

[But Walker buries a boot in the gut of Polemos, breaking his grip as he rushes back to the ropes...]

GM: Walker off the ropes and...

[...and the crowd ERUPTS as Walker throws himself into a devastating spear, cutting Polemos down to the canvas as Walker shoves his fists into the chest, pressing up with a roar, tongue extended wildly!]

GM: SPEEEEEEEAR! COVERS!

[The official dives down to count.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd ROARS as Omega throws himself onto the pile, breaking up the pin JUST before the three count falls!]

GM: Omega with the HUUUUUGE save right there because this match was over, Bucky!

BW: It sure was. The Dogs of War did not come to mess around tonight. They're looking to make an impact AND make a statement in devastating fashion. They want the world to know that the Dogs of War... in all their glory.. are back here in New Orleans.

GM: There was a period of time where there was no doubt at all that the Dogs of War were the best trio in all of wrestling... arguably in wrestling history even... but lately, things have been shaky at best for the group... and they're hoping the return from suspension from Pedro Perez will be the tipping point tonight.

[Back on his feet, an angry Walker lifts a struggling Omega off the mat. The Neptunian superhero lands a few shots that Walker completely ignores before lifting Omega up high...

...and pressing him even higher!]

GM: LOOK AT THE POWER!

[Walker effortlessly runs towards the ropes, holding Omega aloft over his head...

...and HURLS him over the top rope, sending Omega to a VERY hard fall on the barely-padded floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: GOOD GRIEF! OMEGA GETS WIPED OUT WITH THAT SLAM TO THE OUTSIDE!

[Omega curls into a ball on the floor as a pissed-off Walker shouts something off-mic in his direction before turning around...]

GM: SPEAR! SPEAR! SPEEEEEEEAR!

[...where the former World Television Champion Whitiri flattens Walker with a spear tackle of his own!]

GM: The Charge of Tūmataunga... and Whitiri's pulling Polemos on top.



BW: I guess we've decided Walker and Polemos are legal somehow.

GM: The referee down to count as Whaitiri backs off, keeping guard...

[The official slaps the mat once... twice...]

GM: OHH! And Carpenter somehow slips past Whaitiri to make the save!

[And now it's Whaitiri showing signs of anger as he grabs hold of Carpenter, throwing a pair of hooking haymakers as Carpenter responds with body shots of his own...]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands! Both these teams are throwing out the rulebook early and-

[The crowd reacts as Carpenter leans over, throwing himself at Whaitiri, wrapping his arms around the New Zealander's torso as they spill through the ropes, crashing down on the outside!]

BW: Well, so much for that fight.

GM: We've got bodies in the ring and out on the floor... Polemos is up now though, pulling Wade Walker back to his feet...

[A pair of right hands has Walker stunned when a gloved uppercut snaps his head back, sending Walker falling back into the corner.]

GM: The seven footer going to work on the big man of the Dogs of War...

[The crowd bellows a warning to Polemos as Pedro Perez slides in, quickly approaching from the blind side...]

BW: And if Walker is the big dog, this one is the rabid pitbull who is out of control these days!

[...but the warning works as Polemos whips around, snapping his hand around the Puerto Rican's throat on the way in!]

GM: Polemos hooks him! He's gonna-

[But a double axehandle to the back of the head by Walker breaks off the chokeslam attempt, leaving Polemos down on a knee between the two Dogs who take a moment to pummel as the referee tries to gain some sort of control!]

GM: The official is certainly struggling in this one. Unable to get anyone out on the apron... unable to get any semblance of a tag team match going... this is a fight!

[Perez joins Walker in grabbing the arms of Polemos, whipping the seven footer towards the ropes. They reach out their arms, clasping each other's wrist for a double clothesline as Polemos rebound backs...]

GM: The seven footer on the move... WHOA! HE RUNS RIGHT THROUGH THE DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE!

[The shocking breakdown of the move causes Perez and Walker to whip around as Polemos barrels back towards them...]

GM: AND A DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE OF HIS OWN!

[Polemos throws his arms back, letting loose a roar that the New Orleans crowd echoes...

...which gets even louder as a banged-up Omega comes rolling back into the ring!]

GM: Omega's back in!

BW: I can't believe that goof is even standing right now, Gordo.

GM: The kid's got a knack for being able to absorb a lot of punishment... and fans, it's a good time to mention that next weekend on the premiere of Showtime, it'll be Omega versus Whaitiri - that's right, partners tonight but opponents next weekend - in the Finals of the first Run The Rankings gauntlet with the winner getting a future title shot against World Television Champion, Odin Gunn.

BW: Some prize that is. "Congrats! You're the winner of being beaten to within an inch of your life!"

[Gordon chuckles as Omega points to the downed Perez while Polemos nods and moves towards the rising Walker...]

GM: What do these two have in store for...?

[...and the crowd ROARS as Polemos hooks a hand around the throat of Walker while Omega does the same to Perez...]

BW: You've gotta be kidding me!

[...and both lift their opponents into the air in tandem, throwing them down in stereo chokeslams!]

GM: CHOOOOOOOKESLAAAAAAMS!

[Polemos covers Walker as Omega pumps a celebratory fist along with the referee's count...]

GM: WE'VE GOT ONE! WE'VE GOT TWO! WE'VE GOT-

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Isaiah Carpenter hooks Polemos' ankle from the outside, dragging him out of the cover and right out to the floor to jeers!]

GM: Carpenter pulls him out!

[An angry Polemos blocks a right hand from Carpenter before landing one of his own. He grabs Carpenter by the stringy wet hair, looking to put him into the ringpost...]

GM: INTO THE STE- OHH! CARPENTER REVERSED IT AND PUTS POLEMOS INTO THE STEEL INSTEAD!

[Polemos goes down hard on the floor from the crash into the steel ringpost as Carpenter shouts down at him...

...and then turns into a tumbling Omega diving off the ring apron onto him with a somersault!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OMEGA TAKES OUT CARPENTER!

BW: This is wild, Gordo!

GM: Sheer chaos from the opening bell - and so far, the Dogs have been unable to utilize their usual gameplan of divide and conquer and using their numbers and teamwork edge to their advantage.

[Back inside the ring, we see Whitiri back in, retrieving Pedro Perez from his spot on the mat.]

GM: Big scoop... big slam by Whitiri!

[And with the approval of the crowd, Whitiri points to the corner!]

GM: Whitiri's going to drop the big one on him! Heading to the corner now...

BW: Is he legal?!

GM: What are you, John Law? Who knows who is legal at this point! We haven't had a single tag in this at all and... Whitiri's up top! Whitiri looking down and...

[With a breathtakingly graceful leap, Whitiri hurls himself into the air, floating down and CRASHES down onto Perez' prone form!]

GM: Ranginui's Prayer! He connects!

[And then rolls clear as we see Omega on the adjacent turnbuckles leaping into the air as well...]

GM: AND OMEGA WITH A FLYING SPLASH OF HIS OWN!

[Omega pops up and...]

BW: What in the...?

GM: I don't really know. Omega is thrusting and gesticulating wildly... I think that might be some kind of a haka dance?

[Whitiri stares at Omega, eyebrows raised with his hands on his hips as the fans laugh at Omega's antics. The Maori native steps closer to Omega, shaking his head...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...which puts them both in line for a running double clothesline by Walker that drops them both!]

GM: GOODNESS! WADE WALKER LAYS THEM OUT!

[With both men down, a fired-up Walker stomps around the ring, shouting to the crowd as he gets to an empty corner, leaning back against the buckles for a moment before stomping down into a crouch, waving... beckoning...]

GM: Whitiri's trying to get up but he's not gonna like what's waiting for...

[...and as the former TV champ rises, Walker goes tearing across the ring, lowering his shoulder...]

GM: SPEAR! SPEAR! SPEAR! WALKER FLATTENS WHAITIRI!

[Walker pops up, throwing his arms back again, showing off his powerful torso before turning around, glaring across with intensity at the slowly-rising Omega...]

BW: And I think he's got one for Omega too!

GM: Omega's got no clue it's coming! He's down...he's...

[Omega grabs the ropes, slowly pulling himself off the mat as Walker comes barreling across again...]

GM: SPEEEEEEEEEEEEA-

[...but Omega suddenly leaps up, his legs coming to rest on the top rope, his body lying across the top as Walker's spear attempt ends with his upper body sailing between the ropes and...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: HE HIT HIS HEAD!

GM: He sure did! Wade Walker drove his own skull into the steel ringpost and-

[Omega rolls to the side, rolling off the ropes, down the back of the stunned Walker, hooking a crucifix and dragging him down to the canvas!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM DOWN! ONNNNNNNNNNE!

[Isaiah Carpenter - sensing trouble - clambers up onto the ring apron, looking to intervene...]

GM: TWOOOOOOOOOOO!

[...which is when Polemos hooks him from the outside, holding his ankle....]

GM: THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: My stars, the Dogs of War lose AGAIN!

[Polemos lets go of the ankle, causing Carpenter to comedically fall through the ropes onto the mat, landing on the canvas with his arms outstretched towards a pinfall that is no longer happening as Omega scrambles out of the ring before an incensed Wade Walker can strike.]

GM: And Omega is out of there in a hurry!

BW: Can you blame him?! Wade Walker's fit to be tied! He just got pinned by... OMEGA?! Walker's going to put the entire locker room in the hospital after this!

[Walker holds his head, staggering a bit as he gets to his feet, moving towards the ropes where Omega rushes to embrace Polemos on the outside. Whaitiri, clutching his ribs in pain, staggers over towards the duo to join the celebration as the New Orleans crowd ROARS for the perhaps-surprising victory.]

GM: The Dogs of War have been defeated here on the Tenth Anniversary Show... and I don't want to say they put all their eggs in one basket but there was a whole lot of chatter coming from the Dogs the last week or so that the return of Pedro

Perez tonight would be the difference maker in getting them back on track and... well, that turned out to not be the case.

BW: And what a huge boost in momentum for Omega going into the Run The Rankings Final Stage next weekend on the premiere of Showtime, Gordo. He pinned Wade Walker, the big man of the Dogs of War... while the man he'll be facing next weekend got laid out by Walker! That's big and it's gonna fill the kid with confidence going into that match.

GM: Absolutely.

[As the triumphant Neptunian and his squad disappear at the top of the ring entrance aisle, we cut back to the ring, where Pedro Perez is back on his feet pacing back and forth, smacking his fist into his palm in frustration.]

GM: And, you think of the havoc these men once wrought... the fear they struck in the hearts of the AWA locker room, now—

BW: They lost to a geek in blue spandex, Gordo, just spit it out.

GM: Well, it's more complicated than that, Bucky, but... once upon a time they never lost, and now...

[Perez buries his forehead into the nearby turnbuckle. In the background, we can see Wade Walker turn back towards the ring...

...where Isaiah Carpenter stomps right up to him, shoving him in the chest with both hands and getting up into his face with accusing point of the finger.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Things just got a little heated in there between the Dogs... well, for Carpenter at least.

[Wade Walker doesn't respond to Carpenter's aggression, stoically glaring back at his partner and ally.]

GM: How does one come back from this loss, I wonder? We may be seeing the end of the Dogs of War as we know them.

[And a voice rings out to interrupt that thought.]

"MISTER WALKER!"

[The crowd turns to the entrance, where they greet "Curly" Bill Webb with a smattering of boos. Webb merely smiles in amusement at their jeering as Walker looks down the aisle.]

GM: An interesting development here. For our fans who missed the final Power Hour, you also missed Curly Bill Webb approach Wade Walker with an offer that he believed the Dogs' big man couldn't refuse... but Walker did indeed refuse.

BW: Did he? Or did Carpenter refuse for him?

[Carpenter throws up his hands with a loud "THIS AGAIN?!" while he also looks down the aisle at Webb.]

CB: Now may not be a good time... or heck, maybe it's the best time! But I need to remind you of that offer I extended to you last week.

I wanted you to ride with The Desperadoes!

I wanted a cutthroat, whiskey drinkin', hell raisin', ruthless killer to join my posse of cutthroat, whiskey drinkin', hell raisin' ruthless killers!

[Carpenter shoots Walker a disappointed glare as the big man of the Dogs of War furrows his brow.]

CB: But I see you still haven't made up your mind, hoss.

[Webb shrugs.]

CB: Well, that's disappointing, 'cause I figured a smart man woulda' jumped at the opportunity. But time is money, Mr. Walker and this was a limited time offer.

So I regret to inform you that your offer has expired.

Or rather... it's been rescinded.

\*CLUNK!\*

[Isaiah Carpenter drops to his knees, his eyes rolled back in his head as the crowd gasps in shock.]

CB: 'Cause I've already found my killer!

[Bill twists his mustache, laughing as Wade Walker wheels around in shock to see a wild-eyed Pedro Perez with a cowbell in his hand...]

GM: My stars!

[Perez takes a wild swing and catches Walker in the forehead with the cowbell as he did to Carpenter moments ago!]

\*CLUNK!\*

GM: Pedro Perez... Perez just knocked his own man out with that cowbell that was tossed into the ring by-

[The Texas Ranger has appeared at ringside and appears to be in support of Perez who looks down at his allies on the canvas. Carpenter is still unmoving, a nasty gash opened up on the back of his head trickling crimson onto the canvas.]

GM: Carpenter's been laid out and-

[The crowd gasps as Walker pushes up to a knee, blood dripping from a large gash in his forehead, framing the look of astonishment and betrayal in his eyes as Perez winds up again...]

GM: He's gonna do it again!

[...but the second attempt is blocked as Walker brings his powerful arms up to stop the sharpened metal from digging into his skull again!]

GM: WALKER BLOCKS IT!

[Perez' eyes flash with panicked alarm as the bloodied Walker pushes to his feet...

...and RIPS the cowbell out of Perez' hands to a huge cheer from the crowd!]

GM: Pedro Perez may have made a deal with the Devil here tonight... and now Wade Walker may be on the verge of sending him to see the Devil in person!

[Perez backs off, hands raised as Walker glances back and forth at his other felled partner Carpenter.]

GM: What is that about?! Wade Walker looks as confused as we are at this sudden betrayal!

[Walker grips the crimson-covered cowbell in his hands as he advances on Perez who is backpedaling away, begging Walker to not use the weapon on him...

...but Walker is still coming, lifting the cowbell over his head as he points a threatening finger at Perez, the crowd getting louder as he closes the distance. The fans in the Superdome seem quite into the idea of Wade Walker giving Pedro Perez some swift justice.]

BW: Don't do it, Wade! This man is your partner! Remember why Percy Chiles put you together as a team!

GM: I think the word, "team," is now obsolete as far as the Dogs of War go, Bucky!

[However, Walker hesitates a bit too long, allowing the masked Texas Ranger to slide into the ring to protect his seemingly new ally...]

GM: The Ranger's in and-

[But as the Ranger charges him, Walker spins around, clasping his hands together...]

GM: MJOLNIR!

[...and obliterates the Ranger with a cowbell-assisted double axhandle across the sternum!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[As Walker tosses the cowbell aside, Perez makes a move on him, charging him from the blind side...

...but Walker whips back around, catching him on his approach, hooking him by the collar of his flak jacket, shaking him violently back and forth as he screams at his now-former ally.]

"YOU TELL ME WHY! TELL ME WHY!"

[But before he can get his answer...]

"OOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[...the AWA World Television Champion, Odin Gunn, rolls into the ring and picks up the cowbell, smashing it into the back of Wade Walker's head!]

GM: ODIN GUNN IS IN THE RING AND HAS STRUCK HARD!

[Walker releases Perez, stumbling around in a daze, blinded by his own blood freely flowing down his forehead into his eyes...]

GM: How is Wade Walker still standing?! His face is the proverbial crimson mask and he's still on his feet!

BW: Not for much longer!

[The Samoan Cowboy spins Walker around and ducks down, lifting him up into a fireman's carry with ease.]

GM: Gunn's got him up! He lifts Walker up like he's nothing at all!

[He holds Walker there for a moment, before dropping to his side and driving the former NFL prospect into the canvas!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DEATH VALLEY DRIVER!

[Gunn climbs to his feet, standing tall as he's quickly flanked by Pedro Perez. After a few moments, Curly Bill Webb joins the duo in the ring, the former wrestler grinning widely.]

GM: Before our very eyes, the Dogs of War have been SHATTERED into pieces by the machinations of Curly Bill Webb and Pedro Perez... and Carpenter and Walker have been BLOODIED and DEMOLISHED by The Desperadoes!

BW: The Dogs are busted open and... wow.

GM: What a shocking turn of events this is here in New Orleans for the Tenth Anniversary Show... and look at Curly Bill! He's loving every second of this!

[An ecstatic Curly Bill takes off his hat and eagerly shakes hands with Pedro Perez as boos rain down from the fans. The Texas Ranger staggers back into the picture, holding up an unconscious Walker by the head, like a prized hunting trophy.]

GM: Walker's bleeding profusely and... oh, they're so proud! Pedro Perez...

[Odin Gunn kneels down to get a better look at the bloodied Walker, admiring his handiwork as a sick smile forms on the usually stoic Television Champion's face.]

GM: ...Pedro Perez has sold out his own teammates. Four years of loyalty and sacrifice, and Perez has just sold his own men down the river to join The Desperadoes!

BW: Hey, at least one of the Dogs had a backup plan to get off that sinking ship!

GM: Bucky!

BW: I'm just saying what everyone was thinking!

GM: And when Curly Bill adds Pedro Perez to the already-dangerous Desperadoes, what in the world happens now?

[Perez grins as he stands tall over his fallen former allies, his hands raised in the air as the fans jeer...

...and we cut backstage, where a helpless "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing beside a door.

A door labeled "SUPREME WRIGHT".



Just a few feet from him, with long greasy hair hanging over maniacal eyes, an unshaven face, and tobacco-stained teeth, is Smasher Salazar. The bounty hunter has a callous-covered hand on Blackwell's shoulder, and his fingers strain as they dig in. He speaks in a hushed tone.]

SS: Now you got why you're here, right?

[Blackwell shakes his head, answering in a similarly quiet tone of voice.]

SLB: Frankly, I don't. I don't get why you need me for this at all.

[Salazar rolls his eyes, sighing.]

SS: I need a dadgum witness for this. It ain't enough for there to be a camera. They could say I doctored the footage. I need your eyes here, and people believe you're an honest man.

[Salazar gives Blackwell a glare.]

SS: You're an honest man, ain't ya?

SLB: That's what they tell me.

SS: Well, then you're the man I need.

[We see Blackwell flinch at the choice of words.]

SS: Now here's what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna open this door real quiet, I'm gonna walk inside...

[Salazar holds up his taped spit bottle, with a faded Dr Pepper logo on the front.]

SS: Then I'm gonna whack him so hard that this'll break, and he ain't gonna be goin' to no goldanged chapel.

[Blackwell's eyes open wide.]

SLB: And there's no way I can convince you to not have me be a party to this?

[Salazar smiles a disturbingly toothy grin with his stained teeth.]

SS: Not unless you wanna join him, partner.

["Sweet" Lou's Adam's apple bobs in his throat.]

SLB: Carry on, then.

[Salazar holds a finger to his lips, then quietly places his hand on the doorknob, checking to see if it's unlocked.]

SS: Heh. Dadgum. Unlocked. Trustin' sort, ain't he?

[Then he slowly turns the handle, cracking open the door and peeking inside. After a moment, he pushes Blackwell in, then follows himself...

...into an empty room.]

SS: Don't that beat all. As empty as my wallet right now.

SLB: An unfortunate turn for you, I'm sure.

SS: Well, I ain't a quitter, Blackwell.

[Salazar places his hands on his hips.]

SS: I ain't givin' up until I figure out where he's tucked tail to, that's for dadgum sure.

[A few moments pass, Smasher tapping the toe of his boot on the floor, and then we hear a familiar voice...]

"Smasher?"

[A look of realization comes across Salazar's face, and then the phoniest possible grin.]

SS: Well as I live and breathe.

[We pan around to a door inside the locker room, where we see Jack Lynch, standing beside Ryan Martinez, walking out from an interior room of the locker room.]

SS: Jackie Lynch. If'n it ain't you in the flesh. It's been years, ain't it?

[Jack shakes his head, then hooks a thumb at Salazar.]

JL: Lou, how'd you get involved with this guy?

[Blackwell holds his hands up.]

SLB: Not by choice.

SS: You know how I operate, Jackie. I like havin' eyes to confirm what I do.

JL: Yeah, yeah. Figured you would've knocked that off by now.

[Martinez, with a confused look on his face, speaks up.]

RM: How exactly do you two know each other?

SS: Jackie here never told you about me?

[Salazar giggles.]

SS: You're still mad at me, Jackie? All I did was bust up that birthday party for Westerly. It ain't like it was a quinceanera. Besides, your daddy still owes me fifty bucks from before that.

[Salazar sniffs, rubbing his thumb against his nose.]

SS: And it ain't like you and your brothers didn't take a chunk outta my hide for it.

JL: You're lucky that's all we did. And now you're causing trouble with my family again?

[Salazar takes his container of snuff out of his back pocket, loading up his lip with a simple "Yep".]

JL: No wonder Reesa's been upset. And it was Miss Sandra Hayes who put you up to it?

[Salazar nods.]

SS: And I intend to collect, too. Now are you gonna tell me where I can find the groom and handle my business? Unless you want to try and get in my way, of course, but that wouldn't be mighty gentlemanly of ya.

[Salazar gives a glare to Martinez.]

SS: And I don't think you're gonna get in my way either, are ya, Boy Scout? You already took one crack at an innocent man tonight, and I ain't done nothin' yet but some light breakin' and enterin'. Heck, it ain't even that, the goldang door was unlocked. You wanna go for hittin' two innocent men?

[Salazar leans forward and offers his chin to the White Knight, who looks furious, fists clenched.]

SS: Go ahead. Take a swing. But ya know I ain't done anythin' to deserve it yet.

[And then we hear another voice, from behind the camera.]

"If you're offerin' free swings, don't offer one to the runt!"

[Then another, somewhat deeper.]

"Yeah, give it to someone that'll actually make use of it!"

[We pan around to see Cain Jackson, AJ Martinez, and Paris Crawford - the Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad - at the entryway of the locker room, with AJ cracking his knuckles, Jackson taking off his blazer, and Crawford filing their fingernails with their balisong nail file.

AJ Martinez is sporting what would have been a classy tuxedo, had he not had the sleeves removed. As he continues to crack his knuckles, his biceps bulge and tense with the movement. He has a grin on his face, almost relishing the opportunity to pummel someone on this fine evening.

Cain Jackson is dressed in a custom-fit, tailored deep midnight blue suit with a subtle sheen, a crisp white shirt underneath, complemented by a silk navy blue tie with a gold floral pattern and a matching waistcoat with the same gold floral pattern. His beard has been trimmed for the special occasion, no longer nearly as scruffy or wild as we're accustomed to. He wears a dark blue turban with an opened gap on the top, allowing his dreadlocks to peek out, standing upright.

Paris Crawford is dressed in a salmon pink calf-length sleeveless satin dress, fitted at the torso and waist and flaring out at the hips, along with matching high heels. They also have on a salmon pink cape covering their shoulders and hanging down to their hips, held around their neck with a silver heart-shaped clasp. Their hair is wavy and chestnut brown, hanging loosely down to their shoulders, and they wear neutral, low-key makeup so they don't stand out compared to the wedding party. Crawford looks over at Blackwell, and says in the sweetest voice possible...]

PC: Vous devriez probablement partir. Ce n'est pas un endroit sûr pour vous.

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: If that means leave, I agree. Gents, Paris, I'll see most of you at the reception.

[Blackwell takes the moment's confusion to leave the room, as Salazar counts bodies on his fingers.]

SS: Five of ya. Well, four.

[Salazar waves to Crawford.]

SS: Ain't about to swing at that one unless she swings first. Too pretty.

[Crawford rolls their eyes as Jackson chuckles. AJ looks offended by this.]

AJM: Excuse me! What do you think I am?!

[Salazar shrugs.]

SS: One of four. That still ain't great odds for all of y'all. Now, which one of ya is first?

[Salazar holds up his fists, waiting for someone to attack. AJ goes towards him, but Jackson holds him back when Jack shouts...]

JL: Hold on a second! Just wait!

[Lynch points a finger at Salazar.]

JL: You've already ruined one family gathering in my lifetime, and I'm not going to make it two. What's it going to take to get you to drop whatever this is?

[Salazar stands up out of his fighting stance.]

SS: Didn't Reeseey tell ya? Beat the offer that got made to me, and the deal's done.

[Crawford can be seen perking up, then whispering in Jackson's ear. Jackson nods.]

CJ: How much?

[A grin creeps across Salazar's face.]

SS: It was pretty high. It was a grand.

[Ryan's jaw drops slightly, as Crawford can be seen fishing around in their purse.]

RM: A thousand dollars? You were going to go through all this for a thousand dollars?

SS: Hey, don't knock it. That'll buy a lot of Whataburger.

RM: These bounty hunters work for way too cheap.

[Suddenly, Jackson whistles and waves Salazar over. He meanders over to KAMS, as Crawford, with a disgusted look on their face, produces a wad of crisp \$100 bills and quickly counts off (in French, of course) twenty of them, then dangles them out to the filthy bounty hunter.]

CJ: That's two thousand dollars. There. We doubled your deal. Is that enough for you to hit the road?

[Salazar looks at the bills in Crawford's dainty hand, and his grin returns.]

SS: Pleasure doin' business with ya.

[He reaches out to take the money, as Crawford looks as though they are about to gag. Jackson holds up a hand.]

CJ: One condition though. You gotta leave the building and get out of town.

AJM: Yeah, and if you come back tonight, we'll beat a million bucks out of your butt.

[The grin gets wider.]

SS: Buddy, you ain't gotta tell me twice.

[Crawford hands Salazar the money and immediately retracts their hand. Salazar folds the bills and places them into his pocket, then looks back at Lynch.]

SS: Looks like we'll be partin' as friends today, Jackie. Your daddy still ain't square with me, though.

JL: Seriously? It's fifty bucks.

[Crawford sighs, peeling off another five bills from the wad and dangling them out to Salazar.]

PC: Take it. I will pay the debt of Monsieur Blackjack Lynch to you in full, with interest. Just go.

[Salazar doesn't hesitate, taking the money.]

SS: If'n you ain't the sweetest of peaches. See ya 'round.

[And with that, Salazar exits out the door. Crawford gasps and places their hand to their chest, leaning on Jackson, apparently having been holding their breath for a few moments. AJ looks over to Paris in a show of concern, as Lynch stands with his hands on his hips, stunned by what just happened.]

AJM: You alright, babe?

JL: You didn't have to do that, Paris.

PC: Mais je l'ai fait. L'odeur était insupportable.

[Jackson shakes his head. Ryan holds up a finger in question.]

RM: Do you always walk around with that much cash on you?

[Crawford, after taking another deep breath, grins.]

PC: Perhaps I wish to buy something someday. It is nice to have the money on hand to do so.

[AJ firmly nods.]

AJM: I know what you mean.

[Ryan shakes his head as Jackson gently shoves Crawford, who can't help but giggle.]

CJ: Boy, shut up.

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

RO: The following contest is a NON-TITLE MATCH set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit.

[The crowd buzzes as they know exactly what's coming.]

RO: Introducing first...

[The sounds of "Superstar" ring out over the PA system to boos from the AWA faithful.]

RO: ...being accompanied to the ring by Veronica Westerly and James Lynch... from Big Sur, California... weighing in at 294 pounds...

THE ALMIGHTY...

...ATLAAAAAAS ARRRRRRRRMSTRONNNNNNNG!

[The boos intensify as the curtain parts and a smirking Veronica Westerly walks into view, striding confidently to the edge of the stage where pauses, fist on her hip which is cocked out to the side as she absorbs the boos from the crowd...

...and then pivots, arms up to welcome the arrival of her charge who walks arrogantly into sight, a silver cape hanging around his massive frame as he joins her at the front of the stage, looking out with a dismissive smirk at the booing fandom. James Lynch comes out behind him, grinning and clapping for his ally as the trio approach the ring.]

GM: Earlier tonight, we saw these three get into a verbal confrontation with legend Alex Martinez... and the World Champion Supernova made the save when things got physical. Between that and the recent tag team battle that saw Supernova on the other side from Armstrong and Lynch, Interim President Zharkov made this match official. Supernova taking on Atlas Armstrong...

BW: In a non-title match! What's up with that, Gordo?

GM: You heard what Zharkov had to say, Bucky. He said that Armstrong isn't a current top ranked contender to Supernova's title... so he's basically making the undefeated Atlas EARN that shot if he wants it.

BW: It's Supernova ducking and dodging the Almighty if you ask me.

GM: Luckily no one did.

BW: A bit mouthy for someone looking retirement in the face, aren't you?

[Gordon chuckles as the trio reaches the ring. Westerly enters first standing center ring as Armstrong follows, joining her in the middle where she snatches off the cape, leaving his exposed and powerful torso bare for all to see. He quickly strikes a pose, earning more boos from the fans as James Lynch points to him shouting "THIS IS THE MAN! THIS IS THE GUY!" and the music starts to fade as Lynch slaps his ally on the back.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The lights in the Superdome die down for a moment and then we hear a collection of horns playing, drawing a loud cheer from the New Orleans crowd!]

The video wall above the entrance lights up with the image of what looks like a sun and, then, you hear the strums of the guitar of Van Halen's "Runnin' With The Devil," and a red light at the entranceway blinking in time.

The image of the sun grows larger, you hear the tapping on the cymbal, the sound of fingers running over a keyboard, and then that guitar riff kicks in. The image bursts into a sea of red and it spells out a word you ought to know by now.

"SUPERNOVA"]

RO: ...being accompanied to the ring by the LAST AMERICAN BADASS... ALEX MARRRRRTIIINEZZZ...

...weighing in tonight at 260 pounds...

He is the AWA WORRRRRRRRLD CHAMMMMMPIONNNNNNNN...

[Ortiz takes a deep breath.]

RO: THIS! IS! SUUUUUUUPERRRRRNOOOOOOOVAAAAAAAAAAAA!

[Flaming pyro shoots up by the entranceway and a single spotlight hits the entranceway.

And there he is... the World Heavyweight Champion walking out from the back and down the ramp. Supernova is dressed in his black trenchcoat with the image of a yellow and orange, exploding star on the back, over a black singlet with the same image on the front, plus black tights and black wrestling boots. His brown hair hangs just past his ears and he wears a pair of shades.

And then right behind him stands Alex Martinez as we saw him earlier, towering over the six foot four World Champion as the duo stares down the aisle at the ring where the Westerly group awaits. Martinez puts his hands on Supernova's shoulders, giving a supportive slap and says "I got your back, champ." Supernova gives a nod and starts heading towards the ring with the Hall of Famer right behind him.]

GM: Supernova leading the way as he and Alex Martinez walk that aisle together, heading down here to the squared circle where you've got James Lynch and Atlas Armstrong waiting.

BW: Don't forget about Veronica Westerly.

GM: Who could forget about Veronica Westerly?

[Reaching the ring, Martinez stays on the floor as Supernova pulls himself up on the apron, shrugging out of his trenchcoat and pointing a finger into the ring as the official makes his best effort to keep Lynch and Armstrong back. Westerly turns to exit the ring, leaving her men inside as Supernova threatens both men loudly and angrily.]

GM: The champion looks like he might want a piece of both of these men again... but tonight, he only gets the Almighty.

BW: Which I think is more than he can handle. And we've talked before about non-title matches being big opportunities for someone to end up a ranked contender... can you imagine how Atlas Armstrong rockets up the rankings if he beats Supernova here tonight? He won't need to worry about that fluke countout loss to Omega last weekend... he'll be in line for a shot at the World Title!

GM: I think you're getting ahead of yourself there, Bucky.

[Lynch throws up his hands, ducking out of the ring at the referee's insistence as Supernova comes through the ropes, his eyes locked on Armstrong as Atlas poses in his direction.]

GM: Atlas Armstrong showing no lack of confidence in there with the World Champion tonight... perhaps thinking like you are, Bucky, at what a great opportunity this is for him.

[Lynch and Westerly huddle up on the floor as Martinez slaps the mat and shouts "LET'S GO, CHAMP!" Supernova gives the big man a nod and a thumbs up as referee Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller goes over some final instructions with both competitors...

...and signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And off we go here on the Tenth Anniversary Show - non-title action between the champion Supernova and the Almighty, Atlas Armstrong...

[Supernova wastes no time in coming right after the hulking Armstrong, wrapping him up in a collar and elbow...]

GM: ...and they lock up right at the bell, fighting for position early on...

[The champion sets his feet, trying to force Armstrong back across the ring but Armstrong doesn't budge...

...and then shows off his incredible power by shoving Supernova down to the mat with ease!]

GM: Wow. Sheer power on the part of Armstrong, tossing the World Champion across the ring like a man half his size.

[A smirking Armstrong looks down on Supernova, curling his arms in front of him in a most muscular pose, nodding confidently as the fans jeer.]

BW: And the champion's getting a front row seat at the Gun Show, daddy.

GM: Nova's right back up though, not intimidated by the power at all.

BW: That's his first mistake.

[Supernova lunges in, tying up again, struggling against Armstrong's power advantage...]

GM: Look at Supernova shoving and pushing, trying so hard to-

[...and this time, Armstrong sidesteps out of the tieup, throwing the off-balance Supernova past him where he falls face-first on the mat.]

GM: Oh!

BW: That's insulting right there. Downright embarrassing, Gordo.

[But any sign of flushed cheeks is absent as Nova lunges at Armstrong as he gets up, snatching the muscular arm and pulling him down in an armdrag! The crowd cheers for the takedown as both men scramble right up, Nova leaving his feet with



a dropkick that sends Armstrong falling through the ropes to the outside to even louder cheers!]

GM: Ohh! And just like that, the champion turns the tide and sends Armstrong packing to the floor... look out here!

[Nova grabs the top rope, looking to catapult himself over the top onto Armstrong but James Lynch quickly grabs his ally by the arm, dragging him out of Nova's drop zone!]

GM: And Lynch with some early interference as well...

[A fired-up Alex Martinez stomps around the ring, shouting angrily at Lynch who backs away from Armstrong, hands raised as he gets some distance between he and the Hall of Famer...]

GM: You can see that James Lynch wants NO part of Alex Martinez... and who can blame him. Martinez a multiple-time World Champion... and of course, a member of the Pro Wrestling Hall of Fame now owned by the American Wrestling Alliance as well.

[With Martinez shouting at Lynch, Armstrong climbs back up on the apron where Nova greets him with a pair of right hands to the skull...]

GM: The champion looking to bring him in the hard way!

[...but Armstrong blocks the suplex, breaking free of Nova's grasp to SMASH a forearm into his jaw, sending him stumbling back away from the ropes.]

GM: The power of Armstrong paying dividends there - first on the blocked suplex and then on that devastating forearm shot.

[Coming back into the ring, Armstrong hammers home a double axehandle blow to the back of the neck, putting the World Champion down on all fours...]

GM: Another heavy shot by Armstrong... look at this now...

[Dragging Nova to a kneeling position in front of him, Armstrong smashes a few right hands into the cheekbone before a clubbing forearm across the sternum puts the champion flat on his face on the mat. Armstrong lifts his arms triumphantly as the fans jeer and Veronica Westerly urges Armstrong to "stay on target" from the outside.]

GM: Westerly trying to keep Armstrong focused on the matter at hand - defeating Supernova in this non-title match.

BW: Armstrong has struggled with his focus at times so that's a key for Westerly to drive out of him.

GM: Pulling the champion off the mat now... Irish whi- reversed!

[The reversal sends Armstrong crashing into the turnbuckles where he absorbs the impact, bouncing out for a clothesline that the champion ducks under...]

GM: Clothesline missed!

[...and then leaps up, snatching a handful of Armstrong's locks, smashing him facefirst into the mat!]

GM: Faceplant by the champion of the world! Nova with the quick cover!

[And just as quickly, Armstrong powers out of the lateral press, tossing the champion effortlessly off him to an “oooooh” from the crowd!]

BW: Armstrong shoves him off like a piece of paper!

GM: But the champion’s right back up, not wasting a moment as Armstrong gets up off the mat... right hand! Another! A third!

[With Armstrong stumbling back, Nova ducks low, reaching between the legs...]

GM: Scoop sla- no! Armstrong blocks it and then... ohhh! What a slam by Armstrong instead!

[Westerly shouts “YES! Keep it on him!” as Armstrong nods, bouncing off the ropes towards the downed Supernova...]

GM: ELBOW!

[...but Armstrong crashes down on the mat as Supernova rolls out of the way to avoid the big elbow!]

GM: And the champion gets clear in time!

[Both men scramble back to their feet again, looking to get the clear edge...]

GM: Both men up and...

[The crowd cheers loudly as Supernova lifts Armstrong, throwing him down on the canvas!]

GM: ...and there’s the slam by the World Champion!

[Supernova dives atop Armstrong again, getting a two count on the shocked muscleman before he escapes...

...but Nova throws a leg over him, hammering a fist down into the skull as the crowd ROARS for the aggressive actions of the World Champion!]

GM: And Supernova’s had enough of Atlas Armstrong and James Lynch! He’s all over Armstrong on the mat!

BW: With closed fists! I notice you don’t mention that!

[James Lynch notices it though, pulling himself up on the apron to protest the clenched fist blows...

...which brings Nova off of Armstrong, rushing towards Lynch as Martinez does the same on the outside...]

GM: Supernova wants to get his hands on Lynch as well!

BW: Hah! Lynch is too fast for him though!

[Hopping off the apron, Lynch waggles a taunting finger at the champion, backing away from him...

...but as he turns around...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: BIG RIGHT HAND FROM ALEX MARTINEZ! OH MY!

[The crowd EXPLODES for the haymaker from the Last American Badass as Lynch goes down hard on the barely-padded floor...

...which brings Atlas Armstrong rolling under the ropes to the outside, delivering a two-handed shove to the chest of the seven footer, getting the crowd to buzz at this new confrontation!]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Martinez better watch himself, Gordo - if he lays a hand on Armstrong, this one's over in a hurry!

GM: No doubt about it. Alex Martinez needs to keep his cool.

BW: Not something that he OR his dumb kid are known for.

[Armstrong holds a protective stance over James Lynch who is down on the floor rubbing his jaw. Martinez grimaces, raising his hands and taking three steps back as James Lynch climbs to his feet, wrapping an arm across his ally's shoulders as they shout at the big man...

...totally aware that Supernova has grabbed the top rope and is in the process of catapulting over the ropes onto them!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND THE CHAMPION TAKES 'EM BOTH DOWN!

[The fired-up World Champion retrieves Armstrong out of the pile, pulling him up and tossing him back into the ring as Veronica Westerly joins the fray at ringside, angrily protesting Martinez' involvement as he throws a mocking wave in her direction. To his credit though, the official steps over to Martinez to warn him about getting involved...

...which clears Westerly to hook Supernova's ankle as he gets on the apron, ducking through the ropes...]

GM: Supernova's trapped! Westerly's got the ankle and he can't get into the ring to-

[And with Supernova in a vulnerable state, Armstrong rushes him, delivering a thunderous kneelift that snaps the champion's head back before he slumps down to a heap on the canvas!]

GM: Good grief! Armstrong with one heck of a kneelift - a million dollar kneelift you might say - and Supernova goes down hard!

BW: And Terry Shane can come out here and tell the champ all about what kind of damage a kneelift like that can do.

GM: Fortunately, Atlas Armstrong wasn't working with a loaded kneebrace like your pal Kendrick.

BW: You know you can get sued for slander even when you're retired, right?

GM: There's no slander there... just truth.

[Armstrong drops to his knees, covering Supernova for a two count before the champion weakly lifts a shoulder off the mat.]

GM: Nova's out at two... but he's shaken up after that kneelift for sure. He barely got that shoulder up.

BW: And now Atlas REALLY needs to stay on him. He's shaken up, he's vulnerable, and if Atlas Armstrong was ever gonna pin the World Champion, it might be right now, Gordo.

GM: I can't argue that.

[As Supernova escapes, Armstrong pulls him into a seated position, smashing several short forearms to the jaw before backing off...

...and throwing a massive diving forearm that flattens the champion again, Armstrong applying an immediate lateral press.]

GM: Armstrong covers for one... he's got two... but Nova slips out again. The champion hanging on under this sudden onslaught from the... well, he's not the challenger... not tonight at least.

BW: But that may change if he picks up the win, Gordo.

GM: It certainly could. Armstrong climbing off the mat, listening to both Lynch and Westerly imploring him to keep on attacking... keep on inflicting more damage on the World Champion...

[On his feet, Armstrong hauls Nova up alongside him...

...and scoops him up, pressing him overhead with ease!]

GM: LOOK AT THE POWER!

[Armstrong does a slow turn, making sure the fans all see the helpless World Champion in his grasp...

...and then throws him down, sending his back crashing into the mat!]

GM: Ohhh! What a slam by Armstrong... and you can immediately see the impact as Supernova grabs at his lower back in pain!

BW: Remember, the number one weapon for Armstrong is that Torture Rack submission - and if he can soften up that back, maybe he can make Supernova tap out and then he'll REALLY be a made man!

GM: Armstrong hammering the back... those big double axehandle hammer blows across the small of the back!

[Supernova cries out as blow after blow connects, Armstrong hopping for maximum impact!]

GM: The crowd's letting Armstrong have it but it's not the fans he's concerned with.

BW: Nor should it be. It's money! It's fame! It's women! It's glory!

[Armstrong smirks at the jeering fans, standing over Supernova for a moment to soak it all in...

...and then leans down, dragging Nova up by the hair again.]

GM: Back on his feet and... he's going for it!

[Armstrong leans over with the goal of applying the backbreaker but Supernova has it scouted and responds with downward elbows to the back of Armstrong's neck, breaking free of his grasp as the champion stumbles towards the corner...

...where Armstrong promptly charges him!]

"OHHHHHHH!"

GM: NO ONE IN THE CORNER!

[Having smashed into the turnbuckles, Armstrong stumbles backwards into Supernova's grasp as he rolls him back onto his shoulders!]

GM: SCHOOLBOY IN THE MIDDLE! ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Ohhh, and Armstrong escapes in time!

[Still reeling from the punishment absorbed so far, Supernova pushes up onto all fours, trying to beat Armstrong to his feet...]

GM: Supernova trying to get off the mat and-

[...but Armstrong pushes out of a squat, leaping up to drive another axehandle down into the back, putting them both down on the mat!]

GM: Supernova tried to beat Armstrong to his feet but couldn't get there in time!

[Feeling the pain shooting through his back, Supernova promptly rolls under the ropes to the outside, sinking to a knee as he grabs at his lower back. Westerly shouts at Nova from outside the ring...]

"Running and hiding like a coward?! The Almighty will find you, chump!"

[...and then waves a hand to Armstrong, gesturing to the outside where Nova is trying to catch a breather. The Big Sur native gives a nod, breathing heavily himself as he rolls to the outside.]

GM: Armstrong coming out after the champion... looking to do damage out on the floor...

BW: And you can do a lot of damage on the outside, Gordo. Lots of nice hard things to throw people into it like ringposts and railings and ring aprons!

GM: I wouldn't be surprised if Armstrong intends to use one or all of those items as he pulls the champion off his knees...

[On his feet, Supernova throws a weak right hand to Armstrong's head, trying to fight back...

...but Armstrong ducks down, lifting him up in his powerful grasping arms!]

GM: BEARHUG!

BW: Oh, I love this! This'll work the ribs! The back! All the things the Torture Rack will go after!

[But Armstrong doesn't intend to use the bearhug as a submission hold, simply charging forward with Nova in his grasp...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES his back into the steel ringpost, causing a sickening thud as Armstrong lets go, allowing Nova to collapse onto the barely-padded floor!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

BW: That might do it! Roll him in and rack him up and Supernova might celebrate the Tenth Anniversary of this company with a big ol' L on his record!

[Stepping away from Supernova, Armstrong strikes a smirking double bicep pose towards Alex Martinez who grimaces, shaking his head at his former Hollywood colleague.]

GM: Armstrong showing off those powerful arms... and I'm sure we're all aware he has them.

BW: Martinez might not. He hasn't been around a lot.

[Armstrong turns back to Supernova who is trying to crawl away from him. The former stuntman drags the World Champion up by the arm, Nova slumping against the apron as he gets to his feet...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and gets whipped into the ringside barricade!]

GM: Into the steel a second time! The World Champion's back getting absolutely punished by Atlas Armstrong in this non-title match here in the Mercedes-Benz Superdome in New Orleans with the whole world watching on ESPN.

[Supernova is hanging onto the railing with both arms, trying to stay on his feet as Armstrong nods approvingly at the damage he's doing.]

GM: The referee continuing his count - counting both men out of the ring at this point...

[Armstrong glares up at the official before starting towards the champion, his arms raised over his head...]

GM: ...looking for another big hammer blow...

[...which allows Supernova to slip a desperation kick into the midsection, cutting off the attack...]

GM: ...but Supernova goes downstairs! A window of opportunity for the champion!

[...and with Armstrong reeling, Supernova dashes past him, diving headfirst under the bottom rope to get inside the ring. Shaking his head, Armstrong bellows "RUN, YOU COWARD!" before he starts back towards the ring as well.]

GM: Nova's back in, Armstrong pulls himself up on the apron.

[With Armstrong coming back through the ropes, Supernova drags himself to his feet with the aid of the ropes...]

GM: Both men beat the count back in... and Armstrong's coming right for him again...

[...and throws another kick to the body, earning some cheers as Armstrong doubles over...]

GM: ...and Supernova catches him downstairs again!

[The champion goes upstairs next, lashing out with a jab punch... and another... and another... and then switches to backhands, the crowd getting louder as he stuns the Big Sur native with the flurry of right hands...]

GM: Supernova's firing up! He's got Armstrong shaken!

[...and then moves to alternating blows - jab then backhand, stunning the big man...]

GM: Supernova to the ropes!

[...but as he rebounds, Armstrong picks him up effortlessly, tossing him over his shoulder, and then THROWS him down to the canvas with a spine-rattling slam!]

GM: SURF'S UP SPINEBUSTER!

[Armstrong stands over the downed Supernova, throwing in a most muscular pose as he roars wildly, the crowd groaning at Nova's offensive flurry being cut short.]

GM: The spinebuster connects... but look at this, Bucky - no cover by Armstrong!

BW: That might be a mistake, Gordo.

GM: I believe it IS a mistake, Bucky. You don't turn down the chance to beat your opponent when it presents itself. Armstrong wasting all that time posing and shouting and...

[Straightening up, Armstrong jerks his arms downwards a few times...]

GM: ...and now he's calling for the Rack! He's looking to finish this right now!

BW: See, he was going to wrap it up. He just got over-excited!

GM: Armstrong pulling Supernova off the mat, right out in the middle of the ring...

[...and leans over, slipping his arm between the legs of the World Champion...]

GM: ...he's going for it! He's- Nova's fighting it though! Those elbows again!

[The champion desperately rains down elbows on the back of the neck, breaking free from Armstrong's grip again, moving to dash away...

...but Armstrong hooks the back of his tights, yanking him backwards...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and drives a punishing forearm into the small of the back!]

GM: Armstrong pulls him back annnnd...

[The crowd groans as Armstrong scoops up Supernova, dumping him on his back with a back suplex!]

GM: ...drops him down with a devastating suplex!

[Armstrong rolls over, diving into a lateral press.]

GM: Armstrong covers for one! Covers for two! Covers for- noooo, out at two! Just in time again for the champion as he tries to find a way back into this matchup set up earlier tonight here in the Superdome.

[Armstrong grimaces as he pushes to his knees, hands on his hips as he looks down at Nova who rolls to a hip, grabbing at his lower back...]

BW: Armstrong's getting closer and closer to winning this with every bit of offense he lays on the champ, Gordo. Supernova's gotta do something and do it fast to get back into this.

[On the outside, Alex Martinez slaps his hands on the apron a few times, shouting "COME ON, SUPERNOVA!" to cheers from the crowd as Westerly sneers at her ex from across the ring. James Lynch shouts the same thing in a mocking tone, smirking at Martinez as Armstrong regains his feet.]

GM: The people in the corner getting on each other's nerves a little bit right there, I'm sure. Plenty of bad blood between Westerly and Martinez considering their history...

[Pulling the champion up by the arm, Armstrong whips him into the corner, sending another jolt down the spine of Supernova as he crashes into the turnbuckles.]

GM: ...another hard shot to the back there... Nova can barely stand right now...

[Armstrong backs to the opposite corner, taking aim...]

GM: ...Armstrong on the move and-

[The crowd cheers as Supernova swings his leg up, his boot catching Armstrong under the chin on the way in! Martinez pumps a fist excitedly as Armstrong staggers backwards...]

GM: -he caught him good there! Supernova perhaps hearing what you were saying, Bucky, trying to turn this thing around as quick as he can!

[...and with Armstrong stunned, Nova lowers his head, charging out of the corner towards him...]

GM: Supernova charges!

[...but the powerhouse from Big Sur lifts him up, spinning him around, and DRIVES him down in a thunderous spinning powerslam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: POWERSLAM! POWERSLAM!

[The referee dives down to count.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THRE-



"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! THE CHAMP KICKS OUT AGAIN!

[Armstrong angrily slams his fists down into the mat, kneeling on the canvas as he shouts at the referee who holds up two fingers with a "TWO! IT WAS TWO!" to Armstrong and then to Westerly and Lynch who are protesting from the outside.]

GM: Atlas Armstrong was a heartbeat away from pinning the World Champion with the whole world watching on this Anniversary Show on ESPN!

[Armstrong climbs to his feet, approaching the official as Nova rolls to his stomach, an arm twisting around to hold his lower back. Westerly joins her charge in berating the official who again holds up two fingers as Martinez starts slapping his hands on the apron again, this time in rhythm as the crowd starts chanting along with him...]

"SU-PER-NO-VA!"  
clap clap clapclapclap  
"SU-PER-NO-VA!"  
clap clap clapclapclap  
"SU-PER-NO-VA!"  
clap clap clapclapclap

[An agitated Armstrong looks out on the 80,000+ chanting his opponent's name, cupping his hands over his ears and shouting at them to "SHUT UP! SHUT YOUR MOUTHS!" as Westerly points to Nova.]

GM: Westerly trying to get Armstrong back in the game here... he's letting these fans get under his skin...

[Supernova crawls towards the ropes, grabbing hold and trying to get back to his feet as Armstrong pursues...]

GM: Armstrong's on his way towards the champion who is on the hunt for a breather but-

[...and as Armstrong draws near, Supernova gets to his feet, snapping a boot into the gut of the Big Sur native, doubling him over...]

GM: -downstairs by the champion!

[...and quickly hooks a front facelock, leaping up to DRIVE Armstrong's skull into the canvas!]

GM: DDT! NOVA SPIKES HIM WITH THE DDT!

[Shoving Armstrong onto his back, Supernova flings a weary arm over the chest in a loose pin attempt!]

GM: Supernova with the cover!

[The crowd counts along with the official!]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEE-"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And just before the three count can come down, James Lynch slips an arm in to lift the leg of Armstrong, depositing his foot on the bottom rope so he can point it out to the official who breaks off his count, a suspicious look on his face!]

GM: James Lynch put his damn foot on the rope, Bucky!

BW: Huh? Did he? I must've missed that.

GM: I hope you get your eyes checked one of these days. You've missed a lot of rulebreaking in all our years together.

[Supernova pushes up onto all fours, breathing heavily as he reaches around to grab at his back again. Armstrong rolls under the ropes to the outside where James Lynch grabs him, keeping him on his feet as he mutters encouraging words to his ally...

...for just a moment as Supernova flattens out and rolls to the outside after Armstrong!]

GM: And now the World Champion's on the outside as well!

[Grabbing Armstrong by the hair, Supernova SLAMS his face down into the ring apron to cheers from the New Orleans crowd!]

GM: Facefirst into the apron goes the big man from Big Sur!

[Armstrong stumbles down the length of the apron, sending the timekeeper and Rebecca Ortiz scurrying as he draws near their table...

...which is where Supernova catches up with him, drawing his head back again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES his face down into the vacated wooden table to more cheers!]

GM: Supernova's starting to rally, fans... starting to string together some offense out here on the floor!

[With Armstrong leaning heavily against the apron, the World Champion grabs him by the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and whips him into the steel barricade surrounding the ringside area with a loud clatter as the fans in the front row jump backwards!]

GM: INTO THE STEEL GOES ARMSTRONG!

[Supernova leans against the apron this time, a grimace on his face as he eyeballs Armstrong holding onto the railing for support...]

GM: Supernova on the outside still and... what's he...?!

[...and then the World Champion sprints the distance between the ring and the railing, leaping into the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HEAT WAVE INTO THE RAILING! OH MY STARS!

[Supernova leans heavily over the railing for a few moments, trying to recover from his own offensive attacks. He snatches Armstrong by the hair, guiding him back into the ring where he tosses him back under the ropes.]

GM: The champion puts Armstrong back in...

[Which is Veronica Westerly's cue to climb back up on the apron, waving her arms and drawing the referee's attention towards her...

...which allows James Lynch to hook Supernova by the tights...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH, COME ON! JAMES LYNCH ON THE OUTSIDE INTERFERING IN THIS ONE AGAIN! HE PUTS THE CHAMPION BACK INTO THE RAILING!

[Lynch quickly snatches Supernova by the tights, tossing him back under the ropes into the ring for Armstrong to take advantage of...

...and as Lynch smirks at the nearest camera, his eyes flash with panic as he spots a seething Alex Martinez on the move towards him!]

GM: MARTINEZ! MARTINEZ IS COMING FOR LYNCH!

[Lynch looks around frantically, backing away as Martinez comes around the ringpost to confront him...]

GM: Lynch is trying to stay away from the seven footer but I don't know who can stop an angry Last American Badass when he gets like this!

BW: When did we stop calling him the Last American Badboy? I liked that.

GM: Give me a break, Bucky.

[Inside the ring, Armstrong has retrieved Supernova off the mat, pulling him into position again...]

BW: Armstrong's gonna Rack him! Lifting him up!

[...but the powerhouse uses a little too much "oomph" on his lift, giving Supernova enough momentum to slip out of the lift, standing behind the Big Sur native, hooking an inverted facelock as the crowd ROARS!]

GM: BLACK HOL-

[But Armstrong feels it coming, spinning into the hold and wrapping his arms around the torso, DRIVING the World Champion's back into the turnbuckles yet again as Nova cries out in pain!]

GM: -NO! ARMSTRONG COUNTERS!

[Armstrong hangs onto the middle rope, driving a shoulder into the midsection once... twice...

...and we cut to the floor where a backpedaling James Lynch has picked up the timekeeper's chair, threatening the still approaching Alex Martinez with it.]

GM: Lynch has got a chair but Martinez doesn't care! He's still gonna take that Judas' head off his shoulders!

[As Lynch tries to back away, we cut back to the ring where Armstrong stands center ring...

...and charges back in, leaping into the air...]

GM: SUPERMAN PUN-

[...but Nova dives out of the way, causing Armstrong to smash chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: MISSED!

[Supernova quickly rushes in from an angle, leaping into the air...]

GM: HEAT WAVE! HEAT WAVE IN THE CORNER!

[Supernova spins Armstrong around, grabbing an arm to whip him across the ring from corner to corner. He drops back into the buckles, leaning against them, breathing heavily for a moment...]

GM: HERE HE COMES AGAIN!

[...and a soaring Supernova lands the more traditional straight on Heat Wave this time, crushing Armstrong against the corner!]

GM: A SECOND HEAT WAVE CONNECTS!

[Supernova backs off, watching as Armstrong staggers out of the corner before face-planting down on the canvas. The crowd ROARS as Supernova pumps a fist, nodding his head as he grabs the legs of the big man, flipping him onto his back...]

GM: Supernova's got him down! He's going for it, fans! He's going for it!

[...and folding up the legs, Supernova steps through, flipping Armstrong back onto his stomach locked in the Texas Cloverleaf hold known as the Solar Flare!]

GM: SOLAR FLARE LOCKED IN! HE'S GOT IT LOCKED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RING!

[A frantic Veronica Westerly gets up on the apron, shouting at Supernova who wisely keeps the hold applied...

...but the official peels off to confront Westerly, demanding she get down off the apron!]

GM: Westerly's got the referee tied up! Armstrong could be submitting right now and we'd never know it, damn it!

[Armstrong weakly slaps at the mat with his arm!]

GM: He's tapping out! He's tapping out right there, Bucky!

BW: He is NOT! That's no tapout, Gordo!

[As the announcers bicker, a fleeing James Lynch slides into the ring, steel chair still in hand. He takes one look at Martinez who is still coming for him...

...and turns back to Supernova's exposed back.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STEEL CHAIR! RIGHT TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD! MY STARS!

[Supernova crumples to the canvas motionless as James Lynch sneers at the downed World Champion, still holding the chair...

...and remembers a hair too late that Alex Martinez is coming into the ring after him. He jerks around, drawing back the chair...]

GM: MARTINEZ!

[...and the crowd ERUPTS as Martinez wraps his massive hands around the throat of Lynch, causing him to drop the chair which clatters down on the canvas. The referee turns around to watch the chaos unfold as Martinez lifts Lynch into the air, determined to Firebomb him straight to hell...]

GM: HE'S GOT LYNCH UP AND-

[...but the Demon Cowboy slashes his hand across the face of Martinez, sticking his fingers into the eyes of the big man!]

GM: OH, COME ON!

[Lynch quickly shoves past the official, diving through the ropes to the floor as a blinded Martinez staggers across the ring in pursuit. He falls through the ropes to the outside as well as Lynch goes into the aisle...]

GM: Lynch is running for his life... and Martinez is chasing after him!

[Lynch is backpedaling down the aisle as the partially-blinded Martinez pursues him...

...which is when a staggered Atlas Armstrong climbs to his feet, looking around in confusion at the scene before him. Westerly urgently stabs a finger at Supernova, shouting "NOW! NOW! DO IT NOW!" Armstrong quickly nods, lunging to pull the World Champion off the mat!]

GM: Wait a damn minute! Supernova can't even stand! He's out cold! That son of a... Lynch hit him with a damn chair, ref! Pete, damn it!

[Armstrong nods to the jeering crowd as he lifts Supernova up across his broad shoulders, finally securing the Torture Rack...]

BW: He's got him Racked!

GM: Supernova can't fight it, Bucky! He's not even conscious!

[The official seems to notice that as well, quickly moving from checking for a submission to checking to see if Supernova is capable of defending himself at all...]

GM: The referee is... he's out! Supernova's out!

BW: He passed out from the pain!

GM: He did NOT! He was knocked out by that... that... SCUMBAG.. James Lynch and that damn steel chair! Do you see the chair in the ring, Pete?! Don't you wonder how that got in there?!

BW: You know I have "Scumbag Travis" trademarked, right?

[The official lifts Supernova's limp arm, watching it plummet right back down as Supernova's eyes roll back in his head...

...and the referee quickly wheels around to signal for the bell.]

GM: NO!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Armstrong dumps Supernova off his shoulders, leaping straight up into the air to thrust his arms upwards in triumph. Veronica Westerly literally squeals with delight as she rushes to the ringsteps, climbing quickly to join her victorious charge inside the ring...

...and we cut to the aisleway where a disgruntled Alex Martinez is standing, looking back at the ring with disgust.]

GM: Alex Martinez just realized what happened and-

[The crowd ROARS as Martinez comes lumbering back down the aisle, fury in his eyes as he gets closer. Westerly grabs Armstrong by his raised arm, pointing to Martinez and pulling him towards the ropes.]

GM: Yeah, she wants no part of the Last American Badass and neither does Armstrong!

[Armstrong exits at his manager's urging, moving to the floor with her as Martinez retakes the ring, glaring down at them with his hands on his hips. He shakes his head again as the fans jeer the outcome of the match that Rebecca Ortiz now makes official.]

RO: The referee has called for a stop to this match due to Supernova's inability to intelligently defend himself...

[She pauses, shaking her head.]

RO: Therefore, your winner... ATLAAAAAAAAS ARRRRRRRMSTRONNNNNNNNG!

[Armstrong is practically giddy on the outside as he raises his arms again. Veronica leans closer, placing a proud hand on his powerful chest, gloating at the ring where Martinez has taken a knee alongside Supernova, trying to help him up. Martinez is also talking to the official who shrugs, pointing to his eyes...]

GM: It looks like Martinez is trying to explain what happened but the referee didn't see any of it and... this is terrible, fans. This is...

[The crowd's jeers get louder as James Lynch runs down the aisle to join the celebration at ringside. He embraces Veronica and then Armstrong...

...and then his eyes flash with excitement as he ducks under the ropes, grabbing something in his greedy hands.]

GM: What in the...?

BW: He's got the belt! James Lynch has the World Title!

GM: Why?! It does NOT belong to him!

[Lynch slithers back to his allies, thrusting the title belt into the air over his head as Veronica gleefully applauds and Armstrong puts a hand on the belt as well.]

GM: These vultures have **STOLEN** the title, Bucky! They've **STOLEN** the World Title and... they're leaving with it?! Somebody stop them, damn it!

[The trio is backing down the aisle, belt held over their heads as Supernova sits up on the mat in a daze. Martinez holds him up, pointing outside the ring, explaining what happened to the puzzled and dazed World Champion.]

GM: Supernova doesn't have a clue what the heck just happened!

BW: I'll tell him what just happened - **YA LOST!** Hahahahaa!

GM: Oh, come on, Bucky!

BW: He lost! He lost to Atlas Armstrong! But let's not focus on the negative...  
**ATLAS ARMSTRONG BEAT THE WORLD CHAMPION!**

GM: Through all sorts of chicanery and-

BW: Who cares?! He beat the World Champion! Atlas Armstrong just **CEMENTED** himself as a Main Event talent! He's got the belt in his hands right now... and yeah, they'll take that away from him soon enough... but a win like this means that in the future... the very near future, I'd imagine... the **STILL UNDEFEATED** Atlas Armstrong's gonna get his shot at the World Title and then he just might ride that undefeated streak all the way to immortality, daddy!

GM: This is terrible. Absolutely disgusting! Somebody get that title away from Lynch! Atlas Armstrong's going to go down on paper as the winner of this one but anyone with eyes know that the victory is thanks to James Lynch and that damn steel chair!

BW: Oh, and Veronica Westerly.

GM: Who could forget? This makes me sick. Fans... we're going to take a break and when we come back, it's just about time for the Alphonse Green Invitational Battle Royal and I'm told you do NOT want to miss that! Stay tuned for that and a whole lot more in the final hour of this epic Tenth Anniversary extravaganza right here on ESPN!

[We hold on the shot of the Westerly/Lynch/Armstrong trio celebrating in the aisle with the World Title belt held aloft between them...

...and we fade to black.

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

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

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

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

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

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

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

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

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

[FLASH!

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

"I can be a champion too!"

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

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

[Fade to black...

...and as we fade back up, we get a shot of Sweet Lou Blackwell somewhere in the bowels of the Superdome's backstage area. Blackwell looks agitated as the camera comes up on him.]

SLB: Welcome back to the Tenth Anniversary Show as-

[Blackwell shakes his head, pointing off-camera. The cameraman pans over to show a positively gleeful James Lynch, Atlas Armstrong, and Veronica Westerly moving... quickly... in his direction, Lynch still clutching Supernova's World Title to his chest.]

SLB: There! Right there! Somebody stop them!

[The trio pulls to a halt in front of Blackwell, Armstrong grinning as Lynch aggressively grabs the wrist of Blackwell.]

JL: That's where you're wrong, Blackwell! This group right here? Nothing and no one can stop us! Ask that big lump of overhype has-been Martinez!

[Westerly smiles, nodding approvingly of that description.]

JL: Ask your precious World Champion!

[Lynch holds the belt up.]

AA: Do we even still call him that when he doesn't have the belt?



[Lynch laughs madly as Westerly and Armstrong join in. Westerly puts a hand on Lynch's shoulder with a "let's get out of here." Lynch nods, following his manager out of view as Blackwell looks on with disgust.]

SLB: Truly terrible for them to do this on tonight of all nights and... they're leaving the building, fans! They're walking right out to the parking lot with Supernova's World Title belt! I'm sure President Zharkov is gonna do something about-

[Blackwell's voice is cut off by a loud shout from off-camera. He looks to the side and then waves a hand.]

SLB: They went this way! Right out that door!

[Supernova suddenly breaks into view, clutching the back of his head as he looks around wild-eyed...

...and then tears off in the direction that Blackwell pointed, he and the cameraman chasing the trio out into the parking lot where they're loading into a stretch black limo.

The door to the limo slams as Lynch yells "GO! GO! GO!" at the driver...

...which is just before a running Supernova leaps into the air, diving on top of the car and making a lunge through the sunroof at the three people inside!]

SLB: Oh my god! Supernova, don't-

[With a screech of tires, the limo burns out of the parking lot, the World Champion hanging on for a moment before he can't anymore, sliding off the car onto the asphalt of the Superdome parking lot. Blackwell comes jogging up.]

SLB: Nova, are you okay...? Are you...?

[Sitting on the ground, Nova lets loose a roar of anger, slapping his hand down on the solid asphalt as he watches the car peel out of sight...

...and we fade back to live action in the trainer's room where we see Jackson Hunter sitting on a table with Dr. Ponavitch finishing up putting a bandage under his eye.]

JH: Well?

[Ponavitch takes a step back and shrugs.]

DP: Well, you're probably not going to win any beauty contests for a bit but... you'll be alright. Banged up ribs. Some scratches and scrapes. Your back will be sore for a few days, I'd imagine. But nothing permanent... which might not be for lack of trying. You sure you don't want to tell me who jumped you in the parking lot?

[Hunter nods.]

JH: So... I'm fine.

[Hunter quickly gets up... and then nearly falls down, Ponavitch forced to put a hand on his chest.]

DP: Fine, yes... but that doesn't mean you shouldn't take it easy for a bit. In fact, I'm going to say you should take the night off.

[Hunter puts a hand on Ponavitch's shoulder, steadying himself.]

JH: Yeah, sure, Doc... whatever you say. I'll grab my stuff and head back to the hotel.

[He nods.]

JH: Just gotta make one stop first.

[Ponavitch looks on disapprovingly as Hunter pushes past him, exiting the room as we fade out to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are standing.]

GM: The parking lot here in New Orleans proving to be a chaotic scene here tonight as Jackson Hunter apparently got injured in an assault by... who, Bucky?

BW: No idea. Nobody's talking.

GM: And then we just saw Supernova trying to get back his title belt by diving onto a fleeing limousine. Hopefully he's okay after that fall onto the asphalt but... what has gotten into Westerly, Lynch, and Armstrong?! They STOLE the title!

BW: I thought we'd see a lot of things here tonight, Gordo, but a new World Champion wasn't on my list.

GM: A new World Champion?! We don't HAVE a new World Champion! That scum-

BW: Ah, ah, ah... careful with the "S" word.

GM: That piece of garbage Lynch just STOLE the title from Supernova... so he may have the physical title in hand but that DOES NOT make him the new champion... and I'm pretty sure he's going to regret the bit of larceny when Supernova gets his hands on him.

BW: We'll see about that... but speaking of new champions, Gordo...

GM: That's right, Bucky. Later tonight, we're going to see the Finals of what has been a tremendous tournament to crown the very first Women's World Tag Team Champions. We are down to two teams and if you want to see how we got there, watch that screen!

[Gordon points to the screen as we fade to black...

...and then back up on a screen that says "SuperClash IX: The Announcement." We see a clip from that night.]

"March 17, 2018"

[Fade.]

"10th Anniversary Show"

[Fade.]

"The first new title in almost two years."

[Fade to black...

...and then up on a super quick shot of two new title belts sitting side by side. Just a split second, a glimpse of gold and rubies and glittering diamonds.

Fade.]

"The AWA Women's World Tag Team Titles."

[To black.

And then back up on a new graphic reading "February 17th, 2017 - The Road To The Titles Begins..."

...and then up on a series of shots from the battle between The Peach Pits and the duo of former Women's World Champion Lauryn Rage and the newcomer Pink Cashmere.

First, we see the Peach Pits approaching the ring..]

GM: The Peach Pits have been making a lot of noise about the lack of respect they believe they've been hearing going into this tournament.

BW: Can you blame 'em? Everyone's picking their favorites to win but it seems like the Peach Pits are just being completely overlooked.

[And then to the action with Rage uncorking a clothesline on Martinelli early that sends her tumbling over the ropes to the floor...]

GM: MARTINELLI WITH A HARD FALL TO THE OUTSIDE!

[Rage throws her arms up with a loud "COME ON! LET'S GO!" that gets the crowd fired up...

...and then deeper into the match with Rage chasing Martinelli around the ring but as the Peach Pit rounds the ringpost, Rage runs blindly around it and gets DROPPED with a lunging clothesline by a crouching Shannon Walsh who escaped Rage's sight until the last moment!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WALSH OUT OF NOWHERE WITH A CLOTHESLINE!

BW: Brilliant move by Martinelli, Gordo! She led Rage right into that trap!

[We get a shot of the Peach Pits flinging Rage into the railing with a double whip...

...then using a double suplex to take Rage up and over...

...then Walsh using a hiptoss to flip Martinelli over onto Rage's chest...

...then Martinelli using the ringpost to apply a modified surfboard, stretching out the first woman to hold AWA championship gold...

...then Martinelli dropping an elbow off the middle rope onto Rage who is bent across Walsh's knee in a backbreaker...]

GM: Another devastating doubleteam gets one! Gets two! Gets th-

[The crowd ROARS as Rage kicks out just in time!]

GM: No! No! Out in time! The Peach Pits almost had it there but Rage continues to fight, refusing to stay down!

[Cut to Martinelli holding Rage in a camel clutch as Rage pushes up to all fours. Martinelli leaps up to drop her butt into the back but Rage counters, flipping onto her back and causing Martinelli to crash down on raised knees.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Martinelli grabs at her butt, hopping away from Rage, wincing in pain as Rage scrambles up off the mat, using the ropes and falling into the corner...]

GM: Rage in one corner, Martinelli in the oth- TAG!

[Walsh ducks through the ropes, charging in at Rage who is trying to push out of the buckles...]

GM: Walsh charges and-

[...but Rage sidesteps, shoving her in the back, sending Walsh crashing chestfirst into the corner, stumbling backwards...]

GM: Rage from behind!

[...and the former champion lifts the stunned Walsh in the air, dropping her down on the back of her head and neck with a back suplex!]

GM: DROPS HER DOWN! OH MY!

[Rage rolls to a knee, nodding to the cheering crowd as Martinelli comes through the ropes, racing towards the kneeling Rage...]

BW: HERE COMES DONNA!

[...who surges to her feet, twisting and leaping...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and runs right into a flying hip attack by Rage that WIPES OUT Martinelli!]

GM: SHE DROPPED HER! DOWN GOES MARTINELLI!

[We cut slightly ahead as Rage rockets Martinelli over the ropes to the outside...]

GM: RAGE CLEARS OUT MARTINELLI!

[Rage gives a big shout to the cheering crowd as Kelly Taylor scrambles up on the apron, looking to intervene...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: PERFECT PUNCH ON TAYLOR!

[The crowd ROARS as Taylor takes the full force blow to the cheekbone, sending her flying off the apron, landing on the floor in a pile!]

GM: SHE LAID HER OUT! ONE SHOT!

[Rage whips around, spotting Walsh coming back to her feet, waving her hands to call her forward...]

GM: Walsh is in a daze! She has no clue what's waiting for-

[...and Rage buries a boot in the gut, twisting and hooking...]

GM: SNAKEBITE! SNAKEBITE! SNAKEBITE!

[Rage dives on top of Walsh, nodding her head to count along with the referee...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[JUST before the three count comes down, Lauryn Rage goes flying under the ropes to the outside, having been yanked to the floor...]

GM: TRISH WALLACE?!

[...and we cut to the outside where the sneering Wallace is standing over a shocked Lauryn Rage!]

BW: And she's not alone!

[Laura Davis and Carolina Colton step into flanking positions behind Wallace, smirking down at Lauryn Rage...]

...and we cut again to show Walsh landing a running, leaping elbowsmash in the corner on the former Women's Champion.]

GM: OHHH! BIG LEAPING ELBOW IN THE CORNER!

[Walsh holds her in the buckles for a moment...]

...when suddenly the crowd breaks into a big cheer!]

GM: What is...?

[And when we cut to the top of the aisle, we see exactly why.]

GM: It's Pink Cashmere! Pink Cashmere is... she's coming out here!

[The crowd ROARS for the appearance of Rage's partner, obviously hurting as she hobbles down the ramp, her pink afro mussed as she points to the ring, nodding to the cheering fans!]

GM: Pink Cashmere is up... and she's coming to save her partner!

[Cut again to show Cashmere in her corner as Walsh charges in on a dazed Rage who muscles her up onto her shoulder, planting her with a sitout spinebuster!]

GM: There it is, fans! Two minutes left in this battle to see who moves on to the Semifinals! There is no time to waste - the time is now to win this thing!

[Rage, hearing the time call, rolls to her chest, dragging herself across the ring towards Cashmere who is slapping the buckle over and over, getting the crowd to clap along in rhythm...]

GM: Cashmere's cheering her partner on! She's rooting her forward!

[And with a lunge...]

GM: TAG!

[...and Rage promptly rolls right out of the ring as Cashmere gives a double fist pump, grabbing the top rope with both hands...]

GM: She's climbing! She's going up top!

[...and as she does, Rage gets her feet under her, running around the ring as fast as her weary body can manage...]

GM: RAGE ON THE OUTSIDE ANNNNNND...

[...and HURLS herself into a crossbody tackle at the Slam Sorority, knocking the surprised trio down!]

GM: RAGE TAKES OUT THE SLAM SORORITY! CASHMERE IS UP TOP!

[The referee is shouting out at Rage on the outside as Cashmere steadies herself...

...and suddenly, we see Donna Martinelli up on the apron!]

GM: WHAT?! WHAT?!

[Martinelli reaches up and SHOVES Cashmere into the air, sending her flying halfway across the ring where she faceplants down on the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MARTINELLI SHOVES HER OFF THE TOP!

[We cut again, this time to Martinelli who is now legal pulling the stunned Cashmere off the mat, pulling her into a uranage position...

...but instead of lifting her up, she leans forward, bending Cashmere backwards...]

GM: ...what is she...

[...and then JERKS her backwards, driving her facefirst into the canvas!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Martinelli flips the motionless Cashmere over, diving across her torso!]

GM: She's got one! She's got two! Are you kidding me?!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Martinelli gives a triumphant fistpump at the three count as Lauryn Rage suddenly jerks around, glaring at the ring as the Slam Sorority quickly backs away from her, leaving her behind...

...and we fade to a new graphic that reads "One week later..." as we fade up on the Power Hour set where we're about to see Harley Hamilton and Cinder take on the Serpentes in their own first round matchup.

As we come up on the match, we see Copperhead running her often-moving mouth at the second generation Hamilton who seems to take it in stride...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SLAPS her right upside the head to some surprising cheers from the AWA faithful in the crowd!]

SA: Thank goodness for that.

DW: Just like the fans her in the A-T-L, I was getting sick of hearing all that.

[Hamilton smirks at the crowd's reaction - and at Copperhead's as the five foot ten competitor makes a lunging grab for her legs...

...but the athletic Hamilton leaps into the air, avoiding the grasp with a leapfrog of sorts, tucking her head to drop into a front roll, somersaulting to her feet..]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and POPS Mamba with a forearm shot to the jaw, sending Mamba dropping off the apron to the floor!]

SA: And Hamilton gives a cheap shot to Mamba out on the apron!

[We cut to a shot of Hamilton and Mamba brawling on the floor...

[Hamilton is all grins as she whips around to spot a charging Copperhead, sidestepping and shoving Copperhead chestfirst into her own corner, sending her staggering backwards...]

SA: Into the corner and... now into the schoolgirl! Hamilton looking for the quick win!

[But from the floor, the upright Mamba snatches Hamilton's ankle from under the ropes, giving a mighty yank to drag Hamilton to the outside...]

SA: Mamba breaks the pin, pulling her to the- ohh! Mamba with a forearm shot of her own!

