

*Saturday
Night
Wrestling*



*June 17th
Saddledome
Calgary
Alberta
Canada*

[We start on a black screen as most shows do. We fade up into a royal blue screen with a glittering silver Fox Sports logo in the center of it. A fanfare plays in the background as a voiceover begins.]

"Home to the World Series. The NFL. The GFC. The Daytona 500. The US Open Championship."

[A quick clip from each sport flashes by during the voiceover.]

"The world's biggest events are on Fox Sports."

[The logo and fanfare fade...

...as a giant robot appears, holding up a different version of the Fox Sports logo with the audio bug...]

"WE ARE... FOX SPORTS!"

[The shot fades from the graphic to another 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."

[The logo fades to black...

...and that black slowly fades to the star-filled sky that hung above Minute Maid Park at SuperClash VII. After a moment, the drums to Halestorm's "Scream" kick in along with its signature call at the outset.]

#Ohhh-oh-oh-oh-ohhh!#

[Travis Lynch emerges from behind a curtain, throwing a hand up into the air.]

#Oh-ohohohoh-ohohohohoh!#

[The Gladiator stands at the top of the ramp at SuperClash, his fellow gladiators standing before him.]

#Ohhh-oh-oh-oh-ohhh!#

[Jordan Ohara walking alongside a barricade, slapping all the hands in sight.]

#Oh-ohohohoh!#

[Supernova cups his hands to his mouth, throwing his head back in a howl.]

#The seeds in my head
Visions in red#

[“The Professional” Dave Cooper puts the boots to a downed opponent.]

#All that I dream
And all that I've bled#

[Allen Allen uses a three-quarter nelson to roll up Mr. Sadisuto for a three count... right into Derrick Williams using a spinebuster on Callum Mahoney.]

#My mind is a gun
I won't be out done#

[Brian James throws a devastating Blackheart Punch while Brian Lau looks on with pride... right into Kerry Kendrick blindsiding Caspian Abaran, knocking him flat.]

#Say what you want
While I shoot for the sun#

[“Flawless” Larry Wallace leaps into the air, landing the “Best Dropkick In The World”... right into Maxim Zharkov and Alex Martinez trading words over a crowd of security and officials.]

#All you doubters and haters#
Actors and fakers
I don't have time for you all#

[Shadoe Rage comes sailing off the top rope, landing a flying elbow on a prone form... right into Michael Aarons dropping a flying elbow of his own onto Danny Morton at SuperClash.]

#You're feeding the fire
That's taking me higher
Coming like a cannonball#

[The Dogs of War use a combination powerbomb/Lungblower on Marcus Broussard in the Combat Corner... right into Rex Summers dropping Cesar Hernandez with the Heat Check DDT.]

#Ohhh-oh-oh-oh-ohhh!#

[Ryan Martinez connects with a running Yakuza kick on a stunned opponent.]

#It's kicking down your door
Kicking down your door#

[Supreme Wright locks the Sugar Hold on Jack Lynch, causing the cowboy to scream in pain.]

#Ohhh-oh-oh-oh-ohhh!#

[Howie Somers and Daniel Harper run down a helpless foe with a double shoulder tackle... right into Mike Sebastian being hurled by Andrew Tucker off the top rope, using a Rocket Launcher on a prone opponent.]

#So what ya waitin' for?
What ya waitin' for?#

[Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan hurl Isaiah Carpenter off the stage at SuperClash.]

#Scream#

#Scream#

[Juan Vasquez puts Hannibal Carver through a table with a piledriver.]

#Scream#

#Until they hear you#

[Johnny Detson thrusts his newly-won World Title up into the air... and then fades to black as we hear the final lyric.]

#Scream#

[The black screen "shatters" into a live shot outside the Saddledome - a ground-level shot of fans pouring into the building underneath a digital marquee with the name of the building and the words "AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING" in black block text as "Scream" continues to play. The trademark voice of Gordon Myers interjects.]

GM: Wrestling fans around the world, we are LIVE right here on The X! We are LIVE right here in Calgary, Alberta, Canada for the very first time! And we are LIVE for another exciting night of action as we bring you the flagship show of the American Wrestling Alliance - Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Another cut brings us inside the building. It's your standard arena setup with rows upon rows of permanent seating mixed with the steel folding chairs that immediately surround the red, white, and blue roped ring. The black mats are down covering the floor and the black metal barricade is up to keep the fans at bay. Two tables can be seen at ringside from this elevated view.

A quick cut takes to a floor level shot of the entranceway which is made up of a small entrance opening covered by black curtains and surrounded by LED lighting that is currently flashing a red and white pattern. There are lights to the left and right of the doorway along with lighting above it. Above the lighting is a decent-sized video screen that has the SNW On The X logo spiraling around it. As the camera pulls back a bit, we see an illuminated ten foot tall version of the AWA logo off to one side. On the other side is a small elevated platform that will serve as an interview "stage." The entranceway leads directly out to a black carpeted ten foot wide aisleway that will take the combatants to the ring.

Another cut gets us down to ringside where we find the ever-present Gordon Myers - the Dean of Professional Wrestling announcing - in a salt and pepper sportcoat and black slacks. A big smile is on his face as he speaks.]

GM: In an event that is nine years in the making, the American Wrestling Alliance has ventured across our northern border to bring all the great professional wrestling action that it is known for to the Great White North here in Canada! It is our overwhelming pleasure, privilege, and honor to be here tonight, and Bucky Wilde, we've got one heck of a show in store for this historic occasion.

[The camera shot shows Bucky Wilde for the first time. The colorful color man seems to be sucking up to the Canadian masses in a bright red jacket and stark white pants with red maple leafs littering them.]

BW: Whaddya think of the duds, Gordo?

GM: You certainly are in the Canadian spirit, Bucky.

[Bucky then opens up his suit jacket to reveal a "WILDE FOR PRIME MINISTER" t-shirt that gets some cheers. Wilde grins, waving his arms, beckoning for the already-rabid crowd to get louder. They, of course, do.]

BW: My kind of people, Gordo... my kind of people.

GM: Oh brother. It's going to be quite the night, fans. The fans here in Calgary have been tremendous to us all week long and now it's our chance to return the favor by doing what we do best. We come to you tonight fresh off the tremendous event that was Memorial Day Mayhem! We'll be talking all about what happened there and the aftermath of that tonight.

BW: What a night that was... some things I can't wait to talk about and some of it never, never, NEVER happened!

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: We also will be talking about our next major event, the Battle of Boston tournament, which is under a month away. Lots of news on that front as well. We've got so much going on tonight, Bucky, I almost don't know where to start but there can be no better way to start than a matchup featuring one of Canada's own! Kicking things off tonight, we're going to see action in the AWA Women's Division as these ladies prepare for the big Women's World Title Rumble that will be coming up in just over a month's time. It's Charisma Knight looking to get back on track against the Canadian Sweetheart, Skylar Swift! Let's go backstage and hear from both of these ladies just moments before they make history!

[We cut to the backstage area where Theresa Lynch stands next to Charisma Knight, who is back to her regular gear, her hood pulled up with tufts of her still blonde hair visible.]

TL: Thanks guys, I'm back here with Charisma Knight, one-half of the first ever AWA match on Canadian soil, and she's looking to rebound off that tough loss to Ayak-

[Knight sharply turns, and grabs the mic from Lynch]

CK: I'm not rebounding from anything. Memorial Day Mayhem was a fluke. A one time only thing, a minor hiccup on my road to the top. Fujiwara got lucky because I made a mistake, something that will not happen again. You've been here a while Lynch, you know what I am and what I'm about, Fujiwara just caught me, and it's something that won't happen again.

As for tonight and Skylar Swift. Swift, a few months ago, I put your buddy on the shelf because she wasn't in my league. And you are not in my league either. Two weeks was a minor bump in the road. Tonight, I go back to proving that I'm the

best wrestler in the world, and that you can stick anyone in front of me and they'll go down, and go down hard. Kick in the face or I snap your knee. It's my choice, and I'm not picky. Swift, you have nothing for me. I come out here, tonight, the first AWA match in Canada, your homeland, and tonight I will take you down.

Then I go on in four weeks to the Rumble and I take what is mine, and that's the AWA Women's World Championship.

[She turns with a sneer.]

CK: Rebound that, Lynch.

[She tosses the mic back to Lynch and walks off camera]

TL: Well, Charisma Knight seems ready, but is she really over that loss at Memorial Day Mayhem? We'll find out in a few minutes but right now, let's hear from her opponent...

Ladies and gentlemen... Canada's favorite daughter...

The "Dream Girl" Skylar Swift!

[There's a resounding ovation heard throughout the Saddledome as the camera cuts to the Dream Girl. Easy on the eyes, kind in the heart... Skylar Swift has her game face on with her delicate strands of honey brown hair up in a bun, big baby blues laser focused on the camera, and thin lips pursed as tight as the sun is bright.]

SS: Thank you, Theresa. I am so excited to be standing where I am right now. I grew up a short thirty-seven hour drive from here.

TL: Excuse me?

SS: What? Did you think Canada was just one super state or something? This country is BIG, girl. So for you to say that I am Canada's favorite daughter? Well, I'm flattered...but this great country has produced some amazing talent over the years and some sensational women. It wasn't so long ago that another company tore through here and woman after woman made their mark on our land and in this sport that we all love. Me?

I'm just a dreamer, Theresa.

I'm just a girl from a small town in Montreal who fell in love with this sport... hopped in a car and drove for three days out here to Calgary with a nickel to my name and grit in her teeth... I rolled duct tape around my shoes and painted them black to look like wrestling boots... I never took no for an answer from the first moment I walked into Jeremiah Colton's [cheer] office in Chinook Wrestling and begged for his family to take this young girl in and give her a chance.

I'm just the same scrappy little gymnast that nobody gave a second look as a serious wrestler who battled her way through Chinook Wrestling... who fought through Age of Rage wrestling... who stormed whatever gate or hurdle thrown in my way and found herself moments away from being the first man or woman to step foot in an AWA ring here in Canada.

You know what that makes me now, Theresa?

TL: A fighter?

[Skylar grins, flashing her beautiful smile.]

SS: It makes me lucky. I know I'm one of the lucky ones, Theresa. I know I'm one of the few who made it out... who survived... I watched friend after friend crash and burn out of the business because for every ten men that break down the walls of this business... maybe... MAYBE one girl will slip through the cracks.

So tonight... when I FINALLY get my hands on Charisma Knight. When I FINALLY step into an AWA ring for the first time in front of the GREAT fans of Canada. I'm doing it for them, Theresa. I'm doing for the young girls I saw in the front row earlier when I popped my head out there when the crowd was filing in. I'm doing it for every teenage girl who was ever told she wasn't good enough... or strong enough... or brave enough... or heck... CRAZY enough to make it in this business.

I'm doing it for my BEST friend who is still recovering from the beating that Charisma Knight laid on her MONTHS ago, girl.

I'm doing it because Akayo Fujiwara didn't finish the job.

[The baby blue stare hardens on the camera.]

SS: And tonight...

...the Dream Girl becomes Charisma's nightmare.

[We fade from the potential cover girls to someone who just might make the cover of Professional Ring Announcers Monthly... maybe.]

PW: Tonight's opening contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit... is part of the AWA Women's Division... and is the very first AWA match to be held in Canada!

[The raucous crowd cheers at the announcement then begins to boo loudly as the lights in the arena dim as "I'm About To Break You" by New Year's Day starts to play over the arena speakers.]

PW: From Cleveland, Ohio... weighing in at 150 pounds... here is...

CHAAAAAARISSSSSMAAAAA KNIIIIIIIIIGHT!

[Charisma Knight steps from behind the curtain into the entrance way, her blond hair sticking out from behind the black hood of her otherwise dark red ring jacket. She walks toward the ring at a normal pace, occasionally stopping to give a smirking condescending laugh or two toward the fans alongside the aisleway.]

GM: Charisma Knight making her way down the aisle... and Bucky, she certainly had her issues - if you'd like to call it that - at Memorial Day Mayhem against the debuting Ayako Fujiwara but she seems to be focused on the task at hand here tonight.

BW: She absolutely does and that's the sign of a true professional. You get knocked off the horse, you get right back up on it and keep riding... and tonight, Charisma Knight is gonna ride right over this porcelain princess.

GM: Skylar Swift mentioned a few moments ago her best friend, Lisa Drake, who was brutally beaten by Charisma Knight a couple of months ago - the very reason we're seeing this match tonight.

BW: We don't know much about Swift, Gordo... but I know that if she's at the same level as her buddy is, she's in for a short night.

[Charisma Knight climbs the steps to the ring, walking along the apron on the hard camera side, stopping at the middle and facing the crowd, holding out her arms and raising her head. She lowers her head, looking around the crowd with a slight sneer before entering the ring, removing her jacket to reveal her matching flame emblazoned black, red, and orange gear, consisting of kick pads over wrestling shoes, upper thigh length tights, and a closed off modest halter length tank top. She goes through her ritual of checking the ropes and getting a last minute stretch in while waiting for her opponent.]

PW: And her opponent...

[The crowd cheers before Phil goes any further, drawing a smile from the veteran ring announcer.]

PW: Making her AWA debut... weighing in at 125 pounds... she hails from Montreal, CANADA...

[The crowd erupts as "Dukes" by Canada's own synth-pop band Repartee kicks in mid-song with the belting voice of Meg Warren ripping across the airwaves.]

'CAUSE YOU'RE WORTH FIGHTING FOR!

PW: "THE DREAM GIRL" SKYYYYYYYYLAAAAAR SWWWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIFT!!!

C'mon over and we'll settle it right
Put your dukes up
'Cause I'm ready to fight
For you
I'll fight for you #

[The Dream Girl bursts through the entrance portal, raising both fists into the air which draws a huge pop from the Canadian crowd. Her honey-brown hair is still tied up into a bun with a few errant strands rolling down her cheeks near her baby blue eyes. Skylar Swift is bedazzled to the nines tonight as she makes her AWA debut... she has glistening silver suspenders over a white crop top with a blue maple leaf across her chest. Her ring trunks are just as shiny, sparkling silver with a blue line down the side that expands as it flares out around her ankles over her black boots.]

GM: And listen to this ovation for the hometown girl, Bucky!

BW: What?! I can't hear you!

[Swift soaks in the cheers from her hometown crowd as she makes her way to the ring. She does her best to slap every little girl's hand who spills over the railing. She pauses for a moment, taking a snapshot with a young girl wearing a "DREAMER" shirt and then begins to focus as she breaks away from the fans and soars up to the apron, gliding through the ropes and bouncing towards the center of the ring...

...which is Charisma Knight's cue to BLAST her in the back of the head with a forearm smash, knocking her down to her knees to HUGE jeers from the Canadian crowd!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[New official Laurel Quinn shouts at Knight who disregards the referee, slamming her arms down across the lower back in a double axehandle sledge.]

GM: Knight hammering Swift down into the mat... dragging her up by the hair now...

[The official signals for the bell as Knight stomps across the ring, smashing Swift's face into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Headfirst into the corner!

BW: Nah, nah... that was FACEfirst into the corner! Knight wouldn't mind messing up the Dream Girl's pretty face - that's for sure.

[Swinging Swift back against the buckles, Knight boots her in the gut a handful of times, ignoring Laurel Quinn's shouts.]

GM: Come on, referee!

BW: Oh, she's new, Gordo. Doesn't she get a probationary period?

GM: I don't think so as Knight grabs the arm... whips her across...

[Knight backs into the corner, turning to glare at some fans chanting "A-YA-KO!" repeatedly.]

GM: The fans in Canada getting under the skin of Charisma Knight, reminding her of her stunning loss just two weeks ago...

[Knight shakes off the distraction, barreling across the ring towards Swift, looking to lay in an avalanche...

...but Swift tucks her head, front rolling out of the corner along the ropes, causing Knight to slam chestfirst into the buckles!]

GM: Ohh! Knight misses the running splash...

[Swift comes up to her feet, circling around before charging back in as Knight stumbles backwards out of the corner. The Canadian leaves her feet, landing a front dropkick with both feet catching Knight in the upper back, sending her flying facefirst back into the corner a second time!]

GM: Swift caught her with the dropkick, rollup out of the corner!

[The schoolgirl rollup earns a two count before Knight kicks out.]

GM: Two count only on the rollup... Swift trying to sneak a victory right there, Bucky.

BW: Charisma Knight was in control of this and she let the fans distract her. That's not like Charisma, Gordo.

[Swift comes back to her feet, a blur of motion as she dashes to the ropes, rebounding back towards the rising Knight...]

GM: Swift up into the air... headscissors... round and around and around she goes...

[Knight gets dumped down to the canvas with the whirly bird headscissors as Swift comes back to her feet, dashing to the ropes a second time...]

GM: Swift off the ropes... and here we go again!

[Again, Swift twists around and around before flipping Knight over to the canvas to big cheers from the Canadian crowd. She comes up to her feet, giving a shout to the crowd as Knight struggles to get off the mat again.]

GM: Knight back to her feet, Swift slips in alongside her...

[Hoisting Knight into the air, Swift drops her quickly with a back suplex...

...and then kips up to her feet to a big reaction!]

GM: Oh my! Look at the athleticism from Skylar Swift!

[Back on her feet, Swift walks in a circle around the downed Knight, winding up an arm and dropping down to her knees, driving the point of her elbow down into the throat!]

GM: Diving elbowdrop by Swift, keeping Knight down on the canvas...

[Swift plants her hands down on the mat, kicking her legs up into the air, freezing there for a moment...

...and then comes crashing down with a double knee drop to the torso! She settles into a press, hooking a leg.]

GM: Swift covers for one! She gets two! Oh, Knight out at two!

[Swift claps her hands together, rising to her feet, looking out at the Canadian crowd. She pumps her fist a couple of times, watching as Knight sits up on the canvas, and then runs to the ropes, bouncing back...]

GM: Swift off the far side...

[...and drops into a slide, driving her forearm into the jaw of Charisma Knight!]

GM: SLIDING FOREARM CONNECTS!

[Swift rolls over into a lateral press, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Swift almost had her right there, Bucky, and the roof was going to come off this place if she got the win!

BW: Can you blame them? Skylar Swift, in her debut, almost knocked off the #5 contender to the Women's World Title that we're going to crown in about a month's time in the Mecca of all things sports and entertainment, daddy.

GM: And a win over Knight would certainly propel Swift into the forefront.

[Swift gets back to her feet, throwing a glance at Knight to make sure she's still down on the mat before ducking through the ropes out onto the apron.]

GM: And Skylar Swift, the Canadian Dream Girl, is heading to the top rope!

[Swift climbs the ropes, working her way up the turnbuckles as Knight slowly starts to stir down on the canvas. The Canadian stands tall on the top, poised as Knight regains her feet...]

GM: CROSSBODY!

[...and Knight flattens out, causing Swift to sail over her before crashing HARD down to the canvas!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: CHARISMA KNIGHT SAW IT COMING AND SWIFT PAYS THE PRICE!

[Knight rises slowly off the mat, tapping her temple with a devilish smirk on her face as the crowd jeers.]

BW: And that’s the sign of a veteran right there, Gordo. She let Swift go for the homerun and then she yanked the rug right out from under her.

GM: Mixed metaphors aside, a devastating mistake by Skylar Swift that Charisma Knight will now be looking to take advantage of.

[Standing over Swift, Knight lays the badmouth on her.]

“You think you deserve to be in the ring with ME?!”

“SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[The crowd groans at the hard slap across the face of Swift.]

“You think you’re better than ME?!”

“SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[Knight leans over a little more, grabbing a handful of hair, pulling Swift to a seated position...

...where Swift EXPLODES forward, throwing a forearm off the skull of Knight to a big cheer!]

GM: But the Canadian Dream Girl isn’t done yet!

[A pissed-off Knight recoils from the blow before landing a hard soccer kick to the chest, putting Swift back down on the mat as the crowd deflates.]

BW: You were saying?

[With Swift down on the mat, Knight goes to work with stomps to the torso, keeping her in place...]

GM: Charisma Knight putting the boots to young Skylar Swift, trying to take the fans out of this match and put herself back in control after a shaky start here in Calgary.

[Kneeling down, Knight JAMS her knee into the ribcage, forcing Swift to sit up in pain which allows Knight to PASTE her with a forearm shot across the jaw, causing her to slump back down to the canvas. With a devious smirk, Knight climbs back to her feet, looking out on the jeering crowd for a moment before shout “SHUT UP!” at them which draws even more boos.]

GM: Knight allowing herself to be distracted by these fans yet again, Bucky.

BW: Well, they won't shut up! Listen to them. I hear people chanting for Swift... chanting for Fujiwara... it's just non-stop. Isn't there some kind of rule about the crowd being too noisy? Like in tennis?

GM: Tennis? Give me a break.

[Knight angrily turns back to Swift, grabbing the rising fan favorite by the hair, swinging her foot up into the forehead once... twice... three times... and then uses the grip on the hair to hurl Swift into the nearest set of turnbuckles.]

GM: Swift gets flung back into the corner, Knight moving in after her...

[Grabbing the top rope, Knight takes aim...]

GM: Kick to the body! And another!

[About a half dozen roundhouse kicks to the ribs in total land before Knight backs off at referee Lauren Quinn's orders. Quinn warns her for the assault in the corner as Knight grabs Swift by the arm, whipping her from corner to corner...]

GM: Swift hits the buckles hard! Staggering back out to where Knight is waiting for her...

[And Knight hoists the Canadian up into the air, turning around with her, and DRIVES her down with a side slam, rolling back into a pinning predicament as Laurel Quinn drops down to count.]

GM: One! Two! No, Swift out at two!

[Knight angrily shouts at the official.]

GM: Charisma Knight now getting on the case of new referee Lauren Quinn for no apparent reason if you ask me... it was clearly a two count.

BW: Knight's tired of being mistreated by the entire AWA... and can you blame her?!

GM: Mistreated?! She was allowed to come out here for months with that Open Challenge! She was a part of the first Women's Division match featured at SuperClash!

[Knight stands over Swift, shouting "GET UP!" at her as Swift tries to do exactly that. The veteran reaches down, securing a double underhook on Swift, yanking the Dream Girl back up to her feet...]

GM: Knight's got her hooked again...

[The Cleveland, Ohio native powers Swift up into the air, dumping her to the mat with a spine-shaking butterfly suplex, floating into another pin attempt.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! T-

[But again, Swift's shoulder flies up off the canvas, sending a thrilled roar through the Canadian crowd as Knight shouts at the official.]

GM: Again, Charisma Knight complaining about the count.

BW: This is more of the AWA's conspiracy against Knight! How was that not a three count?

GM: It wasn't even close!

[Knight is up on her feet, sticking a finger in the face of Laurel Quinn who threatens a disqualification if Knight strikes her but Knight ignores that, using the intimidation to force Quinn back into the corner, shouting at her.]

GM: Come on! Get back, Knight!

BW: Charisma's had enough!

[Knight is angrily shouting at the official, pinning her back against the buckles as the jeers get louder. Suddenly, Knight wheels around, shouting at the fans...

...and then suddenly grabs at her ears, writhing almost in pain as she shouts "SHUT UP!! LEAVE ME ALONE!"

GM: What in the world...?

[The Calgary fans seize the moment to jump on Knight's fragile psyche, starting up a loud supportive chant for their home country girl.]

"SKY-LAR!"

"SKY-LAR!"

"SKY-LAR!"

GM: The fans are rallying behind Skylar Swift here in Calgary!

BW: Big shock there. These Canadian fans are so desperate, they'll cheer for anyone from this place.

[Knight falls back in the corner, still clutching her head, shouting loudly...]

"WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?!"

GM: Fans, I don't know what's going on with Charisma Knight right now but-

[Climbing back to her feet, Skylar Swift takes one look at Knight in the corner who suddenly dashes out to attack...]

GM: Clothesline out of the corn- WHOOOA!

[...and Swift bridges backwards like something out of The Matrix, causing Knight to go flying past, stumbling off-balance as Swift gets back to a vertical base, turning in position as Knight tries to swing back around...]

GM: Knight turning around and-

[Swift leaps up, twisting around to uncork a tornado roundhouse kick to the jaw of Knight!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BEAUTIFUL DREAMER! BEAUTIFUL DREAMER!

[Knight collapses to the canvas, Swift diving across her, hooking both legs tightly as Laurel Quinn drops down to the canvas.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: OH MY STARS! WHAT AN UPSET!

[With a tremendous ROAR, the Canadian crowd is instantly on their feet, celebrating this gigantic upset victory by one of their own!]

GM: Skylar Swift has shocked the world here tonight in Calgary, Alberta, Canada! She's defeated Charisma Knight in the center of the ring and... wow! What a moment for this young lady!

[Teary-eyed, Swift gets back to her feet, smiling as she throws her arms in their triumphantly. Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Your WINNER of the maaaaatch... SKYYYYLAAAAAAR SWIIIIIIIFT!

[Swift enthusiastically pumps her arms in the air, racing to the corner, stepping up to the midbuckle as she points to the fans, twisting her hands into a heart, shouting "I LOVE YOU!" to all the screaming fans.]

GM: What a moment! What a moment for Skylar Swift here in her AWA debut! What a moment for all these tremendous fans here in Calgary who've been showing us their support all week! The electricity in the air right now - you could cut it with a knife, Bucky!

BW: I don't even know what that means... but what I do know is that Charisma Knight is having some trouble right now. First, the loss to Ayako Fujiwara at Memorial Day Mayhem and now this? She's in a freefall and she's gotta find a way to stop it... fast.

GM: You'd better believe it! Fans, in addition to being the first night for us here in Canada, this night is special for another reason - it's Sweet Daddy Williams Appreciation Night! Of course, later tonight, we're going to hear from Sweet Daddy himself but all night long, we're going to be bringing you some of his greatest moments along with messages from some of the AWA locker room.

[We fade to a pre-taped shot of Allen Allen in a white t-shirt with the sleeves cut out and a red bandana around his head.]

AA: Sweet Daddy Williams has always been an inspiration to me. He's been a guy who would give it his all no matter the situation... no matter the odds. He's a guy who loves to entertain the fans... loves to leave them smiling and glad they spent their hard-earned money to see him in the ring... on the mic... whatever. When they talk about the people who helped build this place, you hear names like Vasquez, Scott, Sudakov, and Broussard... but in my book, Sweet Daddy Williams belongs right there on that list.

[Allen nods.]

AA: He may not have been in the Main Event every night but he was here every night. Every night for the past however many years, he's been right here... working hard... supporting everyone else... doing whatever needed to be done - press, public appearances, whatever... to make sure this place was THE place. You can't ask for anyone better and... well, I hope he's able to make a full recovery and get back in the ring because it's just not the same back here without him.

[The smiling Allen fills the screen for a moment before a "SWEET DADDY WILLIAMS APPRECIATION NIGHT" logo appears on the screen and we fade to black.]

We fade up on the logo for the television network known by its fans as "The X" - Fox Sports X. Standing next to it is Terrence Howard of "Empire" fame.]

"They tell me that Lucious Lyon ain't the toughest man on Fox anymore. Hah! I'll believe that when I see it!"

[Cut to a shot from SWLL's LUCHA LUCHA LUCHA where El Caliente snaps off a death-defying dive over the top rope, over the corner ringpost, and onto a prone figure. A voiceover not belonging to Terrence Howard provides the hype.]

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

[Then to a shot of the GFC - a recent shot with Ivan Petrov knocking Rufus Harris out to win the GFC Heavyweight Title.]

"Or maybe you prefer a little bit of MMA!"

[On to Tiger Paw Pro's WrestleGalaxy as Yoshinari Taguchi exchanges stiff slaps with the man AWA fans would know as Nenshou.]

"Travel to the Land of the Rising Sun for some puroresu action!"

[A highlight reel level head kick from a European looking kickboxer drops a Japanese one.]

"The hottest new action on The X belongs to SKB - Super K Boxing!"

[And finally to a shot of Ryan Martinez lighting up Supreme Wright's chest with a series of machine gun chops.]

"Saturday nights bring you all the action of the American Wrestling Alliance!"

[We cut back to Terrence Howard, wincing and rubbing his own chest as if he could feel Martinez' chops.]

"Alright, alright... those boys are pretty bad too. But can they sing?"

[Howard laughs as we cut back to the logo for The X. Howard delivers the closing line.]

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

[The "come get some" slogan fills the screen as we fade to black...

...and then come back to a panning shot of the rabid Saddledome crowd, desperate for more in-ring action.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling right here on The X, fans! It's going to be a special night right here in Calgary and we're already off to a big start! If you're just joining us, you missed Skylar Swift knocking off Charisma Knight in the very first match on Canadian soil and... wow, these fans are still buzzing over that.

BW: You can't blame them, Gordo. One of their own beating one of the best women's wrestlers in the world? Skylar Swift has gotta be on Cloud Nine after that win.

GM: Absolutely... and we're going to waste no time in getting another Canadian grappler up inside that ring. Although, I'm not sure he's going to be as popular as the lovely Miss Swift was. Phil Watson, take it away!

[Cut to the ring where Phil Watson is standing... and he is not alone.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from Montemorelos, Mexico... weighing in at 209 pounds... CASPIAN ABARAN!

[There are cheers for the young luchador... don't get me wrong... but...]

BW: Hah! They're booing Abaran!

GM: Not all of them but there are certainly those who are.

BW: These Canadians sure do love their own.

GM: I have to admit, I'm a little bit surprised by this.

[Abaran appears to be as well, waving an arm, looking for more cheers as many of the fans just boo louder. He shakes his head as he backs to his corner.]

PW: And his opponent...

[A big cheer rings out!]

PW: From Dorval, Quebec, Canada...

[A bigger cheer rings out!]

PW: Weighing in at 222 pounds... JAAAAACKIEEEE BOURRRASSAAAAAA!

[And the man once described as "one of the greasiest looking human beings on the face of the Earth" struts out of the corner to a huge reaction. He grins sleazily, gesturing at himself - his string shoulder-length black hair slicked back as always... his thinly-trimmed goatee... his blue pleather tights with gold racing stripes barely containing what can best be described as a beer gut.]

Yes, this is Jackie Bourassa. Canadian hero.]

GM: I'm... quite frankly, fans, I'm shocked by the reaction to Jackie Bourassa. I understand that he's from Canada but this is just...

BW: Bizarre?

GM: A bit, yes. But it is what it is and for this night - at least - it appears that Jackie Bourassa has the support of-

BW: KINGS!

[Before the match can start... heck, before Phil Watson has even fully cleared out of the ring... the group known as the Kings of Wrestling are on the scene and they appear to be quite pissed.]

GM: What the heck are they doing out here?!

[Wes Taylor is the first one in, tackling Abaran back into the corner. The luchador swings his arm down repeatedly into the back, trying to break away but a swarming Tony Donovan and Johnny Detson join the attack, pummeling Abaran in the corner.]

GM: This is a mugging! What is this about, Bucky?!

BW: Hey, the Kings weren't exactly thrilled with how things went down at Memorial Day Mayhem-

GM: You mean when Jack Lynch made a surprise return and joined his brother in becoming the new World Tag Team Champions?

BW: I thought we'd agreed not to talk about that.

GM: So, because they lost the titles, they're taking it out on poor Caspian Abaran.

[Taylor grabs Abaran by the hair, hurling him out of the corner towards Brian James who throws a pump kick to the chest, knocking Abaran off his feet. James stands over him, sneering as Donovan pulls Abaran up, lifting him up over his shoulder as Taylor gets into position...]

GM: No, no, no!

[...and DRIVES Abaran skullfirst into the canvas with an elevated DDT!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief!

[Detson pulls Abaran up off the mat by the hair, flinging him over the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: The Kings of Wrestling have struck... and struck hard here tonight in Calgary... and... oh brother.

[With the seething Kings looking out on the crowd, Jackie Bourassa - maybe unnoticed until now - struts out of the corner, walking up behind Brian James. He pats him on the back, slipping his arm across his shoulders.]

BW: That might not be the best...

[Bourassa starts chatting up Brian James who turns to look at the Canadian like he's an annoying moth buzzing by his ear. Bourassa doesn't seem to understand this look though, still smiling and talking to James who slowly turns to face him...

...and then lashes out, driving his clenched fist into the chest of Bourassa, a move that leaves him motionless on the canvas to overwhelming jeers from the Canadian crowd!]

GM: BLACKHEART PUNCH! OUT OF NOWHERE!

[James stares down at Bourassa as Brian Lau climbs up the ringsteps. Doctor Harrison Fawcett and Shane Taylor are nowhere to be seen as Lau produces a house mic, stepping into the midst of his Kings to address the rabidly jeering Canadian crowd...]

BL: I was so happy when I heard that the AWA was going to be leaving the United States and travelling abroad.

I was looking forward to leaving the toothless masses of Appalachia, the mayonnaise sandwich eating sweatshops of Kentucky, and most of all, the patchouli infested slums of Portland. And then Emmerson Gellar's office sends my office our plane tickets. And what do I see?

They're making us come to Canada.

Instead of being sent to Paris, or London, or Amsterdam, we're forced to come to America Junior! Instead of the Eiffel tower and the Louvre, it's nothing but igloos and Zambonis as far as the eye can see!

[BOOO!!!!]

BL: Well, let me tell you what I think about this frozen wasteland.

Brian, if you would?

[Lau turns to James, who grabs Bourassa by his greasy mane and holds him in a seated position. With Bourassa upright, Lau hauls back and slaps the taste out of his mouth. As Lau turns to face the crowd, a cup of beer flies over the top rope, exploding across the chest of Brian James, who doesn't blink after being struck.]

BL: If I were being served that swill, I'd throw it as far as I could too!

[BOOO!!!! The loudest boos yet]

BL: But listen, The Kings of Wrestling aren't here to tell you about what a hellhole this country is. You already live here, so it's not like you need me to tell you that this place is as worthless as that monopoly money you use to buy your daily maple syrup rations.

The only reason the Kings of Wrestling decided to grace you with our presence is because we want something. And tonight, we're getting it.

You crossed a line on Memorial Day Gellar. And then you crossed it again. And now, you pay the price for what you did.

On Memorial Day, you illegally forced Johnny Detson to face a man who belongs in a rubber room, not a wrestling ring. And what happened? The World Heavyweight Champion defeated the Gladiator clean in the middle of the ring!

[The booing grows louder and louder.]

BL: And because your pet with the overactive pituitary gland couldn't get the job done, what did you do? You then pulled the ultimate bait and switch and the world watched as the Lynch brothers stole the World Tag Team titles from champions who were given insufficient notice and not allowed the time to properly prepare for a match that should never have taken place.

You sent Brian James halfway across the world. You endangered the career of The World Heavyweight Champion, and you engineered the greatest theft in the history of professional wrestling. But that was then, Gellar.

And that will never happen again.

Brian James is here. Johnny Detson is stronger, tougher and smarter than anyone you can throw at him, and Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor are ready to show the world, one more time, why they are the greatest tag team in the history of this sport. You owe the Kings of Wrestling a rematch Gellar.

And we've come to collect!

[The camera cuts to an unsteady Abaran, up on the apron, trying to get back into the ring. He's immediately cut off by Wes Taylor, who delivers a hard lariat that sends him flying. Tony Donovan jumps out of the ring and proceeds to put the boots to him.]

BL: This is what you need to know, Gellar.

Every time a Canadian comes out here, the Kings will be here. And every single time, we're going to make that poor sap thankful for his country's socialized medicine. No Canadian is safe from the Kings of Wrestling.

Until you give us our rematch.

We demand that you deliver the Lynches to us tonight. And there will be nothing but Canadian blood on your hands until you sign that match.

We'll be waiting for your answer.

[As the fans begin to hurl more and more debris towards the ring, the Kings of Wrestling make their exit, each of them shouting threats and promises of more violence into the camera as they stomp up the ramp.]

GM: That's blackmail, Bucky!

BW: It's a challenge... it's creative negotiations! Brian Lau says the former World Tag Team Champions want to invoke their contractually-mandated rematch clause right here tonight... and if Gellar doesn't give the green light, maybe this Canadian celebration is going straight to hell in a handbasket, daddy.

GM: Unbelievable... well, we'll just see what Emerson Gellar has to say about this turn of events surrounding the World Tag Team Titles. In the meantime, Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing by! Lou?

[We cut from the ring back to the locker room area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing uncomfortably in the midst of a group of very large, dangerous, and creepy individuals - Anton Layton and his Slaughterhouse.]

SLB: Thanks, Gordon and... well, speaking of the tag team titles... gentlemen, I know that is an area that is of great interest to the three of you.

[Blackwell extends the mic toward the Lost Boy who looks cockeyed at it...

...and then attempts to bite it.]

SLB: Hey, hey... that's a rental, you know.

[He pulls the mic away, turning it towards Anton Layton. The Prince of Darkness is clad in his black velvet robe, the hood pulled up over his head, just barely revealing any part of his face but covering his eyes.]

AL: Blackwell, our quest for the World Tag Team Titles is not about money... it's not about glory... it's about the one thing that I care about... the only thing that I've cared about since coming to this land... power.

SLB: Power? I don't understand. How do the World Tag Team Titles give you power?

AL: I am not surprised that true understanding fails you, Blackwell, because you are a mere watcher in the war to come. You stand and observe... you report because you do not understand... but you will...

[Layton chuckles under his breath.]

AL: Oh, you will. Just as the power that I searched for for so long...

[His hand emerges from inside the sleeve of his robe, clutched tightly around the crystal that we've come to know as the Eye. He holds it aloft, the light sparkling off it.]

AL: ...has finally found its way to me. Just as every second of every day I spend feasting off the power that it deigns to grant me. Soon too those titles will come to us... soon, they will give us the power that they carry as well.

SLB: Tell me something, Anton... can I call you Anton?

AL: You may call me the Prince of Darkness. You may call me the bearer of the all-seeing, all-powerful Eye. You may call me the devourer of the world as we know it. You may call-

SLB: How about Mr. Layton? Will that do?

[Layton hisses between his teeth at the interruption.]

AL: Tread with care, weakling. The Eye may not lower itself to the likes of you... but my Slaughterhouse will.

[The Lost Boy turns towards Blackwell, barking loudly...]

TLB: HUF! HUF! HUF!

[Blackwell jumps back.]

SLB: Easy, boy. Can I get you a flea collar or something?

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: This place gets weirder and weirder all the time... Porter Crowley, tell me your thoughts on potentially becoming one-half of the World Tag Team Champions?

[Crowley, who was absent-mindedly "combing" his hair with a plastic comb with most of the teeth broken out, casts an eye towards Blackwell.]

PC: Master Layton says that it will make me famous... that they will be lining up to put me on the cover of the magazines...

[Blackwell cringes.]

SLB: Talk about judging a book by its cover. I know you all have your sights set on those titles but you're not alone. What about teams like the Samoans? Like Next Gen? Like the former champions Taylor and Donovan?

[Layton chuckles again.]

AL: The Samoans possess the violence needed to be champions... but can they harness their power to their fullest? The former champions are former champions for a reason. They failed to see what was coming... we will not have such a problem because the Eye sees all.

SLB: And Next Gen?

[Layton reaches up, pulling his hood back to reveal that he has painted dark black circles around his wild eyes.]

AL: Next Gen? Ehehehehehe. Ehehehehehe.

SLB: Oh, brother. Here we go again...

AL: EHEHEHEHEHEHEHE!

[Layton suddenly reaches out, grabbing Blackwell by the wrist.]

AL: They are mere children playing a game. They are of no consequence.

[Blackwell leans forward over the mic being held in place by Layton's grip.]

SLB: I've got a feeling they'll disagree about that.

AL: Let them. Let them come and prove me wrong. We'll be waiting.

[And with that, Layton lets go of the wrist, allowing Blackwell to pull it back as the Slaughterhouse vacates the premises.]

SLB: Well, they certainly believe the World Tag Team Titles are in range for them but they're also certainly underestimating the competition in my opinion. Now, let's go down to the ring for tag team action!

[Blackwell winces, shaking his arm as we fade back out to Phil Watson.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Parts Unknown... weight unknown... he is the Golden Grappler!

[The Golden Grappler raises an arm from his spot in the corner, standing in his golden mask. He is shirtless but sports full-length black tights and white boots.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The electric beat of "Room A Thousand Years Wide" by Soundgarden pumps over the PA.]

PW: From Joplin, Missouri... weighing in at 242 pounds... MIIIIIICHAEAL WEEEEAVER!

[The fans cheer as Michael Weaver strides out from behind the curtain, rotating his shoulder blades to limber up for the upcoming match. Weaver is six feet tall with a slightly bulky wrestler's physique. He has short dirty-blond hair which is slightly curly, and a mustache with some stubble. He wears a tan two-strap singlet, black boots and kneepads, and red wrist tape. The fans cheer as he marches confidently down the aisle, focused on the ring.]

GM: It's always good to see Michael Weaver in action here on Saturday Night Wrestling, Bucky.

BW: Speak for yourself.

GM: I certainly do. The son of the Missouri wrestling legend, Patrick Weaver, Michael continues to live up to his family name here in the American Wrestling Alliance... and before the show, we caught up to him to talk about what it means to be a part of this first show in Canada as well as Sweet Daddy Williams Appreciation Night. Take a look...

[As Weaver heads down the aisle, we pull back to a wide shot as a picture-in-picture square appears with his grinning face inside.]

PW: The AWA's first show EVER in Canada and I get to be a part of it? What an honor it is to be out there competing in front of all these fans so rabid for great

wrestling action. I can't wait... but I think I'm even more excited to be a part of Sweet Daddy Williams Appreciation Night. That man has meant so much to me over the years... has been such a major part of my career. All that time I spent in the Combat Corner with him always staying close, keeping an eye out for all of us. I can't say enough about what it meant. And when I got here to the AWA, Sweet Daddy was the first to walk up, shake my hand, welcome me to the family... and all these years later, he's still the heart and soul of the AWA locker room. Thanks for all that you do, Sweet Daddy, and I hope to see you back in the ring real soon!

[Weaver gives the camera a thumbs up and a grin as the PIP square spirals away just as he climbs into the ring, raising a single arm to the crowd. He throws some shadow punches, stretching in the corner as the referee steps to the middle of the ring.]

GM: And there's Ricky Longfellow, making sure both men know the score before the bell sounds in this one.

[Longfellow signals for the bell, making the match official.]

GM: Michael Weaver coming out of the corner, a graduate of St. Louis University with a degree in Nutrition and Dietetics so he's always in tremendous shape.

BW: He's also got an amateur background so keep an eye on that.

[Weaver proves Bucky prophetic as he lunges in, going for a takedown. He secures the masked man's leg, lifting it up off the mat before shoving him back down onto the mat.]

GM: Nice takedown by Weaver, floating right into a lateral press that doesn't even get a one count.

[But as the Grappler tries to scramble up off the mat, Weaver hooks him from behind in a rear waistlock, rolling him back to his shoulder for a two count before the Grappler rolls the other way, still locked in the waistlock.]

GM: Weaver hanging on for dear life, keeping that waistlock applied as the masked man tries to get up to his feet...

[As the Grappler gets there, he swings his left arm back, catching Weaver on the cheekbone with a back elbow that breaks the hold. The Grappler points to his temple, dashing to the ropes for momentum...

...and runs right back into Weaver who ducks down, using a fireman's carry to flip him over to the canvas to cheers. Weaver quickly switches to a kneeling armbar, smiling at the crowd's reaction as he cranks the masked man's limb.]

GM: Textbook takedown by Weaver, locking in that armbar now, and Michael Weaver is one of those competitors who is just so fundamentally sound, he always seems like he might be on the verge of breaking through to the next level, Bucky.

BW: He does everything well but he lacks a certain something that would take him to the top... that magical "it factor." He has absolutely no killer instinct... and unfortunately for him, he has to try to live up to the reputation of his famous father and his more famous friends like the O'Connors, the Shanes, and the Lynches.

GM: Both men back up to a vertical base now, up on their feet...

[Using the grip on the arm, Weaver pulls the masked man into a side headlock, torquing his body and using his hips to flip him over onto his back.]

GM: Side headlock takeover right there, rolling him onto his back!

[Another two count comes down before the Grappler lifts a shoulder up.]

GM: Weaver brings him back up... and takes him up and over again!

[Weaver grins at the crowd's cheers for his scientific style as he brings the Grappler back up, taking him down again.]

GM: Over and over, Michael Weaver uses that side headlock to take the Golden Grappler off his game...

[But this time, when Weaver brings the masked man back up, the masked man responds with a series of short forearms into the ribs, using the attack to push Weaver off into the ropes...]

GM: Oh! Big clash as they come together in the middle of the ring... and neither man budes on that one!

[The Golden Grappler holds his ground on the shoulder tackle, pointing to the ropes, slapping himself in his bare chest.]

BW: Looks like the masked man wants him to do it again, Gordo.

GM: Not sure of the wisdom on that one but Michael Weaver's going to oblige, coming off the ropes again...

[And as he does, the Grappler runs at him, swinging a knee up into the midsection, causing Weaver to flip over him, crashing down to the mat.]

GM: Ohh!

BW: The ol' kitchen sink, daddy! And boy, did he sucker in Weaver on that one!

[The Canadian crowd jeers as the Grappler points to his temple, nodding his head as he stalks towards the downed Weaver, laying in a handful of stomps until the referee forces him to back away.]

GM: Get him back, referee!

[The Grappler exchanges words with the official as Weaver rolls to all fours, clutching his midsection as he struggles to get up off the mat. The Grappler nods, moving in on him again...]

GM: The masked man pulls him, scoops him up, and SLAMS him down!

[The masked man excitedly pulls Weaver up a second time, looking for a second bodyslam...]

...and Weaver slips out, landing on his feet behind the masked man, reaching out with both arms!]

GM: WEAVERLOCK! HE'S GOT IT LOCKED IN!

[The crowd ROARS at the sight of Michael Weaver's signature hold, constricting the flow of blood to his victim's brain as the masked man flails his arms wildly, looking for an escape.]

GM: The Grappler's trying to get out of this!

BW: If he's gonna do it, he's gotta do it fast, Gordo. Every single second that someone is trapped in this hold puts them closer to Dream Land and the loser's end of the purse!

GM: Weaver's got that hold expertly applied, sunk in deep...

BW: Yeah, but he's a little too close to the ropes for my taste. I don't know if the Grappler realizes where he's at in the ring. This is one of those times that wearing a mask could be a major disadvantage because it cuts off your peripheral vision. He might not be able to see the ropes right now.

GM: An excellent point, Bucky, as the Grappler struggles and strains, looking for a way out before he gets his lights turned out...

[Staggering in a circle, the Grappler catches a glimpse of the ropes, diving for them, wrapping his arms around the top rope.]

GM: He got there! The Golden Grappler grabs the ropes... the referee calling for a break here...

BW: But Weaver's not breaking! Weaver's keeping the hold locked in!

[Michael Weaver holds the devastating Weaverlock until the count of three before finally letting go. The Grappler falls through the ropes, landing on the apron as the referee reprimands Weaver for his refusal to let go of the sleeperhold.]

GM: Ricky Longfellow is letting Weaver have it... but the Golden Grappler has gotta be feeling pretty lucky at this point to get out of- what's he doing?

[Using the ropes to get up off the apron, the Grappler twists around, lifting his right leg and pounding his boot toe-first into the ring apron.]

GM: The Golden Grappler is kicking the apron...

BW: Maybe his leg fell asleep from that sleeperhold? That'd be a new one.

GM: I don't understand what just happened... and the Grappler is back down on a knee...

[Michael Weaver edges past the referee, walking across the ring towards the kneeling Grappler. Weaver ducks through the ropes, grabbing the Grappler by the mask...

...but the Grappler suddenly gets up, slapping Weaver's hand away, and SLAMMING his boot up into the forehead of Weaver. The kick snaps Weaver's head back before he slumps backwards, falling limply to the canvas as the crowd roars in surprise.]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[The Golden Grappler suddenly scrambles through the ropes, grabbing the legs as he rolls into a side press. A confused Longfellow drops to the mat, delivering a three count.]

GM: I can't believe it! The Golden Grappler with a stunning upset here in Calgary... and off what? A kick to the head?

BW: He must've caught him JUST right, Gordo. Weaver fell backwards like he'd been hit with a dead rhinoceros! That kick must've hit one heck of a sweet spot to put him down like that!

GM: The Golden Grappler picks up the win here on Saturday Night Wrestling and... wow. Fans, this has gotta be considered a major upset and... our own Sweet Lou Blackwell is going to try to get some words with the Grappler as he heads back up the locker room.

[Fleeing the scene like a man running from a bank robbery, the Golden Grappler is headed up the aisle when Blackwell emerges to confront him.]

SLB: Golden Grappler, I've gotta say that was one of the most shocking upsets I've seen here in my time with the AWA.

[The Grappler pauses, looking at Blackwell with his hands on his hips.]

SLB: What do you have to say for yourself after such a stunning upset victory?

[The masked man doesn't respond, staring at Blackwell in the same pose.]

SLB: Seriously! You came out of nowhere here tonight to-

[And with that, the Grappler simply shakes his head, walking away from the interviewer who looks surprised at this turn of events.]

SLB: Was it something I said?

[And as the Grappler vanishes through the curtain, we slowly fade to black.]

The words "December 1994" appears in white scrawly text. The black screen fades to reveal the founder of the EMWC, Adam Thompson. Thompson's years are showing at this point. He leans towards the camera.]

"In the mid-90s, getting anyone to bankroll pro wrestling was a hard sell. The whole business was in the toilet so if you wanted to stand a chance, you started small and put in the work."

[A black and white still photo of a bloodied Colt Patterson - then known as Narcissus - battling Lorenzo Vasquez appears. The word "Extreme" etched in a deep crimson is "written" across them as the voice of Patterson is heard.]

"Extreme was the thing. Hell, my dad had been doing extreme down in the South for years - cages, bullropes, Texas Death, whatever. He just didn't know it had a name. Did I like the idea of going through tables almost every night? Not really. But I was the champ. I was the guy. It was either do it or they'd find someone else who would. Ultimately, my career paid the price but it was a good run while it lasted."

[The shot of Patterson fades to a still photo of Chris Blue standing in a ring with Adam Thompson. Blue looks much younger than his modern counterpart who we see a moment later.]

"I bought out Adam Thompson as soon as I put the money together. I had a vision, he had a vision... too many cooks in the kitchen. I'll always be grateful to him but I think history has shown that he made the right call to take the money and let me run the place."

[A series of stills flash by - Casey James, Tiger Claw, Steve Kowalski, Creed, Brody Thunder, Serge Annis, and JW Hardin. Blue appears again.]

"It was a war. It was a total war between us and Portland. Talent, territory, ratings, buyrates... you name it, we fought over it. I fought a lot of those kinds of

wars over the years but none of them were as fun as the fight that Spreadbury put up."

[More stills. This time with some of the most famous names in EMWC - men like Mark Langseth, Alex Martinez, Kevin Slater, Jeff Matthews, "Dreamlover" Trey Porter, Curtis Hansen, Eddie Van Gibson, Simon Ezra, Luke Kinsey, Chris Courtade, and others flash by in rapid-fire before fading back to Blue.]

"You know what they don't tell you? It's a hard fight to get to the top... but when you get there, sometimes it gets a little boring. I was constantly fighting with myself to stay motivated. I'd pick fights with promotions just to try and get my competitive fires burning. It was just never the same though."

[And then another series of shots - this time with some of the names synonymous with the end of the EMWC - names we'll choose not to name to protect the innocent... and the guilty. Back to Blue.]

"The writing was on the wall long before I shut the doors, I think. It was... I don't know. Bad timing? We were fighting to stay afloat for a while. We were having financial troubles, creative difficulties, you name it. Then out of nowhere, one of my best friends got leukemia and died. That was..."

[Blue pauses, turning his head to the side as we fade to black as a title comes up - "The Rise And Fall Of The Empire - available on DVD and Digital Download now. The shot of a smiling Blue comes back up.]

"Damn. It was a good run though, wasn't it? A hell of a run. Maybe the best ever. But even the best things have to end."

[Blue smiles, staring off-camera, daydreaming of days gone by as we fade to black...

...and then back up on a panning shot of the capacity crowd that has sold out the Saddledome, cheering, waving, and generally enjoying their time at the very first Canadian Saturday Night Wrestling when suddenly...

Static.]

GM: That sound can only mean one thing, Bucky.

BW: Snack break?

GM: Not unless you want to miss a man who nearly made the final four of the Battle Royal at Memorial Day Mayhem! Terry Shane III has been pretty fired up as of late and his words two weeks ago seemed to be carried with a little extra passion that has been missing since he returned at the beginning of the year.

[There's a mild buzz in the crowd as the ghastly sounds of Ture Rangstrom's Symphony No. 4 begins resonating throughout the arena. The shadowy expressions are soon uplifted by a rapid drum beat and the heavenly screams of an organ blasting over the airwaves. Spiraling spotlights marry into a single glow on the man standing in the entrance way.

Shane's jet black hair is groomed tight; shaved on the sides, parted into an angular fringe on the top, and trimmed down to a freshened up look along the jaw-line. He's wearing a dark green sleeveless hoody which is zipped half way up, dark green wrestling tights with white and gold patterns air-brushed up the legs, and white wrestling boots with a gold swoosh on them.]

GM: Terry Shane may have come up short at Memorial Day Mayhem but he also made some very pointed comments... saying it was time to fulfill a promise to an old friend. Perhaps he's out here to tell us more about that promise.

[Shane enters the ring, mic in hand, and slowly surveys the arena while soaking in the reaction from the fans.]

TS3: At Memorial Day Mayhem, I issued a statement. It wasn't in my match with Pure X against the Salvation Army. It wasn't in the Battle Royal even though I nearly became the first man to win both a forty man Rumble and Battle Royal in the history of our sport. It was my words and my promise before I stepped back into the ring for the second time that night.

I talked about being a Savior.

I talked about getting back on track.

But most of all...

...I talked about HOPE.

[Shane nods matter-of-factly.]

TS3: When I was a young kid growing up in Missouri on my old man's ranch, I watched him pack his bags over a hundred times and leave for weeks, sometimes months, at a time. He'd rub the back of my head and every single time say the same thing... "hope I come back in one piece. Seeya when I seeya, son." That was the childhood of a kid who grew up in this industry whose father was a World Champion.

That was a child's HOPE.

When I got a little older, I saw my old man on the television and would make sure every kid on the block gathered at my house to watch my old man wrestle all over the Heartland of America as one of their chosen heroes. To America he was their son but to me, he was and forever will be my dad. I hoped to one day follow in his footsteps and I knew from an early age I would do whatever it took to get there.

That was the HOPE of a young boy.

In high school, I began competing in amateur wrestling. I enjoyed it, mostly because I was pretty damn good at it and I liked the competition. Coaches called me "the one" because they saw me as their meal ticket to their first Missouri state wrestling championship. We won that title my last year in school and I say last year because I never aspired to go to college and continue competing. I hoped to hit the road with my old man the day I graduated.

That was the HOPE of a young man.

When Oliver Strickland first started training me, he looked me dead in the eyes and told me I had a gift and he'd dig my grave if he ever thought I wasted it. Later on he did everything in his power to mold me into the perfect wrestling specimen and called Todd Michaelson personally every single day asking him to sign me to the AWA. I hoped for two straight years that I would get that contract.

That was the HOPE of a professional wrestler.

And that HOPE... that dream... it came true. When I got to the AWA my hopes become every other man's reality. I built an army... a REAL army. I surrounded myself with talent that had gone unnoticed or was forgotten about but I had HOPED

my burning desire could pull the best out of them. I rose to the top of the AWA and nearly became a World Champion and the moment I lost to Dave Bryant I hoped I would get another shot at glory.

[Shane's eyes trail upward, almost envisioning the moment he lost on Independence Day weekend two years ago.]

TS3: For the next six months, I was kicked around like a NOBODY. The farther you rise the further you are able to fall and I had plummeted down the mountain and crashed through the pits of hell. I LOST my army, I LOST any hope at obtaining the World Title, and I LOST my best friend.

I watched by the wayside from the floor of my apartment as a single man broke Bobby O'Connor on the largest stage in our industry. Despite how much he defended the AWA and the people who believed in it the most, not a single man came to his aide. Not a single man ran through the back as Bobby was BATTERED and BLOODIED and nearly CRIPPLED in front of their very eyes in the ring that he fought for with so much honor and glory.

NOT A SINGLE ONE.

NOT the Iron Cowboy.

NOT the White Knight.

NOT the man who I went through hell with whose name I can't say on television because I'll get slapped with a big fat fine.

But most of all NOT even...

[His finger jabs into his chest.]

TS3: ...me.

My HOPE had died at his very hands. My HOPE was that Bobby would stand up and continue to fight like he had done so many times before. My HOPE was that one of the many men he called his friends would run down the aisle and strike his attacker down but looking back I understand why they weren't there. But me? My excuse?

There is none.

There is NO excuse for why I wasn't able to fight by Bobby's side when he needed me the most.

But as history had shown... my HOPE... had never been enough. Not then, not now, not ever. So now I stand before you as a man who is giving himself to you and I am telling you that Terry Shane III will eliminate the word hope from his vocabulary. I stand before you all and I promise you...

[He mouths off mic, "and I promise you, Bobby."]

TS3: ...that I will finish what I came back for.

I will fight the fight that my best friend for as long as my brain remembers can't fight right now and I say to hell with HOPING...

[The fans really start to rally behind Shane's passion.]

TS3: Because I DEMAND that Larry Wallace come out to this ring.

RIGHT.

NOW!

[And then the fans really blow the roof off the place.]

TS3: COME ON, WALLACE!

[The cameras cut to the entrance portal and hold on the frame for a bit. The crowd continues to buzz as Shane begins to vigorously pace back and forth in the ring.]

TS3: LARRY–

[And then the music hits. The quite familiar music of VIC's "Flawless" that can only mean the arrival of the man who is absolutely... wait for it...]

GM: Well, here he comes, Bucky.

BW: Thank goodness for small miracles, Gordo. I thought Terry Shane was going to try to get this crowd into a group hug. If I wanted to hear someone's life story, I'd go say "what's up, Jack Lynch?"

[...Flawless.]

GM: And there he is...

[The crowd jeers at the sight of "Flawless" Larry Wallace walking through the curtain. He's in street clothes. A pair of khaki pants and a button-up crimson silk shirt with enough buttons undone to show off a glittering gold chain around his neck. Oh, and he doesn't look happy to be called out.]

FLW: Terry Shane...

[Shane beckons him towards the ring.]

FLW: Who in the HELL do you think you are?!

[Wallace shakes his head as he takes a few steps down the aisle.]

FLW: Now... you see... ordinarily, Terry Shane, if someone called me out like you just did, I'd come out here... looking as only I can look...

[There's a few catcalls from the females in the crowd for the good-looking Wallace.]

FLW: ...and I'd walk down this aisle...

[Wallace uses two fingers to mime walking the aisle.]

FLW: ...I'd slide up into that ring like the lady who left you high and dry keeps trying to slide up into my DMs...

[Wallace smirks at his own joke.]

FLW: ...and I'd dropkick your stinkin' teeth right down your throat so no one had to listen to you run your mouth anymore!

[The crowd jeers the threat but cheers the idea of the encounter. Shane is now leaning against the ropes, still waving Wallace closer but the Flawless One doesn't seem about to advance any further... not yet at least.]

FLW: Ordinarily, Terry Shane, I might come down there and put the kind of hurting on you that would make my former teacher as proud as punch... and when I snapped your arm just like he did to our old buddy... well, let's just say I might win Alumni Of The Year...

[He turns towards the camera with a wink...]

FLW: Sorry, Cain.

[...and then back towards the ring.]

FLW: But tonight is no ordinary night... because as you might be noticing right now, my mentor... my teacher... THE greatest professional wrestler in the history of this great sport, Hamilton Graham... is not here.

[Cheers from the Calgary crowd! Wallace looks around in disgust.]

FLW: Savages. I suppose I should expect nothing less from a country who worships a bunch of idiots because they can skate and punch at the same time!

[Big hockey cheer as Wallace looks even more agitated.]

FLW: Hamilton Graham was hurt during that back-stabbing treacherous attack from Dave Bryant who I'm told was so afraid of what I might do to him tonight... he didn't even bother to make the trip to Canada. No worries, Dave, I'm saving a spot on my dance card for you in Boston. But I digress... Hamilton Graham, my friend and teacher, is hurt... and that means that I'm in no mood for the likes of you, Terry Shane.

[The crowd jeers as Shane looks irritated, shaking his head in disgust.]

FLW: But I also know that if I go back to that locker room having refused this challenge, my teacher and mentor will bust my damn eyebrow open for it. So, I'll make you a deal, Terry Shane, because I'm a magnanimous individual.

[Wallace looks around at the jeering Canadian crowd.]

FLW: I'm going to give you the chance to back down and bow out of this reckless challenge, Terry Shane. A chance to think about what you've done... a timeout if you will. Parents give their kids timeouts when they act without thinking of the consequences... so that's exactly what you're getting. A timeout to think about if you really want to do this. A two week timeout.

Two weeks from tonight in Toronto, I'll come back out here and-

[Shane cuts him off.]

TS3: I don't need two weeks, I don't even need two seconds to think about it! Get in here now!

[Wallace shakes his head.]

FLW: That's not how this works, old friend. My rules, not yours.

[He holds up two fingers.]

FLW: Two weeks. Consider it carefully. Consider carefully if you really want Shane vs Wallace. Because in two weeks, if you still want Wallace... well...

[The Flawless One shrugs.]

FLW: ...then I'll give you all the Wallace you can handle.

[A smirking Wallace strikes his signature pose, arms raised as the crowd jeers. He drops the mic, slowly backpedaling through the entrance portal. Shane throws his hands in the air and after a few seconds drops down and rolls underneath the bottom rope. He begins marching with purpose down the aisle as the camera fades out.]

GM: We've got ourselves a potential match for Toronto right there, Bucky.

BW: Not if Shane really thinks about it. I don't think Terry Shane really wants any part of the Flawless One.

GM: I beg to differ. But we'll find out in Toronto... but right now, let's go backstage to Sweet Lou Blackwell!

[We go to backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands in front of an AWA backdrop.]

SLB: Fans, we are all aware of a number of the competitors who were announced as participants in the Battle of Boston, and one of those competitors is none other than The Gladiator, who some would say has taken the AWA by storm! But as you are aware, Gladiator fell short of his quest to become the AWA World Champion at Memorial Day Mayhem, thanks to the interference of Rex Summers, and I can confirm that Gladiator left the building soon after and never returned to the arena, apparently because he was trying to find Summers.

[He pulls something from his pocket -- it just happens to be a smartphone.]

SLB: Not only that, but Gladiator was supposed to be at the press conference for the Battle of Boston, but was a no-show. Furthermore, I can tell you he is not here in the building tonight either. Nobody has seen Gladiator for weeks now, but if you download my app, you can hear from me about some of the rumors surrounding this unique individual and his whereabouts at this time, but one thing I can tell you...

Voice: Stop Blackwell, just stop, Blackwell. No one needs to download that app of yours.

[Blackwell appears a bit flustered as the camera pans to the right and in walks "Red Hot" Rex Summers. Summers is decked out in a pair of black dress slacks and a plum colored dress shirt, the top few buttons are undone. Surprisingly, there is not a Summers Sweetheart by his side.]

SLB: Rex Summers, what are you doing out here?

RS: I'll tell you and all these cheap, crusty, corpulent Canucks...

[Blackwell shakes his head which causes Summers to pause.]

RS: If you don't know what a word means, Blackwell, go look it up in a dictionary. And I'll tell all those sloths out there in the Saddledome exactly why they don't need to spend 2.99 on that app of yours.

[Summers lets out a little chuckle before he continues to speak.]

RS: That app of yours, Blackwell, is nothing but lies!

SLB: How dare-

RS: You're claiming it's going to tell everyone how Gladiator tore the streets of Seattle looking for the "Red Hot One."

Well, that's a lie, Blackwell... and we all know it.

If the Gladiator was looking for me, all he had to do was follow the miles and miles and miles of women lined up outside of Kittens Cabaret, hoping to spend just a few minutes with Mahoney, Kendrick, Toughill and myself!

As we sat there celebrating Mahoney and Kendrick's victory, that helmet wearing freak never broke a street light, never flipped over a dumpster on his way there. Nope, not a one, Blackwell. He never even stepped foot into the building! And do you know why, Blackwell?

[Blackwell raises the microphone toward his mouth to answer, but Summers grabs the arm and pulls both the arm and microphone back towards him.]

RS: It is because the conqueror of mortals was off licking his wounds! He ran with his tail between his legs and now no one can find him. Though that may very well be the best decision of his life, Blackwell.

He's saving the poor, innocent children of the world from having to look at that ugly face of his. And because those children are not waking up, screaming from the horrors of his face. And that allows their mothers to get a full night of rest...

[A throaty chuckle comes forth from Summers.]

RS: A night of rest they need before I come into town.

SLB: And you say my app is lying.

[It is very apparent Summers does not like Blackwell's insinuation.]

RS: What you seem to fail to grasp, Blackwell, is the mighty Gladiator, the man who defeated the great KING Oni, the man who was undefeated for over a year is... how did you phrase it? Missing?

[Blackwell nods his head.]

RS: Well Blackwell, he's not missing. The Gladiator is GONE! "Red Hot" Rex Summers did what Gellar, the fans, and even yourself thought couldn't be done. I brought about the end of his undefeated streak, I sent the Gladiator packing and quite frankly, Blackwell... I wouldn't be surprised if we NEVER see the Gladiator again!

[Summers smirks.]

RS: And for that, Blackwell, you're welcome. But that's enough about him. You see Blackwell now that the Gladiator is gone from the AWA, I can turn my attention to more important business.

SLB: How to spend that briefcase of money we all saw you receive at Memorial Day Mayhem?

[Summers chuckles.]

RS: Blackwell, trust me when I say that briefcase of money is nothing compared to the fact that as I see it Johnny Detson owes me one. And that one, I'll be happy to take in the form of a World Title match.

[Summers smirks as Blackwell begins to ramble.]

SLB: Wait a minute. Wait a minute. You had the Steal the Spotlight contract for months and at any time you could have challenged Johnny Detson for the World Title. And now you finally decide to make the challenge for the World Title.

RS: As I told Gellar, you, and each and every fan... I do things on my time! And the events of Memorial Day Mayhem made certain it is Rex Summers' time! So, Brian, Doctor Fawcett... you've got the numbers... let's make a deal.

[Summers blows a kiss at the camera before making his exit, leaving a disbelieving Blackwell behind.]

SLB: The nerve of that guy claiming you don't need my app. Trust me. I've got a lot to say about that... and I'll say it on the app later tonight. Check the App Store and Google Play today! Now, let's head back out to ringside for tag team action!

[Fade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first, to my left, from Bismarck, North Dakota, at a total combined weight of 485 pounds... Randy and Reggie... THE ROGERS BROTHERS!

[Two younger men, each with short brown hair, one clean shaven, the other with a mustache, and both dressed in red trunks and white wrestling boots, raise their arms to the crowd.]

"Himnos del Chivas de Guadalajara" plays over the PA system, drawing cheers.]

PW: And their opponents, at a total combined weight of 463 pounds... the team of CESAR HERNANDEZ and CHRIS CHOISNET!

[Hernandez is the first to emerge from the entranceway. He is a tall, rangy, dusty-skinned man with shoulder-length black hair and dressed in a pair of white wrestling trunks with his initials monogrammed on them, plus matching kneepads and wrestling boots. Hernandez also wears a stylish jacket with pleated sleeves and frills along the torso. He smiles at the crowd, pumping his fists as he jogs down the aisle.]

His partner, Choisnet, is a dark brown-haired man who is dressed in a pair of bright blue trunks with white striping down the sides and waistband, white wrestling boots with his initials emblazoned on the sides, blue kneepads and elbowpads. He also wears a University of Maine letterman jacket, blue and white. Contrasting Hernandez, he has a serious look on his face.]

GM: Chris Choisnet and Cesar Hernandez set for tag team action... I thought they looked good the first time they teamed up a few weeks ago.

BW: Well, it's gonna take a lot more than just one match on TV to prove themselves as a tag team. Especially if they think they're going to have any chance of beating the Samoan Hit Squad.

GM: They've actually had a couple more matches before tonight at some of our live events, Bucky, and I think Hernandez would love nothing more than to help Choisnet even the score with the Samoans.

BW: All Hernandez is doing is proving what I've said about him all along... he has no brain! He saw what happened to Rene Rousseau and he could be joining him in that hospital room once the Samoans get their hands on him!

[Hernandez is more than happy to slap the outstretched hands of fans. Choynet does the same, though he never smiles, unlike Hernandez. When they reach the ring, they climb up onto the apron, where Hernandez pumps his fist again, and they duck between the ropes and remove their jackets.]

GM: Worth mentioning that while Hernandez is always happy to see the fans, Choynet seems to be all business. You can imagine he's thinking about payback.

BW: And like Hernandez, Show-knee could be in a hospital bed, too, if he faces the Samoans again. Makes you wonder, though, if they'll triple up the beds in a hospital room.

[The bell rings and Choynet steps onto the apron first, with Hernandez circling the ring against Randy Rogers, the clean shaven of the brothers.]

GM: Hernandez starting things off Randy Rogers... Bucky, what can you tell the fans about the Rogers Brothers?

BW: Reggie is the one with the mustache and Randy is the one without one. What else do you want to know, Gordo?

GM: I figured you'd have some insight into their background.

BW: They're from North Dakota, Gordo! Do you not listen to Phil Watson or something?

GM: [sighing] Forget I asked you anything.

[Meanwhile, Hernandez and Rogers have locked up, with Rogers gaining the advantage and pushing Hernandez back to the corner.]

GM: The referee calling for the break... Randy Rogers pulling away.

[Not for long, though, as Rogers fires a quick kick to the midsection, doubling over Hernandez.]

GM: Oh! Cheap shot by Rogers!

BW: It's called taking advantage of an opening, Gordo! Now I can give you some real insight... Randy Rogers is a smart man.

[Rogers delivers a pair of forearm smashes and pulls Hernandez into a headlock.]

GM: Side headlock applied by Rogers... Hernandez looking for the leverage.

[Hernandez manages to push Rogers back into the ropes, then shoves him off to the opposite side.]

GM: Rogers charging Hernandez... nice leapfrog by the veteran!

[As Rogers come back off the ropes, Hernandez leaps into the air and connects with a dropkick.]

GM: Dropkick by Hernandez! Rogers to his feet, though... swings a forearm but misses...

[As Rogers stumbles around, Hernandez grabs him by the waist and lifts him up.]

GM: Atomic drop! Hernandez driving Rogers' spine right across the knee!

BW: Well, here's some more insight... maybe Rogers isn't so smart after all. Still, he's got more brains than Hernandez... but then again, who doesn't!

[Hernandez grabs Rogers by the arm and twists it, then reaches over to tag Choisnet.]

GM: Chris Choisnet tagged in... forearm shot right across the shoulder! And now he applies the armbar.

[As Choisnet keeps Rogers trapped, he frees one arm and begins hammering several shots down across the shoulder.]

GM: Oh my! Vicious assault by Choisnet!

BW: I see closed fists! Show-knee's bullying Rogers around!

GM: I think you have a different definition of bullying than I do, Bucky.

[Choisnet releases the armbar and picks up Rogers, bodyslamming him to the mat.]

GM: Bodyslam by Choisnet... now he's stomping away at the shoulder!

BW: Tell me again about your definition of bullying, Gordo... look how Show-knee's kicking away at poor Rogers!

GM: Choisnet has certainly become more aggressive in that ring, but he's staying within the confines of the rules, Bucky.

BW: Sure, make excuses, Gordo.

[Rogers pushes himself to his knees, only for Choisnet to pull him to his feet, then hoist him onto his shoulders.]

GM: Look at this... airplane spin by Choisnet!

[Choisnet spins Rogers around before shoving him off his shoulders and to the canvas.]

GM: Into a fireman's carry slam! An impressive move, Bucky!

BW: And he's just letting Rogers crawl to his corner!

[Rogers reaches up to tag in his brother Reggie, who ducks between the ropes and charges Choisnet.]

GM: And it's Reggie Rogers in the ring... and he runs right into a back body drop!

[Rogers pulls himself to his feet, but is met with a dropkick that sends him back to the canvas.]

GM: Dropkick takes Reggie Rogers down... now Choisnet dragging him up again... he has him in a waistlock.

[Lifting Rogers off his feet, Choisnet twists around and drives him down to the canvas with a belly to belly suplex.]

GM: Belly to belly and nicely executed! And... oh my, look at this!

[Choisnet straddles Rogers and starts raining blows down upon him, drawing a warning from the referee.]

BW: Tell me that's not bullying, Gordo! No wonder Dave Cooper wants nothing to do with Show-knee... Cooper doesn't put up with bullies!

GM: Then what exactly would you call what the Samoans do to their opponents, Bucky?

BW: Domination, Gordo! There's a difference!

GM: I see. Meanwhile, Choisnet has pulled Rogers off the canvas... there's the tag to Hernandez.

[Choisnet and Hernandez double whip Rogers into the ropes, then take him down with a double clothesline.]

GM: Double clothesline and the team of Choisnet and Hernandez are in control... Hernandez now has Rogers by the leg... and there's a stepover toehold!

[Hernandez spins around the leg, twisting it and cranking back for leverage.]

BW: Hernandez might be able to wear down a guy like Reggie Rogers with that, but no way can he do that to the Samoans!

GM: May I ask why?

BW: It's a threshold for pain, Gordo. The Samoans can take more of it and they don't give up so easily!

GM: I would disagree, Bucky... many would say the best way to counter the Samoans' assault is take them off their feet and work the leg.

[Hernandez changes tactics, flipping Rogers onto his stomach, applying a leg lace and falling backwards.]

GM: Indian deathlock by Hernandez! Reggie Rogers might not be able to take much more!

BW: Here comes his brother to save the day!

[Randy Rogers rushes the ring and kicks Hernandez in the back of the head.]

GM: And Choisnet is coming right at Randy... vicious clothesline!

BW: Get him out of there!

[Choisnet drags Rogers to his feet and tosses him through the ropes. The referee orders Choisnet back to his corner as Hernandez and Reggie Rogers both reach their feet.]

GM: Reggie Rogers with a quick shot to the gut... now a side headlock applied.

[But Hernandez grabs Rogers, lifting him up, then taking him by the knee and dropping down forward.]

GM: Kneebreaker by Hernandez! And look at the pain on Rogers' face!

[Rogers slumps to the canvas and Hernandez is quick to grab him by the leg and wrap him up.]

GM: And there's the figure-four leglock applied!

BW: He's got him trapped in the center of the ring, Gordo!

[Rogers flails about on the canvas, but Hernandez keeps applying the pressure, forcing Rogers to signal to the referee he's had enough.]

GM: That's it! Rogers couldn't take any more! Hernandez and Choynet pick up the win tonight! Let's get the official word.

[Hernandez releases the hold moments after the bell rings. He gets to his feet, Choynet ducking through the ropes, the two men exchanging a quick high five.]

PW: The winners of the match, the team of CESAR HERNANDEZ and CHRIS CHOISNET!

[The referee raises their arms in victory, Hernandez pumping his fist and smiling, Choynet still with a serious look on his face but giving a quick nod to the crowd as they both exit the ring.]

GM: Chris Choynet and Cesar Hernandez pick up the victory... right now, Mark Stegglet is standing by where he will get a few words with these two men.

[We head up to the podium where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: All right, fans, Chris Choisent and Cesar Hernandez victorious in tag team action tonight. Gentlemen, if I could get a word with both of you.

[After a few moments, Choynet and Hernandez join Stegglet on the podium. Hernandez pumps his fist to the crowd, a smile on his face, while Choynet is all business.]

MS: Chris Choynet, you and Cesar Hernandez have been quite the cohesive unit. But I do have to ask you about the condition of Rene Rousseau -- when do you expect him to be back in the ring?

CC: Mark, right now, I'm more concerned about the two men who put my partner out of commission! Scola, Mafu, this is not over between us, you hear me! Dave Cooper, you can make all these threats to me, but it's not going to stop me from avenging what you did to my partner and friend! Sooner or later, we're gonna get you in that ring and Cesar and I will put you down!

MS: Cesar Hernandez, would you say the feeling is mutual?

CH: Mark, when Chris Choynet was looking for someone to have his back and team with him, he didn't have to call me -- I called Chris! Rene Rousseau is a good friend of mine and I wish him well in his recovery. But until he's ready to get back into that ring, I'm more than happy to be teaming with Chris and, like Chris said, we will be getting the Samoan Hit Squad in the ring again! Scola and Mafu may be tough, but Mark, you have right here two men who are not afraid to match up with them, and are tougher than a lot of people may give us credit for -- especially people like Dave Cooper!

MS: Cesar, it sounds like there's no love lost between you and Dave Cooper.

CH: Mark, it all goes back to the fact that Dave Cooper is a man who could use his knowledge to help out guys like Chris here, but instead, he wants to use it to intimidate guys like Chris. And then he wants to associate himself with two men like Scola and Mafu who have no respect for anyone! He could have been like me, he

could have been like Rene, he could have set a great example for all the young talent, but he threw it all away! And he wonders why everyone he associates himself with goes into business for themselves -- well, that's what happens when you decide to run with the thieves!

MS: Chris, clearly you have a partner who just might have some of his own business to settle with Dave Cooper.

CC: See, I can appreciate men like Cesar Hernandez, who will stand by your side when you need them, as opposed to people like Cooper, who would rather...

[Choisnet's voice trails off as he notices somebody else approach the podium.

That somebody would be "The Professional" Dave Cooper, who is dressed in a pair of khakis and a white button-down shirt. He is shaking his head as he approaches the podium and waves a dismissive hand at Choisnet.]

DC: You step aside for a few minutes, son -- the grown-ups are talking now.

[Choisnet looks incensed and clenches a fist, but Hernandez holds up his hand and says "Not now." Cooper then jabs a finger at Hernandez.]

DC: You've got some nerve, Hernandez, talking about who I chose to associate myself with -- the fact is, I had every intention of sharing my knowledge and expertise with those people, but they were the ones who chose not to listen to me. And then I approached Choisnet here and Rousseau, I offered them an opportunity, they thumbed their noses at me, and act surprised that I'd take exception. So before you start accusing me of not wanting to set an example, I'm more than happy to do it -- the only issue is that those who I choose to set an example for are the ones who get their own ideas.

[Hernandez shakes his head.]

CH: I know all about the people you've associated with, Cooper. They were always the types of people who were concerned with themselves first and it's your own fault for choosing to associate with them! The one exception I'll grant was your former tag team partner, who was loyal to you, until you chose to dump him! And then you act surprised why Choisnet and Rousseau want nothing to do with you -- they know that you are nothing but a snake in the grass!

[Cooper jams his finger into Hernandez's chest.]

DC: First of all, what happened between my former tag team partner and I is none of your business! Second, you are one to talk about people who are concerned with themselves first. Why, I've talked to Bucky Wilde on more than one occasion and he told me plenty about how you use other people to get ahead, just like you're using this kid here [hooks a thumb at Choisnet] because you think you can get past Mafu and Scola and make yourself relevant again! Now I have a notion to...

[Hernandez slaps Cooper's finger away, which causes Cooper to take a step back.]

CH: You can stop that right now, Cooper, or I'll...

[Cooper then moves his mouth and says something the camera doesn't pick up... but it's enough to set off Hernandez, whose eyes grow wild and he throws a right hand at Cooper.]

MS: Wait a minute... we need to get some...

[But that's when Cooper fires back with a shot of his own and the two start exchanging blows, forcing Stegglet to run for cover. Choynet then decides to join in alongside his partner.]

BW: This is uncalled for! Hernandez and Choynet are attacking a helpless manager!

GM: I wouldn't call Cooper helpless given he hasn't been retired for that long. Furthermore, I can only imagine what he said to Hernandez and...

BW: Look, Gordo! The Samoans to the rescue!

[Sure enough, Scola and Mafu hit the scene, Mafu mixing it up with Choynet while Scola hammers away on Hernandez. The four men pummel each other, Cooper now shouting instructions at the Samoans, and it isn't long before the four have taken their fight away from the platform and to the aisle leading to the ring.]

GM: We've got a four-man brawl... oh my! Scola sending Hernandez into the barricade!

BW: And Mafu's got Choynet! Get ready for the Samoans to send him to the hospital, just like they did Rousseau!

[Mafu headbutts Choynet, then throws him toward his partner, who grabs Choynet from behind.]

GM: Oh no! Scola has Choynet... Mafu measuring him. What is he gonna...

[As Mafu extends his leg forward for a thrust kick, though, Choynet slips out of the way and Mafu inadvertently strikes his own partner.]

GM: Mafu missed! Scola knocked off his feet!

BW: Look out for Hernandez!

[Hernandez has regained his senses and nails Mafu from behind. He and Choynet double team Mafu, takes a few steps back, then take him down with a double clothesline.]

GM: Mafu is down! Scola trying to help his partner... Choynet and Hernandez going after him!

[Choynet and Hernandez both fire shots at Scola, but at that point, referees, agents and security team members are heading up the aisle to get between them.]

GM: We've got to get some control out here! One thing is certain, there is a burning issue to be settled between these four men! Fans, we need to get this under control so let's go backstage to Sweet Lou!

[The camera cuts to the back where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell stands next to Derrick Williams, in his gear and ready to go.]

SLB: Thank you, gentlemen, and right now I'm standing next to the man who in just a short while will challenge Supernova for the AWA World Television Championship, one Derrick Williams. Now Derrick, you and Supernova have had a lot of back and forth, and your previous matches have had some, shall we say, lighting issues?

DW: Yes Lou, that's right. Two straight matches, two problems. But tonight it ends. No interference, no more Rage, no more power outages, no more excuses. Tonight, Supernova and I finish this once and for all, and tonight I become the

World Television Champion. I have Supernova's number. I know it, he knows it, it's just been a matter of outside issues screwing everything up. But tonight, that's all over.

SLB: But Derrick, aren't you afraid of another lights out situation where you get on the cusp of victory, only to be stopped short?

DW: That's a good question, Lou. No, I'm not afraid of it, because it's happened to me three times, by now, I've figured out how to get around it, and I will. I've worked long and hard over the past couple years to get to this point, and tonight is the night. I won't be denied again, count on that, Lou.

[And now, walking into the shot, is "Wild Thing" Kevin Slater, back again. The crowd inside the arena cheers the arrival of the former World Champion. Slater extends his hand towards Williams who slowly accepts his former teacher's handshake, nodding his head towards this apparently-unexpected appearance.]

SLB: Kevin Slater, back here on Saturday Night Wrestling, and you've had some issues surrounding Derrick's title shots as well.

KS: That's right, Lou, but I promise, I'll make sure no interference happens in this match, Derrick deserves it. I'm going to be right out there at ringside to make sure-

[Slater gets cut off by Williams]

DW: No, no. Sorry Kev, but I'm not doing this again. Both times, I had Nova dead to rights, I stopped to worry about you bleeding all over ringside. I can't focus on winning the World TV Title while watching your back. I... well, I should've said this the first time, but I don't want you at ringside.

[Slater looks shocked at this as does Lou]

DW: Nothing personal, but I need focus. You want to help me, you want to watch my back? Then go stand by the lighting controls and find out who's been screwing with the lights and costing me matches.

KS: Well Derrick, if that's the way you want it. I'll watch the lights...

[He slaps his former student on the chest with a smile.]

KS: ...you go out and take that belt.

[Williams returns the smile, nodding.]

DW: Good. Tonight, the World Television Title becomes mine.

[Slater and Williams depart their separate ways as Lou finishes us up]

SLB: There you have it, Derrick Williams is ready, focused, and determined to take that World Television Championship tonight, and this time, he has someone watching the lights in his mentor Kevin Slater. Everything's ready to blow but right now, let's head to another area of the backstage area where my good buddy Mark Stegglet is looking for an exclusive interview. Mark?

[Cut to another area backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Thanks, Lou. I'm back here in the locker room area, trying to get some words with the mysterious individual who made an impressive debut at Memorial Day Mayhem. Of course, I'm referring to the man known as Mason. Now, Mason is

going to be in action again here later tonight but... well, since no one has been able to get him to talk to them yet, I decided there's no time like the present.

[Stegglet steps in front of a door obviously marked "MASON." He takes a deep breath before knocking.]

MS: Mr. Mason?

[He knocks a second time.]

MS: Mr. Mason, it's Mark Stegglet. Can you spare a few moments for some comments?

[No response comes from the door. Stegglet grimaces.]

MS: Well, this isn't going as I'd planned... live television and all...

[With a smile, Stegglet turns back to the door, balling up his fist, and knocking much harder this time.]

MS: MR. MASON?

[Stegglet looks at the door, having knocked loudly and practically shouted at the person he's trying to speak to...

...and suddenly a loud "THUUUD!" comes from the other side of the door like someone kicked it or flung something very heavy at it. Stegglet jumps backwards in shock, wide-eyed as he turns back to the camera.]

MS: I... uh, I suppose that's a "no comment." Better luck next time? Let's go back down to Phil Watson for more action!

[We cut back down to the ring where Phil Watson is stationed.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit and is part of the AWA Women's Division. Introducing first... from Red Deer, Alberta... weighing in at 138 pounds... Cynthia Kereluk!

[An energetic ponytailed blue-eyed blonde in a red leotard bounces up and down in the ring.]

PW: And her opponent... from Halifax, Nova Scotia... weighing 150 pounds... Lauryn Rage!

[The crowd reaction is a mix of cheers and boos as the houselights go down and Nicki Minaj's "I'm the Best" begins. The viewers at home see a filtered quality on the television screen. In the arena, the video screen lights up with Instagram photos of Lauryn Rage in various poses interspersed with action stills of Lauryn Rage in the ring. At the bottom of the screen a like counter climbs. Finally Lauryn emerges onto the stage as the crowd reaction hits its peak.

Lauryn poses for the crowd, left hand stretched out towards the crowd to kiss her imaginary rings, the right hand akimbo on her forward thrust hips. She drinks in the mix of love and hate as she smiles up at the Maple Leaf flag hanging from the rafters. Lauryn marches to the ring, wearing a red and white unitard, cut cheekily short at the bottom, red kickpads over her knee high boots and red knee pads that complement her ghostly white hair.]

GM: Lauryn Rage going directly to the ring, eschewing her normal in ring antics as she is ready to compete in front of her countrymen and women.

BW: Yeah, this is a homecoming for her. You know these Canadian fans are required to love them some Canadian content.

GM: Ladies and gentlemen, after Memorial Day Mayhem, Lauryn Rage and the Serpentine have seemingly parted ways. Let's go to some pre-recorded comments from Lauryn herself.

[An inset square appears at the top left hand corner of the screen of Lauryn Rage prior to entrance. She gives the >:(Lauryn look.]

LR: Good help is hard to find. Melissa Cannon, you and your superfriend, Julie Somers, got lucky getting past the Serpentine. But that just means one thing, I'm going to deal with you myself, ya dig?

The inset box disappears as we come back to full screen.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: There's the bell and... whoa!

[Lauryn wastes no time in rushing Kereluk and grabbing her by the hair. She whales away with wild right hands as Kereluk tries to do the same.]

BW: It's Saturday night in Canada, Gordo! Time for a hockey fight!

[Kereluk's punches grow weaker as Rage's punches grow stronger. Getting the advantage, Rage buries a series of knee lifts into Kereluk's midsection, bending her over for a vicious rising knee to the face that stands Kereluk up, dazed.]

BW: Lauryn told me she was going to go Sharkeisha on dat chick, Gordo! And she is!

GM: I'm not even going to pretend like you know what that means.

[Lauryn's grip on Kereluk's hair is the only thing holding Kereluk upright. Rage uses that grip to deliver a series of left-handed elbow strikes to the forehead before she goes low with a left-handed hook!]

BW: That hook was adapted from the Piston Punch that was thrown by Bull Busiek back in the Detroit territories, Gordo. It's vicious.

GM: We can see that, Cynthia Kereluk hasn't been able to recover. Lauryn Rage pressing her advantage. This is the most vicious I think we've seen her. She isn't playing to the crowd or showing off or playing any mind games.

BW: Nope, she's just trying to get this over with.

GM: Lauryn Rage with the arm wringer... short arm knee lift!

BW: And now a single arm underhook suplex, Gordo! She's chaining together her attack today! Melissa Cannon better be ready.

"SMACK!"

BW: Oooh, she just slapped the taste of perogies out of Kereluk's mouth!

GM: Perogies?

BW: Yup, lotta Ukranians round these parts. Perogies are like cheeseburgers for them.

GM: That doesn't sound right, Bucky.

"You ain't got nothin' for the Kid, ya dig?"

[With that comment, Lauryn Rage leaps into the air and drops down onto Kereluk with a seated senton that crushes the air from Kereluk's lungs.]

GM: Lauryn Rage with some words for Kereluk and a deadly squash attack.

BW: Lauryn knows how to use her entire body as a weapon.

[Rage picks up Kereluk and whips her to the ropes. She charges after her and crushes her with her patented hip attack.]

GM: There was a lot of force behind that hit.

BW: And Lauryn isn't finished, Gordo!

[Indeed, she isn't. Rage hauls up Kereluk with a sour expression on her face. She scoops her up into a spinebuster lift and charges towards the opposite turnbuckles, throwing Kereluk with all her force into the buckles!]

GM: That maneuver is just deadly! I don't even know what to call it!

BW: A turnbuckle spinebuster, a bucklebuster... or just plain 'mean and nasty', Gordo!

"Don't you ever ever ever ever ever step foot in this ring with me again! Ever!"

[Rage's Lauryn Look is on full screwface as she punctuates each ever with a vicious bitch slap. Six slaps later, Rage backs up and charges in again, driving her behind into Kereluk's tortured midsection. Kereluk comes stumbling out, holding her stomach, easy victim to Lauryn Rage as she sets her up for a Russian legsweep.]

GM: Lauryn with the Russian legsweep and she rolls it through into a leg grapevine... is she going for the Pretty Mess?

BW: Have you watched a Lauryn Rage match? The answer is - of course she is!

[Lauryn cinches on the leg locked kataha jime and rears back, torquing Kereluk's back and neck. Kereluk screams and flails in the hold before quickly tapping out.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... here is your winner... LAURYNNNNN RAAAAAAGE!!!!

GM: Lauryn Rage with a decisive win today over Cynthia Kereluk. She looks ready for bigger competition.

BW: Quiet Gordo, Lauryn's got something to say.

[Lauryn has forcefully taken Watson's microphone and glared him into submission. She raises the microphone to her lips.]

LR: Canada, your daughter is home!

[There are cheers for the Canadian reference.]