[The crowd is enthusiastic for a breakdown brawl on the floor, watching eagerly as Mamba and Hamilton trade blows!]

SA: We've got a fight on the outside! The six foot Mamba and the daughter of Hamilton Graham trading heavy forearm shots!

[We cut to a shot of Mamba delivering a spine-shaking bodyslam on the floor, driving Cinder into the barely-padded concrete...

...then to footage of a double team, Copperhead driving home a clothesline in the corner before tossing Cinder out into a ring-shaking bodyslam by Mamba.]

SA: Mamba's got one of the hardest slams in the Women's Division and Cinder is certainly feeling the effects of right now.

[We cut ahead to show Cinder being run over with a double shoulder block followed by a crushing double elbowdrop...]

SA: Two count again for the Serpentine, trying to chip away at Seductive and Destructive - the only E-Girl MAX duo in this tournament and see if they can take away their chances of winning these titles. And I'm being told we're approaching the halfway point in the time limit of this one... nearly ten minutes gone, ten minutes remaining as these two teams do battle over a spot in the Semifinals of this tournament.

[Cut ahead to Copperhead dropping a big splash on Cinder who is hanging half out of the ring, draped across the apron...]

SA: 160 pounds DOWN across the chest of Cinder, bending that spine across the hardest part of the ring... and Cinder's in a very bad spot now as the Serpentes are inflicting major damage at this point of the match.

[And with Cinder in danger, we cut ahead to Mamba attempting a waistlock suplex on the smaller competitor who is lashing out backwards with her elbow repeatedly in an attempt to escape...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the hardest elbow of them all breaks free of the hold, sending Mamba stumbling backwards, swinging her arm at the air in a daze!]

SA: Cinder's loose again! Again, looking for that tag!

[Cinder collapses onto her hands and knees again, stretching and crawling as she inches closer to her friend and partner's offered hand...]

SA: Hamilton's trying to reach her! Cinder's trying to get there!

[...but again, Mamba shakes off the ill effects of the strikes, moving back in to lift Cinder off the mat, pulling her into a side waistlock, lifting her up...]

SA: CINDER FLIPS OVER!

[...and on her feet behind Mamba, Cinder reaches out with both hands, raking her sharp nails across the eyes!]

SA: TO THE EYES! CINDER GOES TO THE EYES WITH THOSE NAILS!

[Mamba cries out, stumbling backwards, rubbing at her eyes!]

SA: A headbutt didn't work! Her devastating elbows didn't get the job done! But the eyerake... maaaaaaybeeeee....

[And with a lunge...]

SA: ...TAAAAAAG!

[The crowd shocking erupts as Harley Hamilton slaps the top turnbuckle before slingshotting over the top rope into the ring where she immediately rushes the blinded six footer...]

SA: FOREARM! ANOTHER! A THIRD!

[With Hamilton rocking Mamba with big forearm smashes, Mamba falls back towards the ropes, throwing a weak body kick in response that Hamilton snatches, catching under her arm...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and promptly spins back the other way, catching Mamba with a brutal looking spinning back elbow!]

SA: SWEET SAN ANGELO, WHAT A SHOT!



[Mamba falls back into the ropes, hanging on to stay on her feet as Copperhead comes rushing in to intervene...]

...and runs right into a superkick to the knee by Hamilton, dropping her down into a kneeling position...]

SA: Hamilton goes downstairs!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A roundhouse kick to the noggin follows!]

SA: UPSTAIRS!

[And with Copperhead in a daze, forcing herself off her knees, Hamilton hits the ropes, charging back in...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AND A KNEELIFT FOR GOOD MEASURE TAKES HER DOWN!

[The crowd is still reluctantly cheering for Hamilton as she dives on top of Copperhead, smashing her forearm down into her mouth repeatedly to the joy of the fans!]

SA: Hamilton's opening up on Copperhead but-

DW: She's not the legal woman!

SA: Exactly right!

[Hamilton regains her feet, pulling Copperhead up with her, tossing her to the outside...]

SA: Out goes Copperhead but Mamba from behind!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...right before Mamba levels the turning Hamilton with a big boot that wipes her out!]

SA: She got all of that! It could be enough!

[Mamba dives into a cover, the fans counting along with the official.]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEE-!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ROARS as the referee leaps up, holding up two fingers as Hamilton's knockout just barely beats the three count.]

SA: Wow! The Serpentes almost scored the win right there... and that would've busted a whole lot of brackets out there, fans!

[We cut ahead again, this time to a chaotic scene where Cinder and Copperhead are brawling on the outside of the ring as Harley Hamilton sizes up Mamba who is down on all fours...]

SA: And don't look now, fans! But it may be time for Mamba to say Hail To The Queen!

[...backing all the way towards the ropes...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...where Copperhead is trying to get to her feet, swinging up with a wild forearm blow to the lower back!]

SA: COPPERHEAD FROM THE OUTSIDE!

[The blow knocks Hamilton down to her hands and knees, the referee rushing over to yell at Copperhead...]

...which allows Cinder to drop something on the mat right by Hamilton.]

SA: What is... ?

DW: It's one of those titles! Those replica belts they carry around!

SA: Where's she going now?! Cinder heading quickly around the ring and-

[With a loud whistle, Cinder tosses the other belt over the ropes on the mat...]

...just in time for Shari Miranda to turn around and spot her.]

SA: Cinder got caught! She got caught by the official!

[Cinder begs off wildly as Miranda scoops up the second belt off the mat, warning Miranda...]

...while Mamba gets off the mat, moving over to pick Hamilton off the canvas...]

SA: Cinder's getting read the riot act and-

DW: HAMILTON!

[...and Harley UNCORKS a swing of the first replica belt, smashing it between the eyes of Mamba, sending her flopping backwards like she's been shot. Hamilton tosses the title belt out of her hands to the floor, collapsing onto Mamba as Cinder urgently points out the cover to the official!]

SA: Are you kidding me?!

DW: They're gonna steal it!

[And a three count later, that's exactly what they've done!]

DW: Unbelievable!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Hamilton promptly rolls out of the ring, diving into an embrace with a grinning and waiting Cinder as the fans jeer the pinfall...]

...and we fade to black and a title that reads "TO BE CONTINUED!" before fading back out to live action backstage to find Sweet Lou Blackwell standing backstage in front of an AWA backdrop.]

SLB: What an incredible night of action thus far at the AWA's Anniversary show! And as we just in that video package, it'll be the Peach Pits taking on Seductive & Destructive to see who will be the first Women's World Tag Team Champions. But that's later tonight because coming up right now, it will be the Alphonse Green Invitational Battle Royal, in which anyone on the AWA roster may participate... plus, there's some rumblings backstage about who might be a surprise for tonight and...

[His voice trails off and he glances off camera, as if he's noticed something unusual.]

SLB: Hold on a minute... hey you, get over here!

[And that's when we see "The Professional" Dave Cooper walk onto the set. Cooper, though, isn't dressed in street clothes. He's dressed to wrestle, wearing a pair of black trunks, black kneepads and white wrestling boots, along with a brown vest.]

DC: Excuse me, Sweet Lou, who are you to make demands of me?

SLB: Come on, Dave Cooper, I noticed you are dressed to wrestle tonight... what is going on here, may I ask you?

DC: Well, since you pulled me away from more important matters, I guess I may as well respond. You see, when Alphonse Green announced that any AWA roster member could take part in this battle royal tonight, I figured, why not join in on the fun?

SLB: You are serious, Dave Cooper? Aren't you approaching 50 years old?

DC: I may be getting up there in years, Sweet Lou, but I'm still in great shape and I can still go out in that ring, kick ass and take names. And that's exactly what I'm gonna do tonight in that battle royal!

SLB: I've gotta wonder, Dave Cooper, if you have Trey Carson in the building somewhere tonight and if you've got something planned...

[Cooper waves a hand in front of Blackwell to cut him off.]

DC: First of all, it's none of your business what The Big Man on Campus is doing. Second, I told him to leave this to me, because I am more than capable of handling things myself, and the Big Man understood that. And if I happen to see Grant Carter in the battle royal tonight, I plan to give him a taste of what it's like to deal with The Professional, maybe even soften him up for whenever he has the guts to face the Big Man.

SLB: I wouldn't put it past you, Dave Cooper, to pull off something like that.

DC: Well, it'll be Carter's fault for daring to get in the ring with me. But Carter won't be the only one who will get a taste of what it's like to deal with The Professional, and Sweet Lou, that is the end of the discussion!

[He walks off the set as Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: Wherever that man goes, you better believe nothing good will come of it. Let's go back to ringside!

[And as we fade from backstage down to ringside, we find Gordon and Bucky seated there.]

GM: Dave Cooper signing up for this Invitational Battle Royal... and I've got a feeling that's just the first of a whole bunch of surprises waiting for us in this match, Bucky.

BW: Sit back, kick up your feet, and toss your remote control in the trash because you'll want to see every second of this one.

GM: And on that-

[Gordon is interrupted by the sounds of Prince's "Controversy" ringing out over the PA system. There is a smattering of boos immediately while the rest of the crowd looks towards the entryway...

...and then the rest of the boos kick in as the brash and controversial Bryson Page emerges from the backstage area in black slacks and a tuxedo t-shirt. He sneers at the jeering crowd before briskly making his way down the ramp towards the ring.]

GM: What is this all about? Is Bryson Page in the Battle Royal?

BW: He looks really well-dressed to compete.

GM: Well-dressed. Give me a break.

[Page reaches ringside, taking the long way around so he can soak up the jeers and taunts of the ringside fans...

...and then ends up standing behind Gordon and Bucky, placing a hand on each of their shoulders.]

"Someone get me a chair and a headset!"

GM: Oh... apparently he plans on joining us on commentary. What a... treat.

"I knew you'd love it, Gordo! Happy retirement!"

[There a flurry of activity surrounding ringside as Page's request is met, a chair placed alongside Gordon Myers with a headset. Page swings a leg over the back of the chair, flopping down in it as he nudges Myers.]

BP: See, if you weren't hanging up your headset, we could do this all the time!

GM: Well, that's enough of a reason to retire right there. Bryson Page, what in the world are you doing out here right now? Why are you here?

BP: I got one word for ya, Gordon: ratings.

GM: Ratings?

BP: That's right. The Powers That Be saw the ratings delivered by yours truly on the Power Hour and they knew I had to be a part of this show too so here I am!

GM: You're saying you were ASKED to do this?

BP: Of course! Do I look like some sort of gate-crasher?

GM: Well, yes... especially since it seems no one had a clue you were going to be out here.

[Page's smile fades, his eyes going cold as he glares at Myers.]

BW: Err... maybe we should just call the match, huh?

BP: Maybe we should.

[Gordon shrugs as the shot cuts back to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is our ALPHONSE GREEN INVITATIONAL BATTLE ROYAL!

[The crowd cheers!]

RO: The rules of this match are-

[A familiar voice calls out, interrupting Ortiz.]

"I'm sorry, little lady... but I gotta lay down the law here myself."

[Ortiz looks puzzled as all eyes turn to the top of the aisle and see former AWA exec "Big" Jim Watkins striding into view to a big cheer. Watkins quickly - or as quickly as a man his age and size can - makes his way to the ring, mic in hand.]

JW: As it turns out, the AWA was willing to let Alphonse Green invite the participants for this lil' shindig... but as that particular guest list started to come together, they found out they had a lil' problem.

[Watkins reaches the ring, climbing up inside...]

JW: And that problem was that we had a whole lot of surprises... that stop being surprises when we just make 'em all come out here at once and climb in the ring. So, they called up Big Jim to figure it all out...

[Watkins pauses.]

JW: So, the reason I can't let you announce the rules, Becky... is 'cause the rules have changed. This match is no longer the Alphonse Green Invitational Battle Royal...

This match is now the Alphonse Green Invitational RUMBLE!

[A big cheer goes up as Watkins grins and nods.]

JW: A little sneak preview of the Rumble the ladies are gonna have at Memorial Day Mayhem... but the bosses also said we can't take up too much time so... in just a minute, we're gonna have the people who drew #1 and #2 come on out here... and then the next one will come out...

[He shrugs.]

JW: ...whenever Big Jim feels like it.

[He gestures to ringside.]

JW: So, you can see I had the boys in the back bring out my own personal throne to rule this match from...

[We cut to the floor where a dark brown fuzzy recliner has been set up.]

JW: ...and that's what I'm gonna do. LET'S HOOK 'EM UP!

[The crowd ROARS for Watkins' catchphrase as Big Jim departs the ring, parking his ample rear end in that chair.]

GM: Wow! That's a drastic change in what we were expecting here tonight as this match has changed from a Battle Royal to a Rumble... if not exactly under traditional Rumble rules.

BP: And that just figures that some ol' fossil like Watkins would be put in charge of it too. Why not me? Why not make this the Bryson Page Rumble?

GM: Because Jim Watkins is a legend and you're a guy who had a cup of coffee a couple of years ago before being shown the door?

BP: Ahhh, so that's how you want to play this, Myers? Alright, we can play it that way.

[Watkins gestures for something as a ringside attendant walks over with a giant bowl in hand.]

BW: Is that popcorn?

BP: If he eats all that popcorn, we might make history with that tub of goo dying on national TV.

GM: Classy.

BP: If ESPN wanted class, they'd keep you around. They want ratings so they called on me.

GM: So you say.

[But as the bowl is set in Watkins' hands, we see it's not filled with popcorn but rather plastic balls with presumably wrestler names inside them. Watkins raises a mic as well...]

JW: And... the guy who drew Number One...

[...and then fishes a ball out of the bowl, cracking it open in one massive bearpaw of a right hand, unfolding the paper within to show it to a production assistant standing next to him who speaks into his headset...]

A trumpet fanfare leads into "Himno del Chivas de Guadalajara" and the crowd cheers.]

JW: ...CESAR HERNANDEZ!

[Immediately, Cesar Hernandez steps from behind the curtain, and takes a deep theatrical bow to the audience.

A tall, rangy, dusky-skinned man with voluminous shoulder-length black hair, Hernandez sports a toothy smile as he waves to the fans, jogging confidently down the aisle. He fistpumps and claps, exhorting and greeting the fans on both sides of the aisle.]

GM: A long-time fan favorite both here in the American Wrestling Alliance and through the wrestling world, what a great moment to see Cesar Hernandez heading back down the aisle...

BW: Speak for yourself, Gordo. This guy is the reason my knee aches whenever you want to get Mexican food for dinner after a show.

[Gordon chuckles as Hernandez continues to greet the fans alongside the barricade, getting closer to the ring.]

GM: Cesar told me earlier tonight he's celebrating his twenty-fourth year in the business this year... and while he's no longer working a full time schedule, he still keeps busy competing in the Southwest... and I'm told he's also got quite the promising wrestling school and promotion based out of Guadalajara. I'm looking forward to taking a trip down there to check it out in my upcoming free time.

[Upon reaching ringside, Hernandez jogs up the ringsteps, smiling as he ducks through the ropes in a pair of red, white, and green trunks with matching boots. His white windbreaker has his name on the back and the Mexican flag as well. He yanks off the jacket, giving it a twirl over his head to the cheers of the New Orleans fans.]

BP: On second thought, if this is the kind of so-called talent you people are gonna drag out here for me to suffer through, maybe I'll call another match later in the show instead.

GM: Or maybe you can get on out of here and save me - and our fans - the headache. Cesar Hernandez has accomplished so much in his career... you can't even begin to dream of lacing his boots.

BP: Someone's gotta lace his boots. At his age, he surely can't lean over and do it himself.

[Hernandez pumps a fist to the fans as Watkins digs into his bowl, looking for a second name. He hands it over to the production assistant...

...and "Bolero" by Maurice Revel starts up over the PA as Rene Rousseau, who is dressed in a long, royal blue robe adorned with white fluer-de-lys and his name on the back in white, walks into view. Rousseau also wears sunglasses and has an arrogant smirk on his face as the fans jeer the former AWA competitor.]

GM: Rene Rousseau! It's been a while since we've seen this veteran in action as well, Bucky.

BW: It has... and if I remember right, he and Hernandez had quite the rivalry at one point.

[The French Canadian scoffs at the fans who are leaning over the railing, waving them off and mouthing the words "no class." Hernandez leans over, hands on his thighs, waiting for Rousseau to arrive...]

BP: I think he's already blown up, boys. Hernandez may just fall out of the ring right now.

[Rousseau reaches the ringside, disdainfully looking up at his former rival and waving his hands for him to step back. Hernandez obliges, shouting something in Spanish as Rousseau climbs up on the apron, removing his dark sunglasses as he steps into the ring...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[...and Hernandez rushes at him, connecting with a big right hand!]

GM: Here we go! The Alphonse Green... Jim Watkins... Invitational Battle... Rumble... I suppose... is underway!

[Hernandez' wild brawling quickly backs his former rival into the ropes where he grabs the wrist, whipping Rousseau across the ring...]

GM: Off the far side... hiiiiigh back body drop!

[Rousseau clutches his lower back, struggling to get to his feet as Hernandez moves back in on him... and Rousseau stabs a finger out into the fan favorite's eye, temporarily blinding him...]

GM: Rousseau goes to the eyes!

[...and with a pair of hooking forearms to the neck, Rousseau whips Hernandez across the ring, sending him into the corner. He charges in after him...]

GM: Cesar gets the boot up! He runs right into it!

[Rousseau goes staggering backwards from the crash into the raised boot as Hernandez boosts himself up, standing on the middle rope...]

...and then leaps off, toppling the French Canadian with a crossbody that takes both men down to the mat!]

BP: Look at this idiot thinking he can get a pin in a Battle Royal... or Rumble... or whatever they want me to call this mess.

GM: He obviously didn't think he could get a pin - he got right back to his feet and kept on going...

[Rousseau scoots backwards on his rear end, hand raised and begging for mercy as Hernandez advances, fists balled up and at the ready...]

...and we cut to ringside where Jim Watkins has pulled another ball from the bowl, cracking it open...]

GM: Well... uhh... not even a minute gone by in this one and Big Jim is calling another name apparently.

BP: That's what happens when you let a senile old fossil make the rules.

GM: Boy, I'd love to hear you call him that to his face. He may be old but he could still whoop the leather off your shoes.

BP: What the hell does that even mean?

[And as Hernandez mounts the middle rope, raining down punches on the skull of the trapped Rousseau, we hear the sounds of didgeridoos and wild animals. The fans cheer politely as the camo clad duo of Outback Zack and Outback Mac come into view, grinning broadly.]

GM: Hey, how about this now? We've been hearing about the impending arrival of the Outbackers for several weeks now and it looks like they're finally made it to America!

BP: Talk about a need for tighter immigration policy.

GM: Outback Zack and Outback Mac are on their way out here...



BW: But which one is in the match?

GM: I'm not entirely sure as it looks like they're both coming down here... and longtime AWA fans may recall "Outback" Zack Kelly from a previous stint but now he's back with his cousin looking to make waves in the AWA tag team division.

[Reaching ringside, Zack and Mac trade a big embrace...

...and then slide under the ropes together.]

BW: They're BOTH in the match?

[Cue to a grinning Jim Watkins who holds up a piece of paper that reads "OUTBACKERS" on it, nodding.]

GM: Apparently so... more of the unique rules of this Jim Watkins and Alphonse Green curated affair.

[Having put Hernandez down for the moment, Rene Rousseau moves to greet the new entries into the match with a boot to the gut of Mac before a right hand to the jaw of Zack, sending both spinning away to adjacent corners.]

GM: An unfriendly greeting right there by the French Canadian... and now Rousseau is putting the boots to Outback Mac there in the corner, working him over...

BP: What a debut for these two... good thing they passed on signing some real talent for these two.

GM: Real talent like who? You?

BP: Keep pushing me, Myers. Keep pushing.

[Rousseau is choking Mac with a boot in the corner when Outback Zack approaches from the back side...

...and Rousseau snaps an elbow back into the side of his head, sending him spinning away.]

GM: Rene Rousseau faring very well for himself early in this Battle Royal... pushing Mac back into the corner...

[Rousseau delivers a pair of European uppercuts, snapping Mac's head back, stunning him in the corner before wrapping him up in a double underhook, tossing him across the ring with a butterfly suplex!]

GM: Wow! Rene Rousseau reminding the fans of the AWA why he was once considered one of the most technically proficient wrestlers on the planet

[Rousseau climbs to his feet, extending his arms and going into a spin, the crowd jeering the arrogant Canadian...

...who gets spun all the way around into a big Hernandez right hand... and another... and another...]

GM: The crowd solidly behind Cesar Hernandez here, driving Rousseau back across the ring...

[...and we cut down to ringside where Jim Watkins shrugs as he pops open another bubble, handing it over to the production assistant.]

GM: ...and it looks like we're about to get...

[Gordon trails off as we hear the opening notes of Bon Jovi's "It's My Life" to a big cheer from the AWA faithful!]

GM: ...oho! It's "Golden" Grant Carter!

BP: This deal gets worse and worse all the time.

GM: Can you show some respect to some of these competitors?

BP: They've barely got any self-respect - why should I show them any? Grant Carter?! Grant Carter couldn't beat that Neptunian goof Omega and now I'm supposed to buy he can beat... how the hell many people are in this thing anyways?!

GM: We have no idea.

BW: It could go all night.

BP: That sounds about right. The AWA loves their little nostalgiafests and this is the perfect example of it. Sure, we toss in a couple of current guys from the locker room but mostly we want you to remember these old fossils from the good ol' days where we proudly ran cities like Ft. Worth and Westwego!

[Carter hits the ring, coming up swinging on Rene Rousseau as well, joining Hernandez in pounding on Rousseau near the ropes...]

GM: "Golden" Grant Carter crossed paths with the undefeated Big Man On Campus, Trey Carson, last week on the final Power Hour. You were there for that, Bryson Page, maybe you can-

BP: Carson's a big man, Carter's half a man, and I'm all man. That the kind of recap you were lookin' for, Myers? Actually, let's talk about the Power Hour... you know what this match could use instead of yet another curtain-jerker? Some real star power. It could use a Main Event player! A former World Champion! A Hall of Famer even! Jeff Matthews, it's your lucky day 'cause we finally found some guys you can still beat! Come on down, Madfox!

GM: That's absolutely disgu- you know very well that Jeff Matthews suffered a serious head injury on the Power Hour and is not medically cleared to compete here tonight.

BP: Oh, it's not just tonight he's not cleared for, Myers... the way I hear it, that old man may NEVER come back. And you're welcome.

GM: You think we should be THANKING you for that?! And why would we even thank you? It was Odysseus Allah who assaulted him! You just ran your big mouth long enough to distract him!

BP: I think you should thank me, I think the AWA should thank me, I think the fans should thank me but most of all, I think Jeff Matthews should thank me because I gave him a reason to slither out the door and back into retirement where no one has to watch him fail again! No one else has to see him sully his legacy out here against guys he can't compete with anymore.

GM: Jeff Matthews took Supreme Wright to the limit at SuperClash!

BP: I think that says more about what Theresa Lynch has done to Supreme Wright's killer instinct than it does about what Jeff Matthews has left to offer the world of pro wrestling - don't you?

GM: I most certainly do... OHHH! Rene Rousseau backdrops Cesar Hernandez over the ropes but the Latino superstar hangs on!

[But as Rousseau tangles up with Grant Carter again, we see Outback Zack snatch his cousin in a side headlock, rushing towards the ropes where he drives his own partner's skull into Hernandez' midsection, sending the fan favorite falling off the apron to the floor.]

GM: And just like, Cesar Hernandez is eliminated from this one and-

BP: Adios, loser!

[Hernandez grimaces as he climbs off the floor, waving a grateful hand to the cheering crowd as the Outbackers celebrate their elimination, playing to the fans as Carter rocks Rousseau with looping haymakers in the corner...

...and then back to the outside where a grinning Jim Watkins grabs a bubble and pops it open...]

GM: Looks like we're getting another-

[...furrows his brow, shakes his head and hands it over to the production assistant...

...and then grabs a second bubble, repeating the process.]

BP: Look at this idiot now. He can't even keep the rules of his own match straight.

GM: I think the rules are kinda being made up as he goes along. He wants two more entries and-

[With no music and just a plain looking graphic on the video wall, a masked man in a full lucha-esque bodysuit that runs from head to toe comes jogging into view.]

GM: Who is...?

BW: The graphic says El Super Gecko.

GM: Why does that ring a bell?

BP: I know why it rings a bell.

GM: Okay, genius... explain.

BP: You're going to have ask nicer than that.

[The masked man jogs the length of the aisle before diving under the ropes to very little reaction...

...but when the next competitor comes jogging into view, it's a quite loud reaction!]

GM: Mr. Mensa is the sixth... well, seventh technically since the Outbackers entered together... man into the Alphonse Green/Jim Watkins Invitational Battle Rumble.

BW: It's as good of a name as any.

BP: You know, Bucky... in a way, you're worse than Myers here.

BW: Oh, how's that now?

BP: Unlike Myers, you used to have an edge about you. You used to be the guy on commentary who told it like it was... and then somewhere along the way, you got paid too much money to sit on your fat ass and spout catchphrases and play chummy with the old man here and... well, it's no wonder you're getting shoved out of your seat too.

BW: You want to talk about getting fired? Let's talk about the reason you got fired last time!

GM: Maybe we should just calm down a little.

BP: No, no... let him talk, Myers! You wanna shoot, Big Bucks? Skin that smoke wagon and let's see what happens!

[Imbrogno slingshots over the ropes to enter the ring, tossing himself into an immediate cartwheel to avoid an incoming Outbacker Mac. A front somersault takes him under a Rene Rousseau clothesline attempt. A back handspring lets him avoid a spinning back kick from El Super Gecko.]

GM: Mr. Mensa's putting on a show in there and these people are loving it!

BP: Don't try to change the subject, old man. You got something on your simple little mind, Wilde? Let me hear it.

BW: I'm just saying - everyone's got stories they don't want told about-

BP: Not me. You think I hide from controversy? I thrive on it. I live for it. My life's an open book and any secret you think you've got, I can promise lives on forever in some corner of the wrestling geek Internet in a sleazy messageboard thread.

[Imbrogno throws a dropkick to send Outbacker Zack staggering near the ropes where a charging Grant Carter lands a clothesline that sends Zack over the top to the floor!]

GM: We've got another elimination as Outbacker Zack is gone thanks to "Golden" Grant Carter!

[As Imbrogno gets back to his feet, he catches a mule kick to the lower abdomen by the masked Gecko... who inexplicably throws a pair of middle fingers at the crowd...]

GM: Whoa... apparently Bryson Page's bad manners are wearing off on El Super Gecko there who just showed a little sign language to the crowd.

BP: Was it to the crowd or that fossil Watkins who is sucking up valuable air time with this monstrosity of a match?

[Watkins seems to be wondering the same thing, looking up a little puzzled at the ring where El Super Gecko has just Three Stooges poked Imbrogno in the eyes, sending him staggering blindly towards the ropes...]

GM: And now the masked man looking to eliminate Mr. Mensa which will not get this sold out crowd on his side...

[Grabbing a leg on Imbrogno, El Super Gecko tries to upend him over the ropes as Rene Rousseau attempts to do the same to Outbacker Mac with a leg under each arm, trying to flip him from the ring.]

GM: Battle Royals are considered by the wrestlers as one of the most dangerous types of matches - can you give us a little more insight into that, Mr. Page, since you're out here with us?

BP: It's like being in a street fight, Myers... not that you'd know anything about that. You can be facing one way fighting someone and- WHAM! Some other palooka smashes you in the back of the head, sends your eyes crossed, and splits your skull like a melon. You can catch a stray finger in the eye, roll an ankle, all sorts of nasty stuff. So, yeah... it's dangerous.

GM: An excellent bit of insight and... don't look now but it looks like Big Jim is calling for another participant.

[The production assistant is taking the name from a smirking Watkins who claps his massive hands together, rubbing him enthusiastically as we wait for...]

GM: Oho! Here comes trouble!

["The Professional" Dave Cooper walks down the aisle, dressed in his wrestling attire and brown vest with "THE PROFESSIONAL" written on the back in white lettering. He has a scowl on his face as he approaches the ring.]

GM: Dave Cooper inserting himself into this Battle Royal and I can only wonder why.

BW: It's not hard to figure out, Gordo. Cooper's an AWA original and he wants to prove to everyone he's still got it!

GM: Well, he's getting into the ring with a lot of up and coming talent, some of them who may have their eye on his charge, Trey Carson.

BW: Oh, so we beat up on the manager because we don't want to face The Big Man on Campus. No wonder today's youth don't deserve our respect!

GM: Bucky, that's enough out of you. And Mr. Page, I'm surprised you've got nothing to say right now.

BP: Dave Cooper is as tough as they come. I had nothing but respect for him when he was an active wrestler and he's shown great potential as a manager. I wish him all the best in there in knockin' some heads and bustin' some skulls.

[Cooper walks up the steps and ducks between the ropes...

...and makes a beeline for Grant Carter, burying a forearm shank into the lower back just as Carter was trying to eliminate Rene Rousseau!]

GM: Cooper going right for "Golden" Grant who we mentioned had tussled with Trey Carson on the last Power Hour... maybe Cooper hoping to soften up Carter for his eventual showdown with the undefeated Big Man On Campus.

BW: Also, Cooper used to manage Rene Rousseau, right? Maybe Cooper's looking to expand his managerial profile - the Lion's Den reborn?

[A grateful Rousseau slaps his former manager on the back as the duo each grab an arm on Carter, whipping him across the ring...]

GM: Ohhh! Double clothesline puts ol' GGC down on the canvas!

[Cooper smirks at the jeering crowd as Rousseau dusts off his hands in a mocking fashion.]

GM: Nice teamwork there out of Rousseau and Cooper and-

[The crowd reacts as Cooper suddenly grabs Rousseau by the hair and HURLS him from the ring to the floor before dusting his hands off in the same exaggerated mocking fashion.]

GM: COOPER TOSSES ROUSSEAU!

BP: Haha! You can never trust the Professional, kids! Take a lesson from that one!

[Cooper trades some words with the eliminated Rousseau before he starts putting the boots to Carter who is still down on the canvas after the clothesline... and then El Super Gecko joins Cooper in stomping GGC.]

GM: A two on one on the man from New Jersey now... working him over on the canvas... but here comes Outbacker Mac, looking to make the save for GGC!

[Mac lands a right hand on the masked man and one on Cooper as well before the masked man buries a knee in the back...

...and working with Cooper, El Super Gecko tosses Outbacker Mac over the top to the floor.]

GM: And there goes Outbacker Mac as well! Both Outbackers are eliminated... and just like that, this ring empties down to four. GGC, El Super Gecko, Manny Imbrogno, and the Professional, Dave Cooper... who many believe should've held singles gold here in the AWA after his tag team - Rough N Ready - split up but Cooper never got to that point.

[As Cooper puts Carter in the corner and starts delivering boots to the body, El Super Gecko does the same with Mr. Mensa...

...and we cut down to Jim Watkins who goes back into the bowl.]

GM: It looks like it's already time for another participant - who will it be this time?

[The sounds of the Beastie Boys' "So Whatcha Want" rings out over the PA system to a HUUUUUGE ROAR from the AWA faithful in the Superdome!]

GM: OH MY!

BW: OH NO!

BP: Oh, god d-

[The audio cuts out as we cut to the top of the aisle where we see a slightly older but still wildstylin' Jerby Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG - rocking multicolor shiny full body suits and rainbow hair to match. They are swinging their arms back and forth, here and there, to and fro... swirling them around their heads as they shout a mouthful of gibberish... unless you have your Rave-To-English dictionary handy... oh wait, the No Fun Police stopped that from happening years ago.]

GM: It's The Rave!

BP: These two need to make like a tree and get the hell out of here.

[They're taking a long time... and I mean a lonnnnnng time to get down the aisle to the ring, shouting "OH MY GOD! 2018 looks just like 2023!" repeatedly to the reaction of basically no one. Basically.]

GM: One of the most divisive tag teams in AWA history - but love 'em or hate 'em, you can't deny their entertainment value!

BP: Oh, I hate them... and I am not entertained. Can we turn the lions loose on them now?

GM: Bryson Page, you are no fun at all... you kinda remind me of someone actually.

BW: I don't know but it looks like these two are entering together just like the Outbackers did... so we're back to six competitors in the ring.

[Getting down on all fours on the floor, Jerby Jezz allows Shizz Dawg to step up on his back, leaping through the ropes into the ring with a somersault...

...and gets up to get CRACKED in the jaw by Dave Cooper who shakes out his hand with a wicked smirk as Shizz Dawg rolls around on the mat holding his mouth and the fans jeer.]

GM: Dave Cooper is a grumpy old man.

BP: Takes one to know one.

[On his feet, a fired up Jerby Jezz scrambles up on the apron, shouting at Cooper who comes towards him as Jezz slingshots over the top, twisting in mid-air to end up with his shins on the approaching Cooper's shoulders, scissoring his ankles around Cooper's head...]

GM: Headscissors from the outside in and-

[Jezz pulls his legs back, repeatedly kicking Cooper like he's riding a bicycle.]

GM: -hah! You gotta love the innovative offense of the Rave!

[Drawing his legs back, Jezz finishes him off with a mule kick from the same position, sending Cooper stumbling backwards...

...where he trips over Shizz Dawg OG who is down on all fours to laughter from the AWA faithful!]

GM: The kings of the wildstyle, the Rave are in the Superdome... they're in this match... and they've completely changed the makeup of this one!

[Jezz and Shizz Dawg go right after Cooper who staggers up, falling back into the corner where Jezz lands a running palm strike an instant before Shizz Dawg scores with a leaping kneestrike to the jaw!]

GM: And don't look now, fans, but the Professional finds himself in serious trouble!

[The Rave each grab a handful of Cooper's skull, shoving him out of the corner towards a waiting "Golden" Grant Carter who boots Cooper in the gut, twisting to hook a snapmare...]

GM: GOLD STRIKE!

[...and DRIVES Cooper skullfirst into the canvas to a boisterous cheer from the New Orleans crowd!]

GM: "Golden" Grant Carter perhaps giving Dave Cooper a sneak preview of what he plans to do to his client, Trey Carson, in the very near future.

[Carter pulls a dazed Cooper off the mat, pointing to the crowd as he races towards the ropes...

...which is when El Super Gecko leaps into the air, springing back off the middle rope...]

GM: OHHH! DROPKICK TO THE MOUTH OF GRANT CARTER!

BP: Hah! Maybe that'll stop all that smiling.

[With Carter suddenly down on the mat, El Super Gecko ducks under a clothesline attempt by Manny Imbrogno...

...and pops him under the chin with a superkick that sends Mr. Mensa down to the canvas. The masked man pumps his fists excitedly, pointing out to the crowd as we cut to the floor where Jim Watkins raises an eyebrow.]

GM: The luchador impressing here in New Orleans as-

[Watkins suddenly reaches into the bowl, cracking open another bubble as he hands it over...]

GM: We're about to get a seventh competitor in the ring... who knows - maybe eight or nine the way this one is going.

[...and when a thrash version of "Flight of the Bumblebee" kicks in, the crowd ROARS once more!]

GM: And we know what that music means!

BP: I'm allergic to bees, Myers.

GM: Oh, that's a shame... maybe you should leave. We wouldn't want you to risk your health.

BP: It's clear that I'm needed here.

[The cheers get louder as the trio of Bumble Bee, Yellow Jacket, and Queen Bee come charging through the curtain in their signature gold and black gear, antennae wiggling all the while.]

GM: The Hive is the ninth entry into this one... and they are swarming down the aisle towards the ring!

BP: What I wouldn't give for a can of Raid right now.

[Yellow Jacket does a headfirst dive under the bottom rope, avoiding a lunge from El Super Gecko as he pops up, running to the ropes. Gecko goes down, allowing Yellow Jacket to hurdle him, hitting the far ropes as Bumble Bee joins him in sprinting across, hurdling Gecko a second time...]

GM: The Hive on the move and-



[...and a running double dropkick sends Gecko down to the mat, sprawling to the canvas where he rolls under the ropes to the apron...]

GM: El Super Gecko's not eliminated! He went UNDER the ropes there, out on the apron as-

[...and with a double yank of the legs, Gecko's masked face goes bouncing off the ring apron thanks to Queen Bee. The crowd cheers as the shapely flying insect gets up on the apron, swinging an arm over her head...]

GM: And it looks like it's Queen Bee on the move this time as...

[...and charges down the apron, leaping into the air in a somersault to wipe out a stunned El Super Gecko on the outside to a big cheer!]

GM: ...SHE TAKES OUT EL SUPER GECKO WITH A FLIP TO THE FLOOR!

[The Hive celebrates in the ring, doing a weird sort of celebratory jig...

...which is quickly joined into by Shizz Dawg OG and Jerby Jezz.]

BW: What in the...?

[The jig slowly comes to a halt as Bumble Bee and Yellow Jacket stop, hands on their hips as they look at the now-moshing Jerby Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG.]

GM: I'd say the party's just about over.

[As the Rave's wildstyle dancing comes to a halt, they turn to look at The Hive who start buzzing angrily in their direction...]

GM: And for once, it seems like it's Jerby Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG who have no clue what someone's saying to them.

[...and with a double shrug, the Rave fire back!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DOUBLE SUPERKICK!

[The kicks from the Rave put the Hive back on their heels, falling back into the ropes...

...and they charge them in tandem, also getting flipped up and over in tandem by a defensive shoulder throw by The Hive!]

GM: The Rave out on the apron now...

[Bumble Bee and Yellow Jacket both use the top rope to leap up and snap a foot off the heads of The Rave, leaving them in a daze as they dash to the far ropes...

...and into a double slingshot spear from The Rave that cuts them down!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY! What a doubleteam by The Rave!

[Shizz Dawg OG and Jerby Jezz get up, both doing a little wildstyle dancing to the cheers of the fans. Manny Imbrogno grabs Jezz by the shoulder, swinging him around into a fireman's carry...]

GM: Airplane spin on the-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but a Shizz Dawg superkick snaps Imbrogno back into a crucifix driver from Jerby Jezz!]

GM: Wow! The Rave are cleaning house here in this Battle Rumble!

[Pulling Imbrogno off the mat, the duo lift him up together in what appears to be a double bodyslam effort, walking towards the ropes...]

GM: And if you remember from The Rave's glory days, they actually preferred to win their matches via countout... so tossing someone to the outside is kinda right in their wheelhouse!

[...and Imbrogno grabs the top rope, fighting to keep himself in the ring and in the match...]

GM: It looks like we're about to get another entry!

[Watkins hands over the paper from another bubble to the production assistant who informs the back of who to send out next...]

GM: Who's it gonna-

"YOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[The crowd ERUPTS as the formerly-rotund BC Da Mastah MC comes shakin' it out onto the entrance stage as a generic hip hop beat plays in the background...]

...and yes, even with his partner in trouble, BC's got a mic in hand!]

"Check it... it's the AWA's anniversary...

...and can they do it without me? Well, no siree...

BC is the man, straight up real talk

You think that you're better? Ya better go for a walk.

Cause when BC hits the ring, ain't nobody safe.

People go flyin' like these fists I'm supplyin'!"

[He holds up his fists, shaking him like a boxer as he gets closer to the ring.]

"Manny, hang on - ya pardner's en route

When I get there, call Gwen Stefani 'cause there ain't no doubt...

We gonna be rockin', we gonna be rollin'

...and somebody's gonna get my boot in their colon!"

[BC is pretty close to the ring now, his partner still desperately trying to hang on.]

"Someone call the doctor 'cause this about to get sick...

And if you ain't down with that, you can-"

[BC suddenly finds himself cut off by a pair of boots to the mouth courtesy of a sliding Dave Cooper. Cooper gets up, sneering at the downed BC and mockingly pumps his fist shouting "YO BABY, YO BABY YO!..."

...and then turns into a right hand to the mouth from Grant Carter!]

GM: The fight between Carter and Cooper continues... BC Da Mastah MC is the tenth man in...

BW: Once he gets in.

GM: Well, actually... he's the tenth entry in this bizarre chaotic matchup.

[Carter's big looping right hands has Cooper all the way back against the ropes as he switches to uppercuts, rocking the Professional to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: Cooper's in trouble!

[BC slides in, quickly bailing out his partner, pulling him down to safety before clashing the skulls of Jerby Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG together...

...and then turning to go help Grant Carter who has lifted Cooper up by a leg, trying to dump him over the top...]

GM: Cooper's in BIG trouble now! We've got two men trying to dump him to the floor and-

[Ever resourceful, Cooper rakes his fingers across the eyes of Grant Carter, sending him spiraling away as Cooper drives a knee into the sternum of BC Da Mastah MC before popping him with an uppercut that puts him down on the mat...

...and as Bumble Bee charges, Cooper lifts by the thighs, twisting around...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THAT SIGNATURE COOPER SPINEBUSTER! OH MY!

[Cooper gets up, all sorts of fired up as Shizz Dawg OG charges...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BP: BE LIKE SWEET LOU AND MAKE IT A DOUBLE!

[Cooper pops back up, almost daring someone else to come for him...

...and at that point, some fans glance up the aisle and start to cheer.]

GM: Hold on... who's coming down now.

[The camera cuts to the aisle and we find a woman... a familiar one at that.]

GM: That's Sarah Sharpe!

BW: What is she doing here?

GM: Sarah still works in the front office in Talent Relations, but this is a surprise.

BW: Look at Cooper, though! He's not happy!

GM: Well, that is his wife, Bucky.

BW: Yeah, I'd be mad, too, if my wife was checking up on me when I just wanted to have a night out with the rest of the boys!

GM: You are a real piece of work, Bucky.

[Cooper has turned to look up the aisle and is now jawing at his wife. Sarah Sharpe, who is dressed in a black jacket over a white shirt and blue jeans, simply stares back at him, as she approaches the ringside table and grabs a mic.]

SS: Seems like we have a lot of people returning to say hello, so I figured I should do the same.

[There are a lot of cheers for that. Sharpe then points at Cooper.]

SS: And it looks like one half of a certain tag team that showed up around the AWA's inception decided he wanted a piece of the action tonight.

[Cooper jaws some more at Sharpe, who just returns a smile.]

SS: Yeah, you're the better half in this relationship... I let you have that bragging right.

But as far as this battle royale goes, since you want to be part of it, then why not make it like it was back in the beginning of the AWA, when I was down here at ringside.

[Cooper points up the aisle, as if telling his wife where to go.]

SS: Oh, you don't want me here, is that it? Well, I'm not going anywhere, because there is somebody who is more than happy to have me at ringside.

[She pauses... yeah, it's for dramatic effect.]

SS: After all, this reunion wouldn't be complete... without the other member of Rough N Ready!

[And a cheer goes up because the crowd can guess what's next.

Oh, and Cooper's eyes widen, because he can guess what's next, too.

"Knocking at Your Back Door" by Deep Purple plays and then, we see our next entrant come out from the back. He is a big man dressed in a black singlet and white wrestling boots. He also has a mischievous grin on his face and is rubbing his hands together, as if anticipating the slaughter about to get underway.

Oh, as for his name...]

GM: OH MY! ERIC SOMERS IS HERE!

BW: You've gotta be kidding me! He's supposed to be retired!

GM: If one half of Rough N Ready can come out of retirement, why not the other half?

[Somers reaches out to slap hands with a few fans, then upon reaching ringside, he exchanges a high five with Sharpe, then takes the mic and waves at Cooper.]

ES: Hey there, Davey! Miss me?

[Somers hands the mic back to Sharpe, that grin becoming twisted, and he heads up the stairs to the ring. Meanwhile, Cooper is beside himself, complaining to whoever is nearest to him but not getting anything more than an eye roll in response...]

....and then he goes charging at his former partner as Somers steps over the ropes into the ring...]

GM: Eric Somers is in and-

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and catches the incoming Cooper under his arm, spinning around into a thunderous side slam that shakes the ring!]

GM: HE PLANTS HIS FORMER PARTNER!

[Somers gets up, a big grin on his face as he surveys the rest of the combatants in the ring...]

BW: So, he's officially in too... but he didn't have his name drawn! Does that mean he just... added himself to this match?!

BP: And they say I'm out of control.

[Somers points across at The Rave who quickly square up on him, charging in...]

...and getting floored with a huge double shoulder tackle that sends both Rave members flying through the air and down onto the canvas!]

GM: We've got bodies flying all over the ring at the hands of this big, big man!

[Somers turns slightly as El Super Gecko comes leaping off the top!]

GM: CROSSBODY!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Somers catches the flying luchador, holding him across his massive chest...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and with a leap, Somers DRIVES the masked man into the canvas with a powerful front powerslam!]

GM: SOMERS CRUSHES HIM LIKE A BUG!

BP: No, no... the bugs are over there in the corner...

[As Somers regains his feet, he meets the other bugs - Yellow Jacket who scores with a running dropkick to the chest and Bumble Bee who leaps off his partner's back to snare Somers in a rana...]

GM: Bumble Bee trying to take- no, no, no!

[...but the powerful Somers will not budge, instead lifting Bumble Bee up into the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and POWERBOMBS him down onto the back of Yellow Jacket who was on all fours on the canvas!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY! ERIC SOMERS HAS DESTROYED THE ENTIRE FIELD FOR THIS BATTLE ROYAL!

[Somers stands mid-ring, arms out and beckoning for the crowd to get louder as Manny Imbrogno slides into position behind him.]

GM: Imbrogno's right behind him but I don't think Somers knows he's there!

[And as Somers turns, Imbrogno ducks low, attempting to lift him into a fireman's carry...]

GM: Are you kidding me?

BP: For someone who says he's the World's Smartest Man, this guy's a real idiot if he think he's gonna get Somers up.

[Imbrogno struggles and strains to no avail as Somers simply smirks at him...

...until BC Da Mastah MC comes to help.]

GM: BC in there now, ducking down...

[And as BC adds his strength to his partner's underrated power, the duo struggles under the weight of Somers...]

GM: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

[...but they get him up, holding him aloft for a moment before shoving him skyward, flipping him over onto his back to a thunderous roar!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A MOVE FROM BCIQ!

[A fired up BC forces his partner into a double fistbump...

...only for Imbrogno to abruptly break away and throw up his hands towards an attacking pair of bees!]

GM: The Hive were coming for BCIQ but... what's this about now?

[Imbrogno pauses, still holding up his hands... and with a grin on his face, he uses the skills that make him the only man capable to communicating with The Hive.]

BP: Is this idiot buzzing like a bee?

GM: Well, we've seen Mr. Mensa successfully talk to this trio before with these skills. When you're the World's Smartest Man, I suppose such talents come naturally.

[Imbrogno is buzzing insistently now as Bumble Bee and Yellow Jacket buzz back at him, the crowd laughing at the display as a puzzled BC looks back and forth between them like a high stakes tennis match.]

BW: Boy, to be a fly on the wall of this one.

GM: I'm not sure that would help.

BW: Flies buzz too.

GM: Different dialect, I'm sure.

BP: I hate you both with a fire that would outburn the sun.

[Queen Bee waves over her team for a little conference. The buzzing is intense, my friends as Imbrogno tries to explain to BC what just happened...]

GM: Perhaps Manny Imbrogno trying to get The Hive to work with them?

BW: Well, whatever it is, this crowd is...

BP: Don't you dare.

BW: ...buzzing.

BP: Son of a...

[Bumble Bee and Yellow Jacket finish their discussion, turning back towards BCIQ who have also finished their chat...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...only to get a side-by-side superkick from the masked men, causing the crowd to groan at the failed short-term alliance...]

...which gets even louder as The Hive snatches a dazed Imbrogno, rushing the ropes...]

GM: DOUBLE HIPTOSS!

[...and sending Imbrogno toppling from the ring to the outside to jeers!]

GM: And there goes Mr. Mensa!

[The Hive celebrates their elimination with a little buggy boogie...]

...and turn right into a double clothesline from a pissed-off BC Da Mastah MC that sends them both toppling out alongside Imbrogno!]

GM: AND THE HIVE IS GONE AS WELL!

[There's a flurry of angry buzzing on the floor as BC shouts down at them from inside the ring, the crowd cheering for one of their longtime favorites.]

BW: I guess you can say... "go baby, go baby go" at that one.

BP: You could but you shouldn't. And this is what I'm talking about right here. Feeding into these stupid catchphrases and gimmicks and... you used to be better than this, Buckthorn. Now you're a poor, pathetic hack like your running buddy here. You should do us all a favor and retire right alongside him.

BW: I'd tell you that you should do us all a favor and go find somewhere else to work but you've burned every single bridge every place you've ever wrestled or

managed or announces so that doesn't seem likely. But what does seem likely is that if we wait just a few weeks, you'll probably find your ass back out on the street after-

GM: Bucky, please... let's not-

BP: Let him go, Myers. Take the reins off him on his last night. Come on, Buckthorn. Shoot Bucky Shoot as the kids used to say... speak your peace before they take away your microphone.

[We cut to the outside where Jim Watkins is opening up another bubble, handing the contents over.]

GM: Who's coming next?

BP: Whoever it is, it's sure to be some passed-his-prime midcarder that the AWA so desperately wants that nostalgia pop for. Someone who the masses will rise up as one and bellow... "hey, I remember that guy." A truly inspiring reaction. The stuff of legend. They'll be talking about it for... at least 24 hours on the Internet before something better comes along.

BW: You really are a bitter piece of-

GM: Bucky!

[The camera cuts to the top of the aisle as the Russian National Anthem begins to play and we see Vladimir Velikov come into view, carrying his trademark Russian chain.]

GM: Vladimir Velikov! You talk about an AWA original! This guy alongside his nephew Kolya Sudakov competed in many of the early major events for the AWA including the very first WarGames!

[Velikov jogs slowly down the aisle towards the ring, pointing at the seven men already inside - Grant Carter, El Super Gecko, Dave Cooper, both members of The Rave, BC Da Mastah MC, and Eric Somers.]

GM: Velikov taking his time...

BP: He's used to traveling by motorized scooter at this point. Give him a minute.

[Reaching the ring, Velikov hands off his chain to a ringside attendant before climbing the steps, ducking through the ropes...

...and immediately going after a rising Eric Somers with a clubbing forearm across the shoulderblades!]

GM: Velikov going after Somers - the uncle to both Julie and Howie Somers, two current champions here in the AWA... and Somers, of course, held the now-retired National Tag Team Titles alongside Dave Cooper as the duo known as Rough N' Ready. Rough N' Ready held those titles for a record 377 days, defeating the Bishop Boys right here in New Orleans to win them. They'd go on to lose them to the dynamic duo of Violence Unlimited in September of 2011 in Dallas, Texas but that's a record that can never be taken away from them.

BW: Well, they were a part of those early days of tag teams in the AWA... teams like them, the Bishops, Kentucky's Pride... Dufresne and Freeman... Jack and James Lynch... all had turns holding those National Tag Titles.



GM: It was at Memorial Day Mayhem in 2013 when the Blonde Bombers would unify their newly-won World Tag Team Titles with the National Tag Titles, ending a five year run of that championship.

[Velikov pulls Somers to his feet, pushing him back against the ropes to lay in a heavy forearm across the sternum. Somers clings to the ropes as the big Russian puts the boots to him. Across the ring, we see Grant Carter tangled up with Dave Cooper again as The Rave take turns chopping El Super Gecko in the corner...]

GM: Eight men in the ring... and the crazy thing about this one is we don't know how many are left. There are still several bubbles in that bowl of Big Jim's though - we can see that... and he's pulling another one!

BP: He should just open all the rest right now and get it over with. How much drama could we possibly need to see the stars of Dick's Comic-Con next weekend?

GM: You know, someday that'll be you working on the card show and comic book convention circuit... if anyone will pay to meet you that is.

BP: Everyone pays to see me... to hear me... now. And when I blow this town when it's all said and done, I intend to have so much money in my pocket, I'll never need to see any of you... or these morons in the crowd... again. You won't catch me working AWA20 for a sandwich and transportation, I tell ya that.

[The crowd jeers as "Slim" Jim Colt comes jogging down the aisle.]

GM: Jim Colt the next man in... still on the AWA roster but he's been around the AWA for quite some time now and knows a lot of these competitors. He used to be a part of a tag team with his brother known as the Longhorn Riders and-

[Colt rolls under the ropes, takes aim, and delivers a big pump kick to the jaw of an advancing BC Da Mastah MC to a shocked reaction from the crowd!]

GM: OHHH! What a boot to the mush by Jim Colt!

[Colt fires off some finger pistols, twisting around to look for another target and selects the back of Grant Carter, smashing a forearm down between the shoulderblades. He grabs the arms, holding them back to allow El Super Gecko to punch and kick to his heart's delight...]

GM: Colt having an immediate impact on this one, keeping Grant Carter at the mercy of the masked Gecko who is certainly faring better than I would've expected.

[With BC down on the mat, Dave Cooper attempts to pick the bones, pulling the big man off the mat and muscling him back towards the ropes where he leans down to grab a leg, trying to flip BC over the top...]

GM: Cooper trying to get BC over the top, trying to eliminate BC Da Mastah MC and get one step closer to winning this thing...

[Across the ring, we see The Rave working over Eric Somers in the corner, trading off on delivering thrust kicks to the body. Nearby, Vladimir Velikov is eyeballing the competitors in the ring, picking his next target...

...when Grant Carter suddenly lashes out with a kick to the body of El Super Gecko, snapping his foot down and stomping the instep of Jim Colt to break free!]

GM: "Golden" Grant Carter was the fourth entry into this thing and he's still hanging on, showing the world what he hopes to do against the undefeated Big Man On Campus, Trey Carson, in the very near future.

[Carter connects with a haymaker on the masked man and then one on Colt, sending them staggering in opposite directions...]

GM: Carter's got them reeling now!

[Carter grabs the masked man in a snapmare position...]

GM: Looking for another Gold Strike!

[...but El Super Gecko slips out, burying a forearm shank into the lower back of Carter.]

GM: Oh! No dice there... and look at the masked man now!

[Gecko hops up on the middle rope, lacing his legs around Carter's neck and leaning backwards...]

GM: He's trying to toss Carter! He's trying to use his own momentum to pull Carter over the top to the outside!

BW: What a brilliant move by El Super Gecko - he's got Carter hanging on for dear life!

[Colt rejoins the mix, smashing Carter with several big fists to the body, trying to break his grip on the top rope...]

...and suddenly, an earsplitting shriek is heard before some very dark music takes over. All eyes turn...]

GM: Anton Layton!

BW: And here comes trouble!

GM: The Prince of Darkness is the fourteenth entry in this match... and he's coming down that aisle with purpose!

[Clad in black trunks with a hooded black velvet robe, the pale-skinned, blonde-haired Layton is moving swiftly down the aisle. His hands are heavily taped as he rolls under the ropes into the ring...]

GM: Layton's in and this can't be good news for anyone involved in this one!

[On his feet, Layton snatches the first handful of hair within reach, Jim Colt, and pulls his head back, exposing his throat to jam a taped thumb into it! Colt collapses on the mat, kicking and flailing, coughing and gasping as a smirking Layton shrugs out of his robe...]

...and then loops it around the throat of Shizz Dawg OG, physically yanking him off his feet and dragging him across the ring!]

GM: This madman from Florida is hitting anything that moves! And I don't hear you talking trash about Anton Layton, Bryson Page.

BP: Choose your targets well, Myers. I'm not about to cross the Devil himself.

GM: The Prince of Darkness, Anton Layton, was a key figure here in the AWA for several years, feuding with the likes of Eric Preston, Vernon Riley, and aligning himself with people like Percy Childes. His son recently made his AWA debut as well in a duo known as The Aces In The Hole...

[Layton stomps Shizz Dawg viciously into the mat as Jerby Jezz comes to try to help his partner...

...and catches a standing clothesline across the face, flipping him back down onto the mat where Layton stands over him before leaping up, driving his feet down into the midsection!]

GM: DOUBLE STOMP!

[Layton grabs Jerby Jezz off the mat, a wicked gleam in his eye as he recklessly tosses him over the top rope, sending Jezz sailing before crashing extremely hard down on the floor!]

GM: Good grief! A terrifyingly hard fall to the outside for Jerby Jezz and one-half of the Rave are eliminated!

[Shizz Dawg OG has regained his feet and comes for Layton, smashing him in the back of the head with a forearm. His fists are flying, driving the Prince of Darkness back against the ropes where Shizz Dawg backs off, charging back in...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and gets backdropped over the top rope, soaring down to crash onto his partner at ringside!]

GM: He's gone as well! The Rave has been eliminated by Anton Layton!

[Across the ring, we see Grant Carter wilting under a series of blows from Dave Cooper and Vladimir Velikov.]

GM: Cooper and Velikov working together - again, a match like this can lead to some strange partnerships and-

[Suddenly, Grant Carter straightens up, lifting Velikov over his shoulder and dumping him to the outside!]

GM: OHHH! VELIKOV'S GONE!

[Watkins sits up at ringside, looking on with interest as Cooper buries a boot into the gut of Grant Carter. He hooks a front facelock, lifting Carter up into the air...]

GM: Oh! It looked like he was going for a gourdbuster but Cooper sets Carter out on the apron... Carter trying to hang on!

[Carter clings to the top rope as Cooper lands in some heavy blows, trying to knock him to the floor...]

GM: Cooper's trying to knock Carter down!

BW: He went over the top so if he hits the floor, he's gone!

GM: And Dave Cooper knows it - look at him, just viciously pounding on Carter and-

[But from the blind side, a charging Eric Somers comes towards his former partner, hooking a handful of tights...]

GM: ARE YOU...

[...and as Carter ducks down, pulling the top rope with him, Somers HURLS his former partner over the top rope to the outside!]

GM: ...KIDDING ME?! COOPER'S GONE! COOPER'S ELIMINATED THANKS TO CARTER AND SOMERS!

[A grinning Carter ducks back through the ropes, accepting a slap on the back from Somers as they both turn to taunt the eliminated Dave Cooper on the outside who is staging a nutty at ringside.]

GM: Cooper's furious! He can't believe he just got tossed by his former partner...

BW: And with the help of the guy Trey Carson's gonna face soon!

[Cooper is slapping his hands down on the apron, shouting threats up into the ring as Somers waves a mocking goodbye at him...]

GM: And just like that, we're down to six in the ring: Carter, Somers, Super Gecko, BC Da Mastah MC, Jim Colt, and Anton Layt-

[The sound of a squealing pig is heard before some very stereotypical hillbilly style music is heard...]

BW: Oh no.

[...and the crowd cheers the arrival of two of Bucky's favorite family members.]

GM: The Wilde Bunch is here! Chester O. Wilde and Buddy U. Loney are heading down the aisle and listen to these fans! They just might be more excited than you are, Bucky!

BW: Who is responsible for this?! On my last night of commentary?!

[The dirty overall wearing barefoot duo is all grins, slapping the hands of the ringside fans as they head towards the ring together...]

GM: Bucky's nephews are in the Battle Rumble!

[Chester is the first one through the ropes, gleefully swinging an arm around to rile up the fans before flattening an incoming Jim Colt with a clothesline...]

...and then pivots to do the same to El Super Gecko!]

GM: Chester is taking them down left and right!

[Buddy comes through as well, grinning like a pig in slop as Anton Layton charges him...]

...and goes flying back through the air, flopping down on his back thanks to a big shoulderblock!]

GM: OHHHH MYYYYYY!

[Buddy grins, giving a big shrug to the cheering fans as... what the hell?]

GM: Who is... IT'S THE BISHOPS! THE BISHOPS ARE COMING OVER THE RAIL!

[Duane Henry delivers a haymaker that flattens an incoming security guard trying to block his path, clearing the road for Cletus Lee Bishop to slide under the bottom rope, bringing his bulky form to his feet...]

...and rushes across the ring...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What the...?! Cletus Lee Bishop just clotheslined BC Da Mastah MC over the top rope!

BP: Hah! He's gone! He's done!

GM: What?! Cletus Lee isn't in this match! Duane Henry isn't in this-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A Duane Henry swung chair across the back sends Grant Carter tumbling over the ropes to the outside!]

BP: Try telling them that! The Bishops have just taken over this damn match and it's about damn time somebody did!

[The six men still in the match quickly try to regroup, El Super Gecko using the ropes to spring off onto the back of Cletus Lee, trying to wrap his arms around the bigger man's throat...]

GM: The masked man looking for a sleeper - looking for a...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but a steel chair across the back delivered by Duane Henry sends him crumpling down to the canvas!]

GM: ANOTHER SHOT WITH THAT CHAIR! WE'VE GOT OFFICIALS OUT HERE! WE'VE GOT SECURITY OUT HERE! SOMEBODY GET THESE TWO OUT OF HERE!

[Jim Watkins is on his feet, angrily shouting up into the ring as Duane Henry pulls the masked Gecko off the mat, dumping him over the ropes to the floor...]

BP: There goes that masked man!

[Anton Layton angrily throws himself at Duane Henry, wrapping his hands around his throat to surprising cheers from the AWA faithful, driving the smaller man back up against the ropes as he madly throttles him...]

GM: Layton's got his hands on Duane Henry, trying to stop this-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Cletus Lee goes tearing across the ring, swinging his massive leg up...

...and CONNECTS under the chin of Eric Somers, sending him tumbling over the ropes to the outside to groans from the New Orleans crowd!]

BP: The Bishops apparently have a long memory too and they just took out Eric Somers! Somers is gone!

GM: This whole damn thing is out of control! It's out of-

[Cletus Lee goes to aid his partner when Jim Colt, suddenly full of fire, goes charging across the ring, leaping into the air...]

GM: PUMP KICK!

[...and DRIVES his signature big boot into the jaw of Cletus Lee Bishop whose head snaps back...]

...and with wild eyes, he stares down the man who just delivered his best shot!]

GM: Oh... oh my stars...

[Cletus Lee grabs a stunned Jim Colt around the neck and under the arm, slinging him recklessly from the ring where he falls HARD to the barely-padded floor!]

GM: Jim Colt gets tossed out as well!

[The Redneck Wrecking Machine turns his attention back towards his partner being choked wildly by Anton Layton, picking up the fallen chair...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!"

[...and the blow across the back stops Layton in his tracks as Duane Henry snatches him by the hair, tossing him over the ropes to the outside!]

GM: Layton's gone! The Bishops are clearing the ring and they're not even in the match!

[Watkins angrily gestures to the back as more security and more officials - this time including Adam Rogers and Kevin Slater - come jogging down the aisle towards the ring...]

...where Chester O. Wilde has made a desperation lunge at Cletus Lee, smashing a heavy double axehandle into his back. He hammers him repeatedly, turning his back to the ropes to throw heavy bombs at the midsection!]

GM: Chester is all over Cletus Lee! Try picking on someone your own size!

[Duane Henry scoops up the fallen chair, sizing up the man attacking his ally...]

GM: Duane Henry's got the chair and-

[...but as he winds back with it, it ends up clutched in the meaty paws of Buddy U. Loney to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: BUDDY'S GOT THE CHAIR! BUDDY'S GOT THE CHAIR!

[Duane Henry whips around to confront Buddy Loney who chucks the chair aside, pointing a finger at a badly-outsized Duane Henry as Buddy puffs his cheeks in and out madly...]

GM: And Duane Henry's in some serious trouble this time!

[Big ol' Buddy advances on the backpedaling Duane Henry who has his hands up, begging for mercy...]

...when Cletus Lee Bishop slips an arm up between the legs of Chester, upending the big man over the ropes and dumping him to the outside!]

GM: Ohhh! Chester's gone as well! Your nephew is gone, Bucky!

BW: The whole place smells better already.

[And with Buddy totally unaware, Cletus Lee rushes him from the blind side, smashing a clothesline into the back of his head, sending his off-balance body towards the ropes where Duane Henry tugs down the top, sending the largest man in the ring toppling to the outside!]

GM: And there goes Buddy as well! The Bishops have cleared the ring and...

BP: And they're not even in the damn match! Take that, Watkins!

[Shaking his head, Kevin Slater climbs up on the apron, ordering the Bishops to vacate the ring as Adam Rogers uses the ringsteps to do the same. Rogers waves a handful of security guards into the squared circle - some obvious trepidation on the faces of the uniformed guards who look less than thrilled about potentially tangling with the duo that just cleared out the ring.]

GM: We've got security in there... we've got officials in there... backstage officials and...

BW: But we don't have the Louisiana National Guard and that might be what it takes to get Cletus Lee and Duane Henry out of this ring, Gordo.

[Cletus Lee lets loose a snarl, stepping towards the security guards who visibly step back...

...when Duane Henry extends an arm across his partner's chest, shaking his head - "we've made our point... no more tonight."]

GM: Duane Henry looks like he's trying to talk Cletus Lee down and... well, Cletus Lee doesn't exactly look thrilled about that but... they're leaving.

[The crowd jeers the duo as they exit the ring, now being ushered towards the back by a whole sea of security and officials.]

GM: We've got former World Champion Tommy Fierro out here... John Shock as well... all trying to regain some sort of control over this. Jim Watkins is shouting at them to get clear... what a mess.

BP: And I loved every second of it. This whole little nostalgia-fest the office put together, making us suffer through all these has-beens and never-weres... and then someone they didn't even want in the match completely flips it on its head. Reminds me of me, Gordo!

GM: I could see that... except unlike you, these two actually accomplished something here in the AWA during their time.

BP: I put a Hall of Famer on the shelf for good, Myers! Jeff Matthews is gone! Finished! Kaput! And that's all because of me! That beats any chunk of gold that you could slap over your shoulder.

GM: I'm sure in your twisted mind it does. Well, it looks like this Battle Rumble is... I don't know if it's over or if we're-

BP: Oh, it should be over. In fact, let's clear all this garbage out of here, I'll get in there and we'll throw together an impromptu edition of the Front Page with Bryson Page. You two can get up there with me and we'll have a grand ol' time in your last night in. Whaddya say, boys?

GM: I'd rather smash my head against this table.

BP: That could be arranged if you don't watch your mouth.

[As the Bishops disappear from view, Watkins huddles up with Kevin Slater at ringside for a moment, nodding his head...

...and then grabs another plastic bubble, popping it open and handing the name over to the production assistant...]

GM: Well, the show must go on, it appears and now we wait to see who-

[The familiar synthesized bells of "A New Game", composed by NFL Films' Tom Hedden, echo out over the arena in the distinctive 15/8 time signature.]

GM: Oh, you've gotta be kidding me.

BP: Oh! Yes! At last, we've got a REAL athlete in this thing!

[The boos are loud and boisterous for the arrival of "First String" Frankie Farelli who strolls through the entrance with an arrogant swagger. He smirks at the jeering New Orleans fans before gesturing behind him...

...which brings the arrival of his head cheerleader, Chastity Chamberlain, who draws some boos of her own... and more than a few catcalls. Pervs.]

GM: Frankie Farelli and his head cheerleader, Chastity, are in the Superdome and it looks like he'll be the next entry in this Battle Rumble...

[Farelli walks to the ring with an unhurried gait, pointing and mocking the fans as he goes by. Frankie Farelli is a broadshouldered man with short blonde hair and gleaming white teeth. He's wearing a blue New England Patriots Starter jacket, blue trunks with red and silvery-white trim (with a small silvery-white number 73 in the upper right corner), white boots with the New England Patriots logo on the side, blue knee and elbow pads, white forearm pads (including a "quarterback pad" with a Velcro playlist on his left forearm) and finger tape. Most prominently, he frequently holds up his single 2004 Super Bowl ring to show the fans why he believes himself to be better than them. He has put it on his middle finger for some odd reason...

Chamberlain is wearing the blue, silvery-white, and red cheerleader outfit of a Patriots cheerleader. The buxom blonde is waving her pom-poms, trying to get the fans cheering and seemingly oblivious to the fact that they aren't. She bounces around on the balls of her feet, occasionally doing a high leg kick or jump as part of her cheer routine.]

GM: Farelli, of course, with that ever-present 2004 Super Bowl ring on his finger... making sure everyone knows that he is the only former Super Bowl champion to ever compete inside an AWA ring.

BP: And he sure does like letting these fans know he's number one.

GM: Yes, I'm sure that's exactly what he's doing. Farelli has been absent from AWA television for a few years now... but he looks to still be in tremendous shape, Bucky.

BW: Would you expect anything less from a Super Bowl champion?



[Eventually, the duo reach the ringside area. Farelli waits for Chastity to hop onto the apron and hold the ropes open before he enters the ring. Chamberlain then neatly jumps in over the top rope, and bounds all over the ring waving her pom-poms and leading cheers that are actually boos as Farelli asks for... and receives... a microphone.]

GM: Now, what is this about? We're in the middle of a match here and this guy's got something to-

[Farelli cuts off Gordon with a "cut the music!" The music is cut.]

FF: After all this time, a true championship athlete is back inside an AWA ring and I have just one thing to say to all you Bayou brats... you're welcome!

[The boos are louder as Farelli smirks.]

FF: I know, I know... it's been a long time. A long time where you have had to suffer through the likes of Ryan Martinez... the Lynches... and of course, that pathetic excuse for a World Champion, Supernova... but your dark days are over... and the shining light that is your Super Bowl Champion, Frankie Farelli is being cast upon you!

[Chastity likes that, shouting "OHHH YEAAAH!" as she waves her pom poms... and other things.]

FF: Look... I can understand why you all here in New Orleans might be so upset right now. I mean... just looking at me has to remind you all of just how terrible your Saints are...

[The boos ROAR to an even higher volume and intensity.]

FF: ...oh, the truth hurts, right? The Black and Gold can get the job done during the regular season... but in crunch time... when it counts in the playoffs... they end up flat on their backs just like whoever steps inside this ring with me!

[More boos rain down on Farelli who seems to be thriving on it.]

FF: And I know what you're thinking... "but Frankie, we won the Super Bowl in 2009!" Yes you did. But what have your pathetic Saints done for you lately? Because while they've been choking away every postseason, my Patriots are winning Super Bowl after Super Bowl and god willing, they're on their way to another title this year... and next year... and every year to come!

[Farelli grins as the fans roar their angry displeasure at that idea.]

GM: Can someone turn this guy's mic off?

BP: Censoring the truth is a big turn-on for you, huh?

[Farelli raises the mic.]

FF: They invited me to be a part of this Battle Royal here tonight... and right about now, I'm wondering why I even took the offer. Because I sat back there and watched the dregs of AWA past out here, reminding me of the days when this company worked in musty TV studios and tiny little arenas where the likes of Debbie Gibson was playing the next night... and I realized that there was no way... no way at all... that Alphonse Green had managed to find someone worthy of being in this ring with me. No one on my level. No one...

[He flashes the Super Bowl ring again.]

FF: ...who can stand eye to eye with me as a true sports champion.

[There's a brief pause and then...

...the crowd ERUPTS as familiar music begins to play over the PA system.]

BW: WHAAAAAT?!

[Farelli's eyes go wide, his raised Super Bowl ring quickly coming down as the Superdome crowd goes wild for the music being played and the man it means is coming to the ring...]

GM: We know that song! But could it be? Is he here?

[...and as "Sweet Caroline" continues to play over the PA system, former Boston Red Sox and three time World Series champion, David Ortiz comes through the curtain in a pair of black athletic pants, a jersey that is half Red Sox, half Saints, and a huge grin on his face!]

GM: It is! David Ortiz is here! Big Papi is in the Battle Royal!

[Ortiz cups his hand to his ear, grinning at the crowd's reaction as he waves his arms up, shouting "COME ON!" before heading down the ramp in a light jog towards the ring where Chastity has bailed out and Farelli is angrily glaring at the approaching Ortiz.]

GM: Farelli wanted a sports champion - well, he's got one now!

[Ortiz approaches the ring at a run, diving under the bottom rope into the ring where Farelli ambushes him, dropping to his knees and pummeling the back of Ortiz' head as the crowd jeers!]

GM: Oh, come on! He didn't even let the guy in the ring!

BP: And why should he? This gloryhound from another sport steps into OUR ring - this is exactly what he's got coming to him! Makes me want to get in there and slap the taste out of his mouth too.

[Farelli lands a few more blows before climbing to his feet, arms spread wide as he stands over Ortiz, soaking up the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Frankie Farelli - and yes, he may be a former NFL player-

BW: Super Bowl champion.

GM: -but he's still a trained professional wrestler which is more than I can say for Big Papi, David Ortiz.

[Farelli is all evil smirks as he pulls Ortiz up off the mat, whipping him into the corner where Ortiz smashes into the buckles...]

GM: Farelli puts him into the corner...

[...and with a slow march across the ring, Farelli raises a hand, planting it down on the mat...]

GM: Three point stance by the former offensive lineman for Ohio State when they won the NCAA National Championship... and for the Patriots when they won the Super Bowl back in 2004...

[...and charges across the ring, drawing back his arm...]

GM: ZONE BLOCK!

[...and swings it forward into a palm strike that results in Farelli smashing his hand into the turnbuckle as Ortiz collapses out of the corner out of the way!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[Farelli grabs his hand, howling in pain as he leans into the corner. Ortiz quickly scrambles up, getting some distance between he and the former footballer...]

GM: HERE COMES BIG PAPI!

[...and a leaping Ortiz crushes Farelli in the corner with a flying splash!]

GM: HEAT WAVE! SHADES OF THE WORLD CHAMPION WHO ORTIZ TEAMED WITH AT SUPERCLASH!

[Farelli staggers out, holding the ropes to stay on his feet as Ortiz cups his hands to his mouth, giving a celebratory howl that the Superdome crowd echoes...

...and then rushes forward, connecting with a clothesline that flips Farelli over the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: ORTIZ ELIMINATES FARELLI! BASEBALL BEATS FOOTBALL... IN A WRESTLING RING!

BP: This is a damn embarrassment. Get me someone out here that can hurt this guy... badly.

GM: You want to do it so bad, get in there and do it! No one's holding you back, hotshot!

BP: You'd like that, wouldn't you? You'd like that! Trying to get rid of me, Myers - no chance! I'm here to the bitter end - whether it's this match or yours!

[At ringside, a grinning Big Jim Watkins hands over another slip of paper to the production assistant, pumping a fist at the celebrating David Ortiz inside the ring...

...a celebration that is short-lived as the sounds of "Snakes" by Ol' Dirty Bastard begins to play over the PA system.]

GM: Oho... the 18th man in this invitational Battle Rumble is...

[The curtain parts as the stumbly but laser-focused Dirt Dog Unique Allah wobbles into view, his cold-hearted son Odysseus trailing behind him.]

GM: ...Dirt Dog Unique Allah!

BP: It could be both of them! We don't know for sure... but whichever it is, this is my pick to win now! This is my pick to run over everyone who is left in this thing - whoever it is!

GM: Your running buddy there, Odysseus, was responsible for putting the Hall of Famer Jeff Matthews on the shelf on the final Power Hour with that brutal sneak attack you helped engineer.

BP: And it's been a long time coming for the Madfox who has been a lame animal for years now and it's about time someone put him down. So, you're welcome, Myers.

GM: Well, I certainly wasn't thanking you for that as the Allahs head down the aisle to the ring... I believe the last time we saw Dirt Dog Unique Allah in AWA action would've been alongside Jericho Kai... man.

BP: Another example of the boys in the back burying something they don't like. Jericho Kai is a big player in Puerto Rico now but he hates this place for everything they did to him and who could possibly blame him? I know the feeling.

GM: Maybe you should join him in Puerto Rico.

BP: My work here is far from over, Myers.

[Reaching ringside, Odysseus has some final words for his father before slapping him on the back and sending him rolling under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Dirt Dog Unique Allah is in... the man who held up one half of one of the most legendary matches of all time - the inaugural Seven Tables of Fear match with the infamous Joe Petrow back in the day.

BP: And if he wants to put Ortiz through seven tables right about now, I won't complain.

[Allah moves unpredictably, surging forward, staggering sideways, never on quite steady footing as Odysseus looks on from the outside.]

GM: Odysseus Allah has made it clear that part of his reason for being here in the AWA is to help restore the legacy of his family... and you have to wonder if this could be part of that.

[DDUA makes a sudden lurch forward, snatching Ortiz by the leg, dragging him down to the mat...]

BP: He's got him now!

[...and takes a mount, flailing down at Big Papi with wildly-thrown rights and lefts as Ortiz tries to cover up!]

BP: Looks like Allah's the designated hitter in this one!

GM: Oh, you're a real riot.