LR: Thank you to all my supporters out there. The Kid wouldn't be where she is without you. But let me say something here right quick. Canada, in four weeks, I'm going to be in Madison Square Gardens competing for the AWA Women's World Championship! And I'm going to be competing against the so-called best the AWA and the rest of the world has to represent. That's cool for them, but I'm not just happy to be in title contention. I'm winning it, ya dig? So you're looking at the second to last time Lauryn Rage is without a title around this waist.

[She gestures to her waist.]

LR: (adopting another screwface Lauryn Look) Oh, and to all you in the back who think the Kid is just talking trash again... naw, I'm dead serious. Canada, you know I'm dead serious. Now, I want to address someone personally that I'm gonna see at the Rumble.

Melissa Cannon.

[The crowd cheers at the defiant Lauryn Rage.]

LR: Cannon, you're just taking up space. I don't want to wait for the Rumble. I don't want to wait for Madison Square Gardens to get my hands on you and stick my foot up your...

[Lauryn trails off as the curtains part. Shadoe Rage emerges onto the stage. No music plays as he makes his way down the aisle. He is robed in black leather, his head shrouded in a scarf and his eyes hidden behind dull-lensed sunglasses. Rage steps into the ring. He seems sedated, moving slower than normal, less kinetic as he produces a mic to address his surprised sister.]

SR: Lauryn, it's been six months since SuperClash and Melissa Cannon still hasn't paid for her sins. I should still be the longest reigning and greatest World Television champion of all time but thanks to her, my banner no longer hangs from the rafters. It's time she pays.

[He raises a hand, pointing at his sister.]

SR: And you're going to make her pay because they won't let me do it.

[Rage grimaces as he draws back his shroud and removes his glasses. Those crazy eyes are unnaturally bright.]

SR: But I want to be there to see it. And we owe it to Canada... to Rage Country... to do it in Toronto... in front of our whole family. Melissa Cannon, get a partner because it's a Rage family reunion in Toronto, Canada and we're coming to make you pay.

LR: I like that! Let's do it, Cannon. Find yourself a dance partner 'cause we're comin' for ya!

[The Rages embrace in the ring, Shadoe lifting his sister's arm and pointing to her as the fans give a decent reaction to this pairing.]

GM: Is this... is this a challenge to a mixed tag team match?!

BW: It sure sounded like it! Lauryn and Shadoe Rage want Melissa Cannon and a partner of her choice two weeks from now in Toronto! What a challenge!

GM: It's certainly an unusual challenge... and you have to wonder if Melissa Cannon will accept.

BW: If she's not a stinkin' coward she will... and listen to these fans in Calgary, Gordo, they wanted that match tonight!

GM: The Canadian fans saluting their own... and I never thought I'd hear Shadoe Rage get cheered again after some of the stuff he's pulled in the last couple of years. Fans, we'll try to get an answer from Melissa Cannon before we go off the air tonight but right now, we've gotta take a quick break! Don't go away because when we come back, we're going to have our very special salute to the Calgary's own Chinook Wrestling!

[Fade to black.

Open on a prairie highway in the dead of winter. Sheets of snow drift quickly across the blacktop in the high wind.]

"The Canadian Prairies: Desolate, cold, and forbidding."

[Cut to some pretty obviously 1980s era footage; a balding man with thick tinted glasses and bright orange sportcoat, a crest with the words "Chinook Wrestling" on the crest.]

AL PICKARD: "Hi-de-ho and fiddle-dee-dee wrestling fans, and welcome once again to the greatest show on canvas!"

["Let There Be Drums" by The Incredible Bongo Band kicks in, introducing a montage of wrestling from the various eras in a small brick space.]

"And the hottest wrestling in the West."

[A talking head interview with an older black man with greying hair, juxtaposed with his younger self: jheri-curled hair and a red sleeveless karate gi.]

"DEAD END" EVANS: "You wanna know how to wrestle, you go to the Colton Cave. One hour there learned you more about wrestling than a lifetime anywhere else."

[The next interview is with an Indian man with a large turban and thick black beard, juxtaposed with his turban-less wrestling days, the Commonwealth Heavyweight Championship belt over one shoulder, a silver mace over the other.]

RAJ BHULLAR: "You would see Americans, you would see Japanese, you'd see English... you'd see the world—we would bring the world to you."

"For the first time on video see the pain and passion, and the triumph and tragedy, featuring over four hours of rare and archival footage from Colton vaults spanning half a century."

[A man with long, wavy brown hair in a navy and black singlet, decorated with gold six-pointed sheriff's stars. Today, he has greying hair, a blue flannel shirt, and a more weathered face.]

JEREMIAH "THE SHERIFF" COLTON: "What we had in Alberta, and what we continue to have to this day, is a respect for tradition and respect for our fans. And not everyone was willing to respect that."

[Cut to an interview from a dozen years before, where Jeremiah Colton stands beside Al Pickard.]

JTSC: "We're talking about values that need to be respected, and I'm not going to stand off to one side and let punks like that walk all over us!"

[Cut to a rebuttal from Jackson Hunter.]

JACKSON HUNTER: "What we were presenting had never been done in North America... ever."

[Cut to footage from Hunter's days in wrestling: silver snakeskin tights and a head full of blue spiked hair. He moonsaults off the top rope onto a prone victim lying on top of ladder that has been bridged between the ring apron and barricade.]

JH: [in voice-over from the mid-2000s] "Hey Sheriff, you think I don't have the guts to start a revolution? Just watch me!"

"Chinook Wrestling: The Greatest Show on Canvas! Available now on DVD, Blu-ray, and digital download at AWAshop.com."

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to a panning shot of the Calgary crowd, eagerly looking forward to what's coming next. The voice of Phil Watson booms out over the PA system.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... AL PICKARD!

[The Calgary fans jump to their feet and cheer as Pickard makes his way through the entrance-way and down the aisle to "Let There Be Drums" by the Incredible Bongo Band. He's a bald man with thick coke bottle glasses in his early seventies, looking surprisingly spry, only occasionally relying on the cane in his left hand to assist him as he waves back to the fans.]

GM: What a treat, fans. Our colleague who called the action in the ring for many years here in Calgary... he's going to be joining us for this celebration of the legacy of Chinook Wrestling in a few short moments.

[Al crosses to the announce position, where he and Myers warmly shake hands.]

AP: Hello, Gordon!

GM: Welcome, Al!

[Bucky and Pickard likewise shake hands.]

AP: Mr. Wilde.

BW: Pickard.

[Seems like there might be something there...

Ah well.

Pickard waves once again to the fans before taking a seat between Bucky and Gordon; when Bucky isn't looking, Pickard wipes the palm of his hand down the front of his sport coat.]

AP: Well, a hi-de-ho, and fiddle-dee-dee, wrestling fans! The American Wrestling Alliance is now bringing you the greatest show on canvas!

GM: Al, it's good to have you out here.

AP: A bit of a different set-up that from when you and I probably broke into this business with all these computers and whatnot doohickeys here, wouldn't you say, Gordon Myers?

[The music shifts to "Striptease" by Hawksley Workman.]

GM: And this, I take it, is our MC for this tribute...

[On the screen beside the entrance, a still photo of a skeezy looking man with a soul patch and Hawaiian shirt is projected. Through the entrance steps the same man, a Calgary morning show host in his thirties. He is all of 5' 3", 90 pounds soaking wet, and his Hawaiian shirt and jorts seem to be comically oversized for his frame. He dances his way down the aisle to the music.]

PW: ...And... RATT KLIZ—KLYCZOFVSKI!

GM: I've been been staring at my notes all day trying to figure this out, Al? How exactly does one pronounce this name?

BW: Klisovskee? Schlisheffskee? Luxury-Yacht?

AP: [chuckling] Twenty years, Gordon. Twenty years I've tried to figure it out. He goes by "Kyle Hayden" when he hosts the "Calgary Eyeopener." He is such a nice kid now, but filled with such clueless braggadociousness I can't think of a single person who didn't want to throttle him every time he stepped foot in the territory—

[Ratt takes the microphone from Phil.]

RK: COWTOWN! Boys and girls, I am Ratt Klyczofvski, the Unstoppable Sex Machine, former Dominion of Canada Wrestling League Assistant Commissioner...

[He pauses to allow the fans to correct him.]

"ASSISTANT -TO- THE COMMISSIONER..."

[He mouths along, then resumes his spiel.]

RK: ...And North America's largest naturally occurring source of testosterone! And tonight, I am pleased, proud... and paid... to present to you... two-hundred seventy pounds of dynamite... REGGIE "DEAD END" EVANS!

[On the screen is projected a still photo of a man in a gi and jheri curl. An older man in a ski jacket and do-rag steps through the curtain to "Enter The Dragon" by Lalo Schiffrin with a scowl, pointing his finger into the air.]

AP: Dead End Evans! What an incredible athlete he was! Former Cleveland Brown, former Calgary Stampeder, founder of Dead End Inc... still lives and works in Calgary.

BW: I love this guy's modus; every man for himself.

[Evans steps through the ropes, fist bumping Ratt. The music fades to "Outcast" by Front Line Assembly.]

RK: From the Intensive Care Unit, the most dangerous tag team in Canada... KARDIAK... FLATLINE... THE DOMINATORS!

[Down the aisle come two similarly shaped men in leather biker jackets and Zubaz. Both wear classic wrestling masks in lime green, both sport grey beards.]

AP: The Dominators! Six times over they've held the Commonwealth Tag Team Championships.

GM: What an intimidating sight those two must've been, Al.

AP: I'll say; you know, I don't stand for backtalk when I'm interviewing the athletes... fortunately these two never talked, they—

[Kardiak and Flatline both stand on the apron and beat their chests.]

K&F: AAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!

GM: They just did that?

AP: In a nutshell, Gordon.

[The music changes to "Good Cop Bad Cop" by Shadowy Men on a Shadowy Planet; the big screen shows a ferocious looking heavy-set woman in sleeveless coveralls and face paint.]

BW: Wow, Gordo! Didn't know the missus was in Chinook!

[Through the curtain steps what looks like the same woman, fifteen years later, but as a different person. She's in a modest dress, cardigan, and... clerical collar.]

RK: The Strongest Woman on Earth... LUCIE RICHTER!!!

AP: We had a burgeoning Women's Division in Chinook as well, fellas. But it was tough to find any real competition for Lucie Richter!

GM: I can imagine! Reading up on her bio... she holds all sorts of weightlifting records across Western Canada... 285 pounds of ferocity... that Magnitude 10 splash of hers...

AP: That move catastrophized many of the girls who stepped foot in a Chinook ring, and I think I know a lot of ladies in the back are glad she's become a woman of the cloth rather than entering in to the Rumble next month.

[Richter steps into the ring, leaning over to peck Ratt on the cheek; he swoons for a second.]

RK: Oh, she's still got some sugar for me, doesn't she?

[The music changes to "Collaborations" by Sukshinder Shinda. The crowd begins to roar as a middle-aged Indian man with a turban, dark three-piece suit, and infectious smile steps through the curtain, waving to the Calgary fans with both arms.]

RK: Show your love to the CROWN of the Golden Palace Army... former Commonwealth Champion... RAJ... BHULLAR!

BW: Boy, they love this guy, don't they Al?

AP: Nephew of the Magnificent Raj... probably one of the finest international stars Chinook ever attracted. What a luminous wrestler he was on the canvas.

BW: "Luminous?"

GM: And I understand that there is a third generation of Rajs just starting in wrestling.

AP: That's right, Gordon, Raj's son has reported to the AWA's Combat Corner, splitting his time between there and the Colton Cave.

[Bhullar enters the ring with other alumni, warmly acknowledging the cheering masses. Suddenly, the lights go out.]

BW: Uh oh!

AP: Oh, we know who this is...

[The "Black Hole Theme" by John Berry begins to play and the fans cheer again. Two figures appear in the entrance-way, lit from below.]

AP: Two weirder and more bizarre figures you will not meet.

BW: Try us, Al.

RK: From the Ark Hive... The Curator... and the Man That Can't Feel Pain... THE MAAAAANGLERRRR!

[As they make their way down the aisle, the general lighting resumes. The Curator, a hunched, hissing figure in crushed velvet robes straight from Emperor Palpatine's yard sale, leads The Mangler, a 6' 7" monster dragging a snow shovel. The Mangler is in a "Silence of the Lambs" mask and a black jumpsuit with the sleeves torn off.]

BW: Maybe Anton Layton needs to hook up with these guys.

GM: Did they ever collect all those Cosmic Stones, Al?

AP: I have no idea. If they did, they probably weren't Cosmic Stones—they were paperweights.

[The Curator and The Mangler slither into the ring.]

RK: And now... the Colton family!

[The fans cheer as several members of the Colton family start filling the stage over the next few moments. "Tokyo Rose" by Idle Eyes begins to play.]

RK: SETH COLTON!

[Seth Colton looks to be around sixty, with a dad bod and grey moustache.]

AP: Seth Colton! He dominated the territory thirty years ago. An early innovator of the ladder match, too.

GM: That's right, Al; his match with "Dead End" Evans from 1986 for the Commonwealth Championship is one of the many bonus feature of the Chinook Wrestling DVD on sale now at AWAsShop.com.

[Seth Colton is helped up the stairs to the ring by one of his daughters. Dead End Evans holds the ropes open for him. The music changes to "Boneyard Tree" by The Watchman.]

RK: Three-time Tag Team Champion... MAX COLTON!

[Through the mass of the extended Colton family steps a man who seems to be firmly stuck in the nineties fashion-wise. His ragged, long straight hair is held back by a bandana, with a flannel shirt covering a black t-shirt that reads "Prairie Fire."]

GM: And for those of you that think that Wayne Colton only raised the next generation of Colton wrestlers to be technically-proficient...

AP: Max Colton was not afraid to scrap. Boy I tell you, between him, and The Mangler, and when Alex Martinez came to the territory, you'd have sworn a hurricane had blown through the Chinook Pavilion.

[Max Colton steps out of the crowd of Coltons and through the ropes, exchanging pleasantries with the dozen-odd alumni in the ring.]

BW: How many freaking Coltons are there? Did Wifey Colton have a side job as a clown car?

GM: Bucky...

["Sparkle and Shine" by Econoline Crush plays. On the screen, the image of a blue-eyed, black-hearted blonde boy in platinum and metallic blue tights is projected.]

AP: And here comes the so-called "black sheep."

[Through the entrance-way steps the same blue-eyed, black-hearted, bald boy. He raises both fists to the roof with a whoop, then jogs down the aisle.]

RK: The X-MAN! XAVIER... COLTON!

[The extended Coltons surrounding ringside part to allow Xavier to leap into the ring. There is a moment of tension.]

GM: And we do know that the affairs of the Colton clan have not been rosy in recent years...

[Xavier Colton stands before Seth and Max for a long period....]

AP: Indubitably, Gordon. There has been a lot of airing of dirty laundry and grievousness that has taken place...

[The three Coltons shake hands and hug. The wrestlers in the ring applaud as the three brothers join hands and raise them to the cheers of the Calgary audience.]

AP: What a moment, fellas!

BW: I would've respected him more if he'd walked out.

GM: You would...

["Sparkle and Shine" cuts out, leaving only the cheering and clapping fans.]

AP: And that leaves only one Colton left...

GM: We know who it is, and so do our great fans here in Calgary, Canada...

"SHER-IFF! SHER-IFF! SHER-IFF! SHER-IFF!"

RK: And... ladies and gentlemen...

["Little Bones" by the Tragically Hip begins to play. The fans leap to their feet for the intro.]

RK: JEREMIAH! THE SHERRRRRRIFF! COOOOOLTONNNNNN!

BW: Is he even coming out—

AP: THERE HE IS!

[Through the entrance-way steps The Sheriff: black denim jean jacket, black jeans, grey stetson with a silver star, with equally silvery long hair emerging from beneath it, only looking slightly more weathered than his photo projected onto entrance the video screen. His hands are in his jacket pockets, projecting cool.]

AP: THE SHERIFF IS BACK IN CALGARY!

GM: Jeremiah Colton! Arguably the greatest technical wrestler of his generation—arguably of any generation.

BW: I can barely hear you, Gordo!

GM: Fans, I don't know how to explain it to you if you're not here live, but the Saddledome here in Calgary is literally vibrating from the sound of cheering!

AP: And why not? The Sheriff has been a virtual recluse since Chinook shuttered in 2008! This is his first public appearance in almost a decade! This is a canonizing moment in the history of wrestling!

BW: What about Melissa Cannon?

[The Sheriff steps through the ropes, slaps and shakes the hands of all the other alumni, then poses for the crowd, pointing both thumbs inward to his torso—Calgary screams in approval.]

GM: Eight years this man has been out of the industry... you know, so many other territories have tried to seduce him and tried to poach Jeremiah "The Sheriff" Colton, but he stayed put right here in Calgary. And my stars, do they love The Sheriff here.

AP: Quite a moment, isn't it?

[As "Little Bones" fades into cheering and applauding Calgary fans, Ratt eagerly hands the microphone over to Jeremiah Colton, who trades him his hat.]

JTSC: It's been a long time coming, in'nit?

I never would've thought that I'd be back here in a wrestling ring, hearing thousands of you great fans.

I never would've thought that I'd look over at the broadcast table and see the legend Al Pickard calling the action again!

AP: Thank you, Sheriff.

JTSC: I never would've thought that I'd be standing here with my family all together again.

And I never would have thought that any of those big boys of wrestling down south would appreciate what me, and my brothers, and my late dad, and all these people in this ring, and all of those that couldn't be with us tonight... that they would appreciate what we had here in Chinook.

Y'know, it ended on kinda a sour note, din't it? Y'know, we all kinda hated each other... we all kinda blamed each other. We all kind of forgot who brung us, y'know? So I've got to thank each and every one of you here tonight...

[The fans cheer for a few seconds in response.]

JTSC: I want to thank Emerson Gellar, and everyone at the AWA office for giving us this time. I want to thank Alex Martinez for his kind words and say the AWA is lucky to have a legend like him around. And I think the time was right for this—the time was right for me to come back into the ring, but not as a wrestler because I know that ship's sailed...

[There is a smattering of disappointed boos in the crowd.]

JTSC: No, there's another reason why I'm here and why I've decided to hitch my wagon with the AWA. I think you may have noticed that there's a Chinook alum who we know is in the building, but isn't here to show his face.

Jackson... Hunter.

[The crowd buzzes with anticipation for a few seconds.]

JTSC: You've been laying low all night, lying in the weeds trying to avoid looking me or anyone else you screwed over in the eye. Everyone saw you at the press conference yesterday, spinning and B.S.ing to a bunch of planted fake reporters. Jax, why you stand up for once, get your nose out of Juan Vasquez and Maxim Zharkov's butts, because you've got unfinished business with me!

[The crowd roars in approval.]

AP: Wow, fans, a final confrontation here tonight?!

BW: No way! Jackson Hunter is a retired wrestler, a manager.

GM: I hesitate to remind you that Jeremiah Colton said he's retired too, Bucky—the odds will be even.

BW: Yeah, one manager against—what is that fifty...? Sixty...? Coltons and Colton buddies?

[The cheering dies down as it's obvious no one is coming through that entrance way.]

JTSC: Alright. Alright. It's that way, innit? Okay, we'll do it your way. Since you don't have that meathead Zharkov to hide behind, and Juan Vasquez doesn't care about you like you do for him, we'll do this man-to-man. Later tonight, I'm going to come back to the ring, on my own, alone. And we'll settle it by talking, or we can settle it by scrapping.

And Jax, if you're not going to join me in this ring by the end of the night to finish this once and for all, I guess we're all going to have to go looking for you. And we'll find you.

The Sheriff doesn't miss, boy.

["Little Bones" begins to play again as the Chinook alumni and the Coltons take their final bows. Cut to the announce table.]

GM: There it is fans! An ultimatum issued by Jeremiah "The Sheriff" Colton: he still has issues with Jackson Hunter from many years ago. And knowing what I know

about Jackson Hunter, Al Pickard, he does not win friends or influence people, does he?

AP: He does not, fellas. He can't hide for long, so if he hopes to leave the territory in one piece and continue on the AWA's tour through Canada to his home town of Saskatoon, Saskatchewan on Monday, he had better go and turn himself in The Sheriff.

BW: It's... and I know the shoe fits here... this is a lynch mob. Except it's not a Lynch mob—it's a Colton mob!

GM: Well, Al, thank you for joining us on this auspicious night.

AP: Thank you again for having me, Gordon. And as we say here in Calgary, "we'll see you outside the ropes!"

[With the ring still filled with Chinook alumni waving to the cheering crowd, we slowly fade to black.

We fade in on a shot of the Crockett Coliseum. A voiceover begins.]

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

[A black and white still photo of Bobby Taylor, Jon Stegglet, and Todd Michaelson at the AWA Grand Opening Press Conference is seen.]

"In 2008, these men had a dream that they could start from nothing..."

[A still of the WKIK Studios marquee promoting the premiere broadcast of Saturday Night Wrestling.]

"...and grow into a global powerhouse."

[A series of headlines fly by - "THE AWA ON THE X!", "AWA TOUCHES DOWN IN TOKYO!", "SUPERCLASH VI HEADS TO THE BIG APPLE!"]

"These men had a dream too."

[Shots of Aaron Anderson... Eric Preston... Supreme Wright... Skywalker Jones... Air Strike... Hercules Hammonds... Brad Jacobs... all in action inside the AWA squared circle.]

"They dreamed of fame... they dreamed of glory... they dreamed of their friends and family seeing them on television... and their dreams came true."

[A shot of the old converted building that came to be the AWA training school - the Combat Corner - is shown with Todd Michaelson standing out in front of it with some of the first crop of students.]

"The road to being a pro wrestler is hard. None of those men would tell you otherwise. But they would all tell you that the best way to walk that road..."

[The shot of the old Corner fades into a shot of the Crockett Coliseum - an artist rendering of a renovated Coliseum with the Combat Corner sign out front. A second rendering shows a new backstage area, filled with workout equipment and a few wrestling rings. A third rendering shows a renovated arena bowl with less seating, giving room for the backstage improvements while still leaving room for the fans who will attend the new Combat Corner Wrestling shows.]

"...is through the Combat Corner - the official training school for the American Wrestling Alliance."

[We cut to footage of a very young Supreme Wright taking a forearm smash from Eric Preston before falling to his back. Todd Michaelson is crouched nearby, whistle hanging from his mouth as he watches approvingly.]

"With the very best trainers in the business, the AWA Combat Corner is the most-equipped training facility to get you in shape and get you in the ring in the shortest amount of time."

[A second batch of footage shows Marcus Broussard, Clayton Shaw, and Juan Vasquez running some students through their paces. See anyone you recognize?]

"With former World Champion Todd Michaelson leading the classes, you can guarantee that you will be prepared for in-ring action upon graduation and with the AWA expanding by the day, you will have a place to work on Day One!"

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas when the much-larger one snares a waistlock, powering his opponent up into the air, and effortlessly throwing him down in a waistlock takedown. He pops up, showing himself to be a huge, hulking brute of a man who looks like he was created inside of a lab. Michaelson grins, slapping the big man on the back as the voiceover continues.]

"So, stop by the Combat Corner today... call our offices... visit our website... and let them know that you want to be the next AWA Superstar! You want to be the future of the business! You want to wrestle!"

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner before we fade back to black...

...and then back up to live action where

MS: Alright, fans, joining me at this time is the Director of Operations for the AWA, Emerson Gellar, who I'm told has been watching tonight's show with great interest and has some big news for us regarding the tag team division. Mr. Gellar, come on in here...

[Emerson Gellar steps into the frame, joining Mark Stegglet with a bit of a tired smile on his face.]

MS: Mr. Gellar, I know it's been a rough few weeks for you.

EG: That's an understatement, Mark. I think I'm finally understanding why running this place has put so many people out due to medical reasons.

[The two chuckle for a moment.]

MS: I hear you have some news for us.

EG: Absolutely. First, let's talk about what happened earlier tonight with the Kings of Wrestling. Now, Mark, as you probably can guess, I'm not a big fan of being blackmailed... but a threat hanging over the head of every Canadian wrestler still to compete here tonight isn't exactly a great thing for our first show here in Canada. In addition, Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan are entitled to a rematch for the tag team titles. After speaking with Jack and Travis Lynch a little while ago, they are willing to defend the titles tonight so that's going to be our Main Event here in

Calgary. The Lynches taking on Taylor and Donovan in a Memorial Day Mayhem rematch!

[Big cheer from inside the arena!]

EG: But in addition to that news, I've got a couple of other things to announce. Earlier tonight, we heard Anton Layton and the Slaughterhouse talking about deserving a tag title shot of their own... and Howie Somers and Daniel Harper have been knocking on that door for weeks. So, I'm here to officially announce a NUMBER ONE CONTENDER'S match for two weeks from tonight in Toronto. Next Gen vs Slaughterhouse to determine the new Number One Contenders to the winners of tonight's tag title showdown.

MS: Wow! Big news for both of those teams.

EG: And I've got one more thing. After that wild situation out there earlier with Dave Cooper and the Samoans and...

[He trails off, waving his hands.]

EG: I've put together another match for Toronto as well. And this one is going to be Cesar Hernandez and Chris Choisnet finally getting their chance to avenge Rene Rousseau against the Samoan Hit Squad!

MS: That's three HUGE matches - all with major implications for the AWA Tag Team Title scene! Mr. Gellar, thank you for your time here tonight but before you go, it IS Sweet Daddy Williams Appreciation Night here in Calgary and I wanted to get some thoughts from you on the man from Hotlanta, G-A.

[Gellar smiles.]

EG: You know, Mark... I haven't known Sweet Daddy Williams for very long... nowhere near as long as many of you here in the AWA have. But I can tell you that in all my years around the combat sports industry, I've never met a nicer, most caring, more giving man. Someone else said it earlier but when I first got here, Sweet Daddy Williams was the first to shake my hand... to welcome me to the AWA... to show me around and introduce me to the boys. He went out of his way to make sure that I wasn't a stranger in a strange land and I'll always appreciate that. I don't know what the future holds for him in the ring but I'm grateful for all that he's done for me... for the AWA... for all the fans... and all that I'm sure he'll continue to do in the future. Thanks, Sweet Daddy, for everything.

[Stegglet smiles with a nod.]

MS: Kind words there from the Director of Operations, Emerson Gellar, here on Sweet Daddy Williams Appreciation Night... LIVE right here on The X! Fans, we've got to take a quick break but when we come back, the World Television Title will be on the line... and as we go to break, let's hear from a few more AWA competitors with their messages of love for Sweet Daddy Williams.

[We fade to a graphic highlighting "Sweet Daddy Williams Appreciation Night" and a shot of Kolya Sudakov.]

KS: Kolya and Sweet Daddy not always see eye to eye in early days but Kolya always respect what Sweet Daddy bring to the ring. He fight hard. He fight with pride and honor. He give tough fight to anyone he face. Thank you, Sweet Daddy.

[The shot of Sudakov fades and is replaced by the Wilde Bunch.]

COW: Boy howdy, they tell me it's Sweet Daddy Appreciation Night on Saturday Night Wrestling and Buddy, you couldn't ask for a nicer guy than good ol' Sweet Daddy.

BUL: No sir. Me and Chester been up and down the roads with him, workin' six man tags at the live shows. It's just a real pleasure havin' gotten to know you, Sweet Daddy, and we all - even Mable - want to wish you the best.

[Buddy holds up Mable, meaning we see the pig's kisser for a bit before we fade to another shot, this one of Marcus Broussard.]

MB: Sweet Daddy Williams... what can you say? The guy's been here from Day One. They always talk about me being the first wrestler signed to the AWA but I've got a hunch that's just for hype and Sweet Daddy was the first one in. When you talk about Sweet Daddy Williams, you talk about someone who has given every single bit of himself to this business. He's been on the road for... what? Twenty years? More than that? He's missed his kids' birthdays... he's missed holidays and anniversaries and... but he does it because of how much he loves pro wrestling. He sacrifices so much - like we all do - but he's done it for so long and...

[Broussard pauses, looking off camera for a moment.]

MB: I know he wants to come back. I know he does. It's in his blood. It's hard to imagine your life without pro wrestling when you love it so much... trust me, I know how that goes. But when your body says you're done... sometimes it's hard to listen. I know how that goes too.

[The San Jose Shark pauses, rubbing the back of his neck absentmindedly.]

MB: Look, I just want what's best for him. I think we all do. Good luck to you, Sweet Daddy, in whatever road you decide to take. I'm here for you, buddy.

[And with that, we fade to black.

[We open to a panoramic view of a packed house at an AWA show. After a moment, the opening to Coldplay's "Sky Full Of Stars" plays in the background as we get sweeping shots of cheering AWA fans.

As the lyrics begin, we catch back-to-back clips: a dramatic staredown in the ring between Dave Bryant and Supreme Wright, then two cheering fans side by side... one wearing a Bryant T-Shirt, one wearing a Wright T-Shirt.]

#'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[Next up we see Bobby O'Connor autographing a fan's Bobby O'Connor poster at ringside during a house show (when the wrestlers have time to do that kind of thing).]

I'm gonna give you my heart

[Then we see Johnny Detson walking down an aisle, berating the fans (who are waving a poster with a collage of AWA faces at him) as he goes by, but the one fan next to them with the gold-tinted Johnny Detson sunglasses is clearly thrilled about it. A similar shot sees Travis Lynch going by, pausing and giving a smile to a young lady with a Travis T-Shirt; she swoons.]

'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[And then, a super slow-motion shot of Ryan Martinez using the brainbuster on an opponent in the ring, which fades to transparency as we see a group of fans with Ry-Mart attire and merchandise cheering at ringside.]

Because you light up the path

[The music fades, but the cheering of the fans is still loud as we get another panoramic crowd shot. And then the stinger: AWAsShop.com.]

We cut to backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands in front of an AWA backdrop.]

SLB: What a night it has been so far for Saturday Night Wrestling and, in just a few moments, we are going to have the World Television Championship match! Derrick Williams will get another shot at the man about to join me -- for the past six months, he has successfully defended the AWA World TV title -- he is none other than Supernova!

[Supernova walks onto the set. He is already dressing his wrestling attire, his face painted black and yellow, the AWA World TV title belt strapped around his waist.]

SLB: Supernova, this will be the third time you and Derrick Williams have met up for the TV title. The last two times, other individuals took it upon themselves to get involved. I take it tonight that you believe that nothing got settled regarding whether you or Williams was the better wrestler and I can imagine that you want to find out, once and for all, who is worthy of that distinction!

S: Sweet Lou, you aren't kidding that nothing has been settled between me and Williams, but you are correct that this isn't something personal -- it's just the fact that Williams and I are both driven to be the best we can be! Like I've said before, Derrick Williams reminds me a lot about what I was like when I first came to the AWA -- a young and hungry prospect who has dreams of being one of the top dogs! So, tonight, I'm hoping this can be between me and Williams and we'll find out if he takes that major step toward being a top dog himself, or if the top dog right here is gonna stay at the front of the pack!

[A slight smile.]

S: Of course, Sweet Lou, you know that I intend to be staying at the front of the pack -- and like I said, it's nothing personal, it's just what I'm driven to be!

SLB: I can understand that it's not personal between you and Williams, but with others, it was most certainly personal for you, Supernova. You successfully beat Shadoc Rage at Memorial Day Mayhem, yet he remains convinced he was cheated out of the title yet again...

S: [holding up his hand] Whoa, Sweet Lou... yeah, I've heard Shadoc Rage and his continued delusions of grandeur... I mean, what kind of an example is he setting for his daughter? What happens when she gets older, sees her father talking like this, making up all these excuses, and then figures that's how she can explain her way out of not getting her homework done? Some father figure Shadoc Rage is -- if he really wanted to set an example for his daughter, he'd admit he couldn't get it done at Memorial Day Mayhem. At least then he'd teach his daughter to own up to your defeats instead of blaming them on anybody but yourself!

SLB: It sounds like you think things should be settled between you and Shadoc Rage, then.

S: Believe me, Sweet Lou, I have a lot of other challengers who have been waiting for their turns. I can tell you that if I do win tonight's match, I will be giving the

next shot to Callum Mahoney! He's been asking long enough and the moment has come for him to get his opportunity! But don't think because I've got Mahoney on my mind or because I think Shadoe Rage needs to get it over it already, that I'm going to be looking past Derrick Williams! I've got my mind focused on him, I know he wants to prove he's championship material, but I need to prove that I'm still deserving of this belt around my waist! So, Derrick Williams, get ready, because the heat is coming for you tonight!

[He cups his hands to his mouth and howls, then walks off the set.]

SLB: All right, Supernova set to face Derrick Williams, and how about that news -- if Supernova wins, he'll be facing Callum Mahoney next! Supernova is clearly not ducking anyone who wants a TV title shot! Let's go back to ringside!

[We fade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit and is for the AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPIONSHIP!

[Big cheer from the Canadian crowd!]

PW: Introducing first, he is the challenger...

[The crowd comes alive as Hinder's "All American Nightmare" starts up]

PW: From Brooklyn, New York... weighing in at 270 pounds... here is...

DERRRRRRRIIIICK WILLLLLLLLIAMSSSSSS!

[At the announcement of his name, Derrick Williams enters the arena to the cheers of the crowd. His brown hair frames his face, wavy coming down to his chin, matching his brown eyes and a shade darker than his olive skin. He has a short beard growing on his face, and does have generic tribal tattoos on his arms and back, like many of his generation.]

GM: Derrick Williams heading down the aisle here in the Saddledome, hoping that the third time is a charm for this young lion who has been on the hunt for the AWA World Television Title for months now.

BW: The real question, Gordo, is - is the third time a charm or is this three strikes and you're out? We just heard that Callum Mahoney, the Fighting Irishman, is next in line for a shot at this title. If Williams loses again, you better believe he's done. Mahoney's getting his shot. Shadoe Rage wants another shot.

GM: Shadoe Rage? How many times does Supernova have to beat Rage before we move on to another worthy challenger?

BW: Are you kidding me right now? Rage had ONE rematch for the title and lost. Derrick Williams has had more shots at the title than a former World Television Champion - arguably the greatest World Television Champion of all time!

[Williams' ring gear consists of short, thigh length glossy black tights with "DW" in a stencil font enclosed in a silver circle, in silver, with "Brooklyn" written smaller in a similar font on the bottom left front. He wears black boots, coming up to mid-calf, with black knee pads. His wrists are taped with glossy black athletic tape, with black, half finger weightlifting gloves on his hands, and black neoprene elbow pad/braces, the one on the right adorned with Skull in silver on the pad portion. Rounding out the ensemble is a black glossy vest with a silver hood, pulled up as he walks along the aisle, slapping hands with the fans as he does.]

GM: Derrick Williams taking the time to salute these Canadian fans who are so supportive of the AWA here tonight.

BW: Good thing he's not facing a Canadian or they might try to shiv him with a cut up can of Molson Ice.

[Williams hits the ring and ascends the stairs, entering the ring while pulling down his hood, appealing to the crowd before removing his vest, then starting some adjustments to his gloves and elbow pad while being checked by the ref.]

GM: Referee Davis Warren will be the man in the middle for this one, checking in with the challenger as the music fades and we get ready to see the AWA World Television Champion in action.

[Phil Watson raises the mic.]

PW: And his opponent...

["You've Got Another Thing Coming" by Judas Priest starts up over the PA system, drawing a loud crowd response but certainly a lot more boos than we're used to hearing for this music. And that's when the blonde, crew-cut wrestler known as Supernova appears at the entranceway.]

PW: Introducing, from Venice Beach, California, and weighing 260 pounds... ladies and gentlemen... the AWA World Television Champion...

THIS...

IS...

SUPERNOOOOOOOVAAAAAAA!

[Supernova is dressed in black tights with yellow flames running up the side and black wrestling boots, each with a small, fiery sun on the sides. His face is painted yellow and black, resembling a flame.]

GM: And you can't help but notice the unusual reaction to the AWA World TV Champion's appearance here in Calgary, Bucky.

BW: Hah! They're booing him, Gordo! Some of these Canuckians are booing him!

GM: I can't imagine why but-

BW: I can! They think he's wearing that chunk of silver around his waist when it belongs to Canada's own Shadoe Rage!

GM: Well... I suppose...

[As he heads down the rampway, he is more than happy to slap the hands of fans whose arms are stretched over the barricade, also looking a little bemused at the reaction of many others. Upon reaching the ring, he climbs between the ropes, then cups his hands to his mouth and lets loose a howl, before taking his place in the corner.]

GM: Some unusual crowd response here tonight in Canada. We expected it to some degree but Supernova has never been anything but a darling of the AWA faithful so that's gotta be an odd feeling for him.

[Supernova hands the title belt over to the official who takes it, holding it up for the fans to see as 'Nova drops back to the corner, tugging the ropes for some final stretching.]

GM: Alright, fans... we're about to get down to business here. Ten minute time limit with the AWA World Television Title on the line. Kevin Slater is back in the locker room... yes, let's take a look...

[We cut to a shot backstage somewhere in the building where the former World Champion is camped out in front of a series of buttons and switches, head on a swivel.]

GM: There you go. Kevin Slater keeping an eye on the lighting panel since Williams and Supernova have had a serious problem with the lights going out on them as of late. Hopefully we can avoid that here tonight and have a decisive winner.

[The referee calls both men to the middle, giving some final instructions as Supernova stretches out a hand, offering some pre-match sportsmanship. Williams eyes the offered hand for a moment before accepting with a nod to cheers from the crowd.]

GM: And there's the pre-match handshake. Derrick Williams. Supernova. One fall for the title...

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And here we go!

[At the sound of the bell, Derrick Williams rushes forward, lowering his shoulder into the midsection, lifting the champion off the mat, barreling across the ring and slamming him back into the corner.]

GM: Oh! Quick start by the challenger!

BW: With only ten minutes in the time limit, you gotta start fast if you can.

[Doubled up, Williams grabs the middle rope, driving his shoulder into the midsection once... twice... three times as the referee warns him to back off.]

GM: Davis Warren instantly in there, calling for a break...

[Williams stands up, taking a step back, looking at Warren, and then steps back in, grabbing a loose grip on the back of Supernova's head before drilling him with a swinging elbow strike to the temple.]

GM: Big elbow by the challenger!

BW: He ain't done, Gordo!

[Holding onto the head, the challenger unloads with a half dozen elbow strikes to the skull of Supernova, leaving the champion hanging onto the top rope, trying to stay on his feet as Davis Warren steps in, calling for a break again.]

GM: Williams backs off... but again, right back into the mix...

[Grabbing Supernova by the wrist, Williams goes to whip him across the ring...

...but the champion is able to reverse it, sending Williams crashing into the far turnbuckles where he stumbles back off towards the middle of the ring...]

GM: Supernova reverses... BIIIIIG BACK BODYDROP!

[...and flips Williams through the air, sending him crashing down to the canvas!]

GM: 'Nova set and at the ready...

[And as Williams climbs off the mat, Supernova runs him down with a clothesline, the momentum carrying him through into the opposite corner. He stays there, waving a hand to beckon Williams back up...]

GM: One clothesline puts Williams down... and as he gets back up, a second one drops him as well!

[The second clothesline causes Williams to roll from the ring, seeking the safety of the floor as a pumped-up Supernova stomps around the ring, cupping his hands to his mouth and howling to the capacity crowd. Many echo the cry but a large amount of boos for the gesture come down as well.]

GM: Whoa boy! We're off to a hot start in this World Television Title match as Derrick Williams has been cleared out to the floor, pacing back and forth.

[A flustered Williams throws a glance up at the ring, walking around the ring. He circles the ringpost, taking a deep breath as the referee counts to four...

...and then swings himself under the bottom rope, coming quickly to his feet as Supernova approaches.]

GM: Williams with a right hand to the gut... and a left as well!

[Straightening up, Williams tees off with two short forearms to the jaw, staggering 'Nova back a couple of steps. The challenger advances on him but Supernova comes up swinging, landing a big right haymaker... and another... and another... and another, backing Williams into the corner. The blows come raining down faster, switching to occasional backhand strikes as well as the crowd responds with a mixture of cheers and boos.]

GM: Supernova's got him in the corner, pounding away on him...

[Grabbing the top rope, the champion laces three big kicks into the midsection before grabbing the arm, looking for a whip of his own...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by Williams!

[The whip sends the World Television Champion racing towards the corner where he leaps up to the second rope as Williams comes tearing in behind him. 'Nova leaps off, twisting around to catch the incoming Williams with a crossbody that takes Williams down to the mat as Supernova reaches to hook a leg!]

GM: COUNTERED FOR ONE!! TWO!!

[But Williams rolls Supernova off him, kicking out of the pin attempt. Both men scramble to be the first back to their feet but Supernova gets there first, landing three big haymakers before grabbing Williams by the hair, stomping across the ring and DRIVING him headfirst into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Oh my!

[Williams staggers out of the corner, falling back to a seated position as Supernova leans over, grabbing his feet...]

GM: He's going for the Solar Flare! Supernova grabs the legs!

[But Williams pulls the legs closer to him, shoving off and sending Supernova crashing backwards into the buckles, his head whipping backwards on impact.]

GM: Oh my! A whiplash-type effect as Supernova hits the corner buckles! Twenty-four year old Derrick Williams climbing up to his feet, part of this youth movement here in the AWA with competitors like Jordan Ohara, Ryan Martinez, Brian James, and so many others.

[Williams approaches the corner where Supernova is still dazed from hitting the corner. The challenger leans over, lifting Supernova up and depositing him on the top turnbuckle.]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

BW: Williams looking to end it early, Gordo! With a ten minute time limit, no one has any time to mess around. If you get a shot to finish it, you gotta take it and with Supernova dazed off hitting the corner that hard, Derrick Williams thinks he's got his shot!

GM: Williams steps up to the second rope, grabbing Supernova and pulling him into position...

[But as he reaches down to hook the tights...]

GM: Hold on... hold on... we're being told something is going on back in the locker room! We're being told that-

[We cut to a split screen, Williams attempting the superplex on one side of the screen and on the other...]

GM: Oh, come on!

[The crowd cheers (sort of) the sight of Rashan Hill and Amos Carter attacking Kevin Slater back near the lighting panel!]

GM: Those are the Misfits! Shadoe Rage's Misfits are attacking Kevin Slater! I knew it, Bucky! I knew Shadoe Rage was behind this all along!

BW: Behind what?

GM: The lights! You think this is a coincidence that his little flunkies are back there by the lighting panel?!

BW: That's a bold piece of slander, Gordo. You ain't got proof of that!

[With the former World Champion trying to fend off a two-on-one attack, we suddenly cut back to a full screen shot of Williams trying to get the superplex as Supernova struggles against it...

...but gets lifted into the air anyways, hoisted high into the sky, plummeting towards the canvas...]

GM: SUPERPLEX!

[...and just before impact, the lights go out!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"
"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

BW: It's the night that the lights went out in Calgary, daddy!

GM: This is ridiculous! Absolutely ridiculous! We were in the middle- check that, we ARE in the middle of a match for the World Television Title and for the third time with these two men in the ring, the lights have gone out under the direction of Shao de Rage!

BW: No! I will not allow you to slander his good name like that! You've got absolutely no evidence of anything but-

[And suddenly, the lights come back on...

...and we see Shao de Rage standing on the top rope, looking guilty as sin. He looks up in surprise at the lights, mouthing something probably best unheard by our audience!]

GM: You were saying?! He's right there! He's right there trying to take advantage of this situation and I've got all the evidence I need right there!

BW: I... uh... hmm...

GM: Yeah, that's what I thought!

[Rage suddenly composes himself, leaping into the air towards a rising Derrick Williams who Buries a right hand into his midsection, flipping Rage over and dumping him down on the canvas. Referee Davis Warren backs off, watching as Williams pulls Rage to his feet...]

GM: Williams has got Rage up... whips him to the corner...

[Charging in after him, the Brooklyn native hurls himself through the air, bouncing a heavy forearm off the skull of the former World Television Champion. Turning back across the ring, Williams holds Rage in place as a hobbling Supernova clutching his lower back throws himself back in the corner, howling to the fans...]

GM: Supernova charging in! Williams clears out!

[...and the World Television Champion takes flight, soaring through the air, and crashing bodily into Rage!]

GM: HEAT WAVE IN THE CORNER!

[Supernova turns, shoving Rage out of the corner and down to the canvas. And with the Canada crowd (mostly) booing, Supernova grabs Rage by the legs, folding them up...]

BW: Are you kidding me?! We're in the middle of a match! Why is Davis Warren letting this happen?!

[The official is still standing in the corner, watching as Supernova flips Rage over onto his stomach, sitting back in the Texas Cloverleaf known as the Solar Flare!]

GM: SOLAR FLARE! SUPERNOVA LOCKS IT IN!

[Rage screams loudly, clawing at the canvas, howling with pain as Supernova crouches low, putting lots of pressure on the back...

...and leaving himself exposed, his back turned, to his challenger. Williams suddenly realizes this, lifting his right arm, throwing a glance at it before looking out at the Calgary fans, many cheering the idea of Williams blindsiding Supernova!]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: Yeah, yeah! Do it, kid! Make yourself a champion right here tonight!

GM: Derrick Williams looking out to the fans, almost asking if he should do it!

[Williams wiggles the fingers on his right hand, crouching low, measuring Supernova who is distracted at the idea of punishing his longtime rival and thorn in his side...]

BW: Stop taking an opinion poll, kid! Waffle him!

GM: Would you stop?! This young man has all the talent in the world to win this title fair and square! He doesn't need to take a shortcut! He doesn't need to attack the champion from behind!

[Williams licks his lips in anticipation, ready to drive home the rolling elbow to the back of the head that would cash his ticket to the history books as a World Television Champion...]

GM: Don't do it, young man! Stay strong! Hold the line!

BW: Oh, I'm so sick of this holding the line garbage! This is about money! This is about winning! This is about titles!

GM: Not to everyone!

[Supernova suddenly stands up, turning to lock eyes with the challenger. The champion's gaze drifts to the right arm, cocked and ready to deliver the blow. Rage crawls under the ropes, falling off the apron to the floor as the champion and challenger stare one another down...]

BW: What a waste!

[Supernova questions Williams, turning to point at Rage...

...at which point Williams rushes forward to cheers, pushing Supernova back against the ropes, raining down forearms on him!]

GM: Williams going to work! He's got about... three minutes and change left in the time limit if he's going to capture the title here tonight. Williams really working over Supernova here...

[Grabbing Supernova by the arm, Williams goes to whip him across but Supernova reverses it again, sending him across the ring...]

GM: The champion reverses the whip...

[And as he attempts to leapfrog the advancing challenger, Williams slams on the brakes, snatching Supernova out of the sky, pivoting, and DRIVING him down to the canvas with a powerslam!]

GM: OH MY! OH MY STARS!

BW: That might be enough!

[Williams stays on Supernova, not bothering to hook a leg as Davis Warren dives down to the canvas.]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! TH-

[But Supernova's arm comes flying up, his shoulder lifting off the canvas as a frustrated Williams slams a fist down into the canvas, turning to show three fingers to Davis Warren who disagrees, holding up two in response.]

GM: A very close near fall there for Derrick Williams who just about walked out of Calgary with the World Television Title around his waist!

"THREE MINUTES REMAIN! THREE MINUTES!"

[The time limit call snaps Williams out of his frustrated glare, quickly pulling Supernova off the mat by the arm, twisting it around, dragging Supernova in front of him...]

GM: What's he...?

[Williams pulls the arm across Supernova's chest, twisting him around as he pushes him out, causing Supernova to go into a spin as Williams does the same...

...but Supernova somehow manages to duck down, catching the spinning Williams with a lift...]

GM: SUPERNOVA COUNTERS!

[...and drops him facefirst on the canvas with a flapjack!]

GM: OHH! WILLIAMS EATS THE CANVAS OFF THAT ONE!!

[Supernova gets back up, flipping Williams onto his back, leaning over to grab the legs...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and straight right hand from a prone position by Williams catches Supernova between the eyes, sending him staggering backwards, clutching his nose!]

GM: Oh! What a shot!

[Williams scrambles up as Supernova falls chestfirst into the ropes, hanging over the top as he checks for signs of a broken nose. The challenger approaches from behind, turning Supernova around...

...where Supernova slaps the hand away, responding with three quick right hands to the jaw!]

GM: Supernova fighting back again!

[A big haymaker causes Williams to stumble backwards, turning away from Supernova who advances behind him, reaching out to grab Williams by the hair, pulling him towards an inverted facelock...]

GM: We saw this at Memorial Day Mayhem against Shadoc Rage!

[But before Supernova can lock it in, Williams spins around, wrapping his arms around the torso of the champion...]

GM: SUPLEX!

[A suplex of the Northern Lights variety puts Supernova's shoulders down on the canvas as Williams executes a fantastic bridge...]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[As Supernova's shoulder flies up off the canvas, Phil Watson's voice rings out again.]

"TWO MINUTES REMAIN! TWO MINUTES!"

GM: The champion just barely escapes once again and we're down to two minutes. One hundred and twenty seconds remaining for Derrick Williams to dig down deep and find a way to win this thing!

[Williams gets back to his feet, looking a little panicked as he reaches down, pulling Supernova up again, whipping him towards the ropes...

...and as the champion rebounds, Williams lifts him by the upper thighs, twisting around, and DRIVING Supernova into the canvas with his signature spinebuster!]

GM: SPINEBUSTER! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!

[Williams again slides into a cover, again failing to hook a leg as he tries to finish off the World Television Champion.]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS! SUPERNOVA KICKS OUT AGAIN!

BW: What the heck is it gonna take to keep him down for three, Gordo?!

GM: That's a question that Shadoe Rage has been unable to answer on two clashes for that title! It's a question that Derrick Williams has just over a minute to solve if he wants to walk out with the title here tonight!

[Williams quickly gets off the mat, dragging Supernova up with him. He twists Supernova around, facing away from him and delivers a big shove, sending Supernova towards the buckles, swinging his arm back in anticipation of a rebound...

...but the rebound doesn't come as Supernova grabs the top rope, hanging on with all his strength.]

BW: Brilliant move by the veteran! Grabbing hold of the rope, making sure he didn't bounce back out for what looked like another attempt at that Neuralyzer! Supernova had it well-scouted and was ready for it!

[A frustrated Williams charges in, BLASTING Supernova in the back of the head with a running clothesline, flinging him backwards out of the corner and down to the canvas!]

GM: Supernova hits the canvas after that clothesline and...

"ONE MINUTE REMAINS! SIXTY SECONDS!"

[Williams freezes for a moment, looking back at Supernova and taking a step towards him...

...and then seems to change his mind, looking at the corner instead, moving towards it.]

GM: Indecision on the part of Derrick Williams as we hear the call of sixty seconds remaining!

BW: He's not a rookie anymore, Gordo, but he's still a kid! That was inexperience shining through right there.

GM: But he's made his decision now, stepping up on the second rope, facing away from the ring...

BW: For what?! I don't think we've ever seen Williams take to the sky before!

GM: Perhaps he feels that desperate times are calling for desperate measures, looking over his shoulder at Supernova now... taking aim...

[And with a deep breath, Williams throws himself backwards, swinging his arm up into position for an elbowdrop...]

GM: Diving back elbowdrop off the second rope!

[...but Supernova rolls out of the way, causing Williams to VIOLENTLY slam down into the canvas!]

GM: He missed! He missed the flying elbow!

BW: And look at Supernova, trying to take advantage of the mistake by the kid!

[Supernova quickly gets up, ducking through the ropes, climbing to the top as quickly as he can...]

"THIRTY SECONDS!"

[...and takes flight, soaring high into the air, and CRASHES down onto the stunned Williams!]

GM: FLYING SPLASH OFF THE TOP!

[Supernova reaches back, snagging both legs tightly as Davis Warren dives down to the canvas!]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Supernova got him! He retains the title here in Calgary!

[Supernova comes up off of Williams to his knees, looking out at the crowd with a big smile. There's still a mixed reaction to the win - crazy Canadians - but Supernova doesn't seem to hear it as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Your winner of the match... and STILL AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPIONNNNNN...

SUUUUUUUUUPERNOOOOOOOVAAAAAA!

[The title belt is handed back to Supernova who clutches it to his chest before climbing to his feet, thrusting it into the air to another mixed reaction from the Canadian crowd.]

GM: What a win for Supernova, keeping the title despite the best efforts of Shadoo Rage and his Misfits... and Bucky, doesn't part of you have to wonder how this match might've turned out if they HADN'T got involved?

BW: No, not one bit!

GM: I bet Derrick Williams will be wondering about exactly that... but right now, Supernova is on top of the world, looking ahead to his next title defense against the Fighting Irishman himself, Callum Mahoney!

BW: And when that match goes down, we're going to see "and still" changed to "and new," daddy. Bank on it!

GM: We'll see about that but we're off to a tremendous start here in Calgary and we've still got a lot more to come here on Sweet Daddy Williams Appreciation Night! Fans, don't go away because we'll be right back after this commercial break so stay tuned!

[Supernova mounts the second rope, celebrating his victory as we slowly fade to black...

We cut to Sweet Lou Blackwell who sits behind a large desk. Beside him is a rotary dial phone. Yeah, there are apparently some of those still around.]

SLB: Some people accused me of not wanting to change with the times. That some things were better left in the past.

[He raises his arm and swats the rotary phone away. It falls to the ground before him with a clatter.]

SLB: And the more I've thought about it... they were right!

[He pulls from underneath the desk... a smartphone!]

SLB: I have officially upgraded, folks!

[The camera cuts to a smartphone screen and the shot moves in closer to see an icon featuring Sweet Lou's face imposed over an AWA logo. Beneath it are the words:

"SWEET LOU'S HOTLINE.]

V/O: That's right, AWA fans, Sweet Lou Blackwell's hotline is going high tech! Get on Google Play and iTunes and look for the Sweet Lou's Hotline app! Download it today and you can stay on top of all the latest rumors, gossip and breaking news, delivered only by Sweet Lou Blackwell! Plus exclusive interviews and plenty of insights from Sweet Lou about the latest developments in the AWA and the history of pro wrestling!

[We cut back to Sweet Lou at the desk.]

SLB: It's a free app, but kids, don't forget to get your parents' permission before you download!

[He looks down at the smartphone and seems puzzled.]

SLB: Um... can someone tell me how to set up the wifi connection again?

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to live action backstage in the locker room area. Shadoe Rage is hobbling through the scene as Mark Stegglet approaches.]

MS: Shadoe, can I get a comment from-

[But before Stegglet can even get the question out, a loud and angry voice is heard, cutting him off.]

“What the HELL did you think you were doing out there?!”

[The camera turns as a red-faced Emerson Gellar stalks into view, absolutely fuming as he confronts the former Television Champion who winces, reaching around to cradle his lower back before speaking.]

SR: Gellar, here to hand out a few more favors to your golden boy, huh? Whatcha gonna do to protect him some more?

[Gellar throws his hand to the side in a dismissive gesture.]

EG: Knock it off with all that garbage. I’m so sick and tired of you think you can do whatever you want around here. I’m so-

[Rage angrily responds.]

SR: So what?! What, you're going to fine me? FINE ME! I've been fined before. Suspend me? SUSPEND ME! I've been suspended before. It doesn't matter.

[Gellar grimaces as he realizes the truth in what Rage is saying.]

EG: Yeah, yeah... I know. I’ve seen the history of your punishments. No amount of money we fine you seems to make a dent. You’ve been suspended and come back just as much of a pain in the...

[Gellar’s words trail off as he shakes his head.]

EG: I don’t know how yet, Rage... but somehow you’re going to learn to respect authority around here.

[Rage’s lips twist into a grin.]

SR: Authority? You're an empty suit.

[Gellar looks agitated.]

EG: Is that right? Really?

[Rage nods as Gellar nods right along with him.]

EG: Well, maybe I’ve got something for you then. You don’t respect fines and suspensions and worse yet, you don’t respect me... but I’m gonna make you respect the rules. Because as of this moment... right now... you will NEVER get another shot against Supernova for the World Television Title!

[The crowd inside the arena erupts in jeers for the slight against the Canadian star as Rage lunges forward, looking like he might take Gellar’s head clean off his shoulders.]

SR: You son of a... you can’t do this!

[And this time, it's Gellar's turn to grin.]

EG: No? I just did.

[And as the Director of Operations turns to exit, Rage starts shouting incoherently at him, falling to his knees, his face convulsing. He tries to find words but none can be found. He remains motionless, catatonic. His left eye twitches. He struggles to find words. Froth flecks his lips as we cut back out to Gordon and Bucky standing at ringside.]

GM: Wow! A huge announcement right there and I hate to say that Shadoe Rage had that coming but he truly did, Bucky.

BW: Well, he got caught with his hand in the cookie jar and... look, Gellar was right. A fine wasn't going to dissuade him from doing something like this again. Maybe a long enough suspension but Emerson Gellar hit him right where it hurts the most. The World Television Title that means so much to him... he can never challenge Supernova for it again.

GM: And Shadoe Rage just... he just collapsed, Bucky. He couldn't speak... I don't even know if he could think at that point.

BW: He was truly broken by that decision, Gordo. I don't know if Shadoe Rage will ever be the same after that.

GM: Well, one thing we know that will never be the same is the undefeated streak of the Gladiator which came to an end at Memorial Day Mayhem at the hands of Johnny Detson... with more than a little help from his friends.

BW: The World Champion reigns supreme!

GM: Come on, Bucky... you have to admit that Rex Summers played a major role in that match apparently thanks to Doctor Harrison Fawcett who certainly earned the trust of the Kings of Wrestling with that maneuver.

BW: I admit that Johnny Detson is the greatest professional athlete in the world today.

GM: But you won't admit that Summers used the steel briefcase to set up the Wilde Driver that cost the Gladiator the match?

BW: Hmm?

GM: I guess not. Well, let's find out if the World Champion will admit it himself.

[We fade up to the ring where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing.]

SLB: Alright, wrestling fans, allow me to welcome to the ring here in Calgary a man who - in my opinion - is very lucky to still be the AWA World Heavyweight Champion... Johnny Detson!

[The camera shot pulls back to reveal the champion already in the ring. Detson is wearing a pair of black tracksuit pants with a Kings of Wrestling sweat jacket unzipped to show off his Kings of Wrestling shirt. The World Title is draped over his left shoulder and he is also sporting the biggest cat that ate the canary grin.]

JD: I'm sorry. Did you say lucky, Lou?

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: I did indeed, Mr. Detson. Lucky is the only way I can describe it when you somehow found a way to defeat the Gladiator at Memorial Day Mayhem. Of course, perhaps it isn't luck at all that you have so many people in your corner. The Kings of Wrestling all looking to get involved and then you add Rex Summers on top of that and-

[Detson interrupts.]

JD: Whoa, whoa, whoa. Calm down there, Louie. I may be great but even I can't control what other people decide to do and when they decide to do it.

SLB: So you're saying that you had nothing to do with that arrangement between Dr. Harrison Fawcett and Rex Summers?

JD: Listen, just because Dr. Fawcett is now one of my new close and personal friends as well as my new physician...

[Blackwell looks aghast as Detson just shrugs.]

JD: He came highly recommended from my friend and Hall of Fame manager Brian Lau... anyway just because Dr. Fawcett is all that, I cannot speak for him and any accusation against him should be levied directly to him.

[Blackwell begins to speak again but Detson cuts him off.]

JD: What I can confirm is that Emerson Gellar has a personal vendetta against YOUR World Champion and where is the call for justice on that?! He tried to trick me and lull me to that arena and pit me in a completely unfair match WITHOUT advance notice against an undefeated, untouched behemoth to take my World Title.

[Detson smirks and holds up the title.]

JD: And as usual, Emerson Gellar lost! Just like the Gladiator lost... by my hands... for the first time ever... never to be seen again!

SLB: I doubt very much that the Gladiator is gone for good. In fact-

[Detson cuts off Blackwell again.]

JD: Never to be seen again! Once again Gellar bet on himself, and once again Gellar LOST! So he goes out and decides to screw my brothers-in-arms and rob them of their tag team titles! Well, that injustice will be rectified tonight I personally guarantee that!

And then with the two time tag team champions, the newly crowned TPP CAGE champion and YOUR World Heavyweight Champion, the Kings will be even more of an unstoppable force than we already are.

SLB: Moving on. It seemed you were rather upset with your placement in the Battle of Boston.

[Detson's face forms a frown as his expression sours.]

JD: Gellar once again finding technicalities and glitches in our arrangement. I figured he would put value in his word and eventually give me the night off I was promised. I thought he would let Brian James enter the Battle of Boston, dominate and win. But of course Gellar has no honor and his word means nothing. So I guess I have to go out there and win the whole thing and prove him wrong one more time. It's a shame really.

SLB: Why? Because you and Brian James might end up facing each other in the tournament?

[Detson looks off to the side real quick before turning to Blackwell with a quizzical look on his face, shaking his head.]

JD: No. Geez, the questions you come up with! It's a shame because here the AWA is in Canada, and here I am having successfully defended this title over one hundred eighty six times...

SLB: No you haven't.

[Detson ignores him and continues.]

JD: ...but unfortunately I won't be able to defend the title in this country devoid of hope because I'll be too involved in getting myself prepared for the Battle of Boston. But really that's Gellar's fault and you should all blame him.

[Detson laughs.]

JD: I mean, it's not as if he would have someone on my level to face me! It's not like anyone deserves a shot at my title. I faced all comers and I've defeated all comers! There is no one who could even-

[But Detson is cut off as a familiar song begins to play.]

BW: No!

GM: That is music to the ears of every man, woman and child here!

[That song being "Godzilla" by Blue Oyster Cult as the crowd nearly blows the roof off the Saddledome.]

GM: He's back!

[The curtains part, and out walks none other than "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor. His hair is a bit longer than when we last saw him, and his formerly clean shaven face is gone in favor of a five o'clock shadow. He raises his right arm to the heavens, eliciting an even louder response from the crowd. In his left hand is a microphone, which after nodding and smiling at the assembled throng he raises to his lips.]

BOC: Calgary and every single member of the AWA Galaxy sitting at home watching, I have one thing to say.

[Bobby slaps his formerly injured arm.]

BOC: I am back and better than ever!

[Bobby nods in appreciation of all the cheers that gets, before pointing towards the ring. Towards Detson.]

BOC: And from what I can see, not a moment too soon. I've been back home, doing everything in my power to get back so that I could compete in front of the greatest fans in the world as soon as possible. But while I was rehabbing and training myself back to fighting shape with Dad and Grandpa Karl, I had to see things that turned my stomach.

My best friend in the world robbed of HIS World Heavyweight Championship and nearly sent out of this great sport forever.

[Big boos for that, as Bobby nods in agreement while Detson slaps the front plate of his championship belt with a cocky grin.]

BOC: Now, don't get me wrong. Ryan isn't the type to need anyone to fight his battles and he would sooner never step into a wrestling again before he didn't teach those that did him wrong a lesson they'll never forget. Ryan will get his hands on... the man that tried to end his career.

[Bobby pauses, shaking his head with disgust.]

BOC: And don't worry, he'll make you pay for stealing his property before long.

[Cheers for Ryan as Bobby points at Detson.]

BOC: There's just one problem still left unsolved, though. That the most prestigious title in this sport is around the waist of the kind of man that would rather politic his way out of defending it instead of being a fighting champ with honor.

And I aim to fix that.

[Bobby nods at the slowly growing cheers.]

BOC: I have nothing but love for this great sport. I have nothing but respect for that championship belt that's in your grasp.

I also have another thing.

[Bobby smiles.]

BOC: I have a shot at that title that I EARNED by outlasting every other man in the Rumble. And that is a shot that I am CASHING IN!

[The crowd goes absolutely nuts at this, as Detson shakes his head vehemently... shouting no repeatedly.]

BOC: Toronto is a place that you will never forget, Detson. Because not only will it be the place that I make my return to that ring... but it is the place I right every wrong you and your Kings have committed by taking that belt from you once and for all!

[Detson kicks the ropes, continuing to shout "NO!" as the crowd chants "BOB-BY!".]

BOC: I will teach you a lesson, I don't know if you'll remember to never take the shortcut to success again but you will DEFINITELY remember to FEAR THE REAPER!

[Bobby lets the microphone drop as the crowd continues to chant his name as an incredulous Johnny Detson looks on in disbelief.]

GM: Oh my stars, fans! Bobby O'Connor is back! He's back right here in the AWA and he's made it as clear as day that in two weeks in Toronto, he's coming for the World Heavyweight Title!

BW: This isn't right! This isn't fair! Gellar's gotta be behind this!

GM: Johnny Detson is beside himself at this news, Bucky!

BW: Can you blame him?!

GM: Fans, what a night it's been here in Calgary already and we're just getting started so stick around, won't you?

[A grinning Bobby O'Connor continues to soak up the cheers of the fans as we fade to black.]

We fade up on the logo for the television network known by its fans as "The X" - Fox Sports X. Standing next to it is Terrence Howard of "Empire" fame.]

"They tell me that Lucious Lyon ain't the toughest man on Fox anymore. Hah! I'll believe that when I see it!"

[Cut to a shot from SWLL's LUCHA LUCHA LUCHA where El Caliente snaps off a death-defying dive over the top rope, over the corner ringpost, and onto a prone figure. A voiceover not belonging to Terrence Howard provides the hype.]

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

[Then to a shot of the GFC - a recent shot with Ivan Petrov knocking Rufus Harris out to win the GFC Heavyweight Title.]

"Or maybe you prefer a little bit of MMA!"

[On to Tiger Paw Pro's WrestleGalaxy as Yoshinari Taguchi exchanges stiff slaps with the man AWA fans would know as Nenshou.]

"Travel to the Land of the Rising Sun for some puroresu action!"

[A highlight reel level head kick from a European looking kickboxer drops a Japanese one.]

"The hottest new action on The X belongs to SKB - Super K Boxing!"

[And finally to a shot of Ryan Martinez lighting up Supreme Wright's chest with a series of machine gun chops.]

"Saturday nights bring you all the action of the American Wrestling Alliance!"

[We cut back to Terrence Howard, wincing and rubbing his own chest as if he could feel Martinez' chops.]

"Alright, alright... those boys are pretty bad too. But can they sing?"

[Howard laughs as we cut back to the logo for The X. Howard delivers the closing line.]

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

[The "come get some" slogan fills the screen as we fade to black...

...and back up to live action where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell standing inside the ring. Blackwell looks a bit uneasy and as the camera pans back we quickly see why...]

"The one stop shop is in the HOUSE!"

[...the Quadrasaurus.]

SLB: As they say, from the frying pan to the fire as I just witnessed the return of Bobby O'Connor to confront the World Champion, Johnny Detson, and now I'm... here. With this gentleman. Flex Ferrigno.]

[The camera pans back. Ferrigno looks to his left and then to his right. He then pulls down his aviator sunglasses and locks his eyes directly on Blackwell.]

FLEX: Who you talkin' to, Lou? You talkin' to the [spooky fingers] Galaxy? Hey AWA Galaxy... try this on for size.

[Ferrigno cocks both fists up and curls them inward, cranking his massive biceps inch by inch until his fists struggle to come anywhere close to his ears due to the peaks popping out of his arms.]

SLB: Impressive as always, Flex. But the reason I've called upon you tonight is on behalf of Emerson Gellar and the entire AWA organization in order to seek a public apology in front of all of these fans here in Calgary for your unsanctioned actions at Memorial Day Mayhem.

FLEX: You want me to... apologize?

[Blackwell nods ever so slightly as the fans cheer the idea of that.]

FLEX: Emerson Gellar wants me... to apologize... for my actions at Memorial Day Mayhem?

[Again, Blackwell nods as Ferrigno strokes his chin, a smirk crossing his face.]

FLEX: And that's gonna make Gellar happy?

SLB [quickly]: Yes!

FLEX: Alright.

[Pause.]

FLEX: Here it is.

[Blackwell tilts the mic in closer to Flex who lets out a deep sigh.]

FLEX: It's comin'. I swear, Lou.

[Flex grimaces as Blackwell looks on eagerly. The fans are starting to jeer now, sensing Ferrigno is stalling.]

FLEX: Yean, yeah. Ok. One sec, Lou.

[Ferrigno clears his throat.]

FLEX: I'm... sorry.

[Blackwell lets out an exasperated sigh as the fans cheer. Ferrigno shakes his head, holding up a finger.]

FLEX: I'm sorry that Gellar don't got guns like these, Lou.

[Ferrigno strikes another picturesque double bicep pose.]

FLEX: I'm sorry Gordon Myers' legs ain't have the size of these badboys.

[Bucky snorts loudly over the headset.]

BW: Hah! He got you, Gordo!

[Ferrigno continues.]

FLEX: I'm sorry that women don't drop to their KNEES beggin' to see more of ya when ya walk into a room, Lou. I'm sorry that Supernova has been stuck playin' babysitter to those pipsqueaks that have been chasin' his gold when God chiseled a specimen like me out of a stone and I'm ready and able to take that title off his hands anytime, any place.

But most of all, Lou. MOST OF ALL... I'm sorry that top to bottom, champ to chump, that the Battle of Boston is being filled with micro machine versions of the MONSTA MUSCLE.

You want the BEST to Battle in Boston, Gellar? HUH?!

Then look no further than the King of Twisted Steel and Sex Appeal. You can fight it all you want but one way or another I'm showin' up to Boston, I'm stompin' a hole in any man that stands in my way, and I'm PROVING to the entire world why they call me the Quadrasaurus.

I don't NEED no Battle Royal to stomp over the competition and show the World that I am FOR REAL. In fact... that little geek runt Imbrogno and his boy put their hands on my in that Battle Royal...

[Ferrigno extends his hands in front of him, spreading out his fingers.]

FLEX: So I think it's only fair that right here tonight in Calgary...

[Cheers for Calgary!]

FLEX: Suckers.

[Boos for Flex!]

FLEX: ...that I put MY hands on him!

[Blackwell goes to wrap things up when Flex speaks again.]

FLEX: Look at me, Lou.

SLB: I'm here.

FLEX: Nah, look RIGHT at me.

[Blackwell obliges.]

FLEX: I'm bringin' ALL the goods to the ring tonight, Lou.

AND THE STORE...

...IS...

...OPEN!

[Flex slides his aviators up his nose and over his eyes before stomping off towards the corner, shouting at the jeering fans.]

SLB: Well, you heard the man, fans... no apology to Emerson Gellar and the fans of the AWA and... here comes your opponent right now, Flex Ferrigno.

[Ferrigno turns, spotting "Mr. Mensa" Manny Imbrogno coming up the ringsteps in his tweed blazer with the Mensa emblem on the crest. He slingshots over the top rope...

...and gets run down by Ferrigno who knocks him off his feet with an impactful clothesline!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! Flex Ferrigno just assaulted Manny Imbrogno when Mr. Mensa had JUST gotten inside the ring!

[Grabbing the top rope, Ferrigno puts the boots to Imbrogno, laying in stomp after heavy stomp to the upper body, shouting "YOU THINK YOU'RE ON MY LEVEL?!" at the World's Smartest Man a few times. The referee steps in, forcing a fired-up Ferrigno to back off.]

GM: Get in there... get the man back!

[Ferrigno backs off, fuming as Imbrogno writhes in pain down on the canvas. The official orders Flex to stay in the corner before turning to go back and check on Mr. Mensa.]

GM: Referee Davis Warren over there in the corner, checking to see if Manny Imbrogno is even going to be able to compete here tonight. That pre-match assault might've spelled the end of this one before it even got started.

[Warren kneels down next to Imbrogno who uses the ropes to pull himself to a knee, glaring across the ring at Ferrigno. He shrugs out of his blazer, nodding to Warren.]

BW: You've gotta be kidding me.

GM: It looks like Imbrogno's gonna go! He says to ring the bell!

[The official stands up, shrugs his shoulders, and then signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we- OH!

[Imbrogno throws his tweed jacket, flinging it into the face of Flex Ferrigno, blinding him as Mr. Mensa scrambles up, running across the ring, leaping up to throw a dropkick at the surprised Ferrigno!]

GM: Imbrogno with a dropkick! And another one!

[The second one sends Ferrigno falling back against the ropes as Imbrogno scrambles up. Ferrigno whips the jacket aside as Imbrogno grabs him by the back of the head, blasting him with a European uppercut!]

GM: OH! What a shot by Imbrogno! That'll rock the big man!

[Grabbing Ferrigno by the arm, Imbrogno goes to whip him across the ring but the Monsta Muscle reverses with ease, sending Mr. Mensa across the ring. Imbrogno bounces off the far ropes, leaping into the air on the rebound for a crossbody...

...and Ferrigno snatches him out of the sky, shaking his head with a smirk as he holds Imbrogno across his chest!]

GM: Ferrigno caught him!

[And with one hell of a clean and jerk, Ferrigno lifts Imbrogno up over his head with ease, pressing his arms out to full extension, holding Mr. Mensa over his head for all to see.]

BW: Look at that press! Ferrigno shoves him to the sky, daddy!

[Ferrigno slowly lowers Imbrogno down, letting his stomach hit the top of Flex's head...

...and presses him right back up!]

GM: Ferrigno pressing him up again!

[Ferrigno shows off, pressing Imbrogno up and down several times...

...until a wriggling Imbrogno slips free, hooking Ferrigno, and dragging him down to the canvas in a crucifix!]

GM: CRUCIFIX! CRUCIFIX! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But Ferrigno kicks out, breaking the pin attempt!]

GM: Oh! Near fall right there!

BW: Now THAT would've ruined Flex's night, daddy.

GM: It certainly would have. Imbrogno scrambling back to his feet... spinning back kick to the gut!

[With Ferrigno doubled up, Imbrogno dashes to the ropes, coming back fast towards Ferrigno who catches him under the arms with both hands, shoving him up into the air, twisting as he sails upwards...

...and then Ferrigno catches Mr. Mensa on the way down, DRIVING him back down with a devastating German Suplex!]

BW: Holy...

GM: You said it. This one is over after that. No doubt about it.

[Ferrigno climbs up off the mat, looking down at Imbrogno as the referee implores the Monsta Muscle to make a cover.]

GM: Ferrigno's not covering him. What's he waiting for?

BW: Maybe he wants to send a message after Imbrogno tried to embarrass him.

[Flex turns towards the hard camera, striking a double bicep pose to jeers from the capacity crowd.]

GM: And now he's posing.

BW: Impressive, ain't it?

GM: Of course but it's hardly the way to win a match.

[Ferrigno switches to another pose, the side chest - his hands gripped like he's applying a side headlock as he shows off the power in his biceps and triceps and pectorals...

...and turns back towards Imbrogno, grabbing him by the hair with one hand, yanking him off the mat to his feet...]

GM: Ferrigno pulls him up...

[...and then YANKS Imbrogno into a side headlock, gripping his wrist with the other hand, planting his feet...]

GM: What in the...?

[...and he CRANKS on the pressure, squeezing the head of Imbrogno with every bit of power his massive muscles can manage!]

GM: That's a side headlock but-

BW: But I've never seen it locked in like that before! Look at the muscles! Look at the power! Ferrigno's gonna pop his head right off his shoulders!

[Ferrigno roars as he loosens the hold and then reapplies it, cranking harder on the head and neck. Imbrogno flails his arms about, screaming in pain as Ferrigno does it again...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: WOW!

BW: Did that just happen?! Did I really just see that?!

GM: Flex Ferrigno just got a submission... with a side headlock! Incredible!

BW: A side headlock is a move you see in tons of wrestling matches but like I said, I've NEVER seen it locked in like that. Those arms... the biceps, the triceps, the delts... the pectorals... good lord, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely incredible, like I said. Manny Imbrogno is a tough competitor but the pressure on his head and neck there must have been unbearable. Flex Ferrigno is one of the strongest men we've ever seen in an AWA ring and... wow. I'm still in shock over this one.

[Ferrigno smirks at the announcement of his submission victory, striking another double bicep pose to stunned jeers from the Calgary crowd...

...and then exits the ring, turning to the camera and shouting, "YOU LIKE THAT, GELLAR?! YOU GONNA RESPECT THE MAN NOW?!" as he walks down the aisle towards the locker room.]

GM: An impressive victory for Flex Ferrigno, a man you would have to believe is a contender for that Wild Card spot available in the Battle of Boston tournament coming up on 4th of July weekend.

BW: Imbrogno might have been a contender for that too, Gordo, until he just nearly was decapitated.

[We cut back to the ring where the referee is kneeling next to Imbrogno, checking on him.]

GM: Manny Imbrogno still down on the mat... still down on-

[Suddenly, the lights go out!]

BW: Uh oh!

GM: The lights are out here in Calgary! What in the world is-

[And as they come back on, we find another individual standing inside the ring...

...noose in hand.]

GM: OH MY STARS! IT'S THE HANGMAN! THE HANGMAN HAS HIT THE RING!

[The referee scurries as The Hangman steps towards him, reaching down and dragging Imbrogno off the mat, lifting him up into a torture rack...

...and then swings him out, dropping him down in a spine-shaking neckbreaker!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The Hangman takes a knee, staring down at Imbrogno...

...and the crowd ROARS!]

GM: BC! BC IS HEADING FOR THE RING!

[But as the Round Mound Of Hip Hop Sound makes his way down the aisle, the lights cut out again...]

BW: Somebody got a Clapper turned on back there?

[...and as they come back up, BC rolls in to find the ring empty except for his laid out tag team partner.]

GM: He's gone! The Hangman is gone!

BW: How in the world does he do that?

GM: I have no idea... absolutely no idea. But as BC Da Mastah MC checks on his partner and friend, let's go backstage to hear from a man who moments ago made his big return to the AWA - Bobby O'Connor!

[We cut backstage, where Mark Stegglet is standing by. To his right in a black "FEAR THE REAPER" shirt is the recently returned "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor.]

MS: Bobby, let me be the first to officially welcome you back!

[Bobby smiles, shaking Mark's hand.]

BOC: Thanks Mark, I can't even put into words how great it feels to be back. But still not as good as it'll feel to take the belt off that snake Detson.

MS: Which brings me to my first question. You had that shot in your back pocket for some time now. Why wait until now?

BOC: Well Mark, I was overjoyed to have achieved that win in the Rumble. But just jumping to the head of the class whenever I want and get a shot isn't usually my style. I'd rather earn that shot through hard work by beating out all the other top

talent for that number one contender's slot. But things have changed. We don't have the kind of champ we can be proud of. We have a disgrace and his flunkies playing games with that title. So if I have to use that Rumble win to make that right, then that's exactly what I'm going to do.

[Mark opens his mouth to reply, and then just as quickly closes his mouth with a smile as Jack and Travis Lynch walk into frame. Jack grasps Bobby's outstretched hand as a smiling Travis slaps Bobby on the shoulder.

JL: Brother, I probably don't even have to tell you how good it is to see your face. And I definitely don't have to tell you that me and Travis have your back when you put the boots to Detson.

TL: You've got that right, you can count on us!

[Bobby smirks and nods.]

BOC: I know that... but I have to turn that offer down.

[Jack and Travis trade confused looks.]

BOC: If I'm going to do this, it has to be by the books. And it has to be me, all on my own taking that title off of him.

[Jack shakes his head, sighing.]

JL: Still the same old Boy Scout. Come on, they don't have the Spur but they have a place almost as good. First round's on me.

[Bobby laughs, slapping Jack and Travis on the respective shoulders.]

BOC: Make it ginger ale and you're on... AFTER I watch YOUR backs tonight when you keep those tag titles around your waists. Deal?

[Handshakes all around.]

JL: Deal.

[The three walk off as Mark turns to address the camera.]

MS: And with that, things might just be taking another step towards the good old days! A shining light in a dark time if you will. Back to you at ringside.

[We cut back down to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Thanks for that, Mark. And it certainly is good to see Bobby O'Connor reunited with his good friends, the Lynches.

BW: Speak for yourself but I guess garbage of a feather...

GM: That... makes no sense at all. Phil Watson, save us, will you?

[We cut up to the ring where a grinning Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall...

[The Calgary crowd starts to rumble as Derek Rage strides through the crowd and steps over the barricade.]

GM: What in the...?

[The 7'2, 340 pound monster of a man strolls towards the ring, his dark eyes on Phil Watson. He is dressed in a razor sharp tailored double breasted navy suit, ivory dress shirt open at the neck and cognac-colored loafers, a burnt orange pocket square puffs jauntily out of his breast pocket. The immaculate wardrobe contrasts sharply with his shoulder length dreadlocks and menacing stare. Phil Watson is nonplussed as Derek Rage climbs the ring steps, steps over the top rope and approaches him casually.]

GM: What is he doing here? He's not part of the AWA! Someone get security out here!

BW: We're in Canada, Gordo! Call the mounties.

[Rage smiles affably at Watson, pointing towards the microphone. Watson seems uncomfortable with the idea.]

GM: Derek Rage apparently has something to say to this crowd but... I think Phil's doing the right thing here, Bucky. Derek Rage doesn't work here and-

[Angered by Watson's refusal, Rage's hand shoots out and fastens around his head in a clawhold.]

BW: Wait a minute now!

GM: NO!!!!

[Rage yanks Watson in and hoists him up high, holding him in the air before slamming him to the mat with a thunderous Hammer of God clawhold slam. The Canadian crowd goes nuts at the spectacle. Watson twitches on the canvas.]

GM: OH MY GOOD GOD!

BW: There's no call for this! Somebody get Phil some help!

[Rage reaches down and takes the microphone from Phil's unconscious hand as the crowd roars in shock at what they just saw.]

DR: They obviously don't want me here... too damn bad, because the Intelligent Thug is here. I dare someone to do something about it! Now's your chance. Get your ass down this aisle and make me move!

[Rage stalks around the ring, challenging someone to come get some.]

GM: These actions are despicable. For the viewers watching at home, this is not... this is not what we expected to see here tonight. Derek Rage is not scheduled to compete nor is he under contract with the AWA.

BW: But this is live television, Gordo! Anything can happen and we're seeing anything happening right now. And for the love of Pete, can somebody get Phil Watson some help?!

[In answer to the call, a furious Emerson Gellar comes from backstage with a phalanx of security and medical staff. Rage gestures the medical personnel into the ring to tend to Watson. He looks down at Gellar, stone faced.]

EG: (shouting loud enough that the arena mics pick it up) You're crazy! You're damn right I don't want you here! Hell, you don't even work here... and if you did you just did something that would get you suspended like your crazy brother!

[Rage's eyes narrow slightly and glint. He becomes even more saturnine.]

DR: Don't you ever compare me to him, you hear?

[By this time, Gellar's actually gotten his hands on a house mic. He stays on the ring apron, presumably trying to stay out of the big man's reach.]

EG: You... you get out of my ring right now! Do we have police in the building? I want this man arrested! I want him arrested for trespassing and assault right NOW! Security, get him out of here!

[The security guards advance. Rage seems unfazed. He moves forward, stepping over the medical staff attending to Watson as he approaches Gellar.]

DR: Gellar, before you do that, I want to know something. For years, I've been hearing that the AWA is THE place for opportunity. It's THE place where the biggest, baddest men fight. It's the place where everyone gets a shot and you have to make the most of it.

[Gellar just glares at Rage, not responding.]

DR: And I want to know just how much bull crap that is, Gellar.

[The crowd "oooohhhhs!" at that. Gellar grimaces, looking even more irritated. He chooses not to respond to Rage, waving security forward. By this point, we can see some armed police officers have entered the fray as well, working their way towards the ring. Rage speaks again as Gellar looks on.]

DR: Because if this place is as great as people claim... as YOU claim, Gellar. If the boys in the back are as tough as you claim...

[He casts a withering glance at Watson.]

DR: ...then you should have no problem putting one of them against me to send me packing if you don't like what I do.

[Gellar eyes Rage nervously, still waving the guards and police forward.]

DR: Okay... I get it. All that talk is just for show. It's just for media hype. Well, tell the media to make this their headline. "Derek Rage: The Man The AWA Fears."

[Gellar's eyes burn into Rage before he shouts "STOP!" to the advancing security. The Director of Operations steps through the ropes, walking into the ring, edging closer to Rage until he's standing nose to... well, chest... with the big man. Security is all around, ready to strike if Rage makes a move towards the executive.]

EG: I'd have to admit that I'm curious. What are you proposing, Rage?

[A grin crosses the face of Derek Rage, having successfully baited the hook.]

DR: I'm glad you got a set, Gellar. I'm proposing one night. One match. In two weeks, you're going to be in Toronto. Hell, I hear my whole damn family is gonna be there. So... am... I.

[Some cheers from the Canadian crowd for that news.]

DR: You pick the opponent. I'll get in that ring. If your big, bad man can put me down for the three count, hell, I'll walk away and say thank you very much, sir.

[Gellar's listening.]

DR: But if I win... you put the ink on the paper and make me a member of that locker room.

[Gellar seems to consider it a moment, looking around at the Canadian crowd going crazy at the proposition. Gellar chews his lips, thinking it over, and then slowly raises the mic.]

EG: Deal.

[Big cheer from the Calgary fans!]

EG: Now get the hell out of my ring.

[Rage quirks the smallest of smiles, nodding his head.]

DR: Sure thing, future boss.

[Derek Rage gives him the coolest wink as he walks away, smirking at the barely conscious Watson and dropping to the floor. He makes a point of swaggering through security and the police as he heads backstage.]

GM: What in the world did we just witness? A thug... an out-and-out thug just interrupted an AWA event, assaulted an AWA employee... not even a wrestler but an announcer... and he gets a chance to win a contract out of the whole thing?! Are you kidding me?!

BW: Gellar's out of control, Gordo. He let his ego get in the way this time... his pride. Rage called him out and Gellar couldn't resist making the match.

GM: I don't like this... I don't like it one bit, fans. But... apparently it's a done deal. Apparently in two weeks, Derek Rage will meet an opponent of Emerson Gellar's choosing with an AWA contract on the line. Toronto keeps getting bigger and better, Bucky.

BW: You got that right.

GM: We've got our medical team down here, trying to tend to Phil Watson who I'm guessing will need the rest of the night off.

BW: He might need the rest of the month off, Gordo. Maybe the year!

GM: Hopefully it's not that bad but as they tend to Phil in the ring, we're going to take a quick break. We'll be right back.

[Fade to black.]

Open to a wide shot of former AWA tag team champion, City Jack, in front of a green-screened "A" and some swirly designs. Jack's wearing a "Bluegrass Kentucky Fed" t-shirt, jeans, and black knee brace. Beside him on the screen are the following words:

Knee Pain?

Back Pain?

Call Toll Free! 800.555.1548!]

CJ: Hey my wrestlin' family, ol' City Jack here to let you all in on a little somethin' special!

[Jack, very excitedly, pumps his fists.]

CJ: Have any ya'll had some pain recently? You know, in them there knees?

[Jack points to the knee-braced knee.]

CJ: Or maybe that back of yours been hurtin' after slavin' away so long on the docks, right?

[Jack flashes a smile as he lifts up his t-shirt a bit to show a back brace that's straining against his girth.]

CJ: Well this ol' SOB says don't let it get ya! You call this here number?

[Jack thumbs over to his left where the 800 number is.]

CJ: And you tell 'em you got some pain, but ol' Docter CJ sent ya to get some RELIEF! And my friends here at the Medical Warnin' Center will send ya some good stuff to cure what ails ya! And hey!

[Jack wags his finger over for the camera to close in, like Jack's got a secret to tell.]

CJ: Ya got Medicare? Well, got some good news cause all them relief? My friends could get ya a brace for just some pennies or even no cash needed! Just like me!

[Jack points to both braces that he wears.]

CJ: So make the call, will ya? It's just a couple numbers on ya cell phone - 1-800-555-1548! And hey, tell 'em City Jack sent ya!

[Jack winks at the camera before the shot fades...

...and then comes back up on Gordon and Bucky seated at ringside. The Dean of Professional Wrestling announcing looks solemn.]

GM: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling. During the break, our good friend and ring announcer Phil Watson was taken out on a stretcher after the brutal assault by Derek Rage. We're being told he's going to be taken to a nearby hospital and... well, if we have an update before we go off the air, we'll bring it to you. Thankfully, one of the newest members of our announce team, Rebecca Ortiz, has taken the ring and... well, this is one heck of a way to make your SNW debut, Bucky, but take it away, Miss Ortiz!

[Cut to the ring where a slightly-disheveled Rebecca Ortiz is standing. She's in a simple black form-fitting black dress with a diamond pattern cut out on the chest. She smiles big, raising the mic to make her first Saturday Night Wrestling call.]

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit and is part of the AWA Women's Division. First, from Montreal, Quebec, Canada... weighing in at 125 pounds... Manon Laveau!

[A diminutive brunette with her hair tied back into a braided ponytail, in a purple, midriff exposing top and matching long tights raises her arms into the air to the cheers of the crowd.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd her opponent... from Fujinomiya, Shizuoka Prefecture, Japan... weighing in at 73 Kilograms... she is a former Olympic Gold Medalist...

AYAAAAAAKOOOOOO FUJIWAAAAAARAAAAA!!!

[There's a very loud roar of cheers as the lights go out and "The Cyborg Fights" by Makoto Miyazaki plays. The roar grows even larger once the crowd sees Ayako Fujiwara, dressed in an elaborate black Susohiki-style kimono, emerging from behind the curtains with her arms spread wide apart. She stops at the top of the aisle and lower her head momentarily to soak in the crowd's reaction, before lowering her arms and making her way down to the ring.

Stopping as she reaches the ring, she grabs the edge of the apron with both hands and bows deeply, before leaping up and sliding in under the bottom rope. As she pops up to her feet, Ayako is suddenly bombarded by red and white streamers from all sides by the ringside fans. She spins around, letting herself be wrapped completely by them!]

GM: What an entrance for Ayako Fujiwara, the former Olympic Gold Medalist, making her Saturday Night Wrestling debut! She made her actual AWA debut at Memorial Day Mayhem against Charisma Knight and it was nothing short of spectacular.

BW: I don't think I've ever seen anyone hand Charisma her lunch like that, Gordo! We knew Fujiwara had the credentials, but seeing her live and up close...whew boy.

GM: Whew boy, indeed. Ayako Fujiwara more than lived up to the hype at Memorial Day Mayhem and she'll look to continue her winning ways against Manon Laveau.

[As the ring attendants clear out the streamers from the ring, Fujiwara removes her kimono, revealing a powerfully built, thickly muscled body with broad shoulders, large thighs and an athletic frame. She is dressed in a sleek, sleeve-less black catsuit with a corset-like top tied together with red string, fingerless elbow-length gloves, an elaborate gold embroidered belt sash, and knee-high boots. Fujiwara then interlaces her fingers and fixes her eyes on Laveau, calmly rotating her wrists in a way that can only be described as chilling.]

BW: I know Fujiwara's just doing stretches, but there's something about the look on her face that's just frightening, Gordo.