[The veteran Allah climbs to his feet, landing a pair of stomps on Ortiz before stumbling towards the ropes.]

GM: Allah showing that he's still got something left in the tank... and his son is looking on proudly from ringside.

[Allah snatches a handful of Big Papi's mane, dragging him to his feet, rushing towards the ropes...]

...but Ortiz reverses the charge, tossing Allah over the ropes...]

GM: ORTIZ SENDS HIM OVER!

[...but Allah hooks the top rope with one hand, hanging on for dear life as he dangles from that grip, his feet just narrowly avoiding the floor and the elimination that comes with it!]

GM: Allah hangs on! He's hanging on for dear life!

[Ortiz rushes the ropes, clubbing a fist down on Allah's grasping hand...]

GM: Ortiz pounding the hand! Trying to break that grip!

[...but as Allah's fingers start to slip, Odysseus Allah rushes into the scene, wrapping his arms around his father's legs, boosting his feet out of the air and onto the apron to jeers from the crowd!]

GM: Odysseus Allah saves his father from elimination! It was in a Battle Royal back at SuperClash last year when we learned Odysseus' true identity - that he was indeed the son of Dirt Dog Unique Allah... so I suppose it's only fitting that he's working side by side with his father here in this one.

BP: I like how you fail to mention that Odysseus won that Battle Royal, Myers. Check the minute hand on your watch, old man. Time is ticking for you to put over your favorites and bury those who don't kiss your wrinkled a-

GM: Watch your mouth, Page!

BP: You want to make me watch my mouth, old man? I may not be cleared to get back in the ring yet but I don't need medical clearance to pop you right in your oversized mouth.

[Ortiz leans over the ropes, trying to simply shove Allah off the apron but Odysseus is right behind his father, a hand on the small of his back to keep him in the match as the fans boo loudly...]

GM: Odysseus staying in position, keeping his dad on the apron and-

[We cut to ringside where Jim Watkins pops open another plastic bubble, handing the slip of paper over to the production assistant.]

GM: Looks like we're about to get another entry...

[The opening notes of Queen's "Don't Stop Me Now" rings out as the AWA faithful goes wild for the man whose arrival it heralds.]

GM: ...and here he comes - the reason we're having this invitational Battle Rumble to begin with! Alphonse Green is the 19th man to enter this match!

[The self-proclaimed King of the Battle Royals reaches the ring in near-record time, springing from the floor to land awkwardly on the apron alongside Dirt Dog Unique Allah...

...and starts raining down right hands on him, the crowd going wild as Odysseus Allah struggles to keep his father from pitching to the floor and elimination!]

GM: Green's all over him! Let the fists fly here on the Bayou!

[Green backs off, waving a hand as David Ortiz rushes to the far ropes, building up speed by bouncing off towards the off-balance and barely-hanging-on Dirt Dog...

...who gets a last second shove to the back from his son that propels him forward into a stabbing jab to the eye!]

GM: Ohh! Right to the eye of Big Papi!

[Grabbing the top rope, Allah swings a leg up, catching an incoming Green with a boot under the chin, sending him staggering backwards!]

GM: Ortiz is stunned now Green is as well!

[Dirt Dog looks about to go after the former World Television Champion when Odysseus delivers a shove in the back that sends him toppling through the ropes into the ring...]

BP: Brilliant move by my buddy... my pal, Odysseus! His dad was on the apron and had gone over the top so one fall to the floor would end it but that puts-

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the crowd reacts at a shuffling superkick to the jaw of Odysseus Allah, taking him off his feet and down on the floor!]

BP: -HEY!

GM: The leader of Gang Green puts down that interfering Odysseus Allah and-

[Grabbing the top rope with both hands, Green leaps into the air, springing off the top rope, soaring through the sky...]

GM: -THE MAIN COURSE!

[...and SMASHES a flying forearm across the jaw of Dirt Dog Unique Allah, wiping him out on the canvas!]

GM: GREEN TAKES DOWN THE DIRT DOG!

BW: Yeah, but now he's gotta get him out of there!

[Pulling Dirt Dog Unique Allah up by the hair, Green points to the crowd, throwing his head back...]

"WHO WANTS TO RIDE..."

[...and grins as they finish the catchphrase...]

"...WITH ALPHONSE GREEN"

[...and he rushes towards the ropes, intent on sending DDUU flying over the top and that's exactly what he does!]

GM: OVER THE TOP GOES ALLAH!

[But with his son scrambling into position and DDUU hooking the ropes to try and save himself from elimination...]

...he ends up landing on his son's shoulders in electric chair position!]

BW: WHAAAAAT?!

BP: What a save! Odysseus coming to the rescue and saves his father from that punk bully Green!

[That "punk bully" looks on in disbelief at DDUA precariously perched on his father's shoulders, fighting to keep his balance as Green angrily steps out between the ropes to the apron...]

GM: Green on the apron... taking aim...

[...and throws a big right hand to the head of DDUA!]

GM: Whooooooa!

[The tower of Allahs sways dangerously as Odysseus struggles to keep his father aloft. Green watches as the crowd buzzes, waiting to see the tower collapses but Odysseus holds his ground as Green winds up again...]

GM: Alphonse Green trying to bring those bodies crashing down to the ground!

[...and lands a second right hand, sending Odysseus stumbling backwards as he tries to keep his father off the floor...]

BP: He can't do it, Myers! The Allahs are too good for this!

GM: To be knocked down by Alphonse Green?

BP: To be saddled with being in this Battle Royal with all these losers and nobodies. But here they are and now they're going to win the whole damn thing - bank on that, oldtimer.

[We cut to the ringside area where Jim Watkins is handing over another plastic bubble to a production assistant.]

GM: It looks like we're about to get the 20th man in this match...

[With some distance between the ring apron and the Tower of Allahs, Alphonse Green decides to change his tactics, turning away from the Allahs to grab the top rope with both hands...]

GM: Wait, wait, wait!

BW: Gordo, someone's sprinting to the-

[...and that "someone" slides under the bottom rope, popping up to their feet to reveal their identity to the masses...]

GM: That's Donnie White! The Atomic Blonde!

[White smirks at the crowd's reaction...

...and then sprints forward as Green leaps to the middle rope, presumably with Ground Chuck in mind...]

GM: Green leaps up and-

[...but White leaps into the air as well, landing on the second rope as Green prepares to spring off...

...and then leaps again, scissoring Green's head between his legs, snapping him over the ropes and back inside the squared circle!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: The Atomic Blonde takes to the sky and down goes Alphonse Green!

BW: Gordo, we haven't seen this guy in years!

GM: We certainly have it but judging from what we just saw, he certainly hasn't lost a step.

BP: No, no... he's still the guy made famous by Old Man Rage dropping an elbow off a scaffold on him. Let's not get it twisted, Myers... let's not pretend he's something that he's not.

GM: You have such a strong - and negative - opinion against so many people in this match... why don't you lace up those boots and take some of them on? I'd love to see you take on Donnie White... or Alphonse Green... or...

BW: Torin The Titan.

BP: Good one, Buckthorn. Not even I could make Torin watchable which is why he only gets to show up when being a seven foot monster is useful for ratings. And as for these pathetic little never-was charity cases out here... their time will come.

GM: I'll believe that when I see it.

[White comes up off the mat, eyeballing the Allahs as Odysseus leans forward to set his father down on the apron...

...and White charges towards him, looking to deliver a match-ending (for DDUA) dropkick...

...but Odysseus pulls his father down, causing White to whiff on the dropkick, getting a leg tangled in the ropes as DDUA falls back through the ropes into the ring.]

BP: Another brilliant move by Odysseus!

[Dirt Dog climbs back to his feet, steadying himself as he starts stomping the trapped White viciously...]

GM: And Donnie White's gotta get himself out of those ropes!

[...but Allah is not letting up, still kicking and stomping the stuck Donnie White...

...and we cut to ringside where Jim Watkins is handing over another name.]

GM: Looks like we're about to have our next competitor added in...

[And as the piped-in sounds of "BEEF! BEEF! BEEF!" are heard over the PA system, we learn who that next competitor is.]

GM: Beef Bonham! Beef Bonham is Number Twenty-One!

BP: Who the hell is this now?! Are we just pulling people off the streets for this thing?!

GM: Beef Bonham is a longtime AWA fan favorite and-

BP: Which says more about the fans than him, I think!



[Bonham comes lumbering down the aisle, a big grin on his face as he reaches ringside where he'll be the fifth man in the ring.]

GM: Bonham climbing in...

[The big man makes a beeline towards Dirt Dog Unique Allah, snapping off a jab to the jaw...]

"BEEF!"

GM: Just like old times!

[...and another...]

"BEEF!"

[...and another...]

"BEEF!"

BW: The fans are picking up right where they left off with this guy!

[Odysseus Allah scrambles up on the apron, taking a wild swing towards Bonham and coming nowhere close...

...but it does bring Bonham towards him instead, throwing a blow of his own!]

"BEEF!"

[Odysseus takes a hard fall to the floor, bouncing off the apron on the way down as a grinning Bonham turns back towards Dirt Dog...

...who clutches his windpipe before spewing liquid into the eyes of Bonham!]

GM: OHHH!

BP: THE DEADLY VENOM MIST! JUST LIKE OLD TIMES, EH, MYERS?!

[Bonham staggers backwards, blindly swinging his arms at the stumbling Allah who slips in behind him, tipping him over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: And just like that, Beef Bonham is eliminated by Dirt Dog Unique Allah!

BP: Taking out the trash - good riddance!

[Allah leans against the ropes, breathing heavily as his son struggles to get up off the ringside mats, nodding and muttering encouragement to his father...]

GM: BIG PAPI FROM BEHIND!

[...when the former Red Sox slugger rushes at Dirt Dog from the blind side, trying a big running clothesline to eliminate him...

...but a shouted warning from son to father causes Dirt Dog to drop down, pulling the top rope with him as Ortiz goes over the ropes, falling softly to the floor as the crowd jeers loudly!]

BP: He's gone too! Is this thing over yet?! Dirt Dog's gonna run the table on all of these losers! He's gonna run the-

[The crowd ROARS at the sound of Living Colour's "Cult of Personality...]

GM: You were saying?!

[...and then gets louder at the sight of one of the AWA owners, "The Outlaw" Bobby Taylor, jogging down the aisle towards the ring!]

GM: The Outlaw's the next one in! Number Twenty-two!

BP: One of the owners is putting himself in this match?! How is that fair?!

[Taylor reaches ringside, leaning over to check on the departing David Ortiz before climbing up on the apron. The Outlaw climbs through the ropes in blue jeans, cowboy boots, and a black tanktop with "THE OUTLAW RIDES" written across the front...

...and snaps off a jab into the jaw of the approaching Dirt Dog Unique Allah!]

GM: Taylor and Allah! Two superstars of yesteryear trading right hands!

[Taylor swings a knee up into the midsection of Allah, whipping him across the ring only to drop him with a thunderous lariat!]

GM: The man from Arizona throwing a lariat like a Texan here in New Orleans!

[Taylor pivots in time to smash an incoming Atomic Blonde between the eyes with a solid haymaker.]

GM: White takes a shot as well!

[With White stumbling backwards, Taylor swoops in alongside him, wrapping his arms around his torso...]

GM: We've seen this before!

[...and lifts White into the air, flipping him over the ropes and down to the floor with a belly-to-back suplex!]

GM: OUTLAW'S CURSE CLAIMS DONNIE WHITE!

[The crowd ROARS for the elimination as Taylor pumps a fist excitedly, pointing a finger out to Jim Watkins who grins, clapping for the Outlaw...

...and then looking suddenly puzzled as "Beer Drinkers And Hell Raisers" by ZZ Top starts up over the PA system.]

GM: What in the...?

[Taylor looks down at Watkins who shrugs, holding up one plastic ball remaining...]

GM: Watkins didn't draw this name and... uh oh... here comes trouble.

[The crowd begins to jeer loudly as Tony Donovan comes striding down the aisle, a determined look upon his face... with Tiger Claw walking behind him, an evil grin on his own as he mutters to a nodding Donovan as they head towards the ring.]

BP: Now HERE'S a guy I respect, Myers.

GM: That tracks. You WOULD respect a guy who betrayed his best friend last year at SuperClash... who abandoned his student in his time of need earlier this year...

and is now trying to persuade the son of one of his former allies to bow to his teachings.

[Donovan nears the ring as Claw puts a hand on his shoulder, pausing him as Taylor looks down, shaking his head. He points an accusing finger at Claw, angrily glaring at him.]

GM: Bobby Taylor is NOT happy to see Tony Donovan - his son's tag team partner and friend - out here with Tiger Claw, Bucky.

BW: Claw DID promise to stay away from Wes Taylor.

BP: Hey, I don't see Wes Taylor out here anywhere! Tiger Claw's kept his word as far as we know, right?

GM: A fair point, I suppose, but right now, Tony Donovan has apparently come out here without being officially entered into this Battle Royal and-

[The crowd reacts as Dirt Dog Unique Allah attacks Taylor from the blind side, pummeling him with right hands, knocking him up against the ropes where Allah promptly tries to flip the AWA owner over the top to elimination. Claw grins, nudging Donovan along as the former tag team champion walks around the ring slowly, keeping his eye inside the ring where Alphonse Green is watching the Allah/Taylor battle from a knee in the corner.]

GM: Allah, Green, Taylor... perhaps Donovan, I'm not sure... and one more still to come. Who is going to win this Alphonse Green Invitational Battle... Rumble?

[As Allah puts Taylor's upper body over the ropes, his son cheering him on from the outside...

...one more nudge from Tiger Claw sends Tony Donovan sliding under the ropes into the ring, rushing across at full speed...]

GM: Donovan's in annnnnd...

[...and he grabs Taylor by the leg, flipping the Outlaw over the ropes and sending him down to the outside to jeers from the crowd!]

GM: ...Taylor's out! Tony Donovan just eliminated Bobby Taylor from this Battle Royal... and I've gotta say that it was at the order of Tiger Claw!

BP: You don't know that, Myers! That's an accusation without a shred of evidence!

[Donovan sneers at Taylor as he looks up in shock from the floor to where Donovan is standing in the ring, soaking up the jeers of the sold out Superdome crowd!]

GM: Donovan eliminates the Outlaw... and we're down to three. It's Dirt Dog Unique Allah, Alphonse Green, and Tony Donovan remaining in this one with one more to-

[Cut to Jim Watkins who grimaces with annoyance at Donovan before cracking the final bubble and handing it over to the production assistant...]

GM: The final name has been drawn and...

BW: Who's it gonna be, Gordo?

GM: We're about to find out as-

[The loud vocal open to "Saz O Avaz" begins to play as a huge billowing Iranian flag is thrust through the entranceway, followed by the bisht-draped form of Sultan Azam Sharif!]

GM: SHARIF! SHARIF IS THE FINAL MAN IN!

[The crowd cheers the long-missed figure as he heads down the ramp. His reddish-brown bisht and white kaffiyeh (with plain black agal) shrouds his entire form in flowing fabric as he heads down the aisle. He waves his enormous flag in his left hand with pride, and signals "Number One" with his right hand.]

GM: Sultan Azam Sharif - a former Olympian wrestler - is headed down the aisle and he'll be the final man entered into this Battle Royal here tonight in New Orleans!

BP: CAMERAMAN, ZOOM IT!

GM: Oh, so you're a Sharif fan?

BP: Old school Sharif who wanted to punish Americans. Not the baby-kissin' good guy.

GM: How did I not guess that?

[Sharif reaches ringside, handing the flag to a ringside attendant before he quickly disrobes, dropping his bisht to the floor and flinging his kaffiyeh into the crowd. He then flexes his well-developed musculature at the nearest camera. Scarred in many places, the former Olympian and Asian Games champion has neatly cut black hair, a meticulously groomed mustache, and a solid physique. He wears a loose white sirwal (pants), tucked into a pair of shiny gold boots with curled hooked toes, reminiscent of galesh. A shiny gold sash around his waist and white wristbands complete his attire...

...and as he rolls into the ring, he's swarmed by Alphonse Green who connects with a flurry of rights and lefts...]

GM: Sharif is in and this is your Final Four, fans! One of these men will walk out the winner of this Battle Royal... Alphonse Green, the former World Television Champion getting the early edge of Sharif...

[He grabs Sharif by the scuff of the neck, pointing to the outside...]

"WHO WANTS TO RIDE..."

[...but as he rushes the ropes, Sharif reverses and sends Green sailing over the ropes instead!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd collectively gasps as Green manages to hook an arm over the ropes, scrambling to land on the apron as Sharif turns his back to flex for the crowd, confident he's sent Green to the floor!]

GM: Sharif thinks he eliminated Alphonse Green but Green somehow managed to land on the apron!

[With Green on the apron, Allah runs the distance of the ring, springing to the middle rope, bouncing back...]

GM: DROPKICK!

[...but Green drops to a knee, causing Allah to whiff on the dropkick, crashing down on the canvas!]

GM: Swing and a miss!

[Green pops up on the apron, the crowd cheering as he holds an arm in the air, ready to strike with it again...]

GM: He's calling for the Main Course again and-

[...but as Green leaps to the middle rope, Odysseus Allah comes out of nowhere, hooking the ankle and YANKING Green off the ropes, sending him sprawling onto the floor to jeers!]

GM: -OH, COME ON!

BP: GREEN'S GONE! GREEN'S OUT!

[The crowd is booing wildly as Odysseus Allah stands over Alphonse Green, taunting the former World Television Champion as he grimaces in pain on the barely-padded Superdome floor.]

BP: He got eliminated from his own Battle Royal and I love it!

[Allah is still taunting Green as the former TV Champion attempts to get up off the floor...

...and then HURLS himself into a tackle, knocking Odysseus Allah off his feet to the floor to HUGE cheers!]

GM: GREEN TAKES HIM DOWN!

BP: HEY YOU, GET YOUR DAMN HANDS OFF HIM!

[Green is smashing his fist into Allah's head on the outside as Tony Donovan pummels Sultan Azam Sharif in the corner with hooking blows to the body.]

GM: Donovan is working over Sharif in the corner while Alphonse Green gives Odysseus Allah a taste of his own medicine on the outside!

[With Green waffling his son on the outside, Dirt Dog rolls under the ropes to the floor...

...and snatches up a steel chair from under the ring.]

GM: Allah's got a chair! He's got a chair and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A heavy blow across the upper back snaps Green's head forward, sending him falling down to the floor as Odysseus Allah rolls out from under him, rubbing his jaw.]

GM: Dirt Dog Unique Allah just FLATTENED Alphonse Green with that steel chair to the back! This is ridiculous!

[A few officials come jogging into view, shouting at the Allahs as they put the boots to Green a few times each...

...and then Dirt Dog rolls back into the ring, steel chair in hand.]

GM: Allah's still in this match! He's still in there and now he's got that chair!

[Donovan backs off, waving an arm at Allah to finish off Sharif with the chair. The former IIWF competitor stumbles across the ring, driving the edge of the chair into Sharif's throat and leaning on it...]

GM: And now he's choking Sharif with the chair! Come on! Somebody put a stop to this!

[Allah backs off, opening up the chair to put it down on the mat on its feet. He retreats backwards to the far corner, pointing across at the stunned Sharif...]

GM: Here comes Allah!

[Dirt Dog Unique Allah sprints across the ring, springing off the chair into a flying attack on Sharif...]

...who snatches Allah out of the sky in his powerful arms...]

GM: CAUGHT! CAUGHT!

[...and CHUCKS him over the top in an overhead belly to belly toss that sends Allah crashing down to the floor to a shocked shout from his son!]

GM: ALLAH'S GONE! HE'S ELIMINATED!

BW: We're down to two, Gordo!

BP: This is a damn travesty!

[Donovan rushes towards Sharif, hammering him with a forearm to the back of the head, knocking him into the ropes.]

GM: Donovan's trying to get him out... Tiger Claw, his advisor, I suppose... is looking on with great interest...

[Donovan grabs Sharif by the arm, looking to whip him across the ring...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[As Donovan rebounds back, he catches a hooked boot to the midsection to double him over...]

...and then Sharif hooks the powerful arms around his torso, flipping him upside down and over with a gutwrench suplex!]

GM: Ohhh! Suplex connects!

[The crowd is ROARING for Sharif as Donovan rolls onto all fours, trying to push up off the mat...]

...and Sharif leaps up, dropping his rear down into the small of the back!]

GM: Ohhh! Right into the back... and now he's calling for it! He's calling for his signature hold - the Camel Clutch!

BW: And these fans want to see it, Gordo!

GM: They sure do! Hook it on him, Sultan!

[Sharif stands over Donovan, flexing his powerful arms with a loud "CAMERAMAN, ZOOM IT!" and the cameraman obliges, showing a grinning Sharif getting a hero's reaction from the crowd...

...and his eyes suddenly bulge wide...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And the camera pulling back reveals Tony Donovan having driven his arm up into the groin of Sharif, leaving him wincing in pain...]

GM: DONOVAN GOES LOW ON SHARIF!

[Climbing to his feet, Donovan looks out at an approving Tiger Claw as he hooks Sharif by the tights...

...and HURLS him over the ropes to the floor!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: TONY DONOVAN WINS THE BATTLE ROYAL!

[A smirking Tiger Claw looks on, nodding his head as Donovan raises his arms over his head to a mixed reaction from the crowd.]

GM: Tony Donovan comes out of nowhere... one of the last men to enter this matchup... to eliminate Sultan Azam Sharif with a low blow to win this Battle Royal here on the Tenth Anniversary Show... and with Tiger Claw's influence on him apparent, you have to wonder what Wes Taylor is going to think of this development.

BW: He won! He should be over the moon that his partner won such a big match!

BP: And he should be happy that Donovan's taking advice from a stone cold killer like Tiger Claw and not chasing skirts around that get them both laid up in a hospital.

BW: He's... got a point, Gordo.

GM: Why in the world would you ever tell him that? Well, Donovan continues to celebrate his big win up inside the ring... and as he does, Mr. Page, I want to say...

[We cut down to ringside where Page is waiting for his thanks.]

GM: ...oh shoot, we're out of time. Fans, we'll be right back with more action here on the Tenth Anniversary Show on ESPN!

[Gordon and Bucky grin as Page fumes 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 back up on what is marked as pre-recorded footage of a crowded scene, even though there are only four individuals in the shot, all dressed in dark-colored suits. The scene is crowded because three of the individuals in the shot are behemoths of men.

In the back is the dark-haired Japanese giant, with lightly-tanned skin, MAMMOTH Mizusawa, who is dressed in a sharp-looking black suit and matching tie, over a white shirt.

To his right, wearing a more loosely-cut black suit, to fit his massive frame, no tie, over a burgundy shirt, and a black mask is MAMMOTH Maximus.

To Mizusawa's left is another masked man, dressed in a gray suit, with a matching tie, over a gray shirt. His mask has a metallic finish, with six vertical slits forming a sort of grille across the mouth – a mask associated with the personification of dread himself, Deimos.

In front of this wall of meat, vastly outsized by them all, is the smirking, bespectacled Asian, Louis Matsui, dressed in a navy suit, over a lavender shirt.]

LM: Greetings, from the revamped, re-established Matsui Corporation...

[The massive Maximus leans forward towards the mic.]



Maximus: Korugun who?

LM: Indeed ... And congratulations, to the American Wrestling Alliance on TEN years of Saturday Night Wrestling! Some of us have been there since nearly the beginning, you know?

We wish we could be there ... Toasting the AWA's success with our former associates, the Southern Syndicate ... Wishing our friend...

[Matsui and Mizusawa exchange a look.]

LM: ...Juan Vasquez, the very best, on his impending retirement...

But, most importantly, we are sorry that we could not be there to wish Mister Gordon Myers well for HIS retirement.

[Matsui's smirk softens into a more genial smile.]

LM: In all seriousness, Gordon is more than just the voice you hear on AWA broadcasts – he's also one of the smartest, wisest person in the sport ... And that's coming from a Wise Man in his own right, okay?

Gordon, while you may not always have agreed with what I did out there, I can't say that I have not learned a ton about this business from you!

And Mister Wilde, managers are a dime a dozen in this sport, but not all of them are worth emulating. Bucky, though? Bucky's one of the managers I've always tried to model myself after...

[He pauses, as if recalling his own managerial exploits.]

LM: I wish I could be there ... But what else is there to say to two legends who have been so influential on your career in this sport? I guess, all that's left to say is, on behalf of the Matsui Corporation, and on behalf of myself, personally, thank you, Bucky, and, more importantly, thank you, Gordon. We wish you the very best for what is to come next for the both of you.

[Somehow, Mizusawa and Deimos make space between the two of them for Matsui, as the shot pulls back. In typical Japanese fashion, Matsui bows politely, and Mizusawa, Maximus and Deimos follow suit.

We fade from the pre-recorded footage to a live shot of Sweet Lou Blackwell shaking his head with a grin.]

SLB: This company never ceases to surprise me. Who would have thought we'd see Louis Matsui and his army congratulating Gordon Myers here tonight? And speaking of surprising, what in the world was up with the Bishops earlier? I've got Kevin Slater and Adam Rogers... two of the AWA's backstage employees with me.

[The camera pulls back a little as the two former EMWC World Champions step into view.]

SLB: Gentlemen, can you shed any light on what we just saw during that Battle Royal with the Bishops?

[Rogers shakes his head.]

AR: Not a clue, Lou, other than we know they wanted to be involved with the show... were told no earlier... and apparently that was their way of throwing a tantrum about being shut out.

[Rogers shrugs.]

SLB: Well, can we at least assure the fans that they won't get involved again? We've got some big matches still to come!

[Slater nods.]

KS: Sure can. We've had them removed from the building, threatened with arrest if they return... and just to make sure we're covered, we've got armed security covering all entrances. They're out of here, Lou... for tonight at least.

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: It was a wild scene for sure.

[Slater nods as Rogers speaks up.]

AR: It was... if I had closed my eyes and drifted back for a bit, I could almost imagine it taking place during our glory days back in Los Angeles.

[Slater chuckles.]

KS: Absolutely.

[Blackwell grins.]

SLB: Well, speaking of that... with the debut next weekend of the AWA's new Showtime show, there's been a lot of speculation that some of the alumni from your former promotion - the EMWC - might make an appearance on the show named after that company's biggest annual event. Any comment on that?

[Rogers shrugs.]

AR: I know I'm going to be there... but I'm just there as a fan and as an AWA employee doing my job.

KS: Same here, Lou... but I gotta say... being here tonight, celebrating the Ten Year Anniversary of the AWA... it really gets those competitive juices flowing, you know? After all, I was in the Main Event of that first Saturday Night Wrestling... and then when you add in talking about Showtime and my history at that great event.

SLB: You won your first AWA World Title at that show.

KS: I sure did. Showtime V - the Fleet Center in Boston... May 31st, 1998. One of the biggest nights - maybe even THE biggest night - of my career. When you get all that talk going, Lou... it makes me want to...

[Slater trails off with a grin. Rogers shakes his head.]

AR: You're not actually thinking of wrestling, are you? Look, I get it. As the last man to wear the EMWC World Title, I'd love to climb into that ring again but I think we both know that's not the best idea.

[Slater smirks.]

KS: Right, right... Lou, did you hear that? Did you know Adam here is the last man to wear the EMWC World Title? I'd be surprised if you did because he only finds a way to work it into EVERY conversation someone has with him.

AR: You saying I shouldn't be proud of that?

KS: Of course you should... but what I'm saying is that I held that title... twice actually... when the EMWC was on top of the world... when the locker room was filled with names like James, Claw, Hardin, Langseth, Martinez, Matthews... need I go on? And you held yours when the locker room was filled with names like... Kevin Quattermann and Giuseppe Valentine.

[Rogers chuckles.]

AR: And Eddie Van Gibson... and Caleb Temple.... and Marcus Broussard and Shane Destiny and... did I mention Eddie Van Gibson? Oh, and Langseth and Matthews were still there.

[Slater waves a dismissive hand.]

KS: My locker room could beat up your locker room.

[Rogers smirks.]

AR: I guess we'll never know.

[Slater pauses, looking thoughtful.]

KS: No... but maybe we can figure out a way to scratch this competitive itch... at Showtime.

[Rogers furrows his brow.]

AR: I'm not wrestling you.

[Slater shakes his head.]

KS: No, no... but why don't we do this? The two of us get in that ring next weekend... and we'll do it schoolyard style... we'll pick two teams of four from whoever's in the building who doesn't have a match... and we'll send them into that ring... and let the best team win.

[Rogers looks at Slater appraisingly... and then extends his hand.]

AR: Sounds like a deal.

[Slater grins as he shakes Rogers' hand. Rogers goes to break away but is stopped by Slater's grip.]

KS: And no matter what team you put together, Natural... they need to get ready... to take a walk...

[Rogers shakes his head.]

AR: Don't do it, Kev. Don't you-

[Slater cups his free hand to his ear, waiting to hear the fans...]

"ON THE WILD SIDE!"

[Slater smirks, letting go of Rogers.]

KS: What they said.

[And Slater exits, leaving Rogers shaking his head.]

AR: Why did I never have a catchphrase that good?

[Rogers drapes an arm over Blackwell's shoulder as both men grin and we fade to another part of the backstage area courtesy of a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo and a hallway camera where we find Tony Donovan and Tiger Claw, mid conversation. Tony is still clearly amped up from his battle royal victory moments ago...]

TD: ... and it was... It was amazing! Everything you said was RIGHT. Like, it all happened, like you knew it was going to happen!

[Claw nods confidently.]

TC: A battle royal may be a chaotic match, but there are a number of tactics and strategies you can count on.

TD: And it WORKED! I can't believe I won that! I couldn't have done that without you, Sir.

[Claw shakes his head and holds up a finger]

TC: Don't sell yourself short. Yes, you went in with a plan, but without proper execution the plan is meaningless. The music was given to you...

[Claw points at Tony]

TC: ...but it was you who played the song. Do you see what I mean?

[Tony thinks about this for a minute and is just about to respond when suddenly someone comes stomping into view dressed in his ring gear. It's one of the owners of the AWA - "The Outlaw" Bobby Taylor.]

BT: I saw what you mean all too well, Claw. I saw you send Tony out there and... that Battle Royal was a gift to the fans... and of course, you had to ruin everything. Tony wasn't even supposed to be in the match!

[Claw nods.]

TC: That's called "doing the unexpected." You should know a few things about it or was that someone else who dropped a lighting rig on my... on someone's head way back when?

[Taylor shakes his head, turning away from Claw to look at Donovan.]

BT: And you. I thought you and Wes decided that you weren't going to listen to this guy, huh? I thought you were going to do your own thing... be your own men... and not get involved with the likes of this-

[Claw steps forward between Taylor and Donovan and stares right into Bobby's eyes.]

TC: I don't think this is the conversation you want to be having right now, Bobby.

[Taylor turns back to Claw, fire in his eyes.]

BT: No? Then maybe you should've lived up to YOUR end of the deal. I TOLD you to stay away from these two. I TOLD you to let them forge their own path in this business and to not get them tangled in... in whatever the hell you've got going on!

I don't know what you're up to, Claw... no one seems to... but whatever it is, I know it stinks!

[Claw is unmoved... Literally. He stands still as a stone, never breaking eye contact with Bobby Taylor. Calmly, he speaks...]

TC: Perhaps you should come back when you've cooled off a bit... When you've remembered how Battle Royals work. When you realize you should be congratulating Tony here instead of getting hot over a loss. Good lord, Bobby, you should be proud, not angry.

[Bobby Taylor stares at Claw with the look of a man who has just been painted into a corner of a conversation against his will. There's the faintest hint of a smirk on Claw's face as Taylor grunts and walks away. Claw watches him leave for a moment as Tony watches with a mix of fear and awe on his face. Claw turns back to Tony and pats him on the shoulder...]

TC: I wasn't planning this lesson until later, but I see no reason not to share it with you now... Success, Tony, has a strange effect on those closest to us...

[Tony Donovan hangs on Claw's every word as we get another flash of the ACCESS logo before cutting back down to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are standing.]

GM: A tense scene backstage between two former friends in Bobby Taylor and Tiger Claw... and somehow, Tony Donovan's found himself in the middle of it.

BW: You have to wonder how Wes Taylor felt watching his partner out here winning that Battle Royal tonight... with Tiger Claw by his side after what went down on the Power Hour with those three.

GM: Speaking of which, there was a match signed for the premiere of AWA Showtime next weekend which will see Tony Donovan with Wes Taylor in his corner taking on Porter Crowley with the Lost Boy, Harper Hannigan, and "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett in his corner. With this win tonight, that match just got even more interesting, fans.

BW: Showtime is gonna be one to watch.

GM: Segue after segue, my friend... because of speaking of one to watch, standing by right now is someone who we saw in action earlier today, and someone who has had quite a busy week. Michelle Bailey, thanks for joining us once again.

[We cut to a split-screen, with Gordon and Bucky on the left, and Michelle Bailey on the right. Michelle has cleaned up from her earlier match, having changed into her wedding guest attire of a robin egg blue swing dress with a floral lace bodice, along with a cream-colored cardigan. Her blonde hair has been styled in loose waves, and opted to wear a pair of black-framed cat's eye glasses. Her two-toned eyes are lined with a simple black liner, and she beams with a smile as she greets Gordon and Bucky.]

MB: Of course, thank you for having me!

GM: We saw earlier this week the travels you had with Juan Vasquez and your daughter, Kimmy Bailey. Of course, we saw that you had the premieres of your documentary, not just at the Prytania Theatre here in New Orleans, but earlier in the week at the Vista Theatre in Los Angeles. Congratulations on that!

MB: Oh, thank you so much, Gordon, and thanks to both you and Bucky for coming out to the New Orleans premiere. It really meant a lot to have both of you there.

BW: Hey, they couldn't have cleaned that old theatre out, Michelle?

[Michelle looks puzzled as Gordon sighs.]

MB: What do you mean?

GM: He was complaining about how it was dusty after the screening was over.

BW: That's my story and I'm sticking to it, Gordo.

[Michelle nods.]

MB: Oh, we like dusty theaters here in New Orleans. That's my story too.

[Michelle winks at her camera.]

GM: I mentioned this to you at the Prytania, but we got such a fantastic response from our audience after the first preview of your documentary. We had already planned on airing a second preview this week, but the buzz about this documentary has been so strong. Are you proud of how this is all coming together?

MB: Honestly, Gordon, it's still overwhelming to me that anyone was interested in my story. When we joined up with ESPN and they came to me saying that the production team wanted to do a documentary on me, it surprised me so much. I spent all those years over in Japan, then in retirement, that it's still so touching to me that people remembered me. I feel so grateful that people... well, they care, you know?

[Michelle points a finger at the camera.]

MB: And I think you're finding that out about yourself, right Gordon?

[Gordon lets out a little smile as he gently shakes his head.]

GM: I guess you could say that.

MB: You know, Gordon, I remember when we first met, all those years ago. I got a chance to work a couple of shots in Atlanta in 2000, and I was still getting used to finally being myself out in the ring. I remember you gave me quite a pep talk, about how the best wrestlers in the world were the ones who believed in themselves and honed their craft, even when people kept telling them to stick to the easier path. I carried that thought with me throughout my career.

[Gordon looks touched by this memory.]

MB: Even when times were tough, when I was in Japan and was away from my precious daughter, the thought that kept me going was "Gordon Myers said..."

[Michelle motions around her.]

MB: And if you look at me today, well... Gordon Myers was right.

GM: Michelle, I...

[Bucky slaps Gordon on the back and smiles at his long-time partner.]

GM: I never knew you remembered that for all these years. Thank you for telling me.

MB: Of course. Enjoy your retirement, and thank you for everything.

[Gordon clears his throat.]

BW: Dusty in this old building too, huh?

GM: I'll say, partner.

BW: I got this one then, Gordo. We've got the second part of your documentary's preview, Michelle. It airs before Saturday Night Wrestling on March 31, right?

MB: Indeed it does!

BW: Just don't watch it in a dusty room. Let's go to that preview.

[We fade to the 30 For 30 ticket graphic, with the final ticket displaying "THE LOST GIRL, FOUND: THE MICHELLE BAILEY STORY. MARCH 31, ON ESPN". We see footage of Michelle Bailey laying on her back inside of a steel cage, moments after losing to Luke Kinsey at the EMWC Redemption pay-per-view event. We hear Jon Stegglet's voice.]

JS: I think we knew that was the end.

[We cut to Stegglet, looking grim, even fifteen years later.]

JS: Everyone talks about what the end of the EMWC meant for the industry. When any major promotion closes, you see talent fall by the wayside. There just aren't enough spots for the other federations to absorb them all.

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

JS: If you look at a talent like Michelle, she shouldn't have been one of the ones that slipped through the cracks. But there she was after we closed, and seemingly nobody wanted her. Everything she proved for us, it just seemed like it meant nothing.

[We hear the voice of musician Laura Jane Grace, the narrator of the documentary, over previously unseen footage of Michelle being helped out of the ring following the match against Kinsey.]

LJG: While Redemption was the final pay-per-view for the EMWC, the company ran for another two months. It was, however, Michelle's last match with the company, although not by her choice.

[We cut back to Stegglet.]

JS: The EMWC always got complaints about the content of its' programming, due to the violent nature of the wrestling, so our TV partners being in touch with us about something that viewers complained about was standard operating procedure after six years. When we started getting complaints about Michelle, though, that was new to us.

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

MB: There were complaints about me, and who I was, that resulted in me being taken from TV on three different occasions while in EMWC. The first two times, it was to take me off for a couple of weeks to let heat die down from complaints, then I'd be right back. After Redemption... that was different.

[Back to Stegglet.]

JS: The first time was in February 2002, just for two weeks, I think. Then the second time was for about a month, shortly after she lost the Television Title. Pretty much all of November 2002. I think the reason we gave was that she was resting from a shoulder injury, and also she had been eliminated from the World Title Tournament that was going on and required a lot of TV time. Then after Redemption, she was put on the sideline and we closed before we could bring her back.

[Stegglet frowns.]

JS: I don't think any of us were happy about that.

[We cut to Lori Dane, still upset to this day, sitting next to Todd Michaelson.]

LD: I hated that. I hated every minute of that.

TM: The last days of the EMWC were not a pleasant time for any of us. Lori was on the verge of getting something she wanted for years, and she was almost willing to throw it away over this.

LD: Oh yeah. I didn't work the last show.

[An off-screen voice, from the producer, asks what happened.]

LD: We were on the verge of starting a Women's Division. We brought in Misaki Ishikawa - you may know her better as the woman who trained Miyuki Ozaki - and we were going to have a match in the future. She had used her taser on me at Redemption, and I wanted to get revenge.

TM: And there were already critics about the Women's Division because of Michelle even being present. I can't remember who said it, but back in 2001 someone made a crack about how we couldn't have a Women's Division because it'd "kill Michelle's gimmick".

[Lori rolls her eyes.]

LD: Word got out that Michelle was being taken off TV following Redemption and it may be permanent, because our TV partners were insistent on Michelle not being on the show. They were tired of the complaints. Even though the Women's Division was on the verge of starting, it just wasn't fair what they were doing to Michelle, so I sat out the final show.

TM: We said she was boycotting because of what Misaki did, because at that point we couldn't even mention Michelle on TV.

[Back to Michelle in present day, who is being informed of the comments relayed about how in 2001 the EMWC couldn't have a Women's Division because of her. She starts to tear up.]

MB: Because of me? Was it my fault? The reason the EMWC didn't have a Women's Division all those years was because I was there?

[Michelle stands up, and we hear her say "I need a moment" as she walks away. We cut to Shane Destiny and Roxie Kujawa.]

RK: Maybe I'm a little biased because of how long I've known Shelley, but when we got there, she was pretty much seen as a woman by the roster anyway.

SD: Wasn't she in the women's locker room by then?



[Roxie nods.]

RK: When we debuted, I was told that when she got back from the first time she was taken off of TV, Lori Dane walked up to her, grabbed her by the wrist, and said “you’re with us now”.

[We cut to Lori Dane, being told what Shane and Roxie said. She nods vigorously, as Todd Michaelson sits beside her.]

LD: Damn right I did that. After a few months of being around Michelle, it all made sense to me, and I felt bad for her thinking she didn’t have a place where she belonged. I decided she belonged with us, so I brought her in, and everyone else welcomed her with open arms.

TM: At most shows for her first year with the company, Michelle was rarely in the men’s locker room. Apparently she wasn’t comfortable there.

LD: She was changing in side rooms, then going over and using the makeup mirrors that were in the hallway with the rest of the women. I asked one time if she got kicked out of the men’s locker room, but nobody knew why she was doing it.

[We cut to Michelle in the present day.]

MB: Before I got to the EMWC, I had been kicked out of the locker room in pretty much every territory I went to, with the exception of when I worked for Blackjack Lynch. No matter where I went, someone didn’t understand me, and made me get out. It was always uncomfortable and not worth the aggravation to fight, so I got used to dressing in bathroom stalls and cramped spaces like my car. Since the EMWC was my big break, I...

[She sighs.]

MB: I didn’t want to cause any incidents. The easiest way to do that was to take myself out of the locker room, until Lori told me I was welcome.

[Cut back to Lori, who was shown Michelle’s response. Her eyes are watery.]

LD: She didn’t deserve that. She never deserved to be treated that way, or to feel like she would cause a problem.

[Footage of the final EMWC TV show plays, as Laura Jane Grace resumes her voiceover.]

LJG: The first EMWC TV show to take place after Redemption was two months after the pay-per-view, and was also the final EMWC show. Michelle was not only not on the show, but not even mentioned. When reporters ask about her status, they are told she is recovering from a knee injury so as not to bring attention to the protests regarding her that resulted in the EMWC’s television partners prohibiting her from the show. Meanwhile, plans were developing for her eventual return.

[We see footage of Juan Vasquez and Vespasian Reed nodding at each other, shortly after Reed attacked Michael Keening following Keening’s match with Vasquez. As the footage plays, we hear Vasquez’s voice.]

JV: My match at Redemption was right after the cage match between Michelle and Luke, so I was watching on the monitor, and...

[His voice pauses.]

JV: I just missed her.

[A beat.]

JV: Luke started letting our success go to his head and he started to get out of control... because, well... that's just Luke Kinsey.

[A chuckle.]

JV: But he pushed Shane Destiny out of Ego MAX. Tommy Stephens needed time off. And with everything falling apart, I realized I needed someone I could rely on. A few weeks before, Michelle said that even though Shane had turned on her, she still loved him, and I wondered if she still felt that way about me. Maybe she'd forgive me for what I did to her.

[Cut to Juan Vasquez in the present day with a shrug.]

JV: Turns out she did.

[We see never before seen promotional shots of Juan Vasquez, Vespasian Reed, and a dark-haired Michelle Bailey, alongside Vasquez's manager at the time, Anna, all wearing Ego MAX shirts. We hear the voice of Juan Vasquez once again.]

JV: After Redemption, I called her and we talked for hours. It felt like everything that had happened over the last year didn't matter. I had already recruited Vespasian Reed, and if we had made it past that show and she was allowed back on TV again, she would have joined us.

[Cut to Michelle, who just nods.]

MB: I was frustrated with everything at the time. I missed Juan.

[Michelle sighs.]

MB: I don't think I really needed any other reasons.

[We cut to B-roll footage of wrestling in much smaller venues, as Laura Jane Grace takes back over on voiceover.]

LJG: As the EMWC closes its doors, Michelle Bailey entered free agency, but the world in August 2003 was massively different than it was in January 2001. With bans of gay marriage becoming a political wedge issue, and society skewing increasingly more conservative, she faced a landscape where major wrestling promotions were now concerned about what she represented, especially as word of her being removed from EMWC TV due to her persona started to spread. It was a concern that kept her from full-time employment in American wrestling for nearly 15 years.

[Cut to Michaelson and Dane.]

TM: At the time, I thought... "why not just cut your hair, why not just go under a mask", but knowing what we know now, I get it.

LD: It still makes me so mad that she just got tossed to the side like that.

TM: You want to talk mad, I don't think anyone was as mad as Vasquez was.

[Cut to a sullen Jon Stegglet.]

JS: When we tried to reopen the EMWC in 2005, we were told two things - no ultraviolence, no Michelle Bailey. She had been given a trial run with St. Louis and

the same complaints got her taken off the air there too, so there just wasn't a chance. We knew we wanted to sign her best friend, Shane Destiny, because the feud he was having with Luke Kinsey and Juan Vasquez was the hottest thing in wrestling at the time. We wanted all three of them. It was a feud that started in the E, it deserved to be there. What we didn't factor in was that because of "no Michelle", we stood no chance at getting Juan. It was the first thing he asked as part of the negotiations, if she could have a job.

[We cut to Juan Vasquez, nearly 15 years after the fact, trembling with anger.]

JV: There was no reason why they couldn't stand up for her. No reason. None. Every time that company was told "you can't use glass, you can't use chairs, you can't use tacks", they found a way. If it came down to destroying wrestlers' bodies, they were fine with finding out how to do that. Finding a way to get Michelle Bailey a job? No. They were told "you can't use Michelle" and they took her off TV three times, then they banned her. Bull[BLEEP].

[And now to Shane Destiny, who looks upset, as his wife Roxie comforts him.]

SD: I had signed my contract before I knew Michelle was banned, and to this day it's one of my biggest regrets. That whole run, I just... I felt like it was someone else controlling my body.

[The off-camera producer asks Shane if he recalls referring to another wrestler as his best friend, and Shane groans in disgust.]

RK: He was told that Michelle couldn't even be mentioned.

SD: I didn't know what to do. It was a bad choice. Everything about that era was a bad choice for me.

RK: I think that was the last time Michelle really tried to get somewhere in America. 2006, I think. I know she was upset that wrestling was going through a down period in America, but she couldn't even get her calls returned while she was between tours in Japan.

[We cut to Michelle in the present day.]

MB: To be so successful in Japan was great, but I felt awful being away from my daughter for weeks at a time. I just wanted them to give me some kind of offer.

[Michelle sighs.]

MB: They couldn't even give me a return call to tell me "no". I guess because it was out of their hands, but at the same time, nobody told me that. It really hurt for a long time.

[We transition to footage of Michelle in Japan, as Laura Jane Grace's voiceover returns.]

LJG: In November 2003, Michelle started making tours of Japan to try and continue her wrestling career. It was not her first time touring Japan, as she had made tours prior to signing with the EMWC.

[We see footage dated "September 13, 2004", as Michelle is standing next to an interpreter in front of a sponsor backdrop at Tokyo's Korakuen Hall. The footage is somewhat zoomed in. Michelle continues in voiceover.]

MB: I had been to Japan for two tours in 2000, so I had an idea what to expect while I was over there. I knew to expect the unexpected.

[The footage zooms out, and standing next to Michelle, holding a tallboy can of Asahi beer in each hand, is Hannibal Carver. We hear him in voiceover.]

HC: We both found ourselves back in Japan after our careers in the states had sputtered out. Which is a nice way of saying no company in America would touch either of us with a ten foot pole.

[We cut to Carver in the present day. Carver is seated in a wooden folding chair wearing a pair of black jeans and a black t-shirt that reads "PROTECT TRANS KIDS" in dark red.]

HC: For me, I was back where it all started for me. Nippon Pro, the company where I got my first break. The place where I learned to shed blood when America spit me out before I even had a career. I was at a point where I did everything every promoter wanted. They wanted the blood-crazed maniac and I gave it to them in spades.

[Carver smirks. It's an expression devoid of humor, however.]

HC: Thing is? I did my job too well. I gave them what they asked for until every promoter in the states decided it was too much. They took everything I had and tossed me out on trash day. Michelle, in her own way, was going through the same damn thing.

[Carver shakes his head.]

HC: It was a load of crap.

[Carver breathes deeply with irritation through his nose.]

HC: Anyway, the company I was in couldn't be more different from where Michelle was working. But there was a working relationship there. And when I got asked if I'd like to team with her, I thought of every time I saw her work in my old life...

[Carver grins, a sparkle in his eye.]

HC: ... and I couldn't get there fast enough.

[We cut back to footage from September 13, 2004, where Michelle and Carver can be seen holding a giant novelty check after winning a one night tag team tournament. Carver holds up another two tallboys of Asahi, while Michelle responds to the toast with a glass bottle of Ramune soda in each of her hands. Carver chugs his beer as Michelle takes a dainty sip of her soda, her eyes wide and fixed to Carver's chugging, amazed at what she's seeing. We then cut back to Michelle in the present day.]

MB: I actually wasn't supposed to go on that first tour, the one in 2003. Jeremy Rhodes had booked his nephew Raphael to team with him in a tournament, but Raph got injured in training. I got asked to be a substitute. That was where I was at that point. But that tournament also opened a major door for me, because on the last day, I was visited at my hotel and asked if I would take a very important young wrestler under my wing.

[We see video footage of Michelle walking through customs at Kansai International Airport in Osaka, Japan, with a date of "December 13, 2017" marking the footage. As she walks into the terminal, we hear a loud, shrieking voice.]

"AHHHHHH! MICHI-CHAAAAAAAAN!!!"

[And as a smile comes across Michelle's face, she is immediately tackled by the bleached-blond streak of energy known as Miyuki Ozaki. As the two hug, and Miyuki screams with delight, we hear Laura Jane Grace in voiceover.]

LJG: At the end of the tournament in 2003, Michelle is approached by a group representing a promotion named Universal Punch!. The group consists of legendary pro wrestler Devil Hoshino, a rising star named Misaki Ishikawa, and Hoshino's then 16-year-old daughter, Miyuki Ozaki. Hoshino had been sent with instructions to make Michelle an offer.

[We cut to later in the day on December 13, 2017, as Michelle and Miyuki sit next to each other at Michelle's hotel room. Miyuki is positively giddy sitting next to Michelle, her eyes shining and her smile practically ear to ear. She puts her leg over top of Michelle's and Michelle gently slides it off.]

MB: I remember that day very well. Do you, Miyuki?

Miyuki: How could Miyuki forget?! It was lovely day.

MB: Devil Hoshino brought Misaki and Miyuki to my hotel room, and said that Misaki had been training Miyuki for the ring, but that Miyuki needed a positive influence aside from just Misaki. She had heard about my trouble with finding work in America, and offered me a position working in Japan.

[Miyuki's expression sours.]

Miyuki: Can you believe nobody wanted her? Fools! Ignorant fools!

[Michelle shakes her head.]

MB: Devil told me that, if I was willing, I could come work in Japan as much as I wanted, as long as I was willing to look after Miyuki as well. Universal Punch! was willing to set me up with a multiple-entry visa, would give me an allowance for things like clothing and cosmetics in addition to my salary, would look after me and make sure I had everything I needed...

[Miyuki grabs Michelle by the shoulders in a hug, rubbing the side of her head against Michelle's.]

Miyuki: If American imbeciles too stupid to love Michi-chan for the treasure she is, then we in Japan will take her!

[We cut to footage of Michelle walking to the Universal Punch! ring in 2004, with Miyuki skipping beside her.]

LJG: And the next phase of Michelle Bailey's career began, thousands of miles from where it started.

[And with that, the 30 For 30 ticket graphic appears once again, with the final ticket displaying "THE LOST GIRL, FOUND: THE MICHELLE BAILEY STORY. MARCH 31, ON ESPN"...

...and we fade through black out on the ring where we see Bucky Wilde has taken center stage. A red carpet has been laid down on the canvas and a handful of wooden stools are present as well. Bucky is all smiles as he raises the mic.]

BW: Now THAT'S a tough act to follow. Let's hear it for what we just saw!

[The crowd cheers as Bucky tucks the mic under his arm, clapping along with them with a smile on his face. After a few moments, he grabs the mic again.]

BW: People of New Orleans!

[Another big cheer goes up from the Superdome crowd!]

BW: It's a special night... one of the biggest nights in AWA history actually... and when you look at this night, there's only one thing that can make it bigger... and that's a very special star-studded edition of...

...THE CALL OF THE WILDE!

[HUGE roar from the AWA faithful as Bucky grins.]

BW: Now, this night ain't just about me and my pal, Gordon, down there at ringside... it's not just about seeing old familiar faces like we did in that Battle Royal earlier... it's not just about the big title matches still coming up...

[Bucky shakes his head.]

BW: This night is also about all of you!

[He points to the fans.]

BW: It's about you... and your love... and your support for this company and everyone that's been a part of it for the past ten years. And on a night like this where we're celebrating every single second of those ten years, as much as it's a chance for all of you to continuing showing your love... but it's also a night for us to show our love for all of you.

[Bucky nods as the fans cheer.]

BW: And that may sound a little weird coming out of my mouth... someone who has torn down all you nickel and dime nine to fivers over the years... but always know that while I think you have terrible taste in wrestlers to support...

[Bucky grins.]

BW: ...I always respected your right to voice those awful opinions.

[He chuckles as the fans laugh along with him.]

BW: So, when I heard what the AWA had in store tonight... the big reunion... the coming together of THE top faction here in the early days of the AWA, the ones that helped build this place from the ground up... I knew I had to be a part of it. In fact, I knew that a reunion that big could ONLY take place in one place... on one segment... on one show... on-

[With a roaring, distorted F chord, the lights in the arena dim, then cycle through blue, green, and red hues as the fans ERUPT in boos and Bucky throws a puzzled look at the top of the ramp.]

GM: Oh, you've gotta be kidding me! This guy? Again? This is Bucky's last night on commentary! This is his night too! Don't let this no good son of a...

[Gordon trails off as "Juno" by Tesseract 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's changed from his ring gear into a pair of black slacks with a white dress shirt unbuttoned a few notches to reveal his bare chest underneath. Kerry

Kendrick walks swiftly down the ramp, a sneer on his face as he looks out on the jeering Superdome crowd.]

GM: We saw Kerry Kendrick out here earlier tonight, defeating Buddy Lambert in a special one-on-one attraction... and conspicuous by her absence is Miss Sandra Hayes who we saw fleeing the arena after a run-in with Smasher Salazar's chewing tobacco. At least she won't be around to try to spoil Theresa's night.

[Kendrick reaches the ring, climbing the steps, snatching an offered mic before ducking through the ropes. He goes into a spin, arms extended as the fans continue to jeer and Bucky glares at him, a hand on his hip. The music starts to fade as a smirking Kendrick turns to face the color commentator.]

KK: Bucky, pal... I gotta thank you for having the graciousness to give me such a great introduction here on your last night on commentary. You welcomed me with open arms here tonight because like you said, you realized there was only one segment worthy of hosting something as historic as the reunion of the Southern Syndicate... and that segment is...

[He steps closer to Bucky, putting a hand on his shoulder.]

KK: ...the Think Tank.

[The crowd jeers loudly as Bucky visibly rolls his eyes, shaking his head.]

KK: Because let's face it, Bucky... this is too big for you. Too big for you to handle out here as you prepare to walk off into the sunset. I mean, sure... you're not headed for retirement like your pal Myers out there... but you have set the controls for the very heart of irrelevancy.

[The fans are letting the arrogant Kendrick hear it now as he badmouths the color commentator they love to hate.]

KK: People want to hear from someone who has been on the front lines for the past ten years, not rehashing every anecdote about when Blackjack Lynch cut in front of them in line at the Whataburger.

[More boos as Bucky grimaces, staring at Kendrick.]

KK: So, Ol' Yeller... why don't you do all of us - yourself included - a favor and step aside and let the Foundation of this company handle this?

[Bucky turns his gaze from Kendrick to the jeering fans, imploring him not to go. Wilde slowly looks from one side of the sold out stadium to the other... and then raises his mic.]

BW: Kerry, I've got all the respect in the world for you...

[Kendrick nods, grinning.]

BW: ...and on this night, I think you're right. I think maybe no one does care what I have to say anymore.

[The fans voice their disagreement to that as Kendrick grins broader, clapping Bucky on the shoulder.]

BW: In fact, I hope you're right... I hope that the suits backstage don't care one bit what I have to say when I say...

[Bucky smirks.]

BW: Go [BLEEP!] yourself, Kendrick!

[The crowd EXPLODES in an earsplitting roar for Bucky's shocking outburst as Kendrick's eyes flash and he steps closer to Bucky, forcing the color man to back into the corner...

...when another voice rings out.]

"Well, isn't this fitting?"

[All eyes turn towards the entrance as the "Agent To The Stars" Ben Waterson strides out onto the stage to more boos from the New Orleans crowd. Waterson holds a mic in hand as he makes his way down the ramp.]

ATTSBW: On a night where you people are supposed to be celebrating MY return to the AWA, you've managed to make it all about yourselves... as usual!

[Waterson is glaring up at Bucky and Kendrick who've split apart, looking down at the approaching Waterson.]

ATTSBW: You see, I don't give a damn who hosts this show tonight... because these people aren't here to see you, Bucky... and they're definitely not here to see you, Keith...

[Kendrick bristles at the reference to his former name.]

ATTSBW: ...they're here to see me! These people watching at home around the world? They're here to see me! They're all tuning in to see the man who is just one week away from taking the wrestling world by storm as the new color commentator on the brand new AWA show, Showtime, on ESPN!

[There's a smattering of applause for Showtime but more boos for Waterson.]

ATTSBW: And I know it's hard for you, Bucky... it's hard for you to understand just how quickly you're about to go into the memory banks when these people see what they've been missing being subjected to your country bumpkin ass for ten years!

[It's Bucky's turn to bristle at that, shouting something off-mic.]

ATTSBW: I am the future of AWA commentary... the future of pro wrestling commentary... I am the Cutting Edge of what can and will be said on a microphone. I am Ben Waterson... and in seven days, I cease being the Agent To The Stars and become the Can't Miss Man!

[Waterson reaches the ring, climbing the steps and ducking inside as Wilde approaches.]

BW: The Can't Miss Man, huh?

[Kendrick steps forward.]

KK: I can see that name working for you... because the way I see it, if I take a shot in your direction...

[He smirks.]

KK: ...I can't miss.

[Waterson sneers.]



ATTSBW: Take your best shot.

[Bucky reaches out, putting a hand on Kendrick's shoulder.]

BW: Hang on, hang on... Kerry, I think maybe you're right. Maybe this situation is too big for one of us to handle. Maybe we need to work together on this. Maybe we can... co-host?

[Kendrick glares at Waterson.]

KK: I can live with that.

BW: Good, good... so Ben... another old friend of mine... you're a long time gone from the AWA...

[Waterson nods.]

BW: How does it feel to be back?

[Waterson lifts his mic.]

ATTSBW: It feels like I've got a lot of scores to settle, Wilde. Because I WAS a huge part of this company's origin story. I helped put this company on the map. And then I got tossed aside. I got left out in the cold after all I did in those early years.

[Waterson nods as the crowd reacts.]

ATTSBW: And so while I'm happy to be back in your living rooms every couple of weeks on Showtime, it's not likely that I'm going to forgive and forget what this company did to me... and it's definitely not likely I'm going to forgive and forget my so-called friends...

[He glares at Bucky.]

ATTSBW: ...abandoning me either.

And that includes Max Magnum who I took from an overhyped musclebound NOBODY down in CCW and groomed into the next big thing... into the Alpha Beast... into the superstar he is today...

...the same superstar that another old friend of mine, Stevie Scott, STOLE out from under me!

[There's an uncomfortable pause as Waterson's words sink in, but you know they can't go without retort, right?]

"Hold up there just a second, old...what did you call me? Friend?"

[The words come over the PA as the aforementioned Stevie Scott emerges into the aisle, mic in hand, no music necessary. He wears a dark blue suit with a white shirt and a red tie, his hair pulled back into its usual pony tail. He stops briefly at the top of the ramp, shaking his head.]

HSS: Friend...that's quite rich coming from you, seeing as you were the one to stab ME in the back all many moons ago at SuperClash II and thereby ruined the whole reason we're here tonight.

[He shrugs, and then slowly starts walking down the aisle.]

HSS: But that's business, right? That's what a wise man does, right? Looks out for good old number one.

[The sarcasm drips around the words "wise man."]

HSS: And that, Benny, is exactly why you lost Max Magnum. Looking out for you and not for him.

You gave him such good guidance that he got his arm broken by Sid Osborne. No wonder he kicked you to the curb when a MUCH better offer came along.

[By now, Stevie has reached the ring and climbs up the steps to go face-to-face with his old manager. Waterson smirks, retort already in mind.]

ATTSBW: A better offer? And what's Max doing now? Sure, he's undefeated. And he's wallowing around against the likes of Tumaffi, Calisto Dufresne, and Dave Bryant's punk kid instead of challenging for championships like he is destined to do.

[Stevie chuckles, looking down before returning to meet Waterson's eyes.]

HSS: Ben... come on, man. You know me. And you should know that Stevie Scott ALWAYS has a plan.

You of all people should know how important it is to wait until the right moment to strike. Because if you strike too early? Well...you might just get double-crossed.

[The opening guitar riffs of ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man" come blaring through the PA system and the crowd immediately swivels their collective head back towards the entryway, letting loose a "blast from the past" pop. The curtain sweeps aside and from it emerges former World Heavyweight Champion, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne.

Dufresne is clad in a pair of navy blue slacks, a gray v-neck sweater and a brown, herringbone trench coat that reaches his knees. His blond hair spills over his shoulders though we're starting to see some gray at the temples. He stands, almost bemused at the crowd's reaction at seeing the old villain, but quickly begins marching towards the ring.

He climbs up the ringside steps, snatching a microphone on his way up. He takes a long, hard look at every person in the ring before coming back around to the Agent To the Stars.]

CD: I know I haven't been around much these past few years. I've been out spending all the money I made wiping the floor with the competition in this place, building empires, corporate takeovers. You know, normal Calisto Dufresne stuff. So I know a little bit about business now.

So let me just say, I have no Earthly idea what the hell ESPN was thinking making YOU...

[Dufresne jabs a finger towards Waterson.]

CD: ...the voice of Showtime. Your voice is like nails on the chalkboard to me, even after all these years. I listened to you for months, telling the guy with a neck made of wet toilet paper that he was the second coming.

Speaking of which...

[He turns to Stevie Scott.]

CD: ...you screwed me with that freak, Magnum. But that's a debt that can be paid back another day. The axe forgets, but the tree remembers.

[He looks at Bucky and smiles.]

CD: Bucky, on the other hand, is a class act. Always has been, always will be. A keen eye for talent and a true understanding of the business.

[Dufresne shakes Bucky's hand and Wilde beams back at him as Dufresne turns to Kerry Kendrick.]

CD: I probably should have a problem with you, but that would involve me knowing who the Hell you are, which I don't.

[Kendrick's eyes flash at Dufresne's comment... but the Ladykiller doesn't seem to notice... or care.]

CD: You look like they tried to find another Calisto Dufresne at Walmart.

[The crowd laughs boisterously at that as Kendrick clenches and unclenches his fists repeatedly. Dufresne shrugs.]

CD: Probably Waterson's idea.

[Another burst of laughter goes up as we cut to a red-faced Waterson shouting "IT WAS NOT!" off-mic. Dufresne smirks as he continues.]

CD: The reality is, boys, this is like a ten year high school reunion, but instead of the computer nerd becoming a model and the quiet goth kid now being the life of the party, you all are still second-tier citizens to the Homecoming king slash star quarterback. That's me, by the way. The only person who actually made something of themselves.

You know, as the only guy who reached the top of the mountain? World Champion and all. I am what people remember from the Southern Syndicate.

[Dufresne lowers the mic as he suddenly notices Kerry Kendrick's gaze burning a hole right through him.]

CD: This guy again? You... look like something's on your mind.

[Kendrick nods.]

KK: You're damn right there's something on my mind, Dufresne. What's on my mind is the same thing that's been on my mind for TEN years now... and that's how in the HELL... the AWA could take someone like you...

[He waves a dismissive hand at Dufresne.]

KK: ...and build the company around them... and tell someone like me...

[He gestures to himself with an arrogant smirk.]

KK: ...that I wasn't ready to be in the ring with the likes of the Masked Menace and Kevin f'n Slater!

[The crowd jeers the comment aimed at Slater.]

KK: The way I see it, Dufresne, is that you cashed in on a tiny bit of notoriety and the fact that Michaelson had a soft spot for you and you took everything that belonged to me all those years ago. The fame... the fortune... the women...

[Dufresne smirks as a high pitched cheer rings out and Kendrick glares out on the crowd with disgust.]

KK: ...and damn sure the gold. That AWA National Title you stole off Vasquez? That should've been mine! And the AWA World Title you ripped off that cripple Monosso, that should've been mine too!

You want to tell these people you've never heard of me? That's fine. We can play that game... but you and I know different.

You and I know that from the day I came back to this company, I told them I wanted your ass in this ring so I could show the whole world what a mistake they made... and every time I asked, I got told that "Calisto isn't interested in that match."

[Dufresne raises a hand and then the mic.]

CD: You're right. I DO remember you.

[Kendrick nods arrogantly.]

CD: You're the one who has been nipping at my heels for years, begging for a match, begging for a chance to get in the ring with someone who you could never touch ten years ago... and you damn sure can't touch me now.

[Kendrick looks ready to blow as Bucky puts a hand on his shoulder that Kendrick angrily shrugs off as Dufresne walks away from him.]

CD: Look, I've got better things to do than sit around here reminiscing about the old days with people I don't give a damn about. Let's get this over with so I can collect my check and go ho-

[Suddenly, Dufresne is interrupted by the sound of the opening chords of "Try Honesty" by Billy Talent playing over the PA system. A slight smile crosses the Ladykiller's face as the lights get a bluewash as a thin silhouette stands at the top of the aisle. As the lighting shifts to normal, it is revealed to be "Subzero" Adrian Freeman, smoke billowing out behind him. He smirks at the ring, nodding his head as he starts walking down the aisle to a mixed reaction from the fans in the building.]

GM: Former Stampede Cup winner. Formerly one-half of the National Tag Team Champions. Adrian Freeman is in the house after a long, long time away and it's good to see him back.

[Freeman gets to the ring fairly quickly, taking a mic from a ringside attendant as he climbs the ringsteps. The men inside the ring spread out to give him room as he ducks through the ropes to reveal himself in full to all watching. The blue streak is gone from his dirty blonde hair, but some muscle is still visible from his tailored suit. The man formerly known as the young technician "Sub-Zero" is now approaching middle age, with a little bit of rugged handsomeness.]

AF: Well, aren't you all a sight for sore eyes?

[There's a small but mostly positive reaction from the crowd.]

AF: In case you weren't watching back when the AWA was new and fresh... I was the enforcer of the Southern Syndicate. The technician. The workhorse of the best tag team champions this company has ever seen.

[He points to Dufresne who inclines his head slightly as Kendrick rolls his eyes behind him.]

AF: I was the guy who wore down opponents so that men like Stevie Scott and Calisto Dufresne could get all the glory. And I was good at it.

[Freeman smirks, but there's more than a bit of a resentful snarl as he looks around at the aforementioned Scott and Dufresne.]

AF: We put Vasquez, City Jack, Sudakov, anyone else you can name through hell. But all things come to an end.

[He shrugs.]

AF: And when I saw which way things were going... I left the AWA. Because I knew that as long as I stuck around, I would be nothing more than second fiddle to men like Stevie and Calisto.

And the fans, the front office, would never value me as much as they value some half-forgotten childhood memory of 1990s wrestling.

[The cheers from earlier turn into a louder chorus of boos.]

AF: Since then I wrestled in Phoenix until they closed. I moved back to Australia, got married, opened a wrestling school. I wrestled in Phoenix again until they closed again.

[There's a bit of laughter for that.]

AF: I had a kid.

And all this time? I never heard from any of you lot. Not even a Facebook message. And I never heard from anyone in the AWA office until I was old enough to be one of those fossils they bring out for nostalgia's sake.

[Freeman lets his arm drop to think for a moment, but holds onto the mic until he's ready to talk again.]

AF: Before I left, people were talking about putting me against Juan Vasquez for the National Title. Sometimes I still think about what would have happened if I had taken that match.

[The audience still seems interested in it, although maybe they're just popping for the legendary Vasquez.]

AF: But you know what? I'm happy. Because I'm not still out here in these stinking Southern arenas scrambling to recapture my former glory. I know that, in the AWA, nothing will ever be better than the Syndicate.

[Freeman lowers the mic as some fans cheer that final sentiment...

...and then Stuck Mojo's "Southern Born Killers" comes over the PA system as the crowd erupts into boos.]

GM: And that can only mean one thing!

[Brian Von Braun emerges from the entrance portal and eyes everyone currently standing in the ring. BVB confidently saunters his way down towards the ring with a smirk on his face.]

GM: One of the legendary Von Braun family heading towards the ring... and Brian Von Braun had quite the tumultuous stint in the AWA. I think there were some in the office who wondered if he'd even show up here tonight but here he is...

[Von Braun ascends the ring steps and climbs into the ring, looking at each former Southern Syndicate member and then over at Ben Waterson.]

BVB: It's not funny that even after ten plus years, you've got the same old people out here in a pissin' contest to see who's packin' the biggest...

[Von Braun pauses before the last word escapes and looks over at Freeman.]

BVB: I understand your anger, Adrian. Trust me. What happened to you, happened to me. Once our usefulness was gone, we were tossed to the side and forgotten about... especially our contributions to the Southern Syndicate. Carryin' a tag team partner to greatness in your case.

[BVB points over at Stevie Scott.]

BVB: Or helpin' keep a belt on a champion who otherwise wouldn't have been able to keep an iron grip on that gold. I saw the handful of tights after you rolled through that cross body off the top rope. I chose to ignore it and help you keep the belt around your waist. Then let's not forget after the match, attacking Juan Vasquez FOR you to give you an advantage and put him in your rear view for good.

[Boos from the crowd.]

BVB: What did I get for that? I got to work in the independents and help with a wrestling school. When you had opportunities to use me, I never got the call. From ANY of you.

[Stevie shrugs at the accusation.]

BVB: Let's not sit here and gloat about how great you were in this sport. If it weren't for the others in this ring, your legacy wouldn't even be a footnote.

[BVB smirks at Stevie Scott and nods his head in affirmation of what he just said. Scott has a perplexed look on his face.]

HSS: A footnote? That really sounds like your time in the Southern Syndicate... Mr. ASSOCIATE.

[BVB's smirk is replaced by a glare as there's an audible "oooh" from the crowd.]

GM: And things just got a little more tense in there... like we needed that. This could explode at any-

[The tension continues to mount, when we hear Ronnie James Dio's voice roar through the Superdome.]

# OHHHHHHHH COME ON! #

[And over the just barely audible sounds of "The Mob Rules" by Black Sabbath, the crowd EXPLODES as Raphael Rhodes, followed closely by Dana Kaiser, bursts from the entrance, not stopping for a moment to soak in the adulation of the New Orleans faithful. Rhodes' eyes remain fixed on his former Southern Syndicate

comrades, as Kaiser maintains his pace, pointing at several members, and a camera's microphone picks up something important from her.

"Remember what we have in two months! Don't let them get to you!"]

GM: We had to know we'd see Raphael Rhodes at some point, and that look in his eye indicates he's here to settle some old scores! It's been nearly eight years since all of these people were in the same ring at the same time, but you just heard what Dana Kaiser said, fans! Don't forget Memorial Day Mayhem! Don't forget Juan Vasquez and his retirement match, everything you've worked so hard to come back for!

[Rhodes' march up the long walkway finishes as he reaches the ring, and all eyes of the Southern Syndicate are on him. Before he walks up the steps, though, Kaiser grabs his elbow, covered in a well-worn black leather jacket. She appears to be telling him that he doesn't need to do this, but the camera picks up one more statement...

"It's light work, love. Won't take but a minute."

This doesn't seem to reassure Kaiser, but Rhodes is on his way up the steps and into the ring, with another roar from the crowd once he enters the ring. The Wiganer, 5'8" and built like a walking brick wall, has his hair tied back in a small ponytail, and his beard's length is starting to reach past his chin and down to his chest. He looks much different to the Raphael Rhodes of 2010, and his wary eyes as he looks at his former stablemates indicate that he's aware of the differences. As he raises a microphone to his lips, he points at Stevie Scott.]

RR: For years... I said you put a scar on my knee.

[Scott shrugs, mouthing "so what?"]

RR: I'd get up in the mornin', look down at my knee, see the scar, and curse your name and the day I ever met you.

[Scott chuckles to himself. "Join the club. Got a lot of members."]

RR: Yeah. My uncle warned me about you, when I told him about the offer you gave me. Said it weren't worth the paper it was written on, that you were nothin' but a snake. Just another thing I should've listened to ol' Uncle Jeremy about, yeah? But after all these years, and thinkin' about everything that happened since 2010, I decided... I should go back and watch what happened that day. Turns out, it ain't even you that did it.

[Rhodes' eyes remained fixed on Scott, but his finger swiftly moves from Stevie to Brian Von Braun.]

RR: It was him. He was the one that hit me with that tire iron.

[Rhodes scoffs, his hand moving to rub the back of his head.]

RR: And I think about what I always said you did to my brother. How you broke his neck.

[Rhodes tilts his head, pointing at Scott's neck.]

RR: Funny how life catches up with us, innit?

[A sly grin emerges on Rhodes' face as the crowd cheers Stevie's misfortune. BVB visibly grabs at his knee that felt Monosso's King Kong Kneedrop as Rhodes side-eyes Von Braun for a moment.]

RR: And yeah, you were the one who piledrove Simon, but it ain't you doin' it alone, yeah?

[Rhodes motions to Dufresne and Freeman.]

RR: You had those two to help. And I thought about how we all formed in the first bleedin' place, how you needed a way to beat Juan Vasquez all the way back at the first SuperClash, yeah? Couldn't do it alone, could you?

[Rhodes shrugs.]

RR: So you got me. Got me at what, at that moment, was the lowest mark of my career, and you had this man...

[Rhodes juts a finger at Waterson.]

RR: Fill my head with all sorts of bollocks about money, nothin' but big talk to keep you in the big chair. And keep him takin' big cuts of your big paychecks, yeah?

[Waterson shakes his head in denial as Rhodes' glare returns to Scott.]

RR: And it's funny, I see Waterson out here complainin' about Stevie takin' Max Magnum from him, but it ain't like either of you got his best interests in mind. You just care about how much of his check you can take.

[Rhodes' eyes light up, as though an idea just came to him.]

RR: Hey, where is the little lad, anyway? Right about now's when I was expectin' him to come down here and grab the bogan by the ankles and use him to smash the rest of us into hospital.

[Freeman glowers at the description of being used as a literal weapon against everyone else. Scott rolls his eyes.]

HSS: You know our rule, Raph. Don't fight for free.

RR: Oh? You ain't got much problem fightin' for free when you want to make a statement. It ain't much good makin' a statement against him...

[Rhodes hooks a thumb at Dufresne, who glares.]

RR: ...Max already flattened him. The rest of us, though? Especially me? Figured you'd want him as an insurance policy.

[Scott fidgets.]

HSS: Well...

RR: Yeah?

HSS: ...I was told by Zharkov that if he comes out here, he's suspended.

[The crowd comes unglued, chanting "HIT HIM RAPH!" as Rhodes' sly grin turns into a full-on smile.]



RR: Ain't that apity? Sounds like you're sayin' if I want to finish off your neck, there ain't much you could do to stop me.

[Scott's eyes go wide.]

HSS: You touch me, and Max Magnum will make sure you won't get to Memorial Day Mayhem. I promise you that.

[Rhodes' smile vanishes.]

RR: You sure you can keep that promise, mate? Sid Osborne cracked Max's bones before, you think I ain't learned how to do it from him?

[The crowd "oooohs" as Rhodes turns away from Scott.]

RR: Besides, you ain't worth it. None of you are, bein' honest with you. Every time I look at my knee, I see the scar that was put there by a bunch of men who knew they couldn't beat me legitimately, so they did what they did to take me out of the picture. And you know what, fair play to all of you. But here's the thing, lads. Karma came for all of you.

[Rhodes points to Freeman and Von Braun.]

RR: Wrestling schools and small armories ever since Stevie got sick of you, yeah? But you ain't been nothin' since what you did to me.

[Rhodes points to Dufresne.]

RR: You may've been on top of the world for a couple of years, but it all came crashin' down quick on you, yeah? You even thought you took out Juan Vasquez, but you didn't do nothin' but give him a vacation. When time caught up to you, what'd you do to respond? You ran off.

[Rhodes looks up and down at Waterson.]