GM: She can be very intimidating, I'll give you that.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Fujiwara and Laveau approach the center of the ring, with Fujiwara IMMEDIATELY exploding into a huge double leg takedown that lifts the Canadian into the air and DRIVES her down into the canvas!]

GM: OH! What an explosive takedown!

BW: World-class wrestlers that spent their entire lives learning how to defend a double leg couldn't stop Ayako from taking them down. What hope does this Laveau have?

GM: She's apparently known to be a high flyer, but there's not much she can do while she's grounded like this.

[Dropped onto her side and turned onto her stomach, Laveau struggles to escape from Fujiwara, who proceeds to easily muscle the Canadian off the canvas with a rear waistlock...]

GM: Fujiwara's strength is incredible! She's picking Manon Laveau off the canvas like she's a child!

[...and slams her face-first into the canvas with a waist lock takedown!]

GM: OH! And back down to the canvas Laveau goes with that amateur wrestling-style takedown!

[Quickly pivoting over Laveau's back into a front facelock, Fujiwara doesn't give the Montreal native much time to think, before spinning her over with a Gator Roll!]

GM: Ayako Fujiwara is just dominating Laveau on the mat!

BW: This is a woman with mat wrestling skills on par or even BETTER than the likes of a Bret Grayson or Supreme Wright. You could literally count the number of people that can compete with her on the canvas in the world on one hand and Laveau ain't one of them, Gordo!

[Switching the positioning of her hands from a front headlock to a gutwrench, Ayako stands up off the canvas...]

GM: Oh my!

[...and deadlifts a kicking and screaming Laveau off the canvas, holding her in position for a moment, before throwing her overhead with a gutwrench suplex!]

GM: What a throw!

BW: Laveau better get outta there! We know once Fujiwara starts with the suplexes, she ain't gonna stop!

[Pulling Laveau to her feet, Fujiwara is suddenly caught off-guard by a desperation enzuigiri!]

GM: OH! Laveau with a huge kick to the head!

[Wobbling Ayako, the smaller Laveau races to the ropes and leaps, springboarding off the second rope and scissoring her legs around Fujiwara's head for a rana...]

"OHHHH!!!"

[...only to be stopped dead in her tracks mid-way through completing the move and lifted back up into the air into a powerbomb position!]

GM: WHAT POWER! WHAT FREAKISH POWER FROM AYAKO FUJIWARA!

BW: She's going for a buckle bomb!

[With Laveau held up in the air, Fujiwara runs towards the furthest corner, ready to powerbomb her violently into the turnbuckles. However, Laveau manages to wriggle free in mid-run and land behind Ayako...]

GM: No! Laveau escapes!

[...only to take a vicious rolling solebutt to the gut that drops her to her knees!]

"SMACK!"

GM: OH! Laveau felt all of that one!

[With her back still turned to Laveau, Ayako takes a quick glance over her shoulder, before executing a full somersault OVER Laveau and landing behind her...]

BW: WOAHH! Where did that come from!?

[...and quickly grabbing Laveau into a rear waistlock, deadlifting her off the ground...]

"OHHH!"

[...and planting Laveau with a released German suplex!]

GM: GERMAN SUPLEX! An amazing variation of the German suplex from Miss Germany, herself! Ayako Fujiwara pulled that one out of nowhere!

BW: That was like magic, Gordo! Fujiwara is some sort of suplex witch!

[Not stopping there, Fujiwara pulls Laveau off the ground and lifts her up into a vertical suplex. Holding her in the air, Fujiwara then proceeds to bend her knees down...]

GM: Wait, what's...

"OHHH!"

BW: She's doing squats, Gordo! She's doing squats while holding Laveau up in the air! This is Fujiwara showing Laveau that she is being completely dominated. Heck, she might just be sending a message to the rest of the women's division who think they have a shot at becoming the first Women's World Champion!

[After completing five full squats with Laveau held in the air in a vertical suplex position, Fujiwara swings the Canadian back down towards the ground...]

"OHHHH!!!"

[...planting her into the canvas with a massive side slam!]

GM and BW: OHHH!

[Rising to her feet and throwing her arms back, Ayako roars to the approval of the crowd!]

Ayako: KANPEKINA!

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: She's calling for it! That amazing reverse rotation powerslam!

[Fujiwara pulls a dazed Laveau off her feet and whips her off the ropes. Catching her off the rebound and scooping her up into her arms, Ayako spins as if going for a powerslam, spinning until Laveau's feet touch the mat...and then immediately reversing direction, leaping into the air as she does so and PLANTING Laveau emphatically into the canvas!]

"OHHH!!!"

GM: KANPEKINNNNNNAAAAA!!! ONE! TWO! THREE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

RO: Your winner... AYAAAAAAKOOOOOO FUJIWAAAAARAAAAA!!

[The crowd roars with cheers as Ayako's arm is raised in victory.]

GM: Another dominating performance by Ayako Fujiwara, who once again just completely overwhelms her opponent.

BW: She's got power...A LOT of power and she's got skill...A LOT of skill. It's a tough combination to beat, I'll give ya' that much.

GM: Wait, Ayako has a microphone...

[Grabbing the microphone from Rebecca Ortiz, Ayako screams into the microphone...]

"HELL YEAAAAHHHHH!!!"

[The crowd cheers at Ayako's outburst of mild profanity. Realizing what she just said, Ayako blushes quite a bit.]

Ayako: I...

...sorry, please excuse my language. That wasn't very appropriate.

[Some laughter from the crowd.]

Ayako: But it always feels so amazing to be out here doing what I love! The energy...it's just incredible! Thank you Gellar-san for giving me this opportunity and thank you all for continuing to believe in me! You are the ones that give me strength!

[Big cheers!]

Ayako: I will continue to climb and I will continue to grow! I will prove my worthiness to you all. I will go to Madison Square Garden and I will win the Rumble...

...AND I WILL BE THE FIRST AWA WOMEN'S CHAMPION!

[Chants of "Ayako!" can be heard from the crowd as Ayako herself begins to look humbled by the crowd's reaction.]

Ayako: Please continue to support me, I will not disappoint you!

[And with that, Ayako places the microphone on the canvas. She bows deeply towards the cheering crowd, before standing back up and exiting the ring.]

GM: Ayako Fujiwara showing her appreciation to the fans who are supporting her and... if she can bring it like that at Madison Square Garden, you very well might be looking at the first Women's World Champion.

BW: Maybe, maybe not. She's good but there's a lot of women competing for that prize.

GM: Including the one who is standing backstage right now with our Mark Stegglet, Melissa Cannon! Mark?

[We fade backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing alongside Melissa Cannon who is dressed in a black and white Sweet Daddy Williams t-shirt along with black yoga pants.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. Another impressive performance by Ayako Fujiwara, Melissa, and I saw you watching on that monitor with great interest.

[Cannon shrugs.]

MC: It's tough not to be impressed, Mark. It's easy to see why she was so highly recruited... and it's easy to see why she's the protege of one of the greatest women to ever lace a pair of boots.

MS: So, you're a fan?

[She grins.]

MC: Yeah, I'm a fan... and I'll be just as big of a fan when we both get inside that ring at Madison Square Garden to see who walks out as the very first AWA Women's World Champion.

MS: Melissa, after all this time... after all these years of you fighting to get women's wrestling back into the spotlight in a major way, the realization that we're just four weeks away from crowning the first Women's World Champion has gotta be satisfying for you.

MC: It's a dream come true... literally. I can't even count the number of nights that I laid on a bed somewhere, staring at the ceiling, wondering if this day would ever possibly happen. And now it's happening... in the AWA, a place I've been since the beginning... in Madison Square Garden, the most famous arena in the world. This is history being made before our very eyes, Mark, and whatever small role I got to play in it... yeah, it feels pretty damn good.

[Cannon smiles, closing her eyes for a moment to soak in the moment.]

MS: Unfortunately, Melissa, I have to spoil this good mood by bringing up what happened earlier. You heard it, I'm sure... Shadoe and Lauryn Rage challenging you and a partner of your choice to a mixed tag team match two weeks from tonight in Toronto.

[Cannon opens her eyes, sighing heavily.]

MC: I don't get it, Mark. I really don't.

[Stegglet arches an eyebrow.]

MC: You're a man... maybe you can explain it to me. First, Shadoe Rage wanted me in an intergender match so he could try to beat me up himself. Now he wants a mixed tag so he can be there while his sister tries to do it. What kind of a sick, warped individual is into this kind of thing?

MS: Nevertheless, the challenge has been issued. Do you accept?

MC: This... this right here is my biggest problem with Lauryn Rage. While women like Julie Somers... like Ayako Fujiwara... like myself are working hard, busting their asses to be the best at what they do inside the ring, women like Lauryn Rage are too busy making a mockery of everything we do by being more concerned with her number of Instagram followers than by how many wins she's got.

If Lauryn Rage was half the competitor that those other ladies are, she would've told her brother, "Hell no... I got this. You go do your thing." But she's not. So she let him control the situation. She let him attempt to bring down the entire Women's Division... to make a mockery out of everything we've worked so hard for with some stupid mixed tag team match.

So, no, Mark... on one hand, I have no desire to accept this challenge at all.

[Melissa lifts the other hand.]

MC: But on the other... on the other, it gives me a chance to get my hands on her and show her what someone who wants to be a champion can do to someone who just wants to be famous. I'm not a Kardashian. I don't want my own reality show or clothing line or makeup brand. I want to be a wrestler. I want to be a champion.

And on the other hand maybe I can finally... FINALLY... get Shadoe Rage to leave me the hell alone.

[Another deep sigh.]

MC: So, yes, Mark... despite my better judgment, I accept their challenge... and I can't wait to make them regret the moment they made it.

MS: Melissa, one last question... I see you here on Sweet Daddy Williams Appreciation Night sporting one of his shirts. Can you tell us a little bit about what Sweet Daddy Williams means to you?

[Melissa smiles.]

MC: We don't have that kind of time, Mark. The amount of advice and life lessons that man has given me over the years could fill a book... but in the interest of brevity, I'll give you one.

Just about a year ago, I was standing here just like you are now, Mark. I was the girl holding the mic, asking the questions, getting the answers...

And last year in Hawaii on the 4th of July, I had a lot going through my mind. I was at a crossroads in my life... in my professional career for sure... and my old friend Sweet Daddy Williams knew it. He was going to be in the Rumble that night and he stood there talking about dreams... about kids dreaming of being the World Champion and how he was going to go out there for all the dreamers who believed in him.

And then he turned to me and said...

"What's your dream, Lissy?"

[Cannon chuckles.]

MC: He knows how much I hate being called that. But he asked me that question live with the entire world watching. He asked me that... and then he said that he needed to go out there in the ring and chase his dream.

And maybe... just maybe I should do the same.

[She shrugs.]

MC: That was the tipping point. Later that night, I quit my job as an interviewer and told Miyuki Ozaki that I'd see her in the Tokyo Dome.

Nearly one year later, here we are, Mark...

...and I can honestly say to my friend, Sweet Daddy Williams, that I would not be here, on the verge of heading into the world's most famous arena to fight for a title many thought would never happen...

[She smiles, nodding.]

MC: ...if it wasn't for him. So, thank you, old friend... for everything.

[Cannon gives a bow of respect towards the camera as we slowly fade back out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: Wrestling fans all over the world, your next contest is a tag team match set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. First, in the ring, they hail from Airdrie, Alberta, Canada... at a total combined weight of 461 pounds... here are

REMY ALARD AND SEBASTIEN CHAGNON!!!

GM: Alright! Two home province kids looking to make a major impact tonight in the AWA's Canadian debut.

BW: That's all well and good but if you've checked your format sheet, you know they're Canadians pigs being led to the slaughter. Hey, is that where Canadian bacon comes from?

[The two Alberta natives receive a warm reception from the crowd before the sound of a drum being struck twice is followed by the opening guitar of 'The Ghoul' by Pentagram. The lights in the arena fade and a spotlight shines upon entrance way. Out from behind the entrance curtain emerges Mr. Sadisuto, impeccably dressed in a formal suit with a black derby hat. The veteran from Tokyo carries a wooden cane with a carved dragon's head handle. Sadisuto is smiling broadly and making slow but purposeful motions with the cane, much like attack katas. The crowd boos him persistently as fog slowly begins to form along the aisle way.]

RO: And their opponents... being led down the aisle by Mr. Sadisuto... at a total combined weight of 597 pounds... MAD DOG... THRASH...

DOOOOOOWWWWWNFAAAAAALL!

[Mr. Sadisuto pauses and touches the dragon's head to the brim of his derby hat, seemingly signaling someone or someones. Two brutes emerge from behind the curtain. They are nearly identical in height and size and walk with a purpose behind Mr. Sadisuto. The men are clad in black studded leather vests, black armbands with half inch silver spikes covering nearly every inch of them, full-length black wrestling tights with silver waistbands and black wrestling boots. Their faces are covered by white masks, which have a red circle in the center of them.]

GM: Uh oh. Mad Dog and Thrash making their way down the aisle towards the ring and this can't be good news for the young Canadian duo.

BW: You know, Gordo... there's been a lot of speculation about what Mr. Sadisuto was talking about on the last Power Hour when he mentioned sending Downfall through the trials.

GM: You think this is it?

BW: These two don't look like much of a trial.

[Mr. Sadisuto ascends the ring steps and waits upon the apron as the members of Downfall enter the ring. Mr. Sadisuto's brutes pull their masks off revealing their painted faces. Mad Dog's forehead down to the nose is painted a solid red while the lower portion of his face is covered in jagged diagonal red and white lines. Thrash's face is predominately red, around both eyes are black diamonds and there is a thin black stripe that which runs down the middle of his face. Thrash glares into the camera as Mad Dog opens his mouth, extending his vibrant, red tongue down towards his chin.]

GM: Alright... and now the official tries to get a man out on both sides. It looks like it's going to be Mad Dog starting things off with Remy Alard.

[The referee signals for the bell, watching as Alard moves slowly out of the corner, trying to circle Mad Dog who simply shifts his feet, keeping Alard in front of him.]

BW: Remy Alard looks a bit scared to be standing across the ring right now from Mad Dog.

GM: Can you blame him, Bucky? We've seen Downfall leave a wake of chaos and carnage behind them. And on Power Hour, we heard Mr. Sadisuto issue them an ultimatum - win or you're gone.

[As Mad Dog makes a lunge at Alard, the Canadian surprises the bigger man, slipping in behind to hook a waistlock...]

GM: Waistlock applied by Alard, back trip, pushing Mad Dog down to the mat...

[Sadisuto slaps the mat with his hands in frustration.]

GM: Nice takedown by Alard, keeping that waistlock applied down on the mat as Mad Dog tries to power out.

[Pushing up to his knees, Mad Dog looks about to escape when Alard floats over the back, hooking in a front facelock.]

BW: If I was Mad Dog, I would hurry and get up. I don't know what an oubliette is but I'm sure it's a place I wouldn't want to be trapped in with Mr. Sadisuto.

[Alard switches his position, hooking a side headlock, dragging the near 300 pounder to his feet. He holds the headlock for a moment before Mad Dog buries a forearm in the ribs, forcing him back into the ropes near his equally-Canadian partner.]

GM: Mad Dog backs him up into the ropes...

[Sebastien Chagnon reaches over the ropes, slapping the arm of his partner just before Mad Dog fires Alard off into the ropes...]

GM: Blind tag by the Canadians.

[As Alard rebounds, Mad Dog sets for a backdrop, allowing Alard to leapfrog right over the top of him. Chagnon moves to join him and as Mad Dog turns around, the Canadians throw a double dropkick, knocking Mad Dog down to the canvas.]

GM: Nice execution on the double dropkick by the Canadians, putting Mad Dog down.

BW: Not as good as Larry Wallace but it did the job.

[Chagnon pulls Mad Dog up as Alard steps out but Chagnon is quickly caught with a back elbow up under the chin that stuns him. Chagnon staggers backwards, reaching out a hand towards his partner but Mad Dog pulls the other arm, yanking him into a scoop, slinging him over his shoulder...]

GM: Mad Dog's got him up... and DRIVES him down with a powerslam!

[Mad Dog sticks his vibrant red tongue out at the camera as he pushes himself to his feet. Chagnon rolls over onto his stomach and holds his back.]

BW: I think the impact from that powerslam just put Chagnon's impression into the mat. And if that didn't...

[Mad Dog begins to rain double axehandles down to the back of Chagnon. After each impact, Chagnon tries to push his way to his knees but Mad Dog drives another double axehandle that sends him sprawled flat onto the mat.]

GM: Mad Dog absolutely hammering away on Chagnon like he's driving nails into the mat.

[The face-painted brute grabs Chagnon by his blonde hair, forcibly dragging him to his feet. He places both hands on either side of Chagnon's head and drives his forehead into the bridge of Chagnon's nose.]

GM: Ohh! Big headbutt sends Chagnon staggering across the ring... right into the wrong part of town.

[With Chagnon near Downfall's corner, Thrash reaches out, slamming a right hand into the side of Chagnon's head, sending him stumbling back towards Mad Dog.]

BW: Right hand by Thrash and again Chagnon is staggering the wrong way, right into a right hand by Mad Dog! Chagnon is like a ping pong ball as Thrash delivers another right hand.

[Collapsing to his knees, Chagnon tries to catch his breath as he leans over the middle rope.]

GM: Tag is made by Downfall, bringing Thrash in...

[But before Mad Dog exits the ring, he runs to the far ropes, rebounding back, and leaps up, dropping all his weight down on the back of Chagnon's neck, driving his throat down into the ropes!]

GM: Ohhh! Brutal attack by Mad Dog... 280 pounds plus dropped across the neck of the Canadian...

[Alard begins to scream to the referee to get Mad Dog out of the ring as Mr. Sadisuto smiles and nods his approval.]

GM: Mr. Sadisuto seems pleased right now.

BW: He should be. Outside of Alard's and Chagnon's opening moments, this match has been all Downfall. Whatever Mr. Sadisuto did to Downfall into the oubliette has Mad Dog fired up.

[Mad Dog shakes the top rope as the crowd boos loudly. Thrash yanks Chagnon off the ropes, throwing him down to the mat, dropping an elbow down across the throat before rolling into a lateral press.]

GM: One... two... oh, come on!

[The fans jeer as Thrash pulls Chagnon up by the hair, shaking his head.]

GM: There's no need for this, Bucky.

BW: The trials of fire apparently call for Thrash and Mad Dog to punish their opponents a little bit more. Nothing wrong with that.

GM: This sport is about winning matches not punishing opponents... so yes, there absolutely IS something wrong with that.

[Sadisuto speaks in Japanese to Thrash who nods his head.]

GM: And if I spoke Japanese, I'd wager good money on the fact that Thrash is being told to dish out some more punishment to Chagnon.

[Dragging the Canadian to his feet, Thrash lifts him off the canvas in the confines of a bearhug.]

GM: Bear hug by Thrash! Look at the pain etched upon Chagnon's face as Thrash squeezes his arms around the chest.

[The referee checks on Chagnon who shakes his head no.]

BW: Sebastien better hope that the Canadian health care system is as good as they claim. Those ham hocks you called arms, Gordo, are likely to break a rib or two.

[Mr. Sadisuto can be heard screaming on the outside as Thrash squeezes his arms just a bit tighter. Chagnon closes his eyes in pain, but he continues to refuse to submit.]

GM: Chagnon showing a lot of toughness here, Bucky. Refusing to give up.

BW: Is that toughness or being an idiot? I think he should call it a night, collect his paycheck, and drown his sorrows in a case of Mooselips, Gordo.

[Seeing that there's no submission coming, Thrash lifts him a little higher, stepping backwards, and DROPPING Chagnon throat-first across the top rope! Chagnon flails on the canvas, gasping for air as Mr. Sadisuto tosses his head backward and laughs.]

GM: Devastating move by Thrash... the crowd didn't like that but Sadisuto sure did.

BW: And that's what matters. Remember, trials of fire.

[Back on his feet, Thrash puts the boots to Chagnon, stomping the lower back as Sadisuto looks on with glee.]

GM: That sick individual is certainly enjoying this.

BW: Of course he is. You know how much he likes making people suffer... and if you don't, give Ryan Martinez a call and ask him about it.

[Bringing Chagnon back to his feet, Thrash draws him near Downfall's corner, reaching out to make the tag.]

GM: In comes Mad Dog off the tag... double whip coming up...

[As Chagnon rebounds, Mad Dog dashes to the ropes as Thrash elevates the Canadian, putting him down with a backdrop...

...just before Mad Dog lands backfirst on the torso of Chagnon, crushing the Canadian under 280+ pounds!]

GM: Big ol' backplash by Mad Dog... and a cover!

[From outside the ring, Mr. Sadisuto screams "FINNNNNNISH HIM!" causing Mad Dog to lift Chagnon off the mat at the two count.]

GM: Downfall breaks the pin themselves again! Sadisuto was shouting to Mad Dog from the floor and-

[Trying to aid his partner, Alard runs into the ring...

...but Thrash runs in from the other side, dropping Alard with a running clothesline.]

GM: Ohh! Thrash in the ring illegally and-

[Disregarding the referee's protests, Thrash pulls Alard off the mat, lifting him into the air, and dropping him guftfirst across a bent knee!]

GM: Gutbuster!

[Yanking him right back up, Thrash drops back, flipping Alard through the air, and throwing him down to the mat with a fallaway slam!]

GM: OHHH!

[And with Alard out of the way, the shouts of "FINNNNNISH HIM!" get louder. Thrash turns as Mad Dog shoves the dazed Chagnon in his direction, right into a boot to the gut.]

GM: What do these two have in mind here?

[Mad Dog promptly hops up to the second rope, beckoning for Chagnon to be brought to him as Thrash obliges, lifting the Canadian up into belly-to-back position, handing him over to the waiting Mad Dog who stands tall, holding his victim at the ready...]

GM: This can only mean one thing Bucky.

BW: That I'm glad I'm not Sebastien Chagnon!

GM: Superbomb!

[...and Mad Dog leaps off the ropes, DRIVING Chagnon into the canvas with the second rope powerbomb!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That's it!

[With Thrash standing guard, Mad Dog plants two fists in the chest, sticking his tongue out at the camera as the referee delivers a three count.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Sadisuto, a huge grin on his face, applauds the victory as Mad Dog gets back to his feet. Rebecca Ortiz makes it official as Thrash pulls Chagnon off the mat...

...and HURLS him over the ropes, sending him down to the floor!]

GM: Oh, come on! There's no call for that!

BW: Apparently Downfall disagrees, daddy.

GM: An impressive and dominant victory right here for Downfall and if this was Phase One of their so-called Trial of Fire, I'd say they passed with flying colors.

[Sadisuto joins his face-painted brutes inside the ring, raising their arms in triumph as the crowd jeers.]

GM: Fans, let's go to the Control Center!

[We fade up to the bank of television monitors that can only mean the return of the Control Center. A voiceover confirms.]

"In the Control Center... Sweet Lou Blackwell!"

[Another fade takes us to Blackwell standing in front of the bank of monitors.]

SLB: Alright, wrestling fans, I'm coming to you live from the Control Center for the first of two occasions here tonight. Later tonight, my buddy and pal Mark Stegglet will be bringing you all the news and notes about the Battle of Boston coming up on 4th of July weekend but that's not the only big event going down in the next month. On July 16th in New York City... the Mecca, Madison Square Garden... the AWA will be hosting a very special event that will see the crowning of the very first AWA Women's World Champion!

[Cut to a different shot of Blackwell now with a logo highlighting the Women's World Championship Rumble.]

SLB: It was back at Memorial Day Mayhem where Director of Operations, Emerson Gellar, made it official. A twenty-woman Rumble to be held in MSG with the winner being crowned the very first Women's World Champion... and I don't mind telling you that the phones were ringing off the hook, the e-mails were flying across the Internet. Everyone wants to be a part of this historic event but only a treasured twenty will make the cut. Right now, let's take a look at some of the women already announced for this major event!

["That's My Girl" by Fifth Harmony begins to play as we get a stylized montage of studio shots, the women moving in slow motion facing the camera with lighting and smoke effects illuminating the background.]

The first person to appear is one-half of the Serpentes, Copperhead. The loudmouth of the team, Copperhead's orange-colored contacts blaze up using a flame effect as she sneers, showing off her fangs to the camera before throwing a quick pair of jabs followed by a big haymaker towards the camera.]

SLB: From the Serpentes, Copperhead is the first name announced tonight for the upcoming Rumble. With Lauryn Rage breaking away from the Serpentes, this could be a major test to see how they respond in Copperhead's home state of New York.

[With a flash of light, we go to the next participant, bouncing from one foot to the other, a big grin on her face.]

SLB: How about this one, fans? Fresh off an upset victory earlier tonight, it's the Canadian Dream Girl, Skylar Swift, entering the Rumble to take her shot at becoming the very first AWA Women's World Champion!

[Another flash of light brings us to our next competitor. The veteran of the bunch, "Lady Lightning" Lori Wilson stands with her arms crossed. She spots a lean build with shoulder-length light brown hair. Our camera shot changes to show Wilson throwing a Lighting Strike superkick in profile to our view.]

SLB: The 20-year veteran, Lori Wilson, adds her name to the list, looking to add yet another piece of championship gold to her already storied career. She's been on a roll as of late and will be looking to carry that forward in New York City.

[Flash! And there's the biggest woman in the match, the intimidating Mamba. The powerhouse African-American is striking a double bicep pose, her back to the camera to show off her broad shoulders and muscular arms. She turns, pointing a finger as her white contacts dazzle.]

SLB: The Mamba is the next one in. Six feet tall. 180 pounds. Likely the strongest woman in the match and I'd wager with all that power, she's gotta be considered one of the favorites to walk out of the Garden as the new champion.

[We flash again, this time to show a leanly-built woman with a toned physique, lightly tanned skin, blue eyes, and wavy, dark brown hair. She extends her fingers out of MMA-style fingerless gloves towards the camera.]

SLB: We've talked about phone calls from around the globe to join this massive Rumble event... well, how about this one? From Mother Russia herself, Xenia Sonova, will be looking to take the title back to her homeland in just about a month.

[The flash of light takes us to another competitor. The dark red ring jacket is a dead give away even before she swings around, revealing bright pink hair with aqua ends peeking out from behind her black hood. She points at the camera, miming breaking something with a laugh.]

SLB: Charisma Knight is in the Rumble as well... but after two big losses in recent weeks, Knight's going to really need to turn momentum around if she's going to prove that she's the best in the Division as she claims.

[Cut again, this time to someone in a bright yellow jumpsuit throwing a forearm strike towards the camera.]

SLB: The first female student ever to graduate from Todd Michaelson's teachings, Melissa Cannon, has entered the Rumble. Many would say that we wouldn't be here, getting ready for this title-crowning event, if it weren't for Cannon and Miyuki Ozaki about one year ago. It's been one heck of a year for Melissa Cannon and she'd love nothing more to tie a bow on it by becoming the first Women's World Champion.

[Another bright flash leaves us with Julie Somers in her standard red halter top and matching Spandex shorts that end just above the knees. Her long, brown, wavy hair is pulled back behind her head as she throws her arms back, giving a shout towards the camera.]

SLB: The Spitfire will be in the house in NYC as well as Somers looks to create history at Madison Square Garden. Somers was a part of SuperClash last year, one of the big moments for this new Women's Division, and now she looks to show that she - and she alone - is the standard-bearer for this Division by winning that championship.

[Flash! It's Lauryn Rage apparently posing for a photo, looking surly as she shows off the back of her hand, wiggling her fingers to show off her nails. Flash! She's facing forward now, both arms extended into fists as she bounces from foot to foot.]

SLB: The ninth competitor entered into the Rumble so far is one of the most controversial, looking to take part in a mixed tag team match in two weeks in

Toronto. Lauryn Rage is in the Rumble and you have to wonder just how many Snapchat followers she'll have if she wins the title.

[One more flash leaves us with the newcomer to the Division, Ayako Fujiwara. Fujiwara looks sheepish at the camera with her wavy metallic unicon blue, pink, and purple ombré hair. She waves to the people watching at home as Blackwell does the hype.]

SLB: And we've reached the halfway point in our Rumble lineup with Ayako Fujiwara. The former Olympic gold medalist who debuted at Memorial Day Mayhem and shocked the world by running through Charisma Knight. If Fujiwara can bring that level of aggression and intensity to Madison Square Garden, she could very well walk out the champion.

[Flash! And we're back to Sweet Lou in the Control Center.]

SLB: Ten names announced, ten more to go. Fans, I invite you all to join me next weekend on the Power Hour to learn five more of the names in the mix and then right back here two weeks from now on Saturday Night Wrestling to learn the rest. July 16th, Madison Square Garden in New York City, we'll be making history and you do NOT want to miss it! From the Control Center, I'm Sweet Lou Blackwell and we'll see you next time!

[Fade to black.]

We fade in on a shot of the Crockett Coliseum. A voiceover begins.]

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

[A black and white still photo of Bobby Taylor, Jon Stegglet, and Todd Michaelson at the AWA Grand Opening Press Conference is seen.]

"In 2008, these men had a dream that they could start from nothing..."

[A still of the WKIK Studios marquee promoting the premiere broadcast of Saturday Night Wrestling.]

"...and grow into a global powerhouse."

[A series of headlines fly by - "THE AWA ON THE X!", "AWA TOUCHES DOWN IN TOKYO!", "SUPERCLASH VI HEADS TO THE BIG APPLE!"]

"These men had a dream too."

[Shots of Aaron Anderson... Eric Preston... Supreme Wright... Skywalker Jones... Air Strike... Hercules Hammonds... Brad Jacobs... all in action inside the AWA squared circle.]

"They dreamed of fame... they dreamed of glory... they dreamed of their friends and family seeing them on television... and their dreams came true."

[A shot of the old converted building that came to be the AWA training school - the Combat Corner - is shown with Todd Michaelson standing out in front of it with some of the first crop of students.]

"The road to being a pro wrestler is hard. None of those men would tell you otherwise. But they would all tell you that the best way to walk that road..."

[The shot of the old Corner fades into a shot of the Crockett Coliseum - an artist rendering of a renovated Coliseum with the Combat Corner sign out front. A

second rendering shows a new backstage area, filled with workout equipment and a few wrestling rings. A third rendering shows a renovated arena bowl with less seating, giving room for the backstage improvements while still leaving room for the fans who will attend the new Combat Corner Wrestling shows.]

"...is through the Combat Corner - the official training school for the American Wrestling Alliance."

[We cut to footage of a very young Supreme Wright taking a forearm smash from Eric Preston before falling to his back. Todd Michaelson is crouched nearby, whistle hanging from his mouth as he watches approvingly.]

"With the very best trainers in the business, the AWA Combat Corner is the most-equipped training facility to get you in shape and get you in the ring in the shortest amount of time."

[A second batch of footage shows Marcus Broussard, Clayton Shaw, and Juan Vasquez running some students through their paces. See anyone you recognize?]

"With former World Champion Todd Michaelson leading the classes, you can guarantee that you will be prepared for in-ring action upon graduation and with the AWA expanding by the day, you will have a place to work on Day One!"

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas when the much-larger one snares a waistlock, powering his opponent up into the air, and effortlessly throwing him down in a waistlock takedown. He pops up, showing himself to be a huge, hulking brute of a man who looks like he was created inside of a lab. Michaelson grins, slapping the big man on the back as the voiceover continues.]

"So, stop by the Combat Corner today... call our offices... visit our website... and let them know that you want to be the next AWA Superstar! You want to be the future of the business! You want to wrestle!"

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner before we fade back to black...

...and then up on a shot of Mark Stegglet somewhere backstage in the Saddledome.]

MS: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling where we've seen a lot of action go down already right here LIVE on The X... but right now, I want to take you back for a moment to Memorial Day Mayhem... to that bloody and brutal war between Alex Martinez and Juan Vasquez. It was an Unsanctioned Match which meant anything goes... and boy, did they ever take advantage of that! We saw chairs, we saw tables, we saw... well, suffice to say that if you missed it, don't miss your chance to check out a replay in the very near future. But following the events of that battle... in the days after... we were asked to meet one of the participants, the Last American Badass himself, Alex Martinez, after he was discharged from the hospital. He told us he had something to say and he needed us to capture it for all the fans at home... and all the people in the locker room. Take a look...

[We fade to the pre-taped footage. It's midday and he stands alone in the hospital parking lot. The shot is framed to be tight on the man, and even days removed from his war at Memorial Day Mayhem, Alex Martinez is showing the aftereffects of the match. Both of his eyes are swollen, with surrounded by cuts and lacerations, as well as purple and red bruises. His right eye is still completely shut, a mouse raised under the eye showing how severe the damage is. His forehead is held together with stitches and staples, but only just.]

AM: I'm just gonna say it.

[When he speaks, Martinez' words are slightly slurred, and his mouth moves in an odd way, suggesting his jaw was as damaged as the rest of his face.]

AM: Juan Vasquez... ya beat me.

We went to war, and ya won. There's no excuse I've got, there ain't no spin to put on it. One on one, ya beat me. That's the story, and I ain't runnin' away from that reality. At Memorial Day Mayhem, in the battle of the icons, Juan Vasquez was the winner.

I tried, but I couldn't beat ya.

And now, it's time for me to go home.

[Martinez exhales slowly.]

AM: Everyone knows the deal. I ain't, and I never will be, the guy who comes out every two weeks. That part of my career is over. Juan was right – these days, I got another job. And that job's waitin' for me.

Well, it will be once this pretty face of mine has healed some.

[There's a small chuckle, but it dies quickly.]

AM: This ain't goodbye. Not forever. I said before that I've got a few fights left in me. And no one who watched what happened on Memorial Day can deny that I still know how to hurt a man.

Durin' that match, there was someone who crossed me. Someone who set himself in my sights. I'm talkin' about that big Russian Zharkov. Juan beat me clean in the middle. I can accept that. But Zharkov?

Every fight I got left – it's with you.

Somewhere, sometime down the road, you and me are gonna tangle, Zharkov. And maybe you're lookin' at my face right now and thinkin' that ya got nothin' to worry about from the old man. Maybe you're thinkin' this'll be a walk in the park.

Well, when he wakes up in a week or so, ya ask Jackson Hunter what that Firebomb felt like.

[A smirk comes to the face of the Last American Badass, and reveals two missing teeth. Juan's got a hell of a right cross.]

AM: Before I go, there's somethin' I need to say. Somethin' I need everyone to hear. This message is for Supernova, and its for Jordan Ohara, and its for both Lynches.

And Ryan? Son, this is especially for you.

Because Juan Vasquez still needs to be stopped. The old guy couldn't get it done. So now, as it so often does, the burden falls onto the shoulders of the next generation. My son is back, and even as I was drownin' in my own blood, I felt a surge of pride at seein' him stand tall and proud, beaten but not broken.

The struggle continues. And now, the struggle is yours.

And yeah, I lost. Juan Vasquez put down Alex Martinez. I know for a fact that Juan thinks this means he's invincible. And I know that maybe some of you are beginnin' to believe Juan when he says that no one can stop him.

Well son, listen closely.

[Beneath the bruises and contusions, the heart of Alex Martinez shines through. The burning spirit that fuels every member of the Martinez family is on display. His body might be old and broken, but the fire isn't gone. And its on display now.]

AM: It won't be easy, facin' down Juan Vasquez. Not after what he did to ya. It'll be the scariest thing you've ever had to face, standin' eye to eye and nose to nose with the man that almost crippled ya. And for everyone else, I know its gonna feel like there's nothin' to be done against the man now. Not after what he did to Carver, what he did to Ryan, what he did to me.

But that fear? That's Juan Vasquez' power. Juan Vasquez has managed to convince the world that there's nothin' to be done. That it will be his way. The Axis stands strong, and it's a scary thing, imaginin' what Juan and Zharkov will do to anyone who tries to stand up to him.

But you've all got your own power.

It's the power of belief, and it's the strength of unity. What can one man do against the Axis? I'll tell ya exactly what he can do.

He can stand shoulder to shoulder with every other man.

Every single one of ya – this is your job. Stand together. Resist. Look to your right, then look to your left, and then together, take a step forward. Draw that line in the sand, and then hold to it. Not apart, but together.

Juan Vasquez has got nothin' but empty promises and a closed fist. And that fist put me down. But one fist cannot put an army down. Juan Vasquez says he wants to save the AWA, and he says he wants to make the AWA great again.

All of you need to stand together and tell him that this isn't his AWA. That this is your AWA. And that you don't want him in your house anymore. You tell him that what makes the AWA great has nothin' to do with Juan Vasquez.

Stand up, stand together, and fight back.

[Martinez exhales.]

AM: Every single one of ya – square your shoulders, plant your feet, and hold your head up high.

Never surrender. This is your future, and its time that everyone fights for it together. Walk with conviction, speak with courage.

Juan and Zharkov are tryin' to pull this place down, they want to destroy everythin' good about the AWA and they've got the gall to call it makin' the AWA great again. But don't you believe it. And don't you sell your soul for their empty dreams.

There ain't no future in the Axis. Don't let them tell ya otherwise.

The future of the AWA isn't Juan Vasquez or Maxim Zharkov. And ya know what? It ain't Alex Martinez neither. The future is the people I've named already today, and everyone else willin' to fight and bleed for what's right in the world.

And one day, when the time is right, I promise, I will be back. And on the day of the final battle, I'll be there. Not in front, but at your back, watchin' as you bring the AWA into the bright, shinin' future it deserves.

As the White Knight says... count on it!

[And with that, the camera fades to black...

...and then slowly fades back up to live action. A panning shot of the Calgary Saddledome crowd cheering at the words they just heard before we fade to Rebecca Ortiz.]

RO: Our next match is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. First... already in the ring at this time... from Jacksonville, Florida... weighing in at 207 pounds... ALLLLENNNNN ALLLLENNNNN!

[Allen nervously steps out of the corner, waving a bit in his red trunks and white boots before lowering his hands, covering his face with them both.]

GM: Allen Allen looks a little concerned about this match.

BW: If I was facing the guy he's facing, I'd be concerned too.

GM: Concerned isn't a strong enough word for it. We saw this man debut back at Memorial Day Mayhem and-

[Rebecca Ortiz continues.]

RO: And his opponent...

[The lights cut out to black. The crowd buzzes with anticipation, waiting to see the person who is about to appear. After a moment, a drumbeat familiar to just about anyone on the planet rings out.]

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

[The crowd quickly begins clapping along, stomping along, smacking the railing in rhythm to create quite the sound as the opening synthesizer notes kick in. Steam and smoke pour into the entryway, completely covering it. Strobe lights start to fire in rhythm as well, lighting up the smoke and steam.]

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

[After a few more moments, the physical specimen known only as Mason strides out through the curtain. He stands, head down amongst the smoke and the steam, breathing in deeply.]

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

RO: From DEEEEEEEEE-troit, Michigan... weighing in at 285 pounds...

MAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASONNNNNNNNNNNN!

[As he emerges, dressed in his standard red trunks, boots, kneepads, and single deep crimson glove, Mason exhales sharply, spewing smoke from his lungs like a fire-breathing dragon. He tilts his head up, looking down the aisle and into the ring with his icy blue eyes. A low growl comes from him as he eyes his victim for the night. He speaks - barely above a whisper - just enough for the camera (and the entire world watching) to hear.]

"The end... is... now."

[He storms forward, throwing an uppercut at the air just in front of the camera, spotlights shining on him as he heads towards the ring. Mason slaps himself on either side of the head, trying to fire himself up as he moves swiftly towards his victim.]

GM: The man known only as Mason is making his way down the aisle towards the ring and... well, despite the best efforts of everyone, we still don't know much about him, Bucky.

BW: I've tapped out my sources and no one seems to have anything to say about this guy other than he's a physical specimen and a beast inside the ring.

GM: We saw that in Seattle at Mayhem and I'm guessing we're about to see more of it here tonight... unfortunately for Mr. Allen.

[Mason slides headfirst under the bottom rope, sliding all the way to the center of the ring. He stays down on a knee, head bowed as the music continues to play... as the fans continue to clap in rhythm...

...and then snaps his head back, staring dead into the eyes of his victim, Allen Allen, who tries to step backwards but is already up against the turnbuckles.]

BW: Maybe Allen should've worn black trunks here tonight.

GM: Maybe you're right about that.

[The lights come back up as the referee signals for the bell.]

GM: Here we go, we're off and-

[Mason comes up to his feet, charging across the ring towards Allen Allen who lifts his arms, trying to shield himself from whatever is coming up next...

...but Mason runs right through it, connecting with a clothesline that lifts Allen off his feet, nearly taking him over the top rope before he flops back down, landing in a seated position on the canvas!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: He nearly took the kid out of his boots with that.

GM: He certainly did... reaching down now...

[He loops an arm under Allen's armpit, reaching around the head and neck to grab that hand...

...and deadlifts Allen off the mat, throwing him halfway across the ring with a biel throw!]

GM: OHHH! Wow! Incredible power!

[Stalking across the ring, the walking tower of intensity known as Mason watches as Allen rolls up to his knee, trying to recover from the big throw...

...which is where he is when Mason snags a full nelson, again deadlifting Allen up off the canvas before VIOLENTLY throwing him down to the canvas!]

GM: FULL NELSON SLAM! He shook the ring with the impact of that one!

[Mason snarls, swinging his arms across his chest, bouncing from foot to foot for a moment as the fans buzz at what they're seeing...

...and then throws his arms apart in a "its over!" gesture with a roar. He leans down, dragging Allen into a front facelock as the Calgary crowd reacts to his every move.]

GM: We saw this in Seattle, fans, and it was absolutely devastating!

[His icy blue eyes are on display as the camera catches a closeup of him just before he powers Allen up, holding the 207 pounder straight as an arrow... Holding...

...and holding...

...and holding...

...and holding...

...and holding...

...and holding...

...and holding...]

GM: Allen Allen being held straight up and down!

BW: That's incredible strength on display there as he makes Allen think about what's going to happen...

[...and then finally swings him out, letting go and standing tall as he HURLS him down in a ring-rattling powerbomb!]

GM: OH MY STAAAAAARRRRRRS!

BW: This one is allllll over, Gordo.

GM: You got that right.

[Mason drops to the mat, settling into a lateral press as he shoves two clenched fists into the chest of his opponent.]

GM: No doubt about this one as referee Andy Dawson delivers the one... two... and three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The theme to Terminator 2 starts up again as Mason rises off the mat, looking down at the helpless Allen. The referee steps towards him, looking to raise his hand but a cold stare from Mason changes his mind. Mason nods at a job well done before exiting the ring, marching back up the aisle.]

GM: And much like in Seattle, Mason is not about to stick around here tonight in Calgary.

BW: I kinda respect that, Gordo. The man came, did his job, and now he's walking out. He doesn't feel the need to say a damn thing to anyone.

GM: Another impressive victory for the man known as Mason here in his Canadian debut. Fans, we've got to take a break but don't go away because we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling right here on The X!

[The camera follows the muscular back of Mason up the aisle before fading to black.

We open to a panoramic view of a packed house at an AWA show. After a moment, the opening to Coldplay's "Sky Full Of Stars" plays in the background as we get sweeping shots of cheering AWA fans.

As the lyrics begin, we catch back-to-back clips: a dramatic staredown in the ring between Dave Bryant and Supreme Wright, then two cheering fans side by side... one wearing a Bryant T-Shirt, one wearing a Wright T-Shirt.]

#'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[Next up we see Bobby O'Connor autographing a fan's Bobby O'Connor poster at ringside during a house show (when the wrestlers have time to do that kind of thing).]

I'm gonna give you my heart

[Then we see Johnny Detson walking down an aisle, berating the fans (who are waving a poster with a collage of AWA faces at him) as he goes by, but the one fan next to them with the gold-tinted Johnny Detson sunglasses is clearly thrilled about it. A similar shot sees Travis Lynch going by, pausing and giving a smile to a young lady with a Travis T-Shirt; she swoons.]

'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[And then, a super slow-motion shot of Ryan Martinez using the brainbuster on an opponent in the ring, which fades to transparency as we see a group of fans with Ry-Mart attire and merchandise cheering at ringside.]

Because you light up the path

[The music fades, but the cheering of the fans is still loud as we get another panoramic crowd shot. And then the stinger: AWAshop.com.

We fade back up from black to find footage taped just moments ago according to the on-screen graphic. Allen Allen is being helped through the backstage area, clutching his lower back, wincing in pain. Sweet Lou Blackwell speaks.]

SLB: Allen, you okay?

[Allen grimaces as they come to a pause.]

AA: I'll... owwww... I'll live.

SLB: After some success in recent months, this loss really seems like a step backwards for you.

AA: You can't... errrf... can't win 'em all, right?

SLB: I guess not but that was-

[Allen interrupts.]

AA: Look, I... well, I think I need to see the Doc. But for all my... arrrrgh... for all my fans out there, don't you worry... I'll get 'em next time!

[Allen grins... and then grimaces in pain as a whisper of "come on" to the officials helping him gets them all walking along again. Sweet Lou turns to the camera that zooms in on him as he wraps it up.

SLB: There you have it, folks. The sun will come out tomorrow for Allen Allen... and can hear all about it and more if you check out the official AWA app for news, opinions and exclusive pictures. For now, let's go back to-

[From out of the shot, a pale hand reaches for the mic and grabs a hold of it. Flustered, Blackwell's eyes go wide.]

SLB: You? You are not even scheduled to be here tonight!

[The camera zooms back out to reveal Canibal. The luchador with the ponytail and the shaved sides is missing the face paint around his eyes tonight. He is wearing a very worn-looking denim jacket, a black t-shirt with crimson lettering spelling out "La tomba di Ligeia" and faded jeans. His head is cocked to the side slightly as he slowly moves the microphone, along with the rest of Lou's arm, up to his face.]

C: As usual, little man, you fail to grasp the truth you are spewing out of that tiny head. When is someone like me ever SUPPOSED to be anywhere? You cannot schedule me like a bus or a plane, Blackwell. Canibal comes and goes as he likes and you... and everybody else... will just have to bear the knowledge that you are never safe and protected... from me.

[Blackwell swallows hard. Still he starts to withdraw his hand but Canibal's grip tightens ever so slightly.]

C: As for tonight... I came to muse about a Spotlight. Do you know what may happen when you take a Spotlight and point it at darkness?

[His tongue darts out quickly to lick his lower lip.]

C: You just may find something... or someone... you never wanted to meet. I may lurk in the darkness, skulk in the shadows but when that Spotlight is up for grabs, I may just take it... I may just... SWALLOW it whole, make it mine and mine alone.

[The man also called "Monstruo Asesino" bares his teeth and seems to be grinding them at the thought of winning the "Steal the Spotlight" tournament. With his hand still gripped by the luchador, "Sweet" Lou tries to shrink away further.]

C: But let me tell you about someone else who yearns for the Spotlight. Someone who has lost it and craves it like a starving beggar covets a juicy, plump piece of meat. Supreme Wright. Oh, such a delightful name, filled with arrogance and hubris. He may talk about his skills and the purity of competition but look at his eyes. He HUNGERS for the attention and adoration success may bring him.

But Supreme's plate will remain empty in Berlin. Instead of him ascending back to the stage, I will grab him and drag him into the darkness along with me, to teach about true loss, about true desperation... about true HUNGER!

[Agitated, Canibal's eyes have widened into a grimace and the corner of his mouth is twitching.]

C: For the time of Supreme is about to come to an end! It shall not be a sad affair... it will be a gala... for ME! And when that bell rings... when, in Berlin, in a city with a history as brutal and bloody as any place in the world, his ambition is DEVoured to sate my ravenous APPETITES... the rest of AWA shall notice just what kind of predator walks among this herd now!

[He closes his eyes and lets out a ragged, exhausted breath as he releases Blackwell's hand. Not daring to move, "Sweet" Lou keeps the microphone in the same position, though, and it picks up the last few words Canibal almost whispers.]

C: It shall be... a feast.

[His eyes still closed, the luchador slinks away. Blackwell, sweat on his brow, checks his left and right before he turns to the camera once more, finally regaining his composure.]

SLB: A mysterious, heavy statement from Canibal as he obviously prepares for the clash between his team with Supreme Wright's team in Berlin. What does the newcomer to the AWA have up his sleeve? We will find out soon enough. Back to you, Gordon!

[We return to the ring, where Shane Taylor and "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett are already standing by.]

GM: Thanks, Lou, and an unexpected appear-

[Fawcett flashes an insincere smile at the crowd before raising a microphone to his lips, cutting off Gordon Myers.]

"D"HF: Ladies and gentlemen, please pardon this intrusion into your regularly scheduled feats of athletic prowess... but we have a problem.

[Fawcett looks over at Taylor, nodding as Taylor fixes him with a confused look.]

"D"HF: There are certain universal truths in life. Paramount of these is that the Kings of Wrestling are THE preeminent force in professional wrestling today.

[Fawcett nods at the crowds thunderous boos.]

"D"HF: I understand perfectly and completely. Were I in your shoes, living your sad lives, I would object just as voraciously. Now, while that truth remains intact as ever... it is not without hard work. Every piece of machinery must be of the highest quality for this truth to remain.

[Fawcett chuckles.]

"D"HF: Which brings me to my appearance here at this very moment. There have been talks amongst our order. My dear friend and Brian Lau is specifically concerned.

[Fawcett turns again to look at Taylor.]

"D"HF: Concerned about YOU. For while I would cherish the opportunity to say every piece of that machinery is operating at peak efficiency... I cannot. For there are concerns about you, Mister Taylor. Concerns that you are not meeting and surpassing the expectations that are set before you as the rest of us are.

[Taylor has a look of anger come over his face, as he starts to advance towards Fawcett. Fawcett holds up a hand.]

"D"HF: Now now, there's no need for that. I am not here as an enemy... in fact, right now I am your best friend in the world. Brian Lau has tasked me with proving him wrong. Proving that you indeed do earn a place with the Kings. So I have looked to my past. Looked to one of the many friends I have made in my many travels. They are so eager to meet you, Shane

[All pretense gone, Fawcett grins like a Cheshire Cat.]

"D"HF: For you have one chance to prove Brian Lau wrong. Either you find redemption here in victory... or your own DESTRUCTION.

[Shane Taylor stands in the ring in his trademark white tanktop and stained denim shorts, looking a little uneasy at this situation as Fawcett lowers the microphone, waiting...

...and the dark and menacing sounds of "Once Upon A Dream" from the Maleficent soundtrack begins to play over the PA system. After a few moments, a slender man dressed in black from head to toe emerges from the entrance portal. His jet black hair is slicked back and his pencil-thin mustaches is wet down, giving a greasy look to it. He looks very much like the guy trying to sell you a used car that might blow up on your way home... and that smile... oh, that devious smile.

He pivots, giving a slight bow as he waits.]

GM: What is this all about?

BW: I think we're about to find out.

[And soon enough, we do. Through the curtain walks a man dressed in a pair of black vinyl pants with a silver studded belt. He wears a matching mask with small slits for his eyes and mouth. A silver studded collar around his muscular neck is present as he flexes his fingers, his bare torso rippling with muscles as he walks past the slender man who nods with an approving smile, turning to follow him down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: What in the world is this guy?

[Shane Taylor shouts something at Fawcett who simply smiles in response as the slender man and his masked menace reach the ring. The latter grabs the middle rope, pulling himself up onto the apron. He lets loose a roar before stepping inside the ring as Shane Taylor looks around in confusion. Fawcett locks eyes with the slender man, inclining his head as their gazes meet. The slender man smiles as Fawcett exits the ring, leaving the masked man staring at Shane Taylor who turns around, rubbing his chin...

...and then bolts across the ring, leaping into the air, smashing a fist into the covered ear of the masked man as the bell sounds!]

GM: Shane Taylor's not going to be some lamb led to the slaughter! If he's going to fight this guy, he's gonna fight him on his terms!

[Taylor rocks and fires, landing blow after blow to the head of the masked man who absorbs all the blows...

...and then reaches out with an open hand, piefacing Taylor, shoving him across the ring, sending him crashing down to the mat!]

GM: Oh! Down goes Taylor!

[But the Scorchin' One scrambles back to his feet, shaking his head as the larger man stalks out of the corner.]

GM: I don't even know what to call this masked man, Bucky... or his little friend for that matter!

BW: The masked guy is... what? He's gotta be north of six foot six... maybe close to 300 pounds of solid muscle! I've never seen either of these guys but-

[The masked man approaches Shane Taylor who ducks down, swinging a right hand into the midsection. He wheels around the masked man, throwing right hands to the ribcage over and over and over as the crowd starts to rally some support behind Taylor.]

GM: Taylor's giving it all he's got but so far he doesn't seem to be making a dent in this monster!

[Taylor rushes to the ropes, bouncing back towards the masked man who slowly turns...

...and BLASTS Taylor with a standing forearm shot to the chest, knocking Taylor down to the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[The masked man stands over Shane Taylor, looking down menacingly as the slender man looks on approvingly from the floor, tapping the ends of his fingers together as he watches.]

GM: The masked man, dragging Taylor off the mat by the wrist...

[With a mighty yank, the masked man pulls Taylor into a short kneelift to the midsection, doubling him up. A big double axehandle across the back follows, putting Taylor down facefirst on the canvas.]

GM: Heavy blow right there... and Shane Taylor may be wishing he was anywhere else in the world but inside that ring right now, Bucky.

BW: Hey, this is tough love, Gordo. Taylor screwed up at Memorial Day Mayhem and in the world of the Kings of Wrestling, that means you've gotta pay for your mistakes.

GM: In the world of the Kings of Wrestling or in the world of Brian Lau? Are you telling me that Wes Taylor actually approves of this kind of thing happening to his uncle?!

[The masked man grabs Taylor by the back of the shorts, hauling him up to his feet that way. He reaches down, locking his arms around the torso, lifting Taylor up into the air like he's going to deliver an atomic drop...

...and then takes one big step forward before hurling Taylor into the air, sending him crashing backfirst down to the canvas!]

GM: Taylor goes down hard off that throw!

BW: Whoever this guy is, he's got a lot of power, Gordo. That much is obvious.

[The masked man stands over him, looking out at the jeering crowd. He reaches down, grabbing Taylor by the throat with both hands, holding a choke as the referee starts a five count.]

GM: That's a blatant choke... up to three... four...

[And the mighty masked man lifts Taylor up into the air by the throat before flinging him backwards, sending him crashing into the turnbuckles. The masked man steps in, grabbing Taylor by the wrist...]

GM: Big whip sends Shane Taylor across... and here comes the masked man!

[But as the masked man stampedes towards the corner, Taylor leans back, raising his feet...]

...and the masked man drives his own jaw into Taylor's boots!]

GM: OHHH! Taylor with the counter! And that opens a window of opportunity!

[Taylor hops up to the middle rope, measuring his opponent as he leaps off...]

...getting snatched out of the sky as the masked man pivots and DRIVES him down with a thunderous powerslam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: That's it, Gordo! It's over right there!

GM: If this monster wants it to be at least.

[The masked man looks over at his slender manager who looks appraisingly and then gives a short shake of his head.]

GM: It looked like this monster was asking for permission right there, Bucky.

BW: Sure did. What kind of power does this guy have if this monster has to ask him for permission?

[The masked man grabs a limp Taylor by the wrist, dragging him physically up to his feet by the arm...]

...and then gives it a yank, pulling Taylor into a hook, lifting him skyward, and DRIVING him down across the knee in a uranage backbreaker!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief!

BW: That's all she wrote right there, Gordo!

GM: With Taylor down on the mat, the masked man with a cover... one... two... and it's over, fans.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Wow.

BW: I don't know who this guy is... the guy in the ring OR the guy on the floor for that matter but... well, I think if Brian Lau and Doctor Harrison Fawcett wanted to teach Shane Taylor a lesson here tonight, then class was certainly in session.

GM: You can say that again. Fans, we've got to take another break but when we come back, it'll be time to see if Jackson Hunter will answer the challenge laid down by the Sheriff himself earlier tonight so stick around for that one!

[Fade to black...

...and then back up on the exterior of a fast food restaurant that looks quite familiar to fans of delicious, mouth-watering, artery-clogging fried chicken. Yes, it is the Mecca Of Fried Chicken, KFC.

We cut inside where a friendly young man is working the counter, smiling at the customers he aids.]

FYM: Thank you and have a fantastic day!

[The next person steps up to the counter wearing a black trenchcoat, dark sunglasses, and a hat. We see him from the front.]

FYM: Good afternoon, sir, and welcome to KFC! What can I get for you today?

[The customer lifts his head slightly to look at the menu and responds.]

C: Three piece meal. Original recipe. Breasts and legs... heh... breasts and leg, oh yeah.

[The employee raises an eyebrow in recognition.]

FYM: I'm sorry. But aren't you former World Champion and Pro Wrestling Hall of Famer Eddie Van Gibson?!

[The sunglasses come down to reveal an angry EVG.]

EVG: How did you know?!

[We cut behind him to see the back of his trenchcoat is covered in a large maple leaf with the words MISTER MAPLE LEAF surrounding it. Cut back to the friendly young man who smiles.]

FYM: I had a hunch.

[We cut to a shot of the chicken, glimmering and golden in all its glory. A voiceover begins.]

"Come into your local KFC today and not only can you get our three piece combo meal for the low price for \$4 but you can also pick up these special souvenir cups featuring some of the greatest pro wrestling stars of all time!"

[Cut to a young boy showing his cup.]

"I got Ryan Martinez!"

[To an older lady.]

"Hamilton Graham? I remember him!"

[To a family of four, all showing different cups.]

“Collect them all!”

[We cut back to Eddie Van Gibson sitting at a table, groaning as he eats a piece of chicken. He looks up, his eyes locking on a pair of twins in their early twenties. The two blondes giggle as they look at the Hall of Famer.]

EVG: If I were to LET you suck on my...

[He looks down invitingly.]

EVG: ...Original Recipe chicken from KFC...

[And then into the camera.]

EVG: Would you be grateful?

[Cut to the end graphic advertising the promotion. Another voiceover.]

“Get your KFC today! As good as it’s always been!”

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to the backstage area where the camera picks up the back of Charisma Knight, wheeling her gearbag behind her heading for the exit as Theresa Lynch jogs behind her in pursuit. The video is marked with the graphic tag reading “EARLIER TONIGHT.”]

TL: Charisma, there you are!

CK[Not stopping or turning]: Leave me alone, Lynch, I don’t have the patience for you right now.

TL: Charisma, that’s two in a row, and you looked totally lost out there. What’s going on with you?

CK: I told you Lynch, leave me-

[Knight stops, and whips her head around, looking around the area that seems quite empty aside from herself, Theresa Lynch, and the cameraman.]

CK: Did you hear that?

[Theresa looks confused.]

TL: Hear what?

CK: You didn’t just hear that?

TL: Charisma, I don’t know what yo-

[Knight holds up a shushing hand, looking around frantically.]

CK: How can you not hear that? It sounds like it’s right next to me.

TL: Charisma, are you alright? Do I need to get you some kind of medical... is this all getting to you?

[Knight stops and stares a hole through Lynch that would make a Death Star jealous.]

CK; Nothing's getting to me, but you'd like it if it were, wouldn't you?

[With that, she storms off and out the door, leaving a confused Theresa Lynch behind...

...and we fade back up to the arena as once again "Little Bones" by the Tragically Hip plays. Jeremiah "The Sheriff" Colton is already in the ring, watching the entrance-way.]

GM: Some strange comments from Charisma Knight who has not had the easiest last few weeks, Bucky.

BW: She'll get back on her game. Everyone should just leave her alone.

GM: I see... and now, fans, we're back live from Calgary, home of the Stampede Rodeo and Exhibition. The Wild West spirit of this community very much feels alive at this minute. Because in that ring is the city's own old gunslinger, readying himself for a final showdown with an old nemesis.

[Briefly cut to a private skybox high above the Saddledome floor. "The American Ninja" Riley Hunter is reclined back in leather sofa, taking in the action.]

GM: And there we see one of the many surprise entrants for the Battle of Boston taking place in less than a month's time. Riley Hunter, the hometown boy.

BW: He's no fan of these Coltons. They blackballed him from ever wrestling in this town because of a petty grudge against his cousin Jackson; now look at him, Gordo! He's a guest of the management and a VIP!

["Little Bones" fades out as Jeremiah Colton scans the entrance from the center of the ring.]

GM: The Sheriff says he has a score he wants to settle with Jackson Hunter, and he's out here alone.

BW: Jackson Hunter retired as a wrestler years ago, of course he's not going to want any part of this—

GM: Jeremiah Colton retired over a decade ago!

BW: Exactly! He shouldn't be out here picking a fight, he—

["Revolution Blues" by Neil Young begins to play.]

BW: —uh-oh!

[The Calgary fans collective memory springs into action. Most of the start booing, but a few—the same ones who cheered for Riley Hunter the day before—leap to the feet in cheers.]

GM: And here we go! It looks like the showdown is... oh, come on!

[Jackson Hunter in his cheap suit gingerly steps through the curtain with a foam rubber cervical collar and ubiquitous clipboard under his arm. He holds his free hand to his neck, like no one with an actual neck injury would do.]

BW: Oh my goodness, he's in such rough shape... he shouldn't even be here tonight in this condition!

GM: What condition? This miserable little... he wasn't wearing a neck brace yesterday at the press conference!

BW: Well, you can't tell with neck injuries sometimes, Gordo! That man right there ate a Sickle from Kolya Sudakov and a Firebomb from Alex Martinez in the same night. He's got more heart than brains, Gordo. I can see why someone like The Sheriff would be jealous of Jackson Hunter!

GM: Fans, while I give Jackson Hunter credit for coming down here to face Jeremiah Colton man-to-man without his monstrous client Maxim Zharkov or his cousin Riley who recently signed with the AWA, I do have to point out that at no point in the past two weeks did Jackson Hunter require a neck brace!

[When he reaches the ringside area, Hunter slowly circles around the ring. He and Colton almost never take their eyes off each other.]

BW: There are years of bad blood and hostility between these two, Gordo.

GM: Unquestionably, Bucky. You can feel the tension hanging in the air.

[Hunter takes a microphone from Rebecca Ortiz, seeing that Colton already has one. "Revolution Blues" fades out as Hunter begins to cautiously ascend the ringside steps.]

JH: Let's just get this over with, Sheriff. I've got Zharkov's visa I have to work on, I've got to run Juan Vasquez's War Room to run, I've got the Battle of Boston brackets to worry about... I've got more on my plate than a spinster at a wedding.

[He pauses before stepping through the ropes.]

JH: ...That wasn't a reference to your sister Pattie by the way, Jeremiah...

[Then he steps through the ropes and stands face-to-face with Colton.]

JH: I'm right here, Sheriff. I'm right here.

JTSC: Arright then. Y'know the AWA is really starting to see you like I always saw you. Y'know back when you showed up my dad's house up there...

[Applause for the local landmark.]

GM: Sheriff talking about the Colton house up on Scotsman's Hill overlooking this very arena... Home of the Colton Cave...

JTSC: ...I didn't think you were anythin' special, Jax. In fact, from the way he made you scream and bawl when you were in the Cave, I thought you were a washout.

I dunno, my dad saw something in you and brought you in and gave you a home, didn't he? We gave you a home here in Chinook Wrestling and how'd you repay us?

You wrecked my family... you wrecked the territory... you brought it all down through your politicking and your backstabbin'. And this isn't just about me wantin' to square up and settle a score with you, Jax: this is about warning the AWA about what you've done before and you're gonna do again with your Axis of Evil.

Now we can settle this with words, or we can settle it like we used to back in the day.

[The fans cheer at the mention of a final confrontation. Hunter slowly reaches behind his neck, and removes the collar, which makes the fans cheer even louder.]

JH: Sorry Sheriff, please... don't insult my intellect by pretending that... you're so naive that you don't understand how the wrestling business operates.

You and me... and everyone in that dressing room... we don't get to be here without bending the rules. You don't get to the AWA and into this ring without bending the rules. You don't get to where you are, Sheriff, an esteemed former wrestler and one of the great undiscovered technical masters of the 20th Century... without bending the rules.

Let me tell you something, Jeremiah: the whole sport is crooked. You, me, the fans, everyone. But you Sheriff—look at you with your ten-gallon hat and shiny star and six-gun on your hip—you have this image of yourself as the moral compass of wrestling. You have this twisted self-image of yourself as the head of the First Family of Canadian wrestling, and you can't stand it when that illusion is shattered. You're coming after me and you're holding this bitterness toward me, because you can't arrest a sport, can you? You can't put the Cuffs on every one of these fans, can you? So you decide that I'm to blame and you bring me out here to stand in judgment of me?

You don't like me, Sheriff? You don't like yourself. You don't like your profession, and frankly, neither do I; but how dare you lay this at my door! How dare you lay the blame for Chinook's demise and your grotesque and dysfunctional family's civil war on me! How dare you blame me for this...

...Which is a result of an industry that that has given up on integrity and merely pursues victory at all costs. I am you, and you are me, Sheriff.

[Colton and Hunter and now standing only a few feet apart.]

JTSC: Y'know somethin', Jax. I don't think we have anything to talk about. It's time someone took you down.

[Colton drops the microphone. Hunter does too, but involuntarily, backing off with both hands out.]

GM: Are we're going to get it on! I know I am supposed to be impartial, but I've been looking forward to this, Bucky!

[Colton tosses his hat aside.]

BW: No, we need to get some officials down here to break this up!

[The Sheriff begins to take off his duster, leaving him open to an attack from Jackson Hunter's clipboard.]

GM: Oh, a sneak attack from Hunter, that snake!

[Hunter pulls the duster over Colton's head and begins laying in shots to the doubled over Sheriff. He hooks in a double underhook and begins turning to one side. A few fans cheer, but before Hunter can use the signature move, Colton uses a double leg takedown. The Saddledome erupts as The Sheriff rains punches down to the face of Jackson Hunter.]

GM: Jackson Hunter has managed to alienate and abuse just about anyone who might help him here; he's on his own tonight!

BW: You are really enjoying this, aren't you, Gordo?

GM: Again, I choose to remain impartial...

[Colton rolls Hunter onto his stomach, and surfboards both arms. Hunter shakes his head, wailing in terror.]

GM: Colton appealing to the fans here... Calgary wants to see him apply the Cuffs one last time on his nemesis!

[Colton drops down, scissoring one of Hunter's arms and pulling back on the other, clasping his hands around Hunter's neck.]

GM: HE'S GOT THE CUFFS ON JACKSON HUNTER!

[Hunter's eyes are as wide as dinner plates as he howls in agony. Suddenly...]

BW: WAIT, GORDO!

[With the crowd jeering loudly, trying to warn Jeremiah Colton, Shadoe Rage sprints into view, climbing the top rope in a blink of an eye...

...and leaps from his perch, DRIVING a double axehandle down onto the back of Colton's head, breaking the submission hold!]

GM: OHH! What the... what in the world is Shadoe Rage doing out here?!

BW: I haven't the slightest clue!

[Rage comes to one knee as he stares Colton in the eye. The slightest hint of a smile quirks on his lips as a dazed Colton rolls over onto his back...

...and Rage's hands shoot out, fastening around Colton's throat. With a look of absolute euphoria, he bears down, squeezing his hands together.]

GM: Rage has gone crazy here!

BW: He's in a trance, Gordo! He's lost it.

[Colton struggles in Rage's grasp as Rage continues to strangle him. Rage makes no eye contact. Colton's hands beat at his wrists, trying to battle his way free!]

GM: What in the heck is going on here, Bucky?!

BW: I told you that I don't know! These Canadians aren't playing with a full jar of maple syrup!

[Rage releases his grip, yanking Colton's head up by the hair. He drives an elbow straight down into Colton's forehead. He drives it down into Colton's head again. And then again. And then again. And then he strangles him again. Hunter rolls to one side, bracing himself on the ring ropes, grasping his shoulder.]

GM: What is meaning of this... Shadoe Rage has a terrifying blank expression on his face and The Sheriff is helpless here!

[Colton's brother Xavier and Max jog down the aisle, steel chairs in hand. Hunter grabs Rage by the shoulder, as if to try and snap him out of his fugue.]

GM: And finally here comes the family to the rescue... you had to think they knew that something like this was going down, but Shadoe Rage attacking Jeremiah Colton?

BW: I guess there's room for more than one First Family in Canadian wrestling.

[Rage backs off quickly down the aisle, followed closely by the panting, gasping Jackson Hunter.]

GM: Shadoe Rage coming to the aid of Jackson Hunter... and now I have to wonder if Hunter had any idea that was coming. Did Hunter enlist the aid of Shadoe Rage or was that lunatic acting alone? Fans, we've gotta get to the bottom of this situation but right now, Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing by while we get some medical aid for Jeremiah Colton. Lou?

[We go backstage where a surprised Sweet Lou Blackwell stands in front of an AWA backdrop.]

SLB: Thanks, Gordon. A wild scene out there at ringside but later tonight, fans, we will see the rematch for the World Tag Team championship, pitting the men who walked out with the titles at Memorial Day Mayhem, brothers Jack and Travis Lynch, against the former champions, Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan. We saw the Kings of Wrestling earlier and how they chose to present their case for the rematch... well, if we are using the politically correct terms, anyway... but it's not just the former champions who are seeking their shot at the titles. A few other tag teams want to make their cases for a title shot as well, and earlier tonight, Emerson Gellar announced that in two weeks' time, on the next Saturday Night Wrestling, The Slaughterhouse will be facing my guests at this time... Next Gen, please come on in here.

[That's the cue for the members of Next Gen to walk onto the set. Howie Somers and Daniel Harper are dressed in their wrestling attire -- Somers wears a navy blue singlet with the words "Next Gen" across the front in white lettering, plus navy blue kneepads and wrestling boots, while Harper wears similar attire, except it's all white with the "Next Gen" lettering in navy blue. Somers takes a position to Blackwell's left, Harper to Blackwell's right.]

SLB: Howie Somers and Daniel Harper, the two of you will meet The Slaughterhouse in two weeks to determine who will get a future shot at the World Tag Team titles. After Memorial Day Mayhem, you stated your desire to get a shot at those titles, laying out that challenge to Jack and Travis Lynch themselves. As you know, the Lynches will be facing Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan in a rematch tonight, but regardless of who wins, you have your chance to earn a shot at whoever the champions are. What can you tell me about Slaughterhouse and...

[Blackwell notices that Harper's eyes have narrowed and he is shaking his head, as if he's not happy about something.]

SLB: Excuse me, Daniel Harper... I know you and your partner wanted to face the champions, but I hope this isn't you being upset with Emerson Gellar's decision.

[Harper holds up his hand and talks with a tone of slight annoyance.]

DH: Sweet Lou, I'm not upset with Emerson Gellar at all. I understand he's doing what he thinks is best for the AWA. What got on my nerves is who you brought up... The Slaughterhouse.

SLB: Yes, they are the men you will be facing... and it sounds like you are no fan of Porter Crowley and The Lost Boy.

DH: You can throw Anton Layton in there and, in fact, you can put him at the top of the list, Sweet Lou! See, I know all about Layton's past, how he tormented Eric Preston, how he worked his way into a War Games match and went so over the edge with his tactics that his teammates disowned him, and most recently, how he somehow regained control of that gem or whatever it is and now starts acting like he's in control of things! And then he wants to go around singing the praises of men like the Samoan Hit Squad while referring to us as "kids"?

[He turns to the camera and jerks a finger toward it.]

DH: Layton, if you think that we're gonna be just a couple of kids who you get to toy around with for your own personal amusement, you are sorely mistaken! The tactics you employ make me sick! The way you try to bully people around makes me sick! And the way you go around thinking you can manipulate anybody who comes along, that makes me sick! There is no way my partner and I are going to let Lost Boy and Porter Crowley push us around! In two weeks' time, you're gonna find out that the more they try to push us around, the more we'll push right back!

[He places his hands on his hips and shakes his head again. Somers reaches over to his partner.]

HS: Deep breath and relax, my friend... difficult as it may be.

SLB: Howie Somers, though it seems you are a little less wired than your tag team partner, it seems to me you feel the same way about your opposition.

[Somers has a serious look on his face.]

HS: Sweet Lou, I look at Lost Boy and I see somebody who might have been able to realize his potential at one time, but keeps hooking up with the wrong people, to the point I believe he is a lost cause. Porter Crowley likes to think he's misunderstood, but I understand him enough, that he all he cares about is trying to injure his opponents. All I see in those two are a couple of bullies who need to learn a few manners. And Anton Layton... yeah, my partner covered it well, about how that man has done nothing in his career but to try to control and intimidate people. He thinks The Slaughterhouse is facing a couple of kids who he can control... but he's really going to find out that The Slaughterhouse will be facing two men who would love nothing more than to put the bullies down!

[He points to the camera.]

HS: Next Saturday Night Wrestling, we're not just going to beat Slaughterhouse to get ourselves a shot at the World Tag Team titles... we're gonna be the ones who teach The Slaughterhouse a lesson!

[He reaches over to high five Harper and the two walk off the set.]

SLB: All right, Next Gen clearly sees their match in two weeks' time as more than just a chance to face the tag team champions! That match is coming up a little later but right now, we're going to take a quick break! Don't go away because we'll be right back LIVE on The X!

[Fade to black.

We fade in on a shot of the Crockett Coliseum. A voiceover begins.]

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

[A black and white still photo of Bobby Taylor, Jon Stegglet, and Todd Michaelson at the AWA Grand Opening Press Conference is seen.]

"In 2008, these men had a dream that they could start from nothing..."

[A still of the WKIK Studios marquee promoting the premiere broadcast of Saturday Night Wrestling.]

"...and grow into a global powerhouse."

[A series of headlines fly by - "THE AWA ON THE X!", "AWA TOUCHES DOWN IN TOKYO!", "SUPERCLASH VI HEADS TO THE BIG APPLE!"]

"These men had a dream too."

[Shots of Aaron Anderson... Eric Preston... Supreme Wright... Skywalker Jones... Air Strike... Hercules Hammonds... Brad Jacobs... all in action inside the AWA squared circle.]

"They dreamed of fame... they dreamed of glory... they dreamed of their friends and family seeing them on television... and their dreams came true."

[A shot of the old converted building that came to be the AWA training school - the Combat Corner - is shown with Todd Michaelson standing out in front of it with some of the first crop of students.]

"The road to being a pro wrestler is hard. None of those men would tell you otherwise. But they would all tell you that the best way to walk that road..."

[The shot of the old Corner fades into a shot of the Crockett Coliseum - an artist rendering of a renovated Coliseum with the Combat Corner sign out front. A second rendering shows a new backstage area, filled with workout equipment and a few wrestling rings. A third rendering shows a renovated arena bowl with less seating, giving room for the backstage improvements while still leaving room for the fans who will attend the new Combat Corner Wrestling shows.]

"...is through the Combat Corner - the official training school for the American Wrestling Alliance."

[We cut to footage of a very young Supreme Wright taking a forearm smash from Eric Preston before falling to his back. Todd Michaelson is crouched nearby, whistle hanging from his mouth as he watches approvingly.]

"With the very best trainers in the business, the AWA Combat Corner is the most-equipped training facility to get you in shape and get you in the ring in the shortest amount of time."

[A second batch of footage shows Marcus Broussard, Clayton Shaw, and Juan Vasquez running some students through their paces. See anyone you recognize?]

"With former World Champion Todd Michaelson leading the classes, you can guarantee that you will be prepared for in-ring action upon graduation and with the AWA expanding by the day, you will have a place to work on Day One!"

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas when the much-larger one snares a waistlock, powering his opponent up into the air, and effortlessly throwing him down in a waistlock takedown. He pops up, showing himself to be a huge, hulking brute of a man who looks like he was created inside of a lab. Michaelson grins, slapping the big man on the back as the voiceover continues.]

"So, stop by the Combat Corner today... call our offices... visit our website... and let them know that you want to be the next AWA Superstar! You want to be the future of the business! You want to wrestle!"

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner before we fade back to black...

...and then fade back up to the interview platform where Kerry Kendrick and Callum Mahoney are standing by. Mark Stegglet is about to ask a question...]

MS: We are LIVE back here on The X for Saturday Night Wrestling. Kerry Kendrick, Callum Mahoney, you—

[... but is cut off by Ricki Toughill in a plaid skirt and schoolgirl's blouse, a lacrosse stick over her shoulder in place of her now-broken baseball bat.]

[Stegglet sighs and offers up his wrist, which Toughill grabs, guiding the microphone over to Kerry Kendrick.]

KK: Business is booming, Stegglet. Business is booming. In spite of a certain... unprofessional element in that locker room and an uncooperative element in the front office... Take a good look at us, Mark: along with "Red Hot" Rex Summers, who's going to be back in that title picture this summer when he Steals the Spotlight again, you're also looking that first AWA Women's Champion. Isn't he, Rick?

MS: Wait a second... she's not even officially in the Rumb- OW!

[Toughill tightens her grip on Stegglet's wrist, a pink bubble inflating between her lips.]

KK: And you're looking at the next AWA Tag Team Champions, in spite of whatever Daniel Harper and Howie Somers may say. I just know that Harper, the alleged technician, wouldn't last long if he were to take up my man Callum's Armbar Challenge, right Callum?

CM: Six seconds. Seven tops.

KK: And Somers? One Liberty Bellringer and he's done for the night. Frankly I'm more intimidated by his sister than I am by Howie. And Rick ain't intimidated by Julie at all.

[Stegglet tries to ask a question, but Toughill's vice grip on his wrist means he has to lean into the microphone to ask it.]

MS: Well, on the subject of championships, in two weeks, You, Callum Mahoney are scheduled to challenge for the AWA World Television title when you face Supernova in Toronto on Saturday Night Wrestling.

CM: Well, it's about time then, isn't it? What's a fella got to do around here to get his just dues while the likes of Williams, Harper and Somers go around making demands and are gifted opportunity after opportunity? I hate to bring it back to the tag team titles, Mark, but tell me, did either of those fellas outlast us in Memorial Day Battle Royal?

[Stegglet leans into the mic, but Kendrick beats him to it.]

KK: Course not!

CM: Are either of them fellas in Battle of Boston?

KK: Nowhere near!

CM: So, the way I see it, they have no business making demands for anything. Kerry and I, on the other hand, well... It's about time we made some demands of our own. We want a shot at the tag titles and any other team who aren't the Kings think they deserve a shot? They can get in line behind us!

[Stegglet gets control of the mic back.]

MS: Strong words there from SM&K... and they mentioned the next competitor that we're going to see in action so let's head down to the ring and catch Julie Somers inside the squared circle!

[Toughill's eyes flare at the mention of her name, turning her attention towards the ring as we pan over towards the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen, the following women's wrestling contest is set for one fall! First, from Minneapolis, Minnesota, and weighing 125 pounds... REBECCA REYNOLDS!

[A slender, blonde-haired woman wearing a pink halter top and white trunks raises her arms to the crowd, a smirk on her face.]

The guitar riffs that kick off "Is She With You," the Wonder Woman theme from the DC Cinematic Universe kick in over the PA system, drawing cheers from the crowd.]

RO: And her opponent, from Boston, Massachusetts and weighing 145 pounds... ladies and gentlemen, she is "THE SPITFIRE" JULIE SOMERS!

[Somers emerges from the entranceway, an energetic smile on her face. She wears a red halter top with matching Spandex shorts that come just above her knees, red kneepads and white wrestling boots. She stands at the top of the ramp, motioning with her hands to encourage the fans to cheer.]

GM: This young lady has made waves during the past year and you have to think she's one of the favorites to win the AWA Women's World Title coming up in about a month's time.

BW: Yeah, but she's gonna have to win that Rumble first. And when you have people like Charisma Knight, Lauryn Rage and Erica Toughill, all taking part in the Rumble as well, it's not gonna be so easy!

GM: Erica Toughill has NOT been officially named to the Rumble yet... you know that, right?

BW: It's only a matter of time.

[After a moment, she jogs down the ramp and aisle, reaching out to slap hands with fans. Upon reaching the ring, she slides underneath the ropes, rolling to her feet and heading right to the corner. She climbs onto the second turnbuckle and raises her arms, motioning with her hands to encourage the fans' cheers again.]

GM: There will indeed be a lot of talent competing in the Rumble at Madison Square Garden... but we've seen Somers overcome tough odds before and I wouldn't bet against her!

BW: Funny you put it that way, Gordo... after all, you know Melissa Cannon is entering the Rumble as well, and she didn't exactly sound pleased after Somers told everyone she was going to win that match!

GM: I'm not surprised about Cannon's reaction, because I know the kind of competitor she is as well. I doubt there's any animosity between the two, though.

BW: Sure, there isn't, Gordo... keep telling yourself that. Cannon wants to have the spotlight to herself and Somers is greedy enough to take it from her!

[The bell rings and Somers circles the ring, sizing up Reynolds, before the two go to lock up, only for Reynolds to catch Somers with a kick to the midsection.]

GM: Reynolds surprising Somers with that kick... now backing her toward the corner with a pair of forearms.

BW: Hey, Reynolds could use this as her chance to get into the Rumble... a win over Somers would certainly catch Gellar's attention.

GM: I know Emerson Gellar is keeping an eye open for any talent out there. Wouldn't surprise me if Reynolds is thinking about that.

[Reynolds hammers away with more forearms, before taking Somers by the arm and whipping her across the ring.]

GM: Reynolds sending Somers to the corner! Now she comes charging in...

[But Somers is quick to sidestep Reynolds.]

GM: Nobody home! Reynolds crashes into the corner... now Somers going to work!

[As Reynolds turns around, Somers fires off several hard chops.]

WHAP!

WHAP!

WHAP!

[That's followed by Somers grabbing Reynolds and taking her out of the corner with a hiptoss.]

GM: Somers now in control! Reynolds getting to her feet... standing dropkick by Somers takes her down!

[Reynolds rises off the canvas, but Somers runs toward her and leaps onto her shoulders.]

GM: Somers has Reynolds trapped in a headscissors... nice takedown by Somers!

[A hurrcanrana brings Reynolds to the canvas, followed by Somers rising to her feet and doing a fistpump, drawing cheers.]

BW: Yeah, brag about your fancy moves... just wait until you get into the ring with somebody like Charisma Knight or Lauryn Rage and try that out with them!

GM: Somers has been in that ring with Knight before and knows what to expect. And I'm sure she'd love nothing more than to mix it up with Lauryn Rage.

BW: Given the way Knight's been shown up by Gellar as of late, I wouldn't want to get into that ring with her! And you think it's wise to stand between a Rage family member and a title belt? Especially if you're gonna play up to these idiots in the stands more than paying attention to the match!

[Somers turns back to Reynolds, pulling her off the canvas and hooking her in a front chancery.]

GM: But Somers is turning her attention back to her opponent... nice vertical suplex by Somers!

BW: Yeah, doing it with somebody like Reynolds is one thing, but you can't waste time against an experienced opponent like Knight or Rage. They'll take advantage of any opening they get!

[Somers then motions to the corner and scales the turnbuckles.]

GM: Julie Somers going to the top rope... doesn't look she's setting up for the moonsault, though.

[Reynolds pulls herself to her feet, only for Somers to leap off the top rope and extend her legs.]

GM: Oh my! Missile dropkick and a beauty! And Somers goes for the cover!

[Somers drops down to cover Reynolds, but at the count of two, Reynolds kicks out.]

GM: Two count only! Somers a little surprised about that.

BW: Hey, you said it yourself... Reynolds may want to impress to get a spot in the Rumble!

GM: Somers dragging Reynolds off... oh, shot to the midsection!

[Somers staggers backwards as Reynolds followed up with a shot to the ribs, then pokes a finger into her eye.]

GM: And Reynolds resorting to breaking the rules there.

BW: You do what you gotta do to impress Gellar, Gordo!

GM: Reynolds now slapping on a side headlock... oh my! Shot right between the eyes!

[The referee warns Reynolds about a closed fist, but Reynolds denies doing so, as Somers rubs her face.]

GM: Reynolds has Somers... whipping her across the ring! Tries for a clothesline...

[Reynolds extends her arm, but Somers ducks underneath it.]

GM: She misses! Somers from the opposite side... oh my!

[Somers leaps into the air, connecting with a clothesline of her own, sending Reynolds to the canvas.]

GM: A nice jumping clothesline by Somers!

BW: Reynolds getting back up... Somers rushing her!

[A quick kick to the midsection doubles Reynolds over, then Somers grabs her by the back of the head and leaps into the air.]

GM: Facebuster by Julie Somers! What impact!

[Somers rolls Reynolds onto her back, then points toward the corner.]

GM: Could it be the moonsault?

BW: She better be quick about it! Missing a high risk move like this can be costly!

[Somers heads up to the top rope, keeping her back to her opponent.]

GM: Reynolds isn't moving... Somers leaps... and the moonsault connects!

[Somers flies onto her opponent, reaches over and hooks the leg for good measure.]

GM: She gets one... two... and three!

[The bell rings and Somers pushes herself to her knees.]

GM: Another win for Julie Somers! Let's get the official word!

["Is She With You" plays again as Somers reaches her feet and allows the referee to raise her arm in victory.]

RO: The winner of the match... "THE SPITFIRE" JULIE SOMERS!

[Somers has a big smile on her face and pumps her fist repeatedly, encouraging the fans' cheers. She ducks between the ropes and climbs down from the apron, then reaches out to slap hands with fans.]

GM: Julie Somers continuing her winning ways here in the AWA... but will she be the one to walk out with the Women's title when the AWA comes to Madison Square Garden? We'll find out, but right now, let's head up to Sweet Lou Blackwell!

[We go to the podium, where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands with a mic in hand.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome "The Spitfire" Julie Somers!

[That's when Somers comes up from the aisle and toward the podium, once more acknowledging the cheering fans.]

SLB: Julie Somers, it seems to me you are ready to go for the Rumble match at MSG... your opportunity to become the first AWA Women's champion.

JS: Sweet Lou, the time can't go by fast enough! I can't tell you how excited I am to have a chance to be the first AWA women's champion... you know, they always tend to remember the first person to achieve something like that, so what better could there be than to follow in the footsteps of others who were the first to do something... like when Marcus Broussard was the first National Champion, or James Monosso was the first World Champion... only difference here is that it will be the chance for me to be the first woman to hold an AWA title! I'd love nothing more than to join the company of the greatest ever to set foot in the AWA!

SLB: I do have to ask you, though, about Melissa Cannon... it seems that after your interview at Memorial Day Mayhem, she didn't seem exactly pleased with you saying that you planned on being the better wrestler at Madison Square Garden!

JS: Sweet Lou, that was nothing personal, it's just business. Besides, what more would anyone expect? Every woman in the AWA wants to prove they are the best... I know that's what Melissa wants, and she knows that's what I want. I don't doubt

she thinks differently, that she believes she'll prove she's most deserving of the Women's championship. I know she wants it badly... but the way I see it, nobody wants it more than me!

[A quick smile.]

JS: Some might call that arrogance, but I call it confidence! And I look forward to proving it in six weeks' time!

SLB: Well, it won't be just Melissa Cannon who may be taking exception to your belief... as a matter of fact, I've heard from a few people that Erica Toughill has been keeping an eye on you!

JS: What, Sweet Lou... she tell you that herself? Because she doesn't seem like a woman of many words, you know.

SLB: [pausing for a bit] Well, not directly from her, but there are others who are saying that.

JS: [another quick smile] Hey, I'm just messing with your mind, Sweet Lou... only because I like you! But I will say that if Erica Toughill wants a piece of me, I'm not going to be hard to find! Hey, I'll be at Madison Square Garden... I'm sure she'll be there, too, so if she wants to find out what The Spitfire is all about, the Rumble may just be the place where she gets to find out!

SLB: You are aware, though, that Toughill has experience in a match like this... in fact, one thing that is unique about Toughill is that she not only has experience in a Rumble, she's won such a match before!

JS: I know what you're referring to... Angels and Amazons, and I was a big fan of that event myself! Yeah, I know Erica Toughill is capable of winning a match like that, and I'm not about to take her lightly. But her own experience should tell her that there's no guarantees in a match like that, and more importantly, that the winner is often the one who has the most desire and tenacity to get through all of the competitors in the match! And I aim on proving to be I'm the one that fits that description! Like I said, if Toughill wants to find out what the Spitfire is all about, she'll find out at the Rumble, I promise you that!

[With that, she pumps her fist toward the crowd once more, encouraging their cheers.]

SLB: All right, fans, Julie Somers has her sights set on Madison Square Garden! Gordon, Bucky... let's head right back down to the two of you at ringside.

[Cut back to the announce duo at ringside.]

GM: Thanks, Lou. So much going on here in the AWA these days, Bucky. The Battle of Boston, this big Canada tour... the Rumble in MSG... the European tour with the Steal The Spotlight Series.

BW: The summer has always been a big time of year for the AWA and this year doesn't seem to be any different, Gordo.

[We cut to a new camera shot where we see a masked MAMMOTH Maximus sitting amongst the fans in the front row at ringside, dressed very much like he was at the press conference, in a black polo T-shirt and charcoal gray slacks. Realizing, from the cheering, that he is on camera, Maximus rises from his seat and holds his right hand in the air, waving to acknowledge the fans.]

GM: Speaking of the Battle of Boston, there's MAMMOTH Maximus, another of the names announced for that big tournament last night, taking in some Saturday Night Wrestling action here in Calgary. We go now to our broadcast colleague Mark Stegglet, who is standing by with someone who used to be associated with Maximus. Take it away, Mark!

[Cut back to the interview platform where Stegglet is, indeed, standing by with Louis Matsui, who is dressed in a light gray sports coat over a light blue dress shirt and faded blue jeans. He also has a black Stetson on his head.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon... and firstly, Louis, you look ridiculous.

[Matsui recoils in surprise, reaching up for his Stetson as Stegglet continues.]

MS: Secondly, let's get this out of the way: we've got MAMMOTH Maximus sitting in the front row tonight and we know he is going to be part of Battle of Boston. Any thoughts on the return of your former client? Why are you not... Or, more accurately, why has he not sought out your guidance heading into the tournament?

LM: To put it plainly, Green Steggs and Ham, our paths have diverged ever since we parted company... I went one way and all of us who followed Maximus' international success saw what he could do without need of my managerial expertise. Now, I am sure I have much to offer Maximus still, but I also would not want to hold him back from doing what he needs to do this July 4th weekend. Besides, I have other priorities right now. Which is what you have me out here for in the first place, isn't it, Mark?

MS: Well, you did say we would see the debut of your newest find here tonight. Your so-called diamond in the rough. But I don't see anyone out here with you. Have you even found anyone who wants to be a part of your Matsui Dynasty?

LM: Found someone, Marky Mark? How about a couple of someones? I am a man who recognizes talent and those months on the road, I saw a whole lot of talent. The only thing separating those men from the likes of MAMMOTH Mizusawa and MAMMOTH Maximus is that they haven't been granted the opportunity. Tonight, I grant that opportunity to two of them, so come on out here, gentlemen!