RR: Gettin' however many chances, but you'll blow this one too, won't you, mate? You think workin' with one of the bosses ain't gonna speed up how fast you'll ruin this one, too? I got eight weeks in the bettin' pool, myself. Don't let me down.

[Rhodes turns back around to Scott.]

RR: And speakin' of bets, I bet you don't make it to Memorial Day Mayhem yourself, champ, without Max turnin' you into a knotted rope. I bet there ain't a day that goes by where Max don't ask why I got Juan's last match and he didn't.

[Frustration explodes from Stevie Scott.]

HSS: It shouldn't be your shot anyway! Of anyone in this ring, it should be ME who decides when Juan Vasquez's career is over, and it should end at the hands of Max Magnum! You don't deserve that opportunity!

[Dufresne chimes in.]

CD: Wait a second. You heard Raph bring it up... are you forgetting Wrestlerock? Sure, he embellished some details, but I'm the one who put Vasquez out for months. If anyone deserves that last shot, it should be me.

[Rhodes smirks, leaning against the ropes, as Scott and Dufresne start to argue.]

RR: Yeah, well... you had your chances. Fact is, I'm the one who's gettin' the shot, and I'm goin' to succeed where all of you failed.

[Waterson clears his throat.]

ATTSBW: You know... Stevie had a good idea.

[Scott throws a puzzled look at his former manager.]

ATTSBW: If Raphael Rhodes doesn't get to Memorial Day Mayhem...

[Waterson smirks menacingly.]

ATTSBW: ...he doesn't get the match against Vasquez.

[Waterson motions towards Rhodes.]

ATTSBW: And there's a lot more of you than there are of him.

[Scott, Dufresne, and Freeman all seem to get the same idea at the same time, and turn towards Rhodes. Rhodes smirks, discarding his microphone and removing his leather jacket. BVB looks at the three Southern Syndicate members and then over at Waterson.]

"I was only an associate. This looks like member business to me."

[Waterson glares at BVB who drops to the mat and rolls out of the ring under the bottom rope. Von Braun looks up at Waterson as he backs up.]

"Ain't nothin' in it for me this time, Benny."

[Just as Von Braun turns his back to the ring and begins walking up the aisle, he's frozen in his tracks as the last song any member of the Southern Syndicate wants to hear plays over the PA system:

"They Reminisce over You" by Pete Rock and CL Smooth.

And the fans in the Superdome respond with a deafening ROAR! as they see Juan Vasquez, now dressed in an electric blue suit and tie, appearing at the top of the stage, with microphone in hand. There's a big smirk on Juan's face, as he eyes his old rivals standing inside the ring.]

JV: Now, how are we gonna' have a Southern Syndicate reunion...

...and we forget to invite its handsomest, smartest, most successful, most popular and greatest member?

[We can hear Ben Waterson shouting "You were a member for less than five minutes and then you stabbed me in the back!" Juan shrugs.]

JV: I guess my invite got lost in the mail. But here I am, muchachos! Did you miss your old amigo, Juan?

[Juan chuckles.]

JV: Yeah, I've missed all you slimy bastards too. But as much as I'd love to stand here and relive all the good times we used to have beating the holy hell out of each other...

[He points at Raphael Rhodes.]

JV: ...THAT dirty, rotten son of a bitch right there happens to be my very important, V-I-P, hand-selected final opponent. And I really can't allow you to do whatever the hell it was you were planning on doing to him right before I came out here...

[An outraged Rhodes shouts, "What the hell did you just call me!?"]

JV: ...because the honor of giving Raphael Rhodes the beating he so richly deserves belongs to me at Memorial Day Mayhem!

[Getting more annoyed by the second, Rhodes yells, "You wanker, I'm supposed to be saying that about you!" at Vasquez, who chuckles.]

JV: Too bad, so sad, but The Southern Syndicate doesn't get to choose my destiny or his. The Southern Syndicate doesn't get to choose how Juan Vasquez ends his story. The Southern Syndicate will not be special guest stars in the final episode of The Juan Vasquez Show starring Juan Vasquez. I outfought, outsmarted and outlasted every single last one of you and I earned my right to go out on my own terms. To the victor goes the spoils, right? But...

[Vasquez then removes his suit jacket and begins to loosen his tie as he starts to walk towards the ring, the crowd buzzing with anticipation...

...that doesn't mean we can't take a stroll down memory lane right now and play our greatest hits one last time.

[Juan turns towards Von Braun as he approaches him.]

JV: Oh hey Brian, didn't see you there.

[Von Braun's eyes are wide as he realizes what's about to happen. He puts up both hands pleading with Vasquez. Vasquez doesn't break his stride to the ring as he hits BVB with the Right Cross, sending the Alabama-native spinning on his feet and face-first to the concrete floor getting a huge cheer from the crowd!]

GM: OHHH!

[And that starts the fight as Raphael Rhodes suckerpunches Adrian Freeman before Freeman can do the same to him, sending the Australian staggering backwards as Stevie Scott lashes out with a kick to Rhodes' midsection and Dufresne hammers him with a clubbing forearm to the back of the neck, knocking Rhodes down to a knee where he and Scott start clubbing the Brit as Dana Kaiser looks on with concern...]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands! The Southern Syndicate reunion has broken down... Kendrick's out of there, Bucky's heading for the exit as well and... wow! Let's see if I can make Big Sal proud here... Cher might not be able to turn back time but the AWA's done it for just one night, fans!

[We see Dufresne pull Rhodes up, holding his arms back as Scott drives a fist repeatedly into the ribs. Adrian Freeman works his way back into the mix, burying a fist between the eyes of Rhodes.]

GM: We've got a three on one in the ring! Waterson's staying out of it for now but-

[And the Superdome crowd ROARS to life as Juan Vasquez slides under the bottom rope...

...and THROWS HIMSELF into a double leg takedown that knocks his old rival Stevie Scott down onto the mat with Vasquez hammering fists down at the Hotshot with the fans literally jumping up and down in excitement!]

GM: SCOTT AND VASQUEZ! ONE MORE TIME! ONE MORE FOR THIS OLD TIMER BEFORE I HIT THE ROAD, JACK!

[Vasquez' flurry of fists has Scott covering up, trying to defend himself as we can see Dufresne and Freeman toss Rhodes into a corner, taking turns hammering away on him as Rhodes tries to fight back...]

GM: Rhodes is trying to battle out of the corner but the numbers edge is too much for him so far as the former tag champions keep him trapped!

[Waterson sneaks up slowly behind the pummeling Vasquez...

...and picks up a wooden stool in his shaking hands.]

GM: He may not have his trusty briefcase with him tonight but he's got that wooden stool in his hands! Look out, Juan! Look out!

[Waterson raises the stool over his head, ready to bring it crashing down on the back of Vasquez' head and neck as the crowd shouts warnings of their own...

...and Vasquez wheels around, swinging his arms up to catch the stool as it's swung towards him!]

GM: CAUGHT!

[The crowd ROARS as Vasquez comes to his feet, holding the stool back. Waterson's eyes go wide with alarm as Vasquez snatches the stool away, tossing it aside...]

GM: Uh oh! Ben Waterson's commentary debut may have to be delayed because he might be about to have his damn jaw broken!

[...and Vasquez comes back swinging, throwing a Right Cross for the highlight reels...]

GM: RIGHT CROSS!

[...but Waterson dives through the ropes to the outside, avoiding the blow to the disappointment of both Vasquez and the fans!]

GM: Waterson getting out of there... and getting out of the Superdome! He's running for the hills, fans! Like a rat deserting a sinking ship, Waterson is fleeing from this Southern Syndicate reunion... and somehow that seems fitting.

[Vasquez shakes his head at the fleeing Waterson... and holds up two fingers with a "that's two..."]

GM: Vasquez saying he's taken care of two of the Southern Syndicate and...

[...and with a grin on his face, he turns to look at Dufresne and Freeman who are still throwing kicks at the body of Raphael Rhodes. Vasquez pauses, smirking as he watches for a bit...]

GM: Juan might not be in any great hurry to save Raphael Rhodes from this two on one in the corner...

[...but as the fans get louder, encouraging him to do something, Juan lets loose an exaggerated sigh and stomps across the ring, grabbing a surprised Ladykiller by the hair and dragging him out of the corner!]

GM: He's got Dufresne! No love lost between these two!

[We heard a "CLUNK!" before Bucky's voice returns.]

BW: Talk about a Wilde night! Get it... "Wilde night."

GM: Oh, I get it. And it looks like Calisto Dufresne might be about to get it as well!

[But as Vasquez winds up to deliver a haymaker, Adrian Freeman snatches the arm of Vasquez, holding it back and allowing Dufresne to bury a boot into the midsection!]

GM: Oh! The former tag champions working well together there!

[Freeman smashes a hard elbow down into the back of Vasquez' neck, shoving him into Dufresne's grasp...]

GM: Uh oh! Dufresne hooks him! He's got him hooked!

[...the crowd buzzing as Dufresne sets for his signature move - the Wham, Bam, Thank You Ma'am lifting DDT!]

GM: Vasquez is in trouble here and-

[With a roar, Raphael Rhodes comes charging out of the corner, leaping up to tackle Freeman down to the mat!]

GM: OHH! RHODES TAKES DOWN FREEMAN!

[A few quick and punishing blows land on Freeman before Rhodes spins, diving to grab at the ankle of Dufresne who yelps in shock, trying to shake off Rhodes so he can deliver the DDT...]

GM: RHODES TRYING TO SAVE VASQUEZ!

[...and Rhodes delivers just enough of a distraction for Vasquez to straighten up, launching Dufresne overhead and sending him crashing down on the canvas!]

GM: Ohhh! Backdrop takes down Dufresne!

[Rhodes climbs back to his feet, watching as Freeman does the same, staggering towards the ropes...]

...and a smirking Vasquez snatches Rhodes by the wrist.]

GM: What in the...?

[Rhodes tries to jerk the arm away but Juan shakes his head, holding on...]

...and then breaks into a dash across the ring, dragging Rhodes along with him...]

GM: What are they...?

[...and they connect with a makeshift double clothesline that sends Freeman flipping over the ropes to the outside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Rhodes angrily jerks his arm free and delivers a two-handed shove to chest of Vasquez. He sticks a finger in his face, shouting "I DON'T NEED YOUR HELP!"...

...and then gets shoved backwards by Vasquez who knocks him clear of a rampaging Calisto Dufresne who misses his running haymaker, hitting the ropes...]

GM: Swing and a miss by the Ladykiller!

[...and bounces back into the waiting arms of Rhodes who LAUNCHES him up and over, throwing him off the mat with a release German Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Vasquez grabs Rhodes by the wrist again... but this time, Rhodes jerks his arm away, shouting at Vasquez again...

...and then spins away, sprinting towards the slowly-rising Dufresne with a leaping knee between the shoulderblades that sends the former World Champion spilling through the ropes to the outside!]

GM: Ohhh! There goes Dufresne as well!

[Vasquez holds up four fingers with a grin as Rhodes glares across at him.]

GM: How about that, fans? Rhodes and Vasquez - who can't STAND each other - have so far managed to fight off the Southern Syndicate!

[The crowd is ROARING for the action as Rhodes and Vasquez look at each other...

...and the fans' reaction gets louder as "Hotshot" Stevie Scott slowly regains his feet, finding himself right in the middle between the two.]

GM: Uh oh!

[Scott abruptly stops, looking one way at Vasquez whose smile is gone now...

...then the other at Rhodes who wasn't smiling to begin with.]

GM: The Hotshot's got a problem, Bucky!

BW: And with no Max Magnum allowed out here?! This is terrible! He's a manager! A manager with a bad neck! And these two bullies are going to-

GM: Make him pay for every miserable thing he did to both of them so many years ago!

[Scott suddenly moves towards Rhodes, trying to talk his way out of this...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and walks right into an open-handed blow across the ear that sends Scott spinning, staggering the other way...]

GM: Stevie's out on his feet and-

[Vasquez winds up the right hand, taking aim...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and BLASTS the Hotshot across the face with the world-famous Right Cross, a blow that sends Scott spinning away where he collapses on the mat, rolling under the ropes to the floor to HUGE CHEERS!

Smiling once more, Vasquez blows on his fist before miming putting it back into his holster...

...which is when Rhodes stomps across the ring, getting right up into his face, shouting angrily at him, sticking a finger into the air all around him...]

GM: We might be getting Memorial Day Mayhem early! Rhodes looks like he's gonna let him have it! He looks like he's-

[A shout... or several... from Dana Kaiser at ringside seems to finally roust Rhodes from his fury as he angrily spins away from Vasquez, rolling to the floor as he shouts back "I DIDN'T NEED YOU! NEVER HAVE!" and stomps up the ramp with Kaiser trying to cool him off as the fans buzz at the near clash between the MDM opponents...]

GM: Wow! Raphael Rhodes is hot under the collar and he is out of here after that chaotic scene you helped engineer, Bucky.

BW: What?! I just asked the questions!

GM: Uh huh. Fans, this night just continues to get crazier... and I'm loving every second of it. When we come back, it's time to crown the very first Women's World Tag Team Champions and I know NONE of you want to miss that! Stick around, won't you please?

[And as a grinning Vasquez shrugs at the cheering crowd, we fade to black...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Now in comes a voiceover.]

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

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

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

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

"The top AWA tag teams."

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

"The managers and announcers."

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

"The legends of the ring."

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

"Even the founders of the AWA."

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

"Plus, look for special inserts."

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

"Along with cards featuring event-used memorabilia."

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

"Autographed cards."

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

"Even dual autographed cards."

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

Cut back to Somers.]

HS: Now that one's a keeper.

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

DH: Cool... Hannibal Carver autographed card!

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

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

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



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

[We fade to black...

...and then fade back up on an engagement photo style shot of Supreme Wright and Theresa Lynch sitting on a park bench, the latter smashing an ice cream cone into the former World Champion's face as we hear a few notes from the Wedding March along with a graphic reading "Messages For The Happy Couple" in a flowery scripty font with an additional "Presented by Disney Fairy Tale Weddings."

And as the graphic disappears, we cut a live shot backstage where Michelle Bailey is viewing a monitor off-screen, her hand to her chest, surprised at what she's just seen. She looks over at the camera with a sheepish smile.]

MB: Well... if there was going to be a Southern Syndicate reunion, I suppose it's only fitting that he got involved, right?

[She shrugs.]

MB: We were going to wish Theresa and Supreme well, but he saw what was going on out there and he just had to be involved, so... I guess it's just me for now. It's hard to believe today is actually happening, you know? I've known Theresa for so long, ever since she was a little girl. To see the woman that she's grown into being, it's really been a joy to see. And to see her on the happiest day of her life, to be there for her, especially in my hometown? It's just a thrill.

[Michelle looks off-screen. We then see her walking out of the shot, before she just as suddenly returns, pulling Juan Vasquez into frame.]

JV: Aw, come on... we're still gonna' do this?

MB: We are. You stay right here.

[Juan rolls his eyes.]

JV: Look, unless a Team Korugun reunion suddenly happens out there and they need the world's handsomest, smartest, bravest Latin lothario to troll the festivities again, I'm not going anywhere.

MB [Whispering]: Are we even allowed to mention them?

JV [Shrugging]: What are they gonna' do? Make me retire?

[He grins. Michelle lightly backhands him on the shoulder.]

MB: Anyway, you know Supreme better than I do. Say something nice about him. It's just like Luke's first wedding, when he had that guy filming with the video camera.

JV: I thought that was his third wedding.

MB: It was like that at his third wedding, too.

JV: Oh yeahhhh. Was that the one with the open bar and Marisol convinced all the original Ego MAX guys to strip down to our-

[Michelle clears her throat.]

MB: About Supreme, please.

JV: That was way before his time, chica. He wasn't at that wedding.

[Michelle socks Juan on the shoulder.]

JV [Rubbing his shoulder]: Ow! How do you still hit harder than Stevie after all these years?

[Michelle buffs her nails on her cardigan.]

MB: I've always hit harder than Stevie. Now come on, say something nice about Supreme.

[Juan sighs.]

JV: He's a great wrestler.

MB: I mean something about him and Theresa.

JV: Well, for the longest time I didn't even think he was interested in girls.

[Michelle gives Juan a look.]

JV: What? I'm serious! For him and for YEARS, it was wrestling and that's it. No time for fun, no time for relationships, no time for anything but wrestling. From the very moment I met him, he had that single-minded focus on being the very best and left room for nothing else in his life. So, the fact that Theresa was able to open up his heart and make that boy want to spend the rest of his life with her tells me all I need to know. They've got something special and I wish them nothing but the very best.

MB: You're surprisingly sweet when you decide to be.

JV: Really? You didn't already figure this out like fifteen years ago?

[Michelle rolls her eyes and is about to respond, when we see Lorena Vasquez peering into frame from behind Michelle. Her presence is not unnoticed by her father.]

JV: Hey, how'd you get back here? Weren't you supposed to stay out in the audience?

LV: Security took away all my signs and I got bored.

[Lorena grabs her father by the wrist.]

LV: Oh my gosh, can I come to the wedding too?! That would be so cool!

[Juan shakes his head as Michelle smiles.]

JV: Sorry, I've already got my plus one.

LV: What?! Who? Mom's not here! Is it Mariah Wolfe? It's Mariah Wolfe, isn't it? I knew it! Mom was right! She's totally your ty-!

[Juan places a finger on Lorena's lips, shushing her.]

JV: You're getting to be almost as bad as your mother. I don't even know who that is. But, isn't my plus one obvious?

[Juan motions towards Michelle with his head, who waves with her fingers.]

LV: Oh, Auntie Michelle. Of course. A leggy blonde. Mom said you were into those too-

[He places his finger back on her lips.]

JV: Shhhhhh.

MB: She's a handful at this age, isn't she?

JV: Her AND Mari. What do you expect from children raised by Marisol?

MB: Pretty much this, really.

LV: Aw come on! I promise I'll be good!

JV: Just like you promised you'd stop stealing street signs?

LV: Aw come on, that's different!

[Michelle thinks for a moment.]

MB: Wait... I'm your plus one? I thought you were my plus one. Theresa sent me an invite but Natalie couldn't make it.

JV: Yeah, well, Supreme sent me an invite and Marisol had already planned to go to Aruba with the kids. Except this one decided she wanted to see me wrestle a bear instead.

[Lorena excitedly looks back and forth between Michelle and Juan as they try to figure out the invite situation.]

MB: Wait, are we each other's plus ones?

JV: I think we are.

[Lorena giddily bounces on her feet.]

LV: Shut upppppp! If you both got invited, I can go!

[A voice calls out from off-screen.]

"SO CAN I!"

[And into the frame walks Kimmy Bailey, dressed in a chiffon halter dress in a pastel floral pattern, her back and shoulder muscles very visible. She is also wearing a bracelet around her wrist with three golden heart charms, the first of which is full and the other two are outline charms. Looking closely at Lorena's wrist, she's wearing a similar bracelet, except her filled heart is between two outline charms. Kimmy puts her arm around Lorena's shoulders and stares at Michelle and Juan with a silly grin.]

KB: I mean, I'm already dressed to watch a hitchin', you might as well take us.

LV: Yeah!

[Michelle looks at Juan with a smile.]

MB: It's hard to argue with their logic, huh?

[Juan looks at his daughters, hands on hips, then at Michelle, then back to Lorena.]

JV: No megaphone. I'm already getting enough complaints about your signs from everybody.

[Lorena lets out a squeal of joy.]

LV: Security took that away too, anyway! Yesssss!

KB: C'mon, kid, you're already pretty, but let's go get you lookin' weddin' guest pretty!

[Kimmy leads the giddy Lorena out of frame, as Michelle tilts her head at Juan.]

MB: She has a megaphone?

JV: Why do you think I buy so much ibuprofen?

[Her jaw drops a little.]

MB: It's not for your back?!

[As Juan sadly shakes his head, we fade to black...

...and then up on a black screen with a simple white graphic.]

"The Semifinals"

[The graphic shifts to reveal the date "March 3, 2018" as we fade up on Saturday Night Wrestling on that night live from Chicago as the Peach Pits are preparing to take on the Slam Sorority. We're on the ring where Laura Davis is smirking across at the team of Walsh and Martinelli.]

GM: Alright, fans... thirty minute time limit here in the Semifinals of this Women's World Tag Team Title tournament...

BW: I'd be surprised if it took half that time.

GM: You really seem to be solidly on the side of the Slam Sorority in this one, Bucky.

BW: They've got the power, the explosiveness, the experience and the technique in Davis... they've got it all.

GM: And the Peach Pits?

BW: I love the Peach Pits, I do. But I'm a realist... and I think Davis and Colton are just too much for Shannon Walsh - and especially Donna Martinelli - to handle.

[We cut to the opening moments of the match with Martinelli offering a handshake to her former mentor. Davis glares at the offered hand... and then lunges, wrapping up Martinelli in a collar and elbow tieup. Davis pushes Martinelli back, shouting in her ear...]

"IS THAT WHAT I TAUGHT YOU?! IS THAT WHAT YOU LEARNED FROM ME?!"

[...before transitioning smoothly and easily into a rear waistlock, lifting her protege in the air and tossing her down in a takedown that puts Martinelli down on her chest on the canvas...]

GM: Waistlock takedown with ease by the All Around Athlete... and right into a grounded hammerlock, yanking up on that arm...

"Don't make me hurt you, Donna!"

GM: ...and Davis trying to intimidate Donna Martinelli early on in this one.

BW: I'd bet it's working too.

[We cut a little further ahead as Donna takes a knee on the mat, shaking out her arm as she looks up at Davis who nods, waving her back up...]

GM: Davis calling Martinelli back to her feet and back into the fray... and Donna Martinelli looks like she's going to be sick, Bucky.

BW: She's gotta shake this off. If the Peach Pits are going to stand ANY chance at all, she's gotta figure out a way to get out of her own head and compete against her mentor.

[Martinelli again looks anxiously over to Shannon Walsh who looks agitated, imploring Donna to "get your head in the game!"]

And then ahead to Walsh battering Colton's body with kneestrikes up against the ropes before switching to go for an Irish whip. Grabbing the arm, Walsh goes to whip Colton across but the Canadian powerhouse reverses, sending Walsh rebounding back towards her...

...where Colton lifts her up, twisting her around with ease, and DRIVES her down to the canvas!]

GM: TILT A WHIRL SLAAAAAAAAM!

[And a confident Colton strikes a double bicep pose, watching as Walsh rolls under the ropes to the outside.]

BW: And just when you think the Peach Pits are moving into control, the Slam Sorority comes racing right back. These Peach Pits just might be overmatched in every way in this one, Gordo.

GM: You could be right about that as the Slam Sorority has controlled this match for almost every single moment since the opening bell.

[Not so fast, Gordon, as we cut ahead to Walsh baiting Colton into an ill-advised charge before twisting her into the corner where she tags Martinelli back into the match. Martinelli moves quickly to join her partner in the ring, the duo throwing kicks to the body of the suddenly-trapped Colton as a look of panic crosses the Canadian's face...]

GM: ...and Colton's in the wrong part of Chi-Town as the Peach Pits work her over...

BW: Listen to these fans, Gordo!

GM: A tournament like this makes for strange scenarios - we heard Seductive and Destructive getting cheered on the Power Hour and now the fans are rooting for... the Peach Pits?!

[Walsh steps back as Martinelli lowers her shoulder, driving it into the ribcage of Colton once... twice... three times before straightening up at the order of the official...]

GM: Martinelli backing off and- oh! Colton shoves her back! So much power in that young lady, Buck-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Walsh DRILLS Colton with a right hand on the jaw, snapping Colton's head back and buckling her knees as she collapses in the corner. The official shouts at Walsh, ordering her out of the ring as Martinelli rushes back in, kicking the legs of Colton until she sinks down to a seated position on the mat.]

GM: And this might be the moment for the Peach Pits, fans! They got that brief doubleteam in on the rookie, Carolina Colton, and in the process, they've taken control of this match for the moment...

[With Colton sitting against the turnbuckles, Martinelli plants a boot on her throat...]

GM: ...and Martinelli with a choke in the corner!

[A four count follows before Martinelli backs off, ignoring the referee's protests...

...and then charges back in, connecting with a low dropkick to the face of Colton, snapping her head back into the turnbuckles!]

"OHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Dropkick finds the mark!

[We cut again to find Walsh taking on Laura Davis, coming in off a desperate tag from Martinelli. Walsh grabs the slightly off-balance Davis by the hair, absolutely drilling her with two brutal forearm strikes to the side of the head that does her balance no favors. She reaches up with the other arm, securing a Thai clinch as she swings her knees up - first to the body, alternating blows to the left and right side as Colton and Wallace look on with alarm...]

GM: The former Mixed Martial Artist going to work with those heavy knees, backed into the corner...

[...and once Davis is trapped in the buckles, the knees come flying in at the head instead, battering her back and forth as the crowd shockingly cheers the Peach Pits on!]

GM: ...and now to the head... Walsh is bringing the fight to Laura Davis and the All Around Athlete looks stunned by-

[Colton rushes down the apron towards Walsh, looking to intervene...

...but Walsh steps out, catching her with a back elbow up under the chin, sending her staggering backwards down the apron!]

GM: Ohh! Colton gets caught as well!

[But as Walsh steps back in towards Davis, the Slam Sorority leader lashes out with a kick to the gut, hooking Walsh around the torso and lifting her off the mat...]

GM: OHHH! FACEFIRST DOWN ON THE TOP ROPE!

[...and as Walsh's throat snaps down on the rope, she collapses to the canvas, kicking her feet and rolling back and forth as she clutches her windpipe!]

GM: Davis caught her and that might do it!

[Davis dives to the mat, securing a leg...]

GM: She's got one! Two! A trip to the Semifin- no! Walsh kicks out at two!

[Cut again, this time to the Slam Sorority showing off some double team action as Colton hits a leaping splash in the corner before dropping Walsh across a knee in a backbreaker. Davis wraps up the combo with a leaping legdrop across the throat, earning another two count on the resilient Walsh...]

GM: The Peach Pits hanging around in this one, refusing to stay down...

[Colton grimaces as she kneels on the canvas...]

...and a wild-eyed Trish Wallace slams her beefy forearms down into the apron a half dozen times, bellowing "DO IT, COLLLLLLTONNNNN!" Colton gets to her feet, fire in her eyes as she leans down to pull Walsh off the mat...]

GM: Uh oh... Colton looks fired up after Wallace shouted at her... some kind of competitive rivalry between these two and-

[...and lifts her right up off the mat, pressing her overhead...]

GM: -GORILLA PRESS!

[Colton holds her aloft for all to see... and then ignoring the referee's protests, she takes a step towards the ropes and HURLS Walsh over the top rope, sending her crashing violently down onto the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DEVASTATING FALL TO THE FLOOR FOR WALSH!

BW: That's it! Get a spatula for her! It's all over - Colton just made some Peach Pit cobbler, daddy!

[Walsh rolls into the fetal position on the outside as Colton strikes another pose, showing off her powerful frame as Wallace looks on, nodding her head at her ally...]

...and we cut ahead again, this time showing Carolina Colton arguing with Shari Miranda as Walsh uses the distraction to try and reach the corner where her partner is waiting to tag in.]

GM: Walsh is trying to get to that corner! Trying to get to Donna Martinelli!

[Martinelli is jumping up and down, her arm stretched out as Colton and Miranda are chest to chest, angrily shouting at one another as Walsh gets closer... and closer...]

GM: Walsh has got a clear shot! She might get there!

[Walsh pushes up to her feet, wobbling for balance as Colton spots her and moves swiftly to intervene...]

GM: Colton from behi-

"DUCK!"

[...and she shouted warning from Martinelli gets Walsh's attention who does indeed duck as Colton tries to club her, sending Colton falling towards the turnbuckles where Martinelli leaps up with the aid of the ropes, grabbing Colton by the hair and SMASHING her head into the top turnbuckle!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: COLTON HITS THE BUCKLES!

[Colton staggers backwards towards the dazed Walsh who instinctively reaches out, snatching a rear waistlock...]

GM: WAISTLOCK!

[...and LAUNCHES Colton overhead, tossing her halfway across the ring with a released German Suplex!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GERMAN! GERMAN! GERMAN CONNECTS!

[Walsh rolls over to all fours again, turning her focus back on the Peach Pits' corner where Martinelli is waiting for her...]

GM: And again, Walsh has got a chance to-

[...and throws herself forward, slapping Martinelli's offered hand!]

GM: -TAG! THE TAG IS MADE!

[And again, shockingly, the crowd reacts positively for Donna Martinelli who comes through the ropes, spotting Colton who sits up on the mat, grimacing as she holds the back of her head and neck...

...and Martinelli goes charging in, giving a shout as she drops into a slide and DRILLS Colton with a dropkick!]

GM: DROPKICK CONNECTS!

[We cut again to Martinelli putting on the attack, letting loose a big shot as she slams home a knife edge chop across Colton's strong chest. But when she winds up a second time, Colton reaches out, lifting her up under the arms, and tosses her into the corner she just stepped out of it before clubbing a forearm across the sternum!]

GM: And just like that, Colton turns it around for the Slam Sorority!

[...but only for a moment as Colton whips Martinelli across the ring, charging in after her...]

GM: Colton on the move! Charging her down and-

[...but Martinelli kicks both legs up, raising her knees so that Colton runs right into them. She grabs the back of Colton's head, hanging on as Colton stumbles backwards...

...and rides her right down to the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"



GM: BIG TIME COUNTER BY MARTINELLI! KNEES TO THE CHEST!

[Martinelli stays kneeling on Colton, reaching back to hook the mighty leg...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! TH-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: COLTON KICKS OUT IN TIME!

[The camera cuts to reveal a nervous-looking Laura Davis who was on her way into the ring to break up the pin. She sighs deeply, ducking back through the ropes while getting an earful from Shari Miranda.]

GM: Davis was on her way in - she thought Martinelli might have her partner beaten right there!

[We cut again to show Trish Wallace DRIVING Kelly Taylor into the steel ramp with a thunderous powerslam that stuns the crowd and leaves Martinelli in distracted horror inside the ring...]

BW: And Kelly Taylor just got taken out of the equation of this match, Gordo!

GM: I believe you're right, Bucky! Taylor is down... likely out... and... Martinelli is beside herself... she's... she looks like she wanted to come out here and check on Taylor!

BW: Don't do it, Donna! You've got a match to win!

[Martinelli buries her face in her hands, shaking her head as she walks to the corner, stepping up on the middle rope. She looks over her shoulder at the downed Taylor again, shouting “SOMEBODY HELP HER!” as Wallace stands over the laid out Taylor, taunting Martinelli with her own “somebody help her!” We can see Kimmy Bailey and Ayako Fujiwara standing in the background, Fujiwara's hand on her young partner's shoulder.]

GM: What in the world has happened to Trish Wallace, Bucky?!

BW: Oh, come on. You didn't really think the daughter of Battlin' Burt would be a goody two shoes forever, did you?

GM: I suppose not but-

[Inside the ring, we can see Carolina Colton struggling up to her feet as Martinelli throws another look out at the downed Taylor as we see a pair of AWA medical personnel jogging into view...]

GM: -we've got medical assistance out here for Kelly Taylor and...

[...and as Colton gets vertical, a determined Martinelli gives a shout, leaping off towards her...]

GM: ...CROSSBODY OFF THE MIDDLE!

[...but the Canadian powerhouse snatches her out of the sky, pivoting smoothly, and DRIVES her down into the canvas with a powerslam!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: POWERSLAM! POWERSLAM BY COLTON!

[Colton stays across Martinelli, reaching back for a leg...]

GM: IT'S ONE! IT'S TWO! IT'S THRRRRRRRRRR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! THE SHOULDER JUST BARELY UP IN TIME!

BW: We've gotta be closing in on five minutes left, Gordo! They're picking up the pace now, knowing how close they are.

GM: Remember, a time limit draw in this one means that the Country Punks versus Seductive And Destructive is suddenly the Finals!

[A still-dazed Colton comes off the mat to her knees as Davis shouts "TAG! TAG!" With a nod, Colton climbs to her feet, wobbling to the corner to slap her partner's hand.]

GM: Laura Davis wanted the tag and the All Around Athlete is looking to finish this against her former protege!

[Davis steps through the ropes as she throws a kinda sad look at Martinelli.]

[Davis gives a shake of her head as she pulls Martinelli up off the mat, giving her a look in the face before she lashes out with a chop across the chest, sending Martinelli falling back into the neutral corner...]

GM: Martinelli hanging on to the ropes, trying to stay on her feet...

"It's okay to quit, Donna. You've done well."

[Davis pauses a moment, perhaps expecting that submission...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but not hearing it, she lands another big chop that buckles Martinelli's knees as she struggles to stay vertical. Davis pauses again, eyeing her protege...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and lights her up a third time, leaving Martinelli barely standing, leaning hard against the corner for support...]

"Come on, Donna. Let's end this."

[We cut ahead to Davis pinning Martinelli's wrist to the mat, repeatedly dropping a knee on the trapped arm...]

"Come on, Donna! Quit!"

[...and then drops another knee on the arm...]

"QUIT!"

[...and another...]

"QUIT!"

[...and another!]

GM: Martinelli's screaming in pain... the arm being targeted by Laura Davis who may be trying to break the damn thing, Bucky!

BW: You gotta do what you gotta do with stakes this high. No mercy!

[Cut ahead to a closeup of Martinelli who looks on the verge of tears, shaking her head, begging for mercy as Davis grabs the wrist with both hands, slowly wrenching it around in another armwringer...]

"Donna, if you don't quit, I'm gonna break it!"

GM: She says she's gonna break it and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the crowd ERUPTS as Martinelli throws a desperation forearm with her free arm, jamming it into the jaw of her mentor, knocking her right off her feet and sending her down onto her butt with a shocked expression on her face!]

GM: MARTINELLI DROPS HER! WITH ONE SHOT!

[A panicked and equally-shocked Martinelli grabs at the injured arm, quickly turning to get away from the embarrassed Davis who is sitting on the mat looking stunned...]

GM: Get out of there, Donna! Get out of there right now!

[We cut again as Davis presses the knee into the shoulder joint, grabbing the wrist with both hands and YANKS upwards on it, causing Martinelli to scream in pain!]

GM: Davis with the arm trapped, the pressure is on!

BW: We're under four minutes!

GM: Martinelli refusing to quit! Refusing to give up! I can't even believe I'm saying that!

BW: That's how important these titles are, Gordo! The newest titles to the AWA but they already are worth risking serious injury for!

[Davis is screaming "QUIT! QUIIIIIIIIT!" at her former protege as Martinelli repeatedly shouts "NO! NO! NOOOOOO!" at a questioning Shari Miranda!]

GM: Martinelli hanging on! Fighting for her-

[And suddenly, the sound of "DNA" by Kendrick Lamar comes ripping across the PA system to a HUUUUUGE reaction from the AWA faithful!]

GM: What?!

BW: What is SHE doing out here?!

[The crowd ERUPTS as the first woman to wear the AWA Women's World Title - Lauryn Rage - comes stepping out on the stage, pointing with both hands down the aisle at the ring where a shocked Laura Davis has released the armbar and is staring down the aisle at her adversary...]

GM: We've been hearing it since SuperClash, fans, and... LAURYN'S COMING!

[Cut ahead to Rage fighting with Trish Wallace in the aisle, throwing big bombs at one another with the crowd roaring.]

With Rage's boxing skills giving her an edge on Wallace, the former champion batters her with lefts and rights in the aisle, backing down T-Bone Trish...

...which is when a frantic Davis waves a hand at Colton, ordering her into the fray!]

GM: Davis is sending Colton over there to help Trish Wallace!

[Carolina Colton goes jogging around the ring as Davis looks on with concern. The Canadian wades into the mix just as Wallace goes spinning away from a right hook that puts her down on the floor...]

GM: Wallace is down! Colton is-

BW: GORDO, LOOK! LOOK!

[And with Colton now in the brawl, we see Laura Davis next to the ropes, shouting instructions...

...and Donna Martinelli slowly get to her feet behind the All Around Athlete, clutching her shoulder in pain!]

GM: Martinelli's up! She's on her feet! I can't believe it!

[Martinelli looks at her mentor's back... then to the crowd who are urging her on...]

GM: Come on, kid!

BW: She looks petrified, Gordo!

[Martinelli looks around anxiously at the Chicago crowd at the mere idea of fighting with her mentor...

...but with Davis fully distracted, Martinelli pauses... and then seizes the day!]

GM: ROLLUP! SHE'S GOT HER DOWN!

[A shocked Davis gets schoolgirled down to the mat as Shari Miranda drops down to count...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE!

[...and Martinelli's feet get strategically placed on the middle rope for leverage!]

GM: TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: SHE PINNED HER! SHE PINNED DAVIS! I CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT I JUST SAW!

[Martinelli falls to the mat on her knees, her eyes wide with shock at the sound of the bell... and then somehow get wider when the referee jumps up, grabbing her by the wrist and lifting her arm overhead as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official, a smirk on her face...]

RO: HERE ARE YOUR WINNERS, MOVING ON TO THE FINALS... THE PEEEEEEEEACH  
PIIIIIIIITSSSSSSSSSS!

[Shannon Walsh dives through the ropes, falling to her knees to embrace Martinelli as the crowd cheers!]

GM: Martinelli - I didn't know she had it in her, Bucky! She pinned Laura Davis!

[The shot holds on the joyful Peach Pits... and slowly fades to black.

And then another white graphic comes up, reading "One More Semifinal" and we fade back to Chicago where we see the entirety of E-Girl MAX heading down the aisle towards the ring...]

GM: Here they come, Bucky...

BW: Just one win away from another shot at making history.

[...and then to Victoria June and Kayla Cristol - the Country Punks - headbangin' and finger-pistoln' their way down the ramp.]

GM: The Country Punks have the Chicago fans solidly behind them here tonight as they look to take one step closer to making history two weeks from tonight in New Orleans!

BW: But to get there, they gotta go through the team that a whole lotta people think are the odds-on favorites to win this whole thing, Gordo.

GM: Including you.

BW: Including me. You may not like them, the people may not like them, heck, I might not even like 'em at times... but none of us can deny that Hamilton and Cinder are the favorites to win this match, this tournament, and those titles.

[We cut moments ahead to when the match is just about set to begin.]

GM: Some history here... some bad feelings... a lot of tension.

[The referee gives some final instructions to both teams, turning to signal for the bell as Cristol and June have a last second conversation...

...which is Cinder and Hamilton's cue to rush their opponents, throwing bombs as they do!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HERE WE GO! The second Semifinal match in the AWA Women's World Tag Team Title tournament is underway! The winning team will move on to face The Peach Pits in the Finals two weeks from tonight in New Orleans!

[The barrage of blows from Hamilton and Cinder has June trading shots with Hamilton as Cinder catches a feisty Cristol with a devastating headbutt, her hair whipping as she smashes her skull into the Pistol!]

GM: Ohh! Headbutt by Cinder on Cristol and- ohh! Through the ropes she goes, right out HARD on the floor!

[And with Cristol out of the picture, Cinder rushes Victoria June from the blindside as June hammers Harley Hamilton with haymakers in the corner, leaping up to bury a knee between the shoulderblades, knocking June into Hamilton!]

GM: Cinder from behind! And now we've got a numbers game on Victoria June and this is what the Country Punks need to be careful about! Hamilton and Cinder have a teamwork advantage... an advantage in working together... and when you add Casey Cash to the mix, they've got a literal numbers edge!

[Cut to June being hammered in the corner by both Hamilton and Cinder while Kayla Cristol recuperates on the outside.]

GM: Double whip out of the corner, June hits the buckles and...

[...and as the Afro Punk hits the corner, she bounces back out, running towards an advancing Hamilton and Cinder!]

GM: ...OH! FLYING TACKLE TAKES THEM BOTH DOWN!

[June pops up to her feet, throwing her arms back with a roar as the crowd echoes the roar in support of her!]

GM: Victoria June trying to get her team back into this... waiting for them to get back off the mat...

[And as Hamilton and Cinder regain their feet near the ropes, June rushes forward again...]

GM: ...DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE! TO THE FLOOR GOES E-GIRL MAX!

[With a squeak, Casey Cash rushes around the ringpost to go check on Hamilton and Cinder who are down on the floor...]

GM: Casey Cash over to her allies... and June is waving them back in.

BW: She wants more of Seductive & Destructive! June wants another piece of Cinder... and if she can get a piece of Harley Hamilton in the meantime, that's okay too.

GM: A lot of history between June and Cinder and...

BW: Look at this, Gordo!

[With Cash, Hamilton, and Cinder huddled up on the floor, Kayla Cristol makes her way back up on the apron, quickly scaling the turnbuckles...]

GM: Cristol climbing! Cristol heading to the top!

[...and with one foot on the top rope and her partner pointing to her, "The Pistol" gives a big kamikaze shout, hurling herself off the top rope...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the crowd ERUPTS at the Arkansas native wiping out E-Girl MAX at ringside with a crossbody!]

GM: CRISTOL TAKES TO THE SKY, PISTOLS BLAZING, AND FLATTENS ALL THREE MEMBERS OF E-GIRL MAX! OH MY!

[Cristol comes off the mat, all smiles as she fires off her finger pistols in the air, rolling under the ropes into the ring. She strides across the ring, diving into an embrace with the Afro Punk that gets the crowd cheering big again!]

GM: Cristol and June celebrating inside the ring! The Country Punks trying to get their spot in the Finals of this tournament to face the Peach Pits for the titles in New Orleans!

[We cut again as June is down on all fours on the mat, using her head as a weapon to drive an also downed Cinder out of the ring to the outside, falling to her knees on the floor as Casey Cash rushes to help her... which is when June rushes forward...]

GM: OHHH! BASEBALL SLIDE CONNECTS!

BW: Yeah but she hit Cash - not Cinder!

[June finds herself on the floor, having kicked Casey Cash away from the ring...

...which allows Cinder to throw herself at June, rapidly smashing sloppy rights and lefts into her rival's head and shoulders!]

GM: Cinder's all over her! She's snapped again!

[But June isn't one to back down from a fight, throwing right hands as quickly as she can, fighting her way out from under Cinder's assault!]

GM: And June's fighting back! Trying to fight off this wild attack!

[With Cinder staggered, June hooks her under the arm...]

GM: Wait, wait, WAAAAAAIT!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the crowd reacts as June HURLS Cinder through the air, flipping her over and dumping her down on the base of the entrance ramp!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY! SPINE MEETS STEEL!

[June nods confidently as the crowd buzzes at the hard fall by Cinder. The camera catches Harley Hamilton on the apron, a hand over her mouth as she looks on in shock at her partner...

...and then cut just a little deeper into the match as June is looking to take advantage of the dazed and hurting Cinder, running to the ropes as Cinder struggles to her feet...]

GM: ...off the ropes...

[...but as June hits the ropes, Harley Hamilton slips down the apron, viciously kicking the back of June's knee!]

GM: ...OH! Kick to the-

[And Cinder completes the combo, lashing out with a dropkick to the kneecap of June, sending her flipping forward through the air before crashing down on the canvas!]

GM: -OH! MY STARS!

[June immediately rolls to her back, grimacing as she cradles her leg to her body, grabbing at her knee that Seductive & Destructive just went after.]

GM: Hamilton with the kick to the knee from the outside and Cinder picks up where she left off with a dropkick right to the knee on the inside of the ring! A great - but illegal - doubleteam!

BW: Who cares if it was illegal?! It was great! Just like you said! And with one quick strike, Hamilton and Cinder just turned this entire thing around, daddy!

GM: You may be right about that... and the referee's got some words for Harley Hamilton for the illegal attack from the outside...

[Cue a barrage of clips of Seductive and Destructive targeting the knee...

Hamilton using a spinning toehold and then dropping down onto the leg, smashing June's knee with her own.

A wishbone stretch by both Hamilton and Cinder, leaving June flailing in pain on the canvas.

Even Casey Cash gets in on the action, pulling on the leg as it's wrapped in the ropes.

Cinder slamming the leg down on the apron, the back of June's knee repeatedly jamming into the hardest part of the ring.

Hamilton executing a shinbreaker on the steel steps, sending June down in a pile on the barely-padded floor, howling in pain as she hugs her injured knee close to her body while Hamilton sneers down on her.]

GM: Are they even trying to win this match or is this just about injuring this young woman, Bucky?!

BW: Why can't they do both? Victoria June - you know she's been on Cinder's mind for almost a year now. If they can hurt June... injure June, stick her on the shelf... and still win their shot at the titles two weeks from tonight, that's exactly what they're going to do, daddy!

[With June still moaning in pain, Hamilton drags her off the floor, ignoring the official as she shoves the Afro Punk back inside the ring. Hamilton rolls in after her, making a pin attempt that gets two before June's shoulder pops up.]

GM: Two count there...

BW: And did you notice that was all upper body, Gordo? She got the shoulder up, pushing her way out... no kickout there. The leg may have nothing left.

GM: If it doesn't, it won't take long for Cinder and Hamilton to discover that and exploit it.

[We cut again where Cinder is on her feet, arguing with the official as June crawls across the ring...]

GM: June can't even stand right now, literally dragging herself across the ring! Pulling herself towards the Pistol who is red hot to get in there and mix it up with these two! We've over fifteen minutes into this Semifinal battle and time is ticking for the Country Punks to get themselves back into this match, fans!

BW: If June can make the tag, that'll help!

GM: She's trying, Bucky! Getting closer! Getting closer!



[But a shout from Casey Cash gets Cinder to whip around, spotting June crawling across the ring...

...and then charges after her, running right past the Afro Punk to SMASH an elbow into the jaw of Kayla Cristol, earning boos as the Pistol goes falling off the apron to the floor!]

GM: Cinder knocks Cristol off the apron!

BW: So much for that tag.

[Shari Miranda shouts at Cinder, warning her again as Cinder backs off, hands raised...]

GM: Cinder backing off... here comes the Pistol!

[A fired-up Kayla Cristol comes under the ropes into the ring, charging at Cinder, shouting and waving her arms angrily as Shari Miranda throws herself in front of Cristol with a "NO! NO! BACK TO YOUR CORNER, KAYLA!" ]

GM: Shari Miranda keeping Kayla Cristol at bay... the fans letting Shari have it, they want to see Kayla in there mixing it up - and of course! Here comes Hamilton again!

[With the referee's back turned, Hamilton joins Cinder in the ring, grabbing June by the legs to drag her back to their half of the ring as Kayla Cristol sees it, trying to get past the referee to intervene!]

GM: This is the doubleteaming we were worried about earlier for the Punks. Hamilton and Cinder coming in and out - legally or illegally - seemingly at will right now.

[Cinder slaps her hands together over her head, giggling madly as she ducks back to the apron and Harley Hamilton stays behind.]

GM: Oh, come on! You didn't see that tag, ref!

BW: No, but she sure heard one! You gotta love that, Gordo!

GM: I most certainly do not...

[Hamilton is all grins as she approaches the downed June and we cut again, this time to Hamilton repeatedly slapping June across the face...]

"Show me your dark side, Vicki! Lemme see it!"

[She grins at the jeering crowd, wiggling her fingers in a spooky-type fashion before leaning down again...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: This is ridiculous! Slapping her repeatedly across the f-

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: COME ON!

[June's eyes flash as she lays on the mat, shaking her head...]

“SLAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[...and then she sits straight up, glaring at Hamilton, puffing her cheeks in and out as she glares up at her, fire in her eyes!]

GM: Uh oh! Hamilton may have gone too far!

[Hamilton looks around anxiously, throwing a nervous look towards her corner where Cinder mimes hitting June again...]

“SLAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[...and Hamilton obliges, going upside the head again!]

GM: Hamilton slaps her across the face again and-

[The crowd ROARS as June rises to her knees, pumping her fists as she looks to get up off the mat...]

GM: June’s trying to get up! June’s trying to fight back! Victoria June bringing up all that heart... all those guts... everything these fans love her for and-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and the crowd groans as Hamilton viciously boots the kneeling June in the mouth, knocking her flat on the canvas!]

GM: OHH! And just like that, the comeback is brought to a stunning stop by the second generation superstar, Harley Hamilton!

[Hamilton sneers at the jeering crowd, pointing to the downed June.]

“She’s done! She’s finished! Did you really think a FREAK like that would end up a champion?! Not on our watch!”

[...and as an irate Hamilton leans down to pull June up, June surges upwards, hooking Hamilton around the head in a mirror of what we saw one week ago!]

GM: INSIDE CRADLE! INSIDE CRADLE!

[The crowd counts along with the count!]

“ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!”

“TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!”

“THREEEEEEEEEEEEEE-”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: SHE ALMOST GOT HER! SHE ALMOST WON IT FOR HER TEAM!

[Hamilton rolls to a seated position, one hand clutching her chest in shock as she holds up two fingers to the official.]

GM: Hamilton checking with Shari Miranda, making sure she kicked out in time and the referee’s telling her that she did.

BW: Just barely, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely. We almost saw Victoria June pull a rabbit out of the hat and take the win in this one... and look at her! She's gotta be running on fumes yet she's crawling... dragging herself across the ring again! Trying to get to her corner! Trying to make that tag!

[An enthusiastic Cristol is leaning over the ropes, stretching out her arm, shouting "COME ON!" to her crawling partner as Hamilton gets up off the mat, still trying to compose herself on the VERY near fall.]

GM: And the timekeeper letting us know that we're around ten minutes remaining in this one. Ten minutes and change to determine who will move on to face the Peach Pits in the Finals of this tournament with championship gold and history on the line!

[We cut again as June is nearing her corner and Hamilton is attempting a desperation block as Casey Cash shrieks a warning of an impending tag...

...but this time, June sidesteps the charge, shoving Hamilton chestfirst into the corner where she not only crashes into the turnbuckles but into a leaping right hand by Kayla Cristol!]

GM: CRISTOL GOT HER FROM THE OUTSIDE! PAYBACK'S A YOU KNOW WHAT!

[Hamilton staggers backwards, turning in a circle towards a dazed and hurting Victoria June who catches her under the arm, lifting her in a hiptoss, and crashing down on top of her in a makeshift powerslam!]

GM: HIPTOSS POWERSLAM! SHE PLANTS HER DOWN!

[The crowd ERUPTS for the flurry of offense from the Country Punks as June rolls to her back, clutching her knee...]

GM: So close, kid! Just reach up and you're there!

[Cristol is saying the same, stretching out her arm again, screaming "I'M RIGHT HERE, SISTER! RIGHT HERE!" to her partner who is in agony cradling her leg...]

GM: June's right-

BW: In comes Cinder!

[The 2017 Steal The Spotlight winner comes through the ropes, trying to stop the tag from happening...]

GM: Miranda's got her! Miranda holding her back!

[The crowd cheers as the official keeps Cinder from intervening as June suddenly shakes the cobwebs enough to roll to her knees...

...and collapses forward, slapping her partner's offered hand!]

GM: THE TAG IS MADE!

[The Chi-Town fans ERUPT at the tag finally being made as Cristol pumps her fists, ducking through the ropes as Hamilton climbs off the mat!]

GM: The Pistol's in and she's firing away!

[Cristol rocks the rising Hamilton with rights and lefts, the crowd seemingly getting louder with every blow landed. She grabs her by the hair, smashing her head into

the top turnbuckle a few times before turning her around in the corner, stepping up to the midbuckle!]

GM: Cristol's got her trapped in the corner!

BW: Cinder's about to lose her mind across the ring, screaming at the referee as-

[Cristol holds up a fist and starts raining down right hands as the crowd counts along.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

[Cinder's finally seen enough, rushing past the referee to get into the ring, charging the exposed back of Cristol...

...who surprises the Mad Scot by leaping from the middle rope, twisting around and catches the incoming Cinder with a crossbody!]

GM: CRISTOL TAKES HER DOWWWWWN!

[Cristol stays on top of Cinder, pummeling her with right hands down on the canvas, the AWA faithful getting louder and louder...]

GM: We're under ten minutes for sure now and Kayla Cristol is getting her team back into this match after that big tag and...

[Gordon trails off as Cristol gets up... and finds referee Shari Miranda up in her face, shouting "NO! OUT TO THE APRON!"]

GM: ...what?!

BW: She didn't see the tag! Shari Miranda's saying she didn't see the tag!

[Cristol blows her top at the referee, shouting at her, pointing to June on the mat in the corner... but the referee waves it off, threatening a disqualification if the Pistol doesn't exit the ring. The crowd is ROARING with jeers for the official as Cristol grabs her own hair in disbelief...

...which is Harley Hamilton's cue to grab June, waving Cinder off the mat and over to help, dragging the Afro Punk out of the Country Punks' corner and back across the ring towards their own.]

GM: I can't believe this! A potentially match-changing decision by Shari Miranda there! She disallowed the tag and-

[But Cristol has seen enough of the illegal doubleteaming, brushing past the official, charging across the ring, leaping into the air...]

GM: -OHH! SPLIT-LEGGED DROPKICK BY THE PISTOL!

BW: It's breaking down now!

[We cut again where we find Hamilton and June in the ring, Cristol and Cinder out on the apron as June attempts to throw a weak defensive kick...]

GM: Hamilton caught the kick... caught that injured leg in her hands...

[Hamilton taunts the crowd... then shifts to taunting June who throws a haymaker that Hamilton easily avoids, again shaking her head...]

GM: Swing and a miss by June...

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: ...OH, COME ON! Hamilton slapping June across the face again!

[June bounces on one foot, trying to steady her footing as Hamilton smirks at her, winding up for another slap...

...but the Afro Punk leaps up instead, swinging her good leg...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and pops her foot off the back of Harley Hamilton's skull with a makeshift enzuigiri!]

GM: SHE GOT HER! SHE GOT HER!

[Hamilton goes down like a rock as June lands hard on the mat, immediately grabbing at her knee again...

...but at the roar of the crowd and the encouraging shouts of her partner, June starts crawling!]

GM: Hamilton's down! Cinder's down! And Victoria June's got a clear path to her partner! You gotta do it now, kid! Now's the time!

[The crowd is getting louder and louder as June drags herself across the ring, Cristol jumping up and down with barely-contained excitement...]

GM: Cristol's ready and waiting! June's showing incredible heart and fighting spirit, pulling herself towards her partner with all she's got - literally dragging herself across the mat as she battles down the pain shooting through that leg!

[...and as she pushes up to her knees, June looks towards her corner with glassy eyes...]

GM: June can barely even mov-

BW: Harley's up!

[...and speaking of glassy eyes, Hamilton seems quite dazed as she gets up to her feet, trying to steady herself as she looks across the ring...]

GM: She's almost there! Just another foot or so! The hand stretched out and-

[...and as Hamilton breaks into a sprint, desperate to cut off the tag...]

GM: TAG! TAG! SHE GOT THERE!

[...June collapses forward into a tag to her eager partner, the Chicago fans letting out a thunderous ROAR!]

GM: THE TAG IS MADE AND IN COMES THE PISTOL!

[Hamilton comes to an abrupt halt, her eyes going wide as she backs off, arms up to plead her case... but a fired-up Cristol is having none of it, pointing her finger right at Hamilton who is trying to backpedal away...]

GM: Hamilton wants no part of the Pistol right now but that's not her call! Cause here comes... trouble!

[...and Cristol throws her first haymaker on "trouble," the crowd roaring as follows up with a left... and a right... and a left, rocking Hamilton with the heavy blows.]

GM: A flurry of fists by the Pistol... kick downstairs!

[A running kneelift follows, snapping Hamilton's head and torso backwards as she falls back to the canvas...]

With Hamilton down, Cinder comes rushing in to confront Cristol and gets greeted again with rights and lefts from the fiery fan favorite!]

GM: And now Cristol's getting a mouthful of knuckles from the Pistol! To the ropes...

[Cristol leaves her feet, smashing a flying forearm to the jaw of Cinder, putting her down on the mat where she promptly rolls to the outside...]

...which brings Casey Cash up on the apron, shouting at the on-a-roll Cristol who has the crowd eating out of her hand...

...especially when she throws a dropkick to knock Miss Baltimore Crabs off the apron!]

GM: DOWN GOES CASH! CRISTOL'S ON FIRE AND SHE'S TAKING IT OUT ON EVERY E-GIRL MAX MEMBER IN SIGHT!

[Cristol swings around, spotting Hamilton getting back to her feet and promptly charges her, lowering her shoulder into the midsection, driving her back into the corner...]

GM: Cristol puts her in the corner!

[With a whoop, she stands tall, holding up her arm...]

GM: CLOTHESLINES IN THE CORNER!

[...and the crowd cheers as Cristol throws standing clothesline after clothesline on Hamilton, a half dozen landing before Cristol backs off, pushing Hamilton backwards to make sure she stays standing and wobbly in the buckles!]

GM: Hamilton's on Dream Street... and I think Cristol's looking to keep her there, ducking through to the apron and we all know what comes next!

[The crowd is ROARING as Cristol steps up to the middle rope, nodding her head at the cheering Chicago crowd...]

GM: She's looking for the Boggy Creek Buster, her version of Jack Lynch's Calf Branding that she learned from the Lynch family during her early days training with them...

"FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!"

GM: ...and you heard it, fans! Five minutes to go! Five minutes left in this Semifinal clash of potential champions! Who's gonna do it? Who's gonna pull it out and send their team on to face the Peach Pits in two weeks in New Orleans with the titles on the line?!

[Cristol steps to the top, sliding her leg over to press against Hamilton...]

BW: If she hits this, it could be over, Gordo!

GM: It sure could! Hamilton struggling to get loose! Hamilton fighting for her championship life!

[Cristol is fighting to stay on the top rope as Hamilton yanks and pulls at her, trying to get loose...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Cristol fails to keep her balance, plummeting off the top, her throat snapping off the top before collapsing down on the canvas to the disappointment of the AWA faithful!]

GM: HAMILTON PULLS HER OFF! HAMILTON JUST SAVES HERSELF AND THEIR SHOT AT THE TITLES!

[And collapses to the mat at the same time, leaving both Cristol and Hamilton down on the mat as the seconds continue to tick off the clock...]

...and as we cut ahead again, we find Hamilton and Cristol crawling towards their respective corners.]

BW: Harley's almost there! If she gets the tag first, I think they pull it off!

GM: Hamilton is very close now, reaching up annnnnnnnd...

[The crowd jeers as Hamilton slaps the extended hand of Cinder who ducks through the ropes, coming in quickly...]

GM: Cinder in for her team and-

[...and the crowd ROARS as Cristol makes a dive, slapping the Afro Punk's hand!]

GM: -and Victoria June in for hers!

[June comes through the ropes a little slower, noticeably hobbling on the bad wheel as she catches the incoming Cinder with a hammer blow across the sternum!]

GM: Big hammer by June!

[She winces, bouncing on one foot towards mid-ring, waving a hand for Cinder to come for her again. The Mad Scot scrambles up, charging in again...]

GM: And a clothesline drops her this time! Victoria June - even on one bad wheel - may be too much for Cinder to handle!

[June lets loose a war cry, pumping her arms as she watches Cinder struggle to get up off the mat to her feet...]

GM: Cinder trying to get up, June's right there waiting for her...

[Indeed she is, Gordon. And as Cinder regains her feet, June scoops her up, holding her across her chest to a DEAFENING ROAR!]

GM: ...she's going for the powerslam! We've seen her win countless matches with this move, Bucky!

BW: Cinder's gotta get out! She's gotta-

[Feeling the same way, Cinder rakes her fingers across the eyes of June, causing June to stumble back, Cinder slipping from her grasp. A bit of panic in her face, Cinder swings an arm towards Casey Cash...

...who gives a nod, snatching up one of the duo's replica title belts and tossing it into the ring in clear view of the official as June staggers back into the ropes, wiping at her blinded eyes!]

GM: Casey Cash just threw one of those replica belts into the ring!

BW: We saw this go down on the Power Hour when they beat the Serpentes!

[Cash snatches up the other title belt, rushing around the ring as Shari Miranda angrily goes to remove the first belt from in the ring...]

GM: Cash is on the apron! Cash is on the apron with that other title belt - the referee's back turned and-

[Cinder extends her arms, waiting for the catch as Cash tosses it in...

...and the temporarily-blinded June steps in the way, catching it in her intercepting arms to a THUNDEROUS ROAR!]

GM: JUNE'S GOT THE BELT! SHE'S GOT THE BELT! CASH TRIED TO TOSS IT IN AND-

[But the official wheels around, pointing at June holding the title...]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: Was that a plan?! Are they trying to get June disqualified?!

[...and June is suddenly having to plead her case, shaking her head at Miranda while pointing at a grinning Casey Cash who is down on the outside!]

GM: The Afro Punk is telling Shari that Cash tossed it in! It was Casey Cash and Cinder trying to pull a fast one here in Chi-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Cinder rushes the exposed back of June, leaping into a high knee to the back that sends the Afro Punk crashing into Shari Miranda, knocking the official flat on the canvas!]

GM: Oh no! Miranda goes down! The referee goes down thanks to Cinder!

[June tosses the title belt aside, looking down with concern at Shari Miranda who is laid out a few feet away from her...]

"GET HER, CASEY!"



[...and the shouted order from Harley Hamilton sends Casey Cash sliding under the bottom rope, making a beeline towards the distracted Afro Punk!]

GM: CASH IS IN! CASH IS...

[But Cash runs right into June's waiting arms who powers her up, grimacing as she tries to hold her aloft on one foot...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ...DOWWWWWWN! POWERSLAM BY JUNE!

[The signature front powerslam drives Cash into the mat where she promptly rolls back under the ropes to the outside.

Harley Hamilton comes through the ropes, looking to attack June...

...but a charging Kayla Cristol catches her by the ropes, connecting with a massive running clothesline that sends both Hamilton and Cristol flipping over the ropes, crashing down to the floor in a heap!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CRISTOL TAKES OUT HAMILTON! IT'S ONE ON ONE WITH THE FINALS AT STAKE!

BW: But the referee's down! The referee is-

[The AWA faithful ERUPTS in shock and horror as someone comes hurdling over the barricade, sliding into the ring to nail a rising Victoria June with a clubbing blow to the back of the head, knocking her down to a knee...]

GM: That's Kowalski! Kelly Kowalski! We wondered why she wasn't out here and now we know! She was lying in wait for some damn shenanigans!

[Kowalski grabs a handful of afro, yanking June up, swinging her around for a boot in the gut...]

GM: She hooks her! She's going for the Broken Skull DDT!

BW: We saw this earlier tonight and-

[...and suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS at the sight of two more individuals making their presence known, sprinting at top speed down the ramp towards the ring!]

GM: Wait a second! It's not over yet!

[The fans ROAR as they slide under the bottom rope one by one...]

GM: RICKI TOUGHILL!

[...who comes up swinging, drilling an incoming Cinder with a right hand as Kowalski shoves June aside for the moment...]

GM: MICHELLE BAILEY!

[...and Bailey comes tearing across at Kowalski, throwing herself off her feet...]

GM: SPEAR! SPEAR! SPEEEEEEAR! BRITNEY SPEAR ON KOWALSKI!

[Kowalski collapses to the mat, rolling promptly from the ring clutching her ribs as Ricki Toughill gives a fistpump, celebrating clearing out E-Girl MAX as Bailey kneels down next to the official, trying to revive her. Cinder is back in the corner, looking on with shock...]

“ONE MINUTE REMAINS! ONE MINUTE!”

GM: SIXTY SECONDS ON THE CLOCK!

[With Shari Miranda showing signs of life, Michelle Bailey and Ricki Toughill exit the ring, pursuing a now-fleeing Kelly Kowalski up the ramp towards the back, leaving Cinder and Victoria June alone in the ring as a grateful June throws up a Devil’s horns towards her allies...]

...and then turns her attention towards the cornered Cinder...]

GM: Uh oh! June’s running out of time! She’s gotta finish this!

[...and Cinder suddenly rushes towards June, knowing time is running out for Seductive and Destructive as well!]

GM: CINDER CHARGING AND-

[But June takes her off her feet with a drop toehold, sending Cinder bouncing off the canvas...]

GM: JUNE TAKES HER DOWN! FIGHTING THROUGH THE PAIN! HOOKING THE LEGS... SHE’S GONNA DO IT!

BW: If she’s gonna do it, she’s gotta do it right now!

GM: June hooks the legs, wrapping her up...

[...and with a deafening roar of effort and anguish, June powers her up off the mat, trapping her in the Scorpion Crosslock!]

GM: ...SHE’S GOT IT! SHE LOCKS IT IN!

BW: Can she keep it on though?! The last time, she collapsed to the mat and-

GM: She’s got to! If she doesn’t, the Peach Pits are the champions!

[From the outside, a desperate and barely-standing Harley Hamilton throws herself through the ropes, trying to get to her partner to break up the hold as Cinder screams in pain...]

GM: CINDER TRYING TO HANG ON! JUNE TRYING TO GET THE SUBMISSION! HAMILTON TRYING TO INTERVENE! CRISTOL TRYING TO KEEP HER BACK!

[Hamilton is frantically trying to wriggle free from the clutching arms of Kayla Cristol who is hanging onto her legs to prevent her from breaking the hold!]

GM: We’re under thirty seconds! Can Cinder hang on?! Can June keep the hold on?!

BW: It’s the Country Punks to the Finals or the Peach Pits striking gold! Seductive and Destructive are trying to play spoilers now! Trying to get in there and break that hold! Trying to-

[Cinder seems on the verge of tapping out when she sees a determined Hamilton still trying to break loose... and she grits her teeth, shaking her head and screaming "NOOOOOO!" even though the official hasn't recovered enough to check yet...]

GM: CINDER WON'T QUIT! CINDER WON'T GIVE UP!

[But her arms are slowing... her eyelids are drooping...]

GM: She might be about to pass out from the pain! She might be- WHAT THE HELL?!

[...and the Chicago faithful echoes that response as Casey Cash rolls back in, a giant trophy gripped in her hands...]

GM: She's got- THE EMPRESS CUP?!

[...and SMASHES the trophy against the back of Victoria June's head, knocking her motionless to the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHE HIT HER WITH THE TROPHY! SHE HIT-

[Cash bails out of the ring, Cup in hands as Shari Miranda pushes up to all fours, crawling over as she tries to shake the cobwebs...]

GM: CINDER FLIPS HER OVER! CINDER WITH A COVER!

[...and Kayla Cristol lets go of Hamilton, trying to get into the ring to make the save...]

GM: NOT LIKE THIS! NOT LIKE THIS!

[...and Hamilton hangs onto the Pistol for dear life as the referee counts one...]

GM: NOT LIKE THIS, DAMN IT!

[...two...]

GM: I can't-

[...three!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Son of a... damn it.

[Gordon sighs heavily into the mic as Cinder rolls off June, flopping onto her back as Hamilton gives a shout, diving under the ropes and diving on top of her partner to celebrate as Casey Cash gives a squeal of joy from the outside, diving into the ring to join the dogpile!]

GM: These three... four if you count Kowalski... I just can't believe it.

BW: They got 'em, Gordo! They're going to the Finals!

[We hold on the E-Girl MAX celebration for a moment before fading to black with one final white graphic...]

"The Finals

Tonight”

[...and then fade through black to backstage: Mark Stegglet is standing by with what looks like two young anthropomorphic Lisa Frank posters, dressed in white and splashed with bright and vibrant pastel colors of the rainbow. The one with wild eyes, grinning cherry lips, and fiery scarlet and orange red hair, Cinder, clutches a binder covered with stickers close to her chest. Harley Hamilton, a hardbodied, heavenly vision of strawberry blonde and pinkish bombshell curls, towers over her fun-sized tag team partner with a mischievous smirk on her face. Standing beside them is the lush in leather, Kelly Kowalski. Conspicuous by her absence, is Casey Cash.]

MS: I’m standing by with one of the most unsubtle teams of 2018– E-Girl MAX, who are represented tonight by Harley Hamilton and the current Steal the Spotlight contract holder Cinder, otherwise known as Seductive and Destr–

C: Oi, oi, oi! Hol’ yer horses, Stegblob. ‘Tis an aw-specious occasion here tonight. Miss Cash... if ye please...

[Cinder takes a deep breath and says with complete gravity...]

C: ...Gie us a sticker.

[Cinder holds out her sticker-encrusted binder; the one containing the Steal the Spotlight contract.]

C: The hologram.

[No response.]

C: Eh? Miss Cash?

HH(Rolling her eyes): Casey’s probably still at her meeting with that MAN... Zharkov. But you know what?

[Harley very deliberately reaches into her jacket pocket and pulls out a small envelope. She opens it, reverentially, pulls out a small holographic sticker which resembles a trophy, and carefully peels the backing.]

C: Ooo!

[Cinder giggles with excitement.]

C: ‘Tis that kind of night, my loves. It’s the most important night o’ the career of the Peach Pits, bytheway. Didye fancy that, aye?

[Harley carefully positions the sticker at the top of the binder, pressing a corner in place.]

C: I could stand in front of yer numpty face Stegblob and tell you for Cinder an’ Harley, Rad an’ Gnarly... for Seductive an’ Destructive... it’s jus’ another Saturday night. But that would be a cliché told by an eejet an’ I have too much respect for our fans tae subject them to the same tired turns of phrase they’ve had belched at ‘em for a decade goin’ on.

[Pan over to Harley, who is industriously burnishing the sticker onto Cinder’s binder like she is polishing her sports car.]

C: Biggest night o' their career? Is it? Probably. It's the night they get to lose to someone as pure, dead BRILLIANT as us, isn't it, Harls?

HH: Oh, Cindy, if only the world knew how much I truly despise The Peach Pits. If only they could truly grasp how much those pick-me, man pandering, patriarchal princesses work my very last nerve...

[Putting the finishing touches on the sticker, Harley completes the act and hands the binder back to Cinder, tying a bow on the whole ceremony by giving Cinder a boop on the nose that sends the scarlet banshee into a fit of giddiness.]

C: Ma' gosh, it's beahyootehful. It's perfect!

KK: That's some mighty fine stickerin', Pinkie.

[Harley makes a limp-wristed motion as if to say "Stop it, you're making me blush."]

HH: ...but the point is, tonight is about fulfilling the promise we made all those months ago! Tonight is about Seductive and Destructive, taking the women's tag team division that we singlehandedly built from the ground up and making our disputed dominance...

C: ... unde'spooted!

HH: Exactly, Cindy!

MS: But the path won't be easy. The Peach Pits have one of the best records in the women's tag team division and just last week, you were pinned by Shannon Walsh, Harley.

[Harley shoots Stegglet a look of deepest contempt.]

HH: Ew. You actually said that.

[She shakes her head.]

HH: You're right, Mister Interview Man, The Peach Pits do have one of the best records in the tag team division. But you know what?

C: WEH HAVE THE BEST! THEE ABSOLUTE BEST!

HH: And you better believe I haven't forgotten what Shannon Walsh did to me. I-OH!!!

[Before Harley can continue on, she is suddenly grabbed into a fierce hug by an appearing from out of nowhere Casey Cash. The Charm City Cutie appears to be in all sorts of distress as she holds on tightly to Harley.]

HH: Ohmygosh... what's the matter, Casey?

[Casey takes a couple of rapid breaths, then wipes away tears with her torn sweatshirt sleeve.]

CC: It was all a setup! Zharkov intentionally set me up! First of all, he didn't even ban karate against Betty Chang, but then...

[Casey gulps, as more tears roll down her cheeks.]

CC: Victoria June tried to STAB me! Look!

[Casey thrusts her arm out, showing the gash in her sleeve.]

CC: She did that with a piece of the Empress Cup! It was all a scheme!

HH: Are you serious? Victoria June did that?

[Casey nods her head, then buries it into Harley's shoulder and unleashes another sob.]

HH: I see. I guess that leaves me with no choice.

[Without saying another word, a stoic Harley Hamilton gently shoves Casey away from her and bends down to reach into her wrestling boot.]

MS: Harley Hamilton, I understand this is a very tense situation, but what are you doing?

[And from her wrestling boot, Harley pulls out a pink handle with the Sanrio character My Melody pictured at the end of it. With a flick of her thumb, a small blade suddenly protrudes at the other end.]

MS: Oh no.

C: Oi! Oi! Save the bloodsheddin' fer the ring, Harls!

[Kelly steps in front of Harley.]

KK: Woah there, Pinkie, you don't have to do this. Now's not the time.

HH: Red... now is exactly the time. Please get out of my way.

[Casey takes in another deep breath, then grabs Harley by the shoulder, holding her at arm's length.]

CC: Nuh uh. She did this 'cause she's a loser. You know what'll make it worse?

[Casey wipes her eyes again with her free arm.]

CC: Winning. She thinks these titles were meant for her and her three month bestie because they shared some cornbread?

[Casey gives Harley a gentle shake.]

CC: Then you and Cindy go out there and show her what your destiny is, because...

[Another sniffle.]

CC: Because...

[And a sob's coming.]

CC: Real champions don't... don't...

[Casey wails, burying her head in Harley's shoulder again. With a sigh, Harley drops her blade and uses her now free hand to gently stroke Casey's hair.]

HH: I guess there's only one thing we can do now, Cindy.

C: Win?

HH: Win.

[A beat.]

C and HH: WIN!!!

[And with that defiant shout, Harley Hamilton places an arm around Casey Cash's shoulder and escorts her off-screen, as Cinder and Kelly Kowalski follow close behind. Mark Stegglet watches them walk off with a shake of his head.]

MS: Some high tensions running right before that historical match to crown the first AWA Women's World Tag Team Champions. Don't miss it!

[We fade from one area of backstage to another where we find Mariah Wolfe standing in a deep forest green dress.]

MW: There are few experts out there who are picking against Seductive and Destructive here tonight... but don't tell that to my guests at this time... the other half of the tournament finals to crown the first AWA Women's World Tag Team Champions - the Peach Pits!

[With a loud squeal, Donna Martinelli and Kelly Taylor come rushing into view, leaping into the air and grabbing each other's hands with another ear-splitting shriek. A moment passes before a determined Shannon Walsh walks in calmly behind them, smashing her fist into her open hand as she glares into the camera.]

MW: Tonight, it'll be you, Donna... and you, Shannon... competing against Harley Hamilton and the 2017 Steal The Spotlight winner, Cinder... and while I'm sure you won't be far away, Kelly, I'm also sure that Kelly Kowalski and Casey Cash will be lurking somewhere as well. You're already considered underdogs going into-

[Martinelli's eyes flash.]

DM: Underdogs?! UNDERDOGS?! WE ARE NOT UNDERDOGS, FAKE THERESA!

[Wolfe sighs.]

MW: You know my name.

[Martinelli nods.]

DM: I do. And you know that we're no underdogs. Now, say it.

[Wolfe shrugs.]

MW: I can certainly see both sides of-

[Martinelli stomps her foot.]

DM: SAY IT!

[Wolfe sighs.]

MW: Alright, fine... I might be one of the few people around who think you two might actually be the favorites to win this one.

[Martinelli's jaw drops.]

DM: Really?

[Wolfe shrugs again.]

MW: I mean... yeah, honestly. You two have been impressive in this tournament! Beating the Slam Sorority... beating Lauryn Rage... heck, you even picked up a pin over Harley Hamilton in that trios match last weekend. Donna, you pinned Laura Davis!

[Donna puffs out her chest, hands on her hips.]

DM: I did! I pinned her good!

[Kelly giggles, wrapping her arms around her friend's shoulders.]

MW: And Shannon, you laid out Harley with that superkick in a little bit of deja vu.

[Walsh nods, smiling confidently.]

SW: Mariah, if you're picking the Peach Pits to win tonight, you're smarter than you look.

[Wolfe frowns at that.]

SW: Because the Peach Pits - from the moment we came together - were born and built for this moment. Hamilton and her little goth girl can tell everyone they want what a great team they are... they can wear all the fake titles they want... but they can't take OUR gold.

DM: That's right, Mariah! Because we're a REAL team! None of us are off looking to mess with Julie Somers to get a shot at that title... none of us are up all night plotting ways to use that Steal The Spotlight contract to get a shot at the Spitfire. We're all focused on those tag titles. It's the top of the charts for us - the number one with a bullet! We're coming for it and nothing's gonna stop us now!

[Wolfe shakes her head.]

MW: Are you implying that Harley and Cinder may be focused more on Julie Somers and the World Title than this match?

[Martinelli holds up a finger.]

DM: I'm not implying it, Mariah! I'm saying it! For weeks, they've been messing with Somers and Toughill! And don't tell me that Steal The Spotlight contract doesn't hang heavy over both of them. Harley may have laid down for Cinder at SuperClash but I'm betting she's spending every waking moment figuring out how to screw her pal over and end up on top.

[Kelly nods, jumping in.]

KT: And if I'm Cinder and I just saw my bestie and partner get BEAT by us last weekend, I'm starting to wonder if I hitched myself to a wagon full of dead weight, Mariah!

[Mariah grimaces.]

MW: Some people might say you three are just trying to sow a little dissension before the biggest match of your lives.

[Donna harumphs loudly.]



DM: And some people might say you're nothing but a Fake Theresa, Fake Theresa! Come on girls... I've had enough of this slander! We've got titles to win!

[Martinelli turns to Kelly, grabbing hands as they shriek loudly again, Mariah cringing as they finally exit.]

MW: In a battle between E-Girl MAX...

[She looks off-camera after the Peach Pits.]

MW: ...and that... I suppose the real question is - who in the world are the fans going to root for?

[Mariah shrugs with a grin.]

MW: We're about to find out so let's go down to the ring for our tournament finals!

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

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and is the FINAL MATCH in the tournament to crown the first AWA WOMEN'S WORRRRRRLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSSSSSSS!

[HUUUUUGE ROAR from the AWA faithful!]

RO: And now... the participants...

[Rebecca lowers the mic as the arena lights dim and "E.V.O.L" by Marina and The Diamonds plays as an initial burst of high-pitched cheers from young girls in the crowd are quickly drowned out by deeper pitched boos at the appearance of Harley Hamilton and Cinder, with Casey Cash and Kelly Kowalski in tow.]

GM: It would be hard to say that these two are not the odds-on favorites in the eyes of many heading into this one, Bucky.

BW: They're definitely the favorites... and I'd argue they've been the favorites since this tournament was announced.

GM: They battled through the Serpentes and the Country Punks to get here... and I would say their victories have been... questionable in how they accomplished them.

BW: A win's a win - no matter how you get it.

GM: That's a Bucky Wilde-ism if there ever was one. And with Kowalski and Cash lurking behind the duo of Cinder and Harley Hamilton, you can very well expect that shenanigans may be afoot tonight in this one.

[The duo known as "Seductive and Destructive" are dressed in what we saw them in moments ago: Harley Hamilton and Cinder are dressed in matching metallic purple ring jackets with one yellow sleeve and one black sleeve over their wrestling gear, which are identical white crop halter tops and wrestling trunks covered in splashes of vibrant pastel colors of the rainbow.

Trailing behind them, carrying both of the duo's self-proclaimed "AWA World Tag Team Title of the Universe" title belts over her shoulders, is the always adorable Casey Cash and in her trademark black leather jacket and ripped black jeans is Kelly Kowalski.

Standing at the entrance way, Harley Hamilton holds up her hand, pinky finger outstretched. Cinder then proceeds to link her pinky with Harley's and the two raise their locked pinkies into the air in a show of their "unbreakable" bond as the crowd roars with boos. Behind them, Casey Cash has raised the titles into the air behind them, as Kelly Kowalski takes a swig from her beer bottle.]

GM: The fans here in New Orleans letting them hear it... for now. Mariah raised a good question in wondering who the fans would support in this battle as neither of these teams are exactly on the Most Popular list, Bucky.

BW: And you know what? Neither of them will give a damn who's getting cheered as long as they walk onto Bourbon Street tonight with those shiny new tag team titles around their waists...

[We cut to ringside for a moment to see those belts: gold and silver with bright red straps and matching rubies in the faceplates.]

GM: There they are - the big prize in this one. Those title belts have been rumored and speculated upon for a long, long time now and after this match is over, they will join the pantheon of AWA championships now and forever... but who will be the one to wear them.

BW: When you talk about tag team titles in the AWA, this will be the third set of belts. Of course, Next Gen has the World Tag Team Titles that they'll be defending later tonight... those belts were made official on March 13th, 2013 when the Blonde Bombers of Kenny Stanton and Brad Jacobs with my ol' pal Fred Doyle in their corner defeated Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines in the Finals of that year's Stampede Cup tournament. But those weren't the first AWA tag team titles, Gordo.

GM: They certainly weren't. The first were the AWA National Tag Team Titles - originally sanctioned on November 29th, 2008 when Kentucky's Pride defeated Calisto Dufresne and Adrian Freeman - who we saw out here a little earlier - in a tournament final in Dallas to take the gold. Those titles would survive until Memorial Day Mayhem 2013 when the Blonde Bombers beat the Bishop Boys to unify the titles. But tonight, a brand new set of titles arrives here in the AWA and it could very well be these two who are the ones to claim them.

[Harley and Cinder proceed to make their way down to ringside with uncharacteristic focus on their faces. Casey Cash follows closely behind them, looking around nervously following Victoria June's attempted attack on her while Kelly Kowalski mean mugs everyone around her. Cinder slides into the ring and slithers to a neutral corner, while Harley Hamilton grabs onto the top rope and leaps over in a display of athleticism. The duo back into a neutral corner, arms crossed over their chests and stern expressions on their faces. The two look ready for a war as their music fades out...

...and the sparkly pop sounds of Carly Rae Jepsen's "Cut To The Feeling" bounces across the PA to mostly jeers from the AWA faithful.]

GM: Or will it be this team who strikes gold here tonight?

[A few moments pass as peach lighting hits the arena, causing Casey Cash to feign vomiting on the outside of the ring. Moments later, we see Donna Martinelli and Kelly Taylor come rushing into view in matching peach colored leotard style tights that are cut high on the thigh. The edges are glittering with silver sequins as are the matching peach colored windbreakers with "PEACH PITS" written across the backs in the same silver script. They go back to back at the top of the aisle, big smiles on their faces...

...until they're abruptly broken apart and nearly knocked down by a determined Shannon Walsh who marches down the aisle, rubbing her lightly-taped fists repeatedly. Walsh is in a pair of peach full length tights and a matching sports bra style top with her midriff exposed. Unlike her partners with their shiny and styled hair, Walsh's hair is dripping wet and pulled back into a tight ponytail. She's all business to her partners' flash and flair, marching down the ramp with her allies now in hot pursuit, a shrill "WAAAAAAAIT!" coming from Martinelli.]

GM: When you talk about the Peach Pits, there are more than a few stories to consider. Perhaps it's the fact that until very recently, they were treated like a joke by many in our business, Bucky... both online and in that locker room. Or perhaps you talk about the contrast in styles - the daredevil high flying of Taylor, the no nonsense hard-hitting former MMA skills of Walsh, or the... unusual tactics of Martinelli who has trained with the best in the world but is still trying to find her own way.

BW: You can talk about all of that, Gordo, but to me - the real story with these Peach Pits is the roll they've been on as of late in this tournament... and even outside of it. We saw the highlights earlier - we know they beat Rage and Cashmere... we know they beat Davis and Colton to get here... and we know how they did it. But we also have to discuss that this trio took on a virtual all-star team of women's wrestling in the form of Toughill, Bailey, and Hamilton on the final Power Hour... and they won, Gordo! They won! And not only did they win, but they pinned HAMILTON to win it! If you don't think that gives the Peach Pits a major boost in both confidence and momentum going into this final match, you don't know a damn thing about this business.

[Reaching ringside, Taylor slingshots over the ropes, pointing a threatening finger at Cash and Kowalski who sneers in response. Walsh climbs the steps, wipes off her boots on the apron, and steps through the ropes to glare across at Hamilton who seems to absentmindedly reach up to rub at her chin. Martinelli is the last one in, looking a little anxious across the ring at the quartet facing them.]

GM: When you look around that ring at the four competitors in this one, I think few would argue that Donna Martinelli is likely the weak link in this match, Bucky... but you also cannot forget that she PINNED Laura Davis in this ring two weeks ago. Forget about how she did it... she did it! And it took more courage and heart in here than many of us thought she possessed to make it happen.

BW: She may indeed be the "weak link" but she trained with Todd Michaelson... she trained with Marcus Broussard... she trained with Laura Davis. Her training is on the level of few others and if she relies on that, anything could happen here tonight.

[The Peach Pits retreat to their corner as Rebecca Ortiz retakes center ring, the spotlight on her.]

RO: Introducing first... at a total combined weight of 264 pounds... representing E-Girl MAX and being accompanied to the ring by Kelly Kowalski and Casey Cash...

They are HARLEY HAMILTON... and the 2017 Steal The Spotlight winner, CINDER...

...they are SEDUCTIVE... ANNNNNNNND... DEEEEESTRUCTIIIIIIIVE!

[There's a mixed reaction for the duo as they stand in their corners, ready for the biggest match of their careers.]

RO: Annnnnd their opponents... at a total combined weight of 272 pounds... being accompanied to the ring by Kelly Taylor...

They are SHANNON WALSH... and DONNA MARTINELLI...

...they are the PEEEEEEEEAAAAAACH PIIIIIIIIIIIIIIITS!

[And another mixed reaction rings out for that squad as Martinelli nervously embraces both of her partners, not even noticing the uncomfortable look on Walsh's face at this forced embrace.]

GM: And as we get set to begin this historic showdown, we can see the two sides in a final strategy session. This is the first championship to be added to the American Wrestling Alliance since the AWA Women's World Title back on July 16th, 2016 when Lauryn Rage won a 20 Woman Rumble in Madison Square Garden to become the first to hold that title.

BW: And it'll be the last championship added that we'll get to call together, Gordo - even more history!

GM: Absolutely. It looks like for Seductive and Destructive, it'll be Harley Hamilton starting things off for her squad as the 2017 Steal The Spotlight winner, Cinder, steps out on the apron...

BW: Casey Cash and Kelly Kowalski out on the floor.

GM: If you ask me, that spells trouble for the Peach Pits because even with Kelly Taylor in their own corner - they're still outnumbered four to three, Bucky.

BW: Maybe three and a half to three, Gordo... Casey Cash is a little distracted right now.

[She is indeed as Cash repeatedly is looking over her shoulder, muttering to Kowalski who slaps a reassuring hand on her shoulder.]

GM: Casey Cash had a little run-in with Victoria June earlier tonight and you never know what might happen there. June obviously more than a little frustrated that it's not her and Kayla Cristol in this tournament Finals tonight... thanks to Casey Cash and the Empress Cup.

[Across the ring, Martinelli forces her partner into a hug before stepping from the ring as Walsh slowly turns to face Hamilton as some in the crowd buzz at the confrontation.]

GM: Well, well, well... these two are certainly no strangers to one another, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely not. These two had a singles match once upon a time when Walsh busted Harley open with that dangerous superkick of hers... the same superkick she beat her with last weekend on the final Power Hour in that trios match.

GM: A bit of a staredown here at the outset as referee Shari Miranda steps in, talking to both of these outstanding competitors...

BW: You're calling Harley an outstanding competitor? Getting soft with retirement less than an hour away?

GM: I've never doubted her ability, Bucky... it's her motives and her actions that I question.

[Miranda tries to get an answer to the "are you ready?" question from both but neither respond, glaring a burning hole right through the other. With a shrug, she turns away and shouts "LET'S DO THIS!" as she waves for the bell.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[The crowd cheers the start of the historic tournament Final...

...and then gets louder as the two competitors launch into an opening bell slugfest, Hamilton snapping off fists to match Walsh’s MMA-level striking skills!]

GM: Here we go! The fight is on as the Peach Pits and Hamilton and Cinder battle it out to become the very first Women’s World Tag Team Champions!

[The fists are flying fiercely but Walsh’s MMA skills quickly overwhelm Hamilton’s spirited blows, driving her back across the ring towards the neutral corner as Hamilton quickly pulls her arms up, stumbling backwards as she tries to defend herself...]

GM: Hamilton’s on the run - Walsh striking first and striking ha- OHHHHH!

[The crowd echoes the exclamation as Walsh leaves her feet, driving a knee up under the chin, snapping Hamilton’s head back and putting her down on the canvas.]

GM: LEAPING KNEE CONNECTS! WALSH WITH THE COVER!

[Walsh dives on top of Hamilton, hooking a leg tight as the crowd ROARS!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEE-

“OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!”

[The shocking near fall has the New Orleans crowd whipped into an early frenzy as Walsh slides off, her jaw dropped, holding up three fingers to the official who shakes her head, holding up two in response...]

GM: Two count only but that might be the closest two count we’ve ever seen! Harley Hamilton was a split second away from making a different sort of history in this one and-

[Walsh’s distracted conversation with Miranda allows Hamilton to roll under the ropes to the outside, collapsing to the floor as Cinder fans herself frantically, a panic on her face as Walsh grabs at her own hair in disbelief. Kelly Taylor is screaming from the floor, shouting at her partner to “GET BACK ON HER!” as Martinelli hops up and down nervously on the apron, looking to the outside where Casey Cash has sprinted to the side of the downed Hamilton!]

GM: -Cash over by Hamilton, trying to help her back to her feet... wow, what a start to this one! We almost had new champions, Bucky!

BW: That would’ve been one of the most shocking moments in the ten year history of this program if the Peach Pits had won the titles in near record time.

GM: The Peach Pits believe they’ve been overlooked going into this... that they’re the underdogs who’ve got more fight than anyone will give them credit for. And they think that’s what’ll get them to the winner’s circle tonight - that Hamilton and Cinder feel the same way. They’re overlooking the Peach Pits. They’re overconfident. It remains to be seen if-

“OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!”

[The crowd reacts as Donna Martinelli boldly rushes down the apron, throwing herself off into a crossbody that wipes out both Hamilton and Casey Cash on the floor!]

GM: MARTINELLI TAKES DOWN E-GIRL MAX ON THE OUTSIDE!

[A grinning Kelly Taylor leaps up and down, pumping her fists excitedly as Martinelli climbs off the floor with a stunned expression on her face.]

BW: I'm not sure even Martinelli can believe she just did that, Gordo!

GM: It's been quite the tournament for her - daring to stand up to her mentor in Laura Davis and actually pinning Davis in that match. She's shown herself to be a much tougher competitor than any of have given her credit for.

[Martinelli backs away as a fierce-looking Kelly Kowalski comes over to confront her, scampering off to an embrace from Kelly Taylor on the outside near the corner.]

GM: And there's the numbers game early as Kowalski comes over and chases off Martinelli before she can do any more damage. Kowalski now, helping Hamilton to her feet... trying to shake some sense into her...

[Hamilton gives a nod to Kowalski as she stumbles into the apron, reaching up to grab the ropes to pull herself up.]

GM: Hamilton up on the apron now... and in comes Walsh to greet her!

[Walsh drills the dazed Hamilton in the jaw with a stiff forearm shot... and another... and another, leaving Hamilton clinging to the top rope to stay on the apron.]

GM: Walsh pulls her in... and perhaps looking to bring her in the hard way here.

[Elevating Hamilton into the air, Walsh brings her down hard with a spine-shaking vertical suplex, quickly floating into another pin attempt but only getting two before Hamilton slips out well in time.]

GM: Two count again. The Peach Pits bringing the offense early on in this one, trying perhaps to knock Hamilton and Cinder - the favorites since this tournament was announced - off their game a little bit.

BW: Forget off their game, they're trying to knock them OUT of this tournament!

[Walsh gets to her feet, eyeballing Kowalski and Cash on the outside. She points at them, drawing the official's attention who shrugs and says "they're here until they do something to make me eject them, Walsh!"

GM: Shannon Walsh perhaps a little distracted by the remainder of E-Girl MAX on the outside...

[Walsh turns her attention back to Hamilton, grabbing handfuls of long hair to pull her off the mat...

...where Hamilton POPS her in the mouth with a forearm shot of her own!]

GM: Ohh! Hamilton took advantage of the distraction and-

[Grabbing the front of Walsh's fighting shorts, falling back and pulling Walsh with her...]

GM: OHH! FACEFIRST INTO THE CORNER!

[Walsh slumps over the midbuckle, her face having smashed off it moments ago in the neutral corner. Hamilton quickly gets to her feet, looking to take advantage of the change in momentum...]

GM: And just like that, we've got Hamilton on the attack - knees to the upper back, right between the shoulderblades, smashing her down into the second turnbuckle again...

[Hamilton grabs Walsh by the hair, driving her face into the midbuckle once... twice... three times... four times...]

GM: Come on, ref! Get her out of the corner!

[The referee warns Hamilton who steps back, hands raised...]

...and then angrily lunges back in, driving her shin into the back of Walsh's head, driving her face down into the buckle again as Walsh grunts in pain. Hamilton pulls on the top rope for leverage, grinding her shin back and forth on Walsh.]

GM: Harley Hamilton digging into that playbook of dirty tricks inherited from her legendary father, the great former World Champion Hamilton Graham.

BW: Hammy never met a rule he didn't enjoy breaking, Gordo.

GM: Seems like that's genetic as his daughter is much the same way... dragging Walsh off her knees...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A heavy knife edge chop across the chest sends Walsh flopping back into the corner, arms hooking over the top rope to stay on her feet.]

BW: What a chop!

GM: Harley Hamilton's striking prowess is elite level stuff. One of the best strikers in the Women's Division without question.

[Hamilton winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A second one... and that one sends Walsh out of the corner, staggering on down the ropes...

BW: But she's headed for the wrong corner.

GM: She sure is. Walsh heading right towards Cinder... who looks like she's over the moon about that.

[Hamilton pursues, landing one more chop before slapping the outstretched hand of her partner.]

GM: The tag is made and in comes Cinder off the exchange... as we mentioned, the 2017 Steal The Spotlight winner... although I can't say there are many people too happy about how she won it.

BW: Really? On your last night, you're going to keep beating that dead horse?

GM: That situation will stick in my craw until I'M the dead horse.

[Cinder wastes no time going on the attack, a whirling barrage of blows in the corner - right hands, left hands, screeching high decibel bellow-enhanced kicks to the body as she tries to chop down Walsh in the corner.]

GM: Cinder's all over her here... showing the ferocity that's made her one of the toughest competitors in the Women's Division at just twenty years of age. 2017 was one heck of a year for her, Bucky.

BW: It sure was. She won the Empress Cup at the start of the year... found her way into the loving embrace of Harley Hamilton and the rest of E-Girl MAX... and won Steal The Spotlight.

GM: She'd love to start 2018 off with a bang here as well by winning these inaugural titles alongside her friend Hamilton.

[Cinder twists around, throwing vicious back elbows at the side of Walsh's head, causing her to slump down to a seated position in the corner.]

GM: The referee forcing her out - those ever-dangerous elbows of Cinder.

BW: We've heard stories from the other women in the locker room of just how deadly those elbows are. They've been known to cut people open and knock people out.

[Miranda backs a protesting Cinder to the middle of the ring as Walsh drags herself back to her feet, holding the ropes for support...]

GM: Walsh battling to her feet - in comes Cinder!

[The charging Cinder comes bellowing and barreling in on the dazed Walsh...

...who lunges clear at the last moment, sending Cinder crashing chestfirst into the turnbuckles to a surprising amount of cheers from the crowd!]

GM: Cinder misses!

BW: And the fans go wild?

GM: I suppose so. The fans don't particularly love either of these teams but I guess you have to root for someone, right?

[Walsh tries to take advantage of the miscue, stepping in to secure a rear waistlock...]

GM: Waistlock hooked from behind!

[...but Cinder is ready for it, snapping her deadly elbow back twice into the temple, breaking loose of the hold and sending Walsh staggering backwards as Cinder turns and hops up on the middle rope!]

GM: Cinder on the second rope, leaps off!

[But her double axehandle attempt is first blocked and then counters as Walsh hooks a bodylock briefly before tossing her 119 pound frame across the ring in an overhead belly to belly!]



GM: WALSH WITH THE COUNTER!

[Cinder scrambles up off the mat, staggering a bit as she wanders towards the corner where Donna Martinelli is taunting her from the apron. The hot-tempered Scot's eyes flash as she lunges at Martinelli who ducks out of the way...

...and then whips around to face the rapidly-incoming Walsh who ducks low, snatching the legs and taking Cinder off her feet in a double leg takedown that is close to a spear as Cinder hits the mat hard!]

GM: What a takedown by Walsh! Showing off those MMA skills here in the squared circle down on the Bayou!

[Walsh takes the mount with ease, hammering down on Cinder who screeches in terror, her arms coming up to try to shield her face and head from the assault...

...a move that allows Walsh to snatch Cinder by the wrist, twisting out of the mount to go for a cross armbreaker to another roar from the crowd!]

GM: Walsh looking for the submission! We saw Callum Mahoney out here earlier tonight and this is Walsh taking a page out of the Armbar Assaassin's playbook!

BW: She's gotta straighten out that arm though - she's gotta hyper-extend that elbow and try to get a submission!

[Cinder is flailing and fighting, trying to avoid the hold being locked in...

...and slips a foot over the bottom rope, quickly pointed out by Casey Cash on the outside who shouts "REF, REF, REF, REEEEEEEF!" Miranda acknowledges the foot, calling for a break as a noise behind Cash startles her and she squeals, leaping around with her fists at the ready.]

GM: Casey Cash with the assist to point out the foot on the ropes... but boy, she's a bundle of nerves out there.

BW: Can you blame her? Victoria June isn't exactly playing with both oars in the water, Gordo... she might come out here and beat Casey with one of the oars in fact!

[Gordon chuckles as Cash clutches her chest, nervously moving around the ring as Cinder uses the rope break as a chance to roll to the outside.]

GM: Cinder to the outside... looking for a breather of her own here...

[But as Cinder takes a little stroll on the outside, she ends up confronted by Kelly Taylor who shouts at her, ordering her back inside the ring. Cinder glares at Taylor as the referee shows some concern on the inside...

...but before Cinder can respond, Kelly Kowalski marches into the scene, brushing past Cinder to shove Taylor HARD in the chest!]

GM: Whoa, whoa, whoa!

BW: Tempers are boiling over on the outside, Gordo. This could break down at any moment.

GM: The referee's trying to get Kowalski and Taylor to back off... oh, come on!

[The situation gets worse as Casey Cash stomps back into view, shouting at Taylor from behind Kowalski and Cinder...]

GM: This is on the verge of being out of control already... you've gotta be kidding me!

[Martinelli drops off the apron, joining in on Taylor's side as the five women trade words at ringside, leaving Walsh in the ring, hands on her hips and Hamilton on the apron with a grin on her face.]

GM: This might be going exactly as Harley Hamilton has planned by the look on her face.

BW: What do you mean?

GM: Look at that smile! We've talked in the past about teams and factions that thrive on chaos in their matches... and I'd argue that Hamilton and Cinder are only in this Finals here tonight thanks to the chaos they've managed to create in the first two matches. Maybe they believe that's the key to victory again here tonight.

[A frustrated Walsh approaches the ropes, shouting at her partners to get back to their corner...]

GM: Shannon Walsh wants no part of this war of words - she wants to fight and-

[With Walsh leaning over the ropes, imploring her partners to back off, Cinder rolls back into the ring, rushing Walsh from behind. The warnings of the New Orleans crowd don't come quick enough as Cinder drills Walsh in the back of the head, knocking her down onto her knees by the ropes as the action begins again.]

GM: Cinder from the blind side and down goes Walsh!

[Draping Walsh's throat over the middle rope, Cinder puts all of her 119 pounds on the back of the head, pushing it down onto the ropes.]

GM: Walsh being choked by Cinder, the air being strangled out of her!

[The referee's count reaches four before Cinder backs off, grinning madly as the referee admonishes her.]

GM: The referee giving it to her for the illegal choke but Cinder doesn't care one bit... look at her!

[Cinder rushes right back in, planting her shin on the back of the neck, choking Walsh a second time...]

GM: Cinder breaking the rules with reckless abandon here on the Tenth Anniversary Show on ESPN... and Bucky, you mentioned the Steal The Spotlight contract earlier. When do you think we'll see Cinder use that contract to challenge Julie Somers - or Ricki Toughill perhaps - for the Women's World Title?

BW: See, this is why they don't like you, Gordo. They're out here trying to make history, trying to become the first Women's Tag Team Champions... and you're wondering when Cinder is going after singles gold instead!

GM: It was just a question!

BW: Stick around and you can ask her yourself.

GM: I'll leave that to you after tonight, my friend.

[As the four count comes, Cinder breaks off again but this time, she sprints past Shari Miranda to the far ropes, rebounding back at high speed, leaping into the air, and drives her shin down on the back of the neck again!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: RIGHT DOWN ON THE THROAT!

[Walsh falls away from the ropes, clutching her neck as her legs kick wildly. Cinder dives on top of her, wrapping up a leg...]

GM: Cinder’s got her for one! She’s got two!

[...but Walsh kicks free, still grabbing at her throat as Cinder screams angrily before snatching Walsh off the mat, tossing her into the neutral corner...]

GM: Puts her into the buckles... Cinder on the move!

[...and the wild Scot smashes a back elbow into the jaw of Walsh again, snapping her head back!]

GM: Running back elbow connects! Shannon Walsh may be out on her feet after that...

BW: And if not that, maybe this.

[Staying in the corner, Cinder keeps her back to Walsh, swinging her right elbow back... then her left... then her right, tagging Walsh upside the head repeatedly. The referee steps in, laying a count on the attacking Cinder.]

GM: Cinder’s doing major damage with those elbows and-

[And as the count near four, Cinder steps out, turns, and SLAMS an elbowstrike into the jaw of Walsh for good measure, knocking her off her feet and down into a seated position on the mat.]

BW: Shannon Walsh is the one with a MMA background but with an elbowstrike like that, maybe Cinder oughta be heading for the Hexagon, daddy!

[With Walsh laid out leaning against the buckles, Cinder again backs away, getting an earful from Miranda as she goes...

...and with a wicked grin, Cinder slaps her rear end a few times for all to see.]

GM: Is she...?

BW: Oh yeah she is. That’s a little homage to her former mentor, Ricki Toughill, who will be fighting for the Women’s World Title later tonight.

GM: Homage?! I don’t think I’d call it that at all. With the way these E-Girl MAX people have been trying to get inside Ricki’s head recently, it’s more like she’s taunting Ricki!

[Cinder presses her back against the far neutral corner, looking across at the unmoving Walsh as Martinelli shouts a warning to her partner from the apron...

...and then the Scot rushes across the ring, twisting around as she nears the corner...

...just as Martinelli drops off the apron, grabbing her partner by the wrist and YANKING her clear...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: CINDER HITS THE CORNER!

BW: Did you see Martinelli?! She pulled Walsh out of the corner!

GM: Oh, I saw it! And it may have saved her partner - and their chances of winning this match and those titles - in a major way!

[The crowd is actually cheering the illegal assist as Martinelli gets up on the apron, reaching over the ropes as Walsh tries to crawl the short remaining distance. Cinder can be seen in the background holding her lower back, arched in pain with a grimace on her face...]

GM: TAG! MARTINELLI TAGS HERSELF IN!

[Donna ducks through the ropes to again a shocking amount of cheers as she charges towards the hurting Cinder who can't even put up a fight as Martinelli grabs two hands full of jet black hair...

...and YANKS her backwards and across a bent knee!]

GM: OHH! HAIRPULL BACKBREAKER BY MARTINELLI!

[Cinder cries out, promptly rolling over onto her stomach but Martinelli flips her right back over, diving across...]

GM: She's got one! She's got two!

[...but Cinder slips out, again rolling onto her stomach as Martinelli looks around anxiously, trying to decide what to do next...

...and opts for balling up her fists and a wild scream, starts hammering the fists down into the back!]

GM: Martinelli's just pounding Cinder like she's driving nails into the mat!

[Climbing to her feet, the former pop music singer switches to stomping the back, repeatedly driving her foot down into the spine with a grunt of effort as Cinder tries to roll away from her.]

GM: Cinder's taking a real pummeling at the hands - and feet - of Martinelli who-

[The crowd cheers as Martinelli leaps up with a shriek, dropping both knees down into the back!]

GM: BOMBS AWAY! RIGHT IN THE BACK!

[She rolls Cinder over, diving across again.]

GM: The frantic actions of Martinelli continues - covering again... and Cinder's out at two again!

[Martinelli smacks the mat with a loud squeal before getting to her feet, pulling the dazed and hurting Cinder with her...]

BW: You gotta give her credit there, staying on Cinder... not letting herself get distracted by only getting the two count.

GM: Martinelli with the whip... ohhh! Cinder crashes chestfirst into the corner!

BW: And it looked like Cinder was fighting to do that - she did NOT want her back to hit the buckles! Martinelli may have opened up a weak point on Cinder and the Peach Pits need to find a way to take advantage of it!

[Grabbing the top rope, Martinelli throws some kicks at the lower back of the cornered Cinder, her boot crashing into just above the belt line repeatedly as Cinder hangs onto the ropes, her allies shouting encouragement to her from all around.]

GM: The referee's right in there again - calling this one right down the middle as she warns Martinelli like she did to Cinder earlier...

[And with Martinelli in the far corner, she gives a shout before charging in, leaping into the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and twists her body horizontal to the mat, connecting with a crossbody across the back that causes Cinder to howl in pain before Martinelli tosses her out of the buckles and down on her back in the middle of the ring.]

GM: Another cover!

[A two count lands before Cinder escapes, a little less oomph on the kickout now.]

GM: Again, Cinder escapes and again, Martinelli wastes no time getting right back up and staying on her weakened opponent.

[Looking to the corner, Martinelli gives a "you good?" to her partner who has only been out of the ring for a little over a minute. Walsh gives a weary nod as Martinelli drags a wobbly Cinder to the corner.]

GM: The tag is made - in comes Shannon Walsh and it looks like we've got a doubleteam coming up!

[Walsh and Martinelli step in, hooking Cinder under the arms...

...and HURL her halfway across the ring, sending her bouncing off the canvas with a double hiptoss!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT IMPACT THERE!

[Cinder immediately grabs at her back, howling in pain as she rolls to her knees, looking across at Harley Hamilton who has her arm at full extension, trying to reach her friend and partner.]

GM: Cinder hits hard but already, she's looking for the tag! Can she get there? Can she get to Harley Hamilton?

[Hamilton steps up on the bottom rope to get closer but a rebuke from Shari Miranda gets her back down on the mat with an angry stomp. Kowalski grabs the ropes on the floor, shouting at Cinder to "move your ass!" as Casey Cash looks on nervously.]

GM: All eyes of E-Girl MAX on Cinder as she tries to get to the corner and...

[But Shannon Walsh has other ideas as she kneels down, planting her knees on the lower back of Cinder, reaching down to cup her chin in one hand and her leg in the other, rolling back into a bow and arrow!]

GM: ...ohhh!

BW: Did you ask her to do this, Gordo?!

GM: Shannon Walsh going a little old school with the bow and arrow hold!

BW: Reminds me of High Chief Thunder Mountain back at the Omni in Atlanta, daddy!

[Cinder cries out as she dangles upside down, stretched out across the knees of Walsh who stretches her spine across the raised legs!]

GM: Shari Miranda is right there, checking to see if Cinder wants to quit!

BW: She can't quit - the title is on the line!

GM: Sometimes you don't have a choice, Bucky. Sometimes it's quit and live to fight another day or... she's twenty years old! She's got her whole career ahead of her! Not to mention she's got that Steal The Spotlight contract she's gotta use in the next eight months! She can't risk serious injury!

[Cinder is wailing in agony as Hamilton grabs at her own hair, shouting "COME ON, CINNNNNNDYYYYYY!" and Casey Cash slaps her hands into the mat, urging her ally to escape...

...and suddenly, the referee drops down to the mat where Walsh's shoulders are on the mat, slapping it once... twice...]

GM: Walsh has to let go of the hold! She couldn't keep her shoulders off the mat and what a lucky break for Cinder and the rest of E-Girl MAX right there. I think if Walsh could've kept that hold on, this one might be over right now and we might be crowning the Peach Pits as our first Women's World Tag Team Champions.

[Walsh climbs to her feet, a look of disgust at herself on her face as she grabs Cinder by the leg, dragging her back towards the middle of the ring to the exasperation of Harley Hamilton who slaps a hand down on the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Harley Hamilton knows how badly she needs to get her partner out of there and make that tag... but right now, it's the Peach Pits making the tag, bringing Donna Martinelli back inside the ring.

[Martinelli comes in quickly, gesturing to the downed Cinder to a nod from a still-weary Walsh who goes to pull her up.]

GM: Another double team perhaps.

[Martinelli and Walsh hook her under the arms again...

...but this time, they're facing the other direction.]

GM: What are they...?

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ROARS as Cinder's form gets flung through the air in another double hiptoss, violently colliding with the turnbuckles as her body torques in a sickening fashion!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

BW: That might do it!

GM: Martinelli pulls her out! She covers!

[The referee drops down to count.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CINDER SLIPS THE SHOULDER UP! OH MY!

[And a sharp-eyed viewer would note that Harley Hamilton was through the ropes and on her way in to make the save as well. Hamilton looks relieved as she backs up, ignoring the referee as she steps back out to the apron.]

GM: Cinder's in a bad way right now as we near the fifteen minute mark of this sixty minute time limit contest.

BW: What happens if it goes the distance, Gordo? We gotta have a winner!

GM: I don't know, Bucky. I guess that's up to Interim President Zharkov to decide.

[Martinelli grimaces as she gives Miranda a hard look before getting to her feet, pulling Cinder up with her by the arm, wheeling her around and shooting her into the neutral corner...]

GM: Another hard shot to the back, slamming into the corner... and she went right down to the mat. Cinder's clutching that lower back and the Peach Pits have drawn a bullseye on it for sure...

[With Cinder on the mat, Martinelli starts stomping the back again, causing the referee to immediately come in and warn against the attack in the corner...]

GM: Martinelli backing off now and... what's this?!

[The crowd reacts as Kelly Taylor moves into position on the floor, grabbing a leg on Cinder and an arm, pulling her back against the ringpost!]

GM: OH! SURFBOARD AROUND THE POST BY TAYLOR!

[With more boos than cheers hitting Taylor, she continues the attack as Kowalski and Cash move to stop her...]

GM: Taylor trying to do as much damage as she can before-

[Taylor backs off, smirking at the approaching Kowalski and Cash as Hamilton shouts at her from the apron.]

GM: Well, we were concerned about the level of outside interference we might see on BOTH sides before the match and that certainly seems to have proven to be a valid concern so far.

[As Taylor backs away, Martinelli rushes across the ring...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and connects with a baseball slide dropkick to the gut that SMASHES Cinder's back into the steel ringpost again!]

GM: INTO THE POST AGAIN! OH MY!

[An irate Harley Hamilton comes through the ropes, the referee rushing to block her path as Martinelli takes a knee on the mat, mockingly waving at Hamilton as even more jeers come down.]

BW: So much for the Peach Pits having the support of the fans in this one.

GM: The tables seem to be turning on that one as the Pits get down and dirty in this tournament Finals for the Women's World Tag Team Titles...

[Hamilton struggles to try and get past the referee as Martinelli gets to her feet, still taunting her from behind the official's back...]

GM: Hamilton wants to get her hands on Martinelli... and mostly, she wants her partner out of that ring, I think, and-

BW: Here comes Walsh!

[With the official distracted, Shannon Walsh rushes in behind her back, helping to pull the wounded Cinder off the mat...]

...and with the aid of her partner, they press Cinder overhead!]

GM: Turn around, Shari!

[Harley Hamilton is saying the same thing as the official tells her to get out of the ring. Hamilton is desperately protesting as her partner is pressed up...]

...and dropped DOWN across a pair of bent knees!]

GM: OHHH! DOUBLE BACKBREAKER BEHIND THE OFFICIAL'S BACK!

[Walsh quickly bails out as Hamilton finally does the same, causing the official to turn around just in time to see Martinelli applying a lateral press.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! We've got- again, Cinder slips out in time!

[And again, Harley Hamilton was on her way in to break up the pin attempt, drawing the official's attention again, demanding she exit the ring to the apron.]

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

GM: You hear the call from Rebecca Ortiz right there. Fifteen minutes gone out of sixty in this time limit as the Peach Pits have completely isolated Cinder from her corner and are absolutely punishing the back of the 2017 Steal The Spotlight winner.

[Martinelli immediately spots Hamilton and starts taunting her again, causing the fired-up second generation star to stay in the ring, struggling to get at the obnoxious former pop singer...]

...who promptly waves Shannon Walsh back into the ring, pulling Cinder off the mat...]



GM: Again?! Are you kidding me?!

[Hamilton again tries to get around the referee as the Peach Pits whip Cinder into the ropes, launching her overhead with a double backdrop that sends her crashing violently into the mat...

...and with a smirk, Martinelli claps her hands together over her head, ducking out of the ring to leave her partner inside.]

GM: There was no tag, Shari!

[As Hamilton exits, shouting something similar at the official, the referee looks questioningly at Walsh and then at Martinelli who claps her hands together again, nodding.]

BW: Donna's telling her that she HEARD a tag - and she sure did!

GM: That's not the same thing!

[Miranda looks conflicted for a moment and then signals for the match to continue to more jeers from the crowd.]

GM: Well, it looks like the illegal tag is going to stand... and you have to wonder how it feels for Seductive and Destructive to be on the other side of all these illegal tactics that they use so often.

BW: It's obviously frustrating them, Gordo - just look at Harley Hamilton! She's fit to be tied out here, waiting to get into that ring...

GM: So far, the referee's been able to keep her at bay but I don't know for how much longer as Walsh grabs the legs annnnnd... Boston Crab locked in!

[Cinder immediately cries out as Walsh leans back, torquing the battered back of the wild Scot...]

GM: The Crab is on and this could be it, Bucky!

BW: We talked earlier about Cinder needing to keep her future in mind. She doesn't want to submit... she doesn't want to give up her shot at winning these titles for her and her friend but she may not have a choice in the matter! Her back has been pounded and pummeled by the Peach Pits and now she's locked in an absolutely punishing submission hold!

[Hamilton buries her face in her hands in the corner briefly before stomping her foot a few times with a "COME ON, CINDY! COME ON!" directed at her partner who is clawing at the mat trying to get towards that voice.]

GM: Cinder's fighting it for now but how long can she last? How long can she hang on in this punishing hold that Shannon Walsh has applied?

[Walsh leans back a little more, getting a scream from Cinder before she shouts "ASK HER!" at the ref who leans in... and then waves her arms, shaking her head no.]

GM: Cinder refusing to give in, refusing to quit... showing the fighting spirit she has gained in all her years in this business. The youngest of four children from a wrestling family - her parents Sorell and Davey Castle are well-renowned for their time competing throughout Great Britain, much of the time in those camps and carnivals where the likes of Callum Mahoney came from.

BW: They make 'em tough in those tents, Gordo.

GM: They absolutely do... and you can never forget - although it may sound bizarre to our viewers here in the States, but Cinder's first professional wrestling match was at the age of 13! Seven years later, she's not fighting in a makeshift ring in the middle of a field under a tent... she's fighting in the world-famous Superdome to become one-half of the very first AWA Women's World Tag Team Champions! But can she hang on? Can she survive?

[Cinder claws at the canvas, forcing her head up to look at her partner who is pleading for her to keep moving towards her.]

GM: Harley Hamilton trying to give her partner a little more motivation... Casey Cash and Kelly Kowalski cheering her on as well... and yes, even some of these conflicted AWA fans here in New Orleans on this historic night are cheering her on to get to the corner and make that tag to Harley Hamilton. But can she do it? Can she get there before she has no choice but to give up?

[Cinder reaches out an arm, not realizing how far away she is from the corner as the pain shoots through her body, clouding her vision...]

GM: She's nowhere near the corner! She can't get the tag quite yet! Hamilton with a lonnnnnng stretch - as long as she legally can - but it's still not enough!

BW: She's gonna tap! She's gonna tap!

[...but Cinder instead closes up her hand, smashing her clenched fist down into the mat as she screams "NOOOOOOOO!" to the official again.]

GM: No! No tap! Cinder hanging on! Hanging on with all she's got! Hanging on with every single bit of...

[Gordon trails off as she lifts her head again... opening her hand and stretching out, almost pleading for her partner's aid...

...and then faceplants on the mat, her arm dropping limp.]

GM: She may be out! She may have passed out from the pain!

[Shari Miranda races into position, grabbing the limp arm on the mat, lifting it once...

...which is when Harley Hamilton storms into the ring and DRILLS Shannon Walsh with a forearm to the back of the head, knocking Walsh out of the hold and stumbling across the ring into her corner.]

GM: OH! HAMILTON BREAKS THE HOLD!

[The referee leaps up to shout at Hamilton who raises her arms, slowly backing off...]

BW: Martinelli with the tag!

[...and ducks from the ring as Martinelli sprints across, leaping into the air, and drops her butt down into Cinder's lower back before Cinder can crawl towards her corner!]

GM: Ohhh! And Martinelli picks up right where her partner left off! Right back down onto the injured back of Cinder!

[Martinelli climbs to her feet, mocking Harley Hamilton with a "COME ON, CINDY! LET'S GO, CINDY!" in a taunting tone as the fans jeer and Hamilton fumes.]

BW: I'm not sure ticking off Harley Hamilton would be on my list of recommended strategies as a former Manager of the Year, Gordo.

GM: Martinelli's wasting valuable time here, leaving Cinder to recover down on the mat as she taunts Hamilton.

[The confident Martinelli steps closer to the corner, pointing at Hamilton, faking wiping tears from her eyes as Hamilton continues to glare at her.]

GM: Donna Martinelli may be making a huge mistake here if you ask me and-

[She steps closer again, still pointing...

...which is when Hamilton's hand snaps out, grasping the wrist of a suddenly-shocked Martinelli...

...and drops off the apron, snapping Martinelli's injured arm down over the top rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Martinelli suddenly falls backwards, clutching her arm in pain as Hamilton sneers at her from the floor and Casey Cash gives a joyous "YEAH! BREAK THAT THANG, HARLEY!"

GM: Martinelli got caught and that arm that Laura Davis tormented just two weeks ago took the brunt of that! You knew the arm was running through the minds of Seductive and Destructive here tonight and they just took advantage of it and-

[Martinelli slowly turns, looking to get to her own corner...]

GM: CINDER'S UP!

[...and finds Cinder in her path, holding the small of her back as she lashes out with a boot to the midsection that doubles up Martinelli. Cinder hooks a front facelock, stretching out the arm...]

GM: She's gonna- OHHH!

[...and drops down violently, jamming the shoulder into the canvas as Martinelli cries out in pain!]

GM: Single arm DDT by Cinder! And Martinelli goes down hard!

BW: Back in the day, a lot of guys called that move Divorce Court because of how many shoulders it separated and Donna Martinelli may have just found that out the hard way!

GM: Martinelli's down! Cinder's down as well! And now both of these competitors need to get to the corner and make the tag to their partners!

[Martinelli pushes up off the mat, grabbing at her shoulder as she kneels on the canvas, looking through pain-filled eyes at Shannon Walsh who is beckoning her to get to the corner before Cinder can get to her corner.]

GM: We've got ourselves a race now! Walsh shouting at Martinelli, telling her to make that tag! Hamilton doing the same... plus the corner women on the outside adding their two cents as well! Who's gonna get there first?

[Martinelli puts her good arm down, using it for support as she tries to crawl across the ring towards Walsh. Cinder flops over onto stomach, twisting around to inch towards her corner as well. The fans are on their feet, supporting whoever the heck they've decided to support in this battle between two of their least favorite squads...]

GM: Martinelli's a little bit fresher than Cinder but she also came into the match injured and that single arm DDT might've re-aggravated that injury!

BW: I don't think there's a "might've" to be had there. Martinelli's hurtin' for certain, Gordo, and she's gotta get out of there FAST before Hamilton gets in there to dissect that arm.

GM: Martinelli's got the lead... she's almost there... Cinder a few feet behind her in getting to Hamilton...

[There's a moment of pause as we watch the two crawl, listening to the fans urge them on until...]

GM: TAG! IN COMES WALSH!

[Walsh comes rushing through the ropes, making a dive to grab Cinder by the ankle...]

GM: AND SHE BLOCKS THE TAG! SHE STOPS CINDER FROM MAKING THE TAG!

[Walsh gets up, looking to secure an ankle lock...

...but Cinder rolls to her back, drawing her legs in, and kicks her off, sending her towards the middle of the ring!]

GM: CINDER KICKS HER OFF!

[Cinder rolls back the other way, pushing up to her knees as Walsh scrambles to recover on the mat...]

GM: TAAAAAG!

[...and the crowd ROARS as Harley Hamilton gives a triumphant shout, slingshotting over the ropes into the ring, rushing headlong into a rising Shannon Walsh with a pair of right hands that greet her on the way up!]

GM: HAMILTON AND WALSH - ROUND TWO!

[A few more short haymakers find the mark before Hamilton swings a knee up into the gut, stunning Walsh for a moment while the second generation star drops back into the ropes...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BOOT TO THE MOUTH! RIGHT TO THE MOUTH BY HAMILTON!

[Walsh staggers back from the impact of the shot...

...but does not fall! She glares at a surprised Hamilton for a moment before spitting on the canvas...

...and calls for it again!]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

BW: What the heck is Shannon Walsh made of, Gordo?!

GM: Tougher stuff than you or I - that's for sure!

[With a nod, Hamilton drops back into the ropes again, charging back in...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and delivers a second running big boot to the mouth, stunning Walsh who stumbles... staggers...

...but stays standing!]

BW: This is crazy!

GM: Shannon Walsh just took two big boots to the mouth from Harley Hamilton and she's still on her feet! She's still on her feet!

[Walsh reaches up this time, wiping her hand across her mouth and coming back with blood on her pale skin.]

BW: Harley may have kicked her teeth down her throat!

GM: It wouldn't surprise me!

[Walsh defiantly shouts "AGAIN!" at a disbelieving Hamilton who looks a little frazzled out to the floor where a fired-up Kowalski excitedly nods with a "BUST HER DAMN MOUTH!"]

GM: Hamilton to the ropes a third time!

[On the rebound this time, Shannon Walsh has other ideas, swinging her arm across for a clothesline...

...but Hamilton senses it coming, dropping into a slide to avoid it.]

GM: Swing and a miss!

[Hamilton comes to her feet, kicking the back of Walsh's knee, taking her down onto it before she dashes past her into the ropes, rebounding back...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and absolutely creams the kneeling Walsh with one more running boot to the mouth, completely wiping her out on the canvas!]

GM: DOWN GOES WALSH! HAMILTON WIPES HER OUT!

[She dives across the prone Walsh, reaching back for a leg...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO!

[...but Walsh kicks out, breaking up the pin in plenty of time!]

GM: Hamilton couldn't keep her down for three!

[The fired-up Harley Hamilton grabs Walsh by the hair, taking a loose mount to drive a heavy forearm into the jaw once... twice... three times before dragging her feet, tossing her into the neutral corner.]

GM: Hamilton puts her in the corner...

[Moving in on her, the aggressive Hamilton decides to unleash hell on her stunned foe - launching into a series of brutal forearm strikes to the temple...]

GM: She's all over her in the corner!

[...spinning around into an elbowstrike...]

GM: The referee ordering her out! Starting her count!

[...and a second rolling elbow to the jaw causes Walsh's eyelids to flutter...]

GM: Come on, ref! Do something about this!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and drops an exclamation point on her with a spinning back elbow to the jaw that snaps her head to the side and puts her down to a knee!]

GM: Hamilton's got Walsh in trouble! Walsh is seeing stars right now and Harley Hamilton's taking her to the Observatory!

[Grabbing the wrist, Hamilton yanks Walsh off her knee, trying to whip her across the ring...]

...but the desperate Walsh reverses, sending Hamilton into the corner instead where she bounces out of the corner...

...and Walsh comes in hard, lifting her up off the mat by the upper thighs, twisting her around, and throwing her down in a stunning double leg takedown that pops the crowd!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A TAKEDOWN!

[With Hamilton on her back stunned, Walsh dives into a mount on top of her, driving ferocious fists down into her face as the referee calls for a break!]

GM: WALSH IS ALL OVER HER! LOOKING TO END IT NOW!

[Hamilton gets her arms up, trying to shield her face as Walsh tries to punch right through it...]

...and with a buck of the hips, Hamilton tosses a surprised Walsh out of the mount, sending her down on the mat on her knees as Hamilton tries to get out from under her!]

GM: Hamilton slips out!

[Walsh gets to her feet first, quickly striking a pose...]

BW: She's looking for the superkick, Gordo!

GM: It's worked for her on Hamilton before - more than once! Could she hit it here and win the tag team titles for the Peach Pits?!

[Spotting the superkick coming, Casey Cash slaps her hands repeatedly on the mat, shouting to her friend who is struggling to get up off the mat...]

GM: Hamilton to her feet and- ohhh!

[...where she promptly takes a dive through the ropes, bailing out to the floor before Walsh can launch the potentially match-ending superkick!]

GM: Hamilton diving to the floor like a quarterback going out of bounds.

BW: Give all the credit to Casey Cash right there. She saw the superkick coming, they had it scouted, and she got the word to Hamilton who had no idea what was waiting for her when she got to her feet!

[A frustrated Walsh glares at a gloating Cash for a moment...

...and then suddenly moves towards the ropes to cheers from the crowd!]

GM: Walsh is going out after Hamilton and... now these people are loving it again?!

[Charging away from Walsh to the other side of the ring, Cash hops up on the apron, shouting at Martinelli which gets the referee coming towards her...

...and allows Kowalski to grab the ankle of Walsh as she comes through the ropes, giving it a hard yank and causing Walsh to faceplant on the apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH, COME ON!

BW: What a brilliant move by E-Girl MAX! Casey Cash with the distraction, Kelly Kowalski brings the pain!

[Kelly Taylor protests loudly, pointing across the ring but by the time the official turns around, she finds nothing but Harley Hamilton pulling Walsh so her torso is hanging off the apron...]

GM: Hamilton taking advantage - big elbows, right down on the back of the neck of Walsh!

[...and Hamilton sweeps an arm towards her allies, clearing Kowalski before she backs up, sizing up the dangling Walsh before charging back in...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RUNNING KNEELIFT CONNECTS! OH MY!

[The blow snaps Walsh's head back before causing her to flop limply over the edge of the apron again. Hamilton gives a smirk, leaning on the apron for a moment to catch a breather...

...and then muscles Walsh up, pulling her off the apron into her waiting arms...]

GM: What is she...?

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ...BODYSLAM ON THE FLOOOOOOR! OH MY STARS!

[Hamilton slumps back against the apron, breathing heavily as Walsh arches up in pain on the floor, rolling to her hip as the fans jeer the dangerous move from Harley Hamilton on the outside. A nearby Casey Cash applauds proudly as Kelly Kowalski grins, leaning in to give her friend a fistbump before Hamilton rolls back inside the ring where the referee is there to greet her with a tirade.]

GM: Hamilton getting an earful from the official and... oh no, hang on now...

[The crowd buzzes as Casey Cash and Kelly Kowalski encircle the downed Shannon Walsh, looking to do more damage perhaps...]

GM: The numbers game coming into play again on the outside and-

[...but the cheers goes up as Kelly Taylor comes rushing around the ring, jumping into a protective stance over her ally as Cash takes a big step back and Kowalski holds her ground, menacing Taylor...]

GM: We've got a showdown on the outside and... thankfully, here comes Shari Miranda to the outside as well, trying to regain some control...

[Hamilton stands in the ring, watching as the official tries to order Taylor, Kowalski, and Cash back away from the downed Walsh...]

...and with her back turned to the far corner, Donna Martinelli slinks through the ropes into the ring, snatching two hands full of Hamilton's hair to a shocked yelp of pain...]

GM: Martinelli's in from behind and-

[...and YANKS her off her feet, throwing her down on the back of her head by the hair!]

GM: Martinelli with a little bit of payback from the attack on the arm earlier!

[But the attack on Hamilton brings Cinder in, rushing towards Martinelli who is already on the move, diving through the ropes back to the outside. A blur of motion, Cinder tears through the ropes in pursuit of the woman who just attacked her bestie...]

GM: Cinder's chasing Martinelli on the outside! The referee is quickly losing all control of this one!

[The referee slides back into the ring, looking down confused at the floored Hamilton...]

...and as Martinelli rounds the ringpost, Kowalski EXPLODES out of a crouch with a devastating clothesline on the outside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What the-?!

BW: They're taking a big chance here! Kowalski with a blatant attack on Martinelli and-

[Kowalski starts putting the heavy boots to Martinelli on the floor, a pissed-off expression... well, basically the same one she always has... on her face.]



GM: Kowalski's all over Martinelli on the outside and-

[Suddenly, she stops as she looks at the ring where Shari Miranda is looking straight at her!]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: She got caught!

[Miranda points a finger at Kowalski with a loud "YOU!" as the crowd cheers. Kowalski shakes her head, lifting her arms to plead her case as Miranda takes a moment, looking around the ring...]

GM: They could get disqualified for this! The Peach Pits might have just won the title thanks to a bad decision by Kelly Kowalski!

BW: That's the story of that girl's life, Gordo - bad decisions.

[Miranda seems to have made her decision in the meantime, pointing again at Kowalski...]

"YOU'RE OUT OF HERE!"

[...and to a HUUUUUGE ROAR from the New Orleans crowd, Miranda ejects Kowalski from ringside!]

GM: Oho! Kelly Kowalski may not have just cost her friends the titles... but she just got herself ejected from ringside!

[Kowalski throws a mini-fit, kicking at the ring apron, slamming her arms down on the apron before a pair of officials move to escort her back up the aisle as she mutters "I'm goin', I'm goin'"]

GM: And the odds are now even! We've got three on three if you count the women at ringside now... and Kelly Kowalski's been sent for a walk here tonight thanks to her blatant interference getting caught by Shari Miranda.

BW: Look, I'm as big of a believer in the ring skills of Cinder and Hamilton as you'll find but we all saw the highlight packages... we know how they got to this Finals. What if Kowalski's a part of whatever plan they've got brewing here tonight?

GM: Then they better hope they've got a Plan B, daddy!

BW: Daddy?! That's my line!

[With Hamilton getting up off the mat, turning to argue with Shari Miranda who firmly informs her "you're lucky you're not disqualified!", Shannon Walsh crawls back inside the ring, coming to her feet as Hamilton spins around and angrily charges towards her but Walsh sidesteps and Hamilton goes crashing into the Peach Pits' corner!]

GM: And now it's Hamilton in the wrong part of town!

[Walsh scrambles up on the middle rope, lifting her right hand to the New Orleans fans...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Walsh stays on the buckle, shouting "YOU WANT MORE?!" in a rare show of emotion to the cheering fans who definitely want more...

...but the referee steps in, shouting up to Walsh to get down from her perch.]

GM: Walsh wants to keep pounding Hamilton with those right hands but-

[And with Walsh arguing with Miranda, Hamilton slips an arm between the legs and ends up tossing Walsh over the ropes, sending her crashing down to the barely-padded Superdome floor!]

GM: OHHH! HAMILTON SENDS HER TO THE OUTSIDE!

[Hamilton leans against the ropes for a moment, Donna Martinelli several feet down the apron away from her...

...and then ducks through the ropes to the apron herself.]

GM: Hamilton's going outside - she's going after Walsh!

[Hamilton backs down the apron, giving herself room to move as Martinelli shouts at her from the other apron...]

GM: Hamilton on the apron, sizing up Shannon Walsh who is still down on the outside... the referee trying to get Hamilton back in...

[...and as soon as Walsh manages to use the apron to pull herself to her feet, Hamilton runs the apron, launching herself off into a flying clothesline that wipes out the former MMA fighter!]

GM: Ohhhh! Nice flying clothesline by Hamilton... and that should put her firmly in control of this one.

[Out on the floor, Hamilton looks up at the protesting official and gives a dismissive wave, turning her focus back to the still-downed Walsh as she pulls her back up to her feet...]

GM: Look out here!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Walsh SLAMS backfirst into the ringside barricade, shifting the metal railing as she slams into it.]

GM: Spinefirst into the steel! And perhaps Harley Hamilton is looking for a little bit of payback... a little bit of pain inflicted onto the back of Walsh for what Walsh did to Cinder's back earlier in this one.

[Approaching the railing and the kneeling Walsh, Hamilton grabs her by the hair, smashing her forearm into the jaw once... twice... three times before dragging her off the ringside mats, pulling her over towards the ring apron...]

GM: What's Hamilton got in mind here?

[...and right into a back suplex lift, dropping Walsh spinefirst on the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: My stars in heaven! A suplex dropped on the hardest part of the ring... and Shannon Walsh is in some serious trouble right about now, fans.

[Walsh grabs at her lower back in pain, trying to roll away from Hamilton who gives her an assist, shoving her under the ropes into the ring.]

BW: Harley should go in there and try to cover her. This might be over right now.

GM: I think that's her exact gameplan, Bucky. Rolling under-

[The crowd reacts as Hamilton's crawl under the ropes comes up short of the downed Walsh thanks to Donna Martinelli grabbing her by the ankle from the floor!]

GM: Martinelli's got her! Martinelli hooks her by the ankle!

[Hamilton slams her arms down on the mat, trying to drag herself away to cover Walsh...

...and then angrily rolls over, delivering a hard kick with both legs that sends Martinelli flying backwards from the ring...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and into the ringside railing where Martinelli instantly wails in pain, having twisted her body to try to cushion the blow and ended up taking the full impact on her injured limb!]

GM: OHH! MARTINELLI'S SHOULDER AND ARM HITS THE RAILING!

[She collapses to the floor, tears in her eyes as she clutches at her arm. Kelly Taylor sprints around the ringside area, sliding to her knees alongside Martinelli who is groaning with every movement.]

BW: She's hurt and she's hurt bad, Gordo.

GM: That injured arm driven into the steel... and she's lucky she's not the legal competitor right now in this one.

[Climbing to her feet, Hamilton gives a satisfied look at the ringside scene as Taylor fires off a few words in her direction. A chuckle bursts from Hamilton's lips as she turns away from Martinelli and Taylor to focus on her opponent, leaning down to pick her up...]

GM: SMALL PACKAGE! SMALL PACKAGE!

[The shocking cradle has Hamilton's shoulder down as the official dives to the mat.]

GM: ONNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! TH-

[The crowd groans as Hamilton powers out of the hold, breaking free in time.]

GM: A close call there for Seductive and Destructive and- ohh! Hamilton goes right to the eyes!

[The fans jeer the cheap shot but Hamilton pays them no regard, snapping off a superkick to the knee that puts Walsh back down on her knees where Hamilton measures her before...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A KICK! A sweeping roundhouse to the back of the head and Shannon Walsh might be out after that!

[Walsh collapses forward, her arms extending to keep her from falling flat. She forces herself back up in time to catch a running knee to the jaw that snaps her head back, her eyes rolling back!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[And with Walsh barely able to move of her own accord, Hamilton backs off, takes aim...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and delivers a jaw-jacking bicycle kick to the kneeling Walsh, leveling her before Hamilton dives across her prone form!]

GM: This could be it! Champions could be crowned!

[Shari Miranda drops down again, slapping the mat once... twice...]

GM: OHHH! WALSH IS OUT AT TWO!

[Hamilton grimaces at the official, holding up three fingers to Shari Miranda who shakes her head - "Just two, Hamilton." Harley shakes her head in response, climbing to her feet where she spots Donna Martinelli partially under the ropes, having tried to get in to help her partner but collapsing down on her face before she could do it...

...and Hamilton STOMPS the arm for good measure, bringing forth a howl of pain from Martinelli and howls of derision from the Superdome crowd!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Hey, if Donna wants to get back in there, she's fair game, daddy!

GM: We're creeping up on the thirty minute mark of this historic battle to see who will be the first Women's World Tag Team Champions... and as Martinelli rolls to the outside, holding her arm in pain... it seems like this may be on the verge of turning into a handicap match.

[Hamilton glares down at Walsh... then over to Martinelli who is using her good arm to drag herself up onto the apron with the help of Kelly Taylor...

...and with a grin on her face, Hamilton pulls the limp Walsh off the mat, tossing her into the corner...]

GM: What in the...?

[...and then marches into the corner, grabbing Martinelli's injured arm by the wrist and forcing her to tag Walsh!]

BW: Harley Hamilton just allowed... no, scratch that... she just FORCED a tag! She wants Martinelli in there and now she's got her!

[Hamilton shoves Walsh through the ropes as a hurting Martinelli tries to get into the ring...

...but Harley catches her coming in, quickly wrapping her injured arm around the top rope...]

GM: No, no, no!

[...and with a few step run, she delivers a big boot to the trapped limb!]

GM: OHHH! COME ON, REFEREE!

BW: Not a thing illegal about that!

GM: She was in the ropes, Bucky!

BW: Well, if you want to get technical about it, sure.

[Martinelli staggers away from Hamilton, collapsing down onto all fours as Kelly Taylor shouts at the official from the outside of the ring. Miranda gives a few words to Hamilton who shrugs her off...

...and then BOOTS the arm out from under Martinelli, knocking her flat on her face on the mat and then laughing about it. On the floor, Cash is taunting Martinelli as Cinder bounces on the apron, grimacing a bit as she grabs at her back but shoves out her hand.]

GM: And Cinder wants back in there. She wants a shot of her own at the injured Martinelli... and yes, it looks like Harley Hamilton is going to make her friend's wish come true.

[A tag follows and Cinder steps through the ropes, cackling to herself as Hamilton pulls Martinelli up, slowly twisting the hurting arm in a wringer...

...and then watching as Cinder leaps off the middle rope, bringing all her weight down across the arm in a double axehandle!]

GM: And Seductive and Destructive are going after the arm now in full force.

BW: You have to imagine that was their plan from the start, Gordo.

GM: I'm sure it was... Martinelli down on her hands and knees and... what's Cinder doing now?

[Stepping over into a straddle, Cinder snatches the arm under her own, yanking it back into a nasty-looking armbar...]

“QUIT! QUIIIIT, YEH FILTHY LIL’ BOOT!”

GM: Cinder letting Martinelli hear it, adding the proverbial insult to injury in her own special way.

[Martinelli defiantly shouts “NOOOOO!” to the official as Cinder gives another hard yank and then disgustedly shoves Martinelli down on her chest again.]

GM: The 2017 Steal The Spotlight winner lets go of the armbar and... oh no.

[Pinning the wrist with one foot, Cinder STOMPS the arm over and over and over with the other, causing Martinelli to cry out louder and louder with each blow landed as a tearful Kelly Taylor screams her support from the outside...]

...right before Cinder leaps up to drop her weight on the arm with a senton!]

GM: Ohhh... right down on the arm again... and now Cinder with a cover, trying to finish this one off...

“THIRTY MINUTES GONE BY! THIRTY MINUTES REMAIN! THIRTY MINUTES!”

GM: ...and we’re halfway through the time limit as Cinder gets one... gets two... and Martinelli kicks out again!

BW: Say what you want about Donna Martinelli, Gordo... but you gotta be impressed at what she’s bringing to the table tonight and in this whole tournament to boot.

GM: She’s been on a bit of self-discovery, I think... maybe realizing that she’s more than what everyone’s said she was over the past year or so since her time toiling in CCW under Todd Michaelson’s watchful eye. Remember, Martinelli didn’t even graduate from the Combat Corner... it was Laura Davis who plucked her out of the AWA’s training program and brought her to the AWA locker room.

[Cinder drags a weary and wounded Martinelli off the mat by the arm, twisting it around before using it to whip her into the S&D corner where she quickly slaps her partner’s offered hand.]

GM: Quick tag there bringing Hamilton back in...

[Cinder grabs the arm, twisting it around a second time as Hamilton quickly scales the ropes from the outside, leaping off to drive a clubbing forearm across the tricep...]

GM: ...and again, a doubleteam onto that injured arm. And at some point, Bucky, you have to wonder how much of this Martinelli can take. We talked about Cinder needing to consider her future... right about now, Donna Martinelli needs to be having the same internal monologue if you ask me because the longer she stays in there with Cinder and Hamilton in this condition, the more jeopardy she puts her long-term health in.

[...but as Gordon provides that analysis, Donna is staggering across the ring, stretching out her good arm towards her corner where Shannon Walsh is eagerly waiting to tag back in...]

GM: Donna on the move! Donna trying to get to the-

[...but Hamilton has other plans, grabbing the bad arm and wrenching it back into a rear hammerlock for a moment before lifting Martinelli into the air, dropping her down on the trapped arm!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: -HAMMERLOCK SUPLEX BY HAMILTON!

[With Martinelli’s arm pinned under her, Hamilton rolls into a lateral press, hooking a leg for a one... two...]

GM: Martinelli slips out at two and change!

[A disbelieving Hamilton throws a look at Miranda who holds up two fingers...

...and then Harley grabs Donna by the hair, smashing her with a headbutt!]

GM: OH! Headbutt right between the eyes... another cover...

[The fans cheer as Martinelli slips the good shoulder off the mat again.]

GM: ...and another two count for Martinelli who continues to surprise us with her resiliency in this one.

[Hamilton climbs back to her feet, looking down with the slightest bit of dismay at Martinelli’s refusal to stay down. She shakes her head before grabbing the wrist, slowly twisting the arm as she pulls Donna back up...

...and once standing, Martinelli gets a huge reaction when she drives a right hand into Hamilton’s mouth!]

GM: OH! Big shot by Martinelli! Trying to get loose and-

[But an irate Hamilton is still holding the wrist and YANKS it hard, pulling Martinelli down to the mat. She promptly pins the wrist down with her own hand, pushing up to drive her knee down into the shoulder...]

GM: OHH!

[...and again, drawing a scream of pain from Martinelli...]

GM: OHHHH!

[...and again!]

GM: Somebody ring the bell! Somebody stop this thing!

[And again and again and again, the vicious Hamilton drawing a spine-chilling scream of agony from her victim with each blow! By the time she finally stops, the crowd is jeering loudly, on their feet to berate the brutal second generation star...

...and they’re not alone as Kelly Taylor climbs up on the apron, giving Hamilton an earful of her own. Harley turns to confront her...]

GM: Taylor on the apron and- ohh!

BW: Not anymore!

[...but Casey Cash yanks Taylor down from the floor, pulling her down off the apron!]

GM: Cash on the outside and... we've got a fight on our hands!

[The fans roar the sudden exchange of right hands between Taylor and Cash as the referee shouts at both women from inside the ring...

...which brings Cinder through the ropes on the other side, looking to help Hamilton with Martinelli...]

GM: Cinder's in!

[...but the crowd cheers as Walsh comes in to block her, catching her with a well-placed forearm to the jaw!]

GM: We've got a fight inside the ring AND outside the ring now!

[A second forearm connects, knocking Cinder down as the referee whips around, spotting Cinder and Walsh. She immediately orders both illegal competitors out of the ring while Cinder is already rolling to the outside...]

GM: Shari Miranda certainly has her hands full with the people involved in this one and... where the heck is Cinder going?

[A gleeful look on her face, Cinder tears around the corner as the referee is tied up getting Walsh out of the squared circle, grabbing Kelly Taylor from behind...]

GM: She's going after Taylor! Into the rail-

[But Taylor reverses the effort...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and sends Cinder's already battered back into the steel!]

GM: -IT'S CINDER WHO HITS THE STEEL BARRICADE!

[A shocked and suddenly irate Casey Cash rushes towards Taylor who ducks down...]

GM: OHHH! BACKDROP INTO THE CROWD FOR MISS BALTIMORE CRABS!

BW: Ewww! She's gotta be out there with all these Bayou boneheads!

[The crowd is roaring for Taylor's burst of offense as she suddenly hops up on the apron, shouting at Hamilton again...]

GM: OHH! HARLEY DROPS HER WITH A RIGHT!

[Taylor slumps down to the floor as a pissed off Hamilton pursues, stepping out to the apron and dropping off.]

GM: Harley's out here... maybe looking to help her partner...

[But instead, she pulls Taylor off the floor, dragging her into a front facelock as the referee shouts at her from inside the ring...]

GM: What is she...?!



[...and then runs towards the ring, running up and kicking off the ring, twisting around...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and SPIKES Taylor headfirst into the barely-padded concrete floor!]

GM: TORNADO DDT ON THE FLOOOOOOOOR!

BW: So much for Kelly Taylor in this one! She’s OUT, daddy!

[Hamilton gets up, dusting off her hands. She throws a look over to Cinder who waves her towards the ring. With a nod, Hamilton rolls back in, rushing across as she spots Martinelli crawling towards the corner...]

GM: Donna’s on the move! Donna’s looking for the tag!

[...and SMASHES a right hand into the jaw of Shannon Walsh, knocking her off the apron!]

GM: OHHH! DOWN GOES WALSH!

BW: That’s one way to break up a tag!

GM: It certainly is... and with Walsh down on the floor, Hamilton’s going right back after Martinelli, dragging her to her feet...

[But Donna slaps the hands away, reaching up to hook the hair as she slips her head under the chin, dropping down to her knees!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: JAWBREAKER BY MARTINELLI!

[Hamilton goes staggering away, wobbling towards the middle of the ring as Donna pushes up from her knees, collapsing forward towards Shannon Walsh who is on the apron rubbing her jaw...]

GM: TAG!

[...and the fans cheer as Shannon Walsh comes storming through the ropes, rushing at top speed towards the stunned Hamilton...]

GM: SPEEEEEAR!! SPEEEEEAR! SPEEEEEEEEEEAR!

[The devastating tackle cuts Hamilton down, putting her flat on her back as the fired up Walsh takes the mount, driving right hands down on her...]

GM: WALSH ON TOP, POUNDING AWAY ON HAMILTON! LOOKING TO KNOCK HER OUT PERHAPS AND WIN THIS THING!

[Seeing her partner in danger, Cinder drags herself away from the railing, pulling back up onto the apron...]

GM: Cinder’s on the-

[...but Walsh is a step quicker and is on her feet, swinging for the fences...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and DRILLS Cinder with a high kick that sends the Scot off the apron and back down onto the floor!]

GM: HIGH KICK CONNECTS ON CINDER!

[On the adjacent apron, suddenly Casey Cash - freshly out of the crowd - appears...  
...but a stiff right hand disposes of her as well!]

GM: Down goes Cash too! Walsh is fired up!

[Walsh throws back her arms with a yell, turning around to get eyes back on a stunned but recovering Hamilton who is clutching her ribs as she struggles to get back to her feet...]

GM: Hamilton trying to get up and...

[...and Walsh swoops in behind her, snatching a rear waistlock...]

GM: ...WAISTLOCK!

[...lifting Hamilton into the air and DUMPING her down on the back of her head and neck!]

GM: GERMAN SUPLEX CONNECTS!

BW: She's not done, Gordo!

[Hanging onto the waistlock, Walsh rolls to the side, using it to drag Hamilton back to her feet...

...where she shifts into a full nelson!]

BW: WHAAAAAT?!

[A look of panic crosses Hamilton's eyes a split second before Walsh snaps her up and over, driving her down HARD!]

GM: DRAGON SUPLEX! WITH THE BRIDGE!

[The referee dives down.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HAMILTON GOT THE SHOULDER UP! SHE GOT THE SHOULDER UP JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME!

[Walsh pistons a fist into the mat in frustration with a loud "DAMN IT!" before climbing to her feet. She backs off, nodding her head as the crowd buzzes with anticipation... watching as she measures the dazed and unsuspecting Hamilton as she struggles to get off the mat again...]

GM: Hamilton's trying to get up! Fighting to get up! Giving it everything she's got to get up!

[...and suddenly, Walsh goes tearing across the ring, DRIVING her knee into the sternum of Hamilton!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: THAT MIGHT DO IT! WALSH COVERS AGAIN! MIRANDA DOWN!

[The referee slaps the mat once... twice...]

GM: SHE GOT-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: NO! NO, NO! HAMILTON GETS THE SHOULDER UP IN TIME!

[A frustrated Walsh shakes her head, grabbing at her hair before swinging her leg over Hamilton, pinning her underneath...]

GM: She’s got the mount!

[...and SMASHES home a right hand to the totally exposed jaw of Hamilton...]

GM: BIG RIGHT!

[...and again...]

GM: AGAIN!

[...and again...]

GM: HAMILTON CAN’T DEFEND HERSELF!

[...and again...]

BW: Those are closed fists! The ref should stop this!

GM: She might be stopping it for a different reason! Miranda giving a long look in there...

[...and again... and again... and again...]

GM: Shari Miranda’s shouting at Harley, asking if she can continue... asking if she can-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd reacts to a desperately seeking Cinder diving onto Walsh with a makeshift tackle, breaking up the attack and knocking her clear from Harley Hamilton... for the moment.]

GM: AND CINDER MAKES THE SAVE! OH MY!

[The referee leaps up, shouting at Cinder to exit the ring...

...but Cinder doesn’t get a chance to go willingly as Martinelli enters from behind, grabbing a handful of hair, and HURLING Cinder through the ropes to the outside!]

GM: CINDER GETS TOSSED TO THE FLOOR!

[The referee shouts at Martinelli who pays no attention, ducking through the ropes to go after Cinder on the floor!]

GM: It's breaking down out here again! Cinder and Martinelli trading blows right over here where we've got medics tending to Kelly Taylor, trying to get her out of here...

[Inside the ring, Walsh pulls a near-motionless Hamilton off the mat, whipping her into the corner. She charges in after her, stepping up to the middle rope...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STEP UP KNEESTRIKE!

BW: WHAT?! SHE STOLE THAT FROM HARLEY!

[With Hamilton dazed, Walsh backs off towards the ropes, beckoning her out...]

GM: Walsh is looking for the superkick! She's gonna finish this! She's gonna end this right now and get those titles for the Peach Pits!

[...and Hamilton staggers forward, unaware of what's waiting for her.]

GM: SUPE- WHAT?!

[The crowd ERUPTS in confusion as Casey Cash suddenly snatches the ankle of Hamilton, tripping her up...]

GM: Cash tripped Hamilton! What in the world...?

[...and then drags her under the ropes to the outside, pulling her into a protective embrace while shaking her head at a furious Walsh!]

BW: What a brilliant move by Casey Cash, Gordo! The superkick was coming and the end of the match might've been coming with it but Casey Cash just saved the day for her friends! Casey Cash just-

[The crowd suddenly BURSTS into a ROAR!]

GM: UH OH!

[The camera cuts to the top of the aisle to reveal one ticked off Afro Punk SPRINTING down the ramp towards the ring!]

GM: VICTORIA JUNE! VICTORIA JUNE IS COMING FOR CASEY CASH!

[Cash's eyes go wide upon seeing June coming. She shoves Hamilton towards the ring, breaking into a sprint towards the railing.]

GM: June's on her way... and Cash is running for her life!

[Cash clears the railing, running madly through the crowd as June climbs over the steel railing in pursuit...]

GM: And June's going after her!

BW: What?! Someone get her under control!

GM: Victoria June said she was going to take care of this and that's exactly what she's doing! She's taking Casey Cash out of this and now... FINALLY... we're down to two on two and these two teams can let their own skills determine who will make history and walk out of the Superdome as the very first Women's World Tag Team Champions!

[A dazed Harley is halfway up on the apron when Walsh drags her the rest of the way up, hooking a front facelock...]

GM: Walsh is gonna bring her in the hard way! Looking for the suplex!

[...and hoists Hamilton into the air...]

GM: SHE'S GOT HER UP!

[...which is when the ever-opportunist Cinder hooks the ankle of Walsh, yanking it out from under her, bringing Hamilton down on top of her inside the ring!]

GM: NO! CINDER'S GOT THE ANKLE!

[And Cinder keeps on holding the ankle, preventing Walsh from kicking out as an unaware Shari Miranda drops down to count...]

GM: NOT LIKE THIS! NOT LIKE THIS!

[...once...]

GM: SHARI, NO!

[...twice...]

GM: SHAR-

[...and the crowd ERUPTS as Donna Martinelli throws herself bodily at Cinder, hitting her with enough force to knock her clear, freeing Walsh's legs to NARROWLY escape the three count!]

GM: DONNA MAKES THE SAVE! OH MY!

[The crowd breathes a sigh of relief as Martinelli shouts at the downed Cinder, marching around the ring as Hamilton gets up, throwing a glare at her...]

GM: Hamilton thought they had it won there... she's a little off balance right now but she's got Walsh up...

[...and tosses Walsh into the Peach Pits' corner, stomping in while winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG CHOP CONNECTS!