[Kid Rock's "Cowboy" starts to play over the arena speakers, to a smattering of cheers from the crowd. The cheers grow louder for the young man who ascends the interview platform, brown-eyed, with medium-length blond hair showing from under a brown Stetson. His lean but sculpted physique can be seen under an open brown vest. He goes to the other side of Stegglet and continues to play to the crowd, pointing at them and pumping his right fist in the air.

Joining them on the platform is a man who appears to be of Asian descent. He does not seem much taller than Matsui and you could call him fat, his closely-cropped hair further emphasizing his roundness. All he has on is a pair of black shorts, revealing a tattoo, on his left pectoral, of a scantily-clad pin-up, and another tattoo, on his left arm, close to his shoulder, a wolf howling at the moon. His head, face and torso is already dripping with perspiration, as he takes his place next to Matsui.

While the music stops, the cheers for the first guy only dies down slightly.]

LM: As you can see, Mark, this man right here is something of a hometown hero. These fans know him and they know he's been trained by the legendary Colton family and they are going to blow the roof off the Saddledome when I introduce you to Calgary's own...

"COWBOY"

VIRGIL

REEEEEEED!!!

[The roar from the crowd does not quite threaten the structural integrity of the building, but it is loud enough for Matsui to refrain from saying anything for a few seconds.]

LM: And this man right here? This man might not be as big as a Mizusawa or a Maximus, but he has over ten years of experience in professional wrestling. Allow me to introduce the AWA Galaxy to JOEY SA-

[Matsui seems surprised to be interrupted by the man reaching over and placing his hand over the mic. He raises an eyebrow as the man looks at him stoically, before leaning closer to the mic and moving his hand away.]

M: With all due respect, Mister Matsui, the name is Joe Estrada... Just Joe Estrada.

LM: Well, Joe Estrada it is, then. Anyway, where was I?

MS: So, we're getting two debuts tonight? Are these men a team, or will they be competing individually?

LM: If it were up to me, Steggy, these men would be the twin pillars of a new Matsui Dynasty. Unfortunately, there is only one AWA contract up for grabs. So, by order of the Director of Operations, Virgil Reed will face Joe Estrada in the ring tonight with the contract going to the winner. And that match is next!

MS: Well, folks, I've been told that we've got to take a break for a word from our sponsors, but when we come back, we'll have Calgary's own Virgil Reed taking on Joe Estrada for a shot at an AWA contract. Don't go away.

[Fade to black...

We cut to the living room of a house, where two kids are playing an Atari 2600. Some pathetic bleeps and bloops are coming from the screen, as they have in every media portrayal of video games ever. The kids are halfheartedly going through the motions. One of them seems to be having trouble staying awake.]

Kid #1: This is boring.

Kid #2: I wish we had toys that could _really_ fight.

[Suddenly, a body is flung through the large front window with a loud crash. A hard-rock background track plays as the body gets to his feet... wait, is that Canibal?]

Kids: *gasp*

[And... is that Dave Bryant running through the broken window to attack him again?!]

Kids: Dave Bryant!

[And... did Shadoe Rage just kick down the front door to attack The Hangman from behind while he was grappling with Travis Lynch in the dining room for no apparent reason?! And is that Skywalker Jones leaping down the staircase at Calisto Dufresne? And why are Downfall beating up the mailman? Oh, there's Next Gen turning them around and brawling with them on the lawn!]

Kids: WOAH!

[Yes, these two kids are about to have a very badly-acted simultaneous cardiac arrest and orgasm. It happens. Especially when Jordan Ohara is jumping off your kitchen cabinet to hit Rex Summers with a flying bodypress, Juan Vasquez is hiptossing Terry Shane III across your family room, and The Slaughterhouse and The Wilde Bunch are brawling across your driveway. Cain Jackson has just grabbed a dish from the china cabinet and breaks it across the back of Pure X, while Supernova is ramming Johnny Detson's head into the sink in the background, Jackson Hunter and Brian Lau are in a shouting match, Koyla Sudakov tries to clothesline Callum Mahoney, who ducks... poor Koyla hits the boys' father who was coming in to check out the noise. Then Maxim Zharkov wanders by and stomps on the poor guy. Because he can.]

Kids: THIS IS AWESOME!

[And cue the sales pitch!]

Announcer: And now you can bring the awesome home with Series Five AWA action figures from Hasbro!

[We cut to the product line, where action figures of all of our favorite AWA characters stand in dramatic action figure poses~!]

Announcer: Relive the greatest matches!

[Ryan Martinez tries to smash Supreme Wright with a kitchen chair, but Wright pulls open the ironing board from the wall to block it! Then we see the kids playing with the Martinez and Wright action figures.]

Announcer: Create new dream matches never before seen!

[The Rotgut Rustlers do a double throw to send Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan over the living room divider into the kitchen! Then we see the kids playing with the Rustlers, Taylor and Donovan action figures.]

Announcer: Form brand new alliances and teams that you'd never see live!

[Jack Lynch and Brian James double-clothesline Cesar Hernandez in the kitchen... then both grab for the paper towels to wipe off their hands with disgusted 'yuck' expressions. Then we see the kids playing with these three action figures.]

Announcer: Perform the great signature moves of the AWA wrestlers, or invent totally new ones!

[The magic of blue-screen editing makes it look like Gladiator is doing a double-backflip powerbomb to Larry Wallace. Well, his body is doing flips in the air as if someone were just spinning the footage around (because that's exactly what it is). Then we see the kids do the same 'move' with the action figures.]

Announcer: There's now action figures featuring the women of the AWA!

[Barging in through the door are Lauryn Rage, Charisma Knight and Erica Toughill, who rush into the dining room, where Melissa Cannon, Julie Somers and Lori Wilson just happening to be waiting for them! Then we see a couple of girls playing with the six action figures.]

Announcer: And there's even Torin the Titan!

[None other than Torin himself comes crashing through (yes, through) the wall, after which he grabs poor Jackie Bourassa and headbutts him. Then we see kids playing with the same action figures.]

Announcer: The base set comes with the Crockett Coliseum ring and four of the top stars in the AWA!

[Cut to a posed shot of Allen Allen, Manny Imbrogno, Caspian Abaran, and Kerry Kendrick. See, you have to buy the ring, and you get some reasonably popular-but-not-first-choice guys (GLASS CEILING~!) and then you HAVE to spend money to get the popular guys! Clever!]

Announcer: AWA Action Figures... get them today! Because it's the only way to get this close to the action... AND SURVIVE.

[With that, we cut to the post-fight devastation of the house... it looks like a tornado went through here. And exploded.]

Announcer: Ages 8 and up!

[Fade to black...

...and then back to the ring, where AWA official Scott Ezra is giving instructions to the two competitors in the next match. On the outside, we see Louis Matsui walk over to where MAMMOTH Maximus is sitting. He holds out his right hand with a smile and Maximus engulfs it in his. The camera catches the tail end of what Matsui is saying: "... in Battle of Boston. Good luck."

In the ring, at the referee's instruction, both men back away from each other towards their respective corners. Reed pumps his raised right fist in the air in an attempt to fire the crowd up. It works as we hear a "LET'S GO, COWBOY!" chant starting up, along with the accompanying claps. Estrada, however, just stares Reed down.]

GM: We are back here LIVE from Calgary on The X with Virgil Reed... a man who is no stranger to these Calgary fans it seems...

BW: Clearly not. Matsui travelled all over the country scouting for talent, so, when he said he'd found his diamond in the rough, we all thought he'd be American. Who would have expected Matsui to have found someone who seems quite celebrated here in Calgary?

GM: Or that he'd show up with two prospects.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Reed steps forward to the center of the ring, motioning for Estrada. Estrada stays where he is.]

BW: What is this guy doing?

GM: Joey Savage, I mean, Joe Estrada is just stoically staring down Virgil Reed.

BW: What is he waiting for, Gordo? The bell's rung. The match has started.

[A fired-up Reed is now yelling at Estrada to "COME ON! LET'S DO THIS!" With Estrada still not moving, Reed turns to Matsui, yelling at him to do something. Which means he does not see Estrada rushing towards him. Reed turns around and gets nearly flipped upside down in the air with a clothesline. Reed lands on his

back, but quickly rolls onto his front. However, he is slow to push himself onto his hands and knees.]

GM: Oof! Estrada just viciously drove the flat of his foot into the side of Reed's face.

[The blow knocks Reed over onto his back as Estrada hits the ropes, building momentum before dropping an impactful senton down across the chest!]

GM: Big running backsplash by Estrada!

[Estrada gets back to his feet and pulls Reed up into a half nelson. He reaches around and under Reed's chin with his free arm.]

BW: That's a choke! Ref's gotta check that!

GM: Savage has a half nelson chokehold applied. Reed is flailing! Reed is fading!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And Reed is out!

RO: The winner of this match, by submission...

JOE ESTRERRAAADAAA!!

[Estrada releases the hold and Reed drops like a sack of potatoes. Scott Ezra raises the victor's hand, as Matsui enters the ring. He stands over Virgil Reed, bends down, with his hands on his knees, and looks down at Reed, who is sputtering and gasping for air, staring up at Matsui. Matsui smiles, shaking his head, as we barely catch him say, "Sorry, pal. I guess the time isn't right for you, eh?"]

BW: I don't know what just happened, Gordo.

GM: Joe Estrada proving to be fast and effective at what he does. I guess Louis Matsui has his diamond in the rough, Bucky.

[We see Matsui raising Estrada's arm now and pointing to his newest find with a huge smile on his face as we fade to black...

We open to a panoramic view of a packed house at an AWA show. After a moment, the opening to Coldplay's "Sky Full Of Stars" plays in the background as we get sweeping shots of cheering AWA fans.

As the lyrics begin, we catch back-to-back clips: a dramatic staredown in the ring between Dave Bryant and Supreme Wright, then two cheering fans side by side... one wearing a Bryant T-Shirt, one wearing a Wright T-Shirt.]

#'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[Next up we see Bobby O'Connor autographing a fan's Bobby O'Connor poster at ringside during a house show (when the wrestlers have time to do that kind of thing).]

I'm gonna give you my heart

[Then we see Johnny Detson walking down an aisle, berating the fans (who are waving a poster with a collage of AWA faces at him) as he goes by, but the one fan next to them with the gold-tinted Johnny Detson sunglasses is clearly thrilled about it. A similar shot sees Travis Lynch going by, pausing and giving a smile to a young lady with a Travis T-Shirt; she swoons.]

'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[And then, a super slow-motion shot of Ryan Martinez using the brainbuster on an opponent in the ring, which fades to transparency as we see a group of fans with Ry-Mart attire and merchandise cheering at ringside.]

Because you light up the path

[The music fades, but the cheering of the fans is still loud as we get another panoramic crowd shot. And then the stinger: AWAshop.com.

We fade back up to live action, panning over the crowd still buzzing over what they just saw when suddenly Nas' "I Can" brings the crowd to their feet as Jordan Ohara springs out from behind the curtains. He is dressed in his ring gear and a navy T-shirt that reads: Death or Glory. The young man tries his best to do Sweet Daddy's signature shuck and jive dance, but nobody can do it like the Sweet Daddy. The crowd cheers for him anyway as he bounces to the ring, slapping hands and hugging as many fans as he can. He takes the ring, doing his own karate katas much more comfortably than he could do Williams' dance before he is brought a microphone.]

JO: Calgary, this is not only history in the making for being the first AWA show in Canada, but it is also Sweet Daddy Williams Appreciation Night. They tell me Calgary is cowboy country, so this is a perfect place to celebrate a southern boy whose charisma and spirit transcends his humble southern roots and went across the world! Calgary? WHO WANTS TO SIT ON SWEET DADDY'S LAP!

[The crowd roars in response.]

JO: Well, we won't be able to do that right now... not yet at least but I hear the man himself will be out here later tonight. But instead, I want you to stand up and enjoy this video I had put together in tribute to the AWA legend... the AWA Original himself... Sweet Daddy Williams!

[Ohara signals to the production truck as the houselights go out and Phillip Phillips "Raging Fire" starts as the AWATron fades up with Jordan's tribute to Sweet Daddy Williams.

So come out, come out, come out
Won't you turn my soul into a raging fire?
Come out, come out, come out
'Til we lose control into a raging fire
Into a raging fire
Come out, come out, come out
Won't you turn my soul into a raging fire?

[The lyrics are in the background as we see some still photos of Sweet Daddy Williams from his early days in the business. Williams standing alongside "Dirty" Dick Sullivan before a tag team match... dropping a big running elbow on an unnamed opponent... embracing a rather rotund female fan with a big grin on his face.

We fade through black to footage of Sweet Daddy Williams standing alongside Gordon Myers at the old WKIK Studios interview podium.]

"The Sweet Daddy's come to do the things that the Sweet Daddy comes to do, Gordon! I'm here to shake...

[Cue wild jiggin' and a loud cheer!]

"...and bake, I'm here to make the ground quake, I'm here to back rake, I'm here to lady take, I'm here to eat cake... but most of all, Gordon Myers, I'm here to splash all over this lake for goodness sake! "WHO WAN' SIT ON SWEET DADDY'S LAP TANIIGHT?!"

So come out, come out, come out
Won't you turn my soul into a raging fire?
Come out, come out, come out
'Til we lose control into a raging fire
Into a raging fire
Come out, come out, come out
Won't you turn my soul into a raging fire?

[We fade to footage from the very first AWA Rumble. The buzzer sounds as the self-written, self-performed sounds of "I'm Gon' Be Your Sweet Daddy", a song that pretty much sounds like what you'd expect it to, which sends the Dallas, Texas crowd into a loud ovation]

BW: What the-? Is that-? No, no, no! I thought we left him behind in Georgia, daddy! I didn't know he was comin' with us!

GM: I knew you'd be pleased... The Sweet Daddy is in the WKIK Studios!

[We fade to footage of Williams making an entrance, clad in a pair of eye-scorching green trunks... much too small for his overly large stomach and thighs. He makes his way down the aisle, trading high-fives and hugs with as many of the roaring fans as he can. The voice of Melissa Cannon making the introduction is heard as the beaming Sweet Daddy makes his way to the ring.]

MC: From HOTLANTA, GEORGIA... weighing in at 302 pounds... SWEET!
DAAADDY! WILLILLIAMS!

[Another fade through black to still photos. Sweet Daddy, Ricky Royal, City Jack, and Tin Can Rust playing cards backstage at an event, Williams in the midst of a big belly laugh... Williams with an arm around Gordon Myers at a local tavern... sitting in a locker room, blood dripping down his forehead after a match but a smile still on his face.]

So come out, come out, come out
Won't you turn my soul into a raging fire?
Come out, come out, come out
'Til we lose control into a raging fire
Into a raging fire
Come out, come out, come out
Won't you turn my soul into a raging fire?

[We fade through black to footage again. A grinning Sweet Daddy Williams, sweating pretty heavily for a short match, is on the scene. He puts a sloppy arm across the shoulders of Bucky Wilde, holding him tightly.]

"Oh, I missed you most of all, Scarecrow."

[Leaning over, Sweet Daddy plants a kiss on the cheek of Bucky Wilde who storms out of view, frantically wiping his face off. Williams chuckles as he shakes the hand of Gordon Myers.

Fade through black to another interview segment with a grinning Sweet Daddy.]

"You see, Jason... I like to have fun. Outside the ring, I'm the life of the party and the king of the streets. Every town we hit, every hotel we're in... I'm in the bar havin' a good ol' time and findin' out exactly who wants to sit on Sweet Daddy's lap tonight if you get my meanin'."

So come out, come out, come out
Won't you turn my soul into a raging fire?
Come out, come out, come out
'Til we lose control into a raging fire
Into a raging fire
Come out, come out, come out
Won't you turn my soul into a raging fire?

[More footage, this time with a really determined Williams.]

"You see this here shirt, Hotshot?"

[Williams slaps his own chest.]

"It says Death Or Glory... I wear this shirt at least once a week 'cause I needs to. I needs ta do it so I can rememmmmmber..."

[The Sweet Daddy points to the crowd.]

"I need ta remember what you did, Stevie... what you did to all these beautiful people... And what ya did to me."

So come out, come out, come out
Won't you turn my soul into a raging fire?
Come out, come out, come out
'Til we lose control into a raging fire
Into a raging fire
Come out, come out, come out
Won't you turn my soul into a raging fire?

[Fade to footage of the two former best friends standing toe to toe in the middle of the ring, glaring one another down.]

Stevie Scott starts talking trash to Williams, unheard by the mic but enough to know that something's up...

Especially when Scott punctuates it by slapping Williams across the face. Williams turns away from the impact of the slap, looking out at the crowd for a long moment...

...and then slowly turning back towards the Hotshot with the most serious stare we've ever seen out of Sweet Daddy Williams.]

So come out, come out, come out
Won't you turn my soul into a raging fire?
Come out, come out, come out
'Til we lose control into a raging fire
Into a raging fire
Come out, come out, come out
Won't you turn my soul into a raging fire?

[The Hotlanta native suddenly lunges forward, yanking both of Scott's legs out from under him with a double leg takedown, taking him down to the mat. The crowd roars to life as Williams throws punch after punch after punch to the skull of the Hotshot.]

GM: HE'S ALL OVER HIM, BUCKY! THE CHALLENGER IS ALL OVER HIM!

[With the crowd cheering, Williams throws Scott into the ropes, knocking him flat with a running clothesline. Scott pops back up but gets knocked right back down with another clothesline!

We cut to later in that match where the crowd is chanting "SWEET! SWEET! SWEET!" as a riled up Stevie Scott pacing around the ring, shouting "SHUT UP!" He puts his hands over his ears, screaming "STOP! STOP!" as Williams gets up off the floor, grabbing a handful of trunks, and YANKING the National Champion off the apron, sending him crashing down to the wooden floor in a heap!]

So come out, come out, come out
Won't you turn my soul into a raging fire?
Come out, come out, come out
'Til we lose control into a raging fire
Into a raging fire
Come out, come out, come out
Won't you turn my soul into a raging fire?

[Back to another Williams promo, addressing the camera directly this time.]

"Sweet Daddy Williams has wrestled in the smallest places you can imagine - dirty, stinky shoeboxes where there were more people in the locker room than in the crowd watchin'. But he's also been on top of the world - wrestlin' in the arena that the Good Lord himself reached down and built with his own two hands to stand as THE Mecca of all things sports and entertainment, Madison Square Garden.

If we find out that my fire's done been put out long ago...

...then I'm done. I will take off these boots - these boots that I bought on my first day of rasslin' school... I'll take 'em off and leave 'em right in the middle of the ring."

So come out, come out, come out
Won't you turn my soul into a raging fire?
Come out, come out, come out
'Til we lose control into a raging fire
Into a raging fire
Come out, come out, come out
Won't you turn my soul into a raging fire?

[Back to match footage where Sweet Daddy Williams in front of a roaring crowd, staggering across the ring to drill Shadoe Rage with a right hand in the gut before reaching up, hooking a handful of "locs"...

...and HURLS Rage from his perch, sending him sailing halfway across the ring where he CRASHES down to the canvas!]

So come out, come out, come out
Won't you turn my soul into a raging fire?
Come out, come out, come out
'Til we lose control into a raging fire
Into a raging fire
Come out, come out, come out
Won't you turn my soul into a raging fire?

[And back to Williams in front of a mic.]

"I won some... lost some too. I held a few titles here and there but as my old man used to say, "The only belt you need to feel like a man is the one that holds up your pants when you go to work.""

[Fade through black again. This time, we get still photos of Williams from the Combat Corner as more of his words play in the background. Photos of Williams with Bret Grayson... with Cody Mertz... with Brian James... and of course, with Willie Hammer.]

"But they gotta see... the kids gotta see... Travis, Jordan, Supernova... even my boy, Willie... he's gotta see that it's not impossible. They gotta see that when things are at their darkest, even one guy with a burning torch makes a difference. They gotta see that when guys like me and Alex are gone, that they're the next generation... that they're the ones who have to be ready to shine the light. Travis... Jordan... 'Nova... the rest, I know they'll be back here watching... and Willie's going to be out there with me watching. My blood. My son. He's going to see that when I'm gone, he's gotta keep it going. He's gotta bring the fight. He's gotta shine the light."

So come out, come out, come out
Won't you turn my soul into a raging fire?
Come out, come out, come out
'Til we lose control into a raging fire
Into a raging fire
Come out, come out, come out
Won't you turn my soul into a raging fire?

[The music fades as we get a still of Williams in what looks like a class photo. He standing with a virtual Who's Who of the early days of the AWA... fan favorites and rulebreakers alike... maybe a promotional photo of some sort with AWA officials in the middle to keep the peace. Marcus Broussard, Kolya Sudakov, Stevie Scott, Juan Vasquez, Ron Houston, Calisto Dufresne, Kentucky's Pride... the list goes on and on.

Slowly, a vignette grows around the edges, putting the spotlight on a grinning Sweet Daddy Williams as the music goes all the way out.

The video ends, the lights come up, and the camera zooms in on a very emotional Jordan Ohara as the crowd begins chanting, "SWEET! SWEET! SWEET!" Ohara smiles, pumping his fist along with the chant for a few moments before it grows quiet in the Saddledome, allowing Ohara to speak.]

JO: Sweet Daddy Williams has meant a lot to all of us young guys in the back. I mean, here's a guy who's done it all and been everywhere! And he did it at the highest level possible with the most charisma imaginable.

He had the right to be left alone backstage. He had the right to have his own dressing room and have people fawn over him. But he was never like that. He was always one of the boys. He would always look out for the younger guys.

I mean, I've only been in the AWA for a little while now and Sweet Daddy would take me aside and say "Kid, you have it all. But you gotta get out of your own way. You're too shy. You're back in America. Loosen up. We like a little showboat over here!"

[Ohara smiles a little bit, acknowledging his own flaws.]

JO: I know I'm not as eloquent as Sweet Daddy wanted me to be on the mic, but I think I can show a little bit of what he wanted in the ring. Sweet Daddy was... is like a wrestling father to me. He took this shy kid back from Japan and showed me

a little bit of the ropes, the American style, the camaraderie that could exist backstage. He didn't have to do any of that. But he did it for all us young guys time and time again. And Sweet Daddy has a fire in him that couldn't be put out. And he gave us all a little bit of that fire. He gave all of us a spark and turned our souls into a raging fire.

[Jordan suddenly gets very stern.]

JO: So Juan Vasquez and your little sycophant, Jackson Hunter, and your goon, Maxim Zharkov, you think running around here putting people out with the piledriver is going to be your key to power? You think that it's going to intimidate us?

Let me tell you all something, it won't work. Vasquez, Zharkov, Hunter, you're all on borrowed time. Sure, you've stolen the spotlight for now. Sure, you've got the upper hand. Sure, you're Vasquez, Hunter and Zharkov, big names in our sport, but I'm Jordan Ohara ... and there are good men and great wrestlers named Supernova, Travis Knight, Derrick Williams and Ryan Martinez in the back.

We're standing right here. And we're keepers of the light, Vasquez. Your little Axis of Evil, will never triumph! You will not make the AWA great again.

We will.

[A big cheer goes up from the Calgary crowd. Ohara nods, smiling at the reaction to his words.]

JO: And we will make it great again by getting rid of scum like you! You might think you rule the roost, but you've built a castle in the sand. And we're going to knock it down! We're going to hold the line. We're going to keep going. We're going to bring the fight. And we're going to shine the light! Our souls, Axis, are pure fire and we will burn away your evil! And when Willie Hammer and Sweet Daddy get back, they will see that we've made the AWA great again!

[Ohara spikes the mic to a big reaction, looking out on the crowd. He raises his arm, pumping his fist in rhythm, leading the crowd as they start chanting again...]

"SWEET!"

"SWEET!"

"SWEET!"

[And the chant keeps on going, echoing throughout the Saddledome as we slowly fade to black.

We fade up on the logo for the television network known by its fans as "The X" - Fox Sports X. Standing next to it is Terrence Howard of "Empire" fame.]

"They tell me that Lucious Lyon ain't the toughest man on Fox anymore. Hah! I'll believe that when I see it!"

[Cut to a shot from SWLL's LUCHA LUCHA LUCHA where El Caliente snaps off a death-defying dive over the top rope, over the corner ringpost, and onto a prone figure. A voiceover not belonging to Terrence Howard provides the hype.]

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

[Then to a shot of the GFC - a recent shot with Ivan Petrov knocking Rufus Harris out to win the GFC Heavyweight Title.]

"Or maybe you prefer a little bit of MMA!"

[On to Tiger Paw Pro's WrestleGalaxy as Yoshinari Taguchi exchanges stiff slaps with the man AWA fans would know as Nenshou.]

"Travel to the Land of the Rising Sun for some puroresu action!"

[A highlight reel level head kick from a European looking kickboxer drops a Japanese one.]

"The hottest new action on The X belongs to SKB - Super K Boxing!"

[And finally to a shot of Ryan Martinez lighting up Supreme Wright's chest with a series of machine gun chops.]

"Saturday nights bring you all the action of the American Wrestling Alliance!"

[We cut back to Terrence Howard, wincing and rubbing his own chest as if he could feel Martinez' chops.]

"Alright, alright... those boys are pretty bad too. But can they sing?"

[Howard laughs as we cut back to the logo for The X. Howard delivers the closing line.]

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

[The "come get some" slogan fills the screen as we fade to black...

...and come back up on the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is for the AWA WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS!

[Big cheer!]

RO: Introducing first, they are the challengers...

[The sounds of "Beer Drinkers & Hell Raisers" by ZZ Top kicks in over the PA System. The fans respond appropriately with a savage greeting.]

RO: Representing the Kings of Wrestling and being accompanied down the aisle by their manager Brian Lau... at a total combined weight of 503 pounds...

WES TAYLOR AND TONY DONNNNOVAAAAAN!

[The curtain parts Lau, Taylor, and Donovan make their way out through the curtain, the latter two dressed for battle.]

GM: The challengers - the former World Tag Team Champions - making their way down the aisle...

BW: Not so fast, Gordo.

[Pulling to a stop as Brian Lau extends his arms in front of Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan, the Kings turn back towards the curtain, watching and waiting...

...and the jeers get even louder as the World Heavyweight Champion, Johnny Detson, comes walking through the curtain alongside the son of the Blackheart, Brian James.]

BW: Oho! The challengers ain't comin' alone, Gordo!

GM: Well, now... this certainly is going to turn things in their favor, you'd have to imagine. Jack and Travis Lynch couldn't have anticipated this.

BW: Maybe they should have because I'll tell you right now - the Kings will stop at NOTHING to regain those titles here tonight from these usurping dogs who never should've been allowed to wrestle for the titles to begin with.

GM: Boy, you really are upset about that.

BW: It's been two of the worst weeks of my life since Memorial Day Mayhem, Gordo. Bar none.

[Smiles are all around for the Kings now as they trade high fives, new-found confidence in their stride as they head towards the ring.]

GM: Obviously no Shane Taylor out here after what we saw earlier. No Harrison Fawcett either. You have to be concerned about just what he might be backstage plotting.

[As they reach the ring, Taylor and Donovan scramble up on the apron, ducking through the ropes. Taylor stomps across the ring, mounting the midbuckle, pointing a threatening finger at the fans as Lau huddles with Detson and James out on the floor. Donovan stands in the corner, stretching out with the ropes as their music starts to fade.]

RO: And their opponents...

[There's a pregnant pause as the crowd buzzes with anticipation until...]

#A modern day warrior
Mean, mean stride
Today's Tom Sawyer
Mean, mean pride#

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sound of the rock classic from Canada's own Rush as Travis and Jack Lynch burst into view to a tremendous reaction!]

RO: From Dallas, Texas... weighing in tonight at 517 pounds... they are the AWA WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS... the team of Jack and Travis...

THE LYNNNNNNNCH BROTHERRRRRRSSSSS!

[The Texans are already heading down the aisle as they're introduced, walking with a purpose towards the ring. Travis is in his standard super smedium t-shirt... but on this night, it's sporting the red and white maple leaf of Canada which earns him even louder cheers. A silver crucifix rests on top of the t-shirt. He has skipped the chaps on this night, wearing white trunks with the AWA National Title belt wrapped around his muscular waist. The AWA World Tag Team Title is over his right shoulder as he walks along the barricade, slapping the offered hands as his brother does the same on the other side of the aisleway.

Jack Lynch is dressed similar to what we saw at Memorial Day Mayhem, his new white trunks, boots, duster, and Stetson matching his younger brother. He wears the title belt over his shoulder, leaning in to a hug from a few young fans waving a

"BORN IN CANADA BUT MY HEART'S IN TEXAS!" banner with the Lynches' pictures all over it. He grins, pointing to the sign, rapping his chest with his knuckles as he and Travis reach the end of the aisle, huddling up for a moment as Tony Donovan steps up on the second rope, waving both arms, shouting at them to get in the ring.]

GM: We've got ourselves a little standoff here and... HERE WE GO!

[Jack and Travis shed their entrance attire, getting down to trunks and boots as they slide into the ring where Taylor and Donovan rush to confront them. Taylor and Donovan are throwing bombs as Jack and Travis respectively, backing them into the ropes.]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands before the opening bell!

BW: Did you really expect anything less?

[Grabbing an arm, the former champs look for a double Irish whip on their two opponents...

...who reverse it, sending them crashing into the far ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: Double right hand downstairs...

[And a running double clothesline takes the former champions off their feet!]

GM: ...and down goes the former champs!

[At a shout from Lau, Taylor and Donovan bail out to the floor after the double clothesline, shaking off the effects of the blows as Travis and Jack stand at the ready, beckoning their opponents back up inside the squared circle.]

GM: This didn't start out the way that the former champs were hoping, Bucky.

BW: No, it didn't... so now they need to settle things down, think about what they want to do... get their gameplan ready. And that's what Brian Lau is telling them right now I'm sure.

[Our cameraman tries to slip into the huddle to find out but a large Brian James hand palms the lens, shoving it away.]

GM: Goodness. Stay away from that guy, Mr. Cameraman.

BW: Not many willing to tussle with the new Tiger Paw Pro CAGE champion, Gordo... certainly not Duke the camera guy who has sixteen kids to feed.

GM: He most certainly does not.

[Breaking up the huddle, Tony Donovan climbs up on the apron, shouting at the official. Ricky Longfellow nods, walking over to the Lynches, asking one of them to exit. After a high five and embrace between the brothers, Travis Lynch steps out, leaving Jack in there as Tony Donovan steps in...

...and the referee signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And now here we OFFICIALLY go!

[Tony Donovan suddenly rushes forward, changing levels, looking to shoot in on Lynch who slips to the side, leaving Donovan down on his knees grabbing at air. Lynch waggles a finger at Donovan who slaps the canvas in annoyance. The third generation grappler gets back to his feet, approaching Lynch again...]

GM: Donovan's first attempt at a takedown went nowhere but-

[The former Team Supreme student goes for it again, looking to hook a leg but Lynch again spins away, avoiding the takedown attempt. Donovan smashes his balled-up fists down into the canvas.]

GM: Strike two right there for Tony Donovan.

[Getting back to his feet, Donovan throws a glance to the corner where Wes Taylor gives him some advice. Donovan gives a quick nod, moving in again, going for a third takedown...]

...or so it appears as he pulls up short, burying a right hand between the eyes of Jack Lynch, knocking him backwards. Donovan cracks a grin, pointing at his temple as he grabs Lynch by the arm, turning him around...

...and the Iron Cowboy fires off a right hand of his own, knocking Donovan off his feet and down onto his rear!]

GM: Oh my!

[Lynch stalks towards him, fists at the ready as Donovan scoots backwards with one hand, using the other to rub his jaw. The referee steps in, ordering Lynch to allow Donovan to get up off the mat.]

GM: Donovan getting back to his feet... that right hand was right on the mark.

BW: It might've left a mark too... that illegal right hand.

GM: In retaliation to one that Donovan threw.

[The referee waves both men back to the middle of the ring and that's where they meet again, Lynch quickly pulling Donovan into a side headlock. Donovan backs up towards the ropes, shoving the King of the Cowboys off, sending him into the far ropes, dropping down to the mat as Lynch is forced to hurdle over him, bouncing off another set of ropes...]

GM: Donovan back up... sets for the hiptoss...

[But as Donovan attempts the hiptoss, Lynch reverses it, flipping Donovan through the air and down to the mat!]

GM: Hiptoss takes him down!

[Donovan scrambles back up to his feet, looking to attack again, and runs right into a right hand between the eyes!]

GM: Big right hand! Donovan up again... and another right hand!

[Lynch backs up, eyes on the prize as Donovan comes to his feet again, rushing in...]

...and slams on the brakes, stumbling backwards as he spots Jack Lynch's arm drawn back, hand twisted into position to deliver the Lynch family legacy - the Iron Claw!]

GM: Annnnd... oh my! Donovan bails out of town in a hurry at the sight of that Claw coming for him!

[Donovan rolls back out to the floor, shouting at the official as Lynch stands at the ready.]

BW: That illegal Iron Claw again.

GM: How many times do we have to go over this? It's NOT illegal!

BW: It was!

GM: That whole thing was a sham and you know it, Bucky.

[Donovan paces around on the floor, grimacing as Johnny Detson tries to keep pace, whispering to him all the while, an arm draped over the younger man's shoulders.]

BW: And what an advantage this is, Gordo - to have the World Champion down there giving you advice like that.

[Donovan pulls to a halt on his side of the ring, looking up at Lynch who is pacing back and forth, waiting for his opponent to get back in the ring.]

GM: Remember, fans, there is no love lost between the Lynch and Donovan families. No one will ever forget James Lynch having his career essentially ended at the hands of the Beale Street Bullies... featuring Tony's father, Rob... and you better believe that Jack and Travis won't forget it.

[Donovan climbs up on the apron, again barking at the official to back off Jack Lynch. Longfellow obliges as Donovan comes through the ropes, edging along them. He turns, saying something to Wes Taylor who nods, moving to the other side of the ringpost as Donovan comes out towards the middle of the ring.]

GM: Another collar and elbow tieup...

[The third-generation grappler twists away from the official, grabbing a handful of Lynch's hair, walking him back into the corner of the former champions. Donovan slaps Taylor's hand before dropping back to throw a right hand that Lynch blocks before throwing one of his own, knocking Donovan down to the mat as Lynch spins out of the corner. A frustrated Taylor comes in, glaring at Lynch in frustration as the fans cheer.]

GM: The Kings tried to pull a fast one there, trying to get a little doubleteam action going in the corner but Jack Lynch saw it coming and got out of there before they could do any damage.

[Taylor angrily steps away from the corner, looking out at the fans...

...and then points at Travis Lynch insistently!]

GM: And it looks like Wes Taylor wants the tag! He wants Travis Lynch in there with him instead of the lanky Jack Lynch!

[Jack looks to the corner where Travis offers up his hand. A grinning Jack slaps Travis' hand, tagging him in.]

GM: In comes the AWA National Champion... the very first Double Champion in AWA history. This kid made history at Memorial Day Mayhem, Bucky.

BW: I have no desire to talk about that.

[Gordon chuckles as Travis comes in, swinging his muscular arms across his torso, trying to get loose as Wes Taylor nods his head, waving him forward. Lynch strides out to the middle, locking up with Taylor.]

GM: Another lockup in the center... and Travis using that power advantage, shoving Wes Taylor back across the ring...

[But as they get close, Taylor pulls off a switch, shoving Travis back into the buckles. The referee calls for a break but Taylor ignores him, spinning around, pushing his back against Travis' chest as he throws three quick back elbows to the jaw.]

GM: Oh! Wes Taylor whips him across, from corner to corner...

[Travis bounces out of the neutral corner towards Wes Taylor who lifts him up, slamming him down.]

GM: Big bodyslam by Taylor puts Travis down...

[Taylor starts to move in on Travis who pulls his knees close to his chest, kicking Taylor off and sending him sprawling on the canvas. Both men race to their feet as Taylor ducks down, looking for another slam...

...but Travis floats over, landing on his feet behind the kid from Arizona!]

GM: Travis out the back door...

[And this time, it's Travis who scoops Taylor up in his powerful arms, flinging him down to the mat with a scoop slam!]

GM: Travis with a slam of his own!

[With Taylor at his feet, Travis leaps into the air, dropping a knee down across the sternum of one of the Kings of Wrestling. Lynch dives across him in a lateral press, reaching back to hook a leg.]

GM: One! Two!

[But Taylor kicks out, breaking up the pin.]

GM: Travis Lynch wasting no time going for the cover there here in Calgary, showing that keeping the titles is the Number One goal. They're not here to gloat, to punish or anything like that... they're here to win and to keep those titles around their waists.

BW: Which means they're willing to lie, cheat, and steal to make that happen.

GM: Usually you'd be proud of someone for being willing to do that. Maybe deep down you're proud of the Lynches, Bucky.

BW: Bite your tongue, Gordo.

GM: Travis Lynch, of course, was a star athlete in high school and college, playing football for Rice University where he graduated.

BW: That's not how I hear it. I heard Henrietta took him down to the Panda Express and when he finished a bowl of rice, they told him he'd graduated.

GM: That's just ridiculous. Absolutely ridiculous.

[Lynch brings Wes Taylor back to his feet, walking him across the ring where he signals to his big brother who leans back, lifting his big white boot up on the ropes. Travis slams Taylor's head into Jack's boot to cheers before making the tag.]

GM: A quick tag there by the champions, Travis bringing Jack back into the ring...

[The Lynches back Taylor into the ropes, each grabbing an arm to whip him across as they drop down into side-by-side three point stances...

...and run down Taylor with a double tackle!]

GM: Oh my! Speaking of football, the offensive line of the Lynch family just put Wes Taylor down with that tackle! And now it's Jack's turn to attempt a cover, getting one... getting two...

[Again, Taylor kicks out, breaking the pin.]

GM: Just a two count there as the match goes on.

[Jack Lynch climbs back to his feet as Travis steps back out to the apron. The Iron Cowboy pulls Taylor up by the hair, walking him towards the neutral corner, slamming him headfirst into the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Into the buckles goes Taylor... and take a look at this now...

[With the Calgary crowd cheering him on, Jack Lynch steps up to the second rope, raising his gloved right hand high in the sky...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Lynch hops down off the buckles, shaking out his right hand as Taylor staggers along the ropes, ending up in the wrong part of town as Travis Lynch watches in amusement. Jack grabs Taylor by the back of the head, hanging onto the hair...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

GM: Ten times he bounces Taylor's head off the top turnbuckle... and another quick tag to Travis Lynch.

[Jack grabs Taylor, holding his arms behind him as Travis steps in and steps up to the midbuckle, leaping off with a double axehandle down between the eyes!]

GM: Oh my! Another nice doubleteam by the champions!

BW: Champions. Ugh. Just saying it makes me want to tear out my tongue. Seeing it makes me want to burn out my eyes!

GM: Buckthorn Wilde with a flair for the dramatic, fans.

[Travis keeps control of Taylor, pulling him out to the middle of the ring in a front facelock, lacing an arm over the back of the neck...]

GM: Travis Lynch looking for a suplex here...

[As the Texas Heartthrob sets for the vertical suplex, Brian Lau scrambles up on the apron, shouting at the official. Ricky Longfellow moves to confront him as Lynch goes to lift Taylor up...

...which allows Tony Donovan to slip in, throwing himself forward, and DRIVING his shoulder into the back of Lynch's knee, causing him to break down and put Taylor back down on the mat unharmed!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He clipped him! Donovan with an illegal clip!

[And as Lau hops down, Longfellow has to restrain a protesting Jack Lynch who is shouting about what just happened.]

GM: Brian Lau distracted the referee and allowed the illegal assist from Donovan!

[With Lynch kneeling on the mat in pain, Taylor winds up and BLASTS him between the eyes with a double axehandle!]

GM: OH! What a shot that was!

[Taylor falls backwards, slapping his partner's hand. Donovan comes in fast, a shark smelling blood in the water as he violently stomps Travis Lynch's knee over and over and over...]

GM: Donovan's all over the knee!

BW: And this is what he specializes in, Gordo. A student of Supreme Wright, Donovan knows how to physically break a man down.

[Donovan grabs the foot, lifting Lynch's leg high up off the mat, and SLAMS his kneecap down into the canvas!]

GM: OHHH!

[Lynch cries out, trying to cradle his leg as Donovan grabs the leg again, lifting it skyward a second time...

...and DRIVES it down a second time!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: That's a good way to shatter someone's kneecap, daddy.

GM: It certainly is...

[Donovan reaches for the leg but Travis kicks him away. Donovan goes to move back in but Lynch drags himself under the ropes to the apron. The referee steps in, shouting at Donovan, trying to back him away...]

GM: Donovan being forced back by the official, Travis hanging off the apr-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd jeers as Brian James runs alongside the ring apron, delivering a BIG running kneelift to the jaw of Travis Lynch, causing him to slump the rest of the way off the apron to the floor!]

GM: Good grief! Brian James with an illegal- look out now!

[Jack Lynch hops down off the apron, angrily slamming his hands on the mat as he tries to circle around the ringpost to confront the Engine of Destruction...

...but referee Ricky Longfellow isn't about to allow that, cutting off Lynch's advance. The Iron Cowboy shouts at James, threatening him as the crowd buzzes at what they're seeing.]

GM: On an ordinary night, I'd love to see Brian James and Jack Lynch go head to head but on this night, I want to see Jack Lynch continue his battle inside the ring to defend his World Tag Team Titles. And I want to see Ricky Longfellow get some control over this situation... and if he can't... wait a second!

[The crowd cheers as another figure comes stalking down the aisle from the locker room area.]

GM: That's... that's Bobby O'Connor! "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor is heading down the aisle towards the ring!

BW: Oh great. Just what we needed. Lynch Light.

GM: Bobby made his surprising return from the broken arm he suffered at SuperClash last year here earlier tonight... and we heard him say he'd have the Lynch's backs here tonight.

BW: O'Connor couldn't have someone's back if he was a tick buried under the skin on their shoulder.

[O'Connor reaches the ringside area, angrily threatening Brian James as a concerned Ricky Longfellow tries to regain control, ordering everyone back to their corners as Tony Donovan rolls Travis Lynch back inside the ring before crawling back in himself.]

GM: And with Bobby O'Connor out here, the odds are little bit closer to even! Donovan going back to work on the leg and fans, we've got to take a break but we're going to be back with the conclusion of this title match. If the match should end during the break, we'll show you how it happened so don't you dare go away!

[We fade up from black on a star-lit sky. All is peaceful as our voiceover begins.]

"This year, the fireworks won't just be on the 4th of July."

[On cue, the shot is filled with exploding fireworks - red, white, blue, green, orange - all exploding in tremendous bursts of color as the opening guitar riffs "Highway"

by Bleeker begins to play. As the vocals kick in, we cut to shots of AWA competitors in action.]

#No going down
No cutting out
The sun comes up before you go#

[The first group shows Pure X securing The X anklelock on an opponent before flash-cutting to Supernova sailing through the air with a Heat Wave splash to Brian James delivering the infamous Blackheart Punch to a set of steel steps.]

#My baby's gone
My hollow soul
I feel a cold wind start to blow#

[A Travis Lynch Discus Punch starts up the next batch followed by a flash-cut to Jordan Ohara sailing off the top rope with a crossbody and finally to Dave Bryant delivering the Call Me In The Morning superkick.]

#Every little stop sign#

[Rufus Harris bulldozes down an opponent, delivering ferocious ground and pound inside the GFC Hexagon.]

#All the red lights like#

[Maxim Zharkov recklessly flings a victim across the ring with a released gutwrench suplex.]

#A preacher on a Saturday night#

[Rex Summers drops a foe on their head with the devastating Heat Check DDT.]

#The devil's in the details#

[Derrick Williams delivers the Neuralyzer, blasting his opponent in the back of the head with a rolling elbow.]

#Pretty little females#

[The Gladiator brings a helpless foe crashing down to Earth with his military press powerslam.]

#Tell me all your sweet sweet lies#

[MAMMOTH Maximus PLANTS his victim with a devastating powerbomb before we flash cut to Jack Lynch connecting with a leaping knee to the jaw.]

#I can't slow down it's so damn loud
Let's burn this town alive#

[Larry Wallace delivering the Best Dropkick In The World flash cuts to Noboru Fujimoto using the Falling Laser Lasso to plant someone facefirst into the canvas.]

#Oh pocket full of moonshine
Countin' all the white lies#

[Riley Hunter gets big air, diving over the top rope onto a pile of competitors with a Tope Con Hilo before we flash cut to Eddie Van Gibson driving someone facefirst

into the mat with the Move That Shall Not Be Named to Johnny Detson using the Wilde Driver.]

#Time to take the highway highway highway#

[Supreme Wright brings someone crashing down onto his knees with Fat Tuesday.]

#Baby take the highway#

[Juan Vasquez delivers the Right Cross to a kneeling opponent.]

#Ima' take the highway#

[Ryan Martinez delivers the brainbuster onto his foe as we flash cut to black, the music still playing as we see the details on the big event.]

"BATTLE OF BOSTON
July 2nd, 3rd, and 4th
TD Garden
LIVE on The X"

[And then... black.

We fade back up to find Travis Lynch clawing at the canvas, Tony Donovan with a half Boston Crab applied as he faces his partner who is cheering him on.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling here in Calgary, fans, as the action continues. This World Tag Team Title showdown is a little over ten minutes old as Donovan continues to work on the knee of the Texas Heartthrob, trying to force him to submit away those titles.

[Donovan leans back, screaming "ASK HIM!" at the official who obliges.]