[Hamilton turns to glare at Shari Miranda who is ordering her out of the corner...

...which causes her to miss Donna Martinelli reaching up to slap the shoulder of Walsh.]

GM: Was that a tag?

BW: I think it was... and I don't think Harley saw it!

[Hamilton turns back to Walsh, burying a boot into the midsection...

...and yanks Walsh into a standing headscissors.]

GM: What is this now?! Harley Hamilton... is she looking for a piledriver?! A powerbomb?!

[Hamilton has Walsh several feet out of the corner as she leans down, trying to wrap her arms around Walsh's torso...]

...and that focus means she totally misses Donna Martinelli climbing the ropes as quickly as she can!]

GM: Donna's climbing! Donna's climbing!

[Hamilton suddenly becomes away, eyes going wide as she looks up, straightening to defend herself...]

GM: DONNA OFF THE TOP!

[...which just allows her to get her arms up as Martinelli HURLS herself into a crossbody, toppling Hamilton down to the mat!]

GM: DONNA'S GOT HER DOWN! DONNA WITH THE COVER! SHE'S GOT ONE!! SHE'S GOT TWO! SHE'S GOT THREEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And again, Hamilton's shoulder goes popping off the mat JUST in time!]

GM: SHE GOT THE SHOULDER UP! HAMILTON LIVES TO KEEP FIGHTING!

[Martinelli climbs off the mat, grimacing as she grabs at her bad arm. She points to the downed Hamilton, nodding her head as the fans cheer her on...]

GM: She's got Harley Hamilton right where she wants her!

BW: That's what she thinks - that's when Harley's at her most dangerous!

[Martinelli grabs Harley by the hair, hauling her up to her feet, and pulls her head in to cradle against her shoulder into a uranage position...]

...which is when Cinder climbs up on the apron, giving a shout in their direction, causing Donna's focus to shift...]

GM: Cinder's on the apron again and-

[...which is when Hamilton spins out of the hold, trapping the wrist and bending the arm into a hammerlock...]

"CLANNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...which she uses to propel Martinelli shoulderfirst into the steel ringpost!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[She grabs the back of the singlet, yanking Donna back and doing it a second time...]

"CLANNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[The horrific shout of pain from Martinelli brings Shannon Walsh through the ropes, shoving past the official to rush Hamilton who turns around and catches the incoming Walsh with a forearm shot to the bridge of the nose...]

"OHHHH!"

[...which staggers Walsh who steadies herself...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUPERKICK!

[...and delivers a jaw-rocking thrust kick that sends Hamilton flying backwards, hitting the ropes with enough force to bounce her right back towards an off-balance Walsh, leaping into the air...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and connects with a Superwoman forearm shot that sends Walsh flying backwards through the ropes and to the outside!]

BW: HOLY- DID YOU SEE THAT?!

[Hamilton jerks around, marching towards Martinelli who is still stuck between the ropes, her shoulder pressed into the steel. She yanks her back out by the singlet, twisting the arm in an armwringer...]

GM: Back on the arm and... hey! What's Cinder doing?! There's no tag!

[...and Cinder quickly scales the ropes, getting to the top just as Hamilton steps back, holding the injured arm at full extension...]

GM: What are they...?

[...and Cinder leaps into the air, tucking her leg...]

GM: OHHHHHHH! KNEEDROP ON THE ARM OFF THE TOP!

BW: That mighta ripped the shoulder right out!

[Martinelli collapses to the mat, her injured arm flailing out to the side as Cinder drops down on all fours. Hamilton quickly moves forward, stepping up on her partner's back...]

GM: What the...?!

[...and DRIVES a double stomp down on the arm!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HAIL TO THE QUEEN!! RIGHT ON THE ARM!!

[With Martinelli howling in pain, Hamilton grabs the arms, sliding the back of her thigh to press down on the injured shoulder as she crosses the arms...]

GM: What in the world...?

BW: It's like a scorpion deathlock... on the arms!

[...and cranks back, causing Martinelli to scream in pain for several seconds before...]

"YES! YES!! I QUIIIIIIIIT!"

[...and the referee swiftly spins, signaling for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd groans... and then jeers as Hamilton hangs on to the hold for just a few seconds more...]

GM: Let her go, damn it!

[...and finally releases it, falling into an embrace with her partner as Cinder rushes to her side!]

BW: They did it! They did it, Gordo! Cinder and Hamilton are the champions of the world!

GM: They sure did. And whether you like them or not...

BW: And we know you don't!

GM: ...you have to be impressed by their performance in this one. They truly are two of the best in the world and... well, they deserve to wear those titles on their shoulders...

BW: Wow.

GM: ...for now. But their day will come, Bucky. Their day will come. There are too many tremendous teams waiting in the wings to take those titles off them. Perhaps even the Peach Pits who put on an incredible effort in their own right. Martinelli forced to submit there at the end as her arm was just tormented by Cinder and Hamilton but after this effort, I can only imagine they'll get another shot at the gold at some point in the future.

[The crowd's jeers pick up as Casey Cash and Kelly Kowalski come back down the aisle, the former streaking to the ring in a blur as the latter simply smirks, clapping proudly as she follows slowly.]

GM: The other members of E-Girl MAX on their way out here now to join the party... and I'm guessing they're in for quite a party tonight to celebrate this big win.

[Cash slides into the ring, barely off her knees before she throws herself to join the embrace. Kowalski on the other hand makes her way over to the podium to grab the new title belts, threatening to backhand Shari Miranda who was already there.]

GM: Kowalski's grabbing the titles... bringing those into the ring now...

[And with a huge grin, she hands them over as Cinder and Hamilton thrust the title belts into the air to jeers from the New Orleans crowd!]

GM: ...and there they are, fans. The very first Women's World Tag Team Champions... making history tonight here in the Superdome... quite a moment for them...



[Cash peels away to grab the other title belts, the ones that they brought down at the beginning of the match and adds them to the mix.]

BW: They've got all the gold now, Gordo!

GM: They do indeed have replica title belts as well. Probably a charge on our old friend's credit card for that one.

BW: This really hurts you, doesn't it?

GM: I said they deserve the gold - what more do you want from me, Bucky?

[Inside the ring, Harley Hamilton and Cinder make their way over towards the announce area, waving mockingly at Myers.]

"See ya around, Gordon!"

BW: Isn't that nice, they came to say goodbye to you!

GM: Mm hmm. Very nice.

[Cinder leans through the ropes, waving a hand right in Gordon's face as the fans jeer loudly...]

"BUH BYE, OLD MAN!"

GM: Alright... well, they've had their fun but- they've won the gold. A big moment for them... for the AWA... for the entire Women's Division but...

[Gordon looks down at the table, trying to avoid making eye contact with the taunting champions and their friends...]

GM: Don't we have a commercial to go to or something?

[The camera cuts away from Gordon as Hamilton and Cinder mount the middle rope, holding their title belts aloft as the crowd jeers while we fade to black.

And then back up to a shot of a darkened room, a filtered spotlight shining down in the middle of it. We can hear footsteps in the background.

Thump.

Thump.

Thump.

The steps are drawing closer it seems.

Thump.

Thump.

Thump.

And they come to a stop revealing the face of Ryan Martinez, still battle-weathered from his bloody war at SuperClash IX.]

"They call me the White Knight."

[A quick shot of Martinez delivering brutal chops to the chest of the King of the Death Match, Caleb Temple.]

"The son of a Hall of Famer."

[A shot of House Martinez - father and son - standing in the ring with Gunnar Gaines.]

"The former two-time World Champion."

[A shot of Martinez standing over Juan Vasquez with the World Title in his grasp.]

"And I am AWA."

[We get an almost identical shot in the darkened room but this time with Supreme Wright standing center stage.]

"The greatest professional wrestler on the planet."

[Cut to footage of Wright cranking on the arm of Casey James.]

"A two-time World Champion"

[Wright holds the title overhead with a defeated Dave Bryant in the background.]

"I am AWA."

[Wright is replaced by Julie Somers.]

"The Spitfire."

[A shot of Somers flipping off the top rope, crashing down on top of Kurayami with the moonsault.]

"The Women's World Champion."

[To SuperClash IX and Somers holding the title over her head.]

"The heart and soul of the Women's Division."

[Somers trading blows with Lauryn Rage inside a steel cage.]

"And I am AWA."

[Somers is replaced by Jordan Ohara, the National Title slung over his shoulder.]

"The Phoenix."

[Ohara dives off the top rope, smashing down with a Phoenix Flame splash.]

"The National Champion."

[Ohara stands on the midbuckle, holding the title up over his head.]

"A once in a millennium talent."

[A series of quick chops lighting up Juan Vasquez.]

"I am AWA."

[The champion is replaced by a grinning Michelle Bailey.]

"The Platinum Princess."

[Bailey tears across the ring, smashing home a Britney Spear on Laura Davis.]

"Former EMWC champion."

[A quick still photo comes up of Bailey holding a championship title aloft.]

"The heart and soul of the- Julie said that?! Grr!

[A playful Bailey plants her fists on her hips, striking a pose.]

"And I am AWA."

[Bailey is replaced by the face-painted Supernova, the World Title secured around his waist.]

"The icon."

[We get footage of Supernova way back in the day, trading blows with Mark Langseth.]

"The franchise player."

[Supernova using the Heat Wave splash on Shadoc Rage.]

"The World. Heavyweight. Champion."

"And I... AM... AWA."

[We get quick shots now, individual shots...

Jack Lynch.]

"I am AWA."

[Shadoc Rage.]

"I am AWA."

[Hannibal Carver.]

"I am AWA."

[Howie Somers.]

"I am AWA."

[Daniel Harper.]

"I am AWA."

[Harley Hamilton.]

"I am AWA."

[They come quicker and quicker, all repeating the tagline - James Lynch, Victoria June, Cinder, Kerry Kendrick, Ayako Fujiwara...

...and this time, each time they say it, they stay on screen, the framed shot getting smaller as more people are added to it...

Laura Davis. Jackson Hunter. Bret Grayson. Ricki Toughill. And on. And on. And on.

And the photos all disappear, leaving just the tagline behind...]

"I am AWA."

[The graphic fades and is replaced with more text - "The American Wrestling Alliance. Every Saturday Night. ESPN."

We fade back up to live action backstage where we see the screen of a television monitor, showing the ringside area we just left moments before. We pan back a bit, and see a pair of black boots resting on a card table that the monitor is resting on. Several empty beer cans lay around the rest of the table. We pan back even further... and lounging in a steel folding chair and holding a can of beer I'd the owner of those black boots, Hannibal Carver. As he takes a sip of beer, Sweet Lou Blackwell comes into frame.]

SLB: Hannibal Carver, with all the action going on tonight... you're just watching the show?

[Carver shrugs.]

HC: Hell, Lou... it's Myers' swan song. Who the hell would want to miss that?

SLB: The two of you haven't always seen eye to eye, I wasn't sure--

[Blackwell is cut off as Carver offers him a fresh beer. Blackwell chuckles and shakes his head.]

HC: Suit yerself. Yeh, he hasn't always liked what I've said and done and I sure as hell dropped him with a Blackout. But the thing is, the reason I got so fired up at the time?

[Carver takes another swig.]

HC: Integrity. He's got it in spades. So if Gordon Myers says a thing, yeh can chalk that up to being as true a thing as fire being hot.

[Blackwell solemnly nods in agreement.]

HC: And that ain't even all. Like I've said, the wars are done. I'm fixated on the future and working my way up the ranks instead of some damn blood feud with some scumbag in a three piece suit. And I look at this screen...

[Carver taps the monitor with the steel toe of his boot.]

HC: ...and I see everyone doing the same damn thing. From vets to rookies, everyone's getting it done. It's a hell of a thing to see.

SLB: Of course, you haven't been back here all night. I'm speaking of course about your confrontation with James Monosso and Eric Preston.

[Carver smirks.]

HC: That's the other thing that's working its way around my brain back here. Don't get me wrong, I respect the hell out of Monosso. I respect everything he accomplished.

[Carver nods.]

HC: But when it comes to Eric... well, that's still a sore spot. I ain't alone in this, but that sumbitch made a big impact on me when I met him years back.

[Carver pauses, looking thoughtfully at the monitor.]

HC: But maybe not as much as the impact he made on me tonight.

SLB: What do you mean?

HC: Hell, he had it right. I ain't no spring chicken. The whole point behind me trying to focus on my career instead of being some damn avenging angel is I'm in the latter stages of my career.

[Carver takes a final swig. He stares at the can before crushing it in his hand.]

HC: And maybe throwing my body like a grenade into every fight, swinging a chair the whole time...

[Carver smirks.]

HC: ...well, maybe that ain't the best way to get it done. Maybe that's only the way to find my ass sitting in a wheelchair myself.

SLB: Are you saying we've seen the last--

[Carver waves him off.]

HC: I ain't saying a damn thing except it's something for me to be thinking about. And the fact that Eric Preston isn't done teaching me... teaching everybody... a damn lesson.

Now let's get the hell out of this hallway, Lou. I need a damn refill.

[Lou chuckles as Carver swings both feet to the floor, sending empty cans all over the hallway floor...

...and we fade to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY."

From the stands of the Superdome, the camera has zoomed in on the figure of Ricki Toughill lurking around the ringside area as the AWA crew finalizes their set-up for the evening. She has a thousand-yard look in her eyes as she stares up to the rafters, and takes a slow, deep breath.

Cut to what must be a few minutes later, where she is seated on the side of the ring at the apron, joined ringside by Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Ricki, we saw you out here a few minutes ago, seemingly getting a feel for the venue and the ring before your first shot at the AWA Women's World Championship. And for all our new viewers on ESPN, you have a complicated relationship with this venue as well as the Champion Julie Somers.

RT: Yeah, to say that it's tough being back here is a bit of an understatement, right? Y'know... a year-and-a-half ago, I thought I was completely broken. I got here to Superdome – you know we're called here early, especially for things like

SuperClash... Anyway, back in 2016, things were going south with Kendrick, I just went through a breakup... And as soon as I looked up, and saw all these seats – I came up in wrestling in gymnasiums, and then the AWA put me in basketball and hockey arenas...

The first time I looked up into this stadium, fear just grabbed hold of me. I wanted to run. I wanted to wave the white flag and leave the arena and run home and walk out the night of SuperClash. I remember thinking that I would never survive if something went wrong with seventy-thousand pairs of eyes on me.

MS: That was the night of your “falls count anywhere” match with Julie Somers.

RT: And until that afternoon, I thought I had her. I’d never beaten her, and I thought I had her where I wanted her. And then... she gave me a swift dose of reality upside my skull.

But I still got up. I survived being in Kendrick’s corner later that night. I survived Black Friday. I survived 2017. And now I find myself here again. I could sit here and say that I’m a different person, but I’m really not. I’m still carrying all of Erica Toughill’s bad decisions around with me. My back still hurts just looking at that entrance stage.

MS: You feel like you’re in a position to finally score a win over the Champion, especially given your suspicion that she’s allied with E-Girl MAX?

[Toughill pauses.]

RT: Maybe on my best day, and maybe on her worst, I think there’s that window where I think I might have her. But she isn’t earning the nickname “Miss SuperClash” for nothing. Every time, in a big match situation, she comes out on top. I look at what Julie Somers has accomplished since we last met and I don’t know that I can beat her.

I don’t know.

I think back to last week on Power Hour, and instead of standing triumphant on the last Power Hour defending the honor of my friend who has told me – in vain – not to worry about not standing with her at her wedding... instead of standing alongside a legendary figure like Michelle Bailey and saying, “we have not been broken...,” I walked out.

I let everyone down. I let myself down. And I can remember all those times, and feel all those eyes on me... when I’ve disappointed someone.

[Toughill shakes her head.]

RT: Y’know I could not take Julie Somers at her word and walk out here tonight thinking, “it’s gonna be five-on-one anyway, you got no shot at this; just get yourself disqualified and hope to take a few body parts with you.” Or I could say, “Julie Somers is unbeatable, so there’s no point in trying to win the match.” It would be so easy for me to run away. It would be so... so easy. So easy to say that the AWA was not meant for otherwise ordinary people like me and... just to be happy with what I’ve done in wrestling so far and be one of those competitors who the wrestling gods smiled upon, but never gave a championship belt to.

Or I could see that the AWA has given me the responsibility for challenging for a title they want to showcase at an event celebrating how far things have come over the past ten years. To quote the Boss: I’m scared, and I’m thinking I’m not that young any more. But if I have a little faith, there’s magic in the night. And I’m no beauty, but hey, I’m alright.

[Ricki flashes the slightest smile.]

RT: What's important to me is that no matter the outcome tonight, I'll be fighting without excuses for the first time in my life. And no matter the outcome – EGM or not – I'll be leaving tonight either the Champion, or go down in defeat with my dignity and my pride still in one piece.

Either way, with the belt or with my head held high, I'm done letting people down.

[The camera holds on the determined face of Ricki Toughill for several more seconds...

...and then we fade back to live action backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing in front of an AWA backdrop. Next to him is the AWA Women's World champion "The Spitfire" Julie Somers. She is dressed in her wrestling attire, consisting of a red halter top and matching Spandex shorts that come above her knees, red kneepads, white wrestling boots. Somers also wears a red cap and the Women's World title belt is strapped around her waist.]

SLB: Tonight on the Tenth Anniversary Show, we're going to see this young lady right here, "The Spitfire" Julie Somers, in a title defense against none other than Ricki Toughill. Julie, earlier tonight, as you and your fellow champions paid tribute to the AWA, it was mentioned that you consider Ricki to be the toughest opponent you have ever faced in the ring.

JS: That's right, Sweet Lou... when Ricki and I met up at SuperClash VIII, I can tell you I never went through a tougher match in my life. It took everything I had to put Ricki down for the count. I'd even say that match did a lot to prepare me to face a woman like Kurayami and not only take everything she dished out, but beat her for this right here.

[Somers gestures to the title belt]

JS: If I told you that facing Ricki didn't make me a better wrestler, I'd be lying to you, Sweet Lou.

SLB: Well, that brings me to this: Despite this show of respect that you've had for Ricki as an opponent, it seems that the two of you still don't see eye to eye on everything. In fact, you had some pointed remarks about Ricki two weeks ago and she had some pointed remarks right back at you.

[Somers takes a deep breath.]

JS: Look, I get it. Ricki has trust issues. After everything that went down with Kerry Kendrick, I can't say I blame her.

But here's the thing: Ricki talks about how I'd be the one that benefits from E-Girl MAX. She talks about how Cinder has the Steal the Spotlight contract and hasn't made the challenge to me yet. And apparently that's enough for Ricki to start casting doubts about me, even after all the months I went through of chasing down this title belt...

[She gestures to it again.]

JS: ...and proving to everyone that not only could I beat a woman like Kurayami, but I could earn that win over her despite the odds.

So let me ask you this: Why would I, after all of that, just cast my lot with a group of girls who'd usually rather look for the easy way out?

[She stares at Blackwell for a moment who shrugs.]

SLB: I don't want to speculate, but it does beg the question about why E-Girl MAX has been getting involved.

JS: Look, Sweet Lou, if you go back to the first time E-Girl MAX confronted Ricki, they told her they didn't want to hurt her, they just wanted to talk, and then they said, right to her face, that when they said they didn't want to hurt her, that they lied. And even then, Ricki came prepared for it.

But that brings me to this: Given those trust issues Ricki's talked about, I'm not going to demand she take my word for everything. But with the way she keeps talking about how she has those doubts about what I've said or implied, it sure seems she doesn't have any doubts about what E-Girl MAX says or implies.

[She places her hands on her hips.]

JS: That's why, tonight, I'm not just going to prove that I will proudly defend my title, I'm not just going to prove to Ricki that I can take her best and beat her again, but I'm going to prove that I neither need nor want any part of the new tag team champions OR their friends to get the job done.

And I trust that Ricki is going to wrestle the best match of her life and, even after everything that's gone down the past few weeks, I have no reason to believe that she won't have her chin held high and her dignity intact

But when all is said and done, Sweet Lou, I can promise you that I will also have my dignity intact, I will have my honor intact, and I will show that every single young girl -- or young boy, for that matter -- who believed in me and the importance of living your dream will have every reason to still believe in me.

[She takes a deep breath.]

JS: And I would hope, after tonight, that Ricki can at least trust me on that.

SLB: Let me ask you one more thing, Julie. What if E-Girl MAX does get involved tonight?

[Julie tilts her her back, almost like she's not happy about being asked that.]

JS: I get it, Sweet Lou. You need to do your job. All I'm going to say to E-Girl MAX is this.

[She looks straight into the camera, her eyes showing a hint of anger.]

JS: Stay. Out. Of. This.

[With that, Somers walks off the set.]

SLB: The title match is about to get underway. Let's go back to ringside!

[We fade back out to a panning shot of the sold out crowd in New Orleans...]

GM: Arguably the biggest rematch in the history of the Women's Division to date is set to begin here in the Superdome on the Tenth Anniversary Show... and when you take a look back at the ten years that got us to this point, it's almost hard to believe we have a Women's Division at all, Bucky, let alone the best one in the world today.



BW: I still can't believe they didn't invite Holly Hotbody to be here, Gordo... the original AWA Women's Division superstar.

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: Of course, the story of how that division came to be will be told very soon on a special ESPN 30 For 30 that I'm told is set to debut in early summer at this point. I'm looking forward to that... just like I've been looking forward to this one since it was announced. And what a clash of styles this is - the brawling toughness of the challenger against the high flying athleticism of the champion in their first one on one matchup since that wild Falls Count Anywhere affair at SuperClash VIII right here in this very building back on Thanksgiving night in 2016... and while the rules have changed for this one, Bucky, the intensity has not.

BW: When you add in the Women's World Title, Gordo, the stakes raise the intensity. Both of these women want to celebrate this historic night with that title around their waist... but only one of 'em can do it and we're about to find out which one it is right now.

GM: And of course, hanging over this match like a guillotine on a very thin thread is E-Girl MAX who have done their best to insinuate themselves into this situation for weeks now... even going so far as to imply that the champion Somers is aligned with them in some fashion - something I don't think anyone believes.

BW: I don't know about that. I think Ricki Toughill believes it, daddy.

GM: Perhaps. We can only hope they keep their noses out of this and let these two fight it out to see who comes out on top. Right now, let's go down to Rebecca and let this much-anticipated rematch begin!

[...and then down to the middle of the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and is for the AWA WOMEN'S WORRRRRRRRLD CHAMPIONSHIP!

[The crowd ROARS for the title match announcement! Ortiz lowers the mic, stepping back as the stadium lights dim...

...and the roar of Suzi Quatro echoes through the Mercedes-Benz Superdome.]

"ALL MY LIFE I WANTED TO BE SOMEBODY AND NOW HERE I AM!"

[A tomboyish-looking woman with a messy undercut combover bursts her way onto the stage, nodding her head to "The Wild One."]

BW: This is it, Gordo - this is just about our swan song, and that's our ugly duckling right there.

GM: I have talked myself hoarse before in the AWA, most notably in this very building back in 2016 at SuperClash VIII...

[Ricki Toughill crosses back and forth across the stage, appealing to the fans on either side of the stadium, blowing a big pink bubble as she chomps her gum. She pauses as she reaches the side, and looks down at the distance to the floor below.]

GM: It was that night that the two principals in tonight's title contest fought one of the gutsiest battles I have ever called, and that young hellraiser came down to earth - figuratively and literally.

[Toughill takes a deep breath, steadies her nerves, and shuffles/jogs her way down toward the ring.]

GM: And casting aside the extracurriculars of this match and the possible involvement of E-Girl MAX, the story of this match is one of stark contrasts: The Champion, Julie Somers makes everything look easy – maybe one of the most athletically inclined individuals in wrestling today, and is finally being celebrated for her achievements. Ricki Toughill has done things the hard way all her life. I'd say to-ACK!

[Gordon Myers' train of thought is interrupted by Ricki Toughill sneaking up beside him and giving him a big, enthusiastic hug.]

"I LOVE YOU, GORDOOOO!"

BW: Hey, how about some sugar for Big Bucks over here, ya shrinkin' violet?

[Toughill overhears this and wraps her arms around Bucky Wilde's shoulders while Myers readjusts his headset to make sure it's still working.]

"Gonna give you boys a real righteous match to call."

[Ricki Toughill blows a kiss to the outgoing announce team and rolls into the ring under the ropes. She looks like a wayward schoolgirl: a white t-shirt with her own smirking mugshot printed on the front, a loose necktie, and a plaid kilt over ripped black fishnets which disappear into a pair of well-loved Converse high tops. Most prominent among her half-dozen tattoos is the large octopus occupying her right shoulder. She backs into the corner, does a few squats and lunges, and blows another pink bubble.]

BW: You were saying, Gordo?

GM: Heh... well, allow me to collect my thoughts and- yes, okay... I was pointing that the road that Ricki Toughill has walked throughout her career has been a bumpy one. Obstacles. Blown out tires. Engines needing an overhaul. Maybe even a giant gap in the road at times.

BW: A world class pain in the a-

GM: Bucky.

BW: -neck driving her off the road?

GM: Exactly. But through it all, Ricki Toughill has persevered. Through it all, she's stayed behind the wheel and keep on driving. And while her road hasn't always been easy, the journey has made her tougher... stronger... more determined... and has made her the wonderful woman we see before us every time she gets inside that ring. I am so happy to get to call one more Ricki Toughill match before I head out the door, Bucky.

BW: Amen to that.

[Toughill tugs at the ropes, trying to stay loose as her music fades...

...and the voice of Shakira comes in 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"

The fans are loud as the words flash, interspersed with action clips of the woman about to be introduced.

And the AWA Women's World Champion emerges from the entranceway. Julie Somers is dressed in She wears a red halter top with matching Spandex shorts that come just above her knees, red kneepads and white wrestling boots. Somers also wears a red cape with the words "LIVE THE DREAM" across the back in white glitter. She has the AWA Women's World title belt strapped around her waist.]

GM: The Women's World Champion has arrived here at the scene of one of her greatest victories, Bucky... and these fans are letting her hear their love here tonight.

BW: It's kinda funny, Gordo. In our Women's World Tag Title Match, we had two teams that the fans can't stand... but in this one, we've got two that the fans adore... and you've gotta wonder who will be the hero of the people in this one.

GM: I expect both women will hear the cheers from the fans here tonight... as it should be.

[Somers stands at the top of the ramp, then spreads her arms diagonally, motioning with her hands to encourage the fans' cheers.

After a moment, The Spitfire heads down the ramp, reaching out to slap hands with the ringside fans. When she reaches the ring, she slides underneath the ropes and rolls to her feet, then heads straight for the corner and climbs to the second turnbuckle. There, she raises her arms above her head, motioning with her hands once again to draw the fans' cheers.]

GM: Julie Somers won that title back at SuperClash, vanquishing a woman who many felt was unstoppable... unbeatable... in the mighty Kurayami. But the Spitfire got the job done then... and tonight, she'll have to be on top of her game like she was that night if she hopes to retain that title in this one.

BW: Toughill's a completely different animal than Kurayami though, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely. And don't think for a second that Julie Somers hasn't done her homework. She IS a student of the game. She's been in the ring with Ricki but I'd wager all the money in the world that she's been studying tape... watching countless matches... developing a gameplan both on offense and defense for the battle to come tonight for her Women's World Title.

BW: And as much as you might think that sounds like something Ricki wouldn't do... I bet she has too, Gordo.

GM: Ricki Toughill has admitted in the past that one thing she lacked in many of her bigger matches over the years was gameplanning... was strategy... and she says that's something she actually DID take away from her time with Kerry Kendrick who is as notorious a student of the game as perhaps anyone in the business. That could be a big benefit for her tonight to not merely go out and fight on instinct... but to have a plan... to have a strategy.

[Somers hops down from the turnbuckle and turns toward Toughill, staring at her for a moment. She removes her cape and hands it to a ringside attendant, then removes the belt around her waist and hands it to the referee as Rebecca Ortiz retakes center ring.]

RO: Introducing first... in the corner to my right... she is the challenger... from Rochester, New York... weighing in at 160 pounds...

...RIIIIIICKIIIIII TOOOOOUUUUGHILLLLLLLLLLLLLL!

[Toughill stays stoic, raising a single arm to salute the cheering fans and quickly lowering it, not taking her eyes off the champion.]

RO: Annnnnnd her opponent... in the corner to my left... she hails from Boston, Massachusetts... weighing in at 135 pounds...

She is the AWA WOMEN'S WORRRRRRRRLD CHAMMMMPIONNNNNN...

[The crowd ROARS for that as Somers nods her head.]

RO: ...THE SPITFIIIIIIIRE...

...JUUUUUUUUUUUULIIIIIIIIIE SOMMMMMMMERRRRRRRRRS!

[Somers mirrors the reaction of Toughill, raising one arm to the fans...

...and while lowering it, she steps from the corner, closing in on Toughill who responds in kind, and the two simply stare at one another.]

GM: Champion and challenger have eyes for nothing but each other and that title... and as you can see, Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller drew the assignment for this one so it'll be his responsibility to keep these two under control... not always an easy task when it comes to Ricki.

BW: Miss Toughill if you're nasty.

[Miller gives a few final words to both competitors annnnnnd...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[...the crowd cheers at the sound of the opening bell as Somers and Toughill stay locked in a staredown with the official imploring the action to begin.]

GM: And the opening moments of this one may go a long way to showing us whose style of fight this is likely to be as we know Toughill will want a scrap where Somers will want a more traditional wrestling match and-

[The cheers get louder as Toughill and Somers lunge into a collar and elbow tieup, jockeying for position in the center of the ring, each looking for the opening edge in this championship contest...]

GM: Here we go! The fans in the Superdome are electrified for this one. They've seen plenty of great action tonight but there's nothing like a title match to get the fans on their feet early and often as-

[...and the cheers turn to a slightly puzzled reaction as Toughill pulls out of the tieup and yanks Somers into a standing side headlock.]

GM: I... well, I suppose saying I'm speechless after all these years would be a fib but I did NOT expect to see this match start with a Ricki Toughill headlock, Bucky.

BW: I wasn't even sure she knew how to do that.

[Somers seems surprised as well, momentarily at a loss for how to attempt to get out of this hold...

...and even more surprised as Ricki shifts her hips, flipping Somers up and over to the mat with a headlock takeover.]

GM: Now, what in the...?

BW: Say what you want about Ricki Toughill - and we've said plenty over the years - but she's always full of surprises.

GM: Absolutely and now she- there's a cover!

[A two count follows... and dangerously more before Somers' shoulder pops off the mat JUST in time!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Wow! That was too close for the Spitfire for sure! She got caught off guard by that pin attempt and Toughill almost scored a... not an upset in that she won but certainly a shocker in the WAY she won.

[Somers' near defeat seems to snap her out of her shock as she battles off the mat up to a knee, pushing her way right up to her feet still trapped in the headlock.]

GM: The champion back to her feet now, looking for a way out of this opening match hold...

[But as they reach their feet and Somers searches for an escape, Toughill spins out of the hold to end up behind Somers, reaching down to yank her legs out from under her with a trip, putting the champion facefirst down on the mat where Ricki dives right back into the side headlock. The crowd cheers the show of technical knowhow but there's still a ripple of surprise in the reaction.]

GM: ...and I can't even believe what we're watching here. Bucky, you and I have discussed how well these two know each other and how that might come into play in this title matchup... but Ricki Toughill might've confounded those expectations by going a completely different route than ANY of us expected - including these fans in New Orleans and definitely including Julie Somers who is certainly capable of trading holds like this but she could NOT have been ready to do that here tonight.

[This time though, Somers fights her way to her feet pretty quickly, ending up in the middle of the ring where she starts to pepper the ribcage of Toughill with short forearms, trying to battle free of the hold...]

GM: Ricki Toughill's technique isn't exactly at the highest of levels and now Somers is starting to find an opening, looking for a way out...

[With Toughill absorbing the body shots, Somers backs her into the ropes, using them for a little bounce to throw Toughill off...]

GM: ...shoots her acr- no! Toughill hangs on!

[The crowd cheers as Ricki brute forces the headlock to stay in place, hanging on to Somers and dragging her back down to a knee on the mat, shaking her head tenaciously.]

GM: This business - after all these years - never ceases to surprise me, Bucky.

BW: I thought Ricki'd be swinging for the fences early and often but so far, it almost feels like Supreme Wright's in there.

GM: Bucky.

BW: I said ALMOST!

[And suddenly, it's the Spitfire who throws the first punch of the mat, trying to jam her fist into the ribs and get loose from Toughill's strong grip.]

GM: Somers again trying to fight her way out, Ricki hanging on so far...

[Wrapping her arms around Tougill's torso, Somers comes to her feet lifting...]

GM: ...but maybe not for long as Somers picks her all the way up annnnnnd...

[...but Ricki lets loose a shout, cranking the hold tighter which forces Somers to put her back down on her feet as Ricki shouts "NO, NO, NO! I DON'T THINK SO, SPITFIRE!"]

GM: ...wow! She hung onto the headlock again! Toughill's trademark tenacity on display in the early moments of this one as Somers STILL hasn't found a way out of this headlock and we're two minutes into this match!

[Somers grunts as she battles up to her feet, reaching up to grab at the hands and arms gripping her head...]

GM: Somers perhaps looking to change tactics here, grabbing at the hands, trying to pull them apart...

[...and with a grip on the wrist, Somers twists out of the hold, yanking the arm and cranking it up behind Toughill in a hammerlock.]

GM: And she's finally out of it!

[Somers' face is flushed from the early efforts, a red welt across her cheekbone and ear from the headlock as she torques the arm, bringing a grimace to Toughill's face as she considers her own escape plans...]

BW: Ricki looking to elbow out of this...

[And that does seem to be her first thought but she pauses before letting it fly, biting her bottom lip for a moment...]

BW: What is she doing?

[...and instead she ducks down, reaching between her own legs to grab a surprised Somers' leg, giving a pull and taking Somers right off her feet to cheers!]

GM: Wow! We've seen that counter to the hammerlock before... but I don't know if I ever thought I'd see it out of Ricki Toughill!

[But before Toughill can take advantage of it, Somers uses their positioning to shove her opponent forward with two feet in the rear end, sending Toughill sailing towards the ropes where she spills through them to the outside!]

GM: Ohhh! Fall to the floor in the opening minutes of this one for Toughill... and that's gotta be a little frustrating for her after she was in total control of this match until this very moment.

[Coming back to her feet, Toughill looks a little agitated up towards the ring where Somers is getting back to her feet.]

BW: And this is where Ricki wants this fight, Gordo. Get Somers out on the floor and do some serious damage to her.

[Toughill takes a little walk on the outside, forcing some deep breaths through her body as she closes her eyes.]

GM: Is Ricki trying to calm herself down?

BW: It kinda looks like it. Who is this and what have they done with our lil' Ricki?

GM: Perhaps this is a ploy to lure Julie Somers out there with her and...

[But Gordon trails off as Ricki climbs up on the apron of her own accord, shaking her head as she climbs through the ropes into the ring.]

GM: ...or not. Well, if Ricki Toughill's strategy here tonight was the surprise and confuse her opponent-

BW: And everyone else.

GM: -then she's accomplished that in a major way.

[With Toughill back in the ring, she gestures for another lockup to Somers who looks a little surprised but moves towards her challenger to oblige.]

GM: Back to the tieup... oho! And this time, it's the Spitfire who has got the headlock!

[But the powerful Toughill wastes no time in backing her into the ropes, shoving her off with ease...]

GM: But Ricki shoots her off, to the far side... big tackle by the challenger puts Somers down!

[Toughill looks confidently down at her opponent, waving for her to get up and do it again.]

GM: Somers back to her feet... Toughill wants to hit her again...

[The challenger dashes to the ropes as Somers holds her ground, watching the rebound...

...and drops down, forcing Toughill to hurdle over her...]

GM: ...Somers goes down... up and over goes Toughill... off the ropes again...

[...and this time, Toughill ducks low as Somers leapfrogs over her, sending Toughill into the ropes a third time...]

GM: ...is the third time a charm for the challenger?

[...and runs right into a standing dropkick to the mouth from the champion, knocking the challenger flat to cheers!]

GM: Ohhh... what a dropkick by the champion... Somers with the quick cover!

[And a just as quick one count follows before Toughill kicks out easily, tossing Somers aside. Both champion and challenger are on the move now, scrambling quickly off the mat...]

GM: Armdrag by Somers, taking the challenger down!

[...and then scrambling up a second time...]

GM: And right back the other way - Somers with an armdrag that would make the National Champion Jordan Ohara proud!

[...and once again, Somers changing tactics this time...]

GM: Hiptoss! A page out of Juan Vasquez' playbook! Somers saluting some of her fellow fan favorites there and leaves Ricki Toughill reeling. Toughill trying to get back up...

[As Toughill rises, Somers launches into a second dropkick, driving her through the ropes again, sending her out to the floor!]

GM: ...and right back to the outside she goes! Somers with a flurry of offense and she's got the challenger on the run early on in this one... and speaking of being on the run...

[With the challenger trying to regroup on the outside, Somers raises an arm, drawing a big cheer as she runs to the far ropes for momentum, charging back across...]

BW: SHE'S GONNA FLY!

[...but the on-her-feet-and-ready Toughill sees her coming and moves swiftly away, forcing Somers to pull up to a halt inside the ring. The crowd jeers being denied the dive to the outside as Toughill stands beyond the ringpost, wagging a finger at Somers that brings the slightest of smiles to the face of the champion who gives a nod, standing with her hands on her hips looking at her very worthy challenger.]

GM: Like we said earlier, these two have each other very well-scouted without a doubt. Ricki either saw or sensed that big dive coming and she got out of the way, saving herself in the process.

[Toughill takes a little walk around the ring again, keeping her eyes on Somers this time in case another dive is coming...

...and then pulls herself back up on the apron, pausing a moment to nod at Somers before ducking through the ropes.]

GM: And here we go again - Toughill asking looking for that lockup as she continues to wrestle - yes, that's right... wrestle - a very different style than what we're used to out of her.

BW: It just seems like it's only a matter of time before she gets sick of this and punches her square in the chops, daddy.

GM: You could be right but we're over five minutes into this and she hasn't done it yet... right back into the tieup... and right back into the side headlock for Toughill... but only for a split second before Somers twists and counters into the hammerlock...



BW: Somers starting to see what's coming and being ready for it, snapmares her over...

[Grabbing Toughill's arm, Somers stands behind her, cranking back on the trapped limb...]

GM: And the Spitfire into a standing armbar here, bending back that limb... perhaps showing Ricki Toughill that if she wants to wrestle, Julie's more than ready to give it to her.

[Toughill grimaces as Miller asks her if she wants to quit and shakes her head in response.]

GM: Toughill hanging in there as Somers uses the leverage to her advantage... but Ricki's not about to stay down, quickly getting her feet under her... right back up...

[Toughill balls up the fist on her free hand...]

BW: Here it comes - the shot in the chops!

[...and then shakes her head, grimacing again as she opens up her hand.]

GM: Toughill looks like she thought about punching her way out of this but changed her mind... and Somers takes advantage of that indecision, twisting the arm around...

[Ricki grunts in pain, grabbing at her tricep and shoulder as Somers holds the wrist, nodding to the cheering fans...]

GM: Julie Somers became the third woman to hold the AWA Women's World Title back at SuperClash last year, defeating the dominant Kurayami... but this is definitely a tough test for her to survive as she sets out to deliver the greatest reign to date for that title.

[Still holding the wrist, Somers slowly twists it around again as Toughill goes up on her tip toes, letting loose an anguished growl...]

GM: More pressure on the arm... we saw this earlier with Donna Martinelli when we crowned the first Women's World Tag Team Champions moments ago... and Cinder and Hamilton going after that arm led directly to the match-ending submission. Could we see the same in this one?

[...but Toughill suddenly throws herself backwards, pulling her arm and bringing Somers with her, flinging her through the ropes and to the outside to a surprised reaction!]

GM: Whoa ho! A little leverage move by the challenger sends the Spitfire to the outside... and will this be where the style of Ricki Toughill shifts in this one.

BW: In my opinion, she's having less and less success with the actual wrestling tactics as Somers now knows they're coming. It's time to-

GM: Lemme guess... give her a shot in the chops?

BW: I mean, it's crazy... we finish each other's...

GM: Sandwiches?

BW: That's what I was gonna say!

[But despite Bucky - and even some in the Superdome crowd - urging her to pursue Somers to the outside, Toughill stays in the ring, shaking out her arm as she awaits the champion's return.]

GM: The fans may be getting a little restless waiting to see the Ricki Toughill that they're used to. Somers up on her feet...

[Even Somers seems a little surprised to not find Toughill coming out after her. She furrows her brow, looking at Ricki with contemplation as she moves to grab the ropes, pulling herself up on the apron...]

GM: The champion back up, looking to... oh no.

[...and suddenly, the crowd bursts into jeers at the arrival of two individuals at the top of the aisle. The camera quickly cuts to them, revealing the new AWA Women's World Tag Team Champions - Harley Hamilton and Cinder - standing atop the aisle with a set of belts over each shoulder and big gloating grins on their faces.]

GM: Well, we figured it wouldn't be long before we saw them... although I think I expected to see Cash and Kowalski out here with them but maybe they're hiding from Victoria June backstage.

BW: Kelly Kowalski don't hide from anything but an unpaid bar tab, Gordo.

GM: Are we sure she's not related to Sweet Lou?

[We cut back to the ring where Somers is looking up the aisle with concern...

...and Ricki Toughill grabs her by the shoulder, roughly swinging her around as she points an accusing finger down the aisle and then at the champion.]

GM: And this is what we were talking about. For weeks now, E-Girl MAX has been trying to convince the world that they're in cahoots with Julie Somers.. and the main goal of all that gaslighting has been Ricki Toughill who seems to believe them!

BW: What's not to believe? Doesn't everyone want to hang out with the cool kids? Even a Somers?

GM: Julie pleading her case... again... to Ricki Toughill, saying she's got nothing to do with them being out here but-

[But Ricki Toughill doesn't seem to buy it, lunging at Somers and pulling her into a bodyslam over the ropes into the ring. Toughill's expression gets a little harder as she turns back to the aisleway, shouting at Hamilton and Cinder who pretend to be distracted by the gold on their shoulders.]

BW: That's gotta sting Toughill a little bit. She's yet to wear championship gold here in the AWA but Cinder - the woman she deserted last year - got there first.

GM: That's a unique way of looking at their particular history.

[Toughill angrily turns away from the aisle, stomping over towards the recovering Spitfire, leaning down to haul her up...]

GM: Toughill on the attack now, perhaps finally breaking into-

[...and the crowd cheers as Somers plucks her into a small package!]

GM: SMALL PACKAGE DRAGS HER DOWN! ONNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO!

[Toughill powers out in time, sending both women into a mad scramble to get to their feet first. This time, it's the champion who wins the race, immediately grabbing for a side headlock to control the pace of Toughill who is turning up the heat, almost immediately using the ropes to propel Somers out of the hold and across the ring...]

GM: Toughill fires her in... clothesli- ducked by Somers!

[The champion hits the far ropes, rebounding back, and takes flight, striking the challenger across the chest with a crossbody that takes them down with Somers on top!]

GM: Crossbody gets one! She gets two!

[And again, Toughill kicks out at two, sending Somers sprawling off, moving swiftly to her feet and to the ropes again...]

GM: And now it's Somers picking up the pace, off the ropes again...

[Toughill is a little slow to get up and promptly ducks down to avoid whatever's coming her way...

...which allows Somers to leap over the top, rolling her down into a sunset flip!]

GM: SUNSET FLIP BRINGS HER DOWN! SHE'S GOT ONE! SHE'S GOT TWO!

[Toughill clashes her legs together on Somers' head, breaking up the pin attempt. And this time, Toughill is able to beat Somers to her feet, moving quickly - but wobbly - towards her...]

GM: Toughill fighting to survive the offensive attack of the Spitfire, grabs her by the arm...

[But the free arm strikes first...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and a well-placed knife edge blow to the chest sends Toughill stumbling backwards from the impact!]

GM: Big chop by the champion... and she's not done there...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The trio of shots sends Toughill falling back into the ropes with Somers right in front of her. Suddenly, Somers turns to run the other way, charging across...

...not realizing that the challenger is hot on her heels until she bounces back off and gets flattened by a Toughill crossbody!]

GM: OHHH! TOUGHILL WITH A CROSSBODY OF HER OWN!

[Staying atop Somers, Toughill hooks the leg as Pete Miller drops down to count...]

GM: Miller counts one! He counts two!

[But this time, it's Somers who kicks out, escaping the press... but not the wrath of Toughill who quickly takes a sloppy mount, grabbing a handful of Somers' wavy brown hair...]

BW: Here it is! Here it comes!

[But again Toughill has second thoughts, letting loose a short roar of frustration as she lets go of the air, spinning out of the mount and grabbing for the legs, looking for a Boston Crab...]

GM: Toughill opts not to hammer away, going for a submission hold instead... but Somers is fighting it! Kicking and squirming and-

[...and Toughill suddenly changes her mind, flipping awkwardly forward into a double leg cradle!]

GM: Toughill covers again! She gets one! She gets two! She- no! Somers out at two!

[Somers turns up the heat, getting to her feet a step ahead of Toughill and uncorks a wild right hand aimed right at the jaw...

...but Toughill ducks under, catching the arm...]

GM: BACKSLIDE!

[...and pins her down to the mat with the rarely-seen pin hold, getting another two count before Somers escapes!]

GM: Back and forth these two are going as we creep towards the ten minute mark in this sixty minute time limi- OH! Somers pops her with a forearm - right on the jaw!

[Toughill falls back to the ropes as Somers backs off, sizing her up...]

GM: What's Somers got in store for her here?

[...and rushes towards the staggered Toughill, leaping up to scissor the head with both legs...]

GM: Hooks the rana and-

[...and her momentum keeps going, carrying both her and Toughill over the ropes as Somers flips her challenger down HARD on the barely-padded Superdome floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: -OVER THE TOP TO THE OUTSIDE! AN INCREDIBLE MOVE OUT OF THE SPITFIRE TONIGHT ON THE AWA TENTH ANNIVERSARY SHOW LIIIIIVE FROM THE SUPERDOME ON ESPN!

[As both champion and challenger recover on the floor, we cut to the top of the aisle where Harley Hamilton and Cinder eagerly are clapping for the big move we just saw, complete with a (somewhat-forced) Hamilton "you go, Julie!" and accompanying fistpump.]

GM: E-Girl MAX looming large at the top of the aisle... or perhaps without Cash and Kowalski, we should say it's the new AWA Women's World Tag Team Champions looming large as Harley Hamilton and Cinder continue to look on from the top of the ramp here in New Orleans.

BW: You'd think they'd already be out on Bourbon Street celebrating.

GM: Perhaps they feel like this is a match they needed to be here for... which concerns me even more, Bucky.

BW: Why is that?

GM: Look, there's no secret that I don't like this group. They're fine competitors... I'll give them that... but the level of disrespect they have for the competitors in this division... for those who've paved the way for them... for the fans and the officials and the office and the institutions themselves cannot be ignored. We all know the garbage they pulled at SuperClash... we know how they cheated their way all the way through the tournament... and to expect they'd be above ruining this title match if they saw a reason to do so is completely unrealistic.

[We cut back to ringside where Julie Somers is back on her feet and heading back towards the ring...]

GM: The champion is the first one up after that fall to the floor... pulling Toughill up and over with that incredible rana... and now what else does she have up her sleeves to keep that title around her waist tonight on this historic evening to remember.

[...and pulls herself back up on the apron, nodding to the crowd as Toughill struggles to get off the floor, grabbing at her lower back as she does...]

GM: Both champion and challenger are up... both on the outside at this point as we're a hair over the ten minute mark in this one.

[Toughill moves towards the ring where Somers is on the apron but has not stepped in yet...]

...and promptly shows why when she buries a back kick into the mouth of the advancing challenger, sending Toughill stumbling backwards as Somers grabs the top rope with both hands.]

GM: What's this now? Somers kicks her back and-

[With the New Orleans crowd buzzing, Somers leaps to the middle rope, blindly springing backwards into a backflip...]

GM: -MOONSAULT!

[...and wipes out Toughill with the Asai moonsault from the outside, leaving both women sprawled at ringside on the floor as the Superdome fans ROAR for the death-defying move!]

GM: What a dive by Somers! The champion flattens Toughill with that moonsault to the floor... and now that's gotta put momentum squarely on the side of the Spitfire as she looks to chock up the first major successful title defense of this new reign.

[Somers is all smiles as she regains her feet, raising an arm to salute the cheering fans. She moves a little slower as she pursues the downed challenger, lifting her up off the floor.]

GM: Somers tosses her back in... and now it's the Spitfire looking to strike, up on the apron again...

[She waves Toughill up, waiting for the dazed challenger to regain her feet...]

GM: Toughill trying to get up with no idea what's waiting for her once she gets there.

[...and once back standing, Toughill slowly spins a circle, unaware that Somers is climbing to the middle rope, springing off the top... and driving her feet into the chest of Toughill, sending her ass over teakettle across the ring!]

GM: WHAT A DROPKICK! SOMERS CRAWLING TO COVER!

[Somers dives across the prone Toughill, wrapping up a leg as Blue Shoes drops down...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO!

[...but again Toughill shows off her resiliency, powering out at two without issue, leaving a kneeling Somers to clap her hands together.]

GM: A little frustration on the part of the Spitfire...

BW: I don't know why. She knows Toughill better than perhaps any opponent that she's faced in her time in the AWA - she knows what she's capable of and more importantly, she knows what she can take. Ricki Toughill can take everything Julie Somers has thrown at her so far plus a whole lot more... I get the feeling this one's nowhere close to being over, daddy.

GM: You may be right about that but Somers is pouring on the pressure now, whipping Toughill across...

[Toughill slams into the buckles as the champion comes charging in after her, leaping up to land a leg lariat in the corner!]

GM: Big kick in the corner!

[Climbing back to her feet, Somers squares up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Big chop by the champion as well! She's got the challenger in trouble!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The second chop has Toughill sinking back against the buckles until the Spitfire grabs an arm, whipping her back the other direction...]

GM: From corner to corner goes Toughill again... in comes Somers!

[But the charging champion runs right into a raised boot that connects firmly, sending Somers pinwheeling backwards as Toughill straightens up, boosting herself up onto the middle rope...]

GM: She caught Julie coming in... looking to take advantage of that now...

[...and Somers rushes back in, leaping to the middle rope, springing upwards...]

BW: Holy...

[...and SNAPS Toughill up and over with a springing rana!]

GM: OHHH! HARD FALL PUTS HER DOWN!

[Somers rolls to a knee, throwing a look at the prone Toughill, and then points to the corner to big cheers!]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: She's going for this already?!

GM: Somers is up... and she's climbing!

[The Superdome crowd is ROARING with anticipation as Somers scales the ropes, looking to perhaps end it early...]

GM: SOMERS TO THE TOP! COULD THIS BE IT ALREADY?!

[...and with a point to the fans, Somers HURLS herself backwards, flipping through the air in signature style...]

GM: MOOOOOONSAULLLLLLLLLLLT!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and comes CRASHING gutfirst down across the raised knees of Ricki Toughill!]

GM: OH MY STARS! DOWN ON THE KNEES! RIGHT DOWN ON THE KNEES!

[Somers rolls over, clutching her abdomen as Toughill rolls onto a hip, grabbing at her knees for a moment...]

BW: Look at that, Gordo... I think Somers came down with so much impact, it actually hurt the knees of Toughill when she brought 'em up to block! Both of them got hurt on that!

GM: But Julie Somers got hurt more... down on all fours, grabbing at those ribs, you can hear her groaning in pain...

BW: She could have busted up ribs from that. Very easily.

GM: And Bucky, broken ribs in a match like this could be a difference-maker.

BW: Absolutely. If a man - or woman - can't breathe, they can't fight!

[Toughill rolls onto her own knees, grimacing as she does, looking the several feet away at the now-wounded champion who is still holding her ribs, not making a move to get off the mat yet...]

GM: Toughill may have completely changed the complexion of this match with that one timely counter... and now she's getting to her feet, looking to take advantage of it. The AWA Women's World Title may be dancing through her head right now...

[Stepping over Somers, Toughill reaches down to secure a gutwrench, muscling Somers up off the mat...]

...and then JAMMING her down across a bent knee in a devastating gutbuster!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Somers howls in pain on the canvas again as Toughill shoves her onto her back, lunging across...]

GM: SHE’S GOT ONE! SHE’S GOT TWO! SHE’S GOT- NO!

[The crowd “ooooohs” as Somers weakly lifts a shoulder up off the mat to break the pin.]

GM: She’s out at two.

BW: Not much behind that kickout, Gordo. She’s hurting in a bad way right now and Ricki Toughill needs to bear down here because this may be the best chance she’s gonna have to win this match and win that title. She’s gotta stay on her...

[The camera cuts up to the aisle where we see a concerned-looking Harley Hamilton walking down the aisle, leaning over to whisper to Cinder who nods in agreement as they get closer to the ring where Ricki Toughill is eyeballing them.]

BW: ...and ignore the tag champions no matter how close they get to the ring.

GM: A look of concern on the faces of Hamilton and Cinder as they approach the ring... and that’s not good news for anyone involved in my estimation.

BW: Including you.

“FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!”

[Toughill waves a fist at the approaching duo before turning back to the hurting champion, dragging her up by the arm...]

GM: Toughill whips her in...

[...and as Somers rebounds, Toughill runs hard at her, driving her knee up into the midsection in a blow that causes the Spitfire to flip over completely, landing down on the mat!]

GM: ...and drives the knee up into those injured ribs!

[Toughill drops down, applying another press.]

GM: We’ve got one! We’ve got two! We’ve got- and again, the shoulder is up... just like Bucky said, not a lot on the kickout but a kickout is a kickout and she’s still the champion.

BW: For now.

GM: For now.

[Toughill climbs off the mat, throwing a look to see where Hamilton and Cinder are before backing into the ropes, bouncing off...]

GM: SENTON!

[...and drops her 160 pound frame down into the ribs!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”



[Toughill flips over, hooking a leg again!]

GM: Toughill for the title!

[The referee slaps the mat once... twice... and again, Somers' shoulder slips up off the mat!]

GM: Two count again...

BW: Ricki Toughill trying to wear down the champion, forcing these repeated kickouts with the weakened core of the body that just wears her down even more. It's taking so much out of her to even kick out... who knows if she'll have anything left if she gets a chance to get back into this match?

[Climbing to her feet, Toughill looks down as Somers rolls onto her chest, instinctively trying to protect her damaged torso. The New York native firmly plants a boot between the shoulderblades, reaching down to grab the wrists...]

GM: What's this now?

[...and leans back, pulling Somers into a standing surfboard!]

BW: Hang ten, brotha! This is right up your alley, Gordo!

GM: Ricki Toughill stretching the arms, the chest, the ribs - pain shooting through the upper body of the Spitfire as she fights to hang on to her title here in the Superdome!

[Toughill leans back, stretching the body of Somers who groans in pain, shaking her head to Blue Shoes as he checks for a submission...]

GM: Somers trying to stay in this... she doesn't want to give it up but the pain's gotta be unbearable at this point.

[Somers shakes her head again with a pain-filled "NOOOOOO!" to the official. Toughill suddenly lets go, shaking her head at the downed Spitfire.]

GM: Toughill thought she might have her with that but Somers hangs on...

[A flash of frustrated anger crosses Toughill's face for a moment before she snatches Somers by the hair, dragging to her feet and into her waiting arms...]

GM: SCOOP... AND SLAMS HER DOWN!

[Somers' body twitches as it hits the canvas, Toughill standing over as Somers grabs her ribs again...]

GM: The big slam... going after the upper body of the champion...

[...and Toughill drags her off the mat again, pulling right up into a lift...]

GM: Again?!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUD!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: AGAIN!

[Somers' body goes limp as it hits the mat this time, Toughill still standing over her, a vicious look on her face as she pulls Somers up once more...]

GM: She's got her up for a third slam and...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ...A THIRD BIG BODY-BREAKING SLAM BY THE CHALLENGER!

[Toughill drops to her knees, hooking a leg again.]

GM: Cover for one! She's got two! She's got- nooooo... Somers slips out again!

[The crowd is cheering the Spitfire for her escape from the lateral press as Toughill kneels on the mat, letting loose a frustrated growl at no one in particular.]

GM: Toughill slammed Somers nearly through the mat and did tremendous damage I'm sure... but she didn't do enough to get the three count and win the Women's World Title. Ricki Toughill looking to become the fourth woman to wear that title tonight - Lauryn Rage was the first champion back on July 16th, 2016 in New York City in that big Rumble... she held the title for 204 days before losing it to Kurayami in February of 2017... and of course, Julie Somers took the crowd at SuperClash after Kurayami held the gold for almost 300 days. Can Toughill end Somers' reign here tonight and make her the shortest reigning Women's World Champion in that title's history?

[Climbing slowly off the mat, Toughill's face is etched in intensity as she looks down at Somers...

...and then slowly out to ringside where Hamilton and Cinder have arrived to the jeers of the AWA faithful.]

GM: Uh oh. Here comes trouble.

BW: Oh, Gordo... maybe they're just here to cheer them on.

GM: Right, right. I'm sure that's it.

[Toughill points a finger at them but referee Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller waves for the match to continue, paying no mind to Seductive and Destructive.]

GM: Toughill dragging Somers off the mat... Julie's almost dead weight right now...

[Toughill ducks low, looking for another slam...]

GM: Scoops her up and-

[...but Somers slips out over the top at the peak of the lift, landing behind the challenger who she desperately shoves away towards the ropes!]

GM: Somers out the back door...

[Toughill hangs onto the ropes, not rebounding off towards Somers who tiredly runs at her to try to take advantage of the opening...]

GM: ...ohh, Toughill with a little shoulder lift, puts her over the ropes and down on the apron!

[...and with Somers on the outside, Ricki charges across the ring, coming back on the rebound with momentum towards the Spitfire who is hanging onto the ropes, trying to stay on the apron...]

GM: Toughill charging hard!

[...and then using the same ropes to jump, swinging her leg up...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: OHH! SOMERS CAUGHT HER RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES!

[Somers wearily steps up on the middle rope as the dazed Toughill staggers back, trying to keep her offense going...]

GM: Toughill got rocked and Somers is on the attack!

[...but with Somers moving slower than usual, Toughill is able to charge back in, leaping up to land on the second rope, swinging her arm as she does...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and lands a clothesline to the chest of Somers, sending her flying backwards off the ropes, twisting around, and down HARD on the barely-padded floor below!]

GM: OH MY STARS! SOMERS KNOCKED OFF THE ROPES AND DOWN RIBSFIRST ON THE BARELY-PADDED FLOOR HERE IN THE SUPERDOME! MY OH MY!

BW: Ricki Toughill - if she can take advantage of it - may have just locked in her first AWA Women's World Title reign! She's gotta do it and she's gotta do it now, Gordo!

GM: Toughill rolling to the outside... she's going after her! She's taking your advice, Bucky, and she's going for the win right now!

[But as Toughill gets to the floor, she finds Harley Hamilton and Cinder uncomfortably close to her and Somers. The challenger quickly steps back, pointing an accusing finger and threatening the duo as the referee shouts at them to get back from inside the ring.]

GM: Hamilton and Cinder - right there to get involved!

BW: They haven't done anything yet!

GM: They're too close to the action and... Ricki rolls the Spitfire back in...

[But as she does, she turns back to Seductive and Destructive to give another warning shout at the duo...]

GM: Toughill can't let herself get distracted by these two - the title is within reach for her!

[Toughill angrily turns back towards the ring...

...only to have Julie Somers land a desperation baseball slide dropkick on her, sending Ricki flying backwards from the ring dangerously close to the tag team champions!]

GM: Ohhh! Ricki got caught! She lost her focus and she got caught!

[Grabbing her ribs, Somers struggles to her feet, looking out on the floor where we can see Hamilton and Cinder inching closer and closer to the downed Toughill...]

GM: Get them back, ref! They're practically on top of her!

[...and Somers starts climbing the ropes, wincing with every step up them...]

GM: The Spitfire climbing to the top!

BW: That's a risky move with the banged up ribs. Anything she does from up there is gonna jolt that torso again and may make things worse.

GM: The champion's definitely taking a big risk, climbing all the way up...

[With one foot on the top rope, Somers pauses, taking several deep breaths as she grabs her injured ribcage, looking down at Toughill...]

GM: Ricki's stirring off the floor... getting to her feet now as well...

BW: She's got no idea what's waiting for her!

[...and with a shout of effort, Somers steps to the top, leaping off her perch...]

GM: OFF THE TOP!

[...and goes sailing down from the top rope towards Toughill but rockets OVER her to catch a shocked Hamilton and Cinder across the chests, wiping them out on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAAAAT?! SOMERS TAKES OUT HAMILTON AND CINDER INSTEAD!

BW: ON PURPOSE?!

GM: What?! Of course! You think she missed?!

BW: But... they're her friends!

GM: They are not! The Spitfire has said all along she wanted nothing to do with E-Girl MAX and I think that dive makes it official right there! Somers takes out the new Women's World Tag Team Champions and does so in style!

[Somers struggles up off the floor, the crowd roaring and Ricki Toughill looking at her opponent in shock as Somers shouts at the downed Cinder and Hamilton, waving them back up the aisle...]

GM: Julie Somers wants them out of here... and here comes Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller now - the official for this match.

[Cinder is shouting at Somers as she battles up to a knee, retrieving her fallen title belt as Somers returns fire. Miller steps between the two before it can get physical and points to Hamilton and Cinder...]

"YOU'RE OUT OF HERE!"

[The crowd ROARS as Cinder lets loose an ear-piercing shriek and Hamilton shouts "WHAAAAAT?!" from down on the floor. Somers pumps a fist with a "YEAH!" as the official points up the aisle again.]

GM: Hamilton and Cinder got EJECTED!

BW: For what?! They STILL haven't done anything!

[Cinder helps her partner off the floor, Hamilton shouting "This isn't over, Spitfire!" at Somers before the duo reluctantly starts to back up the ramp, leaving the two competitors behind. Somers grins, waving goodbye to the dastardly duo...

...which allows Ricki Toughill to strike, swinging Somers around by the arm.]

GM: And the match continues... big whip by Tough- whoooooa!

[On a dead run towards the ring, Somers leaps up, diving between the ropes into a somersault into the ring, rolling right up to her feet where she runs to the far side, bouncing off...]

GM: SOMERS ON THE MOVE ANNNNNNNND...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and propels herself between the ropes, crashing into her challenger with a missile dive to the outside, knocking Toughill several feet back up the aisle to a big cheer!]

GM: SUICIDE DIVE BY THE SPITFIRE!

[Somers again struggles up off the floor, clutching her ribs all the while. She turns towards the downed challenger, wobbling her way towards her with great effort.]

GM: Julie Somers is turning it up now... we're just moments away from thinking that Ricki Toughill was on the verge of victory and now it seems like momentum is back on the side of the World Champion. She's fighting through those banged up ribs right now and she continues to bring the fight to Toughill here in the Superdome.

[Tossing Toughill back into the ring, Somers rolls in after her, wincing with every movement. The referee stops Somers to ask if she needs the match stopped but the Spitfire brushes past him, marching in on Toughill who has pulled herself into the corner to recover...]

GM: The official asking about stopping the match but Somers wants no part of that, moving in on the challenger and...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG CHOP IN THE CORNER!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Grabbing Toughill by the arm, Somers executes a pretty weak whip, sending Toughill across the ring into the far corner...

[The crowd cheers loudly...

...and then buzzes in disappointment as Toughill kicks out with authority, shoving the barely-covering Somers off of her, into the air...

...and right down on the back of Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller's head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Oh! Oh no... Julie Somers, the Women's World Champion, just landed right on the back of the referee's head after that kickout by Toughill and...

BW: He ain't moving, Gordo!

GM: He's not moving at all...

[Somers grunts as she sits up, looking around with a confused expression...

...and finds Pete Miller behind her, having been stunned by her weight landing on the back of his head.]

GM: Miller is down and... Somers can't believe it.

[Rolling over to her knee, Somers starts shaking the official, trying to revive him to no success.]

GM: Somers is trying to wake up our referee but he's... I think he's out!

[Somers climbs to her feet, burying her face in her hands for a moment. Upon looking up, she looks around the ring in total confusion. Her downed and crawling opponent... the motionless referee... Somers shrugs and shouts "what do we do?" to anyone who will listen.]

GM: Somers is trying to figure out what comes next and... well, what DOES come next?!

BW: Right now, what comes next is Ricki's using the ropes to get back to her feet... and I bet she won't be bothered by the referee being out cold.

[Toughill drags herself up, twisting to lean against them as a disbelieving Somers points to the referee. Ricki nods, stepping off the ropes...

...and then with a shrug, she boots Somers in the midsection!]

GM: OH!

BW: I told you!

[Toughill snatches Somers by the hair, yanking her into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Uh oh! Ricki's got her hooked!

BW: Gordo, it's our last night. I already swore and got yelled at by the office. Come on. You know you've always wanted to do this.

GM: I have not!

[Ricki hooks one arm...]

BW: Steggle got to do it! Michaelson! Dane!

GM: I don't care!

[...and then the other...]

BW: Come on, Gordo! I got yelled at - now it's your turn!

GM: It HAS a family friendly name!

BW: That Move That Shall Not Be Named garbage?! NO! OWN IT! OWN YOUR POWER, MYERS!

GM: I... uhh... oh jeez... come on...

[Ricki looks out on the cheering crowd with a grin, ready to deliver the split-legged facedriver synonymous with her ol' pal, Eddie Van Gibson...]

GM: IT'S THE EVG DRIVER!

BW: BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[...but whatever you want to call it, it is not to be as Somers straightens up, backdropping Toughill through the air and down...

...right on TOP of the already-downed-but-stirring official!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH, COME ON!

BW: It's because you wouldn't be true to yourself. You wouldn't own your power.

GM: Give me a break, Buckthorn! It's because Julie Somers had it well-scouted just as Ricki Toughill has had the Spitfire well-scouted in this one... but the real story there is the referee just got landed on AGAIN!

[And this time, a barely-moving Miller rolls right under the ropes, off the apron, and down HARD on the floor!]

BW: He's out of here! Hold on... maybe I've got a striped shirt here somewhere.

GM: You sit down!

[And with Toughill laid out on the mat, Somers staggers to the corner, crashing chestfirst into the buckles...]

GM: Somers is on her feet and her challenger is most certainly not!

[...and Somers slaps the top turnbuckle, pointing to the fans before stepping to the first rope...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

[...and the second...]

BW: With the bad ribs?! Has she lost her mind?!

[...and with one foot on the top, Somers pauses to take a moment of breathing...]

GM: SOMERS TO THE TOP! TOUGHILL IS DOWN! SOMERS IS-



[...and then LEAPS from the top, flipping backwards as the New Orleans crowd ROARS for the dive!]

GM: MOOOOOONSAULLLLLLLLLLLT!

[Somers flops off of Toughill, clutching her ribs, crying out in pain... and then throws herself across the challenger!]

GM: There's no referee!

BW: Does she know that?!

GM: Julie Somers instinctively going for the cover...

[Somers lifts her hand, slapping the mat...]

GM: Somers making her own count but that's not good enough! We need an official and our assigned referee is laid out on the damn floor! Is anyone watching backstage? Can we get some-

[Somers angrily gets off the mat, holding her ribs with a loud "DAMN IT!" to the cheers of the crowd. She falls to the mat, rolling outside the ring to where the referee is down on the floor...]

GM: Somers out here on the floor, the World Champion trying to get Pete Miller back up on those proverbial Blue Shoes...

[With the World Champion on the floor, her challenger slowly rolls to the outside as well, clutching her own ribs this time...]

GM: Toughill's out here also... but I'm guessing reviving the referee isn't on her priority list.

[...and staggers towards Somers from behind as Somers continues to try to get the referee to stir...]

GM: We're nearly twenty-five minutes into this tremendous battle for the Women's World Title... and if we had to pick a night to go out, Bucky, I don't know if we could've picked a better one, huh?

BW: This is incredible. These two are giving it all they've got but only one of 'em can walk out onto Bourbon Street tonight with the gold. Who's it gonna be?

GM: Toughill grabs Somers, spins her- ohh! Somers rocks her with a right hand!

[Toughill staggers back from the surprise shot, allowing Somers to advance on her, grabbing the wrist...]

GM: Somers with a whip perhaps and-

BW: LOOK OUT!

[...and as she blindly whips Toughill across the ringside area, Toughill reverses and sends her crashing into the timekeeper's area where Somers knocks the timekeeper flat, sending Rebecca Ortiz scattering away as the bell, a couple of chairs, and a water bottle hit the floor. The table gets dislodged as well, knocking it sideways...]

GM: Everyone okay over there?

[The timekeeper crawls away from Somers who is leaning over the table from the collision.]

GM: I'm not sure that was intentional on either of their part, Bucky... I think they lost track of where they were with all the damage they've both suffered through in this one.

[Toughill slowly approaches, moving gingerly as she grabs the champion and rockets her under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Somers gets sent back in... we've still got no referee as Toughill goes to follow...

[Gordon trails off as Ricki Toughill pauses getting back inside the ring...

...and the camera tracks her stare down to the floor where the AWA Women's World Title belt spilled to the floor.]

GM: What is she...?

BW: She's got her eyes on the prize, Gordo!

GM: Yeah, but it's no time to daydream about that belt on your shoulder, Ricki. It's time to...

[Ricki throws a look over her shoulder at the still-downed referee now being tended to by AWA medical...

...and she makes a lunge for the title belt, scooping it up in her hands to a shocked reaction from the crowd.]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: Uh oh! Ricki looked like she was trying to make a choice out there and I'd say the choice has been made!

[Toughill rolls back into the ring, title belt gripped in her hands as she climbs to her feet with it, looking down at the stunned Somers.]

GM: Somers is down and has no idea what Ricki's got in her hands...

[Toughill looks down at the belt... then down at Somers.]

GM: After a match where a well-known brawler like Ricki Toughill hasn't so much as thrown a punch in this one, are you telling me she's going to use the title belt - the prestigious title belt - as a damn weapon?!

BW: The referee's out like a light! There's no better time to waffle someone with a belt and win the match in my expert former and maybe future managerial opinion!

[Toughill holds the belt in her hands, starting to hear a growing buzz of boos from the sold out Superdome dome crowd...]

GM: The fans are begging her not to do it! Begging her not to take the low road in winning this title on this of all nights - this celebratory night! And I'm right there with them - please don't do this, Ricki! For the love of the fans... and your friends... and all those who care so much about you, please don't do this!

BW: And all of those people will leave her stranded on the curb when she doesn't drop the bomb on Somers and win this title. They'll abandon her for being a LOSER!

GM: They will not! Don't listen to him, Ricki! Do the right thing!

[Toughill looks around at the fans... then over to the announce desk, perhaps hearing the pleading of the retiring Gordon Myers. The New York native bites her lower lip, looking back down at the title belt...]

BW: This is the chance of your life, kid! Don't throw it away over something useless like ethics or honor!

GM: Would you stop?!

[Somers starts to stir off the mat, drawing Ricki's attention as she looks up from the belt at her rival. She shifts her footing every so slightly, gripping the belt tighter, nodding her head as the crowd jeers loudly, trying to warn the World Champion of what awaits her...]

GM: Somers is getting up! Toughill is behind her with the belt and we STILL have no referee out here for crying out loud! Don't do it, Ricki! Please do NOT do this!

[Somers wobbles to her feet, nearly falling as she does, grabbing at her ribs as Toughill lies in wait. She crouches down a bit, pulling the belt back...]

GM: Ricki Toughill's got the title belt...

BW: And if she uses it, she can KEEP the title belt!

GM: But how will she live with herself if-

BW: Oh, come on, Gordo. We've had this same argument for decades now. You know as well as I do that the checks clear with a guilty conscience just as well. And feeling bad about yourself gets a lot easier when you're parking your Ferrari in your million dollar house's garage! It gets a lot easier when you're lying on the French Riviera being served cold champagne and hot nachos!

[Bucky's odd diet choices aside, Ricki Toughill does seem a little conflicted as she watches Somers slowly turn to face her...]

GM: NO!

[...and Ricki lets the belt fly, swinging it at the wide open skull of the AWA Women's World Champion...

...and then freezes in her tracks, nearly falling down as she slams on the brakes at the last second, Somers collapsing backwards on the mat as she saw the impact coming for her.]

GM: Wh....?

[Somers looks up in shock at Toughill who stands over her, teeth clenched as she glares down at Somers, still holding the belt...

...and with a well-timed muting cutting off her expletive, Toughill tosses the belt aside to HUGE cheers!]

BW: Sucker!

[Toughill quickly turns back around towards the rising Somers who leaps off the mat, snaring a surprised challenger's head between her legs, dragging her down into a tightly-cradled rana!]

GM: SOMERS HOOKS HER! BUT THERE'S NO REF-

[And referee Shari Miranda comes sliding headfirst under the bottom rope, quickly getting into position...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd responds with a mix of cheers and boos as Toughill kicks out hard, breaking the tight cradle at the last moment!]

GM: Toughill just barely escapes in time!

[Somers struggles off the mat as Toughill tries to get there first...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and runs right into a big chop from the Spitfire that sends her spiraling away, falling back into the ropes.]

GM: What a chop by the champion! We've got Shari Miranda in there and we're back in action as Somers grabs the arm, Irish whip...

[But again, Toughill reverses the whip, shooting Somers across the ring into the ropes. She bounces back towards her challenger who stands stoic...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS the incoming champion with a haymaker!]

BW: A SHOT IN THE CHOPS! SHE GOT HER GOOD!

[Toughill ducks low, boosting the dazed Somers up into a fireman's carry...

...and gets a quick three-step run before leaping into the air, driving Somers' body down into the mat with a Samoan Drop!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RUNNING SAMOAN DROP PLANTS THE CHAMPION! TOUGHILL HANGS ON!

[Still on her back, Toughill hooks a leg as the referee slaps the mat once... twice...]

GM: OHH! AND SOMERS SLIPS OUT AGAIN!

[...and Toughill promptly flips over, throwing a leg across Somers to pin her torso down...]

GM: Toughill takes the mount!

[...and this time, there is no hesitation!]

GM: RIGHT HANDS! RIGHT HANDS BY TOUGHILL!

BW: A SHOT IN THE CHOPS! A WHOLE BUNCH OF 'EM!

[Somers raises her arms, trying to defend herself...

...and Toughill just swings for the ribs again, hammering the injured ribcage as Somers cries out over and over again!]

GM: The referee forces Toughill to get up from throwing those clenched fists... and Somers is in trouble, fans! Ricki Toughill - the REAL Ricki Toughill - just came out to play and the World Champion is paying the price for it!

[Toughill pushes past Miranda, dragging a badly-hurt Somers off the mat by the hair before rushing across the ring...]

GM: OHHH! FACEFIRST INTO THE TOP TURNBUCKLE!

[Somers tries to stumble backwards but Toughill shoves her back in, shaking her head...]

GM: Somers looks out on her feet... and Toughill's not done yet!

[...and lifts the Spitfire off the mat, depositing her into a seat on the top turnbuckle, facing away from the ring...]

GM: Uh oh! This can't be good news for the champion of the world!

[...and Toughill steps up on the middle rope, reaching out to wrap her arms around Somers' tortured torso...]

GM: Somers is up top but unfortunately for her, Toughill's right there with her!

[...and lifts her into the air, leaning backwards...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DUMPS Somers down on the back with a middle rope back superplex!]

GM: SUPERPLEX! SUPERPLEX! THAT MIGHT BE ENOUGH!

[Toughill tiredly flips over, throwing an arm across the heaving chest of the Women's World Champion!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And as poor of a cover as Toughill made, it makes it all the more disappointing for her fans as Somers weakly lifts an arm into the air, her shoulder slipping up off the mat in time!]

GM: SOMERS KICKS OUT! SOMERS ESCAPES!

BW: If Toughill had been able to make a REAL cover there... hooking a leg, put some body on body... I think we've got a new champion.

GM: But we'll never know as...

[Toughill pushes up to her knees, exhaustion on her face as she clasps her hands together and SMASHES them down into the exposed ribs of Somers!]

GM: ...ohhh! Hammer blow to the injured ribs!

[Toughill tiredly raises her arms, letting loose a grunt of exertion as she hammers down another axehandle!]

GM: Toughill pounding Somers' ribs over and over...

[Toughill pushes up off the mat, dragging Somers up with her...]

GM: She's gotta be looking to end this. What does Ricki Toughill have left in the tank as-

"THIRTY MINUTES GONE BY! THIRTY MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: We're halfway through the time limit in this one and I don't know how either of these women are still standing!

[With both on their feet, Toughill lifts Somers in her arms, grunting with the effort before slamming her down on the mat...]

GM: Another big scoop slam by Toughill and...

[...and then leaps into the air, driving her feet down into the midsection!]

GM: DOUBLE STOMP! SHADES OF ANTON LAYTON WITH THE STOMP TO THE GUT!

[Toughill spins, collapsing down to her knees, diving across Somers, reaching back to grab a leg...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Toughill slips off, dismayed as Somers again fires a shoulder off the mat just before three!]

GM: Again! Again Julie Somers saves her title in the nick of time!

BW: How close was that, Gordo?! We were a heartbeat away from a new champion!

GM: With each offensive move, Ricki Toughill is getting closer and closer to achieving that ultimate dream of being a World Champion!

[Toughill climbs up again, letting loose a frustrated roar aimed at no one in particular before she stomps back over the downed World Champion, lifting her by the hair and tossing her into the corner by the hair...]

GM: Oh! Somers into the corner...

[...and Toughill follows her in, grabbing the hair with one hand, pulling her back as she swings her right hand into the injured ribs over and over...]

GM: Somers is being battered in the corner!

[...over and over...]

GM: A relentless attack to the body by Ricki Toughill, trying to find a way to keep Julie Somers down for a three count and win that championship here tonight in New Orleans with the entire world watching!

[...over and over, the referee stepping in now to warn against the closed fists...]

GM: Shari Miranda's ordering Toughill to let her go, to open up those hands!

[Toughill suddenly breaks away, leaving Somers with her arms hanging over the ropes in a last-ditch effort to stay on her feet. The New York native steps to the other side of the ring, eyeballing her foe...]

...and slaps her posterior three times, drawing a cheer from many in the crowd!]

BW: Hey, an homage to her ol' pal, Cinder!

GM: A... what?! No! Not at all!

[Toughill takes aim and breaks into a charge across the ring, twisting herself around to aim her rear end at the exposed midsection...]

...but Somers kicks her legs up, ending up with her legs over the shoulders of the incoming Toughill from behind!]

GM: What in the...?! Somers counters but I'm not sure if-

[Somers grunts, screaming in pain as she uses her core to push herself up into an electric chair position and starts hammering her fist down into the skull of her challenger who staggers out of the corner...]

GM: SOMERS IS FIRING AWAY! THE SPITFIRE TRYING WITH ONE LAST GASP!

[...but as Toughill nears the far ropes, she ducks down and shoves Somers off...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...where she lands gutfirst on the top rope, causing Somers to cry out as she bounces off, wobbling in a circle into a boot to the midsection. Toughill quickly yanks her into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Could this be the EVG Driver?!

BW: I don't think so!

[...and MUSCLES Somers up into the air, twisting away from the ropes and DRIVES her down with a thunderous powerbomb!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: POWERBOMB! POWERBOMB! COULD THAT BE ENOUGH?!

[The referee dives down as Toughill does the same, collapsing on top of Somers again, weakly trying to grab for a leg that's out of reach...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Did she...? SHE DID! SHE KICKS OUT! SHE KICKS OUT IN TIME!

BW: WHAT?!

GM: THE REFEREE SAYS TWO! SHARI MIRANDA SAYS TWO!

BW: That was THREE, Gordo! Check the replay!

GM: I'm sure we will but right now, Shari Miranda says that was a two count by the absolute tiniest of margins and this match continues!

BW: Toughill tried to hook a leg but couldn't get to it and if... and I mean IF... that was a two, that's the ONLY reason that Somers was able to kick out in time!

GM: No doubt about it... and look at Ricki Toughill now!

[Screaming in frustration, the kneeling Toughill hammers the mat repeatedly with both hands before yanking at her own hair, actually pulling some out and tossing it aside.]

GM: Toughill's losing control in there!

[Toughill pushes off the mat, angrily looking down at Somers...

...and then turns away, looking to the corner.]

GM: What is she possibly thinking here?

[Toughill looks back at Somers and with a shake of her head, she starts towards the ropes, ducking through them. The ringside camera picks up a mutter of "if you can do it, so can I" as she slowly starts to climb.]

GM: I... I can't believe what I'm seeing here!

BW: She's tried it all, Gordo! She tried for the.. ugh... EVG Driver... she hit the powerbomb... she went for the hip attack... she's running out of weapons in the arsenal and when the other side knows your every move, sometimes you gotta dig deep and go for the unexpected!

GM: Ricki Toughill started this match with the unexpected strategy of wrestling not fighting... and when it matters most, it looks like she's dipping into the unexpected again by climbing - very slowly mind you - to the top turnbuckle!

[Toughill looks unsteady and very uncertain as she steps up on the middle rope, checking to make sure Somers is still down on the canvas.]

GM: Ricki... I can't believe it, fans! These fans can't believe it either! Look at this! Ricki Toughill is standing on the top rope!

BW: She doesn't have to do this on our account!

GM: This isn't for us, Bucky! This is for her! Her! Her friends! Her fans! Her chance to become the World Champion and live the dream like Julie Somers says!

[Toughill takes a pair of deep breaths, shaking her head in disbelief...

...and then leaps into the air, flipping forward as she does...]

GM: CANNONBALLLLLLLLLLL!

[...into an ugly but likely to be effective somersault cannonball senton aimed at the World Champion...]



"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...who rolls clear at the last moment, causing Toughill to slam violently backfirst into the canvas to groans from many in the Superdome!]

GM: SHE MISSED! SOMERS MOVED AND TOUGHILL HITS HARD!

[And with the roll out of the way successful, Somers starts to crawl towards the same corner that Toughill took flight from...]

GM: And now it's Somers on the move... the World Champion looking to climb... looking for one more moonsault to put Ricki Toughill away and retain her World Title right here tonight on the Tenth Anniversary Show with the entire world watching on ESPN!

[...and gets there, tiredly reaching up an arm to grab the ropes...]

GM: Somers trying to drag herself off the mat... you can see the pain on her face as she reaches and pulls, the ribs having taken an incredible amount of punishment tonight in this absolute war...

[...dragging herself to her knees first, breathing heavily as she grabs the top rope and starts pulling again...]

GM: Toughill's grabbing at her back... that fall took a lot out of her with no doubt but did it take enough to keep her down while Somers climbs those ropes, leaps off, and hits that moonsault to win this thing? We're about to find out as Somers... you can hear the scream of effort, fighting her way to her feet...

[...and once on her feet, she weakly steps to the middle rope, trying to limit the number of movements as she steps up with the other leg...]

GM: Somers on the second rope...

BW: This is taking too long, Gordo! Toughill's starting to stir!

GM: Which is absolutely incredible in its own right!

[Toughill rolls to a hip, throwing a glance at the corner where Somers puts one foot on the top rope...]

GM: Somers is trying to get up there... she's got no idea that Toughill's on the move...

[...and Ricki pushes up her feet with a grunt of exertion of her own, staggering quickly towards the corner where Somers is still with one foot on the top rope...]

"WHAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and Toughill slams a forearm into the back!]

GM: OH! She got caught! Somers was going up for the moonsault and she got caught!

"WHAAAAAAAACK!"

[A second forearm lands, shaking Somers' entire body as she tries to stay in position. Toughill pauses for a moment...]

...and then twists, ducking down and pushing up to come up between the legs of Somers with the legs on her shoulders to the ROAR of the Superdome crowd!]

GM: OH MY STARS! OH MY STARS! SHE'S GOT SOMERS UP!

[Toughill slowly walks out of the corner, holding an exhausted Somers aloft in a powerbomb position...]

GM: She might be looking for another powerbomb!

[...but Somers has other ideas, hammering her fist down between the eyes of Toughill, desperately trying to fight her way free...]

GM: SOMERS IS TRYING TO FIGHT HER WAY OUT! ONE LAST CHANCE! ONE LAST GASP!

[...and as Toughill staggers under the barrage of blows, Somers leans forward...]

GM: What's she...?

[...and flips over the top of the challenger, dragging her down into a sunset flip...]

GM: SUNSET FLIP! SUNSET FLIP COUNTER!! ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO!

[...but Toughill kicks out strong, forcing the pin attempt back the other way with Ricki hanging onto both legs, sitting on Somers' chest...]

GM: REVERSAL!! ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! TH-

[...but Somers manages to use her leg strength to pull Toughill backwards, rolling her back onto her shoulders!]

GM: ANOTHER REVERSAL!! ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Somers immediately lets go of the hold, slumping down on the mat as Toughill collapses to the side, rolling onto her hip...]

GM: SOMERS GETS THE WIN AND KEEPS THE GOLD IN N'AWLINS!

[Somers stays down on all fours as Toughill pushes up into a seated position, looking up at the official who nods, holding up three fingers as Toughill buries her face in her hands.]

GM: A... the emotion is evident on the face of Ricki Toughill, fans... an absolutely heartbreaking loss no doubt.

BW: What a match.

GM: You can say that again. Ricki Toughill is obviously disappointed by this loss but... wow, she gave it all she had... every single bit of what she had and came oh-so-close to being the new champion. She came up just short... but she's got nothing to be ashamed of.

[Toughill looks up, resting her chin on her arms crossed over her knees as she stays sitting. Somers pushes up to her knees, accepting the title belt with a huge

grin as she clutches it to her chest while the fans ROAR in tribute to both competitors.]

GM: Julie Somers hangs on to the gold... quite the exchange there at the end... back and forth... it was so close for both competitors but in the end, Somers is able to pin the shoulders down to get the three and... it was a tremendous battle and I'm proud we were here to see it, Bucky.

BW: For a long time now, we've slapped on the hype for the Women's Division - the hottest division in wrestling - and when you look at this night... look at the last hour or so of action here... we've seen the first Women's World Tag Team Champions crowned in an outstanding match between the Peach Pits and Seductive and Destructive... and now another outstanding match between Somers and Toughill for the Women's World Title. This IS the hottest division in wrestling, Gordo... there ain't no doubt about it.

[With the aid of the official, Somers struggles to her feet, wincing as she raises her arm over her head, holding the title belt aloft for all to see.]

GM: Somers celebrating with this sold out Superdome crowd, showing her the love for all that she does in and out of that ring...

[Somers slowly turns, looking down at Ricki still seated on the match, just watching the Spitfire celebrate. Somers slings the title over her shoulder, walking slowly towards the seated Toughill...]

GM: ...and now Somers walking over to her defeated opponent, looking down on the woman she says is the toughest she's ever faced...

[...and extends her hand towards her to cheers.]

GM: ...and after all the harsh words and accusations exchanged over recent weeks... after the machinations of E-Girl MAX trying to get into their heads... Julie Somers extends her hand to Ricki Toughill, offering to help her longtime rival back to her feet...

[Toughill bites at her bottom lip, looking up at Somers with a disappointed look on her face...

...and then reaches up, taking the hand to big cheers!]

GM: Somers helping Toughill to her feet... and the handshake turns into an embrace! What a moment for these two here in New Orleans! The entirety of this massive crowd is on their feet, showing the love to these two tremendous competitors who we've been so honored to call the action for over the past few years. The emergence of Julie Somers as one of the popular competitors in all of wrestling... the arrival of Ricki Toughill and her transformation from lackey thug to someone these fans truly adore and treasure as one of their own.

[The embrace lasts for a while, both women speaking to one another in unheard words by the rest of us before they come apart, Ricki raising the champion's hand and pointing to her...]

GM: Oh yeah! That's what we love to see!

BW: Speak for yourself... Ricki should waffle her right now, go out and get that belt, and bust her up!

GM: Ahhh, I'm gonna miss you, Buckthorn. The fans are on their feet... and the heck with it, I'm gonna join them! Fans, we'll be right back with our steel cage Main Event in just a few moments so don't you dare go away! Oh yeah!

[There's a "CLUNK!" as Gordon removes his headset, getting to his feet to clap for Somers and Toughill along with the rest of the sold out crowd. Julie grins, pointing to Gordon and giving a little bow as Toughill smiles while we fade to black.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Back to Dane.]

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

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

The "Coming Soon" graphic returns for a moment...

...and then back to black.

And then to a bank of monitors that can only mean we're going one place. Thankfully, we've got a voiceover to explain where.]

"And now... with our Battle of London Control Center... please welcome Mariah Wolfe!"

[We fade to a studio control room looking setup with Mariah Wolfe in pre-taped footage standing before another bank of monitors all showing AWA action in the background.]

MW: The Control Center, huh? Always wanted to check this place out.

[She grins.]

MW: Hello everyone and welcome to the Battle of London Control Center! I'm Mariah Wolfe and it is my privilege to be here to drop some bombshells on you all as we break news left and right about this big event coming up in just over a month's time - April 28th from the O2 Arena in jolly ol' London, England. Now, there's going to be a lot of big matches on that show, I'm sure... but the last time the AWA slapped a "Battle of" tag on a show, we're talking about the Battle of Boston in 2016 where... uhh... someone whose name I cannot mention won a massive tournament. This time, we're getting another tournament but a very, very different one.

[We get an on-screen graphic promoting the Royal Crown Tournament.]

MW: The Royal Crown Tournament will be the showcase event of the Battle of London and tonight, I've given the honor of giving you some much-awaited details surrounding this much-promoted tournament.

First off, let's throw some things out the window - this ain't your daddy's tournament. This isn't what AWA fans are used to seeing in the Stampede Cup or even the Battle of Boston.

[Wolfe grins.]

MW: What it is is the hungriest, toughest wrestlers in the world doing battle in London, England... in two separate four corners elimination matches.

That's right. Four men enter... and you can be eliminated by pinfall or submission leading to one man left standing which will be your winner.

[Mariah shrugs.]

MW: But I know what you're thinking - "hey Mariah, you said TWO four corners matches." Thanks for listening and you're right, I did... because there's going to be one winner on the men's side... and one for the ladies!

[She raises the roof... I know. I don't get it either.]

MW: Hey ladies! Get your game on in London and show who's the best!

[Wolfe pauses.]

MW: Now, we're not just picking four names out of a hat for these two matches - you gotta earn your spot to get in them. Next Saturday night on the debut of Showtime on ESPN, it's Selection Saturday. We've selected eight professional wrestling legends who will be in the house to announce the competitors that they've picked to battle in the first round. There will be four male legends and four females... and they'll be picking two competitors each. Those eight competitors will meet in the first round and the winners will move on to London to the Finals.

Now, there's one more catch to this...

[Wolfe grins.]

MW: In order to be eligible to be picked, you can NOT be a current AWA title holder. Singles, tags, whatever. You got gold? You're out. The Royal Crown is about getting someone the opportunity of a lifetime to break through... to win the big one... to jump to the next level... and I can't wait to see it.

[The graphic fades.]

MW: We'll have more to come on both the Royal Crown Tournament and the Battle of London in the weeks to come but for now, do NOT miss Selection Saturday where we'll find out exactly who'll be competing in this exciting new tournament! From the Control Center, I'm Mariah Wolfe - so long everyone!

[We get one more shot of the bank of monitors that make up the Control Center...

...and then fade to live footage in the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing alongside the challengers for in tonight's AWA World Tag Team title cage match, the Soldiers of Fortune. Marty Meekly stands in attention in the background, gripping the flagpole tightly. Both men are in their wrestling gear. Joe Flint adjusts his camouflauge cap, while one can feel the glare behind Charlie Stephen's aviators. Blackwell looks over at the three men, Meekly in particular as normally Meekly enters blowing on the whistle handing on a string around his neck.]

SLB: AWA fans, I'm here with the Soldiers of Fortune, and it looks like these three are ready to get down to business tonight..

[None of the Soldiers react.]

SLB: In a few short minutes, you are going to step inside of a steel cage to face off against Next Gen for the AWA World Tag Team titles. You've had a long rivalry with Next Gen, and tonight could very well be the end of that rivalry.

[Flint nods his head before turning towards Sweet Lou.]

JF: Sweet Lou, we were hopin' to be done with Next Gen once and for all at SuperClash. It never sit well with us that we lost that Boot Camp match, a match that I've created. A match, up until then, was a match I never lost...

[Charlie Stephens, who had been looking down in shame, snaps his head upwards and interrupts.]

CS: With all due respect, Joe, maybe things just got too chaotic.

[Flint raises his eyebrow.]

CS: Maybe what we need to do tonight, is keep things simple. Let's keep that chaos enclosed in... what? A 16x16 foot square? 18x18 foot? Eh, I dunno, I don't pay attention to that crap. Too technical for me. Kind of like the Boot Camp match. I just want to take those two handsome fellas the AWA sends out to promote collectible cards and charity crap at hospitals and just put their faces through some steel mesh without thinkin' about it all that much, you dig?

I had been thinkin' for a long time about what I wanted to say here tonight. Oooh, so many things were rollin' through my mind, some of it a whole lotta nonsense. but, ya know what? I had it rattlin' in an all too important part of my brain, and in the end I just ain't about to quote some irrelevant comic book from 30 years ago. I don't get it, but it keeps gettin' quoted by stupid angsty acne ridden teenagers on social media, a place that rots your mind and somethin' I wish someone would finally nuke from orbit.

[Stephens removes his aviator shades.]

CS: But enough of this palaver, let's get the show on the road.

[Stephens stuffs his aviator sunglasses in his pocket, then turns and leaves stage right. Flint and Meekly look at each other in confusion.]

MM: You don't think he's being awfully insubordinate, don't ya, Captain?

[Flint rubs his chin.]

JF: Nah, I think it's just a whole lot of frustration comin' out since we lost those titles.

[Flint turns towards Sweet Lou.]

JF: The man's always been itchin' for a fight ever since I took him under my wing, even more so since we lost those belts. That's the only thing I've been able to get him to respond to over these last few weeks. You know, maybe he does have a point. Maybe we put a little too much thought into things at SuperClash and it came back to bit us on the ass.

[Flint snorts.]

JF: Sweet Lou, we went back to the drawin' board and made sure that we'd be on the same page tonight to win back those titles. We don't need to do anythin' more than to beat those miserable pukes, Harper and Somers, from pillar to post an' the next time you see those boys on TV, they'll be pushin' pain relief products that have weird side effects the narrator says way too quickly. Those Next Gen punks are gonna watch from rehab while they sip tomato soup through a straw, as the best tag team in the world today wreck all the other slimeballs in the tag team division, wonderin' when their next chance to get at us will be.

[Flint laughs.]

JF: Over our dead bodies. Tonight, as you said, Sweet Lou, is going to be the end of things once and for all. Guaranteed.

At ease.

[Flint nods at Meekly, and both men exit stage right to join Stephens.]

SLB: There you have it, gentlemen. The Soldiers of Fortune are ready to put an end to their rivalry with Next Gen inside of the steel..

[As Sweet Lou gets ready to finish throwing things back to Gordon and Bucky, Meekly re-enters the scene.]

MM: FFFFFFFWWWWWWWWEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEETTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!!!!

[Meekly laughs as he exits the way he came, as Blackwell regains his bearings.]

SLB: Good grief.. Gordon, I bet you're not going to miss that. Now, let's go over to Mariah... gah!

[Blackwell rubs his ears with a wince as we fade to another part of backstage where we find Mariah Wolfe standing between the members of Next Gen. To Wolfe's left is Howie Somers and to her right is Daniel Harper. The members of Next Gen are dressed in their wrestling attire -- each wears a white singlet with the letters "NG" on the front in navy blue, block lettering, navy blue tights, white knee pads and

wrestling boots. Somers and Harper also each wear a navy blue vest and have a World Tag Team Title belt strapped around the waist.]

MW: Thanks, Lou... and as you can see, I'm here with the two-time AWA World Tag Team Champions, Next Gen, who are about to meet the Soldiers of Fortune in a steel cage. Now, Howie Somers, there's been a lot of history between the two of you and the Soldiers. Do you believe that tonight will be the night that you finally bring that history to its conclusion?

HS: Mariah, you talk about the history between us and the Soldiers, there's a lot to talk about there. All the way back at the Stampede Cup, to the Homecoming show where Marty Meekly stole the match AND our titles for the Soldiers, to the Boot Camp match at SuperClash IX, it seems that the Soldiers just don't know when to retreat.

[His expression was calm at first, but now becomes more agitated.]

HS: But tonight, we've got a lot more motivation to settle this, once and for all. After we spent our time meeting with kids at the Shriners Hospital, and then watched as the Soldiers mocked them, that makes me sick to my stomach. I've just about had enough of the Soldiers running off their mouths at us, at anyone who works to overcome the odds, at anything and everything that makes the United States the place where anything is possible, where you can choose your own destiny.

The two of you are nothing more than a couple of ingrates who should have been flunked out of basic training! I've had enough of you!

[That's when Harper steps toward Somers and holds up his hand.]

DH: Whoa, easy there, my friend... take it easy for a minute! Calm down... let me do the talking here.

[Somers takes a deep breath and turns away for a minute, as if he's trying to regain his composure. Meanwhile, Harper glances at Wolfe, a narrow gaze in his eyes.]

DH: You know, Mariah, it was back on ESPN SportsCenter when I said I'd have plenty to say, so where do you want to start?

MW: Well, Daniel, you've certainly been busy... not only with the tag team division and your visit to the Shriners Hospital, but in singles action as well on the Power Hour.

DH: Yeah, let's not forget that Takeshi Mifune jumped me after I beat him, and let's not forget what happened earlier tonight when Kerry Kendrick made everything about himself as usual! So you better believe I've got a lot on my mind alongside tonight's match!

But you know what, Mariah? For every blow that Mifune delivered to me, I'm gonna take it out on the Soldiers of Fortune! For every time Kendrick opened his mouth when he should have kept it shut, I'm gonna take it out on the Soldiers of Fortune! And for every single time they dared to make fun of those kids at the Shriners Hospital, kids who inspired us so much, I'm gonna take it out on them, and if Marty Meekly gets involved, I'll take it out on him as well!

[Harper's eyes have now widened and his voice rises.]

DH: Tonight, in that steel cage, for everything that's gone down, everyone who has gotten on our bad side, every word the Soldiers have ever said... it's gonna be that



much harder that we're gonna punch them! It's gonna be that much harder that we're gonna kick them! It's gonna be that much harder that we're gonna slam them! It's gonna be that much harder that we're gonna ram them into that cage!

[Somers, who has stood there watching, now tries to interject.]

HS: Now, Daniel, settle down...

[Harper pays him no attention.]

DH: It's gonna be that much harder that we're gonna rattle them with suplexes! It's gonna be that much harder that we're gonna drop the elbows!

HS: Daniel, all right...

DH: It's gonna be that much harder that Howie's gonna avalanche you! It's gonna be that much harder that I give you the uppercuts!

HS: Daniel, calm down...

[Harper does anything but that.]

DH: It's gonna be that much harder that Howie's gonna headbutt you! It's gonna be that much harder that I'm gonna stomp your gut! It's gonna be that much harder...

HS: DANIEL!

[And there's a first... the first time Somers has raised his voice like that. It's enough to snap Harper out of his rant and turn to his partner.]

HS: Save it for the match, my friend!

[Harper takes a deep breath, but raises his hand.]

DH: Just one last thing, Howie.

[He turns to the camera, his voice rising again.]

DH: Joe Flint, Charlie Stephens, Marty Meekly, Howie and I are going to make history as we walk out of that steel cage with the World tag team titles still in our possession... and the only thing the three of you will be is history!

[He glances back to Somers, giving a nod. Wolfe turns to Somers as well.]

MW: Anything else to say, Howie?

[Somers places his hands on his hips and gives a hardened stare at the camera.]

HS: Soldiers of Fortune, Daniel and I worked hard to get the tag team titles back, after all the stunts you pulled on us, and if you think you're just going to plow right through us and get them back, I have just two words to that.

Like hell!

[He then points a finger at the camera.]

HS: Tonight, in the steel cage match, Daniel and I will end this!

[Somers glances back at Harper, who gestures off camera.]

DH: To the ring!

[The two walk off the set and Wolfe is quiet for a minute.]

MW: Those two men clearly mean business. Gordon... Bucky... back to you...

[We fade from backstage to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Thank you, Mariah... for everything. And Bucky, as we sit here at ringside, the final touches being put on this steel cage surrounding the ring... preparing to call our final match together...

[Gordon pauses, a hint of emotion cracking his voice as Bucky reaches out a hand, placing it on his partner's shoulder.]

BW: I know, buddy... I know.

GM: I just want to let all the fans around the world watching know how much they've meant to me... to us.

[Bucky nods.]

GM: And I want you to know how much you mean to me too, Bucky.

[Bucky smiles sadly.]

BW: The feeling's mutual, Gordon.

[Gordon grins.]

GM: And I suppose there will be time enough for emotions after this one's over... but I expect this one will feature its own emotions - a very different type of emotions though.

BW: Anger, rage, aggression.

GM: Vengeance perhaps. Jealous even. Desire to be the best... to be the champions of the world. We're going to see it all and then some and as we get the signal from the ring that the cage is set, let's go up to Rebecca Ortiz one more time!

[Gordon grins, Bucky giving a one-armed hug to his partner before we fade up to our ring announcer.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall for the AWA WORRRRRRLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS... and will be held inside this solid STEEEEEEL CAAAAAAGE!

[The crowd ROARS as the lights dance off the shiny yet sadistic steel cage.]

RO: Introducing first... they are the challengers...

[A loud crackling noise is heard, slowly fading into a piercing buzz, as a distorted voice is heard shouting out partial lyrics to "My Country 'Tis of Thee"]

# Land where my fathers died!  
# Land of the pilgrim's pride!  
# From every mountain side,  
# Let freedom ring!

[The 'ring' starts echoing, and it starts resembling an actual ringing sound. Suddenly, the ringing sound fades perfectly into the opening guitar riff by Ted Nugent of the Damn Yankees, as "Don't Tread on Me" by the early 90s super group Nugent played guitar for starts playing over the PA to a loud chorus of boos.]

RO: On their way down the aisle... being accompanied by their flagbearer Marty Meekly... at a total combined weight of 522 pounds...

They are the 2017 Stampede Cup champions...

The former AWA World Tag Team Champions...

[Ortiz takes a deep breath.]

RO: ..."CAPTAIN" JOE FLINT....

..."CORPORAL PUNISHMENT" CHARLIE STEPHENS....

...THE SOLLLLLLLDIERRRRRRS OF FORRRRRRTUNNNNNE!

[The vocals start up, and the duo known as the Soldiers of Fortune step into view, soaking up the loud boos from the crowd. Any sympathizers that may be in the crowd to the Soldiers of Fortune are easily drowned out as Marty Meekly steps out front, waving the flag back and forth repeatedly.]

GM: And here they come, Bucky... the challengers in this steel cage showdown...

BW: Last summer, these Soldiers were on top of the world... they seemed unstoppable... but at SuperClash, they were stopped cold by their opponents here tonight. But if you look at the big picture... the Soldiers beat Next Gen twice last summer and Next Gen just has the one win from the fall. The Soldiers still have an edge... and tonight, they want to cement that edge for good!

[Flint is a big, burly fellow. His barrel-chested physique isn't a picture of rock-solid conditioning, but it is a battle-scarred picture of toughness and raw power. The Captain keeps his hair in a military high-and-tight, and his prominent jaw and nose are the primary features of a face that strongly resembles a famous American actor of long ago... which is the reason many call him "The Duke". He wears camo fatigue pants and black combat boots, his hands are taped up, and he sports a single elbow pad on his left arm. The elbow pad is black, with the Soldiers of Fortune shield logo on it.

Stephens is wearing a pair of dark blue jeans, with a rip above the left knee, and a black t-shirt with the Soldiers of Fortune logo across the chest(Golden shield with a cyan colored soldier holding a bayonet). He also wears a pair of black boots underneath the jeans. Standing next to him is the flagbearer, Marty Meekly, dressed in Army camo from head to do with a whistle dangling down the front of his chest. In his right hand is a flagpole, with the American flag draped along the top.]

GM: Joe Flint, the seasoned veteran with a long history of big match performances. He's as tough as they come.

BW: And Charlie Stephens?

GM: That little weasel.

[Bucky laughs as the boos continue, Flint barks out "Forrrrwaaarrrrd MARCH!", and the Soldiers of Fortune start to quickly head towards the ring. Both men disregard the negative reaction from the crowd. In the past, Flint would pass out American flags to the children, and stop for any veterans in the crowd, but those days are

long past. All that is on the mind of the Soldiers of Fortune is their own supremacy over all.]

GM: Charlie Stephens has shown in the past several months two sides if you ask me - the strategic side where he's always plotting and planning... and the vicious side where at times it seems like bloodshed is more important than victory.

BW: I don't know if I agree with that... but if it is, he's in the right place to get it.

[Finally, the former (don't dare call him "ex-") Marine and Corporal climb the ring steps and enter the ring. Both men sneer at the negative reaction from the crowd, and step through the ropes. "Don't Tread on Me" dies out, but the boos keep going as Flint goes to the ropes, cupping his ear and encouraging the boos. Stephens stretches against the ropes, a satisfied smirk on his face as he waits for their opponents to arrive. The music fades as Rebecca Ortiz retakes the center of the ring.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd their opponents...

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

[The chanting leads to the chorus of "Centuries" by Fall Out Boy. On the video screen, we see footage of the AWA of tag teams from days gone by... in fact, they were the first five such teams to grace the AWA tag scene.

The Russians... The Upper Crust... Werewolf Gregorson and Despair... Rough N Ready... Kentucky's Pride.

And then that's followed by two words up on the screen.

"NEXT GEN"

A montage of that team in action plays on the video screen and the fans, as they say, go wild.]

RO: From Boston, Massachusetts, and El Paso, Texas... at a combined weight of 495 pounds...

...they are the AWA WORRRRRRLD TAG TEAM CHAMMMMMPIONSSSS...

HOWIE SOMERS!

DANIEL HARPER!

THEY ARE... NEXXXXXXT GENNNNNNNNN!

[The tag team duo of Howie Somers and Daniel Harper emerge from the entranceway and stand at the top of the ramp. They are dressed in the same attire: Navy blue vest with the words "NEXT GEN" printed across the back in white, block lettering, white singlet with the letters "NG" on the front in navy blue, block lettering, navy blue tights, white kneepads and wrestling boots. Somers and Harper each have one of the World Tag Team Title belts strapped around the waist.]

GM: The symbol of excellence in tag team wrestling all over the world - the AWA World Tag Team Champions Next Gen are on their way down the aisle for what promises to be one of the toughest matches of their young careers.

BW: Which is saying a lot because yeah, they've had a short career so far... but we've already seen them in matches like that other cage match with System Shock

last summer... the Boot Camp match at SuperClash... these two know how to fight when the eyes of the world are on 'em, Gordo.

[Harper points toward the ring and shouts something that the camera can't quite pick up, given the fans' cheers. Somers, meanwhile, just casts a hard stare.

The two then make their way down the aisle and toward the ring, side by side, though at a swifter pace than they normally walk. When they reach ringside, they each remove their vests and hand them to a ringside attendant.]

GM: These two wasting no time in making their way down the aisle tonight... a very serious expression on the faces of all four of these competitors. They know the stakes of this one, Bucky.

BW: AND they know just how dangerous this cage can be. Joe Flint's no stranger to a steel cage... and we just mentioned Next Gen in the cage last summer. Charlie Stephens may be a little out of his element but with his mentality, I think he'll catch on quick.

[The two then enter the steel cage, with Harper the first to head up the stairs and into the ring. He then points at the Soldiers again, then his extended pointer turns into a thumb that points downward. Somers follows Harper into the ring, places his hands on his hips and casts an icy glare at the Soldiers.

The two then remove the tag team belts around their waists and hand them over to the referee, though they never take their eyes off the Soldiers.]

GM: The pomp and circumstance comes to an end... and the fight is set to begin.

[The two teams huddle up as the official calls for them to decide who will be starting things off. Somers and Harper trade a high five as Somers steps out of the ring...]

GM: And this steel cage tag team title showdown is just about underway with Charlie Stephens starting things off against Daniel Harper who sure seemed to be on the verge of losing his cool in that interview a little while ago.

BW: Harper's emotions are rarely in check, Gordo... but Stephens didn't exactly seem to be operating with a cool head either. There's a lot of bad blood between these two teams and I expect we'll see a whole lot of it on the cage... on the mat... and on all points in between before this one's over.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[At the sound of the bell, Harper sprints across the ring and connects with a running dropkick that sends Stephens flying backwards into his own corner where he wildly flies bounces back out as Joe Flint looks on in shock!]

GM: Whoa! What a start out of Harper!

[The fired-up second generation star grabs the rising Stephens and smashes him with a right hand, sending him staggering back into the neutral corner where Harper follows him in.]

GM: Referee Ricky Longfellow calling the action in this one... and he's going to have his work cut out for him.

BW: Luckily, the rules are a little lax in a match like this. No countouts. No disqualifications. It's a normal tag match so he's gotta try to keep them under control on the doubleteams but-

GM: Harper's all over him in the corner, taking advantage of that lack of rules to lay in those heavy right hands in this - the final match we'll call together on Saturday Night Wrestling.

BW: I've said it earlier tonight but this is a heck of a way to go out, ol' pal.

[Harper's fists are flying, bouncing off the skull of the stunned Stephens who tries to turn away which just gets Harper to grab him by the hair, smashing his head into the top turnbuckle which sends Stephens sailing backwards out of the corner and down hard on the mat!]

GM: Ohhh! Harper sends him flying right there. The Boot Camp match was so intense... so physical.. so violent back at SuperClash but you get the feeling that these two surrounded by solid steel just might be even worse.

BW: And it's not the first time Next Gen's been inside a steel cage with the tag titles on the line. We all remember that battle in Philly with System Shock for the titles last July.

GM: A very physical battle in its own right.

[Flint shouts a threat at Harper who ignores him, grabbing Stephens by the hair as the man known as Corporal Punishment regains his feet, blasting him with a forearm uppercut that sends Stephens collapsing back into the ropes, wrapping an arm around the top to stay standing.]

GM: Harper's got him on the ropes - Joe Flint trying to distract him from the outside. That'll be something that Next Gen will need to keep an eye out for as well as-

"FWWWWWWWWEeeeeeeeeet!"  
"FWWWWWWWWEeeeeeeeeet!"  
"FWWWWWWWWEeeeeeeeeet!"

GM: -ugh... as well as that man right there, disgraced former referee Marty Meekly - the flagbearer for the Soldiers of Fortune who will be looking to get involved earlier and often no doubt.

[Dragging Stephens away from the ropes, Harper pulls him into a front facelock before snapping him over!]

GM: Ohhh! Snap suplex by Harper - taking Stephens right out of his boots practically!

[Harper rolls back to his feet as Stephens rolls to a hip on the mat, grabbing at his lower back.]

GM: Harper staying on the attack, still ignoring Joe Flint and Marty Meekly who are trying to lure him into a war of words.

[Grabbing Stephens' legs, Harper holds them up, looking out at the cheering Superdome crowd...

...and then STOMPS down into the lower mid-section of Stephens, right above the belt line to cheers!]

GM: Oho! Dangerously close to a low blow there.

BW: He should've done it, Gordo. It's all legal here.

GM: I suppose so but that's not really in the DNA of Daniel Harper, son of the Hall of Famer Stephanie Harper...

[Harper watches Stephens writhe in pain on the mat for a moment before driving the point of his elbow down into the throat.]

GM: Elbow right on target! Stephens gasping for air down on the mat after that... but you notice no cover on the part of Harper who is right back up.

BW: That'll be something to keep an eye on. Yeah, it's a grudge match... yeah, it's a cage match to settle a rivalry... but it's also a title match so Harper and Somers need to keep their cool in there enough to focus on defending the titles.

GM: Two time champions Next Gen looking to retain here tonight and set their sights on Los Angeles and Memorial Day Mayhem coming up at the end of May. You know they want to be a part of that huge event.

BW: Who doesn't? Except you.

[Gordon chuckles as Harper pulls Stephens up, tossing him into the corner and slapping his partner's hand.]

GM: First tag of the match on either side brings in big Howie Somers - the powerhouse of his squad - who will be looking to knock down some bodies within the unfriendly confines of this steel cage here tonight.

[Opting against a double team, Somers simply drags Stephens out towards the middle of the ropes, whipping him across...]

GM: Somers shoots him in... and TAKES HIM DOWN with a big tackle!

[...and connects with a running tackle that sends Stephens flipping backwards across the ring to big cheers!]

GM: Six foot five and 265 as Somers flattens the much-smaller Stephens with ease...

[The flip back across the ring though puts Stephens within reach of his corner which he quickly takes advantage of, tagging in Joe Flint while Somers looks on patiently.]

GM: ...and there's the tag on the other side now. Howie Somers didn't even try to stop it, perhaps looking to try himself against the grizzled veteran "Captain" Joe Flint.

[The big man from Parris Island, South Carolina comes through the ropes, a glare burning a hole right through Somers as he approaches him.]

GM: Look at this staredown... neither man showing the slightest sign of being intimidated by the other...

[There's a brief exchange of words before Flint pops Somers with a right hand that results in Somers coming right back with one of his own!]

GM: ...and the stares and the words turn to fists flying already in this one!

[The crowd ROARS for the brief exchange of haymakers that ends when Flint goes downstairs with a boot to the ample midsection of Somers.]

GM: Ooof! Shot to the breadbasket by Flint... Flint's got a long history in this business in the Southern territories where we were for many years, Bucky.

BW: He made his name working in places like Georgia, the Carolinas, and of course for Cheapskate Lynch down in Texas.

[Grabbing Somers by the back of the head, Flint charges the cage, looking to put him into the mesh...

...but Somers reaches up, wrapping his fingers in the mesh to block!]

GM: Ohh! Somers blocks it... and he's fighting it! Flint's trying to ram his face into that skin-tearing metal early on in this one but Somers is fighting with all he's got to avoid that!

[Somers suddenly swings an elbow back into the gut, breaking up Flint's attack and sending him wobbling to mid-ring sucking wind.]

GM: Somers breaks out... and now it's Somers on the attack!

[Before Flint can recover from the blow to the gut, Somers lifts up the 281 pounder with ease and throws him down in a ring-shaking slam.]

GM: Big slam puts down the Duke... Somers backs to the ropes, bouncing off... ohhh! Running elbowdrop finds the mark... and there's our first cover of the match!

[A two count lands before Flint easily escapes to disappointment from the fans.]

GM: Flint out at two... and Somers is gonna stay right on him, up on his feet and bringing Flint up with him.

[A whip sends Flint into the Next Gen corner where Somers charges in after him, lowering his shoulder for a smash into the midsection!]

GM: Tackle in the corner... and a tag.

[Harper steps through the ropes, smashing a forearm over his partner's doubled-over form into the jaw of Flint repeatedly. The referee calls for the break, demanding they let Flint out of the corner.]

GM: The referee wants a break and Next Gen seems inclined to give it to him.

BW: Why? He can count til the cows come home and he can't disqualify anyone. Harper and Somers should leave Flint in the corner and work him until he can't stand anymore. That's what my gameplan would be.

GM: Fortunately for Harper and Somers, I don't think they'd follow any gameplan you set up for them.

[Harper and Somers each grab an arm on Flint, pulling him out of the corner...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and then flinging him back in, jamming his back against the turnbuckles!]

GM: Simple but effective offense there on the part of the champions, looking to wear down the larger half of the Soldiers of Fortune... former tag team champions, the 2017 Stampede Cup winners.



[Somers departs as Harper muscles up the larger Flint under his arm, dropping him down across a knee in a side backbreaker!]

GM: Ohh! And perhaps Next Gen deciding to focus their efforts on the back of Flint here... the slam to the corner, the backbreaker...

[Harper again pulls Flint up without attempting a cover, snatching another front facelock...]

GM: We saw this on Stephens a little while ago... but can he get the larger Flint up and over for it?

[...and with a grunt of effort, Harper lifts Flint off the mat for a snap suplex!]

GM: He's got him up!

[But Harper can't get him over and sets him back down on the mat where Flint promptly swings an open hand up, catching Harper right in the exposed windpipe with some stiffened fingers!]

GM: Oh! Cheapshot there by Flint, right into the throat!

[Harper staggers back, coughing and gasping as Flint walks to his corner, slapping the hand of the eager Charlie Stephens.]

GM: Stephens back in - and it was Stephens who took that flying clothesline from Next Gen at SuperClash that led to the titles changing hands so you know he's looking for payback here tonight in the Superdome.

[With Harper gasping for air, Stephens grabs him by the arm, looking to whip him across...]

GM: Irish whip by Stephens!

[...but an attempt at a clothesline comes up empty as Harper ducks under, swinging around to scoop the off-balance Stephens up!]

GM: And Harper slams him down!

[Harper grabs at his throat, coughing as Stephens scrambles up off the mat into a boot to the gut...

...and as Harper grabs Stephens by the hair, he points to the cage wall to a HUGE ROAR!]

GM: Oh yeah! Harper's gonna put Stephens into the steel!

[But before he can do it, Stephens rakes his fingers across the eyes of Harper, leaving him blinded as well as gasping for air as Stephens staggers to the corner to slap his partner's hand.]

GM: Flint right back in... and a double team on the way for the former champions, whipping Harper across...

[Stephens and Flint join hands, connecting with a double clothesline that drops Harper down to the mat!]

GM: ...double clothesline connects! And Joe Flint with a cover of his own now...

[Harper stays down for two before kicking out, breaking free to cheers.]

GM: ...just a two count though. Daniel Harper is hurting after that double clothesline but he was able to slip out at two.

[Flint climbs to his feet, the veteran looking around at the jeering crowd. He sneers in their direction as he hauls Harper off the mat...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and HURLS him headfirst into the wall of the steel cage! Harper bounces backwards, crashing down on the mat with his hands over his head as the fans jeer loudly.]

GM: Into the cage goes Harper! Joe Flint sends him into the cage, using the steel as a weapon for the first time in this tag team title matchup... and Harper went down hard, Bucky.

BW: That cage can hurt you in so many ways. Yeah, it can rip your skin and make you bleed. Yeah, you can get fingers caught in it and injured them. But it's also solid steel, Gordo... and that can yield things like concussions and separated shoulders and dislocated knees.

GM: They say nobody ever comes out of a steel cage match the same way they went in and in the hands of people like Joe Flint and Charlie Stephens, I have to imagine that's even more true.

BW: No doubt.

[Flint leans down, hauling the fiery Harper up by the hair, looking around at the jeering crowd again, gritting his teeth...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE CAGE A SECOND TIME!

[...and Harper goes sailing backwards, collapsing on the mat where Flint quickly dives on top.]

GM: Flint with a cover... and Harper's out at two!

[Flint glares at the official who holds up two fingers before The Duke climbs back to his feet, dragging Harper off the mat into a seated position with Flint standing behind him...]

GM: Uh oh... and if you're a fan of Daniel Harper, you may want to look away because it looks like that young man has been lacerated by this steel cage.

BW: Gordo, we're like... six or seven minutes into this match and he's busted open already?! This has gotta be bad news for Daniel Harper and Next Gen surviving this match with the titles.

GM: Flint sees the cut now, looking to take advantage of it...

[Balling up his fist, Flint drives it down into the cut on the forehead of Harper... and again... and again... ]

GM: Flint's pounding that cut! Trying to bust him open further!

[...and then switches to overhead elbows, driving the point of his elbow down into the wound as crimson starts to appear on the arm of the former Marine.]

BW: Harper's at the mercy of "Captain" Joe Flint - and guess what, he ain't got none!

[With fury in his eyes, Flint suddenly leans down...

...and sinks his teeth into the forehead of Harper!]

GM: AHHHH!

[A few moments of Flint gnawing the bloody forehead is seen before he sits up...

...and promptly spits in the direction of Howie Somers, a tinge of red in his saliva as he glares at Somers who recoils in disgust as the crowd jeers Flint.]

GM: Absolutely disgusting, Bucky. What kind of an animal is Joe Flint?! He deserves to be in a damn cage with stuff like that!

BW: Forget about Flint - look at Harper.

[The camera zooms in on Harper's badly lacerated forehead, blood flowing freely down his face as the referee kneels to check to see if he wants to continue.]

GM: Well, fans... we knew this one was NOT going to be for the weak at heart but this is a lot to stomach. Joe Flint busting open Daniel Harper... and in some ways, this one feels like it's far from over.

BW: Not if Flint stays on that cut. He should put him into the fence again! Really do a number on him!

[Dragging Harper from the seated position back to his feet, Flint whips him into the Soldiers' corner, charging in after him with a running clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! Flint's got one of the most devastating clotheslines in the game. That one wasn't quite at full force but it was enough to rock Daniel Harper who is trapped in the corner as Flint makes the tag.

[The fans jeer as Charlie Stephens comes back in, leaping up onto the second rope. He twists around, snatching Harper in a side headlock...]

GM: Uh oh! Stephens on the second rope and-

[...and leaps off, driving Harper's bloodied face into the canvas with a bulldog headlock!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: -Harper gets driven into the mat... and Stephens with a cover here! They've got one! They've got two!

[Harper's shoulder pops up to break the pin as Stephens glares at the official and we get a loud...]

"FWWWWWWWWWEEEEEEEEEEET!"

"FWWWWWWWWWEEEEEEEEEEET!"

"FWWWWWWWWWEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEET!"

[...from the outside as Marty Meekly adds in a shrieking "WHADDYA THINK YOU'RE DOIN' IN THERE, REF, HUH?! COUNT IT! COUNT IT! COUNT IIIIIIIIT!"]

GM: Former official Marty Meekly with some criticism of the officiating so far in this one but Ricky Longfellow is doing a fine job if you ask me.

[Stephens swings a leg over Harper, pinning him down as he drives his fist down between the eyes over and over and over...]

GM: Stephens hammering away at that cut... Harper's already a bloody mess in there - what more do they want?

BW: Hey, people have been known to pass out from blood loss in a wrestling match, Gordo. If that happens here, the Soldiers regain the titles!

[Stephens crawls off the mat, pulling the bloodied Harper off the mat...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THAT'S THREE! THREE TIMES DANIEL HARPER'S HEAD HAS BEEN DRIVEN INTO THE STEEL CAGE IN THIS ONE!

[Harper goes to collapse backwards but Stephens doesn't allow it, shaking his head as he pushes Harper's face up against the skin-tearing mesh again...

...and then rakes it back and forth to the shocked reaction of the Superdome crowd!]

GM: AHHH! HE'S TRYING TO USE THAT CAGE LIKE A CHEESE GRATER ON DANIEL HARPER!

[Harper is screaming in pain as Stephens drags his face back and forth across the metal, tearing at Harper's skin...]

GM: Earlier, I advised that if you're a fan of Next Gen and Daniel Harper, this might be getting hard to watch. I'd like to double up on that statement right now and say that if there are young children watching at home right now, the words "Parental discretion is advised" come to mind.

[Stephens finally lets go, tossing Harper backwards and down onto the mat. He dusts off his hands, smirking in Somers' direction as Howie pounds the buckle, shouting "COME ON, DANNY! GET UP!" to his partner. Stephens turns to look at Harper, watching to see if he reacts to the encouragement.]

GM: Howie Somers cheering his friend and partner on, knowing he needs to make a tag in a very bad way right about now. We are closing in on the ten minute mark of this one and although there's no time limit in this Main Event match, every minute could be the difference between victory and defeat for these teams as they do battle inside this dangerous battlefield.

[Stephens circles the downed Harper, shouting "GET UP!" at him a few times as he does. Flint waves for Stephens to attack, bellowing "STAY ON HIM!" from their own corner. Stephens throws a look in Flint's direction, staring at him for a moment before nodding his head, pulling Harper up off the mat...]

GM: Stephens dragging Harper up...

BW: He can't even stand on his own!

GM: It certainly looks that way and... scoops him up... hard slam down on the mat.

[With Harper motionless on the mat, Stephens again pauses to taunt Somers before heading towards the Soldiers' corner...]

GM: Another tag here? No... Stephens instead is climbing the ropes, looking for a little extra impact on whatever he's got in mind here.

[...and hops up on the middle rope, standing tall as the bloodied Harper tries to stir on the mat...]

GM: Stephens on the second rope... LEAPS OFF!

[...and Stephens leaps into the air with his legs tucked, looking to drop a knee on the downed Harper...

...who tiredly rolls aside, causing Stephens' knee to be JAMMED into the canvas at shocking impact to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: He missed! He missed the kneedrop off the middle rope... and that leaves Stephens in some trouble now as well!

[Stephens grabs the kneecap, grimacing in pain as he rolls around on the canvas and Harper flops over on his belly, turning himself towards his corner where Howie Somers eagerly awaits a tag...]

GM: Somers wants in... and Harper NEEDS out! Can he get to the corner though while Stephens tries to recover from his miscue?!

[Harper is about at the halfway point of the ring when Stephens stretches out his own legs, scissoring the ankle while leaning backwards, stretching out his arms...]

GM: Tag! The Soldiers make the exchange, in comes Joe Flint and... ohhh! Big elbow down across the back of Harper's head!

BW: So much for his urgent need to tag out.

GM: He still needs the tag but Joe Flint cut him off from getting there.

[Flint uses the toe of his boot to roll Harper onto his back, exposing his bloodied forehead. The Duke balls up his fist, dropping down to his knees as he buries the knuckles between the eyes again!]

GM: Ohh! Fistdrop connects - and Flint with a North-South cover!

[A two count lands before Harper escapes again, the crowd cheering the kickout.]

GM: Daniel Harper staying in this brutal cage match, fighting for the title reign of he and his partner - their second reign as champions. Their first came to an end at the hands of these very Soldiers last summer at Homecoming in controversial fashion.

BW: There will be NO controversy tonight, Gordo. Inside this cage, only the strong survive.

GM: Joe Flint dragging the bloodied Harper off the mat... again, Harper looks like he can barely stand...

[A desperate Harper throws himself in the direction of his corner, stretching out his arm...]

GM: ...Harper going for a tag!

[...but Flint catches him, wrapping his arms around Harper's waist and holding him steady...]

GM: But Joe Flint won't allow it... keeping Harper beyond the reach of Howie Somers.

[...until a defiant Flint shoves Harper back across the ring, pushing him back into the corner of the Soldiers of Fortune where Flint slaps his partner's hand.]

GM: And Flint makes the tag... in comes Stephens again...

[The man known as Corporal Punishment rushes in, grabbing an arm as his partner does the same.]

GM: The Soldiers on the double team, firing him across...

[And as Harper rebounds, the duo lifts him into the air, dropping him facefirst on the canvas with a splat!]

GM: ...ohhh! Flapjack by the reigning Stampede Cup champions!

[Stephens rolls to his knees, grabbing Harper by his now-bloody hair, raking his face back and forth on the mat a few times as Flint vacates the ring.]

GM: Charlie Stephens continues to show that vicious, that brutal, that savage nature in there... finally covering now...

[Stephens dives across Harper, not bothering to hook a leg as the referee hits the mat once... twice...]

GM: ...ohhh... and Harper's out at two again. And Bucky, whether you like him or not, right now you've gotta respect the heck out of what we're seeing from Daniel Harper. Bloodied and battered but still refusing to be beaten here inside this cage on the Tenth Anniversary Show with the AWA World Tag Team Titles on the line.

"FWWEEEEEEEEEEET!"

[Meekly's whistle cuts through the air like a knife as he slaps his hand against the cage, shouting at Stephens "finish him, Corporal! Finish this punk!" before a shrill laugh puts the punctuation on it.]

GM: Marty Meekly imploring Charlie Stephens to finish off Daniel Harper... but that's not what Stephens has in mind here.

[Taking a mount again, Stephens grabs Harper by his blood-soaked hair, smashing his fist down into the cut... once... twice... three times.]

GM: Come on!

BW: There's no disqualifications! He can beat Harper bloody all day and then some if he wants to.

GM: Daniel Harper absolutely soaked in blood here in this cage... an absolute bloody mess and at a time like this, you can only hope that his mother isn't watching, Bucky.

BW: I'm sure she wouldn't miss it for the world, Gordo.

[Dragging Harper up off the mat, Stephens holds him at arm's length by the hair...]

"You think you're the best team in the world?"

[...and slaps him across the face.]

"You think you two are better than us?!"

[A harder slap lands this time.]

"YOU THINK YOU'RE BETTER THAN ME?!"

[And the hardest slap of all rounds off the trio before Stephens turns towards the cage, rushing towards it again...

...but at the last moment, Harper switches up and DRIVES Stephens' face into the cage instead!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STEPHENS EATS THE STEEL! STEPHENS EATS THE STEEL! DANIEL HARPER WITH A HUGE REVERSAL AND HE PUTS STEPHENS INTO THE CAGE!

[Harper collapses against the wall of the cage, hanging onto the mesh with both hands to keep from falling to the mat.]

GM: And this is his chance! This is his chance to get to that corner and make the tag to Howie Somers!

[Harper turns away from the cage, leaning against the ropes as Somers extends an arm, beckoning him forward while the fans roar their encouragement to Harper to make the exchange!]

GM: Somers is calling for him! The fans are urging him on! Can he get there? Can he get there before the crawling Charlie Stephens can make it to his own corner where Joe Flint is waiting?

[Harper tries to push off towards his corner but flops down onto all fours to groans from the AWA faithful!]

GM: Harper down on the mat now... on his hands and knees but still moving towards his corner!

[But before Harper can get within reach, Stephens makes it to his own corner, slapping the hand of Joe Flint bringing the big man through the ropes, charging hard across the ring...]

GM: Flint's in... ohh! Big stomp to the back of Harper's head cuts off any hope of a tag there and-

[The crowd groans as Flint sucker punches Somers as well, smashing a fist into his jaw. With Harper unmoving at his feet, Flint unloads on Somers, repeatedly hammering away on him up against the cage as the referee shouts a warning and the crowd boos angrily!]

GM: Flint's all over Somers now as well! It wasn't enough to stop Harper from making the tag to him, he's gonna make sure Somers isn't there to take a tag too!

[Somers slumps down in the corner where Flint starts stomping him through the ropes to even louder jeers, leaving him in a pile in the corner before turning back to Harper...]

GM: Flint leaves Somers lying in the corner... and now he's looking to perhaps finish off Daniel Harper and regain those tag team titles here with the entire world watching on ESPN, Bucky.

BW: Right now, I'd say they've got Next Gen right where they want them... they just need to keep Harper in there, keep on working him over, and find a way to get that three count.

GM: Flint pulling Harper up, lifts him up over the shoulder...

[Flint takes aim and with a loud shout, he charges across the ring...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and lets go on impact, sending the already-bloodied Harper crashing down in a pile on the mat. Flint waves his arms apart as Meekly shouts "YOU GOT HIM! IT'S OVER! IT'S OVER!" on the outside. Flint sinks to his knees, applying a lateral press on Harper.]

GM: He's got him down! He's got one! He's got two! He's got thr- OHH! A diving save by Howie Somers JUST breaks up the pin in time! Oh my!

BW: They almost had 'em there. Flint's gotta get Somers out of there and get back to-

[And the crowd ERUPTS as Somers starts pummeling Flint with right hands down on the mat!]

GM: Perhaps easier said than done as Somers is looking for a little payback for what Flint did to him moments ago! He's all over him, hammering away with those heavy right hands!

[As Somers gets back to his feet, the referee wedges himself between Somers and Flint, forcing the Next Gen big man to back across the ring, angrily protesting as the fans jeer.]

GM: The referee trying to get Somers out of there... and look at this now!

[With the referee's back turned to the action inside the ring, Charlie Stephens rushes into the ring, grabbing Harper by the ankle to drag him across towards the Soldiers' corner before ducking back out to the apron.]

GM: An illegal assist by Charlie Stephens right there.

BW: Nothing's illegal in this one. He coulda done that right in front of Longfellow's eyes and there's not a damn thing they could've done about it.

GM: Tag is made to Stephens...

[But before exiting, Flint takes the second turnbuckle, hammering down on the bloodied Harper, smashing his fist into the cut forehead repeatedly...]

GM: Flint hammering away with closed right hands... but like you said, Bucky, there's no disqualifications in this one so despite the referee's protests here, these blows are totally legal.



[After about a half dozen punches land, Flint drops down, inviting Stephens to take his place. Corporal Punishment happily does, hammering his fist down between the eyes as well.]

GM: Flint steps out but Stephens continues to go to work on Harper as we're just about fifteen minutes into this brutal, bloody steel cage battle for the AWA World Tag Team Titles right here in our Main Event for the Tenth Anniversary Show live on ESPN.

[Stephens' attack is a little more methodical, taking his time before delivering each blow to the head...]

GM: The referee's shouting at Stephens to get down... to get out of the corner...

[Stephens pauses his assault to shout at the referee...]

...which gives Harper just a split second of time to grab the legs of Stephens, stepping a few steps out of the Soldiers' corner...]

GM: Harper trying to escape annnnnnd... DOWN WITH AN ATOMIC DROP!

[...and DROPS Stephens down on a bent knee with an inverted atomic drop. Stephens grabs at his nether regions, falling to the mat in front of Harper as Harper kneels on the mat, looking across at an eager Howie Somers who is shouting "COME ON! COME ON, LET'S GO!" to his partner as the fans echo that, urging Harper forward...]

GM: And again, Daniel Harper finds himself with a big opportunity... over fifteen minutes into this head-on collision for the World Tag Team Titles... he NEEDS to get to his partner... he DESPERATELY needs to make that tag...

[Harper's crawling across the canvas towards Somers' outstretched hand as Stephens writhes in pain on the mat, stretching out his own arm towards Joe Flint who can't quite reach him.]

GM: Both men out of reach of their partners, Bucky.

BW: It's a race now! Who's gonna get there first?

[Stephens twists around, leaning to grab Harper's foot!]

GM: Stephens grabs Harper by the ankle, again cutting him off from his partner!

BW: And that's one of the core elements of tag team wrestling - good tag team wrestling. Cut the ring in half, keep the weakened man in the ring... in your half of the ring if at all possible.

[Harper stretches but Stephens' grip is keeping him far enough back as a frustrated Somers shouts to his partner to break loose.]

GM: Stephens stopped Harper from getting to his corner but in doing so, he actually moved further away from his own corner and Joe Flint is waaaaay out of range for a tag now!

[Harper tiredly rolls onto his back as Stephens comes to his feet, still holding the ankle, shaking his head defiantly...]

...before getting an upkick to the mouth to cheers!]

GM: Oh!

[A second one lands as well, snapping Stephens' head back but he keeps his grip intact...]

GM: Right in the mouth by Harper!

[...but the third one knocks Stephens silly, breaking Harper free from his grasp as Stephens collapses on the canvas annnnnnd...]

GM: TAG! HARPER MAKES THE TAG AT LONG LAST!

[The Next Gen powerhouse comes barreling through the ropes, the proverbial house of fire as he lets loose a roar, throwing his arms up with a loud "COME ON!" as Stephens struggles to get up off the mat...]

GM: Somers is in and... CLOTHESLINE ON STEPHENS!

[The big clothesline sends Corporal Punishment down to the canvas again, struggling to get back up...]

GM: Stephens trying to get back to his feet... and ANOTHER CLOTHESLINE PUTS HIM BACK DOWN!

[Somers pumps his arms a few times, getting the New Orleans crowd solidly behind him as he grabs the rising Stephens, scooping him up and pressing him overhead!]

GM: Oh my! Look at the power!

[The Boston native steps back, promptly dropping Stephens facefirst on the canvas to huge cheers!]

GM: And Stephens bounces facefirst off the mat! The crowd is on their feet in the Superdome - they think Somers has got Next Gen on the verge of victory perhaps!

[Backing to the neutral corner, Somers squats low...]

GM: What's he got in mind here? Stephens fighting to get up, still trying to get to his corner...

[...and as Stephens rises, Somers comes barreling in, smashing into him with a running tackle that sends Stephens sailing across the ring, crashing into the other neutral corner!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: On any given Sunday, you might see something like that on the gridiron but tonight, we're seeing inside a solid steel cage as Charlie Stephens takes flight at the hands of Howie Somers who has got Stephens reeling!

[Somers backs off again, pumping his arm a few times as Stephens grabs the ropes, hauling himself to his feet in the corner...]

...and Somers comes steaming right in, crushing him with an avalanche against the buckles!]

GM: AVALANCHE CONNECTS!

[Somers backs off, beckoning Stephens forward as Corporal Punishment staggers out towards him...]

GM: HIIIIIIIIIGH BACK BODY DROP BY SOMERS! OH MY!

BW: Stephens could've gotten double the pay and changed a few lightbulbs while he was up there!

[Gordon chuckles as the fired-up Somers stomps around the ring, playing to the already-roaring crowd...

...and then suddenly pivots on his heel, charging the opposing corner where he SMASHES into Joe Flint, knocking him back into the steel!]

GM: OHH! And payback's a you know what, fans!

[Somers grabs the dazed and shocked Flint by the head, smashing his face into the steel cage over and over and over with the crowd going wild for all of it!]

GM: JOE FLINT HAVING A CLOSE ENCOUNTER OF THE PAINFUL KIND WITH THAT STEEL CAGE!

[With his partner under brutal assault, Charlie Stephens comes barreling into the corner, driving a knee up between the shoulderblades of Somers!]

GM: OHH! Stephens from the blind side nails Somers and-

[Stephens drags Somers down in a schoolboy, gleefully grabbing a handful of tights...]

GM: He's got the tights! He's got the tights!

[...and Somers powers out at two and change, breaking free of the pinning predicament!]

GM: Ohh! Close call there for the champions as Charlie Stephens tried to steal this one here in New Orleans!

[Stephens quickly grabs Somers before he can get vertical, snatching him by the hair...]

GM: INTO THE CAGE!

[...but Somers lifts his powerful arms, grabbing the mesh and refusing to have his head smashed into the steel!]

GM: Blocked by Somers! Stephens trying to get him anyways!

[The two men struggle for a bit before Stephens suddenly swipes his fingers across the eyes of Somers, leaving him temporarily blinded and staggered!]

GM: OH! Stephens goes to the eyes!

BW: The man has yet to meet a rule he's not happy to break.

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Or a skull either! Somers' head just driven into the cage by Charlie Stephens!

[Somers staggers back, falling to a knee, reaching up to cover his head as a wild-eyed Stephens hangs onto the mesh, climbing the ropes in the middle between the two corners...]

GM: What in the world? A dangerous place to climb the ropes from... Stephens hanging onto the steel mesh for support...

[He leans against the cage, waiting for Somers to get to his feet...

...and leaps off, driving a double axehandle down between the eyes of the Next Gen powerhouse!]

GM: Leaping axehandle by Stephens!

[Somers collapses down onto his back, revealing that he's been busted open by the cage as well.]

GM: And how about that, Bucky? Both members of Next Gen have now been busted open inside this steel cage.

BW: They're not the only ones, Gordo.

[As Joe Flint pushes back off the cage, we see he too has been lacerated by the sharp metal.]

GM: Flint's skull bleeding badly as well... and we've got three of the four competitors in this one busted open and I suppose that's no surprise when you're talking about a steel cage match with two teams that dislike each other as much as these two do.

[Stephens takes a knee, pounding the cut on Somers' head to deepen the wound as an agitated Flint shouts for a tag. Corporal Punishment gets to his feet, dragging the prone Somers to the corner...]

GM: Flint asks for a tag and he gets one from Stephens...

[The bleeding Flint waves Stephens aside as he steps in, smashing a boot down between the eyes once... twice... three times. He reaches down, hauling Somers off the mat by the hair...]

"You want to play for blood, boy?!"

[...and uses that grip on the hair to toss him back into a seated position against the turnbuckles.]

GM: Somers in the wrong part of town here... just as his partner was throughout the bulk of this match. We're closing in on the twenty minute mark of this bloody battle and both Somers and Harper have spent extended periods of the match at the mercy of their challengers in this one.

[Flint steps to the corner, planting his boot on the face of Somers...

...and rakes it across the forehead!]

"OHHHHHH!"

GM: BOOTSCRAPE!

[Flint does it again... and again, pushing Somers through the ropes to where Somers is hanging between the bottom and middle rope, his face up against the steel mesh...]

GM: Somers' face on the steel and- OHHH! ANOTHER BOOTSCRAPE!

[The violent shove of shoe leather on flesh grates Somers' face across the mesh again and again as the referee shouts at Flint to back off...]

...and eventually he does, dragging Somers out with him.]

GM: Flint make a cover... he's got one! He's got two! He's got-

[The crowd cheers as Somers weakly kicks out, a heavy flow of crimson pouring down his face now.]

GM: This cage match has turned so brutal... so violent.

BW: Turned? It's been like that since the bell... hell, it's been like that since it was announced! If you or anyone else went into this match expecting anything less than the nasty, bloody, violent war we're seeing, you're a naive little child, Gordo.

[Out towards the middle of the ring, Flint swipes a hand across his own bloody face, blinking repeatedly as the blood stings his eyes.]

GM: Flint pulling Somers off the mat...

[With a big lift, Flint hoists Somers into the air, slamming him down on the canvas!]

GM: ...and a big slam puts him right back down!

[Flint points to the corner, again wiping his eyes as he walks towards the Soldiers' set of buckles, boosting himself up to sit on the top rope...]

GM: Flint standing on the middle rope... could be looking to finish off Howie Somers...

[...and leaps into the air, fist at the ready.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He missed! Flint misses the fistdrop!

BW: And that's a heck of a way to end up with a broken hand or wrist, Gordo!

[Flint curls up in a ball on the mat, cradling his hand as Somers starts to crawl across the ring towards his partner...]

GM: Harper's been out for several minutes so he should be at least partially recovered as Howie Somers is dragging that big body of his across the ring, looking to make the tag...

[With a grimace on his face, Flint rolls up to a knee, still holding one hand against his body as he reaches out with the other...]

GM: ...but it's Flint who makes the tag first. Stephens coming back in and...

[...and as Stephens rushes in, he leaps into the air, smothering Somers' body underneath him as Somers was getting close to the corner where his partner was waiting!]

GM: ...ohh! Somers got close but Stephens cuts him off with a dive!

[Stephens stays on top of Somers, burying some short right hands into the ribs...

...and then pops to his feet, taking a swing at Harper who blocks it before DRILLING Stephens with a right hand of his own to big cheers!]

GM: Stephens went for a cheap shot on Harper and Harper made him pay for it!

[An angry Harper comes through the ropes to continue the assault but the referee steps in front, demanding he exit the ring...]

GM: The referee trying to keep some control here, ordering Harper out of there...

[And as the referee argues with Harper, Joe Flint comes back in, helping Stephens to drag Somers back across the ring as the crowd jeers and Harper tries to get around the official!]

GM: ...another illegal assist there for the Soldiers! They pull Somers all the way... oh, come on! Referee, do something about this!

BW: Gordo, after all these years... what do you want Longfellow to do?! It's no disqualification!

GM: Double team on the way for the Soldiers... the referee's gotta do something about this...

BW: I repeat-

GM: Ohhh! Double suplex by the challengers!

[Flint exits the ring after some angry words from the official as Stephens drops to cover...]

GM: Stephens gets one! He gets two! He gets- noooo... Somers out at two!

[Stephens quickly regains his feet, slapping Flint's good hand.]

GM: Another tag for the Soldiers which means we're getting another double team...

BW: Not just any double team, Gordo. They're gonna finish this!

GM: It appears as though the Soldiers are looking for the Tactical Strike!

[Meekly's shouts of "YOU GOT THIS! YOU GOT 'EM NOW!" punctuated by...]

"FWWWWWEEEEEEET!"

"FWWWWWEEEEEEET!"

"FWWWWWEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEET!"

[...have the fans jeering while Flint drags Somers off the mat, shaking out his hand as he muscles Somers up into a bearhug.]

GM: Flint's got him! Harper's trying to get in but the referee's keeping him back on the apron...

[Stephens turns towards Harper, taunting the emotional young man before he dashes to the ropes...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the crowd reacts as Harper slips along the apron, burying his knee in the back of Stephens as he backs into the ropes!]

GM: HARPER'S HAD ENOUGH! HE GOT HIM THERE!

[Somers smashes his arms together on the ears of Flint, forcing him to let go of the bearhug...

...to which Somers responds by promptly hooking Flint under the armpits, muscling the big man into the air...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RYDEEN BOMB SPIKES HIM DOWN! SOMERS WITH THE COVER!

[Longfellow dives to the canvas.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: -AND STEPHENS WITH A DIVING SAAAIVE!

[And that does it. Daniel Harper's had all he can stand and he can't stand no more as he comes barreling through the ropes, drilling the rising Stephens with a trio of right hands that backs him across the ring. A weary Somers wobbles to his feet, dragging Flint up with him and smashing him back into the opposite corner...]

GM: Harper and Somers have them up... and send them out!

[...and a double whip sends Stephens and Flint crashing together in the middle of the ring. Stephens stumbles over towards Somers who gives a shout of exertion as he lifts him up, pressing him overhead!]

GM: GORILLA PRESS BY SOMERS! HE'S GOT STEPHENS WAY UP-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ROARS as Somers HURLS Stephens across the ring, sending him crashing down across the chest of Joe Flint, knocking both Soldiers down to the mat!]

GM: SOMERS WIPES THEM BOTH OUT... AND HE COVERS THEM BOTH!

[With Stephens already on Flint in an unwilling lateral press, Somers just dives on his back, doubling up on Flint...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! TH- NOOOO! FLINT SLIPS OUT AT TWO AND CHANGE!

[Somers rolls to the side, taking a breather as Harper marches over to pull Stephens off the mat...]

GM: We've got all four in there now... the referee quickly losing control of this one- ohh! What a forearm uppercut by Harper, Stephens staggering back into the corner!

[With Stephens in the corner, Harper mounts the midbuckle as the referee shouts at him to vacate the ring...]

GM: Harper and Stephens are NOT the legal men in this one but right now, neither one of them seems to care and as you've pointed out repeatedly, Bucky, there's not much - if anything - that the official can do about it!

[Harper starts raining down blows on Stephens' head, the crowd counting along with him as Somers pulls Flint off the mat, looking to do damage...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

[...and those watching Somers and Flint trade blows react as "Captain" Joe sticks a thumb in the eye of Somers, breaking off his attack and leaving him staggering away rubbing at his eye...]

GM: Flint goes to the eyes!

[...and then flattens Somers with a standing clothesline, knocking him flat!]

GM: OHH! What a shot on Somers! Somers goes down hard!

[With Somers temporarily out of the picture, Flint strides across the ring to where Harper continues to pound Stephens with big right hands!]

GM: And don't look now, fans, but Daniel Harper once again finds himself in a two on one situation.

[Flint steps into the corner behind Harper, boosting him up onto his shoulders in an electric chair lift...]

GM: Uh oh! Flint's got Harper on his shoulders!

[...and backs out of the corner, giving Stephens room to quickly climb the ropes from the inside until he's standing up top, one hand on the cage mesh to keep his balance...]

GM: Stephens up top! Harper's in trouble-

[...and Stephens leaps from the top, stretching out to hit Harper with a very familiar move to these two teams, the same flying clothesline that sends Harper flipping off Flint's shoulders to a rough landing on the canvas that Next Gen used to regain the World Tag Team Titles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: FLYING CLOTHESLINE OFF THE TOP BY STEPHENS!

BW: THAT'S HOW NEXT GEN GOT THE GOLD BACK AT SUPERCLASH!

GM: STEPHENS WITH THE COVER! WE COULD HAVE NEW CHAMPIONS!

[But the referee refuses to go down to count, shaking his arms back and forth...]

GM: What's he... the official says no! The official won't count and-



[He points to Flint and Somers.]

GM: He's saying Flint and Somers are the legal competitors! Wow! What a break for Next Gen!

BW: Big call by the official right there... a potentially match-changing call because I believe if he'd counted Harper right there, we were gonna have new champions, Gordo.

GM: I can't argue with that one but the official says Stephens and Harper aren't legal so the match goes on and- what's HE doing now?!

[A furious Marty Meekly is trying to climb the cage from the outside, frantically blowing his whistle and shouting at the referee.]

"FWEEEEEEEEEEEEET!"

"FWEEEEEEEEEEEEET!"

"FWEEEEEEEEEEEEET!"

"FWEEEEEEEEEEEEET!"

"FWEEEEEEEEEEEEET!"

"FWEEEEEEEEEEEEET!"

"FWEEEEEEEEEEEEET!"

GM: Oh, I wish he'd swallow that damn whistle!

[The referee glares at Meekly who is a handful of feet up the side of the cage, bellowing at him...]

"WHAT KINDA CALL IS THAT?! IF I WANTED TO SEE A BLIND ZEBRA, I'D GO TO THE ZOO!"

[...and as Meekly tries to climb a little higher, Ricky Longfellow kicks the side of the cage a few times, causing Meekly's grip to slip and he goes crashing back down to the floor to laughter from the crowd!]

GM: Ohh! The referee had heard enough from that disgraced former official and down goes Meekly!

BW: How DARE he do that to Marty Meekly?! He's a licensed and sanctioned flagbearer!

[An irate Stephens grabs the referee by the shirt, angrily shaking him...]

GM: Stephens has gotta be careful here!

BW: There's no disqualifications! How many times do I gotta say it, Gordo?!

GM: Maybe not but if he assaults an official, there WILL be fines... suspensions... you name it!

[As Stephens berates the official for attacking Meekly, Flint pulls Somers off the mat, turning towards the cage...]

GM: Flint's gonna put Somers into the steel again!

[...but as he charges in, Somers reverses!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND IT'S FLINT WHO GETS DRIVEN IN INSTEAD!

[With Flint down and hurting, Somers turns back towards the ring, stomping in behind the distracted Stephens who is still shouting at the official, forcing him down to his knees...]

GM: Somers from behind!

[...and the powerful Somers snatches Stephens, yanking him away from the referee before hoisting him up...]

GM: Atomic drop perhaps?

[...and DROPS him crotchfirst over the top rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Or maybe not! A rough landing for Charlie Stephens who may be looking to join the soprano section of the choir after that one!

[Somers leaves Stephens perched on the ropes, hanging onto the cage to prevent a second hard fall, and turns his attention back to a slowly-rising Joe Flint...]

GM: Flint fighting back to his feet... but Somers is waiting for him!

[...and muscles up Flint over his shoulder, holding him aloft as he turns back towards the middle of the ring...]

GM: Somers has got him up! What's he gonna do with him?!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: POWERSLAAAAAAM!

[Somers stays on top of Flint as the referee dives down to count.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! TH-

[Flint's shoulder comes popping up off the mat as Somers rolls off disappointed and the crowd groans along with him.]

GM: Another close call there as Howie Somers was a heartbeat away from retaining the titles for he and Harper... who is still in the ring, by the way. The official seems like he's given up on getting two of these men out of there at this point.

BW: I'm surprised it's taken this long. They coulda been in there throwing bombs from the opening bell.

GM: A tremendous job being done in this one by Ricky Longfellow... no matter what Marty Meekly's got to say about it.

[Somers pounds an angry fist into the mat before climbing to his feet, hauling the bloodied Flint up with him.]

GM: Somers whips him to the corner... coming in after him...

[The big man lowers his shoulder, grabbing the middle rope, and drives that same shoulder into the midsection of Flint once... twice... three times.]

GM: Somers putting all his weight behind those tackles, trying to do damage to the ribcage of "Captain" Joe Flint who reached the apex of his career last summer when he and Stephens captured the Stampede Cup AND the World Tag Team Titles and now he's looking to get back to the top of the mountain here in New Orleans tonight.

[Somers grabs Flint's arm, firing him across to the opposite corner. Lowering his shoulder, he breaks into a charge across the ring, roaring as he does...]

GM: TACKLE IN THE CORN-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE MISSED! FLINT MOVES AND SOMERS HITS THE BUCKLES!

[And now it's Flint's turn to attack, pulling Somers back out of the corner, powering him up over his shoulder...]

GM: Flint perhaps looking to return the favor with that powerslam from a little while ago...