GM: Ricky Longfellow checking for a submission but Travis says no. Donovan continued to work on that leg throughout the break... actually both men did as they made a pair of exchanges during the commercial, focusing on the knee of Travis Lynch as Jack Lynch tries to encourage his younger brother to get to the corner and make that tag.

[The Iron Cowboy paces down the apron, clapping his hands together over his head, getting the fans riled up. Bobby O'Connor does the same, slapping his hands down on the apron in rhythm.]

"TRA-VIS!"

"TRA-VIS!"

"TRA-VIS!"

[Lynch nods his head, stomping his boot on the apron, getting the crowd going as Travis tries to find a way out, crawling across the ring, trying to get towards the corner...

...but Donovan reaches out, making the tag, bringing Taylor into the ring. Taylor steps in, moves into position while Donovan keeps the single leg Boston Crab applied, and drops a leg across the back of Lynch's head!]

GM: Ohhh... and that cuts off any chance of Travis making the tag right there.

[Donovan exits, encouraging his partner as Taylor rolls to his feet, grabbing Lynch by the foot and dragging him back towards the corner. He measures his man, dropping an elbow across the back of the head and neck, rolling Lynch into a lateral press.]

GM: Taylor covers... one and two... but that's all.

[Taylor looks annoyed as he pulls Lynch up by the hair, flinging him over the middle rope so that his neck is up against it. The son of the Outlaw plants his shin on the back of the neck, choking Lynch as the referee starts a five count.]

GM: Come on, referee!

BW: He's counting, Gordo... what more do you want?

[As the count reaches four and change, Taylor grabs the top rope, slingshotting over the top rope, landing on his feet...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and connects with a jaw-jacking uppercut, sending Lynch flying backwards off the ropes, slumping down to the canvas. Taylor smirks, waiting as Johnny Detson scampers into position, blowing on the knuckles of the former tag team champion as the crowd jeers.]

GM: These Kings of Wrestling sure are full of themselves, aren't they?

BW: Hey, they've got every reason to be. They are the elite. They are the top dogs. They are the guys to beat here in the AWA. The World Champion. The Tiger Paw Pro CAGE Champion. And the...

GM: You were going to say World Tag Team Champions, weren't you?

BW: It's just a matter of time, Gordo. Just a matter of time.

GM: We'll see about that.

[Taylor rolls back inside the ring as Travis pushes up to all fours, trying to drag himself across the ring towards his brother's extended arm...

...but Taylor shakes his head, grabbing the injured leg, and dragging Lynch back across to his own corner, reaching out to tag Tony Donovan.]

GM: Another tag there for the former champions.

[Taylor and Donovan swing into position, hooking Lynch, and hoisting him up, slamming him down in a double suplex!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: That'll shake your spine from your hair on your head to the hair on your toes!

[Taylor rolls out as Donovan applies another pin attempt.]

GM: One! Two! But again, Travis gets the shoulder up!

[The crowd cheers the kickout as Bobby O'Connor can be heard clapping and shouting, "COME ON, TRAV!"]

GM: Bobby O'Connor shouting encouragement to his good friend, Travis Lynch. Of course, big brother Jack is doing the same.

BW: They're both just wondering how Travis is going to let them down this time.

GM: Bucky!

[Donovan grabs Lynch by the hair, hauling him up to his feet where Travis tries to lift the injured leg off the mat, wincing as Donovan pulls him into a side waistlock, lifting him into the air, and dumping him down on the back of his head and neck with a belly-to-back suplex. He keeps the bridge applied as Ricky Longfellow dives down to the mat.]

GM: Another pin attempt gets one! He gets two! He gets- no!

[Jack Lynch looks a little more rattled this time, shouting to his brother as Donovan sits up on the mat, looking towards the corner, making a signal to Wes Taylor who nods.]

GM: Donovan back on his feet... and he FIRES Travis Lynch into the corner!

[Donovan walks across the ring, eyes locked on Jack Lynch as he approaches, taunting him, offering up a "tag"...

...and then pivots, charging across the ring...]

GM: OHHH! Big avalanche in the corner!

[Donovan twists, applying a side headlock as Taylor slaps his shoulder. The third generation grappler charges out, leaping into the air, and DRIVING Travis facefirst to the mat with a bulldog headlock!]

GM: Running bulldog but he also made the tag there in the corner...

[Taylor slides into the ring, charging across the ring...

...and hurdles over the downed Travis, smashing a forearm into the jaw of Jack Lynch, sending him flying off the apron to jeers from the crowd!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TAYLOR KNOCKS LYNCH OFF THE APRON!

[Bobby O'Connor shouts a protest from the floor as the referee pivots, shouting at Taylor. But with the referee shouting at Taylor, Johnny Detson seizes the chance to put the boots to Jack Lynch out on the floor.]

GM: Detson's attacking Jack Lynch and-

[But that doesn't last long as Bobby O'Connor rushes around the corner with clenched fists, sending Detson scurrying away.]

GM: Johnny Detson goes running for it. He obviously wants no part of Bobby O'Connor but in two weeks' time in Toronto, he's going to get all of Bobby O'Connor that he can handle and then some, Bucky.

BW: Another bit of Gellar chicanery if you ask me. O'Connor's been out of action for over six months and he just walks right into a title shot?

GM: He won a title shot last year and never got to cash it in!

[While the announcers bicker, Donovan drags Lynch back across the ring towards the Kings' corner. Taylor gets past the official, kicking Lynch in the ribs a few times, forcing Travis back to a seated position in the corner as the sound of the ring announcer rings out.]

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

GM: We've reached the halfway point in the time limit of this one, fans, as Wes Taylor puts the boots to Travis Lynch in the corner... and he's choking him again now...

[The crowd jeers as Taylor drives the sole of his boot into Lynch's windpipe, choking the air out of him.]

GM: Come on, referee!

[The official starts another count, forcing Taylor to back off, walking him backwards...

...while Brian Lau reaches through the ropes, wrapping his arms around the throat of Lynch, choking him again!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Bobby O'Connor is shouting at the official, trying to point out what's happening...

...but as the referee turns around, Brian Lau is calmly straightening his tie as Lynch gasps for air in the corner.]

GM: Taylor backs off, taking aim...

[But as Taylor backs up, looking to charge in, Jack Lynch steps up on the second rope, leaning over and snatching a handful of hair to a huge reaction!]

GM: Oh my! Lynch caught him!

[Pulling Taylor towards the corner, Lynch fires off a handful of right hands to the skull!]

GM: Lynch is getting him some of Wes Taylor!

[The referee rushes in, forcing Lynch to let go of Taylor. Taylor staggers away, shaking his head...

...and then charges in towards the seated Travis Lynch, looking for a big running kick to the chest...]

GM: Taylor coming on strong!

[But Lynch pulls himself clear as Taylor swings the big kick, smashing his ankle into the turnbuckles! The crowd cheers as Taylor hops back, reaching down to grab at his ankle as Lynch starts making the crawl across the ring. Jack Lynch leans over the ropes, shouting "COME ON! GET HERE, TRAV! COME TO MY VOICE!"

GM: Travis Lynch is crawling across the ring! An opportunity to get there opens up and he's making a run for it!

BW: Well, a crawl for it.

GM: You know what I mean!

[Travis is halfway across the ring when Wes falls back to the corner, allowing Tony Donovan to tag himself in. Donovan rushes across the ring, looking to cut off the tag. He leaps up, driving his boot down on the back of Travis' knee!]

GM: OHH!

[Donovan smirks at the deflated Calgary crowd...

...and then throws himself at the corner where Jack Lynch is standing. Donovan swings wildly but Lynch ducks under, popping back up to catch Donovan with a big swinging hook!]

GM: RIGHT HAND!

[Donovan staggers back towards Travis who reaches up, dragging him down to the mat...]

GM: SCHOOLBOY!! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[...and the surprised Donovan just BARELY kicks out in time!]

GM: Oh my! How close was that?!

[The kickout sends Travis towards his corner, reaching up towards his big brother...
...JUST out of reach!]

GM: Travis is almost there! The Lynches are almost there!

[But the desperate Donovan hangs on to the ankle, trying to prevent the tag...]

GM: Travis is trying to kick him off!

[Rolling to his back, the National Champion is kicking at the skull of Tony Donovan, trying to drag himself free...]

GM: Travis trying to break away and make that tag!

[A well-placed boot between the eyes sends Donovan rolling back, breaking his grip as Travis rolls to all fours, making a lunge towards his brother's outstretched hand...

...which disappears from reach JUST before the tag is made!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DAMN IT! DAMN IT ALL! BRIAN JAMES PULLED JACK LYNCH OFF THE APRON!

[The son of the Blackheart smirks at the Iron Cowboy as Lynch was flung down to the floor. Bobby O'Connor comes tearing around the corner to intervene...

...but the referee slides out, blocking his path to big jeers from the Calgary crowd!]

GM: Come on, referee! You saw that! You had to have seen that!

[And indeed Ricky Longfellow did as he pivots, looking at Brian James...]

"YOU! OUT!"

[The crowd ROARS as Longfellow gestures emphatically towards the locker room!]

GM: He's gone! Brian James just got ejected from ringside!

[James angrily puts up a fight as Brian Lau rushes into the frame, trying to keep his man from doing anything he might regret. Lau, that is. This impartial observer doubts Brian James would regret a damn thing about what he was considering doing to this poor referee.]

GM: Brian James is out of here but is it in time? Is it enough to even the score as Tony Donovan just dragged Travis Lynch back across the ring, throwing him back into the corner...

[Wes Taylor pulls himself to his feet, wincing as he pulls Travis into a side headlock, turning him away from the official's view as he drives his fist once... twice... three times into the face of the National Champion.]

GM: Brian James is being forced out of here by security and the match continues, Taylor stepping out towards the center of the ring...

[With a front facelock applied, Taylor slowly... very slowly... verrrrrrrry slowly turns Travis over so that the back of his neck is pressed against Taylor's shoulder...

...and DROPS down in a reverse neckbreaker!]

GM: Ohh! That might do it, fans!

[Taylor rolls over, applying a loose lateral press as the referee slides back in to the count.]

BW: The referee was out of position!

[A two count follows - as does Taylor shouting at the referee for not being there to count the three. The referee angrily points at the exiting Brian James, blaming him for the situation as Taylor stretches out Travis' leg, pinning the ankle to the mat as he tags in Donovan...]

GM: What's going on here?

[...who slingshots over the top, driving a boot down into the knee, causing Travis to howl in pain as Jack Lynch gets back up on the apron, slapping the top turnbuckle, shouting to his little brother.]

GM: We're closing in on the twenty minute mark of this one as Donovan and Taylor turn their focus back to the knee of Travis Lynch.

[Donovan grabs the leg, cranking on it with a standing ankletwist.]

GM: Donovan trying to do even more damage to that leg.

BW: And we don't see it from him very often these days but don't forget that Tony Donovan's got that punishing Gnaw Bone Clutch in his repertoire that Supreme Wright taught him. If Donovan locks that on Stench's bum wheel, you'll be hearing Stench sing "Deep In The Heart of Texas" all the way down deep in the heart of Texas, daddy!

GM: Donovan kicking at the leg, punishing that knee... and at some point, Travis Lynch needs to think about what comes after this night in Calgary. He's gotta think about the Battle of Boston. He's gotta think about the National Title. At some

point, he may need to give up, submit away the World Tag Team Titles no matter how much he doesn't want to.

[Donovan places the ankle on the bottom rope, stepping up on the second rope, and drops all of his 260 pounds on the injured knee!]

GM: Ohh! Another brutal attack down on the leg... and another tag to Wes Taylor who looks a little hobbled himself after kicking that turnbuckle.

[Taylor steps in, putting the foot back on the bottom rope as he leaps into the air, dropping his weight down on the knee as well.]

GM: Taylor mirroring the offense of his tag team partner, showing the skills that made them former World Tag Team Champions.

BW: AND the Tag Team of the Year for 2016.

GM: Not yet they're not. Maybe that'll be the Lynches!

[Taylor turns, taunting the ringside crowd as Lynch again starts crawling across the ring, looking for an exit as Jack Lynch, Bobby O'Connor, and the Calgary fans cheer him on!]

GM: Travis Lynch again making an effort to get across that ring... again looking to get that tag...

[But Taylor, shaking his head with amusement at Lynch's pluck, circles around him him, watching as Lynch grabs his legs, dragging himself up to his knees, looking up at Taylor who looks back down at him...]

"TWENTY MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

[...and then gets caught with a right hand to the gut!]

GM: Travis goes downstairs!

[The crowd roars as a second one lands!]

GM: Travis is fighting back!

[A third blow sends Taylor staggering backwards, spinning in a circle towards Jack Lynch who DRILLS him between the eyes with a right hand, sending him spinning back the other way towards Travis who has managed to get to his feet...

...and Taylor lunges forward, wrapping his arms around the torso, trying to keep Travis from making the exchange!]

GM: Taylor's trying to stop him! Look how close he is!

[The crowd is going NUTS, cheering Travis on to make that tag!]

GM: Jack Lynch stretching out every inch of his lanky six foot seven frame, trying to get those long arms into the neighborhood where his brother can make the tag!

[Jack Lynch is stretching out as Travis does the same, fingertips nearly grazing as Taylor holds his ground...

...and then signals towards Tony Donovan who comes tearing across the ring, looking to intervene, shouting as he does!]

GM: Donovan got caught! Donovan got caught!

[The referee wheels around, shouting at the intruding Donovan, ordering him out of the ring...

...and Taylor falls backwards as Travis collapses into the corner, slapping his brother's hand!]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd ERUPTS as the Iron Cowboy makes his long-awaited entry into the ring, fists a-flying as he drives Tony Donovan back to the corner with the referee screaming and shouting. Lynch turns back towards the rising Wes Taylor, greeting him with two big haymakers, grabbing him by the hair, hauling him across the ring where he grabs Donovan by the hair...]

GM: MEETING OF THE MINDS!

[The crowd ROARS as Donovan and Taylor fall to the canvas. Lynch lets loose a big triumphant roar...

...and then a confused "WHAT?!" as the referee shouts at him, gesturing wildly.]

GM: What in the...?!

BW: The ref didn't see the tag! He didn't- Gordo, they planned that!

GM: What do you mean?!

BW: Donovan made that noise so he'd get caught! That was intentional!

[Jack Lynch loudly protests as the referee walks him back across the ring as Bobby O'Connor shouts as well. Inside the ring, Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor hurry across the ring, pulling Travis Lynch back out to the middle, whipping him across the ring. As the referee wheels around, he sees Tony Donovan lift Lynch up, holding him as Taylor looks to secure a front facelock...

...but the referee steps in, shouting at Taylor, causing just a split second distraction for Travis to reverse the lift!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

GM: DDT! TRAVIS WITH THE DDT ON DONOVAN!

[Having successfully spiked Donovan headfirst into the canvas, Travis Lynch flops back over to his stomach as the crowd roars.]

GM: Donovan gets driven down into the mat!

BW: But he wasn't the legal man, Gordo!

GM: He wasn't but that's gotta create an opening for Travis Lynch!

[Wes Taylor is still arguing with the official, completely unaware of what happened to his tag team partner. His back is to the scene as Donovan lies on the canvas and Lynch starts crawling once again. Johnny Detson slams his hands down on the apron, shouting at Taylor who turns, jaw dropping as he spots the scene.]

BW: Stop gawking at it, kid, and do something about it!

[Brian Lau seems to be echoing that sentiment as he shouts at Wes Taylor to cut off the Texas Heartthrob from making the tag. Taylor quickly rushes over, grabbing Lynch by the hair, tugging him into a front facelock...

...but Lynch immediately lifts Taylor into the air, dropping him down on a bent knee!]

GM: Inverted atomic drop!

[Lynch falls back into the ropes, springing off, and leaping into the air to bounce a forearm off the skull of Taylor to a big cheer!]

GM: And a flying forearm connects!

[With Travis down on his knees on the mat and Taylor sprawled out on the canvas, Jack Lynch is begging... pleading with his younger brother to turn and make the tag.]

GM: Travis is so close! Listen to these fans in Calgary cheering him on!

[The dazed and hurting Travis pushes up to a knee, twisting to spot his brother's outstretched hand as Wes Taylor struggles to get up off the canvas, trying to shake the cobwebs as Brian Lau screams at his charge.]

GM: Travis is just... just one lunge away!

[Lynch pushes up to his feet, wincing as he does. He lifts his injured leg off the mat, grimacing at the effort of putting weight on it. He hops once... twice...]

GM: The fans are on their feet! Travis is almost there!

[Taylor gets back to his feet, stumbling towards Lynch's exposed back as the National Champion plants both feet on the mat and with one last effort, throws himself forward...]

GM: TAG!

[...and the Calgary Saddledome crowd EXPLODES into cheers as Jack Lynch finally gets the long-awaited tag!]

GM: IN COMES THE IRON COWBOY!

[Lynch comes in hot, peppering the surprised Wes Taylor with a series of left jabs before a big roundhouse right knocks him up into the air, spinning around before he collapses back down to the canvas!]

GM: Oh my stars! What a right hand that was!

[Lynch advances on Taylor who staggers up off the mat, grabbing him by the arm, whipping him into the ropes.]

GM: Lynch fires him in... Taylor bounces off...

[The Texan lifts him into the air, pivoting and DRIVING him down into the canvas!]

GM: POWERSLAM! Is that enough?!

[Lynch stays down on Taylor, reaching back to hook a leg!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Taylor's shoulder pops up off the canvas, causing the crowd to grumble at the near fall. Lynch claps his hands together, climbing up to his feet, lifting Taylor off the mat, and pushing him back to the ropes...]

GM: He shoots him across again... Lynch to the ropes himself...

[A high leaping knee catches Taylor right under the chin, sending him spiraling down to the canvas! The King of the Cowboys drops down, crawling into a lateral press as the referee dives to the mat again.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR- NO! Taylor kicks out again!

BW: The kid is hanging on! Lynch is throwing everything he's got at him but Wes Taylor won't go down without one heck of a fight, Gordo!

GM: Lynch is going to give him one heck of a fight though, pulling him back to his feet again...

[With a twirl of a finger in the air, Lynch backs Taylor into the ropes, firing him off as Lynch runs to the ropes himself, building up momentum...]

...and leaps into the air, lashing out with an extended arm across the collarbone of Taylor!]

GM: LARIAT! LARIAT!!

[Lynch crawls across the mat, diving across the chest of the laid out Taylor!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!

BW: NO, NO! FOOT ON THE ROPES!

GM: WHAT?!

[Sure enough, Wes Taylor's foot is draped over the bottom rope as Johnny Detson quickly walks away from a spot right by that foot.]

GM: Did... did Johnny Detson do that?!

BW: No way! Taylor got his foot on the ropes!

GM: It's there obviously but... can we get a replay on that?

BW: Nope! No time! This is a World Tag Team Title match!

GM: This is all very suspicious, Bucky, and the way you and the fans are reacting, I think Johnny Detson put that foot on the ropes...

[Suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS as Bobby O'Connor comes charging around the ring, leaping into the air, and taking Detson off his feet with a Fierro Press, slamming his fist repeatedly into the skull of the World Champion!]

GM: ...and I'm not the only one! Get him, Bobby!

BW: "Get him, Bobby!" Oh, your favoritism makes me sick, Gordo!

[With O'Connor and Detson brawling on the floor, Jack Lynch turns his attention back towards Wes Taylor, raising his gloved right hand into the air to a big reaction...]

GM: Lynch is calling for the Claw! He's calling for the Iron Claw!

[And as Taylor slowly gets up off the mat, barely able to stand under his own power, Lynch surges forward...]

GM: CLAW! HE LOCKS IT IN!

[Taylor flails about instantly, swinging his arms wildly, trying to find a way out of one of the most feared holds in all of the sport before it renders him unconscious!]

GM: Lynch has got the Claw locked in!

[Out on the floor, the World Champion has managed to get out from under O'Connor and is beating a quick retreat. The fans are roaring, struggling to see if they want to watch the Claw in the ring or O'Connor chasing Detson around the ring out on the floor.]

GM: O'Connor's in hot pursuit of the World Champion!

[Fleeing for his life, Detson rolls under the ropes into the ring. O'Connor is right behind him, rolling in...]

...and the referee rushes to cut him off, trying to get him out of the ring.]

GM: The referee's trying to get O'Connor back out to the floor!

BW: And rightfully so! He's got no business in there! He's got-

GM: Wait a second! DETSON!

[With Lynch not paying any mind to the intruders in the ring, focusing on putting Wes Taylor into Dream Land, Detson grabs him by the shoulder, swinging him around into a boot to the gut...]

GM: No, no, no!

[...and quickly secures the double underhook, leaping into the air, and DRIVING Lynch facefirst into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: WILDE DRIVER!

[Detson bails out of the ring as the official turns around, watching in shock as Wes Taylor collapses on top of Lynch, an arm limply thrown across the Iron Cowboy's chest. Bobby O'Connor tries to get in the ring to help...]

...but Brian Lau hooks him around the leg, holding on for dear life as the referee reluctantly drops down to count.]

BW: ONE!!! TWO!!!

GM: No, no!

[But the official slaps the canvas a third time, turning to signal for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: YES! THE KINGS REIGN AGAIN!

[Lau lets go of O'Connor who climbs inside the ring, looking down at the scene with disgust as Wes Taylor wearily rolls out to the floor, falling to his knees next to his barely-moving tag team partner!]

GM: Look at those two! And they're the winners?! Give me a break!

[The ring announcer makes it official.]

RO: Your winner of the match...

[Dramatic pause.]

RO: ...and NEEEEEEEEEW AWA WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSSSSSS...

[The crowd ROARS its disapproval for the title change they just witnessed.]

RO: TONY DONOVAN AND WESSSSS TAAAAAAAYLOOOOR!

[Taylor is handed the title belts by a jubilant Brian Lau. Taylor clutches both title belts to his chest, leaning down to shout to his partner who is just starting to get up off the floor after the DDT.]

GM: This is absolutely ridiculous, Bucky. How much help did Taylor and Donovan need to win this thing? Lau... Brian James... and of course, Johnny Detson with the killshot to Jack Lynch to cement the title change!

BW: Hey, the Lynches had O'Connor out there too!

GM: He didn't do anything! He was evening the odds! He didn't come for anyone until they came for his friends! Poor Bobby O'Connor... look at his face. After his big return here tonight, you know this isn't how he wanted his night to end. He wanted to watch his friends... his very dear friends... retain the tag team titles two weeks before he gets his shot at the World Heavyweight Title... and Johnny Detson... if Bobby O'Connor needed any more motivation to take Detson down for the count, he just got it, Bucky.

BW: He needed more motivation than becoming the World Heavyweight Champion? He needed these stinkin' Stenches to... whatever it is they do. If that's O'Connor's attitude, then he really doesn't deserve the shot at Detson in Toronto.

GM: He won that shot. He earned that shot. And in two weeks, he's going to take that shot and he just might walk out with the World Heavyweight Championship, Bucky.

[O'Connor kneels down next to Jack Lynch as Travis Lynch shouts at the new tag team champions who are backpedaling down the aisle. Detson and Taylor are practically holding Donovan up as Lau holds up both title belts, taunting the Lynches from the aisle.]

GM: Like it or not... and I most certainly fall in the latter category... we've got new World Tag Team Champions here tonight in Calgary. We've made history here in our very first Canadian show, fans... and when we come back after this break, we'll be talking about another history-making night coming up... a series of nights actually... in the Battle of Boston. We'll be right back.

[O'Connor shouts a threat off-mic down the aisle as we fade to black.]

We fade up from black on a star-lit sky. All is peaceful as our voiceover begins.]

"This year, the fireworks won't just be on the 4th of July."

[On cue, the shot is filled with exploding fireworks - red, white, blue, green, orange - all exploding in tremendous bursts of color as the opening guitar riffs "Highway" by Bleeker begins to play. As the vocals kick in, we cut to shots of AWA competitors in action.]

#No going down
No cutting out
The sun comes up before you go#

[The first group shows Pure X securing The X anklelock on an opponent before flash-cutting to Supernova sailing through the air with a Heat Wave splash to Brian James delivering the infamous Blackheart Punch to a set of steel steps.]

#My baby's gone
My hollow soul
I feel a cold wind start to blow#

[A Travis Lynch Discus Punch starts up the next batch followed by a flash-cut to Jordan Ohara sailing off the top rope with a crossbody and finally to Dave Bryant delivering the Call Me In The Morning superkick.]

#Every little stop sign#

[Rufus Harris bulldozes down an opponent, delivering ferocious ground and pound inside the GFC Hexagon.]

#All the red lights like#

[Maxim Zharkov recklessly flings a victim across the ring with a released gutwrench suplex.]

#A preacher on a Saturday night#

[Rex Summers drops a foe on their head with the devastating Heat Check DDT.]

#The devil's in the details#

[Derrick Williams delivers the Neuralyzer, blasting his opponent in the back of the head with a rolling elbow.]

#Pretty little females#

[The Gladiator brings a helpless foe crashing down to Earth with his military press powerslam.]

#Tell me all your sweet sweet lies#

[MAMMOTH Maximus PLANTS his victim with a devastating powerbomb before we flash cut to Jack Lynch connecting with a leaping knee to the jaw.]

#I can't slow down it's so damn loud
Let's burn this town alive#

[Larry Wallace delivering the Best Dropkick In The World flash cuts to Noboru Fujimoto using the Falling Laser Lasso to plant someone facefirst into the canvas.]

#Oh pocket full of moonshine
Countin' all the white lies#

[Riley Hunter gets big air, diving over the top rope onto a pile of competitors with a Tope Con Hilo before we flash cut to Eddie Van Gibson driving someone facefirst into the mat with the Move That Shall Not Be Named to Johnny Detson using the Wilde Driver.]

#Time to take the highway highway highway#

[Supreme Wright brings someone crashing down onto his knees with Fat Tuesday.]

#Baby take the highway#

[Juan Vasquez delivers the Right Cross to a kneeling opponent.]

#Ima' take the highway#

[Ryan Martinez delivers the brainbuster onto his foe as we flash cut to black, the music still playing as we see the details on the big event.]

"BATTLE OF BOSTON
July 2nd, 3rd, and 4th
TD Garden
LIVE on The X"

[And then... black.]

As we fade back up, we once again find ourselves looking at the bank of television monitors that can only mean the return of the Control Center. Thankfully, a voiceover confirms.]

"Here with your Battle of Boston Control Center, it's Mark Stegglet!"

[Fade to a shot of Stegglet in front of the monitors with the BOB logo taking up a portion of the screen.]

MS: Fans, we are just a few short weeks away from this one. July 2nd, July 3rd, and July 4th at the TD Garden in Boston, Massachusetts. The best professional wrestlers in the world descending Boston for one magical weekend to find out who the best in the world is. Now, we've got a lot to cover tonight here in the Control Center so let's get right down to it.

[The BOB logo spins out and is replaced by one that says "International Wild Card."]

MS: Yesterday at the BOB Press Conference, we learned that there would a late addition to the field - an International Wild Card. Fans, all throughout the day, we caught word of some of the competitors who will be going at it in this tournament to get into the tournament and they truly are some of the best professional wrestlers from all around the globe. That tournament begins this weekend in places like Japan, the United Kingdom, and down in Mexico, taking place on shows from our friends at Tiger Paw Pro, SouthWest Lucha Libre, and so many others. We can't wait to bring you the results of this tournament. Now, next weekend on the Power Hour, I'll be in the Control Center to talk about the entirety of the first two rounds of that tournament and then in two weeks, I'll be right back here on Saturday Night Wrestling to tell you who has won and who will be in the Battle of Boston tournament. So, let's run down the field in the International Wild Card tournament!

[We fade to a tournament bracket on display.]

MS: Alright, as you can see, the field has been divided into four brackets representing competitors from Europe... from Asia... from North America... and well, "Everywhere Else." First, we take a look at Europe...

[We zoom in, revealing the following matches:

"Prince" Colin Hayden vs Pietro Sandini
Malcolm Sweeney vs Aiden Brooker
Logan Blackburn vs "Wolfman" Wulfstand Wylde
"Finnish Superman" Eero Korhonen vs Macht Kraftwerk]

MS: Some great matches there. I know I'm looking forward to the battle between the man they call the Dirty Rotten Scoundrel, Logan Blackburn, and "Wolfman" Wulfstand Wylde. That should be a good one. What about the return to the spotlight for a man who is a former EMWC Television Champion in the mid-90s? Pietro Sandini taking on a friend of the Lynch family in "Prince" Colin Hayden! So many talented competitors in this section of the bracket... but moving on to Asia...

[We zoom to a different bracket, showing off these matches:

Yoshinari Taguchi vs Akira Shinashi
Sho Yoshida vs Johnny Sone
Chui-Moo Choi vs Isamu Kobayashi
Kiaan Lal vs "The Iron Badger" Manzo Kawajiri]

MS: How about that one? The former Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown Champion, Yoshinari Taguchi, taking on the final man to wear the G-Pro Triple Crown, Akira Shinashi? That one might blow the doors off the place. And how about the former MMA competitor, Chui-Moo Choi from Korea, taking on one of the most popular competitors in all of Japan, Isamu Kobayashi? Both of those matches will be taking place at Tiger Paw Pro events over the weekend and I can't wait to see what goes down.

[Zoom in to the North America bracket where we see:

"The Calgary Stampeder" Rocco Robinson vs Jackie Easton
El Caliente vs El Corazon Negro
Javier Perez vs Guerrero Azteca
Destro Star vs Teddy Cote]

MS: The nations of Mexico and Canada are on full spotlight in this one with some intriguing showdowns including El Caliente and El Corazon Negro colliding in a clash between two longtime SWLL competitors... and how about what's sure to be a big story in Mexico with Javier Perez taking on Guerrero Azteca? That one should be headline material all over wrestling. And finally...

[One more time to see:

Tomas Silva vs Reginal Levois
Jack Watts vs Sergio Salazar
Savea vs Arawak Jack Veles
Omar Mohammad vs "Kiwi" Luke Boyd]

MS: So many countries represented here... New Zealand, Samoa, Brazil and Chile... Morocco... Haiti... the Caribbean. This is a chance for some long overlooked superstars to make their mark on the wrestling scene and perhaps cash their ticket straight to the Battle of Boston. And once they're there, fans, anything can happen.

[The graphics fade and return to just Mark Stegglet.]

MS: That's our International Wild Card but what about our Wild Card right here at home? Well, I have it on good authority that after tonight's Saturday Night Wrestling comes to a close, you will be able to visit the AWA website and cast your vote! Who got overlooked? Who got skipped? Who deserves to be in this tournament that didn't get the call? That's going to be in your hands, fans, and I can't wait to see who you vote for. I know I've got my pick but who is yours?

[The BOB logo spins back onto the screen.]

MS: Alright, fans, that's going to do it for me here in the Control Center but I'm inviting you to stick around after the show for a very special Post-Game Show where I will be with Marcus Broussard as we announce the full brackets for the Battle of Boston tournament and break down all the Play-In and First Round Matches! I promise you that you will NOT want to miss it! From the Control Center, I'm Mark Stegglet and I'll see you next time, fans!

[As we fade out of the Control Center, we get a nice lingering look at the assembled Calgary crowd, still buzzing over the night they've seen so far and knowing they've got one more thing to go. That anticipation is cut by hearing a phrase that has been long held near and dear to the hearts of AWA fans all around the world.]

#WHO WANNA SIT ON SWEET DADDY'S LAP TAAAAANIIIIIGHT?!#

[A HUGE cheer goes up from the Calgary crowd for the self-styled sounds of "I'm Gonna Be Your Sweet Daddy." After a few moments, the man himself comes through the curtain. Sweet Daddy Williams is wearing a white neckbrace over a green and white Combat Corner t-shirt and blue jeans. He gingerly waves to the crowd, a smile on his face as he mouths "thank you" a few times while making his way down the aisle.]

GM: And there he is, Bucky. The man of the hour himself. It's Sweet Daddy Williams Appreciation Night here in Calgary and all night long, we've heard stars of the AWA past and present paying tribute to this man.

BW: You haven't heard me do it! I still owe him one!

GM: Oh, come on, Bucky. Aren't you ever going to let that go?

BW: No way, Gordo. This is a blood war - he and I. It only ends when one of us ends.

GM: Well... if the rumors in the wind are true, you may be about to get that wish.

BW: I'll believe it when it comes out of the fat cow's mouth himself.

[Williams slaps all the hands that he can, making his way to the ring where he slowly scales the ringsteps, being handed a microphone by a ringside attendant. He VERY slowly ducks through the ropes, holding his neckbrace and obviously in a lot of pain as he does.]

GM: That neckbrace is thanks to Juan Vasquez' disgusting actions of not so long ago and... well, now I'm going to be quiet and let the man himself address all of his adoring fans.

[The music fades as Williams takes to the middle of the ring. He raises the mic, ready to speak...]

SDW: Thank you.

[...and before he can get more than those two words out, a tremendous "PLEASE DON'T GO!" chant breaks out from the Calgary crowd. Williams smiles, taking a step back, looking away. He reaches up, pressing his hand against the corner of his eye for a moment before coming back as the chant starts to slow.]

SDW: I... I wish that was possible.

[The boos pour down for that as Williams looks down at the mat.]

SDW: I asked for this time tonight for three reasons. The first one... as you all might've guessed by this point... is to say goodbye.

[The boos explode again. Williams frowns, slightly nodding.]

SDW: I know, I know. It kills me to do this, you know? For a while now, ol' Sweet Daddy has thought that my days in this ring were numbered. I saw the writing on the wall. The sore knees and back getting out of bed in the morning. The amount of time I'd have to stretch before a match to get loose taking longer than the match itself. I watched my friends... and yeah, even some of my enemies making their exit from the game. I knew it wouldn't be long and I was okay with that.

But I wanted it to be on my terms. I wanted to go out my way.

[Williams' face twists into one of disgust.]

SDW: I didn't want this.

[He taps the neckbrace.]

SDW: I didn't want someone else to take this all away from me... but that's exactly what Juan Vasquez did when he dropped me on my head with that piledriver. He took all of this... all of you... away from me.

[The boos intensify but this time for Vasquez.]

SDW: I asked the doctors... begged the doctors to give me one more shot... one last ride... one more opportunity to get in this ring with Juan Vasquez and make him regret every decision he's made since last Thanksgiving.

They said no.

They said that getting back in this ring to compete could put me in a wheelchair for the rest of my life. That's how bad this neck is.

And...

[Williams pauses, his lip trembling.]

SDW: And as much as I love you all... and I do... I really do...

[The fans cheer that.]

SDW: I just can't take that chance, you know? I can't.

[Williams pauses, looking down at the canvas.]

SDW: So... here on a night where we're making history here with the first AWA show on Canadian soil... I'm going to make a little history of my own because as of this moment...

I am officially retired as a professional wrestler.

[More boos rain down on that decision. Williams nods again, biting his lip.]

SDW: I'm sorry... I wish it could be different but...

[His words trail off as he shakes his head, the fans still showing a mix of disappointment for the decision and anger towards the man who caused it. Williams raises a hand.]

SDW: But hey... you know... I said that I wanted to come out here and say goodbye but that's not true. It'll never be goodbye to you guys. The AWA... the AWA is my home... it's in my blood... my heart... my very being... and I could NEVER walk away from it.

So, it's more like... see you around.

[The fans cheer that idea, bringing a smile to Sweet Daddy Williams.]

SDW: That was the first reason I came out here... the second is quite simply to say thank you.

I've got a lot of people to be thankful for for the career I've had. So many that I'm guessing Tommy Fierro is standing backstage right now with his stopwatch scared that I'm going waaaaaay long.

[Williams smiles as the crowd laughs.]

SDW: Don't worry, Tommy. This ol' body hasn't had a Broadway in it for a long time and I ain't doin' one on my last night in. But guys like Tommy I want to thank... guys like my old friends Vernon Riley and Dick Sullivan... guys that I've been up and down these roads with for one hell of a career.

I want to thank the guys who were here... here in the AWA with me at the beginning, turning this hope and a dream into reality. I'm talkin' about Kolya Sudakov and Vladimir Velikov... I'm talking about Ricky Royal and Tumaffi... I'm talking about Dufresne and the San Jose Shark, Marcus Broussard himself... my boys Rust and Jack...

[Williams smiles.]

SDW: My old friend, Stevie Scott.

[Big cheer goes up for the departed Hotshot!]

SDW: I want to thank the new guys for being there too. Ryan... Jack... Travis... Supernova... Jordan... that video earlier...

[Williams shakes his head.]

SDW: Thanks, kid... Jordan and Derrick... Air Strike... Lissy... so many people, I honestly can't even name them all but know that in my heart, I appreciate everything you've done to let an old man like me stick around as long as his body would let him.

Thanks to all my kids down at the Combat Corner who ever listened to me, sat under my learning tree, and picked up something... anything... that might help them succeed someday.

Thanks to the office... Bobby, Jon, Todd... yeah, even Blue.

[More chuckles from the crowd.]

SDW: Mark and Lou... Colt... Theresa... thank you all.

[He turns slightly, looking down at ringside.]

SDW: Gordon, my old friend. We've been through a lot together, old-timer... and I want you to know what an honor and privilege it's been for you to call so many of my matches over the years. You're the greatest there's ever been and...

[The camera cuts to Gordon who salutes Sweet Daddy. Cut back to the ring.]

SDW: ...and heck, I'm even going to thank Bucky Wilde.

[The crowd reacts as we cut to a surprised Bucky.]

SDW: After all, Buckthorn, if it wasn't for you, I wouldn't have so many good memories from kicking your tail all over the South.

[Big cheer as Bucky throws a mini-fit at ringside. We cut back to a grinning Williams.]

SDW: So many people I don't have time to mention. I'll be making it up to you all for the rest of my days... but if I don't thank this last group of people, I'd never forgive myself... and that's you...

[He points out to the crowd who cheers in response.]

SDW: The fans. You all... you know, this business is tough. It's a hard life to be a professional wrestler. On the outside, it looks glorious to people... the money, the fame, the notoriety... and yeah, all that's great. But you're talking about men and women who spend much of their lives on the road... missing their anniversaries... their kids' dance recitals... birthdays... holidays... it's a lonely road to walk sometimes.

But for me... I never felt alone... because I was WITH my family... I was with all of those people in the back...

[He gestures towards the entrance tunnel.]

SDW: ...and I was with all of you night after night.

[Another big cheer!]

SDW: You carried me down the road... carried me on your love... your support... your cheers. You inspired me to keep on going... to keep up the fight. Heck, I made my money in this business long ago. I'm going to be sitting pretty on a beach for the next few months while I figure out what's next... but it wasn't about the money to me.

It was about you. I fought so you'd have someone to be proud of... so you could turn on your TV and say, "That Sweet Daddy Williams may not look like much but he's got it where it counts, kid."

I love you all so much... and well...

[He smiles.]

SDW: I'll miss you most of all.

[Williams sighs, letting the crowd's cheers wash over him for perhaps the final time.]

SDW: I said I had three things to talk about... so before I head down that aisle for the final time... I want to make one last thing clear... I've got one more message and this one is for you, Juan Vasquez.

[The jeers pour down again.]

SDW: This isn't the end, Vasquez. It may be the end for me... no, let's make it clear... it IS the end for me. But it's not the end for all those guys in the back that want to pick up the torch and keep on fighting.

It's not the end for Jordan Ohara who is gonna keep on knocking at your door until you finally answer it.

It's not the end for the Lynches... boys who grew up right, grew up strong, and can show you why this business is in good hands when guys like you and I are long gone.

It's not the end for Supernova... for Next Gen... for The Gladiator... for Lissy and Julie...

[Williams shakes his head.]

SDW: It's not the end for Ryan Martinez.

[Big cheer!]

SDW: And one of these days, Vasquez, you're going to have face that kid one-on-one in this ring... and I can guarantee you that the White Knight is going to make you answer for all that you've done. You're going to answer for what you did to Hannibal Carver...

[Cheers for the exiled grappler!]

SDW: You're going to answer for what you did to my boy... my son, Willie...

[More cheers as Williams pauses, taking a deep breath to calm himself.]

SDW: And yeah, you're going to answer for what you did to me. I know Ryan. I know the fire that burns inside him... and that fire is going to burn you alive, Vasquez. That fire is-

#It's dark... and hell is hot#

[A MASSIVE roar of boos is heard as "Ain't no Sunshine" by DMX interrupts Sweet Daddy Williams. The jeers grow even louder when the crowd sees Juan Vasquez, emerging from behind the curtains with microphone in hand. The former "Hero of the People" is dressed impeccably in a tailored dark silver suit, a pink dress shirt and a dark purple necktie. He face still wears the battle scars of his in-ring war with Alex Martinez, the most prominent being two healing cuts curving from the corners of his mouth resembling a Glasgow smile.]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me. Tonight? Now? Of all moments, Juan Vasquez feels like he has to interrupt this... this is ridiculous. Emerson Gellar should send security out here and have this piece of garbage thrown out of the building for this! He's got no business being out here! He's got no right!

BW: Hey, these two used to be buddies. Maybe Juan's got a tribute of his own for him.

GM: Highly unlikely, Bucky, and you know that.

[Vasquez walks down towards the ring with purpose, an angered expression on his face. He steps through the ropes and is immediately drowned out by boos from the Canadian crowd before he can even speak.]

JV: I thought the biggest load of bull I heard all night was what was just coming outta' Williams' mouth and then I had to hear this sort of reaction coming from you people!

[This only intensifies the boos, but Vasquez is undeterred.]

JV: And it sickens me! It sickens me how just unappreciative and ungrateful every single one of you are after all I've done for you...

...especially YOU.

[Vasquez points an accusing finger at Williams.]

JV: You have the nerve to stand out here and run me down? To make threats? To waste precious time on MY show to sing the praises of Alex's broken little brat?

[As Juan speaks, a chant of "MAR-TI-NEZ!" breaks out in the crowd. Juan merely rolls his eyes.]

JV: NO! Instead of putting the weight of the world on the shoulders of a dumb kid that's got a neck as bad as yours and expecting me NOT to put his ass out like I did to his father...

[Oh, the crowd did not like that one.]

JV: ...what you should be doing is THANKING me!

[The crowd boos Vasquez and his sheer audacity. Sweet Daddy Williams can hardly believe what he's hearing, shouting an audible "THANKING YOU!?"]

JV: That's right...thanking me. Because what you should do is have the actual class and humility to stand out here and thank me for wrestling you and sending you off to retirement with the two biggest paydays of your career!

What you should be doing is singing my praises for putting up with a worthless load like you for damn near a decade and keeping you relevant!

What you should be doing is thanking me...

[Feeling a bit bold, Vasquez walks right up into Williams' face and sneers.]

JV: ...for finally putting your pathetic career out of its misery!

[The crowd ROARS their disapproval for the words of the Hall of Famer as he stands, staring at Williams, a sadistic smirk on his face...

...until Williams LASHES OUT with a right hand that knocks the smirk right off Vasquez' face to one of the biggest reactions of the night!]

GM: OH!

[The blow sends Vasquez staggering back, falling to a knee...

...but it also causes Williams to grab at his brace-covered neck, wincing as he falls backwards, leaning against the ropes. The crowd buzzes with concern at the sight of Williams on the ropes as Vasquez gets off the mat, rubbing at his jaw with an angry, "You son of a..."]

GM: No, no!

[...and dashes across the ring, leaping up to drive both knees squarely into the chest of Williams!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Vasquez grabs Williams by the neckbrace, physically dragging him out to the middle of the ring. He throws a glance down the aisle, making sure there's no hero running to make the save as he gives the neckbrace a yank, pulling it off the fan favorite to a shocked reaction from the crowd!]

GM: Oh, come on! We need help out here! We need help out here right now! We need-

[Vasquez throws the neckbrace aside, tugging Williams into another standing headscissors...]

GM: Oh god. Somebody stop this!

BW: He's gonna cripple him, Gordo! He's gonna put him in that wheelchair anyways!

[The former People's Hero leans over, wrapping his arms around the torso of Williams...

...when the Calgary crowd suddenly ERUPTS!]

GM: What the-?!

[A man in a suit comes hurdling over the barricade, shoving his way past security, diving under the bottom rope into the ring...]

GM: Wait a second! We've got someone in the ring! We've got-

[Vasquez spots the intruder, looking up with a hate-filled stare, pointing at him...]

GM: THAT'S STEVIE SCOTT!

BW: WHAT?!

[...which is the last thing that Juan Vasquez gets to do as the man lunges forward, swinging his leg up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The dress shoe BOUNCES off the chin of Vasquez, putting the Hall of Famer down on the mat.]

GM: HEATSEEKER! HEATSEEKER!

[Vasquez is motionless on the canvas from the superkick as his long-time rival stands over him, staring down at him as the Calgary crowd absolutely loses their minds!]

GM: STEVIE SCOTT IS IN THE RING! STEVIE SCOTT JUST LAID OUT JUAN VASQUEZ!

[Scott pulls off his suit jacket, tossing it angrily aside as he kneels down, placing a caring hand on the chest of his former best friend, Sweet Daddy Williams, as AWA medical comes tearing down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: My stars, fans! What a moment! What a night! On a night when we made AWA history... on a night when we said goodbye to a piece of AWA history... on a night when anything seemed like it could happen... anything HAS happened! And we dove right back into the pages of AWA history in a whole new way!

[Stevie Scott stays kneeling, keeping his eyes on Vasquez who still hasn't moved - one of the most heated rivalries in AWA history having one more page written on this night in Calgary...

...as we fade to black.]