BW: I can't believe he got that big body up over his shoulder like that - tremendous show of strength by The Duke.

GM: What's he gonna do with him though? Heading out to the middle of the ring now...

[And with a shout of effort, Flint charges towards the wall of the cage, looking to drive Somers' skull into the mesh...]

...but before he can make impact, Somers slips off of Flint's shoulder, shoving him into the ropes.]

GM: ...Somers slips out and sends Flint into the ropes...

[As Flint bounces back, Somers lifts him up, slinging him over his own shoulder...]

GM: ...oho! And now it's Flint up on the shoulder! Now it's Somers who has Flint up where he wants him!

[...and with a shout, Somers takes a charge towards the cage, and LAUNCHES Flint into the air, sending him CRASHING skullfirst into the mesh!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SOMERS LAUNCHES JOE FLINT LIKE A HUMAN JAVELIN INTO THE SIDE OF THE CAAAAAAGE!

[Flint collapses on the mat in a heap, Somers collapsing on top of him...]

GM: COULD THIS BE ENOUGH?!

[...and the referee dives to the mat, slapping it once...]

GM: HE'S GOT ONE!

[...twice...]

GM: HE'S GOT TWO!

[...annnnnnnnnnnd...]

GM: HE'S GOT THREE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...at the last possible moment, Charlie Stephens HURLS himself from his top rope perch, crashing down onto the back of Howie Somers JUST before the three count lands!]

GM: STEPHENS WITH A DIVING SAVE FROM THE TOP ROPE!! OH MY!

BW: Incredible action here on the Tenth Anniversary Show, Gordo - this is the kind of match the words "Main Event" is meant for!

GM: I couldn't agree more, old friend, and what a privilege for us to be the ones calling it!

[The official grabs his head in disbelief at the near fall, immediately shouting at Charlie Stephens to vacate the ring.]

GM: The referee trying to get Stephens out of there... see if he can get this back down to a normal tag match and- Harper's up! Harper from behind!

[Harper snatches Stephens in a waistlock but the wild-eyed Stephens snaps an elbow back into the jaw, breaking free...]

GM: Harper had him but Stephens slips out... and where's HE going now?!

[The crowd buzzes as Stephens starts to climb the ropes in the middle of the cage wall...]

GM: Charlie Stephens is fleeing Daniel Harper... but he's climbing up the middle of these ropes to do it!

[Harper looks around at the cheering crowd urging him on... and with a nod, he too starts to climb the cage in pursuit!]

BW: Harper's going after him! I can't say I like that idea very much, Gordo!

GM: After all these two teams have been through, not a single thing either one of them does in this one will surprise me.

BW: I'm gonna hold you to that.

GM: After nearly a half hour in this brutal, bloody affair, the match continues to go back and forth... it's impossible to pick a winner at this point and with Harper climbing the ropes and-

BW: Stephens is climbing the cage now!

[The crowd is buzzing as Stephens flees from Harper, climbing up the mesh with Harper in pursuit...]

GM: Daniel Harper is climbing this cage after Charlie Stephens... and we saw back last summer exactly what lengths Daniel Harper was willing to go to inside a steel cage to keep those titles!

[With Stephens and Harper climbing the cage, Somers and Flint are back on their feet trading blows on the canvas...]

GM: We've got a slugfest on the mat... we've got Stephens and Harper climbing the side of this 15 foot high steel cage!

[...but as Stephens runs out of room, he turns slightly, throwing boots down at the still-climbing Harper!]

GM: He's trying to kick Harper off the side of the cage!

[The crowd is on their feet, buzzing as Stephens tried to boot Harper right back down to the mat...]

GM: Harper absorbing those stomps though - he's still coming!

[...and after a few more moments, Harper is up on the top of the cage alongside Stephens to a huge cheer from the New Orleans fans!]

GM: They're both at the top of the cage now! Right hand by Stephens!

[Harper adjusts his grip on the cage, steadying himself before throwing a blow of his own...]

GM: Harper returns the favor!

[The fans are ROARING as they watch Harper and Stephens exchange right hands at a very precarious height above the ring...]

GM: We've got a slugfest on our hands!

[...but soon Harper is taking the advantage...]

GM: Harper's fired up! He's throwing bombs!

[...and he loops in blow after blow, stunning Stephens who seems to be quickly fading...]

GM: He's all over him!

[...and when Harper grabs the dazed Stephens by the hair...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES his head into the top of the cage!]

GM: OH MY STARS! HEAD FIRST INTO THE STEEL CAGE FROM WAAAAAY UP HIGH!

[Stephens slowly recoils back, twisting as he does, and goes sailing down from the top of the cage...]

...and WIPES out Joe Flint from up high!]

"OOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STEPHENS JUST TOOK OUT HIS OWN PARTNER!

BW: Was that intentional?! Was Flint trying to break his partner's fall?!

GM: I don't know but they're both down now thanks to Daniel Harper!

[Somers looks down at the pile in shock... then up to his partner who gestures...]

GM: Harper's way up there... but he's directing traffic from on high. He's telling Somers to...

[Gordon trails off as Somers nods, pulling Stephens up off the mat...

...and lifts him up in an electric chair!]

GM: ...oh no.

BW: Oh, you've gotta be kidding me.

GM: Daniel Harper is... he's trying to turn around up there... trying to get into position and... my stars, Bucky... we saw this at SuperClash and-

BW: We did NOT see... THIS!

GM: No, of course not but... Somers has got Stephens in position! Harper's sitting on top of the cage now! This is insanity! He's not going to do this! Tell me he is NOT going to do this!

BW: Oh, I think he's gonna do it, daddy!

[The crowd is ROARING with anticipation as Harper nods his head repeatedly, watching as Somers moves into position...]

GM: Don't do it, kid! You've got your future to think about! You've got your-

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the crowd reacts to a desperate Joe Flint throwing himself shoulderfirst at the back of Somers' knee, causing him to collapse on the canvas! The boos are loud and angry as the fans realize they've been denied Daniel Harper's highlight reel making moment!]

GM: FLINT TAKES OUT SOMERS!

BW: Well, Joe Flint thought he was saving Charlie Stephens right there... but he may have saved Daniel Harper too!

GM: I gotta agree with that. Harper was going to put it ALL on the line diving off the top on that and there's no telling what the consequences would've been for that move!

[Harper stands on the top of the cage, staring down at the scene in the ring where Somers is down grabbing his knee. Flint climbs off the canvas, moving over to check on his partner...]

GM: Somers is down! Stephens being helped up by Flint now, checking to see if he's okay after that fall from the top and-

[...and as Flint and Stephens stand center ring, they both look up at Harper...]

GM: OH MY GOD!

[...who wastes no time in LEAPING from the top of the cage, extending both arms as far as he can...

...and WIPES OUT BOTH SOLDIERS WITH A DOUBLE FLYING CLOTHESLINE OFF THE CAGE!]

GM: OHHHHHH MYYYYYYY STARRRRRRRRS!

[Harper's flying double clothesline causes a chaotic scene with all four competitors down on the mat, a shocked Ricky Longfellow looking on with his hands on his head, Marty Meekly looking physically ill on the outside, and tens of thousands of AWA faithful losing their damn minds inside the world famous Superdome!]

GM: DANIEL HARPER PUTS IT ALL ON THE LINE HERE IN NEW ORLEANS!

BW: We've got bodies everywhere, daddy! Everyone's down after that!

GM: Harper with an incredible death-defying risk!

[Wincing and grabbing at his knee, Somers crawls towards the unmoving Soldiers...]

GM: Somers trying to crawl, trying to get there and make a cover!

[Outside the ring, Marty Meekly is going nuts, picking up a steel chair and smashing it repeatedly into the cage...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"FWEEEEEEEEEEEEEEET!"

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"FWEEEEEEEEEEEEEEET!"

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"FWEEEEEEEEEEEEEEET!"

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"FWEEEEEEEEEEEEEEET!"

GM: Meekly trying to distract Howie Somers but Somers continues to crawl... almost there... alllllmoooooost there...

[...and a bloody and exhausted Somers dives onto the Soldiers, wearily throwing an arm over both men as he lies between them!]

GM: ...SOMERS WITH THE COVER! ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts with shock as Stephens and Flint both pop up a shoulder, breaking the double pin in time!]

GM: I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! THE SOLDIERS KICK OUT! THE SOLDIERS LIVE TO KEEP FIGHTING!

BW: And I think that was a horrible miscalculation on the part of Howie Somers - if he'd covered Flint, if he'd put all his weight and effort on pinning the legal man, I think this one was over, Gordo. But since he split his weight between the two in what was honestly a sloppy looking pin attempt, he allowed even the slightest effort from Stephens and Flint to be enough to escape! Big mistake... and now we'll see if it costs them!

[Somers rolls to a knee, grabbing at the one that Flint clipped just a little while ago. He reaches over to his partner, giving Harper a violent shake or two.]

GM: Somers' knee is hurting... I'm not sure he can go back on offense yet so he's trying to get his partner-

BW: Who just jumped off the top of the damn cage!

GM: -to go on the attack for them! Can Harper do it though? Does Daniel Harper have enough left in the tank to keep fighting after risking everything with that giant dive moments ago?

[A weary Harper pushes up to his knees, nodding at his partner who is looking on.]

GM: Harper says he can do it! Harper wants to do it for his partner - for his friend!

[Harper struggles up to his feet, barely able to stand as he looks back and forth between the downed Soldiers...

...and then picks his target, dragging a barely-moving Charlie Stephens off the mat.]

GM: Harper going after Stephens... and again, these two are NOT the legal men in this match although it may seem like it with how long all FOUR have been in the ring together!

[Harper wearily tosses Stephens towards the ropes where he collapses against them, holding on for dear life.]

GM: Stephens can barely stand at this point...

BW: I think all four of them can barely stand at this point - this is a war, daddy!

GM: And we keep on saying it, Bucky, but what a way for us to go out. It's been the honor of a lifetime to be the voices of this show for the past decade and this is the perfect exclamation point on what has been a dream of a career for me.

[Harper suddenly rushes forward with a shout, connecting with a clothesline that flips Stephens over the top rope, leaving him tangled up and trapped between the ropes and the steel mesh!]

GM: What a clothesline by Daniel Harper! Stephens goes all the way over... and that may take him out of the picture and leave Joe Flint to fight off BOTH members of Next Gen on his own.

[But Harper isn't done with Stephens yet, reaching over the ropes to drag him back to his feet...]

GM: What's he got in mind here?

[...holding him by the hair as Stephens struggles to get free...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES his face from a short distance into the skin-tearing metal!]

GM: STEPHENS DRIVEN INTO THE CAGE!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND AGAIN!



"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND AGAIN!

[And with Stephens trapped with no escape in sight, Daniel Harper lets loose a roar as he unleashes hell on Corporal Punishment.]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"  
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"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And with Stephens clinging to the mesh to stay on his feet, Harper grabs the hair again...

...and rakes his face back and forth, letting the metal tear at the flesh of Stephens who is howling in pain now as the crowd ROARS for the vicious act of payback by Daniel Harper!]

GM: DRAGGING HIS FACE ACROSS THE STEEL! PAYBACK IS HELL FOR THE SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE!

[Harper suddenly lets go, allowing Stephens to slump forward against the cage. A quick camera cut shows the other side where Stephens' head is badly lacerated, the blood freshly flowing from his wound!]

GM: And now, all FOUR of these competitors are busted open!

BW: We're going to need to change out the canvas before you get in there.

GM: Don't change it on my account.

BW: Pretty sure blood at a wedding is a bad omen too.

[Gordon chuckles as Harper backs to mid-ring, wiping his own face and breathing hard before charging back in...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and DRIVING both feet into the back of Stephens’ head, causing his face to JAM into the steel once more!]

GM: RUNNING DROPKICK CONNECTS!

[Stephens slumps down into a heap on the canvas, unmoving as the AWA faithful let Harper hear it!]

GM: And Daniel Harper may have just taken Charlie Stephens out of this match!

[Harper slowly climbs to his feet, looking across at Somers who does the same, grimacing and trying to prevent putting full weight on his knee...

...and the two members of Next Gen slowly move to stand on either side of the now-rising Joe Flint.]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Flint’s all alone in there!

[Flint gets off the mat, spotting the situation he’s in. He lifts his fists, staggering a bit as he puts ‘em up.]

“COME ON!”

[A shouted challenge from Flint shocks the crowd who reacts in kind.]

“COME ON, YOU BASTARDS! LET’S DO THIS!”

[There’s a smattering of cheers this time for the defiant Flint who waves both Somers and Harper forward...

...and the slightly-surprised champion rush him, throwing fists at the former Marine who tries to block them off!]

GM: Flint’s trying to defend but he’s getting pummeled by both Harper and Somers!

[Flint suddenly lets loose a roar, throwing fists of his own with reckless abandon, not caring how many shots he takes in the meantime!]

GM: FLINT’S FIGHTING BACK! FLINT’S FIGHTING BACK!

[A flurry of Flint fists sends Harper staggering backwards across the ring before he turns towards Somers, blocking a blow from the Next Gen powerhouse before unleashing a vicious series of right hands that has Somers on his heels...]

GM: Can you believe this?! Joe Flint was faced with two on one odds and he’s fighting the champions of the world off!

[With Somers leaning on the ropes, Flint turns back towards Harper, lifting his arm into the air...]

BW: He’s calling for the Howitzer!

[...and rushes at Harper, looking to take his head off with a running clothesline...]

GM: FLINT ON THE MOVE!

[...but Harper is ready for him, ducking down to avoid the clothesline as Flint leans into it, crashing his head into the steel mesh again...]

"OHHHHH!"

[...and staggers backwards towards Harper who snatches a waistlock...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and takes Flint up and over with a released German Suplex, bouncing the back of his neck off the canvas as the momentum of the throw sends Flint rolling up to his feet in a total daze, spinning in a circle...]

...and right into the waiting arms of Howie Somers who muscles him up onto his shoulders in a fireman's carry...]

GM: He's got him up! He's got him in position for-

[...and Harper charges in, snatching the head of Flint...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: -GENERATION GAP!

[...and Harper SNAPS the head and neck down in a swinging neckbreaker out of the fireman's carry position! Somers scrambles into a cover, diving across as Harper stands guard!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Harper pumps a celebratory fist as Somers slowly gets up, nodding his head at the cheering crowd.]

GM: Next Gen hangs on to the titles in one hell of a war!

[Somers staggers over towards his partner, falling into a victory embrace as the AWA faithful pay them tribute.]

GM: You talk about leaving it all out on the field... Somers and Harper just did exactly that, Bucky.

BW: And I gotta say... so did we! I've barely got a voice left!

[Gordon chuckles as Somers and Harper raise their arms. The referee hands the titles back to them as they celebrate their win over the bloodied and still downed Soldiers.]

GM: The AWA World Tag Team Titles stay around the waists for Harper and Somers... right here in the Main Event of the Tenth Anniversary Show... and these fans are loving it... and I can't blame them.

[Harper turns towards the announce desk, pointing to Gordon seated at ringside. Somers does the same, giving a bow.]

BW: The champs showing you the love too, Gordo.

GM: Well, that's much appreciated... but I'm the one who needs to thank them... and the Soldiers, I suppose... for giving us such a great final matchup to call, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely.

GM: The champs continue to celebrate... the fans continue to celebrate... and this is exactly how the Tenth Anniversary Show should go. I'm so happy to see it.

[Somers and Harper each climb a turnbuckle, holding the titles in the air with the fans roaring in salute...]

GM: But it's not over yet, fans. We've got just a little bit left on this very special night so hang on... don't go away... because the Tenth Anniversary Show right here in New Orleans on ESPN is not over yet!

[...and as the champions celebrate with the AWA faithful, we fade back to black...

...and then back up on a shot of Ryan Martinez walking down the aisle. From the scenery around him, we can see this slow motion footage is from right before WarGames at SuperClash IX.]

#When you wish..#

[Dissolve to the White Knight throwing knife edge chops at the towering form of Torin The Titan...]

#...upon a star#

[...to Martinez and Derrick Williams working together to use a double clothesline to take the giant off his feet...]

#Makes no difference who you are...#

[...to a closeup of a bloodied Martinez, looking up in shock as a hobbled Shadoe Rage joins him in the cage...]

#Anything your...#

[...to the White Knight driving Vasquez' skull into the canvas with his signature brainbuster...]

#...heart desires will...#

[...to Martinez hooking John Law in a crossface, wrenching back with all his might as Law struggles to hang on...]

#...come to you.#

[...to a crowd shot of a group of young fans holding up a banner that reads "THE WHITE KNIGHT FOREVER!" as a voiceover begins...]

"Ryan Martinez, you and..."

[Cut to a shot of a bloodied but smiling Ryan Martinez standing triumphant with his teammates...]

"...Team AWA just won the Main Event at SuperClash! Now what are you gonna do?"

[...to a regular speed shot of Martinez still in the double cage, looking into the camera's lens with a grin...]

RM: I'm going to Disneyland!

[...and we fade to a shot of the Disneyland logo before fading to black.

And we fade up to a still shot of Gordon Myers from the very first Saturday Night Wrestling with the words "GORDON MYERS APPRECIATION NIGHT" underneath the photo...

We cut to Supernova again. He is dressed in a black shirt and blue jeans, along with a pair of shades.]

S: Gordon Myers... it was back on Super Saturday that I thanked you for all that you have done for this company. Now they want to have me say a few more words about you... well, what else can I say?

[He pauses for a moment, as if giving this some thought.]

S: I guess if I was going to talk about what I remember most about Gordon, it was how he described my first title win... back at SuperClash VII, when I finally beat Shadoo Rage for the AWA World Television title. I look back at the match and I think the icing on the cake was the way Gordon described it... how it was far too long for me before I finally tasted my first piece of AWA championship gold... to soak in the moment because I deserved it.

[Supernova gets a smile across his face.]

S: I always appreciated how Gordon put that moment over. I knew I had his respect before, but for him to say what he did, it really showed just how much he respected me and what I had to overcome to finally win a championship belt.

I'll admit there's a part of me that really wishes he had been the one to call my World title victory... no disrespect to guys like Sal and Colt, but Gordon was so good at making those special moments even more special.

[He then pulls off his shades. There's no facepaint around the eyes... just a look of gratitude.]

S: So I'll say it again, Gordon... thank you so much for everything you've done for the AWA. This company won't be the same without you. I do hope you stay in touch.

[We then cut to ringside where Gordon Myers is sitting, a smile on his face as Bucky Wilde claps for his partner from his nearby seat. We hold that shot for several moments...

...and then fade up to the ring where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell standing with his own smile on his face.]

SLB: "This company won't be the same without you." Wise words from our World Champion, Supernova, and words that I think everyone backstage in that locker room... everyone here in this arena... and everyone watching at home would echo.

Gordon Myers, my dear friend... this is your night.

[Blackwell lowers the mic as the fans cheer loud and proud for the greatest play-by-play man on the planet. A brief "THANK YOU, GOR-DON!" chant starts up from

the Superdome crowd as we cut to ringside where a sheepish Gordon looks down, removing his glasses to blink away some early tears. He mouths "no, thank you" to the chanting fans as we cut back to Lou.]

SLB: And again, someone says it better than me - "thank you, Gordon." This night is about you... yes, it's the AWA's Tenth Anniversary which is a huge accomplishment in this wild world of professional wrestling... yes, we've seen some incredible matches here tonight... some wild moments... and yes, we still have a wedding to come...

[Blackwell grins.]

SLB: ...but make no mistake, the undercurrent running through this show tonight is the love and gratitude that we all feel for you, my friend. It's the AWA's Tenth Anniversary but you've been here through it all... yes, you too Buckthorn. For every slam... for every salute... for every promo... for every moment... you've been here for it all and we love you for it.

Throughout the night, we've been bringing you some words of love and support and gratitude from wrestlers both here and there and everywhere for you. And I know how much you hate being the center of attention, Gordon, but you're going to have to bear with it for just a little bit longer...

[Blackwell pauses.]

SLB: When we got together with the office... with your dearest friends... and we talked about what we wanted out of this farewell... this retirement ceremony... we knew we wanted it to be about you... but also those nearest and dearest to your heart. We wanted to take a look back at what you've meant to us... but also a look ahead at what it'll be like for us to come to these buildings week after week knowing that you won't be here with us.

[There are some boos from the crowd as Blackwell nods.]

SLB: I hear that. Gordon, this is your night... like I said... but there are a whole lot of people who want to be here for you. And right now, I want to welcome some of them down here to join us in saying goodbye.

[Blackwell turns towards the entranceway.]

SLB: Let's get the office down here first, huh?

[Some cheers go up as Jon Stegglet, Todd Michaelson, and Bobby Taylor emerge from the back, all in black suits - although Taylor's added a pair of cowboy boots and a black Stetson to his attire - and head down the ramp towards the ring, slapping the occasional hand on their way to the ring where they climb the ringsteps to join Blackwell.]

SLB: Now... there are members of our current announce team that wanted to be here with you, Gordon, but couldn't. Mariah Wolfe's backstage holding down the fort... Ben Waterson made a run for it after nearly catching a Right Cross earlier... and of course, Theresa Lynch is just a little bit busy at the moment.

But everyone else... come on down!

[Cut to a smiling Gordon as we see Mark Stegglet, Lori Dane, and the new AWA Saturday Night Wrestling announce duo of Salvatore Albano and Colt Patterson making their way down the ramp as we cut back to Blackwell.]

SLB: Gordon... when I tell you that the locker room wanted to be here... they begged - so many of them begged that we were concerned we wouldn't have room out here for everyone. So, don't think they didn't want to be here... and if you're hot about them not being out here, you can blame good ol' Steggy right there.

[The crowd teases Stegglet with some jeers as the AWA owner shrugs with a grin and shouts "I'm sorry!" off-mic.]

SLB: But just know that the love and support and thanks of everyone from Supernova and Ryan Martinez and the Lynches... Next Gen and Julie Somers... Michelle Bailey...

[Blackwell takes a deep breath.]

SLB: ...Juan Vasquez... Marcus Broussard... Ron Houston... Kolya Sudakov... Kentucky's Pride...

[The crowd starts cheering as the list of names gets longer.]

SLB: ...Melissa Cannon... Alex Martinez... Jordan Ohara... Hannibal Carver...

[Blackwell pauses, taking a deep breath.]

SLB: ...Terry Shane... James Monosso... Demetrius Lake... Raphael Rhodes... Ricki Toughill...

[He pauses again, shaking his head...]

SLB: This list goes on forever, Gordon! Just like all of their love for you!

[The crowd ROARS as we cut to Gordon again, shaking his head.]

SLB: But there WAS someone that... well, I suggested we keep him on the sidelines but I was overruled on that... right? We haven't changed our minds?

[A chuckling Stegglet shakes his head.]

SLB: Alright... well... Buckthorn...

[The crowd ROARS again as Wilde climbs from his chair, leaning over to drape an arm over Myers' shoulders before heading to the ring. Wilde quickly climbs the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes to big cheers as he waves his arms up with a "COME ON! LET HIM HEAR IT!" He marches over towards Blackwell and snatches the mic out of his hand.]

BW: Come on... you didn't really think we were gonna let Blackwell run this show did you? And waste my talents out here sitting like a bump on a log?

[Wilde clears his throat.]

BW: It is my esteemed honor and pleasure to welcome one and all...

[He turns, glaring...]

BW: ...even you Albano...

[Big Sal looks surprised, his jaw dropping.]

BW: ...to the official retirement ceremony for my best friend in this world... my brother in broadcasting, Gordon Myers.

[The fans clap respectfully as Wilde nods his head, letting them respond.]

BW: In this business, longevity is usually measured in years. Some of the greats in our business' history can count on two hands how many years they made it in this sport of kings. And some of the promotions that we esteem as the best to ever do it ran even less.

So, on a night when the AWA celebrates an astonishing TEN years in this industry, I look out to my friend... my brother... and remind you all that he's been doing this and doing it better than anyone else...

[He turns to Jon Stegglet.]

BW: ...including you...

[Stegglet grins, nodding in agreement.]

BW: ...for FORTY-THREE YEARS!

[The crowd ERUPTS into cheers again as Bucky shakes his head. As the crowd noise dies down after a bit, Bucky continues.]

BW: And it's been my honor to be right down there at ringside with him for a whole lot of them. We worked together throughout the South for the Somers family... in places like Atlanta and the Carolinas... and yeah, right here in New Orleans!

[Predictably, the fans cheer the reference to their hometown.]

BW: We worked together in Florida... on our tans as much as we did on the mic. And of course, ten years ago, we took a phone call from Stegglet and Michaelson there who said they wanted us to come to some dusty, drafty studio in downtown Dallas and change the world.

[Bucky grins, looking out on the sold out Superdome.]

BW: We said yes to the paycheck and laughed our asses off at these starry-eyed money marks changing anything.

[Bucky shrugs.]

BW: What the hell did we know, huh?

But we showed up in Dallas anyways... and we called a Main Event with Marcus Broussard...

[Bucky smiles.]

BW: ...and Kevin Slater. Not bad for a first night at the office, right? And we never looked back. Through it all... the ups and the downs... we were right down there together for everything.

[The colorful color man pauses... making sure to compose himself.]

BW: And when Gordon said he was hanging up his headset tonight... well, I just couldn't imagine coming back out here in two weeks to call the show with someone else. So, I decided to hang up my headset too. Now, you're not getting rid of me that easy... I'll be around... but Gordon... Gordon's headed home because he's got a date that he's been putting off for way too long now...



Ladies and gentlemen... our loss is their gain...

Please welcome to the ring for the first time, Gordon's wife Sharon... his daughters Molly and Cassie... his son Gordon Junior... and his grandkids Tess, Becky, Louie, Opie, Paul, and the baby of the family, Sandy.

[The Superdome crowd is on their feet, cheering loudly as the Myers family makes their way down the aisle towards the ring. We cut back to ringside as a surprised patriarch comes to his feet, clasping his hands in front of him and craning his neck to look down the aisle at his family's approach. Bucky approaches the ropes, sitting on the middle to hold them open for them as Gordon blows kisses and waves to his grandkids excitedly climbing through the ropes. A couple of them run into the ropes, bouncing off, striking a pose as the fans cheer them on.]

BW: A couple of future AWA superstars right there, Gordo.

[Gordon nods and smiles from ringside, waving again at his grandkids so excited to be there.]

BW: And like ol' long-winded Lou over there said earlier, Gordo... the list of people who wanted to be here for you was just too long to fit in the building. This right here...

[He gestures to the ring.]

BW: ...this is who you've got. And we couldn't be prouder to be here to celebrate you, pal.

[Gordon says "thank you" from ringside to his friend who nods.]

BW: Well, don't thank me yet... 'cause I had the folks in the production truck put together something for you. A little look back at you and your time in this business. Let's take a look...

[All eyes turn towards the video wall as our video feed fades to black...

...and before fading back up, we hear a familiar voice but sounding a little more tentative.]

"We are live backstage here at the Omni where another Southern Championship Wrestling supershow is underway..."

[And we fade up on a 26 year old Gordon Myers backstage in an ill-fitting suit, mic in hand...

...and then we fade to Gordon, a couple of years older and wiser, standing behind a podium.]

"Hello everyone and welcome to another edition of All Star Wrestling. Keith Roberts could not be here tonight so I've been asked to fill in right here in Huntsville, Alabama. It's the thrill of a lifetime to call the action here for Southern Championship Wrestling and I hope I do you all proud..."

[The word "proud" echoes repeatedly as the shot fades to a series of clips from Gordon's SCW history...

...Gordon standing next to a young Blackjack Lynch... Hamilton Graham... Mister Oliver Strickland... Terry Shane Sr and Jr... Karl O'Connor... Cameron O'Connor...

...and then up on a talking head shot of Hamilton Graham.]

"I was wrestling all over the world back in those days... but no matter where you worked, people were talking about Gordon Myers. He was already earning the reputation as the greatest announcer on the planet... and it was a well-earned reputation in my opinion."

[We cut to a shot of Hamilton Graham smashing a fist down between the eyes of Terry Shane Jr. as we hear Gordon's voiceover.]

GM: While the referee is there to enforce the wrestling rulebook of Southern Championship Wrestling, Hamilton Graham seems to be there at times solely to find ways around it as he buries that closed fist into the skull of the second generation Shane.

[Then to a shot of Cameron O'Connor using his family's deadly sleeperhold on an unknown opponent.]

GM: O'Connor's technical prowess is second to none and when he locks in that sleeper, it's only a matter of time before his opponent is off to Dream Land.

[Blackjack Lynch trading heavy right hands with a masked man.]

GM: The big Texan throwing some heavy leather here in this one and The Masked Assassin has certainly gotta be rethinking signing on the dotted line to take him on tonight in Tuscaloosa!

[Fade to a talking head shot of Blackjack Lynch.]

BJL: Intelligent. Well-spoken. And loyal too.

[Lynch chuckles.]

BJL: Too loyal really. I tried to sign him away from Somers a ton over the years but he'd never go... not even when the big leagues came calling.

[We fade to a shot that says "September 1988 - All Star Wrestling " and as it fades up, a solemn Gordon Myers is there to address the fans.]

GM: It is... a very sad night here in Charlotte as the man responsible for the show you've watched over the past twelve years... suddenly died earlier today of a heart attack...

[Myers pauses.]

GM: When you're in a role like this, it's expected that you'll know exactly what to say in every situation. But tonight, fans, I'm afraid I have failed in that... because I don't know what to say about the loss of my dear friend except to say what he said so many times...

[Myers reaches up, dabbing at his eye with a handkerchief.]

GM: ...the show must go on. Goodbye, Jim... we'll miss you.

[Fade to black...

...and then up on more shots of Myers throughout the years, growing older with every shot. We see him talking with newer talent now - names more familiar to AWA fans like Vladimir Velikov, Jim Watkins, and Roosevelt Wright among others.

To the shock of many viewers, the face of longtime wrestling "dirt sheet" writer Brian Potter appears in a talking head shot.]

BP: By the late 80s and into the early 90s, there was no doubt... not a single question who the top announcer in the sport was. It was Gordon Myers. And by the time the wrestling boom of the mid to late 90s rolled around, he was one of the hottest targets that no one talks about. Sure, everyone wants to talk about bidding wars for guys like Casey James and Serge Annis and Brody Thunder and Caleb Temple... but the behind-the-scenes stuff over other talent.. outside-the-ring talent... was just as interesting. Ask Colt Patterson about the efforts to get his dad into New York for the E... or Jim Watkins about some high dollar offers from Portland.

But above all the rest, the dollar figures I heard floated in offers to Gordon Myers would've been enough to set him up for the rest of his life.

[Potter shakes his head.]

BP: But he just wouldn't go. The Somers family gave him his break... and I honestly believe if Michael Somers hadn't sold SCW to the AWA startup owners... he'd still be there to this day driving that loop of Southern towns. Thank god that Somers did though because a whole new generation got to hear Gordon - the best there ever was - before he hung up his headset.

[Fade to a beaming - and decade-younger - Jon Stegglet standing amidst a sea of reporters in early 2008 when the AWA was launched. There's a shouted question he's answering as we hear the volume.]

JS: Someone just asked about announcers and... you know, there were a lot of reasons that we bought the companies we did in starting this up. Talent is the big one... but that talent's not just in the ring. We got a lot of great backstage behind-the-scenes men and women too... and I couldn't be happier to announce that our Saturday Night Wrestling announce team is gonna be Buckthorn Wilde and - in my opinion, the best announcer of all time - Gordon Myers.

[Stegglet grins even more as more questions are shouted... and we fade to a talking head of today's AWA owner.]

JS: As we got closer to Gordon's retirement, I've been asked about my relationship with him a lot.

[Jon pauses, a twinkle in his eye. He clears his throat.]

JS: Uhh, sorry... I try not to get emotional on these things but... when I was a young, dumb kid starting out trying to break into this business in the early 90s, I knew I wanted to be involved with announcing but I didn't have a clue how to go about it. And... back then you couldn't just e-mail someone, so I wrote letters... hand-written letters - to the SCW offices... once a week for six months, to Gordon. Heh... they were fan letters really, just me gushing about how great I thought he was and begging for any advice.

[We hear a rustle of paper as something is handed to a shocked Jon Stegglet.]

JS: He... he saved these?

[Stegglet pauses, biting at his lower lip.]

JS: Guys, I... uh... I'm gonna need a second.

[We fade through black for that proverbial second as Stegglet is reading from the letter.]

JS: "Dear Mr. Myers... yes, it's me again. I just wanted to let you that I was on the edge of my seat for that match you called last weekend on All Star Wrestling between The Moonshiners and the Deep South. It was sheer joy to hear the way you described every bit of what happened... and if I closed my eyes, I felt like I was there. I am beyond jealous of your talents... yet beyond blessed to have the chance to witness them myself. It's been so hard to get tapes of the shows lately and I pray for the day you're on TV every week for the entire world to hear. You truly deserve it. As always... any advice is welcome, I'm still trying to get my foot in the door somewhere. Sincerely, your biggest fan... Jon Stegglet."

[Stegglet puts the paper down, a tear dripping down his cheek.]

JS: Like I said.. I was a fan. My friends and family thought I was nuts. Why would anyone want to get into this business?

[Stegglet shrugs, laughing.]

JS: I'm guessing people who join the circus get the same reaction. But it was my dream... and most people don't know this but Gordon was the one who called Adam Thompson - the original EMWC founder - and got me my shot. It still took a while to become the voice of the E but... I never forgot that... and when I had the chance to repay the favor, that's exactly what I wanted to do.

[We fade through black again to a laughing Stegglet.]

JS: Would he have come if we hadn't bought SCW? Probably not... and that's a big reason why we did. But don't tell him that!

[We fade to black...

...and then up on the sounds of "One More Saturday Night" by the Grateful Dead as a large white map of the United States fills the screen. The shot zooms through the map, different states "popping up" into view as we race past them. As we pull back from the map, it no longer is white but rather made up of the Stars and Stripes.

The map goes into a spin, spinning round and round as we zoom all the way into it, dissolving into a few slow motion shots of animated men battling in a red, white, and blue ring. The animation runs through various wrestling moves from an atomic drop to a bodyslam to a piledriver.

And as the blue animaniac applies a clawhold on the white animaniac, we freeze and the AWA logo fills the screen.

After a moment, we fade away from the cheaply done intro to the smiling faces of two men.

One is clad in a dark navy suit, white dress shirt, and red and white striped tie. He sports nicely-styled salt and pepper hair and a well-groomed moustache. He grips a wireless mic in his hand, grinning widely at the camera. In his late-50's and the epitome of professionalism, this man is Gordon Myers.

By his side is... well, somewhat a bit more flashy. With a mic in one hand and a glitter covered briefcase in the other, this man is paunchy to say the least. He's got a decent sized gut pushing at the buttons on his lime green dress shirt underneath an eye-burning yellow jacket. His black hair is tousled in all directions like he hasn't run a comb through it in his life. His teeth appeared to have been whitened

recently... perhaps several times even as he flashes a huge smile. He's in his late 30's... he's former manager "Big Bucks" Bucky Wilde.

They're standing in front of a bluish gray standard television studio set where you can see the AWA logo splashed across the wall above a small television monitor. Wilde lifts his glittering briefcase with a flourish, slapping it down onto a wooden "desk" in front of them as Myers begins to speak.]

GM: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. It is my great honor and privilege to be the first person to utter a word on this, the premiere episode of Saturday Night Wrestling brought to you by the American Wrestling Alliance.

[Myers pauses to let his words sink in.]

GM: And for the first time in well over a decade, professional wrestling... \_real\_ professional wrestling has made its' home in the Lone Star State here in Texas. We are \_live\_ in Dallas, Texas at the WKIK studios for what promises to be an exciting two hours of action.

[We fade from the grinning Gordon Myers to a talking head of Bucky who is absolutely beaming.]

BW: Gordon and I got the chance to work together in the later years of SCW... I was a manager starting out in the 90s... heh... just a kid really. But I was good at it. Those Manager of the Year awards I talk about are a shoot, brotha. But I got hurt... and I didn't know what was next for me. I was facing down the hard reality that I was done in this business... but Gordon, like he's done for so many people, reached out a hand and brought me on.

[Bucky pauses, looking down as he shakes his head.]

BW: He didn't have to do that... but damn, I'm glad he did.

[We see a shot of a much-younger Bucky Wilde and Gordon Myers calling their first SCW show together with Bucky shouting and gesticulating wildly at the play by play man who grimaces.]

BW: We had the very standard opposite opinion announce booth. He called it down the middle, I cheered the bad guys and was as obnoxious as I could get... and I can get pretty obnoxious, I don't have to tell you that. But off-camera... the man was my rock. He kept me steady when I wanted to fly out of control. He kept me logical when I was emotional. He kept me sane when I was anything but. And not only did he make me a better announcer... but he made me a better man.

[We get a series of candid backstage photos - Gordon and Bucky sitting at a bar enjoying a post-show drink, a very compact car with Bucky hanging out the passenger window sitting on Gordon's lap, the duo sitting in the stands at Turner Field in Atlanta watching a Braves game, lying on a Florida beach surrounded by young fans in a group photo.]

BW: We were... we are inseparable. Everywhere he went, I went... and vice versa... for a long, long time. And I can't even imagine coming to work next week without him...

[Bucky turns his face away from the camera as we fade to a shot of former AWA World Champion Jack Lynch.]

JL: The first time I met Gordon? I was just a kid and Dad had dragged us all along on one of his roadtrips when he was workin' the Omni. I can't remember who he

was wrestling but it was some big, dangerous guy - they usually were - and Dad stuck us right down at ringside so the cameras could catch us looking nervous...

[Jack rolls his eyes with a grin.]

JL: ...but before he put us out there, he said that if things got too rough and we got scared... especially Trav... to look at Gordon and everything would be okay. He said it so... confident... that Gordon would always make everything okay.

[Jack smiles.]

JL: I've kept that in mind all my life. And any time in the past that I thought things were goin' too rough... too bad... too tough to go on, I'd throw a look over to Gordon because he'd make me believe everything would be okay again.

[The Iron Cowboy shrugs.]

JL: Who am I gonna look at now? Colt?

[The crew laughs along with Lynch as we fade to another talking head shot, this one of Bobby Taylor.]

BT: Ahhhh... I don't think I'm shattering anyone's reality by admitting that in the later years of the E, I was more office than wrestler. I still got in the ring sometimes... but I was already starting to make the transition to outside the ring and...

[He gestures to his suit.]

BT: ...this. I still think I look ridiculous in this, by the way. But there was a point... I can't quite remember when... when Steggy wanted to step away. I don't know why... maybe he was trying to get in the office too... but I just remember he wanted to hang up the headset and Blue was being his usual self about it... and I remember them fighting about it one night after a show and Blue finally snapped and told him, "You can't walk away unless you can find someone as good or better to replace you."

[Taylor sighs.]

BT: Gotta love him, right? Anyways... Steggy said he could do it... and the next thing I knew - we were down in Florida at a show, I think - the next thing I knew, Steggy, Todd, Lori, and I were in a car flying down the freeway. That was a hell of a ride actually... we were all steaming mad at the boss for one thing or another and there may or may not have been some daydreaming about starting our own company on that ride. You might even argue that the AWA was born that night sort of... it just took a little while for it to come to pass.

Anyways... Steggy wouldn't tell us where we were going. I think the next show was somewhere near Atlanta... so we just thought we were making the next town... but Steggy took a detour and pulled up at this bar. I'm never one to turn down a road beer so in we go to this little dive... and sure enough, sitting at the bar was Gordon and Bucky.

[The Outlaw grins at the memory.]

BT: And it wasn't a coincidence, I promise you that. Steggy knew they'd be there somehow... and he went right into it. The hardest sales pitch I've ever heard him make and I've heard some doozies over the years. He wanted Gordon to come to LA... and take his spot on the announce team. Hell, he even had Todd convinced he'd step aside too and Bucky could come with him. It was one hell of an offer...

the money was great, the travel was tough but easier than driving those Southern towns, the exposure was tremendous... you couldn't ask for a better opportunity than to go from calling matches at every high school gym in Kentucky to stadiums all over the world.

[Taylor shakes his head.]

BT: But he wouldn't do it. He wouldn't budge. He said he owed it to Michael Somers to see SCW through it until the end. At that point, SCW was on life support. Between the E... the Double Eye... UWF... smaller places like LWC and GLCW... even a place with the history of SCW was getting its clock cleaned. He had to know they couldn't last much longer... well, we thought. Somers was tougher than we thought too.

We walked out of that bar... Steggy was pissed... so pissed... and we made the next town... and Blue and Steggy went into a room and talked it out and everything was fine again but sometimes I sit and think about it... just how close we were to changing... everything.

[Taylor looks off-camera thoughtfully as we fade through black...

...and then up on an absolutely beaming Theresa Lynch.]

TL: Jack told the story about Dad?

[She giggles.]

TL: I was too little for that trip but I know the story. Jack used to tell me the same thing when I first had to go on camera. A lot of people don't know this but Gordon used to produce those early Power Hours. I didn't want to do it, you know? I mean, I did but I didn't. I went to school for communications and journalism and... so I always wanted to be a reporter and... so I wanted to do it... but the idea of getting the gig because of my dad... bleh. Everyone thought it was a nepotism hire... and the ones that didn't thought I got the job because of my looks or whatever and... it was just a crappy situation and honestly, even with my brothers in that locker room, there were some pretty bad nights that I just wanted to go home.

[Theresa sighs.]

TL: But Gordon wouldn't let me. Gordon saw... something in me. He saw beyond my last name... he saw beyond the blonde hair and the nice smile - thanks to my orthodontist - and all that. And he knew that just like my dad and my brothers before me, I had a passion for this business. And that's what he worked to bring out of me every week behind the camera. He wanted the world to see what he saw... and he gave me the comfort and the confidence to go out there every week and make a fool out of myself on that silly green screen.

[She pauses.]

TL: Eventually everyone else came around too... and now when someone talks about me getting the job because of my last name, it's to try to get under my skin... usually. But if you want to know how those early Power Hours even got on the air... it's because I followed my father's advice... always look to Gordon and know that everything's gonna be okay.

[Theresa takes a deep breath, her eyes welling up with tears.]

TL: My gosh, it just hit me how much I'm gonna miss you, Gordon. Good luck! I love you so much! Thank you for everything!

[Theresa waves with both hands as we fade through black again...

...and end up on the AWA's White Knight, Ryan Martinez.]

RM: What can I possibly say to explain how I feel about Gordon Myers?

[Martinez smiles, shaking his head.]

RM: The first time we met? I was just a kid... and yes, probably a dumb kid, Buckthorn. My dad was working in the E... already had won the World Title and all that... and with Gordon sticking with the territories, their paths didn't cross a whole lot. But one year, my dad was going to do a promotional thing at a comic book convention... one of the big ones... and I begged him to take me along.

It was so amazing for a kid to see all that. All the comic stuff... the movie studios... Dad was able to introduce me to a bunch of celebrities and stuff... I was star struck by all of it. My Dad didn't even have to work for much of it so he got to spend the whole time with me.

It was one of the best weekends of my life...

[Martinez pauses.]

RM: My Dad had two things he had to do that weekend... he had to sign autographs for a bit and then he had to sit on this panel and take questions from the fans. There were a bunch of wrestlers there for it with him... Adam Rogers... Kevin Slater... even some indy guys... it was really cool.

For the panel, Dad put me in the front row so he could keep an eye on me. I was sitting there squirming... I didn't care about all the wrestling talk, I heard that all the time... I wanted to get back out there for everything else. So, I was barely paying any attention. They had this moderator on the panel who would ask some questions, carry the conversation, all that... and towards the end, they went out into the crowd to let the fans ask some questions.

[The White Knight grins.]

RM: And so, a few rows over, this little kid gets up and asks the panel "who is your favorite superhero?" I can't remember who said what... but Batman, Superman, Captain America, Spider-Man... the usual...

...and I was so bored, I was just about falling out of my chair when suddenly a microphone was in front of my face, a spotlight was on me, and that guy was asking me... "how about you, young man? Who is your favorite superhero?"

And when I looked up, I saw three things... my face on this giant screen which put me in a stone cold panic. My mind went totally blank. I didn't even know if I could speak at all.

The second thing I saw was my father - larger than life - looking down at me from that stage with a huge smile on his face...

[Martinez chuckles.]

RM: ...and I had my answer. I stood up, puffed out my chest, and proudly proclaimed "my Dad is my favorite superhero!" The crowd cheered... some laughed... I mean... I'm sure none of them knew the legendary Last American Badass was my father.



[Martinez pauses, his eyes glistening.]

RM: And the third thing I saw was the moderator smiling at me. He took the mic back and said... "I thought so"... and walked away.

That moderator... of course... was Gordon.

And he'd just given my father and I a moment we'd never forget.

[Martinez clears his throat which just cracked a little with emotion.]

RM: Just like he's done for so many... so many people over the last 43 years. Gordon, I love you like a second father... thank you for always being there for me... for always looking out for me... for always...

[Martinez smiles softly.]

RM: ...being the same man you were that day. Always giving. Always caring. Always thinking of everyone but yourself. We were all so lucky... and so selfish... to have you for all these years. And I'm so glad that your family is here with us tonight for us to give you back to them.

Thank you.

[And we fade from the shot of the White Knight to a live shot of Gordon Myers, tears streaming down his face as the fans cheer rabidly for the footage they just saw. The ring is filled with clapping people, all showing their love and paying tribute to the world's play by play man. Bucky clears his throat, lifting the mic...]

BW: With the entire world watching and clapping and smiling, it is my esteemed honor to welcome to the ring... my best friend... Mr. Gordon Myers!

[Gordon slowly rises out of his ringside seat, looking around at the raucous Superdome crowd. He removes his headset for the final time, giving it a long look with a sad smile before he sets it down on the table. He puts his hand on the back of his seat, looking down at the announce table that has been his home for so many years, letting his fingers drift across the chair... the stack of papers... the monitor...

...and with a deep breath, he tears his eyes away from the table and looks up at the ring filled with loved ones applauding. He smiles, stepping to the ringsteps where he begins to climb. Ducking through the ropes, he immediately shakes hands with the closest person - Colt Patterson in this case - and then makes his way around the ring, shaking hands and expressing his thanks to those in the ring to honor him. The fans cheer the entire time, erupting into a "THANK YOU, GOR-DON!" chant shortly into his route, drawing a smile and a shake of his head from the man himself as he continues to thank those who've come to pay tribute to him.

His family gets embraces and kisses, the longest held for his wife who hangs on like she doesn't want to let him go. He kisses her brow as they separate and he walks to mid-ring where Bucky is standing - tears in his eyes as well as his best friend approaches, extending his hand...

...which Bucky pulls into another hug, the crowd getting louder as the two longtime friends embrace in center ring. Gordon pats him on the back softly, whispering directly to his partner's ear before withdrawing, accepting the microphone from Bucky who steps back towards the ropes, leaving center ring to the man of the hour.

The crowd is roaring, tens of thousands on their feet to salute Gordon Myers as he prepares to enter retirement. He waves a few times, soaking up the "THANK YOU,

GOR-DON!" chant with stunned humility. He shakes his head and then finally raises a hand, asking for quiet.]

GM: No, no... thank you.

[The crowd cheers again as Gordon smiles... and then slowly turns to look around at those in the ring around him.]

GM: Thank all of you. Thank all of you in this ring... in the back... in this arena... in your living room at home... thank each and every one of you who have shown me such... amazing... incredible... love and support over the years. I would NOT be here without all of you... that much is certain.

[Gordon pauses, turning back to the camera.]

GM: I've never wanted to be the center of attention. My job at that desk for 43 years was to be the waiter who brought you all your incredible food to enjoy... not to be served up myself. So, it's with a certain lack of comfort that I stand here tonight in this ring... listening to all the kind words from so many people who I love... and respect... and appreciate.

A lot of people - my best friend included - has said that this is my night... but he's wrong in that. This is the AWA's Tenth Anniversary Show. This night belongs to the AWA and all associated with it. From the wrestlers to the office... to the production truck to the ring crew... to catering to security to the training staff to the cameramen... the audio people... to...

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: It's often said that it takes a village to raise a child... well, that's true... but it takes a city the size of New York to put on the greatest show on Earth.

[The fans cheer loudly.]

GM: And as many of them have thanked me over the past few months, I send that thanks right back to them here tonight.

[Myers pauses.]

GM: Gratitude is an incredible thing. It allows you take stock of the good things in your life and not focus on the bad things. This world we live in is hard. It's a hard place at times filled with difficulties... but this world of professional wrestling has allowed me to provide my family with a good life. It's allowed me to provide all of you... in whatever way I can... with a few hours a week where you can forget all the war and disease and hate and strife... and live in a better place with Bucky and I where the good and evil do battle in this ring.

And I am grateful for that... just as I hope you are grateful for all the good things in your lives.

[Gordon looks around again.]

GM: There are so many people who deserve my thanks... my gratitude for whatever role they've played in me being here tonight... that we'd be here until the Eleventh Anniversary Show if I named them all. I'm going to name a handful of truly important people to me... and I hope you all realize that not being on this list is not a slight of recognition... but me looking at Jon Stegglet looking at his watch and thinking how long tonight's overrun will be.

[The crowd laughs as Stegglet shouts "the show's yours, Gordon! Take as long as you want!"]

GM: As much as I appreciate that, Jon... I've got a good friend backstage waiting to get married and I don't want her waiting too much longer.

[Myers pauses.]

GM: First - and most importantly - I want to thank my family for being here today. My kids... my grandkids... I love you all so much. And of course, my lovely and beautiful wife, Sharon. Sharon, when you married this ol' so and so so many years ago, I don't quite know if you knew what you were getting into. This life that I chose to live in this business is not always the best one for marriages and families... Bucky can speak to that...

[Another round of laughter as Bucky shrugs.]

GM: ...but through it all, you've never been anywhere but right by my side and I cannot express how grateful I am for that. We have had one heck of a life together so far... and I can't wait to see what adventures we still can get into.

[Myers smiles as a tearful Sharon blows kisses at him.]

GM: And how about my work wife?

[Bucky shakes his head, laughing.]

GM: Buckthorn, you mentioned in that video that I made you a better man. Well, the feeling is mutual, my friend. I can still recall the day when I told Michael Somers that I wanted you as my partner at that desk.

[Gordon looks at Bucky with a smile.]

GM: And I thought Jackson Hunter's got a potty mouth.

[More laughter all around.]

GM: But you proved them wrong, Bucky. You proved everyone wrong. And when I sit back and realize that ol' Soundbite's got that announcer wing of the Hall of Fame all to himself, I think he's got some serious competition coming his way, old friend.

[Bucky grins, nodding.]

GM: 43 years is a long time to do anything... but I gotta say, Bucky, with you by my side, I'd do it all over again.

[Bucky raises an eyebrow.]

GM: Maybe.

[The crowd laughs as Gordon gives a mock salute to his friend.]

GM: There are so many others I want to thank...

[Gordon checks his watch.]

GM: What time does SportsCenter start again?

[Stegglet waves a hand.]

GM: I want to thank the Somers family - Jim for giving me my break into this crazy business and Michael for keeping me in the gig when so many people were telling him to go a different direction.

I want to thank the AWA owners for giving me another break - a chance to subject the entire world to this old voice and show everyone what Bucky and I were capable of.

Jon, I want to thank you in particular for... for everything. For the kind words as a kid... for all the love and respect you've shown me over the years... to repaying an old favor and bringing me on board... and yeah, even for buying SCW to get me to go along with it.

[Stegglet bows his head with a "you're welcome."]

GM: So many friends here tonight... so many sending messages... you all fill my heart to the max. I...

[Gordon closes his eyes.]

GM: This decision was never going to be easy. Walking away from this...

[He gestures to the people around him.]

GM: ...from all of this...

[He gestures to the sold out Superdome crowd.]

GM: ...was never going to be easy. But... it's time. It's time for me to step aside and give someone else the chance that meant so much to me. Sal... Colt... I have all the faith in the world in you and I know you'll do an incredible job.

And...

[Gordon looks around.]

GM: ...I think that means it's time for me to hit the road.

[Bucky raises another mic.]

BW: Nope, nope... not so far, buddy. Our boss has a little parting gift for you.

[Bucky hands the mic over to Jon Stegglet who does indeed have an envelope in his hand.]

JS: That's right. Gordon, with so much love in our hearts for you and the accompanying sadness to see you go, we thought it was only fitting to give you... one for the road. Well, two actually.

[Stegglet slaps a hand on Gordon's back.]

JS: Todd and Bobby and I talked about it... and we decided that for someone as special as you... no matter how much you hate it... you deserve the spotlight tonight to be squarely on you.

In fact... we felt that you deserved to steal that spotlight again down the road.

[Gordon looks puzzled.]

JS: So, we're gifting you a very special version of the Steal The Spotlight contract. And this one says that on a date and time of your choosing... you may join our broadcast team for a match of your choice!

[Gordon smiles, breaking into a laugh.]

JS: Personally, you can consider that an open invitation anytime you like but we thought this was a better retirement gift than a pen.

[Gordon nods, patting his friend on the shoulder.]

JS: But we've got one more thing for you before we let you ride off into the sunset with Sharon and the rest of the family...

[Stegglet lifts the envelope.]

JS: For the past ten years, Gordon Myers, your voice has become synonymous with the biggest moments in AWA history... and within this envelope, we have an announcement to make that'll rank right up there with the rest.

We were going to save this for tomorrow's Press Conference but instead... we'd like you to make it right now.

[Gordon's brow furrows as he takes the envelope, tugging to open it. He unfolds the sheet of paper inside, smiling as he looks at it and throws a glance at Jon Stegglet who gestures in a "the floor is yours" arm wave.]

GM: "AWA fans all around the world, it has become tradition that the biggest professional wrestling event anywhere in the world is no longer Showtime... it is no longer Ring Wars... it is no longer Gold Rush...

It is SuperClash.

And on this year... this historic year when we enter the birthplace of the AWA - Dallas, Texas - for the biggest SuperClash of all time, SuperClash X... we have decided to make SuperClash...

...even bigger."

[The crowd begins to buzz as they've heard the rumors as Gordon grins.]

GM: "SuperClash X was previously announced to be coming to you LIVE from AT&T Stadium - the home of the Dallas Cowboys - on Thursday, November 22nd. That is no longer true.

Instead, SuperClash X will now be coming to you LIVE from AT&T Stadium in front of a record-setting crowd...

...on Thursday, November 22nd..."

[Dramatic pause.]

GM: "...AND Friday, November 23rd!"

[The Superdome crowd ERUPTS into a ROAR for the huge game-changing announcement that brings the fans to their feet as Gordon lowers the piece of paper, a huge grin on his face...

...and as the excitement over the announcement peaks, a chant starts up once again...]

"THANK YOU, GOR-DON!"  
clap clap clapclapclap  
"THANK YOU, GOR-DON!"  
clap clap clapclapclap  
"THANK YOU, GOR-DON!"  
clap clap clapclapclap  
"THANK YOU, GOR-DON!"  
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"THANK YOU, GOR-DON!"  
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"THANK YOU, GOR-DON!"  
clap clap clapclapclap  
"THANK YOU, GOR-DON!"  
clap clap clapclapclap  
"THANK YOU, GOR-DON!"  
clap clap clapclapclap

[...and with a grateful Gordon Myers smiling at the crowd...

...we fade from the pomp and circumstance in the ring to the backstage area and a grinning Mariah Wolfe.]

MW: A huge announcement right there! SuperClash X is moving to TWO nights! And I'm sure we'll have more on that at tomorrow's Press Conference in Dallas but a very special scene out there in the ring as fans all over the world say goodbye to our dear friend Gordon Myers. On a personal note, I just want to thank Gordon for all he's done to help me get my career in broadcasting started and... who knows? Maybe one day I'll be in that chair down at ringside calling the action. If that ever does happen, I will certainly have him to thank for it.

[Wolfe smiles.]

MW: Farewell, my friend... we'll miss seeing you all the time.

[She pauses.]

MW: But as one thing comes to an end, another has a whole new beginning. Of course, I'm referring to the marriage of Supreme Wright and my girl, Theresa Lynch. I'm so happy and excited for them both and I can't wait to see this beautiful wedding unfold. We're just a few moments away from that and I'm told they're setting up the ring right now for it. As that gets ready to begin, we've got-

[Mariah frowns as she spots someone coming her way... quickly.]

MW: I thought you left the building. What are you doing- HEY!

[The exclamation comes as the person in question bumps past her and keeps on walking. Wolfe shakes her head.]

MW: Some people.

[She pauses... and then waves a hand for the cameraman to follow her as she moves quickly after the person in question: a rapidly walking Jackson Hunter who appears to be a man on a mission.]

MW: Come on... let's see where he's going.

[Hunter shoves open a door that leads into the New Orleans night air. Wolfe looks puzzled but is only about fifteen feet behind him, waving the cameraman to follow along. Wolfe speaks at a whisper.]

MW: Jackson Hunter heading out into the parking lot... perhaps finally heading back to the hotel as he promised-

[She stops speaking as Hunter makes an abrupt turn, walking towards a large truck with Ryan Martinez and Julie Somers' faces on the side of it. Hunter doesn't even seem to notice the large faces looking down on him as he pushes the door open, storming inside.]

MW: The production truck? What's he doing in there?

[Wolfe follows up the steps, nudging the door open and waving for the cameraman to stick the lens covertly through the door where we see Hunter is addressing the entirety of the crew in the truck. We pick up his words in mid-sentence.]

JH: -NOT PLAYING AROUND! Ever since Castillo installed those damn cameras everywhere, the AWA's loved having all that Access garbage... all that footage. You guys only use a piece of what you record every night, right?

[No answer. Hunter reaches out and grabs someone by the dress shirt, yanking them closer.]

JH: RIGHT?!

[The production guy nods his head.]

PG: Yes, yes... that's right.

[Hunter shoves him away.]

JH: Alright... then I know you have what I want. The parking lots leading into the building - the wrestler lots... they've got cameras in them, eh?

[Silence. Hunter goes to grab the same production guy who backs off, red-faced as he responds.]

PH: Yes, okay... fine! Yes, there are cameras in the parking lot.

[Hunter nods.]

JH: Show me.

[The production guy looks around nervously at his colleagues - none of whom seem in a rush to help him.]

PH: Show you wh-

[Hunter angrily interrupts.]

JH: SHOW ME THE DAMN FOOTAGE OF ME GETTING MY ASS KICKED IN THE PARKING LOT, IDIOT!

[The production guy licks his lips nervously.]

PG: Uhh... I'm not sure we can do that. I think I'd better call Mr. Steggle.

[He reaches for a phone and Hunter moves quickly, slapping the phone out of his hand and sending it to shatter on the floor of the truck.]

JH: I don't give a damn what you're allowed to do. Show me the footage now... or your face ends up like that broken screen.

[The production guy again looks around anxiously at his co-workers who are all either staring shocked at Hunter or nervously looking at their screens like there's something important on them they must immediately address.]

PG: But I don't-

[Hunter rears back a right hand, ready to backhand the production guy across the face who yelps and nearly falls out of his chair.]

PG: Okay, yes... fine. But not live... not for everyone.

[Hunter nods, watching as the production guy taps a few keys on his keyboard, presumably pulling up the footage in question.]

PG: Here... here it is.

[Hunter shoves him aside, sending him sprawling out of the shot as the former National Champion sits down at the desk. From our angle, we can't see the monitor he's viewing, his eyes wide as he watches.]

JH: Not for everyone. Just for me.

[He watches with great interest for several moments in silence...

...and then SLAMS his fist down on the desk.]

JH: I knew it. I gotta let him-

[Abruptly the feed goes to color bars... but just for a moment before we cut back to ringside where we find Salvatore Albano and Colt Patterson quickly getting seated, still adjusting their headsets as we see continued wedding setup going on behind them. Sal throws a look over his shoulder at the ring before looking back with a puzzled expression.]

SA: I... uh... well... this isn't exactly how I anticipated my first moments in this chair but hey, we're playing without a net here! Right, Colt?

CP: Don't worry, kid. Just follow me and we'll do just fine. But I gotta know what that was all about with Jackson Hunter.

SA: Oh, it's Jackson Hunter, Colt. Who knows what that's all about? Mr. Hunter and I have a bit of a history, I have to admit... not to mention his history with my mentor, the great Al Pickard... so I know a few things about him and he's... not entirely stable. Maybe he's got a concussion from whatever happened to him earlier in the parking lot.

CP: Not according to the Doc. Besides, you really think he got attacked? With what we've seen out of him lately, isn't it just as likely he had one too many and took a header trying to get out of his car?

[Colt and Sal chuckle a bit at Hunter's predicament.]

SA: It's been a wild night of action... a night of nostalgia... a night of moments that will live forever in the annals of AWA history. It is our esteemed honor to step into



these seats, put on these headsets that have been worn so proudly and honorably by our predecessors - Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde - and we can only hope that we come close to filling their shoes.

CP: Amen to that, Big Sal.

SA: The matches are done. The retirements are complete. And I think that means there's only one thing left, Colt.

CP: Are we really about to do our first commentary on Saturday Night Wrestling on a wedding?

[Sal chuckles.]

SA: Well, hopefully it'll be the bride and groom doing the talking. And with that in mind, fans, let's go over to our broadcast colleague Sweet Lou Blackwell to take a look at the Who's Who of a guest list in and around the ring!

[We fade away from Sal and Colt to the aforementioned scoopster.]

SLB: Thanks, Sal... and hey there, folks! "Sweet" Lou Blackwell here, your ringside reporter with a front row seat for all your nuptial action. We're leaving behind the slams and suplexes, and we're switching gears from the wrestling ring to wedding rings!

[Blackwell turns to the ringside area.]

SLB: As you can see behind me, the AWA ring crew have done a remarkable job transforming the ringside area.

[We see that the wrestling ring is bathed in a celestial glow from the overhead lights. The canvas is now covered in pristine and unblemished white. The ring ropes have been removed and the steel posts are adorned with satin ribbons in hues of ivory and gold. Rows of chairs filled opposite sides of the ring for the wedding guests, with a carpet of rose petals between the seats leading up to a raised platform and altar where the vows would be exchanged.

Each seat, adorned with satin sashes in hues mirroring the bridal theme, await the congregation of spectators who would bear witness to this show of love and spectacle. Around the ringside area we see ornate floral arrangements, an hors d'oeuvres table where the modestly large, but expertly and exquisitely made wedding cake sits.]

SLB: So, folks, while the wedding guests are finding their seats, get ready for a unique mix of love and spectacle. We're trading heart punches for heart-to-hearts, and I'm here to guide you through the twists and turns of this love-filled ride as Supreme Wright and Theresa Lynch get ready to lay down some heartfelt vows. Stick around - it's gonna be one heck of a show!

[The camera pans the scene around the ring, as we catch sight of Kimmy Bailey helping herself to a bacon-wrapped scallop or five as everyone behind her waits impatiently, Juan Vasquez yucking it up with Bobby Taylor and Marcus Broussard, The Lynch Clan taking pictures, Molly Bell and Lorena Vasquez annoying Harley Hamilton and Cinder, Takeshi Mifune apparently telling a hilarious story to Roosevelt Wright, Skywalker Jones. and "Golden" Grant Carter as they all laugh and finally, a shot of Paris Crawford and Michelle Bailey conversing with Raphael Rhodes, as we fade to black...

...and then back up on a shot of Ryan Martinez walking down the aisle. From the scenery around him, we can see this slow motion footage is from right before WarGames at SuperClash IX.]

#When you wish..#

[Dissolve to the White Knight throwing knife edge chops at the towering form of Torin The Titan...]

#...upon a star#

[...to Martinez and Derrick Williams working together to use a double clothesline to take the giant off his feet...]

#Makes no difference who you are...#

[...to a closeup of a bloodied Martinez, looking up in shock as a hobbled Shadoe Rage joins him in the cage...]

#Anything your...#

[...to the White Knight driving Vasquez' skull into the canvas with his signature brainbuster...]

#...heart desires will...#

[...to Martinez hooking John Law in a crossface, wrenching back with all his might as Law struggles to hang on...]

#...come to you.#

[...to a crowd shot of a group of young fans holding up a banner that reads "THE WHITE KNIGHT FOREVER!" as a voiceover begins...]

"Ryan Martinez, you and..."

[Cut to a shot of a bloodied but smiling Ryan Martinez standing triumphant with his teammates...]

"...Team AWA just won the Main Event at SuperClash! Now what are you gonna do?"

[...to a regular speed shot of Martinez still in the double cage, looking into the camera's lens with a grin...]

RM: I'm going to Disneyland!

[...and we fade to a shot of the Disneyland logo before fading to black.

As we return to the scene inside the Superdome, we see that all the wedding guests are now seated. The camera is on "Sweet" Lou, who has also taken his seat inside the ring. We see he's seated next to Mariah Wolfe, who gives the camera a little wave.]

SLB: Well folks, we're just about ready to get started with the wedding. I've got the best seat in the house, but you know what? I'm gonna go silent for a bit. We're diving into a moment that's all about Supreme Wright and Theresa Lynch – no need for my chatter.

So, grab your seats, lean back, and soak in this special moment. I'll be quiet on the mic, letting you all savor the vows, the cheers, and the magic of this wedding without my two cents. Enjoy the show, everyone!

[And with that, the shot then cuts up towards the entrance, where we see nestled among an array of floral arrangements, stands a grand piano. As the anticipation builds, Ayako Fujiwara, steps forward. Dressed in an elegant sapphire blue dress befitting the occasion, she takes her seat at the piano, fingers poised and then she unleashes the melody, playing Jim Croce's "Time in a Bottle" as we see Supreme Wright emerge from the entrance.

Wright is dressed in a stylish wedding tuxedo, as is expected of him. He wears a black jacket, tailored with meticulous precision with satin lapels, kissed by a subtle sheen, framing the crisp white dress shirt beneath with a black bowtie. A single white boutonniere graces the lapel.

On this happiest of occasions, he breaks his usual stoic demeanor, gifting us with a thin smile on his lips as he makes his way to the ring.

As he takes his place on the platform, the song cuts off and the wedding party and the crowd greet him with a massive roar of whooping and cheering, as Jack Lynch and Ryan Martinez go up and pat him on the back and shake his shoulders, causing Wright to crack a wide grin.

The music then shifts, as Fujiwara begins to play the opening to Christina Perri's "A Thousand Years" and all eyes look back up the aisle, anticipating the entrance of the bride.

In a cascading bridal gown, Theresa Lynch appears. Her ivory white dress, a masterpiece of lace and silk, has an intricately embroidered bodice that embraces her. The gown has a flowing train and she wears a delicate veil.

Theresa is led down the aisle by her father, the legendary Blackjack Lynch and her mother, Henrietta, her arms intertwined with theirs. Blackjack, exudes paternal pride, while Henrietta, blinks away tears, mirroring the joy emanating from her daughter.

Reaching the altar, Theresa locks eyes with Supreme, as a silence descends upon the Superdome, as the Justice of the Peace, steps forward to initiate the wedding ceremony. Supreme and Theresa stand at the altar, their eyes locked in anticipation.]

JOP: Ladies and gentlemen, honored guests, we gather here today in the heart of the Superdome to witness and celebrate the union of Supreme Wright and Theresa Lynch. In the presence of love, we embark on this extraordinary journey.

[The Justice of the Peace turns to the couple.]

JOP: Supreme and Theresa, your journey has brought you to this sacred moment. Today, surrounded by the echoes of triumph and the embrace of those who love you, we stand on the threshold of a union that will transcend time.

[Supreme and Theresa exchange smiles.]

JOP: Before we proceed, let us take a moment to acknowledge the significance of this commitment.

Marriage is a journey, an exploration of shared dreams, laughter, and the promise to stand side by side, come what may. Before we proceed with the exchange of rings and the solemn declaration of "I do," let us take a moment for the vows. This

is the space where you both express the promises that will shape your shared future. Supreme, Theresa, please step forward and share your vows.

[Theresa takes out a small piece of paper as a microphone is held in front of her.]

TL: Supreme, you are the embodiment of strength, loyalty, and honor. You have taught me the importance of commitment, to stand by what you believe in and to never give up. You have shown me that beneath your tough exterior there is a caring and compassionate person.

I vow to always be your partner, your confidante, and your friend.

To be the person who brings out the best in you and to be the one who will support and love you through all of life's adventures.

[She blinks away tears, as Supreme takes his turn. He has no paper to read from, deciding to speak from the heart.]

SW: Theresa, from the moment I met you, you have been a beacon of light in my dark and violent world. You have shown me that there is more to life than combat, that there is beauty and love in the world. You have broken through my stoic exterior, reaching my humanity and my heart.

I vow to always be there to protect and support you, to be your rock in times of trouble and your partner in times of joy.

I vow to cherish you always, to be the man you deserve, and to love you with all my heart.

[To say that there are more than a few shocked faces in the crowd would be an understatement. There's some murmurs and gasps at this very rarely seen side of Supreme Wright. The tears are practically running down Theresa's face.]

The Justice of the Peace steps forward again, turning to the former World Champion.]

JOP: Supreme, do you take Theresa to be your lawfully wedded wife? To cherish her, support her dreams, and stand with her through all the triumphs and challenges life may bring?

[Supreme nods, a resolute gleam in his eyes.]

SW: I do.

[The crowd ROARS as Supreme smirks at the reaction, shaking his head. Theresa laughs at the fans as the Justice of the Peace turns towards her.]

JOP: And Theresa, do you take Supreme to be your lawfully wedded husband? To love him, honor him, and stand with him through all the triumphs and challenges life may bring?

[Theresa smiles, her eyes reflecting unwavering commitment.]

TL: I do.

[Another HUGE roar rings out from the fans, causing the happy couple to laugh again. The Justice of the Peace smiles before continuing.]

JOP: Excellent. Now, as we embark on this ceremony, let us remember that love is not just spoken; it is lived every day. May your union be filled with joy, resilience, and an abundance of shared laughter-

“STOP THE WEDDING!!!”

[Suddenly, the atmosphere completely changes. There’s a collective gasp of shock, confusion and bewilderment as all eyes in the Superdome and the camera pan over to the source of the disruption.]

Brian James.

The hushed voices of Salvatore Albano is heard on commentary.]

SA: I... fans, honestly, I didn’t expect to be “on the call” for this one but... Brian James?

CP: He’s not even allowed to be here!

SA: He’s suspended... a state we’d all heard would be made permanent here tonight and-

[The disgraced wrestler storms the ring, filled with fire and fury.]

SA: I have no idea why he’s out here but-

[However, Ryan Martinez and Jack Lynch are quick to intercept him, restraining him before he can reach the altar. We can hear Martinez speaking to James.]

“Calm down, Brian, now’s not the time or place.”

[James struggles against Martinez and Lynch, attempting to free himself as he shouts towards the White Knight.]

“You’re wrong! Now is the perfect time, Ryan! Everyone needs to know the truth!”

[Jack Lynch looks annoyed, trying to pull James backwards.]

“This is enough! You’re out of here, James! This is my sister’s wedding, damn it!”

[Lynch and Martinez are struggling to get James back up the aisle when Supreme, with a measured calm, intervenes, leaning over to speak into the microphone the Justice of the Peace was using.]

SW: Ryan, Jack... it seems that he has something he wants to tell us. Let him speak.

[The command from Wright causes Martinez and Lynch to exchange uneasy glances. Despite their reservations, they release their grip on Brian James who marches away from them, stepping right up towards the altar as the crowd buzzes with confusion...

...and stares right at Supreme Wright with a seething intensity. James’ words are picked up by the same mic as he speaks.]

BJ: You son of a bitch!

[The crowd ROARS at that one.]

BJ: You think you’ve got everyone fooled, but I know the truth now.

[Wright is stoic as he stares at James.]

BJ: You thought you could get away with it, but Jackson Hunter told me everything.

[The crowd's buzzing gets louder as James slowly raises his hand, pointing an accusing finger at Wright.]

BJ: YOU were the one who attacked Johnny Detson at SuperClash!

[The revelation hangs in the air, as the crowd gasps, quickly stirring with whispers, torn between disbelief and anticipation.]

SA: What? What did he say?!

[All eyes are now on Wright, who doesn't so much as blink at the accusation. He slowly shakes his head.]

SW: You've got it all wrong, Brian.

[James shakes his own head this time, glaring at Wright.]

SW: I didn't lay a single finger on Johnny Detson.

[Supreme slips his hands into his pockets and smirks.]

SW: I just stood there... and watched.

[There's a stunned gasp at Wright's unexpected confession...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

SA: WHAT?! HE DID IT?! HE-

[...that is immediately cut short by Cain Jackson tackling Brian James to the ground!]

SA: WHAT THE HELL-?!

[Ryan Martinez and Jack Lynch are quick to attempt to pull Jackson off, but suddenly find themselves swarmed by Paris Crawford and AJ Martinez!]

CP: What is happening here?!

[The once-harmonious atmosphere quickly devolves into a chaotic battleground, as the wedding guests begin to flee the ring to avoid the growing conflict.]

SA: We need help out here! We need security-

[On cue, security comes rushing down the aisle to the wild scene, attempting to contain the escalating brawl, but the chaos cannot be contained as the fighting spills out of the ring and a mass of humanity surges forward to escape the danger inside the ring.]

Takeshi Mifune, joins the fight with an almost manic glee. Grabbing the chair he was sitting in, he indiscriminately swings it in his hands, attacking anything and anyone that gets in his way. The Japanese wrestling legend slams his chair across Jack Lynch's back and proceeds to throw it without regard at the security personnel and wedding guests running away in terror from him.

Paris Crawford, is a whirling dervish. They are seen knocking "Golden" Grant Carter off his feet with a forearm strike before spinning around and striking Blackjack Lynch in the throat.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[As the elder Lynch collapses to the canvas, Crawford leaps into the monstrous Cain Jackson's arms before being lifted high into the air and hurled into a sea of Lynch family members.]

SA: SWEET SANTA MARIA!

[Wasting no time, Jackson, Crawford and AJ Martinez then descend upon the fallen members of the Lynch clan, their every movement a calculated and ruthless assault, the desperate cries of the Lynches blending with the frenzied noise of the brawl.

Bobby Taylor, attempting to restore order in this chaos, is sent soaring through the air and into the wedding cake by a push kick from Bret Grayson, the Olympic gold medalist with his arm in a sling. The cake, a symbol of Wright and Lynch's holy union, now lay shattered beneath the weight of The Outlaw.

Meanwhile, Roosevelt Wright, the patriarch of the Wright family, showcases a different kind of brutality. He mercilessly chokes young Diego Lynch beneath the sole of his boot.]

SA: I... I can't believe this!

[In another corner of the pandemonium, Takeshi Mifune, has now moved on to new prey. He is seen wrapping his arms around a bloodied Brian James, ensnaring him in the relentless grip of the Japanese Stranglehold. James, gasps desperately for breath as Mifune chokes the life out of him.]

SA: ...this is... what in the holy hell...

[Supreme Wright, remains an impassive spectator, holding a frightened Theresa Lynch behind him and shielding her from the pandemonium. His stoic demeanor is a stark contrast to the bedlam around them.]

CP: Get her out of there! This is no place for her!

[Amidst the chaos, the camera catches Ryan Martinez, emerging as an unyielding force surging through the riot. As he battles through the crowd of bodies, his eyes sought only one destination: the elevated platform where Supreme Wright stood.

The camera follows, as Ryan fights his way through and reaches the platform. With a sudden surge, he climbs up and seizes the lapels of Wright's tuxedo as the crowd erupts.]

SA: The White Knight fighting through an entire damn army!

[Martinez jerks Wright closer.]

"TELL ME!"

[Ryan's voice, a thunderous roar, echoes through the air.]

"What have you done!?"

[Wright meets Ryan's accusing gaze with a chilling indifference, before the slightest of smirks forms on his lips. Impatiently, Martinez tightens his grip and once again screams...]

“What have you done!?”

[And suddenly, Wright gives Martinez an answer.

An answer of action, not words.

With an explosive whirlwind of motion, Wright strikes The White Knight with a spinning backfist.

Time seems to stand still for a moment as the light goes out in Ryan Martinez's eyes. His body is sent hurtling backward off the platform, descending right towards the camera before it collides with a loud crash. The screen then dissolves into static before plunging into darkness.]